

There is no way the Big Bang created that!

That was my immediate thought after looking at a diagram showing intricate parts of the knee. I was sitting in the examining room at my orthopaedic surgeon's office and of course had plenty of time to study the poster while I waited for the doc to come in. Let me tell you, no matter how many scientific theories there are about the creation, there is no way our calculated anatomy is a byproduct of any of them.

It is true that science teaches us about the world and the universe and life, and that it can explain a lot of it, including my busted knee; and I am grateful for the discovery and lessons. But it has not been able to explain to me how all that stardust from the Big Bang created the blueprint and mapping for the highly complex function of the human eye. Or for what eventually became the Daisy (even Darwin described the origin of flowers as an "abominable mystery.") And don't get me started about that series of ever-dividing cells that design our bodies and all of our thoughts, capabilities and feelings. Flaws and all, only God could have created the perfect [purposeful] imperfection that we are.

What are you thankful for today?

Until next Thursday's post…si Dios quiere.

"For every house is built by someone, but God is the builder of everything."
-Hebrews 3:4

"Atheism is so senseless. When I look at the solar system, I see the earth at the right distance from the sun to receive the proper amounts of heat and light. This did not happen by chance."
-Isaac Newton, Physics, Mathematics

"Finite man cannot begin to comprehend an omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent, and

infinite God … I find it best to accept God through faith, as an intelligent will, perfect in goodness and wisdom, revealing Himself through His creation."
-Werner Von Braun, Rocket Science

"If a little flower could speak, it seems to me that it would tell us quite simply all that God has done for it, without hiding any of its gifts. It would not, under the pretext of humility, say that it was not pretty, or that it had not a sweet scent, that the sun had withered its petals,or the storm bruised its stem, if it knew that such were not the case."
-St. Thérèse de Lisieux, Story of a Soul



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