

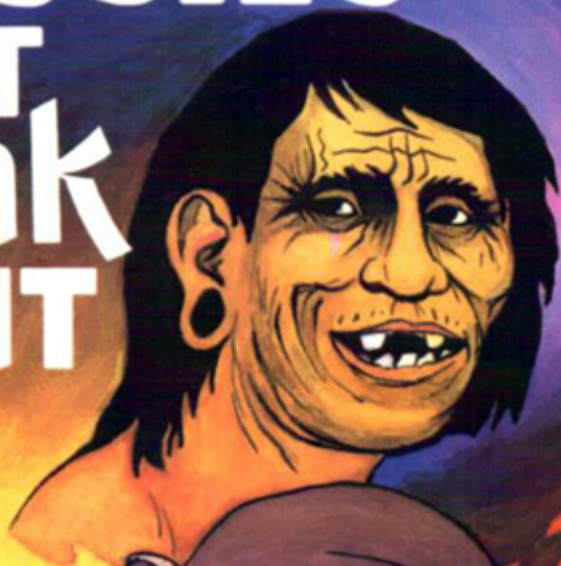
FOSSILS THAT Speak OUT

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by

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Startling Scientific Evidence

**EVOLUTION VS.
CREATION**

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A MOST UNUSUAL SCIENTIST

CHAPTER ONE

A refugee from war-torn Europe moved from the deep shadows of the decrepit buildings huddled by what was known as the Delaware River Bridge, the link between the cities of Camden and Philadelphia. No one seemed to notice the solitary figure move out to the middle of the suspension bridge on this somber night as the chilly wind ushered in the fog from the bay. The enormous cabled towers looked down passively at this man named Alexander Grigolia. The muffled noises of the slumbering "City of Brotherly Love" only seemed to heighten his depressing sense of solitude. Although a brilliant scholar, he was contemplating suicide.

As he stood there, his mind flashed back to his teenage years, when his entire family — who were Russians living in Georgia near the Black Sea — were brutally murdered by the Bolsheviks. As a high-born son of Baron Von Grigolia, he was the only survivor. He



ALMOST A SUICIDE

had fled to distant Berlin with some of the family jewels, which made possible his years of study in the field of medicine in that great center of scientific learning.

As he looked down at the murky waters below, he recalled his time of research at the Sorbonne in Paris and his military service in the French Army. Engulfed in the chaos and bloodshed of World War I, he was shell-shocked and lost the sight of one eye. But, somehow, with no documents and no money, he had crossed the Atlantic to the United States. Instead of finding fame and fortune under the benign gaze of the Statue of Liberty, he soon found himself struggling in a Sargasso Sea of troubles from which he found no way out.

His years of intense scientific studies had destroyed all faith in a personal God who was interested in the everyday affairs of men. The human animal was to him simply a "fortuitous (chance) concourse of atoms" caught up in a mindless universe without purpose or meaning. Why should he continue in this unequal struggle? Little did he realize he was not decreed to die that night.

As he was trying to work up courage to climb over the railing and hurl himself to sudden death, a man crossed the bridge and appeared out of the darkness. Seeing Grigolia, he paused and asked for a light for his cigarette. He chatted with the short balding man for a few moments and disappeared in the night. The brief encounter was sufficient to break the spell of the would-be suicide. Slowly Grigolia left the railing and walked off the bridge.

Almost at once he met a policeman making his nightly rounds on the deserted streets. Sensing that something was wrong, the officer engaged the distraught scientist in conversation. When he learned that Grigolia was a refugee with no relatives or friends in America, he suggested looking for Russian names in the phone book. The policeman said, "It would be good for you to spend time talking in your own native tongue."

Dr. Grigolia went to a phone booth, opened up the thick directory, and put his finger on the name of a Russian who happened to be a devout Christian. The man at the other end of the line immediately insisted that the learned doctor come to his home. This newfound friend was a man who eked out a living by supplying housewives with vegetables from his horse-drawn cart.

When the Christian peddler heard a brief account of the scientist's bitter experiences, he shouted, "You need to know Jesus!"

Alexander Grigolia, with evident disdain, replied, "Nobody with scientific training believes that nonsense." Undaunted by his blunt reply, the peddler made Grigolia warmly welcome in his home, and the professor found himself surrounded by what was obviously a happy family.

Soon Grigolia was pacing back and forth in his little bedroom on the second floor, unable to sleep. He kept muttering to himself, "Here I am with all my higher education and my degrees, and I'm utterly miserable. Here is this uneducated peddler and his family — poor, but happy!"

