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## **The Day You Were Born (and Mad Scientists and Pharisees)**

Genesis 1:1-2:4

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Following World War II, there were more than two hundred Frenchmen who returned to Paris suffering from amnesia. They had been so psychologically devastated by imprisonment that they had lost the conscious awareness of who they were.

In most cases, their identities were quickly found from Red Cross records or with the help of other prisoners. But there were thirty-two men whose identities seemed impossible to ascertain. There seemed to be no records of them or anyone who knew anything about them. The doctors who were treating these thirty-two men believed their chances for recovery would be slim if not impossible, unless they were connected with former friends or relatives . . . anyone who could tell them their stories.

Someone proposed publishing photographs of the men on the front page of newspapers throughout the country and giving a date and time when anyone having information about any of these amnesia victims should come to the Paris Opera House. The plan worked. On the proper day and at the assigned time, a crowd gathered to view these war veterans. In dramatic fashion, the first of the amnesia victims walked onto the stage of the darkened opera house, stood in the spotlight, and slowly turned completely around. Before the hushed audience, he pleadingly and softly inquired, "Does anybody out there know who I am?"

Ever feel like that?

Something like 3,500 years ago, an entire nation of amnesiac POW's and slaves found themselves wandering in a dark wilderness following a wild-eyed, old man and his terrifying God.

God spoke through the man named Moses. He had said something about "a land" (*erets*) promised to an ancestor, a land to which they were now going. But they didn't remember this land, this God, their origin, or their genesis.

So in that dark wilderness, the children of Israel longed to know, "Who is this God and who are we?" That's the question children ask: "Who am I? What's my story?"

My children love to hear stories about when they were born. When they were little and I'd tuck them into bed, they'd say, "Daddy, tell me the story of the day I was born." So I'd tell them the story:

Well, Jonathan, in the beginning we weren't even sure we could have a baby. Mommy used to cry herself to sleep, longing for a baby.

It was Sunday morning. I remember it as if it were just last week.

We were getting ready to go to church. I was sitting at the table. Mommy was standing at the sink in her blue dress—the one I loved. She paused and then turned and looked at me. She had a smile a mile wide. Her eyes just sparkled and her face was glowing. She said, “I’m pregnant!”

Jon, I used to hover over Mommy’s belly and talk to you while you floated in the water inside her. Once I took a marker and drew a smiley face on her tummy. (She

had a doctor’s appointment and couldn’t wash it off.) I couldn’t wait to see you!

I was playing my guitar too loudly when Mommy screamed from the bathroom. Her water had broken and you were coming early. I drove like a racecar driver all the way to the hospital. We prayed so hard that you would be okay.

Mommy was in a lot of pain for a whole day. It seemed like a *year*. I was sure she wouldn’t want another baby. It hurt so bad. But the second she saw you, Jonathan, she said, “Oh, I want another one!” She thought you were the best thing she’d ever seen.

Think about those soldiers in the Paris Opera House. What was it they wanted to hear?

“Who am I?”

“You are Pierre Baptiste, born August 5, 1925, I.D. #524-94-8938.”

No! That’s not the answer to the question. They want to know, “Who am I?” They want *stories*. Without stories, birthdays have no meaning. Pierre wants to hear someone say something like this:

Pierre, sweetheart, remember when Benjamin was born and you wouldn’t stop crying? Remember our picnic in the park? Remember the notes you used to write to me in school? Pierre Baptiste, this is who you are. You are a man who cried when his son was born, a man who loved to drink wine on a blanket in the park below the Eiffel Tower, the man who wrote silly notes to me in school—notes I still have in my dresser drawer.

Pierre Baptiste wants to know *his story*. Stories reveal persons. He wants to know, “Who am I to you?”

Little Jon Hiett wants to know, “Were you happy when I was born? Did Mommy declare me good? Do I matter to you? Tell me my story.” So I’d tell him. He couldn’t comprehend all the facts, but he trusted the author, so he’d listen in wonder. He wouldn’t interrupt me and say, “Hey, how could Mommy’s face glow? Are you suggesting some sort of ambient radiation or electrical discharge?”

