

*Disclaimer: The following document is a draft and has not been edited by the author. Therefore, there may be discrepancies. Some discrepancies may be minor; some may have to do with theology. When in doubt please refer to the audio version of the sermon on this website and don't be shy about informing us of errors.*

## **Stare at a Bug**

Genesis 1:24-26

Peter Hiett

May 20, 2007

### Children's Sermon:

Peter: Hey, guys. These are my son's box turtles, Myrtle and Homer. They make great pets, a dad's favorite kind—very low maintenance. I forgot about Myrtle for two years then found her right where I left her under the tree in the back yard. How would you describe Myrtle and Homer?

Kids: Pretty. Cool. Orange spots. I like 'em. Wow! Awesome!

Peter: Well, the right description is:

Animalia  
Chordata  
Reptilia  
Testudines  
Emydidae  
*Terrapene*  
*T. carolina*  
*T. c. triunguis*

Peter: Now, which description do you think God likes better: the scientists' description or your description?

Kids: [Confused]

Peter: I think He likes yours better. Have you ever made something? Like a piece of art? Well, you don't want people to explain it; you want people to look at it and say, "Wow!" Well, I think God is like that. When you look at His creation and say, "Wow!" that's called worship.

\*\*\*\*\*

We're preaching through the book of Genesis, and all along I've planned on going slowly through the first three chapters, because everything's here. Genesis 1 is foundational to everything. In chapter 2, we'll begin talking about people, marriage,

family, sin, the Fall, and redemption. After that, we can stop or keep going, depending on how we feel. So if you pick up sermon booklets from the previous sermons, they may help you understand.

\*\*\*\*\*

There is a scene from my childhood which seems to be forever etched in my mind. I can't remember exactly when it occurred, but it was on one of those long, lazy, summer or fall days that we enjoy as children.

We were down at the ditch. (Fred Remillard, Dave Hart . . . and maybe Brad Braverman was there too.) In the summer, I lived in the ditch—the irrigation ditch that ran behind my parents' house next to the railroad tracks in Littleton. There we went inner tubing on hot, summer days. We made little boats out of milkweed pods. We collected every kind of bug. I'd stare at them for hours. We'd watch spiders spin the most amazing webs. We'd watch caterpillars spin cocoons and turn into butterflies. We caught scores of garter snakes, which gave me a sense of power over our sisters and my mom. Once we caught a two-foot snapping turtle that could literally bite your finger off . . . *awesome!*

But the very pinnacle of all the wonders in the garden of the ditch was the fully outrageous and mighty *crawdad*—crayfish.

On this particular day, we had managed to catch several. As usual, we watched them for hours. (Even now crawdads amaze me.) Those antennas that feel in the dark; all those legs and the fins under the tail; their tank-like little bodies; the way they carry their eggs; those incredible eyes . . . and best of all, those outrageous, giant pinchers. *Crawdads.*

To a fifth-grade boy, nothing is more beautiful than a crawdad. The beauty of the Sistine Chapel or a Peter Paul Reubens does not compare to the wonder of a crawdad. At least to me they were the height of *cool*. Even then, I was convinced my Father in heaven made each one. So the *coolness* of crawdads revealed a very cool God.

I was a little science freak at the time. And I think this is why: Science was all about staring at crawdads . . . *staring* at crawdads, not *explaining* them away. I had Darwin's theory down, but even as a kid I knew that it could never explain the inherent *coolness* of a crawdad or the inherent ability in me to recognize that coolness that is beauty.

So I would never say, "Hey, Fred, that's an Arthropoda Crustacea Malacostraca Decapoda Pleocyemata Astacidea. Mystery solved. Let's do something else." I didn't want to dissect them and explain them away; I wanted to watch them. You know, science started as worship of the Creator, not an effort to explain Him away.

So anyway, we'd watch creation, and I'd say, "Arthropods are cool!" and Fred would say, "For sure!" In other words (in church words), Fred, Brad, Dave, and I would *worship* in the Cathedral of the Ditch.

We worshipped for a long time this one particular afternoon, staring at crawdads. And then someone made the seemingly very mature suggestion: "Hey, let's blow 'em up!"

Well, you know, in my ten-year-old brain something about that seemed very

manly: “Man who dominates the beasts conquers the crawdads!” And crawdad cool would become Peter Hiatt cool. So we got my daisy BB gun, set the crawdads on the bank of the spillway . . . and shot them all to pieces.

