

Differences

When I see on the news different crimes being reported of somebody killing someone, raping someone, beating someone, I try to imagine what drove them to do it. I try to see from their perspective, to feel their emotions, their motivation. It never works. I think, it's because I don't possess that type of emotion, hatred.

Every time I get mad, I think this is the greatest I can feel for something, this is what hatred is. But that's only because nothing worse has happened before that moment that made me fill with anger. I sometimes imagine feeling strong emotions, but I don't think I've ever been as swept up in them where I can't control my actions, as the people on the news have been swept up. Maybe that's what separates me from them. I can control the actions my emotions make me feel, they can't. Or maybe it's because I've never felt that emotion which makes them act out. If it makes them go and torture a man for marrying another man, I don't ever want to feel it.

I wonder if you can choose to hate, or if hatred chooses you. Maybe that's what makes it so uncontrollable. It takes on a life of its own.

I say I've felt hatred, but I've really only used it as a descriptor for the lesser emotion I'm feeling at the time. Hatred has such a strong connotation to it, but it seems in this age, we've lessened its veracity. It can now be used to describe any inconvenience in your life: a traffic jam, the internet not working, the president legalizing same-sex marriage. It seems people almost want to feel hatred because it makes their emotions more valid; anything less than hatred makes your opinion on the event less important.

To be honest, I don't understand why people are so adamant about hating something, be it a group of people, a specific person, or an idea. It takes a lot of effort and time to fight, using hatred as your only weapon.

I'm not a grudge-holder or "judge-y". At least, I strive not to be. I've been hurt by people, either by accident or on purpose. I've seen characteristics and morals in people that I disagree with, within my closest loved ones. But those negative emotions have never overrode the positive ones. My disappointment in my father for being against same-sex marriage doesn't lessen my love for him, not one single bit.

Anytime I've felt powerfully negative emotions, I can never hold it for long. And when it fades, I'm exhausted. I could never hate something or someone for my entire life. I can't even imagine it. Maybe that's because I haven't met someone or discovered something to make me feel hatred yet.

Why would someone even want to feel hatred? What's so great or fulfilling about hating gays, or blacks, or Muslims, or your ex-wife who you were driven to rape and then kill?

People seem to prefer hatred over love these days. Or actually, considering what I know about history, people have preferred it since Christ's death. Jesus, the embodiment of good, preached about acceptance and peace and love, and humanity's response to it was crucification, hatred incarnate.

I believe wholeheartedly that love is more powerful than hatred, that love trumps all. But I've realized, seeing all this suffering and cruelty on the news recently, that this does not mean that humans are more powerful than hatred.

There's this concept that Hell is not actually below the Earth. The placement goes: Earth at the bottom, then right above us is Hell, then a larger space is between Hell and Heaven. That would be a logical and nicer explanation for why we seem so consumed with hatred. Hell is closer to us and is acting as a barrier between us and the love of Heaven. It certainly would be preferable to the idea that humans are simply innately evil.

I wish sometimes I could understand those people's perspective, to be able to feel that hatred—if only so I could then get them to understand my perspective of love. Whenever I feel anything close to hatred, I feel heavy and tired and burdened. Being mad at my mother for her insensitive attitude toward my father does nothing for me. I don't *want* to feel that all the time. I don't *need* to feel it.

You don't need hatred. But I believe that you do need love.

Whenever I think about laughing with my mom and loving her, I feel light and airy and free. Maybe the reason those people cling so tightly to hatred is because they've forgotten what true love feels like.

I know hatred and anger are easy to feel. It's easy to get mad at something, anything really. But it's hard to sustain that anger, keeping it fed and alive. It seems so much harder to hate than to love. It takes no effort for me to love my family. It takes a lot of energy to hate them, or anyone else for that matter.

Hatred may be powerful, but it's short and tiresome. Love may be quieter in comparison to hatred, but it lasts longer and it feels lighter. I'll never understand people's desire to cling to hatred while it drowns them, when I have love to lift me up without any price on my part.