Imagine if Jonathan came back twenty years later, having become an OB-GYN, and confronted me:

Father, I'm so disappointed in you. I've obtained my birth records from the John Muir Medical Center, and they read as follows: "Jonathan Jacob Hiett, August 26, 1988, 10:07 PM, 5 lbs. 15 oz., 17 inches, ruptio placenta, etc., etc." Dad, there is *nothing* here about eyes that sparkle, glowing faces, or the answers to anyone's prayers. Dad, I have lost my faith in you. Richard Dawkins is right: You don't even exist.

Imagine! Well, it's hard to imagine, for we all know there are different ways of conveying truth. A father's story and the hospital records are two very different ways. But let me ask you: Which account is *more* true?

1. The birth records from John Muir Medical Center?

-or-

2. The story I tell my son as I tuck him into bed?

Which is more true?

Well, the first may stand up in a court of law, yet those facts only matter because they belong to a story—to a mother whose eyes sparkle and skin glows.

The facts in the birth record would stand up in court, but the *story* shapes Jon in my image, fills all his facts with meaning, and gives him life.

If one day the kids on the bus say, "Hiett, you're *nobody!*" the address of John Muir Hospital and the date of his birth won't matter. But the story—"Jon, you are the answer to our prayers!"—might save his life. Maybe it *is* life.

And so the children of Israel, feeling like orphans and amnesiacs as they wander in the wilderness, want to know, "Who am I? What's the story?" And the Father tells them. He tells them through Moses. The story is written in a book called the Pentateuch. It has five parts; the first part is called Genesis.

"In the beginning"—*re'shiyth*. Re'shiyth anticipates *a'hariyth*—the end. There's a beginning and an end.

Re'shiyth is also translated "first fruits" or even "first wisdom." Thus, "With wisdom God created."

John 1:1 tells us that with *logos*—logic—wisdom—word—plot God created. There is an author, there is a beginning and an end, and there is a plot.

It's a story.

“In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.” That’s a Hebrew way of saying God created *everything*.

In verse 2, “the earth” (*erets*), which is normally translated *land*, “was formless and void,” perhaps more accurately translated for the Hebrew mind: “The land was an empty wasteland, a wilderness.” It’s a phrase used to describe the place in which the Israelites were wandering at the time. But God was taking them to a “promised erets”—a “promised land”—the land of their origin, the boundaries of which seem to match the boundaries of the Garden of Eden.

Some scholars, ancient and modern, argue that verse 1 is about the creation of all things but the ensuing six days are about the creation of the Garden of Eden—the promised land—the homeland in which God had made His people and to which they were now returning.

(If you want to read more on that, read *Genesis Unbound* by John Sailhamer.)

Verse 2: “The land was a wilderness, and darkness was on the face of the deep, and the Spirit (*ruach*—breath) of God hovered over the face of the waters.”

- Like the breath blew on the waters in the Red Sea in the wilderness as Israel was born as a nation.
- Like the Spirit blew on the waters in the womb of a virgin named Mary and “the Word became flesh.”
- Like *my* breath hovered over the waters in the womb of my bride as Jonathan was prepared to be born.

Maybe I should mention now that I think this story is at least about three things . . . and one thing: *you*.

1. I do think it’s about the creation of all things. In the ten commandments, God says He created “heaven and earth” (everything) in six days. “All things” . . . and that would include you.
2. I also believe it’s about the birth of the children of Israel. God is telling them who they are and where they are going. If you’re a believer, that includes you. You’re grafted into their story.
3. I also believe it’s about the incarnation of Christ, the genesis of Jesus. Paul tells us that Adam is a type of Christ, and Christ is the ultimate Adam. He is also beginning and end. Jesus is the beginning—*re’shiyth*—first fruits—wisdom. He’s the plot, the Word, the life, and the light. And if you’re a believer, you know He includes you. You’re grafted into His story. You *are* His body.

Verse 3: “And God said, ‘Let there be light’”—not *created* but *let*. “‘Let there be light,’ and there was light.” Then God separates and calls the separated light *day*—that kind of day lasts twelve hours. “And there was evening and there was morning, one day.” It doesn’t say “the first day” in Hebrew but “a day.”

