

Caleb Caribou)

by “Uncle” Bob Devine (edited and revised)

Caleb: [Use a low voice for this large animal.] I’m a caribou, and I have some really neat feet and legs. I think you’ll be interested in learning about them today.

Miss Marilyn: Caleb, is that you?

Caleb: You’ve got it, Miss Marilyn. How are you doing?

Miss Marilyn: Just great, Caleb Caribou. Now, why don’t you tell the boys and girls what a caribou is?

Caleb: Sure. A caribou looks a lot like a deer, kids. Almost the same color. But maybe a little more grayish.

Miss Marilyn: Why, then, do you look like a moose puppet, Caleb?

Caleb: Well, Miss Marilyn, caribou puppets are pretty hard to come by. The kids and you will just have to pretend that I have a nice skinny rack of 14-point antlers. Or you can look at my picture.

Miss Marilyn: Okay, Caleb, we’ll try. So where is home sweet home for you and your caribou friends?

Caleb: That all depends what time of the year you are talking about.

Miss Marilyn: OK. How about the wintertime?

Caleb: Southern Canada.

Miss Marilyn: And the good ol’ summer time?

Caleb: Northern Canada and Alaska.

Miss Marilyn: So, Caleb, you and your caribou friends migrate twice a year.

Caleb: We sure do. Along about July when it starts to get cold in the tundra, thousands and thousands of us caribou head south. We might go five hundred miles, maybe even a thousand if we have to.

Miss Marilyn: Oh, is it the cold you want to get away from?

Caleb: No, it’s the snow, Miss Marilyn. You see, we have to paw for our food under the snow.

Miss Marilyn: I get it, and if the snow is three feet deep, Caleb, it’s impossible for you to paw for little clumps of grass under snow like that.

Caleb: Right. As we migrate, we travel through some super cold weather.

Miss Marilyn: I'm glad you've got a good-looking fur coat, Caleb. Does it keep you warm?

Caleb: Oh my, yes. Plus underneath is a nice thick layer of fat that insulates my blood vessels and muscles.

Miss Marilyn: Super. What about your legs? They have to plow through that deep snow.

Caleb: And usually through ice cold water if we cross a stream.

Miss Marilyn: Really? Don't your legs shiver?

Caleb: No. And it's all because the Master Designer protected my legs in a special way. You see He knew I'd need that protection because of all my walking through snow and icy cold water.

Miss Marilyn: Well nothing ever catches Him by surprise. Did the all-wise, one-and-only Creator insulate your legs in a special way?

Caleb: No, but he gave me a very scientific wonder net, Miss Marilyn.

Miss Marilyn: Hmm. And your wonder net—does that keep your legs warm?

Caleb: Uhhh—no. It keeps them cold.

Miss Marilyn: Hmm. I think the girls and boys and I are confused. What are you trying to say?

Caleb: Oh I'm very, very comfortable with cold legs. I don't even feel the cold a tad bit.

Miss Marilyn: Boy, what is this wonder net? How does it work?

Caleb: All right. The Son of God, my intelligent Creator, knew I'd be spending much of my life walking through snow and icy cold creeks. Now, if my legs were warm, I would lose all that heat as I walk through the snow and icy water. And, kids, would that be wise?

Miss Marilyn: I heard someone say no, Caleb. That would be very foolish.

Caleb: That's right. My body would use up way too much energy to heat those legs. So the Lord designed my legs to work best cold.

Miss Marilyn: How cold, Caleb Caribou?

Caleb: About 33 degrees, Miss Marilyn.

Miss Marilyn: That's only one degree above freezing. The blood inside your legs must be very close to turning into ice.

Caleb: But it doesn't, thanks to my incredible wonder net my Maker gave me.

Miss Marilyn: Where is this wonder net?

Caleb: In my body just above each leg.

Miss Marilyn: OK, how does it work, Caleb?

Caleb: It's a whole bunch of blood vessels, kids. And they are really close to each other. In fact, they are, like, hugging each other. Now in this bundle of blood vessels above each leg the vein comes up from my leg and the artery goes down.

Miss Marilyn: Right. The artery carries blood down, and the vein brings it back up.

Caleb: You've got it right. Now see if you can understand this, kids. My normal body temperature is about 100 degrees. But the temperature of the blood that goes down into my legs is only about 40 degrees.

Miss Marilyn: How do you lower the temperature of your blood 60 degrees, Caleb?

Caleb: Listen. In this wonder net in each leg, an artery carries this 40-degree blood down into my legs. A vein brings this same blood back up my leg up to the wonder net. Only the temperature of the blood is now 33 degrees.

Miss Marilyn: OK, I can understand that. The cold snow and the icy water cooled that 40-degree blood down to 33 degrees.

Caleb: That's right. Now that 33-degree blood flows up my legs and into my wonder net.

Miss Marilyn: And that cold blood in your wonder net cools down the 100-degree blood coming from your heart.

Caleb: Do you get it, kids? Now because the blood in my leg is already so close to freezing, I lose very little heat from my blood stream.

Miss Marilyn: Oh, that's very efficient, Caleb. God obviously made you to live in the cold country.

Caleb: Right on, Miss Marilyn.

Miss Marilyn: One big question though.

Caleb: What's that?

Miss Marilyn: Blood that cold can't go to your heart and lungs. It would kill you.

Caleb: Yes, it would. You see, Miss Marilyn, before that cold blood goes to my heart, it travels through another wonder net that heats it.

Miss Marilyn: Another bunch of blood vessels?

Caleb: Yes. See there are a lot of warm 100-degree blood vessels in this net.

Miss Marilyn: I get it. They wrap around this cold vein that is bringing blood back to your heart.

Caleb: Yep. By the time they are done hugging it, that blood is up to 100 degrees. Isn't that neat?

Miss Marilyn: Oh boy, is it ever! No way could this ever be an accident or caused by evolution. It is a very scientific design.

Caleb: A design by the wonderful wise Creator to keep me comfortable in cold lands.

Miss Marilyn: Caleb Caribou, Christ your Maker was really looking out for you.

Caleb: You know I've never doubted that even for a minute, Miss Marilyn. Don't you doubt Him either kids, and remember Him. Trust Him while you are young. Take it from me, Caleb Caribou.

Miss Marilyn: Thank you, Caleb.



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