

*The reason it hurts so much to separate is because our souls are connected-* Nicolas Sparks

The famous BBC Show called Doctor Who has a concept. It's called Dimensional transcendentalism. What it means is that an object looks bigger on the inside. The Time Lords discovered a way to put a full-size ship inside a little cover. In that show, it was a police box called the Tardis. Everyone who stepped inside the box said the same thing "it's bigger on the inside."

What if God was a Time Lord? I'm just kidding, but am I? How big is the soul? How big is eternity? How big is God? These are fun questions. One of those questions ask's "can God make something he cannot lift?" Why ask? People just want to disprove God as nonsense. Yet, we exist. We have built things we cannot lift. Questions about the soul are nonsensical too. There are many arguments about the soul. One group says yes, of course it exists. Another denies it. Other radical groups put a twist on the subject by giving substance to the soul like a ghost. The subject of the soul is bigger than we think.

Clearly, we exist physically. There are Greek philosophical arguments against that. People have character and feelings, right? Can meat have that? Aren't we flesh? Yet, here we are crying and laughing with passion. There is a word called metaphysical. It tries to understand the relationship between the body and soul. How can they be one? How could the spiritual and physical exist or combine?

One interesting story relates to two accidents. One man is killed in a car accident and his body is destroyed. All that remains is his head. Another man had his head taken off in a motorcycle accident. His body is fine. The doctors rushed the two men to the operating table.

They reattached the head to the body. Of course, the question is: who survived? The man with the head or the other with the body?

This brings me to another question. Where is the soul? If you don't like soul, then where does your character exist in your body? Is it the brain or heart? My wife might think I exist in another part of my anatomy. Do we die or do we move on? What moves on? What is the real difference between people and animals? Is it a soul? Animals are territorial, hunters, and instinctual. They don't work it out. They don't find new ways. I suppose there are exceptions but for the most part animals act like animals. People on the other hand are all over the map. The idea that God made us individually seems to work. Descartes said "*I think therefor I am.*" Is rational thought and deduction called a soul?

The quote at the beginning and the Doctor Who Tardis seemed fitting. Our character seems to change and grow: bigger on the inside? We can't physically see character but clearly something changes in time. It seems there are no limits to its size. What connects us to people? Sometimes we get weird feelings about a person, place, or thing? I mention a certain name and my wife goes "humph." It means something to her. I mention a scary place like Auschwitz and my daughter flinches. I am spooked by a pentagram for no reason. White noise and flickering lights raise the hair on our necks. Why? Does our character or soul extend outside our body?

We think the soul is on the inside. Yet, time after time our soul knows things that can only touch others outside. Is the soul bigger than we think? I have always thought it was like an aura about us. It seems to me were electrical. We feel things. We sense things. When one soul encounters another, things change. We can instantly fall in love. People get good or bad vibes about another. I think it's two souls touching or communicating. We all have noticed a room

change and become oddly different when certain people enter. Is it their character, nature, bad vibes, or a soul?

God says, in a union, we become one. One what? Nicholas Sparks agrees. A union seems to create one of something. I had a girl ask me for sex once. I was not really interested. Yet, she wanted it. I asked her if it would mean something in the morning. She said yes. So, I said no. I'm not arrogant. It's not rude. I only wanted to sleep with someone I connect with, a soul mate. You can call me a feely type of person. I want a meaningful connection to another soul.

I am invested with my friends. That should not be taken lightly. That's why I have friends and so few lovers. I am so grateful that I have so many women friends from my past. We are friends directly because there was no sex. Trust me, my divorce made a case for two souls becoming one. That rip has never healed on both sides. Lovers that lose a soul connection often become strained adversaries.

With relationships I see the same things. Two people meet and are forever changed. Bill Gates and Steve Jobs. Sampson and Delila. I'd like to think McDonalds and my tummy. When I see those golden arches, I feel something. When I met my wife, something changed. There are things we willingly attach ourselves to like a wife or a Big mac. What are you willing to attach your soul too?

