

Article 112: E-mail with Eve –part 2

Dear Desperate,

Boy, what a mess! Of course, you could have handled it better. You'll have to get through this ...if you want to get on with the self and life you truly desire. In the meantime—and think carefully about this--what is your image of God? I assume he's still around ...and listening to all of this? Send us a brief note ...so we can get started in helping you plan a new vision and life for you and Adam ...if you're both willing to give up this good/evil "stuff".

Forever in Paradise,
Roger & Misty

Dear Forever Friends,

Well, I've calmed down a bit since my previous e-mail, so maybe I can answer your last question about God. God seemed filled with good/evil ...and he's too demanding, ...is that what you wanted to know? That's my opinion of God!

Confused in Judgmentville.

Dear Confused,

Well, yes and no, ...it is what we wanted ...and it's not. What does God do that seems so good/evil? ...and how is he too demanding? To understand you, so we can help, we need images in our mind's eye of what he's doing that seems so good/evil and demanding, ...we can't, necessarily, relate to your feelings ...for we all feel differently, ...you know? Anyway, create a word-picture so we can talk about the same thing.

Need your vision in Paradise.

Dear Need a vision,

I'm beginning to see what you mean! Like road maps, we need an image of where we are in life ...and where we're going, ...don't we? Sure, I see that. Okay. Here goes!

Originally, God gave us a brochure extolling the beauty and advantages of living in **Eden** with all the trees and streams and wonderful scenery, ...and he showed us many snapshots of the wild animals and tropical fruit trees. The waterfalls were spectacular! ...like the

sunsets. Everything looked just wonderful, ...sort of like your place in Paradise. Of course, there were no mosquitoes, so we didn't need clothes ...at first. Don't know when God created those nasty buggers ...or why. Probably punishment for my little affair! Anyway, he kept sending more and more photos over the computer, ...and I'm certain he was whispering to me in my dreams. He's quite a slick salesman ...you know!? He's won **salesman-of-the-year-awards** for centuries. Well, we were hooked! ...so we followed his advice and moved to **The Garden**, ...and he was right! ...everything was as beautiful as pictured in the brochure ...and in his photos, ...but there were some things he didn't tell us.

When we moved to Free Will Place in his Garden of Heaven on Earth, he promised we could live exactly as we desired ...and I thought that, well, at last, Adam and I can now begin a new life together in this heavenly place on earth ...alone, but, no, God moved in with us ...and things started going wrong immediately, because, he didn't tell us that **Eden** was in the middle of a desert ...and there weren't any stores around. I'm serious! There wasn't a Walmart anywhere, ...and you know how much I depend upon Walmart for my clothes and "stuff". We had to make our own clothes ...or go naked, ...but that wasn't the half of it, ...there weren't any food stores either ...so we had to pick our own fruit ...so there wasn't much variety in our diet. I'd have given Adam's right arm, or his other rib, for an egg ...any egg, but God was using them to stock **The Garden**, and he hadn't said anything about that! Don't you think using eggs that way is just a little peculiar of him? He certainly has funny notions about life ...and how to produce it. There must be a better way!

Anyway, then came the restrictions: There was no radio or TV or movies ...and no public transportation, ...in fact, there were no roads, only pathways, ...and they weren't paved, ...and we were told not to take the path to the center of **The Garden** ...or eat the fruit there. And there were other things too, but you don't hear too much about them these days because he didn't write

about them in his book. Don't you think that was false advertising? Then God put his picture on all the signs in **The Garden** ...and said we couldn't put up the pictures we wanted, ...and he said he was going to make that a commandment ...about graven images. Next it was "control your children! Discipline them! Teach them!" ...and that was combined with letting them be "free spirits", ...does that make any real sense to you? Well, it didn't to me ...either. The boys really disliked the part about "honoring parents". But, despite all of these things, Adam and I managed to live comfortably enough until ...well, until I had that affair with **that snake in the grass**.

It wasn't an on-going affair, it was just a "onetime-thing", but God was really "steamed" ...and said some awful things. Ohh, sure, he did warn us not to get involved with "forbidden fruits" or we'd surely die, ...but God always spoke in extremes, so it never dawned on me he was serious ...and, as usual, Adam wasn't listening. And then, when I had the affair, **the snake in the grass** said that God's words didn't make any sense to him either. He said God was just playing at being God ...and didn't want any competition, ...which sure sounded right to me!. He said it was like God declaring that we'd die if we played tennis, ...and we played lots of tennis without dying, ...so I had the "affair" ...and tasted the "forbidden fruit". And God immediately turned from Mister Nice Guy to cross and angry ...all because we didn't obey him. If he didn't want us eating "forbidden fruits" why didn't he transplant the tree, instead of just leaving it there day after day, mocking us, ...do you understand what I mean? It was all his fault, ...wasn't it? And he started sneaking around in the bushes spying on us like a regular peeping-tom. In fact, things got so bad we began suspecting that God's name really was Tom. He probably changed it to God to improve his image and status ...and to make him a better, more-effective salesman, ...and to give a sense of power to his words; ..."the Lord Tom tells you" just doesn't have the same "punch" as "The Lord God commandeth

thee!” Now, that’s really powerful ...and convincing! At least it convinced Adam!

Anyway, back to my story. After I had the infamous affair, and both Adam and I tasted the “forbidden fruits”, we had a terrible fight that night ...which God never wrote about in his book. I don’t like to talk about it either ...or about the affair, but God reported that immediately in his fancy book ...and told everyone, ...does that seem right or very forgiving to you? It didn’t seem very accepting or loving to us either.

