

myspace blogs
The Church of God, Lunatic ~ a semi-authorised introduction

CONTENTS

6. The Mad God's Ambulance	Oct 25 06
9. Mad Gods and Englishmen	Nov 5
16. The Gods Must be Crazy	Nov 29
19. Who Man Would Destroy (He First Makes Gods?)	Dec 17
22. Impatience Does Become a God That's Mad ...	Jan 7 07
26. They're Free? I'll Take Ten!	Feb 2
29. Shimmering softly, dressed in blue ...	Feb 23
31. If You Would Know What Is The Matter With Me, I Am Nervous	Mar 11
34. Let's Go Back to Your Childhood, Childhood, Childhood ...?	Apr 1
37. An Omnipresent Being Is Always On The Couch	Apr 22

myspace blogs

The Church of God, Lunatic ~ a semi-authorised introduction

6. The Mad God's Ambulance

The usual items are already plopping into myspace's mailbox. Anyone daft enough to expose themselves on one of these sites for all the world to see has to expect it, I suppose.

La Ninfa Celestial has already been hit on by every bloke "just looking for friends" in a 23.65 kilometre radius of Edinburgh from her presence on "non-dating site" WAYN (Where Are You Now?). It might as well be called AYUFIT (Are You Up For It Today?). There are some disgusting blokes out there. She's loving it!

I on the other hand being less afflicted with youth and pulchritude get hit mainly by people wishing to sell me their services or, more often, pictures of somebody's services, being enjoyed by someone else while I pay and ...

At least it's not like my mailbox, full of offers of stuff to make the little todger bigger, harder, longer-lasting. Or telling me that the bank I don't even have an account with needs me to enter my name, address, credit card number and holiday dates on their site now. Or offering me loans, degrees and the chance to meet Christians (why???). It's wearisome but somehow worth it.

But religion has reared its head in a rather intriguing way this week. Someone has looked on the Lucidity Ltd website and the quality thereof has suggested to them that I'm the man for them, on account of I'm not likely to charge much for my services.

The thing is that they are a religious order that makes Opus Dei look like a local tennis club that's desperate for members and the Priory of Sion almost credible. For about a century they've been keeping their membership to a few, carefully-chosen specialists and their activities a closely-guarded secret. But now, for reasons I hope I can soon make clear, they have decided that they should 'go public' and enlist the help of the wider population of the planet in their task of saving mankind by their special relationship with God.

Oh yes, they believe in God. Which god? All of them, apparently. And their basic premise is that God doesn't need worshipping ~ He needs therapy. Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to introduce (with their permission) The Church of God, Lunatic.

I shall tell you more anon, assuming they're cool so far. Watch this blogspace ...

9. Mad Gods and Englishmen

I believe it was the giant panda that started it all off. That and salmon swimming up waterfalls to fight, shag and die. And Penguins that stand for months with an egg on their feet in the howling Antarctic winds. But mainly the panda.

I mentioned, a few blogs back, the Church of God, Lunatic, who have been asking me if I can set up a website for them. Its members are not worldly men, being almost monastic in their dedication to a cause that would strike most of us, including your humble blogger, as pretty lunatic in itself. But they are aware of all that and happy enough to trust me to put the basic ideas across to you while we thrash out the design and content of the new site.

They're even happy with my none-too-serious tone. Apparently you need a sense of humour to be a CoG-Loon (we'll be trying out various nicknames, abbreviations and sobriquets here: do let us know which you like) and not go as loopy as ~ well, as a god.

So a history lesson. The Church of God, Lunatic was the brainchild of one Rheinhardt Krebble (1874-1953), the child of Austrian immigrants to the English Midlands, who stereotypically followed Freud, Adler and Jung into the study of psychoanalysis.

Many scientists of the late Nineteenth and early Twentieth Centuries, caught up in the exciting advances in such areas as evolutionary or psychological theory, were content to abandon religion wholesale. Its explanations were seen as irrational and its impositions harmfully repressive. Sometimes the loss of faith was difficult and painful but any lingering doubts, any pieces of the newly disassembled puzzle that didn't seem to fit were easily brushed into a drawer, marked 'for later consideration'. But Krebble couldn't just file away the nagging doubts, sure that better understanding would allay them all one day.

