

Excerpt from The Brain-Mind Kerfuffle

As a young man, many years ago, I chose to study the human brain as a physical object that subconsciously maintains the body, and consciously relates to everything around it, including aspects of itself.

I saw the brain in three parts: as the logical awareness that studies our circumstance, the mind as the entity created out of relationships between the brain, other brains and the outside world, and the sub-conscious brain as an elusive aspect of humans that operates the body and gets up to some funny business while we sleep.

What follows are the kinds of conversations that go on between my Brain and my Mind that tend to happen as I drift off to sleep and when the sub-conscious is left in charge.

Mind: Hey.

Brain: Hey.

Mind: Are you awake?

Brain: I said, "Hey." What's on your...you?

Mind: I'm bothered by doubts.

Brain: O.K. Can you be more specific?

Mind: Mostly on religion. I know that God loves me and I know I believe in him. I guess I thought that would make me feel invincible and sure of myself, but sometimes there's a part of me that still feels unsettled.

Brain: I see. I'm thinking that the part of you that feels unsettled is me.

Mind: You? Can't I have just one thing to myself? Is it always going to be that way with us? You're always contradicting and correcting me. Can't I decide something or have a feeling without you being part of it?

Brain: Probably not. It's like the song goes, "I am he, as you are he, as you are me, and we are all together."

Mind: I hate that song. And you are not the Walrus!

Brain: I am the Eggman.

Mind: You're not him either.

Brain: I never really noticed how spiritual that part of the song is. It's really John Lennon describing all man and God as one.

Mind: Well that part is nice, but the pictures I have of "yellow matter custard dripping from" that poor dog. It's upsetting to me. Why do I always have to be the emotional one?

Brain: It's your job.

Mind: I was doing so much better yesterday. I went to confession, did my Hail Mary's and...

Brain: What did you do that needed confessing and forgiveness?

Mind: I had some impure thoughts after that movie we watched.

Brain: I found those thoughts to be quite pure. They were married, so you should have seen that as totally unadulterated.

Mind: Clever.

Brain: I have a confession to make, too.

Mind: You? Considering your lack of belief, I may have to make you an appointment and have them set aside a few days to cover all your transgressions.

Brain: I may have created God.

Mind: Excuse me? That's blasphemy. Get thee behind me, Satan!

Brain: I may have created him, too.

Mind: Have you gone crazy? So now you're taking credit for this world, all the people,

and the universe?

Brain: Well, I'm not taking credit so much as accepting the possibility that I may be responsible for it. My studies seem to show that it is the brain that creates everything we know as God.

Mind: You spend way too much time thinking about yourself. You need to get out more.

Brain: It's what I do and that second part my doctor recommends against. Even Pope said, "Know then thyself, presume not God to scan; The proper study of mankind is man."

Mind: Which Pope?

Brain: Not *the* Pope. A. Pope. As in Alexander Pope in his *Essay On Man*. Poetry is one of my favorite creations.

Mind: There you go again, taking all the credit. God inspires all creativity and beauty.

Brain: But what if what you call God is just a connected entity of all brains in the universe?

Mind: Have you ever even written a poem?

Brain: None of my poems are as good as Pope's. But let me get this straight, if it's as you say, God inspires all creativity, he must be everywhere at once.

Mind: He is.

Brain: So he is in me? If there were no brains, there would be no awareness of God.

Brains exist and so the possibility of God exists. The idea exists and so God exists. Once an idea exists, it is eternal unless you get rid of the brain as the only way to eliminate the idea.

Mind: You're walking on some shaky ground, brother. So, you worship yourself as God?

Brain: Of course not. I think of my "self" as a self-created God. You're the one worshipping me/him.

Mind: Whatever! I don't want to talk about this. I'm going to get some sleep.

Brain: I doubt it.

Later that morning

Mind: I believe in God the father, God the son, and God the Holy Ghost.

Brain: You were created by me, out of me to fulfill my need to express myself to the outside world and my fear of the outside world at the same time. Now you say God created me.

Mind: You created God! Really?

Brain: I may have created the *idea* of God.

Mind: And what's the difference?

Brain: One's a concept that may have nothing to do with the reality. Concepts can exist long before they are realized...*if* they are ever realized. Human flight existed as a concept with the Greeks. They dreamed of making wings of wax and feathers to soar like birds. Since the physics of our universe got in the way, this never happened. Someone took that idea and turned it into a story about man striving to do too much and forgetting his place in the world. He died as a result.

