

My Theory on Bad Things

Caution: This story contains mature concepts that may be unsuitable for younger viewers.

Once upon a time a woman had two sons. They drove her crazy, and she and her husband loved them with their whole hearts. The boys were patriotic; one joined the military after high school. The younger brother was also more selfless than most teens; he noticed others, included them, and made them feel special and worthwhile.

Then one day, after a nice family meal together, the youngest son killed himself.

She handled it as best as she could. She cried, grieved, and didn't understand.

Years passed, and the woman still wondered WHY?

I have a theory on Bad Things. It bothered me that she was suffering so much. I believe in God, as does she. So how could this happen? What a horrible thing to happen to this wonderful woman!

Trying to sleep one night, I tried changing my perspective. I was being so protective of this woman and angry about her grief that I might have been missing the bigger picture. (I was taught that it's sacrilegious to do this, but I did it anyway.) I pretended to be God. All-knowing, all-seeing, never-wrong God. So, this boy is going to die by his own hand. Well, I would only allow him to inflict that much grief on his family and others... if, say, 1,000 good things came of it. Life-altering, life-saving things. Big things and little things. His life will save countless others. Others with similar thoughts and feelings. It will open a dialog in homes about these feelings and parents will hug their kids tighter...

Hold on one second. Even my theory had a Devil's Advocate. Same rules apply as with anything else that happens; the grieving can't know Your Master Plan. You can't tell them the good that comes from every bad.

Ok, same rules. But if one thing clearly leads to another and word of that gets back to the grieving, then so be it.

Then so be it.

The woman did hear of some good things that were born from the shock and aftermath of her son's death. One was even lifesaving. And those were only the few that she heard about. I'm sure there's a thousand more that she will never know until she gets to ask God herself.

Just like in the Disney movies, the good guys always win. Just because we don't see how it all fits together and comes back to bless us because we're too busy focusing on what we lost doesn't mean good didn't come of it.

Lots of Bad happens every day. I'm standing on my Theory.