

No one cares if you hate your life:

Jesus was beaten, mocked, laughed at, while He carried a 300 pound cross up a hill, just to be nailed to it, for 6 hours. He wore a crown that had thorns in it, that went three to four feet into His head/skull. He bled so much that all of His blood was gone, and He started bleeding the water in His body. And everything that had happened to Him, He was thinking of you. He could've saved Himself, and be heartless, and watch me and you burn in hell, but He loves us so much that He died for us.

So, tell me, what makes you hate your life so much knowing there's a God that died for you?