

Lizzie

I have a friend named Lizzie. She is dying from an incurable disease.

It has disfigured her face, which at one time was beautiful. She has scleroderma, which causes scarring by producing scar tissue that is not necessary.

It hurts me to see her like this. I ask why all the time.

I see her dwindling away to nothing. This once-vivacious woman is now barely clinging to who she once was.

I see her, and she's in pain all the time. There isn't a moment when she's not.

They had to commit her to a psych ward just the other day, and she sits in the hospital waiting to be let out.

She tells me she has hit a brick wall. That the city of Miami will not put her on disability, and that for the past year, she has had to live on the backs of her friends, borrowing money here and there just to get by.

This is a woman who for a living bartended, making lots of money and having lots of fun. She is one of the most immediately popular people I have ever met, giving of herself, and her wisdom. ...

She has been through a lot in her life, and now this is the greatest test of all.

I couldn't have gotten as far as she has with this. She has lived with it for 20 years but is on her way out.

It hurts me, because she is so young, like 40ish. I can't help but think, how could this be?

She tells me that even though she may be a nice person, that doesn't excuse her from getting sick; nice people get sick, too.

I guess it's just one of those things in life that we can't possibly have an answer for.

I can't make sense of it. Is there a lesson in seeing someone you love die, though she is young and a good person and still has so much to give?

I wonder, is God paying attention? Did He allow the wrong person to get sick?

Here I sit at 3:30 in the morning, just left wondering