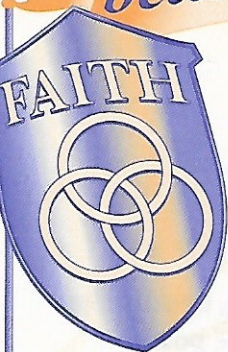


# The Apostles' Creed

*I believe*



**I believe in God, the Father almighty,  
maker of heaven and earth.**

An old legend says that the twelve apostles once tried to summarize the message of the gospel. Each contributed a statement. When they finished, they had created the Apostles' Creed.

Really? It may be an interesting legend, but it couldn't possibly have happened. The creed as we know it didn't come into existence until after the apostles died.

Nevertheless, it is named after them because it so beautifully summarizes what they taught—and what they wrote in the New Testament.

The Apostles' Creed is a personal creed. It's what I believe. It's not just what others believe. It's not just what the church says we all should believe. It's what *I* believe.

What do *I* believe? I believe in God. I believe that there is a God who exists apart from everything he has made. I believe in a God in whom I live and move and have my very being. I believe that this God is good—that is what the word *god* implies.

I believe that this God is not just some impersonal force—some superior being—who resides in a mysterious realm somewhere and keeps the universe running and takes very little interest in me. No, I believe this God is my Father. Like a father, he loves me. Like a good father, he cares for me and provides for me. He wants to be close to me, and he wants me to be close to him. But unlike an earthly father, my Father in heaven is not limited

*... my Father in heaven is not  
limited in strength or ability.  
He can do absolutely anything,  
because he is almighty.*

in strength or ability. He can do absolutely anything, because he is almighty. He has more power than the atom, more power than we can find in the entire universe.

He is, after all, the “*maker* of heaven and earth.” He made the sun, moon, and stars. He made air, fire, water, the earth, and all the earth brings forth. He made me and everything I am—my body, my soul, my mind, my personality. He is the Creator of the food I eat and the water I drink. He provides all physical and temporal blessings—good government, peace, security. And besides, every day he guards and protects me from evil and misfortune.

Shall I brag and boast about who I am and what I have? How can I? Everything—absolutely everything—is from my loving Father, my God, the One who is the maker of heaven and earth. Instead I will thank him and praise him. And I will strive to be a good manager of all the gifts he has given me.

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ISBN 0-8100-1745-8



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14N0129-A