And now, the scene I remember so well . . . not with my mind but with my heart: I remember standing there staring at crawdad pieces . . . some still moving, scattered all over the spillway in the hot sun. And deep down in my gut this knowledge of something, this feeling that what we had just done was *not* cool, *not* manly, and *not* courageous at all, but more like vandalism . . . graffiti on the inside of a cathedral or a paint bomb thrown at a Peter Paul Reubens. What I remember is *guilt*.

Now listen: I love crawdad gumbo, and I eat it without guilt. But that day . . . *guilt*. Why the guilt?

Genesis 1:24-26:

*And God said, “Let the earth bring forth living creatures according to their kinds—livestock and creeping things and beasts of the earth according to their kinds.” And it was so. And God made the beasts of the earth according to their kinds and the livestock according to their kinds, and everything that creeps on the ground according to its kind. And God saw that it was good [beautiful].*

*Then God said, “Let us [plural] make man in our image, after our likeness. And let them have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the birds of the heavens and over the livestock and over all the earth and over every creeping thing that creeps on the earth.”*

I would think that would include crawdads. “Dominion over crawdads.”

In 1967, Princeton history professor Lynn White wrote an article titled, “The Historical Roots of our Ecological Crisis.” In it he blamed Medieval Christian theology for our modern ecological problems and argued that ten-year-old boys in the West behaved as they did because of their Christian culture, which taught them that creation is separate from people, created simply for our use, and that we are commanded to have “dominion” over it, that is, “dominate” it.

In his article, White lamented the loss of old pagan religion in which people worshipped creation. So since that article, the environmental movement has been heavily associated with paganism. And environmentalists have viewed Christians with a whole lot of suspicion. Likewise, Christians tend to view environmentalists as tree-hugging, New Age wackos.

Many environmentalists would argue that ten-year-old Peter Hiatt was guilty of “specieism”: thinking one species was better than another. They’d say the earth is our mother and we should worship her. And that makes some sense, because crawdads *are* cool and the earth *is* profoundly beautiful.

I remember lying on my back on a little inflatable raft in the Sacramento River Delta getting a tan. It was thoroughly serene. I was watching an immense, beautiful bird ride the wind with perfect grace hundreds of feet above me. As I floated on the water in

the sun, watching that bird ride the wind, I thought, "This is heaven."

Just then I noticed some stuff falling from the tail of the bird . . . but it was very high and far away, so I thought, "No worries." Just then I felt a breeze, and the material changed directions. I watched it for a while . . . no kidding . . . it was like a smart bomb. At the last moment, I dove off the raft as it was thoroughly plastered with massive quantities of bird poo. I couldn't keep from laughing. It was miraculous, and I thought, "OK, God, I get the point."

Creation is good . . . but it has been "subjected to futility, in bondage to decay." Creation is heavenly . . . but not quite heaven *yet*.

In seminary I had a friend named Rabi Maharaj. As a boy, he was trained to be a Hindu Guru. So every day he'd worship his cow, but whenever he'd bow down before it, it would bite him on the head. That sent him on a quest thinking, "Maybe my cow isn't my god. Why do I have to take care of god . . . feed and water god? And why would god bite me on the head? Maybe my cow *isn't* god. Then who is?"

So if you're into pagan environmentalism, think about it. If creation is God, why would we need to take care of it? And why would cows bite faithful worshippers on the head? And yet, something does tell us that cows are wonderful. We should care for them . . . and we should never mutilate crawdads just for fun.

Well, many environmentalists who reject pagan-ism are into Scientific Naturalism, because, you know, science does do a lot of staring at crawdads. However, it seems to me the height of absurdity for a Secular Darwinist to argue that I should feel guilty for mutilating crawdads.

Darwin argued that life progresses through the "survival of the fittest," that is, dominant species dominating weaker species. The idea that anyone ought to feel even remotely obligated to go save some distant species that has no direct benefits to man is just the *opposite* of Secular Darwinism.

Extinctions are necessary to Darwin's theory. In fact, if there is a "good," it's one species exterminating another and occupying its niche. So "the good" is building strip malls on wetlands and rejoicing in the demise of the yellow-bellied, ruby-crested, southern swamp warbler . . . or whatever.

And now, if we're honest, I think this is where we get our definition of dominion. It's even where we *Christians* get our definition of dominion. That is: Dominion is to beat your neighbor and conquer your enemy. Maybe our definition of dominion is different from God's.

And now honestly, what is a better justification for the great crawdad massacre of 1971?

