

The Grumpy Disciple #3

God, You Don't Know What You're Doing!

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I tend to wake up most mornings thinking that God doesn't know what He's doing. Of course, I hope I'm wrong. But then, if God did know what to do (fulfill His job description) would I know? Would we know?

The happy bunnies hopping around on sunny green pastures without-a-whisker-of-fear scenario is our general thumbs-up belief. I want that. Lots of bunnies - more the better. No cancer, no rape, no killings, no (insert word here).

I find that the news on television, radio, and the Internet tries to show us a bunny or two on each broadcast. They know we need to see a bunny. There is no magic to pulling a rabbit out of a hat, *is there?* Each human is given a top hat, one standard white rabbit, a wand and secret instructions before they leave the heavenly depot to enter humanity at birth. The little tap-tap wand and proper sequence must be the hard part to make the surprise furry-thing appear.

I see homeless people. Amongst their grungy pile and shopping carts of oddly precious items is...you guessed it - a weighed down crumpled top hat and an expired, dirty rodent. The magic has been smashed, smothered, or squeezed out of them. The four shopping cart wheels roll on with a corpse of a once potentially, genuinely, magic bunny.

I've seen the near-dead pushing the dead too many times. Does God help them push the cart and chum it up with these diseased failures of our society? I don't know. Some religions say yes. Some faiths demand pushing and struggling through this life until after death, a golden shopping cart with fine chrome wheels is given as compensation for a life that sucked.

Again, I don't know.

Some of us have shoved our standard issue hat and bunny into an already, over-cluttered closet. Others (for private reasons) have fiercely strangled the innocent little thing. Then again, a few say the incantation, strike the brim of the hat and out pops a docile, cute - well, you know.

I think we are mixed-up and overwhelmed with the minimal set of tools for the magic to work. I get the steps out of order, which results in me not getting what I wanted and probably hurting someone. Certain days, I think my rabbit must've died of lack of attention and therefore, sadly, slow starvation. Is there only a skeleton remaining of which we can't even pick at the bones?

Sure, psychologists are here to deal with the fallout of childhood bunny-theft and murder: stompings by parents, siblings, etc. they've heard it all.

I've witnessed a small tribe of people for whom a God doesn't need to exist in order to provide magic in their lives. I admire those people. Actually, I'm jealous of them. No sleight-of-hand, just a better life: good genes, better parents, less sugar in the diet, not too much TV...I just don't know? But, I do keep an eye on them - hard not to!

Simply adhering to a religion or praying, going to a special building, reading an ancient text, does not process a person into a bunny producing existence...does it? Whatever does or doesn't work, I think that at the end of our lives we turn in our used or unused top hat gear. After that, we can schedule chat time with the Creator. At the moment, I can't help but think my topic will be that I thought *He didn't know what He was doing with the whole Creation thing*. Will I hear Him say, "Hmm...yes. Now, I know what not to do and what to do different next time!"

These Things Make Me Grumpy...

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