

A Morning Muse

Let me start by saying it's paramount to remind myself, and by doing so, to remind those who read my writings, that there is a god, or if you prefer, a God. I like god because it bypasses the discussion of religion for me, though others have taken exceptional issue with the non-capitalization, and in some cases, quite vehemently. Putting that difference aside, let's agree that there is a God, and I will use the capitalized version to keep things simple.

As science can more accurately measure the distance light travels, the timeline for the creation of the birth of our universe has been set at about 13.77 billion years. After that, there is nothing to see, so that point is referred to as the beginning of our Universe, or The Big Bang Theory.

Intellectually this is possible to think about rationally, unlike the Bible, which seems pure fiction.

Scientists believe that at that moment of creation, three main ingredients were present: dark matter, dark energy, and infinity. I think God was there too. On the notion of believing in God and that God is the creator of all things, yes, I believe the Big Bang Theory is accurate. I don't think the story in the Bible is really how life started. It's still a great story, however.

I have read scholarly writings written by learned scientists that state we are the creation of a master race who finally created a space large enough, called Infinity, to which they applied dark matter and dark space. Since then, they have watched their creation and our existence unfold. In that theory, God is not mentioned. These learned scientists also propose that our humanity is heading, destined even, to the same place of becoming a master race, and as such, it will also create another universe using the same three ingredients as our predecessors.

Dark matter is a magical ingredient thought to account for approximately 85% of the nutrients in the universe. Dark matter is called "dark" because it does not appear to interact with the

electromagnetic field, which means it does not absorb, reflect, or emit electromagnetic radiation (like light) and is difficult for our scientists to detect. Various astrophysical observations, including gravitational effects, which currently accepted theories of gravity cannot explain unless more matter is present than can be seen – imply dark matter's presence. For this reason, most experts think dark matter is abundant in the universe and has strongly influenced its structure and evolution. Many believe even further that dark matter is the essential building block of life itself. The theory goes that dark matter did not exist before the Big Bang of 13.77 billion years ago, but it did afterward. Dark matter appears to be responsible for literally everything since then. Dark matter, to me, is akin to using stem cells. Stem cells can be used anywhere in the human body to regenerate any part of that body. Because it is responsible for everything, dark matter can, in theory, be used to grow, regrow or replace anything, anywhere.

I know that's a bold statement, but there it is; I've said it.

The new NASA web photos peek into infinity. New images show SMACS 0723, as it appeared 4.6 billion years ago, and the photos show many more galaxies in front of and behind that cluster. So, a camera built by NASA, within infinity, takes a picture of objects 4.6 billion miles away. And yes, we should sit in awe as we try to comprehend the privilege of seeing light that has traveled 4.6 billion years to reach us, and we realize that a picture is taken in one direction- from the camera pointed away from us. So, if NASA could take a panoramic photo, we could finally peek at infinity.

Can our minds understand infinity? I can understand the concept of infinity. Many don't believe we're finite, and many believe we have several or more lives. Can finite live within the parameters of infinity? Mathematicians have proved that energy is never lost. We all have other things to do than confirm if these learned people are correct, but others have proved their math is

right, so we should go with that. Infinity is boundless, endless, and greater than any natural number.

Is there an opposite reaction from the Big Bang Theory? Or, in other words, could there be a Big Ending Theory? Just because it hasn't happened yet doesn't mean it can't or won't happen. But there's still an infinite amount of time left for there to be an end!

Where did the Dark Matter come from? It could have come from God, of course, and it could just as well have come from a Super Race doing an absurdly advanced experiment.

According to our learned scientists, those highly educated in quantum physics, they state the universe has no beginning and no end. But how could anyone possibly know that? And should we care? Here's why we should care: the Big Bang Theory of 13.77 billion years ago indicates that Dark Matter came into existence at that time, during The Big Bang. Dark Matter appears to be the building block of all life forms, even being responsible for gravity.