And his main problem was, how on earth does an animal *evolve* to look like a cuddly toy? Why does a fundamentally carnivorous animal suddenly seem to have abandoned its main food source and moved to live off un-nutritious bamboo, as if the whole species had suddenly converted to Buddhism? Put simply: *Why giant pandas?*

16. The Gods Must be Crazy

I have been gently reminded with a pointed stick to the backside that some time has passed since I addressed you good people on the subject of the Universe and its supposedly insane First Cause (see Blogs 6 & 9 back in October). We left the founder of the Church of God, Lunatic pondering the sheer unlikeliness of creatures like the giant panda.

As a psychologist, Reinhardt Krebble knew that, even when at their most withdrawn, neurotics leave clues to their concealment, wanting always to be found and helped. His recent involvement in the case of Lord Ponsonby, possibly the earliest example of 'profiling' was still fresh in his mind. The 'Marquis of Murder' had escaped justice for some years by hiding behind a false bookcase in the library of his ancestral home but was found when Krebble spotted that all the books on those particular shelves were splendidly produced fakes with titles like *How to Hide in Libraries*, *Fake Bookcases for Dummies* and *You'll Never Find Me Behind Here*.

Although conventional theologians might also reason that apparent oddities like pandas and penguins might indeed be deliberate clues to God's existence (*a posteriori*, rather than *a dementi*, as it were), the nature of these beasts, the difficult conditions and precarious diets, were too unpleasant for Krebble to reconcile with the notion of a loving, compassionate deity. But not a loopy one. Seeing in them all the hallmarks of neurotic or even psychotic behaviour, he now turned to the study of philosophy and theology for further clues.

One of his first questions was this: if you were omniscient, how would you *know* it? How could you feel sure that there wasn't something, somewhere, even popping into existence in the Universe you created (or think you did)? A corner you couldn't see, not as it really was, something metaphorically *behind you*? Yes, the old paradox of omnipotence was well known ~ an all-powerful being can't create something over which it has no control and therefore can't really do *anything*. There's a simple answer to that ~ why would I *want* to, dick-brain?! (Well, come to think of it, a psychologist might reason that it would be a good way to relieve yourself of all that responsibility). But the crushing doubt of omniscience ~ this was a good place to start.

And that's before you get to the loneliness and boredom bit. Which we will one day soon ~ without the necessity for any further applications of sharp sticks to sore buttocks.

19. Who Man Would Destroy (He First Makes Gods?)

Less than a month ago, we left the good Doctor Krebble, whom God preserve, of Uttoxeter, pondering the possibility of an omnipresent, omnipotent and omniscient being, alone in the universe, clinging to anything remotely resembling sanity. The Judeo-Christian scripture claims that Yaweh/God made the world for his own Glory. Krebble thought he more likely did it for something to do ~ or maybe so He could have some company.

Of course, with an eternal being you cannot apply the traditional methods of delving into a patient's formative years. "Let's talk about your childhood childhood childhood" is hardly applicable to someone outside time, is it? The deity obviously presented a very special case. And yet, clinging to the possibility that some metaphorical truth lingered in the idea of making man in His own image, Krebble tried to imagine the effect of cosmic loneliness and what neuroses may be engendered in an all-powerful but lonely intelligence. He reasoned that mankind must indeed have been created by some god, beset by the conflicting mental states deriving from this loneliness and the 'omniscience-doubts' mentioned in blog 16. And though His instability often caused Him to act 'capriciously' with us, His creatures, to help Him was our duty, our responsibility and indeed our best hope of a less shitty life.

If mankind, reasoned Krebble, could find a way to help God to a greater awareness of His condition and thus to what he called the Great Cure, surely all the tribulations that face us will come to an end, ushering in an era in which man, God, nature and even the smelly family at number 23 will live together in blissful harmony.

To this end, he began to gather together like-minded people, initially from colleagues in the young but lucratively-growing field of psychoanalysis, as the priest-therapists of his new church. They conducted regular sessions, in which their 'prayers' were designed as attempts to increase the creator's awareness (if He was listening) of his condition and to offer, with all due humility, support and guidance. This initial approach has remained the template for modern CoGL 'Sessions' but, as will be explained in future instalments, has changed along with the more usual approaches of counselling and therapy.

But before we sign off, a reader has asked about how the Loonies (as she dubs them ~ better than 'Morons' or Jehovah's Witlesses, I guess) celebrate the Festering Season (as I call it).

