SAVORING SCIENCE

Musings

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. . . while I was musing the fire burned (Psalm 39:3).

Yesterday I was a-musing on the first-cousin relationship of fish and fowl, each with their own characteristics. Water birds live in or near the water, of course, for their food can only be found in watery places. Then there are other kinds of birds that live in trees, bushes, meadows, and mountains, also because of their peculiar needs. Then I thought, they all in one way or another speak of the glory of their Maker. Speak? Well, they don't speak like people do – although some of them seem to speak in English, like the whippoorwill. Then I remembered that one of the water birds, the loon, voices a sound like a human laugh. I also think of a whistling bird that whistles quite plainly, "Bob White." And I have a cardinal in my back yard with a most beautiful song which I surely cannot spell in English. But to me it woulds like, "Whee-wor-wor-wor--ship Theet." And when I hear that "t" after "thee" I recognize it as an exclamation point!

Then I mused on the early morning call of the red-breasted robin. Only he and his Master can understand that speech. To my ears it is most delightful. Methinks God has taught the robin to teach *us* to thank Him for yet another day! And even the barnyard rooster, with its morning "cock-a-doodle-doo" is probably saying, "God wants me to awaken youoo." Oh, Creator God, how great Thou art!

Then I wondered about the busy bee (one just buzzed by me). It is another distinct family of living creatures from the hand of God. Unlike the birds whose wings flap or soar, and can readily be seen by me in action, this flyer's wings are transparent, and they flit(?) so rapidly that their action cannot be seen. And, I wondered, in God's wisdom He gave them a radar system that pre-dates and out-dates the most sophisticated radar system of modern mankind. The honey bee, after sipping the nectar from a clover blossom, can zoom back to its beehive honeycomb in a straight line. That way has become famous in our language as

a "beeline."

Musing about the bee and its beeline, I thought about the many birds and animals to which God has given a homing instinct. That's what my dictionary calls it, but I cannot find the word "instinct" in my Bible dictionary. Man calls it instinct because he thinks that it is a natural trait of those beeliners. No, no, they did not adapt to their needs by way of evolution. God increated that marvelous ability on that Creation Day.

The uniqueness of the water fowl is that it was created to thrive in watery environment. The ungodly evolutionist says that it adapted to those surroundings in some millions of years. Poppycock! We know better, for God's Word tells us that He made all creatures "after their kind." There is the crane with its long legs to wade in shallow water to snatch up a slowly swimming fish in its long beak for its breakfast. The slowly swimming duck, with its beak (bill) different from that of the crane, is able to snip off the leaves on under-water plants for its "daily bread."

Then I mused about another member of flying creatures which are neither bee nor bird. One of those infrequent visitors to my back yard is that elusive, but beautiful, dragonfly. I marvel at that member of the insect world. It has four, (count them, one, two, three, four) gossamer wings. With these four flimsy things it can fly miraculously: forward, upwards, downward, right, and left. Then I wondered what God had provided for its breakfast, lunch, and dinner. I know a little about animal fare: like, horses eat grass; cats eat mice; and some even eat one another. But even that knowledge is so limited. Then how can I know what that flittery, fluttery dragonfly can find to eat!

Wondering and marveling at that part of God's Creation: how many millions of individual creatures; their hundreds of individual characteristics; the ununderstandable, but marvelous ways in which each of these individuals "fits" in its own niche. . . my heart sings the old refrain, Oh, God, how great Thou art!

While I was contemplating the immensity of all that, I glanced down and saw a black critter walk, no, run over my shoe. It was a common ant, who with its tiny feet very easily overcame that huge obstacle in its path. Watching it go in the grass nearby I saw that each blade of grass was an obstacle. It would have to climb up each blade, and down again, to make any forward progress. I thought that it must take a prodigious amount of time and patience to traverse my yard! My first reaction was to say, what a dumb creature that is.

But then I remembered a Sunday School text I had been privileged to learn: "Go to the ant thou sluggard, and be wise. . . ." Wise? Yes, because Solomon had mused on that very thing, and he judged it to be very wise in that it "knew" enough in the summertime to provide food for the wintertime. It neatly stored it in its pantry for later use. Then I realized that it was I that was dumb for my short-sightedness, not seeing the ant's fore-sightedness. That brought me to the certainty that God who even knows when a hair falls from my head surely knows what a little black ant is doing! Knows? Of course He knows. He created that little creature with that wisdom! Oh God, how incomprehensible Thou art!

Folding my arms over my chest, and letting my head fall forward, I thought I would take a little snooze. But alas, I was alerted to a new visitor. It signalled its nearness to my unprotected neck with a really high-pitched hum. Sure enough, it was a mosquito. Now there is a creature of which I do not know what it eats. But I do know what it drinks! If I sit quietly, its next drink will be my blood. It has a little drill with which it can bore a tiny hole through my skin, and through that hollow tube-drill it will suck up a stomach full of my red and white corpuscles. Then, in its seeming kindness, it will release a bit of chemical to cause my blood to clot so that I will not bleed too much. But that act of "kindness" soon reveals itself to be a parting shot! That chemical causes a reaction which raises a bump that will itch for quite some time. That little bump is the calling card it left behind! Pesky mosquito! A minute ago I was wondering what the dragonfly could possibly find to eat. Probably its fare consists of insects. Then I hope it really likes my pet pest, the mosquito! I am glad that I know that God created *all* living creatures, or I would surely think that the pesky mosquito came from the devil's workshop.

Then I mused, correctly, that upon the sin of Adam and Eve, God sent all kinds of thorns and thistles (pests) upon them and their future generations. So I concluded that we must endure all those pests in nature to remind us daily of the guilt of our original and daily sins. Yes, I thought, we share in the sin of the first Adam, but, praise God, we also share in the Redemption merited for us by The Second Adam on the Cross on that memorable Good Friday! Then I mused on the last line of the Doxology: Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

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