

## News & Notes

Sunday, February 8, 2009

**Remember in Prayer:** David Anderson; Arland Anderson; Connie Atry; Mary Bailey; Mary Childers; Gentry Cox; J.C. Enlow; Collette Ford; Taylor Goode; Lettie Mae Hunt; Wayne Hodgkins; Dot Ketchum; John and Deliah Mann; Nell McMurfee; Diane Mize; Wayne Orman; Alva Powell; Ann Ray; Brandon Ray; Katherine Shaw; Calvin Ursery; Joan Wilkerson; Alvie Williford;

**Sympathy** is extended to the family of Rodney Mullikin.

**Pantry item** for the month of February is pasta.

**Ashland Events:** Today: Elder's meeting at 4:00 PM; Ladies class at 4:00 PM in the dining hall; February 14: Men's breakfast at 9:00 AM in the dining hall;

**Area Events:** February 19: Freed-Hardeman Associates' benefit dinner at the Beech Hill dining hall at 6:30 PM; February 21: Teacher's workshop at the Batesville congregation;

### Sermon in Preview:

AM: The Pentecostians – Allowing God's Word to Work

PM: The Builders of the Wall – Having a Mind to Work (Nehemiah 4:6)

### For the Record (February 1, 2008):

Attendance: 75      Contribution: \$1507.00      Budget: \$1459.00

### *The Ashland Church of Christ*

P. O. Box 25  
Ashland, MS 38603-0025  
www.ashlandcoc.org  
acoc@ashlandcoc.org

#### Sunday:

Bible Study 9:30 AM  
Worship 10:30 AM  
Worship 5:00 PM

#### Wednesday:

Bible Study 7:00 PM

#### Shepherds:

Barney King  
Jeff Roberson  
Carrol Street

# ASHLAND ANNOUNCER

*"Note Those Who So Walk"*

Philippians 3:17

2Thessalonians 3:14

## RENEW YOUR MIND

Brad Harrub

### Evolutionary Hoaxes

"Ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny." This phrase, often heard in freshman biology classes, was coined by 19th century German biologist Ernst Haeckel to describe the idea that the human embryo replays the steps of evolution as it develops. Specifically, this theory says that human embryos pass through a progression of abbreviated stages in the womb that resembles primary evolutionary stages (e.g., fish, amphibian, reptile) during the course of development.

While Haeckel's name might not sound familiar to you, one of the drawings he used to bolster his theory probably is. This now-familiar illustration of embryos of fish, reptiles, birds, and mammals lined up side-by-side is a common staple in most biology and embryology textbooks. This single figure has altered the public consciousness and has become one of the best known "evidences" for evolution. Additionally, some individuals use this principle of "recapitulation" to justify abortion (they argue that after all, at various stages the human embryo is no different from a fish or reptile).

There is only one small problem. **Haeckel's illustration was a fake! He drew the human embryo to look just like the early embryo of the fish, amphibian, and reptile— but it doesn't.**

Ironically, the fact that these drawings are a fraud is “old-hat” to biologists. History records that Haeckel was accused of scientific fraud by his peers. Recognition of his falsehoods still appears in scientific journals, as noted in a letter to the editor in the May 15, 1998 issue of *Science*.

We could ignore this pathetic chapter in the history of evolutionism—were it not still so popularly used in American textbooks. Even Dr. Benjamin Spock saw fit to perpetuate Haeckel’s recapitulation myth in his well-known book, *Baby and Child Care*. Spock confidently assured expectant mothers that “*each child as he develops is retracing the whole history of mankind, physically and spiritually, step by step. A baby starts off in the womb as a single tiny cell, just the way the first living thing appeared in the ocean. Weeks later, as he lies in the amniotic fluid of the womb, he has gills like a fish*” (1998, p. 223).

Make sure your children and grandchildren know when they see these drawings that they are fakes. Humans beings never look like a fish, amphibian or reptile when they are growing in the womb. We were made in the image and likeness of God (Genesis 1:26-27), and we must make sure our young people know (and believe) this.

---

## The Stranger

A few months before I was born, my dad met a stranger who was new to our small town. From the beginning, Dad was fascinated with this enchanting newcomer, and soon invited him to live with our family.

The stranger was quickly accepted and was around to welcome me into the world a few months later. As I grew up, I never questioned his place in our family. Mom taught me to love the Word of God, and Dad taught me to obey it. But the stranger

was our storyteller. He could weave the most fascinating tales. Adventures, mysteries, and comedies were daily conversations. He could hold our whole family spellbound for hours each evening. He was like a friend to the whole family. He took Dad, my brother, and me to our first major league baseball game. He was always encouraging us to see the movies and he even made arrangements to introduce us to several movie stars.

The stranger was an incessant talker. Dad didn't seem to mind, but sometimes Mom would quietly get up - while the rest of us were enthralled with one of his stories of faraway places - go to her room, read her Bible, and pray. I wonder now if she ever prayed that the stranger would leave. You see, my Dad ruled our household with certain moral convictions. But this stranger never felt an obligation to honor them. Profanity, for example, was not allowed in our house - not from us, from our friends, or from adults. Our longtime visitor, however, used occasional four letter words that burned my ears and made Dad squirm. To my knowledge the stranger was never confronted.

My Dad was a teetotaler who didn't permit alcohol in his home - not even for cooking. But the stranger felt like we needed exposure and enlightened us to other ways of life. He offered us beer and other alcoholic beverages often. He made cigarettes look tasty, cigars comments were sometimes blatant, sometimes suggestive, and the stranger influenced general relationship.

As I look back, I believe it was the grace of God that the stranger did not influence us more. Time after time, he opposed the values of parents, yet he was seldom rebuked and never asked to leave. More than thirty years have passed since the stranger moved in with us, but if I were to walk into my parent's home today, I would still see him sitting there waiting for someone to listen to his stories and watch him draw his pictures.

His name? We always just called him - TV. [author unknown]