



With the Colors *Jan. 9, '45*

Private First Class Elvin Marcell Hanson, who is on Leyte island in the Philippines, sent his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Hanson of near Newton, the following poem.

Hello, God

Look, God, I have never spoken to
You,

But now I want to say, "How do You
do?"

You see, God, they told me You didn't
exist,

And, like a fool, I believed all this.

Last night from a shell hole I saw
Your sky—

I figured right then they had told me
a lie.

Had I taken time to see things You
made,

I'd known they weren't calling a
spade a spade.

I wonder, God, if You'd shake my
hand;

Somehow, I feel that You will under-
stand.

Funny I had to come to this hellish
place

Before I had time to see Your face.

Well, I guess there isn't much more
to say,

But I'm sure glad, God, I met You
today.

I guess the "zero hour" will soon be
here,

But I'm not afraid since I know
You're near.

The signal! Well, God, I'll have to go;
I like You lots, this I want You to
know.

Look, now, this will be a horrible
fight—

Who knows, I may come to Your
house tonight.

Though I wasn't friendly to You
before,

I wonder, God, if You'd wait at Your
door.

Look, I'm crying! Me! shedding
tears—

I wish I had known You these many
years.

Well, I have to go now, God. Good
bye!

Strange, since I met You, I'm not
afraid to die.