

## Heaven and Earth, and Sea and Air

*Joachim Neander (1650–1680); tr. Catherine Winkwoth (1650–1680)*

Heaven and earth, and sea and air,  
All their Maker's praise declare:  
Wake, my soul, awake and sing,  
Now thy grateful praises bring.

See the glorious orb of day  
Breaking through the clouds his way.  
Moon and stars with silvery light  
Praise Him through the silent night.

See how He hath everywhere  
Made this earth so rich and fair;  
Hill and vale and fruitful land,  
All things living, show His hand.

See how through the boundless sky  
Fresh and free the birds do fly;  
Fire and wind and storm are still  
Servants of His royal Will.

See the water's ceaseless flow,  
Ever circling to and fro:  
From the sources to the sea,  
Still it rolls in praise to Thee.

Lord, great wonders workest Thou!  
To Thy sway all creatures bow:  
Write Thou deeply in my heart  
What I am, and what Thou art!

## ΤΩ ΧΡΟΝΟΥ ΚΑΙΡΩ

### *In the Nick of Time*

#### **Misery: A Response to Old-Earth Progressive Creationism**

*Kevin T. Bauder*

*In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth . . .  
[and] there was not a man to till the face of the ground.*

The doe paused on the edge of the glade, frozen between hunger and caution. Her normal sense of self-preservation was amplified by her awareness (dim but real) of another life growing in her womb. She would save her own life if she could, but she would preserve the fawn inside her at any cost.

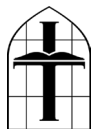
The hunger was making that increasingly difficult. Most that was green was now covered by the deep snowpack. Branches of trees had been browsed as high as a deer could reach. The frozen bark that she gnawed from the trunks put little nourishment in her belly. Stored tallow had once made her form sleek, but it had long since been absorbed into her starvation-wracked frame. Her skin hung in folds from her flanks. If she could survive for another month she would have food enough—but could she?

The glade was open enough for grass but sheltered by tall trees. Her instincts told her that she might be able to paw through the ice and snow to reach a few blades of withered grass. These would not fill her stomach, but they might prolong her wretched existence for a few more hours.

She was afraid. At the beginning of the winter she had easily outrun the wolves on a couple of occasions. But she was weaker. The snow was deeper. Her pregnancy was weighing her down. She might be able to dodge a single wolf, but she doubted that she could escape the pack now.

So she stood at the edge of the glade, staring into the semi-light and testing the air with her nose. She could not afford a mistake, but she also could not afford to neglect any possible source of food. Finally hunger won, and with wary steps she began to make her way into the glade.

Pawing the snow, she lowered her muzzle to search for the frozen vegetation that she hoped would be there. As she did, the corner of her eye caught a flash of movement. Her head snapped toward the motion as she stared through the twilight. Nothing.



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As she began to lower her head again, she glimpsed movement in another direction. This time her head did not go down, but she continued to gaze in the new direction. She was now convinced that something was wrong, and she began to taste the panic in the back of her mouth.

There! Just the slightest twitch, but enough to betray the presence of a pointed ear, which led to a snout framed by grey whiskers. Just beyond the edge of the clearing a wolf was stalking her. In the instant she recognized the predator, it sprang.

The doe twisted to bolt in the opposite direction, trying to reach the opposite edge of the glade in a single bound. But her weakness and pregnancy betrayed her, and the snow clung to her legs like mud. More than that, she was met in mid-bound by the rest of the pack as they leaped toward their prey.

One great wolf tried to close its jaws around her throat. Her momentum carried her past him, but his teeth tore at her flesh and sinew. Other wolves closed in on her flanks, trying to bite through her tendons and cripple her. Still others went directly for her belly, and now more were closing in on her throat.

She was carried to the ground by the sheer weight of the pack. She could feel their teeth tearing into her body, especially her tendons. Within moments they had lamed her and she lay helpless in the snow. They did not need to kill her. They had her at their mercy, and they would not pause before beginning their feast.

Pain shot through her spine and flanks as the wolves tore into her flesh. But she had come down on her belly, and she tried to shelter the little mass that huddled under her. She would save the fawn at any cost.

The wolves, however, knew what they were doing. She bleated, very much like a lamb, as they pulled her backward and exposed her underside. Then the pitiless carnivores tore into the skin of her abdomen, ripping and shredding until the form of the little fawn was exposed. This was what they really wanted. Tearing the fetus from its mother's womb, they feasted on its steaming carcass.

The wolves left her alive. She would survive a few hours longer, and they would return to consume the fresh meat from her bones. As she suffered through those hours, carrion birds arrived to pluck at her eyes and her steaming entrails. The only mercy in her death was that the pain and blind exhaustion finally overcame her and she lapsed into unconsciousness. She never awoke, not even when the wolves returned to finish their meal in the red snow.

*And God saw every thing that He had made, and behold, it was very good.*



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This essay is by Kevin T. Bauder, Research Professor of Historical and Systematic Theology at Central Baptist Theological Seminary. Not every one of the professors, students, or alumni of Central Seminary necessarily agrees with every opinion that it expresses.

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