Could we attribute a soul to a hamburger? Maybe, but probably not. I feel it comes down to trust. Our soul defines who we are inside. We guard our soul. Many of us never share our soul with another because the risk is too big. I think that's why trust takes time. Some things need to grow on us. It takes time to warm up to the idea. At McDonalds I trust their consistency. In a

marriage I trust the vow. I think that is why divorce is so harsh on a soul. Trust is smashed when a vow is revoked. How often do people go back to a restaurant after food poisoning: never!

There are many reasons I believe in a soul. We so easily and usually without hesitation attach ourselves to a person or thing. There must be a better explanation beyond hormones and food drive. I believe we inadvertently give something permission to touch our soul. There is a silent exchange of “yes.” Yes, to Pepsi and no to coke. Yes, to chicken and no to liver. That girl on the bus? Yes! The boy next door? No! Sometimes it’s unexplainable why.

Now does McDonalds have a soul? That depends on who you ask. Yet, a big mac has changed me. There are feelings towards the golden arches. I just know we feel something through distances. Call it chemicals or hormones if you like. Call it the spiritual. Anyway, you slice it, we see, feel, and experience change through our interactions. A rape makes sex different. A demonic movie can freak us out. The dark is never the same. Yet, it’s just a movie isn’t it? Is rape just sex? No, heavens no! Yet, there is something deeper to those experiences. We are forever changed by them.

The sad part is bad people. They can ruin our lives. People do move on in life. Many courageous victims overcome tragedy. Yet, a bad encounter changes us. I am positive many people never quite get past it. Once bitten, twice shy is real. Getting burned makes us cautious. I call it the invasion of the soul. From birth we have a fairly clean soul. It’s hungry to learn. I feel a soul is like a camera and tape recorder all rolled into one. Attaching experience, feelings, and emotions to the scenes it records. Are they filed in our soul?

I know someone that claimed sexual touching as a kid ruined her. It changed her soul. Why did she say that? It’s because something was wrong. Yet, she did not know what it was.

Wrong or right it appears her soul recorded the whole thing. Twenty years later, through counseling, it all came flooding back unawares to her. On the other end, she accused a small boy of sexually touching her all those years before. That incident changed the whole family. People have never felt the same about everyone involved. A soul changes our soul. The invasion begins.

A woman sees a man and they date. He is rough, handsome, yet seemingly nice. Six years later the rough turns into drinking and beating. She leaves and never dates again. A soul crushed. Who's fault? She could have picked better. He could have acted better. It's two souls that knew trouble. Yet, they let it slide. Sixteen years later their daughter marries a drunk. Souls change and souls are diverted by bad actions. Unfortunately, we can affect other souls. The invasion part is that half the time it's not our call. A bad soul enters our life unannounced. Call it rape, anger, abuse, or a bottle. Our soul did not ask for it. There was an invasion.

I met two girls that changed me on the spot. I know people that had one bad experience and were forever changed. I think of the Movie Red Dawn. Imagine having an invading force destroy your town. They destroy your family and friends. Everything was changed by no fault of your own. In the beginning you are alive, bright, and happy with life. Then comes an invasion of the soul like an unexpected army.

A bad person does something to you. They say a derogatory word that infects your image. Maybe you got humiliated. Yet, there you stand in the aftermath. Sure, you survived, but everything else inside of you took a hit. Imagine being abandoned after it's all over. There you stand holding what's left. An invasion is not just a thing that has happened. No, it takes away things we used to love.

I loved music. After the divorce I did not touch music for years. That whole event rubbed me the wrong way. I got drunk at fifteen on gin. I can't even stand the smell to this day. My wife saw a show on the down side of the soft drink Coke. She has never touched it since. In the Bible it says we let things enter through the eye gate. I wonder if that has a direct line to the soul gate. We are forever changed so easily.

In war, it could be a family or a town that gets ruined. In a soul invasion it's possibly sex, sacred places, or people. How does a rape affect your comfort level with men? I have a friend who said he would never marry again after divorce. A woman I know was haunted by pretty girls. She was terribly uncomfortable in the presence of attractive women. What happened? Somewhere along the way she told she was ugly. Who marched into these people's souls? Who killed, maimed, and crushed their reason for joy?

