

Musing

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 for the moment, let's agree that there is a God, and I for now will use the capitalization.

As science is more able to accurately measure light the timeline for the creation of our universe has been set at about 13.77 billion years. After that, scientists see nothing, so that point is called The Big Bang Theory.

Intellectually this is almost impossible to think through. I can relate to having walked into a pitch-black room but, because I knew roughly where the light switch was, I found it. Suddenly, at the sound of a click there was light. That's about as close as I can get intellectually to understanding the Big Bang Theory. On the level of believing in God, and believing that God is the creator of all things, then yes, I can believe in the Big Bang Theory one hundred percent.

I have read a very intellectual writing, written by very learned scientists, that states we are the creation of a master race, who finally created a space large enough, called infinity, to which they applied dark matter, and since then they have watched 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 we will also create that which has been created before us.

Dark matter is a hypothetical form of matter thought to account for approximately 85% of the matter 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, therefore, difficult for our scientists to detect. Various astrophysical observations including gravitational effects which cannot be explained by currently accepted theories of gravity unless more matter is present than can be seen – imply dark matter's presence. For this reason, most experts think that dark matter is abundant in the universe and has had a strong influence on its structure and evolution. Many believing even further that dark matter is the building block of life itself.

The theory goes that dark matter existed after the Big Bang of 13.77 billion years ago, but not before. 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 from which they came to regenerate any part of that body. Dark matter, because it is responsible for everything, can, in theory, be used to regenerate 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 photos, 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, from a camera somewhere within infinity NASA takes a photo 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 travelled 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 picture we could then, possibly, be looking at infinity.

Can our minds understand infinity? I can understand the concept of infinity. Many of us don't believe we're finite, and many of us 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 to try to prove if these learned people are correct or not, but others have proved their math is correct so we should probably go with that. Infinity is that which is boundless, endless, or larger than any natural number. It is often denoted by the number 8 laid on its side- the infinity symbol ∞ .

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 advanced experiment.

According to our learned brothers, 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 clearly indicates that Dark Matter came into existence at that time, during The Big Bang. Dark Matter appears to be the building block of all forms of life, even being responsible for gravity. Yes, 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 effect and the effect was life, and things have evolved over the past billions of years into life as we now know it.

I muse upon this not only for myself, but for everyone who believes, or for 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 perfectly, or perhaps it is but it's beyond hard for humans to accept that. Science and the medical world are also astonishing for the work they have done! We, as humans, sit atop all creations of all time, mostly thriving and growing at astonishing 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 escape either. These are good reasons to allow yourself to consciously sit in infinity for a moment, and to be astonished by everything around you.

Infinity would be everything around you, as you are suspended in space, with nothing holding you up or pushing you down. No ropes, no air blowing you up, or gravity holding you down, and nothing moving or stopping you from moving you sideways either. There would be no floor, walls or ceiling. You are simply in a space, a place, and try as you will you cannot get any 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 find out which way is up or down by spitting, and if the spit hits my feet then that must be down. If I spit and it runs into my nose and then my eye, I 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, nor in the Space Station. If I was to spit and there was no gravity my spit wouldn't rise or fall.

You would be looking up but that might be down, down might be up, and all around might also be up or down. Certainly, we would see as far as our eyes could see. If this was 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 darkness, for as far as you can see, and you know you can see things far away. You turn and look right, and once again there is nothing there to see, for

as far as you can see, and you can see a long way away. You around and look to your left but there is nothing there but darkness. You are sitting in an infinite space of darkness. This space has no beginning and it has no end, that 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 despite trying desperately at times. Your “fight-or-flight instincts” have you ready for either, and yet there is nothing but infinite darkness around you.

