It’s A Wonderful Life

My name is George Bailey. I did not lead a wonderful life. This is my obituary, for when I die. No one else will write my obit because I am not important. Why is a life of helping others not important? Clarence is my guardian angel. The last time I thought of writing my own obit Clarence appeared and convinced me I was important. He convinced me to stay alive. Again needing guidance, I called on him this morning. Clarence did not materialize until the afternoon.

His white hair was uncombed, his wings flat, his white gown covered with pizza stains.

“I need inspiration,” I told him. He sighed. I forgot my problems, seeing a depressed angel. “You helped once, years ago. Remember?”

He sighed again. “Of course I do. You were one of the last.” Clarence fluttered his wings. “By the time I spoke to you, there were billions of people and only so many afterlife associates. Now there are more billions. I long ago stopped helping anyone. I only made time for you because you were so pathetic.”

Clarence had no idea how to respond.

“Mass religion was great for us but a disaster for you. There are too many believers to help any of them. These days, we drink endless amounts of wine and eat from a buffet that is, in a phrase, to die for. We take drugs and get fat but are never sick or need a toilet. Boring. Pointless. George, I came to let you know we’re moving to a new planet. The Earth is a failure, we’re starting from scratch. Good-bye. Oh, the afterlife goes with us.” And Clarence left.

My little problems no longer seemed a big deal.

The Earth was being abandoned by the Gods. What message of hope could I bring to the world? I looked at my half-finished obit. I put it away, deciding I am better off here and alive, and believing tomorrow must be a better day. It can be a wonderful life.

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