

# I Never Walk Alone

By

Wayne B. Olson

In appreciation for all the wonderful Grandchildren God has given me

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### Chapter I

I don't know quite where to start, but several of my grandkids asked me to relate some of the events I experienced during my service as a U.S. combat soldier during World War II. This is a bit difficult because of the many experiences I encountered during most of three years I served half of which were in France and Germany during the autumn and winter months of 1944 and the springtime of 1945. To begin my story, I spent the first nine months of my enlistment training in Texas in the 103<sup>rd</sup> Division in Battery B which operated four 105 millimeter howitzers which lob large high explosive shells a distance of around 5 to 8 miles. I personally was trained as a "Forward Observer" meaning one who directs fire missions against enemy positions.

Upon entering the war zone during late summer of 1944, we crossed the Atlantic in an old converted Italian luxury liner which took about 15 days and landed in the port of Marseille in the south of France. From there we quickly entered into contact with elements of the German army. From there we advanced directly north towards the German border.

Official records indicate that ours was the 103<sup>rd</sup> Infantry Division which was activated in October 1942 and experienced 500 miles of combat in France, Germany, Austria and Italy (Central Europe). Our Division deactivated in September 1945.

Our trip across the ocean was uneventful and we were fortunate not to have been attacked by submarines. Before arriving in France, our Battery Commander put in a call for me to see him on deck at which time he advised me that he was raising my service rank from Buck Private

to that of three stripe Sergeant Technician which made me the leader of the battery's communications unit including the radio and wire sections. To say the least, I was impressed by this act of confidence since I was only 18 years of age.

This elevation in rank was a blessing for me as it required that I ride in the captain's jeep and operated the radios always at the head of the column for Battery 'B' of the 103<sup>rd</sup> Division while in active combat situations. I began to realize that this elevation of assignment was of dubious distinction since it put me at the "front" of every action. My official title was "Forward Observer" which meant that I had to spend a good deal of my time with the infantry units "up front" in every action so that I could be available to them in directing the fire of our 105 millimeter howitzers on the German troops and armored vehicles as needed in combat situations. To accomplish this I had to be at or very near the point of attack so I could direct the incoming American shells to achieve maximum effectiveness. Our artillery (105 millimeter howitzers) were usually about 5 to 8 miles behind the "point", so accuracy in our distance estimates to the enemy positions was extremely important so our shells would clear our positions and would land instead on the enemy and not on us.

As my grandkids its natural that you would be interested in hearing about what some of the days were like so I will relate a couple of experiences for you to give you a feeling for what a war is all about.

During one warm and sunny day in the Fall of 1944, I had just finished my morning meal at "B" Battery's position about six miles south of the infantry's advance of the previous day. Captain Pulz, who commanded Battery "B," approached me looking a bit nervous. I had no idea why but he proceeded to tell me that during the previous night German troops had sneaked over

to a point near our position and proceeded to cut our telephone lines and that we were cut off from transmitting or receiving orders on the exact location of enemy positions. In effect this prevented our four howitzers from firing artillery shells into the enemy positions about six miles up the road in front of us. This prevented the advance of our forces.

Since this action silenced and neutralized our effectiveness as a backup for the infantry, communication had to be again reestablished. Captain Pulz at this point approached me with his current problem and requested that I accept the very dangerous assignment of carrying his firing orders up to our Headquarters' Battery to aim our guns. If accepted, this meant that our mission would take us directly through enemy held territory.

Captain Pulz seemed a bit embarrassed to ask me to personally do such a thing but I did my duty and replied, "Yes, Sir, but how will I get there – what vehicle can I use"? He replied that I could use a personnel truck and that I could take another man with me to drive. He knew of course that the truck has a top speed of 45 miles per hour. Gee Whiz, I thought now I can take a nice interesting and leisurely ride in the countryside that morning as I personally had to ride shotgun armed only with a 30 caliber carbine against the German S.S. positions, if we encountered them.

Johnny, the driver, and I left Battery B about 9 a.m. that morning and proceeded north along the road towards the "front." All was quiet for about 3 miles until we were suddenly jolted to attention by a very large explosion on the road about three hundred yards to our rear. It was immediately obvious to us that a German "Tiger" tank was sitting on a hill about 500 to 600 yards to our left side throwing 88 millimeter shells at us. These are very powerful shells designed to knock down all types of large structures such as buildings.

