



# ZWTF

Zapping You Whenever Thoughts Flow

Volume 8, Issue 11

## The History of the Universe, Chapter 8.

The creation of Satan.



God created Christ. Christ created the eons. The eons are a framework of time (a stage of time; a theater of time) during which God effects a purpose. The purpose is good because God is good. The purpose is to 1) create myriads of beings, both celestial and terrestrial, 2) get the beings up a tree and throw rocks at them, 3) rescue and redeem the beings. It is the classic three-act play. It is called, in Scripture, “the purpose of the eons” (Ephesians 3:11). The endgame is to ensure the eternal happiness of the beings. All the beings. This could not occur apart

from exposing the beings, for a limited period of time, to evil. Without evil, there is nothing to be rescued from. Without evil, there is no context for happiness.

The biggest mistake of religion is the assumption that evil is eternal. This is the most monstrous, most monumental mistake that could possibly be made. Any other mistake pales against this. The results of the mistake are incalculable. The misery produced by the mistake cannot be quantified. The assumption of the eternity of evil has wrecked the faith of billions and turned billions from God; it has wrecked the confidence of billions *in* God, the billions at least understanding that God must be responsible for everything in His universe. *But this?* Those who have never heard of such a god are advantaged beyond compare against those who have. None except the criminally insane can worship insanity. To stare into the face of a god who provided for the eternity of evil and still call him “love” and still call him “good” requires brainwashing of the highest order. Comparing it to insanity is fair.

No one arrests these people and puts them away because the mistake has been sanitized. The mistake has been organized into a system that is beautiful to the eye. Thus, the mistake has been popularized. The people in charge of the dissemination of the mistake are given diplomas and a good living wage. Even more incredibly, the houses where the mistake is generated, and from whence the mistake is published, are topped with the very symbol of the One guaranteeing the abolition of evil: the cross. No greater incongruity could there ever be. No greater hypocrisy has ever existed upon the Earth.

### GO-BETWEEN

Any novelist, playwright or screenwriter worth his or her salt must introduce antagonists into their drama. Without the antagonist, there is no force against which the protagonists can struggle. Evil is thus created. It is not pleasant, but it is necessary. We would expect it.

God, too—being a Playwright worth His salt—created an antagonist and introduced him into the drama called *Life*. This antagonist is known as Satan. *Satan* is in fact a Hebrew word meaning “adversary.” Rather than effecting evil directly, God created this intermediary. We may say that God created the intermediary to do His necessary dirty work. This is for the sake of juveniles. I am speaking now of sane people. I am speaking of those who may yet be young in their thinking about the purpose of evil.

It is difficult for anyone to think of God doing evil, whether necessary or not. If God must effect evil for a greater good, then it helps that He does it through an intermediary. It helps the juvenile to see that God Himself appears to be struggling against bad things. But wait. Didn't God create the bad things Himself? Indeed. The comfort of watching God “fight evil” lasts only until one chokes on even the possibility that evil could conquer good. And conquer good it would, were it eternal. The sane person eventually asks why God appears to not only be struggling with evil, but losing. Why does He appear to be grappling against an Adversary that He, Himself created? Has God's own creation broken its leash? Has the Creator Himself lost control of the product of His hand? At what point of such an apparent disaster must one consider substituting the titles “Incompetent,” “Wishful-Thinker,” “Poor Planner,” “Loser” and eventually “Monster” for the title “God”? Some sects of Christianity paint God as an optimist Who wanted to keep evil away, but couldn't. Others paint Him as a Dictator Who, though able to abolish evil, refuses. The former so-called Deity is weak; the latter a fiend. Is there no solution?

### BACKSTAGE PASS

Picture a woman attending a play who, becoming so engrossed in the production and so distraught at the evil doings of the antagonist, rushes the stage to attack



him. She slaps and punches the actor until security arrives. Rather than calling the police, the theater manager takes the woman by the arm and leads her backstage. Removed from the stage lighting, the props, the actors and the dramatic music, the woman slowly returns to her senses. The theater manager points out the lights attached to rafters above her head. He directs her attention to a series of two-by-fours supporting the “houses” of the on-stage neighborhood. She looks into the eye of another actor, a woman, who waits for the dialogue that will indicate precisely when she must enter the story.

