JESUS CHRIST:
the Way, the Truth, the Life, and the Hypotenuse

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Thesis

We humans, with a soul, may learn from recent advancements regarding natural complexity in order to find peace...
Pythagoreean theorem

$a, b$ are legs and $c$ is hypotenuse

\[ a^2 + b^2 = c^2 \]

\[ a = b = 1 \Rightarrow c = \sqrt{2} \approx 1.4142 \ldots \]
A game for kids

\[ h = (0.7 \cdot 2)^3 \]
A game for kids

\[(p + q)^n\]

game defines a multiplicative cascade
After $n = 12$ levels

interwined **thorns** via layers having distinct densities

ultimate support on each of the layers is **dust**

game generates a **multifractal** measure
Another game for kids

50%  
0 1/3

50%  
2/3 1

::
Another game for kids

cascade yields equal disjoint thorns over dust
varying the hole size gives topologically the layers on first game

Moral: the two games are intimately related
Accumulated clay

...simply from the dynamics of the games

notches above: \( P(1/2) = 0.7, \ P(1/4) = 0.49, \) etc.
plateaus below: \( P(1/3) = P(2/3) = 0.5, \) etc.
Accumulated clay

cumulative sets have no derivatives and are locally flat
they universally have maximal lengths:
\[ d\{(0, 0), (1, 1)\} = 2, \; p \neq 1/2, \; h \neq 0 \]
...also found combining the games and adding randomness
A veritable deception

...a devil’s staircase...
Fully developed turbulence
(Meneveau and Sreenivasan, 1987)

\[ Re = \frac{v \cdot L}{\nu} \gg 1 \]

layers in one-dimensional turbulence as in first cascade
dissipation: atmospheric, boundary layer, wake of a cylinder...

\[ p = 0.7 \]
universal
Our turbulent times

inequities
discrimination
competition
forced equality
disparities
fear

selfish postures and actions

2/3 of the world under poverty

6,000 kids die a day for lack of water

violence and terror...
An optimal system?

\[ p = 0.7 \]
\[ n = 20 \]

5, 10, 20 and 40\% largest thorns have 57, 70, 84 and 95\% of the mass
An optimal system?

\[ p = 0.7 \quad n = 20 \]

5, 10, 20 and 40\% largest thorns have 57, 70, 84 and 95\% of the mass

this is quite close to **USA**: 59, 71, 84 and 95\%

**Warning**: as both cascades are **dissipative**, riding them lead us to “**bite the dust**”
Common sense code for peace

run cascade in reverse to achieve unity
“cut mountains and fill valleys” to restore equilibrium
live at low Reynolds numbers to avoid violence
Common sense code for peace

run cascade in reverse to achieve **unity**
“cut mountains and fill valleys” to restore **equilibrium**
live at **low** Reynolds numbers to avoid violence:

\[d = \sqrt{2}\]

\[Y = X\]

**Level 0**

50-50

**50-50**

No holes

a **unique** solid solution without **thorns** and **dust**
the **hypotenuse** is the pathway of **peace**!

**Moral:** humbly love everyone to find **unity**, \(x^0 = 1 = 0.999...\)
A veritable invitation
to the origin...
A reminder of our options

- equilibrium \quad \text{turbulence}
- calmness \quad \text{violence}
- conduction \quad \text{dissipation}
- rectitude \quad \text{wickedness}
- fifty-fifty \quad \text{thorns}
- shortest \quad \text{longest}
- reconciliation \quad \text{separation}
- integration, $\int$ \quad \text{division, $\$\$}
- wholeness \quad \text{emptiness}
- unity \quad \text{dust}
- $1 = 0.999 \cdots$ \quad $2/3 = 0.666 \cdots$
- positive, + \quad negative, -
- future \quad \text{past}
THE HYPOTENUSE

By the wisdom of science simply divides the air, to dissipate all its heat coding a subtle cascade.

Turbulence is selfish game for it scatters the whole, and its sequence is a frame for the options of the soul.

Two options before us two pathways ahead, the one is the longest the other straight.

We journey directly or go by the legs, we follow intently or end up in pain.

By walking the flatness or hiking the spikes, we travel in lightness or take serious frights.

The incentive is unity and the call proportion, the key is forgiveness and the goal true notion.

In wandering wickedness there is never a fruit, but in ample humbleness one encounters the root.

There is no excuse, let’s practice fair game: it’s by the hypotenuse or else by the legs.

There is no solution but walking straight: the spikes of disorder insinuate the way. (2)

There is a best pathway: the palpably smooth.

It’s by the hypotenuse and walking in truth.

There is one solution, I tell you the truth.

It’s by the hypotenuse and walking in truth.

For any other pathway will lead us astray.

$Y = X$
It’s by the hypotenuse, there is no other way.

