

This is an excerpt of a book (*Miss Match*) scheduled for release sometime in January 2015.

In it you will find my real life view on spirituality. – Sebastian Roberts.

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Freddie (a girl) and RJ (a guy) are on a date which is a nature hike. RJ is a college physics professor.

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“I didn’t expect a physicist to be a nature buff.” Freddie said. “It’s nice.”

“Freddie, let me ask you. What is physics if it is not nature? Nature is a great deal more than just plants and animals, isn’t it?”

She wanted to take his hand as they walked, but resisted. He wanted to explore friendship first and she needed to finish her project. “I suppose it is.” She replied. “I never really thought about it like that.”

“Oh, sure” he added “Look at the soil here. Gravity, of course, holds it on the earth, but friction holds it together. When the sun comes through the canopy and hits it, the photons warm the soil so seeds can sprout. The heat creates evaporation putting water vapor into the air. If the air had no water in it, the humidity would drop so low that both plants and animals would dehydrate and possibly die. Those same photons are captured in the leaves which gives the plants the energy to grow. When a seed falls on the soil, and then a light rain falls, the rain buries the seed by micro-erosional forces. Force and matter and the stuff of physics. Look at that bird. It uses physics to sit on that branch, but it is a physics born of practicality, not ingenuity. Well, unless you subscribe to one of the God theories of creation.”

“What do you mean” Freddie inquired.

“Look at how he sits on that branch. Have you ever wondered if his little feet get tired from being clenched all day?” She nodded and he continued. “You see a bird’s feet are built with tendons, muscles, and bones just like ours are, but with one big difference.” Freddie’s eyes were wide with wonder and anticipation. RJ went on. “Tendons are like big rubber bands. They just stretch and snap back to where they want to be. Muscles, on the other hand take energy to contract. If you completely relax your own hand...” He reached down and took her hand, laying it flat, palm up and cradled in the palm of his own hand. “...you see that your fingers are partially curled.” Freddie glanced down at her hand but her gaze was drawn back to RJ’s face as he went on. “That’s because when the muscles relax, the tendons pull the fingers into that position. It takes no energy at all to stay that way. Well in the foot of that bird, the tendons are built so that they completely close his claw when the muscles are relaxed. A bird on a branch is not squeezing the branch any more than my hand is squeezing yours.”

Freddie retrieved her hand and gave RJ a crooked grin, saying “That’s actually quite fascinating, but I was asking what you meant with your comment about God theory.”

“Oh. That.” He pulled an orange from his pocket and played with it a bit as he started to explain. “It’s simple. Of all the theories of how we are here there is only one thing that can separate them into two main groups. Oh, yes, make sure you catch that I said ‘how’ we are here and not ‘why’ we are here. These are the God and no-God theories of creation. In the God cluster, there is an almighty being which creates everything from scratch. Even in polytheistic societies like the ancient Greeks, Romans, and Egyptians, there was always one of the gods which was more powerful than the others. In the no-God cluster, the existence of the universe is attributed to big bangs, cosmic explosions, supernovas, planetary formation and the semi-random results of physics and chemistry giving rise to biochemistry, life and evolution. In the no-God belief system, there are no souls, or spirits, and there is no spirit world. They cannot be seen and so the theory is that they are not there.”

“Well that sounds simple enough.” She poked him in the ribs to emphasize her point. “You must be in the no-God group being a scientist and a physicist. I’m sort of a reformed Catholic myself. I was raised Catholic, but I’ve recovered.”

“Actually, no. I am in the God group. You see the no-God group logic has some real fatal flaws that no self-respecting scientist should be able to accept.” RJ started peeling the orange. “Want some?”

“No thanks” Freddie replied “but I do want to hear more about this God, no-God logic.”

“Well, it’s simple actually. In the God group, I fall into the category of a man who believes God made the universe but not in seven days. That puts me at odds with some other members of the God group and specifically those who reject evolution. I fully accept evolution, but think of it less as the survival of the fittest and more like the elimination of the weakest. In environments that are biologically forgiving, like warm seas with lots of food, there are many different kinds of animals. This isn’t because the fittest survive. It’s because there are no forces eliminating the less fit species. In the arctic, there are fewer species because the unfit are eliminated. But I digress.”

No shit, Freddie thought, but it was still interesting to listen to him talk.

“My first logical task then is to reconcile evolution and creation. This is quite easily done using the Bible itself as my source book. The Bible is inspired by God himself. Any good Catholic, Christian, Jew, or Muslim will tell you that. I ask simply if it was inspired or dictated? I grant that the ten commandments may have been given under dictation, but the rest is probably more on the inspired side. Now we ask who wrote these inspired words. We don’t need a name. All we need to know is that this person, whoever he was, lived at a time when mankind, such as it was, didn’t even have words to represent a number greater than a thousand. No one understood

or could even conceive of a planetary system, much less a universe. The prevailing theory was that the stars were holes in the firmament through which the light of God shone down on earth. So, now God, wanting to give his people a guide, has a problem. If he dictates the story of creation not only will no one be able to read it and understand it, but no one could write it because the scientific vocabulary simply didn't exist. So, God...probably...I don't pretend to speak for God, I am just presenting my theory and logic, God decides to inspire man to write about how He was able to bring forth life and mankind from nothing. The guy writing it down gets the gist of the story through the divine inspiration, but has to tell it in his own words in a way that will be accepted by the other people. Many people in the God group hold that an all powerful being could easily have created the world in seven days. I agree. However, an all powerful being who can conceive of and create a system of physical and chemical laws which would ultimately lead to a big bang, planetary formation, and evolution is rather more impressive. Since time means little to God, in that He needn't be in a hurry, and the human scribe cannot conceive of billions or trillions of years, the combined story of creation and evolution makes more sense.”

