

The Slobbering Pink Hairless

By Ed Landry

“For we know that all creation has been groaning.” Romans 8:22

There is a dog that defies description in the Philippines. Actually it can be found in many undeveloped countries. For want of a better term, my wife and I have come to call it the “slobbering pink hairless.” The word “mutt” or mongrel is simply too kind and does not do the dog justice. To be honest there are days when I want to walk around with a two by four and rid them of their pain. I know that does not sound very missionary-like or loving but whenever I look at one of these pathetic, abused and neglected, gross creatures I feel that they alone could be the reason that “the whole creation groans” in Romans 8:22.

It has been well said that beauty is only skin deep, but ugly goes to the bone. Once in a while we will be treated to a slobbering pink hairless that has additional complications. One near where we lived had a distended bowel hanging out of his body which drags on the ground as he winces along. Not what you want to see on your way to lunch.

So why bring up a disgusting thing like this. Can't we just go to our happy place?

Sorry. This is our world. When is the last time you saw a fish in an aquarium? As beautiful as that aquarium was there was something wrong wasn't there? I have had the privilege of swimming in the South China Sea in well-populated coral reefs where angel fish and neon tetras literally come up and eat food out of your hand. They swim briskly in and out of gorgeous reefs with spunk and vitality. But those same fish in a bowl lose something. It is called life. They just weren't made for life in an aquarium.

How about a bird in a cage, a lion in a pen, or any other beast locked up into a habitat they were not made for? A day at the zoo is indeed interesting but not for the inmates. They would much rather be free in a rainforest or munching savannah with their buddies.

How about man? What were we made for? What is our habitat? Do you ever get the feeling that something is not quite right? Is the joy gone or is it getting hard to find purpose? Do we get disgusted with people, environment, circumstances and in general, life?

There is a lot in common between that slobbering pink hairless, the sad bird, the depressed lion, the traffic jam in the morning, cockroaches, my leukemia and a host of other things that make us drop our jaw and wheeze out the words, "This is just not right." And it isn't right. The Scripture tells us that the entire creation of God is having a bad day. It groans in pain and misery and says, "This is just not right."

¹⁹For all creation is waiting eagerly for that future day when God will reveal who his children really are. ²⁰Against its will, everything on earth was subjected to God's curse. ²¹All creation anticipates the day when it will join God's children in glorious freedom from death and decay. ²²For we know that all creation has been groaning as in the pains of childbirth right up to the present time. ²³And even we Christians, although we have the Holy Spirit within us as a foretaste of future glory, also groan to be released from pain and suffering. We, too, wait anxiously for that day when God will give us our full rights as his children, including the new bodies he has promised us. Romans 8:19-23

The entire creation is under the curse, including my body ravaged by leukemia, that slobbering pink hairless, and every cubic centimeter of the infinite expanse of the universe. The fall broke it all, and the day is coming when God is going to ultimately fix it. All of it. A resurrected earth is coming, a resurrected body is coming, a resurrected universe is coming. Anticipation is in the air.

When you walk through desperate human slums, you cannot help but cry out to God for a new beginning. When we hold a loved one dying of a painful disease or hear of a madman killing innocent victims, we want a new earth without all the problems, without

the curse. We groan. When will this excruciating chapter of the fallen creation and our broken humanity end? You can see it in the eyes of every abused creature from man to animal begging for something better. Storms across the land relentlessly vent their wrath on the planet adding tension, fear and frustration. It is like a roar. Something is coming and it is about to change everything - forever. The pangs of birth are getting strong. It's coming. Something much better.

I am getting excited. I know that dog is too.