

A letter to: God

Dear God.

I'm not sure who you really are. But I'll write to you anyway. They say you listen. They say that you are full of love. And compassion and forgiveness. When I say they, I mean other people. People who live in this world that you are watching over.

But this is what confuses me God. You have so many names and everyone disagrees about who you are. And disagrees about what you think people should do with themselves, how they should behave. There are wars because of it. Terrible, unspeakable crimes on an incomprehensible scale. Deep hatred. But God, despite all of this mess, I still feel a need to talk to you. To believe in you. To love you even. I have no idea why. You are invisible, you never answer, you are completely silent, you are always absent, never present. Why on earth would anyone love someone like that? This is the mystery. The mystery that is you. Is it a longing we all have to love something which is impossible? An impossible love? Is it a universal craving inbuilt in us humans? Always craving most what we can't have? I don't know. Nobody knows.

All the many books full of rules about how you want us to live and even think, are just attempts at getting closer to you. We all want to be closer to you. We all want you to love us. Unconditionally, like a mother loves her child. A love that never ever fades away. A love that forgives all faults and mistakes. A love that understands us when nobody else understands. A love that is ever enduring no matter what happens. We need this so much, because even our mothers have a life of their own, and our fathers too. Because we too have a life of our own, and it's really difficult at times. And really lonely and frightening.

We need you to embrace us with your otherworldly arms, and tell us that everything will be fine. But will you do that? Will you love us? Will you give us a sign that you really do exist? Because we're not so sure. The world that we live in is in turmoil, it's in a lot of trouble right now. We're in a right mess God. All we need is love. Not war. Will you help us?

Anonymous



Illustration by Sally Bebbington