RJ saw a young butterfly in the path. It had apparently only recently metamorphosed and was not eager to fly. He quickly crushed a wedge of his orange between his first to fingers, popped the pulp in his mouth, and reached his hand down to the butterfly. She climbed onto his fingers dabbling at the orange juice with her proboscis. RJ held it close so that both he and Freddie could watch. After a few moments, he put her back down in the path and went on.

“On the no-God side, as you intimated, there are mostly scientists. Unfortunately, the logic of science is abandoned in the establishment of the no-God theory by the scientists who support it. Let me ask you a question. In the universe of scientific achievement, there is only one discipline which contains absolute proofs of its theories. Which one is that?”

Freddie was still somewhat stunned by the casual display of butterfly whispering, but collected

her thoughts blurting out “Mathematics! Everything else is just theory that seems to work pretty well.”

“Correct, Grasshopper” he grinned “With that in mind, we ask how science makes progress. Simply put, people observe, create an hypothesis or story to explain the observation, and then test the story by doing experiments designed to destroy the story. If the story holds up, then it is deemed to be probably a good story but only because it explains the observation with either few or no contradictory flaws. Examining the history of mankind we find hundreds of thousands of reports of experiences that are completely unexplainable by the laws of physics and chemistry. These can be ghost stories, miracles, mind reading, and even the weird relationship that twins have. What they have in common is that they are stories about the spirit and the spirit world. Looking inside our own being, we recognize an entity that is somehow separate from the physical constraint of our bodies. I don’t question for a moment that many of these stories maybe completely fabricated, but are we to say that they all are? The laws of probability are against it. So our observation is that there is something going on. We have, over time, labeled it the spiritual world. The fact that we cannot see it or sense it is of no consequence. We cannot see gravity either. Just because our biological senses cannot sense this spirit world, its existence cannot be dismissed because doing so also dismisses each and every one of the independent observations. What must be taken into account is that many people actually can sense certain aspects of this spiritual world. In short, the hypothesis that we have a spiritual sense that has yet to be defined by scientists working in the physical world is still a better, story than the one that says it’s all hokum. We must reach this conclusion simply because, according to the rules of science, the observations are better explained by our inability, or failure, to understand and measure the spiritual side of nature than by a denial of the observations themselves. If we applied our inability to measure something as the acid test of its existence, we would not have developed even a rudimentary understanding of things like quantum physics or subatomic particles.”

“Um, yeah. That’s pretty much the way I had it figured out too. You just said it a lot better than I could.” Freddie giggled and poked him in the ribs again. “I’ve got to stop that” she said to herself. That’s what high school girls do to the boys in the hall when they want to get their attention.

The rest of the hike was much less intellectually taxing. They talked about the Miami Heat a little, but Freddie learned that RJ really didn’t care for basketball. He liked the football games, and the Marlins too, but had a hard time convincing himself to pay what amounted to \$37.00 per gallon of beer while complaining about \$3.70 a gallon gasoline. All told, the gasoline was the better value. Freddie learned that RJ liked to be consistent in his logic. Unlike a lot of people, he let logic, and reason, guide him instead of using logic and reason to try and explain a bad decision. But then again, he didn’t. Or maybe he did. It all got confused.

Because RJ had accepted the probable existence of a spiritual world, he also was forced to accept the probability that each of us might be able to enhance our individual abilities with that spiritual sense. He had subsequently spent many hours developing his own skills which only served to add to his body of evidence. By the time she got around to asking him about how to do this, they had reached the end of the trail and it was time to go.

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**BREAK** The story goes on here but returns to the topic later – I am leaving that part out of this excerpt and picking it up where it returns.

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His conversation with Freddie had really clarified some things in his mind, or, he corrected himself, in his spirit. His friends were great. That wasn’t the problem. He was looking for that person with whom he could have that spiritual connection. They were few and, unfortunately, far between. He had felt it before. He knew it was there. Perhaps that’s why he was able to

reconcile the physical world and the spiritual world so easily. He wasn't relying on the observations of other people. He had his own.

He also knew that simply having that spiritual level of connectivity was not all that it took. He knew men like that but they were even more rare. He also had felt the connection with women who had turned out to be completely unsuited for him, some even what he would call evil. The connection itself was just the sensory component. There was also an emotional component. It was this part that he felt strongly with Freddie. He not only saw her beauty with his eyes, but he sensed her beauty with his soul.

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