

A LESSON FOR MR. QUIBBLES

A story about creation/evolution

How heavy the books seemed to grow on the long, long walk to school,
How short the time from school to bed when Fall turned the Bog dark and cool.
It seems like such a waste of ones time when you're young and stuffed full of yourself,
To spend all of those wonderful hours of great fun, stuck in school like a book on some shelf.

But on this it would seem that the crittery kids had no say in this critical rule,
For the law and their parents made absolute certain that their children wouldn't miss any school.

The Bog school itself was pleasant enough, with only one room and one rule,
To come and expand your world and your mind as the world will not suffer a fool.

The Bogs' schoolteacher was a kindly round gent with a spectacled schonozzely nose,
Who recited with pleasure and at great leisure the most elegant Shakespearean prose.
Mr. Quibbles had an air of quiet distinction, all impressed by his scholarly learning,
He coaxed and coerced the crittery kids expounding, "*An educations what you ought to be earning!*"

The children all had the highest respect for their teacher with his lofty insight,
And the awesome task of helping them learn, a charge he took with delight.

In the class was a most adorable child, whose name was Felicity Pringle,
She was such a pleasure and exuded such joy, it made those she was with simply tingle.
She had such an inquisitive sense of fun, wanting to know everything what, when and where,
Which delighted her teacher as most of his pupils answered questions with just a blank stare.
Her homework was always in on time, her decorum in class most gracious,
In fact, often she helped the teacher out with those who were rather loquacious.

At the opposite end of Felicity's style was a critter with raucous appeal,
He never knew when to work or hush; to him school was just an ordeal.
Feisty, an otter with impish charm, was the bane of most of the class,
Mr. Quibbles could barely contain him between his giggles and rollicking sass.

However...

One ought not be a bit surprised that Felicity and Feisty were friends,
After all it is said 'opposites attract', and they surely came from opposite ends!

Well...

One day in class an intriguing debate took place regarding creation,

Of just how the planet with all of its' life came about, needing much explanation.

Mr. Quibbles explained a popular premise that the planet came from a big bang,

An explosion of such stupendous proportions that the entire universe rang.

He went on to tell how great minds of the time theorized some descended from apes,

Of how things all change in due time and place on some vastly evolving traipse.

He proclaimed, "*All life extends from the very same atoms, just the way they line up makes them vary,*

Line them up one way; your pink and bald, line them another and your brown and hairy."

"*But...what about God?*" Felicity asked unabashed, "*Where does He fit into this plan?*"

"*Why, nowhere dear child,*" was his answer so mild, "*He wasn't needed when the Earth began.*

You see...

Some unlearned folk just made Him up, He's a figment of imagination,

To answer life's questions and give them some hope, an easy way to explain all creation.

But now in this age of enlightenment, we rely on our knowledge and learning,

We've no need for God now to answer what, when and how, a higher education's the place to be turning.

*Why...it's simply absurd to believe in a god you can neither see,
hear nor touch,
Asking one to have faith in that kind of thing is quite simply
asking too much!.*

On the way home from school they discussed just what tool might
be needed for such a big bang,
And what could be created from atoms inflated, producing a
whole different gang,
Of clouds you could eat, or rocks that were soft, or water that
was no longer wet,
Or plants that grew candy, wouldn't that be just dandy, or
perhaps even a new critter pet.

So...

The very next day Felicity watched as Feisty built a huge mound,
Of twiglets and bark and leaves which would spark an explosion
that would shake the Bog ground.

"This is too dangerous!" Felicity cautioned, as Feisty heaped wood
ever higher,

*"Do you really think you'll create something new...Looks to me
you'll just get a bonfire!"*

"Awww Feli...

*I know I'll need more than just old trash to make this whole thing
explode,*

*I've got fireworks crammed into a barrel; this place will hop like a
nuclear toad!*

*Who knows what I'll create from this mighty Bog blast, perhaps a
new plant or critter,*

*But you'd better stand back, I'm lighting it off, I don't want you
to end up as Bog litter!:*

Well...

Felicity ran to get Hartlie; maybe he could help Feisty conceive,
How ridiculous this big bang notion was and that it was just to
absurd to believe!

Out of breath and explaining as fast as she could, she told
Hartlie of Feisty's intent,

"Please Hurry!" she begged, as they ran through the woods,
"there's no telling what he'll invent!"

But...