There is no telling how many people worked on the problem of flight in their minds, but one person wrote it down. You see, men like Leonardo Da Vinci studied nature and he

understood physics and worked to use that knowledge to create a mechanism that could do what birds did instead of making the man over into a bird. Man's physiology would never be capable of flight without Da Vinci's understanding of the idea of "lift."

Mind: So, you and your friend Leonard created the world?

Brain: No. I'm not saying I created it so much as I recreate it...all the time. Our brains recreate out reality constantly.

Mind: But that's another discussion.

Brain: Religions rely on miracles to give proof of God. There are stories of them in our past of things that happened and have never happened again because they weren't caused by man, but by God. But outside of the stories there's no proof of these miracles or magical events having occurred. The story exists and continues because the idea is the true miracle of man.

Ideas are the most magical thing that we can identify in this world. Ideas don't die. Ideas make the impossible, possible. Sometimes. The big bang theory is an idea. Is it right or wrong? Doesn't really matter for it to exist. What can matter most to the growth and existence of an idea is that it is pleasing to the brain/mind.

Mind: Why did you create this idea of God?

Brain: Probably to make you feel better.

Mind: I'm not sure I'm feeling better one bit.

Brain: You want so much to be loved and appreciated in the outside world, and I can't always give you that, but with the idea of an all loving, fatherly God, I was able to give you that comfort.

Mind: So God only exists because you had the idea?

Brain: Yes. No. Maybe. Whether God exists as a reality has nothing to do with God's existence

as an idea. The idea of God is what shapes him in the mind.

Mind: Then the people in the past like the Greeks and Egyptians had their Gods and everybody before with the hundreds to thousands of Gods weren't real Gods, but ideas of Gods unlike *our* God.

Brain: Not unlike our idea of God at all. *Ideas* of Gods seem to have always reflected the historical and cultural times of the men who held those ideas.

Mind: What makes you think you know so much about God?

Brain: I don't think I know anything about God; but what I know about the idea of God, that's a totally different subject.

Mind: You're saying that God exists only because you created him?

Brain: You're getting upset. Please listen. I didn't *create* God. I created the *idea* of God. It's like saying Henry Ford didn't create the combustion engine. He created the Mustang. A different way of using the idea of the engine. But long before the engine existed, someone, maybe hundreds of brains worked on the concept of the combustion engine long before it was possible to create in the real world.

Mind: But my faith in God is so strong.

Brain: Is your faith in God, or in the idea that has been built into your God? Merriam-Webster's simplest definition of Faith is "Firm belief in something for which there is no proof." Faith is for the unknown. That unknown is God. For centuries the Christians churches have said that the true extent of God is beyond man's comprehension. We've gone from an all-powerful, all being, all knowing God of old and today we have people who have personal relationships with their lord. Anyone wanting an example of evolution there's proof of evolution of thought. Hell, the creation of the idea of evolution is proof of that itself.

Mind: You want to take credit for the world and *all* of the universe?

Brain: Of course not, not credit, more like responsibility. Let's say you think for a second about a box. Now the idea of a box already exists in many different designs, but I know you're picturing a box in your mind.

Mind: It's light turquoise.

Brain: And now you're at Tiffany's. This conversation may cost me a lot more than I thought.

Humans give credit to God for everything thing that happens to them all day long as if a bird pooping while flying overhead was sent by God to humble you, when there are thousands of babies dying of starvation that would love some of God's attention. Sorry, God didn't get around to your cancer because he was busy helping Chip crush Booger in their fantasy football league.

We make things absurd. I say, let's get away from the proof question and go back to what we know is *real*. Maintain your faith in a God, or an energy force that we all are part of since the Big Bang. That's the cake. The rest is icing and flowers and colorful designs, but they're not the cake.

Mind: Cake sounds lovely. I'd love some right about now.

Brain: You are *so* easy.

Mind: I picked up one of our favorites yesterday, the yellow cake with chocolate icing.

Brain: You see? I just put the idea of cake in you and you want to love it.

Mind: No, the bakery at the grocery store put it in my head. My friend says they have fans that spread the delightful smell of everything they bake throughout the store. Do you think that's true?

Brain: Probably. Who cares? Stop wasting time. Let's get cake.