I Think He Made Zebras by Hand

Dorothy M. Wedemeyer

In the opalescent evening
Of the Seventh Day
When God had sent the universe
Out and far away,
Then I think He made zebras by—hand.

Made a little zebra
(made tens and tens of him).
Striped his hide in black and white,
Varied him in dark and bright,
And set him in the grasses
With the wind.

Wild was he and fractious,
No beast of burden he.
Made to gallop in the grasses
On the plain.

Natty little zebra,
Feet with echoes shod
You’re printed with the
Finger marks of God.

Dorothy M. Wedemeyer was born in Albany, Missouri, in 1913. Although she leaned toward the liberal arts from an early age, she also had an interest in science, and today numbers a marine biologist, chemical engineer, physician, and computer scientist among her children and grandchildren. After raising her family, including ASA member Gary A. Wedemeyer, she published her first poetry at the tender age of 80. Now 93, her poem “I Think He Made Zebras by Hand” reflects her continual sense of wonder at the workings of God in nature.

“Both his divine power and divine nature have been clearly seen in the things God has made …” Romans 1:20.