



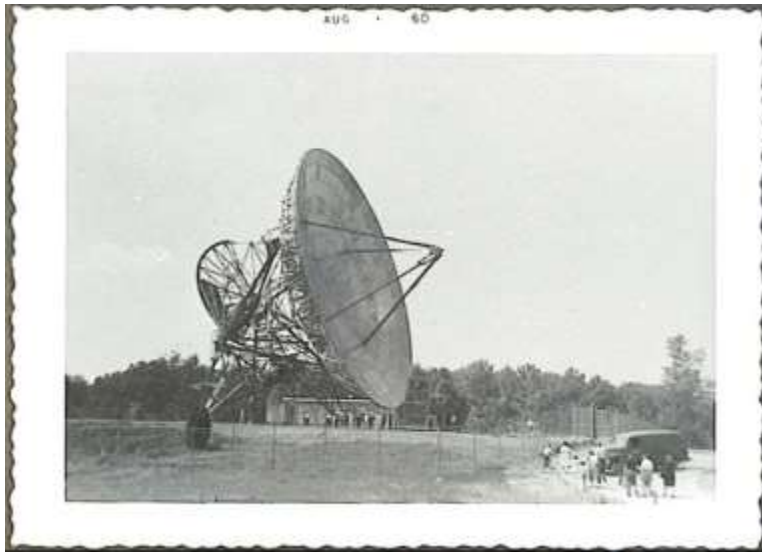
My father was a Methodist minister. Following his divinity degree he went on to earn a doctorate in education—counseling and guidance. That was because he believed the Gospel was less about divinity, salvation, and the hereafter, and more a guide for how human beings might best live with one another while here on Earth. His was a "liberal" theology; his ministry a call to progressive social action. He was an engaged participant in the civil rights movement, the anti-war uprising in the 1960's, and an early advocate for gender rights issues.

There was little religious mysticism in my upbringing, not only because of my dad's ministerial preferences, but also because religion was what he did for a living. Church was where he went to work. We saw behind the scenes, the steam boiler room in the sub-basement, and the attic above the social hall where for years a college student was hiding away. Sitting around the dinner table after services we'd hear things like "Carl Quigley slept through the sermon again" or "we got confused about who was supposed to do the 'call-to-prayer' today". Once we heard the babies all cried during baptism because an usher had filled the baptismal font with chilled water from the hallway cooler.

The most mystical church got for me was when my dad opened the access door to the organ-pipe room high above the altar and choir loft. This remote chamber was the *source* of the commanding consonance invoking the Holy Spirit in all who entered the vast 'King James' sanctuary on Sunday morning. Within this dark hidden recess was a stately array of round metallic and square wooden pipes, from dowel to column size, stationed adjacent to an able accordion bellows. And visible just beyond these venerable pipes, outside a concealing limestone lattice, as close as one could get, was the visual focus of the entire sanctuary, a take-pause brilliant, twelve-foot-round stained glass window, the inspirational portal to a spiritual world *unseen*.

The most mystical moments of my youth were actually experienced outside any traditional religious context. Two were transformative; the first was breathtaking. It occurred on a Sunday family outing when we visited the University of Michigan radio telescope on Peach Mountain. I remember a long wooded approach to the top, turning as the winding road cleared the trees, to suddenly experience the presence of an immense parabolic dish poised on Earth's horizon—the entirety of its intent directed into outer space!

It was the most impressive instrument I'd ever seen—a 'scientific temple', an application of mankind's highest aspirations, purposely designed, assembled, and dedicated to searching for, and then channeling, greater *sources unseen*.



The second memorable experience was such, in part, because its mundanity precluded any meaningful expectations. I was working one summer with the city parks department on a crew tasked with filling cracks in the airport runway when I was struck by the realization that this remote stretch of pavement in the middle of a field, with its cryptic painted markings, was entirely without meaning or purpose in the absence of visible aircraft! It then only made sense by *envisioning* a greater dimension unseen—an airplane airspace. And was this not analogous to our circumstance on Earth? For we briefly find ourselves here, on this remote planet, eight minutes from a star, one in a countless galaxy of stars, without any explicit meaning or purpose given. We're *given* to try and make sense of it all! Human beings are endowed with a "transcendent awareness". Call it religious, spiritual, the imagination, the intellect—we're enabled with the 'sense' to envision super-sensible realms beyond the range of our immediate senses.

