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From the Preface:

What I am excited about in this venture is that I have no audience and I have no idea who, or if, anyone will read this, or like it and more importantly be engaged by it. Not unlike using sermon illustrations when preaching, you will find I have lavishly and perhaps, even, obtrusively used the non-sacred in order to drag the real world we actually live in into our highbrowed discussions of God and Gospel. This book is written with real everyday people in mind....My declaration of this matter is simply, what good is a theology, even solid, well thought out theology, if people struggling with real heartbreaking and life defining questions of God are not able to engage it? Good theology must be good, but it must also be incarnational enough to live on the general level of common people; like Jesus did.

From Chapter One:

You have, just like me, seen the T-shirt, “Life Sucks, then you die.” Sure we chuckle or just try to pass it off as the pessimistic world view of a cynic. We dismiss the person wearing that T-shirt as a doomsayer, or a depressive melancholy who is probably scorned by love, just been fired, or even more likely, a general all around loser who never made it in life and now wants to blame everyone else for his problems....Quite honestly, we’d rather think of love, peace, and the glories of God. But could it be that that greasy-haired teenager, or unshaven, unshowered, dirty old man, or grossly overweight unkempt lady with the bags under her eyes and the glare of defeat in her face parading that T-shirt before us is really a prophet? Yes, I said prophet! I will go even further; could they be prophets from God with a message for us?

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From Chapter 3

It is a superficial religion that offers no real solutions to the reality of suffering in this world and blithely props people up by telling them it is all going to be 'all right.' A religion that insists it will all be alright is not wrong, it is in fact correct. But it is also temporally misplaced and ignorant to the current reality of suffering. Of course it will all be alright in the end, but what in Hell, literally, does that have to do with now when I am suffering, hurting, pleading, yet not seeing the relief before me.

From Chapter 5

Make no mistake; Leviathan is a deadly, powerful...He kills, steals, and destroys. No mercy is found in his soul as he has already passed onto all levels of evil that we, even as fallen humans, have not yet reached nor understood. Mick Jagger and The Rolling Stones were wrong; there can be no sympathy for the devil. For there is nothing to have sympathy for as he is, unconditionally, on all counts, thoroughly barbarously cold- blooded, sadistic, and ruthless and has no clemency or charity within him in any part; not even in the hidden regions of his heart is there anything seeking goodness or fairness or even paying respect to it. If your inner "Johnny" thinks he can get the great Leviathan to bow at your feet then you're the exact fool the Leviathan wants and needs you to be. His goal is not really your death, that is the dessert he will have after the main course of your terror. It is your senseless suffering he desires more than eternal life itself, even if it could be granted to him... He wants the kind of suffering that is different than the suffering in the mundane world. He wants the kind of suffering that, this time, awakens you, not to the need of change or the shedding of hokeyness but, rather, to your state of consummated

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hopelessness. And so over and over again, back up from the water you come for more pleading, more begging, more crying, and down again you go when the look of horror and trépidation passes from your face. This will likely continue over and over, and at times he may even let you squirm a little away from his grip, just so he can watch you build false hope. But he will not stop until your body, or soul, yes as we said before, your bones, have no fight left in them...

From Chapter 7

And Karl Marx and Fredrick Nietzsche would both be right is accusing us of making Him up because of our great need for him except that when you look more logically you see that idea is just as likely as me having made up my own mother because of my basic need of her for survival. Yes, I needed her, and yes i had to believe in her even before I could see and understand her but that did not make her any less real. God is real to children perhaps out of need (like moms) but that alone is not proof He does not exist. The hypothesis that faith is made up to fill up an emptiness that man feels, may have some merit to it for some people, but to universally link the concept of need to fiction is a nonsensical leap into degenerate conclusions of desired bias. I need oxygen, but I did not invent the concept out of need; relatively if there was no such thing as oxygen i would not need to invent it because there would be no me in need of it! I won't deny, Job needs God to remove his pain, and I won't deny I need God to fill the inner brokenness of my life and the mess I turn it into at times but that need I have and openly admit to is not a statement of proof or disproof in if my concept of a God who removes pain is real or not.

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