



# I Think He Made Zebras by Hand

Dorothy M. Wedemeyer

**I**n 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.

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**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.*