

Chaplains Corner

On Route to Discover Whether

There's More Too Life Than Going Around in Circles

Part 2

After five days happily unwinding on Lake Barkley, Tennessee we proceeded North visiting long lost cousins in Illinois and Iowa. We paddled the great rivers--the Mississippi & Missouri. Next our journey took us across the broad plains of South Dakota. After a long, rather boring and very hot [108⁰] drive we turned into Bad Lands National Park as afternoon shadows were just beginning to lengthen.

Having just enough time for a hike out onto The Wall, a ridge of eerily peculiar rock formations, before the evening ranger talk--off we went. The scene before us resembled a moonscape--craggy, spired, and seemingly bereft of any living thing. We scrambled along over the rocky path around weird formations that looked like they had been left behind after a flood or an explosion. At one turn we looked up and off in the distance, a family of Pronghorns--like antelopes--chewed contentedly on the dry prairie grasses they had discovered high atop one of the buttes.

Later we learned that at one time settlers tried to homestead in the area. The government had promised families 160 acres of land if they could farm it a few years. It sounded like a great deal, but nearly all of them were starved out or lost everything because the land could not be induced to produce crops.

This seemingly useless land gradually unfolded its secrets as we continued to explore. We came upon Big Horn Sheep and Prairie Dogs that called the area home. Many species of birds, tiny rodents and a wide variety of flowers enjoy their places in the crags. The towering peaks, deep ravens and multi colored sedimentary layers have a beauty all their own that constantly changes with the rising and setting sun.

The Lakota people held the area in special reverence. Their wise ones handed down legends explaining how the formations came to be--there had once been a great flood that brought much water crashing through. It carved the land and then relocated it in great piles as the waters churned and pooled.

We imagined sitting around a campfire explaining to these ancient wise ones how God's book, the Bible, tells of a great ancient worldwide flood and one man who had the amazing faith to invest many long years ahead of time building a boat that later saved his family and the living creatures.

*Yes, we could almost hear the Lakota agree, **that must be how it was.***

As we rolled out of the Bad Lands toward the Black Hills (where we sit at this writing) we let out a great big,

YOU GO, GOD!

Because it suddenly hit us how cool it was that God had left this scar of land behind as a monument to the trustworthiness of the Bible. The more you know God's Word, the better you like reading and studying it. **We're right proud that God made the Bad Lands--yet another irrefutable proof that His hand is ever there, reaching out to save, give understanding, and call His children to himself.** Learn of Him. Let Him draw you.

God Bless You,

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