



There Once Was A God

essay :Ray Melnik 5/29/20

There once was a god (process) that created a universe. The gears were set in motion and the experiment began. Life sprang up in a soupy mess on one non-descript piece of dust and debris at a far end of a single galaxy among hundreds of billions, and it grew in diversity and complexity, one small step at a time until one of the animals that evolved began to think with some complexity. The animal started to believe it was special, and began to record on stone, then paper, and printed page, just how special he was. For the first set of thousands of years of that species' awareness, it was the male that even thought his gender held special weight over the female animals.

He wrote stories of his greatness, as he believed it was necessary to conquer and kill other animals of his kind to achieve that greatness. Even the female of the species was considered as a prize, a possession, his property. Women were part of the conquest. Some of the other animals wrote different stories, many with a mighty father in the sky who would watch over them. Those stories grew in popularity over time amassing more followers, because in a world full of pain and

suffering they afforded a small sense of relief. Into the stories they weaved justice and rules. Yet, all of them still left wiggle room for bigotry and misogyny. Over time, thousands of these stories died out, but a few took hold and are still believed to this day.

The conqueror class took notice, and at first, they tried to snuff many of them out. They tried hard, but the stories contained rewards of a life beyond this one and a reason not to fear their oppression and death. That is when the conquerors decided to join the masses and use those stories to keep them in line. They adopted the stories to create the us versus them against other animals that believed some of the competing stories. This raged for thousands of years more until much of the meat in these stories began to drop away as some of these animals began to question. They began to write their stories down as well.

The lightning in the sky was explained, earthquakes and other disasters were shown to come from natural processes. There was a reason for the changes in climate, for the plagues, and for just about all that they had feared for thousands of years. The stories were re-written and adapted to provide a gentler tone for new age. The conquerors adapted and became the leaders of government and industry. A more productive age began and borders were drawn. The leaders knew it would help them create the us versus them. They called them nations. They knew they could still use those stories with many, in order to slaughter believers of other stories, so they could steal their resources and land. It still works to this day.

All this time, the female of the species was relegated to being the male's property. As the age of reason began to take hold, and more of the animals started to question, this slowly began to change. The female of the species stood up and demanded change. To this day they

are still fighting. To this day, various colors of this species who are the minority color of any tribe are fighting for their rights as well. As reason grew, and the females fought, most nations had to afford rights to the females of the species, however much of it is a facade. And in some nations, to this day, they still force the females into submission, make them hide under blankets and covers and allow them nothing without the male's permission. They are still just property.

With all the reason the human animals had learned, those old stories still grip many of them today. They still somehow believe it makes one group superior to another, one color superior to another. Even in the most advanced societies of this animal species, tired old stories are still paramount to some, choosing to look the other way as past questions are answered. They fight truth to hold power. They command the actions of many, good or bad, informed or not. They have no interest in looking out into the cosmos to understand just how small and insignificant their animal species truly is. They still believe they are more than a speck of dust on a slightly larger speck of dust. They still don't realize the power they have to make it a better existence for all of the animals who live here, and those among them that do, lack the power at this time in history to change that. But the latter is growing.

So here we are on this non-descript piece of debris at a far end of a single galaxy among hundreds of billions, and there are many stories to come. If you are reading this, you have been given a gift billions of years in the making, and each one of you writes a single sentence. Make it a good one.