

MISTAKE

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The whole thing started with a bit of neglect on my part. I'll admit that. Some of My more enthusiastic supporters say I'm "perfect," but I prefer "all-knowing" and frankly "all knowing" does not mean the same thing as "always paying attention" despite my attention being constantly sought. If people would beseech me less, maybe I wouldn't be so distracted. I'm not making excuses, just an observation.

I'm getting a little ahead of Myself. The entire episode began when I left a project unfinished with the intention of working over some of the rough spots in it later. It was a very busy time for me, not domestically, of course – work kept Me too busy for a home life, and would for eons to come, but career-wise.

The universe is a big place, and eternity is a long time. Stuff occurs. I don't accept the criticism that the situation developed because I "left a pot on the stove," or "should have cleaned out the fridge." "Mr S," as he calls himself nowadays, as part of his new "image transformation" campaign (thinking everybody's going to forget his embarrassing "Prince of Darkness" phase, or those endless "Beelzebub" years, I suppose) recently spewed forth the accusation that I "left a hoagie in the beer cooler overnight," on his blog, metaphorically implying that the location in question became soaked and rancid through My inadvertence. Also implying that I have a drinking problem, which I do not.

I say in my defense it was merely an outline, a rough draft. I seeded it with mindless toothed beasts with spectacular talents for hunting and eating each other, intending it as just a future entertainment for My workers. An eternal being gets tired of sitcoms and soap operas, and a nature show with superior production values will always draw an audience. Let a show sit in pre-production for sixty-five million years, though, and it's going to lose buzz. I knew that. It didn't take eternity for Me to figure that out, as the S-dude (won't be long before he wants us to call him that. My prediction) likes to say.

So it turned out nobody was watching when things evolved. Yes, I said evolved; ordinarily I don't support evolution, and I don't expect any of My followers to support it, either. Occasionally it happens, however, and when I returned to that particular project, a return that nothing to do with me "clearing out the garage" as S claimed in another one of his wearying, pointless criticisms, they were already looking up at Me with their soft, moist eyes. "Save us," they cried.

I thought they were cute. That eventually some of them turned out to be not so cute, especially as they over-ate and discovered body-piercing, was something I could have anticipated, had I not been overwhelmed by the problem of keeping a majority of you working in jobs that befitted your talents. Underemployment had led to the S situation in the first place, and I wasn't about to let it creep back into the celestial economy.

Have you noticed S 's wardrobe transformation as well? Dockers and Timberland? Really! Cheap Chinese clothes instead of a nice cape and breastplate? I guess it says you're just a regular fallen angel, but it's nothing I would wear, no matter where I was planning to slouch towards. Just sayin.'

So I gave them names, and a nice place to live, dominion over the beasts of the earth and the fish of the sea as kind of an afterthought and thought the matter settled. It was S himself who disturbed that equilibrium. Consider that when you hear the constant harping and negativism I endure from him, on whatever talk shows he can wangle an invitation to appear on in these waning days of his celebrity.

It was S who gave them the "apple" or "sex" or "the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil," according to the usual distorted accounts in the popular press, and thus earned them My anger and got them evicted from "paradise." There are so many misapprehensions here I don't know where to begin. First off, there were already "apples" and "sex" (particularly sex, otherwise how could "evolution" have happened in the first place?). And the real estate involved was a nice spread indeed, but it was hardly paradise.

What happened was that S, with his usual penchant for self-promotion, whispered that he would act as their "agent" and negotiate a better "deal" with Me. We all know how I hate labor unrest. I suppose I may have overreacted. There were plagues, I admit, and pestilences and famines, but there's nothing like a nice long famine to get somebody's attention. The flood business was misinterpreted. I was trying to give the place a nice little scrub-down, was all, after a particularly nasty pestilence, and who comes out the bad guy?

It did have the desired effect, once again, of getting their attention, and that's when they started worshipping Me, which I admit I kind of liked. I didn't particularly care how it was done; searing a virgin in a volcano was all the same as a nice big idol in My eyes. It's the thought that counts. Once again it was S that bollixed things up; he intimated that he could be worshipped as well. That got My competitive juices flowing. This led to a series of cataclysms that in My view, I was provoked into causing.

The whole project threatened to come to a dispirited standstill. I decided to chose a people, let them worship Me, and the rest of them could go hang. I picked a clean little clan in the Middle East, laid down a few easily understandable regulations, set them up with some property and was looking forward to giving the whole business a little benign neglect. I'm sure you know what I mean. The whole of the firmament cried out for supervision, and I was wasting My time on the equivalent of a wet spill.

