



ZWTF

Zapping You Whenever Thoughts Flow

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Smart vs. stupid miracles.

The stupidity of God is wiser than humans, but that doesn't make God stupid.



Paul tells us that even the stupidity of God confounds the wisdom of the wise (1 Corinthians 1:25). God may *employ* stupidity, but that doesn't mean He's stupid. In fact, I have it from a reliable source that God scored 165 on the classic Mensa Quiz I.Q. test, which is a higher score even than Einstein, who managed only 160.

It's all relative, however.

Today, I am going to dissect three miracles and see if these miracles are smart or stupid.

MIRACLE #1: THE VIRGIN BIRTH; ANTI-MIRACLE

I was once told by a woman who was very wise in her own estimation that believing in the virgin birth of Christ was stupid. In other words, *I* was stupid for believing in the virgin birth of Christ. My friend did not say this directly because, for one thing, I was buying breakfast and—for another thing—she was too charming for such base and impolite nominations as “stupid.” She simply called me “common,” which means “stupid.”

The virgin birth was ridiculously simple. One might even call it an anti-miracle. With the virgin birth, God put spirit in the womb of Mary and—*swish*—just like that, Mary was with child. I'd like to write a longer paragraph about it, but that's all there was to it.

My friend (whose real name is Maria but whom I will call Alice in order to protect her identity) was too smart to believe in the virgin birth. God simply did not perform miracles, according to Alice. In fact, there was no such thing as God to begin with. As Alice once told me, “God is Santa Claus for adults.”

Didn't Alice believe in anything? Yes, she did. Here is what Alice believed about how babies ended up being implanted—in embryonic form—into the uterus of a woman:

First of all, for some strange reason, women are beautiful and men are attracted to them. The men have penises and the women have vaginas. When the man sees a woman that he is attracted to, his penis fills with blood, gets hard, grows to about five times its regular size, and starts fighting its way out of the guy's pants. The guy has no idea why this happens; it just does. When asked to explain it, he can only say, “She's hot.” All the penis knows is that it wants to go inside the woman's vagina.

Next, if the man and the woman want to have a family together (that is, to produce children), the man lets his penis out of his pants. The woman, at the same time, removes her pants. For some reason, the man wants to put his hardened, blood-engorged penis inside of the vagina of the woman and push it in and out,



in and out, in and out—repeatedly and very fast. (The penis is all for this; the man and the penis are on the same page here.) The woman knows that this is what the man and his penis want and, in fact, she wants it too. Thus, to accommodate the enterprise, she spreads her legs. And *zowie*—there’s the opening that accommodates the man’s penis, and it’s where he wants to go, with the penis in full agreement.

So the man puts his penis in the opening between the woman’s legs (the vagina), and starts his business. All he knows is that he wants to go in and out and in and out of the woman very fast because 1) it feels good to keep doing it, and 2) the woman is hot. If the man keeps going in and out fast enough, he gets even more excited. (Most men *do* keep going in and out), but something strange happens when the man gets *really* excited (and many of them do): a bunch of fluid starts coming up out of the man’s testicles and into his penis through a tube that is connected from the testicles to the penis. This happens so fast that there comes a point when the guy just can’t keep it from happening; not that he really wants to. (I forgot to tell you that there is an opening at the end of the penis called the *meatus*, that lets the fluid come out, which it does. It comes out because, again, it

is going very fast. It is going fast because 1) the woman is hot and 2) the tube that the fluid is moving through is very narrow—the tube is called the *urethra*, I should tell you) and it acts as a sort-of Venturi tube. No one really knows how a woman’s hotness makes a man’s testicular fluid speed up and head out, but the Venturi effect is well known, and shall be described thusly:

The Venturi effect is the reduction in fluid pressure and the commensurate increase of speed resulting when a fluid flows through a constricted section (or choke) of a pipe. The Venturi effect is named after Giovanni Battista Venturi (1746–1822), an Italian physicist.

