

SAVORING SCIENCE

In our summer issue of Perspectives we introduced this rubric. It's pretty fresh off the drawing board therefore. . . and already we'd like to modify our plans for it. Our original intent was that the rubric would appear only in the summer and the winter issues of this magazine, and that Mr. Gary Lanning would be its regular and only writer. That's what we announced last time. Well, since that time we had occasion to talk to Mr. John M. Faber about some writing he's been doing in a similar vein. What we had had in mind for our new rubric was short articles dealing with things in "nature" which are cause for wonder. Mr. Faber, meanwhile, was sitting at his typewriter producing short articles which he entitled "Musings." And, in calling them that, he had in mind not simply that they were the fruit of his thinking meditatively. He thought rather of the old meaning of the word "muse," which is to wonder or marvel. And what he was "wondering" at was the works of God's hands that we see around us in nature. Since that was exactly what we had in mind for "Savoring Science," and since Mr. Faber was willing to share his Musings with us, we decided to expand our offering such that the rubric would appear not only in two issues per year but in every issue, and, further, that it have two writers instead of one. For Mr. Faber's articles we'll retain his "Musings" as a kind of sub-title for Savoring Science.

*Mr. Faber needs no introduction to most of our readers, since for nearly 12 years (during the 50's and 60's) he was news editor of the **Standard Bearer** (See you in church. . . JMF), and he's a long-time writer for the **Beacon Lights**. Articles in the latter he signs "Gramps." That's probably because he's getting a little older — 82 years of age. He remains active, however — both physically and mentally; and we're happy that we are able to benefit from his continuing (and deepening) insights.*

Musings

John M. Faber

. . . while I was musing
the fire burned (Ps. 39:3).

He spake and it was done, He
called the things that were not as

though they were done. I thought that the Bible told me that the One who spoke was the Eternal God: Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Eternal is a word I cannot understand. Looking into the dim future is something I can get a picture of, but looking back into the very dim past is beyond me. And, I thought, it was somewhere in the dim past that God spoke. He said, "Let there be light."

The speech of God of which I was musing was of such nature that it became a reality. How different from my speech! I can go out on a cold winter day and say, "hot." But it accomplishes nothing. It is still cold. Because God had said cold, my hot does nothing. So, when God said, "light," there was light. Then I remembered that He divided the light from darkness and the First Day became a reality, a real thing! Further, I mused, the term "first" suggests a second, and a third, etc. So, when God created that first day with succeeding days to follow, He created time.

When I had been musing about the term "eternity" I was thinking that it meant that something stretched before time, and stretched ahead to "after time." That reminded me of the end of the world when time shall be no more; so I came to the conclusion that I cannot think that God was before the world began, and will

be after the world ends; but I must think that the Eternal God is before, is now, and is forever after! Whew! That made my head whirl. I thought, I cannot fathom that. I thought, of course not! How can I, a mere creature, fathom the mind of God!

I further thought, what is light? Just what did God create on that wonderful First Day? For me, poor mortal, it means that by that light I can see something. Sure, I know what light does. It illuminates. It shows me things, from sandcastles to skyscrapers, from ants to giants. So I was feeling quite satisfied with myself until I thought, but what is light? My dictionary tells me that it is an electro-magnetic wave of energy that travels over one hundred miles per hour! Whew! I don't understand what energy waves are, and such high speed at which it travels. It simply makes my head swim. Swim? I thought, it can't even *swim* in that mind-boggling information. No, it drowns in that immensity, the timelessness, the unmeasurableness of God measured by the yardsticks of men.

I wondered too where that newly created light was coming from. Then I realized that I could stop wondering about that light source when I remembered that My creator had already anticipated such a question. That thought caught me up short. In



That vastness overwhelms my
thoughts so as to cause my soul
to exclaim,