

# When *God* Was a Little Girl

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A story about **God, creation,** and what it means to be **human.**

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**“**  
**ell me a story, Daddy . . .”**

It's a long car ride from Madison, Wisconsin to Decorah, Iowa, and a good story always helped the miles fly by.

“What kind of a story?”

***“Um . . . tell me a story . . . about when God was a little girl,”***  
she announced, her eyes twinkling with this divine little twist.



“O

kay . . . when God was a little girl . . . she liked art projects.”

***“Art projects?!”*** Susanna echoed in delight from the backseat.

“Yes, art projects. She liked to do art projects just like you do. Which is a good thing, because that’s how the world came to be.”

***“Really?”***

“Really. Let me tell you about it.”



“

n the beginning there was only God. Nothing else was made yet.”

*“Daddy, wait . . . was God lonely?”*

“Lonely? Let’s see . . . when you’re lonely do you smile and giggle?”

*“No!”*

“Well, then I don’t think God was lonely, because already, before anything was made, she was giggling.”

*“Giggling?”*

“Yep—giggling. Because she was imagining all the things she was going to make, and her imagination tickled her heart the way a feather tickles your ear.”