Relationships are a wonderful thing. Don't you find it interesting that God made a woman for Adam? Just think outside the box. A deity creates a creature. Somehow, he noticed that the creature needed another. He tried animals, but that didn't cut it. So, God makes something similar. Something that could talk, cry, and laugh with his creation. There is no doubt we need other humans. I totally think that our soul reaches out to find other souls. In creation, God made sure of that.

Yes, a bad soul might change a good one. Part of me thinks it's a process. Prick a soul and it is smarter the next time. It's how we evolve. I wish a soul could just grow and thrive all on its own. But no, hurt, pain, love and disappointment are required. That's how it works. The invasion is hard and complicated. We did not ask for it. I know in a break up one person is still in love. Yet, it's like the van lines moving company sneaks in the middle of the night and took all

the furniture. You wake up the same as you always did. Yet, things are gone. Somethings missing. You didn't see it coming. What happens to your soul: you learn.

I've known sadness. I've known emptiness. But, it's not all that bad. There is also an invasion of love. What happens to a relationship when love enters unannounced? One winter, long ago, I spent night after night with friends. We walked and walked the streets just hanging out, laughing and joking. Then, the phone rings and it's one of my brothers' friends wanting to talk. I have never been the same since that night. She invaded my heart and turned my soul afire. I love the movie *Sound of Music*. One scene has the young nanny dancing with the master of the house. Master and servant as it always had been. Suddenly, a turn in the dance and they stop face to face. Eyes locked and souls are touching. No one moves as the air is sucked out of the room. Love invades the soul.

Berlin sings "it takes my breath away." The cutting crew exclaims "I died in your arms tonight." Yet, I can hear Bonnie cry "a total eclipse of the heart." Taylor Swift promises she'll never risk it." Are they all talking about the heart or soul? Is it the best of times or the worse? An invasion of the soul is euphoric and chaotic. Our lives are never the same. I truly believe we need to take the soul seriously. Guard it wisely.

We desire relationships. At the cost of our soul? Bad people are soul killers. They could not care less who they scar. Have you ever met someone who just exhausts you? There are those who give energy and take it. Is it possible your soul is being lifted up or sucked dry? Thousands of songs repeat the invasion. Hundreds of movies try and touch our hearts. All of them telling the stories of affected souls.

Two quick stories. One is well known. Ozzie Osborne sings a song called *Suicide Solution*. A teenage boy is listening to it on the verge of life or death. He likes the solution and kills himself. In court, the parents argued that Ozzie pushed their son over the edge. The judge said no. Yet, a hint remains. Who influences a soul? What words can crush a heart? Can rejection kill a soul? I don't know, but we do seem moved and changed by many things.

Secondly, we have a simple one called twitter-pated. No, it's not social media. Walt Disney made a movie called Bambi. In the spring, the three young friends make a pact to never fall in love. The wise owl called it twitter-pated. One by one they fall in love. The animation is awesome. There is Bambi walking away from his love-struck friends. He is defiant and confident in himself. Then enters his long-time friend Feline. She comes into the light and Bambi stumbles backwards into the water. A kiss on the cheek and the buck is done. His eyes glaze over. a soul is instantly changed.

The invasion is real. Our soul will never win in this life. A bad person will change the course of your soul. A love interest will change how we view the world. A soul in love is an amazing sight. Our actions change the souls of our children. God warns to the third and fourth generation. Yes, the right time and place will make two souls in a relationship either a magical miracle or a disastrous encounter.

It seems the soul hasn't a chance. The wizard tells the tin man how lucky he is to not have a heart. Yet, he says to the wizard "*I still want one.*" We still want relationships regardless of the risks posed by people. There are so many people who want to find their soul mate. Why? It is what fairytales are made of. It's a great story and a magical adventure like Aladdin. I believe our soul is forever reaching out and touching the world.



What's important here is people. Who do we let touch our soul? I realize it's not that simple. An invasion can be a surprise. It can also be for-warned. People did tell me to avoid my first wife. For some reason we need to risk our soul. It's how we grow. However, how we deal with an invaded soul is another matter. As we head further into this book, relationships will be key. Let's now return to relationships in the next chapter.