A. Nature walks in Sunday School where we had to "find things God made"?

-or-

B. Science lab where we dissected frogs in order to "know them"?

Secular Darwinism is idolatry: the idolatry of the dominant species named "man."

Paganism is also idolatry: idolatry of creation and its creatures.

Remember last time we talked about idolatry and said if there's nothing that governs the relationship between you and beautiful trees, for instance, you'll either worship trees or consume trees . . . or both. Environ-mentalism is taking care of trees. And I think taking care of something is pretty much the biblical definition of exercising dominion.

In Genesis 1, God has just exercised dominion for six days by "creating," "making," and "letting" . . . not controlling, conquering, and consuming. I think genuine evolution is God letting His creation adapt and grow. He creates it and lets it . . . reproduce, adapt, and grow. God is the great naturalist, the great environmentalist. He is the great gardener, and we are being made in His image: gardeners, yet we are also His garden—His creation.

So I think what confuses us is that cows bite and birds drop bombs, so we think that *we* should bite and *we* should drop bombs.

There are two principles in this world:

Creation and desecration  
Life and death  
Order and disorder  
Substance and void  
Light and dark  
Good and evil  
Love and not love

So in this world, we are constantly faced with a choice. Do we love *love*, do we love beauty, and do we love creation? Or do we hate love, consume beauty, and desecrate creation?

God has subjected creation to futility in hope. He has placed us on the border of creation and desecration in

hope. I think the hope is that we would be made in our Father's image and join Him in His work of creation.

In the next chapter, we'll find that God has placed man in a garden. A garden is simply ordered creation. I think the hope is that man will go from the garden and in God's image help Him order the unfinished creation.

If mankind gets his definition of dominion from the creatures, if he worships and serves the creature rather than the Creator, then he will believe that dominion is the "survival of the fittest."

However, if mankind gets his definition of dominion from the Creator, then he will believe that "to be great you must be servant of all" and "to be first you must be the slave of all." And man will be shaped into the image of God.

So creation is good.

But it's not done yet.

And God is inviting us to help create in His image.

But how do we do

that?

As it is, creation is feeding on itself. One life is dependent on another's death. And so, are we to *take* life or *give* life? Are we to eat or be eaten? What does God do? How does He create?

You realize that everything you eat is something that has died. Your life is dependent on the death of another. It's too bad that we buy meat in cellophane packages at the grocery store. If we were each forced to hunt for our food, we would each know that our very life is dependent on the death of some beautiful creation.

Remember that every day the Jews were to sacrifice plants and animals in the temple. On Passover, for instance, each family was to take their lamb to the temple where it would be sacrificed by the priest in their

presence. He would slit the throat and take the blood, and then the family would feast on the meat.

I think that may be a critical step we miss when we purchase our lamb at Safeway on Easter. And so we modern people tend to think that all of those sacrifices mean that a lamb (for instance) isn't very valuable to God, and therefore it's no big deal to kill one.

Is killing a lamb a big deal to God? Does He hate lambs or love lambs?

In 33 A.D. at the Passover, a lamb was sacrificed on the Temple Mount. His name was Jesus. He was sacrificed that we would feed on Him and live. And not just live but live in His image, ready to lay down our lives in love for that which God is creating still.

The Jews believed that Jerusalem was the site of the Garden of Eden. Jesus was crucified at the edge of a garden. They placed Him in a garden tomb. When He rose from the dead, Mary thought He was the gardener. She was not *less* than right; she was *more* than right. He is the Gardener who makes all things with His very own body and blood.

Colossians 1: "All things were created through him . . . and in him all things hold together . . . . Through him God reconciles to himself all things whether on earth or in heaven, making peace by the blood of his cross."

"Dominion" is defined by Jesus—the slaughtered Lamb on the throne, who gave His life as a ransom for many. Dominion is love—Love, who is the Word God speaks to create and sustain and reconcile all things.

Some can see God as the Word, the *logos*, the love, and the life behind all things. But they get really nervous when folks talk about God in a manger or on a cross. (We usually call those people liberals.)

Some can see God as a baby in a manger; a man who dies, rises, and comes again. But they get really nervous when folks refer to Him as love, life, truth, reason, or Word. (We usually call those folks conservative.)

However, some by God's grace can see that God is both (universal and particular). I think we are those folks, and we call ourselves Christians. And this is the glory, power, and wonder of the Gospel. Jesus is the Word, and the Word is God. Jesus is God.

- So I can stare at a crawdad and say, "Isn't Jesus cool?"
- I can look at a sunset and say, "My Daddy did that!"
- I can preach the Gospel by caring for creation.

