

*BIBLE SECRETS
TO UNLOCKING
THE GENIUS
WITHIN*

More than seventy years after his death, Albert Einstein continues to fascinate us. Every year, scholarly books are written about his theories, professional conferences are held to discuss his achievements, and new technical works are presented that debate the still-unanswered questions Einstein raised about the nature of space and time.

Not only has Einstein enjoyed enormous

credibility in scientific circles, but he's also been the subject of popular media. In 2005 Jean-Claude Carrière wrote a novel called *Einstein, S'il Vous Plaît (Please, Mr. Einstein)*. Walter Matthau played him in the film *I.Q.* Alan Lightman wrote a novel called *Einstein's Dreams*, and comedian Steve Martin wrote a play about him. He was the subject of Philip Glass's 1976 opera *Einstein on the Beach*. And an Australian filmmaker named Yahoo Serious (no kidding, that's his real name!) made a movie called *Young Einstein*.

On last count, if you type in "Albert Einstein" on Amazon.com, more than 27,000 references will appear, everything from *Einstein's Universe: Relativity Made Plain* to a book called *365 Days of Baby Einstein*. The number is increasing all the time.

Every year, *TIME* magazine gives an annual

Man of the Year award; in 1999, as the twentieth century drew to a close, it named Albert Einstein as Man of the *Century*. And of course, I didn't need to tell you all that in order for you to know that "Einstein" is basically a household word.

Few people, however, know much about him, except for his most famous equation $E = mc^2$. However, as you explore his life, particularly the early years, you will find many fascinating stories. For example, few people realise that Einstein was a very late talker. Even at nine years old he wasn't fluent in his native German, and his parents feared he might be mentally deficient. His early scholastic achievements were patchy. According to Einstein's biographer Ronald W. Clark, when his father asked Albert's schoolmaster what profession his son should pursue, the schoolmaster replied, "Well, it doesn't matter; he'll never make a success

of anything.” Imagine that: Albert Einstein, destined to be a *failure*.

In 1895, at the age of sixteen, Albert Einstein took the entrance examination for the Swiss Federal Institute of Technology. While he achieved exceptional results in physics and mathematics, he did not achieve the required standard in the general part of the examination, and was not admitted to the Institute until he had completed a further year of study.

Within ten years, however, this struggling school teacher, who also served as a minor civil servant in a patent office in Bern, Switzerland, had written four papers on physics that had literally changed our understanding of the universe. Initially, the world at large could have had no concept of how profoundly Einstein would change the world.

By 1921, Einstein had shot to fame. It was at that time that a young student approached him with the opinion that Einstein's formula, $E = mc^2$, meant that the atom could be split to create a nuclear weapon. Einstein brushed him off, voicing the opinion that such a concept was foolishness. Of course, history played out differently: about 24 years later, nuclear weapons were indeed invented, based on Einstein's formula, and we entered the nuclear age—for better or for worse.

I'm not going to pretend to be able to explain Einstein's theories, but let us consider a simple illustration of one of his basic premises. Let's say we have a pair of twins – Hans and Louie. Hans has loved planes and rockets all his life, and trained to be an astronaut. But Louie is different, because he doesn't like heights. He doesn't even like looking out a second story window. So the boys grow up and pursue different careers:

Hans becomes an astronaut, and Louie becomes an accountant.

At thirty years of age, Hans takes off on a thirty-year mission in a rocket that can travel near the speed of light: 180,000 miles per second. At this speed, you can circumnavigate the world seven times in one second. The brothers say good-bye, and Louie watches Hans blast off in the rocket. The years go by. Louie marries, has children and gradually ages. The usual characteristics of ageing appear: grey hair, wrinkles, a little arthritis in the knees, a little thickening around the waist. After thirty years, Hans returns from space. Louie runs out to meet him but can't believe what he sees. Louie looks all of his 60 years, and he expects Hans to look very similar. However, Hans doesn't look any older than the day he left. In fact, according to *Hans'* calendar, he had been gone only two years.

How could that be? Einstein taught that when you get close to the speed of light, time slows down, and what was thirty years for Louie only felt like two years for Hans. This is a very simple explanation of the difficult theory of relativity. That theory gave us explanations for the universe that filled in some of the gaps in Newton's discovery of the laws of gravity.

Picture this scene: the youthful Albert Einstein, in the midst of looking at other people's patents for devices such as mouse traps and dog collars, determines that the faster you move the slower time passes! According to the maths, he appears to be right.

As Einstein's accomplishments increased, so did a general fascination with his brain. His mind was indeed remarkable! A few years later, Einstein developed another even more complex theory. The only problem was that

the theory's experimental verification was delayed for some years due to World War One. In the meantime, Einstein was asked this question: "Suppose the experiment proves your theory wrong?"

Einstein, supremely confident, replied, "So much worse for the experiment. The theory's right."

The theory did indeed prove to be correct, and humanity's understanding of the world changed forever.

