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### **I believe in Evil** by Carl E Beyer

I believe in Evil. Stop!! Do not run to Father Scott to get me excommunicated. Let me repeat what I said, “I believe in Evil”. I did not say, “I worship Evil”. I said I believe in Evil. I believe there is Evil as I believe there is Good. I believe that God exists and the Devil exists. I worship God and I try my best to avoid the Devil.

I never understood people who think Evil is Good. That is an oxymoron if there ever was one. Evil cannot be Good and Good cannot be Evil. There are good people who do evil deeds and evil people that do good deeds. But Evil is simply that, Evil.

This subject often comes up with war. There are those who believe no war is justified and when questioned closely you will find that they do not believe in Evil. To them war itself is the evil with no regard to the evil that caused the war. I like to ask the person who is against war what they would do if their neighbor were beating their kids. Would they not take action to stop the evil? And in taking that action are they not waging war against their neighbor? If they say it is none of their business and that they would not do anything, then they are supporting evil. As we say in Mass, “In what I have done, and in what I have failed to do”. Yes, we say what we “have failed to do”. Of course, there has been a great deal of wars for evil reasons but generally both sides are not in the war for evil reasons.

What made me think of this subject was my recent participation in the “Sexual Misconduct Awareness Workshop”. It could have easily been named “How to spot and combat evil done to children”. The class was mainly aimed at protecting our kids from Evil. Nothing breaks our hearts more than to see young children damaged for life because of one person’s evil actions.

I have learned over the years that most people have some kind of trauma in their childhood. In my college years I researched child/wife abuse extensively. This was not because I had some morbid curiosity, but because I needed some explanation for the evil I grew up with. When researching, I found that the most common reason for evil was for what I would call “Selfishness”. Selfishness because the people perpetrating the evil do so to give themselves some sort of satisfaction. They spend hours preparing for the evil deed with total disregard for any damage they are doing to the other person. As far as these selfish people are concerned, everyone and everything that surrounds them is there to give them pleasure. If good is done by them, as it sometimes is, they shout it from the mountain tops to ensure that they get the praise they believe they rightfully deserve.

There is one question each of us should ask ourselves; what do we do about Evil? While I believe in Evil, do I accept Evil? I would hope each of us would say no! Is it to be expected that we spend all our waking hours combating Evil? Again, I would say no! If we get obsessed with combating Evil, we miss the primary way of combating Evil and that is by doing good. The

opposite of Evil is Good. Evil will shun that which is good.

If you are walking down the street and Evil is being done to a person you see, then you are obligated to combat that Evil. On the other hand, this act of evil likely could have been stopped by the evil person having been surrounded by Good. So, let us start by doing good in our families. That is where I would like to lead this story of Good and Evil.

Without disclosing too much; I remember my sister commenting that she would never forget her thought during one incident which occurred when she was a young child. It was a simple but profound thought. She thought "This is Hell".

I would like to break here for the lyrics of "Hell is for Children" by Pat Benatar.

If you can read that lyric without feeling the pain of the children then I feel sorry for your heart. The way to start combating Evil is to ensure that in our family, and in the families that we know, the children will not have the above lyrics as their theme song.

They cry in the dark so you can't see their tears,  
They hide in the light so you can't see their fears,  
Forgive and forget, all the while,  
Love and pain,  
Become one and the same in the eyes of a  
wounded child.

Because Hell, Hell is for children,  
And you know that their little lives can become  
such a mess.  
Hell, Hell is for children.  
And you shouldn't have to pay for your love,  
With your bones and your flesh.

It's all so confusing,  
This brutal abusing,  
They blacken your eyes and  
Then 'pologize.

Be Daddy's good girl and  
And don't tell Mommy a thing,  
Be a good little boy and you'll get a new toy,  
Tell Grandma you fell off the swing.

Because Hell, Hell is for children  
And you know that their little lives can become  
such a mess.  
Hell, Hell is for Children  
And you shouldn't have to pay for your love,  
With your bones and your flesh.

No, Hell is for children  
Hell, Hell is for Hell  
Hell is for Hell  
Hell is for children.

Evil knows no greater place to gain a foothold than within a child's heart. Please do not allow Evil to gain that foothold. Spend the time and spread love within your family. This small act of charity can fight Evil far more than you can ever imagine.

I want to clarify right now that I was not physically abused. Other people in my family were.

My parents' greatest pastime was beating on each other, this evil was certainly traumatic to us children. I know, in their hearts, they believed that they did everything that was expected of them. I know this because they informed us that their duty was to keep us fed, clothed and warm. So, with that I will speak of the evil of omission. We parents can, without realizing it, forget to love our children. As a child I know I could find no reason why I was part of the family. If I were gone, I felt that it would make no difference to my parents. I know that I find that time goes by too quickly, and I forget to tell my children that I love them. Stop reading now and call your children and remind them that they are loved. This is important to children!

Now that I have wandered all over the place, I would like to end this by simply asking that you love your children. Do not spoil them, or give them a big head, but love them. Be sure your children know that they are loved unconditionally. Be sure that they know your home is always their home. Be sure they know love and by knowing love they will know Good. And by knowing Good they can battle Evil.

God Bless you all. Go forth and love.