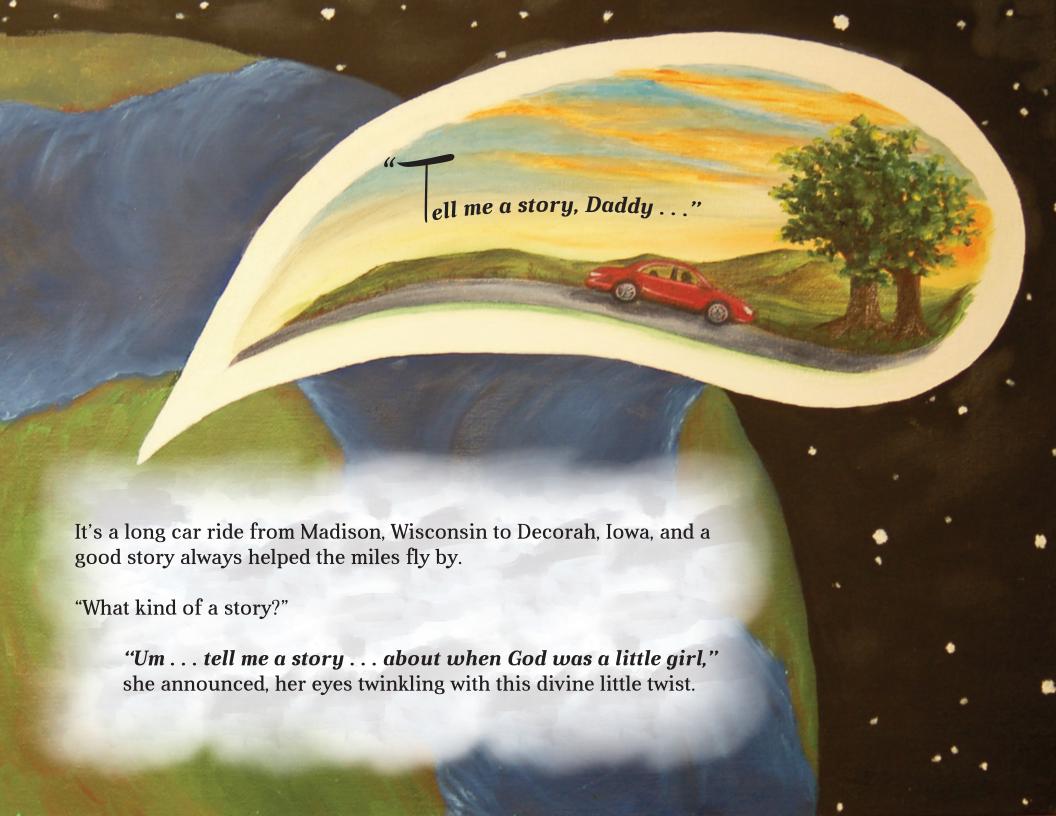


A story about God, creation, and what it means to be human.

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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."