The excitable audience member has stopped shaking now and the manager is at last able to unhand her. The two are then joined by a well-dressed gentleman holding a script; this is the playwright. He opens the script to page 27 and shows her the exact dialogue that the actor on stage is saying: “If you talk to Doris about this, I swear to God I'll kill you.” This visibly unnerves the woman until the playwright turns ahead several pages to the point in the play where the FBI arrests the antagonist. At this, she sighs with relief. But this is nothing. Winking, the playwright flips all the way to the back of the script to show the woman how it all ends. The ending is so surprising to the woman, so heartwarming, so uplifting, so satisfyingly redeeming, that she catches her breath. “Oh, my *God*,” she says. “*Seriously?*” “Yes,” says the playwright. “*Seriously*. This is how it ends.” The theater manager then says, “Would you like to re-join the action now, ma'am?” Oh, now she can't wait. Re-taking her seat, she rises and falls with the fortunes of the on-stage players, but this time with calm expectation, holding in her heart the delicious payoff that she now knows is coming. After all, the playwright himself showed her the ending.

For God has allowed us to know the secret of His plan, and it is this: He purposes in His sovereign will that all human history shall be consummated in Christ, that everything that exists in Heaven or earth shall find its perfection and fulfilment in Him.

—*Ephesians 1:9-10, J.B. Phillips paraphrase*

## KLLER LIGHTING, MAN

And so it is. When the time is right, God calls the honest seeker behind the curtain. As it turns out, the earth is just one giant stage. Everything I just wrote about the hypothetical theater, apply it now to Earth. It's just bigger, and the lighting scheme is more sophisticated. Most of the actors don't know they're in a giant, pre-scripted stage production; that's about the only difference.

Some people really do get called backstage. You are now one of them. You are one who has freaked out at some of the more staggering situations and developments of *Life* and wondered, "Why am I here, and how does this all end?" You have sought answers to the point of bum-rushing the stage. No freak-outs are fun, but this one has been productive. It has led you here. You've made enough of a stink about it that the theater manager has seen fit to let you in on the giant secret—

*It's a play, love. It's not really a life-and-death struggle. It only appears that way for the purpose of the drama. For the purpose of education. It has all been written and cast ahead of time. We already know who's going to win. And here's your part in the drama. See? You're supposed to be back here behind the curain at this exact juncture of the production, having the whole scheme exposed and explained to you. See? Check out the lighting. The sun is our primary ambient source. The moon provides us nice bounce lighting—many people have written songs about it. The stars are our fill lights; also good for navigating around the stage. We've got the lighting hung up nice and orderly-like, as you can see. We've got the soundtrack constantly running in the background: the animals, the insects, the thunder of the afternoon rain shower, the babbling brook. Makes a nice backdrop to some critical dialogue that really advances the plot. In fact—ha!—all the dialog is critical. Not one wasted word ever gets spoken by any player, if you can believe that. Oh, and speaking of dialog, here's the script. And let me show you how it ends. (A brief look at Ephesians 1:9-10 ensues.) There, now. Can you handle it better now? Actually, We enjoy showing you all of this; not everyone gets the curiosity bug. Actually, we've selected relatively few to give the secret to during this part of the play, though everyone eventually sees it in the end—as you just saw on the final page of the script. We love showing off the production aspects. It's quite detailed, this drama. Most are staggered to learn how involved it is. How intricate. In fact, how involved We are in every aspect. After all, how many productions have eight billion actors and actresses? This is not including the extras, that is, the animals, birds and insects, who must each be in their proper places at the proper times. Every single player is*

*important. Some earthlings have called "silly" the supposition that the flap of a butterfly's wing in Brazil can set off a cascade of atmospheric events that, weeks later, spurs the formation of a tornado in Texas. You call it "the Butterfly Effect." Well, hold on to your hat, love, because it's true. You think it's easy making sure that everything is in the right place at the right time? Actually, it is. But never mind that. For now, return to your seat. But it's all different now for you, yes? You may be smoking fewer cigarettes. Could be? But thanks for freaking out there. We knew you would, of course. You freaked out at just the right time—naturally.*



