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Who Does God Think He Is, Anyway?

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I've said it, before. I say it each time someone approaches me with a version of those provocative words, "God has really blessed you, hasn't He?" I say, "You know, He has." I usually hold back adding, "And that surprises you?"

Most of those close to me know I'm seriously bugged by our "Christian" practice of pointing at a roast beef or at our kids' Nintendos or at their healthy bodies and saying, "Look how God provides for us. He's blessed our family because He loves us. We are His." Who does God think He is, anyway? More to the point, who do we think He is? Because, if you ask one of our kids (assuming you ever make it past what they know good Christian kids are supposed to say), God is a Baptist, a Lutheran, a Catholic, etc., who loves the world but cares for "His" most of all. His favorite denomination. His favorite theologians. His favorite political system. Even His favorite political party.

We can deny it all we want: The evidence is wherever we are. We have the nicest homes, the most food, the cleanest water, the best medicine, the most Bibles, and more time to study them than most people will ever have. If God cared that much about Somalia or Romania or Iraq or Mexico, wouldn't He give them the same? You'd think so. If you were a Christian kid being taught as much, you bet you'd think so.

I'm not suggesting we skip God and thank Ronald McDonald for our daily bread. But, really, who does God think He is? I'll tell you: He thinks He's our hope and our provider and our salvation. He also thinks He's "their" hope and "their" provider and "their" salvation (even if "they" are busy dying of AIDS or of hunger or from falling bombs). He thinks He's the answer to the deepest longing of the loneliest soul on Earth. Anywhere on Earth. But who do we think He is? Our kids could probably tell us.

Yeah, I'm cynical. And I'm worried about us, and about some of the unintended poisons we pass on to each generation. I can't answer for what the Taliban teach their kids. From what I've heard, they think they're God's favorites. But I have to answer for what I believe and model. Years of fighting cancer, and of watching what worry has done to my gentle wife, and of seeing a few friends make their last stands against their cancers, have scratched some things into the sore, soft places of my heart. There, right in front of me if I close my eyes are the words, "For God so loves the world."

If "they" are wasting away from cancer or from too little food, no medicine, no Bibles, it doesn't mean God loves "them" less—or is holding back His blessing. It doesn't mean He loves "us" more. He's doing all He can both within the rules He has set for Himself and within the outline of His perfect plan. But if we don't explain that to our kids, who will?