I yelled at Johnny to tromp on the gas pedal and he said, "I got it floored already, this is the top speed (45 mph).

Seconds later another round came in, this time about 150 yards from our rear. German marksmanship I knew to be excellent, so I knew the Tiger's commander was playing some kind of game with us. He could take us out whenever he pleased, so I knew I had to think of something and fast before he could reload which takes about 5 seconds.

We were just entering a very small cluster of two story buildings at the edge of a small village so I yelled at Johnny to pull over to the right side of the first building which was adjacent to the road. He pulled up quickly to touch the apartment building and we jumped out of our vehicle and headed for the front door. Thank goodness the door was left unlocked so I pushed it open and entered. I saw a door to the right side which I also found to be unlocked. I dashed through it with Johnny very close behind and found ourselves in what appeared to be a living room of a home apartment which was completely empty except for a huge oak table in the middle of the room which we promptly dove under.

About two seconds later a huge crash hit the top of the two story building and the ceiling began to fall in. Parts of it fell on the tabletop over our heads.

Apparently the tank commander was not quite satisfied with the damage he caused because 5 seconds later he sent over another shell which landed on what was left of the roof and sent timbers and plaster down on us a second time.

We waited under the table for about two minutes and then we crawled out. I went to where the door was and looked to see if the coast was clear so we could leave. What I saw was a

shambles of what was left of the building and our crushed vehicle with parts of the house covering it up completely.

The enemy tank had by that time disengaged and left the scene which is par for the course because they only stay in one place for a short while so they are not discovered by our artillery through triangulation.

Johnny and I were forced to wait for a rescue since we then had no means of returning to base or ahead to our destination. Finally a small vehicle came by and we prayed for it to be an American Jeep, which it turned out to be. If it turned out not to be American, the war would have been over for us.

So ends another day at the office!

## Chapter II

As the days and weeks passed into the Fall of the year, we entered October and by then we realized that what some senior officers had advised us upon landing in France was that our job as Forward Observers in directing artillery fire upon the enemy was one of the most hazardous assignments in the military. We estimated that an average of two days out of every three were being spent "up front" in contact with enemy forces as we continually pushed them back towards the German border.

One day I will never forget as it is still burned into my memory began as our forces met resistance along the road on which we were moving toward the border. We stopped for the night

at a small farm house along the road. Our men tried to get a few winks of sleep in the evening because they were completely fatigued from the day's march.

A strategy meeting of three high ranking officers met together in the farmer's kitchen that night with only the light of one candle on the dinner table (just like in the movies). What surprised me was that they called me into their high level group conference since I was in charge of communications – for the big battle they were staging for sunup the next day. The consensus of thinking was that our forces would make a frontal assault on the German positions on a hill across a newly plowed field about 500 yards wide. They agreed it was the “best plan” but I couldn't figure out why anyone would want to expose themselves in an open field with large enemy forces looking down on them. Boy was I stupid or what!?!?

Well, morning finally came as the sun was barely rising across the field. We all assembled on the road to get ready to advance across the field.

Now get this! “OK now men get yourselves ready.” Sargent Olson – “Yes Sir, I replied” – “Pick up your radio and your rifle and move out over that field till you reach the base of that hill.” Now with my quick wits I finally realized why they included me in their planning session the night before. They needed some expendable kid to draw fire down from the German positions to expose their location as a target for our artillery and our other ground forces.

Now picture this! They ordered me to spend a couple of minutes walking (carrying 40 pounds) across a field in front of a large force of enemy troops all looking down on me through their gun sights! Our officers were sacrificing me to gain an advantage for themselves! No one volunteered for this job. Is that surprising or what? I (being 19 years old at this time) said “Yes

Sir.” (That’s why they draft young guys to do their fighting.) Every step I took, I could feel every German on that hill looking down at me through his gun sights, waiting for the word to shoot me dead. Would they all shoot at once?

I can tell you truly, every step I took I became much better acquainted with my Guardian Angel.

What I couldn’t figure out was why the Germans did not fire even one shot while I walked directly toward the enemy positions. “I never walk alone” went through my mind.

I arrived at the other side of field still in one piece and found a small shed made up of concrete and large fieldstone having walls about a solid 18 inches thick. It measured only about 10 ft. x 20 ft. and contained farm equipment. I immediately jumped inside knowing that rifle fire could not touch me there, even though both doors were gone.

