

You've Asked, Now - Proof Of God

My previous attempts to opine on this web site in favor of toleration for the many diverse religions seemed only to fall on deaf ears, or to expose me like a juicy mosquito to the bat-like radar ears of the evangelical Christians. To that crowd, my vigorous claims of piety and spirituality were pathetic because my definition of Creator included no exact spelling of that entity's name. But now, I finally have solid evidence here on Earth of the existence of my Creator; evidence visible as much to the narrow-eyed Protestant as to the flaming Heathen or the wide-eyed ideological neophyte.

Proving the existence of ether is no easy task. I've traced my initial conviction to a reading of St. Anselm's ontological proof of the existence of God in his *Proslogian*. That conviction was strengthened upon witnessing my daughter's birth (not that my son's later birth was not equally inspiring). Since then, I've seen numerous examples of my Creator's necessary reciprocal – Evil – and consider those further evidence of his (sic) existence.

Because America is the melting pot of that cliché claim, I have also enjoyed the company of believers of many different religions. Oddly, and I'm certain my statistics are not universally representative, of those believers of non-Christian religions that I've personally met, all have been wonderful people (at least I can't recall an exception). While that probably speaks more to the character of those who choose to immigrate here, and there are certainly members of every religion with low character, it still leaves me with the belief that all religions are inherently good. I also logically conclude that they spring from an ancient commonality and were separated ala the Tower of Babel diaspora.

However, I know that logical evidence alone cannot persuade the atheist to believe, nor the believer to accept a universal spelling of his/her Creator's byline. To change a mind or convince one of ether's existence will take a combination of empirical rationale and visible, demonstrable evidence. While I will leave the empirical enlightenment to those on this site with more talent and patience, I will provide the tangible evidence that should clinch the argument for those open-minded enough to accept defeat and learn the tremendous value of its lessons.

My Creator appeared on Earth yesterday. His (sic) Will was breathtakingly powerful, its force unstoppable. All in the vicinity were awed, all who heard the repeated accounts felt my Creator's grip on their heart. If you did not hear that account, and you have confusion or fears in your soul, prepare yourself as my Creator enters your heart.

As yesterday's glorious events transpired, Officer Mike Hall mentions no recognition of my Creator's guidance. It was another day in the life of a Lake Worth, Florida policeman, albeit with the report of a missing 8-year old girl hinting at a break in his routine. Even as he began that investigation, questioning family

and neighbors, he can point to no tangible evidence that guided his search. But, have no doubt, his search was guided.

How else, except for my Creator, could Officer Hall have been led to scale the fence into the closed landfill – one would not assume the small girl could have made that climb. And why would he choose to search that particular trash container among the junkyard's clutter, even climbing inside to rummage in filth. Yet, like a lighthouse's beacon to a foundering ship, one yellow barrel shone from the far end of that 25 foot dumpster - shiny from the polishing of my Creator.

Even as Officer Hall worked across the garbage to reach that barrel, and after he pried open its top to reveal rocks and concrete fragments inside, my Creator had to turn his head one last time because only the most perceptive observation could have seen the tiny finger and partial foot hidden in the rubble. But Officer Hall did turn for one last look, and the slight wiggle of that tiny finger did catch his eye.

An innocent young girl was rescued from certain death yesterday by my Creator. She was rescued by your Creator as well, by whatever name you chose to spell. There is no other explanation for Officer Hall's actions, he could not explain them himself – at the time. I absolutely have no doubt that he can explain it in hindsight.

Good can not exist without Evil. Man's intellect is a direct result of our unceasing effort to distinguish and understand that duality. Without that necessity, in the absence of either Good or Evil, mankind would never have advanced from the caves. But my Creator does not intend equal status for Evil, it serves more like a vaccine that strengthens our immunities and protects us from more serious infection with the next outbreak.

May I inoculate you?