

God's Creation

Read - Psalm 139

Luke 12:24 Consider the ravens: They do not sow or reap, they have no storehouse or barn; yet God feeds them. And how much more valuable are you than birds!

One of my family's favorite pastimes is to head to the shore. We enjoy going off-season when the beaches are deserted and the only company is the sea gulls flying overhead. It's a pleasure to sit on the beach and watch the waves roll gently unto the shore. I find it very soothing and relaxing, especially after the stressful circumstances of daily living.

While there I marvel at God's wonderful creation. There's the vastness of the ocean with Europe somewhere straight ahead of me. There are the seashells having once been the home of many small creatures God had made. The sand reminds me of the promise God had made to Abraham, when, well past the age, he and Sarah would have a child, the descendants of whom would be as many as the sand which is upon the sea-shore and that through Abraham all nations of the earth would be blessed. (Genesis 22:17-18)

While on the beach, we always take a few minutes to feed the sea gulls. It's fun to hold the breadcrumbs in the air as the sea gulls swoop down and snatch the morsels of food. As I watch the sea gulls the passage of scripture from Luke 12 comes to mind where we are told that God does not forget the sparrows, that He feeds the ravens, and He even has the hairs on our head numbered. When we are at our lowest and feel that God is beyond our reach, we must remember that God still loves us, still watches over us, still cares for us.



For you created my inmost being; you knit me together in my mother's womb. I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made; your works are wonderful, I know that full well. My frame was not hidden from you when I was made in the secret place. When I was woven together in the depths of the earth, your eyes saw my unformed body. All the days ordained for me were written in your book before one of them came to be. How precious to me are your thoughts, O God! How vast is the sum of them! Were I to count them, they would outnumber the grains of sand. When I awake, I am still with you. (Psalms 139:13-18)