Immediately upon entering this small building there was an explosion of firing from all directions - both sides had waited until I was safe inside before continuing the war! One big “Thank You” went out to my Guardian Angel. (Don’t ever tell me that there are no Angels.)

I was still alone lying on the floor of the tool shed when the enemy’s rifle slugs started entering the doorway hitting the wall where my feet were. I felt safer then because the angle to hit me would not be able to turn the corner into the building. The angle was too great.

After several minutes I peeked around outside to see if our troops had begun their run across the same field I had just crossed. The enemy was pouring automatic fire all across the field to those poor guys who were like fish in a barrel.



I hesitate to imagine how many of these poor American guys of ours never made it across that field! Heavy was the German barrage. I still see them in my thoughts.

Some of our troops reached the base of the hill beside me and began the climb to the top. The Germans fell back a bit to the top and established a base of fire to meet our troops as they arrived at the top. This is where I reentered the battle. I had climbed to the top of the hill with all my gear and came upon an American Lieutenant lying face down in the dirt in a line of American troops at the top. The officer was screaming at me to get down. He pointed about 50 yards from us; the enemy had their defense established in front and could pick us off one at a time. I then turned back about 10 yards to a slight outcropping so they couldn't hit me at that angle because of the crest of the hill.

Our guys and the enemy all began shooting in earnest about then. I was lying down next to a tree by this time at the hilltop to avoid any rounds coming my way. Some enemy guy on the other side was firing the fastest handgun in the German Army – called a Burp-gun because it fires several rounds a second. Well this guy turned it toward me and chipped the bark off the tree just beside my head. Needless to say, he missed. I then slid backward slightly so the angle of the hill would not allow him to hit me. This worked okay. But could you believe it? They just wrecked my day! Why?

Because the Germans had brought up behind them a Tiger Tank which is something you don't ever want to see on a battlefield. The Tiger Tank began lobbing shells of the famous 88 caliber variety over our heads to stop the advance of our troops who were still down in the valley from where we had just come. To hit the valley the enemy had to depress the angle of their guns, which caused each round to pass through the branches of the trees just over my head. I knew if

one of their rounds of 88's hit a solid branch over my head, it would explode and they would not even find my body.

After several rounds passed overhead I had the strangest thing happen – as I was laying there, my left leg began to vibrate – the only time in service that I ever experienced impending disaster. I grabbed for my hand shovel and tried to dig some kind of hole to crawl into on the hilltop but discovered there was nothing but rock beneath me. You can imagine I was genuinely disappointed about this! After about another 10 rounds of this misery, the tank backed off and left his position before our artillery could zero in on him.

The problem ended later in the day when our infantry drove the German forces back off the hilltop. I could hardly believe I was still alive and okay.

Not long after this day, our own 103<sup>rd</sup> Division was congratulated by the “Stars and Stripes” newspaper for being the first American forces to cross the border into Germany. For this we were quite proud and since I spent a good deal of my time directing artillery fire near or at “The Point” with the infantry, I was one of first American GI's to cross the German border.

Not too many days later, while I was back at our battery position trying to enjoy a short couple of days of rest, we received word that there appeared to be a counter attack coming against our gun positions located in a farmer's yard so we had to hitch up our four 105 millimeter howitzers, jumped into our personnel carriers and high tailed it out of there onto the road going south. Great excitement!

This was the morning of December 22, 1944 and it turned out to be the end of my odyssey as an active Forward Observer! A half year of this was enough for me.

I later learned that the personnel truck that I had jumped into had been damaged by an incoming 88 millimeter enemy shell which effectively removed me from the war.

### Chapter III

The lights went out for me and I was aware of nothing until I awoke and found myself lying on a stretcher on a cement floor in an empty industrial plant which had been turned into a temporary hospital. I was extremely weak and I realized that my head was completely covered by bandages except for my right eye blood dribbled from both ears. I remember hearing a great deal of noise and clamor, so I lifted my head for maybe 3 seconds to see where I was. I observed briefly that the floor all around me was completely covered by badly wounded men all on stretchers. My head fell back and I remembered nothing until a medic or possibly a doctor kneeled down to me and removed a tag from my chest and told his assistant what to do with me. I lost consciousness then until four men lifted me up and carried me out the door into what appeared to be a snow storm and proceeded to shove me on to a rack in a military ambulance.

