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Gooley Ducks and Naked Physicists

Part XXVIII

Amalgamated Monkey Bars or Homo Pax Orbis

D. and S. Birks

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Editing contributions by Daniel Birks

Abstract: An allegory of modern science.

Part XXVIII

Moving in silent desperation, keeping an eye on the Holy Land.

A hypothetical destination...

Ahh, to have my pilgrim's passport stamped on the road to the land of milk and honey—where peace, justice, and truth reign supreme. But the promise of world peace? Is it really possible? What a challenge for science, *to create what has yet to be created*—a world free of war, crime, corruption, and conflict! Deliver us from evil? I wonder if there ever was such a time. Did peace ever exist on earth?

Hmm...in search of the ancient mystery: the lost—the missing peace? Discovering peace? This could open a whole new field of science! “Step right up! Get your Ph.D. in peace, here!” I could be the first “peace-ologist” in history! What fun! Travel to ancient ruins—excitement, danger, skeletons, snakes, spiders, scorpions, avoiding booby traps and fortune hunters; searching for the ultimate paleo-anthropological artifact—the original piece of peace.

And I don't wanna go out on a limb here, but...is that a banana boat I see in the bay? Has the world's ship come in? “Ahoy! Throw me the monkey's fist!” The scientific search for peace? Am I witnessing the arrival of a new species of *scientist* or of a new species of *human being*?

Woo-hoo! Lock up your daughters; there's a new frog in the pond! What a news splash! A revolution in evolution? This could be the dawn of a new chapter in human development! Holy primatologist, Jane Goodall! A new species of hominid? *Homo habilis*? *Homo erectus*? *Homo sapiens*? And now: *Homo pax orbis*? Yeah, dude, “World peace-man”—in a class all his own at Darwin College☺. I feel like a new man already! Evolutionist? I could be the first “Peace-olutionist!” I should write a book:

On the origin of the species: *The Evolution of Peace (Got your shorts on backwards? Don't slip on the banana peel!)*

Or, Breaking the great chain of being: *From Savagery, to Barbarism, to Civilization, to Peace?*

There you go! A definitive collection of short stories and tall “tails!” It could begin like this:

*So oftentimes it happens that we live our lives in chains,
and we never even know we have the key...*

The peace will set you free? Evolve to peace? Peace the new missing link?
Now there's a novel concept!

My Grandpa used to tell me you can only stretch a rubber band so far and so many times.

But let's see...can I really evolve? Perhaps I'll stretch my philosophic wings, for a moment.
(Maybe the wind's in my favor tonight!)

Hmm...always wanting more? *A locked door on a candy store?* Harboring visions of peace? Imagine if the truths of heaven were suddenly right there, for all the world to see: A wide brushstroke—a heavenly cerulean blue, blue window opens in the cobalt sky. Wisps of cadmium orange, flames of smoke clouds swirl along its edge. Rust clouds roll out from the wheels of celestial chariots; and, from a pure lemony soft yellow “son,” the Madonna, Elijah, and heavenly hosts emerge. Ahh, the glorious promise of peace and heaven painted in a poetry of color across the sky. The road to Damascus? But perhaps while I'm waiting for the beatific vision, maybe I can find an answer to peace right here on earth.

God breathes the soul into man and mortal dust becomes a house for the Eternal...

Yeah, man and woman were created in the image of God. And as a brushstroke on canvas gives away the hand of the artist, maybe if I look closely at this “molded clay,” I can discern not only the fingerprint of God's hand, but also perhaps the process and intent of creation—the purpose and meaning of life itself!

Wow! And, not to hold myself back (to stretch the rubber band a little further), what if my imagination were to entertain the impossible—to stand back to view the entire canvas of creation, elevating my mind to spread its wings and soar to see from the eagle's perspective? Would I find each of us to be the very particle of God science is searching for? Each replete with God's creative power of the universe, holding within the potential for all mathematics of matter, gravity, space and time—all attraction, repulsion, peace, love, life, art, and creation—all the faith and sciences of good and evil, of divine angels and treacherous gnomes?

Ooh! So I guess I don't need to provision an entourage of retainers—with *nabobs, gold mohrs, and palanquins*—to travel to the distant ends of the earth in search of the original piece of peace, or even the elusive particle of God.

All I have to do is look at the reflection in the mirror!

The God particle: Me?

Well, I'll be a monkey's uncle!

Maybe I don't have to evolve! At least not the way I thought!