On God: A Personal Clarification

People have asked me for my view on God. This is not a scientific paper, and it is not a religious argument. It is a personal response to a question that has arisen repeatedly—sometimes from readers of my scientific work, sometimes from friends, and sometimes from myself.

The thoughts that follow are shaped by physics, by time, by loss, and by lived experience. They are not offered as doctrine or instruction, only as an attempt at clarity.

What Do We Mean by 'God'?

When people ask whether I believe in God, the question sounds simple. It is not.

Do we mean God as a single, all-powerful creator? God as the Christian Trinity—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit? God as a judge who rewards and punishes? Each of these refers to a very different idea, yet the same word is used for all of them.

To ask whether one believes in God without specifying which of these meanings is intended is to ask a question without a stable reference. Before I can answer honestly, the term itself must be examined.

The Problem with Calling God a 'Being'

Standard dictionary definitions describe God as a being. This is where I first begin to struggle.

A being exists within a framework. It has properties, limitations, and boundaries—even if those boundaries are vast. To call God a being is already to place God inside a system governed by rules.

If God is constrained by laws—logical, moral, or physical—then those laws are more fundamental than God. And if something more fundamental exists, then God is no longer ultimate. We are forced upward again, searching for the origin of the laws themselves.

For this reason, if the word 'God' is to mean anything coherent to me, it cannot refer to a being at all.

On Anthropomorphism

I do not believe God is a he, a she, or even an it. These are grammatical conveniences, not truths. They imply separateness, perspective, and location—features that belong to entities within reality.

If God exists, then God cannot be one thing rather than another. God would have to be all of these descriptions and none of them, not because God is vague, but because the categories themselves fail.

On Emotion and Projection

I also do not believe that God possesses the emotional frailties that define human experience.

Emotions such as anger, jealousy, or wounded pride arise from limitation. They presuppose vulnerability, surprise, and unmet expectation. To speak of an angry God is therefore to imply that God has acquired an emotional weakness—that something has happened to God that God did not anticipate or contain.

Such a conception places God inside time, reacting to events, rather than grounding them. Emotional volatility is not power; it is exposure.

On Punishment and Hell

I do not believe in punishment by God.

If we were made imperfect—limited in understanding, impulse control, and circumstance—then it cannot be a surprise that we act as imperfect beings. To punish creatures for being what they were made to be is not justice; it is contradiction.

This is not to remove accountability. Actions matter. Harm matters. Responsibility matters. But responsibility does not require eternal retribution.

The idea of hell as endless punishment strikes me as morally incoherent. I would not want even the worst serial killer tortured in prison, let alone tortured for eternity. And I cannot coherently believe that I am morally superior to God.

Eternal punishment does not magnify justice; it abolishes it.

Do I Matter?

At some point, the question becomes unavoidable. If I know that I exist, what does that imply about my place in reality?

Am I an insignificant extra in a vast, indifferent play—present, but ultimately irrelevant? Or does my part, however small, genuinely matter?

I do not believe the universe was made for me. The scale of reality is too large, too old, and too indifferent to support that view. But I also do not believe that I am incidental.

What feels truer to me is this: I was not made for my own sake, but I was made for the play. Not as its author, and not as its audience—but as a participant.

My existence is not the point of reality, but it is a consequence of it. And consequences matter. Reality does not generate spectators. It generates participants.

On Randomness, Connection, and Intention

When I look at the science I know, and at the way the world actually works, I find it increasingly difficult to believe that what we see is truly random.

At every scale we investigate—physical, biological, informational—the deeper we look, the more structure appears. Patterns give way to shared origins. Apparent independence resolves into connection. What once looked isolated turns out to be entangled, relational, and historically linked.

Randomness may describe our ignorance of causes, but it does not appear to describe reality itself. Beneath variability, there are constraints; beneath noise, there is structure; beneath difference, there is relationship.

These are not signs of something oblivious. They are signs—at least to me—of something operating with depth and coherence rather than indifference.