My friend Maria—oops, I mean, Alice—believes all these things. But wait. There is more.

I forgot to tell you that the fluid that comes up and out of a man’s body through the meatus of his penis is called *semen*. Inside the semen there are...but wait.

What I am about to tell you is utterly fantastic, but—and this is God’s truth—Alice believes it. I *do* want to tell you what happens next, but it requires its own paragraph, so here goes.

Inside the semen are millions (literally millions) of swimming things called *sperm*. They are so small that you can’t see them except under a microscope. But when you look at a bunch of hot semen under a microscope—there



they are! There are the sperm! Each sperm has two parts: a head and a tail. The sperm know how to swim. I am telling you the truth: the sperm know how to move efficiently through liquid. No one knows how they know this, but the sperm are expert swimmers and they use their tails to propel themselves. Their tails look like snakes, and they

swim with their tails. They look like they're alive. And they are! And they live in the man's semen! And they come out with the semen when the man's penis is going very fast in and out of a hot woman's vagina!

But guess what else Alice believes? She believes that there are approximately 200 million sperm in a half a tablespoon of semen. *200 million*. Alice believes this because it is true. This is how many living swimming sperm are in the man's semen that the hot woman makes come out of the testicles, through the *vas deferens*, through the urethra and then out the penis and into the woman's vagina.

I forgot to tell you about the *vas deferens*, but now is as good a time as any to let the cat out of the bag. The *vas deferens* is yet *another* tube that transports the sperm from the *epididymis* (yet *another* tube that connects a testicle to a *vas deferens*—the guy has two of each; lucky guy) to the ejaculatory ducts in anticipation of ejaculation. There is an operation—by the way—called a *vasectomy*, where a man gets his *vas deferens* cut to keep sperm from going into the semen. The sperm don't like this, but no one asks them because they would never sign the release form. But I will tell you this: there is a *vas deferens* between a man who is vasectomized and one who is not.

But now guess what happens. Don't even try, because you will never be able to. The sperm start swimming through the woman's vagina and into the place where babies are made, which is the *uterus*. You might think at this point that the sperm really want to be in the uterus, but you would be wrong. It's not the uterus that the sperm want. Oh no. They

“There is a *vas deferens* between
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and one who is not.”

only use the uterus to get to the *fallopian tube*. What is so special about the fallopian tube? You will soon find out.

A woman has two passageways that connect her two ovaries with her uterus. You already know what the uterus is, but I have yet to tell you about the ovaries. Before I do that, let me ask you this: how do the sperm know where they want to go? Your guess is as good as anyone's. At this point, it has nothing to do with the fact that the woman is hot because the sperm, themselves, do not realize that the woman is hot, and neither do they care. The sperm do not care about women, *per se*. But they care deeply about something that the woman has, and that is: an egg, or *ovum*.

If you can believe this (Alice does), women lay an egg once a month. Hens lay eggs every day, but women only

lay them once a month. (Lucky for women, I guess.) All the sperm know is that they want to find the woman's ovum. They are crazy about ova in general; absolutely mad about them. The sperm think that an ovum is hot just as a man thinks that a woman is hot. Wait a minute. Am I comparing a sperm to a man? Yes, I am. Both the man and the sperm know what they want and they go after it. We can understand how the man knows what *he* wants because he has a brain. But how does the sperm know what *it* wants? Does it have a brain? Your guess is as good as mine.

I said that I would tell you about the ovaries, and here is the lowdown: the ovaries are where the ova live before venturing down into the fallopian tube once a month.

Every month, a woman's egg attaches itself to the fallopian tube. How does it know to do this? Does the egg have a brain similar to that of the sperm? Your guess is as good as mine. But Alice believes that the egg instinctively knows what it's doing, so that's good enough for me.



