

# God's Going Away Party



by  
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"Ran out of time. Let's go." The two walked down a city's sidewalk towards a glass skyscraper.

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"You forgot a present for your boss."

"I'm sure he'll be fine with it." Gab shrugged. "Besides, he doesn't really need anything."

Michael nodded. "True. True."

They walked across the street and up to the tall building. A banner was strung over the entrance which read: We'll Miss You, Jesus! Michael and Gabriel made their way to a humongous room filled with colleagues, friends, family, and neighbors. Balloons were strung along the walls and everyone was eating dinner at circular tables throughout the room. Presents were stacked along a far wall beside a stage. Upon the stage was a table at which three men, dressed in silky suits, sat and faced the crowd. One was old and crowned with snowy hair, the second was a small man with glasses, and the third was a man in the prime of his life. The three talked among each other as they ate.

Gabriel and Michael grabbed a plate of food and found a seat among friends. A woman saw Gabriel's hands were empty. "Where's your present, Gab?"

He frowned. "I'm here. That's present enough." The table laughed.

The young man seated on stage rose to his feet. The room became still as all attention was directed to him. He walked to the center of the stage and took hold of a microphone. "Good evening. Thank you for coming to my going away party." The throng applauded and Jesus smiled. "I do not know what you have or have not been told; therefore I will tell the basics of my mission. Mankind was created to live with us. I want them to come home, we want them home." He motioned to the two men seated on stage. "And they want home as well, but don't realize it. Because they are dark creatures, they cannot live with our purity. And, as we all know, man cannot purify himself. Therefore someone else, someone pure and righteous in every way, must atone for their wrongs. In doing so, they can become clean."

Gabriel's eyes widened. "He's not going to be punished for them?" Michael did not respond as his eyes lay fixed on his boss.

"Thus." Jesus lifted his chin. "I will go to earth and die in mankind's place." A murmur rose from the room, mouths dropped open, and eyes widened.

Gabriel shook his head. "I can't believe it. Him? Die?"

Michael nodded. "It makes sense. Death is the result of sin. Someone's got to die."

"Yeah, but. . ." Gabriel looked at Jesus. "I didn't think he would be the one."

Jesus cleared his throat and the room calmed to a hush. "It is a double mission in a sense. I am going to earth to die and cleanse the land as well as reveal God to man on an intimate, personal level."

One from the crowd stood. "When you go to earth, do you want me to come and blow my trumpet and shake the earth to its core? Certainly man will listen to you with such an entry."

"Yes!" A second stood. "And I can accompany you with my chariot of fire! They will finally fear you, as they should, Sir!"

"Will you enter the earth with fire and lightning?" A third stood. "If you want to reveal God to them, and you want man to believe you, meet them with earthquakes and natural abnormalities to prove you are God!"

Jesus shook his head. "I will enter the world of men as a man."

Gabriel's eyes widened. "Really? That's risky, don't you think?"

Michael grunted. "He could get hurt in that fragile body."

The crowd began to share their ideas. "Then go as a king!"

"Yes! Yes! Humans listen to others of noble standing. Be a king!"

"Or a warrior, or scholar!"

"Indeed, if you truly want man to put their faith in you, come as an honorable man of valor! Something they will instantly follow."

"These are all worthy ideas." Jesus raised his hand. "But not my path. I will enter the world as a fetus in a womb, just like any other human."

The throng was taken back. "A fetus? A child? But, but you will have to undertake childhood, learn to speak and walk, go through puberty, and all those tiresome human things?"

Jesus nodded. "That is the point."

"But will the mission begin when you're born?"

"It begins when I am thirty earth years old."

A member of the audience gasped. "That's a pretty long time. Why not just come at thirty?"

"Because I want to know what man goes through." Jesus smiled. "I want to relate to any and every situation they face."

Some in the crowd nodded, others were not sure. "Well, whose family will you be born into?"

"A king's family? Surly that."

"Or a general of a highly position?"

"What of a religious leader's household? That would be good."

"No, no, my friends." Jesus shook his head. "I will be born into a carpenter's family and be raised in Nazareth, Jerusalem."

The room was silent. All eyes were wide. No one spoke for a long moment. "But. . . ." Someone shook their head. "But Nazareth is not a respected town. And carpenters are lowly blue collar people! Man will, most likely, deem you as mad! Crazy! Possessed! A good man, perhaps, but nothing more!"

A woman shook her head. "Why, Sir? Why go in such a fragile, risky human form, as a child no less! Be born into a family no one pays attention to and be raised in a town nothing good comes from?"

Jesus grinned and His eyes sparkled. "I will go into the very world I created, but the world will not recognize me. I will go to my own people, and even they, sadly, will reject me. But! To all who believe in me and accept me, I will give the right to become my children. To them I go to. Also, I want to go to their level, stand on their ground, in their dirt, and see the world through their eyes.

I will save them, in more ways than one." The mass said nothing as each mind spun. "This vital mission of mine will begin tomorrow morning."

Gabriel leaped to his feet. "Sir! Do you need someone to announce your birth! I can! I forgot a present for you today so, well, I can sing about your birth in the skies! I can inform specific humans about your appearance, or no one at all! Please. Let me do something."

Jesus grinned and nodded. "I have something for you." Gabriel smiled. "Meet with me after the party. We'll talk."

"Yes Sir!" Gabriel bowed and reseated, a grin lit his eyes.

"Now, are there any more questions?" Jesus looked across the crowd. "No? Enjoy the remainder of your evening and I will return home in thirty-three years. It won't feel long."

"Not to us." A spectator shook her head. "But to you, that's like an eternity."

Jesus smiled. "It will be worth it. Thank you again for coming tonight!" Jesus set down his microphone and turned to sit once more. Those in the crowd stood as one. Jesus stopped and faced them. The multitude knelt to one knee and bowed in unison. Jesus put his hands in his pockets and looked at his two seated companions upon the stage.

The elderly man and his small friend stood and walked to Jesus' side. "I'm proud of you, Son." The aged man laid a hand on Jesus' shoulder.

The smaller man stood on Jesus' other side. He looked up at his two partners. "Go give them a Mary Christmas."

