

Why I Believe In God

Winkie Pratney

I believe in God
because I am a child of the age that asked life, 'Why?'
so I walked a road of honest reason, searching,
to find each answer pointing like light in his direction.
I needed a pathway
I reached for reality
I hungered to *live* —
and he was closer than I dreamed.

I believe in God.
Each day this world declares him;
his wisdom stamps each snowflake 'Made in Heaven!'
In the fresh chill of each new day
the air is alive with his closeness.
I feel his sky flare blue in praise above me,
watch a warm wind running ripples as if He blows across a field;
grip the good earth
and feel its rich black river cry,
'He lives!'
How can I help but believe?

I believe in God
when something deep within cries out
that I am not a child of chance,
a lucky freak that grew unguided
from a mud without a mind.
I believe in God
for I am more than chemical change.
I am a man —
I know
I feel
I live
and love
and He who made me in His image
is worthy of my worship.

I have known God's nearness
for I have feet of clay and there are times
when none could see if I should choose the wrong,
but when some sin would be so simple
and I feel it strangely fascinate
Someone just seems to be there
Someone puts me on my honour
Someone dares me do the difficult —
and no one is with me, my friend, no one but God.

There is one Book that speaks to me of God;
it struck within
a sacred flame that did not die.
This Bible tells of other men who felt as lost as I who came with childlike trust
and found He did not lie.
Is it so hard to believe
when we record the day he came
to cut our time in two?
Who else but Jesus showed us God made flesh,
the perfect Man who cannot be denied?
What other launched a life like his
to lift this word in love,
then cheated death to send us power from on high?
And now
when earth-men walk among the stars
I know that the Creator walked my world.

I believe in God
for I have watched the men who do not care to own him;
I've seen, with sickness, little lives wrapped up in foolish pride,
with faces marked for all the world to see their sin, who
just as I did
ran from holy light
or tried to hide their selfish lives beneath a shell of right.

Oh, stand them by a man who walks with God — and see!
Yes,
I knew men who said there was no God;

but I listened as they died
and I knew that they had lied.

Say I am too young to be so sure,
but I am old enough to feel my age's agony,
its brokenness and barrenness,
to watch it waste with fear and war.
Yet I have seen from every tongue and tribe
like springing grain amid the sterile stone,
men come alive to live in love,
to share and care beneath Christ's cross...
...and if you saw their smiles you'd know why I believe in God.

The day that I stopped running, this God found me.
Empty, trembling,
shaken with guilt and shame I came.
In a way I cannot draw with words
 he loved me
 forgave me
 restored
 and gave me his own Name.
Say what you will,
but he met me then,
put in my heart
a homesickness for heaven.
I have heard the still, small Voice
and called him Friend
 and I believe in God.