

## Butterfly's - The Improbability of God

For my birthday this year I was given a butterfly farm. It consisted of a pop up tent and 5 tiny grubs in a glass of some caterpillar food. They were smaller than a staple, about the size of a bat dropping, and about as interesting! They hardly moved, and the kit even comes with the reassurance that "they are not dead!". After a few days they started moving, eating, and then went back to sleep, a bit like a puppy or a kitten I suppose. Slowly they grew, and in fact it was only a week until they were what you and I would think of as proper caterpillars - munching their way round the glass and practicing hanging from threads. Then, suddenly, it was all over - there they were - 5 black pods hanging from the ceiling - looking like date stones. Again, a long wait - it takes patience to be a butterfly farmer - and then "early, on the first day of the week", on Sunday morning, a butterfly emerged from this tomb. A new creation. The most fragile, delicate, exquisitely painted little creature.

I've been a fan of butterflies since I came back to God. Its the serenity and peacefulness of them - they are so gentle and force me, a hulking giant to them, to be very slow and attentive. Yet, they are capable of great feats. Even these common Painted Lady's can fly hundreds of miles to find food or habitat. Other species have been known to cross oceans, thousands of miles, and they can ride the air currents at 20,000 feet. Without predators or winters, many would live 2 or 3 years, which is slightly longer than the lifespan of many phones or computers these days.

Why, how, would God make such an improbable creature? How did the processes of evolution think it was the "fittest" way to survive to change bodies into a speck of a thing that has no way of defence other than camouflage, and wings so flimsy? Here is God's fingerprint - the weak to shame the strong, love to conquer hate, gentleness with surprising determination. God's beautiful creation - so amazingly coloured, the blues, the greens, the purples and yellows. So wonderful our landscape of rivers and forests, mountains and plains - the grasses and trees. Ahh - trees, those miracles of engineering with their cantilevered branches, and like wildlife megacities, with over 100,000 leaves per tree! Such architecture! And into that setting comes the animals and birds and insects. And there is room in God's creation for all sorts of strange and improbable things - our imaginations never go as far - witness what paltry "aliens" we dream up for science fiction - usually humanoid, with rows of teeth, and grey or green! Its as if God sits down after breakfast and says - what shall I delight my children with today? And he places it in the garden, and waits for us to discover it and marvel over it and enjoy it.