

The Father knocks at my door, seeking a home for his son.  
“Rent is cheap.” I say.  
I don’t want rent, I want to buy, says God.  
I’m not sure I want to sel,I but you might come in and look around.  
I think I will, says God.

I might let you have a room or two.  
I like it, says God. I’ll take the two.  
You might decide to give me more some day,  
I can’t wait, says God.

I’d like to give you more, but it’s a bit difficult. I need some space for me.  
I know, says God, but I’ll wait.  
I like what I see.

Hmm, maybe I will let you have another room; I don’t need all that much.  
Thanks, says God, I’ll take it.  
I like what I see.

I’d like to give you the whole house, but I’m not sure.  
Think on it, says God, I wouldn’t put you out.  
Your house would be mine and my son would live in it.  
You’d have more space than you ever had before.

I don’t understand at all.  
I know, says God, but I don’t want to tell you about that.  
You’ll have to discover it for yourself.  
That could only happen if you let my son have the whole house.  
A bit risky, I say.  
Yes, says God, but try me.

I’m not sure, I’ll let you know.  
I can’t wait, says God.  
I like what I see.