So now, here come millions of sperm, all swimming toward the ovum. The sperm know only two things (out of so many possible things that could be known), and here are the things (in the minds of the sperm), listed in the order that they occur to the sperm: 1) we must get to the ovum, and 2) we must penetrate the ovum. Penetrating the ovum is like sex to the sperm. Something about it “feels good” to them. (I have no proof of this, but I suspect it.) That's right. The sperm want to penetrate the wall of the hot ovum just as much as the man issuing the sperm wants to penetrate the vagina of the hot woman.

Only one sperm is allowed into the ovum (Alice doesn't know why this is; she just believes it, and so it

is), so the competition is fierce. Before you know it, one sperm penetrates the ovum and the rest of the sperm die because the vagina sends up an acidic fluid that kills the 199,999,999 sorry sperm that didn't make the grade. My goodness. Being a sperm is a short, hard life. The vagina is a tough customer, this much we can say.

The rest of the story is pretty wild, but Alice believes it, and here it is in a nutshell: when the sperm penetrates the ovum the ovum becomes a *zygote* and the *zygote* knows to head down to the uterus where it attaches itself to the uterine wall where there is a lining of blood that will feed it. The *zygote* is in fact a human life in primitive form and starts dividing itself into more complex forms until, in nine months, the human life forms itself into what we know as a human baby, complete with head, brain, arms, legs, eyes, a heart, five toes, four fingers and a thumb (each thumb and finger with unique prints), and it starts sucking its thumb and kicking, wanting to get out of the uterus. When it gets out, it knows to suck on its mother's breast, where it knows that its food is. In approximately fifteen years, it starts high school.

It's a good thing that Alice doesn't believe in miracles. She's very intelligent, you see.



MIRACLE #2: SALVATION

Salvation from death is a miracle because there is no way that humans can overcome their own mortality. A drowning man can't be asked to swim to shore. He would if he could but he can't; he's drowning. A person overcome by noxious fumes and lying unconscious on the floor in a burning building cannot be exhorted to leave the building. This person must be carried out of the building by someone not in the circumstance of the victim. In other words, no drowning person can be rescued by another person who is also drowning. No one

can be rescued from a burning building by another who, himself, has been overcome by noxious fumes. Rescue must come from without.

Thus also, humanity and its thralldom to death and decay.

We are told that Jesus Christ miraculously delivered humanity from all of its sins. These sins include what I would call "standard-issue sins" such as: idolatry; greed; ingratitude; adultery; anger; pride; jealousy; gluttony, and the rest. This could only be done by One Who was not Himself, hindered by these sins. I speak, of course, of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who rescued humanity from everything that humanity, itself, could not rescue itself from.

Well...He rescued them (according to the popular theology) from every sin except the one that guarantees the condemnation of most: unbelief. That's right. We are told

“God rescues humanity from every sin except the one that condemns the most.”

that God rescued humanity from every sin except the most common sin and therefore the most likely to damn a human being. One has to wonder, in such a case, about the efficiency of God and His plan of salvation. If a saving duo (God and Christ) is going to perform the miracle of salvation, why not send Christ to die for the ultimate sin that makes all other sins moot? The real miracle would be for God to send Christ to die for the one sin that ultimately condemns irrespective of all other sins: unbelief. But no. We're told that this is the one sin that Jesus *didn't* die for, and that it's the only sin that will send a man or woman to hell for eternity—never mind if the man or woman happens to overcome all other sins.

How unfortunate. What a botched miracle salvation would be were this scenario true: God sends Jesus to die for all sins that cannot condemn a person—as long as the person believes in Christ. For don't even Christians say that believing in Jesus is the saving thing? Not even Christians insist that standard-issue sins condemn one who believes in Jesus. If one believes in Jesus, then what other sin matters? None. But again, if a person *doesn't* believe in Jesus, then a life well-lived means nothing.

Let me see if I have this straight, then: Jesus died for every sin of the world except the one that damns the most people; but He *did* die for the sins that *won't* condemn anyone as long as the sinners believe in Him.

Talk about botched efficiency and misdirected zeal.

