

DINIS SANTOS

OH, FOR GOD'S SAKE!



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A Humorous Chronicle-Style Spiritual Guide

From the Author:

I DON'T KNOW WHERE IT IS, ASK YOUR MUM! | Humorous Chronicles, Sept 2025

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 **Nutcase Tales**

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Dedicated to the Divine

*To the serene presence that upholds me even in silence.
I am grateful not for being spared the storms, but for never
having to face them alone.*

Dinis Santos

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Preface

Talking about God has never been simple. But talking to God... well, that's another story. A story that can be profound, bewildering, sometimes downright absurd — and, let's be honest, quite funny too.

Yes, funny. Because despite the seriousness with which we've been taught to approach the Sacred, there's something deeply human (and therefore hilarious) about the way we try to deal with what transcends us.

This book was born from that impulse: to look at the Divine with less solemnity and more humanity. Not to ridicule — but to laugh along with. Because if God exists (and I do believe He does, sometimes with more certainty than at other times), then He must have an extraordinary sense of humour. After all, just look at our species. Or at your reflection first thing in the morning.

"Oh, for God's sake!" is the exclamation that so often escapes me — somewhere between frustration, astonishment and spiritual weariness. It's the cry of someone lost in the corridors of faith, stumbling over doubts, banging their head on dogmas... and yet trying again. Asking again. Hoping that someone on the other side is listening — even if it's just to roll their eyes and say, "Here he goes again..."

You won't find sermons here, promises of salvation, or absolute truths. You'll find doubts. Contradictions. Imperfect, worldly, sometimes clumsy spirituality. But you'll also find love. Not that ethereal love from homilies, but the flawed, persistent and stubborn love of someone trying to make sense of the chaos with one hand on their heart and the other clutching a cup of coffee.

There are conversations with the Almighty (yes, He talks to me), prayers rewritten with sarcasm and a touch of tenderness, reflections on faith, church, sin and guilt. All served with a generous helping of humour. Because sometimes laughter is the only form of spiritual survival.

Whether you're a believer, atheist, agnostic, spiritual-but-not-religious, or simply someone who's looked up at the sky and said, "Seriously, God?", this book is for you. Especially for you!

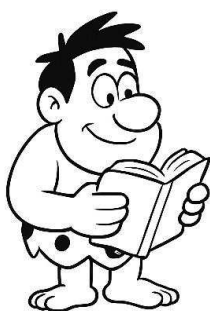
Read lightly. Laugh freely. And if you find yourself saying "Oh, for God's sake!" halfway through a chapter — brilliant. That was exactly the idea.

Welcome to this divine journey.

Dinis Santos

Part 1

The Genesis of Disaster



From Chaos to Creation

In the beginning, there was nothing. No time, no space, no ideas for columns. Just silence burning in a slow combustion — a cosmic crackle between nothingness and almost. A kind of divine microwave, heating the void until it exploded into a soup of quarks, sarcasm, and dark matter. That's how it all began: the Universe, chaos, and eventually... this book.

Yes, the Big Bang! An explosion so monumental that, billions of years later, it is still expanding, much like the ego of certain writers who believe they can write about everything, including the very act of creation. They say that, at that initial moment, all the laws of physics formed simultaneously — which is remarkable, considering not a single committee of scientists was involved.

From the initial chaos — particles at subatomic raves, stars exploding with the arrogance of knowing they are the centre of the universe, galaxies spinning in precise spirals — a certain order emerged. Not much. Just enough for the planets not to bump into each other in a mindless whirl. And among all these celestial bodies burning with dignity, Earth was born: a blue ball full of water, people, and taxes.

It was here, in this boisterous corner of the Milky Way, that someone looked at the mess of existence and thought: “This would make an excellent series of chronicles”.

Let there be light. Literally. The same light that, 13.8 billion years ago, emerged from nothing and decided to illuminate everything — including silly ideas like this one. And, like any respectable light, it came without a manual. The universe lit up like someone stumbling on the switch of existence, and without quite knowing where they were stepping, began to write history.

I confess: I am not the first to take inspiration from the divine to write books. Many have tried. Some produced sacred texts that changed the course of humanity. I wrote columns. The big difference? In mine, no one is stoned in the second chapter — merely gently mocked, with some affection.

Chaos married sarcasm, had children with irony, and the result is here: a book. A direct descendant of universal absurdity, neatly bound and presented in a legible typeface! Because if humour excels at anything, it is seizing nonsense and giving it shape.

Evolution, after all, is also this: turning the primal scream into a witty paragraph. What I have done is impose a little order — not divine order, which almost always fails by the sixth day — but human, rational order, written with the conviction of someone who knows that if the universe began with a bang... all that remains is to laugh at the blow.

Humour is not a mere accessory to existence. It is both shield and spear. It allows us to look into the abyss without losing our breath. It is what transforms tragedy into fable, banality into epiphany. God, if He existed, did not only create man, the sea, and the sky. He also created laughter — a minor miracle, perhaps, but maybe the most important. Proof that, amid the chaos, we are not condemned to despair.

This book is an ark where, instead of animals, ideas are saved. Not all pure. Not all useful. But all ambitious enough not

to let nonsense pass unnoticed. Because life is not saved by science, politics, or money alone. It is saved by a gaze that refuses to resign itself, by a humour that challenges the world we live in — and that allows us to face absurdity with a smile, and pain with a gesture of courage.

And you, reader — this book waits for you like a pause in the noise. A moment where the chaos outside translates into meaning within. It promises no certainties, no maps to salvation. But it invites you to embrace the confusion without fear, to laugh at our natural disorder, and to realise that, amid the explosion of the cosmos, it is the act of telling stories — even the smallest and most imperfect — that keeps us human.

For, in the end, the universe may be a cosmic accident, but the way we interpret it is the only miracle that truly belongs to us.

And if, in the end, this book manages to make you complicit in that miracle — then it has already been worth it.