



A delightfull readable yet profound survey of the way stories inform our faith and values, and are essential to our Christian witness. Ralph Milton at his best.

[Click here for more information.](#)

Jeremiah

A soliloquy based on Jeremiah 20:7-18

by Ralph Milton

Look, Lord. I know I shouldn't talk to you this way. But we've had a pretty good relationship, you and me. So I figure I can talk to you straight up.

Besides I can't help it. I think I've been had. I think you, yes you God, pulled a fast one on me.

I know you're busy taking care of the whole world, but try to remember, (sarcastically) if it's not too much trouble.

I was just a kid, remember. Pink cheeks. No beard. And you grabbed me by the insides one day and told me to be a prophet.

Me. A prophet. I didn't even know what a prophet did. And I told you so, but oh, no. You wouldn't let me go. "I'll put the words right in your mouth," you told me. Do you remember that? I don't think you do.

I don't think you remember a bit of it because if those are your words, why doesn't anybody pay attention, ha? Why do they all laugh at me, spit on me, call me names?

I use your words God. Your words, not mine. "Violence and destruction," I tell them, "violence and destruction unless you repent and do what God is asking of you."

I do everything I can think of to get their attention. I throw pots around, put a yoke around my neck. Once I even walked around naked. Stark naked, God. That got them talking but not about my prophecy. They just wanted to send me to the funny farm.

Even my own family. They think I've flipped. They think I'm a nut case. It's not so bad when they yell at me, it when they try to be kind and patronizing.

(SARCASTICALLY) "Now, just try not to get too upset, Jerry. You just need a little rest, that's all." Damn!

So for awhile, I didn't say a thing. Nothing. Quiet as a mouse. My mother loved it. You know what I got out of it. A sore stomach. A big old-fashioned gut ache. A fire in my belly that just had to get out. I couldn't keep quiet about the things I saw, I just couldn't.

And you're sitting up there laughing at that, aren't you God. You knew I couldn't keep it in.

Damn! I wish I'd never been born. I wish my mother and father had never been born. I wish I'd died while my mother was still pregnant.

Damn!

So what do I do? You are God, and I'm just a poor underpaid prophet and I have no choice but to go with it. And it wouldn't be so bad if I didn't really believe those words you give me to say. I do, you know. You've taken over all right God. You've taken over my head, and yes, even my heart. The plain unvarnished truth is that I really love you God and really do want people to hear what you have to say.

But I'm still mad at you, God.

Really mad.

And I'm going to stay mad just as long as I can, because being a prophet is no piece of cake. It's no walk in the rose garden.

Do you hear that God? Are you listening?

**Ralph Milton has written a number of books,
all of them available through Wood Lake Publishing.**

[Click here to see them all.](#)