You finally say to yourself, *I live within infinity. I am literally a part of infinity.*

And then Dark Matter came into existence, and with Dark Matter came a life of existing, persisting, or simply enduring for a finite amount of time which could long or short. You are born into a place and time with others who look like you, and who gathered into tribes and 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 feel a part of all of humanity. Some feel this belonging to humanity their entire life. Yes, we have evolved, science has evolved, lifespans have evolved, and almost everything about us has evolved. Yet many of us don't feel we belong to anyone or anything, which is why in our dreams, we find we are usually alone. Oh, there may well be other people in our dreams but we are not attached to those people. Life has for many of us 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, the 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 for when we were simply sitting alone in infinity.

What is infinity? I'm guessing you used to know, and I'm guessing it was easy to know back then. If you can measure a distance, it's not infinity. If you're only able to measure a distance from where you are, out to an object and back again, then that's not measuring infinity either, is it? There probably was a time when our minds could and did understand infinity? Those were times long, long ago, when we had most recently come out of infinity so we still knew it well. Some of us don't believe we have a limit or an end, but rather we undergo rebirth to another incarnation.

Can, and does, finite live within the parameters of infinity? Finite may not be true.

Mathematicians have proved that matter, or the energy taken to make the matter, never dies or vanishes. That energy that left the person, animal, or tree, simply morphs into the next thing it is destined to become. Reincarnation seems plausible to the analytical side of my brain.

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Could there be an opposite reaction to The Big Bang theory? Of course, there is no history of this ever happening before, but then there is no history of dark matter ever happening before and no history of so many other amazing and astonishing things happening before either.

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? But 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 to feel smaller and smaller until you feel the size of an ant. This is a good feeling to experience, as our ego needs to be put back into place. Ask again the two questions: Who are you? and Why are you here?

Tens of thousands of years go by, and now you can ride your new bicycle down the steepest hill in the neighborhood, finally going so fast you lose control as your bike goes into a speed-wobble, before finally crashing. You wake up afterwards and wonder where you are, before remembering you just crashed. Then you smile, straighten the handle bars, before riding off towards home. As you near home your short time from not feeling anxious about literally everything ends. Your relationship with people, and the world around you, lacks any positive meaning, and being forced to exist for the larger part of each day causes you severe anxiety and hopelessness. Your anxiety level rises so high that each and every day you perspire so heavily that the perspiration ring travels all the way from the armpits of your shirt down to your waistline, and the other children loudly chant,

Roses are red, violets are blue, we're sure glad, we don't smell like you! Oh, how you hate that chant. But what can you do? You do the things that occupy your mind so there is no room during your day for these people:

Now you have aged and are a teenager, and for now the only times you feel alive is when you are shoplifting from stores, burglarizing homes and rebelling. You feel alive when you ride your bike down the steepest hills without using the brakes, and you felt alive when you hiked, at seven years old, unaccompanied, the seven miles from your home out to the coast, and then back again. Feeling alive for you were the times when the rules weren't pulling the strings that made you feel like a puppet. But then you were forced to face the consequences of your behavior, or for refusing to conform to what your parents expected from you, and then, finally, when you began rebelling against any and all authority, then, and only then, did you begin to feel alive inside. The beatings from your father and mother soon negated your hard-earned aliveness, and finally you succumbed and you began doing enough to meet their standards of how you, at your age,

should behave, which avoided any further beatings. But the questions lingered and the questions pressed you for answers. Who am I? and Why am I here?

For most of your waking life you felt like a stranger in a strange place. A judge ordered you to go see a psychiatrist, which you did. The psychiatrist told you to remove your clothes and to lie 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. The only thing you ever said when asked how the appointment went was “I’m never going back again.” And that was that. You were never asked why.

Finally, you were old enough to get a job in the produce department of a grocery store, which gave 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 and persists, growing larger and larger in the darkness of your soul. But loneliness isn’t bad because it gives you time for your creative self.

Loneliness is the same now as loneliness was before, when you sat alone in the darkness of infinity, before The Big Bang. You were alone, yet you were not afraid then, nor are you afraid now. Being afraid is not part of who you are.

The End.