The story continues with God “creating,” “making,” and “letting” for five days (indeterminate days) without the article *the*. But on *the sixth day* God creates Adam (man: male and female) in His image—the pinnacle of His creation! On the seventh day,

He rests.

Chapter 2 verse 4: “These are the generations of the heavens and earth when they were created. In the day [singular] the Lord God made the earth and the heavens.”

*That day* equals seven days which equals “generations,” which equals twelve hours in verse 2. Isn’t it obvious that these days are a bit different from the days on your calendar on your refrigerator at home? That doesn’t mean they’re less real, by the way. It could mean they’re *more* real. And God may perceive time a little different than you . . . maybe even a little better than you.

Well, the Father’s story becomes Israel’s story. The Pentateuch ends as the Israelites leave the dark wilderness, the waters of the Jordan separate, and they walk into a land guarded by an angel with a flaming sword.

For now, I’m just pointing out that we’re reading an incredible story—the Father’s story. It’s about you and the day you were born—your genesis.

I asked you, “Which is more true?”

1. The birth records at John Muir Hospital in Walnut Creek, California?

-or-

2. The father’s story of the day his son was born?

That’s a hard question . . . because they’re *both* true in their own way.

- In Genesis, the Father is telling us our story. But the Father’s story also bears witness to a birth record—a birth record written into the things that have been made.
- Psalm 19 says, “The heavens declare the glory of God. Day to day pours forth speech.”
- Paul writes, “God’s invisible attributes . . . have been clearly perceived in the things that have been made.”
- Jesus says, “Look at the birds . . . consider the lilies.” The Lord has something to say to you through them.

So Scripture bears witness to science.

Sociologists and historians have pointed out that the scientific revolution occurred in the Christian West because the Biblical story endued all creation—all fact—with meaning. So there are no meaningless facts.

Because there is an Author who created everything with the plot, *every thing* has a story tied to its tail; every thing is a temple at which the Author and His meaning can be worshipped. Newton, Pascal, Faraday, Kepler, Galileo, Copernicus, even Einstein . . . they were worshippers.

It wasn’t until the Enlightenment that some popular philosophers and journalists

became so enamored with the birth record that they began to say, “We don’t need the Father’s story. Just science; just the facts.”

Well, theologians call the birth record written into things *general revelation* (that is, the way God speaks to us through things is general revelation). And the way God speaks to us through Scripture they call *special revelation*. In either case, that which is spoken is the Word, and the One who is speaking is God.

So . . .

special revelation and general revelation,  
Scripture and science,  
the Father’s story and the birth record

. . . should complement each other.

So what does it mean when they don’t?

1. Everything is absurd. There is no story, and the record has no meaning. We don’t even know why we’re talking.

-or perhaps-

2. Everything has meaning. There is a story, and the record has meaning. I’m just not that good at hearing the story or reading the record. *In which case* some humility is in order, and I ought to learn one extremely valuable phrase: “**I don’t know.**” That’s called speaking the truth.

You can’t arrive at the truth unless you’re willing to be truthful. God *is* truth, so you can’t find Him with con jobs, smoke screens, and lies. If you don’t know how God could count days before He made the sun, or how dinosaurs could fit on the ark, or how rubidium strontium decays in igneous rock, say, “**I don’t know.**”

You are not saved by what you know but by *who* knows *you*. Yet we’ve really struggled with the phrase “I don’t know” ever since the Serpent said, “Hey, do you want to be like God? Do you want to know stuff?”

And we chose to know rather than be known.

Well, there are at least two types of people that have a very hard time saying, “I don’t know.” I call them mad scientists and Pharisees. I’m a bit of each.

- Both make it hard to reconcile science and Scripture;
  - Both change the facts in order to rewrite the story as their own story.
1. Mad scientists distort the scientific record.
  2. Pharisees distort the biblical record.

Both want control; both want to be God.

Every mad scientist wants to be God . . . like Frankenstein did. They all want to control life or make life, including their own life. They ignore God's story because they want to write their own story.

