

BAPTIST FEATURES

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GOD'S WONDERFUL WORLD (with mat #2)

Did you know that we get our ideas for instruments of warfare from animals, birds, and fishes? Inventors and scientists have always borrowed their ideas from nature.

Airplanes are patterned after the body and wing structure of birds. Birds have long been the perfect example of smooth take-off, steady flight, and sure-glide landing.

Ocean-going ships follow the basic structure and propelling motion of ducks and other water fowls.

Submarines and submerged guided missiles have a marked similarity to sharks and other swift-moving fish whose broad fins act as oars in throwing their bodies forward.

The man who brought forth the military rockets, guided missiles, and pioneered space flight, Dr. Robert Goddard, studied the wing structure of chimney swifts. Month after month he analyzed their methods and ability to launch their flight and sustain their speed and movement in the face of heavy winds and air currents.

It has been claimed that man in developing his mechanical equipment, has worked out only one simple principle which is not used by animals -- that of the wheel.

There is no handiwork of God, other than His creation of man, quite so wonderful as His masterpiece of nature! The psalmist knew this when he wrote: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork."

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(Is there something about God's Wonderful World you would like to see described in this column? If so please send your suggestions to Baptist Press Syndicate, 127 N. Ninth Ave., Nashville 3, Tenn.)

MOTHER BIRD By William Keel (with mat #3)

Jane and Eddie were playing in Eddie's yard. The sun was shining. The leaves and grass were fresh and green. Flowers were blooming. It was a soft, fragrant spring morning.

They were playing house.

"I'll be the daddy and you be the mother," Eddie told his friend from next door.

"All right," she said. "I want some money to go shopping."

Eddie picked up a handful of gravel from the driveway and handed it to her.

"There," he said, "there's 85 dollars."

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"Thank you," said Jane, a pretty girl with long brown hair.

Then she went off into another corner of the yard to do her make-believe shopping. There were trees and shrubs in that part of the yard.

Suddenly she called out loudly, "Eddie, run! Come here quick!"

Eddie, a freckled-faced, red-haired boy, couldn't imagine what had come over Jane. She had never gotten so excited before on one of those make-believe shopping trips. He ran to her.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Look," she replied, "that bird's acting funny."

"Where?"

"Right over there by the tree. See it?"

Eddie looked again. "Yes," he said, "I see it."

He started toward the bird. It started hopping away, one wing dragging.

"Look, Jane," Billy called. "It's crippled. Let's catch it and maybe we can doctor it."

He had a play doctor's kit his daddy had bought him.

They both moved toward the bird. But they couldn't catch it. The bird ran along the ground just fast enough to stay out of their reach. And as it ran, it let one wing drag and flutter. They ran by the kitchen door.

Eddie's mother, Mrs. Edwards, came out.

They told her what had happened and showed her the bird. She just smiled.

"Come on," she said, "I want to show you something."

She led them to the corner of the yard where they had first seen the bird. She looked in several little trees and then said, "Here it is."

"What is it?" chorused Eddie and Jane excitedly.

She didn't answer. But she picked both of them up one at a time and showed them the nest with three little birds in it.

"Now," said the mother, "I want to tell you what the bird you saw was doing. That was the mother bird. She wasn't really crippled. She just acted that way to get you to chase her. She wanted to get you away from her little ones. She was afraid you would hurt them."

Eddie and Jane told their mother they wouldn't have hurt the little birds.

"I know you wouldn't," she said, "but the mother bird can't take chances. That's the way God has given her to protect her babies until they are able to fly away from danger."

"Goodness," said Jane, "God watches after everything, doesn't he?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Edwards, "he certainly does watch over everything that is right and good."

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Note to editors: Fill in the dot mats may be used at will during the month of August.

KINGFISHER
By Vera May Baldwin

I hope that somewhere you have heard,
The Kingfisher is a diving bird.
He perches high up in a tree,
Watching the water patiently.
Of course he never uses bait,
For all he has to do is wait,
Alert and always keen of eye,
Until a fish comes swimming by.
Then suddenly -- just like a flash,
Down, down he dives, and with a splash
Catches the fish he had in sight;
He knows what he's about all right.
It is a fitting thing that he
The king of fisher birds should be!

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