

In the tradition of Neale Donald Walsch's best selling books, *Conversations with God*, Thom Rutledge has a . . .

Monologue with God

Last Wednesday, as I drove to work, I overheard a conversation I was having with God. Not a conversation like that Neale Donald Walsch has in his *Conversation with God* books, not an enlightening Q&A session. This conversation was not like that at all.

In fact, God didn't really say much; I did most of the talking. I'm sure I don't remember every little detail of the conversation, but I had the presence of mind to realize that I was witnessing a conversation with God, and so I did scribble down what I remembered. Here is what I scribbled:

"Good morning God. How are you doing? I've got a little problem, well it's bigger than a little problem, but it's definitely not a huge problem. I'm pretty sure it shouldn't be a big deal, but to tell you the truth --- and I suppose there's not much sense in trying to lie to you --- it feels pretty big. You know, big --- as in scary.

"My good friend Evan tells me that when he has a problem, especially something that's nagging at him, something he can't seem to escort to the door of his consciousness so-to-speak, he turns it over to God. So I thought I would give it a try. Here goes.

"Here it is God." At this point in the conversation I hand my problem to God.

According to Evan, this is where I am supposed to turn around and walk away, having delivered my problem safely into the hands of God. "Just turn around and walk away." Those are Evan's exact words.

Apparently that's not what I did because as I turned left from Briley Parkway, onto Charlotte Avenue, the conversation continued.

"There are a couple of things you might need to know in order to be able to handle this problem," I told God. "First, I don't really like direct confrontation much, so that is not going to be a very viable solution. I want to be sure that once you have done whatever you are going to do, that everybody involved still likes me. I'm sure you know how uncomfortable I can be when someone is not pleased with me.

"And second, I really do need this taken care of right away. I don't mean to be a pest, but this churning in my stomach is not pleasant, and I don't want to have to feel it any longer than is absolutely necessary. I'm sure you understand."

I must have at least started to walk away at that point because there was a fairly long silence. And I'm sure I wouldn't have just been sitting there face to face, in silence, with God. I mean, talk about uncomfortable. So it is a safe assumption that I had taken Evan's advice, turned and walked away.

But apparently I came back.

"God, excuse me. I don't want to take up all of your time, but there is one more thing I need to mention about the little problem I handed you before . . ."



I'm not sure what happened at this point, but I didn't actually hear the next part of the conversation. Oh yeah, I remember now, I had to go through the drive-through at McDonald's. Had to get my Egg McMuffin. As I pulled back into traffic, breakfast in lap, the reception cleared and I picked up on what I assume was the tail end of the conversation I was having with God.

". . . so those are just a few suggestions," I said, "little things I've learned from experience, sort of a handy list of do's and don'ts for problem solving." I think I may have offered to jot some of my do's and don'ts down for God, but then realized that was probably not necessary.

Another pause in the conversation here. It occurs to me now, more than ever, that God was awfully silent that day. Very quiet.

"I tell you what, God," I said, "why don't I just take that little problem off your hands. You are probably too busy to be bothered with it anyway. I'll just take care of it myself. That will free you up to help someone else, someone who really needs your help." With that, I valiantly took my problem back from God.

I pulled into the parking lot at work, grabbed my brief case and headed into the office. I was feeling pretty good for having used my drive time so productively --- chatting with God and all. I think Evan will be proud.

I do, however, still have this churning sensation in my stomach.

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