Then there was an adult awakening, a transformative experience during the 1960's, when those of us intent on exploring this transcendent awareness were tuning into the "consciousness expanding" channels of the time—Eastern philosophy, meditation, rock music and psychedelic drugs, the last a potent catalyst for existential angst.

One dark December dusk  
Hope lost of ever understanding  
Open to whatever Greater might exist  
and then... Nothing! Only **This**  
This omnipresent moment  
Resonant *within*.



It was a singular experience—a discontinuity, one of those distinct 'before and after' events, whereupon, in some then inexplicable sense, it's suddenly a whole new world. I never got over it. This moment is that moment. There has forever, and only ever will there be, *this* moment.

"I have realized that the past and the future are illusions, that they exist only in the present, which is what there is and all that there is." Alan Watts

Setting out to comprehend this 'new world', I turned first to the religious teachings of the Far East, reading the ancients like Lao Tzu and Buddha, and then the contemporaries, Meher Baba, Krishnamurti, and Kirpal Singh: "You are drops in the ocean of all consciousness". Then came the resident writers, like Aldous Huxley, H.Hesse, Watts, Alpert and Gaskin. And then there was Zen, D.T Suzuki, *Zen Flesh-Zen Bones*, and Suzuki Roshi: "Zen mind is beginner's mind".



More a utility than a religion, traditional Zen is the formal practice of being fully present. Such synchronicity is attuned in the absence of the incessant agency of self. Zen melds the mystical with the immediate by recognizing that everything, everywhere, resides within this moment—

**Now.** So coherent and comprehensive was the clarity of this insight that my search for religious correspondence was suspended.

The last door opened in the grand pantheon of Religion was Zen  
And it turned out to be an exit.

And yet, the abiding intuition that there's more to this moment than meets the senses continued undiminished. And no wonder, after all, consider that the instance of this emergent "now", while refreshing at an invisibly fast rate, nevertheless displays immense breadth and depth. In fact, microscope and telescope have fathomed some forty orders of magnitude, revealing a world within as far away as are the distant galaxies. Fortunately, just as the practice of Zen can be applied to arriving fully in this moment, the arriving moment in all its fullness can be apprehended using the tools and practices of Science.

The "scientific method" is an empirical process designed to systematically investigate the causal matrix of events we call the Present. Its practitioners are on a truth mission to discover what all *this* is really all about. So it was that my suspended inquiry into religion was redirected and renewed, first to transitional books bridging religion and science like *The Tao of Physics* and *Dancing WuLi Masters*, then to the more scientific, *From Physics to Metaphysics*, *Wholeness and the Implicate Order*, and *The Cosmic Code*. Then came the books of Carl Sagan, B.Fuller, Davies and Hawkings, and finally the founding sources themselves like Aristotle, Galileo, Newton, Einstein, Schrodinger, Feinman and Weinberg.

Indeed, there is far more to this moment than meets the immediate senses, much of it as awe inspiring as any religious mysticism. High energy physics is parsing the causal path of the Present all the way down to the nexus of its initial emergence. Astrophysicists are analyzing light from the perimeter of the expanding Universe and gathering data from distant galactic interiors where vanishing black holes reside. When observations and hypotheses converge, the resulting theories are tentatively integrated into a more comprehensive "standard model", under continuous experimental and theoretical scrutiny, that serves to justifiably explain how and why what we are experiencing appears to be as it is.

Though science is thus providing a constantly refreshed, evermore informed understanding of our place in the universe, contemporary religions continue returning to their ancient manuscripts for knowledge and for truth. While these sacred testaments may indeed convey timeless truths, they also ostensibly serve

to confer and confirm the professed divinity of their sources, even though the stories of these inspirational lives, projections of the worldview of the time, have been relayed to us by generations of devotees, each relay refracted by the conscious, and unconscious, intentions and context of its time.

The divine attributions assigned to these religious sources have therefore become articles of faith. Yet unlike science, faith isn't required to reconcile critical challenges; religions need only serve as conduits of continuity connecting communities of believers with their shared traditions and beliefs. And because religion so often defines the existential core of one's identity, followers are given to contest and defend their varying beliefs. As most everyone readily assumes the religion of their native families, it's unlikely a unitive fruition of our transcendent awareness will follow from any of the world's religions.

