Subject: The Meaning of Life

Posted by Walrus on Sun, 22 Feb 2004 11:29:18 GMT

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scripture? Most people know what they know from Sunday school and the few days at church that their parents dragged them too.

Do I believe in god? Yes and no. I lost my faith when I was young. I am trying to find it again and am having some success. The first thing I did was throw away my bible and start over. I forgot all

to hate any of his creations. Gay-straight-colored-welsh-. If god is out there in some shape or form I will find him, or oddly enough, her. And then I will ask.

Does god love me, and does he care. Yesterday I watched my dog die. He was old and loved and that morning his heart failed. His name was max and he was a 10 year old Belgium sheepdog.

He fought hard. And when it was all over, I wondered why it had happened. I looked at his body

affected me more then any other. I think it was because I know I will be going the same way. The doctors never told me I would end up lieing in some bed gasping. And when it is my time to go, because we all came here with our return tickets punched, will god be merciful and let me go in peace. Who knows, I guess ill find out latter.

peoples homes and in hospitals. You begin to realize. Lots of people die alone. They die cold and damaged, a body so ravaged by arthritis the old woman has to lie on a water bed and cant even there who live in a living hell, a damaged mind can not be fixed, and very few people are willing to

worse though, its hard to be there when the old man wakes up and he knows where he is and for

- The most fucked up thing about all of this, if you live long enough you will become one of these poor souls. After all every one dies, but before that baring injury or illness, you have to get old. I wonder some times if god loves these people. Or if he created life to let it suffer.

in a while, not to any religion.

everything people tell you. In the end religious words are just words.