

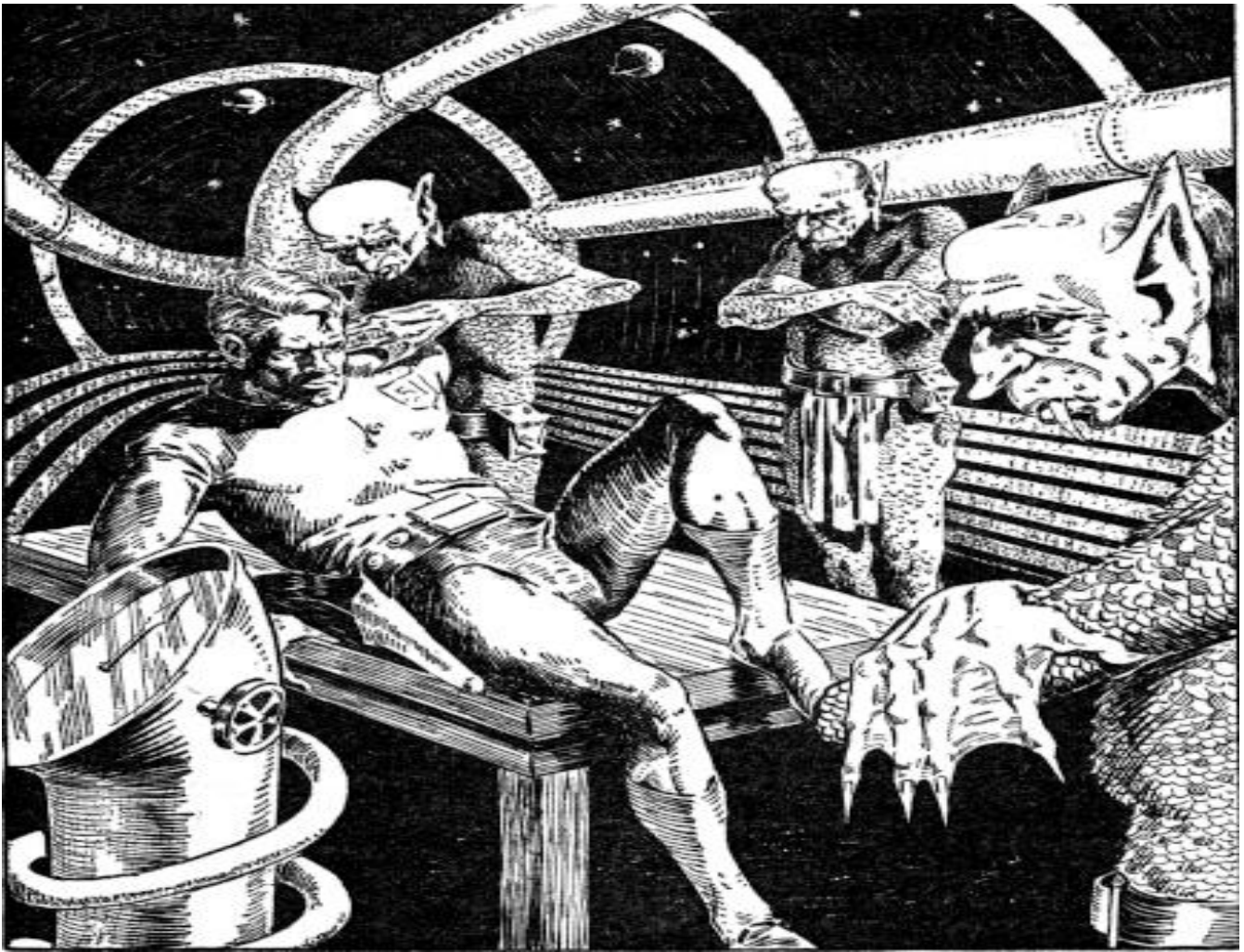
THINK ABOVE THE BOX
Bible Study Guide for
Lazarus Come Forth
By Ray Bradbury*



Looking at literature through a Biblical lens



2 Corinthians 4:18 TLB So we do not look at what we can see right now, the troubles all around us, but we look forward to the joys in heaven which we have not yet seen. The troubles will soon be over, but the joys to come will last forever.



LAZARUS COME FORTH

The Morgue Ship had gleaned information from space that would end the three hundred year war, knowledge that would defeat the aggressor Martians - if Brandon could carry it to Earth....

Logan's way of laughing was bad. "There's a new body up in the air-lock, Brandon. Climb the rungs and have a look."

Logan's eyes had a green shine to them, eager and intent. They were ugly, obscene.

Brandon swore under his breath. This room of the Morgue Ship was crowded with their two personalities. Besides that, there were scores of cold shelves of bodies freezing quietly, and the insistent vibration of the coroner tables, machinery spinning under them. And Logan was like a little machine that never stopped talking.

"Leave me alone." Brandon rose up, tall and thinned by the years, looking as old as a pocked meteor. "Just keep quiet."

Logan sucked his cigarette. "Scared to go upstairs? Scared it might be your son we just picked up?"

Brandon reached Logan in about one stride, and while the Morgue Ship slipped on through space, he clenched the coroner's blue uniform with the small bones inside it and hung it up against the wall, pressing inward until Logan couldn't breathe. Logan blew air, his eyes looked helpless. He tried to speak and could only grunt like a stuck pig. He waved his short arms, flapping.

Brandon kept him there, crucified on a fist.

"I told you. Let me search for my own son's body in my own way. I don't need your tongue."

Logan's eyes were losing their shine, were getting blind and glazed. Brandon stepped back, releasing the little assistant. Logan bumped softly against metal flooring, his mouth hungry for air, his nostrils flaring for breath. Brandon watched the little face of Logan over the crouched, gasping body, with red color and anger shooting up into it with every passing second.

"Coward!" he threw it out of himself, Logan did. "Got yellow—neon-tubing—for your spine. Coward. Never went to war. Never did anything for Earth against Mars."

Brandon said the words in slow motion. "Shut up."

"Why?" Logan crept back, inching up the metal hull. The blood pumps under the skirts of the tables pulsed across the warm silence. "Does it hurt, the truth? Your son'd be proud of you, okay. Ha!" He coughed and spat. "He was so damn ashamed of you he went and signed up for space combat. So he got lost from his ship during a battle." Logan licked his lips very carefully. "So, to make up for it, you signed on a Morgue Ship. Try to find his body. Try to make amends. I know you. You wouldn't join the Space Warriors to fight. No guts for that. Had to get a nice easy job on a morgue ship—"

Lines appeared in Brandon's gaunt cheeks, his eyes were closed, the lids pale. He said, and tried to believe it himself, "Someone has to pick up the bodies after the battle. They can't go flying on forever in their own orbits. They deserve burial."

The bitterness of Logan struck even deeper. "Who are you tryin' to convince?" He was on his feet now. "Me, it's different. I got a right to running this ship. I was in the other war."

"You're a liar," Brandon retorted. "You hunted radium in the asteroids with a mineral tug. You took this Morgue Ship job so you could go right on hunting radium, picking up bodies on the side."

Logan laughed softly, but not humorously. "So what? 'Least I'm no coward. I'll burn anybody gets in my way." He thought it over. "Unless," he added, "they give me a little money."

