



# ZWTF

Zapping You Whenever Thoughts Flow

Volume 8, Issue 10

## The History of the Universe, Chapter 7.

Being alone is terrible, even for God.



Fairly early on in life I knew that I wanted to be with Mary Rita Williams. I showed up on the first day of first grade, and there she was on the playground, standing next to the swing set and doing something feminine with her short blue checkered dress. I said out loud to my friend Jim Szittai, who I'd met earlier, "She's for me." I'm not sure that Jim knew what I meant, as I seemed to be ahead of my peers in these developments.

"What do you mean, 'She's for me'?"

"I'm tired of being alone, Jim."

"But you're only seven years old."

"So are you. That makes it even worse. I'm not equipped to deal with this."

"Are you hinting at undeveloped coping mechanisms? Is that what you're hinting at?"

"This comment of yours, while appreciated, presupposes that we will one day reach an age when we might rationalize being alone as a superior state of being. To me, that would be an artificial construct..."

"...born out of resignation?"

"I see we're finally on the same page. By that time, we'll have been so thoroughly steamrolled by life's disappointments that cynicism will infect our very gonads."

"Thanks. You're already making me want to kill myself and this is only our first recess period of our first day of first grade. We haven't even had lunch yet. Only twelve more years of this malarkey."

"I'm looking to the future—beyond the senior prom, even. *Way* past lunch. We don't have to rue *that* day unless we somehow botch this one."

"It would help if you could look me in the eye while weaving these tales. Can't you take your eyes off the Williams girl for one second? The next thing you're going to tell me is that you want to kiss her."

"I eventually want to inseminate her. Down the road, of course."

"Geeeeez, Martin. I'm trying not to be a buzzkill here—but for what? What would be your primary goal for so rude an intrusion into the life of this nice girl? Off the top of your head, now. No games. Furthering the race? I don't mean to be leading the witness here. Shoot me if I'm wrong."

"No, man. *Bonding*. 'The two shall become one flesh.' Don't you get it? You were running well; what hindered you? If fruit eventually kicks its way out of that womb, I'm not saying I'm against it. But primarily, I want *her*."

“So now we’re back to you not wanting to be alone. I’m not sure we’ve gained any ground here.”

“We do appear to be gathering moss.”

“Look!” said Jim. “There’s Father Pat. I think you should confess this right now. I’ll go get him.”

“No. Stop this nonsense. You think that what I’m telling you is a sin?”

“It ain’t salvation.”

“It’s *my* salvation. God made me this way.”

“Oh, here we go. Talk about rationalizations. What the heck do you watch on TV at your house?”

“*Bewitched. Bonanza. Green Acres. The Flying Nun. The Brady Bunch.*”

“Oh, well. There you go. Christ, there’s your problem.”

“*Green Acres?*”

“No. *The Brady Bunch.* Carol and Mike—stuck with their respective kids, single, and no place to go. ‘They were four men, living all together; yet they were all alone.’ It’s right there in the theme song. Christ, there’s your problem. You’re already brainwashed by pop culture. As though the only thing Carol and Mike wanted was to ‘shake off the sheets’; ‘serve Venus’; ‘play nug-a-nug’; ‘ride below the crupper’; ‘dance the Paphian Jig’; ‘get their corn ground’; ‘take a turn at Bushy Park.’”

Jim used more euphemisms for sexual intercourse than I knew existed. The only one I’d ever heard of (which apparently Jim hadn’t) was “christening the yak.”

“Father!” Jim attempted to summon our priest.



“Stop it, Jim! Raise your viewpoint, earthworm. I’m sorry I had to call you an earthworm there, but did the Brady Bunch *invent* the most basic of human needs—speaking now of companionship? Where do you think Carol and Mike came from? Did your mommy tell you that the *stork* brought them? Is the truth that solitude debilitates and destabilizes normal people the exclusive property of Sherwood Schwartz and the ABC executives? Is *that* what you’re trying to tell me? No, no no. It started

somewhere else. Think big, Jim.