*See? It's in the script. Page 466,798,786,223,490: "Jill freaks out at all the evil in the world and rushes the stage. This is interpreted as an inquiry as to the meaning of Life, at which point Jill is beckoned backstage and shown the whole plan." Be at peace now, love. I'm never far away.*

## A SPECTATOR IN HIS OWN PRODUCTION

Imagine the opposite thing, if you can. You probably can, as this is the popular viewpoint published and promoted wherever Christian magazines, Wednesday night Bible studies and evangelistic crusades are sold. In

the opposing scenario, God did set up a stage, and He did start up a production company, and He did draft a script, but He made the mistake of trusting the actors to do what He wanted. He gave them all free wills—if you can imagine that. His was once the only free will in the universe; all was fine then. But once He gave away His sovereign will to everyone (*everyone* then had a sovereign will, if you can imagine such a thing), God could never stuff the toothpaste (His own sovereignty) back into the tube. Well, no one would let him.

The former God had effectively forfeited His exclusive licensing agreement to true Deity. According to the 1972 interview of God in *Rolling Stone* magazine, God realized He'd blown it in Eden. "I should have put razor wire around the tree of the knowledge of good and evil," He said. "I made a lot of mistakes back then, right at the beginning." Supposing that his eventual eight



**“The former God had effectively forfeited His exclusive licensing agreement to true Deity.”**

billion cast members would all do what they were supposed to do—or at least close enough so that the overarching storyline could advance—was, according to the *New York Times*, “a *major* miscalculation on God’s part; basically a career-ending blunder.” Because—surprise—many human beings did *not* do what God wanted them to do. Get this: many did *the opposite*.

Because of the so-called Deity’s undervaluation of human stubbornness (God never foresaw the Woodstock generation, for instance), God is today relegated to hanging out backstage and crossing His big, fat, hairy fingers in hopes that—somehow—the original plotline can—at some point—get back on track. All God wants, at this stage of the production, is to salvage something of His original vision for humanity and the universe-at-large. Prospects for this are dim, however. God hated it most when He was spoofed in an *SNL* skit in 1992, wearing a placard around His neck that said, “Not much more than a spectator in His own production.”

## GOD BOTCHES WOODSTOCK

In August of 1969, NBC news anchor Chet Huntley did, in fact, broadcast a live report of God trying to stop the Woodstock rock festival. The audio, thought to be lost, was recently unearthed from NBC archives and is shared here in *The History of the Universe* for the first time—

Let’s fact it, David, the actors on the great stage of *Life* are rebelling. They are doing and saying whatever they want. This is nothing less than mutiny. I’m here at Max Yasgur’s 600-acre dairy farm near White Lake in Bethel, New York. Earlier this afternoon, concert promoter Michael Lang began construction of a giant stage at the bottom of the hill where I am now standing. The stage? It’s for a three-day music festival that promises to be the largest in history. But God doesn’t want the concert to take place, this much is clear. He hates rock and roll music—we all know that—especially Sly and the Family Stone. In fact, God was seen earlier today trying to commandeer a bulldozer. Lang’s co-promoter Artie Kornfeld saw God running for the bulldozer and shouting, “No, no, no! You’re not supposed to *do that!* I don’t *want* a rock concert here. Stop! It’s not in the script!” But everyone seemed to be ignoring Him.

When it became clear that His creation had once again escaped the confines of His will—especially at this critical societal juncture—God was seen sulking beneath one of the ALTEC speaker towers. “Dumb bastards,” He commiserated to one of our correspondents. “I *want* to go



out and personally *manhandle* these idiots into action—or non-action, as the case may be—and shove this script into their numbnut faces. But I’m actually prevented from doing this by an inner compulsion that is now telling me that I better not mess with human freedom. That is, I better not force people to do anything that they don’t want to do. But what am I saying? I couldn’t even do it now if I wanted to. You see, I gave away my sovereignty many years ago. Worst mistake I ever made. To put it bluntly, I screwed Myself. Now I can only hope for the best. Because look what is happening. You can see it with your own eyes. Everyone is out of control. Everything is now left to the whim of the players. And look! Here comes Janis Joplin in a helicopter. I didn’t even want her to be born, and here she comes in a helicopter to sing at an idiotic rock concert that I never wanted staged in the first place but that looks now as though it is destined to transpire. I must admit to you that this mass mutiny had never crossed my mind. I never thought it possible. Honestly, I don’t know what to do about it.”