While I was studying geology at the University of Colorado, I had one professor who was an internationally renowned paleontologist. He had just left his wife and was shacking up with a grad student. I remember it hit me one day on a field trip: He's not an objective observer. It really matters to him whether or not he sees transitional forms in the clam sequence. It really matters because he's rejecting the Father's story and trying to write his own story. It's madness . . . but he's trying.

Whenever we sin—have an affair; worship alcohol, sex, or things—I think we're mad scientists trying to rewrite the story of creation, “worshipping and serving the creature rather than the creator.” When science worships itself, it goes insane. We talked about that last week.

I think many of the principles in evolutionary theory make some sense, but when evolution worships itself, it goes insane. If it destroys anything, it destroys itself literally through madness, for there is no reason. And then it distorts the facts along the way.

(A great book on distorted “scientific” facts is *Darwin on Trial* by Phillip Johnson.)

Mad scientists distort the scientific record, and Pharisees crucify the Father's story. They reduce the Father's story to facts. Then they use the facts to write

their own story. They tithe mint, rue, dill, and cumin, and they don't even know what the story is about.

Ironically, they think the story is about “the survival of the fittest,” making themselves first and seizing control, when the story is about sacrifice—being last and surrendering control.

In 1632, religious leaders made Galileo recant for saying the earth revolved around the sun. They twisted scientific facts, and they twisted biblical facts to fit their story—their story of power and control.<sup>1</sup>

Today some people have built entire industries around one particular interpretation of the word *day* in Genesis 1. I think we might twist the facts to defend our institutions by controlling the story. But then it's no longer the Father's story filled with wonder. We say we understand every fact, but it's dead.

When I studied geology, I was really saddened at what some Christians called *science*. When I studied theology in seminary, I was shocked at what some Christians called *theology*.

Pharisees are religious scientists—religious mad scientists. They reduce everything to systems, formulas, and laws so that they can comprehend everything. But all they comprehend is *boring* and *dead*. They learn the facts but lose the story.

- You can know things less than yourself through science . . . things like bugs, the definition of Hebrew words, and sodium chloride. You dissect them, parse them, or reduce them to know them.

- But you must know things greater than yourself through *worship*. That is, you reduce yourself and surrender control.

Pharisees hate surrender, and they don't worship because they think they're God. So they try to use facts in the Father's story to undo the Father's story and write their own story.

Never forget that when the Word—the Plot—became flesh and walked among us, it was the religious people who used the facts in the Father's story to crucify the Plot. They used the law to crucify the Meaning. They dissected Him on a tree.

Whenever we make the story about our knowledge and our accomplishments and not God's grace, we crucify the Meaning of all things and can't understand any facts.

Neither mad scientists nor Pharisees can understand the Father's story nor the meaning of any facts. Now, there is an abundance of ways to reconcile Scripture and science. We'll look at those in the coming weeks. But no matter what, we must surrender our hearts to the Father if we ever are to know truth . . . or be known by Truth.

I'm trying to say:

You don't comprehend God;  
He must comprehend you.

And you don't comprehend His story  
until His story comprehends you.

Don't dissect the story  
until you let the story dissect you.

Read it, meditate on it,  
ponder it, let it cut you.

Don't apply the Word so much as  
let the Word apply you.

So don't read Scripture to find yourself; read Scripture to *lose* yourself . . . in the story. And then you'll be found *by* the story. Read Scripture to lose yourself in the plot, and then you'll be found *by* the Plot and in the story.

That's how great stories work! That's why you go to movies! You get lost in the story and then found in the story.

In Scripture, the Father is telling you your story. So when God told the children the story of their creation, they were commanded to *live* the story (their story):

- In Exodus 20, God says, "Because in six days I made the heavens and the earth and rested on the seventh, you will work six days and rest on the seventh." We come here on the seventh day because that's our story, and it tells us who we are.
- When God gave the Jews the Pentateuch and the story of their deliverance—their Passover, they weren't just to read the story; they were to *experience* it and eat it: bitter herbs and a slaughtered lamb. We come here and celebrate the Passover,

because we're grafted into that story. It tells us who we are.