“*The Monkees?*”

“Oh, God. Doomed to wormhood, you are. I think we ought to get Father Pat over here for *your* sake. You’re committing some kind of unforgiveable sin here, and I don’t mean that as a compliment...*Pat!*”

“Hush! Stop it, Zender. I know you’re talking about God, okay? I know you’re saying that the human need for companionship comes from God.”

“You do? Wow. I wasn’t even thinking that. But I think you might be onto something. *Dang.*”

“You *weren’t* thinking that? Then what in the world were you thinking?”

“I was wondering why everyone says ‘God!’ so much whenever they ‘christen the yak.’”

“Christen the *yak?*”

“Never mind.”

“Pardon me for saying this, but I don’t think we’re even going to survive first grade.”

“But we will. Why? Because you’ve unconsciously set me off on my life’s work. Forget *The Flying Nun* now, boy. You’re a Renaissance man. This is huge. Here, hold my wallet. I’m going to go over there and surreptitiously catch a whiff of that girl’s aura. There’s got to be an aura over there somewhere. I’m practically picking it up from here.”

As I turned to leave, I noticed Jim rummaging through my wallet.

“Hey, can I use these Burger Chef coupons for lunch?”

“Sure,” I said. “And pick me up one of those kids’ meals with the toy, will ya?”

\* \* \*

I knew that this was the way of things because of my parents. These two loved each other and stayed together for the duration of the war. When they said, “‘til death do us part,” they meant it. Sure, they had problems. Even Carol and Mike had problems. But through the divine arrangement of Jack and Martha—who were not even believers in the true Christ—I got the idea that this was how it was done: you met up with a honey bug and worked out the bugs because then your kids could grow up normal. Besides, the grass was never greener on the other side of the two-car garage.

## BABYCAKES

Even newborn babies know that being alone is terrible. Have you ever seen twins born? They’re not really that anxious to come out. I’ve seen it. They take it in stride. They kind of saunter out. It’s only a change of pace and light-

ing for them. They've already had companionship for nine months, and because of this they're strangely content. But now watch single babies hit the world. And I do mean, they *hit* it. Single babies wail and flail until someone picks them up—and they don't really care who does it but it better be somebody and it better be quick. They know that something has been screwy for nine months. Something has been deathly wrong. Babies who don't get touched, cooed over, suckled and pet never generally make it to first grade. They give the hell up. They can't take it. They give up the ghost.

Animals are somewhat like babies. God put animals on the earth before creating the first human. The animals came first, then the first human. The first human liked watching the earth animals eat grass and “do their thing,” and he watched the souls of heaven flying in flocks and

