

Why Do Bad Things Happen?

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Dedicated to my best friend Clay Brown who is always there to support and encourage me; to my mother who prays daily for me; to my pastor Andy Manning for his prayers and encouragement; to my friend and spiritual brother Derrick Laughlin and most of all to my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

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INTRODUCTION

Why do bad things happen, and why do they happen to good people? That's a question that a lot of people want to know, especially those who are living their lives for God and serving Him faithfully.

I currently work for a local fire department, and in 2005 I sat watching live news reports of Hurricane Katrina as it made its way toward the Louisiana coast. I hoped that it wouldn't hit us, because it looked like a bad storm. I have to admit there was some relief when it turned to the east and headed away from us, but the events that unfolded will forever be etched in my mind.

After Katrina made landfall, I stayed glued to Fox News and watched as a correspondent stood in the French Quarter talking about how the Crescent City was spared the "big one." As his reports continued, he spoke of people reporting white caps on Canal Street. It seemed like the levee system failed and the city was being flooded.

If you have never studied New Orleans, you may not know that that city is a virtual soup bowl. It sits below sea level, and is surrounded by water. The only thing keeping that water out is a system of levees surrounding the city. After Katrina, it was obvious that the system could not handle such a storm.

Feelings of peace that the storm went east turned to horror as we watched days and days of rescues from rooftops and body recoveries from the lower ninth ward in New Orleans. The old city that many of us had grown to love had been turned into a giant lake of despair.

Time and time again, we have heard people ask how God could allow something like this to happen. Some have even said that New Orleans was a den of sin, and this is how God chose to purge it like He did with Sodom and Gomorra.

I don't know why it happened. I just know it did. I think that sometimes things just happen. I have asked myself why bad things happen to me. Then one day I finally realized that it's because I am a human being. I am not perfect, nor am I even close to being perfect.

Many years ago, I preached a sermon called "Why Do Bad Things