

WHERE WAS GOD?

I know you're mad at Me right now. That's alright. People have been mad at Me before and will be again. Being mad is part of being human. My Son got mad, too. It's alright to be mad sometimes at injustice, for example, or the lack of charity. You probably think I am unjust and uncharitable when an airplane goes down like that. All those people lost. The children gone. It doesn't seem right; it can't be loving. You ask, 'Where was God?' Why did He allow that to happen? I allow it to happen because I allow you freedom.

I could have left you on a string and made you dance all day without getting tired. I could have moved your mouth for you and made you sing all night without growing hoarse. I could have pulled a wire that would have let you soar skyward and never fall. I could have, but I didn't because I love you so much. I want you to be free to decide when to dance and sing. Free to determine when you will come to Me in faith and hope. Because you are free, some of you choose not to dance or sing. Some of you select hatred over love, revenge over forgiveness, bombs over a helping hand. As you choose, I watch. I do not disappear. I listen to both the songs and the bombs. AND I REMEMBER.

Where was God? you wonder...I was there. I whispered in the ear of a little girl, 'Don't be afraid, I am with you. I held the hand of a business woman as tightly as she clutched mine. I cradled a pilot against my shoulder as if he were a baby again. Amid the paralyzing fear, I was there, as I was there with my Son in the garden. Amid the unbearable pain, I was there, as I was with Him as He was whipped. Amid the terrible realization that life was ending too soon, I was there, with Him as He hung on the cross and asked, like you, 'My God, why have you forsaken Me?' I had not forsaken Him. I did not forsake them. I was there as they fell, and as they rose to eternal joy. I listened to their anger, answered their questions and showed them why they had been created. Not to end that way, but to live with Me forever. In an instant, they came into existence. As you did. In an instant, they left this world. As you will. But beyond that last instant, I kept my promise... A little girl dances, a business woman sings, and a pilot keeps his wings forever.

God was in the flight attendant who called her husband as her plane was being hijacked to tell him that she loved him.

God was in the two men who carried a wheelchair bound woman down 70 flights of stairs to safety.

God was in the people who stood in line to give blood.

God was in the strangers in cars, picking up strangers stranded in the city and taking them home to their families.

God is in the people who are begging to volunteer, to do anything to help.

God was trying to discourage anyone from taking those flights. The four flights together held over 1,000 passengers and there was only 266 aboard.

God was on 4 commercial flights giving terrified passengers the ability to stay calm. Not one of the family members who were called by a loved one on one of the hi-jacked planes said that passengers were screaming in the background. On one of the flights, God was giving strength to passengers to overtake the hi-jackers.

God is in the thousands if not millions who are flooding blood banks thousands of miles away to help people they have never met.

God is in the people who are comforting someone even when they don't know what to say.

God is in the people who watched and cried for people who many remain anonymous in name, but never in their sacrifice.

God was busy trying to create obstacles for employees at the World Trade Center. After all only around 20,000 were at the towers when the first jet hit. Since the buildings held over 50,000 workers, this was a miracle in itself.

God was holding up 2 110-story building so that 2/3 of the workers could get out. It was so amazing that the top of the towers didn't topple when the jets impacted.