

COMMUNION

I can embrace the storms
Which blow,
And floods that hurl themselves
Across the dry earth,
I walk near God and
Feel his being stir my heart,
And know that when I'm dead
I shall not lie there,
But instead
Shall rise to suffer or be one
With the pulsing soul
Who strides eternity!
I know that when I sink
My hands within the earth
I can feel the pulse of God,
Who stirs the loam and
Quickens seed within the sod,
I know that when the rain
Falls fast and hard,
The silver drops are spilled
From out the hand of God,
I know that when a man
Lies with broken limbs,
And life fast flows
The waiting mire--
That should he think
"My God, fill me with thy strength!"

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COMMUNION (contd.)

No earthly foe could
Take away his blood.
I know, I know, I know.
These things are in my being.
Always have been,
Always will be,
And you, and you, and you
Can talk a thousand years
Concerning the scientific
Impossibilities
That it is not so!
But I have felt God,
And talked to Him,
And that is how I know.

January 17, 1944

This was in my brother Regnaud's pocket, when he was shot down by the Germans at the battle of St. Lo. He was a liaison pilot and aide to General Divine (?). He had 12 men under him, and refused to send them up on reconnaissance without him, even though his superior advised against it. This was in on July 4, 1944