



⁷Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? ⁸If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. ⁹If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; ¹⁰Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. ¹¹If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. ¹²Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee. ¹³For thou hast possessed my reins: thou hast covered me in my mother's womb. ¹⁴I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvellous are thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well. ¹⁵My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth. ¹⁶Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them. (Psalms 139:7-16)

In my elementary school reader (I recall not which year or class), I remember reading a poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes entitled, "*The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay*" which means, in country vernacular, *One-Horse Carriage*. It tells the story of a Deacon who decided to build a perfect one-horse carriage. Every part of the carriage was made perfectly and designed to last the life of the carriage. It was a superb vehicle which served as a perfect specimen of its class for exactly one hundred years. Its maker had died and the carriage was finally purchased by a parson who found every part in as perfect condition as every other part. But on the 100th anniversary of the carriage being created, it suddenly fell completely apart. Every part wore out at the same time - and the carriage collapsed in a heap of parts and splinters. While it lasted, it was as perfect as man could make it; but man has no command of time - and it came to its end all at once.

Yesterday, my wife, Debbie, and I were guests of friends of an Atlanta Korean Church for lunch and to tour the Hyundai factory in Montgomery, Alabama, which produces 1,550 automobiles each day. Almost every part of the production is done by robots. We traveled through the plant witnessing the production of an automobile from scratch to finish. The engines, transmissions, welding, doors, windshields, etc. were produced and placed by automated robots. It was fascinating to see sheet metal being

drawn, stamped and cut for every body part. Finally, as we completed the tour, we saw car after completed car rolling off the assembly line out into the sunlight and onto the test driving course. The tour guide made what I considered to be a profound observation: he said. "from the moment the first part is made, until the car is declared complete, it only sees the light of day when it rolls off the production line." It reminded me of the sanctity of life and how God our Maker performs the production of every part of our being in our mother's womb - and we do not see the light of day until all members are fully functioning and complete.

It reminded me, too, of the Deacon who built the one-horse carriage making every part perfectly as good as the other, but one part at a time. Amazingly, our Maker did not adhere to that scheme in producing our own bodies. He gradually made every part simultaneously. The moment of conception, our personality, inclinations, talents, color of eyes and hair - even numbers of hair - were settled in that blueprint God made an inherent part of our being - our DNA.

Just in the way God began Creation of the world (in darkness) so He began the Creation of every miraculous little baby in the darkness of the mother's womb. In the warmth and cozziness of that womb, our eyes, ears, and brain (except liberals) were fully formed. Even our fingerprints were created as an original Creation of the Master's Art - for every child is a work of Art of the Master. When we are complete and able to live without the umbilical cord, the Lord takes us off the assembly line of the womb and brings us out, for the first time, into the light of day - just like the completed Hyundai which I saw during our tour. And the days of our lives are also date-stamped; but He places a soul within us that is eternal. Where we spend that eternity makes all the difference! Should we not praise God for the conception and miraculous birth of every child which He labored to create in secret?

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; 4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him? 5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour. 6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet: 7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field; 8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas. 9 O LORD our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! (Psalm 8:3-9)