So where can one turn to fulfill our highest aspiration to make sense of it all? Well, although Zen practice is entirely agnostic regarding religion, its singular focus on the Present does inform the question, for if truly universal, then any Universal must be here and now—access by ancient text shouldn't be necessary. Traditionally, "finding religion" has meant transcending one's immediate senses to search beyond the surface, to explore the unseen, which also happens to be the purview of scientific inquiry, inviting the question: Has the theoretical quest for a universal standard model discovered any Universal source?

Right now, the most powerful scientific instrument ever built—the CERN Large Hadron Collider, is advancing the answer to that question by probing deeper into the material universe than science has ever gone before. What we find is that the genesis nexus of this emergent moment is at the extreme high-energy, internal end of the cosmic continuum, some twenty orders of magnitude *within*. It's here that we find the theoretical pulse of a regenerative "wavefunction" radiating the photons that then animate our world.

The germane feature of these oscillating photon emissions is that as they propagate they generate the "electromagnetic field" which is the actual tangible expression of everything we experience. Not only does this field impel matter to combine in all its complex variations, it's also what sets everything apart. The force-field of surface electrons pushing against one another is really all that renders matter its 'solid' look and feel. Yet the most extraordinary thing about the electromagnetic field is that we know for photons at the speed of light the local laws of physics are suspended. At light-speed the parametrics of space and time have gone "singular" meaning all radiant events are in a synchronous omnipresent state. In other words, from the 'field-of-view' of light—from the 'God's-eye' view, everything is happening everywhere at once!

This means that science has discovered there *is* a Universal source—**Light**—an omnipresent radiance originating simultaneously within everything everywhere. Neither particle nor wave yet both, energetic but massless, going faster than is physically possible, while really going nowhere at all, light is as close as we get to the Supernatural. And yet the real magic—the mysticism, is in how human beings can even know such things! How is it that invisible realms like the

quantum and electromagnetic fields, even the cosmos in its entirety, becomes visible in our 'mind's eye'? As if the mind has evolved into a super-sensible sense organ enabling us to explore for sources unseen. As if there's far more to light, the world, and this moment than just what makes needles jump and trips transistors. Perhaps our inherent transcendent awareness—the religious sense there's more to all this than meets the senses, is how life on Earth becomes...

### Enlightened.



"God is **light**." John 1:5

"The spirit of God is **within**."  
Romans 8:9

"I simply believe that some part of the human self or soul is not subject to the laws of space and time." Carl Jung

"The more we know the more mysterious it becomes that we can and do know. The first order characteristic of this entirely mysterious life is an awareness which develops gradually into comprehension." Buckminster Fuller

"I have a terrible need, shall I say the word—of religion. Then I go out and paint the stars." Vincent van Gogh



# Appendix

## A set-theoretic proof of a Universal Unity

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Considering the contradiction of "Russell's Paradox", when applied to a propositional {empty} set, we ask:

Is the Grand set of every {empty} set *included* in that set ?

This question is deemed categorically paradoxal—unresolvable using logic, because answering either yes or no negates the subject set. Consisting entirely of {empty} sets the Grand empty set *is* an {empty} set, yet cannot be included *in* that set, because then it would no longer be the Grand empty set.

For our present approach, however, we will resolve this paradox in the affirmative, by invoking the concept of equivalency. For if all {empty} sets identify "nothing within", then they are essentially identical—equal and commutative, meaning all empty sets are *one and the same*.

Now, from one end of the identity-set continuum to the other—from the notion of nothing to the idea of everything, we consider the {unity} set, the unity of any associated set of things. Unity sets are thus universally identified with everything everywhere: atoms, cells, plants, people, phones, homes, the earth, the solar system, the galaxies. Considering then a propositional Grand unity set, we ask:

Is the Grand set of every {unity} set *included* in that set ?

Again, invoking equivalency, we can answer this question in the affirmative. For if all {unity} sets identify "everything within", then they are essentially identical—equal and commutative, meaning all unity sets are *one and the same*. It follows that all human beings, conscious members of the {unity} set, are in potential correspondence with the Grand Unity.

"Everyone's in the best seat." John Cage

"When two or more gather in my name,  
I am in their midst." Matthew 18:20

"What is meant by the soul as suchness, is the oneness  
of the totality of all things, the great all including Whole."  
Ashuaghosha

"Peace comes within the souls of men when they realize  
That at the center dwells the Great Spirit  
And that this center is really everywhere.  
It is within each of us." Black Elk

