

I Saw God

Kathleen and Forrest Preston invited Lola and me to spend a portion of the past weekend with them in a condo high in the Great Smoky Mountains above Gatlinburg. As I sat on the porch Saturday morning, with a cup of hot coffee in my hand, I drank in the beauty of nature all about me. I saw God.

I saw God in the purple grandeur of Mt. Le Conte, rising 6,593 feet above sea level and the sixth tallest mountain in the eastern United States.

I saw God in the heavily forested panorama stretching before me, with the gleaming gray-and-white trunks of sycamore, the distinctive shape of the leaves of redbud trees, the lure of hickory, ash and poplar trees that are highly favored as firewood because of the heat, the pungent aroma and the romantic crackle that they produce, and the wide-ranging variety of maples that dress up in a rainbow splash of colors in the fall.

I saw God in the flight of a hummingbird, an extraordinary creature with a wing-beat of 80 per second, that can fly right, left, up, down, backwards and even upside down.

I saw God in the rays of light streaming from the heavens and piercing the dark clouds to bathe the woodlands in a remarkable glow.

I saw God in the orange-hued tiger lilies bobbing and weaving on the forest floor.

I saw God in the graceful, lazy flight of an eagle, high above, sailing effortlessly on the updrafts.

I saw God in shadowy wave after wave of morning fog in a free-flowing current along the base of the mountain.

Everywhere I looked, I saw God. There are people who contend that there is no God. But the evidence of His handiwork -- the reminders of His presence -- is all about us.

--Beecher Hunter