A biblical view of reality is the only view of reality that makes any sense of environmentalism. For by gardening, I testify to the Great Gardener—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

- But when I merely consume, desecrate, and destroy, acting like creation doesn't matter, crawdads don't matter, and lambs don't matter, I tell a lie about Jesus—the Lamb on the throne.
- Whenever I litter, I lie about my Father—the Artist and Creator.
- Whenever I trample the garden, I reject the Spirit of the Gardener.

So this is my first point: We are called to care for creation.

And this is my last point: When we care for creation, the Father uses creation to care for us. You see, we are His creation as well. We are God's field, God's plant, God's garden.

A few weeks ago, I ended by reading I John 2:15: "If anyone loves the world, love for the Father is not in him." That may have confused you, but John uses the term "world" to refer to the systems of decay and futility that infect the "earth." "World" often refers to the lust of the flesh, the pride of the eyes, and the strivings of men. John uses the term *earth* ("ge" in Greek, "eretz" in Hebrew). He uses the term *earth* (or land) to refer to God's creation.

In Revelation 12, John sees a woman who gives birth to Christ and then Christ's brothers and sisters. She's a picture of us—the Church. The serpent pours water like a river from his mouth to sweep the woman away. It's the flood of his lies: that God is not good and you must create yourself, so you must take knowledge from the tree of good and evil.

These are the lies of the world, and they chase the woman, but in verse 16, the earth comes to her aid, opens its mouth, and swallows the river of lies.

Even as a ten-year-old, I'd go to the ditch chased by that river of lies. "Hiitt, you're a loser. You're a weenie and always will be." I'd go to the ditch, the earth would open its mouth and swallow the river, and I'd hear the Word through crawdads, bugs, and milkweed plants.

Jesus met me in the ditch.

<sup>1</sup>I know a woman who at one time was sold into the sex trade and purchased by a man who functioned as her pimp. Years later she came to know Jesus and began to receive His love—*real love*, not the lie.

At one point when life was especially painful, she was tempted to go back to her old lifestyle. She was tempted by a memory that kept coming back as a dream. She had gone camping with this man. They had gone to a lake. It was beautiful; the sun was shining; they took a walk and he told her that he loved her.

She knew his love was a lie, but that day at the lake, she felt love so strong and so real,

she couldn't believe it was a lie. So when life was hard and God seemed distant, she was tempted to go back, tempted to be swept back into the old lifestyle.

She came to Susan and me for prayer. In prayer she had a vision: The evil man was there, who consumed her for money, and Jesus was there sitting on a rock laughing and smiling. But she wouldn't go to Him. I said, "Love comes from God. Where was Jesus loving you this day?" She looked into the eyes of the man and saw they were dark with evil. It was not through him.

I told her the story of the woman in Revelation 12 and told her of the earth and how it swallows rivers of lies. I then said, "Jesus was loving you that day. Long before you knew His name, He was loving you through the trees, the sun, the wind, and the lake, and with His creation He was swallowing Satan's river of lies."

At that she broke down weeping and went to Jesus the Rock in the midst of Satan's flood. Remember what we said: Idolatry is harlotry, and we all battle a river of lies.

We all battle a river of lies: God is not good, God is not love, God is not grace. So you must earn His love, pay for His mercy, and thus create yourself in fear.

Last week Susan and I attended an EPC pastor's conference in Georgia. They were all great people, but if you think the ways of the world don't infect the institutional church and pastors like me, you're a first-time visitor or you're drunk.

Well, after the conference, Susan and I spent a couple of days at the beach. I didn't realize how stressed out I was. You know, I feel terribly responsible for this place, and it fills me with anxiety. And when I live out of anxiety, I make an idol of myself or you. And then I don't believe God's love, and I don't love in return. I don't reflect God's love very well to you.

But early in the morning, I went walking on the beach. I stared at the ocean, listened to the waves, and smelled the sea. I watched the sunrise. I stared at crabs. (They're a lot like crawdads.) I saw things that had died

. . . giant trees hundreds of years old washed into the surf . . . new growth, new life sprouting on the shore.

And the earth began to swallow a river of lies and then speak the Word: God is good, God is life, God is love. And God loves you. He makes things grow; He is still creating. And it's a privilege to join Him even though at times it may hurt.

Each of you battles a river of lies, yet you are surrounded by the creation of truth, the handiwork of love, and the manifestation of God's spoken Word.

