

# The Death of Wonder:

## Why Miracles Seem Impossible Today

Have you ever wondered why so many modern people instinctively scoff at miracles? Why do stories of divine intervention, once woven into the fabric of ordinary life, now seem absurd, embarrassing relics of a pre-scientific past?

It wasn't always this way. In the medieval world, nature was enchanted. People lived within a cosmos that was more than matter in motion; it was a meaningful tapestry, shot through with signs of divine purpose. Trees, rivers, and stars didn't merely exist; they proclaimed the glory of God. When they occurred, Miracles were not violations of an impersonal machine but personal touches from the Creator within His living creation.

**So, what happened?**

## How the World Lost Its Depth

The story of disenchantment is long and tangled. Still, philosophers trace much of it to the rise of naturalism during the Enlightenment. As science uncovered the stunning regularities of the natural world, thinkers increasingly concluded that nature was not just orderly, but self-sufficient. The universe became a vast clockwork, wound up by who-knows-what (or who-knows-who), now ticking along with no need for further involvement.

**Enter David Hume.**

In the 18th century, he argued that because our experience of nature is uniformly consistent, dead people stay dead, water does not spontaneously turn into wine, and any report of a miracle should be dismissed as overwhelmingly improbable. Why trust the testimony of a handful of witnesses against the vast weight of repeated human observation?

By Hume's logic, the question was settled. Miracles became irrational by definition. And we, modern heirs of this skeptical project, largely accept this without even realizing it. We grow up absorbing the lesson that the cosmos is a closed system. There is no room for God to break in, because we've defined Him out of the equation.

## C. S. Lewis' Bold Reversal

**But what if the modern picture is too flat?**

C. S. Lewis, writing in the mid-20th century, argued that the real problem wasn't miracles. It was that we no longer had eyes to see them. In *Miracles: A Preliminary Study*, Lewis dismantles Hume's argument by showing its circularity. How do we know experience is uniformly against miracles? Only if we have already decided that all reports of miracles are false. And why are they false? Because experience is uniform.

Lewis then does something even more profound: he reframes the entire debate. Instead of imagining the universe as a sealed box, he invites us to see it as a story. Nature is not an independent machine grinding along; it is the stage upon which God tells His grand narrative. This changes everything. If nature is God's creation, its regularities are simply His customary way of working. And miracles? They are not absurd disruptions. They are deliberate acts of the Author writing new lines into His own script, personal interventions that advance the plot.

## Recovering the Eyes of Wonder

The death of wonder has not made us wiser, only narrower. We've traded an enchanted cosmos for a cold mechanism, and then wondered why so many languish in spiritual boredom.

Lewis saw that the real scandal isn't that Christians believe in miracles... it's that modern people find them so utterly impossible. For him, miracles were signs that the story is not over, that reality is more layered and meaningful than pure matter could ever explain.

This isn't an argument to retreat into anti-science ignorance. Quite the opposite. Lewis celebrated the consistency of natural laws; you can't recognize a miracle unless you know how nature behaves typically. But he challenged us to resist the assumption that nature is all there is.

## Why This Matters

If the universe is open to God, then hope is possible. If it's closed, then everything: your joys, your loves, even your thoughts, are nothing but the accidental collision of atoms. In that world, miracles are impossible. But so is meaning.

Recovering a sense of wonder is not childish nostalgia. It's a brave act of seeing reality more fully. It's the willingness to believe that the story might be bigger than we dreamed, that the God who made the stars might still speak, heal, and do the miraculous.

**What about you? Do you see the world as a locked box, or an open stage on which God might yet step in?**