

## My Bushwhacked Brain

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At conception I was “bushwhacked,” meaning ambushed. Before birth my brain was set to function at less than its potential. “Urban myth” is what certain scientists label the commonly held belief that we use only 10% of our brains’ capability. Yet, spending one day casually observing my neighbors *proves* indeed some operate with less. That three pound wrinkly organ in our heads, many believe, is a remnant of better, brainier days.

Certain fundamentalist religious folk presume Adam and Eve enjoyed 100% functioning brains – before they sinned. When hearing this we imagine a much different world through our modern filters of the Industrial Revolution, the Age of Reason and cable television. Meaning, Adam and Eve’s 90% extra brain power would rocket us beyond what we are familiar with and into what we eagerly aspire to create.

True, if humans were originally made in God’s image, Adam and Eve’s 100% healthy brains must’ve been more like the Supreme Being’s heavenly sort-of-brain. Consider yourself enjoying such voluminous creative intelligence *without* a 90% increase of crazed emotions tagging along!

In ancient Israel, rabbis taught that God “numbers all the hairs on every human’s head.” Whether this included beards, moustaches and eyebrows is unclear. If true, then consider this. Earth’s population is over 7 billion. In the height of youth, each person has an average of at least 100,000 hairs (Google it). Then add the worldwide daily increase of 170,000 births over deaths requiring 170 billion or 170,000,000,000 new hairs to keep track of everyday. Bear in mind no head has a stable number; rather after reaching peak growth, a constantly decreasing quantity follows. This means God is personally aware of over 7 quintillion or 7,000,000,000,000,000 hairs – each individually numbered. (Personally, such a truth doesn’t do much for me when I can’t even pay my light bill.)

Perhaps perfect Adam and perfect Eve could’ve counted the multitude of hairs on the other’s head without needing a magnifying glass and without losing track of even one follicle. But what good were such abilities when they listened to *one* corrupt snake, who talked rebellion?

Therefore, I have two points to make about the Supreme Being. He enjoys counting everything little, and big. Quantity is never an issue. Plus, He remains vigilant on top of His accurate and staggering sums – doing the math in His head! I will present two proofs. Each makes me feel that my synapse snapping 10% brain activity really sucks.

I wonder after one’s death if God deletes these meticulous, yet outdated and presumably unnecessary records.

His benign interest in my ever-balding head gives me little comfort. Rabbis taught that God notices when a sparrow falls to the ground. If true, the gradual falling out of my hair surely must compete for attention against the death of a winged-creature.

Next case in point: the ancient Hebrew patriarch Abraham. During a one-on-one time, God, explained to Abraham that he would give him “descendants as numerous as the stars in the sky.” Astounding? Yes! Surely Abe must have thought, *Geez, that’s a heck of a lot of kids!*

Whatever the number of stars the patriarch could see with the naked eye he plainly understood that his descendants would be “beyond count.” Yet, he believed. (Bear in mind, using only fingers to count stars trips up anybody.)

I propose that the ancients had it easier to say to God “I believe.” We moderns still have a limited view of the heavens even with the aid of multiplied inventions of telescopes. But the ancients didn’t presume what astronomers discovered – there are millions of galaxies, each with billions of stars. (Kinda reminds me of all of them heads with all them hairs.)

The aforementioned religious fundamentalists simply accept these astronomical findings of grand celestial real estate and say, “Yeah, well...our God made those.” In fact, any and every technological discovery gets a confident, spiritualized affirmation. “Yep, and that one too. Uh-huh.”

Back to original sin and surviving with a bushwhacked, minimally functional brain. I limp along with an embarrassing 90% deficit because of God’s far reaching punishment begun in the Garden of Eden. This sucks. Really sucks. Cursed is the word.

Like the phenomena of phantom sensations, long after the amputation of a limb, there are days I feel some needed part of my brain is definitely not on board and has gone AWOL.

So I ask, did humans move past counting on fingers and toes, move on to the abacus, and then the calculator, and finally to the computer, in hopes to return to Paradise lost, and a God-like status?

I think you can count on it.

*These Things Make Me Grumpy...*