

Bad things happen to good people

I had a brother who was mentally handicapped. He was fun to be around and could not hurt a fly. The only person he teased was his brother, me. When I was 13, he died in a car wreck. For the longest time, I was extremely angry with God. I even went as far as to start making sculptures to worship knowing how much it would piss Him off. My thinking was like everyone else's. How could a loving God allow bad things to happen to good people?

It was not until I reconciled my pain with God that I started to understand some answers to this question. This is what I discovered:

1. God does not show favoritism. If God were to show any kind of favoritism, then God, who put His own son on the cross, would have logically showed favoritism on His own son. He did not. Therefore, if God does not show favoritism, then the sting of death the bad people feel will also be felt by the good since there is no favoritism in Gods eyes.
2. You have to leave this physical world full-time to be in the world where God is full-time. To be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord. Some get the privilege of going home before others. In our spiritual home, there is no emotional or physical pain and nothing ever goes wrong. It is literally heaven. I saw how others treated my brother differently. They did not want to accept him even though he accepted them. That kind of prejudice we all experience here on Earth does not exist in Heaven.
3. My pain of his death was felt. We do not feel pain when another person dies with whom we have no attachment. Therefore, I understood it as follows. The pain of my brothers' death is a pain that can only come from the love I had for him. The fond memories that I hold and cherish so dear are the points from where my sorrow originates. I loved my brother deeply and the depth of my pain, although unwanted, could only be experienced by the height of my love for him while he was here on Earth. No one wants to experience this kind of pain. If I had died before him, he would have experienced the painful grief of my death. The best gift I could give him was to outlive him so he would not experience this pain-filled grief. The pain of my grief is payment for the gift I gave him of not having this pain.

If you are going through a loss, consider #3. The pain you are going through is payment for the gift you gave your loved one: the gift of not having the pain of losing you.