



ZWTF

Zapping You Whenever Thoughts Flow

Volume 8, Issue 7

The History of the Universe, Chapter 4.

A God Who joins us in time.



When my three sons were little, I told them that God had neither a beginning nor an end. They couldn't handle it. The first time I told them this, they started jumping on the bed and screaming. They screamed things like "How can that be!" and "What?!" and "No!" I took a pillow and, when they

were in the air and coming down, I cut their legs out from under them with a pillow. They had to be discouraged, somehow, from thinking too much. They had to be returned to the real world from which I had cruelly—and perhaps irresponsibly—taken them. I cut them down and they landed on their sides or their butts on the bed (instead of on their feet) and convulsed like worms. I rubbed it in a little bit (I probably shouldn't have done that) and said, "You see, eternity does not go 'on and on' because 'on and on' is a *time* phrase. Whenever I lecture on the topic of time, boys, I ask for a show of hands of those who believe that eternity is 'a long time.' Believe it or not, kids, almost everyone's hand goes up, and we're talking even some PhD's in my audience, and then I pretty much convict the assemblage—they're self-convicted, if you ask me, and I think you would agree—of the standard ignorance concerning eternity, because eternity has absolutely—and relatively—nothing to *do* with time, including either long or short intervals of it." This comment/definition did *not* satisfy my sons ("We are *very* unsatisfied!" they screamed), and they re-commenced their jumping and vocal panic. I would cut them down again, but this technique failed to quell the thing ailing them. On this particular day, however, their mom made cookies in the aftermath of the trauma, which was good for all of us. Chocolate chip cookies are the only cure for any such unnatural attempt to grasp the ungraspable.

IT'S ABOUT TIME

We cannot grasp eternity but we can grasp time, and this is why God created a framework of time in which to reveal Himself. People think that the Bible is full of information about eternity, but it's not. This is one of the great misunderstandings of Scripture, foisted upon the unsuspecting by poor translations via "scholars" who would rather interpret than translate.

God created periods of time called “eons.” The Greek word behind this English word is *aion*, which carries the same meaning as our English word “eon.” An eon is “an indistinct period of time.” The key word here is “time.” This gorgeous noun appears 102 times in the Greek Scriptures (the “New Testament”)—but who would know it without consulting either the Greek or a translation consistent *with* the Greek? (Or the book you’re currently reading.) And yet it’s a key to the history of the universe. Preachers who stand up and babble on and on about “eternal this” and “eternal that” and “where will you spend eternity?” and “I invite you to walk the hallowed corridors of eternity,” could not be any more confused than if they were blindfolded and hacking away at a piñata.

God is eternal, yes, but He operates in time because, again, time is the only framework in which we can grasp Him—or grasp anything for that matter. Our brains, as presently constituted, cannot comprehend something without beginning or end. We convulse like worms. We explode. And so—contrary to popular belief—Scripture tells us next to nothing about eternity.

IN THE CAGE

Naturally, God must condescend (lower Himself) in order to relate to us in our time world, and He graciously does so, slipping right into time and sitting Indian-style with us on the ground of revelation while conveying to us His secrets.

In Romans 16:26, the apostle Paul calls God “the eonian God.” (This is an accurate translation. “Eonian” is the adjective form of “eon” and thus *related* to indistinct periods of time.) The common versions call Him “the eternal God,” which screws the pooch. (The word “eternal” is a faulty translation of the adjective form of *aion*—“*aionion*”—which is the word appearing here in the Greek text of Romans 16:26.) I’m not saying that God *isn’t* eternal, but that this is not what Romans 16:26 begs to report. Of *course* God is eternal. Even the pizza delivery kid here in Ft. Lauderdale knows that. Even my pee-wee offspring knew it back in the day, although they couldn’t wrap their pee-wee heads around it. (And neither could I, but my kids were shooting the messenger.)

There is already a Scripture (Psalm 102:27) which says, concerning God, “Your years shall not come to an end.” It is *this* verse which proves that God is eternal, not Romans 16:26. But even this verse isn’t talking about eternity—*per se*. It’s simply saying that God does not

end. It strains to do even *this* because the Psalmist throws the word “years” into the mix, which is a time word. Combining a time word with the phrase “not come to an end” is like inviting the Three Stooges to a dinner party at The Ritz. Somebody’s gonna take a pie to the face. But it’s the best that can be done for now. Language can obviously speak *of* eternity and even define it (“without beginning or end”) but cannot walk its corridors and comment upon the wallpaper. (See? Even “corridors,” being a term of *space*, falters in describing timelessness, for time is related to space; the only thing keeping me *here* as opposed to *there* [space] is time. So much for corridors.)

