

Finds on the Discovery Channel

Gene Pinkney 03-24-2025 for The Daily News

Perhaps the deadliest thing that can threaten an old guy in his latter days is dull, predictable routine. It threatens to make one forget what Gerard Manly Hopkins discovered: that “there lives the dearest freshness deep down things.” (“God’s Grandeur,”) and what Whitman instinctively knew, that “There are divine things well enveloped... more wonderful than words can say.”

Recent shows I’ve watched lately on “The Outdoor Channel” and “The Discovery Channel,” have reminded me that our Creator, He who “made Heaven and Earth and all that is therein,” has an imagination and inventiveness far exceeding even the best inklings of Leonardo, whom He gifted.

Learning that has lured me into the vanity of being glad that I was “littered” under the cusp of Aries, the sign of the explorer and for initiating new beginnings: “turning to fresh tasks,” as Frost, “another Aries,” put it in his poem, “The Woodpile.”

I’m also glad that my new discoveries have not lured me into agreement with the evolutionists, who can behold some breath taking natural wonder and proclaim, “Yah, yes sir ree Bob; it all happened by accident.” To me, that is as unthinkable as believing that Elon Musk is a threat to American democracy.

But there is also a spirit of darkness out there, (see Eph 6:12), that can cloud the minds and muddy the imaginations of even the sharpest students, convincing them that God’s “good,”(Gen 1:31) is evil, and his beautiful, (Phil 4:5), is nothing special.

So how does the cautiously contented person break out of the paralysis of routine? One good way is to meet new people who seem interesting and find out why. Doing that has, at times, led me to agree with the ingenuous Miranda, after

meeting the drunken shipwrecked sailors in “*The Tempest*.” “Oh, Brave new world, that has such people in it!” Or utter the trite old come on line, “Where have you been all my life?” But new acquaintances can sometimes open doors to new areas of fascination.

Way back in my childhood 40’s and 50’s, when only Walt Disney movies offered anything even close to the spectacles of nature, now easily accessed on “*Discovery*,” I was blessed with an aunt who had a true capacity for Wonder. It was she who took my brother and me out into the blackness of our unlit farmyard, and wowed us with the myths behind “The great and lesser bears” or the “the dippers,” Orion, “The Lady’s Chair,” The Milky Way, the Pleiades, and many others. Aunt Priscilla also wowed us with talk of light years, and comets, and meteor showers.

Those sessions filled my eager mind with awe and wonder, and I became hungry to know more. My hope is that teachers can find ways to lure at least a few students away from that labyrinth, the internet, and its many rabbit trails and addictive dead ends, and instill in them the explorer’s heart to show them not only natural spectacles, but also a conviction that meditating on these seeming miracles might lead them ultimately to discover their Creator.

And once He’s found, to escape the trap of filling one’s mind with enough random facts to win on *Jeopardy*, and seek out the greater treasures of the one sacred tome containing the “Truth that can *make*, (not “set”) them free,” *The Bible*.

The *Bible*, the perennial, all-time “best seller,” will prepare them” to explore the endless wonders awaiting them when they take flight from our once perfect-but fallen globe, and enter the crystalline radiance of eternity. A vision of that glorious realm inspired 17th century poet, Henry Vaughn, to write, “I saw eternity

the other night/ Like a great ring of pure and endless light/All calm as it was bright.” Many, Biblical figures including the apostle Paul, St. John, and Ezekiel have beheld that “sudden gleam divine,”and their lives were transformed forever. Hopefully, many of us will someday sing, “I’m beginning to see the light.”

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