But something had to exist for the Big Bang to happen within; a space, a container of sorts; otherwise, it could have simply dissipated into infinite parts so tiny they would have had no effect. But, and this is where God comes into the equation, the Big Bang did have an impact because three things were there to help make the universe and galaxies be born. The result was life, which has evolved over billions of years into everything we now know or are learning about. I muse upon this not only for myself but for everyone who believes, or those who have forgotten, that we should be astonished by simply waking up each day. We should be astonished that our bodies work as well as they do for as long as they do. Yes, sometimes DNA isn't passed along ideally, or perhaps it is, but it's hard for humans to accept that. Science and the medical world are also astonishing for their work! We, as humans, sit atop all creations of all time, thriving and growing at incredible numbers, even now reaching numbers that threaten to overwhelm the

earth's capacity to provide for us all. But lurking as our demise are disease and old age. The latter we cannot escape, and some of the former we will not. These are good reasons to allow yourself to consciously sit in infinity for a moment and be astonished by everything around you. If you are suspended in space, infinity would be everything around you, with nothing holding you up or pushing you down. No ropes, air blowing you up, gravity holding you down, and nothing moving or stopping you. There would be no floors, walls, or ceilings. You are simply in a space and try as you will, there is no way to get a bearing on where you might be. Which way is forward? Which way is back? Which way is left and which way is right? We can always find out which way is up or down by simply spitting; if the spit hits our feet, that must be down. If we spit and it runs into our nose and eyes, we must be upside down. But that only works if there's gravity. Gravity works here on Earth, as we know, but not on the moon or the Space Station. If we spit straight out of our mouths without gravity, the spit won't rise or fall. You could be looking up, but that might be down, down might be up, and all around could instead be up or down. Indeed, we would still see as far as our eyes could see. If this were you, here in infinity, before the Big Bang happened, everything would be darkness. You look up, down, and all around, and there's nothing there but dark for as far as you can see, and you know you can see things far away.

In complete darkness, an odd occurrence happens where you think you can only see a very short distance in front of you. It's as if you're afraid you might walk face-first into a wall. But if a candle were lit a mile away, you would see that instantly.

You turn and look right, and once again, there is nothing there to see, for as far as you can see, and you know you can see a long way away, except in total darkness. You look around to your left, but there is nothing but darkness. You are sitting in an infinite space of night. This space

has no beginning and no end, which you can see. Something in you says, *I want to belong*, and you feel a sense of belonging, but you have yet to find anywhere to belong to, or anyone or anything to belong to, despite trying your best and trying desperately at times. Your “fight-or-flight instincts” have you ready for either, yet there is nothing but infinite darkness around you. You finally say to yourself; *I live within infinity. I am a part of infinity.*

And then, with a big bang Dark Matter came into existence, and with Dark Matter, life forms came into existence, persisting or simply enduring for a finite amount of time which could be long or short.

Billions of years later, you are born into a place and time with others who look like you. Many have gathered into tribes or clans for protection. You have a life; you die and are gone.

We as humans have evolved through six million years since our arrival, and now our intellects and instincts have evolved, so we can now choose to believe we are a part of all of humanity.

Some feel this belonging to all of humanity their entire life. We have evolved; science, lifespans, and almost everything about us has evolved. Yet many of us don't feel we belong to anyone or anything, which may answer why, in our dreams, we find we are usually alone. Other people may be in our dreams, but we are generally not attached to those people. For many of us, life has lacked the meaning of humanity, which we had hoped meant living in peace, love, and harmony together. But we noticed that life became more of a contest, a master game of one-upmanship, not only on the physical level but on all levels, and most everything was about being better than others or them striving to be better than us. This has been life for us for as long as we can remember, except when we sit alone in infinity.

What is infinity? I'm guessing you used to know, which was easy back then. When we only know one thing, with nothing to compare it to, then life is indeed simple.

If you can measure a distance, then that distance is not infinite. If you can only measure a distance from where you are, out to an object, and back again, that's not measuring infinity either. There probably was a time when our minds could and did understand infinity. There might have been a time, long ago, when we had recently come out of infinity, so we still knew it well. Some don't believe we have a limit or an end; instead, we undergo rebirth to another incarnation. Is this just another factless opinion now being stated as fact?

