

# *More Stories!*

**Forum**

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## God Talking

**By Robert J. O'Connell**

I had a dream. Someone (me?) is up in the intake processing center in heaven talking with God about general things and we can hear their conversation. The new person sounds like a reporter who has just arrived and is trying to get the lay of the land. The God voice is not very clear but sounds like a mix between George Burns and Charlton Heston. But we continue the dream because important questions on a wide range of topics are being answered.

The reporter asks "What's the deal with prayers?" God says He doesn't really pay much attention to them anymore, mostly because they are all a jumble. If he killed all of the enemies that He is asked to, there would be no one left to play with. Besides He says that the volume of prayers all the time makes Babel sound like the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. He now has a machine for

collating them and every now and then when He gets bored He picks a few to listen to. The rest are handled by another department. Sometime they get mixed up so petitions are sometimes filled and sometimes not. He seems exasperated by the constant din.

The reporter then asks "If God is all powerful and all knowing how can bad things keep happening". God replies that He likes surprises, so He always adds a little bit of randomness to everything. The reporter is starting to get the idea that eternity is very boring especially when God knows everything all the time, so He tries to not pay too much attention so that a surprise either good or bad can happen and is valued.

God is then asked about Creation. With this He responds that evolution was one of His best inventions. He still gets a chuckle out of watching us fight about it and then playing with our toys and then wondering how they were made.

"But what is heaven like?" God says that it is not really a big house with lots of rooms but more like a big campground with lots of open space for more tents. His clients don't seem to mind the lack of gold and silk. Most seem to be having a good time, what ever that may be.

"What about the new souls?" Says He hasn't made any more of them in a long time. He doesn't like playing in the dirt anymore. Instead He now has a recycling plant which sorts them into three categories. The undamaged souls are moved directly to the intake section where they will ultimately be given their own tent or allowed to move in with old friends. The merely dusty souls are placed on another belt where they are shined up a little and if they clean up nice He sends them back down to earth for another turn on

stage. He seems to like the efficiency. But then notes that he had to make yet another conveyer belt to sort out the ones that were really badly broken and these are sent directly to the soul dump. He comments that this dump sometimes gets rather full so they have to burn it from time to time. This cause the souls to shrink and get very dense so they take up less room. Reporter asks “so that is hell”. He chuckles and seems to shrug so the reporter get the idea that He is trying to not know everything in the hopes of a fun surprise.

“But what about the Devil” He replies “Who?” Now the reporter gets a sudden insight in to how important the distribution is to the order of things. So If God is on one tail of the distribution then the Devil must be on the other. So he is just a bump on that distribution.

The newcomer asks, “What about all of the religions on earth? Which one is right?” the God voice deepens as He becomes a little more serious. He speaks louder and asks the reporter to look around and to report back if he finds any other Gods hanging around. He finds it curious that we fuss over such things, as He acknowledges that all of the religions we have invented have at least a partial glimpse of him. But He is too big to fit into any one of them. Then He goes on to complain that the recycling plant is getting overloaded with all the intake going on and worries that the dump is filling up too fast with the souls of all the people killing each other over which religion is right. Complains that at this rate He will have to go back to playing in the dirt to make some new ones. Doesn't sound happy about it.

“What about all the other things that people fight about?” Well, He says, “a lot of the arguments seem to be about love and

sexuality”. This He finds quite amusing as He points out that He would not have given humans the toys if He didn't expect them to play with them. He also points out that the randomness built into sexual reproduction by evolution results in most human attributes being distributed normally. So some have one amount of a trait and another have a value taken from the other end of the distribution. Clearly, He says “no one selection of the many possible combinations is more right than any other, they just vary in their frequency in the population”. One gets the idea that He finds the more extreme deviations amusing.

The reporter now feels greatly comforted by the notion that he might have elicited a chuckle or two from God during his time on stage and then wonders “when is lunch?” God makes tuna fish sandwiches with just the right amount of mayo, onion and garlic. The reporter eats and is happy.

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