

What I Like About the Supreme Being

By Richard Leviton ©2005

I never used to think much about the Supreme Being, or God, for short. It wasn't that I was an atheist. No, ever since I was a small child and read *Little Pilgrim's Progress* by flashlight, flaunting parental decree to go to sleep, I knew there was a compassionate order to everything. Then I became a Buddhist and was discouraged from attributing any kind of personification to energies. Later when I started seeing angels everyday, I figured they were ample proof of God, so I needn't worry about what the Big Guy in charge was like.

It never occurred to me I could actually have a private conversation with Him, not until fairly recently. By "private" I mean unmediated by any dogma or priests or parents or other people's opinions or disbelief or rules or piety. So after a fair number of late-night long-distance calls with the Chief, I've decided I like Him. In fact, here are seven things I like about the Supreme Being:

•**GREAT JOKES.** Believe it or not, the Supreme Being—I call Him SB—has a great sense of humor. Obviously He tutored the Marx Brothers, Three Stooges, and Laurel and Hardy in the fine art of hilarity, antics, and word play. It

took me by surprise, but really it was a relief, that the SB prefers levity to piety. Who wouldn't? Levity is the elevator that gets you into a communication space. Yes, you can be serious and reverent and solemn if it pleases you, but the SB definitely responds to a fun state of mind, and it's so much easier that way too.

I once was fretting about the logistics of a cross-country move. I am, astrologically, a Taurus, which for me usually means a big immovable stubborn bull. How was I going to get myself from point a to point b, I asked the SB. He showed me a huge bull with a delicious nosebag full of fresh grains and bull-food chomping away contentedly in an animal moving van while He, the SB, drove the truck. Of course, it was a joke within a joke, because one of the SB's mythic "god"-guises in three different cultures—Egyptian, Hindu, and Greek—has been a white bull. So the SB would drive me, and both of us were the bulls.

Another time I felt like being a smartass (more often my normal state of mind) and quote the Zohar to the SB, the part where the rabbis obsess about the facial characteristics of the Ancient of Days, one of the SB's working titles. There was a fascinating bit where the rabbis said an entire universe hung at the end of a single beard hair of the Ancient of Days. So I would ask the SB if He was

having a good hair day, if all the sentients in that dangling universe were behaving well.

•**FREE SPEED DIAL.** You can always reach the SB; never a busy signal, never an answering machine. Always Him, answering the phone. The amazing thing is the SB worked out how to give every sentient life form in creation a speed dial connection to His office—actually, He does most of His paperwork from the Throne. Some like to work from bed; others from the couch. The SB doesn't bother with a desk. You can find Him most days ensconced in the Throne. The phone is always ringing, and He's always answering it Himself. He has a sign hanging over the phone, like a neon advertisement: *Call anytime.*

•**INFINITE YET INTIMATE.** The speed dial convenience leads me to this next thing I like: the SB is aware of everything going on everywhere at once. He can be in communication, if people want it, with every single sentient being in existence in all the galaxies, cosmoses, and universes hanging off all his precious beard hairs, good hair day or gnarly one, and if it's you He's in communication with, while He's also talking to everyone else in creation, your experience with Him can have the intimacy of a quiet cigar and sherry in the library. You get the SB's full, undivided, mirthful, compassionate, and amused attention, and so does

everyone else at the very same moment, and He never spaces out on anything.

•**NOT FULL OF HIMSELF.** This one is important. The SB does not have an inflated opinion of Himself. He's not like all the famous "gods" of religious history, the pompous, strutting, judgmental, punishing gods, the ones who demand obedience, reverence, supplication, groveling, sacrifices. The false gods, in other words, the pretenders, the SB manques. The SB doesn't take Himself seriously, not the way we do when we don't get the full obeisance our presumed magnificence would seem to demand of the world. He has a sober, judicious sense of Himself, what he can do, where He's been, what His prospects are.

•**SOLID FAMILY MAN.** A lot of attention is given these days to "family values," to trying to revive 1950's family lifestyles and attitudes. Maybe this is impossible, maybe it's misdirected, but the fact is, the SB has excellent family values. Mind you, we are talking a *large* family: 40 orders of angels with millions of manifestations accorded to each. We're talking billions of angels to keep track of, to make sure they represent the company philosophy, service the customers well, create a good impression of the CEO.

I've met a fair number of the SB's family, and while some are more gregarious than others, and some seem more

fashion conscious (more wings, jewels, crowns, blazing eyes), and others don't mind cutting some red tape on a few of the hottest mysteries of the cosmos, I've never met one yet who didn't make me like the SB even more and just generally feel good about the set-up.

• **EASY TO REMEMBER.** The SB is surprisingly easy to reach and talk with, if you're bold enough to believe it's possible, but He tends to be laconic. If you are trying to remember what's said, rest easy, it likely will be only a few words. Some people report getting paragraphs and whole books out of the conversation, but in my experience, the SB seems to prefer haiku. Maybe a full sentence, a funny image, then maybe a sentence fragment and you're done. But what He says is easy to remember, and it tends to be indelible, like He wrote it in permanent ink on your crown chakra (a wonderful sending and receiving station on the top of your head), which by the way he provides complimentary to everyone as an inducement (a carrot perhaps) to stop by and say *Hello!*

• **HELPFUL ATTITUDE.** This one is a bit tricky. The SB loves to serve everyone, give them what they want, even hand-deliver it when possible. But you have to already have it before He can give it to you. I told you it was tricky. That means you have to believe, know, and feel that you can have

it, that it is something already yours, in your hand, in the mailbox, at your doorstep, right under your nose, before you can have it. That way you can keep it. My point is, whatever you want, the SB will bend over backwards to help you get it, provided you supply the silver tray. You have to think of it as a cooperative endeavor.

– Richard Leviton, the author of 14 books, including most recently, *Signs on the Earth: Deciphering the Message of Virgin Mary Apparitions, UFO Encounters, and Crop Circles* (Hampton Roads), *The Emerald Modem: A User's Guide to the Earth's Interactive Energy Body* (Hampton Roads, 2004), and *Encyclopedia of Earth Myths: An Insider's Guide to Mythic People, Places, Objects, and Events Central to the Earth's Visionary Geography* (Hampton Roads, 2005), and *Cities of the Gods* (Blue Room Consortium Press, 2006), as well as a monthly Internet newsletter called *Welcome To Your Designer Planet!* He frequently conducts experiential guided tours of sacred sites, linking myths with psychic reality, including a new series underway at Charlottesville. Visit his new website at: www.blueroomconsortium.com