Apparently, pretty much as most folks do, giving gifts, decorating the house, eating and drinking far too much in the company of all the annoying relatives one tries to avoid for the rest of the year. A spokesperson says: "What many call Christmas has long been a season associated with religious festivity, such as the feast day of the sun god, Mithras, a turning of the year dedicated to Janus or Saturn, and now the birth of the Saviour of the Christians. We see all these as manifestations of the same disturbed God, a form of multiple personality disorder, if you will. Although these largely man-made festivals and holidays are, at most, tangential to our theories and practices ~ a feast day may for instance provide a theme for a therapy session ~ practically and fundamentally, as with Diwali, Easter, Wesak and Id al-Fitr and many other feasts which we also observe, it's just one more bloody good excuse for a piss-up!"

Suggestions are invited from our readers for Christams Carols suited to the Church of God, Lunatic. As for me ...

Christmas is cancelled, the geese can all go free
Stick your cards and pressies by another old man's tree
If you haven't any pressies, love will have to do
If you haven't got a lover, join the sodding crew!

22. Impatience Does Become a God That's Mad ...

... as Shakespeare almost said. Yea, and also a Church that's keen to come out into the open. As is my usual irritating wont, costly in terms of readers (and lovers?), I have not been letting brevity get in the way of waffle. Even this introductory paragraph itself ... oh, stop it, Dai!

So, my history of the Church of God, Lunatic needs to move on. Enough, for now, of the history of its foundation. Where does the Church stand *today*, what is it doing *now*, on the brink of its historic bursting forth into public consciousness, at least among my many tens of readers?

Pace my new, believing colleagues, I have long suspected that the Roman Catholic Church, home to some of the greatest minds of the last two Millennia, worked out long ago that there simply was no God. Like Voltaire, they, in their authoritarian/well-meaning/power-hungry* way (delete according to taste), decided it would be better for the human race if this were not common knowledge. Unlike Voltaire, they didn't go against their own logic and publish the bloody idea. Like, d'uh, Francoise-Marie! "If God did not exist, it would be better to keep shtumm!"

Despite this, the Vatican also keeps, for appearance sake at least, an up-to-date catalogue of all reported occurrences that could be called miracles. The Loonies, on the other hand, keep their own lists of proofs that the guy is off his nut. The *Psychotic Episodes Directory* in which number 1 is our old friend the giant panda, aims to reveal and list the inanities in an otherwise intelligent design.

(Incidentally the name Loonies seems to have stuck though some members have suggested *Gloonies*, on the grounds that it's God that's crazy and not them ~ this remains a matter of opinion)

Fish that have to leap up waterfalls to fight, fuck and fall dead; penguins that spend months standing in a blizzard with eggs balanced on their feet, waiting for a film crew, and wasps that lay eggs in caterpillars to start their offspring off with a live snack, these were well known in Krebble's day. But every year, science gives more glaring and scaring examples that make a cuddly toy in a forest look sensible.

There is a parasitic worm out there somewhere, that preys on a particular species of fish. Not for this little chap the simple and common expedient of living in a gut and sharing the passing morsels like a tapeworm. Oh no, this guy prefers its food fresher than that. So the first thing it does is eat its host's tongue, to which it bears a remarkable resemblance. Nice, eh? Then it attaches itself to the chewed-off stump of that organ and takes its place, using the hunting skills of its landlord to bring it regular and tasty snacks. It shares these with the host of course, can't have the happy shopper dying on us, can we? Gotta keep it alive and swimming.

The whole catalogue is just one of the things they're thinking of having on the website. And that last entry has got me thinking ~ they might not just be getting a web designer but a new convert.

Gloonies it is, then.

26. They're Free? I'll Take Ten!

It has been suggested, by my putative employers at the Church of God, Lunatic, that we present you with a summary of a typical analysis by their founder, Rheinhardt Krebble (1874-1953). Why not, indeed?

The obvious choice would be the Ten Commandments ~ obvious because I and most of you, my esteemed regular readers, come from a culture steeped in Judeo-Christian traditions, even if I do stem from the apathetic wing of the Church of England. However the Church does wish me to emphasise that it views most, if not all religions, however contradictory, as founded under inspiration from the same deity. In this respect they seem to resemble the Baha'is but, whereas Baha-Ullah rather glossed over the apparent contradictions between various major faiths, the Gloonies revel in them, in their search for clues to God's malaise and a means of helping Him.

Another reason that the Decalogue would be most suitable is that it was one of the few samples of God's holy handwriting, and Gloony graphologists would just love to get their hot, sticky hands on the original tablets. Sadly, despite the best efforts of Indiana Jones, we don't have them to hand, so we have to work from the text alone. But that does indeed tell us quite a bit, according to Krebble, about the being that wrote it. It may well be that "the law was made for man; not man for the law," but Krebble still had his doubts about the maker of both.

