

Creating on Purpose

A Prelude

by Lion Goodman and Anodea Judith



It began with a sense of humor, and the capacity to design.

Celestials in the Department of Creation got to work, a smile on each exalted face. Out of darkness they created light so they could see what they were doing.

Stars and suns and supernovae burst with a bang out from that nothingness, spewing light beams in every direction. Into their cauldrons they stirred time and motion, spiraling into galaxies. An impossibly large space was needed to hold it, so a Universe was designed with expansion capacity.

They ran around in that seventh heaven, joyously creating one outrageous thing after another. Working in the back room, a quiet designer created eternity, then brought forth novelty to keep from getting bored.

Soon it got messy, so they created gravity to tidy things up. Billions of planets contracted out of dust, each a precious jewel against an empty space. Celestials went wild with these blank canvases, sculpting each sphere as a unique display of their artistry. Paint-pots overflowed into atmospheres and clouds, gases and liquids exchanged forms. Solid matter was worn down by the dance.

One dark night, moons became all the rage. They were hung up in skies, lighting up the darkness – one, two or three at a time.

To balance gravity, a jolly Celestial invented levity. They rolled on the ground, howling with laughter, until they were lifted into the air.

A genius from the abstract realm joined them. They shunned him at first, because acceptance had not yet been invented. But out from his imagination emerged numbers, mathematics, the division of things, and measurement. Not just integers, but algebra, calculus, and infinity. Duly impressed, the others patted him on the back and handed him an ornate certificate of extraordinary achievement.

Not to be outdone, another created recursion and fractal geometry. Now, mountains and fjords were a breeze to design, and the team went wild. In a few billion years, Mandelbrot would recognize the formula, but now it defined edges at every scale, from dust to landscapes. Complex trees were miniaturized and placed inside seeds

that could grow into trees that produced more seeds. This brilliant idea for abundance was heartily toasted with a round of celestial nectar.

Volcanoes were a big hit – hot red lava flowed down to wet seas. A jealous competitor brought forth waterfalls, and she was covered with romantic kisses.

The manager of biology approved plans for evolution, which kicked off a season of new fashions: skeletons, wings and teeth, fur and feathers, eyes and tongues. Scaly creatures emerged hungrily from eggs. When it got too crowded, eating was invented – and everything became food for something else.

One member of the team designed an ostrich, and they all burst into laughter. Another designed a nudibranch, which brought forth amazement and quiet smirks. Yet another crafted a mammoth, long tusks curved like scimitars. A fourth designed a human, and suddenly they all fell silent, sensing both awesome potential and terrible peril.

Wagging their tongues with arguments and ecstasy, the Celestials uttered languages into existence – not just one, but thousands, each with its own words and grammar. Wrapped in symbols and signs, they gifted language to the humans to help them get along, throwing in passion and sex, free will and human folly. Gossip appeared, and it ran through the office like wildfire, keeping everyone entertained, and a bit nervous.

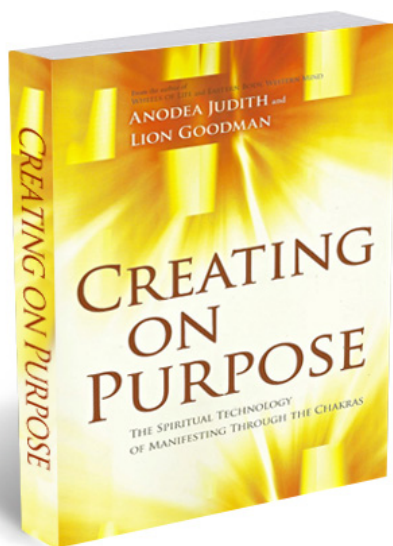
Then, a youthful member created story, character, and plot. Another embellished them with music and dancing. The entire company stood up applauding, begging for an encore.

In their symphony of creation, they called forth objects and concepts, ideas and analysis, beauty and artistry, thought and emotion, travel and stillness. In a frenzy of activity, they sweated and toiled in happy outbursts, wrestling and arguing, collaborating and innovating.

They somersaulted ideas into rough realities, smoothing them down with further modifications. They waved wands, bringing possibilities into being, until they fell down exhausted and giddy from the effort.

The Boss walked in, looked around at the mess and smiled. Her heart beamed love into every creation. “That was a good idea,” she thought. “I’m happy I dreamed it up. But it needs one more thing: purpose.”

And with that, she spun around and left for vacation.



**Creating On Purpose:
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