**The Wonders of His Hand**

“Wherever we go in the mountains, we find more than we seek,” wrote John Muir, the author and naturalist who’s known as the “Father of the National Parks.” He also said, “The mountains are calling. I must go.”

The mountains are spectacular and breath-taking. The atmosphere here in the mountains is wonderful and we are surrounded with memories of living in Virginia in years gone by.

All around us is the wondrous beauty of God’s creation. The fall foliage, the mountain streams, the cascading rivers. I am reminded of Psalm 65:6 *You formed the mountains with your power and armed yourself with mighty strength*.

Power. Strength. Glory. Majesty. Might. Beauty. These words not only describe the creation but the Creator. The mountains rise toward the heavens and point to Him in unison, “There is a God! There is a God!”

Sit on the back porch. Take a walk in the woods. Watch the sunrise. See the sunset. Feel the gentle breeze. Listen to nature.

Then meditate about Him who is revealed by His eternal power and Godhood in the natural world. Be assured, He also revealed Himself and we can come to know Him in His divine revelation, the Bible.

The creation is calling us to our Creator. It is calling us to a closer communion with our Lord and showing us how we must acknowledge, honor and worship His majesty.

When through the woods and forest glades I wander; And hear the birds sing sweetly in the trees; When I look down from lofty mountain grandeur; And see the
brook and feel the gentle breeze; Then sings my soul my Savior God to Thee; How great Thou art, how great Thou art?

Yes, while I write this Margaret and I are enjoying the majestic mountains because there is a majestic God!

*And one called to another and said: “Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory!* (Isaiah 6:3) Gerald Durrett