

The Judge

I once prayed to God to bring my brother's dead box turtle back to life. I didn't know how to pray. I just got on my knees and opened with, "Dear God." Of course the turtle stayed dead, but that's not the point. The point is I thought I had someone to talk to when I needed help.

In times of pain and loss, I think we tend to do one of two things. We either cling to faith in God and an afterlife, or we discover doubt. Doubt can be temporary or it can replace the faith we once had.

It was a Sunday when my best friend died. We were twelve.

Everyone seemed to find comfort in these ideas that he was "watching from up above" and "Heaven gained another angel" but I just felt broken, lost, alone.

I prayed to God to try to help me make sense of why one of the best people I've ever known deserved to die just twelve years into his life. I didn't feel comfort or less alone when I prayed. My sorrow turned into anger. Anger towards a God that was suppose to be there when I needed help. I felt more alone than ever when I prayed. I don't know what I expected to happen. I guess I just wanted to feel the comfort others were receiving from this God of ours, the all-knowing, supernatural being. Instead, I was left with doubt.