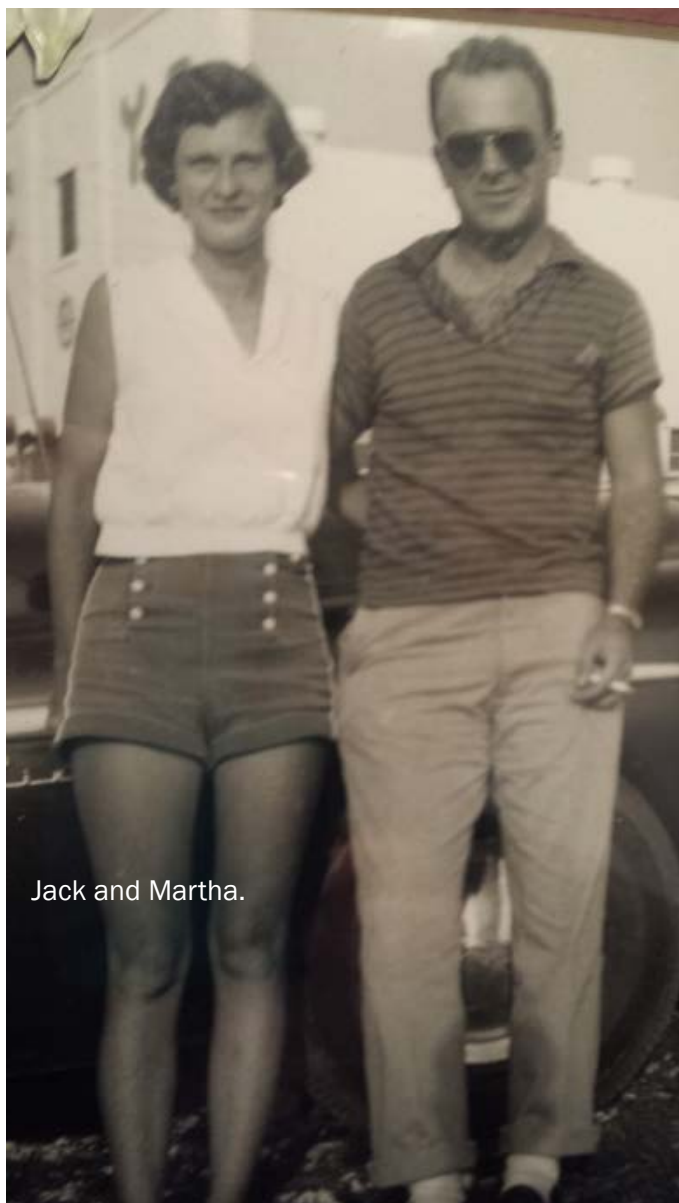


“It’s pretty much only a change of pace and lighting for them.”

shucking the oyster up in trees, but it wasn't good enough for him because there was no one of his kind yet upon the Earth. None of the other auras suited him. Where was his Mary Rita Williams? So God did something about it; I'll be talking more about this in an upcoming chapter. Longing for companionship sets in early. I am not speaking exclusively of sexual longing, but of basic companionship. God said, “It is not good for the man to be alone.”

To finish the Mary Rita Williams saga, I didn't even hold her hand until 1973, when we were in the fourth grade and had taken a field trip to Skateland. (These things take time.) I skated around the rink with her for a few lazy, hazy circles through the colored lights of a disco ball, to the tune of “Sugar, Sugar” by the Archies: “Pour a little sugar on me, honey. Pour a little sugar on me, baby.” My hand had never been as sweaty as when my fingers intertwined those of the first love of my life.

She ended up working at a bank and marrying some schlub. How she missed her chance with me, I'll never know. I ended up marrying the second love of my life—a very nice girl—in 1982, who didn't feel the need to forsake me until 2009. It was a good run, but not good enough. It's like Alanis Morissette sings in “You Oughta Know”—“You told me you'd hold me until you died, ‘Til you died, but you're still alive.”



Jack and Martha.



Speaking of dying, I'd have preferred being shot in the head to being abandoned by that love. I begged God each night to end my life. I knew that I couldn't do it myself, so I asked Him. I'd be lying spread-eagled and naked on the floor on my camping mat, staring up at the ceiling and envisioning the divine instrument of deliverance speeding out of heaven at Mach 6, first piercing my ribs, then my heart, then my kidney, then some of my thoracic vertebrae—then severing the spinal cord, naturally—then continuing down through the floor and into the foundation of that goddamned apartment—it was a very long sword that I begged for—but God didn't see clear to accommodate this desire, nor has He, and



it's ten years on. Is He hard of hearing? I could resent Him for this, but I figure there must be more things that I'm supposed to do in this life, such as take up menthol cigarettes and write this book. Still, I compare myself to a war vet who will always walk with a limp because he got his leg shot off in the war. You just don't blow off the better part of someone whose very essence is love and good company and then expect that person to walk normally anymore.

"Walk normally."

"I can't. I got my leg shot off in the war and God hasn't killed me yet."

"Quit making excuses."

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At one time, God was all alone in the universe. This time is known as "God all in Himself." This phrase is not stated explicitly in Scripture, but it is the logical antithesis of a phrase that *is* stated explicitly in Scripture, namely—"...that God may be all in all" (1 Corinthians 15:28). Where did that second "all" come from? It came from God and it includes everything ever created. It hearkens back to Romans 11:36, "All is out of Him, through Him and into Him." It's the "all is out of Him" part. Everything that exists came out of God. Because—think about it—there was a time when there was only one Being existent and it was God.