And God punished Adam and me ...and told us to leave **The Garden**. He even punished the snake in the grass. It seemed that living on Free Will Place in Eden had a whole lot of restrictions and limitations, ...it wasn’t at all like Free Will Road back in Chaos. Now, that was really different ...and exciting and freeing. I frequently dream about “the good old days in Chaos”, ...in fact, I think the good old days are always running through my mind. Now, our free will is limited to obeying and choosing, obeying and choosing, over and over, ...and God expects us to make the right and fruitful choices he wants from us, ...does that sound like free will to you? Well, it didn’t to us either. Besides, he never says what he wants, he’s always hinting ...then getting mad if we don’t understand him. It doesn’t seem fair! And his book is really confusing, ...he doesn’t write too clearly.

Hope I’ve given you a clear image to work with in all of this, because this letter has gone on much too long, but, you know me, once I get started ...well, it’s hard to stop in the middle of things, ...sort of like the affair! Ugh, ...that terrible affair of forbidden fruits, ...you’d think I’d done something wrong! Ohh well, until next week.

Free Willess in the desert.

Dear Free Willess,

Yes, you’re creating quite an image for us to follow. Don’t stop now! And, yes, we agree completely that choosing is not free will.

Waiting for more.

Dear Waiting,

I've told you most of the story, ...don't you think God was too good/evil and demanding in his words and actions? ...and unfair? ...especially after all the promises he made about our being able to live the self and life we desired in **Eden**? And if I wanted an affair ...and some different fruits, ...what's so wrong with that? That's my affair. Besides, it's none of his business, this is my life, ...isn't it? And I should be able to do as I want without his lurking in the bushes spying on us, ...don't you think?

Getting worked up in the desert.

Dear Worked up,

It's not for us to right/wrong god, ...besides, you seem to be doing quite well on your own. Are you asking us to agree with you? Anyway, tell us more.

Waiting in Hawaii.

Dear Worked up,

Hey, ...are you out there? Haven't heard from you in quite a while. Did we say something that upset you? We weren't judging you! Is something wrong? Can we help?

Not Judging in Hawaii.

Hey, Worked up,

Remember us? We're getting worked up too ...and worried about you, ...what's going on? You've got us thinking that you're involved in another affair. If so, is this the old snake in the grass ...or someone new? Well, whatever's happening, have fun! ...or not!

Foreverlivingly, Roger and Misty

Eve,

Unless we hear from you soon, this will be our last letter. Our e-mails haven't come back, so we know they're getting there. You either have a large mailbox ...or someone is taking your mail. If that's the case, whoever you are, and you're reading this, then know that our next step, if we don't hear soon will be to call the police, ...so if you've done away with Eve, the police will be knocking at your door!

Roger

Dear Not Judging,

This e-mail is coming to you from somewhere in Alaska, ...would you believe it? From Alaska! Yeah, that's where we are ...and where we've been for the past 3 weeks. Sorry to worry you, but it was all so sudden and ...ohh, I'll begin at the beginning. Yes, I was upset at you-guys, ...it seemed you right/wronging me ...and I was upset. I've done a lot of that ever since the "Forbidden Fruits Affair". I know it's not good, but I can't seem to shake the habit of feeling that I'm always being right/wronged. And, no, I wasn't PMS'ing. Adam accused me of that after "the affair"; ...he thinks he can blame everyone of my moods on that ...and just wait it out. Anyway, after you said I was doing all the right/wronging ...and trying to get you to agree with me, ...yeah, I was upset at you-guys, ...you can bet I was. You weren't being fair! Kinda like God.

Well, Adam saw how upset I was ...and several days later insisted that we fly to Alaska for a vacation. Of course, I was certain that it wouldn't really be a vacation, because Adam wanted to rent a car and trailer in Anchorage and see the sights by traveling the open road. Have you ever been to Alaska? It's so BIG ...and easy to get lost in, ...especially with Adam driving. Do you know how many "open roads" there are in Alaska? ...and a lot of them don't go anywhere. Can you imagine being lost on a road to Chicken ...or to Deadhorse? Well, with Adam driving, I could easily imagine our getting lost in Alaska on some dirt road to nowhere... in fact, I

could picture us being forever lost in Alaska, ...but I wanted to get out of this desert heat cause it's as hot as they say Hell is. Anyway, I wanted to see some new things ...and new faces. Besides, I heard they don't have snakes in Alaska, so I figured we'd be safe, ...at least from some things. I was really concerned about this "open road stuff", but Adam was thrilled by the idea, so I went along for the ride. I really hate Adam's driving! Well, ...actually, his driving's okay, it's his getting lost and blaming me that really annoys me! But I had no intention of driving ...and dragging that big trailer along all over the place. I tried driving just once ...and felt completely overwhelmed and controlled by everything I was dragging along with me. I wanted to stop and unhitch all that "stuff" and leave it behind. Am I making any sense? It seems I'm saying something important here about something, ...but I'm not sure what it is.

Well, anyway, there we were ...in Alaska ...driving each other crazy, ...just like our Sunday drives back home. I was reading the map, so every time Adam got lost, even if he didn't listen to me or follow my directions, he blamed me! ...so things started out pretty much "as usual", ...and if things hadn't changed... oops, gotta go now! I'll write later.

Somewhere in Alaska.