

The Animals' Debate

The hunters argued as they sat around the campfire. The jungle animals stood and perched at the edge of the clearing, as they listened intently. When the hunters finished arguing, they went into their tents and slept.

Then all the animals went to their own clearing in the jungle and continued the hunters' debate.

"Where *do* I come from?" they all wondered.

"I think we come from tall trees," said the giraffe.

"Well *you* may have, but *I* think we come from large, rounded hills," countered the elephant.

"No! We came from the high, striped grass," growled the tiger.

"Yes, that's right," agreed the zebra.

"That's ridiculous! We definitely came from giant, bushy trees!" roared the great-maned lion.

"Well, I beg to differ with you, your majesty," suggested the colorful touraco bird, from his safe perch in a tree, "but we, of course, came from beautiful flowers."

"You all have wild imaginations," chattered the monkey. "We naturally came from humans. That's why they keep hunting us. They're afraid we'll take over the world."

"Ha ha ha! You're probably right. They're such silly creatures. Ha ha ha ha!" laughed the hyena.



"No, let's be serious and think logically," chided the old tortoise. Having made many slow travels, she had spent a great deal of time pondering life and its hows and whys. She continued, "Where *did* we come from? I've seen artists sit for hours, even days, drawing and painting us, the jungle, and other humans."

"So what?" the tiger growled. "Get to the point!"

"Well, it seems to be very hard, exacting work to make everything look as it is on a flat piece of paper. It must have been a trillion times harder to make the sky, sun, moon, stars, and the earth and all its creatures in three dimensions. And we're not just still statues, as I once saw a sculptor form from clay with his hands. We breathe and move and eat and see and hear and feel and think and . . ."

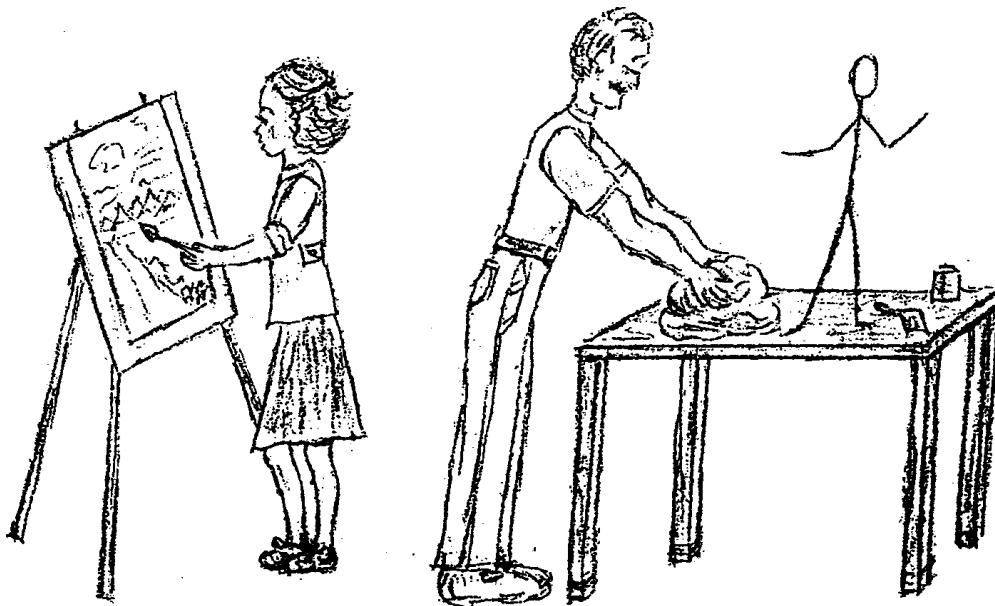
"You're right about all that, but what are you getting at?" the lion asked.

"Okay, listen. Just like a pencil, paint brush, and clay don't move themselves to make pictures and sculptures, so this complicated universe, which includes our world, solar system, and beyond, couldn't have just made itself! There must have been Someone to move the Designer's pencil, the Artist's paintbrush, and the Sculptor's clay. We must have a Creator!"

"Yes!" the animals all agreed. "That's where we came from - our *Creator!* Why aren't all humans smart enough to figure that out, if *we* can? Let's praise Him now with our night symphony!" And with that, they raised their evening chorus, like every other night since He had first created the animals.

". . . 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. NIV

"Your hands shaped me and made me. . . . You molded me like clay." Job 10:8&9 NIV



Who Wrote Our Recipe Book?

Are we prizes from a cereal box?
Were we put together from a model kit,
With springs and things like in clocks?
Or were we like sweaters knit?

Or did we by chance come from mud
To become tiny and then bigger and
Bigger animal creatures,
Till they turned into people,
With walking, talking, eating,
Thinking, feeling, and breathing features?

Could *chance* make robots and computers,
That do a whole lot less than *people*,
Who don't think *they* have a Maker?
Don't even sugar cookie girls and boys
Have a recipe and a baker?