- When our Passover Lamb Jesus celebrated the Passover, He took bread and broke it saying, "Take and eat. This is my body." "Hey, amnesiacs, do this in remembrance of me." He took the cup saying, "Take and drink. This is the covenant in my blood."

He has grafted us into His story. He tells us who we are. He says, "My Father is your Father. My story is your story." His story is history . . . the history of all things infused with new meaning: the Plot. That includes

*you!* You are not an orphan. Your Father wants to tell you your story.

Larry Randolph is a pastor with an amazing prophetic gifting. Years ago at a conference I heard him talk about the time he first started using it. A woman he did not know came to him for prophetic prayer. He said, "The Lord wants me to tell you . . ." and then he heard, "May 13th." He said, "The Lord wants me to tell you . . . May 13th . . . May 13th . . ." The lady just looked at him. It was just a date . . . just a fact. He wanted to hear more but didn't.

Well, feeling like an idiot, he then said, "Uh, God remembers your birthday." And the lady left. Larry said he felt like a moron.

Nine months later, the lady found Larry. She said:

You have no idea what your words meant to me. I was an orphan in seven different homes. Every night I would fall asleep crying, saying over and over, "God doesn't even remember my birthday." That night you said those words, I went home and threw myself a birthday party.

God knows your birthday, and now He's telling you your story. It changes the meaning of every fact. Come to His table and ingest the Story, the Plot.

You are being created  
out of chaos  
in the image of God  
by grace.

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[Communion]

When I tell you a story, you have the right to ask, "Is that true?" But when God tells you a story, creation happens. If you say, "That's just a manner of speaking," well, *Jesus* is God's manner of speaking. And He says, "In the beginning, in first fruits, in wisdom . . . God created everything."

What does that mean?

- The Father is telling you your story with all creation.

What do these facts mean? My father died, friends get cancer, this was a hard week . . . what does it all mean?

- Well, two thousand years ago, on a cross outside Jerusalem, the Father revealed the Plot . . . this. [Peter holds up the body broken and blood shed.] It's broken and bloody . . . but it's also bread and wine.

As Jesus hung on the cross, He cried, "It is finished." Do you understand that His story is your story and it ends on the seventh day? So have courage, my friends. He will accomplish what He has started. And He will fill all things with Himself.

In Jesus' name, believe the Gospel. Amen.

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People ask, "Yeah, but what about the dinosaurs and the ark? What about those footprints in Texas?" We'll talk about a lot of ways science and Scripture can be reconciled. We live in an amazing time when the birth

record and the story are coming together in a profound way.

If you're a person really committed to one view or another, I don't really care that much about your choice. What makes you a Pharisee though is if you forget the story.

Don't forget the story. Believe the Gospel.

## Relevant Texts and Quotations (from bulletin)

### **The Story**

In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. . . . And God saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good. And there was evening and there was morning, a sixth day. Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God finished his work which he had done, and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had done.

~ *Genesis 1:1, 1:31-2:2 (RSV)*

As many Biblical scholars have noted, the concept of a “beginning” includes the idea of an “end.” There is an eschatology, a view of “last things,” already in the first words of the Bible. One scholar has said, “Already in Genesis 1:1 the concept of ‘the last days’ fills the mind of the reader.” The growing focus within the biblical canon on the times of the “end” is an appropriate extension of the “end” already anticipated in the “beginning” of Genesis 1:1.

~ *John Sailbamer, Genesis Unbound*

And he who was seated on the throne said, “Behold, I am making all things new.” Also he said, “Write this down, for these words are trustworthy and true.” And he said to me, “It is done! I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end. To the thirsty I will give from the spring of the water of life without payment. . . . “Behold, I am coming soon, bringing my recompense with me, to repay everyone for what he has done. I am the Alpha and the Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the end.”

~ *Revelation 21:5-6, 22:12-13*

The world of fairy tale, fantasy, myth, is inimical to the secular world, and in total opposition to it, for it is interested not in limited laboratory proofs but in truth. . . . For the world of the Bible, both the Old and New Testaments, is the world of story, story which may be able to speak to us as a Word of God. . . . It is one of the greater triumphs of Lucifer that he has managed to make Christians (Christians!) believe that a story is a lie, that a myth should be outgrown with puberty, that to act in a play is inconsistent with true religion.

