

My child, my child,
Though you are now grown,
You are still my child,
I gave birth to you
It doesn't matter your age,
You're always my child
I am your father.
Oh, the joy of a child.

Though you question your existence,
You ask tough questions
About the evil in the world,
Your suffering and pain
You see wicked people,
prosper and live in wealth and riches
The innocent is punished,
While the wicked pay for justice
You have forgotten to call or reach out to me
Although, I can never forget you,
Oh, the joy of a child.

Now, you live among people,
Who say never to call me again
Those who said I am not your real father,
Although I fathered you all
I know you all by your names,
Yet, they question my fatherhood
They say I don't exist
Because if I do, why is there evil, pain, and suffering in the world?
They say, 'I'm dead,'
Yet my name is first in their mouth
When they're in trouble.
Oh, the joy of a child.

They say I am dead to them
But mock my name in everything they do,
They say, 'There is no God.'¹
They believe the origin of life, space, time, and the universe
Began with the big bang billions of years ago.²
If you, my child, should ask them,
'What happened before that explosion?'
They often say, because the event before big bang have no 'observational consequences'
Therefore, there is no need to know whatever happened before the big bang.³
They forget that I, God, am not a man.
Man is not me, God,
How I long to have my precious sons and daughters by my side.
Oh, the joy of a child.

The usual attack against me has always been
The question of evil, pain, and suffering
Whether it is the pain and suffering in this world or the world to come
These questions will always exist
They say, 'If God is good, why would He:
Allow so much evil in the world?
Allow my friend, grandparents,
Sister, brother, parents, or someone I know to die?'
They also ask, 'Would my friend or someone I know,
Who doesn't believe in God go to hell?'

They never considered what it must feel like
To have children who never listen to their father
But only blame their father for everything.
There's always a part of me in you
Regardless of whether you believe in me or not
Oh, the joy of a child.

It is not my wish for anyone to perish,
But that all should come to know me
Through a relationship with me
The answers will come.
Some things about God's nature,
will always be beyond our understanding,⁴
Faith will carry you.
If indeed I have created you,
Which indeed I did.
Oh, the joy of a child.

They have forgotten
"The God who made the world and everything in it,
is the Lord of heaven and earth
He does not live in temples built by human hands
Human hands do not serve Him
Rather, He gives life and breath to everything.
From one man He made all the nations, that they should inhabit the whole earth
He marked their appointed times in history and their lands' boundaries.
So, they would seek Him,
And reach out and find Him,
Though He is not far from anyone
For in Him we live and exist
As some of your poets have said, 'We are his offspring.'
Therefore, since we are God's offspring,

We should not think the Divine
Is gold or silver or stone,
An image made by human design and skill
In the past, God overlooked such ignorance,
Now, He commands all to repent.”⁵
Oh, the joy of a child.

As a father of a baby child
Sees the child and realizes
The child needs help with everything
And cannot decide right or wrong
Yet, the father thinks
And says, ‘One day, this child will be grown up,
And make his own decisions.’
The father wonders, ‘What is the process like for my child,
To go from not knowing how to live independently,
To live completely independent of my care?
How will my child learn to choose good and hate evil?’
Oh, the joy of a child.

The father prayed and said,
‘I will do everything within my powers,
To ensure my child has the best of everything within my means
So, it grows strong with a good heart and mind
To go after good and speak against evil.’
Like a father, I seek your return home
So, you can use all the wisdom and knowledge
You received in this world
To tell others about me
So, you can be with me all the days of your life.
It is never my wish that any should perish
But all should turn from their evil ways, thoughts, and actions.”⁶
I am always here waiting for you
For I am not far away from you
Oh, the joy of a child.

Like a child whose way of life
Leads to destruction sooner or later,
The father’s arm is always stretched out
So, the child knows He is always there
I cannot force you to lift your arms and come to me
It is not my nature,
But I’m always here for you
Because “I have loved you with an everlasting love
And I have continued to extend my faithful love to you.”⁷

Oh, the joy of a child.