

SAVORING SCIENCE

Musings

John M. Faber

"And He made the stars also." When I read that statement in the first book of the Bible I remember when I was a boy in the country, lying on my back in the grass, looking up into the sky. We were far from the city lights which tend to dim the starlight. And I thought there could be no room for one more star, for the sky seemed to be full of those sparkling lights! Then I wondered about their makeup and their function. I remembered that the Scriptures tell me that God made them to be bearers of the light that He made in the beginning. The heathen astrologers explain their multiplicity by saying that their gods flung them out by handfuls and scattered them through the skies. Well, it does look like that, but I know that God set them in their places and in their courses.

We know that the sun and moon seem to travel from east to west because of our vantage point on this earth, which daily revolves upon its axis; and the seeming movement of the stars is likewise so determined. But we

also know that some are sent on special courses, and some are wandering stars to picture God's speech concerning those who "have followed Balaam, and are reserved to darkness for ever." Outer space.

Space. What a perplexing thought that is! Sometimes I see that word when it means a certain measure of distance between two points on earth. Astronomers tell about light-years, meaning the distance over which light can travel in a year's time. That is such an astronomical figure it boggles my mind. One light year is some six billions of miles. That is how stellar distances are measured!

This past summer the newspapers told about a space probe by a man-made object sailing past the well-known planets, Saturn and Uranus, and even giving a close-up look at Neptune in 1989. They called that thing, Voyager, and that trip took twelve years and went four billion miles! That well-planned trip tells me that the scientists could bank on the fixed position of the stars in

order to steer their craft so accurately. And electronic pictures were sent back to earth to prove that accuracy. I remember that with their telescopes they have discovered a spiral nebula, made up of billions of stars; too many to count. No one knows how many stars have been created just to make up that one constellation. That concept of space goes beyond my contemplation — way beyond that fifty-foot space between my house and my neighbor's; or the space in my kitchen taken up by the cupboards; or the space needed to stop my car on the road in an emergency.

Putting my newspaper aside I pondered some more about that five-letter word, space. Then I thought in my musing that it is something like God's greatness, in its limitlessness. I thought that space is not *like* God's greatness, but it is a speech of God to show me that space is a *symbol* of God's greatness. It is, as it were, a translation of it in non-spiritual terms. Then I remembered that all God has made, all the various forms of creation, are words of speech for mankind. I know that every speck of creation is a revelation of the Creator to His creatures. And we who are Christians should strive to study that speech to learn more about our Covenant Triune God. Musing about that makes me realize how little I think about the

air I breathe, the water I drink, the food I consume, and the *terra firma* I can depend on. I see the sin of omission of which I am guilty.

That was on a Saturday night I was thinking about those great distances, and my inability to comprehend them, and what exactly was the speech of God to me. Sunday morning those thoughts still lurked in my mind, and lo, God had an answer for me in that morning service. It was Communion Sunday in our church, and the minister read the Communion Form, as usual. And there it was! My answer! Applying the personal pronoun in the right places, as we should, I heard him read this, "As far as heaven is above the earth, so great is His mercy to me who fears Him; as far as the east is from the west, so far hath He removed my transgression from me." That Is Great!

In the application of that truth, my pastor, ambassador of my Savior, said that we do not partake of the Communion properties to have our sins removed. I was shown that my Savior's death, pictured in Communion, was the basis for my salvation. Oh the beauty of it, and the simplicity of it, thrills my soul!

At the end of such a service the organist does well to pull out all the stops of the organ to lead the congregation in the full-



CURRENT ISSUES

Brian Dykstra

Toufexis writes, "In Atlanta a mother beats her three children — ages twelve, ten, and eight — with a rolling pin until they are black and blue. In Richmond a man forces his nephew to stand at attention and circles the boy while spitting on him. During a parent-teacher conference in Detroit, a woman grabs her twelve-year-old son, hits him in the face until he bleeds, then punches him in the ribs and walks out of the room. What did these children

Churning out students capable of earning high grades is not the goal of our schools. Of course it is true that we must prepare our children to be qualified for