But appreciate the “eonian God” revelation, because here is one hell of a disclosure and it’s one of the secrets of the universe, without which we could not even speak of the *history* of the universe, much less use the phrase to title a book. God is not a distant Being “out there” in the great



“God loves condescending to time-ants, otherwise we would be orphaned.”

indistinct beyond of a timeless world. He *is* that, but He is *also* this: He’s “the eonian God.” He is here with us in the cage of time that He created for us. It’s the least He can do. But He in fact relishes the role. He likes condescending to walk with us through time, we would be orphaned: no lighthouse; no anchor; no comforting hand in the dark. God would not do that to us, and hasn’t. And so He sits with us here and tells us what’s happening and why.

Time is our friend for now. As mortal beings, we would instantly explode (or perhaps *implode*; not sure) if we were

transported straightaway to a timeless realm while still occupying these mortal frames. These mortal frames and minds cannot process even the thought of eternity, much less an inhabiting of it—witness the reaction of my sons. Bodies and minds unprepared for something without a beginning or end would be sucked senseless, much as stars get sucked into black holes. God indeed is love and He does not abandon us either to the time/space continuum (to which He has chained us), or to the ignorance that would result from the lack of a written revelation of how things are and how they came to be.



(God invented electricity; humans discovered it; the more I think about it, I like my analogy; electricity is a fair comparison to spirit as both relate to light; one literal and physical, the other metaphorical and spiritual.)

Electricity powers your blender but it can also make your hair stand up. The absence of it makes appliances dependent on it stop. Unplug an electric fan and it sadly stops after a depressing wind-down. (This is precisely what death is, but more on that later.) Electricity plays nice with gravity, thank goodness. The reason that objects do not fly off into space is because of gravity, yes, but God makes gravity cohesive and consistent by the force of His presence, that is, the electric-like and invisible power of His spirit—

ELECTRIC AVENUE

I don't even know if you can imagine being abandoned by God. What if God weren't *here*? We take His presence for granted. He not only condescends to inhabit time, but to continually manage space. (Again, these are related.) All things consist because of God's power. The power by which God operates is called "spirit." Suffer this word for a moment. I realize that it has been spoiled by churchmen who define it as that power which energizes swaying, barking, crawling, hand-raising lunatics rolling in and out of church pews shouting "Jesus!" But this is not spirit, it is "mental disorder." Don't confuse the two.

The presence of the thing called "spirit" may be a difficult thing to believe, but not to understand. Spirit is God's electricity. Though you can't see it, you accept the reality of the electrical current due to witnessing its effects. (Seeing is believing.) We can *manage* electricity (watching it work our fans, blenders and power plants), but who knows from whence come the



charged particles, how they came to be, or wither they go? Electricity still remains, even to scientists, somewhat of a mystery. My favorite quote about electricity (touching on this theme of mystery) comes from Auguste Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, who wrote in *Tomorrow's Eve*—"Brunettes are full of electricity."

For in Him is all created, that in the heavens and that on the earth, the visible and the invisible, whether thrones, or lordships, or sovereignties, or authorities, all is created through Him and for Him, and He is before all, *and all has its cohesion in Him*. (Colossians 1:16-17)

COHERE HERE

The word "cohesion" is choice and well-picked by the Deity for this particular revelation. God made sure that *sunistemi* was already in the Greek vocabulary for the purpose of this divulgence. The Greek word is *sunistemi*. It's a two-part Greek word whose English elements are TOGETHER (*sun*) and STAND (*stemi*), thus: TOGETHER-STAND. Were God *not* present—um, that is not even a rational beginning to a sentence attempting rationality, but I'll pursue it nevertheless. Apart from God, everything would fall apart. Not one thing would stand together with another thing. There would be no *cohesion*. The very people debating the existence of God, for instance, stand at lecterns (they *stand* upright at upright lecterns) to argue and gesture from these speaking platforms and to sip water (which runs down their esophagi and stays there by means of peristalsis) to hydrate their bodies (which are 61% water; the Earth is 71% water; we're talking lots of water here; lots of bonded hydrogen and oxygen molecules that miraculously *stay* bonded, i.e. "TOGETHER-STAND") to keep us alive—and these atheists and agnostics accomplish their lecternian marvels without either imploding, exploding or groping in darkness. While thus engaged in arguments *against* the existence of God, the very Subject of their dismissals continually upholds them from within and without, sustaining their unique fingerprints and the next electrical firing of their divinely darkened hearts.

