

Communion in Korea—late summer 1954

by [Warren L. Molton](#) in the [August 14, 2019](#) issue

With my last *Amen*, our soldiers left the shade of the only tree that the artillery had spared on the stump-studded hills rising all around us, to return to their duty stations, and I began removing communion elements and a wooden cross and scarf from the still warm hood of my jeep.

I had private moments with several of the men, but one had lingered to be last, and when I turned to him he asked if I had time for one more. “Sorry, sir,” he said, “if this sounds silly, but could you just tell me, Chaplain, why you believe in God, because lots of my buddies don’t, and I’m not even sure myself.”

“Oh, it’s simple,” I said. “No long proofs. I believe in God because I want to—and at times because I must.” We smiled, he shook my hand warmly, and turning toward his buddies, he called, “Hey guys, wait up, I got my answer for you.”