And so, it’s a sad, sad scene here in Bethany, New York. Back to you, David.

## PASS THE JAMESON

So there, in a nutshell, is the popular, religious view of God. It is no exaggeration. It is just that you have never seen it with its pants down. Everything is out of control—as it must be if every being on the planet is his or her own sovereign Lord (and yes, that’s a capital “L”). Eight billion

competing, sovereign wills—what could go wrong? Please pass me the Jameson and hold the water.

Most earthlings attended some kind of church or temple as kids. They all heard tell of the god who had basically lost it and was now running around the universe putting out fires and hoping for the best. Only those who escaped religious training grew up to harbor any degree of hope for the world, that is, any logical hope. Only those spared the summer Bible camps could say, “Everything is going to work out” and mean it. Nothing they could put their finger on undergirded this hope save for a God-given instinct, which was blessedly correct. Sometimes hope survives religious training, though this is rare.

As for the church/temple people, they’re hypocrites. If something actually does go according to plan for the Christian and his god, it’s a random stroke of luck. It has to be. With no divine order to things—and there *can’t* be divine order, or any order, if God has given away His sovereignty—then the world “functions” according to chaos. The hypocrisy occurs when, facing a lucky break that arises out of the chaos, the Christian says, “Praise God!” Why? How? God is subject to the whim of His creation. Thank, rather, the random chaos for happening to deliver up three cherries.

The church crowd wants to have it both ways. According to them, God is still “somehow” in control of the world. This is what they say, but it’s a fun-house mirror. They want a God Who is not in control but in control at the same time. They can’t stomach even the thought of not being their own sovereigns. The irony here is that this is exactly what God wants them to think; God needs religious hypocrites who are so illogical, so odious to the normal nose, so self-righteous compared to the average man or woman, that they repel logical thinkers and honest seekers from them and their insti-

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tutions, driving the seekers toward the purchase—for instance—of independently-published books written by independently-thinking authors. We independents are the only kinds of people who can get away with applying logic to God while at the same time exposing the mainstream religious hypocrisy. The system won't have us, just as it wouldn't have Jesus Christ. We still love and honor God and Christ, we just no longer belong to their fan club. One of my favorite sayings is, "Lord, protect me from Your fan club."

### THE CREATION OF SATAN

So God and Christ created Satan. It's as simple as that. A monumental, opposing force was required to hands-on administer necessary evil. From God's point of view, it's the genius of employing an intermediary. It's a soft introduction to the fact that evil is necessary. When certain, chosen people can't handle it and freak out, they are called behind the curtain and told, "Hey. Relax. It's a staged production. Here's the script. Everything is on cue. The ending is happy beyond your wildest expectation." Evil thus turns out to be not only necessary, but carefully managed.

How did God and Christ create Satan? *How the heck should I know?* How does corn grow? No one knows. Farmers know that they must plant seeds in the soil and make sure that the seeds get water and sun, but no one knows how corn actually grows, not even Max Yasgur. It is just assumed that it does. God and Christ created Satan the same way that They created the stars, planets and corn. How does a potter create a vase? He mixes dirt with water and slings it around a wheel. He shapes it with his hands. He works according to a plan and moves his hands accordingly. When applied to a human potter, we grasp the creative process. It's simple. The potter creates a vase. Okay, now apply that to God and Christ creating Satan and everything else for that matter. Simply increase the size of the hands and put the imagination on steroids—there you have it.