Could be I chose the wrong people, because they turned out to have few talents, annoying their neighbors and complaining to Me being chief among them. Attractive women, though. Now comes the snickering, but who among you hasn't had time for a dalliance or two down there? Didn't think I knew about it, huh? Remember, I KNOW EVERYTHING. I tolerated it, sure. What's eternity without some fun? You guys want to appear in a flaming chariot to some poor teenage Greek girl, or feature yourself as a well-endowed, elephant-headed individual hanging by the banks of the Brahmaputra, you know you're going to get laid. So when I spotted my little Hebrew maid from afar, and said to myself, "oh, *yeah*," I was merely succumbing to the example of all of you guys that can never keep it in your robes.

The Kid was a disappointment, as kids can be. Scruffy and whiny, and given to rash promises. The "believe in me, and you'll never die" deal was His idea, I assure you, but according to the negotiating framework I had to agree to in order to get S off my back, I had to follow through. That's when they started showing up here.

That's when S made his big mistake. He spread word that people could spend eternity at his place, as well. That should have been fine with Me. The Kid had pretty well goofed up His salvation project, spreading His gospel strictly among the lowlifes and then getting Himself strung up for pissing off the local Italians. How smart was that, given that it was centuries before Hoboken even existed? The salvation deal looked like it would wither on the vine, with only a couple crazy tax collectors and rummy old fishermen collecting on it. I admit that might have been a better outcome.

Ok, so at first the S announcement stirred up My competitive nature. If it were possible for Me to have a flaw, it would be that. I should be satisfied with being the Alpha and the Omega. It's not necessary for Me to win every little bar bet that gets thrown down, but that kind of rationality totally deserts Me when the game is on.

So I sent the Kid back. You have to admit, that was a showstopper. Within a couple centuries My boy's followers had a place in Rome, complete dominance over the Western world and whole batches of centurions converting people at sword point. So, okay, some of the older sections were getting filled up with the deceased souls of the above-mentioned converts, but they did nice gardening work and marble-polishing, and nobody was complaining about never having to pick their own grapes again.

I put a guy out front to make sure any of them that arrived had at least some documentation, but maybe I shouldn't have selected old Pedro, because all of a sudden all of his buddies are here. Not the least problematic of which was that Hebrew maid. You all remember that. Breezed through the pearlies with that lady-of-the-manor 'tude and started making "adjustments" without so much as leaving Me a memo. I lost a couple of critical centuries before I made her understand that she was the Mother of God, not the Wife of God. I dislike legal entanglements. I've always been a free spirit. None freer, I might add. One night of lust slaked in a stable does not a commitment make.

Of course the Kid takes her side...what son doesn't take the side of His mother? And He's in a "committed relationship" himself, which I suspect He maintains just to make me look misogynistic. She's named Mary, just like his mom, but there the resemblance ends. Former barmaid, or so she claims, but I've heard the same rumors as everybody else.

I just let it be. I personally would not want to spend eternity with someone who ends every sentence with her catchphrase "and shit," but your kids make their own choices, don't they?

Eventually I let them set up their own section, where they could indulge their tastes in chanting, wretched starving peasants and gay men who like wearing nice robes. And that worked out fine for another half-millennia or so. You guys snickered. I even heard some cracks about "palimony" when I had their streets repaved with gold, but it kept them over there, right?

All right, so after awhile even I got sick of the castrati lurking everywhere, just waiting to spring forth and belt out an aria at any eternal being innocently passing by. So I gave the thumbs up to Mohammed, and Martin Luther and, I admit, even L. Ron Hubbard. S claims I went from stained glass to spaceships, and he may have a point, which shouldn't surprise anyone, since he has an infinite amount of time that he and only he chooses to spend finding fault with Me, but it didn't happen overnight, like he implies.

So they're here, and they're staying here. 'Nuff said. Some of them are even likable, and they all work hard and are easily impressed. And everybody agrees that their food is a nice break from manna, manna, manna every day.

We are not "sending them back where they came from." Been there lately? It's a big enough mess without a lot of dead people showing up again, and given their tastes in zombie movies and apocalyptic literature, it's a move that they could easily misinterpret. "Amnesty" sounds like a nice idea, but basically it means keeping the ones we've got and slamming the gates shut to the rest of them. S will be all over Me like paparazzi on a Hollywood rehab, I make that move.

So adjust. And quit whining about the language barrier! Would it kill you guys to take a day off from golf or kicking asteroids into black holes just to watch them spark up to pick up a few phrases in their patois? Look how they beam when you speak to them in their own language! And that sign I saw the other day---"You're in Heaven--Please Speak Angel"--- that's just plain rude. I'm the one that tore it down. And it better not be going up again.

I guess the point I'm trying to make is the use of the word "mistake" regarding My doings. I've heard it. Some of you have apparently forgotten it doesn't apply to Me. I don't want to here any grumbling about overcrowding, or any euphemisms about your neighborhoods "changing character." *It's all good.* Remember who said that first, and I mean in Genesis, people, chapter and verse. There's room here for everybody. It's an expanding universe. Don't forget that. And don't forget who made it that way. Me.