The vendor of vegetables told the overwrought doctor, "I know a Russian here in Philadelphia who is a real scholar and taught in the University of Petrograd." His face lit up as he added, "And he believes exactly what I do."

"Impossible," replied Grigolia — until he met the Russian scientist and heard about his Christian beliefs. Years later, though, Grigolia testified, "I was brought to Christ more through the beautiful testimony of the peddler and his family than by the scientific arguments of the Russian professor."

As Grigolia's atheistic beliefs melted away and God began bringing order out of chaos in his mind, he found employment in a hospital — mopping floors. One day Grigolia overheard two doctors discussing a difficult case in the hallway as he was mopping. He leaned his mop against the wall and approached the two specialists.

"Excuse me, sirs," he said as they looked down at him with obvious disdain, "but I couldn't help hearing your conversation. It seems to me that the symptoms indicate. . . ." As he launched into a technical explanation, the two men stood there with their mouths hanging open. Finally one of the doctors, who was carefully studying the stocky hospital employee, said, "Hey, that is the very solution we are looking for, but how did you come to know all this?"

The result was that Alexander Grigolia, the medical specialist turned anthropologist, was promoted. He was put in the morgue to perform autopsies and prepare corpses for removal to an undertaker's parlor. As time progressed, he rapidly repeated the courses of study he had earlier finished in Europe and earned his doctorate at the University of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Grigolia possessed extraordinary skills. He told me that

when he went to read an important paper for his doctorate, he stuffed the wrong sheaf of papers in his briefcase by mistake. With no time to return home and pick up the right papers, he simply gave his report to the examining committee by memory. I knew he could accomplish such Herculean feats because he constantly demonstrated his amazing photographic memory in my college classes. Without referring to notes, he would give us reading assignments by saying, "In such and such a book, published on such a date, there is a paragraph on page 238 that you must read and commit to memory." Often he would tell where the author taught and even what he looked like.

Dr. Alexander Grigolia was head of the department of anthropology at Wheaton College, a well-known evangelical college near Chicago with a high accreditation rating. He had about two hundred majors and many other students taking his courses. He was popular with the students and respected for his thoroughgoing scholarship, his delightful sense of humor, and his sincere interest in each undergraduate who sat under his teaching.

I know that God kept me from going from high school to Wheaton College for seven years until this eminent scientist would be there. What an inestimable privilege it was to sit at the feet of this great Christian scholar, who knew how to sift the wheat from the chaff! Once converted to Christ, Dr. Grigolia saw the facts of science fall into place and the unfounded theories of the evolutionists exposed for what they are — unwarranted interpretations that cannot stand the test of careful scientific investigation. Because Dr. Grigolia died in 1977, what I have recounted cannot be verified by him. Yet much of this book is drawn from his investigations made years ago — but just as valid today.

As you see from Dr. Grigolia's life and accomplishments, God has a divine plan and purpose for every person's life. As you read the following material, which has come from leading secular scholars (with no conclusions taken from untrained amateurs), you will become aware of the imminent dangers involved in a belief system based on evolution. You will also be able to open your heart to the beautiful truths of creationism and understand more clearly why you are God's unique creation.

Two Opposing Views: Creationism Versus Humanism

CHAPTER TWO

A longing for upward progress lies deep in the heart of all human beings. We become frustrated when we find ourselves spinning our wheels in the same place. Much of the criminal violence, drug addiction, sexual abnormalities, and political unrest that pervades and curses our modern world stems from an impatience with the status quo, a feeling of going around in circles and getting nowhere.

Angry activists picket, loot, and kill because they are convinced that nothing is being done to solve aggravating social and political problems. Cynical international plotters attempt to hamstring democracy and Christianity by promoting a one-world conspiracy. Their diabolical plans will only lead to universal slavery.

How does the temperament in the world today relate to the raging debate between creation and evolution? The longing for a better world based on progressive human accomplishment is at the bottom of the popular acceptance of the theory of evolution. Despite the serious problems involved in this man-made philosophy, many exponents of evolution are fanatically loyal to their theory. They violently oppose any Christian who stands up and affirms his belief in the Bible and divine creation.

Humanism Enthroned

The adepts who worship at the shrine of evolution believe they are members of a self-perfecting race. They believe they have gradually and triumphantly lifted themselves out of the slime of some long-gone ocean to evolve into the highest form of life on earth. They reject the teaching that God created man in his own image and replace it with a long line of ascending animals. Their theory fills them with a sense of pride as they dream of becoming a literal super race.