STICKING TO TIME AND SPACE

Why did I call time “a cage” back there? Because time constricts and limits us. To use another analogy, it’s a slog through mud that necessarily dirties us with life-giving Earth from which we cannot wash. But it’s good for us, this life-giving Earth. It contains nutrients. Without time, Friday would be here already. (That would be awful; what would there be to look forward to?) Time tries us in that we learn things during it. It *sticks* to us. We and time are analogous to the two parts of the Velcro arrangement.

I want to stick with this “stick to” analogy, only now compare it to dog poop and a shoe, wherein the dog poop is time, the shoe is space, and we are creatures with sticks attempting to dislodge the poop. Dog poop sticks to the bottoms of our shoes, not easily removed. We grab a stick—ah, a tool—to dig it out. Perhaps someone will one day re-design shoe treads to avoid this common



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pitfall. And so there is progress on all fronts thanks to both time (poop) and space (shoes) and those stuck in it (sentient beings with sticks).

Consider the fruit of the spirit mentioned by the apostle Paul—speaking of love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness and self control. How can any of these be developed or learned without processes? Learning requires processes during which, *in time*, one becomes smarter. How could there be any such thing as a process, wherein progress occurs, without time? One thing becomes another thing only over time. A dumb person becomes wise only over time. Thus, a dumb person ends up *sticking* to wisdom. And did you ever stop to think that without stupidity there could never be any progress toward wisdom? Thus, stupidity and time are both prerequisites for wisdom. God provides both things (stupidity and time), and the apostle Paul verifies this (if you can believe that) in Romans 11:32, writing concerning God—

For God locks up all together in stubbornness, that He should be merciful to all.

Suffer the dog poop analogy once more as related to this verse. Here, stubbornness is the poop, human beings the shoe, and God’s mercy the stick that dislodges the poop.

Once we have learned what we need to know through these difficult time lessons, we will be relieved of time—but not of the lessons learned while *undergoing* time.

GOD THROUGHOUT

Now that we know that God sits with us and accompanies us in the time/space continuum created for us, let’s discover what He does here. Speaking of God, the *Concordant Literal New Testament* says—

Out of Him and through Him and for Him is all (Romans 11:36).

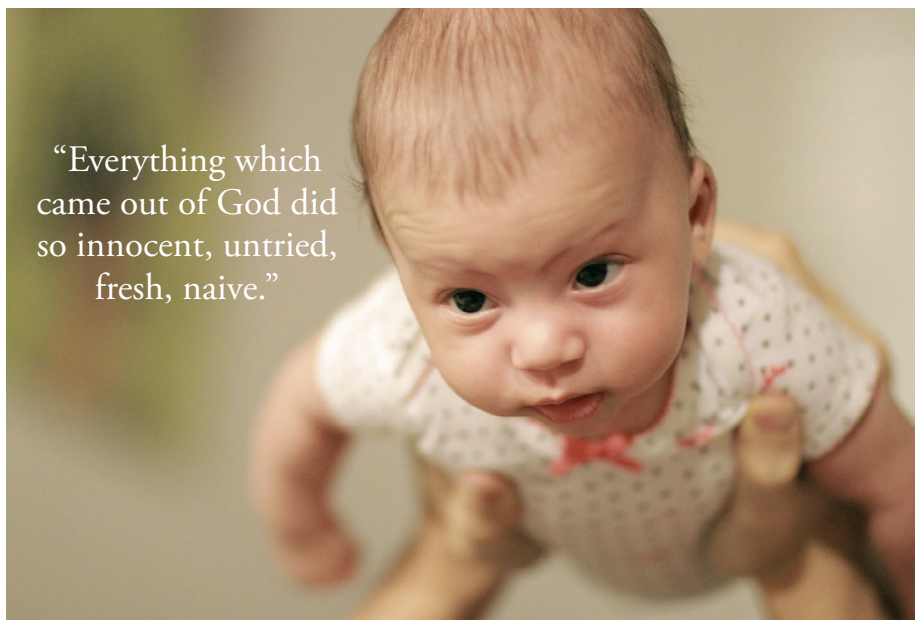
The Amplified Bible double-clicks on this folder and expands it—

For all things originate with Him and come from Him; all things live through Him, and all things center in and tend to consummate and to end in Him.

