

If God Was A Linebacker

Can you imagine if God was a linebacker on an opposing football team you were playing? If you were a quarterback, would you want to try and pump fake? You certainly couldn't fake a hand off, and you couldn't fool Him with misdirection or a man in motion. You could never check off on the line and audible a change in the play. No matter what you changed it to, He would know. Maybe you could hand off to the running back, but where would he go? How would you pass to the dump-off receiver if the other receivers were covered? Even if the receivers had moves that made a ballerina cry, wherever they went God would be standing there in front of them waiting for the ball. You wouldn't want to try a long snap for a punt or a field goal because He would probably be fast enough to intercept that, too.

Blocking would be a problem, to say the least. Even if He stood still long enough or slowed Himself down so you could get a hand on Him, you wouldn't stand a chance of stopping Him. He'd be in the backfield holding the quarterback up by the legs quicker than you could say, "make a wish." Facing Him across the line of scrimmage would be no picnic. He wouldn't even have to insult your mother or cast aspersions on your ancestry to intimidate you. If He just smiled at you you'd have to change your shorts (again). He'd always know the snap count, and could beat you off the ball like you had roots. He'd plug any hole you opened for the running back, if He felt like letting the running back get that far. If He were to hit you, you might even live to tell about it after all the bells stopped ringing.

What would His stats be? Ten feet tall, weighing 600 pounds and running the 40 in "we didn't even get the stopwatch started?" Would He be able to bench press His own weight? With each hand? Each finger? Without even breaking a sweat? Would He even sweat? Would His cleats leave marks you could plant trees in? But He wouldn't need cleats, because wherever the ball went He'd already be there. He'd give a whole new meaning to the saying "He got skills."

Or maybe He'd just be an undersized Jewish rabbi, not much to look at. Maybe He wouldn't even "hit" very hard, especially if you were having a bad day. He'd just somehow manage to "move through the crowd" and be wherever the ball was, frustrating you to no end. You might wonder how He moved so fast in those robes He wore, but you wouldn't even think about making fun of Him for wearing a dress. You'd probably want to knock that silly little cap off His head, but He wouldn't hold still long enough to let you. He'd just smile and pat you on the back and say, "Keep on trying, my son!"

How would His contract be structured? Would He even need the money? Shoot, the team owner probably wouldn't need all those other high priced defensive players, so you could give Him at least all the money for the other ten guys that used to be on defense. He would never get an injury (like anybody could hit Him hard enough!), so He wouldn't need backups, and you could give Him all that money too. The other teams might even chip in money if they didn't have to play against Him!

If He played "iron man" (iron God?) football (both offense and defense) all that money could go to His salary too. You wouldn't need trainers, medical supplies, equipment to cool Him off, or equipment to warm Him up. He could probably play without pads or a helmet. You wouldn't need coaches, front office personnel, or draft picks to be named later. You wouldn't even need the draft because He lives forever!

Really though, who would play against Him? Would you have to draft Satan and all his demons? I bet they wouldn't even enter the draft. They know better; they played against Him in college and got hammered. He made a show of them openly, and since then they haven't been able to show their faces in public. And that was when they had the game rigged, the officials bought and paid for, and God was playing with injuries. No way would they attempt a contest where He didn't have a sizeable handicap. But even if He looked handicapped they would be suspicious, because of the beating they took before when they thought they had Him nailed.

Maybe He would only have to play one game a season. Would we just hand Him the Super Bowl trophy (and all the money) at the beginning of the season? Or would the other teams play each other, with the "winner" having to play the team with God on it? Wouldn't that make the games more interesting! Imagine how desperate your team would be to lose! Ow, ow, ow, my hamstring suddenly acted up! To heck with the money, just don't make me play against God in the Super Bowl! Or any Bowl for that matter!

How would the gamblers handicap the games? Who would bet? Even Satan wouldn't be that stupid. The whole gambling industry for football would be wiped out. Not a dollar to be made anywhere, nobody going to the poor house for making sucker bets. Louie the leg breaker would be out of a job because nobody would need to be "encouraged" to pay gambling debts. Sports related crime would evaporate. No games to fix, no referees to buy, no players to corrupt. The television contract would be worthless, nobody would bid on it. The advertising dollars would have to be spent somewhere else.

Baseball would be shut down too, because God would have enough energy and skills to play both sports. Heck, He could probably play four or five sports every year and still not get tired. All that money would be His for the taking, that is, until people quit going to the games. Who would pay hundreds of dollars to see a game with their families when they already know who would win? We wouldn't need to build stadiums or maintain them, and billions of dollars could be saved on freeway modifications to handle all the traffic. There would be more open space and we could plant more trees (in His cleat marks if He had cleats).

And the endorsements! Would you see His picture on a box of Wheaties? Would Mormon-owned Coke and secular Pepsi play "Can you top this?" until a new monetary record was reached? Or would He be shunned because He was pro-life, anti-gay, and didn't celebrate Christmas? Do you think He could be induced to allow beer and automobile makers the rights to use His image for Budweiser or Ford? I can't imagine Him leaping in the air for joy at the thought of owning a Toyota. Who would argue against Him if He said it was less filling? What would happen if He merely said He preferred not to drink beer? Would the beer industry immediately go out of business because no one would buy it? He certainly wouldn't need money, so what else would they use to get Him to sign?

Maybe kids would idolize Him by plastering His posters all over their bedrooms. Would they want to play the same position? Would they even play sports knowing they could never beat Him or beat Him out of His position? Maybe they would start to walk like Him, dress like Him, and talk like Him. They would probably want to know what He ate and what His favorite TV shows were so they could be "just like" Him. Perhaps the whole kid's sports structure would disappear. Soccer Moms would be a thing of the past. Parents wouldn't have to pay all that money, scream, or kill each other over a child's game. Test scores would go up, and athletes would have to actually work for their grades and plan on a productive career in something useful, like say, teaching.

Maybe, if He were here in physical form, playing linebacker, a lot of things would change. Maybe, the world would be a better place, with money spent on more important things. Maybe, we would see the folly of our ways. Maybe, just maybe.....nya-a-a-ah.

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Won't Make It To Mainstream Ministries