Brandon turned away, feeling ill. He forced himself to climb up the rungs toward that air-lock, where that fresh body lay, newly still-born from space by the retrieving-claw. His palms left wet shining prints on the rungs. His climbing feet made a soft noise in the cold metal silence.

The body lay in the cold air-lock's center, as thousands had lain before. Its posture was one of easy slumber, relaxed and not speaking ever again.

Brandon took in his breath. Numbly he realized it was not his son. Every time a new body was found he feared and yet hoped it would be Richard. Richard of the easy laughter and good smile and dark curly hair. Richard who was now floating off somewhere toward some far eternity.

Brandon's eyes dilated. He went to his knees and with efficient darts of his eyes, he covered the vital points of this strange uniform with the young body inside it. His heart pounded briefly, and when he got up again he acted like he had been struck in the face. He walked unsteadily to the rungs.

"Logan," he called down the hole in a numbed voice. "Logan, come up here. Quick."

Logan climbed lazily up, emitting grunts and smoke.

"Look here," said Brandon, kneeling again by the body.

Logan looked and didn't believe it. "Where in hell'd you get that?"

Lying there, the face of the body was like snow framed by the ebony black of the hair. The eyes were blue jewels caught in the snow. There were slender fingers reclining against the hips. But, most important of all, was the cut of the silver metal uniform, the grey leather belt and the bronze triangle over the silent heart with the numerals 51 on it.

Logan held onto the rungs. "Three hundred years old," he whispered it. "Three hundred years old," he said.

"Yes." The Numerals 51 were enough for Brandon. "After all these centuries, and in perfect condition. Look how calm he is. Most corpse faces aren't—pretty. Something happened, three hundred years ago, and he's been drifting, alone, ever since. I—" Brandon caught his breath.

"What's wrong?" snapped Logan.

"This man," said Brandon, wonderingly, "committed suicide."

"How do you figure?"

"There's not a mark of decompression, centrifugal force, disintegrator or ray-burn on him. He simply *stepped* out of a ship. Why should a Scientist of the 51 Circle commit suicide?"

"They had wars back there, too," said Logan. "But this is the first time I ever seen a stiff from one of them. It can't happen. He shoulda been messed up by meteors."

A strange prickling crept over Brandon. "When I was a kid, I remember thumbing through history books, reading about those famous 51 Scientists of the Circle who were doing experimental work on Pluto back in the year 2100. I memorized their uniforms, and this bronze badge. I couldn't mistake it. There was a rumor that they were experimenting with some new universal power weapon."

"A myth," said Logan.

"Who knows? Maybe. Maybe not. But before that super weapon was completed, Earth fell beneath Mar's assault. The 51 Scientists destroyed themselves and their Base when the Martians came. The—myth—says that if the Martians had been only a month later—the weapon would have been out of blueprint and into metal."

Brandon stopped talking and looked at the long-boned, easily slumbering Scientist.

"And now he shows up. One of the original 51. I wonder what happened? Maybe he tried to reach Earth and had to leap into space to escape the Martians. Logan, we've got history with us, pulled in out of space, cold and stark under our hands."

Logan laughed uneasily. "Yeah. Now, if we only had that weapon. Baby, that'd be something to sing about, by God."

Brandon jerked.

Logan looked at him. "What's eating you?"

Brandon laid his fingers on the dead Scientist's skull.

"Maybe—just maybe—we *have* got the weapon," he said.

His hand trembled.

The coroner pumps throbbed warmly under the table, while manipulating tendrils darted swiftly, effectively over the dead Scientist's body. Brandon moved, too, like a machine. In a regular fury he had forced Logan to hurry the body down into the preparations room, inject adrenalin, thermal units, apply the blood pump and accomplish a thousand other demanding and instantaneous tasks.

"Now, out of the way, Logan. You're more trouble than help!"

Logan stumbled back. "Okay, okay. Don't get snotty. It won't work. I keep telling you. All these years."

Brandon could see nothing. Logan's voice was muffled, far away. There was only the surge of pumps, the sweating heat of the little cubicle, and niche number 12 waiting to receive this body if he failed. Brandon swallowed, tightly. Niche number 12 waiting, cold, ready, waiting for a body to fill it. He'd have to fight to keep it empty.

He began to sing-song words over and over as he injected stimulants into the body. He didn't know where the words came from, from childhood, maybe, from his old religious memories:

"Lazarus come forth," Brandon said softly, bending close, adjusting the manipulatory tendrils. "Lazarus, come forth."

Logan snorted. "Lazarus! Will you can that!"

Brandon had to talk to himself. "Inside his brain he's got that energy weapon that Earth can use to end the war. It's been frozen in there three hundred years. If we can thaw it out—"

"Who ever heard of reviving a body after that long?"

"He's perfectly preserved. Perfectly frozen. Oh, God, this is Fate. I know it. I feel it. Came to find Richard and I found something bigger! Lazarus! Lazarus, come forth from the tomb!"

The machines thrummed louder, beating into his ears. Brandon listened, watched for just one pulse, just one beat, one word, one moment of life.

"Air for the lungs," and Brandon attached oxygen cones over the fine nose and relaxed lips. "Pressure on the ribs." Metal plates pressuring the rib case slowly out and in. "Circulation." Brandon touched the control at the foot of the table and the whole table tilted back and forth in a whining teeter-tauter.

A report clipped through on the audio:

"Morgue Ship. Battle Unit 766 calling Morgue Ship. Off orbit of Pluto 234CC, point zero-two, off 32, one by seven, follow up. Battle just terminated. Six Martian ships destroyed. One Earth ship blasted apart and bodies thrown into space. Please recover. 79 men. Bodies in orbit heading toward sun at 23456 an hour. Check."

Logan flipped his cigarette away. "That's us. We got work to do. Come on. Let that stiff cool. He'll be here when we come back."

"No!" Brandon fairly shouted it, eyes wild. "He's more important than all those men out there. We can help them later. He can help us *now*!"

The table came to a halt, bringing absolute silence.

Brandon bent forward to press his ear against the warmed rib-casing.

"Wait."

There it was. Unbelievably, there it was. A tiny pulse stirring like a termite down under, softly and sluggishly moving through the body, jabbing the heart and — NOW! Brandon cried out. He was shaking all over. He was setting the machine in operation again, and talking and laughing and going crazy with it.

"He's alive! He's alive! Lazarus has come from the tomb! Lazarus reborn again! Notify Earth immediately!"

At the end of an hour, the pulse was timing normal, the temperature was lowering down from a fever, and Brandon moved about the preparations' room watching every quiver of the body's internal organs through the tubular-fluoroscope.

He exulted. This was having Richard alive again. It was compensation. You roared into space looking somewhere for your lost self-respect, your pride, looking for your son who is shooting on some soundless orbit into nothing, and now the biggest child of Fate is deposited in your arms to warm and bring to life. It was impossible. It was good. Brandon almost laughed. He almost forgot he had ever known fear of death. This was conquering it. This was like bringing Richard back to life, but even more. It meant things to earth and humanity; things about weapons and power and peace.

Logan interrupted Brandon's exultant thinking by blowing smoke in his face. "You know something, Brandy? This is damn good! You done something, Mister. Yeah."

"I thought I told you to notify Earth."

"Ah, I been watching you. Like a mama hen and her chick. I been thinking, too. Yeah." Logan shook ashes off his smoke. "Ever since you pulled in this prize fish, I been turning it over in my mind."

