

A Frenchman was crossing the desert with an Arab guide. Day after day the Arab knelt on the burning sand and called upon his God in prayer.

One evening when the Arab knelt to pray, the unbelieving Frenchman asked him: "How do you know there is a God?"

The guide fixed his eyes upon the scoffer for a moment and then replied: "How do I know there is a God? I'll answer that question, if you permit me to ask you one first. How did we know this morning that it was a camel and not a man that had passed our tent while we slept last night?"

The Frenchman laughed and said, "Why, we could tell it by the print of the hoof in the sand. That print was not from the foot of a man."



The Arab then looked to the West where the setting sun threw shafts of red and gold and purple into the vaulted canopy of heaven, and pointing toward the sun, he said: "Neither is that the footprint of a man."

The world about us is filled with the footprints of God! Every sunset, every sunrise, every tree, every flower, every lake, every blade of grass, every twinkling star in the diamond-studded ceiling which envelops this marvelous world of ours — is a footprint of our Maker.

The Bible tells us: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament shows His handiwork" (Psalms 19:1). He who can see the scarlet sun sink into its pool of purple, splashing the sky with streaks of gold and crimson — and still not see the footprint of his Maker — is like a pair of spectacles without a pair of eyes behind them.

But God has not left us to follow the path to Him by footprints. He has revealed Himself to us through the pages of His Word. The book of nature may tell us that there is a God, but only the Book of God can tell us who He is — and what He has done for us through Jesus Christ, His Son.

The footprints of the setting and the rising sun may tell us that God is. But only the nail prints in the hands of our Saviour can tell us that God is — LOVE.

Jesus appeared to the disciples, and to Thomas, showing them the scars in His hands and side — scars that were proof of His love; scars that won for us the final Victory over death; scars that speak a compassionate word of understanding to our wounds; scars which if we have re-opened through our sin, we can hopefully re-close through our sincere and honest repentance.

Too long have we been hard on Thomas. He is now our spokesman. Surrounded by scars we, too, say: "Until I see in His own hands the mark of the nails, and put my finger into the nail marks and my hand into His side, I will never believe." Having seen the scars, we cannot but say with Thomas, "My Lord and my God!"

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