About that time a thunderous **whoosh!!!** rumbled up and over the
Bog,

A column of smoke filled with twiglets and leaves, rose then fell
like a thick, smelly smog.

It carried poor Feisty up into the air, then plopped him down in
the schoolyard,

"Dear merciful heavens!" Mr. Quibbles exclaimed, as a tattered
Feisty hit hard.

He lay on the ground in an ottery mound with what little hair left
still smoking,

Hacking up twigs and bark from this preposterous lark, on which
he was coughing and choking.

"Dear boy, are you hurt?" Mr. Quibbles inquired as Hartlie ran
with love and alarm,

Then bent down to cradle poor Feisty, who had suffered no
appreciable harm.

Mr. Quibbles asked how all this had happened and where Feisty
got the fools notion,

"Why, from you Mr. Quibbles," Feisty coughed back, *"with your
evolution and big bang devotion!"*

*"Those are just theories," Hartlie tried to explain, "meaning they're not much more than a guess,
The scriptures define God's creation divine and that He did it in a week or less.
The Bible says...
It took six days for Him to fully complete Heaven and Earth in all its' array,
And as He was well pleased with what He'd done, He rested on the seventh day.
If you ask me...
It takes far less faith to believe the Bible regarding God and the world's creation,
It takes supreme intellect to figure a way to make atoms satisfy ones imagination.
Why... You can blow up things all day and all night and won't even create a rose,
I'm afraid this explosive nonsense singed your brain along with your nose!
He'll be o.k." Hartlie tried to assure the thoroughly befuddled teacher,
"He's learned a tough lesson and had a tough fall, but he's a pretty tough little critter."*

Hartlie started back for the cool Bog woods, gently carrying the bruised little otter,
While Feisty hollered over his shoulder to Mr. Quibbles who grew redder and hotter!

*"Mr. Quibbles...
You have to have something to make an explosion that would cause this incredible bang,
How can you explode just plain nothing, then say that's how creation began!"*

And say...

You said we descended from monkey like beings which took years to descend to our shapes,

Well, it takes too much gumption to make that assumption as we're still overrun with those apes!

I learned the hard way that you can't trust a theory, cuz it's nothing more than a guess,

I not turning into anything else, I don't believe in this evolutionary mess!"

"Mr. Quibbles...

What do you think you'll turn into?" she asked, "And do you think something else will explode?

And is it possible that some beautiful princess might turn into a brown, warty toad?

And just who created primordial ooze? And how did one turn into a pair?

And how come Mr. Quibbles there's still apes in zoos?" Poor Mr. Quibbles just gave a blank stare.

"Hush child, you're making my head hurt," he muttered, trying hard to stave off defeat,

Perhaps he didn't know as much as he thought, his theories sure weren't taking the heat!

He had spent all his life trying to take the best care of his body and of his mind,

But it took two children to help him see that his spirit was deaf, dumb and blind.

"Mr. Quibbles...

It seems to me there are lots of things we cannot see, hear or touch,

But we know that they are, cuz we see their effects like wind, gravity and such.

*And Mr. Quibbles, I know you are incredibly smart, I'm not...but
this much I know,
That God is love and you can't see love either, but that sure
doesn't mean it's not so."*

The end...or could it be,
THE BEGINNING

THE BEGINNING

Scriptures from the Holy Bible that help us understand creation

Genesis 1:1 in the beginning God created the Heavens and the Earth.

Genesis 1:6 and God said, "Let there be light." And there was light. God saw that the light was good and He separated the light from the darkness and God called the light Day and the dark Night.

Genesis 9:13 then God said, 'Let there be lights in the expanse of the sky to separate the day from night and let them serve as signs to mark the season and days and years.

Genesis 1:20 and God said, "Let the land produce living creatures according to their kinds; livestock, creatures that move along the ground and wild animals each according to its' kind.

Genesis 1:26 then God said, "Let us make man in our image, in our likeness, and let them rule over the fish of the sea and the birds of the air, over the livestock, over all the earth and over all the creatures that move along the ground.

Acts 17:24 the God who made the world and everything in it, is the Lord of Heaven and Earth and does not live in temples built by hands. He is not served by human hands, as if He needed anything, because He Himself gives all men life and breath and everything else.

John 3:16 for God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever would believe in Him should not perish but have life everlasting.

The series was written in an effort to help children understand that no problem can overcome us if we are walking close to Jesus, trusting in His love and obeying His commandments.