

Beautiful Flowers

Dub McClish

I once saw some very beautiful autumn flower arrangements. They contained splendid colors of browns, golds, oranges, and reds. These particular arrangements were a bit unusual because they combined real flowers with artificial flowers. One had to look very carefully to detect the difference, and even then, there was the possibility of deception. Man can make flowers that not only look like real ones, but that also smell and even feel like real ones.

But, you know, there is still a test that will forever separate the real flowers from the ones men make. All one has to do is cover both with a little soil, add some moisture and sunshine and see which one reproduces after its kind.

In a debate over the existence of God, an atheist took the position that things that are man-made presuppose a designer and maker. But he denied that living things require a designer or maker. His explanation of them was that “they just grewed.” This was his way of saying the world and all of the universe are products of accident and blind chance. This was his way of denying the most obvious fact about our universe and all that is in it: that which manifests design demands a designer; that which has been made argues a maker.

Consider the folly of the atheistic position for a moment. The artificial flower which cannot reproduce itself, has no life in it and is not 1/1000th as intricate as the real flower, which must have had a designer and maker. However, to the atheist, the beautiful, intricate, life-containing real flower resulted from a freakish accident somewhere millions of years ago!

We would not belabor the obvious, but surely if either of the flowers argues more forcefully than the other for a creator and designer, the real one does. However, both reality and reason demand that **both** argue with **equal** eloquence and force for the One who designed and made them. Only absolute prejudiced denial of all reason can deny the designer behind a beautiful flower, whether real or artificial. We know that man makes the artificial flower, but where is the man who has made or can make the real one? He does not exist and never will. Someone greater, wiser, more powerful than man is demanded: It is “God...Who maketh grass to grow...” (Psa. 147:8).

[**Note:** I wrote this article for and it was published in the October 14, 1976, edition of *Granbury Gospel*, weekly bulletin of the Church of Christ, Granbury, Texas, of which I was editor.]

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