

## God Seeks Help

D Hopwood 2013

Doctor: So what can I do you for you?

God: I feel depressed.

Doc: How can you? You're the alpha and omega, the beginning and the end. The almighty, the maker of heaven and earth, you ride on the wings of the morning, you make a chariot of the thunder and lightning, you're the best thing since... well, sliced bread... and hey - you invented all the ingredients for that...

God: Yea but... I think I'm losing faith in myself.

Doc: Hmm, well you wouldn't be alone there.

God: Exactly! I just don't believe in myself anymore. Everyone else has given up on me so I thought I'd join them.

Well not exactly everyone.

All right, everyone apart from a few folks who watch *Songs of Praise*.

Yes - and then there's the small matter of the 2 billion others around the globe.

Really? 2 billion? You're kidding?

Nope. That's a quarter of the planet.

But I'm so old fashioned, out of date. People have their media-friendly experts and their glossy documentaries about life without me.

Are you feeling just a tad threatened?

Yes! It's so frustrating! I just wish they'd come clean and admit that it all comes down to faith. That's why I invented things like vision and imagination, so they could place it in

the unseen world. Instead they want to use it to dismiss the mysterious. And they get so angry with me. Especially when bad things happen. It's not my fault you know.

They seem to think it is.

Course they do. Who causes global warming? God. Who makes people drive like lunatics and injure people? God! Who makes people greedy? Oh that'll be God. Why did I stub my toe? Yep - God again. No one wants responsibility anymore.

Maybe you need a holiday.

I tried that. But it's impossible. Everybody else works on Sunday these days, they keep me so busy. Oh it's so unfair you know. Coincidence, that's what they call it. I'm running around like a cheetah on Prozac making lots of useful things happen and they call it coincidence. What's a creator to do?

You never used to be like this. Are you burning out?

No, but the planet is. Oh... maybe I should just retire.

Yes you could let your son take over.

Too late, too many other people have already taken over. It was never supposed to be like this. I tried everything. Freedom of choice, guidelines, wise spokespeople, leaders, what's left?

What about going down to see them? Show them what matters?

We talked about that. It's possible. But it's so violent down there at times. Anything could happen.

Not to you. You're God! Just go down there in a bulletproof suit with a few million henchmen and float about doing some good. What's not to like?

Hmm. I thought about that. But it has to be the other way. They don't need another powerbroker down there. They need someone else. Someone... weaker. Someone they can relate to. A different kind of leader.

Really? That's a risk.

Tell me about it. And for them as much as me. If I make myself smaller I'll be looking for their help. It wouldn't be the God of zzzapping and thunder and big smoky mountains anymore, more like a partnership, them and me going into business together. It's a big risk, I've seen how some of them operate.

Sounds weird to me. Will you do it?

Hmmm... got to do something. Watch this space. How much do I owe you for this session?

(Doc glances at clock. Sighs.) Nothing - as usual. You never use up any time.

Ah yes, time. Can't be doing with it, not where I come from. See you next week.

A lot can happen in seven days.

Yea, like a whole universe... see you.