

"There is no God," said Fox.

"It's all nonsense! Everyone knows there's no such being — or have you ever seen Him?"

"And look at all those disasters and diseases... and anyway, where would He even be?"

"Of course there are weak and miserable creatures like you, who need something big and strong to lean on, something to believe in. That's why they made God up — pure imagination. But people like us... honestly...!!"

With that, Fox walked off and left the poor Rabbit utterly bewildered.

"Is he right?" Rabbit thought sadly.

"Is God nothing but my imagination — have I invented Him for myself?"

"But I talked to Him when I was little... and sometimes I felt Him close beside me. I will get to the bottom of this and seek out the Eagle Owl — the wisest animal in the forest. He will surely know what to say."



At once he set off, and before long he found the old Owl on his favourite tree. Rabbit was so anxious that he blurted it out at once:

"Mr. Owl," he began, "I have a question of the greatest importance. Please tell me: Is there a God?"

Owl opened one eye and replied, "What a foolish question, little Rabbit — of course there is."

"But... how can anyone know that...?" Rabbit tried to object, but Owl cut him short:

"Look at yourself, look at me — would we be here at all if there were no Creator?"

"But tell me: how did such a silly question get into your head?"

"Fox," Rabbit answered. "Clever Fox told me God is nothing but imagination."

"Oho, Fox again," Owl scoffed, and for once opened both eyes. "He isn't as clever as he pretends. He's afraid that, if God exists, he might have to change the way he lives. That's why he talks such rubbish."

Then Owl shut his eyes again and settled back into sleep.

Seeing this, little Rabbit hurried to ask one last question — and it mattered most of all: "Please, dear Owl — please tell me: where is God, and can you prove Him somehow?"

"Nothing easier," Owl yawned. "Have you ever loved someone?"

"Of course," Rabbit stammered, confused. "My father, my mother, my eighteen brothers and sisters, and..." — here he hesitated, blushing — "the little rabbit-girl from the burrow next door."

Owl gave him one last, pitying blink and said at last: "Well then, Rabbit — show me your love. Bring it out and place it before me, so that I can believe in it."

Rabbit stared at him. "That's impossible, Mr. Owl. You can't take it out — it's deep inside. There..."

...and he pointed to his heart.

"Exactly," said Owl. "God is there as well."

"Why?" Rabbit asked.

"God is Love," Owl grumbled — and fell asleep.



"God is love"

1 John 4:8 and 16

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