Oh listen, you brother, let’s brighten the day.

It’s by the hypotenuse, there is no other way.

Otherwise, the devil shall pull by the legs.

It’s by the hypotenuse or else by the legs.

For such road is fractal: as long as it gets.

It’s by the hypotenuse or else by the legs.

Oh let’s mend the broken, growing to the root.

It’s by the hypotenuse, the one that yields fruit.

Let’s keep equilibrium, avoiding dark soot.

2/3 = 0.666...

1 = 0.999...

It’s by the hypotenuse, the one that yields fruit.

Oh listen, you brother, a counsel from science.

It’s by the hypotenuse: the simplest design.

I tell you integrating, don’t leave it to chance.

It’s by the hypotenuse: the simplest design.

It’s by the hypotenuse: the simplest design. (2)
all proceeds to aid needy in Africa and Colombia
For other lessons based on complexity please visit:

http://puente.lawr.ucdavis.edu/peace.htm

For explicit Biblical connections please visit:

http://puente.lawr.ucdavis.edu/chaos_complexity_christianity.htm
\[ Y = X \]

\[ Y = X \]
is justice that illuminates, is balance that fascinates:
\[ Y = X. \]

\[ Y = X \]
is the incarnate alliance, is the established reliance:
\[ Y = X. \]

\[ Y = X \]
is true word that matures, is a spiral that endures:
\[ Y = X. \]

\[ Y = X \]
is the precious resting place, is the state of mighty grace:
\[ Y = X. \]

\[ Y = X \]
is smoothness that esteems, is a hummingbird that gleams:
\[ Y = X. \]

\[ Y = X \]
is the short and precious root, is the weaving of the truth:
\[ Y = X. \]

\[ Y = X \]
is a future that forgives, is crowned science that is:
\[ Y = X. \]

\[ Y = X \]
is the ever tender tune, is the impartial tribune:
\[ Y = X. \]

\[ Y = X \]
is all innocence that heeds, is a garden with no weeds:
\[ Y = X. \]

\[ Y = X \]
is the simple clear sign, is the majestic design:
\[ Y = X. \]

\[ Y = X \]
is independence that heals, is matrimony that shields:
\[ Y = X. \]

\[ Y = X \]
is the real chaste embrace, is the goodness of a yes:
\[ Y = X. \]
\[ Y = X \]
is a smile that edifies,
is a spin that rectifies:
\[ Y = X. \]

\[ Y = X \]
is all gentleness in us,
is the everlasting plus:
\[ Y = X. \]

\[ Y = X \]
is inspiration that calls,
is growing to be small:
\[ Y = X. \]

\[ Y = X \]
is the forgotten territory,
is the improbable story:
\[ Y = X. \]

\[ Y = X \]
is revelation that nests,
is surrendering the rest:
\[ Y = X. \]

\[ Y = X \]
is the dustless short incline,
is the faithful narrow line:
\[ Y = X. \]

\[ Y = X \]
is renouncing all spears,
is experiencing no fears:
\[ Y = X. \]

\[ Y = X \]
is the perennial giveaway,
is pure life with no decay:
\[ Y = X. \]

\[ Y = X \]
is the only perfect remedy,
is loving, even the enemy:
\[ Y = X. \]
Six, zero, nine, a dear song numbers unfolding daylong, 
six, zero, nine, a clean gong symbols inviting us to love.

From six to six 
revolving inwards, 
from six to six 
I went downwards.

From six to six 
dividing selfishly, 
from six to six 
lying endlessly.

From six to six 
trying to be a rose, 
from six to six 
being only a nasty thorn.

Six, zero, nine, a dear song numbers unfolding daylong, 
six, zero, nine, a clean gong symbols inviting us to love.

From six to zero 
I tapered my speed, 
from six to zero 
the tempest did not lead.

From six to zero 
I no longer postponed, 
from six to zero 
I finally atoned.

From six to zero 
I experienced peace, 
from six to zero 
my loneliness ceased.

Six, zero, nine, a dear song numbers unfolding daylong, 
six, zero, nine, a clean gong symbols inviting us to love.

From zero to nine 
the spiral turned over, 
from zero to nine 
I dared to love others.

From zero to nine 
I attempted prayers, 
from zero to nine 
I became a repairer.

From zero to nine 
infinity flowed free, 
from zero to nine 
unity grew in me.
Six, zero, nine, a dear song
numbers unfolding daylong,
six, zero, nine, a clean gong
symbols inviting us to love.

From nine to nine
weaving my reality,
from nine to nine
dreaming its totality.

From nine to nine
conquering my greed,
from nine to nine
planting a new seed.

From nine to nine
despite a clear spite,
from nine to nine
knowing there is light.

Six, zero, nine, a dear song
numbers unfolding daylong,
six, zero, nine, a clean gong
symbols inviting us to love.