I remember very little of all this since I was unconscious most of this time, but I remember being loaded on to a medical train. I woke up finally a day or so later and found myself in a hospital bed – between two of the most beautiful white sheets I ever saw! I hadn't seen anything like that for many months. There was a small Christmas tree by the window that the nurses had decorated. I could hardly believe the transformation from Foxholes to exquisite peace and quiet.

## Chapter IV

After about five weeks, I was released from the hospital and was sent to a different unit operating in the Black Forest, which was moving south toward Munich.

Just before we reached Munich, we stumbled upon the infamous Dachau Concentration Camp, which together with several other American units, we proceeded to clean out the camp of German SS troops and release the Jewish captives, many of which were too weak to walk. Starvations were rampant. Pitiful!

Several railroad boxcars stood at one end of the camp all filled with stacks of dead prisoners all emaciated and obviously starved. Numerous SS Troops had dressed in discarded prisoner uniforms and mingled with the victims that were still alive. The trick didn't work because the prisoners pointed all of them out. That situation was quickly taken care of.

Our unit stayed after the battle for the concentration camp and set up a temporary base inside Dachau to house our troops for occupation purposes. The word arrived to us about May 1st, 1945 that the war was over at this same time which caused great celebration for the victory among our troops.

Following this we were ordered to occupy the Dachau installation for the next six months or so until we would be sent home to America sometime around January in 1946.

To help pass the time until we would board the ships home, the U.S. Government offered to send several of the engineering students from the ASTP program over to enroll temporarily in what was called 'the American University' located in Shrivingham in western England. About

six of us took them up on this offer, so we spent the next three months going to classes there and traveling by train on the weekends to London to live the high life.

## Chapter V

December arrived with orders to return to our unit back in Belgium to get ready for our return to the States. The trip back on the Atlantic was very rough since this is normal in the North Atlantic in the middle of winter. Half the men were sick.

We arrived in New Jersey and transferred to a railway which took us westward to Camp McCoy in Wisconsin where we were discharged finally about January 27<sup>th</sup>, 1946.

We only spent three days at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin. On the last day there were about 800 of us veterans who were called into the local theater there to say a final good-bye to the troops before they climbed on the train to leave for their homes.

When I entered late for the meeting, I noticed seven vets lined up on the stage. As I came down the aisle, I heard my name called out on the stage and the high ranking officer in charge said, "Sergeant Olson are you here yet"? I waved to him to let him know I was there and realized they held up the presentation for me! He said 'Drop your sack and get up here. I thought, "He's mad, "tough beans"."

I realized as I stood there as number eight in the line that they were presenting high ranking medals to each man and reading testimonial letters about each of them. Oh God! What will they do when they get to me? What can they say, I have no idea! Why am I here?

Well, the colonel stood before me and began reading a testimonial letter from my Battery Commander, Captain Pulz. He had written about me in a very embarrassing way and in front of 800 of the real warriors in the theater. He then ended the tribute by pinning a Purple Heart Medal to my uniform which I will always remember with humble gratitude.

## Chapter VI

Hitler and Germany were defeated and we all returned to our homes to continue our lives once again and me to reenter the University of Minnesota at the Freshman level where I had left off at the time I was drafted to serve in 1943.

Life was really happy and satisfying during the final months of my education which I finished in an accelerated program 2 ½ years later in the month of June 1948. I was employed by the EI Du Pont Corporation to be a quality field engineer during the design and construction of the Atomic Energy Plant in Savannah River, Georgia. I was assigned to inspect the quality of all parts manufactured by companies in the Midwest before shipment to Savannah River to insure there would be no leakages of atomic liquids or other such problems when the project was started up or in subsequent operation. Thankfully there have been no reported problems.

## Chapter VII

The most interesting and exciting part of my life and career began one morning in early October 1961 while I was out in the backyard cleaning up some Fall leaves. My wife, Ardath,

flew out of the back door and shouted “Wayne come quick, you’ve got a phone call from Germany.” I said, “Of course! Who is it really”? Ardath replied, “Really it’s a call from Berlin, Germany from the office of Chancellor Willy Brandt! Hurry he’s on the line now”! Needless to say, I was there in a flash.