Here is the *real* miracle: Jesus Christ did die for all sin, *including* the sin of unbelief. Do I have proof of such an astounding claim? I do. Romans 5:6-8—

For Christ, while we are still infirm, still in accord with the era, for the sake of the irreverent, died. For hardly for the sake of a just man will anyone be dying; for, for the sake of a good man, perhaps someone may even be daring to die, yet God is commending this love of His to us, seeing that, while we are still sinners, Christ died for our sakes.

Christ did not die for believers. The shocking revelation of the death of Christ is that Jesus Christ never saved a believer in His life. The miracle is that He saved unbelievers. That's right: Jesus saved the irreverent during those six hours on the cross, not those reverent enough to believe in Him. Belief comes *after* salvation, not before it.

Talk about a miracle.

MIRACLE #3: KEEPING PEOPLE ALIVE IN HELL

I don't know the author of the following article for it is not noted (I suspect that it is A.E. Knoch), but I found this article in Volume 40 of *Unsearchable Riches* magazine. It details the stupidest miracle that God could possibly trouble Himself to perform. The piece is titled, "The Economics of Hell"—

During a period of mild temporal torment, I could not help considering the divine economic side of "eternal torment," the orthodox destiny of a vast section of the human race. It seemed to me, looking at it from this angle, a tremendous economic mistake to perform so great a miracle for so many mortals for so long a time, when it would be much simpler and easier to keep them alive in paradise. The fuel for the fire and the supply of vitality and nerve force to keep the victims from succumbing to its flames would cost immensely more than sustaining them in more livable surroundings.

Even a tiny touch of torment, if continued without let-up for some time, will tend to drain the life out of a mortal. Torment is devitalizing and death-dealing, and would soon end the career of anyone on earth unless a continuous miracle kept him alive. A much milder miracle, for a very brief period, according to theology, would suffice to save a sinner in this life. This would be a vastly superior method from the standpoint of economics. It would not be so expensive, entail so much effort or fuel, and would not need to be continued for eternity. From the side of time alone, it would cost infinitely less to produce one convincing miracle of pleasure, such as healing, than an everlasting miracle of pain, such as we are told will be the portion of the unbeliever in "hell."

Of course, if it is absolutely necessary, in running the business of the universe, to maintain an innumerable number of victims of divine indignation, and a countless multitude of haters of the Deity, this must needs be, but it is a most expensive operation, and inexcusably wasteful of fuel and human vitality unless such a dire necessity exists. No one seems to know just why there is this waste when, at far less expense, these mortals could be kept alive in comfort without the flames and without the miraculous supply of life needed to counteract their effect. Elsewhere, in God's operations, there is the utmost conservation of energy.

If men must be kept alive for eternity, a good manager would seek to supply conditions conducive to life, not those which bring sure death, and then interpose with extraordinary emergency methods to sustain the vitality depleted by his own operations. Why supply the fire for death and the miracles for life? Both are mutually destructive and counteract one another, and waste infinite amounts of cosmic energy which benefit no one, unless it be those few who are frightened by it to fear God and driven to obedience by this awful spectacle of loveless omnipotence. It certainly will never lead to reconciliation on the part of the victims, neither on the part of the spectators. Whatever element of love there might be in it cannot be apprehended by the human heart.

My own experience of temporary torment led me to wish for a release by any means. If I could only sleep or be chloroformed until the end of my pain! In "hell," this would be no problem. Withdraw the divine miracle that keeps the sinners alive, and they would all die forthwith. Even a very mild form of torment robs a man of his vitality. In flames he would not endure more than a few minutes. And isn't that exactly what God does? The lake of fire is not the second *life*, but the second *death*. The human who has been judged at the great white throne re-enters the death state, from which he was called by resurrection to be judged. No miracle is performed to *keep* him alive.

Hitherto, in dealing with divine truth, we have steadfastly refrained from any appeal to reason or prejudice. But, now that the positive scriptural teaching is available on such themes as this, we may seek to show how untenable some theological traditions are, even from the standpoint of human logic and common sense. We lay no weight on such discussions. —*Author unknown*

—MZ