It's almost a cliché to say that, even if God does not exist, the Ten Commandments still represent the best guide to living a 'good' life. To which Buddhist-influenced, humanistic atheists like myself reply, *bollocks!* Not only are there equally good, if not preferable ones out there (for instance, Buddhist rules that are down on killing, lying and 'sexual misconduct' in general and also dissing folks behind their backs: okay, it's ludicrous ~ where's the fun in life meant to come from? ~ but morally, you gotta admit, on slightly higher ground). No doubt the Big Ten are pretty consistent with the idea of a loving parent, warning his offspring against the consequences of letting their 'weaker nature' get the better of them, but Krebble asserts that some also show equally typical parental and personal angst. The general tone, with the implication that the rules may be there for our own good and that any punishment we endure as a result of transgression is gonna "hurt me more than it hurts you", is still arse-stingingly familiar to any kid whose Dad has just lost his patience and asserted his bigger-than-thou authority, reasonably or otherwise.

But, as Krebble pointed out even before Margaret Knight (*Honest to Man*), the rules given top billing relate to our relationship with the deity, rather than the way we live our lives in human society. And, in so doing, they show a pattern familiar to any Freudian: fear of being usurped (no other God but me ~ oh, so Kelly's Mom gives you ice cream? So why don't you go live with Kelly's Mom and get fat?), being sidelined (no graven images ~ you love your play station fighter so much, let's see it get you supper!) or being dissed by the kids (no taking My name in vain ~ what did you call me? Just come here and say that Mister!). Even the injunction to honour our fathers and mothers now begins to look like a transferred anxiety.

This is radically condensed from page after page of Krebble's typically thorough analysis ~ or, as some have called it, long-winded, abstruse waffle ~ but I think it gives a flavour of the way in which a determined Gloony, like psychologists in general, can find evidence of neurosis absolutely anywhere, if they just look hard enough. Another example soon ~ watch this space.

29. Shimmering Softly, Dressed in Blue ...

At an early point in the online history of the Church of God, Lunatic, a correspondent asked about the Virgin Mary ~ what is her status in the eyes of Gloomies?

My initial reaction, not letting ignorance get in the way of pontification, was to say that she was largely a human construction, Churches, particularly Roman Catholics, having bigged her up, way beyond the original scriptures. Reasons for this are many and varied; such as the need to sell Christianity to folks whose old, pagan faiths mean they find the idea of a male God rather strange and who thus need a strong earth-mother figure if new ideas are going to have any cred.

But I was soon corrected when I next spoke to my contacts in the CoG,L. The direct influence of the deity has to be looked for everywhere, not just the 'revealed' parts of the 'mainstre' faiths, particularly in the religions people choose. Jansenism, the 17th Century Catholic version of Calvinism, held that God's miracles would always be capable of 'rational' explanation by the ungodly (quite a good get out clause, really). I suppose the Gloomies have a similar view but, for 'miracles', read 'psychotic episodes'.

Given time, all religions seem to split into sects and subsects, as typified in Emo Phillips' great joke, or the fact that Islam, which has no sects according to the Holy Qur'an, split into two factions, intent to this day on beating the shi'ite out of each other (sorry, couldn't resist), within minutes of the Prophet's death. Even this apparently very human tendency is seen by Gloomies as a manifestation of the deity's own doubts, identity crises or just a fondness for fucking with our heads.

And in the case of Mary herself, those of you who recall Krebble's analysis of the Ten Commandments (blog 26) might already have an idea where this is going. Yes, we all know that the angel said, "Be not a Freud", but we won't let that stop us.

It seems to be a case of jealousy. They fuck you up, your Mum and Dad, as Mr Larkin tells us. But what if you don't have a Mum or Dad, never did, never will? Who you gonna blame? In particular, without a mother figure, how could you enjoy the luxury of a full-blown Oedipus Complex?

useful links :

title quote ~ <http://lyricsplayground.com/alpha/songs/o/onagainonagain.shtml>

Emo Phillips' joke: <http://www.guardian.co.uk/g2/story/0,3604,1580452,00.html>

Larkin poem ~ <http://www.artofeurope.com/larkin/lar2.htm>

31. If You Would Know What Is The Matter With Me, I Am Nervous

How many psychologists does it take to change a light bulb?

The answer is of course one ~ but only if the bulb really *wants* to change.

