

Words about God.

As we begin this blog, I'd like to ask you to please confirm the things you read before accepting them. I'm not insinuating you don't do that, but for those who don't, do it for this blog.

I was raised Catholic, attended church regularly, was an altar boy for five years, and attended a Catholic, all-boys high school. To say I was steeped in Catholicism would be correct, and for several years, I verbally professed I wanted to be a priest when I grew up.

One day before mass, as I was filling the cruets, one with water and one with wine, I decided to taste the wine. At ten years old, I hadn't tasted much wine, but this wine was delicious. I had a few more tastes, and the wine affected me greatly because I was fasting for communion. During mass, I forgot to ring the bell at the correct time, and several times, I stumbled slightly. After mass, the priest was fuming, and he phoned my parents. He told them what I had done and, looking at me with rage and disgust, told me I would no longer be an altar boy. I asked him why he wasn't forgiving me since he talked about forgiveness every week from the pulpit, and my question remained unanswered.

Years passed, and my faith in Catholicism had waned to be nothing more than a grunt. Also, by then, I had read novels and poems by Frankle, Sartre, and other existentialists, and I became aware that there were people who not only agreed with me about religion but were also much more intelligent than me.

I couldn't follow them completely because they seemed to be stuck on the fact that religion personified God and, therefore, religion was false. And so I wandered for decades, believing there was something, but I had yet to meet that something. Finally, I felt and soon believed that everything everywhere was joined together by an invisible energy. I didn't know what the

invisible energy was, but I assumed it was our Creator. It felt right to believe that since so many of my life's experiences bore that out.

There were times in my life when I could have easily done one thing but chose another, thereby missing negative consequences. And it always felt that something, a force of some kind, was guiding me. That's when I started referring to God as god, to differentiate from the religious God. It felt like there is and must be a god, but not the God as personified in the Bible.

Science finally caught up and posted the Big Bang theory and, later, quantum entanglement. As the umbrella of knowledge spread out and over religion, it showed the Bible as still a magnificent story but fiction nevertheless.

I believe that all human life is entangled with all human life. For entanglement to work properly, we must lead an honest life because if we do not, then entanglement cannot find us.

Entanglement is a vibration drawn to vibrations, and since we all vibrate at a unique vibration, if that changes, we become unrecognizable to entanglement, and what could be affecting us won't.

I also believe that the creator of all things left itself everywhere throughout creation. We have a choice to follow our Creator or not. Many people have learned it's good to follow that will; others discovered they do just fine not following it.

A blog does not afford an adequate space to go into all the details. But I assume you, like me, will extrapolate these ideas into your broader world. I think you, too, will find that there is a Creator. The Creator is not personified; everything wasn't created in six days, nor did God rest on the seventh day. But so what? The Bible gave and still gives hope to millions. My hope lies in reading the many treatises written by those without a reason for not following facts.

Written by Peter Skeels © 9-5-2024