Satan was created and cast to be an adversary, the king of all antagonists. This is not to suggest that it was a pleasant process. What follows is a verse that pretty damn well describes the process. Some stellar poetry follows, quoted directly from the book of Job. It is rare, even in Scripture, to get this kind of intimate, backstage look not only at the creation of the universe, but at the creation of the chief adversary of God and the world. This is Job 26:7-14 from a literal translation, the *Concordant Version of the Old Testament*—

He stretched out the north over the chaos,  
Hanging the earth up on nothingness.  
He bundled up the waters in His thick cloud, and the  
cloud was not rent beneath them.  
He held back the face of the full moon,  
Spreading over it His cloud.  
He delineated the horizon over the surface of the waters,  
Unto the all boundary of light with darkness.  
The columns of the heavens were made to collapse  
And were stunned at His rebuke.  
By His vigor He lulled the sea.  
He delineated the horizon: He circled a statutory limit.  
And by His understanding He transfixed Rahab.  
*By His spirit the heavens were made seemly; His hand tra-  
vailed with the fugitive serpent.*  
Behold, these are but the fringes of His ways, And what  
a little buzz of a word is heard of Him!  
Yet the thunder of His masterful deed, who shall under-  
stand it?



In Scripture, the serpent often represents Satan. I believe that to be the case here. Note how Job offers up one way of describing the making of the heavens and another to describe the making of the serpent, with two different sources of divine action for each creation. This is no accident.

The heavens were made “seemly” by God’s *spirit*, yet it is His *hand* that “travailed with the fugitive serpent.” “Seemly” comes from the Hebrew root, *shipbrah*, meaning “beauty.” To make seemly is “to provide or supply with something ornamental; adorn; decorate.” Picture the joy of an artist slapping paint on a canvas. If God could pirouette, that’s what He did at the creation of His Son, of the galaxies, of the universe-at-large, and of the eons themselves. It was fun for Him. With the heavens in place, however, God then had to create a terrible adversary to withstand Him and provide the necessary backdrop for a display of His love and grace. With His *spirit* does He travail with the fugitive serpent? Hell no. He is said to use His hands. He travails with His hands. He distances Himself.

“Travail” is a colder, nastier word than “make seemly.” The Hebrew word behind it is *chalal*. A chef makes a salad seemly, but a potter travails over a pot. One word suggests flair, fun, enjoyment, the other, mere function—even struggle. Here we see the *means* of creation. God made the heavens seemly “by His spirit.” This suggests a task near and dear to Him. For certain, the heavens emerged from God’s innermost Being. The crooked serpent, however, came from His hand. This suggests sheer creative prowess rather than communion. It was a necessary work, but one which God held out at arm’s length, a mile from His heart.

God does not rejoice in the necessary evil He brings to the world. Like the rest of us, He grits His teeth. But He has not left us alone in it. He does not light the fire and run; He knows what He’s doing; He is neither crazy, capricious, nor a reckless gambler. Evil is not eternal. Neither is it out of control—in spite of outward appearance. God sees the end of where all of this leads. And now, so do we.

#### FURTHER EXHIBITS

**Proverbs 16:4**— “God has made everything for its own pertinent end, yea even the wicked for the day of evil.”

**Isaiah 54:16**— “I created the ruiner to harm.”

#### MR. CLEAN

Religious legend has it that Satan was created good and went bad on his own. Guess how. The same way that Michael Lang managed to stage Woodstock over God’s vehement objections: free will.

“Free will” is religion’s excuse for why anything in the universe goes haywire, or what religion imagines to be haywire. Free will: You have it; I have it; Satan has it—apparently everyone but God has it. Something has to be blamed for the apparent disasters in life, and it sure can’t be God. The religious mind is delicate like peanut brittle. It believes that God is simply too nice to create evil. God is soft, like a Twinkie—according to the religious mind. Everything must be Cinderella-like for God. He never gets his hand dirty, this pretty-boy God. God is only happy in vacuums of goodness. If it even rains hard, God’s mind goes sour. He pouts. God didn’t do it, the clouds did it. He’s a prima donna, this One. A proper Liberace, this weak God of religion. Nope, if anything evil occurs anywhere in the universe, don’t blame God. He was in another sector of the universe ironing His tu-tu. He was playing a piano somewhere out near Neptune—wearing a boa, of course.