Can, and does, finite live within the parameters of infinity? Finite may not be an accurate description, however. Mathematicians have proved that matter, or the energy taken to make matter never dies or vanishes. That energy that left the star, person, animal, or tree morphs into the next thing it is destined to become. With that in mind, reincarnation seems plausible to the analytical side of my brain.

Infinity is boundless, endless, and more significant than any natural number.

Could there be an opposite reaction to The Big Bang theory? There there is no history of any of this ever happening before. There is no record of anything before the Big Bang, so we are left thinking this is all new and unique.

According to our learned brothers using quantum physics: *The universe has no beginning and no end.* But how could anyone possibly know if that is true or false? For instance, the Big Bang theory certainly appears to be a beginning. And there's still an infinite amount of time left for there to be an end.

Should you care about anything other than your present life? Have you stood at the base of a mature Sequoia tree? And as you look up, your perspective causes you to shrink and feel smaller until you might feel the size of an ant. This is a good feeling to experience, as our ego needs to be put back into place. Then ask again, who are you? And why are you here?

Tens of thousands of years of evolution go by, and now you ride your new bicycle down the steepest hill in the neighborhood, finally going so fast your bike goes into a speed wobble right before you lose control and crash. You are still dazed, and opening your eyes, you wonder where you are before remembering you just crashed. Then you smile and straighten the handlebars before riding off towards home.

As you near home, your time of feeling relaxed begins to end. Your relationship with people, and the social world around you, lacks positive meaning, and being forced to be with people during school days causes you severe anxiety and hopelessness. Your anxiety level rises so high that every day you perspire heavily, and the perspiration rings travel from the armpits of your shirt down to your waistline. The other students chant loudly:

Roses are red; violets are blue; we're sure glad we don't smell like you!

Oh, how you hate that chant. You withdraw and do other things that occupy your mind. You ensure, by taking alternate routes at differing times to and from school, that there is no room for these people: You feel alive when you ride your bike down the steepest hills without braking or when you hike at seven years old, unaccompanied, the seven miles from home out to the coast and back again.

Now you are a teenager, and for now, the only times you feel alive are when you shoplift from stores, burglarize homes, have sex with your girlfriend, and rebel against everyone and everything you can. Feeling alive for you is when the rules aren't pulling the strings, making you feel like a puppet. But then you are forced to face the consequences of your behavior or for refusing to conform to what your parents expected from you, and then, when you begin rebelling against any authority, only then do you start to feel alive inside.

The beatings from your father are too harsh and soon negate your hard-earned aliveness, so finally, you succumb. You begin doing enough to meet their standards of how you should behave at your age, and further brutal beatings are avoided. But the questions linger, and the questions press you for answers. You ask yourself, Who am I? and Why am I here?

You felt like a stranger in a strange place for most of your waking life. A judge ordered you to see a psychiatrist, which you did. The psychiatrist told you to remove your clothes and to lie on your back on an examination table. The psychiatrist began rubbing your teenage tummy and asking you suggestive sexual questions. You got up, put your clothes back on, and left. When asked how the appointment went, you only said, "I'm never going back again." And that was that. You were never asked why.

Finally, you are old enough to get a job in the produce department of a grocery store, which gives you access to alcohol. Your manager was a cool guy who soon turned you on to marijuana. Since you were now out in the world as an adult, you had less time to be solitary, and you started to become what can only be described as normal; at least normal within the sphere of people you began associating with: poets, writers, intellectuals, anti-war and free speech groups, and almost anyone who was anti-authority.

Yet deep down, your loneliness persisted, growing larger and more prominent in the darkness of your soul. You learn that loneliness isn't bad because it gives you time for your creative self.

Loneliness is the same now as loneliness was when you sat alone in the darkness of your bedroom as a child. You were alone, yet loneliness never made you feel afraid. Loneliness meant freedom because there was no anxiety there.

The End.

Written by Peter Skeels © July 28th, 2022