"Go up to the radio room and call Earth. We've got to rush the Scientist to Moon Base immediately. We can talk later."

There was that hard green shine to Logan's narrow eyes again. He poked a finger at Brandon. "Here's the way I get it. Do we get rewarded for finding this guy? Hell, no. It's our routine work. We're *supposed* to pick up bodies. Here we got a guy who's the key to the whole damn war."

Brandon's lips hardly moved. "Call Earth."

"Now, hold on a moment, Brandy. Let me finish this. I been thinking, maybe the Martians'd like to own him, too. Maybe they'd like to be around when he starts talking."

Brandon made a fist. "You heard what I said."

Logan put his hand behind him. "I just want to talk peaceable with you, Brandy. I don't want trouble. But all we'll get for finding this stiff is a kiss on the cheek and a medal on the chest. Hell!"

Brandon was going to hit him hard, before he saw the gun in Logan's fingers, whipped out and pointing.

"Take a look at this, Brandy, and don't lose your supper."

In spite of himself, Brandon quailed. It was almost an involuntary action. His whole body plunged back, aching, pulling with it.

"Now, let's march up to the radio room. I got a little calling to do. Get on with you. Hup!"

In the radio-room, Logan touched studs, raised a mike to his lips and said:

"Beam to Mars. Beam to Mars. Morgue Ship of Earth calling. Mars Beam answer."

After an interval, Mars gave answer. Logan said:

"I've just picked up the body of a 51 Circle Scientist. He's been resuscitated. Give me your fleet commander. I got things to talk over with him." Logan smiled. "Oh, *hello*, commander!"

Half an hour later, the discussions were over, the plans made. Logan hung up, satisfied. Brandon looked at him as if he couldn't believe he was serious.

Back down in the control room, Logan set a course, and then forced Brandon to get the body ready. He bragged about the deal. "A half ton of radium, Brandy. Not bad, eh? Good pay. More than Earth'd ever give me for my routine duty."

Brandon shuddered. "You fool. The Martians will kill us."

"Uh-uh." Logan pantomimed him into moving the body onto a rollered table and taking it to the emergency life-craft air-lock. "I'm not that dumb. I'm having you wire this emergency life-boat with explosive. We collect the minerals first. We blow up the body if the Martians act funny. We make them wait until we've collected our half and gotten five hours' start toward Earth before we allow them to pick up the body. Nice, huh?"

Brandon swayed over the task of wiring the life-boat with explosive. "You're cutting your own throat. Handing over a weapon like that to the Martian enemy."

It was no again from Logan. "After the Martians pick up the body and we're safely on our way home to Earth, I press a button and the whole damn thing blows up. They call it double-crossing."

"Destroy the body?"

"Hell, yes. Think I want a weapon like that turned over to the enemy? Guh!"

"The war'll go on for years."

"So Earth'll wind up winning, anyhow. We're getting along, slow but sure. And when the war's over, I got a load of radium to set myself up in business and a big future in front of me."

"So you kill millions of men, for that."

"What'd they do for me? Ruined my guts in the last war!"

There had to be some argument, something to say, quick, something to do to a man like Logan. Brandon thought, quickly. "Look, Logan, we can work this, but save the body."

"Don't be funny."

"Put one of the *other* bodies in the ship we send out. Save Lazarus' body and run back to Earth with it!" insisted Brandon.

The little assistant shook his head. "The Martians'll have an intra-material beam focused on the emergency ship when they get within one hundred thousand miles of her. They'll be able to tell then if the body's dead or alive. No dice, Brandy."

It was hardly like leaping himself, thought Brandon. It was just frustration and rage and unthinking action. Brandon jumped. Logan hardly flicked an eyelid as he pressed the trigger of his para-gun. It paralyzed the legs from under Brandon and he collapsed. The gun sprayed over his groin and chest and face, too, in a withering shower of red-hot needles. The lights went out.

There was a loose sensation of empty space, and acceleration minus power. Pure soundless momentum. Brandon forced his eyes open painfully, and found himself alone in the preparations' room, lying stretched upon one of the coroner tables, bound with metal fibre.

"Logan!" he bellowed it up through the ship. He waited. He did it again. "Logan!"

He fought the metal fibre, knotting his fists, twisting his arms. He yanked himself back and forth. It pretty well held, except for a looseness in the right hand binding. He worked on that. Upstairs, a queer, detached Martian bass voice intoned itself.

"500,000 miles. Prepare your emergency craft with the body of the Scientist inside of it, Morgue Ship. At 300,000 miles, release the emergency craft. We'll release *our* mineral payment ship now, giving you a half hour leeway to pick it up. It contains the exact amount you asked for."

Logan's voice next:

"Good. The Scientist is alive, still, and doing well. You're getting a bargain."

Brandon's face whitened, bringing out all the hard, scared bones of it, the cheeks and brow and chin bones. He jerked against the binding and it only jumped the air from his lungs so he sobbed. Breathing deeply, he lay back. They were taking his child back out into space. Lazarus, his second son, whom he had birthed out of space with a metal retriever, they were taking back out and away from him. You can't have your real son; so you take the second best and you slap him into breathing life, into breathing consciousness, and before he is a day old they try to tear him away from you again. Brandon fairly yelled against his manacles of wire. Sweat came down his face, and the stuff from his eyes wasn't all sweat.

Logan tiptoed down the hard rungs, grinning.

"Awake, Sleeping Beauty?"

Brandon said nothing. His right hand was loosened. It was wet and loosened, working like a small white animal at his side, slipping from its wire trap.

"You can't go ahead with it, Logan."

"Why not?"

"The Earth Tribunal will find out."

"You won't tell them." Logan was doing something across the room. He was the only moving thing in front of a hundred cold shelves of sleeping warriors.

Brandon gasped, tried to get up, fell back. "How'll you fake my death?"

"With an injection of sulfacardium. Heart failure. Too much pulse on a too old heart. Simple." Logan turned and there was a hypodermic in his hand.

Brandon lay there. The ship went on and on. The body was upstairs, lying breathing in its metal cradle, mothered by him and jerked to life by him, and now going away. Brandon managed to say:

"Do me a favor?"

"What?"

"Give me the drug now. I don't want to be awake when you send Lazarus out. I don't want that."

"Sure." Logan came walking across the deck, raising the hypodermic. It glittered hard and silver, fine and sharp.

"One more thing, Logan."

"Hurry it up!"

Only one arm free, one leg able to move slightly. Logan was pressing against the table, now. The hypodermic hesitated in his fingers.

"This!" said Brandon.

With one foot, Brandon kicked the teeter-tauter control at the base of the board. The board, whining, began to elevate swiftly. With his free arm, instantly pulling the last way free from the wire, Brandon clutched Logan's screaming head and jammed it down under the table, under the descending board. Board and metal base ground together and kept on going three inches. Logan screamed only once. The sounds after that were so horrible that Brandon retched. Logan's body slumped and hung, arms slack, hypo dropped and shattered on the deck.

The whole table kept going up and down, up and down.

It made Brandon sicker with each movement. The whole room revolved, tipped, spun sickishly. The corpses in all their niches seemed to shiver with it.

He managed to kick the control to neutral and the table poised, elevated at the heels, so blood pounded hotly into Brandon's pale face, lighting, coloring it. His heart was pounding furiously and the chronometer upon the hull-wall clicked out time passing, time passing and miles with it, and Martians coming so much the closer....

