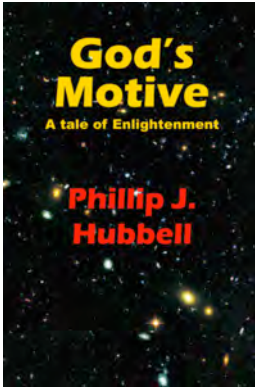




# **God's Motive**

**A tale of Enlightenment**

**Phillip J.  
Hubbell**



*God's Motive is a narrative about the nature of God, the reasons for creation and information about the afterlife. The story is told from the point of view of a man chosen at random for enlightenment. He swears it's fiction.*

# God's Motive

by Phillip J. Hubbell

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*Phillip J Hubbell*

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The characters and events in this book are mostly fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead like everything else in the universe is coincidental and not intended by the author. Then again, the whole thing might be true.

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**In Memory of Glenn Bundy**

*Phillip J Hubbell*

## **PREFACE (Updated 2012)**

I am re-releasing this book in conjunction with the publication of its sequel **Infinity Squared**. I have gone back and revisited some of the concepts presented in this book and updated in a few places. I am not releasing this as a paperback but only as an eBook. When I first started down this path towards putting all this down in writing, I was unaware of the difficulty involved in getting the ideas in these books out in front of a broad audience.

My belief is that there are people who will embrace and benefit from what I have to say here and in subsequent writings. Mostly I present this in the spirit of hope for the future and a sincere belief on my part that what confronts us in the future is not limited to the non-existence of the atheists or the shackles of the various human dogmas.

The concept of an afterlife continuing past this short biological life is not a new one but it has become something of a limitation that adds little merit to our ability to imagine. We are the only self-aware species that we know of and we have created a mythology around our existence that has not grown with our knowledge, technology or sophistication. We demand progress in every aspect of our lives except our spiritual one. These two books and the one coming, seek to do just that.

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I dedicate this book to the memory of my father in law the Reverend Glenn Bundy and to my son Hunter. Glenn Bundy was murdered by a low life piece of sub-human debris in Comanche, Texas the day after his 76<sup>th</sup> birthday in 2008. Glenn was my mentor, friend and a point of sanity in an increasingly insane world. He always knew the answers and was quick to remind me that he could be wrong. We were close.

Hunter, on the other hand, is old beyond his years at 21. He is a free thinker and that has always been my hope for him. I didn't think it would lead to such disagreement but I am guessing that being a free thinker in the truest sense of the phrase will almost certainly guarantee that two people such as us would arrive at differing conclusions even given the same set of empirical evidence.

One thing we do agree on is the supremacy of the individual over the collective. At least I used to think we agreed on that. He's been to the University so no telling what collectivist virus he may have contracted.

I still judge the intellectual capacity of others based on their conclusions regardless of the cognitive strength of their brain's electrical output and the speed of their thought processes. In simpler terms, if you take complex facts, churn them in a capable mind and conclude that the collective has primacy over the individual, then you are misguided by ignorance. Not to the point where you cannot change but just a person caught in a temporary tempest of muddled thinking.

I also have spent a lot of time and effort sitting around thinking about how to present the concepts of this book. If I were writing as a means of supporting my family, in addition to starving, I could probably pay

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myself for the time spent staring off into space apparently oblivious to the world, when in reality I am wrestling with the nature of the universe and the drool hanging down to my chest comes from hard fought cognitive exertion. Sometimes I pass out from such effort and don't wake up until way after halftime or until someone brings me a snack.

Mostly I am astounded by how different my mind works than everyone else's. I don't define myself as others do. I know people who when you ask them what they do, they mention their profession or their relationship to others. I, on the other hand, am truly baffled by the question and completely without an answer that I could give in 30 minutes or less. It's like each time I'm asked, I have to stop and consider what the answer should be this time as opposed to the last time someone asked. It makes me crazy and drives my family up the wall.

I also have to remind myself that when someone asks me how I am doing I am supposed to say "fine" and move on. Stopping to consider how I am and to contemplate the question "how am I doing what?" just confuses others and makes them suspicious of my grip on sanity. I actually have sanity in a chokehold even though I have layers of cognitive thoughts constantly swirling around my head that others either don't have or have learned to ignore. I cannot ignore the churn in my head that keeps me awake at night and interferes with my concentration on any topic for more than a moment or two. So stop asking me stuff!

