

## Humility and Suffering

### Or is it suffering then humility

I know of people, the most strapping kind of sort, both women and men. I hope what "strapping" means to you is one who is stalwart, strong and of great moral fiber. I speak to the kind that go through life encountering an unusual amount of situations that some people would consider they're cursed or they just have a lot of bad luck.

Yet, they persist. Often in the face of all odds they somehow make it at least into their sixth decade or more and are and happy. Stern stuff. Then despite meeting all challenges head on and coming out if not on top, then content and at peace, something or a series of somethings literally incapacitates these kinds of people who are the ultimate doers.

Suddenly they find themselves barely able to make it to the bathroom or not quite. Then they experience excruciating pain which is relentless involving many parts of their body. People with certain types of cancer really get this. I pity the people with central pain syndrome caused by something like a neurological disorder (of which there are many). They never escape.

At times I've had the wonderful opportunity of sitting by these people's sides. I've watched a couple of them die. And I've seen all kinds of things. I've seen people of great faith lose it, their faith. This to me would be the worst. The frustration of suddenly being literally incapacitated and yet not even paralyzed (where pain is rare) so that the pain can be throbbing through every nerve ending of their body. It's heartbreaking to witness.

Many of these people are what my Dad used to call, the 'movers' and the 'shakers.' I know what it's like to be one of them. Running companies will teach you. Then I got my own dose of humility, a neurological disorder, and while I couldn't work anymore, I could still do a lot. And I did. And I will.

I was incredibly fortunate to have a set of parents who raised me with the ultimate love. And by this, I mean not just their unbelievable and certainly unconditional love for me but also the way they brought Our Master, our Jewish Boss as a fellow SW believes, into that love every day and reminded me every day from where Love really comes.

Him.

The finally earthly act of our Master while He was still as we are, human yet created in His Image and likeness, was the sacrifice that marks the center of time. He undertook, not just for His fellow women and men but for the whole world even though few knew. Still today, many don't know. How the world would be at least filled with much more love if this Truth were known to many. Even if they just followed His second command – Love one another. I believe His final sacrifice probably does not come close to the suffering and tears He shed over us in the way we treat each other, why we act, the way we allow hatred to threaten our very democracy which is what our country is - our land of liberty, freedom, dignity, people who treat each other right, people who lay down their lives for their fellow men and women, the light of the world.

Still.

I do believe you're lucky if you learn true humility before you have to go through incapacitating suffering. Because if you are not able to discern what true humility is and embrace it the suffering will be all that much more intense.

So what do you do? I think you hang on to what you got. And hopefully what you got is a strong belief in our Creator in all His Triune-ness. Because if we remember the truth, anything is possible with Him even if it doesn't quite turn out the way you wanted it. The important thing is what He wanted.

Two things I know for sure...

He wants with all His incredible and omnipresent Love for us to love Him absolutely but in many ways equal to that, He wants us to love each other like He loves us. Think about that when you run into one of your neighbors or anyone that has been so crippled, they can no longer function. Are we the Levites, the scribes of years gone by in our ancestry...

Or are we the Good Samaritan?

Clement