He fought the remaining wires continuously, cursing, bringing threads and beads of blood from raw wrist, ankle and hips. Red lights buzzed like insects on the ceiling, spelling out:

"ROCKET COMING ... UNKNOWN CRAFT ... ROCKET APPROACHING...."

Hold on, Lazarus. Don't let them wake you all the way up. Don't let them take you. Better for you to go on slumbering forever.

The wire on his left wrist sprang open. It took another five minutes to bleed himself out of the ankle wires. The ship spun on, all too quickly.

Not looking at Logan's body, Brandon sprang from the table and with an infinite weariness tried to speed himself up the rungs. His mind raced ahead, but his body could only sludge rung after rung upward into the radio room. The door to the emergency rocket boat was wide and inside, living quietly, cheeks pink, pulse

beating softly in the throat, Lazarus lay unthinking, unknowing that his new father had come into his presence.

Brandon glanced at his wrist chronometer. Almost time to slam that door, shoving Lazarus out into space to meet the Martians. Five minutes.

He stood there, sweating. Then, decided, he put a tight audio beam straight on through to green Earth. Earth.

"Morgue Ship coming home. Morgue Ship coming home! Important cargo. Important cargo. Please meet us off the Moon!"

Setting the ship controls into an automatic mesh, he felt the thundering jets explode to life under him. It was not alone their shaking that pulsed through his body. It was something of himself, too. He was sick. He wanted to get back to Earth so badly he was violently ill with the desire. To forget all of war and death.

He could give Lazarus to the enemy and then turn homeward. Yes, he supposed he could do that. But, give up a second son where you already have given up one? No. No. Or, destroy the body now? Brandon fingered a ray-gun momentarily. Then he threw it away from him, eyes closed, swaying. No.

And if he should try to run away to Earth now? The Martians would pursue and capture him. There was no speed in a Morgue Ship to outdistance superior craft.

Brandon walked unsteadily to the side of the sleeping Scientist. He watched him for a moment, touching him, looking at him with a lost light in his eyes.

Then, he began the final preparations, lifting the Scientist, going toward the life rocket.

The Martians intercepted the emergency life-rocket at 5199CVZ. The Morgue Ship itself was nowhere visible. It had already completed its arc and was driving back toward Earth.

The body of Lazarus was hurried into the hospital cubicle of the Martian rocket. The body was laid upon a table, and immediate efforts were made to bring it out of its centuries of rest.

Lazarus reclined, silver uniform belted across the middle with soft mouse-grey leather, bronze symbol 51 over the heart.

Breathlessly, the Martians crowded in about the body, probing, examining, trying, waiting. The room got very warm. The little purple eyes blinked hot and tensed.

Lazarus was breathing deeply now, sighing into full aware life, Lazarus coming from the tomb. After three hundred years of avoiding death.

Armed guards stood on both sides of the medical table, weapons poised, torture mechanisms ready to make Lazarus speak if he refused to tell.

The eyes of Lazarus fluttered open. Lazarus out of the tomb. Lazarus seeing his companions, iris widening upon itself, forcing shape out of mist. Seeing the curious blue skulls of anxious Martians collected in a watching crowd about him. Lazarus living, breathing, ready to speak.

Lazarus lifted his head, curiously, parted his lips, wetted them with his tongue, and then spoke. His first words were:

"What time is it?"

It was a simple sentence, and all of the Martians bent forward to catch its significance as one of the Martians replied:

"23:45."

Lazarus nodded and closed his eyes and lay back. "Good. He's safe then, by now. He's safe."

The Martians closed in, waiting for the next important words of the waking dead.

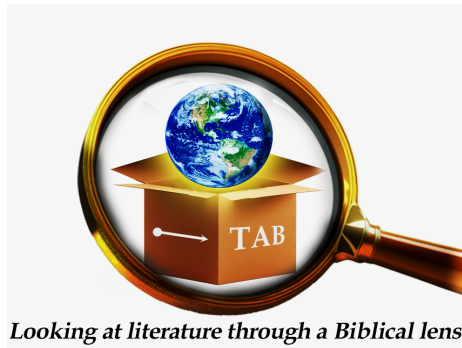
Lazarus kept his eyes closed, and he trembled a little, as if, in spite of himself, he couldn't help it.

He said:

"My name is Brandon."

Then, Lazarus laughed....

The End



Looking at literature through a Biblical lens

1. You might be asking yourself, “Should Christians even be reading science fiction like *Lazarus Come Forth?* Many consider the genre sacrilege, but there’s more to the story here. Consider that some of the world’s best science fiction writers include C. S. Lewis and J. R. R. Tolkien of *The Chronicles of Narnia* and *The Lord of the Rings* fame!! Let’s explore this a little, shall we?

*“Nobody ‘believes in’ *The Lord of the Rings* or *The Chronicles of Narnia* in the same way they ‘believe in’ the Bible, nor did the creators of these stories intend that anybody should. Yes, these tales are intended to reflect and embody many important Christian ideas. But they do it thematically, symbolically, and imaginatively, somewhat in the style of the parables of Jesus. They are not meant to be taken as ‘true’ in and of themselves, in the same way that the narratives of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John are ‘true.’”*

- **Focus on the Family**

Questions About Christian Fantasy/Fiction - Focus on the Family

Exodus 35:30-33 GNT Moses said to the Israelites, “The LORD has chosen Bezalel, the son of Uri and grandson of Hur from the tribe of Judah. God has filled him with his power and given him skill, ability, and understanding for every kind of artistic work, for planning skillful designs and working them in gold, silver, and bronze; for cutting jewels to be set; for carving wood; *and for every other kind of artistic work.*”

“My goal is to take the reader to another world. In that place, you can’t take for granted the things you take for granted here. In fact, in that other world, you are able to see things that are just as real in our own lives, but we lack the power to see them...Fiction, including fantasy and science fiction, has that power—to let you see through fresh eyes because you are thinking differently. As a reader, sometimes getting far enough away from your life allows you to look back and see yourself for the first time.”

- Randy Alcorn

Can Science Fiction and Fantasy Books Be God-Honoring? - Eternal Perspective Ministries

1 Peter 4:10 AMP Just as each one of you has received a *special* gift [a spiritual talent, an ability graciously given by God], employ it in serving one another as [is appropriate for] good stewards of God’s multi-faceted grace [faithfully using the diverse, varied gifts and abilities granted to Christians by God’s unmerited favor].

“You may not know what makes a book science fiction (short name: sci-fi), or that there is such a thing as Christian sci-fi books. Here’s what you need to know if you’re interested in checking out the genre, and some great Christian sci-fi books to try.”

- G. Connor Salter

15 Great Christian Sci-Fi Books for Kids and Adults | Crosswalk.com

Psalm 45:1 ERV Beautiful thoughts fill my mind as I speak these lines for the king. These words come from my tongue as from the pen of a skilled writer.

The author of this story, Ray Bradbury, has written many novels [*The Martian Chronicles*, *Fahrenheit 451*, *The Illustrated Man*, etc.] and over 600 short stories! Read what he said about his writing below:

"[Sam] Weller, in one of his books about Bradbury, quoted him as saying he would sometimes open one of his books late at night and cry out thanks to God. 'I sit there and cry because I haven't done any of this,' he told Weller. 'It's a God-given thing, and I'm so grateful, so, so grateful. The best description of my career as a writer is, 'At play in the fields of the Lord.'"

