

"... Ask the Animals ..."

It is easy enough to *declare* that "Science" has disproved the existence of God. We are really saying that *man* has disproved the existence of God; but, it comes across so much more authoritative, significant and persuasive to say "Science." Either way, it is impossible to substantiate such a statement. No one should seriously state that there is no God, because no one knows everything about the universe – visible and invisible. I, for one, am still endeavoring to comprehend aspects of supposedly elementary physics such as light, gravity, rotation. But I can safely say there is a God, because the "Made in Heaven" label is authentically and observably woven into all of nature's fabric.

"... ask the animals, and they will teach you, or the birds of the air, and they will tell you; or speak to the earth, and it will teach you, or let the fish of the sea inform you. Which of all these does not know that the hand of the Lord has done this? In his hand is the life of every creature and the breath of all mankind" (Job 12:7-10).

I suspect that, in some cases, a person's insistence on *proof* of God's existence is not entirely sincere. Some people would rather *not* be confronted with concrete, irrefutable proof. They do *not* want to deal with God. But, putting God out of my mind will not put him out of existence. While no "proof" is provided, there is the obvious, undeniable mountain of evidence to deal with. To doubt it, to ignore it, is unreasonable. This unmistakable, plentiful and trustworthy physical evidence is designed to point me in the direction of God. Whether or not I proceed toward him is mine to decide, mine to choose.

Goodbye, Ladybug!

It is a flawless April morning on the plains of central Saskatchewan, Canada. Definitely a day to be outdoors. I am not old enough to be in school; however, higher education is waiting for me out on the prairie.

I stroll barefooted down our long, dirt driveway. I cross the sandy, rutted road which runs between our two *sections* (a section is a square mile) and I walk deep into the fenced pasture, where our horses and cows graze.

It's only midmorning, but the bright sun is already warmly bathing my exposed face, arms and legs!

Without a second thought, I get down and lie flat on my back. I look around. Between the tall, dark-green grass is a copious, random arrangement of wild flowers in full bloom. What rich, brilliant colors! What unique designs!

Then I look up at the sky! *What...a...sky!* Deep blue infinity. *Awe-inspiring!*

And the *clouds!* Endless shapes and sizes, like colossal clusters of cotton silently floating through an ocean of air – all going in the same easterly direction, all moving at the same leisurely pace. *Mesmerizing!*

I am profoundly impressed. But how could all this exist, how could all this be happening without a powerful intelligence behind it?

My musings are interrupted by a meadowlark that slowly lifts itself vertically from the

ground, all the while warbling its matchless melody. Look! It is stopping to hover in midair, as though suspended from a string - still fluttering and still singing. *Breathtaking!*

As I lay surrounded by the wonders of nature, a tiny bug unexpectedly but ceremoniously lands on my hairless right forearm. After touchdown, it methodically folds its fragile wings and tucks them under its spotted hardtop. It remains motionless, allowing me to study its fascinating form, its marvelous markings and its conspicuous colors. In its own way, it sends me a crisp and clear message: "*Observe... and believe.*" Having fulfilled its mission, it deliberately prepares for liftoff.

"Goodbye, Ladybug! Thank you for your visit. Thank you for showing me there is a God." (It's OK. Four-year-olds are allowed to talk to bugs, especially when the insects are sent on a special mission by their caring creator to a receptive child.)

This morning, I left our house a dispassionate agnostic. At high noon, I am returning home a devoted *and* very hungry theist. ◇◇◇