The Message trims the word count and puts it into poetry form—

Everything comes from Him;
 Everything happens through Him;
 Everything ends up in Him.

The common denominator throughout is “Him.” And is not all time covered here? Is anything untouched by the Deity’s hand? “Everything comes from Him” nails the past, “everything happens through Him” the present, and “everything ends up in Him” the future. The words “from” “through” and “in” ensure us of His presence throughout. This is the entirety of the eons. But why send all of creation



“Everything which came out of God did so innocent, untried, fresh, naive.”

out into the created timeframe in the first place, only to return it? If everything comes back, why not keep it in? In other words, why was this seemingly madcap enterprise embarked upon in the first place if everything that came out of God eventually returns to Him? For this reason:

Everything that came out of God (which is everything) returns to Him wiser for the experiences learned during the trials of time. That which came out of God did so innocent, untried, fresh, naive—much like a baby. Babies become educated to the ways of love, happiness, contentment, peace, only by experiencing the opposite things. It’s the principle of contrast. This cannot be denied. None of the processes are neat, and I’m not saying they are. Not every blanket is folded. But the result is the same: contrast educates. Life cannot be appreciated apart from death; health apart from disease; light apart from darkness; salvation apart from sin.

God provides for the knowledge of good by the introduction of evil into His universe. There is no other way. The friction is necessary, the sticking essential. When the lessons are learned, the dark, painful parts of the contrast arrangement (the death, the disease, the darkness, the sin) are eliminated. Please note that, in saying this, I have just exploded several Christian creeds. I love it when this happens. You have been lied to by the purported friends of God who have told you that death, disease, darkness and sin will reign eternal for many of those who came out of God. In other words, not every-

thing that came out of God returns to Him. (In which case Romans 11:36 would be a lie. But it’s not a lie, it’s the truth; it’s the purported friends of God who weave the lie.) According to the lie, the processes designed by God to educate end up out-muscling the happier ends of the contrast principle to reign eternal over them. Fueling this lie is the tragic transposing of “eternity” for “time.” Because of its mistranslated Bibles, the Christian world knows nothing of the eons. The damage of the ensuing misunderstanding is incalculable. Where time is in view, they think it is eternity. This leads to tragic, erroneous conclusions such as the eternity of death, disease, darkness and sin. This is not to say that the fair aspects of our contrast-

experiences eventually disintegrate. No. Remember? God is love. The good things remain, but the evil things contrasting them eventually go away for good. This is the only way it *can* be, since we are considering a God of love, which we are.

All the proof you need for the truth is found in Romans 11:36. And all the proof you need of the lie is found in the dour faces and alarming messages of those purporting to be evangelists, whose brand of “good news” requires God to lose most of His creation to unforeseen malevolent forces. Many so-called believers will agree that “everything comes from God,” but few believe that “everything happens through God,” and fewer still that “everything ends up *in* God.” Hot damn. The so-called friends of God are one for three. Christians suck at believing Romans 11:36. They suck hard. Their mothers wear army boots.

HEAR THEM CRACK WHEN MADE

God made the eons through Jesus Christ. It was a hell of a thing, a magnificent beginning—but *only* a beginning. There had to be a framework within the universe. There had to be a scaffolding upon which to hang revelations and provide educational experiences for the yet unpeopled framework. But the people would come. Oh, would they come. They would come to stick to the framework of time and learn not only about God but about themselves. The timeframe provided by a loving Deity with a long-term view toward the blessing and bliss of the coming creatures would be peopled by these creatures, and it would be said, “God is doing it for them, not to them.”