The first question that ought to be bubbling to your mind is: Why are there so many creatures in the world, including insects? Maybe I should say, *especially* insects. I just researched this topic, and discovered the following—

At any given time, it is estimated that there are ten quintillion (10,000,000,000,000,000,000) individual insects alive. That's about 200 million insects for every human on the planet.

Have you ever wondered why all these insects were necessary? They were not a product of evolution (that is, of accidental metamorphosis); they were created. (I will speak later on the theory of evolution and why it's unworkable.) I speak now of the number of insects presently alive, not accounting for the insects that have lived from the beginning of creation, including the famous flies of Egypt, otherwise known as "Plague #4," made famous in a Charlton Heston/Yule Brenner film. I have much more to say about insects in general, but first consider this specific question concerning flies: Why do flies have mates? This is not an unrelated question. Don't flies have mates? Yes, they do. Even flies load the clown into the cannon. The result is larvae, and lots of it. Apparently, God wants more and more flies in the world. And this: why do dogs and cats usually have multitudinous puppies and kitties? Have you ever heard of a dog or cat having one pup or kitten? No. It just doesn't happen. They don't call them "litters" for nothing. Why do turtles lay gaggles of eggs, and not just one? Why do fish travel in schools and drop eggs like a B-17 carpet-bombing Berlin in World War II? Why do birds fly in flocks and lions pass the day in prides? Why was the bar invented? The restaurant? The photo booth? Disney World? Bunk beds? Volkswagons? Greyhound buses? Have you noticed that we are inundated with creatures here on our home planet and it doesn't seem to want to stop? Do you notice how easily all

of these creatures come into being? It's hard to stop them. Even when you want to stop them, you barely make a dent. Sure, you can have your pets spayed and neutered (or yourself, for that matter), but it's a lot of trouble and expense. No one ever spayed or neutered a fly or mosquito. Think how small the surgical instruments would have to be. Just leave everything alone, though, and see what happens. Stop using birth control and see what happens. It's easier just to let 'er rip. *Not* reproducing is a lot of trouble. It requires science to *not* reproduce, whether we're talking about human, animals, birds or insects. The default setting of the universe is: *let there be more of 'em*.

### WHY IT ALL BEGAN

It all started with God. When God was alone in the universe, He craved companionship. This is why *we* all crave companionship. It started with God, and we are made in His image. This "being made in God's image" business is more than physical; in fact, it's not *even* physical because God is not a man and does not have a body. We are made in the image of God in that we want and need other beings around us. Even atheists want and need other beings around them. Even atheists want friends. They want girlfriends, boyfriends, platonic friends, fellow atheists. But because the atheists don't believe in God, they think that this desire just happened upon them. The desire for companionship, they think, developed like the legs on



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a tadpole. It just showed up one day. No, it didn't. It's inbred. It's a touch of the divine to want see someone, talk to someone, touch someone, tell things to other people, confide in pets. Of course we all crave solitude on occasion, but this deliciousness has no meaning apart from the times of companionship. Try putting people in solitary confinement and see how long they last. It's the cruelest way to induce insanity in anyone. Those so confined will eventually claw the walls down. They'll claw their own hearts out.

### SOLITARY CONFINEMENT

God was once solitarily confined. It did not suit Him. All of creation was latent in God. Just as your children were latent in you before they were born, everything that has ever existed boiled deep within God. Imagine that. Talk about loaded sperm. Just as a giant maple tree is latent in that little winged seed, so was the universe latent in God. Understand: God did not exist *in* the universe; the universe existed in Him. He exuded it because He wanted companionship. It's the same reason you want to have kids or find a girlfriend. It really is this simple. This is why the answer to the question, "Why are we here?" is generally missed: it's too simple. The simple answer is: God wanted companionship, and lots of it. As a follow-up to that, here is one of the ultimate secrets of the universe concerning everything that has ever been created: All of God's creation returns to Him—via Romans 11:36, "All is into Him—" better than when it left, having been educated in the school of hard knocks that we call "Life."

