



THE BLACK DOG SOCIETY

A Temcat study

There is on the Internet, an article called the 'Color of a Dog' where a man is telling a made-up story of a father teaching his son that Creationism is bunko and evolution is the only really scientific way to go. Two parables have been written in response to this story and I share them here for your interest.

We call this:

THE BLACK DOG SOCIETY

PART 1: FACTS REGARDING THE 'SCIENTIFIC METHOD'

*"Faith is:
the substance of fossils hoped for,
the evidence of links unseen." M. M.*

The men who gave us the modern theory of evolution were NOT scientists.

Darwin had no scientific training save a few weeks of med school- he did not know or use the "scientific method". His ignorant conjecturings about 'gemules' and so on, give great embarrassment to modern scientists.

NEITHER evolutionism or creationism can be proved or disproved by the 'scientific method' BECAUSE it is impossible to reproduce either in a controlled laboratory experiment.

EVOLUTION just as much as Creation is accepted on FAITH! It cannot be demonstrated.

Some Men who supported and pushed Darwinism have been shown to have created deliberate hoaxes to support their theory. This is not something any TRUE scientist worthy of the name would do.

The greatest evolutionary experiment; the fruitfly study; went on for many years—millions of generations and failed to show any evidence that new or better species could be produced by mutation or selective breeding. All mutated forms either died out or reverted in a couple generations to the original.

"There is something fascinating about science. One gets such wholesale returns of conjecture out of such a trifling investment of fact." American humorist Mark Twain

PART 2: THE BLACK DOG SOCIETY—A STORY

Once upon a time there was a man who wanted to make a name for himself. He wanted to establish a scientific breakthrough and become famous.

He set himself to prove his theory that all dogs were black. He gathered together as many black dogs as he could and put them on display to the public while presenting lectures that his theory was true. He even wrote a volumous book showing why it had to be so.

People who also wanted to believe that all dogs were black, supported him and promoted his work.

They worked hard and often resorted to dying many dogs black, to support their leader and his theory.

All text books produced for the education of the public, were full of pictures of black dogs. Any other idea was discredited as unscientific.

In his laboratory as some of his dogs had pups—there were born a variety of colors—but when a pup that wasn't black was born, he would destroy it immediately and incinerate the evidence.

Other people and scientists, concerned about this erroneous theory, sent him carefully prepared sets of photos as well as dog-skins from many colors of dogs.

As soon as these were received, they were destroyed or carefully hidden away in the basement of his lab.

Workers in the lab, quickly learned that to mention any other color of dog to anyone would quickly result in their being fired. Indeed even threatened and if they would not be intimidated into silence—they might just disappear along with the non-black dogs.

And so the Black Dog Society grew and prospered.

PART 3: THE COLOR OF A DOG—SEQUEL

Jimmy has been totally convinced by his father that evolution is the only scientific explanation of origins; creation is BUNKO! We pick up our story:

Jimmy went off to play with his friends. After a while his father heard the sound of an ambulance. He didn't pay much attention to that, but soon a loud knock came to the door. When John opened it, he saw a burley policeman.

"You are wanted down at the station," he informed the father, "There has been an incident and your son Jimmy is involved."

"What?" John gasped, "Is he all right?" He remembered the ambulance he had heard.

"Your son is not injured, please come with me," the officer replied.

Down at the station, John soon learned that his son and a couple of his friends was in custody of the juvenile authorities; they had beaten a younger boy almost to death. The boy was handicapped and wore a brace on his leg.

The father was horrified. As he finally got a chance to speak with his son alone, he blurted out, "Son—how could you do a thing like that? I can't understand you!"

"Well, why not father, it's what you taught me is right."

"I taught you? What do you mean by that wisecrack?"

"Well father, you told me that everything in this world is the product of evolution, and evolution works by the survival of the fittest, doesn't it?"

"Well, yes—but I don't see---"

"Well dad, little Timmy Norton is a weakling, he doesn't deserve to survive. He is always wrecking our team and fumbles the ball and can't run worth a hoot! We decided to get rid of him. That is how we wanted to help improve the race. We are going to evolve to the highest level. Any old weaklings better get out of our way!"

"But son, that isn't right!"

"Why dad? Why isn't it right? I used to believe in God and the Bible like Mom taught me. I thought we should be kind to the unfortunate, but you have showed me it is all a bunch of myths and lies. Survival of the strong. The weak die out; the strong survive! And I'm going to be with the strong ones, Dad! What do you mean, 'Not Right'? There's no such thing as right or wrong, Dad, just who survives! That's it—just who survives!"

At this point the juvenile detention officer came into the room. "I'm sorry, you'll have to come with me," she said sadly, "Little Timmy Norton was pronounced dead on arrival at the hospital."

Silence except for two sounds—Jimmy saying with satisfaction, "Good for him!"

—and the thump that John made as he fainted to the floor.