

Squandered Time

Time squandered is time forever lost. The echoes of this "wisdom" still chime loudly throughout the chambers of our existence. We have been taught that idle minds are instruments of sin and self destruction. The truth is, at worst, squandered time is a self paid debt that our spirits might wander into other pastures – seeking out revelation in new and adventurous ways. These moments, days, weeks and beyond – where nothing appears to happen nor does anything seem to “click” into place – have their place in our journeys. The point always comes, in one lifetime or another, when the signposts of our destinies are so defined even we cannot ignore them. And so we move at a pace we find comforting – no faster, no slower. “Time squandered” simply allows us the opportunity to process what we’ve learned.

Or so has become my suspicion.

In the last weeks, especially the last days, I’ve wondered what I might write about for this month’s post. The other day I became so frustrated with my absence of inspiration that I wrote “My Final Post” so as to end the torture of having nothing left to say. But instead of forwarding my writer’s epitaph to Marty for processing into the September newsletter, I waited for my wife to come home from her shopping trip so that we could discuss this harsh decision.

As is her adoring way, she allowed for the truth - that the final decision was mine to make. But she also provided sound arguments why I might wish to reconsider. None of them seemed to take hold. I was certain I would move forward with this decision and thank mom for her faith in my work and opportunity to expose my ideas to her forum of readers. And then my sweet wife dropped the bomb. “What else do you have to do with your time?”

Ouch. The truth of this observation stung. Hmmmm, let’s see. Yard work? Sure. House work? Yeppers. Reading, research, and other intellectually rewarding tasks? Doubtlessly. But none of these could....check that....none of these *should* take up all of my time. Her casual observation of the obvious was all it took to move me away from the muck of self pity I had created for myself. This simplest of arguments provided the tether I needed to pull myself out of the sludge of metaphoric quicksand and regain my footing.

“What else do you have to do?” As these words, singed with a defeated intonation, spilled onto my lap, I knew that this woman who shared my TV remote expected an answer. The question itself, even absent of her expectant raised brow, **demand**ed an answer.

I have been blessed with time to squander. I am allowed to just sit and think, read, learn, create, and imagine. I have been offered an opportunity to share my ideas and cast my

lines of speculation into the uncharted waters of unknown truths. My sin wasn't in "time squandered." But it nearly became an "opportunity squandered."

So I continue to write.

But still there is the question of *what* to write. The topic of my newsletter specifies that I keep within the boundaries of "Science and Philosophy". For the last four months I've stayed true to that obligation. I have noticed my process is sometimes a redelivery of information that can be found easily by *interested* readers. To offset this I have made conjectures while trying to bring a unique perspective to each topic. But what still remains "out there" is speculation of what it might all mean.

What might it mean to me? Why do I study? Why do I write? Why am I so compelled to this task? Only one answer comes to mind. I love to *imagine* the possibilities. No matter how far fetched they may seem, the concepts that our transformational world feeds us provide perfect snacks for our creative hunger. So I've decided that for this month I'll allow my mind to soar outside the box and ask that joyous question, "What if?" In other words – I'm going to squander my time and provide wild conjecture in this month's post.

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Little has captured the imagination of Quantum Physics as has the idea that a particle in the quantum world is shown to be in "superposition", or in more than one place at one time. Erwin Schrodinger proposed a *theoretical* experiment in 1935 that would become the gold standard for explaining the superposition of the quantum universe using an environment that we can relate to. This experiment is famously known as "Schrodinger's Cat".

For those unfamiliar with this theoretical experiment, it simply states that if one places a cat into a steel chamber with a vial of hydrocyanic acid and a single atom of this acid decays, then a relay mechanism will trip a hammer that will crush the vial and subsequently kill the cat. There is a 50/50 chance of decay, meaning that there is a 50/50 chance that the cat will either live or die.

Since the steel chamber containing the cat and the vial of acid prevents observation from an outside source from occurring, we now need to ask that famous question, "Is the cat dead or alive?" The answer to this question *based on the facts of quantum mechanics* is "**Both.**" That is to say that the cat is both dead and alive at the same time. *It isn't until someone removes the chamber that an "observation" is made, collapsing all potentials into a single reality....*that reality, in this case, presenting the cat as *either* alive or dead.

The Schrodinger's Cat experiment is nothing more than a practical way of communicating a philosophical question – if we are, at our most basic (quantum) level a "wave of potentialities", then what prevents us from claiming that the entirety of our selves are ALSO in multiple states of being?

Note: Please understand that this is a hypothetical experiment – no cats were harmed in the conceptualizing of this idea.

Now let's put the cat back in the cage for a moment and talk about parallel universes. I love this topic as it really challenges our imaginations. I've recently read a book by Brian Greene about this topic. In his book he offers several compelling theories about the possibilities of multiple universes. The most plausible concept contends that ours is only one of an infinite number of "bubble universes" in existence. The idea of a "bubble universe" gains footing from the knowledge that our universe is expanding in much the same way as you might watch a bubble expand as it fills with gasses. To picture a multiverse, you only need to gaze upon a bubble bath. Now select a single soapy bubble and make that our personal universe.

