

I DON'T WANT TO DIE THE SAME WAY

I do not want my blood, like that of the Galileans, to flow alongside that of the sacrifices. I do not want to die with the overwhelming guilt of one who feels crushed by events. Like those eighteen who saw the tower of Siloam collapse upon them and, perhaps, in their final thought, asked, *Why me?*

I want to die learning to till the soil around what seems lifeless, to nourish the earth even when it appears exhausted. I want to be fertile, alive—I, the ripe fruit in an apparently barren world. I, the divine fruit in a world consumed by fear. I want to till the soil of a world that watches towers fall, searching for the eyes of mothers without children, of fathers crushed by sorrow. I will no longer ask, *God, where are you?* But every day, I want to ask myself, *Where am I?*

Life is not barren because blood is spilled or towers crumble. God is not absent because He does not intervene or remains silent. True death is the inability to build hope. I do not want to “*die in the same way.*” I want to feel You in the hands that clear away the rubble, in the fingers that wipe away tears, in the cries of shattered lives, in the broken hearts of women left alone.

I seek You and find You—not with eyes that accuse, but in every gaze that recognizes care. The miracle is not in healing, in solving life's problems. The true miracle is the act of caring itself.