The caller turned out to be the Assistant to the Chancellor who was in charge of daily scheduling. After pleasantries were exchanged, he said to me “The Chancellor is aware of your interest in the sad situation of the German people who are abused and imprisoned by the construction of the Berlin Wall by the Russians. He would like to discuss this situation with you and would like to have you visit him.” “I have set up this meeting for you on the 12<sup>th</sup> of October at 12 noon. Can you be here”? I said that I can and will be there at that time. He went on to tell me which German Lufthansa flight to take to Frankfurt, Berlin and that all expenses on the trip will be paid over and back plus a chauffeur and interpreter for a full seven days who will escort you wherever you wish to go within the limits of West Berlin for the purpose of filming the imprisonment of the citizens of Berlin by the Communist East Berlin military.”

As a special explanation of why this took place and the invitation extended to me – About the first day of October. I attended a political meeting of Republican young people in Milwaukee. Also there were several German youths who had just escaped from Austria. They all expressed an interest in extending some help or assistance to the citizens of West Berlin who were being surrounded by the Russian armed forces threatening to starve the entire city into submission. All roads running into and out of Berlin were barricaded by Russian tanks and soldiers.

As it turned out, these three German youths had a connection with Chancellor Willy Brandt's office and since they knew that I had an interest in helping the citizens of Berlin, they telephoned the Chancellor's office the next day and suggested that the Chancellor invite me over there to assist him in bringing this sad story to the American people.

As you may have read in your history books, conditions among the citizens of Berlin had become very serious because their food supplies were very low. Starvation was feared.

America responded to the needs of the people of Berlin by flying in all types of foods to them every day and by dropping their loads by parachute at Templehof Airport.

It was the wish of Chancellor Willy Brandt that I should visit Berlin as his guest and take movies and still pictures of the plight of the people of Berlin and bring the story back to America hoping to generate a desire to send some assistance to them which would help to counteract the actions of the Russian Communist government.

I took off from Milwaukee on the 9<sup>th</sup> of October in 1961 on the flight specified and landed in Frankfurt, Germany. Upon landing there I transferred to another German commercial aircraft. While walking across the Tarmac to the terminal I heard a loud speaker call out my name. I waved to them to identify myself and immediately a vehicle rushed out to me and said to hurry and jump in because another of their planes was already warming up. The second plane was completely full of passengers and they were holding a special seat for me. I began to wonder what was going on! I realized that they had been tracking me all the way from Milwaukee.



About an hour later we arrived in Berlin and we passed over the Russian blockade at the city limits. The Russian tanks plus armored vehicles were at every road entering Berlin to prevent entry.

We dropped down at Tempelhof Airport and stepped off into the prison that was Berlin. I walked into the terminal to take a look around and was surprised to encounter a man coming to meet me. He asked if I was Herr Olson and I assured him I was. He said “Come quickly – a car for you is at the door.” I looked at the luxury Mercedes-Benz at the curb and sure enough the driver got out and opened the door. Now I was beginning to wonder again what was going on! Was this all some sort of a joke? Will they be disappointed when they see me I wondered?

The driver who spoke English advised me he was a driver for the Chancellor’s office and that he was taking me to the Kempinski Hotel in the center of the city on Kurfurstendamm. He advised me that I would have the complete use of the Mercedes and driver for the whole week plus an interpreter at my disposal to travel anywhere within the city limits that I wished to visit in accomplishing my task of collecting information and taking movies and “still pictures” in Eastern Berlin (if possible) and also in West Berlin.

As an added point of interest, at this time I felt it is worth hearing about the moment I reached the Chancellor’s office at exactly noon on October 12<sup>th</sup> 1961.

Just as I was getting set to open the door to Chancellor Brandt’s office a very unusual looking man dressed in long flowing robes emerged from the same office and he was carrying a flat object in his hand which turned out to be a beautiful decorative plate with an image of Berlin’s Vandenburg Gate on it.

The reason I knew what it was is that I also received the same beautiful gift from the Chancellor in appreciation of my visit and which now hangs on the wall in my dining room.

The man who had just passed me as I entered was Jawaharial Nehru, the Prime Minister of India. He said “Good Morning” as I did also. He spoke English very well. I was beginning again to wonder if I belonged in this situation.

I soon learned that the news reports I had been hearing and reading about were completely accurate. Every night I heard gun shots on the Spree River nearby and learned firsthand that the Communist Peoples Police were constantly running up and down the river mainly at night in high speed motorboats. They would chase down the citizens from the East Berlin who were trying to escape to West Berlin by swimming to freedom. They would shoot each swimmer in the back of the head and drag them into their boats.

