

GOD'S CHOSEN GAME

An agnostic acrostic

By Harry Dunn

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In the beginning was the Word and the Word was Bowls, God's chosen game.

Now the Lord said Let there be greens, and there were greens and He saw it was good.

Verily, bowls to bowl with and greens to play on, but no players, so God created Adam.

Ere Adam arrived, the Lord knew that he'd need a partner, especially for mixed doubles

Recognising this, the Lord plucked a rib from poor Adam and fashioned a lady named Eve

Like unto many after-market stuff, Eve looketh the goods, but was sadly flawed, unpacked.

On their first night in Eden, Eve offered unto Adam an apple, which he eateth with relish.

Came morning and Adam awoke, apple-cheeked but homeless, and the year was zero one.

Homeless now, banished from the Garden, they seeketh and findeth God's Rinks.

Bles't be the Lord, said Adam. He provideth us with apples to eat and bowls to play.

On day two, Zero One, with a Granny Smith kitty, Adam scoreth a resting toucher,

Whereat Eve respondeth with vigour to take him out, crying '*that's* what I call an up-shot!

Like a man possessed, Adam sent kitty to yonder ditch crying 'and *that's* what I call a drive!

In the fullness of time, many rules were made and Eve learneth well these rules, one and all.

Now did they set these rules in tablets of stone, ten in number, and calleth them *commands*

Great was the game they invented and it passeth on down to the generations they beget.

Centuries came and went. Lizzie, Drake and The Gen'ral played God's chosen game.

Let there now be *pennant*, saith the Lord, to sort the bowling wheat from chaff.

Unhappy are they who bowl chaff when asked for wheat - they fade away.

But some lucky bowlers excell at the Good Lord's chosen game

while others are left to record

their rise to riches and glory and fame

and they never get put to the sword.