And there's the rub for the Church of God, Lunatic*. Once you've concluded that God is sad, mad and dangerous to annoy, how do you proceed? Many neurotics, while crying out for help by oddly coded means, like bizarre twitches, phobias or killing sprees, will resist in diverse ways any attempt to tell them they're crazy, sometimes passive-aggressive, at others more aggressive-aggressive. Freud said that if children had power they would destroy the world in their first tantrum ~ the deity is certainly no child but world-destroying is presumably well within His power ~ and there might be little point in saying, "but then you'd have no one to play with".

Despite the well-known saying, messengers do get shot ~ I'm told that the Matabele actually used to ram pointed sticks up the nostrils and into the brain of any poor schmuck sent to tell base camp that a battle had gone badly, as if he could have done much about it ~ let's face it, you aren't gonna put a guy in charge of strategy who's dumb enough to deliver a message under those rules, are you (those of a satirical bent may insert their own George W. joke here)? So even though I'm just helping them get the message out there, am I asking for trouble? Writing this kind of stuff could be seen by Gloonies as leading to 'negative transference' or, by the more traditionally religious, as downright name-in-vain, flippant, go-straight-to-hell blasphemy.

Indeed, there is considerable debate among the faithful as to how a deity might take to being 'outed' as off His head.

As we've already noted (blog 29), it's normal enough for the religious to interpret events that others would say 'just happen' as manifestations of the Divine Will. When dealing with a philosophy that sees life's vicissitudes as manifestations of a Divine Neurosis at best and Total Divine Derangement at worst, it's understandable that some might want to tread cautiously.

This is of course why it's taken so long for the Church to take these first, faltering steps towards a more public presence. It's probably also, he said as it dawned on him, why they've chosen an uninvolved fall-guy to do the job. Is my flippant, cynical approach the perfect escape pod? 'Church' melts into background, front man left looking like a delusional nutcase (no change there, then).

And, as I do my best to help them spread the perilous word, is my life being monitored for manifestations of divine displeasure? Is it indeed a coincidence that an apparently industrial-strength bond between myself and *la ninfa celestia* was severed, plunging me into a pit of purgatorial painitude, within a week of the first Gloony blog? What other explanation could there be for a beautiful and lively 21 year old lass leaving such a wonderful, clever, sweet, kind, sexy, jolly, penniless, verbose, insecure 54 year old git? Or is it me that's bonkers after all?

Oh well, onward and downward ...

*For the full history, see www.lucidity.ltd.uk/blogs/home.htm

34. Let's Go Back to Your Childhood, Childhood, Childhood ...

I'd make a shit shrink, me. For one thing, I'm told therapists have to shut up and let the victim ~ sorry, I'm told the term is 'client' ~ do most of the talking. Weird.

But what do you do when the client doesn't respond ~ at least not in a way the average observer might spot? Come to think of it, what's the equivalent of "Let's go back to your childhood ..." when the client is an eternal non-begotten being, outside time without extension and all that? Just how does the Church of God, Lunatic (see previous blogs collected at <http://www.lucidity.ltd.uk/blogs/home.htm>) treat its one and only patient?

Well, it's not easy. But the problems are not much worse than those faced by many therapists ~ nor many believers. Edinburgh novelist Muriel Spark said her books were about how people always let you down in the end but God never does. But isn't that because a believer redefines the events in their lives as His loving action? Maybe it's not so easy to make allowances for the actions of annoying, lying or treacherous humans, or even to try and see them from their point of view. That family getting slaughtered by an axe-murderer was God taking them to paradise early, the woman who got better after a long, agonising illness was a miracle cure, my Mum, who died after a similar travail was being mercifully released and that down and out has lived in the gutter for years so that some middle-class Mom can buy him a burger and spread the lesson of unconditional smiles. [Shakespeare quote to be inserted when I can find the damn thing]

Why don't I say that the wife who left me was doing me the favour of freeing me up for a Celestial Nymph (who was just being born about that time, so the second partner was part of a very helpful relay team)? The folks that burgled my house were teaching me the transience of possessions and the value of insurance and so on? Nobody lets you down if you look at stuff the right way ~ and give it long enough.

The Catholic Church keeps a list of miracles but, well aware of the human tendency to wish-fulfilling hermeneutics (interpretation to suit), has to subject every report to close and sceptical scrutiny. The CoG,L has to be at least as rigorous, just as a psychologist can hardly send a depressed patient away at the first thing that might be a smile ~ but could be indigestion. And, as with the less responsive but potentially violent human patients, one doesn't want to start yelling, "We're trying to help you here! Say something, you dumb bastard!" at an omnipotent deity.

