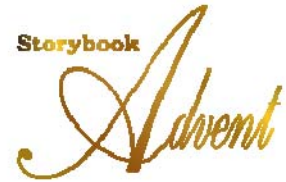


MEMO FROM GOD

To: You

From: God

RE: The Secret to Happiness and Wealth



By Paul Kildani

Take counsel. I hear your cry. It passes through the darkness, filters through the clouds, mingles with starlight, and finds its way to my heart on the path of a sunbeam. Worry not, for worry is a manifestation of doubt. To worry is to not have faith, faith in yourself and faith in me.

Have I not always provided for you? Have I not always given you what you need? Why do you worry that this time is different? I will not abandon you. You must have faith that I will be there with you, guiding you and protecting you.

I have anguished over the cry of a hare choked in the noose of a snare; a sparrow tumbled from the nest of its mother, a child thrashing helplessly in a pond, and my son shedding his blood on a cross.

Know that I hear you, also. Be at peace. Be calm. I bring thee relief for your sorrow for I know its cause...and its cure.

- ✚ You weep for all your childhood dreams that have vanished with the years.
- ✚ You weep for all your self-esteem that has been corrupted by failure.
- ✚ You weep for all your potential that has been bartered for security.
- ✚ You weep for all your individuality that has been trampled by mobs.
- ✚ You weep for all your talent that has been wasted through misuse.

You look upon yourself with disgrace and you turn in terror from the image you see in the pool. Who is this mockery of humanity staring back at you with bloodless eyes of shame? Where is the grace of your manner, the beauty of your figure, the quickness of your movement, and the clarity of your mind and the brilliance of your tongue? Who stole your goods? Is the thief's identity known to you as it is to me?

Once you placed your head in a pillow of grass in your father's field and looked up at a cathedral of clouds and knew that all the gold of Babylon would be yours in time.

Once you read from many books and wrote on many tablets convinced beyond any doubt that all the Wisdom of Solomon would be equaled and surpassed by you. And the seasons would flow into years until lo, you would reign supreme in your own Garden of Eden.

Dost thou remember who implanted those plans and dreams and seeds of hope within you?

You cannot.

You have no memory of that moment when first you emerged from your mother's womb and I placed my hand on your soft brow. And the secret I whispered in your small ear when I bestowed my blessings upon you?

Remember our secret?

You cannot.

The passing years have destroyed your recollection, for they have filled your mind with fear and doubt and anxiety and remorse and hate and there is no room for joyful memories where these beasts habitate.

Weep no more. I am with you.

THIS MOMENT IS THE DIVIDING
LINE OF YOUR LIFE.

All that has gone before is like unto no more than that time you slept within your mother's womb. What is past is dead. Let the dead bury the dead. This day you return from the living dead.

This day, like unto Elijah with the widow's son, I stretch myself upon thee three times and you live again.