

A Word from Jawn
June 8, 2020

I have always been amazed by and in awe of Geological Time.

The land upon which our home resides is classic, Huron-side Bruce Peninsula. The foundation of our house is built directly on the sedimentary bedrock well known and bemoaned in local construction circles. This sediment was initially laid down some 400 million years ago. There are 'ridges' that run roughly south-east to north-west. Between these ridges are low alley-ways that run with water in wet seasons, and act as smooth trails in dry times. I say 'smooth-trails' with tongue-in-cheek. The notorious 'dead-fall' can make the simplest hike a trek through Mordor. After a few hours of 'trekking' through our bush, one is tempted to think that it is all going to be the same. And then suddenly. . . a Sand-dune.

Yes, a 'sand-dune'! And not one you can kick over with your toe. I have no great skill using trigonometry-in-the-wild, but 'our' sand hill stands about 50' high and it's base has an area about the size of a baseball field. Apparently, these sand deposits on the Bruce Peninsula are relics from glacial-lake wave and current action some 4,000 to 6,000 years ago. It's spectacular! Carol and I have created a resting-place at the top of this tree-covered hill. We sit there with deep reverence and respect and we watch the living wonders of Creation unfold before us. A privilege!

Six thousand Years! Four hundred million Years! I can barely grasp such geological-numbers! Yet, apparently our Creator can. Our Ageless Lover is so passionate for us that, not only do such cosmic numbers easily rest in the palm of the Divine, but as well, our few reflective moments on the top of our sand hill are well secure in those same loving hands.

In times such as these, this is good to know!

In Jesus' name . . . Peace to you.