An Email From God

June 19, 2008 By David Weiss

It isn't often that my workday starts with an email from God.

The message was at the bottom of the screen, just under an email from "RussianSweetGirls.com" (I didn't open that one.)

"David", it said, "meet me at 29th Street and Lexington Avenue - on the Northeast corner, at noon."

Ordinarily, I would have ignored the message. I mean really! An email? From God? Two weeks ago I was receiving spam from an outfit trying to sell me a penis enlargement pill, and now this?

But there was something different about this message. Something compelling. Something I couldn't quite put my finger on.

I leaned forward in my chair, cradling my head in my left hand, my chin resting on the palm, and looked at it again.

The message header had no return address. No sender name. Just the signature at the bottom.

I called in our tech guy, Sammy Padilla.

"Okay Sammy", I said, "what's the joke? April fools day was seven weeks ago. Is there a point to this?"

Sammy shook his head. "No", he said, "I swear, it's not from me. I didn't send it."

"Okay Sammy, thanks. I'll handle it".

I waived Sammy off, and hit the delete key. Nothing happened. The email was still there. I couldn't erase it.

I tried to ignore it. I returned a few calls and did some paper work. I looked out my window. My office is on the 40th floor. The building stands on the corner of Madison Avenue and 26th Street, straddling Manhattan, with the Hudson River on the west and the East River on the left side. My windows face south, and even on the worst days, the view is spectacular. It?s a nice place to work. I like it here. Sometimes I even manage to get my work done.

I looked back at the computer screen. Other than the blank message header, and the fact that it was signed “God”, there was nothing technically unusual about the email. Standard Outlook 2003 format. Black on white. Standard font.

But I couldn’t remove it.

I rebooted the computer. The Windows XP (professional!) logo appeared. The usual firewall, anti-virus, pop-up and spyware blockers all loaded, doing whatever it is that they do. I clicked on Outlook. The message was still there. The same email. From God.

I like to believe that I have a reasonably good sense of humor. I had no idea what this joker was about, but what the hell, I’d go along with it. I wrote back.

“Okay”, I typed in, “I’ll see you there at noon, but how will I know it’s you?”

Almost instantly, I received a reply.

“You’ll know,” it said, “trust me.”

Although 29th and Lexington is only a few blocks from my office, I don’t usually meet people, much less God, on the corner there. It?s a transitional block, with Indian restaurants lining the avenue and narrow side streets between midtown Manhattan and Gramercy Park. The last time I walked over there was for an appointment with a masseuse, who promised me a ’deep massage with a happy ending.? It wouldn’t be the first time that someone jerked me off there.

At ten minutes to twelve, I put the computer into ?hibernate? and walked out past our receptionist, Gloria.

?Gloria, I?m going out to meet God,? I said, ?if anyone calls, tell them I?m in court.?

?Will you be coming back?" she said.

?Probably,? I answered, ?but if I?m not back by three o?clock, I?ll call in and let you know.?

I wasn’t really dressed properly to meet the Big Guy. I’d been working on an appeal brief for one of my clients, and I was wearing jeans and a white shirt. No necktie. Nonetheless, when God calls, you go, but if he doesn’t approve of your attire, too bad.

As I crossed Park Avenue, I wondered what I’d say: ?Hey bro, what?s up?" didn’t seem quite right. And then there?s the matter of physical contact. Do you shake hands? Offer a high five? Tap fists? I decided I’d let him play it his way. After all, he?s The Man.

But there was no man. When I reached the appointed destination, the only person around was decidedly NOT a male.

She nodded at me as I approached. God was a seriously hot babe.

“Have you eaten?” she asked, “?I’m famished.”

“Uh, no,” I answered, “I had a late breakfast, and it’s a little early for lunch, but if you’re hungry, that’s fine. Where do you want to eat?”

“How about that place over there?” she said.

“You mean Curry In a Hurry?” I replied. “Whatever. You’re God, we’ll eat whatever you want.”

We crossed over and walked into the restaurant. I ordered a mild lamb curry. God ordered some chicken vindaloo. “I like it spicy,” she winked.

The server dished out our orders onto a couple of trays, and I followed God upstairs to the dining area. She had terrific buns.

We sat across from each other at one of the tables, and I looked into her eyes. She was stunning. Blonde hair, perfect teeth, great smile.

“So, er, ah, what should I call you?” I asked.

“Mary Jane”, she said, “but you can just call me Mary.”

“So why me?” I asked her. “I’m just a lawyer. Do you need legal advice?”

“david?, what the hell is the matter with you? I’m God. I make the rules. Why would I need legal advice?”

“Okay, so what’s up? Why did you email me?”

“I need a reason” Okay, if you must know, I was a little bored, and I chose you because I dig older guys."

“You chose me for what?” I answered timidly.

“My, you aren’t as bright as I thought, are you?” She said.

“How on earth should I know what God would want with me? Sex? You picked me for sex? I?m well into my fifties and I’ve been living with HIV for 29 years. Why the hell would you want to have sex with me?”

?Why not?" she answered, ?I?m not worried about catching HIV, but if you?re concerned about it for some reason, we can use a condom. Besides, your viral load has been undetectable since your doctor put you on Atripla two years ago, so you probably aren’t very infectious anyway right now.?

?Okay, okay, I get it, Mary. You?re God and you don’t have to worry about HIV, but that still doesn’t answer my question. Why me?"

?Look, silly. You?ve been writing your blog for Poz since last December, and while I think you?re kind of cute, you?ve been neglecting it lately. I figured I’d give you something interesting to write about.?

’that?s it? I said? You want to have sex with me so that I can blog about it?"

?Jesus!?, she answered, ’the last thing I want you to write about is my sex life. Just tell the freakin’ story and let them know I exist. That?s all I want you to do….mostly,? she winked.

?Aha! Okay, now I get it. You?re really one of the people from the Poz site, and this is your way of getting me to put some time into your blog.?

?You really are dense, aren’t you?" she said, ?no, I?m not from Poz, I really am God, and I really do want to have sex with you.?

?Whatever,? I said, ?just don’t expect me to pay for the room.?

And off we went.

Notice: The events depicted above are mostly fictitious. Any resemblance to anyone living, dead, or immortal is wholly coincidental.

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