THE GRUMPY DISCIPLE #7

WANTED: Imaginary Friend. Must be Invisible.

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Children have imaginary friends to play with, and adults have God to pray to. A child's friend comes and goes as needed. God requires more.

Apparently, His wants fairly regularly cross over the line to demands. If I could combine the lists of "dos and don'ts" of all regimented, worldwide, God-followers, I think that list could carpet the Great Wall of China. The world over, God want this, and, wants that. But, what if this lengthy menu of spiritual deeds is only from an imaginary friend – one ancient, sometime companion?

Where's the visible sure proof motivating us to live according to Religion A, B or C?

Humans get so attracted to anyone who claims to have seen something, anything, of another world. In such a dimension, all is truly visible for it is the "home" of our visitors. We are told their world is not our world. It's like a priceless foreign substance temporarily on display, visiting us from a place where no map can lead the inquisitive. These brief, visible events which come into view are beyond our normal capabilities and explanation. Occasionally, a person is allowed to pass the standard restrictions of the five senses. And so, the occurrence is labeled a miracle, magic or supernatural.

Non-believers and skeptics call such things "imaginary." The incidents are not in accordance with scientific laws. Such forces which move in our realm do not stay long and rarely grant public interviews.

On a side-note, kids and grown-ups operate on a similar make-believe faith level. When desired, we both overrule the invisible beings with our own preferences – there doesn't seem to be any immediate consequences. On "off" days and in off moods we pretend to have God (or whoever) on our leash as we walk through life. In such power struggles, kids and grown-ups also have imaginary enemies. These unseen opponents pester our lives and seek to trip us up. We try to defeat them, and so, bow to us, or to our supernatural big shot.

We are taught that a child's friend is in their imagination. But, a grown-ups "friend" is made of spirit or from a dimension far superior to ours. All – every one of these curiosities – play, now-you-see-me-now-you-don't! From ghosts and genies to burning bushes, fairies, angels, hags, messiahs, crop-circle makers, elves and even peek-a-boo UFOs: why do they hide? What a smorgasbord! How come our world is spiced with ever-fading cosmic mirages, mystical and mysterious exchanges? I find this thread running through recorded history. All humanity wrestles and wars over "Who dunnit?" I do not believe in Santa Claus or the Easter Bunny, no matter what any kid says.

What is this universal common denominator of invisibility all about?

I ask, "Why hide?"

Yes. Why hide?

When it comes to voting on allegiance to one's favorite disappearing/reappearing phenomena or combinations therein, we actively vote *against* other people's heartfelt and mindset choices. Yet, all devoted earthlings *cannot* be right. At the end of the day, when you do the math, most beliefs must be imaginary. This is a hazardous state.

All followers acquire evidence to remain convinced, and to convince others. "No fantasy here! No pretending or make-believe. Nothing invented!"

Hardy skeptics point out: "All are wrong! You follow no one and can prove nothing."

I ask, why do these strangers come and go. Why is there no sustaining power or isolated presence on planet Earth where a person can travel to and – no doubt about it – flip their existence to a changed, sold-out believer. Either we chase, and only catch sight of a flicker, or find utter disappointment. Where is the needed bubbling fount of refreshment to satisfy the curious masses? Who can point to it in confidence and we see the marvel? (And, of course, put it on TV.)

One thing is for sure. If every conflicting spiritual, science fiction or fabled imaginary friend showed up – at one time – what a confusing menagerie we'd have. Maybe a wise and friendly hobbit will show up and explain things!

These Things Make Me Grumpy...