

2017

God is an Animator

Mitchell Gregory

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Gregory, Mitchell (2017) "God is an Animator," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2017 : Iss. 1 , Article 34.
Available at: <https://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2017/iss1/34>

This Fiction is brought to you for free and open access by UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger by an authorized editor of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.

While outside making plans for a wooden tree house with her best friend, Cassidy wondered if humanity was God's cartoon. To Him were they two-dimensional to His three-dimensional? Created in His image but in the ambiguous, distorted way that animators fabricate characters to accentuate their inhumanness? In God's case, our ungodliness. She asked Markus, "Do you think we're just God's cartoons?"

"If my dad were near, he would spank you," he told her, so she stopped speaking about it. She wanted to be one of those characters who could do stuff that was far out of reach for people watching it from the other side of the screen. By her logic, that would mean she would do things that God couldn't do.

Like, in cartoons, they didn't die. She herself could die, she remembered, but God couldn't. So God always had to be God, always knowing everything. Somehow this led her to thinking about infinity and how things never ended-which just made her head hurt. Cassidy then sank into a child-like existentialism, a state of being she could not yet understand being that she was only six. The two continued drawing out tree house plans on large pieces of white paper and even practiced building some semblance of the structure out of sticks, but a thought nagged her: "Markus, why would he spank me?" Her parents never spanked her, probably because she was a particularly introverted, respectful child-at least on the outside. In truth, her rebellious nature surfaced even at that age, though only occasionally. She knew what was expected of her; the people around her could not know she was capable of autonomy. That would just lead to her suppression of these kinds of thoughts, but they would come out in due time.

"We are God's children, not products of his imagination' is something my father would say in reply," he said, focused. It didn't answer her question. Cassidy again wondered about God. Why he had to be a man, if he was white like Christians typically think, African like her, or not even a human race, as it would not make sense for a God to prefer one ethnic group. But if she said it aloud there would again be threats of admonishment. He continued, "What you say makes sense. I just don't want to be a cartoon."

Markus moved away at the age of eight, so he might as well have become a cartoon to her.