- Nick Dutton: [Sci-fi legend Ray Bradbury dies](#)



Looking at literature through a Biblical lens

Think Above the Box: What do you think? Is science fiction a valid vehicle for spreading the Gospel? Can it be used as a metaphor for Biblical concepts? See if you can discern a scriptural truth from a form of secular media that *you* enjoy. What if there is no redeemable truth in it? What should you do then?

2. Sadly, the two men assigned to their macabre job in the morgue ship did not get along at all! Logan loved to taunt Brandon every chance he could.

"'I told you. Let me search for my own son's body in my own way. I don't need your tongue.' To which Logan replied, 'Got yellow—neon-tubing—for your spine. Coward. Never went to war. Never did anything for Earth against Mars. ... Does it hurt, the truth? Your son'd be proud of you, okay. Ha!' He coughed and spat. 'He was so damn ashamed of you he went and signed up for space combat. So he got lost from his ship during a battle.' Logan licked his lips very carefully. 'So, to make up for it, you signed on a Morgue Ship. Try to find his body. Try to make amends. I know you. You wouldn't join the Space Warriors to fight. No guts for that. Had to get a nice easy job on a morgue ship—'"

Logan sounds like a co-worker from hell! And to taunt Brandon so cruelly about the loss of his son, perhaps one of the most painful things to happen to someone, seems beyond comprehension. The grief of Brandon's loss hangs over him throughout this story, but he had a glimmer of hope each time their ship captured another body.

"Brandon took in his breath. Numbly he realized it was not his son. Every time a new body was found he feared and yet hoped it would be Richard. Richard of the easy laughter and good smile and dark curly hair. Richard who was now floating off somewhere toward some far eternity."

What's someone to do with this pain of loss? Let's look at the story behind this two word Bible verse:

John 11:35 NIV Jesus wept.

"Perhaps nowhere do we see the tender heart of Jesus more than in the shortest verse in the Bible: "Jesus wept" ([John 11:35](#)). When He arrived at the house of mourning where His friend Lazarus lay dead, Jesus didn't shed a cinematic single tear—He wept. Even though He knew that He was about to call Lazarus back to life, He still felt the deep emotions of sadness and anger."

- Jackie Gibson

God's Comfort in the Loss of a Child

Psalm 34:18-19 AMP The LORD is near to the heartbroken and He saves those who are crushed in spirit (contrite in heart, truly sorry for their sin). Many hardships *and* perplexing circumstances confront the righteous, but the LORD rescues him from them all.

Luke 7:11-15 ERV The next day Jesus and his followers went to a town called Nain. A big crowd was traveling with them. When Jesus came near the town gate, he saw some people carrying a dead body. It was the only son of a woman who was a widow. Walking with her were many other people from the town. When the Lord saw the woman, he felt very sorry for her and said, "Don't cry." He walked to the open coffin and touched it. The men who were carrying the coffin stopped. Jesus spoke to the dead son: "Young man, I tell you, get up!" Then the boy sat up and began to talk, and Jesus gave him back to his mother.

"Turn your eyes upon Jesus / Look full in His wonderful face / And the things of earth will grow strangely dim / In the light of His glory and grace."

- Helen Lemmel

🎵 ▶ **Nichole Nordeman - Turn Your Eyes Upon Jesus (Look Up) [Lyrics]**

EXTRA CREDIT: Here's the story behind the hymn written by Helen Lemmel:

"Would it be strange if you were told that this beautiful hymn was written by someone blind? Well, it's true. Helen H. Lemmel, totally blind, wrote nearly 500 hymns. God blessed her with 97 years and she kept busy using her gift to bless others. Although blind and in poverty she would always say, 'I'm doing well in all the things that count.'"

- [Grace 101](#)

▶ **Turn Your Eyes Upon Jesus Hymn Story with Lyrics - Story Behind the Hymn - Helen H. Lemmel**

PS: What a great attitude!

3. The 51 Scientists of the Circle did a very courageous thing in destroying themselves and the secrets to the super weapon they designed to keep the plans out of Martian hands and to save mankind from certain destruction.

"There's not a mark of decompression, centrifugal force, disintegrator or ray-burn on him. He simply stepped out of a ship. Why should a Scientist of the 51 Circle commit suicide?' 'They had wars back there, too,' said Logan. 'But this is the first time I ever seen a stiff from one of them. It can't happen. He shoulda been messed up by meteors.' A strange prickling crept over Brandon. 'When I was a kid, I remember thumbing through

history books, reading about those famous 51 Scientists of the Circle who were doing experimental work on Pluto back in the year 2100. I memorized their uniforms, and this bronze badge. I couldn't mistake it. There was a rumor that they were experimenting with some new universal power weapon.' 'A myth," said Logan. 'Who knows? Maybe. Maybe not. But before that super weapon was completed, Earth fell beneath Mar's assault. The 51 Scientists destroyed themselves and their Base when the Martians came. The—myth—says that if the Martians had been only a month later—the weapon would have been out of blueprint and into metal.'"

Luke 9:24 AMP For whoever wishes to save his life [in this world] will [eventually] lose it [through death], but whoever loses his life [in this world] for My sake, he is the one who will save it [from the consequences of sin and separation from God].

Philippians 3:8 NIV What is more, I consider everything a loss because of the surpassing worth of knowing Christ Jesus my Lord, for whose sake I have lost all things. I consider them garbage, that I may gain Christ.

Did you know about the time when the Jewish people did something similar to avoid subjecting themselves and their families to a life under Roman tyranny, slavery and persecution?

"In AD 72, a Roman legion under the command of General Flavius Silva finally surrounded Masada, but they couldn't reach the small band of holdouts living at the top. In true Roman fashion, the Romans brought in thousands of slaves and spent a number of months building a huge siege ramp up the backside of the mountain. When the Romans finally breached the fortress in the spring of AD 73, they found a ghastly scene. The Zealots, choosing death over capture, had committed ceremonial suicide. In total, 953 men, women, and children died in a final rejection of Roman oppression."

- [**GotQuestions**](#)

[**What is the history of Masada? | GotQuestions.org**](#)

EXTRA CREDIT: For the history buffs amongst us, check out these posts:

"Jesus made some interesting comments to his disciples concerning the desolation that would befall Jerusalem and her glorious temple...The tragedy at Masada and the destruction of Jerusalem was the inevitable outcome of the Jewish leaders and their followers would face for the tragedy of all tragedies when they forced the hand of Pilate to order the crucifixion of their Messiah."

- [**Bible History**](#)

Matthew 24:1-2 GW As Jesus left the temple courtyard and was walking away, his disciples came to him. They proudly pointed out to him the temple buildings. Jesus said to them, "You see all these buildings, don't you? I can guarantee this truth: Not one of these stones will be left on top of another. Each one will be torn down."

Luke 13:34-35 ERV "Jerusalem, Jerusalem! You kill the prophets. You stone to death the people God has sent to you. How many times I wanted to help your people. I wanted to gather them together as a hen gathers her chicks under her wings. But you did not let me. Now your home will be left completely empty. I tell you, you will not see me again until that time when you will say, 'Welcome! God bless the one who comes in the name of the Lord.'"

