



Hello. Jesus here. I should begin with a disclaimer that I am in cartoon form. I'm not saying the artist did a bad job drawing me, just that it's not an exact thing. Also, in these sessions, she's going to do her best to represent me, as she understands me from scripture. So cut her some slack; she's trying. Her answers will be in the first person.

Session 1: I have trouble believing in a good God.

I appreciate your inviting me to speak with you today. There are a lot of questions people have, a lot of feelings people have.

In this session, we will discuss the statement: **I have trouble believing in a good God.**

Maybe you would say:

- 1) I don't believe in God. I mean, look around. If there is a God, either He isn't strong enough to stop bad things from happening, or maybe He isn't good after all.
- 2) Idk. I believe in God, but you know, maybe He can't just be everywhere at once. Maybe He doesn't know all that's going on in time to stop it.
- 3) I used to believe in God, but then someone I loved got sick and died. I wanted to believe, but it was easier to stop.

It can be hard, sometimes, especially in the midst of sorrow, to see anything but darkness. I totally get that. You look around at the world and it doesn't make sense that God and evil can both be real. And you know evil is real, especially if you've experienced him first hand.

The hardest decision God ever made was to give people free will. Everybody knew humans would make a mess of things; God knew better than anyone. It's like trying to make cookies

while you've got preschoolers running around, trying to stir, adding ingredients like glitter and glue, messing with the stove knobs. It's like: Why? No good can come of this.

Maybe you're thinking, "Yeah, what a nightmare." You'd be right.

Maybe you would have thought that sending me, His child, to die would have been His hardest decision?

Well, it wasn't so much like a parent telling a child to go save the world. It was more like God becoming a person, Me, and coming down. Ephesians, and other places in the Bible, tell us that I, Jesus, was God in genes.

I can hear you now. Jesus wore jeans? Not the denim kind, even though those are pretty comfortable. I mean more like DNA.

So My coming to Earth to try to save everybody was kind of a given. If your child is going to be in danger; you know you're going to be there saving her. I came to save you.

So I was God, here, doing my best to fix the mess My Father knew people would make of things.

So, it's like this. God is all powerful, has all authority, but free will messes with everything. God provides the way, Me, but people get to choose.

You can do things your way or you can decide you want God in charge of your lives.

It's really hard for God, watching people make horrifically bad choices that mess up themselves and mess up other people, makes Him want to snatch us up, take back our free will.

You have no idea. But He doesn't, because He wants you to want Him, not be like a robot with no choice.