

Man builds Noah's Ark (to the exact scale given in the Bible)

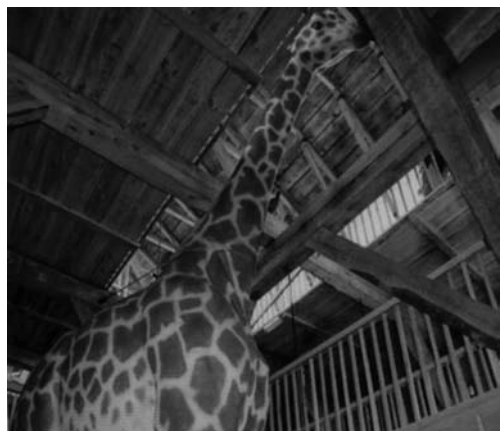
A working replica of Noah's Ark has been opened recently in Schagen, the Netherlands.

The ark was opened for the first crowd of curious townsfolk. It is, of course, only a replica of the biblical Ark and built by Dutch contractor Johan Huibers. The ark is 150 cubits long, 30 cubits high and 20 cubits wide. (One cubit = distance from elbow to tip of middle finger, say 18"). So Johan Huibers' ark is two-thirds the length of a football pitch and as tall as a 3-storey house.

Life-size models of giraffes, elephants, lions, crocodiles, zebras, bison and other animals greet visitors as they arrive in the main hold.

Huibers built the ark of cedar and pine. He did the work mainly with his own hands, using modern tools and with some help from his son Roy. Construction began in May 2005.

On the uncovered top deck, not quite ready in time for the opening, will be a petting zoo, with baby lambs, chickens, goats and one camel. There is enough space near the keel for a 50-seat film theatre where kids can watch a video which tells the story of Noah and his ark.



Huibers, a Christian, said he hopes the project will renew interest in Christianity in the Netherlands, where church-going has fallen in the past 50 years.

"Now that I am old and grey, give me the time to tell this new generation (and their children too) about all Your mighty miracles" says Johan Huibers.

SOURCED FROM THE INTERNET

NOAH TODAY

In the year 2008, the Lord came unto Noah, who was now living in England and said:

“Once again, the earth has become wicked and overpopulated, and I see the end of all flesh before me.”

“Build another Ark and save two of every living thing along with a few good humans.”

He gave Noah the blueprints, saying: “You have 6 months to build the Ark before I will start the unending rain for 40 days and 40 nights.”

Six months later, the Lord looked down and saw Noah weeping in his yard – but no Ark. “Noah!,” He roared, “I’m about to start the rain! Where is the Ark?”

“Forgive me, Lord,” begged Noah, “but things have changed. I needed a Building Permit.”

“I’ve been arguing with the Boat Inspector about the need for a sprinkler system.”

“My neighbours claim that I’ve violated the Neighbourhood Bye-Laws by building the Ark in my back garden and exceeding the height limitations. We had to go to the Local Planning Committee for a decision.”

“Then the Local Council and the Electricity Company demanded a shed load of money for the future costs of moving power lines and other overhead obstructions to clear the passage for the Ark’s move to the sea. I told them that the sea would be coming to us, but they would hear nothing of it.”

“Getting the wood was another problem. There’s a ban on cutting local trees in order to save the Greater Spotted Barn Owl. I tried to convince the environmentalists that I needed the wood to save the owls – but no go!”

“When I started gathering the animals the RSPCA took me to court. They insisted that I was confining wild animals against their will. They argued the accommodation for the animals was too restrictive, and it was cruel and inhumane to put so many animals in a confined space.”

“Then the Environmental Agency ruled that I couldn’t build the Ark until they’d conducted an environmental impact study on your proposed flood.”

“I’m still trying to resolve a complaint with the Human Rights Commission on how many minorities I’m supposed to hire for my building crew.”

“Immigration are checking the visa status of most of the people who want to work.”

“The trades unions say I can’t use my sons. They insist I have to hire only union workers with Ark-building experience.”

“To make matters worse, the Inland Revenue seized all my assets, claiming I’m trying to leave the country illegally with endangered species.”

“So, forgive me, Lord, but it would take at least 10 years for me to finish this Ark.”

Suddenly the skies cleared, the sun began to shine, and a rainbow stretched across the sky.

Noah looked up in wonder and asked:

“You mean you’re not going to destroy the world?”

“No,” said the Lord “ the Government beat me to it

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