

# **A Place for Everything and Everything in its Place**

*By Robert Fitt*

I had a funny dream last night. It wasn't funny in a way that made me laugh, it was funny in the way dreams sometimes are when things work out in a whole different way that you think they should.

In my dream I found myself in an elementary school. It was the first day of class and I wondered why everybody was milling around, and laughing, and fighting, because nobody seemed to know where to go or what to do. As it turned out, they didn't. You see no planning had been done. Nobody knew which classroom to go to, or which teacher would be there; and when I tried to find the principal to set things straight, he was nowhere to be found. The school was in utter chaos!

Well, that dream got me to thinking.

What if the whole universe was that way. What if there was no order in the universe at all, and everything in it could just go about 'doing their own thing'. Can you imagine what life would be like then?

Oh, my!

Take the sun, for example. How would it be if the sun could decide for itself when it would come up in the morning and go down at night. What if it could decide—on a whim—whether a night would last 12 hours or 28—or a whole month—while it left the world snoozing away in the dark and cold? And what if the sun could decide to stay up erratically longer any time it wished. How long would it take to turn the earth into a blackened cinder?

Or think what would happen if a hammer could ignore the wishes of the carpenter, and instead of striking downward to the nail, it whimsically flew off in another direction entirely.; or if, when the carpenter wished to tap gently, the hammer slammed down violently instead. Just imagine the chaos if our wrenches, saws, kitchen utensils and electrical devices could just go about doing anything they wished with no restraint at all.

I have to laugh when I imagine the look on my wife's face if wayward faucets, stoves, dishrags and toilet plungers began to go berserk around her. Or if, when she planted a seed in the garden, it could decide for itself whether it would become a daisy or a dinosaur.

The scriptures tell us that there must be "order in all things\*", and now I see why more vividly. The world would be in a real mess if it wasn't organized in such a way that every part of it could be depended upon to act in the way it should.

It's easy to understand, then, why God ordered everything in an orderly, predictable way; why he wanted the earth, and everything in it, to have its own place and its own role to play; and why man, who he ordained to be the master of the universe, should be born into an orderly, predictable way into a predictable world.

It's easier, too, to understand why my mother wanted me to keep my room—and my clothes, and my nose—clean, And it helps me to know why there has to be somebody in charge—even bossy older sisters when parents are away.

It makes it easier, too, when I realize why I must remain humble and act predictably within the bounds of my own stewardship; just as God Himself must remain within the irrevocable bounds that govern the universe.

*(See Abraham 3:3,5,9; and Abraham 4: 7,9,11)*