

FATHER'S BLACKBOARD

Romans 1:20 For since the creation of the world God's invisible qualities--his eternal power and divine nature--have been clearly seen, being understood from what has been made, so that men are without excuse. For although they knew God, they neither glorified him as God nor gave thanks to him, but their thinking became futile and their foolish hearts were darkened. Although they claimed to be wise, they became fools.

Psalms 19:1-2 The heavens declare the glory of God; the skies proclaim the work of his hands. Day after day they pour forth speech; night after night they display knowledge.

Job 12: 7-9 "But 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?"

As my mind wandered, thinking of nothing in particular, my eyes settled on a small weed. Just an ordinary weed like hundreds, nay thousands, of others. As this weed drew my attention, I began to notice aspects I had often seen but never observed, never grasped. The slender stalk was, in truth, a stalk within a stalk. It was as though the stalk was a sword in a sheath B a sword which could be drawn but not replaced. Which is the stalk, the sword or the sheath ? I do not know. That is not all, of course. The weed has several leaves and they are not all exactly the same. These leaves have small veins embedded as well as patterns of intricate design. This ordinary weed, truly is not ordinary at all, it is an intricate marvel, complex in the extreme. In wonder, I am propelled into a depth of examination previously unknown to me. In my own mind I sense myself seeing things from a new perspective. It is as though I am standing outside myself, seeing everything for the very first time. I am a stranger, no I am more than a stranger, I am an alien seeing the familiar through unfamiliar eyes. All of the wonders so routinely taken for granted are taking new form before my very eyes and I am seeing them as they are, not as some vague background to my world. These wonders that are, are beginning to be seen and accepted, by me, as the wonders that they have always been.

As my eyes sweep around me I see as never before, an absolutely rich medley, an embarrassing variety of variety, all right at my feet. There is a dandelion, perfect in symmetry, beautiful golden petals and full rich green leaves. It has a taproot reaching far into the earth, perhaps there is more underground than

above . This great root has a purpose. It provides the plant with a strength, vigor, and hardiness which has caused many people to dislike it with great intensity. I am caught up, first with the plants, but soon with the fertile creative mind behind all that I see. It is growing increasingly obvious that these plants reveal a creator standing behind the scenes. It is He which saw each of these plants, each component of each plant, each synergistic interaction between the various plants and the animal and mineral kingdoms. He saw these things within Himself and then, seeing that it was good, expressed them from within Himself. Words will never suffice to describe even the rudimentary elements of these things. Photographs, even the best of them, can only suggest the reality, not reproduce it. The only tool which even begins to capture the fullness of this splendor is the human eye, itself an object of wonder to all who have knowledge of it. The human eye captures much of the detail, color, and inter-meshing of the components. This information is then passed to the human brain which processes the information and allows, if not comprehension, at least some appreciation of the miracle being beheld. Eyes settle next on a rose bush at my right hand. Suddenly both eye and brain are caught up in sensory overload for I am, perhaps for the very first time, actually studying the rose bush. I am immediately humbled in the presence of the Master for what kind of creature could conceive such a grandiose combination of form and color. Consider the components. There are roots reaching into the earth for sustenance and returning to the earth a contribution in return. How ? I do not know. Leaves draw moisture from the air, drinking in carbon dioxide and using a substance called chlorophyll to perform some kind of conversion and expel good pure oxygen back into the air. The plant receives something and returns something always in a symbiotic relationship to its environmental neighbors. There are thorns which serve an obvious purpose and there are blossoms, glorious blossoms which send forth such a perfume as to intoxicate countless generations of both man and bees. What sort of genius planned such a thing ? What formidable power could take such a plan and make it become a real and functioning thing ? What love would set it into our midst for us to enjoy. Yet this plant serves us in a much greater capacity than just to bring pleasure to the eye and nose. The rose is a faithful and true teacher about the creator ? It is a joy, a teacher, and a sweet smelling savor to us. It is a promise that there is one who is above, behind, and beyond all creation calling us to know Him. Every plant, every creature, every star in the heavens becomes our teacher, the blackboard on which is written lessons for our lives.

But, perhaps you do not like Roses ! Perhaps you are allergic and they cause you to sneeze and you have no appreciation for these things being discussed.

Perhaps you are color blind and see none of the gentle hues. Perhaps your eyes can not see or your ears not hear. Fear not for you will not be robbed of anything at all for there is truly an embarrassment of riches waiting to reveal the creator to us and draw us to Himself. Whatever senses you have, the Creator will speak to you through them, using His creation. His revelation of Himself through His own creation is loud, boisterous, and it is eloquent. Listen and He will speak. He will find a language and a way to reveal Himself to you. The only barrier He will not overcome is the barrier of your own unwillingness to see.

Words, even words most eloquent and true, can not fully reveal to you this world of worlds which await the seeker. If you wait for another to do the work and hand these revelations to you on a platter you will become quickly bored. You must choose to look for yourself. Go pilgrim and look. It may take a little time for your dulled senses to sprout wings and fly but fly they will for the One who has created all these things has created them for the express purpose of bringing you to flight. Now, go look some more. Look beneath the surface, consider the One who imagined, integrated these imaginings within Himself, and then spoke them into existence with such beauty and harmony that even this One said *Alit is good@*. Sit in a forest or even a city park and let the teaching of His creation slip into your soul. Hear the wind in the Pines, the rippling of the brook, and the gentle sounds of the soaring birds. Oh yes! Hear, see, and learn from the birds, the bees, the dogs, the Antelope and the duck billed platypus. There has been given you an endless variety of sentient animal creatures. There are birds that are small and blue, Condors with seven foot wingspans. There are Flamingos with knees hinged backwards and Parrots with reds, greens, and blues splattered all over them. There are the soft brown doves, the cackling jays and magpies. There are the storks that mate for life and the scavengers that steal nests from others. The variety is outrageous. Why is such an extreme of variety needed? It is for us !! It is for you, it is for me. We need this because we are so reluctant to believe. It is because of the hardness of our hearts and the gross self centeredness in you and me that He has chosen to give us evidence so vast and varied. In His great love for us He has chosen that all who WILL see, will SEE. Who has not gazed at the stars on a cloudless night, away from the obscuring lights of town, and let their beings stretch forth to infinity. We can see forever!

A brief visit to a small Zoo is sufficient to dazzle us with His ability and humor. From the neck of a Giraffe to the elephants trunk we are caught up in a truth which is so vast, so relentless, so inescapable that our whole tendency is to >take it for granted= not considering it much at all, placing it into the obscure

background of our lives. A drive across our country bringing mountains, plains, deserts, and oceans into view only serves to increase the grasp of the Creator on our souls, if we will but stop and look, stop and listen, stop and SEE! Who is this One with which we have to do ? For some of us He is our Father. For the rest of us He is using all of creation to call loudly to you “Come, be born into Me and I will become your Abba, your Daddy”.

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