Watch the eons being made. The making of them is chronicled in Scripture. I am guessing that you have never heard this before, or imagined that such a thing happened or was recorded. It was important for human beings to know of it. We would need to see the moment of the making of the timeframe that we’ve been stuck to since birth. If you *have* read it, the translation of the gorgeous word “eons” (*aions* in the Greek) has likely been obscured by irresponsible translating. (Some translations render the word *aions* as “worlds” even though there is another Greek word that they translate “world,” namely *kosmos*.) Here is the record of the event, in Hebrews 1:1-2. I quote from the most accurate translation (among about twenty) in my possession, the *Concordant Literal New Testament*—

By many portions and many modes, of old, God, speaking to the fathers in the prophets, in the last of these days speaks to us in a Son, Whom He appoints enjoyer of the allotment of all, *through Whom He also makes the eons.*

It’s the barest of mentions, I know, but fortunately we have a hypothetical witness to the event who can flesh out what God mentions only in passing. Because of where we are on God’s eonian calendar (more on this later), God can now finally bring this brave person forward.

HYPOTHETICAL WITNESS TO THE CREATION OF THE EONS

There I was, in the dark. Darkness all around. To call it a void would be irresponsible. It was void of void. There



“Terms for the absence of noise fail in a world devoid of sound.”

was no light; sound did not exist; nothing came. I will describe it as “destitute” then. Nothing adhered to anything, or could. I perceived knowledge on a periphery that by no means existed sufficiently to call or capture it; nothing could transport it from where it sat into what I then perceived as my being.

I want to call it “silence,” but terms for the absence of noise fail in a world devoid of sound itself. I would call it “emptiness,” but this miscarries a man’s intention when nothing is full, or could be. Silence and emptiness require opposition, yet if no opposition exists then terms even for “void” must necessarily fall to nothingness. Even were something created to assail it (to assail the silence), nothing existed upon which to stick it.

Most alarming was the perceived impossibility of moments. No, but rather an obvious non-existence of “that which follows” is what I wish to communicate. We have known since childhood that “tock” follows “tick,” but where no “tick” is known, then nothing trails it, or can. Nothing can answer, for no questions are asked. Combine this with “destitute,” and you approach my condition.

But lo! There was movement to my left; I wanted to embrace it for my life, for I sensed in it a deliverance. Movement rustled to my left in what I would eventually understand to be “space.” A Being existed there that I have named “Epicness,” casting primitive shadows. Yet the Being neither moved nor breathed as you or I would understand these things; the Being simply was. The word “Prepare!” came forth (inside of me or outside of me, I am not aware) and the hairs on the back of my neck stood up; they knew what the word portended even before I. I cannot say what the reverberation of this word did, for I am

disallowed the telling, but credit the lack of description to the same miracle that brought me here in the first place.

The word went forth, "Prepare!" and I braced for what Epicness would do (Who, again, was the Being I perceived). And then—

Then came the sound that water would make were it to instantly crystallize—except multiply that noise by the number of stars in heaven or the grains of sand on the shore of the sea. What came then cracked! like a glacier breaking free from an ancient earth, except the breaking was creation and could never have been anything less.

"Suddenly" is overused and so I write "at once" here to describe how the void enveloping me fell away, and I mean that it vanished like the departed image from polished glass. "Heaviness" then descended (for the first time ever), and I felt my heart in my chest and gazed to see the slightest "blip" at my wrist where blood went through. My weight—just then insistent—pulled me toward the now-common sensation of "down," and the announcement, "Prepare!" assumed a resonance that struck not only my ears (I knew then why we had been given them), but my skin and all things cohering beneath it.

The crystalline crack!, combined with the weight, brought awareness that the announcement (in its reverberations) now occupied "the past," and it was then that I knew, at last, the momentousness of what I had witnessed. This then became the "tick" that was impossible to detect earlier but that now succumbed (violently) to an ensuing "tock," only to re-start the process. What had occurred—and what I had witnessed—was the making of the framework of the time that we now occupy—"The Eons"—upon which God would hang a revelation of Himself to beings yet uncreated, of whom I was not nearly the first. In other words, a stage had been set.

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"I wish I was that guy."

"What guy?"

"The guy who witnessed the eons being created."

"It's a hypothetical guy, Harold."

"I don't care *what* country he's from. I always wished that I was the first guy on the moon. But Neil Armstrong beat me to it. I've always resented Neil for that. I have a sense for adventure. I wonder how many eons there are."

"Five."

"*What?* How do you know that?"

"I looked ahead."

"Christ, Maude. You've been holding out on me. You're telling me that the kid knows that there are five eons? How does he know that? I have never read that in the Bible. I have almost read the entire Bible. I wonder if the making of the eons did make noise. I bet it did."

"That's why the kid is pushing for *Scripture*. Our Bibles have robbed us."

