

December 2004

All Part of God's Plan?

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Recommended Citation

Galpin, Michael (2004) "All Part of God's Plan?," *Verbum*: Vol. 2 : Iss. 1 , Article 4.
Available at: <https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/verbum/vol2/iss1/4>

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Abstract

In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"My whole life, my parents have always sent me to a catholic school. Ever since I can remember, I have had God in my life. What I was taught when I was young and impressionable, was that God is always with me, looking out for me and making sure I do the right thing, much like a father figure. I received all my sacraments, never asking any questions about the God that I believe in, the God that I was taught to believe in. It might sound naïve, but up until I reached college, I have had an unchanged image of God in my mind. Maybe it was because I had other pressing issues concerning my life, or that I never had an experience to change my idea of God, or maybe what it really came down to was, "if it ain't broke, don't fix it" kind of mentality. Do not get me wrong, I have had experiences that make me ask "God, why did you let this kind of thing happen?" But the easy and simple answer I have heard my whole life is, "its all part of God's plan, He does things for a reason"."

All Part of God's Plan?

by

Michael Galpin

My whole life, my parents have always sent me to a catholic school. Ever since I can remember, I have had God in my life. What I was taught when I was young and impressionable, was that God is always with me, looking out for me and making sure I do the right thing, much like a father figure. I received all my sacraments, never asking any questions about the God that I believe in, the God that I was taught to believe in. It might sound naïve, but up until I reached college, I have had an unchanged image of God in my mind. Maybe it was because I had other pressing issues concerning my life, or that I never had an experience to change my idea of God, or maybe what it really came down to was, “if it ain’t broke, don’t fix it” kind of mentality. Do not get me wrong, I have had experiences that make me ask “God, why did you let this kind of thing happen?” But the easy and simple answer I have heard my whole life is, “its all part of God’s plan, He does things for a reason”.

Religion is at its best when it asks questions. I have never heard that before I took a class with Father Chase. I look back and ask myself why my mother was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis. Seven years ago, my mother was part of a running club, she volunteered with the church and was probably the most active mother I knew. In seven years, she has gone from a walking stick, to a walker, to a wheelchair, not even able to walk to the bathroom from her bed. Why did God do that to my mother? A mother who was so active in all of my life and still is, but obviously to a lesser degree. She cannot even go into a hockey arena to watch me play because the cold makes her incredibly weak.

During a class, watching a movie about 9.11, someone mentioned “it is all part of God’s plan”. That’s bullshit. All of a sudden, I am asking myself, “Why was my mother

put into a wheelchair? Is this part of God's mysterious plan? Is this a god I want to believe in!?" To be honest, if God wants to keep his followers, he better start answering questions. Deep down, I am a realist. I realize that there are much bigger fish to fry in God's global kitchen. Take a minute, and think about all the other problems God is attending too. All I come up with is where the hell is He? The world is in its worst state of being and things are not looking up in the near future. What happened to the God that is with everybody, looking down on them, being the fatherly figure I had believed in for most of my life?

After all these issues we speak about in class or read in the text, my first thought is that Father Chase had better stop telling people to ask questions, because he might be preaching to an empty church one of these days. I have all these questions, but no answers. Therefore I am forced to believe in a God different than what I have been taught. What irks me even more is that the God that I believe in presently is still not the God I want to believe in.

It is an up-hill battle to have a relationship with this God right now. I realize that I am lucky to be in college, that I have a wonderful family, and great friends, but how much of that is God's doing? The truth is I have no clue. What about the rest of the world? It appears to me that the God that I believe in has taken a lackadaisical approach to making his presence felt. In this world full of 'evil', is it crazy to think that God would want to make a positive impact?

Whatever way I look at it, I know that I have to live my life the way I think is best. The God I want to believe in might be a long way away, or maybe does not even exist. It just seems lately that having too much faith gets you burned.