In the meantime, there is Christ.

### THE BEGINNING OF CHRIST

The first creation of God was Christ. Revelation 3:14 calls Jesus Christ, "the first of God's creation." Why did God create Christ? Two reasons: 1) to have a communicable Image, 2) for companionship.

God is absolutely invisible. No one has ever seen Him, or will. He is everywhere, thus He can't be located. All things consist by His spirit, which is likewise invisible. So how does anyone know God? By His Image. His Image, Christ, is perceivable. Christ can and does take different forms at different times. You could locate Christ on a GPS if you knew His coordinates. Christ is a singular Being Who can only be in one place at one time. He showed up on Earth as a human being; more



on this later. But with Christ, God finally had another Being with Whom He could commune. He loves His Image and created everything through It. (If You want something done right, do it Yourself.) When referring to Christ (He did not become *Jesus* Christ until He entered the world of humanity), I will capitalize the pronouns because He is such a perfect image of God and displays Him so accurately that He is worthy to take all the titles attributed to God, as well as the capitalized pronouns.

The reason that God hated false images back in the day (and still today) was because none of the man-made images properly represented Him. Human beings made idols of stone and wood and called them, “God.” This really pissed God off because stone and wood cannot but fail miserably at communicating His character. Who among us wants to be misrepresented? No, the only God-approved Image—approved because It accurately represents Him—is Christ. It’s the only Image with God’s stamp of approval. When we see Christ, we see God.



I think of this especially when I see the apostle John resting his head on Christ’s chest at the last supper. Jesus Christ called Himself “the Lamb of God.” If Jesus is a lamb, it means that God is also a Lamb. God has not always come across as a Lamb, I realize that, but He is just that. Yes, Jesus Christ turned over the tables of the money changers because He hates religious hypocrisy. This must mean that God hates organized religion as well. Good. So do I. But Jesus Christ is also the Savior of the world and went to the cross even for the jerks who put Him there. This, too, is God. God showed the world His love through His Image being killed for the sake of the world. God couldn’t do it—being invisible and not having a body and being unable to die—so He sent His Son to do it. You might say that God suffered and died through His Son. He did this in the same way that a man continues a family business through his son, or sends his son to a foreign country to represent him. We see it all the time in life. Many of us have sons. It is just this way with God and Christ. It’s no more complicated than that. In fact, God gave us earthly fathers and sons to illustrate His relationship with His Son and Image. It’s no more complicated than that. Only religious creeds could complicate something so simple. It’s criminal, what religious creeds have done to Him.

#### GOD CREATED CHRIST; CHRIST CREATED EVERYTHING ELSE

Christ was the agent God used to create everything that exists. Here is *The Message* version of Colossians 1:15-17—

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We look at this Son and see the God Who cannot be seen. We look at this Son and see God's original purpose in everything created. For everything, absolutely everything, above and below, visible and invisible, rank after rank after rank of angels—*everything* got started in Him and finds its purpose in Him. He was there before any of it came into existence and holds it all together right up to this moment.

The only thing that existed before Christ was God. Everything that came into existence after the creation of Christ, came *through* Christ. 1 Corinthians 8:6 from the *Concordant Literal New Testament* puts this in a nutshell. The italics are mine—

There is one God, the Father, *out of Whom* all is...and one Lord, Jesus Christ, *through Whom* all is.

Never in Scripture is it said that all is out of Christ. That's because *not quite* all is out of Christ, because God is not out of Christ; God is the only exception to the all that came out of Christ. Thus, all is out of God, but all else is *through* Christ. We may say that God created everything through Christ. Christ was God's channel for all things created. Christ, before He lowered Himself to become a small cluster of reproducing cells clung to the uterine wall of a teenage Jewess, created everything except God. The people in Bethlehem and Nazareth and Jerusalem and environs had no idea Who they were dealing with. But He did tell the Pharisees one day, "Before Abraham was, I am."