Jesus is the Word God speaks to create all things.

Jesus is the Word God is longing to speak to you through His creation.

Of course, I felt guilty that day in 1971. God was speaking Jesus to my ten-year-old heart, and I decided to step on the Word.

But don't fear. The Word is Jesus. He rises from the dead and forgives all our trespasses and makes us new.

Point 1: Care for God's creation.

Point 2: Let God care for you through His creation.

Turn off the TV, put down your homework, stop vacuuming the rug, and head down to the ditch.

You don't need to climb Mt. Everest or hike the Grand Canyon. Just stare at a

bug. If you don't like bugs, find a flower—not the kind you pay for; the kind you don't—like a dandelion. Stare at the flower. Stare at the bug. And let the Creator create you. Let Him speak to your heart.

I don't understand all that God said to my heart on the beach that day early in the morning on the Georgia coast. But I know it was this: "Peter, I love you! I, the Creator, love you."

Think of a place outdoors that filled you with joy. Maybe it was swimming in the ocean, climbing a tree, hiking in the woods, gardening in your backyard, or staring at a bug. That feeling you have? I don't think it's just a feeling. It's the Word of God spoken to you by the Creator. And now you know His name: Jesus.

I don't understand all that God said to my heart on the beach in Georgia. But I know it was this:

- "Peter, I love you."
- That is: Jesus.
- That is: "Body broken and blood shed for you."

On the night He was betrayed, He took bread and broke it saying, "This is my body broken for you. Take and eat." And in the same way after supper, He took the cup saying, "This is the new covenant in my blood shed for the forgiveness of sins. Take and drink."

This is love; this is how He creates all things; this is how He creates you. If you want Him, come to the table and let Him create you in His image.

[Communion]

\*\*\*\*\*

Some sermons have practical application points more obvious than other sermons. Sometimes at the end of a sermon I can say, "It's important that you set time aside to read your Bible." Other sermons I can say, "It's important that you set time aside for prayer." At the end of this sermon, I hope you understand the practical application point: It's important that you set some time aside to stare at a bug . . . go for a walk . . . climb a tree . . . look at a flower! You live in Colorado and it's springtime! Be good stewards. And maybe God will use His creation to remind you: "*I'm* the Creator; *I* created you; *I* will finish what I have started. Have peace and believe."

In Jesus' name, amen.

### Relevant Texts and Quotations (from bulletin)

And God said, “Let the earth bring forth living creatures according to their kinds: cattle and creeping things and beasts of the earth according to their kinds.” And it was so. And God made the beasts of the earth according to their kinds and the cattle according to their kinds, and everything that creeps upon the ground according to its kind. And God saw that it was good. Then God said, “Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creeps upon the earth.”

~ *Genesis 1:24-26 (RSV)*

What people do about their ecology depends on what they think about themselves in relation to things around them. Human ecology is deeply conditioned by beliefs about our nature and destiny—that is, by religion. . . . We shall continue to have a worsening ecological crisis until we reject the Christian axiom that nature has no reason for existence save to serve man. . . . Both our present science and our present technology are so tinctured with orthodox Christian arrogance toward nature that no solution for our ecological crisis can be expected from them alone. Since the roots of our trouble are so largely religious, the remedy must also be essentially religious, whether we call it that or not.

~ *Lynn White, On the Historical Roots  
Of Our Ecological Crisis, 1967*

And Jesus called them to him and said to them, “You know that those who are considered rulers of the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great ones exercise authority over them. But it shall not be so among you. But whoever would be great among you must be your servant, and whoever would be first among you must be slave of all. For even the Son of Man came not to be served but to serve, and to give his life as a ransom for many.”

~ *Mark 10:42-45*

He is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of all creation. For by him all things were created, in heaven and on earth, visible and invisible, whether thrones or dominions or rulers or authorities—all things were created through him and for him. And he is before all things, and in him all things hold together.

~ *Colossians 1:15-17*

In the Bible as I read it, human beings are given two astounding and inseparable gifts: the living creation, and the Christ. Each makes the other more beautiful and precious. We need the company of the ten thousand living creatures, the countless stars and galaxies, the ecosystems that bring down to our level the otherwise unfathomable laws of the cosmos—to live and breathe and understand and thrive. And we need the Son to ground and focus this knowledge, pierce it with love and help us seek the hidden and higher purposes of human life.

What do the scriptures say about this? In Genesis, men and women are made in the image of the God who just created and blessed all creatures and their ability to multiply. No exceptions, no expendable species. The Endangered Species Act, then, is an American law that honors this God-given trust.

