

## **FOOD FOR THOUGHT**

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Growing up as a youngster, and even now that I am in my winter years, I have been intrigued, yes, even fascinated by nature. The babbling brooks, the laughing canyon, the cascading waterfall, the whispering leaves, the creepy crawlers, yes, and the creepy crawlers, for that is where my story begins. Have you ever squeezed an earthworm to see that soft mushy stuff ooze out of its body? Hey, that's colloid, the sweet food in which plants dabble their roots. Call me a romanticist if you will for that assuredly sometimes I am.

The author of my fascination is God, our ever powerful, awesome and mighty God who has fashioned us so that no two creatures are alike. There are no duplications, with each creature having its own uniqueness.

It was late one evening, tired from roaming in the fields when I, still a small boy, decided to lie down and rest awhile. As I lay prostrate on the turf, my eyes caught sight of tiny ants scurrying by. Training my eyes on these tiny creatures moving so business-like, I wondered what their mission was until I saw them attack a dead lizard. Some of the ants patrolled their prey while others headed back in the opposite direction. I thought to myself that those ants that were leaving their prey must have a strong aversion for that type of food. These ants hurried down a hole, shortly after, scores of ants came rushing out of the hole to join their brothers, sisters and relatives at their new-found prize. It was only then that I realized those ants that had left their prey had gone to sound the alarm, "Food, food, food, come and get it." These tiny creatures emerging from the ant hole followed the exact trail that the messenger ants had created.

I was anxious to see these tiny creatures gorge their prey. I had heard about these tiny ants in South America: ants, which in a short time would consume their bounty leaving behind nothing more than the skeleton. Now was my chance. These ants, however, had other ideas in mind. Orderly they surrounded the dead lizard and together with a "heave, ho" they began transporting the corpse.

As I studied these ants carefully, these tiny creatures were not dragging the lizard, but actually lifting the dead body off the turf. Ants that have a combined weight of one twentieth that of a lizard were like a mighty crane transporting their catch. What strength! What precision! What determination! What cooperation! Lifting certainly lent for easier movement than dragging, but how could these tiny ants already barely off the ground elevate their prey, but they did.

As I surveyed the area, there were some ants that were not working but had intentions of doing something else rather than assist in the day's catch. But, all along the path were ants with big heads, or heads bigger than the other ants. These ants would nudge the lazy ants and direct them to the order of the day. These ants I called guards, the policemen, the managers, or the "bouncers", ensuring that every creature did his/her duty. Slowly but surely the days catch arrived at the ant hole and was quickly transported underground.

What a lesson of sharing! What of cooperation! What a lesson of responsibility! Even then as a little boy, possessing a keen knowledge of the Bible, I recalled Proverbs 6:6, "Go to the ant thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise."

I went to the ant, and I am wiser now.