

Why I Believe There is a God

I've often told people there are two reasons I believe in God and, specifically, in Jesus Christ.

1. I can't explain how we got here apart from an Intelligent Creator.
2. I can't explain away the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

That's it. I will save the topic of the resurrection for a later date (March 30, 2020. Mark your calendars!), so let me focus on the first linchpin in my faith: the reality of an Intelligent Designer, a Creator God.

At its most remedial level, the theory of evolution might make sense. An organism makes self-improvements and eventually becomes something else. But if you think any deeper on it, the theory falls apart. An atheistic approach to science tells us this universe appeared by happenstance and after a gazillion years (I think on a Thursday), an organism appeared. Then after another gazillion years, that organism figured out that if it had a mouth, it could eat. But wait a minute. If there's no purpose behind any of this, what would compel an amoeba to do something to better itself? If it's all random with no purpose, where's the drive and motivation to evolve?

Evolution tells us animals evolved and developed defensive traits to survive, but when did the animals have the time to do that?

- Take the porcupine ... or whatever it was called before it developed quills. He's a quillless, vulnerable, easy meal. Perhaps he can find a way to grow some quills, or at least pass on the idea to his offspring, but he can never get his plan in place because ... SNARF! ... he just became a Happy Meal.
- Or take the poor defenseless unscented skunk. He's an easy target for predators, so he decides to have a few litters of skunks and somehow give them an odor so foul it would keep a CHOMP! He's lunch for some other animal before he can put his plan in place. It just doesn't make scents (pun intended.)

And then there's mutualism, the symbiotic relationship that exists between two completely different species. Did a representative of the flowers meet with a delegation of bees to work out their relationship?

Flower: OK, so it's agreed. You'll provide transportation services for our pollen ...

Bee: ... and you'll give us all the nectar we want. Agreed. Sign right here.

Flower: Sorry, I haven't evolved hands yet.

Forgive my silliness, but how exactly do insects and plants come to a working relationship? It implies planning and purpose. But the atheistic side of science says there is no thought or purpose behind the universe.



And then I look at my hand. Holy cow, this thing is complicated. In an article "The Incredible Human Hand and Foot," Dr. George McGavin said: "Both the human hand and foot represent a triumph of complex engineering, exquisitely evolved to perform a range of tasks."

Here is an evolutionary scientist acknowledging the human hand entails "complex engineering," yet he credits the evolutionary process with figuring out that complex engineering. Frankly, it takes a lot more faith to believe that than to believe God created. It takes great faith to believe that somehow one of our ancestors had the brilliant idea to grow a thumb. And then it took a few more eons for his descendants to figure out that, if he had a thumbnail, he wouldn't turn his thumb into mashed potatoes when he was hammering with a rock (or his wife was hammering with a shoe).

If that was possible, I wish that ancestor had had the foresight to evolve a tail. That way I'd have something to lean on and rest while in the DMV line.

All that complex engineering screams planning and design. Yet even with all our knowledge today we still could not come up with anything as wonderfully complex and functional as a hand. Friends, I look at my fingers and they point to an Intelligent Designer.

All around me I see a rhyme and reason to the way the natural world operates. Physics, astronomy, biology, you name it—I see order and purpose that points to God.

Why do I believe in God? The universe tells me to.

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