

The Amazing World of This Amazing World

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When every TV channel, radio station, website or podcast puts on special programs about the uniqueness of “whatever,” I get to wondering about this world and its endless diversity. One particular program touts “The Extraordinary Life of Bumble Bees.” Another delves into “The Unique Mating Habits of Porpoises” (sexual activities underwater should get everyone’s attention). But, what is dull? There are never programs about “The Unique Digestive System of Ladybugs.” “Monotony Explored” or a three part series on “How Would We Live Without Nostrils?” How about, “Differences in the Weights of Grains of Sand Collected From 1,200 Beaches of North America.” And, coming soon, “The Amazing World of the Amazing—well, you fill in the BLANK!”

Programs are always “The Amazing World of This Amazing World!” There’s probably a million educational categories and added to all the time. Apparently, these investigative documentary programs must have enough audience interest for them to receive financial backing.

Of course I want to know the family structure and social order of otters in the wild, and similar watery mammals – who wouldn’t! What gets me is how dang smart Mother Nature was in creating all of this intricate preciseness (*amazing* preciseness). If only God had beaten her to it, how much more praise and respect he’d be dutifully ladled with.

Man has asked, cajoled, impressed upon, or forced God to get into the world-as-we-know-it backseat. We want to drive. In fact, hasn’t God always been the original backseat driver? He tells us to “do this” or “do that,” “turn here,” “slow down,” “STOP!” But, more and more, Mother Nature is a welcomed companion in the passenger seat. She’s creative, feminine and fragrant. (I suspect she’s been having an affair with male-driven science for years.)

Today, people just don’t know what to do with God. This awkward embarrassment is growing. Sermons on the Bible or saints can seem like TV reruns. Respectable people are simply tired of the reruns about God at church, synagogue or by the occasional communication by fortune cookie. (Okay, maybe not fortune cookies.) God’s volunteer army, the clergy, try to bring new life to old scripts and perpetually promote next week’s installment. They find still usable parts of scripture and attempt to super-glue them to modern life. Occasionally, we hear of “new” stories and wish we were there. But, “there” is typically a place in this amazing world where we are not.

Not-so-respectable persons never stop on those TV channels or at houses of worship. Because they might hear a teaching which proposes the creation of and godly purpose, of say, the porpoise. This is because if the silvery fish (yes, I know it’s not a fish) has a divine function, then so do we. We must! Or, we are of no more importance than a ladybug nibbling on an aphid.

Pointless versus purposeful collide in my mind and heart—especially when my prayers go unanswered. For then, the dim light of empty promises gets turned on. I get confused and disappointed the more I hear or read about God – and he knows I do. He’s been there himself. I figure the more he hears or reads about himself he must be saddened and perhaps a trifle confused. Think of billions of total strangers constantly telling you conflicting and preposterous “truths” about you and your intentions! A shake of the head? *No doubt.*

Sure, all he has to do is turn on the light, pull up the shade and show everyone the irrefutable truth – “Yes, it was me the whole time! Take a look; this is how I really am!” Whatever his private and personal reasons, he must balk at all the misrepresenting we humans put him through. Yes, I know the angels must be comforting – but I’ve found there’s nothing quite like a faithful dog at your side to pet.

It’s like those UFOs (if you’re into that sort of thing). They are supposedly spotted almost daily somewhere around the world (this *amazing* world). But, do these insanely intelligent aliens ever get out, waddle down the gangway and explain themselves in front of television cameras? No. Are they too busy, aloof, or beyond our comprehension? Is God the same? I’m confused about this. And ahead of me I see more of the same.

The amazing thing is that, of the collected grains of sand from one of those 1,200 beaches, even blindfolded, God can pick out any one grain and tell you: where it was found, its age, color, mineral content, where it originated and how long the grain has called this beach home, and on and on.

As our lives continue, scientific researchers continue to find and document what’s amazing on earth and elsewhere. We are supposed to give a “Hoorah!” or at least a nod. Business people and entrepreneurs sort through old and new possibilities, conjuring how to market the amazing. Others, fueled by amazement, must worship. And sadly, others seek how to get these worshippers to part with their money (once again).

This complex life we find ourselves in is a moving target. We are overwhelmed with good and bad findings. For most of us, we will never know what a simpler life would’ve been like—we might’ve been amazed.

These Things Make Me Grumpy