

The Old Fort Mountain Revelations

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I was driving home from work. The drive takes almost an hour and I'd been doing it daily for many years, so there were few surprises. I often let my mind wander. I happened to be climbing up Old Fort Mountain when my mind settled on the sensation of what it feels like to be in a world where there is, certainly, without question, a God. I felt happy; content. I felt that the world is a far better place than the one I normally inhabit.

So why not believe in God? Where's the problem? There certainly is an advantage. Thinking these thoughts a part of my brain suggested that logic and Occam's Razor mitigate against the postulation of a God. And then came the second wave of the revelation.

Logic and faith are different realms. You can no more explain faith through logic than you can explain music with algebra. You can characterize some of the landmarks, but you can't capture the essence. So to argue for the existence of God is pointless. No, it's worse than pointless: it is actively destructive. One who is convinced of faith through reason does not have faith. One who justifies faith through reason is not living her faith.

Through discussions with people who've lived these ideas longer than I have, I have come to accept that part two of my revelation may be short-sighted. It may turn out that at a deeper level faith and logic are not incompatible, but at this stage in my spiritual journey I can't explain music with algebra.