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The Space Age

By Mrs. Paul E. King

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It was twenty minutes till class time. Chuck seated himself at his desk and opened the Testament to 2 Tim. 3:1, "This know also, that in the last days perilous times shall come..."

"Oh, no. Not again!" It was Bruce. The tall sandy-haired young man sat on the edge of Chuck's desk, a cynical smile playing nastily about his mouth. "You bug me," He added sarcastically.

"I'm sorry, Bruce. But this is as much a part of my life.. . . maybe more . . . as eating food and drinking water."

"You're far too brilliant to be a part of that . . . that out-dated Book."

Chuck picked the beloved Testament up and held it before his college classmate. "This Book, Bruce, is in no way outdated, It is God's Holy, Living, dynamic Word and is a Classic of classics. Its teachings and admonitions are as relevant for this generation as any previous generation."



"But, Chuck, we're living in an entirely different age. Ours is the age of science, rockets, A bombs and H bombs. Ours is a highly enlightened age . . . the space age! How could that Book be relevant for this day?" Bruce shifted positions slightly.

"Read it, Bruce. You'll be surprised and amazed--a bit shocked, too, when you discover its utter relevance for this 'space age,' as you so aptly termed it."

Bruce, a straight A student himself and a deep thinker, thought for awhile. "Now that man is able to conquer new worlds and harness space and time, must he still believe in God, Chuck? Is this necessary any longer? Russian cosmonaut Gherman Titov, who made seventeen orbits around the earth, declared emphatically he hadn't seen a single sign of God nor angels up there."

"God is a Spirit, Bruce. In the fourth chapter of the Gospel of St. John and the twenty-fourth verse we read, 'God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in Spirit and in truth.' "

Bruce thought over the verse for awhile then spoke again, "With space travel, man has new horizons. While our own planet is constantly shrinking due to population explosion, the universe keeps expanding with each new probe into space. Who knows, perhaps some day I may be manning my own space ship. You, too, Chuck. But of course, you'll have to take the Book along," and Bruce brought his right leg up and wrapped his arms about his knee.

"David the psalmist declares, 'The heaven, even the heavens, are the Lord's: but the earth hath He given to the children of men.' No, Bruce, I shall never man a space ship into space.., that is God's domain up there. Someday and in some way, mankind will pay for his violation of, and trespass on, God's domain."

"Chuck!" Bruce stood suddenly upright. "How can you be so... naive? So foolish? If it wasn't that you are an honor student, I'd brand you 'stupid!... stupid and ignorant.' Wise up, old Pal, you're far, far behind the times.

"Not as far as you think, Bruce. Having no meritorious claims of my own to make, I'll stick to what this Book says. According to Psalms 115:16, man is a trespasser in God's heavens in going to the moon, I mean. And speaking of my being an honor student, it is God Who deserves all the credit."

In other words, you're trying to tell me that those A's and A+ 's you get all the time are because of God?"

"Exactly so," Chuck replied. "the Bible says, 'Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding.' Proverbs 2:6 says, 'For the Lord giveth wisdom' "

"You're quite a student of the Book, aren't you? You'd take top honors in quoting it, I'm sure."

"I love it, Bruce."

"All right, you love the Book. You say it's relevant for this age; I say it's not. You say God gives you the grades you make--you never study, do research, run reference..."

"It is God who gives me the capacity to retain what I read and do research on, and study for, Bruce. He has given you the keen mind you possess, also."

"I study and prepare," Bruce shot back, folding his arms thoughtfully in front of him.

"But God could take away your faculty of a 'sound mind,' " Chuck said slowly. "In fact, He did just that to a great king one day who became proud and vain and was lifted up in his own heart. He took his sense of reasoning away and drove him into the fields where his body became wet with the dew from heaven and he ate grass like the animals."

"Look, Chuck, we're living in an enlightened age. Medical science has done wonders for mental patients. Furthermore, I'm not worrying about losing my mind. That experiment we did yesterday proved we're far superior to any previous generation . . . in medicine and all ways. Professor Akkers is a genius. He convinced me we no longer need God."

