

I was told by a young mum recently that her little girl had come home from school and said, "God got us to sing 'Mamma Mia' in assembly this morning." It would appear that I'd jumped both promotions to Archbishop of Canterbury and Pope and gone straight to the throne of heaven. At least in one titchy human's perspective.

Well, I'm not God. (You've probably noticed.) I love the idea, though, that a child has no problem with the idea that God can actually really be amongst us.

The idea that God is a reality is the basic argument that people of faith have with atheists. We often lose that argument because we try and make God conveniently fit our various boxes. And yet it's not a difficult argument: Jesus said, "Whoever has seen me has seen the Father." So if we want to be able to explain God in a realistic way, then we talk about Jesus. Tricky when it comes to resurrection and ascension. Perhaps it simply needs us just to act as if God is really with us. Which he is. A five-year-old child knows that!

And the theological point of the Mamma Mia sing-along? Nah, you're too old to understand...