

March 27, 2016

# Miracles are everywhere

I had a dream the other night that I died and went to Heaven. There, sitting on a rock overlooking a beautiful wooded valley, was Jesus.

“Dave! Over here!”

I walked over and sat down. “I didn’t know they had valleys in Heaven,” I said, because frankly I was too nervous to think of anything else to say.

“Oh, sure,” Jesus replied. “God saw how well they worked on Earth and thought, *you know what? These would go really great in my living room.* But then, my Father’s always been a great decorator.”

“Yeah,” I nodded, looking up into the sky. “Clouds are awesome.”

Jesus followed my gaze. “He’s particularly proud of cumulonimbus. ... That and *otters.*”

“Otters?”

“Yeah. You know that part in the Bible where I say, ‘Look at the birds in the air; they do not sow...’? Well, He wanted me to use ‘otters’ instead. I’m like, *really?* I said, *Father, don’t thou thinketh birds wouldst be a tad less ... um ... ambiguous?* Because that’s how we talked back then. He said, ‘*Okay, fine. Use birds. I’m just God after all. What do I know?*’ But really, He was fine with it.”

The more we conversed, the more comfortable I felt with the Lord. I told him how things had gotten so crazy back on Earth, what with the terrorists and the weirdly irrational presidential election and all.

“‘Irrational’ is right. But really, when have things not been crazy on Earth?” he asked. “Wait. I take that back. There was a time when all was at peace. When people turned to each other with love in their hearts, when people thought more of the welfare of others than they did of themselves. I believe it was on a Tuesday. Around brunch. I remember St. Michael asking, ‘Do you think it will last?’ But before he could get the words out, someone got boinked on the head and had his wallet stolen.”

“Do you ever wish you could go down there and ... and just, you know, stop the violence? Catch the bad guys? Get the guy’s wallet back ... stop the guy from shooting up the ... whatever?”

“You mean like Iron Man? Yeah, sure. But think back to when you played soccer. Remember the dad on the sideline, the one who was always so excited?”

“Yeah, I couldn’t stand that guy. Always running back and forth, shouting at his son.”

Jesus nodded. “True, he could be annoying. But that’s not the point. At times he wanted so badly to run onto that field that he could barely contain himself.” Jesus paused for a moment. “But he ultimately knew that the only way for his child to learn would be for him or her to struggle through the mistakes, the losses, the pain.”

“Like when I scored that goal for the other team.”

“I wasn’t going to say anything. But you did learn from it, didn’t you?”

“Yes. I learned not to score a goal for the other team.”

Jesus chuckled.

“If you don’t get involved,” I said, “does that mean that miracles don’t exist?”

“You mean like the Broncos winning the Superbowl? Who saw *that* coming? After it was over, Moses was like, ‘Now THAT’S what I call a miracle!’

“The truth of the matter is, miracles are *constant*. The fact that you were conceived is a miracle! Do you know the chances of your existence? The genetic makeup of your ancestors dating back hundreds and hundreds of years in completely different parts of the world had to trickle down to two total strangers. And one was a Baptist! *Not that there’s anything wrong with that.* Despite incalculable obstacles, your parents meet and fall in love. And then, that one cell in nearly a billion—a cell invisible to the human eye—carrying your very specific genetic material. The chances of your existence? Let’s say about one in 150 trillion—an event so unlikely that it’s basically impossible.

“Except that it’s not,” Jesus continued. “God knew from Day One who you were and who you would be. ... Well, officially it was Day Six. It just doesn’t sound nearly as dramatic if you say, ‘God knew from Day Six....’”

Wow. Suddenly I felt kind of special. Still, I was troubled. “I understand that all of life is a miracle, but surely there are times when you take a more direct role in our lives.”

“Yes, and don’t call me Shirley. Heh, heh.”

I had forgotten that Christ had a sense of humor. Or else he was just trying to put me more at ease. Probably a little of both.

“Miracles are constant, Dave. Some people see them, and sadly, a lot of people don’t. Sometimes I want to shout, ‘Give me some credit here, people!’ For the ones who see them, their lives are filled with wonder.

“*Miracles are there. Everywhere. Don’t ever doubt it.*”

**“Jesus, when you see the way we’ve messed things up, do you ever wonder if it was worth it? Dying on the cross, I mean?”**

**Christ looked across the vast valley that stretched into eternity. Then he turned to me with a smile.**

**I suddenly couldn’t help but consider all the people, including myself, whom Christ had saved through his sacrifice. The simple joy I’d received by his presence in my life. The hope.**

**“Do I ever regret it? There’s not a day that goes by when I wouldn’t do the same thing all over again.”**