I hope you enjoy reading this book more than I enjoyed writing it. I hold out a desire for other people's happiness because more often than not they won't do it for themselves. People worry too much, they fear too

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much, they let the concerns, and judgments of others cloud the vision of their own lives. It is a waste of time to do these things but not wasting time is a difficult path to find on one's own and is an impossible skill to teach anyone.

Not long ago, I found myself caught up in the desire for a wish. I was caught up in this wish for days, perhaps weeks. It became something of an obsession. I wanted to wake up and find myself as I was in 1960 and be 5 years old. The difference is that I wanted to know what I know now and to have musical ability. Not just any old musical ability either. I wanted to be the greatest musician who ever lived with the ability to play any instrument. I don't think this is too weird. It's a common fantasy. People are always wishing they could change the way their lives progressed. My fantasy was just more specific. I wanted to relive my life but already understand the pitfalls of childhood. I also wanted to understand adolescence, young adulthood, adulthood, and middle age. In other words, I wanted to see what was coming. I also wanted a highly marketable skill that involved groupies, specifically naked female groupies.

I wanted to walk into the school on the first day and wow them with my ability to do all the schoolwork with zero effort and see what it is like to be considered a genius. The first time around, I was the only person who thought I was a genius. Everyone else thought I had brain damage. I kept my perceived cognitive superiority to myself because I didn't recognize the spark in others and didn't understand the nature of voluntary cognition. In addition, I had a problem with missing data. I had a great processor but I couldn't access and analyze information I hadn't experienced. It

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was as if my mind was written in ASCII and my database was EPCDIC and the missing part was a protocol converter. For those of you born in the seventies and eighties, protocol converters were data communications translators built so that the IBM world could talk to the UNIX world in the computer industry. Protocol converters were a product that only lasted about 4 years in the late eighties before technological advances made them obsolete.

The kids around me as I was growing up also didn't have access to data but they were for the most part missing a decent processor as well. Kids were divided by social constructs the nature of which, without the missing data, I couldn't master. We were all divided based on popularity. There were popular kids and unpopular kids. I think they were opposites. Popular kids were happiest in the presence of others and unpopular kids were happiest in the presence of themselves. I desire to go back in time and exist in both worlds.

## **The Case for Non-Fiction**

It is impossible for me to distinguish between this book being fiction and the growing suspicion that this is reality. If it is fictional, then I have tapped into something I didn't know was there. If it is reality then I am leaking my sanity all over the floor in whatever room I sit in to write. Both possibilities are quickly overwhelming my day-to-day life with the fear that one or the other is true. Another 300 days have passed and

*Phillip J Hubbell*

I have become cognizant of yet another bucket of wisdom, poured like water directly into my brain. The explanation is coming soon.

This particular download contains the wisdom of doubt. It is not as heady as the wisdom of certainty. While certainty indeed frightens the masses of small-minded people, doubt is an individual concept. It takes my confidence in what I know to be the facts and brushes it with just a hint of shadow. I like certainty much better.

When I sat down and started writing this book, I knew that it was fiction and knew that it was fundamentally true conceptually. I was making up a story that integrated what I knew to be fact with a tale that would spark the interest of the reader and at the same time give me a framework to sling a little paint with my rather broad brush. As time has passed, I have come to believe that the only fiction is the vehicle of fiction.

I am growing more aware of the probability that what I am writing is something I have witnessed. The further along I get in the ideas the more likely it becomes that the ideas come from outside of me. I'm not that smart, no one is.

Lives and the ideas around designing lives are beginning to take over my every waking moment. Doing the same thing repeatedly and expecting different outcomes is not the definition of insanity, it is what lies ahead. It is where we are all going and our only salvation is our ability to hide the memory of the last time from ourselves. I believe that I don't have the intellectual capacity for endless variation and will instead repeat my favorite reality.



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I understand that I am getting ahead of myself. I just hope the reader will bear with me as the discipline needed to keep my thoughts in a chronological order has been slipping away over the last several years. Nothing I am writing is occurring in the present. It has occurred in the past.

### THE FUTURE

"I was aware. I am aware. I shall always be aware until I decide not to be. It is called death by those left on Earth, but it is biological death not actual death. Actual death may come but it will be much later, after all the different lives I can dream up and certainly after this one. This one is going to be a great one. I know that because I am aware and I am being born today. I call it opening a life.

