

Creation Truths

How the Woodpecker Pokes Holes in Evolution!

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Among the articles which I very much enjoyed in the Plain Truth magazine back in the 1960's, were the articles which pointed out *the absurdities* in the theory of evolution.

The articles were humorous, and illustrated with some very colourful cartoons. Despite being light-hearted in approach, they pointed out the **FACT** that evolution could not have taken place. Over the years, my copies of these Plain Truth magazines have got lost. But I still remember the article about the **WOODPECKER** — and how the woodpecker makes plain that evolution *wouldn't work!*

A fundamental principle of evolution is that living creatures **CHANGE VERY SLOWLY** and **GRADUALLY**. Over *millions of years*, it is said, a reptile, for example, could change into a bird. This would be brought about by millions of random accidents, or mutations.

[As we saw in an earlier article, such innumerable changes would leave a permanent record in the fossils of all the “transitional” forms. Instead, the fossil record shows only completely perfect, *fully functioning* creatures — with *no links* or transitions!]

The woodpecker is a good example of the problem faced by evolution. For a woodpecker to happily and successfully peck wood, and obtain his living by eating grubs out of trees, he needs *several unique features* — and the snag is — he needs them **ALL AT ONCE!** A woodpecker needs **ALL** of these features. And he can't wait for a million years to gradually develop them! He needs them all — **NOW!** He needs them all

to **BEGIN WITH!** Otherwise he would simply starve to death!

Let's consider the problems faced by the very first *proto-woodpecker*. For the sake of this story, we'll call him *Harry Headbanger*.

For years Harry Headbanger and his forefathers had happily survived by eating berries off the trees. The berries were tasty and juicy — and above all were very easy to get at. They were bright red or orange, and Harry could spot berry trees from hundreds of yards away (we won't worry at this stage how Harry *accidentally* evolved his perfect sight and the ability to fly!). All Harry had to do was simply perch on a berry



A chestnut woodpecker. The result of millions of years of failure and accidents — or the product of an INTELLIGENT DESIGNER?

bush, and gorge himself on tasty berries. Life was so simple.

But “once upon a time” (since we are about to start a fairy tale!), Harry woke up one morning, and realised that he was, in fact, a woodpecker. Indeed, he was *the first* woodpecker. Overnight, whilst sleeping peacefully, his beak had been *transformed* into a perfect woodpecker’s beak. Now Harry was *superior* to his friends! Instead of just sitting on branches eating berries, he could now go up to a huge tree trunk, knock holes in it with his new beak, and start gobbling up the creepy crawlies that hid under the tree bark. Think how much healthier he would be with all that extra protein! He would be the envy of his family and friends!

So, with great excitement, Harry heads off to a nearby tree. He selects a suitable spot where, no doubt, lots of grubs are hiding, gets properly poised, then — BANG — launches his super-powered beak at the tree. One second later, Harry lies dead at the foot of the tree. Regrettably, although he had magically acquired a super-powered beak, his *skull* was only the skull of an ordinary berry-eating bird. When he slammed his beak into the tree trunk, he crushed his very ordinary skull under the force. So, unfortunately, it was “Harry Headbanger, R.I.P.”

You see, a woodpecker needs not only a powerful beak, but also a skull which *is reinforced* — and able to withstand the otherwise damaging effects of sledgehammer blows against solid wood.

However, let’s move forward in time to *Harry Headbanger, the Forty-Third*. This descendant of the original Harry wakes up one morning and, somewhat miraculously, discovers that he has developed not only a powerful beak but ALSO — yes — *a reinforced skull*! At last, woodpeckers are here to stay!

So off zooms Harry the Forty-Third to a nearby tree. Wham!! Whoops. Harry tumbles out of control, and drops with a heavy thud onto the grass below. You see, unfortunately for Harry, it takes more than a good beak and a hard head to be a successful woodpecker!

In order to knock the stuffing out of a tree, a woodpecker needs *very powerful claws* that can *anchor* the woodpecker to the tree trunk. He also requires *reinforced feathers* on his tail. With his two feet gripping tightly, and his tail balanced stiffly, the woodpecker has created a RIGID TRI-POD, which allows him to make his attack on a tree trunk.

