

# BAPTIST FEATURES

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GOD'S WONDERFUL WORLD  
By Mrs. Tom Carter  
(with illustration #1)

In many instances, your nose helps you make a decision -- even though you are unaware of it at the time. Odors attract us, repel us, or warn us.

Most of us recognize the strong smell of leaking gas. (Did you know that cooking gas is quite odorless in itself and that the strong, sickening smell is put into the gas in added coal or other gas to warn us of danger?)

We are attracted to clean, fresh-smelling soaps, perfumes, clothing, and people. Today's chemists work hard to compound the odors that please people -- and that resemble nature. We like leather to smell like leather, pine scents like pine trees, and floral fragrances like flowers we know. God's word tells us in Psalm 111, "He hath made his wonderful works to be remembered."

Our nose is one of our most powerful senses. We associate all nature with our sense of smell. We can smell the approaching rain, and detect the dust and dryness in the air. We recognize trees, flowers, and fruits by their odors. We also recognize animals by distinctive odors -- a visit to a zoo is not easily forgotten.

The wonder of it all is that natural odors and fragrances are basically made up of oils and chemicals found in nature -- animals, flowers, and trees. God, in His infinite wisdom, put into the heart of each one of us the appreciation of nature's own, true fragrances and distinctive odors.

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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.)

-30-

WHERE THE POORWILL GOES  
By Enola Chamberlin

It was dusk on an early March day in a country that had been all desert not long before. Now, with water, most of it was good farm land. Steve, who had just come there with his family, was with his father bringing the cows from pasture. Suddenly he stopped.

"Daddy," he said, "what is that I hear?"

"You mean that noise that sounds like poorwill, poorwill, poorwill?" his father asked.

"Yes," Steve said, "what is it?"

"You've heard of a whippoorwill," his father said. "Well, this bird is his cousin. He lives in the desert country. He says just poorwill instead of whippoorwill."

"I wish I had heard him before it got dark, then I would have seen him," Steve said.

"You probably wouldn't have heard him before because he sleeps in the daytime," Steve's father said. "He doesn't begin to call until it is so dusky that if you knew right where he was, all you could see would be his dark shape flying."

"Why haven't we heard him on other nights when we came for the cows?" Steve asked.

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"Because he was sleeping, sleeping day and night," Steve's father said. "It is getting warm enough now for the bugs and insects to be flying around at night so he has awakened. We will be able to hear him every night now until October when he will go to sleep again."

"You mean he sleeps all the time from October until March?" Steve asked.

"Yes," his father said. "He sleeps. We say he hibernates. When he does that he does not need food. Bears and bats and other animals sleep all winter, too. For a long time, we didn't know that any bird did. Birds fly southward to warmer lands to avoid winter. We say they migrate. But no one knew where the poorwill went or what he did. He disappeared in October but no one ever saw him in a warmer land. No one ever saw him come or go as we see ducks and geese.

"Then one December a few years ago, a man who studies birds found a poorwill asleep in a little cleft in a desert canyon wall. The bird was so sound asleep it didn't waken when the man picked it up and put a band on its leg. He came back several times and looked at the poorwill. Then in late February when he picked it up it wakened and flew away. The next winter he went back and the same bird was sleeping in the same cleft in the rocks.

"He asked questions and learned that the Indians knew that the poorwill didn't migrate like other birds, but hibernated like some animals instead. The Indians call this bird 'the Sleeping One.'"

Steve was silent as he listened to the soft calling of the poorwill as it flitted here and there in the dusk hunting for insects.

"I like to hear it call," he said. "I'll be sorry when October comes and it doesn't call any more. But I'm glad that God made it so it will stay here instead of flying away to the south even if it does sleep all the time."

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