

This post is for all the atheists who want proof that a good, all knowing, personal God exists. This is my proof:

Growing up I have had experiences with several different protestant churches around my area. I had always enjoyed one or two aspects of that community but there would always be something that I didn't like.

I was first told about God I believe by my grandparents. They had asked me mom had sent me to church. I would usually attend this Baptist church near where I lived. They had a bus that went around and picked people up. Which was great because that meant my mom wouldn't have to take me.

By the time I was ten I had already gone through my parents divorcing and having my mother go through AA and NA. I had stolen things from stores. Gotten into fights. I would run all around town. My mom didn't care because she didn't want us in the house because she was using. My stepfather didn't have a clue because he spent all day at work, which by the way was a bar that he owned. I began to think that famous atheistic phrase, "If there is a God, why would he allow all of this?"

By the time I was 13 my mother and stepfather had separated and times were really hard. I was a teenager and rebellious. I came and went as I pleased. I chased tail all over the place. I listened to a few but really didn't heed any wisdom given to me.

Instead of thinking that God didn't exist I began "knowing" that God didn't exist (if a kid of 13 or 14 can really "know" anything). And even when I professed to people that I didn't believe in God there were always those times, when I was alone and/or in trouble, I would utter this little phrase under my breath, "God, please help me."

Within a year my stepfather got back together with my mother and they've been together ever since.

For a while I was fine with believing God to be a myth. I convinced myself that the Bible was a fairy tale drummed up by humans to maintain order-even though I really hadn't actually read the Bible. But the older I got the more my mind wandered into thoughts like "what happens when I die?"

I would literally lie awake at night in terrifying fear picturing my existence ending; not from the outside but from the inside that is my consciousness. Trying to wrap my head around the idea that all these experiences that make up who I am would be enveloped in a total void and I would cease to be. I couldn't do it, but my mind said that that is the outcome.

I got my girlfriend pregnant at 20. We were married in a courtroom that summer. She was raised catholic and I was as stable as a rope bridge. She tolerated me anyway.

After a few years (and another baby) I started to get bored with married life. I would do anything to distance myself from my wife so that I could go out and do what I wanted. Which eventually led up to me trying to hook-up with other women. At one point I outright tried to leave her by skipping town. She eventually caught up with me and after much discussion we agreed to continue our marriage. But the peace didn't last long.

Again I was up to doing bad things. This time on the very verge of crossing that point of no return, but I stopped myself. "This is wrong," I thought to myself, "I shouldn't be here doing this." I left. I got home and I told my wife everything I had been up to.

A couple years ago I was attending a first reconciliation meeting for my daughter's PSR class. My wife and aunt wanted my girls to attend these classes. I didn't care. I figured that anything has got to be better than the way I grew up. This was different than anything I had known, so I allowed it.

Sitting there listening to the priest speak of forgiveness, what it means to forgive, and how the Lord has endless mercy for those who seek Him. I was moved. Something stirred in me and after the meeting I pulled that priest aside and told him that I wanted to join the church.

During my formation, looking back on my life, I realized that despite everything that He created, I needed no further proof than what I experienced in my life.

He was there when I asked Him to help me. He was there when I shoplifted those things. He was there when my mom was in rehab. He was there when my mom and step-dad separated, and he also helped them get back together. He was there when my three girls were born happy and healthy. He was there in that room drawing me away from that woman. It wasn't me that kept myself from making that mistake that would've destroyed my life and my family forever; it was Him.

You know how they say hindsight is 20/20? That is the point, and that is the truth. He allowed me to go through all of that because He knows me better than I know myself. And He knew that that was the only way that I would search Him out. He allowed all of that so that in time I would know that it was Him.

And I don't grudge Him for any of it. He loves me, and He wants me to be with Him. Because if He's true, then everything that He says also has to be true, and that's my proof.

If you require more, reflect on your own lives, and see what we already know. Thanks be to God!