The tail feathers of most birds would not be strong enough to provide the support needed for a woodpecker to balance vertically on the side of a tree, and batter away at it.

So if our proto-woodpecker wants to evolve into a real woodpecker he needs to evolve a powerful beak AND a reinforced skull AND two powerful claws AND very rigid tail feathers. And he needs to evolve all of these IMMEDIATELY! He can’t afford to wait a few hundred thousand years for these to *gradually* form! If he needs these features to survive, then he needs them there and then. It takes a lot of FAITH — *blind* faith — on the part of evolutionists — to believe that random and accidental forces could produce such features as perfect rigid tail feathers, a superbly designed and constructed reinforced skull, and incredibly hard beak.

Anyway, back to our fairy tale. One day, by an evolutionary miracle, *Harry Headbanger the 951st*, wakes up one morning and discovers — eureka! — he has acquired *overnight*, the requisite hard beak, reinforced skull, powerful feet and remarkably stiff tail feathers. Now, at last, wood-



peckers can take their place in evolutionary history.

Ever the optimist, Harry the 951st, swoops up to an interesting looking tree. He grips tightly with his powerful feet. Presses hard against the tree with his rigid tail feathers. Aims his formidable beak at the tree, and launches his reinforced skull forwards. Blaam! Blaam! Blaam! Whoops. Harry tumbles off the tree, flies around in utter confusion for a few minutes, before crashing out of control into a cliff face, and falling dead to the forest floor. R.I.P. once again!

Unfortunately (for both Harry and evolutionists), nobody had mentioned that the wooden splinters from pecking away at a tree trunk can get in your eyes and *blind you*. Poor old Harry was blinded within seconds, and so thus ended another opportunity for evolution to succeed. Oh well, back to the drawing board!

You see, apart from everything else they've got, woodpeckers have *special eyelids* that *snap shut* as they drive their head forwards.

Anyway, a lo-o-o-o-ng time later, *Harry the 4034th* comes along (of course, since none of these woodpeckers survived *there wouldn't be* any Harry's after Harry the First, but let's keep the fairy tale going a little longer!). This super-*proto-woodpecker* is born with *all* these features in place (yes, I know it's impossible, but remember, this is just a story).

With some trepidation Harry the 4034th heads for a nearby tree. He finds a likely spot, where he believes some highly nutritious bugs are in hiding. He gets poised, using his natural tripod. He aims his reinforced head, with its steel-hard beak at the tree. His special eyelids snap shut! Bam! Bam! Bam! Success! Harry survives! At last, after millions of failed attempts, with no woodpeckers ever surviving (!), our fairy tale hero, Harry, has done it! Newspaper headlines can now recount how evolution *does work* after all (with only a few MIRACLES here and there!).

But — just a moment. There is a problem. Harry the 4034th has dug a fair sized hole in the side of the tree, but there aren't any goodies

there! The bugs and creepy crawlies heard all the noise and crawled deeper into the recesses of the tree. They are now several inches below the tree trunk, and too far down for Harry to reach. His beak isn't long enough! Several trees and several dozen holes later, Harry falls exhausted to the ground. Two days later, Harry dies of starvation. He couldn't find enough bugs to live off. Poor Harry. (Poor evolution!).

You see, real woodpeckers — the ones that GOD DESIGNED have *long, sticky tongues*. These long tongues allow woodpeckers to “fish” for bugs even when they are hiding deep inside the tree. And what happens to these VERY long tongues when they are not in use? Does the woodpecker wrap it several times around his neck like a scarf? No. The woodpecker retracts it into a muscular sheath that wraps around his skull *under the scalp*, and then tucks into his right nostril! Do evolutionists *really* expect us to believe this all happened BY ACCIDENT?!

And we could continue. But let's leave the fairy tale story of Harry Headbanger, the *evolving woodpecker*. He never existed. A woodpecker needs ALL of his many amazing features AT ONCE, if he is to survive and prosper. He can't wait *even a week* for them to develop — let alone a million years!!

Woodpeckers are perfectly DESIGNED and created by an intelligent CREATOR! They are an example of *astounding ingenuity* and creative skill. We can look at them in action, and marvel at the inventiveness of our God in heaven. The woodpecker is truly one of God's marvelous wonders!