I do not take this as proof of intention in a human sense. I take it as evidence that reality is not blind to itself. If that is so, then my existence is not an interruption in reality, but an expression of it.

On Life After Death

Naturally, the question of life after death arises.

No one knows the answer to this definitively. Science does not settle it, and neither does philosophy. What remains are possibilities. I might disappear. I might live on in a new place or in a new way. I might be reborn, or I might wake up. I hold all of these as open, and I pretend certainty about none of them.

What I can speak to is what grief has taught me.

Grief has taught me that love persists. Whether people are here or have passed, love does not vanish. It remains active, shaping perception, memory, and meaning. To me, this persistence feels like a clue to something deeper. Love is more powerful than any other emotion—not because it overwhelms, but because it protects. It holds what is fragile safely in place. It cannot be broken in the way other emotions can. Love doesn't shatter while present—it may only withdraw. Other emotions can be broken *in situ*: confidence collapses, hope inverts to despair, anger exhausts itself into nothing. But love, while it exists, holds its shape.

It does not feel like something we invent. It feels like something we awaken to. As though love is already there, waiting to be recognised rather than created. When it appears, it does not agitate the self; it seems to detox it—quieting fear, dissolving defensiveness, and stripping away excess.

We recognise this most clearly when a child is born into the world. The love that arises is immediate, unconditional, and absolute. It requires no justification. It involves no calculation.

One would step into danger without hesitation, without weighing cost or consequence, to protect that child. In those moments, self-preservation falls away—not through heroism, but through love.

That kind of love does not feel like an emotion layered on top of our nature. It feels closer to the foundation of it.

I still feel the presence of Sophie, of my dog Ben, and of my parents. I have no evidence for what this means, and I do not claim it as proof of anything. But if asked what I believe, it is this: that something about us is not limited to this particular existence.

I do not experience this world as the totality of what we are. It feels more like the origin of a localized, finite perspective—a place where experience becomes constrained and personal.

Before that, there was potential without limit. And it is there—beyond constraint, beyond individuality—that those who have passed seem to have gone. Not to a place of reward or punishment, but to a state where separation falls away and connection to the deeper substrate of existence becomes complete again.

On Evidence Beyond Grief

I am also drawn to ask what evidence I have for these beliefs beyond grief itself.

I do not have proof, and I do not pretend to. What I have instead are a small number of converging hints—things that, taken together, make the picture I have described feel coherent rather than arbitrary.

One of these comes from reports of near-death experiences. I approach these cautiously. They are subjective, culturally filtered, and not scientifically decisive. And yet, across cultures and belief systems, certain features recur with striking consistency: a loss of fear, a sense of profound coherence, an experience of connection that feels more real than ordinary perception, and a conviction that consciousness is not extinguished by the failure of the body.

One account that has particularly affected me is that of Anita Moorjani. What matters to me is not the theological framing of her experience, but the structure of it: the dissolution of fear, the sense of unconditional belonging, and the claim that identity persists without being confined to the body. I do not take this as evidence in the scientific sense, but I do take it as testimony that aligns with the broader pattern I see elsewhere.

The second source of evidence is more abstract, and comes from my work on the nature of reality itself.

In studying time, constraint, and coherence, I am repeatedly led to the same idea: that beneath the world of change, there appears to be something invariant. A substrate that is perfectly coherent, timeless, and not composed of parts. I have referred to this as the Void—not as emptiness, but as undifferentiated potential.

The Void appears connected to all things precisely because it is prior to distinction. It does not act, decide, or intervene. It simply is. And yet, it functions as a point of origin for everything that later becomes local, bounded, and personal.

I do not claim that near-death experiences prove the existence of such a substrate, or that the Void explains them. What I notice instead is resonance. Both point away from annihilation and toward continuity. Both suggest that what we experience as separation may be a feature of localized existence rather than ultimate reality.

Taken together, these are not answers. But they are enough, for me, to make belief in total extinction feel less convincing than belief in continuation within a deeper, shared ground of being.