**Why Did God Make Me This Way?**

I’m pacing, looking for a reason,

An explanation, a negotiation.

Why do bad things happen to good people?

Why is my basketball team down two?

THIS WAS A WINABLE GAME!

Maybe it’s karma, maybe it’s because

I didn’t take the trash out,

I forgot to respond to my mom,

I put off that last homework problem,

I had an extra piece of cake,

I didn’t go to Church on Sunday,

Or the last one hundred Sundays.

I must be defected.

Why are my serotonin levels dependent

on if MY sports team wins.

Why did God give me this passion?

Why did God give me this pain?

Why did God make me a sports fan?

And why did God make MY teams the bad ones?

Why is this my cross to bear?

Hold on, the game isn’t over.

There’s still a few seconds.

And we have possession.

We can win this.

It’s so easy.

Even I know how to do this.

It’s basically a guarantee.

This is just one of those trials,

And God is testing me…

LORD, WHY DO YOU TEST ME?