

## **Musical Giftings and Adaptations in God's Creation**

Saturday January 18<sup>th</sup> I spent an hour with my binoculars out of my car window watching a family of orange crested mergansers fishing in the open waters beneath the spillway of the Kidder dam. It was a lesson for me, a teachable moment, demonstrating the amazing adaptability our Creator has orchestrated into many members of His animal kingdom. These ducks, on a minus 10 degree morning, were fishing in 34 degree water with a wind chill of minus 30, and coming up on nearly every dive with fingerling minnows.

Those fish ducks were had totally in tune with their frigid, wet world; fetching up a juicy morsel on nearly every dive. After feeding, all four of those amazing birds lined up on the edge of the ice, facing the sun, and went to sleep.

Perched on the ice a little behind them, four crows hungrily took in the entire show, hoping the ducks might cough up something for them to scavenge, then they "made wing" into that bone-chilling wind. I saw them again, driving home. They were happily dining on fresh road-killed squirrel.

As I left the Kidder park, I spied a fox squirrel perched on a limb overhanging the road. I noticed he had his his back to the wind, so it blew right into his fur, and yet he paid it little attention. He was perfectly in harmony with that cold, with no sign of discomfort.

That same amazing adaptation to North Dakota's fierce cold spells I saw in the little juncos, finches, visiting my bird feeders. I have one around the corner of our sun room, sheltered from a north west wind, but the birds seem oblivious to wind chill;. They are more interested in the seeds I'm serving them. They too have been gifted with under down, making them truly cold resistant.

I've skinned many squirrels, ducks, and pheasants, and deer; all have an under fur that is amazingly dense; I'll bet nearly every critter out there has been designed to perfectly harmonize with the climate and life-style they were created for.

Darwinists insist that all these adaptations and designs came from billions of years of evolution. I think that theory is hogwash, but it does give some pointy-headed profs fodder to pontificate into young skulls full of hasty pudding.

Me? I'd rather risk their scorn believing that every creature, whether fish, fowl, reptile or furry critter, was designed by a Creator who entertained Himself like Bach, inventing thematic variations on every chord He struck on His mighty pipe organ of creation.

Writing this reminded me of the English poet laureate John Dryden's brilliant "Song for Saint Cecilia's Day, 1687:" "From harmony to heavenly harmony,/ This universal frame began,/ When Nature underneath a heap/ Of jarring atoms lay./ And could not heave her head// A tuneful voice was heard on high/ 'Arise ye more than dead!'/ Then cold and hot and moist and dry/ In order to their stations leap/ And music's power obey// From harmony to harmony/ Through all the compass of the notes it ran/ The diapason closing full in man."

That makes each created thing a chord, and God's whole creation a melodious symphony, with man the final great "Ta Dah!"

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