Now of course, Einstein's story has its flip side, too. One woman tells the story of Einstein at a very formal and correct black-tie party given in his honour. She noticed Einstein sitting with a group of impeccably dressed guests, in his tuxedo, but not wearing any socks.

On another occasion, a person who lived

in the same town as Einstein recounted the story of a man wearing a hat and sunglasses, who approached him on the street and asked directions to a house. The strange thing was that the house was Einstein's and the person asking was also Einstein. In spite of all his genius, he couldn't find his own home!

No wonder the fascination with Einstein and his brain continues. Such genius and such eccentricities contained within the one person!

The fascination with Einstein's brain took a ghoulish twist soon after he died. The doctor who performed the autopsy actually stole Einstein's brain, supposedly for medical research. The bizarre rumour circulated that an ophthalmologist got Einstein's eyes and would occasionally bring them out at parties to amuse his guests.

The doctor who stole the brain never did any real research on it, and supposedly gave out pieces over the next thirty years to his friends and other researchers. Towards the end of his life, the doctor, perhaps feeling guilty, contacted Einstein's closest relative, a granddaughter living in California, offering to return what was left of the brain. A journalist named Michael Paterniti heard about it and offered to drive the doctor from the east to the west coast of America. The doctor accepted the offer, and Paterniti wrote a book about the experience. *Driving Mr. Albert* narrates the story of their cross-country trip carrying the remains of Albert Einstein's brain sloshing around in a Tupperware container filled with formaldehyde.

At the end of the journey, Paterniti sat in the car with Einstein's granddaughter in front of her apartment building. They

opened the Tupperware container and she picked up a few of the pieces of the brain. With her grandfather's brain in her hand, she commented how they could, perhaps, make some nice jewelry out of it. And then she said something very interesting. With the greatest brain of the modern era in her hand, she said, "So *this* is what the fuss is all about?"

Here they were, holding in their hands the literal, physical source of some of the most profound and world-changing ideas in history. The question that comes immediately to my mind is this: could Einstein, with all of his genius, all his ideas and passions really be limited to these material tissues—those rills and crevices of neurons and fibres—sitting in their hands? Is that really what all the fuss was about? In the end, was Albert Einstein nothing but a tangible substance—a body of flesh and bones, a lump of grey brain

matter, and nothing more?

We must then ask that same question about ourselves. Are we purely physical beings, who exist solely as a result of physical laws that give off emotions, ideas, art, and creativity in the same way as the stomach gives off peptic acid? Are we no more than physical phenomena, the motion of atoms, the synthesis of proteins, and the flow of blood and hormones? Can we reduce Albert Einstein's genius to the flow of chemicals and atoms? Could doctors find the secret of Einstein's genius by dissecting the physical structure of his brain?

The answer to that question is contained in the larger issue of human origins. If we are merely the chance products of physical forces alone, as so many scientists and philosophers believe, then the only conclusion we can draw is that we are merely physical beings

living in a physical world, with nothing transcendent above or beyond us.

Most people learned in high school that a massive explosion occurred billions of years ago, that hot globules of matter formed all over the universe. Some of them, including the substance that made our earth, cooled and condensed. Over time, warm pools of water formed, in which simple proteins and amino acids mysteriously emerged. Over time, somehow, they turned into primitive life. Over millions and millions of years, this primitive life evolved in a vicious battle of survival of the fittest. Eventually, amongst other things, they turned into Einstein's brain.

Of course, that kind of thinking leaves you feeling rather empty. I like how sociologist Peter Berger phrased it: "There is really nothing very funny about finding oneself stranded, alone, in a remote corner of a

universe bereft of human meaning—nor about the idea that this fate is the outcome of the mindless massacre that Darwin, rather euphemistically, called natural selection.” I for one agree with this conclusion.

French biologist and atheist Jacques Monod wrote: “The ancient covenant is in pieces; man knows at last that he is alone in the universe’s unfeeling immensity, out of which he emerged only by chance. His destiny is nowhere spelled out, nor is his duty. The kingdom above or the darkness below: it is for him to choose.”¹

I’m not quite sure just where Mr. Monod thinks he’s going to find a “kingdom above”

¹ Monod, J. (1972). *Chance and necessity: Essay on the philosophy of modern biology* (A. Wainhouse, Trans.). Sydney, Australia: HarperCollins. (Original work published 1970)

in a godless universe where we all emerged by chance. But that aside, if I accepted his idea that we are indeed alone in the universe, I think I'd start to feel a little pessimistic, too.

However, I *do not* accept that view, not at all. I have a totally different view of human origins. I believe that we are here because a loving Creator, the God revealed in the pages of the Bible, created us and breathed into us what the Bible calls “the breath of life” (Genesis 2:7).

I believe we are here not because “in the beginning cold, mindless, uncaring forces magically evolved into the heavens and the earth,” but because “In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth” (Genesis 1:1).