~ *Madeleine L'Engle, Walking on Water*

The word “story” comes from “storehouse.” So a story is a store or storehouse. Things are actually stored in the story, and what tends to be stored there is its meaning.

~ *Michael Meade*

Each of us attempts to make sense out of life through stories. If we can't tell a story about ourselves, then we are nothing more than detached bundles of facts, dates, and faces signifying nothing.

~ *William H. Willimon, quoted in*

*Mom, Sex Is No Big Deal! by Sharon A. Hersb*

To Navajos, a person's worth is determined by the stories and songs she or he knows, because it is by this knowledge that an individual is linked to the history of the entire group.

~ *Luci Tapabonso*

God created man because he loves stories.

~ *Elie Wiesel*

A Zuni once asked an anthropologist, who was carefully writing down a story, “When I tell you these stories, do you see it, or do you just write it down?”

~ *Dennis Tedlock*

Six days shall work be done, but the seventh day is a Sabbath of solemn rest, holy to the LORD. Whoever does any work on the Sabbath day shall be put to death. Therefore the people of Israel shall keep the Sabbath, observing the Sabbath throughout their generations, as a covenant forever. It is a sign forever between me and the people of Israel that in six days the LORD made heaven and earth, and on the seventh day he rested and was refreshed.

~ *Exodus 31:15-17*

Ben Patterson tells a story of Abraham Joshua Heschel, the great Jewish rabbi, who was once confronted with a complaint from his congregation. Some of the members of the synagogue told him that the liturgy did not express what they felt. Would he please change it? Heschel wisely told them that it was not for the liturgy to express what they felt, it was for them to learn to feel what the liturgy expressed. As Jews they were to learn the drama and say it and “play” it over and over again until it captured their imagination and they assimilated it into the deepest places in their hearts. Then, and only then, would it be possible for them to live properly their own individual dramas.

~ *Donald McCullough*

My grandfather was lame. Once they asked him to tell a story about his teacher, and he related how his master used to hop and dance while he prayed. My grandfather rose as he spoke and was so swept away by his story that he himself began to hop and dance to show how the master had done. From that hour he was cured of his lameness.

~ *Martin Buber*

### **The Plot**

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. He was in the beginning with God. All things were made through him, and without him was not any thing made that was made.

~ *John 1:1-3*

For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God prepared beforehand, that we should walk in them.

~ *Ephesians 2:10*

Then I saw in the right hand of him who was seated on the throne a scroll written within and on the back, sealed with seven seals. And I saw a strong angel proclaiming with a loud voice, “Who is worthy to open the scroll and break its seals?” And no one in heaven or on earth or under the earth was able to open the scroll or to look into it, and I began to weep loudly because no one was found worthy to open the scroll or to look into it. And one of the elders said to me, “Weep no more; behold, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, has conquered, so that he can open the scroll and its seven seals.”

~ *Revelation 5:1-5*

She was living in the story as if it were real, and all the pictures were real too. When she had got to the third page and come to the end, she said, “That is the loveliest story I’ve ever read or ever shall read in my whole life. Oh, I wish I could have gone on reading it for ten years. At least I’ll read it over again.” ~ But here part of the magic of the Book came into play. You couldn’t turn back. The right-hand pages, the ones ahead, could be turned; the left hand pages could not. ~ “Oh, what a shame!” said Lucy. “I did so want to read it again. Well, at least, I must remember it. Let’s see . . . it was about . . . about . . . oh dear, it’s all fading away again. And even this last page is going blank. This is a very queer book. How can I have forgotten? It was about a cup and a sword and a tree and a green hill, I know that much. But I can’t remember and what shall I do?” ~ And she never could remember; and ever since that day what Lucy means by a good story is a story which reminds her of the forgotten story in the Magician’s book. . . . ~ “Shall I ever be able to read that story again; the one I couldn’t remember? Will you tell it to me, Aslan? Oh do, do, do.” ~ “Indeed, yes, I will tell it to you for years and years.”

