

The Rhyme of the Ancient Cell

Protozoan is my name. I'm just a single cell.
I'm sorry that I have no proof (perhaps it's just as well)
Of my beginning, back in time, when from a glob of goo
Supposedly I started all things; the end of which is YOU.

For untold centuries I thought that all was going well.
Then I became dissatisfied as just a single cell.
My fortitude, my guts and grit would stand me in good stead
I made this as my final goal: to be quadruped!

I had to take it step by step, and over centuries.
But that was nothing for I knew I'd turn out as I pleased.
Ambition surged within my cell down in my gloppy bog.
By protozoan effort I became a pollywog.

For umpteen million years or so I wriggled all about
Encumbered by my stupid tail. Then fins began to spout.
Or was it legs I next acquired? Really, I forget.
With evolution in control, you don't know *what* you'll get!

Another million years went by (or was it three or four?)
Then sprang I from my puddle and I splatted on the shore.
(But *please* do not embarrass me with questions such as this:
"How did you change your gills for lungs? You said you were a
FISH!")

Years later in a meadow on a prehistoric morn
I took a big jump forward and I found myself airborne.
I landed in a treetop and continued to evolve,
But there was just one problem that I couldn't seem to solve.

Could I recode my DNA for teeth and hair and tail?
(I'd have to do it somehow. Evolution must not fail!)
But I didn't have to rush it, all I had to do was wait
A couple million years or more, and all would turn out great.

My patient waiting bore much fruit as happens without fail;
I changed into a reeking ape with teeth and hair and tail.
As such I wondered sometimes as the ages came and went;
This monkey-business way of life – could it all be accident?

It was such fun to be an ape! I loved to swing from trees,
I loved to munch bananas, and I loved to scratch for fleas!
I howled at all my comrades, and I gibbered at the moon,
And little did I know that all my carefree days were doomed!

Millions of long years went past, and then a million more.
And suddenly I noticed that my tail was feeling sore!
It dropped off and my hair fell out! Old Darwin Strikes again!
I was a jolly ape, but now I'd turned into a man!

Would you believe I started out as just a gob of goo
And changed from fish to bird to ape, and ended up as you?
That theory is, as theories go, rather odd and weird
The truth, however, is a lot less complex than you feared.

If you, then, Reader, will read on, you'll find the whole true story
In which there's rather less of goo and rather more of glory...
[Following added by Editor.]
The truth is you were made by God, whose image you do bear,
And by your sin are separated – Oh, sinner, do you care?

For Jesus died to save your soul, was buried, and rose again,
That you through faith might be saved – yes! – saved from all your
sin!
To live with God for evermore, and never cast to hell,
Is so much better than the lie, that you are just a cell.

Because believing you're just chance is worse than it appears,
For you'll be judged by Christ Himself, for all your wicked years.
You have a mind, a will, a soul, that 'dures for evermore
And only one way do we have, that lead to heaven's Door.

Eternity in heav'n or hell, is based on one plain fact:
Do you have your sins forgiv'n, or will you'll reap your act?
Jesus died and paid that price, but 'twas not for an ape.
Believe on Jesus and be saved, before it is too late!