Humans are not here because of evolution

or natural selection or genetic mutation, but because God said:

“Let Us make man in Our image, according to Our likeness; let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, over the birds of the air, and over the cattle, over all the earth and over every creeping thing that creeps on the earth.” So God created man in His own image; in the image of God He created him; male and female He created them. Then God blessed them, and God said to them, “Be fruitful and multiply; fill the earth and subdue it; have dominion over the fish of the sea, over the birds of the air, and over every living thing that moves on the earth” (Genesis 1:26-28).

This is the only account that really makes sense.² It gives us the meaning in life that we all crave. There is a reason for our existence; somebody *wanted* us here. And because that

someone is our Creator, I worship Him.

Directly related to the concept of a God who created us is the question of morality. If we accept the atheistic view of our origins, then we have to admit that ideas like good and evil, or right and wrong, are nothing but human concoctions—the products of culture only. And if you accept that morality is something invented by humans, you run into a major problem. If one culture says it's permissible to throw young virgins into an active volcano in order to appease the gods of the underworld, then who is allowed to condemn the practice? By what authority can they criticise that behaviour?

² For more on this, see, for instance, Ashton, J. (2012). *Evolution impossible: 12 Reasons why evolution cannot explain the origin of life on earth*. Green Forest, AR: Master Books.

What gives one culture the right to judge the moral codes and traditions of another culture, especially if we all came into existence by random chance? What basis do you have for *morality*? The answer, it would seem, is none.

I simply do not believe this. Not only do I believe in a Creator God, but I also believe in a moral God: He is the great Lawgiver who gave us a perfect moral code. Far from being an outdated set of dos and don'ts from some ancient, outmoded religion, the Ten Commandments remain God's standard for right and wrong today. They are laws that simply make *sense*.

Consider the first commandment, which perfectly illustrates this point. It says, very simply,

“You shall have no other gods before me”

(Exodus 20:3). This is the first commandment because there *are* no other gods. Our God has created us; so logically, He is the One we should worship. This means that right from the start, from the very first commandment, He sets the foundation for everything that follows. He *has* to come first in our lives because all we have comes from Him.

The famous political activist Bertrand Russell spent time in jail back in 1918 for his opposition to World War One. During a regular prison routine, his friendly prison officer asked Bertrand Russell what his religion was. Russell replied that he was an agnostic. The uneducated officer was initially puzzled. Then he brightened with the reply, “I guess it’s alright. We all worship the same God, don’t we?”

The fact is that we do not all worship the same God. Popular thinking in today’s

world is contrary, but there really is only one God: the God introduced in the Bible, who created the world. Just as there is a special sense in which an artist “owns” a piece of art that he or she has made, so we belong to God. He has the right to be first in our lives. That’s why, when asked about the greatest commandment, Jesus said, “You shall love the LORD your God with all your heart, with all your soul, and with all your mind. This is the first and great commandment” (Matthew 22:37, 38).

You simply cannot observe this commandment if you have other gods that come ahead of Him.

Notice, too, that Jesus said this was “the *first* commandment”. But doesn’t the first commandment read, “You shall have no other gods before me”? Yes, and that’s exactly the point. Here, Jesus is *interpreting*

the first commandment, telling us that it means you will love the Lord your God with everything you have.

Consider this example. A man, seemingly committed to his wife and family, had a series of lovers over many years. When his wife discovered his infidelity, she was devastated and angry. You can imagine how she felt when he tried to explain that in spite of all those other women, he still loved her with all his heart, his soul and mind. Of course, she rejected that argument, because when you love someone with everything you have, there's no room for anyone else.

This is an analogy for our relationship with God. It's an exclusive relationship, one that makes really good sense.

Consider this verse in the book of Daniel. It speaks of "the God who holds your breath in

His hand and owns all your ways” (Daniel 5:23).

When Daniel speaks of “the God who holds your breath,” he is describing the God who not only made you, but who also keeps you alive. He’s the God described in the New Testament like this: “For in him we live, and move, and have our being” (Acts 17:28).

In this God we *live*, we *move*, we have our *being*, *our very existence!* This is the reason He *must* come first, He *must* be loved with all our hearts, with all our souls and with all our minds. That is the first great commandment in God’s moral law.

If you are a normal human being, you will ask the question, “But what’s in it for *me*?” It might be a selfish question—even an inappropriate one—but it is natural for us to ask it. The good news is that from beginning

to end, God's law was actually written *for* your good. Consider the *logic* of that first commandment. If there are no other gods, and the Creator God holds your life together, don't you think it makes excellent sense to walk in step with Him?

Everything you have, without exception, comes from Him. Even after you threw it all away, He paid the ultimate price to give it back to you. And He wants to give you more. He wants to give you better things. In fact, He has a remarkable plan for better living. Go into any bookstore, and check out the self-help section, and you'll find hundreds of books. Some of them are very good, but not one of them comes anywhere close to the kind of living you'll enjoy when you mold your life to fit God's moral guidelines. They were, after all, developed by the One who made you in the first place. The Ten Commandments paint a picture of a

remarkably loving God.

To live by those principles, you don't need to be a genius. You don't need a brain like Einstein's. Yours will do just fine.