~ *C. S. Lewis, The Voyage of the Dawn Treader*

And its [the modern philosophy’s] despair is this, that it does not really believe that there is any meaning in the universe; therefore it cannot hope to find any romance; its romances will have no plots. A man cannot

expect any adventures in the land of anarchy. But a man can expect any number of adventures if he goes traveling in the land of authority. One can find no meanings in a jungle of skepticism; but the man will find more and more meaning who walks through a forest of doctrine and design. Here everything has a story tied to its tail, like the tools or pictures in my father's house; for it is my father's house.

~ G. K. Chesterton, Orthodoxy

### **“General (natural) Revelation”**

The heavens declare the glory of God, and the sky above proclaims his handiwork. Day to day pours out speech, and night to night reveals knowledge. There is no speech, nor are there words, whose voice is not heard. Their measuring line goes out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them he has set a tent for the sun.

~ *Psalm 19:1-4*

For what can be known about God is plain to them, because God has shown it to them. For his invisible attributes, namely, his eternal power and divine nature, have been clearly perceived, ever since the creation of the world, in the things that have been made. So they are without excuse.

~ *Romans 1:19-20*

Look at the birds of the air: they neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns, and yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not of more value than they? And which of you by being anxious can add a single hour to his span of life? And why are you anxious about clothing? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they neither toil nor spin.

~ *Matthew 6:26-28*

In him was life, and the life was the light of men. . . . The true light, which enlightens everyone, was coming into the world.

~ *John 1:4, 1:9*

### **“Special Revelation”**

And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us, and we have seen his glory, glory as of the only Son from the Father, full of grace and truth.

~ *John 1:14*

Since you have been born again, not of perishable seed but of imperishable, through the living and abiding word of God; . . . but the word of the Lord remains forever. And this word is the good news that was preached to you.

~ *1 Peter 1:23, 1:25*

They said to each other, “Did not our hearts burn within us while he talked to us on the road, while he opened to us the Scriptures?”

~ *Luke 24:32*

All Scripture is breathed out by God and profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, and for training in righteousness.

~ *2 Timothy 3:16*

### **Mad Scientists**

I made up my mind long ago not to understand. If I try to understand anything I shall be false to facts and I have determined to stick to fact.

~ *Ivan in The Brothers Karamazov*  
by *Fyodor Dostoyevsky*

We are because one odd group of fishes had a peculiar fin anatomy that could transform into legs for terrestrial creatures; because the earth never froze entirely during an ice age; because a small and tenuous species, arising in Africa a quarter of a million years ago, has managed, so far, to survive by hook and by

crook. We may yearn for a “higher” answer—but none exists.

~ *Stephen J. Gould*

### **Pharisees**

And the Father who sent me has himself borne witness about me. His voice you have never heard, his form you have never seen, and you do not have his word abiding in you, for you do not believe the one whom he has sent. You search the Scriptures because you think that in them you have eternal life; and it is they that bear witness about me, yet you refuse to come to me that you may have life.

~ *John 5:37-40*

What must you do to look honestly in the mirror of the Word? The first requirement is that you must not look at the mirror but look in the mirror and see yourself. God’s Word is indeed the mirror. But oh how enormously complicated we make it. How much belongs to God’s Word? Which books are authentic? Are they really written by the apostles, and are the apostles really trustworthy? . . . God’s Word is the mirror—but look, this business of the mirror is so confusing that I very likely never come to see myself.

~ *Soren Kierkegaard*

Some excellent books regarding issues in the first chapter of Genesis:

- [The Science of God](#), Gerald Schroeder
- [The Creator and Cosmos](#), Hugh Ross
- [Darwin on Trial](#), Phillip Johnson
- [Science and Creation](#), John Polkinghorne
- [The Language of God: A Scientist Presents Evidence for Belief](#), Francis Collins
- [Genesis Unbound](#), John Sailhamer

<sup>1</sup> *Ironically, whether the sun revolves around the earth or visa versa has become a rather mute point, in light of relativity.*