

# Letter to God

by Bob Scott

God,  
Up in Heaven somewhere,  
Today

Dear God,

As I was reading a poem by Robert Burns the other day, I came across a stanza in *Address to a Haggis* that reminded me of our image or at least my image of you. The first two lines in the last stanza in the Address read like this -

Ye Pow'rs, wha mak mankind your care,  
And dish them out their bill o fare,

You see, I always associate Pow'rs or Powers with you and that's why I'm writing to you about the enormous snow fall we've had in Peachland. I've been extra busy, much more so than usual, keeping the driveway clear, driving from here to there, slipping and sliding again more than usual, and having to wear my sun glasses when the sun is barely visible. *We don't need so much snow*, but if you insist on sending it, could you please restrict it to lawns or gardens and keep it off the roads and driveways. Maybe even the sidewalks and parking lots. That would be, in the words of the younger generation, cool.

And it would really be nice if you could send us some warmer temperatures. My dear wife, Vicki, whom you probably know quite well, is desperately in need of a sunny day with temperatures in the mid-twenties, Celsius of course.

I would appreciate your immediate assistance.

Very sincerely,

Human in Peachland

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Bob Scott, January 9, 2013

Human,  
In Peachland,  
Today

Dear Human,

I have received your letter and appreciate the faith you show in me, even if that faith is occasionally misguided.

Mother Nature and I collaborate rarely. She, like most females, has her priorities and I have mine. I discussed your request with her and she asked me to pass on her response. She was a little put out because you ought to have written directly to her. You see . . . no perhaps you

don't see . . . I observe and record, but I do not interfere. Well, that's true most of the time especially when it comes to such things as a defective appliance, gadget, car or recalcitrant children - those are the times when humans invoke my name most frequently. I hear them but pay little or no attention to them.

You see ... again maybe you don't ... my job is what you humans would call 24-7 and that's why I'm often seen as analogous to Saint Nicholas, that jolly little man who starts his business of distributing gifts in one time zone and then scurries around the twenty-four zones until he's finished. He keeps so busy on Christmas Eve that he has to take another year to rest up. He's also busy on your January 6th, but not nearly as much as on December 24th. Thank God, whoops that's me, that humans invented the 24-hour clock and time zones to go with it.

Many requests that come to me are indeed worthy of consideration, such as a terminal illness and supplicants writing to me for a cure. Those I consider very carefully and occasionally interfere in the illness and accelerate the healing process. Humans call such incidents, miracles. Usually though I have to let the illness run its course. However, when the request involves such subjects as the natural environment, I rely entirely on Mother Nature. She expects humans to take the normal precautions regarding earthquakes, tsunamis and volcanic eruptions, and expects humans to accept snow and rain and wind and sunshine as needed. She cannot, of course, undertake to correct human's bad habits, such as stripping the earth of vegetation and causing droughts, or of wasting water on trivial matters. She and I work closely together on challenging humans to think of solutions and to execute them wisely. According to her, having the snow fall only on designated spots within a given area is utterly beyond her comprehension. She might please one human while displeasing many others. So, in effect, she lets the chips, no the snow, fall where it may. For my part, I try to control the amount of energy humans use to deal with such trivialities and to inspire them to avoid overdoing their work.

Best regards,

God