



By Silver Rose

When Bad Things Happen to Good People

Many years ago I read Harold Kushner's book by the same title as this column. A rabbi first and writer second, Kushner wrote the book to help others through their own crises of faith. His happened when his son Aaron died from premature aging.

What I remember clearly is that he offered no answers as to "why," but his solution was faith in God. Through the ages, faith is what has helped millions try and make sense of a world we are born into with only one guarantee—none of us will get out alive.

At different times of my life I have had a strong faith that there is a God and S/he has a plan. At other times, and this is where I am now, I cannot make sense out of any of it.

What I *hope* is true, is that we are all made up of a pure, positive energy that never dies. Our bodies may disappear but the energy does not. I envision a large, warm and crystal-clear lake that my spirit will joyfully dive into when I make my transition.

We all know that you cannot scoop the same cup of water out of the lake twice and so, when it's time for my energy to return to human form, it will be mixed with other energy.

My Bill, one of the most exploratory people I know says he hopes it's another great adventure. And it wouldn't be an adventure, would it, without elements of the unknown?

I don't know how the world works, anymore than I know how technology like the Internet or my cell phone does. But like technology, life doesn't always work perfectly, at least according to my definition.

I guess that's why I do the work I do. Given the fact that life is, for no apparent reason, difficult at times, I want to learn how to attract more good times and to make the most of the ones I already have. And I want to pass this knowledge on because it was so freely given to me.

Each of us faces the unknown every day but there is something sharper to it when a medical doctor has given you reason to believe that your days might be numbered, as the doctors have told Bill.

We are approaching the end of a seven-week sailing trip in the Mediterranean. We have no idea if this is just another in a series of wonderful trips or a final, if partial, fulfillment of a dream Bill has had for many years—to sail the world.

What I know is that, for the entire trip, whenever we have been faced with something terrific (and it has been often), I have said a silent prayer, "More of this, please."

I learned this prayer as part of my education about the Law of Attraction that says, "You get more of what you focus on." When you are having a great time and acknowledge it, you are putting your request into the Universe for more. And that is what you will get.

This trip has shown me in a very profound way that it is possible to hold two realities—to be both deeply sad and extremely joyful. The bottom line truth is that I don't know what the future holds and neither do you,

When we return home I plan to continue to act as if every day is a new adventure. When I do that, it will be so, no matter the circumstances.

What adventures are you having?