[**Masada - Bible History**](#)

What would make men kill their own family and then themselves? Look what happened three years before:

"In 70 AD the land of Judea was plunged into chaos and turmoil. Bands of Zealots and other Jewish rebel groups roved the countryside attacking Roman garrisons and even their own Jewish brethren they accused of sympathizing or appeasing the Romans. The Romans reacted with brutality, showing no mercy as they indiscriminately killed men, women, and children. Scores of Jews throughout the land fleeing the Romans made their way to Jerusalem where the Zealots had successfully ousted the Roman garrison from the city in 66 AD. In April of 70 AD, the Roman General, Titus, who would later become Caesar, besieged the city of Jerusalem with over 100,000 people trapped inside. As the Romans tightened their strangle hold upon the city, the Zealots and groups opposing them began fighting each other within the city, even burning each other's food supplies. Anarchy, fear, and starvation reigned within Jerusalem's city walls. Outside the city camped the Romans who would crucify any man, woman, or child caught fleeing the city. So many crosses were being made to crucify those fleeing that the woods in the surrounding area were almost completely deforested."

- [Hope for Israel](#)

Jerusalem 70 AD: Not One Stone Left upon Another - Hope for Israel

4. As Brandon and Logan are desperately trying to revive the dead scientist's body, a transmission is received from Battle Unit 766 asking for the recovery of 79 soldiers who died fighting the Martians:

"'Morgue Ship. Battle Unit 766 calling Morgue Ship. Off orbit of Pluto 234CC, point zero-two, off 32, one by seven, follow up. Battle just terminated. Six Martian ships destroyed. One Earth ship blasted apart and bodies thrown into space. Please recover. 79 men. Bodies in orbit heading toward sun at 23456 an hour. Check.'
Logan flipped his cigarette away. 'That's us. We got work to do. Come on. Let that stiff cool. He'll be here when we come back.' *'No!' Brandon fairly shouted it, eyes wild. 'He's more important than all those men out there. We can help them later. He can help us now!'"*

How about taking a look at the 79th Psalm? It is believed to have been written by Asaph regarding the destruction of the temple in Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar in 586 BC. Things looked pretty bleak, with death and destruction everywhere, somewhat similar to the Earth-Martian War in our story. Even so, after describing the events he saw, Asaph returns to thanking and praising God. This psalm helps a believer when things seem totally desperate with enemies all around and all seems lost.

Psalm 79:1-13 AMP *A Lament over the Destruction of Jerusalem, and Prayer for Help. A Psalm of Asaph. O God, the nations have invaded [the land of Your people] Your inheritance; They have defiled Your sacred temple; they have laid Jerusalem in ruins. They have given the dead bodies of Your servants as food to the birds of the heavens, the flesh of Your godly ones to the beasts of the earth. They have poured out their blood like water all around Jerusalem, And there was no one to bury them. We have become an object of taunting to our neighbors [because of our humiliation], a derision and mockery to those who encircle us. How long, O LORD? Will You be angry forever? Will Your jealousy [which cannot endure a divided allegiance] burn like fire? Pour out Your wrath on the [Gentile] nations that do not know You, and on the kingdoms that do not call on Your name. For they have devoured Jacob and made his pasture desolate. O do not remember against us the sins and guilt of our forefathers. Let Your compassion and mercy come quickly to meet us, for we have been brought very low. Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of Your name; rescue us, forgive us our sins for Your name's sake. Why should the [Gentile] nations say, "Where is their God?" Let there be known [without delay] among*

the nations in our sight [and to this generation], your vengeance for the blood of Your servants which has been poured out. **Let the groaning *and* sighing of the prisoner come before You; according to the greatness of Your power keep safe those who are doomed to die.** And return into the lap of our neighbors sevenfold the taunts with which they have taunted You, O Lord. So we Your people, the sheep of Your pasture, will give You thanks forever; we will declare *and* publish Your praise from generation to generation.

"In this passage, as the songwriter Asaph sees blood pooling in the streets of Jerusalem, he begs God for mercy. As always, we are committed to showing you how to see the good news of the Gospel in every passage of Scripture. In Psalm 79, we see that Jesus' death is proof that there will be a final day of vengeance against all those who harm, hurt, and oppress God's people."

- Seth Stewart

▶ Psalm 79 | Begging For Mercy | Bible Study

"Oh God the nations have come and taken / your chosen land your possession / Jerusalem lies heaped in ruins / your holy temple in defilement / they have left the bodies of your servants / as food for the birds of the heavens / ... / help us, O God help us / help us, O God help us / save us, O God save us / help us, O God help us. / ... / and we your people / will give thanks to you."

- Jesse and Leah Roberts

🎵 ▶ Poor Bishop Hooper - Psalm 79 (EveryPsalm)



Looking at literature through a Biblical lens

Think Above the Box: Can you compare and contrast the battle between the Babylonians and the Israelites in Psalm 79 to the Earth vs. Martian War in the story? What is similar? What is different? Just as the psalmist prays for help, how were the people of Earth saved by Brandon's act of self-sacrifice?

*"'Sacrifice' is a word that comes to mind when we think about the truths and realities embedded in the gospel. From **Romans 12:1** to **Hebrews 9:28** there are a plethora of Bible verses about sacrifice that explain why Jesus died for our sins and how we should live out selfless love in our own lives...Considering the importance of these realities, we decided to put together a powerful list of Bible verses about sacrifice. So, let's explore:"*

- Billy Hallowell

10 Bible Verses About Sacrifice — and Jesus' Love



Looking at literature through a Biblical lens



Looking at literature through a Biblical lens

BONUS Think Above the Box: How would things have turned out if there was a self-sacrificing Martian who gave his life to end the senseless deaths of Martians and humans alike in the Earth-Martian War?

5. Logan, just like the most famous traitor in history, Judas Iscariot, committed his betrayal by selling out humanity for money. Both men's evil deeds did not succeed, but only delayed the inevitable. Jesus died and rose again in spite of Judas' treachery, and Brandon's plan of impersonating the long dead scientist and thwarting the Martian takeover of Earth still occurred. What goes through the head of such people to do what they did?

"Logan laughed softly, but not humorously. 'So what? Least I'm no coward. I'll burn anybody gets in my way.' He thought it over. 'Unless,' he added, 'they give me a little money'...And when the war's over, I got a load of radium to set myself up in business and a big future in front of me... Here's the way I get it. Do we get rewarded for finding this guy? Hell, no. It's our routine work. We're supposed to pick up bodies. Here we got a guy who's the key to the whole damn war...A half ton of radium, Brandy. Not bad, eh? Good pay. More than Earth'd ever give me for my routine duty.'"

While Brandon was *assigned* to the morgue ship that Logan was a part of, Jesus actually *chose* Judas to be one of his disciples! But why?

John 6:64 ESV But there are some of you who do not believe." (For Jesus knew from the beginning who those were who did not believe, and who it was who would betray him.)

"There are few more perplexing questions of the Bible than this: If he knew that he would betray him in the end, why did Jesus choose Judas as a disciple to begin with? The perplexing question comes specifically from a podcast listener named Austin. 'Hello, Pastor John. I have been studying through the book of John lately, and I began to wonder why Jesus chose Judas to be one of his disciples in the first place. And what does Jesus have to teach us by choosing someone to be his disciple, knowing full well he would betray him? Are there any takeaways for us in this?'"

