



# Virginia Richards

(1914 - 1995)

## Will some sermon answer me?

(From Nov. 5, 1981)

Coming home from church, I said to my friend, Maggie, "God may strike me dead for saying this, but church bores me."

The songs bore me because most of them I don't know, and because I can't sing anymore, anyway. The scripture lessons bore me because they don't seem to have anything to do with me, and half of them I can't understand.

The prayers bore me because don't care for made-up prayers I have to read from the bulletin. I want to pray my own prayers.

The sermons bore me because most of them seem like such a desperate effort. A preacher chooses a text and then struggles so to develop it, and most of the time it

is farfetched. The sermons never tell me what I want to know, which is who, and what and where is God?

When I was a child, I was taught, or at least I formed the conception, that God was a man with a beard who wore white robes, watched over me, was very kind and loving, and would answer my prayers.

God lived in heaven, a definite place up in the sky. When people died, they went up to heaven to live with God, if they had been good. (I have seen pictures showing Jesus bodily ascending into heaven.) Otherwise, they went to hell, a place of fire and brimstone under the ground. Hell was presided over by the devil, otherwise

known as Satan, who dressed in red, had a tail, and carried a pitchfork. The devil wanted us to be bad, but God wanted us to be good.

When I grew older, I learned the scientific facts. Stars and planets are up in the sky, but nobody has ever located heaven. Soil, rocks, lava, minerals and many other things are inside the earth, but nobody has discovered hell.

God, it seems, is not a real, physical man, and He doesn't live up in the sky. So who is He and what is He? No sermon has ever answered this crucial question to my satisfaction. I'm still waiting for the answer. And I want it very badly. My time is growing short.

March 14, 2010

Aug. 16, 2014  
"Who is God?"