

Why do I suffer?

Suffering is so debilitating
It tunnels the vision
It brings me into the presence of evil and darkness
It seems so contrary to LIFE.

Why do I suffer?

I don't understand it and thus feel lost and afraid
And the more I try to ignore it or manage it....
it reigns supreme in my life

Why do I suffer?

Sometimes the pain is unbearable
Not just because of the physical experience
but because it tempts me not to believe, not to hope.

Why do I suffer?

I thought I was wearing the white hat...
The good person
Who never intentionally hurt anyone
Who has sought to be kind and open to the needs
of others

Why do I suffer?

It seems unending....unrelenting....forever.

Why do I suffer?

Is there any meaning
or does it just remind me that I am mortal and not God
Is there any purpose,
or does it just tell me that
I don't know as much as I thought...
...that I don't see as clearly as I believed

Why do I suffer?

It is such a mystery.
It comes in life even though it is seldom sought
Its memory brings pain even after years of relief
It is a part of life that drives me deeper, further.

Why do I suffer?

Somewhere there is still hope,
Hope in spite of the pain
Hope in spite of the loneliness
Hope in spite of the fear and doubt

Why do I suffer?

It is a mystery of life that is never totally explained, only
fully experienced...
...as life comes out of death and newness evolves from
grief.

Why do I suffer?

Suffering brings me in touch with that which is important
It is close to us and yet beckons us beyond itself
It focuses us on what is and
yet invites to embrace what is yet to be
It challenges old beliefs, purging them,
that new and stronger ones may live

Why do I suffer?

For when everything is said and done
When the tears are shed
And the pains experienced
There remains a mystery
An experience that has
stretched our beliefs
And challenged our values
And somehow revealed a new day,
a new life, within us.

Why do I suffer?

Because I don't have all the answers
Because I try to cling to what I have instead of opening
myself who what is coming
Because I am vulnerable and very, very finite.

Why do I suffer?

The same reason you do...because we are human.
And we are ALIVE.

Why do I Suffer?



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