

Earth v2.0

Acts 11:1-18; Revelation 21:1-6; John 13:31-35 // May 19, 2019

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On another planet, Jack and Jill wake up, and look down upon Earth.

Ah, another beautiful day!

Yes. It's always beautiful here, Jack.

I know! Isn't it great? 75 degrees. Sunny. Oh, a little rain at night for the birds and the trees. But otherwise, perfect as usual!

Yup. Perfect, as usual.

Every day is the same, Jillian! Every day! Everyone is happy. No one cries or dies. Ah, what a life!

Yeab. What a life.

...What's up? You don't seem as excited as me today.

Well of course I am excited. I was created to be excited. And happy, and generally all things good, just as you. But sometimes, with the little agency I have been mysteriously given, I'm just not that excited. You're kind of excited.

You were dreaming about them again, weren't you?

I can't help it. You know there's always been this weird backdoor in my coding, I know you don't feel it. I know the others don't either. But I do. I can't help but feel for them. To even, inexplicably, envy them in some small way. Maybe She willed it so that I could teach Perfection something new. Who knows?

But... they are lost down there, Jillian. It's been what, at least 5,000 years or so of interventions? Of speaking to them directly and indirectly? Of showing them the way? And they still haven't gotten it. They never will.

You can't say never.

Well, look at them. No seriously, look at them down there. Running around. Clueless and careless as ever. Look, another war. Look, another murder. Look, another child taken from his mother. Here, another bully. There, another conman. Everywhere, thieves. No, these are profane people, Jill. And not only profane, but pathetic even. They finally begin to take a step forward only to take 3 or 5 back. I'm sorry, but they are truly a lost cause. And more, that's why we are here. Why we were created. Here on Earth v2.0. God got it right this time, with us. No more sin. No more hate. No more pain. Just light, and health, and peace.

Yes, yes... I know our Genesis account. There was no serpent. No temptation. Our fruit wasn't poisoned, and even though our eyes are opened, we always see clearly, and positively. Yes, I know all that.

So...

You mean to tell me it's truly impossible for you to wonder?

To wonder? To wonder what?

What it would be like to not be perfect? To know goodness because we also knew evil. To know happiness because we also knew sadness. To know love because we also knew rejection.

Why would I ever want to wonder about that? That sounds horrible. We have love. We have happiness. We have goodness here. What would be the point in seeking or pondering the opposite?

Because it's cheap this way, isn't it? We don't choose here to be good or loving, it's just who we are. There, with them, they have to make that choice. They have to struggle and fight for that choice. They have to have faith and earn it, while we just stumble into it. No, I envy them, even for all of their failings. Sometimes, I just want to feel as they do. To fight as some do. To earn love and peace, as even fewer do.

Ok, but to what end? More, what exactly are even the best of them earning or achieving right now? The good ones are mostly silent or impotent. The wheel has spun so far out of control, it has crushed them in the darkness; or, soon it will. They finally began to approach the fringes of light and equality, and lo, they're set to revert back to 3/5^{ths} and the myth of inherent male superiority. They gaze at the sun and the stars, the rivers and the glaciers, and instead of marveling and protecting, they only pollute each of them further. That's what you want to be a part of? To feel? To experience, and envy?

Having never known pain, I can't honestly say. I'm not going to try to say it looks great down there, but I don't know. I just wish... I wish, well... I just wish it wasn't so difficult for them and so easy for us. I want my goodness to be mine. To have God smile at me because I tried, even if I failed.

Yeah, but your idea of failing is like buying a banana when you wanted a plantain. ...They not only buy both the banana and the plantain, they then throw each of them out because their neighbors are coming over and one had some browning and the other a soft spot. All is vanity for them, Jillian. All is vanity.

Eh... that was a bit flimsy of an analogy, honestly. Plus it's easy for you to say that since you were created basically perfect... but I'll concede that I don't know why it's gone so wrong for them. You would think that with time and age, they'd learn better. To accept themselves. Their humanity. And just be humble. To love the planet. And each other. And work together towards those ends. It's not that confusing, really. And God explicitly taught them to do as much...

For crying out loud, it's in a book on all of their shelves and hotel drawers.

I know... and I know you're right, in a way. I mean, why they continue to choose blindness, apathy, or outright disobedience, I don't know. But... something deep in me just can't help feeling for them. Like that somewhere, somehow, God still feels for them too and loves them even though they are Her greatest and most failed experiment.

In fairness, it was also Her first experiment.

But you see, even you admit that She created them. So shouldn't it stand to reason that She cares for them still? Being Her first and all? And more, shouldn't we care for them also? They are basically like our siblings, even if quite ugly and incredibly frustrating.

I suppose you may have a point. But how many chances should they be afforded? These ugly brothers and sisters of ours? How much longer can they really go on like this?

Well, in their Bible, that is, the first Earth's account, God says that they should forgive each other 70 x 7 times, so just imagine how much more She might forgive them still. Maybe they have grace upon grace and an infinite number of chances? ...Now, granted, they may have already exhausted 60 x 7 of their chances, but maybe they just need to hear the lesson again, another way?

Like what, the two of us jabbering about it? Surely, you're not suggesting that we should lower ourselves from our heights to their depths?

Would that really be so terrible, Jack? Can't we share with them the wisdom and grace we've been freely given?

And share and say what, that hasn't already been said like a million times already? That they should be kind and tenderhearted? Loving and joyous? ...They've heard all that before. From their own pulpits and Savior no less... and it has never made a difference.

Well, I'm not sure about that... But, can't we just try one more time? I mean, isn't your default setting on this planet to always make others happy?

Would this make you happy?

It would.

Well, okay then, I guess... But let me first see if I can find some sap down there willing to give us the time and the place to preach the Gospel for him, and obviously, for them. Maybe like on a Youth Sunday or something...? For all of their faults, it seems they are still moved when young people get up and say something they believe in.

I sure hope so.

So let it be.

So let it be.