

SEEING GOD

by Joseph Carroll Crider

One day as I was riding the plow and also meditating upon many things, I became possessed with a desire to see God. My heart burned within me at the thought.

Oh, if but for one fleeting moment the veil could roll aside and let me gaze upon the Great Creator of the earth.

The thought may have been fantastic, but the desire was very great. As I rode along, I kept meditating upon the possibility. In watching my work, my eyes often rested upon the rich earth, as it fell, fresh and damp from my plow.

Vaguely at first, and then more definite the thoughts began to take form in my mind. I had been wanting to see GOD. Here, beneath me were His prints. Around me was the marks of His hands. Everything I looked upon showed it is finger prints. All about me was rich evidence that God was near.

How short a time in the past it had been since God spoke, and from omnipotent fingertips there had flown to take it's place in the universe – this thing that we call earth.

And then God, Himself, had stood upon it.

He had marked out the path of the watercourses.

He had raised the hills and mountains.

With his hands – the beautiful trees and flowers had been placed upon the earth.

His voice had spoken, and all the beasts of the fields, together with the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea, had been brought forth.

And then He had come so near, as to stamp and gather of the dust of the earth and with His own hands had fashioned it in a form after His own image. And then stooping lower He had breathed into the nostrils of that lifeless form, the breath of His own life and that form had risen from the earth, a living soul, in the image of God , Himself.

I no longer asked to see God. I felt His presence more real than any vision of mortal sight had ever been. I could see His fingerprints on every clod that rolled beneath the plow.

I could see the work of His hands in every leaf and twig. His very breath that came and went from my lungs seemed to speak of the reality and presence of God.

No doubts could trouble me, for I had seen God with my eye, had touched Him with my hands, and breathed of His presence.

To reach out and gather a handful of earth was just like shaking hands with God for only a little while ago it had left His hands. To look upon the works of nature was to look through the eyes of God, for He had looked upon it all and pronounced it good.

God has been very real since then. And His indwelling presence within has made Him the one thing in life that is real.

With Paul we say, "I know whom I have believed ; Thank God for His living reality, that satisfies all doubts and comes near to the heart that really seeks Him. He has said: "If ye seek me, ye shall find me." and that is true. He is on every hand waiting to be discovered by the honest seeker.