

June 27th, 2010

Dear Friends

Having indulged my nerves with an eye each on Atlanta and Bloemfontein, what can one say? Both sports arena's seat 70,000 people and broadcast their pageant to avid followers around the world using an array of dazzling 'kit'. Yet, when it comes to deciding whether the proverbial ball 'crossed the line' we understand that technology 'interferes with the spirit of the game'.

To put it another way: what do we do when our belief about life's game apparently conflicts with interpretation of the 'kit'?

Like the football commentators we can concentrate interminably about the details of conflict or we can celebrate value from the virtues of the total game.

My reflections have returned to reconciling the paradox between the biblical creation story and experience in the laboratory and nature. This for my own good, and partly because it is the centre of debate in these times.

William P Brown in his book "The seven pillars of creation - the ecology of wonder" expands the discussion from the two accounts in Genesis to the perspectives of Job, the Psalmist, Solomon, the Ecclesiast and Isaiah. Job asks the question: where were you when the earth was formed? then goes on to consider with amazement a full array of the animal kingdom. The Ecclesiast comments that there is nothing new under the sun, whereas Isaiah, from the perspective of captivity, looks forward to newness and re-creation. Most Bible authors use creation to reference the greatness of God through a sense of awe. Having taken advantage of the summer sun in the countryside, observing Mushrooms and Moss, Lichens and Trees, Birds, Deer and Foxes at close proximity one cannot but revere the creativity of the Almighty.

Mark Manolopoulos asks: "If creation is a gift". He bypasses the whole question of origins by starting from the sense of puzzlement we encounter. He describes our fortune, arriving in this world alive and surrounded by the full array of phenomena that make existence both possible and pleasant. He suggests that we respond to this unconditional grace of God through serious stewardship, not just to conserve, but to present the gift we are given in better shape to those who follow us.

To the irritation of those around me, Wesley's hymn- *Love divine, all loves excelling* gets recycled through breathy whistling, concluding with the immersion in wonder, love and praise.

Technology will never explain this mystery, neither should we fall out in our efforts to grapple with this majesty. May the Good Lord bless your efforts to encourage people to overcome their sense of injustice and incredulity. Thank you again.

Victor

