

REFLECTIONS

Thoughts on nature and the Christian faith - 4/2/18

"It is good to sing praises to our God; for it is pleasant, and a song of praise is fitting." - Ps. 147:1



The Carolina wren is a joyful bird. It sings constantly and its song is music to my ears. These little birds frequent the feeders we have placed around our home and the melody they make brightens my day. For such little creatures is it amazing how much energy they have. Males communicate with their mates continually and they often seem to sing as a duet. Sometimes I wonder what God thinks of the songs that they sing. I believe he is delighted. After all, it was God who created them and gave them the voices they use and the tunes they sing. The natural world now is not what it was created to be, but there is still a remnant of God's original design that shines through. I hear it in the songs of the birds, I see it in the gracefulness of deer, and I marvel at it in the power and gentleness of bears. I wouldn't be surprised to find when Jesus returns and rules over his renewed earth, that the praise expressed by the least of his creatures has far surpassed that of mankind. This wren is doing what it was created to do, which is more than you can say for most humans. To me, the songs we sing in our churches somehow don't seem as pure as what I hear as I walk through the forest. And yet, I still sing in church. I sing because what wells up in my heart must come out somehow. Granted, my singing is far from good, in fact it is often embarrassing. I also often sing when I am alone in wilderness areas. And that singing, for some reason, is to me more real, more pure. Maybe it is because there is no one around to judge the quality of my singing. Maybe it is because I know God cares more about what is in my heart than what comes out of my mouth. Or maybe it is because God has given me a choir of birds that accompany me. - John