So the art of what they call *psycholatria* (from the theological concept of *latria*, the veneration accorded to God alone) is one on which much thought and debate has been lavished. I'm not sure I grasp it fully yet but I'll try to give some idea of the basic concepts. This week, let's look at the one that sets up all therapy sessions ...

Reassuring support: Many religions have prayers acknowledging that God is Great. But they also teach that He Himself points out that those who don't think so are asking to be broken with a rod of iron ~ not to mention dashed in pieces like a potter's vessel. While not wishing to provoke the Client by suggesting a desire to confiscate this rod, it is also essential to let Him know that he is loved for Himself and not just out of terror. This is often known as "You don't need the rod, God" by some of the younger, more iconoclastic Gloonies. So most sessions begin with a prayer of this nature.

There aren't many fixed texts for Gloonie prayers, as the Church likes to think of itself as non-formulaic and flexible. This is all part of the ongoing debate about the idea that the Deity might actually *like* ritual ~ and the dichotomy inherent in trying to change, at least within this realm of existence, a being who is unchanging and therefore unchangeable outside it. However, down the years, attempts have been made to introduce liturgical elements. So let us end with an early example of the Litany of Reassurance, by Reinhardt Krebble (1874-1953) himself, in which the Founder tried to balance archaic modes of devotion with the friendly but removed approach of a therapist. The religious among you might like to incorporate it into your own devotions ...

Oh Heavenly Father, we freely acknowledge that thou art mighty and that we are as insects beneath thy almighty heel. But be thou assured that we know thee also to be great in spirit and in heart. We love thee, O Lord, as much for thyself as out of fear ~ verily, even more so. Yea, were the gates of Paradise flung open to the most undeserving and blasphemous of us sinners, allowing us to roam freely in its delightful gardens, we would still want to spend time with Thee: maybe even to chat over a few pints of nectar, if such be thy Holy Desire. After all, thou hast made all that is and ever shall be and surely that's something about which thou canst be very proud. Know thou that we, whatever else we may say in our ensuing discussions, are truly dead impressed. *Amen*

37. An Omnipresent Being Is Always On The Couch

I'd make a shit evangelist, me. So my friends at the Church of God, Lunatic (*blogs passim*) tell me. Despite my original appeal being that I wasn't likely to get too heavy, my flippancy seems to bother them, at least inasmuch as they've asked me to refrain from opening my blogs about their Church with space-wasting personal rambles. Apparently it lacks gravitas and harms their chances of being taken at all seriously. And curing a crazy God, is no joke, especially if you're stuck under one of His volcanoes, tornadoes or metaphysical rotten tomatoes. And they've utterly forbidden me to start with the phrase, "I'd make a shit ..., me."

No worries, guys. Your wish is my command.

My esteemed readers who've been following the story so far will know that Gloony prayer meetings ~ or Theo-therapy Sessions ~ begin with the Offering of Reassuring Support. Those equally esteemed readers who haven't might like to check out the collected blogs at www.lucidity.ltd.uk/blogs/home.htm. I'm not going over it all again here; I'm in enough trouble as it is.

"If God is everywhere, He's always on the couch," is a fundamental tenet of Gloonyism. And He's therefore always part of the group hug that begins the therapy proper. Group sessions are preferred ~ after all, in some ways it's hard to have a one-on-one with a being who's everywhere ~ possibly in the hearts of all mankind ~ even while you're talking to Him.

Not that traditional types of prayer have been discarded, far from it. Worship and devotion, not to mention "blessing and honour, glory and power", are still due "unto Him, ... unto Him that sitteth upon the Throne" and all that, Him being the all-powerful, the giver of life and possibly even the answerer of prayers ~ after all, it's that very power that Gloonies believe He sometimes finds hard to handle. Most of the time they accept He uses it well and compassionately; and we could hardly help Him ~ or ourselves ~ by rejecting His love and assistance when it is available, right? Not only would it be upsetting to respond to the loveliest line in Revelation; "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes" with, "Thanks, but we invented the handkerchief, already": it might even result in us being given what my (earthly) father used to call "something to really cry about!"

Well, our 50 minute hour is up and I've done what I wasn't supposed to again. Next time I will, I promise, try to get straight onto the question of Group Theo-therapy and its practice by the modern Gloony.

myspace blogs

The Church of God, Lunatic ~ a semi-authorised introduction