



God in His Handiwork

The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. – Ps. 19:1-2

In my 40 years of intimate communion with Paul, I have never once been inspired by him to look for the blinding glories of the passing days and seasons, or the pomp and splendor of starlit nights.

But not so when I turn to Job, to the Psalms of David, the Proverbs, and songs of Solomon, and the sweet talks and parables of Jesus. There we see the sparrows feeding from the Heavenly Father's hand; the ravens and the young lions and every creeping thing looking to Him for daily food; the fox fleeing from enemies to his hole; the conies among the rocks; the wild goat among mountain crags; the nesting bird, the busy ant, the swarming bees, the neighing warhorse, the spouting whale, the bridal lilies, the rose of Sharon; green and smiling meadows, still waters, ice, snow, hoar frost, and glowing fire; tempestuous wind and billowing seas; the lowering sky of the morning threatening rain and storm; the red sky of evening presag-ing fair and smiling weather.

The vast deeps of the heavens are the tabernacle of the sun, "which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race." That race course compasses the whole circle of heaven, and the whole creation in one vast antiphonal choral harmony praises God. So David sings.

But the suggestions, and beauty, and wonder, and mysticism in nature to which Paul has never turned me, but to which Jesus, and Job, and David, and Solomon pointed me, I am now finding in large measure in my tiny backyard.

Ps. 19:5