



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

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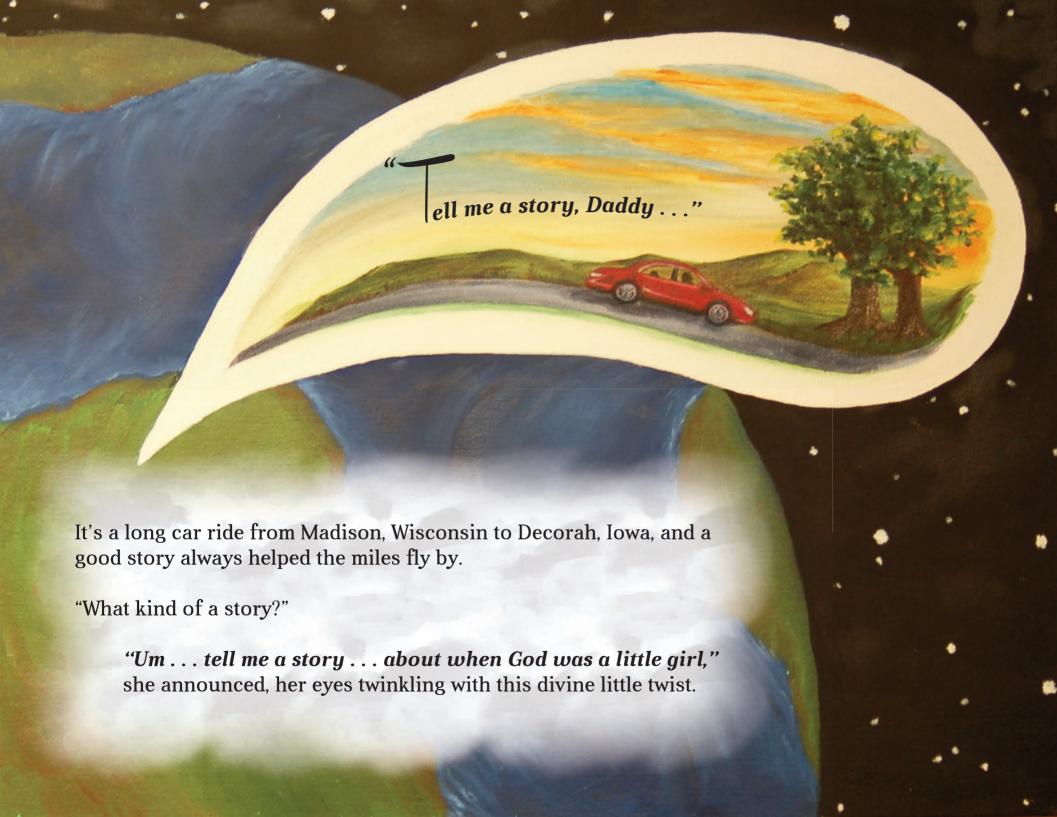
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kay . . . when God was a little girl . . . she liked art projects."

"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."

n 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!"

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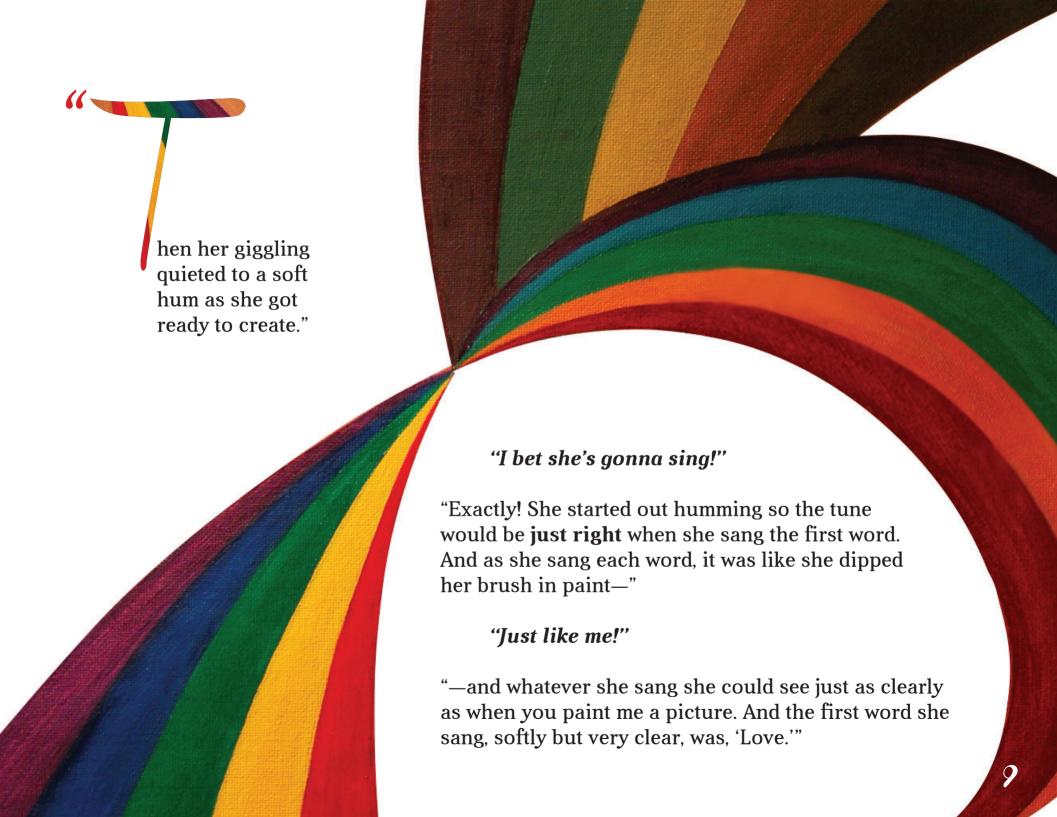
"Well, then I don't think God was lonely, because already, before anything was made, she was giggling."

"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."







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."

