

THERE IS A GOD: My Testimony

The story behind the poem written by a 20-year-old Verna Ziegler (Kwiatkowski) in the summer of 1953, on the day God personally revealed his existence to her and, at the same time, gave her the gift of salvation: eternal life through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Being raised in a church-going family, I never questioned the existence of God in my childhood. I also believed in Heaven, and oh, how I wanted to go there when I died! Although I was baptized and joined the church at the age of eleven, I had little hope of Heaven because I knew I was not perfect. I kept doing things the church called “worldly,” like wearing lipstick and going to movies. And my church’s doctrines provided no answers for a sensitive girl like me: desiring Heaven on the one hand, while fearful of going to Hell on the other.

Then, in my second year in college, I took a biology course taught by an atheist who ridiculed the thought that the heavens and the earth were created by God. I didn’t know what to think! As the weeks went on, my childhood faith ended. There I was – 20 years old, and not even sure if God existed! I told no one of my turmoil. It was NOT a happy time in my life. The year was 1953.

Back home in Annville, PA after the semester ended, I got a job in a local shoe factory for the summer. One beautiful day in June, as I was walking across a baseball field on my way home for lunch, I looked up to admire the picture-perfect sky when all of a sudden an original poem popped into my head! It said:

Nature proves there is a God.
Look at the sky and the trees,
Feel the warm sun and the breeze:
There is a God.

I knew immediately that it was true, for who but God could have known what I was THINKING? I was overjoyed! Knowing that there was more to the poem, I ran the rest of the way home and quickly wrote down all the verses. Here is the entire poem:

THERE IS A GOD

Nature proves there is a God.
Look at the sky and the trees,
Feel the warm sun and the breeze:
There is a God.

Watch a brook bubble by, sparkling and clean,
Feel nature’s carpet of velvety green:
There is a God.

Hear the birds singing as only they could,
Smell the fragrance of flowers in the wood;
There is a God.

Look at the mountains and the valley below,
See the footprints of a rabbit in the snow:
There is a God.

How could you look at a full moon
And say there is no God?
How could you watch a sunset, over too soon,
And say there is no God?

Watch the seeds develop into plants,
Observe the industry of a colony of ants:
There is a God.

Feel the freshness of the air after rain,
Watch a pheasant rise from a field of grain:
My friend, there is a God!

With this fresh look at the incident, I can now see that God and I hugged that day. What a transformational hug it was! I realized in a flash not only that God existed, but that I was his and he was mine for all eternity! I would go to Heaven when I died! Everlasting gratitude and much love and devotion well up inside me as I write these words. God has been faithful, merciful and gracious to me all these years and will surely keep me in his care until the day I enter his presence, purified and perfected, there to dwell with him forever and ever. What a prospect! Praise his name!

Poem: © 1953, Verna Ziegler

Comments: © March, 2009, Verna Kwiatkowski

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