#### AMAZING GRACE? AMAZING SATAN

I caught a guy in this trap one time. The guy said to me, “God would never do anything bad. God never gets His hands dirty. He’s a lot like Liberace.” I said, “Well, God was responsible for the crucifixion of Christ.” The guy said, “Choke on those words and die, heathen. God had *nothing* to do with the evil crucifixion. Evil, evil, evil. How can you lay this at God’s feet? A pox be upon your mother.” “Beg your pardon,” I said. “You said that God had nothing to do with the *crucifixion*? I’m just verifying your words.” “Are you hard of hearing? A little wax build-up in the ears? Too many things went wrong there; illegal seizure; police brutality; spear through the heart—I tell you, God had nothing to do with it. How could He? He’s Mr. Clean. He’s delicate like a lace doily.” “Then who *was* responsible for the death of Christ?” I asked. “Why, that’s an easy one,” said the guy. (I knew what was coming.) “*Satan*. Satan did it, boy. Why, Satan does everything evil, don’t you know that? Geez kid, are you really this stupid? Didn’t your mom feed you fresh vegetables when you were a kid?” “You’re right,” I said. “Satan *did* do it. But Who’s behind Satan?” This, he could not handle. “*What?* Kid, listen, you’re skating on thin ice with me.



“If anything evil occurs anywhere in the universe, don’t blame God. He was playing a piano somewhere out near Neptune.”

What do you mean, ‘who’s behind Satan?’ And you better not be capitalizing that ‘w’ there.” “What is the source of the greatest blessing in your life?” I asked. It seemed like I had changed the subject, but I hadn’t. The guy didn’t have to think even a second about it. “Why, my salvation, of course. My salvation is the greatest blessing in my life.” “How did it come? I asked. “What do you mean, ‘how did it come?’ Were you raised on Froot Loops? How did *what* come?” “Your salvation,” I said. “How did it come?” “It came through the death, entombment and resurrection of Jesus Christ for my sins.” “Say that first part again,” I said. “Boy, you really *are* a dummy. I said, it came through the...” “Yes?” “It came through the...” “Uh-huh. Keep going. It came through the *death* of Christ, perhaps? The *crucifixion*?” I had rocked him. “Listen kid, if you think that you have just tricked me into disassociating God from what I consider to be my greatest blessing simply because—due to my limited viewpoint of God and my assumption that Satan operates independently of any divine control whatsoever; if you think that this predisposition has crippled me theologically to the point that I utter unretractable inanities and have become, in

your presence, a smouldering pile of hypocrisy...” “No, sir. I would never think such a thing.”

#### “FROM THE BEGINNING”

According to the religious theory, God created Satan to be Tinkerbell. According to the religious theory, Satan *was* Tinkerbell, but then Satan started listening to Janis Joplin (he got advance pressings of her *Kozmic Blues* album) and went nuts. He rebelled. God sent him to his room, but it didn’t work. Satan climbed out the window, down his bedsheet, and escaped with his buddies to the other side of the tracks, and he’s been on the lam ever since. “Satan, phone home.” Nope, not a chance. He’s on the loose and out of control.

Except for one thing. According to Jesus Christ (He seems to disagree with popular religious theory), Satan was a man-killer from the beginning. He didn’t start good and then went bad. He did not turn from Tinkerbell to Captain Hook. No. He was *made* Captain Hook. Made that way from the get-go. According to One Who would know—

You are of your father, the Adversary, and the desires of your father you are wanting to do. *He was a man-killer from the beginning*, and does not stand in the truth, for truth is not in him. Whenever he may be speaking a lie, he is speaking of his own, for he is a liar, and the father of it. —*Jesus Christ, John 8:44*

#### WHO MAKES GOD THE SINNER?

“I think people start having problems with this script thing when God jumps into His own production.”

“I don’t doubt it, Maude.”

“It would be like the playwright writing himself into his own play.”

“I’ve heard of it happening. Sure. He goes from being the author to one of the players.”

“People think that when he becomes a player, then he’s no longer the author.”

“It’s a mind-bender if you’re not ready for it. I, myself, wasn’t even ready for it until the kid straightened it out for me.”

“It’s like God jumps in and out of the production. When He’s in, He’s relating to the players. But it’s only a role. Is that how you see it, Harold?”

“Oh, certainly. God plays a role in His own production. But Christ Almighty, you can’t look at that and think that it’s anything but a role.”

“But people look at that and think that God is *actually* out on that stage wondering what’s going to happen next, right along with the players.”



