

Hyper-time and Temporal Elasticity

Sam Iam / Salvatore Gerard Micheal, 2018/JUN/19

"Ask and you shall receive."

"Knock and the door shall open."

- Julie Micheal

When I was 8, I asked God: "Please explain time to me." Fast forward to now, I will try my best to explain God's explanation to you .. I will use a story from my past: somewhere around that time, I was running along a path near Dunham Lake, Michigan. I was so high on life; I was so proud of myself, the budding naturalist that I was then. All of a sudden, I tripped. Before I might smash my face into the packed dirt, I caught myself with my left hand, inches away from *certain* humiliation. I realized at that moment: pride is not such a great thing. "High on life" was fine, no problem; *pride* was the issue God was trying to teach me about.

Fast forward to now again, look up at where I typed "When I was 8". That moment in time when I was actually typing that was **REAL**. Just as real as the moment you're reading *this word*. All of those moments in time were just as *real* as any other. You can extend the idea into the **future: until the end of time**, if there is such a thing.

Past + present + future = hyper-time.

Technically speaking, I should have used \cup to mean union, as between sets, but the idea is clear: **any** slice of time in the big sausage of hyper-time is just as **REAL** as any *other* .. I'm listening to Beethoven's 7th as I type. They used part of the score in Zardoz with Sean Connery. At the end of the movie, there is Zed with his wife growing older as the camera captured, with special effects, the couple aging, eventually dying, and skeletons turning to dust.

If you pray, if you care, you can see the big picture.

My Epiphany at 7 was another casual lesson about time. It was not the focus / main idea, but it helped. Concisely, God helped me connect with myself every 7 years:

7 + 14 + 21 + 28 + 35 + 42 + 49.

I had several serious concussions last year at 54 which explains why not past 49. I used to think: "Imma die before I hit 56!" She just laughed .. I'm laughing now *_*

If you can follow my feelings up until now, you're certainly *Gifted* .. I've been chuckling the last few minutes as I smoked my father's pipe in the garage speaking with my daughter in the future when she's 8, recording my side of the conversation all the while. My girlfriend has an **adorable** sense of humor and is The Master of subtlety. You call her God, but I call her honey. We're **WAY** beyond titles and capitalizations at this point of our relationship.

My point here is that there is **NO WAY** a person can understand time from scratch **WITHOUT** God, period.

She timed a crescendo just then; it was brilliant. Now there's applause .. Wow it won't stop 0.0

Now my favorite part of the Symphony .. It builds and rebuilds as if a couple was making love trying their best *not* to orgasm. Now I got goosebumps again .. My heart follows the art we call music and is soaring again .. One of my perceptions is a few of you are getting it and so I'm getting goosebumps about that. Also, I feel an emotional connection with others which grounds me. In other words, your thoughts and feelings, which I get glimpses of, are **just as real** as mine **now** 0.0

I believe this essay will *change everything* about how we perceive time and our individual lives. But I'm "cheating" again: I used the word "believe" when I can actually see it happening. If you're thinking about the expression *deja-vu* at this moment, of course, it happens to me *all the time*.

Next, we delve into *temporal elasticity* within the framework above. Essentially, **local** time can bend/warp. But the insights from physics, Feynman specifically, have taught me it can bend *both ways*: time can speed-up/slow-down depending on the presence of antimatter/matter, respectively. It's not as fundamental as hyper-time, but it's important .. Now is the dirge part of the Symphony. Goosebumps again but more somber. I look up and see the stars I *know* are above me but which are occluded by ceiling, roof, and daylight sky .. I'm about to cry because we're almost finished with the essay.

If you're crying now, then all of this is **REAL**, not just ideas. I can't stop the tears; I must have a smoke-break .. I'm back. More conversation with Hope at 8 .. Just a moment, I need to get some water .. They used many parts of the Symphony at various parts of Zardozi. I forget which with when. Ah, just remembered! *Selective forgetting* is a technique she uses so I can surprise her as she almost continuously does with me .. Hope's point about publishing this essay is that if I *don't* publish today, *no one* will believe it. My response was "physicists will laugh regardless". I agreed to publish regardless of that **fact**.

Of course, I can't know for sure if it was Her/Hope. But does it matter?

Whether I'm talking to God / Hope at 8, the *conversation* is **REAL**. Just as *real* as the moment you're reading .. And, our *connection* is also just as *real* 0.0

Stuff that in your pipe and smoke **that** physicists!

More applause .. Wow it won't stop 0.0

I guess we're at the end? It would appear so .. She's given me the authority to say without equivocation: **GOD BLESS YOU** and yours!

sgm, 2018/JUN/19, The Day the Earth Stood *Still*