

# Psalm 27:14

Q	U	Z	O	G	O	O	D	M	V	V	R
O	W	A	I	T	R	N	H	Q	K	K	N
K	N	E	H	T	G	N	E	R	T	S	P
A	D	F	O	T	P	H	A	S	D	B	B
C	E	A	N	D	T	Y	X	D	R	O	L
O	E	Z	U	D	R	O	L	I	N	R	M
U	H	E	A	R	T	W	J	B	E	B	Y
R	L	X	T	U	K	G	T	T	C	S	N
A	P	L	O	W	R	J	V	H	W	K	O
G	Y	B	A	X	A	S	T	I	E	T	N
E	A	O	L	H	G	I	L	N	H	Z	R
D	S	N	E	B	S	W	T	E	T	B	L

**Words to Find:**  
 "Wait on the LORD be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart; wait, I say, on the LORD."

## Who's the Real Fool?

*Dr. Jack Van Impe & Roger Campbell*

"Sir Isaac Newton once predicted that men would one day go as fast as forty miles an hour. Voltaire, an enemy of Christianity in that era, scorned Newton's statement saying, 'See what a fool Christianity makes of an other-

wise brilliant man, such as Sir Isaac Newton! Doesn't he know that if a man traveled forty miles an hour, he would suffocate, and his heart would stop?"

Now that years of history have passed and transportation has advanced, we know who the real fool was.

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## Whose Coop Is It Anyway?

*Bill Brinkworth*

*"Know ye that the LORD he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture." Psalm 100:3*

For the last few years, I have had small flocks of chickens to provide us with eggs. The current flock is the first we have had with a rooster.



In the beginning, "Rocky" was like the other birds. As he has gotten older, he has been more aggressive to me. Whenever I would approach, he crowed; I suppose to warn the hens that I was coming. Sometimes, trying to be friendly and keep on his good side, I would crow back.

However lately, after I would crow, he would charge me. I suppose, I unknowingly was challenging him. The other day I had to push him away to thwart his aggressiveness.

I started to think and even to explain to him, "Now, Rocky. Let's get some facts straight. This is my chicken coop. I built it myself. I bring you water every day. It is also I that makes sure you get your food every day. When I hear an unusual commotion up here, again it is I that comes up here to make sure a coyote or dog is not trying to get at you."

*Continued on Page 2*

## How Else Did It Get There?

*Author Unknown*

One evening, when Bonaparte was on his voyage from Egypt, a group of officers were conversing together on the quarterdeck discussing the existence of God.

Many of them believed not in His being. It was a calm, cloudless, brilliant night. The heavens, the work of God's fingers, canopied them gloriously. The moon and the stars, which God

*Continued on Page 2*

## Whose Coop Is It ...

*Continued from Page 1*

I realized that is exactly how so many treat God. This Earth is His Earth. He made it in six days. He put the sun in place to shine and warm this planet. It is God that created the plants, all creatures, and even us. Yet, as mighty as He is and all that He does for us every second of our lives, too many want Him out of "their coop".

They want God and His commandments out of their lives, out of their education, and out of any explanation as to how we got here. In many situations, His name is not to be uttered, nor His son, Jesus. Even his rule book, the Bible, cannot be mentioned. In so many circles, the things of God are taboo, although all types of evil, perversion, and sin are allowed.

People try so hard to kick God out of His own "coop". He feeds them, makes sure they have drink to drink, air to breathe, and even so many luxuries that man can do without, but because He still loves them, He grants them those extras.

Rocky, the rooster, may have had his authority challenged, when I tried to "talk" with him. Perhaps when God is mentioned, so many are also reminded that

they are not in charge of the "hen" house. Most likely that is why their feathers are ruffled when He comes to mind. They fail to acknowledge they are just living there with His permission and help.

We are no better than Rocky, when we try so hard to remove God from the world that He created. How foolish so many are. They are angry at the holy Hand that meets their needs.

Do not try to force God out of your "coop", as it is His anyway. He is temporarily letting you stay there, and He just wants to take care of you.

## How Else Did It Get ...

*Continued from Page 1*

had ordained, beamed down upon them with serene luster.

As they were flippantly giving utterance to the arguments of atheism, Napoleon paced to and fro upon the deck, taking no part in the conversation, and apparently absorbed in his own thoughts.

Suddenly he stopped before them, and said, in the tone of authority, "Gentlemen, your arguments are very fine, but who made all those worlds beaming so gloriously above us? Can you tell me that?"

**"The probability of life's originating by accident is comparable to the probability of the unabridged dictionary originating from an explosion in a print shop." — Edwin Conklin**

**"God is like oxygen.  
You can't see God, but  
you need Him to live!"**

No one answered. Napoleon resumed his silent walk, and the officers selected another topic for conversation.

## The Only Creator

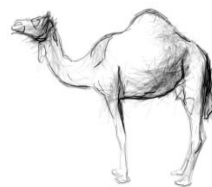
*Dr. Thomas*

*"All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made."*

*John 1:3*

Creation is the work of God. Only He can create. The architect can raise a building, the sculptor can cut forms of symmetry and grace from marble, the painter can depict life on his canvas, the machinist can construct engines that shall serve the nations, but not one of them can create. They work with materials already in existence. They bring existing things into new combinations; that is all. God alone can create.

**"How do you know there is a God?" said a scoffer to his .guide.**



**"How did I know a camel passed my tent in the darkness but by the print of his hoof? So, I know that yonder footprint is not man's but God's," pointing to the sunset in the glowing west." — Author Unknown**

## Without A Creator

*Ivatson, 1696*

If a man should go into a far country, and see stately edifices there, he would never imagine that these could build themselves, but that some greater power built them. To imagine that the work of the creation was not framed by God, is as if we should conceive a curious landscape to be drawn by a pencil without the hand of an artist.



## A Glimpse of God

*Sir W. Jones*

The heavens are a point from the pen of His perfection;  
The world is a rosebud from the bower of His beauty;  
The sun is a spark from the light of His wisdom  
And the sky a bubble on the sea of His power