This is terminology of my own design. Everything I encounter is of my design and the way I know this is because I have chosen to be aware of it this time. Free will is the mechanism of creation and I am the only being here with free will."

For a long time I shall create each life with small and subtle differences. How this can be maintained for an eternity isn't evident. I now begin every next adventure.



## **FREE WILL**

There is no such thing as predestination. Free will is at the heart of reality. It is axiomatic. We are free to live our lives, determine our futures, and to imagine or create any creed we desire and there are no judgments about these held beliefs by a higher power. God doesn't care what you pattern your thinking after. Free will is the primary creation of God. The preservation of free will has been God's only purpose since the beginning of the universe and the reason for its creation.

In my view, free will is absolute. Way back in 1981 long before any of this started, I got into a drunken argument with this FBI agent about the nature of free will. We were at the opening of the new offices of Derrick Petroleum where I was working at the time and Special Agent Dimwit came along as one of my fellow employee's date. She was hot. I seriously wanted to dazzle her with my soaring intellect. The more beers I had the more my intellect soared. I don't remember how the argument started but my premise was that we were free to do absolutely anything we pleased and the only restrictions were self-imposed based on our fear of consequence.

This fellow apparently took great offense to my very existence and all but proved my point by refraining from pulling his pistol and shooting me. I maintain my position on free will to this day. I didn't understand the origin of free will at the time but I had a firm understanding of the implications of it.

*Phillip J Hubbell*

Free will demands nothing from us in the way of restraint. We can expect consequences. We can accept the consequences for what we do or we can deny them. Consequences exist because of our actions or other people's actions based on their perception. The fact is we have absolute freedom to do as we please. It remains a concrete axiomatic truth of existence. I don't care what the FBI says about it. They should hire people who are abstract thinkers.

Free will is the reason for all of this. By all this, I mean the observed universe of stars, planets and miscellaneous structures of matter, energy, time and space. What we observe about the universe from a scientific perspective is valid. What we imagine about the nature of the creator of the universe is invalid from the standpoint of reason but valid from the standpoint of free will's allowance for our being spectacularly wrong about everything.

The laws of physics remain in this universe regardless of our desires, perspectives, perceptions or actions. God set events in motion and the physical nature of the universe that He exists in took over the mechanics. Man was not the creation of God; we are the creation of circumstances set in motion by God. God lives in an objective reality just like us, only His ability to interact with that reality far exceeds ours. I won't venture a guess on just what those abilities are or what allows them to exist. That is the stuff of dogma.

There is a rule in textbook logic that tells us that we may not logically discuss that which does not exist or that which we cannot observe or experience through our senses. "Existential import" is an artificial construct in logic used to have such discussions. I don't need to

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employ "existential import" because I have witnessed God with my senses of hearing and sight. What I tell you is what I know. God's reality is my reality. There is nothing supernatural about God, just superior capability. It is not unlike comparing man's abilities to those of a microbe.

Both are real and each observable by the other under certain circumstances. Being the only one of us who knows doesn't change my perception or understanding of reality. I do understand that others will have to take what I say on faith. Please note and keep at the top of your cognitive awareness that I do not require anything of you and neither does God. Go in peace and do nothing.

Free will allows us to choose our destiny with regard to our lives on earth. While free will is inherent in everyone, not everyone starts at the same place or is afforded the same opportunities, cognitive skills or physical capabilities with which to direct the nature of their lives. There is also an aspect of free will that theologians and philosophers do not consider. We are subject to the randomness of genetics, evolution and dumb luck. Free will works within the mechanism of how life comes into being and how it ends. The world is not controlled. The universe is not controlled. It is used as a tool by a being that has the physical attributes and capabilities to use it. I can wield a hammer. God wields a galaxy or two....billion.

The human race has wasted many an opportunity for enlightenment arguing the nature of free will. Free will is the easiest definition of how things work. It means what it says. We are free of any controls or obligations outside of those that we impose on ourselves. We are not forced by a higher power to do

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anything specific for others, to others or for ourselves. We are independent beings. There is not a collective anything. Connections are artificial.

