

Contract Renewal Time

TO: The Lord, Our God, King of the Universe
FROM: The Jews
RE: Termination of Our Special Status as The Chosen People

Dear Lord, our God,

As you are aware, the contract made between you and Abraham is up for renewal, and this memorandum is to advise you that after, yea, those many millennia of consideration, we've decided not to renew.

We should point out immediately that there is nothing in writing and, contrary to popular beliefs, we have not really benefited too much from this arrangement.

If you go back to the early years of our arrangement, it definitely started off on the wrong footing. Not only was Israel and Judea invaded almost every year, but we went to enormous expense to erect, not one but two, Temples and they were both destroyed. All we have is a pile of old stones called the Western Wall. Of course, you know all this, but we feel it's a good thing to account for all the reasons we wish to terminate the contract.

After the Hittites, Assyrians, etc., not only were we beaten up almost daily, but then we were sold off as slaves to Egypt (of all countries), and really lost a few hundred years of development.

Now we realize that you went to a great deal of trouble to send Moses to lead us out of Egypt; and those poor Egyptian buggers were smitten with all those plagues. But, reflecting on those years, we are at a loss to understand why it took almost 40 years to make a trip that El Al now does in 45 minutes.

Also, while not appearing to be ungrateful, Moses did lead us to the left instead of to the right at Sinai! To the only place in the Middle East without any oil. And with water that is controlled by Jordan and Syria. Oy, if only he had stopped to ask directions. OK, so the mineral rights were not a part of the deal, but then the Romans came and we were really up to our necks in dreck. While it's true the Romans did give us water fit to drink, aqueducts, and baths, it was very disconcerting to walk down one of the vias, look up, and see one of your friends or family nailed to a three-by-four looking for all the world like a sign post.

Even one of our princes, Judah ben Hur, got caught up with Roman stuff and drove like a crazy man around the Coliseum. It's a funny thing, but many people swore that Ben Hur had an uncanny resemblance to Moses -- go figure.

Then, of all things, one of our most up-and-coming carpenters (he did great work, real cheap) declared himself your son (there was nothing said like this about Abe) and before we knew what was what, a whole new religion sprang up. To add insult to injury, we were dispersed all over the world two or three times while this new goy (oops, guy) really caught on. We were truly sorry to hear that the Romans executed him like so many others, but -- and this will make you laugh -- once again we were blamed. Couldn't someone else be chosen, maybe just once?

Now here's something we really don't understand. That guy, Jesus Christ, really came into his own. Millions of people revered and worshipped his name and scriptures -- and still killed us by the millions. They claimed we drank the blood of newborn infants, controlled the world banks, operated the world's media, etc. Are we beginning to make our point here?

So let's fast forward a few hundred years to the Crusades. Hoo Boy! Again, we were caught in the middle. They, the Lords and Knights, came from all over Europe to smack the Arabs and open up the holy places, but before we knew what hit us, they were killing us along with everyone else. Every time a King or a Pope was down in the opinion polls, they called for a Crusade or Holy War (today they're called a Jihad), and went on a killing rampage in our land.

So, you tested us a little here and there, but some bright cleric in Spain came up with the Inquisition. We all thought it was a new game show, but once again we and quite a few others were used as firewood for a whole new street lighting arrangement in major Spanish cities. All right, that ended after about a hundred years or so -- in the great scheme of things not a long time.

But every time we settled down in one country or another, they kicked us out. We wandered around a few hundred years or so, but it never changed. Finally we settled in a few countries, but they insisted we all live in ghettos, while the Russians came up with Pogroms. We all thought they made a spelling mistake and misspelled "programs," but we were dead wrong (very dead wrong). Apparently, when there was nothing else to occupy their time, killing Jews was the in thing to do.

Now comes the really tough noogies. We were doing quite well, thank you, in a small European country called Germany, when some

house painter wrote a book, said a few things that caught on and became their leader. Oh boy! What a bad day that was for us -- your Chosen People (by now, you must be getting the drift of this e-mail?). We really didn't know where you were in the earth years 1933 to 1945. We know everyone needs a break now and then; even the Lord God Almighty needs some time off But, when we needed you most, you were never around. You are probably aware of this, but if you have forgotten, over six million of your Chosen People, along with millions un-chosen others were murdered in cold blood. They even made lampshades out of our skins! Look, we don't want to dwell on the past, but it gets worse.

Here we are, it's 1948, and millions of us are displaced again, when you really pull a fast one. We finally get our own land back! Yes, after all these years, you arrange for us to go back. Then all the Arab countries immediately declare war on us. We have to tell you that sometimes your sense of humour eludes us.

So, we win all the wars, and we're now in a new century, but nothing's changed We keep getting blown up, hijacked and kidnapped. We have no peace whatsoever. Enough is enough. We hope you understand that nothing's forever (except you, of course), and we respectfully would like to pull out of our verbal agreement vis a vis being your Chosen People. Look, sometimes things work out, sometimes they don't. Let's be friends over the next few eons and see what happens.

Meanwhile, how about this idea? We're sure you recall that Abraham had a whole other family from Ishmael (the ones who got the oil). How about making them your chosen people for a few thousand years?

Respectfully yours,

The Jews

Anonymous

*Though in a humorous mode, this piece expresses the very real existential "Why?" of the Jewish experience, especially for Jewish people who do not know Messiah.