

Bugged to Believe

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

I stroll bare-footed down our long, dirt lane. I cross the sandy, rutted road and walk deep into our fenced section (a square mile), where our horses and cows graze.

It's only midmorning, but the spring 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 left and I look right. In between the tall, 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 impressed. But how could all this be happening by itself, without some kind of rhyme or reason behind it?

My train of thought is interrupted when a meadowlark gradually lifts itself vertically from the ground, all the while warbling its matchless melody. Look! It's stopping to hover in midair, as though suspended from a string – still fluttering and still singing. I am captivated both by the sight and by the sound.

As I lay surrounded by the wonders of nature, a tiny bug ceremoniously lands on my hairless right forearm. After touchdown, it methodically folds its fragile wings and tucks them carefully 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 brief, 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 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 noon, I am returning home a devoted and hungry theist. ◇◇