



For this non-theistic religious naturalist, the universe as a created object, no matter how subtly that concept is conceived, is unbearably depressing. Why would I want to live in a universe that is about me?

To be sure, a universe purposely built to generate complexity or life or primates or humanity is a cosmically impressive act, particularly if no tweaking is allowed after the initial roll of the dice.

But no thanks, I'd rather find another place to call home – a place that has no Purpose – a truly wild place – yes! A universe that spawns life and consciousness without instruction, just because it is... Ah, now that is really something one can get excited about.

It's the difference between inconceivably awesome cosmic skill and the purely magical. Naturalists are in love with the magic of the open, the magic of the possible. The very contingency of life is what makes it so unbearably sweet and precious.

- Jeff Dahms