

Creation Truths

Evolution Loses Its Way

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Evolution requires that all creatures develop, over millions of years, purely by random chance *accidents*. There is no design — and hence, no need for an Intelligent Designer.

Yet, if we choose to look closely at any particular creature, *common sense* alone often shows us that evolution is an IM-POSSIBILITY.

We have looked in previous issues at the examples of the woodpecker and the bat, and seen what incredibly complex creatures they are, yet PERFECTLY FITTED for what they do, and with no possibility of being able to survive for millions of years whilst they (allegedly) adapted.

Let's look now at another marvel of God's creation and, once again, ask the very basic question — just *how could* such a creature evolve by random accidents?

The Alaskan Golden Plover (Latin name: *pluvialis dominica fulva*) is a small bird that likes adventure!

Many of the birds we are familiar with are quite content to live in our local areas. They feed on grubs or nuts or berries, and we'll find them in our gardens or neighbourhoods all year round. Some birds, however, don't like staying around in bad weather, and often fly to more pleasant locations as winter approaches (of course, some people do the same!)

The Alaskan Golden Plover is one of those birds that likes to "get away" for the winter. Having browsed through many of the better vacation brochures, the Alaskan Plover has chosen to migrate every year to Hawaii — a distance of 2,500 miles.

The Problem

Let's pick up the story millions of years ago, when Goldie, the first Golden Plover, decides that winter in Alaska is just too uncomfortable, and decides he wants to go somewhere warmer, where the food is better.



The GOLDEN PLOVER. If he had to rely on random accidents and evolution in order to survive, he wouldn't be here! Thankfully, a supremely wise and intelligent DESIGNER was involved!

He does, however, face some very difficult challenges in getting to this place called Hawaii.

First of all, he doesn't actually know that such a place exists! He hasn't been there before, and the local travel magazines in 2,000,000 BC don't cater for international tourism. Still, somehow, on the bird-grapevine, he hears of an exotic location several thousand miles away, where he can do away with his overcoat and balaclava, and enjoy several comfortable months of sunshine and song.

Having decided to go, all he needs now are the precise distance and directions. After all, he has to be able to FIND IT! One part of the Pacific Ocean looks very much like any other part of the Pacific Ocean (lots of water!), yet somehow Goldie has got to navigate 2,500 miles without getting lost.

A friend he knows assures him that it is "sort of" towards the south, but might take some time to get there. Keeping his fingers (or claws) crossed, Goldie sets off towards the south. Not surprisingly he is never seen again.

Compared to the vastness of the Pacific Ocean, Hawaii is very small indeed. It needs pinpoint accuracy to be able to find it. Just "heading sort-of south" from Alaska won't do! And even if Goldie *had known* as he started his journey the correct direction, strong winds and storms would soon blow him way off course, leaving him completely confused as to where he now was, and what direction he needed to go to get back on track.

Modern aircraft use satellite navigation and on-board computers to navigate their way over long distances. Goldie, our first travelling Plover, wasn't able to afford such expensive apparatus, and so he and all subsequent Plovers failed to find Hawaii, and all died, and never evolved, and so don't exist today. Hmmm.

Let's ignore for a moment this enigma of how Plovers (and many other birds) navigate their way by day or night, through clear or cloudy skies, despite gales, storms or fog or other conditions that should completely confuse them as to their whereabouts.

Evolutionists have so far been completely unable to explain how birds navigate. (Shhh — we don't want to upset them by hinting that perhaps a great Creator Being might have something to do with it.)

Let's just gloss over the *utter impossibility* of any bird developing a navigation system that is far superior to that found on a Boeing 747 (just consider *the size*, for one thing!).

So, back to our authentic history of how the Golden Plover evolved.

Having set off tens of thousands of times for Hawaii, getting lost every time, and always having died, Goldie the evolutionary hero sets off once again — but this time equipped with the very latest satellite navigation system. The precise coordinates of Hawaii have been entered in the computer's memory, and success is now guaranteed. Off Goldie goes, looking forward with great excitement to visiting the bird casinos of Honolulu.

Regrettably, our evolutionary hero doesn't make it.

He had overlooked one other rather insurmountable problem.

It takes a lot *of fuel* for an aeroplane to fly 2,500 miles. It takes a lot *of fuel* for a bird to fly 2,500 miles. It is estimated that the Golden Plover beats its wings 250,000 times as it flies to Hawaii (Plovers cannot land on the sea, so have to make the journey non-stop). It uses its *body fat* as fuel. Measurements show that the Plover converts 0.60% of its body weight every hour into energy and heat. Its starting body weight is 200

grams, of which 70 grams is body fat, and mathematical calculations show that it runs out of energy after 72 hours.

Goldie had spent some time on the Internet checking Encarta, to find out his optimum flight speed. He had discovered that flying too fast burns up fuel too quickly, and flying too slow burns up fuel just remaining airborne. He was now confident of success — he would be watching his speedometer all the way, to ensure peak performance.

However, even travelling at his optimum flying speed, which gives him maximum range, it would take him *88 hours* to reach Hawaii. Yet he only has fuel for *72 hours*. Result: even though his on-board Pentium 4 computer keeps him heading in the correct direction for Hawaii, he falls exhausted into the sea some 500 miles short of his destination.

So, regrettably, Goldie and all his successors perished. Which is why there are none alive today. Whoops ... there are tens of thousands of them. And they arrive by the thousands every winter in Hawaii. But how come? None of them has enough fuel to reach Hawaii.

The answer is that Plovers do not fly one-at-a-time. They do not fly as *single individuals*. Plovers fly in groups, in a V-shaped formation known as an *echelon*. (Most of us have probably seen jet fighters flying in such a formation).

The benefit of flying in such a pattern is that the *air turbulence* caused by the wings of the lead bird provides support for the bird that is following. And the air turbulence of the second bird gives support to the bird following him — and so on. Every so often, positions are changed, and a new bird moves to the front, to lead for a while.

The result is that there is a REDUCTION in required energy of 23%! So, by flying in a V-shaped formation, Goldie and his

friends will arrive in Hawaii — after 88 hours of non-stop travel — with a small *surplus* of energy! This means that, even if there are bad weather conditions, and they are blown somewhat off course, they have adequate energy reserves to make it safely most of the time.

How many millions of failed journeys did it take before Plovers, purely by random accident, discovered how to fly in echelon?

Evolutionists have no answers to the obvious questions: *how* do the Plovers find their way across thousands of miles of ocean, how do they know *where* to go anyway, how do they know *when* to go, how and when did they discover how to fly in echelon and, in the million years it took to “learn” all these things by accident, how did they ever manage to “live long and prosper”?

If Plovers had to rely on evolution to survive, there wouldn't be any of them!

Of course, there is one rather simple solution. An all-wise Intelligent Creator DESIGNED IT THIS WAY!



Wild geese flying in formation. This conserves energy, and allows birds to fly safely for longer distances. Just how did they evolve this skill and knowledge BY ACCIDENT???