

The Creator's One-At-A-Time

by Rae Neal



Sitting in the balcony of a concert hall
With the orchestra center-stage below,
The music of an unknown composer
Drifted upward to fill my hearing
With melodies that transcended reality.
My spirit lifted into a dreamlike state
Of wonder and astonishment
Over the intricacies of notes and harmony.
A question arose through my drifting thoughts,
“How did anyone compose such stanzas of beauty?”
Then I heard God’s still, small voice,
“I inspired one note at a time.”

Relaxing one evening in a coffee house,
Surrounded by friends with beverages in hand,
An elderly woman with frosty hair
Was introduced and arose to the microphone.
During the next forty minutes,
I was transported to her village home
In a different country, of a different time,
To witness the ravages of world-wide war
And sense the terror of a small, trapped child.
“How could she speak of such pain and sorrow?”
Then came His compassionate voice,
“I encouraged her one word at a time.”

Landing at New York's Kennedy airport
Was the fulfillment of a long-awaited goal.
Known as America's melting pot and the Big Apple
Could not prepare me for the skyscrapers ahead.
The taxi took the bridge across the East River,
Where crowded, cavernous avenues loomed into view
Shadowed by tall buildings rising to the heavens.
With flabbergasting amazement, I wondered aloud,
"How could man build such towering structures?"
God's voice explained, "In My image, he fulfills a vision,
One measurement, one stone and one day at a time!"

Gazing at a television screen with sleeping baby on my lap,
The dimly lit room enhanced the glaring moment.
It was a warm, summer night on July 20, 1968,
And the whole world waited for only one man.
Then the door opened on the lunar module,
The Eagle of the Apollo 11 spacecraft.
9:56pm, Central Daylight Time, Astronaut Neil Armstrong
Stepped his left foot onto the Moon's surface
Which he described as the "magnificent desolation."
"How had the dreams of science fiction come true?"
The Lord's voice revealed,
"I allowed man the 'one small step' at a time."

Driving one bright, sunshiny morning
In the country of Spain along a coastal highway,
I fought to steer around hairpin curves
And to keep the fear of heights at bay
As I traveled to the tops of steep mountains.
There were no guard rails there along the ledge,
Just a cliffside drop to the ocean foam below.
Two hours later I finally rounded a bend
That revealed a valley below full of yellow daffodils.
I gasped, "Who created such breathtaking sites?"
God's voice answered me, "I did, one day at a time."
By Rae (Carter) Neal

Isaiah 46:18, "For thus saith the Lord that created the heavens; God Himself that formed the earth and made it; He hath established it, He created it not in vain, He formed it to be inhabited: I am the Lord; and there is none else." KJV