They didn't like this very much. But even then, He was holding out on them.

\* \* \*

The universe hums with life. Whether there is life on other planets, we don't know. I, for one, don't care. Because I know that there is intelligent celestial life existing and humming far beyond the reach of our most powerful telescopes, far outside of our own galaxy. Not only were human beings created by God, through Christ, but angels, sovereignties, authorities and great spiritual powers among the celestial world were also created by God through Christ. We know the fate of humanity because of Jesus Christ coming to Earth to die for the sins of the world. But what about the sins of the celestial world? And their fate? Are they not in need of saving as well? They are. Jesus Christ is not only the firstborn of all creation (that is, the first Being ever created), but

He is the means by which all creation returns to God. Thus, everything is out of Him (except God) and everything returns to Him. This happens *through* Him, that is, through the cross. Remember? All creation came from God, all creation exists through God in the person of Christ, and all creation returns to God. Yes, Romans 11:36 again. But here is the passage of Scripture that puts all of this down on paper in an elaborative sort of way. It's Colossians 1:18-20 from *The Message*—

[Christ] was supreme in the beginning and—leading the resurrection parade—He is supreme in the end. From beginning to end He's there, towering far above everything, everyone. So spacious is He, so roomy, that everything of God finds its proper place in Him without crowding. Not only that, but all the broken and dislocated pieces of the universe—people and things, animals and atoms—get properly fixed and fit together in vibrant harmonies, all because of His death, His blood that poured down from the cross.







## RETURN TO SENDER

Imagine all creation returning to God in friendship. All of this happens because of the cross of His Son. Yes, this includes all insects. Insects are living souls, and so they are part of the “broken and dislocated pieces of the universe” mentioned above that get “properly fixed and fit together in vibrant harmonies.” It’s hard to imagine this happening with flies and cockroaches, but I imagine that it’s probably easier than imagining Hitler returning to his Creator, fixed and fit together. And yet this is just what will happen. If God can save Hitler, He can save flies. And vice-versa. He can also save Joel Osteen.

Even the insect world will return to God praising and singing to Him. The songs will be about Him. This does not imply that He is vain. He simply wants to share His wealth. Can you imagine the noise of that? Can you imagine the sound of every insect of every era singing in harmony at the same place at the same time? I *can* imagine it. I imagine it all the time. I live a different kind of life and I think different kinds of thoughts than most

people, I suppose. But I want to hear new music. I want to hear *real* praising of God, and no more of this hokey-pokey crap on Christian television. I want to hear *flies* do it. I think that flies will be more honest about it. They were bred in shit (literally) and will have been redeemed and raised to heavenly swarms. And this is just the insects. If I can convince you of the truth concerning insects, then it will be easy convincing you of the truth concerning the animal kingdom, the flying creatures, and all the creatures of the sea.

It hurt me when I lost my spouse. Damn that. I hated it and still do. Don’t you think that, in a sense, it hurt God when all of His creation became estranged from Him? And yet He did this on purpose—as we shall see. That’s right. He created everything through Christ, and then estranged it all on purpose so that it could return it to Him richer for the necessary experience of shit (in the case of the flies) and evil. Absence makes the heart grow fonder. I’m giving you the end of the story (Act 3) before plunging you into Act 2 and showing you the nuts and bolts of how all of this happened, why it happened, and how it begins to resolve itself. The estrangement from my wife, who is the mother of my



three children, will be resolved. It will not be resolved in this life, but in the next. God had a purpose in it. Isn't that what this book is all about? To show you the purpose of God and to keep you from despair as you mull upon this purpose?