Also in Genesis, we see that Adam is placed in Eden merely “to dress it and keep it,” not to dictate to it or unsustainably exploit it. And good old Noah becomes a laughingstock, then our hero, for the enormous pains he takes to preserve our God-given biodiversity from the God-sent Flood. In Exodus, the Sabbath rest is given to animals as well as humans. In Leviticus, humans are told by God to tend the land carefully and not treat it as a possession because, “the land is mine, and you are but aliens who have become my tenants.” There are scores of Old Testament calls for loving stewardship—and depictions of the punishments we call down when we fail to answer these calls.

Then in the Gospels we meet, in Jesus, a leader who refuses political power, who defines dominion as “Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,” and who lives a life characterized throughout by sensitivity to the meek, the weak, the poor, the prodigal, the nonreligious, the voiceless, the field lilies, the fowls of the air and all forms of life. . . .

~ *David James Duncan,*  
*The Wittenburg Door, Issue #209*

Whoever is righteous has regard for the life of his beast, but the mercy of the wicked is cruel.

~ *Proverbs 12:10*

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.

~ *Psalms 19:1-4a*

Let the sea roar, and all that fills it; the world and those who dwell in it! Let the rivers clap their hands; let the hills sing for joy together. . . .

~ *Psalms 98:7-8*

Let everything that has breath praise the LORD! Praise the LORD!

~ *Psalms 150:6*

For the creation waits with eager longing for the revealing of the sons of God. For the creation was subjected to futility, not willingly, but because of him who subjected it, in hope that the creation itself will be set free from its bondage to decay and obtain the freedom of the glory of the children of God. For we know that the whole creation has been groaning together in the pains of childbirth until now. And not only the creation, but we ourselves, who have the firstfruits of the Spirit, groan inwardly as we wait eagerly for adoption as sons, the redemption of our bodies. . . . What then shall we say to these things? If God is for us, who can be against us? He who did not spare his own Son but gave him up for us all, how will he not also with him graciously give us all things?

~ *Romans 8:19-23, 31-32*

And I heard every creature in heaven and on earth and under the earth and in the sea, and all that is in them, saying, “To him who sits on the throne and to the Lamb be blessing and honor and glory and might forever and ever!”

~ *Revelation 5:13*

How is it that we end up with such a disenchanting world? I think that this growth in disenchantment has to be laid at the door of the theologians as much as the scientists. The literalism with which these great matters are put forward, the lack of imagination, the lack of poetry; it's almost as if the entire discourse has been reduced to a scientific argument.

~ *Simon Conway Morris,*  
*The Wittenburg Door, Issue #210*

And when the dragon saw that he had been thrown down to the earth, he pursued the woman who had given birth to the male child. But the woman was given the two wings of the great eagle so that she might fly from the serpent into the wilderness, to the place where she is to be nourished for a time, and times, and half a time. The serpent poured water like a river out of his mouth after the woman, to sweep her away with a flood. But the earth came to the help of the woman, and the earth opened its mouth and swallowed the river that the dragon had poured from his mouth.

~ *Revelation 12:13-16*

Earth's crammed with heaven,  
And every common bush afire with God;  
But only he who sees takes off his shoes;  
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries.

~*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*

John Piper says, "No one stands at the edge of the Grand Canyon and says, 'Aren't I something!' " You stand at the edge of the Grand Canyon or at the base of Niagara Falls and, unconscious of yourself, without trying, you worship. You pour out a sacrifice of praise. It's your nature. You say, "Wow!" and for a moment you forget yourself and taste ecstasy. Then you give birth to Gospel. You say, "Look at that! Kids, get out of the van and look at that! It's beautiful!"

Once you see it, no one has to tell you to do it. Once you see it. So if you don't do it, you haven't seen it. You must be blind. Only God can open the eyes of those born blind.

## **Stare at a Bug**

Genesis 1:24-26

Pastor Peter Hiett

May 20, 2007

© 2007 Peter Hiett

### **Lookout Mountain Community Church**

534 Commons Drive, Golden CO 80401

Phone: 303-526-9287 Fax: 303-526-9361

E-mail: [info@lomcc.org](mailto:info@lomcc.org)

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10  
11  
12  
13  
14  
15  
16  
17  
19  
18  
21  
20

Relevant Texts and Quotations (from bulletin)

Relevant Texts and Quotations (from bulletin)

<sup>1</sup>This story was added to the original sermon.