

# God Here, Reminding You That Every Touchdown Is Thanks to Me

You are welcome

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By [Lucie Frost](#)

Hey,

You know if your team gets a touchdown, it's because I made it happen, right? Not to be a jerk about it, but you have been hogging the credit. Don't deny it.

When the guy with the striped shirt raised his arms above his head like he was starting the YMCA dance, which Jesus tells me means a touchdown, you waved your foam finger in the air yelling “YES! We’re number one! Take that suckers!”

How ‘bout a simple “Thank you, God!”

For My sake, even that receiver guy person—who actually did some catching and running while you chowed down on your chili dog and slurped lukewarm Bud Light—gave me credit.

As soon as he crossed that line, he dropped to his knee, bowed his head, and pointed his finger to the sky in appreciation.

But you?

You lifted up your shirt to show off some red finger paint you had scrawled on your chi chis.

Then you start bellowing, “We’re gonna beat the hell outta you, you, you, you, you!” One, no one wants to see your honkers.

Two, you’re not beating the hell outta anyone. It’s ME doing all the beating.

Yeah, yeah, I hear you with the “But I prayed for the win,” but that’s some bullshit. I got just as many prayers for the other team.

Besides, how did you expect the prayer to have any oomph if you didn’t even use a chain?

And since I’m talking about chains, you know you have a weak link in yours, right? That’s why Schitt’s Creek didn’t have a 7th season.

When people were all, “How did God let this happen?” I was up there like, “Ummm,

talk to breast man Mike. He's the one with the crappy prayer chain."

I work hard on these football games. Between the goings-on in all of the churches and the games, Sundays are a nightmare for me, and Mondays aren't much better.

If I'm helping a team, I'm obviously being pulled away from something else to do it.

Some flood victims, hospital patients, and hungover test-takers aren't going to get what they want because I'm working on the gridiron.

So Jesus Christ, show a little gratitude!

You don't know how to properly thank me? It doesn't have to be handwritten. I'm not asking for a pen pal.

A simple genuflection, a John 3:16 sign, and several dozen #prayerpower, #godsgotthis, or #biblegram callouts should do it. And none of that #blessed stuff. The passive voice is not okay here.

Again, credit where credit is due. How 'bout #godblessedme? Active voice.

And if y'all are ever playing the Cowboys, don't even bother with an ask.

They're my boys.