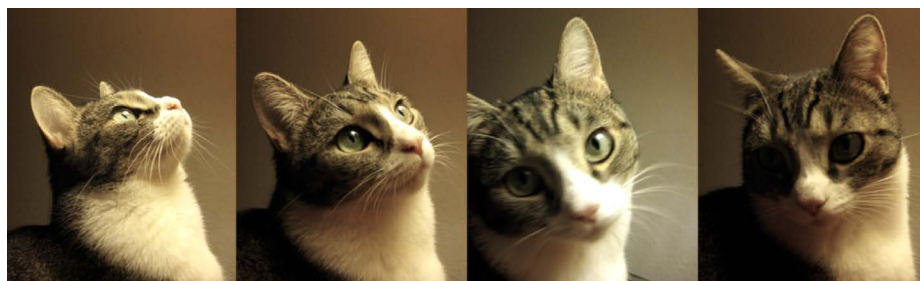
Isn't it nice to know that there *is* a purpose? That all of this is not simply some random clusterfuck of cluster-events? I didn't invent it, I am only reporting it. The last thing you want to do is believe the nightmarish, phantasmagorical tale woven and splatter-painted upon the walls of our collective mind by the orthodox religious creeds. According to them, God whimsically launched a way-too-big, ill-advised universal experiment that somewhere along the line got away from Him. All came out of Him, but not all returns to Him. Not only does much of the universe fail to return to God (God tried to haul it back via Christ, but apparently underestimated the stubbornness of humanity), but the poor, stubborn souls that not even God could reach exist eternally only to be tortured by their very Creator, Who must certainly hold the world record for chip on shoulder and, according to popular reports, holds a grudge larger than Jupiter. Yummy. Where do I sign up? Nothing could be further from the truth. Flee the orthodox religious creeds and find truth. It is my heartfelt desire to assist you in this quest. I will not and cannot do it apart from Scripture, for here indeed is the blueprint, written by the only One Who would know. If it is not recorded, then I myself could not believe it. But we must ascertain just precisely what He said. This is why we must occasionally delve into the Hebrew and Greek—the original languages of Scripture. For here is where some very important keys are found.

Try to imagine the hum of life that returns to God, redeemed. Not only all humans who ever lived, but all of created life: land, sea, air. I already suggested to you the happy noise yet to flow from the quintillions of bugs. But forget bugs for now. People ask me all the time if they will see their pets in heaven. I say, "Of course you will." Scripture says, "If there is a soulish body, there is a spiritual body also" (1 Corinthians 15:44). A defining characteristic of a soul is that it moves under its own power. Does your dog or cat move under its own power? Then it has a soulish body. And if it has a soulish body, then it will, in the future, have a corresponding spiritual body that will no longer be subject to death. All of this wonderment is enshrined in Romans 11:36. Think of the happy reunions in heaven

between you and all your dead pets. There will be a lot of cats greeting me in the resurrection. There will be a few dogs, but many more cats. I won't be so anxious to greet the flies and mosquitoes, but they shall be changed just as Hitler will be changed and *somebody* is going to welcome them in.

What does this say about your loved ones who have died? Did they all believe in God? Of course not. In Christ? Um, no. God does not save all apart from the will of the all, but because the will of the all is eventually changed by a revelation of God's love. This occurs, not today, but in the eons to come, after God finally destroys the human religions that, ironically, have kept most people from knowing Him.

Again, the reason why God cannon-shot all creation into existence—beginning with Christ—was for companionship. Try not to trip at the simplicity of this. It is the reason why *you* long for companionship; you were made in the image of God. This is why you are here, why



I am here, why your dog is here, and why all the birds and bees are here. We are all here to fill the universe to humming, both now and then, with happy sounds that satisfy God and *deeply* satisfy the hummers themselves. At present, we crawl in soulishness and infirmity, but then we will fly in spirit and immortality.

God gives us a taste of this future bliss by setting us in our families, putting us with coworkers, bringing us our friends, our neighbors, our wives, our husbands, our children, our pets. Things don't always work out with these arrangements at present, but they will in the end. It is all primitive now, but then it will be perfected. No experience is wasted. All has a purpose. Everything that came out of God returns to Him through Christ and the sacrifice of that perfect Son at Calvary—the cross being the catalyst that eventually perfects everything.

It makes me wonder if Mary Rita Williams is still married to that schlub. —MZ