Other East Berliners during the night would open the sewer covers in the streets of East Berlin and crawl through the sewers to West Berlin under the river to safety in West Berlin. Chancellor Brandt had set up a building near his office in West Berlin as an assembly area to welcome, feed and protect all the escapees each day and help them to start a new life on the Western side.

I was given the privilege to meet with a number of escapees each morning to get their comments about their many hours of sheer terror during the previous night as they sought to swim across the river hoping not to be detected by the East German speed boats. I was amazed that some had chosen to crawl through the city sewers under the river during the blackness of night. All of these people sat with me as I interrogated them and recorded their words on my

tape machine. All were still dripping wet from their escape. They didn't all make it, of course. What terror they must have endured while living under communist control to make this decision to risk their lives in this way.

Shortly after arriving in Berlin by air, I received a phone call in my room at the Kempinski Hotel and I wondered who would know I was even there and why? The man on the phone announced that he was assistant to the United States Ambassador to the West German Government! He said the American Ambassador had heard that I was planning to cross the river the next day and enter East Berlin to survey conditions there and report back to people back home as I was asked to do by Chancellor Willy Brandt. He said the American Ambassador strongly advised me not to enter East Berlin because if I got arrested, the United States government could do nothing to help me”!

I replied that I had been requested by Chancellor Willy Brandt to record these conditions and that was exactly what I intended to do. “I intend to cross over the river tomorrow at “Check Point Charley”.

Well, the next day came and my driver dropped me off at Check Point Charley at the American end of the bridge, which was the only point at which the East Germans would allow anyone to cross over the river and enter only with special authorization. Anyone trying to escape the Eastern sector at any point in the city would be shot on sight.

Three American troops occupied the guard shack at the western end of the bridge, all heavily armed and four East German (Communist) police at the eastern end. As I remember the

bridge was only about 200 yards across at that point and the troops on both ends of the bridge were poised to shoot if trouble was to occur.

I had the strangest feeling as I proceeded to cross over to the east side since I was completely alone and no one else was in sight. As I neared the east side, the four East German troops rose up from their position with their automatic weapons pointed at me. They were the biggest and roughest troops I have ever seen. These were some of the killers who were shooting people in the river trying to escape to West Berlin every night.

I started to wonder how I was going to handle this situation and I decided I would try to appear to have no fear! That was a hard thing to do, but I decided it was the only alternative, so I split the difference and walked through the middle of the four guards and would you believe I said – Good morning.” They never put a hand on me!

I was escorted to a nearby building at a blank brick wall and told to stand still. A small hole appeared in the wall after several minutes and a hand extended out and demanded my passport and motioned to me to enter the adjoining doorway. At this point I was wondering what else was going to happen to me.

It turned out to be a small room full of Communist East German troops. I got nothing but ugly looks and I was beginning to have second thoughts about the wisdom of my mission. I never saw more hate from anyone in my life!

While an officer inspected my passport, several troopers frisked me and found my 16 MM movie camera - at which point I thought I was in real trouble! This caused them some concern.

For some reason I could not explain - when they returned from their discussion, they handed my passport to me and told me to get out. Back on the street again I noticed that no citizens were visible on any adjoining streets. It was like a ghost town – due to the fact that the East German police were afraid that citizens might try to escape if they were allowed to get near the river or other points on the Berlin wall.

I spent that same day walking around throughout East Berlin, took all the movie film I wanted and crossed back into West Berlin about 4 p.m. that same day. What a day! The East Germans at the river checked out my passport and everything else I was carrying but did not confiscate my cameras or notes.

The rest of the week I spent being driven around the various trouble spots along the Berlin wall by my driver and interpreter interviewing the many escapees who risked their lives to gain freedom from persecution.

This lesson points out to us all how precious a thing freedom is and why our fathers and forefathers fought so long and so hard to preserve it. Let's remember their dedication.

God Bless you all and God Bless America!

Amen!

23<sup>rd</sup> Psalm

The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.  
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures,  
He leadeth me beside still waters,  
He restoreth my soul,  
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.  
Yea though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,  
I will fear no evil,  
For thou art with me,  
Thy rod and thy staff,  
They comfort me.  
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies.  
Thou annointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over,  
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life,  
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever. Amen.