



Fearfully Wonderfully

Psalm 139:14 - I praise you because I am fearfully and wonderfully made; your works are wonderful, I know that full well.

Have you ever just looked at your hand? Go ahead. Do it. Look at the palm. Turn it over and study the ridges and lines in it. Have you ever asked yourself, “Why a hand?” I think the hand is one of the greatest creations ever. With it we do almost anything we want. I’m using mine right now with just a minimal thought to what they are doing. I think words and they type them on my keyboard. All the muscles, tendons and bones working together for a single purpose. And that is just one aspect I use them for.

Have you ever tried to hold onto something without your thumbs? Or only with your thumbs? How do our fingers, thumbs and palms all work together for a specific purpose? Isn’t it amazing?! Pause this and go grab something. Anything. Grab something big like a rock. Grab something small like a button. Our hands are working as a well-oiled machine doing what our mind is telling it. There are no fights or quarrels. NO jealousy or back(hand) stabbing. I have never observed my ring finger quarreling with my pinky, “Why can’t you just stay straight when I bend and leave me alone!!” We are wonderfully made!

I understand that part of the verse. How can someone not be overwhelmed with a sense of awe when seeing how the body works? How can someone not visualize the day that the Godhead discussed the importance of hands and be mesmerized by the wonder of it? I understand that part. Easy.

But fearfully? That one can be harder. Why fearfully? What does that mean? Let me see if I can explain.

I get to shake hands every Sunday with our church family. You can imagine all the various sizes of hands that entails. Young hands and old hands. Soft hands and rough hands. All sizes and variations. One of the biggest hands is Jared. He was a college lineman at OBU. He doesn’t just “shake my hand,” he shakes my inner core. I could probably put both my hands and a foot into his big “mitts”. But that’s what God created them for. God has gifted him to do other things with his hands that I am not gifted in. If I tried to grab an opponent’s pads to block, they’d release with a chuckle. But not Jared’s hands! His hands were made for that.

So my point is this. Each of us is incredibly made. All the biological systems working together to make us who we are. That’s the “wonderfully.” But it is God who determines our purpose. It is to Him we bow in worship. In awe. In fear. That is why we are fearfully made.

From My Heart,

Billy