

*In the name of God, who makes us, loves us, and keeps us. Amen.*

Faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen. Isn't it?  
Do you have an inquiring mind? Do you have an inquisitive soul?  
Is Satan real? Are heaven and hell real things?  
Do all dogs go to heaven?  
Should we take the Bible literally? Should we take the Bible seriously?  
If Eve gave birth to just two sons, where did Cain find a wife?  
Does faith come from trust, or trust from faith?  
Which came first, the chicken or the egg?  
Is there an end to eternity? Is there a border to infinity?  
Why do bad things happen to good people? Why do good things happen to bad people?  
Why did Jesus have to die?  
Can I really be forgiven? How can I forgive myself? What was I thinking?  
Did God really make us? Does God really love us?  
What happens when we die? Do we go on living afterward?  
Did dinosaurs evolve into birds?  
Does human life begin in the womb, or after birth?  
Is Jesus coming back? Should we be afraid? When is that unexpected hour?  
Will I be able to stay awake? Should I keep the lights on? What's the urgency, anyway?  
Will machines with artificial intelligence become our masters?  
Is your mind full of unanswerable questions? Can you live with that?  
Should we ignore all those unanswerable questions?  
Should we shake our heads and say "who cares"?  
Will I ever have enough money? What will happen to it when I die?  
Did Jesus mean we should sell *all* our possessions?  
Should I get rid of *all* this stuff I've been saving for years?  
Is this my treasure? Is this where my heart is?  
Should I pay to repair this car, or just get another one?  
Should I adopt a child? Or two? Or three? Should I get a pet?  
What do we do now?? What's the faithful thing to do now?  
Can I count on you? Do you really think you can count on me?  
Will there be any Episcopalians left in twenty-five years?  
Was Greenland ever really green?  
Who is my neighbor? Do you really think I'm a racist?  
When should I retire? Whatever will I do then?  
Why didn't God design us with our spines down the middle, instead of hanging things off the front?  
How much more time have I got?  
Why couldn't I have been a better friend? How many times do I need to catalog my regrets?  
Why can't I find my keys? Why am I so irresponsible? I did mean well, didn't I?

Why haven't I made those phone calls? Why haven't I sent those cards?  
Is it too late to change the path I'm on? Should I go back to school?  
Where the heck does the time go?  
Is it helpful to jump to conclusions? Are you skeptical of those who always seem to have the answers?  
Are their answers sometimes just theories?  
Why do I always seem to have a different opinion than everyone else?  
Is there any real cure for addiction? Is it hopeless?  
Would God ever just shake his head and abandon me?  
Is everyone ignoring me? Do I deserve it?  
Was my mother really right? Why can't I just go home?  
Should I start a Medicaid trust?  
Should I move away? Where would I go? How could I ever leave?  
Should I get so angry? Should I be so jealous? Should I be so disappointed? Or should I just let it go?  
Am I saved through my baptism?  
Can bread and wine really become Jesus' Body and Blood?  
What is the meaning of life? Does it have any meaning at all? What's really more important?  
Should I consult a doctor? Should I call the dentist? Should I go to the emergency room?  
Could I fix that with duct tape? Do fish get thirsty?  
Is there really such a thing as a stupid question? Is there really such a thing as a wise answer?  
Is God male or female or both? Or neither? How does the Trinity work?  
Do you think God expects us to have questions?  
Did I remember to lock the door? Did I remember to put the seat down?  
Where have I heard that song before? Where have I seen that guy before?  
Is prayer about finding answers or learning to love the questions?  
Why don't I ever clean up after myself?  
Have I forgotten anything? Why don't I ever get out of the house in one trip?  
Should I start that project today? Or should I put it off again? Will I ever really do it?  
Push comes to shove, would I really be able to die for my faith? Is my religion that important to me?  
Would I lay down my life for a friend? Would I donate a kidney? Would that be brave, or just stupid?  
Am I eating enough vegetables? Am I drinking enough water?  
How should I vote this time? Can I make the time to volunteer?  
Should I go to those calling hours? Will I get my reward in heaven?  
What clever phrase could I put on a vanity license plate?  
How much did Jesus know, and when did he know it?  
Did St. Paul really write the letter to the Colossians, or was someone else just using his name?  
Do you think you can live the questions? Do they shape your life?  
Can you actually love them like old, familiar friends? Would finding answers effectively kill them off?  
Where would we be without them? Who would we be without them?  
How much of your character, your personal wisdom, is stored up in the questions you take to heart?  
A life devoted to living and loving the questions can be a faithful one, can't it?  
Can I get an Amen?