
When *God* Was a Little Girl



David R. Weiss
Illustrations by Joan Hernandez Lindeman



When *God* Was a Little Girl

A story about **God, creation,** and what it means to be **human.**

Written by
David R. Weiss

Illustrations by
Joan Hernandez Lindeman



saint mary's press
touching hearts. enlivening minds.

Dedicated to my daughter Susanna, whose hunger for—and delight in—stories
has taken us to places both playful and sacred.

D.W.

Dedicated to my mother and father, who gave me the freedom to be a little girl.

J.H.L.

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“Tell me a story, Daddy . . .”

It's a long car ride from Madison, Wisconsin to Decorah, Iowa, and a good story always helped the miles fly by.

“What kind of a story?”

“Um . . . tell me a story . . . about when God was a little girl,” she announced, her eyes twinkling with this divine little twist.



“O

kay . . . when God was a little girl . . . she liked art projects.”

“Art projects?!” Susanna echoed in delight from the backseat.

“Yes, art projects. She liked to do art projects just like you do. Which is a good thing, because that’s how the world came to be.”

“Really?”

“Really. Let me tell you about it.”



“

In the beginning there was only God. Nothing else was made yet.”

“Daddy, wait . . . was God lonely?”

“Lonely? Let’s see . . . when you’re lonely do you smile and giggle?”

“No!”

“Well, then I don’t think God was lonely, because already, before anything was made, she was giggling.”

“Giggling?”

“Yep—giggling. Because she was imagining all the things she was going to make, and her imagination tickled her heart the way a feather tickles your ear.”









hen her giggling
quieted to a soft
hum as she got
ready to create.”

“I bet she’s gonna sing!”

“Exactly! She started out humming so the tune would be **just right** when she sang the first word. And as she sang each word, it was like she dipped her brush in paint—”

“Just like me!”

“—and whatever she sang she could see just as clearly as when you paint me a picture. And the first word she sang, softly but very clear, was, ‘Love.’”



nd the Love looked like ...”

“Mmm . . . darkness. It was all dark.”

“Ah, midnight blue: the color of the sky in the middle of the night? The deepest blue you can imagine, even darker than black. Why do you think Love was that color?”

“Because, Daddy, that’s just like Love. It’s there, even when you can’t see it. Love always finds you in the darkness, and when it holds you close, you know you’re home.”

“That’s beautiful, darling. So, before anything else was made, there was Love. Love, like deep, dark blue, has always been here.”

“Yup. Love was what God felt when she was giggling. And Love was the first color God painted when she sang.”

