# Hope Can = Heaven

When we listen to stories of humans, of life and of death, we fail to fathom the complexity of the stories of all those who have lived before us. We tend to forget the hundreds of generations of humans that lived, worried, loved, and died prior to you being where you are now. You forget you are a miracle of chance experiencing a sliver of infinite possibility on a rock with all these other carbon units, a vast majority you've yet to meet.

Sometimes I think about humanity in the same way I think of pointillism, which is the artistic technique of painting thousands of microdots on a canvas, that contrast and compliment each other in a multitude of colors. From up close these dots seem nonsensical, even plain wrong- a blue dot next to a yellow dot, that from further away appears \*white.\* From a distant viewpoint these individual dots combine to make an intricate scene. Each life is simply a tiny colorful dot, complimenting and contrasting with those neighboring, blending to contribute towards a bigger picture, a bigger goal.

We realize our planet and everything we care about is a speck in this vast space-time spectrum. A vast space-time spectrum that we have a chance to give great meaning to, to explore, a chance to create from.

How many of us actually daydream about the goal of humanity in the universe?

How many of us allow ourselves to feel the specialness of being here right now, to have such an opportunity, to have the ability to shape the planet to a manifestation that represents the human race.

We’ve come a long way, and \*we can go a long way too\*. We could quite literally inherit the universe, to make it OURS, not for the sake of possession, but for the sake of protection, of observation of its infinite beauty. For the sake of UNIVERSAL flourishing.

So far, every human has died a martyr for evolution. What is the end goal for all this creation and loss? Are we really going to let it all go to waste?

Let’s take a moment to imagine what our future could be. Imagine a future world where we are free from our current limitations. Free from biological time. Free from aging, death, disease and biological fragility. Free from spatial limits. From being constrained to one planet, even though we barely have time to appreciate it already.

We can spread through the universe, inhabiting and stabilizing planets in the way that our ancestors did with Earth’s countries. But instead of applying borders like we did previously, we will have transcended them.

Imagine this time where each individual's intelligence is respected. Imagine this time where universal flourishing combines with a universal interconnectedness. Imagine a collective understanding giving everyone a deep consideration and compassion for all life, and all matter.

Imagine a time when everything- all the cells, all the DNA, all the stars, all their frameworks are understood. Not for the sake of domination, but to ensure that they are the best possible form of themselves, for whatever their purpose may be within this bigger picture. Maybe THAT is the end goal of love. To create the most beautiful painting of them all. The painting of us, together, as the ones who danced eternally into infinite utopias.

Where the love never needs to die, where entropy no longer claims dominion in the end. Imagine a world where we could explore with full scope, for as long as we wanted, every idea, every concept, every location we could imagine. To go from dancing with the stars to dancing in the stars, with all of our favorite carbon units who we persevered through this final stage with.

Imagine a world of life expansion, accompanying radical life extension. Imagine all the things that will be possible. All the potential art, all the potential beauty, all the potential creation and ideation. What will life look like free from the shackles of time? I doubt our imagination can do it Justice.

We may assume our ability to fathom what potential the future holds. Yet history has shown us that the impossible often becomes possible, and that the dreams that seem out of our reach become very real and beyond what we ever could have dreamed of. The current dream we are in was impossible to imagine or hope for hundreds of years ago.

Every one of humanity’s achievements is simply a manifestation of how high we have previously aimed. Ask yourself what’s the grandest vision that humanity could aspire to? Can we really set any limits on what our future can hold?

If we were born at such a time and place where we can truly manifest all our wildest dreams, why would we ever choose to believe we won’t. what are the chances that THIS, what we have now, was really not meant to be.

And even if it’s all random hocus pocus, if we believe our wildest dreams are possible, don’t they have a higher chance of being reality?

Our dreams are only limited by our hope for the future. If we can see the past and present in a positive light, we can realize how perfectly set up things are for a magical future, and we can further dream and see how our actions can help shape it.

All I hope is that YOU can hope with me.

If you cannot fathom how the grass is greener on the other side.

RED

Have you ever been a conscious observer who experienced