

from the pulpit of

Sam Singleton™

ATHEIST EVANGELIST

The Little Things

One of my beloved sisters was thoughtful enough to deposit on Brother Sam's mental linoleum the following inspirational message, tracked in from the Web. Instead of dismissing it like the rest of the nonsensical noxious sludge through which must navigate the 700-foot seafaring studio and transmitter MV Sister Singleton (from which broadcasts the 100,000kW pirate station the *Voice of the Ozarks*) as it plies international waters, I felt led of God to annotate that motherfucker in his name. God did the actual analysis; Brother Sam just took it down word for word.

"The Little Things" starts out:

As you might know, the head of a company survived 9/11 because his son started kindergarten.

And God says:

9/11? Whuh? I don't remember anything major ever happening on any 9/11. Are you sure you've got the date right? Hold up. It's coming back to me. There was a fire or something. That guy's kid was in *afternoon* kindergarten. He didn't have to be at school till noon. And the nanny was taking him anyway. Your bigshot company head was late because he spent an hour bawling out his Salvadoran housekeeper (to whom he pays five bucks an hour, off the books) because she omitted the Lilac Vegetol spritz from his 1,200

thread-count Egyptian cotton sheets. This is exactly the kind of asshole I go in for. That's why I reward so many of them with wealth and power. And why I chose to hang on to this one.

Another fellow was alive because it was his turn to bring donuts.

Lucky for him, I have a thing for Donut Pub crullers. If he'd gotten Krispy Kremes, that would've been his ass.

One woman was late because her alarm clock didn't go off in time.

What a big fat goddamn fib. "Oh! My alarm clock didn't go off!" I let her live, but she's definitely going to hell for lying.

One was late because of being stuck on the New Jersey Turnpike because of an auto accident.

. . . which I caused. The truck driver that burned to death and the young mother who was paralyzed from the neck down? They were expendable, mere pawns to be sacrificed for this more deserving commuter whose name escapes me.

One of them missed his bus.

Because he was out all night messing in stuff he should've been leaving alone and overslept his ass. See: Alarm clock. Hell for lying.

One spilled food on her clothes and had to take time to change.

Same deal. Hell for lying.

One's car wouldn't start.

Goddamn. This is becoming repetitious. Hell. Lying.

One couldn't get a taxi.

This guy happened to be telling the truth. All taxi drivers are all going to hell.

The one that struck me was the man who put on a new pair of shoes that morning, took the various means to get to work, but before he got there, he developed a blister on his foot. He stopped at a drugstore to buy a Band-Aid. That is why he is alive today.

I put that blister on his foot. Later on, just for fun, I put another one on his penis just to hear him explain it to his wife.

Now when I am stuck in traffic, miss an elevator, turn back to answer a ringing telephone . . . all the little things that annoy me, I think to myself, this is exactly where God wants me to be.

No shit? You do that every time you're in one of those situations? You are a liar from the pit. When you get to hell, say howdy to the alarm clock woman, the turnpike commuter, Bus Boy, the messy eater, Mr. My-Car-Wouldn't-Start, and the cabbies.

At this very moment . . . Next time your morning seems to be going wrong: the children are slow getting dressed, you can't seem to find the car keys, you hit every traffic light, don't get mad or frustrated; it may be just that God is at work watching over you.

Fact is, punctuality has always pissed me off. That's why I spared the fuck-ups and layabouts that showed up late.

**May God continue to bless you with all those annoying little things. And may you remember their possible purpose. Pass this on to someone else if you'd like. There is NO LUCK attached. If you delete this, it's okay: God's Love Is Not Dependent On email! (that's the cool part)
Amen**

**NO LUCK attached. If you delete this, it's okay: God's Love Is Not Dependent On email! (that's the cool part)
Amen**

Thanks. Goddamn. You're something of an annoying little thing yourself. What with me being your maker, and you being, well, nothing, I'm pretty goddamned impressed with myself for whatever it is that you do, which, I take, is somehow related to thinking. And despite your limitations, you've managed to get this 9/11 thing exactly right. All those children and parents and siblings and friends and rescuers that died because they were NOT where I wanted them to be? Fuck all 2,751 of them. And their families. And all the people who were hurt. And everybody who lost a loved one, or a means of support, or their sense of safety and security, or their civil rights. And fuck you, too.

Amen

Annotated by God,
Through Sam Singleton Atheist Evangelist



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