

## **Predict Me A Million**

At 6: 00 a.m. this morning, I received a text message. It read: “God told me to tell you that everything you’re going through is taken care of. If you believe in him send this to 8 people, and in 53 seconds watch who calls.”

First, I began to wonder, why didn’t God tell me this when I spoke to him before I retired to bed last night? I thought him and I were cool since I confessed to having [some] help with one of my high school Math assignments. Well, kind of like A LOT of help.

Then, I wondered about the 2 pieces of fried chicken I had for lunch yesterday. I guess I should relinquish my fear of a cardiac arrest, because according to the text message, God has somehow removed the lethal level of cholesterol saturated in one piece of fried chicken far less two pieces—especially since I had no business eating it.

Next, I thought about the lottery ticket I purchased yesterday. Perhaps this means I will win the lottery and 53 seconds thereafter, 8 people are going to call and ask for money.

Frankly, that text message was more predictable than it was prophetic. In fact, I almost called the sender and asked, “Why in the world did you send me this ‘nonsense’ at the crack of dawn?” That would have been her “watch who calls” moment.

Don’t get me wrong. I am not saying that a belief in God is “nonsense,” but rather, emails and text messages presenting themselves as God certainly are nonsensical. My faith is in God, not in man’s ability to manipulate destiny by creating a series of messages dictating what I should or should not do.

Word of advice to the creators and couriers of these so-called prophetic emails and text messages, DO NOT send them to me! I will only delete them. I am very averse to most expressions containing the word “chain:” chain-smoking, chain-reaction, chain-gang, for example. Chain-letters are absolute HELL NO’s! So, do me a favor. If you’re going to send me a prediction, predict me something good. If fact, why don’t you predict me a million from 8 people in 53 seconds, would ya?

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