"We're screwed *again* by the translations! They did it to us again. I'm getting tired of it. We might as well burn our King James bible. I wonder which eon we're in."

"The third."

"Stop it."

"The kid does say that we're in the third eon. There's a verse. He has a verse."

"You have always been a cruel woman, but never this."

"What did I do? It's the reason you're having a bad day. It's because of the particular eon we're in."

"How do you know I'm having a bad day?"

"Are you?"

"Of *course* I am. What do you think? But when are we going to get out of this? I'm tired of living. I don't know why everyone isn't shot in the head at age thirty-three. Why should anyone live longer than Jesus?"

"After the conclusion of this eon, things will get much better."

"You know when this eon will end? And you're not telling me?"

"We're on an 'eonian calendar,' according to the kid. We're living in it. Our calendars have thirty or thirty-one squares."

"Except for February, which has twenty-eight."

"Stay with me, boss. God's calendar has five squares. It's big. But the kid has an arrow like the one at the mall. You know, on those mall maps?"

"You mean one of those 'You are here' arrows on the mall maps? Yes, I know them. So where are we?"

"Right next to Auntie Anne's Pretzels."

"God, Maude. Don't do this."

“We’re on the cusp of change.”

“Say that again?”

“We’re on the cusp of change.”

“That does something to me, what you just said. And you say we can find this in Scripture? That God wanted us to know this? You’ve never said anything like this. You have never talked about anything besides needlepoint. Always with the needlepoint—until now. Strange sensations attack me now. You’re...you’re...”

“Electrical?”

* * *

One verse from the King James Bible demonstrates the translation of “eternal” for *aionian* to be not only irresponsible, but stupid. Here is Ephesians 3:11 from the King James Version—

According to the eternal purpose which [God] purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord.

What in the world is an “eternal purpose?” It is a purpose that forever purposes without ever accomplishing that for which it set out. What good to any of us is a purpose that never consummates? An eternal purpose is as good (which is to say “worthless”) as an intention stuck on the gerbil-wheel of “aim,” but which never lets go to hit its target. It is a decision to act that never progresses past the design stage, but rather wanders continually in a déjà vu-ish conundrum, never consummating the object of its intention.

This is not God. God’s purpose has a beginning and an end. At the end, His purpose is realized. To eternally purpose is the definition of madness. Yet God is sane. The timeframe during which the purpose of God is born and realized is the eonian times, or eons. The eons had a

beginning, and they will conclude. Hebrews 9:26, in the *Concordant Literal New Testament*, speaks of “the conclusion of the eons, for the repudiation of sin through His sacrifice.” The conclusion of the eons will bring to humanity and to the universe a boon unimagined in the dark, mistranslated “fun-house” of religious chaos.

An “eternal purpose?” Kill that. It evidences a careless mistranslation of the Greek word *aionion*, leaving Bible readers void of any hope that the delirium of what they call “life” will ever conclude satisfactorily. This is not God, and this is not the report of God in His inspired Word. Thus, I give you Ephesians 3:11 from the *Concordant Literal New Testament*, in context. It is the apostle Paul who tells us—

To me, less than the least of all saints, was granted this grace: to bring the evangel of the untraceable riches of Christ to the nations, and to enlighten all as to what is the administration of the secret, which has been concealed from the eons in God, Who creates all, that now may be made known to the sovereignties and the authorities among the celestials, through the ecclesia, the multifarious wisdom of God, *in accord with the purpose of the eons, which He makes in Christ Jesus, our Lord.*

It is this purpose—generally unknown to readers of the Bible but shouted from the mouth of God in Scripture—which shall be unfolded in the book at hand. —MZ

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Abruptly Jesus broke into prayer: “Thank you, Father, Lord of heaven and earth. You’ve concealed your ways from sophisticates and know-it-alls, but spelled them out clearly to ordinary people. Yes, Father, that’s the way you like to work.” —Matthew 11:25, *The Message*



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Thank you for reading. It always helps me to know that you’re onboard. There is a possibility that I will be speaking (the only speaker) at a one-day conference in Richmond, VA, on SATURDAY, MAY 11. Please drop me a line to let me know if you think you could attend. As for *The History of the Universe*, I feel the spirit of God on it and I seem to be enjoying writing again. Please drop me a line and let me know what you think, and be perfectly honest as long as you love it. —MZ