

Why God Never Answered

He never answered our prayers.

I sat behind the icy rods of my prison and gazed outward. Every day, many seagulls would soar atop the winds and brush their beaks over the oceans. As they filled their bellies, my stomach would growl with the pangs of hunger. All around me, the shriveled limbs of my peers were all for me to look on.



Hope had withered into days of despair where only the waning lights of the moon would replace those of the sun. Days would pass, and thuds would echo off the ground, followed by the shrieks of my peers. My captors would gush into the cell, and each day would be one fewer of us and one more scream. I knew not when my end would come, but I would clasp my hands into a tight curl and write my prayer in my journal.

Every day, I would ask, "God, why do you allow so much evil to exist in this world? Why do you not intervene?"

Every night was a mournful prayer leading to sheer silence. And every morning when I awoke, dew on my windows would reflect the red of the seas.

A day came when my captor choked me by the neck and dragged me to the stake. There I lay, tied up, only to look up at the heavens for the last plea.

The opening shots rang, and my body felt the wreck of a train. Darkness overtook me, and I opened my eyes again, looking into a garden where the light had become its petals, and no shadows marred its beauty. Only a single light loomed from afar, its fringes blazing with the flames of a thousand supernovas.

I at first thought it was God.

"Why did you not hear my prayers? Why did you allow so much evil to roam this world?" I asked.

The being of light then resounded such that its light had become its voice.

The being said, "There is no darkness here in this garden. No suffering nor ailments; it is one where all of us heavenly beings have grown too accustomed to."

"To what?"

"Peace. Time does not exist in the afterlife. Time is only a measurement of progress here. And the only way to evolve is to be part of a roiling sea."

"A roiling sea?"

The light being turned away as if praying for an unseen god to grace us with her presence. But god never answered. The being said, "A truly benevolent god would never answer our prayers. God would only hear us."

"So god has abandoned us, as usual?"

"To a sea of suffering so we may grow. If he had acted like a father, we would not muster the strength to grow out of our travails alone. If she had comforted like a mother, we would be too pampered with peace to do so."

"What will become of me now?"

The light being led me through a tunnel of rapturous light. Through a portal, we descended upon the earth's roiling storms and bitter palls.

"Come," said the being. "This will be your new body. You'll go through many hardships, over and over again."

"And for what purpose?"

"To seek god?"

"And where is this divine presence?"

A cone of light pointed at me, and once more, shudders shook me. I opened my newborn eyes once more and found myself nestled within the warmth of a mother.

Over thousands of lives, I would continue my cycle in this world. A day came when I met the being again after my most recent death.

"Why? Why do I have to be reborn so many times?" I asked.

"Because one day, you will become like the creator."

"And then what happens after that?"

"You'll find out, my dear."

For millions of years, my journey through the mortal kingdoms continued. I had experienced every glint of life that the world offers. And now, the being granted me the diadem of godhood. I asked him again to answer me, but he never did.

Now, I had evolved into a being of omnipotence and omniscience. Every stirring on every beach and the whisper of every wind was my body. The cosmos was my will, and, on a whim, I could conjure a new universe from nothing.

But a terrible angst struck me: Since I could behold all futures and all knowledge, the cosmos no longer gave me any motive to grow higher.

Then a flash blossomed in my mind.

I said, "Let there be light."

And then there was light.

A trillion universes blossomed into life, and on them teemed an infinite number of worlds with sentient beings. I divided my essence into quadrillions and incarnated on those worlds. Again, the cycle continued, and the world was rife with new challenges.

I met the being that once guided me, and we spoke.

"Well," he said, "do you now understand?"

"There never was never any end," I said. "Once one has reached the end, there will be nothing left to grow into. That's boring."

"Well, you understand now," he smiled, and I beheld only one truth:

Life's a journey of which life itself is the end.



Spiritual Tenet

God does not intervene because if he did, he would violate our free will and chance to develop alone.



The Salmon and the River

My name is Salmana, and scales of fiery red align my body. My body would burst like crayons of gleaming red from head to fin. Over the river's waves, my body would surf over its currents and leave trails of white foam. And my gulpy mouth would inhale the luxurious waters as they imbue me with life.



Day after day, the river's waves were the music of nature. And the moonlit skies accompanied me when the sun had descended into the oceans. During the day, I roamed along the river, and its luxurious algae became my meal.

But a day came when the skies roiled into a roaring tempest. Terror struck me as I swam down the river I once called home as it became a foamy cream of ups and downs. Waves danced and grew into wobbles, and a gush of soaring waters came down.

My stomach growled, and hunger awaited. But yet the meal was not within reach, for I only craved the sumptuous algae atop the mountain.

My peers told me never to ascend a river during a storm. But I never listened.

High up the stream, my body turned into a jet. Froth bubbled all around, and waters gushed past me. My scales flayed, and out came a line of debris formed from my skin and blood.

Up I wagged my tail and giggly-wee, for my food was within reach. The mountain soared, and a blast thumped on the ground. A tumble of white ice formed its avalanche.

Floes of ice swept past me, and my body morphed into a somersault. Again, I fell with the tides, and into the currents I became.

The sun at last set, and the skies no longer cried. The rivers were as peaceful as summer sprigs, but I was not.

A dribble of scattered scales was all around, and I no longer wail.

I felt the warm touch of a bipedal creature as it looked at me. What is this being? Fine hair on its hands? Walking upright? The being put me into a bucket where my gills again breathed.

Every day, the creature would put algae and other foods into the bucket, which I would gladly relish. Two weeks passed, and my scales were as red as the evening glow again. A day came when the skies rained a torrent that flooded my container. As it overflowed, it flipped, and next to me was a nearby river.

This time, I flowed not against the river. As the storm ravaged the lands, I swam only downstream. Every flip of my fins and flippers pushed me further into the ocean. At the end was an endless expanse of blue next to a coral. I placed my mouth next to them and nibbled on the algae and anemone that had grown within.

Into the oceans, I again drifted until the sun above shimmered and waned into its evening orange glow. Although it was soon twilight, my stellar siblings hung high above. The moon sailed cross the horizon, and I pranced to the sough of the seas. The kelp, algae, and shrimp were my food, and I tasted a glint of heavenly delight. Into a school of other salmon, I swam with until we were a uniform shoal.

I no longer swam against the winds or waters.

I flowed with them, and the waters gushed into my gills, with every breath a solemn embrace of the oceans.

I then thought perhaps the world excretes on us, and we face many obstacles. We try to force the hand of fate upon the world, but it turns back at us.

But fate is without compromise. Instead of forcing ourselves against it, we must flow with the river and take the path of least resistance.

The more we force, the less likely our goals would come.

The less we do, the more they flow with us.



Spiritual Tenet
Go with the flow.



