

Chapter 26

Something Good Out of Something Bad

August 2005

“But I tell you who hear me, love your enemies. Do good to those who hate you.” – Jesus, Luke 6:27

One Monday night in August, my brother, who was recently divorced, called Dale up on the phone. My brother and Dale had become very good friends. Since they were both single, my brother asked Dale to go out Wednesday night to a singles bar. Dale told him he would, and this would be the first time in two years that Dale would be out with the boys. When I found out about their plans, I retaliated and told Dale, “Well, I think I’ll ask my girlfriend if she wants to go out that night, too. Teasing Dale, I rubbed it in by saying, “Who knows, maybe I’ll even run into Joe!”

Saying this didn’t go over too well, because Joe was a sore subject between Dale and me. Dale blamed everything that had happened to me on Joe, but I knew that what Joe had done to me was necessary and had happened in order for me to fulfill the prophecy. Again, if it weren’t for Joe, I never would’ve gotten sick, this book would never have been written, and millions of people would never have found out about mild silver protein. So how could I hate someone who played such an important role in making this all come true? Something bad *is* turning into something good.

On Wednesday night Dale went out with my brother and I went out with my friend Helen. Helen and I went to the dance club where I had first met Joe. That night there was a band playing, and it was so crowded that Helen and I had to sit at the bar.

During the course of the evening, I noticed a gray-haired man sitting at the other end of the bar staring at me. The room was very dark, yet I could tell that this man was watching me. I didn’t recognize his face, nor did he look familiar, but I was curious. Before the night was over, I was determined to find out who he was.

Finally, I couldn’t stand the suspense any longer. I had to get a closer look at this guy to see for myself who he was. Logically, the only way I could do this was to go to the lady’s room, which would

take me right past where he was sitting. Without wasting another second, I picked up my purse, got out of my chair, and headed for the bathroom. As I was passing where he was sitting, he turned around on his stool and familiarly called my name, “Linda!” I immediately froze. I would know that voice anywhere. There was no doubt in my mind who it was. It was Joe!

Now after four years, I stood face to face with the man who had broken my heart. Under similar circumstances, most women would have slapped him across the face or kicked him in the groin. As for me, I did not have any anger left in my heart. I had forgiven him a long time ago. Of course, this didn’t mean that I liked how he had treated me. On the contrary! But “spiritually,” I couldn’t hate him.

When I looked at his face, I hardly recognized him. The last four years had taken a heavy toll on him, and his face showed it. No longer was his hair and beard a beautiful shiny reddish-brown. Instead, they were a grizzled gray. As he got up from the stool, I was taken by surprise. When I first met him, he was 6'5". Now, no longer did he stand tall, and he had that “tired” look about him. This was definitely not the same Joe I had fallen in love with four years ago—or was it? Four years ago he had professed to hating his own mother. He had also expressed anger and hatred towards both his ex-wife and his ex-girlfriend. Now I realize he was angry at all women in general. His attitude had finally caught up with him. Joe is the perfect example of how karma works. You reap what you sow. Hate—it will always come back full circle.

At that moment, I took the initiative. I smiled and gave him a hug. I asked how he was doing, and he said he was doing fine. I then told him that my first children’s book was finally finished and that I had self-published it.

Funny, how we no longer had anything in common, because within a few minutes, we had run out of things to say. So, I mentioned to him that I had a new boyfriend, and he quickly responded that he had a girlfriend. Finally, I figured out a way to end this awkward situation by making an excuse that I had to go to the bathroom. Then with “no regrets,” I walked away and went into the lady’s room.

Now the last chapter in “The Book of Joe” had come to an end. I finally had closure.