But the key here isn't in the idea of "a whole bunch" of universes. The key word in this equation is the word "infinite".

The concept of infinity is not warmly received in the scientific community. In an art that desires quantifiable solutions to every problem, being presented with a response of "infinity" simply means that there is something wrong with the math.

My favorite story about the "infinity" condition was one that I heard relayed by Michio Kaku. He told how the math of Newtonian Physics could only ascertain that the total energy potential of a Black Hole was "infinity". Then along came Quantum Physics with its new mathematical approach. What answer could the new kid on the block provide for the Black Hole conundrum? Its answer: Infinity to the infinitieth degree.

So when we speak of an infinite number of bubble universes floating out there somewhere in time-space, what does this mean? Much, actually. But let's have some fun here. The math of probabilities reveals that in an infinite system, there is not a *probability* of a repeat... there is an absolute *certainty* of a repeat. How many repeats are we talking about? Well naturally it would have to be an infinite number of repeats!

So in a system of infinite universes we can state with confidence that there are many versions of our universe, our solar system, our world, and even ourselves chugging around and doing their own thing. One version of myself might be contemplating the wonders of the universe while another version of myself might be watching "Breaking Bad" on TV. Perhaps another is a famous author, and yet another is a derelict begging for spare change on the streets of Los Angeles. None of this really matters if I'm not aware of any of these gentlemen. I am instead only aware of the one who sits here squandering his time away at the keyboard.

My reality unfolds as I observe it. All of the potentials that precede each moment collapse from infinity into a singular reality the moment I observe it. I am but a single aspect of an infinite number of possibilities.

I am Schrodinger's Cat.

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So what. Who cares. What does any of this matter if we are only aware of the self that sits here reading these wild rants from a deranged retired Army Sergeant Major? Fair question. Let's move onto the "what if" part of this post.

Based on the facts of quantum superposition and based on the concept of infinite bubble universes, *what if* there was a way to capture information that MUST be out there about our multiple states of being? We are aware of our memories that capture our experiences in this existence, but what if there is an access to the memories and experiences of other aspects of ourselves, just waiting for us to tap into?

The first time this idea occurred to me I thought, "Gee Sean, what an original perspective." Wrong. Not original at all. As a matter of fact, a gentleman by the name of Burt Goldman is making money off of this idea. In a system he calls "Quantum Jumping", he proposes to teach you how to access the many versions of yourself in alternate universes and use that knowledge to improve your life in the here and now....for a nominal fee, of course.

I'm not anxious to fall into the trap of mistaking altered meditative techniques as an actual observation of alternate versions of the self. But I won't discount the possibility of access to the information. Does Burt Goldman have the answer? I can't say. But I like to imagine my own way of gaining access to this information.

I find it fun to imagine that if we were able to learn how to access the multiple aspects of ourselves, it would be a much simpler process than what six teaching CD's (beginners course) would indicate. My way of imagining such access is by tapping into your *Soul Memory*, or if you prefer, *Spiritual Memory*.

Though we may not have any awareness of our other selves in a multiuniversal environment, there stands to reason that a receptacle for all experience and memory exists somewhere. The most logical place for infinite universal knowledge to exist would, at least from my point of view, be that place we call the spiritual realm. So to take this idea a step further, as a citizen of that spiritual place our soul should have access to all versions of our selves in a way that we do not. So if our souls possess our minds and bodies, why not consider that we are only a single nebulous link away from soulful enlightenment?

To picture this, imagine a spoke wheel. Our present awareness of this life is represented by a single spoke. Other aspects of ourselves are represented by each of the other spokes of the wheel. All of these spokes feed into a single hub at the center, representing the soul. If we learn to access the memory of the soul, would it make sense that we are enabling memories of every other aspect of ourselves?

Yes, yes, yes I know. Crazy, right? Insanity dwells within each of us – it’s just a question of volume. But before you judge too harshly, choose to believe or disbelieve this. Whenever I sit down to draw a sketch of something, I don’t go into it with an idea that I have an absence of knowledge or experience. I go into it with the idea that I’ve got an abundance of knowledge and experience. It seems to work.



Pencil Sketch of my dog "Sheeva"

I don’t practice this with any sort of obsessive conviction, and I often question the validity of the entire idea. But I know that when I get my head into the “zone” of believing that I have unseen talents *not learned in this life*, I am often amazed at the results. Blame it on the power of suggestion if you want - I’m right there with you. But when you take the minutia of strange things we KNOW to be fact, such as quantum superposition, then what is it about these “crazy” ideas that make them such quantum leaps for our consideration?

We don’t know what we don’t know. What we do know? Well, those things often get thrown overboard if they don’t meet with our preferred expectations of the world. I think that Eastern philosophies have it right – it appears that how we choose to observe the world is how the world presents itself to us. But let’s try not to throw the baby out with the bath water. Instead let’s "squander our" time thinking of as many “what ifs” as we can.

Besides, in an infinite system of universes, not only will one of our “what if’s” be right... ALL of our “what if’s” will have a place to call home... like the one where Schrodinger’s Cat is the front man for Def Leppard!!

See you next month.
The “Yeti”