

When God Was A Little Boy

by Zalman Velvel

"Good night, Johnny."

"Night, Dad."

He bent down and kissed his son's forehead. Johnny smiled up at him, his blue eyes sparkling.

"Dad?"

"Yes?"

"Could you tell me a story?"

"Johnny, I have a week's worth of work piled up on my-"

"Please?"

"And I have bills to sort through and-"

"Please, Dad. You haven't told me a story in a long time."

He sighed, then nodded his head, and sat down on his son's bed.

"Okay, what would you like hear a story about? We have the Sesame Street book with Big Bird and -"

"Tell me a story about God."

"God?"

Johnny nodded his head and smiled.

"God, huh? Hmmm ... that calls for a special book. Are you sure you want to hear a story about God?"

When Johnny nodded his head, his father stood up and left the room. He returned shortly holding an adult book with no pictures on the cover.

"Are you sure you want to hear a story about God?" He asked before he sat back down on the bed.

Johnny was sure.

"Well, once upon a time, in the very beginning, there was God, and only God."

"Wasn't there someone else?"

"No, God was the first thing ever. If there was something else, even empty space, then someone else besides God would have had to make that space, and then make God, and that would have been God."

"What about God's father?"

"God didn't have a father. He was just God, all by himself."

This isn't going to be easy, he thought.

THERE IS MORE!

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