The idea of complete freedom scares people almost as much as the idea of certainty. We need to use the disapproval or approval of a greater power in order to mask our own lack of knowledge and courage. Pretty much anything that exceeds our grasp we think of as being held out of our reach by God. It is a convenient excuse to lower our expectations of others and ourselves. Even those who profess no belief in God fear certainty and attribute it to a negative like hate or arrogance.

When we do something utterly stupid that results in damage or injury to others, how convenient is it to bring God's will into the conversation and relieve ourselves from blame? The smallness of man's God makes me wonder why so many would worship such a petty being. God kills your cat on the road at night, makes the bird fall from the sky and allows the virus to expand resulting in everything from the sniffles in a child to the wholesale death of entire population centers. God is the killer of crops. God is the maker of rain. God is the giver of luck both good and bad without rhyme or reason.

God is the giant random number generator in the sky making that fellow I don't know over in the next state win the lotto instead of me every time I buy a ticket. God is the Supreme Being that so conveniently fits in my pocket to be withdrawn for credit or blame. God is also supposed to be the granter of free will according to the contradictory descriptions of the theologians in the Christian faith.

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These people created the Holy Trinity of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost when they had to come up with an explanation of the manifestations of God in their own religion and they weren't smart enough to insist on the very attribute of omnipotence that they claim God has. Instead, they had to create a convoluted God physically divided sharing one mind so they could justify the Godhead of Jesus talking to his Father and the Holy Spirit lurking in the background kidnapping fishermen in the name of the almighty.

Free will is our greatest attribute and we give it up willingly at the first sign of trouble.

*Phillip J Hubbell*

## **WEDNESDAY APRIL 15, 1998 – THE THIRD 300 DAYS**

Tax day is April 15. That really doesn't mean much to me because I am not smart enough to owe a few dollars at the end of the year. I am the guy letting the government use my money free all year and getting a check for the difference. This particular day I was in Mexico City. I changed jobs within the same company and was working as a sales support guy. What that meant was that I travelled to several cities every week. One of my regional sales people was in Mexico. I had others in Los Angeles, Atlanta, Minneapolis, Chicago and New York.

I would travel to one of the cities where the salesperson lived and we would call on customers all week trying to sell our warehouse management software. This particular Wednesday I was on my way to a warehouse that held consumer electronics in a rather rough looking part of Mexico City. Actually, every part of Mexico City is rather rough looking. I recall arriving at the warehouse where a man holding a 'street-sweeper' or an automatic shotgun was parking cars and guarding them while the owners were inside conducting their business. It was a real eye opener for someone like me who had never traveled extensively outside the United States.

Since the last episode, I had figured out the timing of my enlightenments and I was aware that this was the 300<sup>th</sup> day and had marked it on my calendar. I was anticipating an awakening on some subject or another but the actual event still startled me

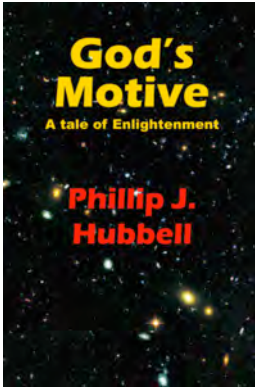


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somewhat. Just like last year, I blanked for a moment or two and had a new set of information to think about. I thought about jotting down some notes but realized that I didn't have to. The knowledge was firmly implanted just like last years. I could pull up memories and ideas from the first encounter as though it were happening now. I was thinking about heaven and the idea of what heaven would be like.

I increasingly have these visions of a place. It is a place of rest or a place of contemplation between lives. It is my place. I see it in my dreams whenever I consider a new version of a life in the non-biological era of my existence. It is a large space, dark except for the area I inhabit. There is a large round bed with a black covering on what appears to be a stage. There are small rooms off to the side...mostly just functional areas like a kitchen or bathroom, areas surrounded by darkness unless I enter. I have a duplicate of the chair like the one I have now in my living room. I have a computer, a television, and musical instruments including a piano. If you walk away from this area, you move into the dark. I don't know where or how far it goes but you can look back and see the light of my living areas receding.

This is where I live when I am between constructed lives. I have the same level of omnipotent inventiveness here but am aware of everything. I can have visitors of my own design. I can pull people from my lives into my presence. It is part of heaven. Just in real time. I can change it but it is always the same in my visions. It is the familiar, my home base, a safe port in the storm of created lives. I think I will spend a lot of time there.



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