"He's a rank atheist, Bruce. Were it not for the personal knowledge of my salvation and entire sanctification, along with the daily fellowship and communion I have with the Lord, I don't know where I'd be nor what I'd believe. To one who does not have a knowledge of the Bible, the professors may be convincing, but I know differently. Professor Akkers is making atheists, skeptics, and agnostics out of the majority in the class and I am sorry indeed that this semester I have been subjected to his teaching and his instruction the instruction of an avowed atheist. He has seized every available opportunity to deliver a barrage of invectives against Christianity. That is why, on numerous occasions, I have stood up in defense of the Scripture and Christianity. I cannot, dare not, sit through his virulent attacks upon what I know to be different and upon which our nation was founded, and be silent. I would rather flunk the course than to fail the God I love, honor, and serve."

"You know something, Chuck, I can't share your enthusiasm on the Bible but I highly admire you. Sometimes I wish I had the courage you have . . . when you withstand the professor with all those Scriptures you quote. You even baffle him sometimes."

"Thanks. Someday you'll see that this priceless Book is the only Book that is all right.., from cover to cover. Should you need me then, I'll try to be around."

"Getting back to our subject, Chuck. You can see why man wonders if he really needs God anymore. Take, for instance, this rather recent development where biologists are capable of deep-freezing live whole blood, micro-organisms, the marrow, and even organs in liquid nitrogen and then revitalize them when needed. Experiments even delicate that someday persons may be put into 'cryogenic hibernation'--frozen alive--and be revived after cures for their diseases have been found and discovered. Where will God be then?" This time it was a frank question, wanting a frank and truthful answer.

"Where He has always been . . . the same eternal, omnipresent, omniscient, unchanged Christ whose eye beholds every invention and each happening of man and who judges righteous judgment. Mankind has made tremendous strides in the fields of science and medicine, et cetera; not one of us could deny that fact. Yet, we must remember that it is God who has given man the capacity to make these new discoveries. So far as the 'cryogenic hibernation,' I doubt seriously that this will ever become reality; for God, and God alone, is the giver of life and breath. Man was never made for hibernation. Strange, too, Bruce, that in spite of man's amazing skills and fantastic scientific inventions and discoveries, his social, moral, and spiritual predicament remains. One would most certainly think that these things, too, would have changed for the better. On the contrary, mankind is fastly deteriorating into spiritual pygmies with a moral decadence comparable to that of the fallen Roman Empire. Man still stands in dire need of God.

"Psalms 14:1 tells us an amazing fact: 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God.' It looks like the world's full of fools today . . . including our Professor. But the scene will change one of these days. Ah, yes--drastically so."

"What do you mean by that statement?" and Bruce searched Chuck's face eagerly now.

"In the first chapter of Proverbs, we read this, 'Because I [God] have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out My hand, and no man regarded...

" 'I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh;

" 'When your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you.

" 'Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me:

" 'For that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord:

" 'They would none of my counsel: they despised all my reproof.

" 'Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices.' ""Is that in the Bible?"

"Every word of it. And every part of it is going to be fulfilled, too. God is not dead as some state and declare. On the contrary, He is very much alive. In the not-too-distant future, He will be proving how existent He is. Then, when the 'great day of God's wrath' is come, men will flee to the caves of the mountains and the dens, crying for them to fall on them and hide them from the face of the great God... the God whom they had declared dead. I tell you, I don't want to be here when this happens. God will laugh at man's calamity and mock when his fear cometh. I challenge you to read the Bible, Bruce. Your life will take on new dimensions and meaning."

"I . . . I may do just that, Chuck. You sound terribly convincing, but so does Professor Akkers."

"Promise me that you'll read the Bible every day for at least a year. Will you? Promise me . . . please. You'll see that everything I've told you is true." Chuck was eager and persuasive. Tears were dancing brightly in his dark eyes.

"It's a deal, Chuck. From today on, I'll become a student of the Word. I'll find out for myself who's telling me the truth. I promise to read It through..., from cover to cover, as you say."

Chuck smiled. "Thanks, Bruce. We'll meet daily to discuss what you have read."

As Bruce left for his first class, Chuck's heart welled up in thanks and praise to God. He knew it wouldn't be long now till Bruce would be a born-again Christian. God's Word, sharper than a two-edged sword, would not return unto Him void. It never had. It wouldn't now! Through the Word . . . The Living Word... God would show Bruce the relevancy of the Gospel of Jesus Christ for the space age.

Tears of thankful praise fell to the New Testament as Chuck continued his reading.

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