

No God

No GOD, you say! Then whence came I?
And who put stars in yonder sky?
Whence came the earth beneath my feet?
Who makes the robin's song so sweet?
Who made the sun so warm and bright
Who makes the wind, the rain, the snow,
That brings each morning after night?
Who makes the wind, the rain, the snow,
The fleecy clouds that come and go?

Now this is what is taught in schools
It all began with molecules!
This happened all so long ago
They say it's hard for us to know
Just how the world came into space
And how began the human race.
It seems men have about decided
In ages past, 2 stars collided
With such a fierce, gigantic crash
The heav'ns were filled with heat and ash!
But bye and bye the ashes cooled
Then order (?) over chaos ruled
And somehow formed this earthy ball.
(Men cannot quite explain it all!)

It was a billion years, they guess,
A hundred million more or less,
Before a blade of grass was seen
To grace this orb with shade of green!
Another million years or so
And flowers then began to grow.
Next, trees came from men know not where
To lift their branches in the air.
One day (It's hard to state the time!)
There was a movement in the slime;
A little tadpole wriggled free . . .
This was the start of you and me!
The story's long . . . the tale obscure . . .
And how it happened, they're not sure,
But from that simple, little start
Came everything that has a heart!
Of course the story has some gaps
(A million years is quite a lapse!)
But finally a man appeared,
He by a monkey tribe was reared!
If to your mind this tale seems odd,
Remember it was chance, not GOD!

If it was chance brought me to be
Part of this restless, human sea,
Then let me fling my life away
Nor live by chance another day!
Chance may not cause the sun to rise
To gild another morning's skies;
Chance may not bring the summer's sun
When winter's chilling days are run.
A hopeless task to sow a seed . . .
Chance might produce a fearsome weed!
And I would never want a child . . .
Chance it might be a monster wild!
In chance's world let me not dwell . . .
Perchance tomorrow's world is hell!
How badly all men are mistaken
Who from creation GOD have taken!

Leaving man's imagination
About the story of creation,
I turn to GOD's Eternal Book
And in it's Sacred Pages look . . .
Creation's secret there I see
GOD spoke the Word . . . It came to be!
It hasn't pleased GOD to relate
Just how He made creation great,
But in His precious Word I see
That which is far more dear to me;
Yes, greater far than stars in space
Is GOD's free, rich, abounding GRACE!
The grace that gave His Son from heav'n
To DIE that I might be forgiv'n,
For nothing less than JESUS' blood
Could reconcile me to my GOD!
Now I have CHRIST and He has me,
We're ONE for all eternity!
I'll still have CHRIST when cooled the sun . . .
And heaven will have scarce begun!

. . . *Gordon W. Gratias*
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