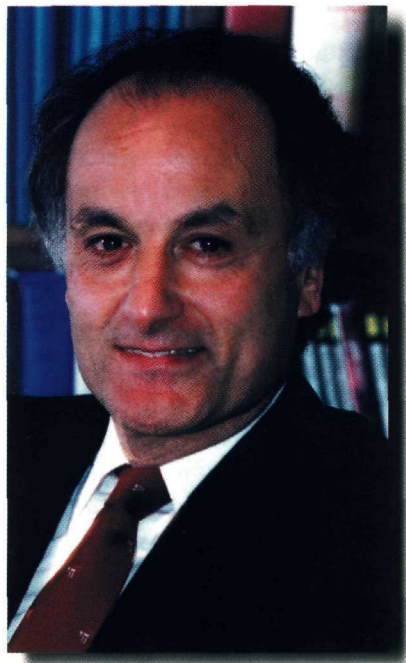


“Is There Someone Else?”



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A hiker is climbing on the top of a snowy mountain. Suddenly, he stumbles—the rope unrolls . . . unrolls . . . breaks. He grasps a slippery rock and is now hanging above a two-mile abyss. For a moment, he tries to pull himself up but can't. He then whispers for fear of an avalanche: “Is there someone?”

Silence responds.

He repeats louder: “Is there someone?”

Then a powerful voice answers: “Yes, I am here: God!”

The hiker is encouraged and waits for something to happen. His hold gets weaker and weaker. Then the voice is heard again: “Trust me, son; just let go. I am going to send two mighty angels who will carry you to the ground.”

The hiker looks down into the two-mile abyss; he feels utterly hopeless and finally calls again: “Is there someone else?”

Today, like our hiker, we are hanging over an abyss and grabbing a slippery rock: it has become difficult for many to believe in God, even if He answers, even if the evidence is there. And yet, God is out there, and there is not “someone else.”