“No wonder people listen to Janis Joplin. I mean, just to get that disturbing thing out of their heads. But honestly, how can people be so stupid?”

“It helps to know how to back out of the action every now and then and see that God actually *wrote* the thing and that His interaction with humans is, in fact, acting.”

“What did the kid call that, Maude?”

“It’s the figure of speech known as ‘condescension,’ when God condescends to talk to ants in the language of ants.”

“Maude, how you talk. I love it when you talk about ants. God only enters the scene to help the people out. Jesus, He knows *exactly* what’s going to happen. He only comes across as ignorant to help the ants.”

“I would hope so. God only jumps into the production as a role. It’s not His absolute character. It’s the whole ‘eonian God’ thing. I love how you said that.”

“What? The ‘role’ thing? I thought *you* said that.”

“Maybe I did. But think about it, Harold. If God meant for Satan to be a nice guy but then Satan went off the rails, then God would be a sinner.”

“You’re really turning me on with this. I swear, all this stuff is an aphrodisiac to me.”

“Do you know how many people are going to accuse the kid of making God out to be a sinner? And all because the kid proves to us that God made Satan a man-killer from the beginning. He purposely created him to be an adversary.”

“Help me follow this, honey.”

“It’s like this. If God meant for Satan to be good but then Satan went bad when God didn’t *intend* him to go bad, *then* God would be a sinner.”

“Oh, shit. Eureka.”

“Didn’t the kid say that the word ‘sin’ means to miss the mark?”

“I’m not sure I heard the kid say that.”

“But that’s what it means. If God meant for Satan to be good but then Satan went bad, then God missed the mark. If Satan went off the leash, *then* God would be a sinner. But if He *meant* for Satan to be bad...”

“Then He didn’t sin because He didn’t miss the mark.”

“I think we’re getting smarter by the minute, Harold. The only way to look at this and to keep God from being a sinner is if He meant for all this to happen. *That’s* the teaching that keeps God from being a sinner. This *other* bullcrap, that God had this swell idea, this idealistic plan, this Pollyanish fairy tale, but the fairy tale went haywire, *that’s* the reaching that makes God a complete screw-up. A sinner. The religious people, in trying to rescue God from sin, actually turn Him into the worst sinner ever.”

“Maude, you are turning me on tremendously. It’s all

I can do right now to keep my hand out of your cute little pants. No matter how old we get, you’re still my lovebird. You’re still my chick. Should we tell them that we were at Woodstock?”

“I don’t know. Is it time?”

“I think it will help people to know that we’re the rebellious kind who smoked pot at Woodstock and that we think for ourselves, and that going from Woodstock into these things that we’re now finding out from the kid is a natural flow for us. I mean, aren’t we still rebels?”

“Of the highest order.”

## WRITING HIS OWN RÉSUMÉ

The religious world wants to improve God’s résumé. God says that He created evil (Isaiah 45:7) and that He created the ruiner to harm (Isaiah 54:16), and that Satan was a man-killer from the beginning (John 8:44), but God doesn’t know how to put a good face on Himself. He requires social media consultants and a PR firm. These self-appointed consultants know better than God. I want to call these people “pussies,” but I do not wish to disparage pussies. The misguided effort to clean up God’s résumé results directly from the erroneous and enormously awful assumption that evil is eternal. If evil is eternal, then normal people can’t accredit it to God. Thank God that there is *some* normalcy on board this ship. But the ship sinks fast because a God *not* in control of the who-hash (“Grinch” reference there) that regularly occurs on this planet (i.e. the bad things, and there are lots of them) is more nightmarish (in my opinion) than the assertion that caused the knee-jerk reaction in the first place, that is, the eternity of evil. I could be wrong about this. One thing is as bad as the other.

The remedy is the truth: evil has a good, necessary, overarching purpose; a loving God created evil; evil is never gratuitous; evil is never out of control no matter how much it seems to be; when it has done its work, God will abolish evil forever from His universe, leaving only the good that could not have come or been realized without the presence of evil; everyone single being will admit in the end, “A lot of *Life* sucked and it sucked hard, but as *this* is the result, well, God has proven Himself to be a genius.”

Satan himself will eventually be reconciled to God, and I have proof of it. —MZ