- John Piper

Why Did Jesus Choose Judas? | Desiring God

Luke 22:2-5 ERV The leading priests and teachers of the law wanted to kill Jesus. But they were trying to find a quiet way to do it, because they were afraid of what the people would do. One of Jesus' twelve apostles was named Judas Iscariot. Satan entered him, and he went and talked with the leading priests and some of the soldiers who guarded the Temple. He talked to them about a way to hand Jesus over to them. The priests were very happy about this. They promised to give Judas money for doing this.

"The most spectacular sin that has ever been committed in the history of the world is the brutal murder of Jesus Christ, the morally perfect, infinitely worthy, divine Son of God. And probably the most despicable act in the process of this murder was the betrayal of Jesus by one of his closest friends, Judas Iscariot."

- John Piper

Judas Iscariot, the Suicide of Satan, and the Salvation of the World | Desiring God

6. Jesus and Brandon were both "kernels of wheat" that died and produced a plentiful harvest of good:

John 12:24-25 NLT I tell you the truth, unless a *kernel of wheat* is planted in the soil and dies, it remains alone. But its death will produce many new kernels—a plentiful harvest of new lives. Those who love their life in this world will lose it. Those who care nothing for their life in this world will keep it for eternity.

Philippians 3:8 NIV What is more, I consider everything a loss because of the surpassing worth of knowing Christ Jesus my Lord, for whose sake I have lost all things. I consider them garbage, that I may gain Christ.

"Setting the ship controls into an automatic mesh, he felt the thundering jets explode to life under him. It was not alone their shaking that pulsed through his body. It was something of himself, too. He was sick. He wanted to get back to Earth so badly he was violently ill with the desire. To forget all of war and death.

He could give Lazarus to the enemy and then turn homeward. Yes, he supposed he could do that. But, give up a second son where you already have given up one? No. No. Or, destroy the body now? Brandon fingered a ray-gun momentarily. Then he threw it away from him, eyes closed, swaying. No.

And if he should try to run away to Earth now? The Martians would pursue and capture him. There was no speed in a Morgue Ship to outdistance superior craft.

Brandon walked unsteadily to the side of the sleeping Scientist. He watched him a moment, touching him, looking at him with a lost light in his eyes.

Then, he began the final preparations, lifting the Scientist, going toward the life rocket."

Brandon had three choices: 1. Keep Logan's plan and let Lazarus go to the Martians, *hopefully* with a bang! 2. Destroy the Scientist's body, with the secret weapon plans with it. 3. Replace the Scientist with his own body, flying to certain death but sending the pulsing body back to Earth via the Moon with the weapon plans to save the Earth.

"It meant things to earth and humanity; things about weapons and power and peace."

Why did he choose self-sacrifice? He did it because of the love for his son and the "second son", love of humanity, and a chance to end the war.

Romans 12:21 ERV Don't let evil defeat you, but defeat evil by doing good.

Philippians 2:4 ERV Don't be interested only in your own life, but care about the lives of others too.

You might say that Brandon became the *scapegoat* for all of humanity by giving his life for the cause. But what is a scapegoat, you might ask...

2 Corinthians 5:21 NLT For God made Christ, who never sinned, to be the offering for our sin, so that we could be made right with God through Christ.

Leviticus 16:6-8 AMP He shall take the two goats and present them before the LORD at the doorway of the Tent of Meeting. Aaron shall cast lots for the two goats—one lot for the LORD, the other lot for the scapegoat. Then Aaron shall bring the goat on which the LORD's lot fell and offer it as a sin offering. But the goat on which the lot fell for the scapegoat shall be presented alive before the LORD to make atonement on it; it shall be sent into the wilderness as the scapegoat.

Leviticus 16:20-22 AMP "When he has finished atoning for the Holy Place and the Tent of Meeting and the altar, he shall present the live goat. Then Aaron shall lay both of his hands on the head of the live goat, and confess over it all the wickedness of the sons of Israel and all their transgressions in regard to all their sins; and he shall lay them on the head of the goat [the scapegoat, the sin-bearer], and send it away into the wilderness by the hand of a man who is prepared [for the task]. The goat shall carry on itself all their (the Israelites) wickedness, carrying them to a solitary (infertile) land; and he shall release the goat in the wilderness.

"This video explores the ancient mystery of the scapegoat in Leviticus 16, breaking down the Day of Atonement ritual and its deep biblical significance. Learn how the high priest's sacrifice, the two goats, and the act of transferring sins into the wilderness all point to Jesus as the ultimate atonement for our sins."
- Fitz Crittle

▶ The Ancient Mystery of the Scapegoat REVEALED in Leviticus 16!

Brandon's scars of losing his son in war, living a dismal and hopeless existence on the morgue ship and putting up with Logan's evil ways were parts of his journey leading up to the brave act of giving up his life to save humanity.

"Waking up to a new sunrise / Looking back from the other side / I can see now with open eyes / Darkest water and deepest pain / I wouldn't trade it for anything / Cause my brokenness brought me to You / And these wounds are a story You'll use / So I'm thankful for the scars / Cause' without them I wouldn't know Your heart / And I know they'll always tell of who You are / So forever I am thankful for the scars...I can see, I can see / How You delivered me / In Your hands, In Your feet / I found my victory."
- [iamtheyband](#)



▶ I AM THEY - Scars (Acoustic)th CC lyrics

7. Once Brandon's ship was taken in by the Martian enemy, he slowly awakened to his new and eerie surroundings.

"Lazarus [Brandon] lifted his head, curiously, parted his lips, wetted them with his tongue, and then spoke. His first words were: 'What time is it?' It was a simple sentence, and all of the Martians bent forward to catch its significance as one of the Martians replied: '23:45.' Lazarus nodded and closed his eyes and lay back. 'Good. He's safe then, by now. He's safe.'"

Here is a passage from the Bible that is from a chapter 23, with a verse 45...

Luke 23:45 GNT It was about twelve o'clock when the sun stopped shining and darkness covered the whole country until three o'clock; and the curtain hanging in the Temple was torn in two.

"What was the significance of the temple veil being torn in two when Jesus died? Did the temple veil being torn in two signify that we now have direct access to God?"
- [GotQuestions](#)

▶ What was the significance of the temple veil being torn in two when Jesus died?

Matthew 27:50-51 AMP And Jesus cried out again with a loud [agonized] voice, and gave up His spirit [voluntarily, sovereignly dismissing and releasing His spirit from His body in submission to His Father's plan]. And [at once] the veil [of the Holy of Holies] of the temple was torn in two from top to bottom; the earth shook and the rocks were split apart.

Hebrews 10:19-20 TLB And so, dear brothers, now we may walk right into the very Holy of Holies, where God is, because of the blood of Jesus. This is the fresh, new, life-giving way that Christ has opened up for us by tearing the curtain—his human body—to let us into the holy presence of God.

EXTRA CREDIT: For a deeper look into the meaning of the torn Temple curtain, click here and expand the Commentary section on the right side of the screen:

"This corresponds to a Jewish sign of mourning: tearing one's clothes. Notably, the barrier is ripped from top to bottom, meaning only God could have done it."

- [BibleRef](#)

[What does Luke 23:45 mean? | BibleRef.com](#)



Looking at literature through a Biblical lens

Think Above the Box: Could Brandon's sacrifice to save humanity be a symbol of Jesus' atonement? While we may never know for sure, is it possible that Ray Bradbury picked 23:45 (11:45pm) in military time as a signal or sign for us to check out?

