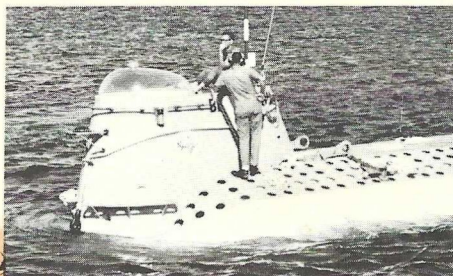
The

Many hundreds of feet below the surface of the Atlantic Ocean an underwater laboratory with six men aboard is drifting silently northward with the flow of the Gulf Stream, from Florida to Massachusetts.

It is man's first opportunity to observe life in the sea for an extended period of time without altering or intruding upon what he sees. Engines cut off, food, oxygen and all other requirements contained within the unit, the lab is moving as the current moves, 1500 miles in five weeks without rising to the surface, while from viewing ports man gets his first look at *whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea.**

Inside this experimental vessel is the man who conceived and designed it, Jacques Piccard, a scientist who probes the world we can see in search of the Reality we cannot see. It was from his father that he first heard about the Force behind all that science names and measures. Auguste Piccard was known as one of the most brilliant physicists in Europe for his research into radioactivity and discovery of the hitherto unknown element, uranium-235.

To the senior Piccard the total created order was sacred, but it was for living things that he reserved his deepest reverence. He believed that the next thrust of life would be into space, and in 1932, using a balloon, he ascended higher into the stratosphere than man had ever gone—53,000 feet in an airtight gondola he had designed and built. Next he turned to another frontier of life: the then-unknown deep-sea basin. To penetrate it he in-



Left: The Ben Franklin, *the craft in which scientist Jacques Piccard explored the deep Gulf Stream waters, prepares for a test dive off the coast of Palm Beach, Florida. Right: Jacques and his father, the famed physicist and explorer, Auguste Piccard.*

**Psalms 8:8*

vented and built the bathyscaphe, the first undersea laboratory, and in it made trip after trip to the ocean floor.

As a child, his son Jacques was not so much aware of these complex research projects at the limits of life, as of his father's relationship with the ordinary living things all around them. He recalls walking with his father one Sunday afternoon in a quiet woods on the outskirts of Brussels where they lived. Beside the path lay a tiny uprooted tree. His father knelt and tenderly examined the torn roots.

"This one could still be saved," he said.

Scooping up some earth along with it, the white-haired scientist took the little plant home in his hand. In the short autumn twilight father and son planted the wilted tree in their yard. Day after day Jacques watched his father nurse it with gentle hands, watering, fertilizing, erecting a screen for it against the winter wind. And in the spring the lifeless-looking stick burst into bloom.

"That, my son," said Auguste Piccard, "is why we're here."

And to the eight-year-old boy he set forth the philosophy which guided him: that all life comes from God and that to the chief of His living creatures, man, He has entrusted the care and nurture of all the rest.

And Jacques has gone on to share his father's passion for exploring all God's works. Together father and son built the bathyscaphe *Trieste*, designed for a special task. In January, 1960, Jacques Piccard and a U.S. Navy diver took the *Trieste* down to the bottom of the Mariana Trench, deepest point in the world's oceans. On the floor of the trench, nearly seven miles below the surface of the Pacific, Jacques turned a switch that for the first time since the seas were created sent light into this utter blackness. And what did he see, there where eyes had never looked before? A tiny fish swimming past the porthole.

Life! Life even here in this eternal nighttime of crushing pressure and bitter cold.

Auguste Piccard died two years later, in 1962. But today his son continues the search that animates all true science, the search for God in the universe He created. ◄◄

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