

Excerpts from: "Online With God, G-Mail, The Ultimate Icon" by Bronco Cucina©

## **God**

"God is really only another artist. He invented the giraffe, the elephant, and the cat. He has no real style. He just keeps on trying other things."

## ***Pablo Picasso***

"In the faces of men and women I see God, and in my own face in the glass, I find letters from God dropt in the street, and every one is sign'd by God's name. And I leave them where they are, for I know that wheresoe'er I go, others will punctually come for ever and ever."

## ***Walt Whitman***

"Forgive, O Lord, my little jokes on thee. And I'll forgive Thy great big one on me."

## ***Robert Frost***

## **Introduction**

God On Line. *Ok, ok, Pete, you told me so. You said, "Hey, God! It's the computer age down there. And here we're sitting up here with an out-of-date Royal typewriter, and two orange juice cans with string attached to each end. Don't you think we ought to get on the ball, after all, you created that sphere?"* So, I said to Pete, my techy angel, *Ok. Ok, already. What am I? Chopped spirituality?* So, Pete goes shopping and gets us all this fancy equipment. Now here we are—the ultimate cyberspace bus stop. It all ends here folks, no matter how many millions of bytes you got. So, we go on line with you. Add a little electronic wizardry to this religion thing-a-ma-jig. You still won't be able to see me. You won't be able to shake my hand. And you will forever wonder about what I look like. Try this yarmulke on for size. Think about a deity resembling the late, Walter Matthau in a baseball cap. Pretty close for road work. So, relax, turn on your system and take the ultimate, cosmic techno-trip. God on line. Spirituality and a few grins at your fingertips.

### **About the Author**

He's not God. He doesn't pretend to be. It was hard enough being an acolyte, lay reader, Sunday school teacher and attending bat mitzvah parties where he was forced to look at a forty-five-minute video depicting the life of somebody's kid and hearing Aunt Sophie complain about her bowel movements. But he does believe God is benevolent and has a sense of humor. Otherwise God wouldn't have created politicians.

## **Memo Format Explained**

Email, electronic mail, starts with the basic memo format. Memos, or memoranda, are written messages used in almost all businesses, government bureaucracies, and other organizations. They are used to communicate, to explain direction or action, to confirm a previous discussion or simply to cover one's tail. "See, I told you so! It's right there in the memo I wrote to you on the 12th!"

Most memo formats look like this:

*Memo To:* (Spotlights the culprit, hero or goat)

*From:* (Power behind the note)

*Re:* (Short for "regarding." Means subject or topic)

*Cc:* (Stands for "carbon copy." It is often used to snitch on someone or to intimidate. And it is an antiquated term because no one uses carbon paper anymore. Everyone sends electronic copies. Maybe it should be changed to "EC.")

Finally, the contents or the body of the memo: It's the message. Most people and organizations want short, to-the-point memos. The worst thing in the business world is a long-winded memo that doesn't make a point. At the end of the memo you usually want to elicit action, state a deadline, or emphasize the seriousness of the situation. And the very last line is usually a stupid throwaway statement that says, "If you have any questions, please feel free to call me." Since just about everyone in the world uses memos (now electronic or on line memos, e.g., *Email*), imagine what it would be like if the supreme being, God, decided to communicate with us using E, er, (*G-Mail*), in memorandum format. That's what this book is all about. Now read the memos from God and relax. Remember, God must have a sense of humor or you wouldn't be wearing a necktie, or a brassiere, or maybe both.

## **Symbols and Icons**

No way. You think after thousands of years, I'm going to give you guys a break and provide a visual of me? Think about it. What would you draw, a cloud? Halo? Thunder bolt? A dove or fish? A book resembling the Bible or the Torah? We looked at a trillion icons. Sort of like reviewing a ton of package logos. You know, get a bunch of designers and present some sort of celestial omnipotent image. But when all was said and done, easels and drawing pads everywhere, I looked up from the stacks and said to Pete: Hey, Pete! How can we have an icon when I'm the absolute icon? And Pete, knowing what side his matzo is buttered on says: *You got a point there, boss!* So, when you look for the quick reference, look for a blank thought balloon. We couldn't possibly give away any company secrets, if you know what I mean.

### **How to Subscribe**

Call 1-8001-ISATHERE. See if anyone's home. If not, leave a message. It won't sound like your ordinary answering machine. You know: "*Hello, we're not home right now...but if you'll just leave your message. . .*" No. We'd rather you send a mental fax, or join the on-line chat or, better yet, email us at bronco@gmailthebooks.com. We'll try to get right back to you just when you were least expecting it. You may catch us on the Spiritunet by searching for:

YHWH\Adonai\Trinity\Boss. Why, we might respond by showing up on screen in the middle of a spreadsheet analysis, or in a confidential memo to your boss regarding inventory control. We may even appear right smack dab in the middle of your order for smoked sausages from some weird catalogue you're into from one of those on line do-hatchery services. You'll never be able to hide in cyberspace from me. Know what I mean? There's a monitor in your monitor, so stay cool. Keep in touch. And remember, if I didn't have a sense of humor, I wouldn't have created Donald or Hillary. Deities need a grin now and then, you know. *Hey, Pete! Have we got a song here or what?*

### **The F7 Key or So Help Me God Key**

We don't have all the bugs worked out on this one yet. But we're working on it. Pete's concept is good. The execution leaves something not to write home about. Folks dressed up in their sisters' clothes and slick suits have been ordering you to get on your knees for thousands of years. Now you can go direct to the source electronically. You know, email God. Turn on your computer and email the "big guy." Think about that concept for a while. As of this transmission, seven billion people somehow live on this earth. That's about one tenth of the roaches I got running loose down there. Or think about how many grains of sand are in a sandbox. Now you get the picture. Then visualize me up here answering all that email. (*Right!*). Have you ever thought about how we sort the good prayers from the junk prayers? Not that it's really junk. It's just, well, it's just that we get some very heavy stuff. And we get some Melba toast. We try to sort it out, and let me tell you something, it's not like putting a pin on the head of an angel. So, we've computerized all that stuff and, like all my creations, there are a few bugs that have to be worked out. Sort of like those roaches. Somebody goofed up in the lab and well, hey! I don't have to tell you how hard it is to get rid of those things. The F7 key, or the *So Help Me God* key, might give you a clue on how to solve one of life's little problems. But like all programs, the F7 is no panacea. Sometimes it's just easier to go back to the big book for a more detailed guide; something about helping those who help themselves.

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Memo To: **Albert Earle**

From: God

Re: Drain Pipe Prayer at 7:30 Mass

cc: R. Rooter

M. Plumber

Your recent prayer at the 7:30 mass was forwarded to me by Saint Pipetus. I can appreciate your concern. A backed-up sewer line is no laughing matter. Unfortunately, I have a few things to attend to at the moment, like 14 million people starving in Africa. Please try to settle on earth. Seriously.

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Memo To: **Ezra, Jeremiah, and Job**

From: God

Re: Variety Show

cc: Ecclesiastics

So, you guys want to play the "Three Stooges" in this year's variety telethon, huh? I think maybe we should have a meeting in my office. Say, about 7 am sometime next week. We may have a serious question about good taste here, and hey, you! Jeremiah, quit slapping Job around and get back to business.

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