8. Are you familiar with the story of Lazarus in the Bible?

John 11:38-24 TLB But some said, "This fellow healed a blind man—why couldn't he keep Lazarus from dying?" And again Jesus was moved with deep anger. Then they came to the tomb. It was a cave with a heavy stone rolled across its door. "Roll the stone aside," Jesus told them. But Martha, the dead man's sister, said, "By now the smell will be terrible, for he has been dead four days." "But didn't I tell you that you will see a wonderful miracle from God if you believe?" Jesus asked her. So they rolled the stone aside. Then Jesus looked up to heaven and said, "Father, thank you for hearing me. (You always hear me, of course, but I said it because of all these people standing here, so that they will believe you sent me.)" Then he shouted, "Lazarus, come out!" And Lazarus came—bound up in the gravecloth, his face muffled in a head swath. Jesus told them, "Unwrap him and let him go!"

"In His last and greatest public miracle, Jesus resurrects His friend from the dead—and sets off the chain of events that will lead to His own execution."

- [The Chosen](#)

[Jesus Raises Lazarus from the Dead \(John 11\)](#)

Here's a great song about how how Jesus can "roll the stone away" in anyone's life:

"I used to live like a rebel / Didn't wanna behave / Thought a wretch like me couldn't ever be saved / But everything changed, I remember the day / When I heard Him calling my name / Like a thief in the night / He snuck in, took my life. / I was dead now I'm alive and singing / I got stolen by the Grave Robber / Picked me up from that rock bottom / Washed my soul in that holy water / Brought me back to life (brought me back to life) / One more stone rolled away / One more sinner been saved by grace. / This dead man, he ain't dead no longer / all because of that GraveRobber."

- Ben Glover, David Crowder and Jeff Sojka

🎵 **Crowder - Grave Robber (Music Video)**

EXTRA CREDIT: *"CROWDER IS IN THE HOUSE and spilling the beans on his tune "Grave Robber," a song sparked by the biblical tale of Lazarus, and a pumped-up anthem about conquering challenges." - Erika Parkerson*

A Conversation with David Crowder About the Bible Story Behind His Song "Grave Robber"



Looking at literature through a Biblical lens

Think Above the Box: *"He's perfectly preserved. Perfectly frozen. Oh, God, this is Fate. I know it. I feel it. Came to find Richard and I found something bigger! Lazarus! Lazarus, come forth from the tomb!"*

Here's a question teachers love to ask on essay tests: Please compare and contrast Jesus' raising of Lazarus in Scripture to Brandon's raising of the Scientist and the aftereffects of both.

REAL LIFE: *"For NASA Astronaut Barry "Butch" Wilmore, it was a homecoming nine months in the making. 'I dream of this day, being back with family,' he said. 'My God given family and my church family.' Wilmore returned home after what was supposed to be an eight-day mission turned into a 286-day stay aboard the International Space Station due to technical complications—a true test of endurance and faith."*

- **CBN**

🎵 **Rescued NASA Astronaut 'Butch' Wilmore Shares Test of Faith: 'Vital to My Existence'**

"Can't escape disappointment / Can't avoid the delay / But I don't have to make feeling down and defeated the place that I stay / Gonna rise to the moment / Gonna speak to the waves / Gonna push back the doubt that keeps dragging me down when I can't find the way / Don't need to see it (eyes on You) / To believe it (for my breakthrough) / Before You even move or make a way / ... I will stand in faith (eyes on You) / Walk by faith (for my breakthrough) / Live by faith (before You move) / I believe, I believe, I believe..."

- **DANNY GOKEY**

🎵 **Danny Gokey - Stand In Faith (Official Music Video)**

For those wondering what the verse was on the "COFFEE ON THE HOUSE" receipt, it says:

Romans 15:13 ERV I pray that the God who gives hope will fill you with much joy and peace as you trust in him. Then you will have more and more hope, and it will flow out of you by the power of the Holy Spirit.

APOLO-GET-ITS: Although our morgue ship workers are imaginary, how about hearing from some real human astronauts, including Butch Wilmore, on their view of space and God?

Genesis 1:1 ESV In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth.

Job 26:7 GW He stretches out his heavens over empty space. He hangs the earth on nothing whatsoever.

Matthew 24:4 AMPC Jesus answered them, Be careful that no one misleads you [deceiving you and leading you into error.]

"Why do three men who've traveled to space all believe in the God of the Bible? In this interview, astronauts Charlie Duke, Butch Wilmore, and Jeffrey Williams share their most powerful moments in space, how they came to know Jesus, what space revealed to them about the Creator, and how they respond to flat-earth claims and questions about science vs. faith."
- [Answers in Genesis](#)

▶ **Christian Astronauts Share What Secular Scientists WON'T About Space**

EXTRA CREDIT: Have you ever wondered why Jesus didn't enlighten people about more scientific facts that would have provided even more proof regarding His claim of being the Son of God?

"...a polite young skeptic asked why Jesus didn't reveal scientific facts in an effort to demonstrate His Deity. Why didn't Jesus describe something well beyond the scope and knowledge of His contemporaries as a prophetic proof? He could easily have described the role of DNA, the proper organization of the Solar System, or the biological complexity of cellular structures. The questioner believed this sort of knowledge would have been persuasive to him as a 21st Century skeptic, and without it, he remained unconvinced."
- J. Warner Wallace

Why Didn't Jesus Reveal Scientific Facts to Demonstrate His Deity? | Cold Case Christianity

EXTRA EXTRA CREDIT: For a deeper dive into this, click the link below!

"The Biblical text is scientifically consistent, even if not scientifically exhaustive. Perhaps this is why Christianity continues to endure, in spite of our growing understanding of the universe and the molecular world. We would expect God's Word to be consistent with the world we observe, even if there might be good reasons God would not reveal every detail to the ancient eyewitnesses."
- J. Warner Wallace

Scientific Consistency in the Bible Is More Important Than Scientific Revelation | Cold Case Christianity

JUST FOR FUN DEPARTMENT: "You started science and quantum physics / Wrote the law of gravity / You are the smartest, You are the greatest / Scientist in history... / Our Great God of all things wild and free / Thank you, God, for making me!"
- Chris Llewellyn/Gareth Gilkeson

▶ **God of Science (Our Great God) | Lyric Video | Rend Co Kids**

LOVE TO LINK!

The depth of content offered in the Think Above the Box Study Guides would not have been possible without the many talents and Spirit-inspired links that are included for each book. Isn't it great that while you use the study guides you can click on a link and go to these great sites without searching for them?

We would like to express our deep appreciation and gratitude to all the Bible publishers, pastors, bloggers, filmmakers, musicians and Christian media websites for the vast amount of information they provide online. Your efforts are truly a blessing to all who access your sites!

TAB highly encourages students to explore each of the links at their leisure as it is like going down a holy rabbit hole!

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[ESV.org](#)

[Ways to Learn at Ligonier.org](#)

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[rendcokids.com](#)

Afterword

Please check out [Think above the Box](#) for more study guides, blogs, and links to thought-provoking material.

*And please leave us a note on our site about your experience!
We would love to hear your comments!*



Looking at literature through a Biblical lens



2 Corinthians 4:18 TLB So we do not look at what we can see right now, the troubles all around us, but we look forward to the joys in heaven which we have not yet seen. The troubles will soon be over, but the joys to come will last forever.

