What I Believe (or How I Operate)

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I find myself to have been raised heavily Christian, and I operate within that moral framework, quite dramatically, but I don't fully subscribe to the total Godhood of Christ. My faith is more Bahai-shaped than anything else, as I find much value and truth in Eastern religions, as well as have an open mind towards other faiths of the West. Overall, though, I have an Abrahamic faith, and I love the study of scripture.

So much so, in fact, that I made a whole website dedicated to the King James Bible — an online resource with advice on Love, Sex, Hope, Pain, Money, Childrearing, and more.

One of the biggest moments in building the website was coming up with a "what kjvstudy.org believes", written in plain English. I believe in transparency, and if I'm shaping the biblical commentary (which is substantial) against a specific worldview, I wanted to write down what that worldview is.

https://kjvstudy.org/about
That page is a framework I chose to write commentary inside: historic Christian orthodoxy, read on the King James Bible's own terms and named out loud so you can see the frame. It's the right map for that work, but it isn't my creed. (The site's full framework is in KJVstudy.org Beliefs.) What follows is what I actually believe, starting with who I'm talking to when I pray.

Who I Mean by God

It depends on the reverence presented, as well as the context. God shows up under different names depending on what I need. Some days He's the Holy LORD of the heavenly hosts; other days He's our Father, or our dear Friend. He's near to the brokenhearted and binds up their wounds. He's my refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble, the Truth that sets you free, and the One who says fear not, for I am with you. And He's the Judge, so I don't have to be.

Those aren't different gods. They're different offices of the same One, which is also how I've come to think about the prophets.

Jesus, and the Others

Jesus is a prophet, a very good one, and he very well may have been a manifestation of God. But what about Muhammad? Similar energies.

That's as far as I can honestly take it, and it's why my faith is more Bahai-shaped than anything else. I'm no expert on the Bahai Faith, but I know its tapestry of interfaith belief, and it's beautiful. I didn't arrive at any of this in a straight line, though.

It Creeps Back

In 2016 I swung hard toward materialism, which was really the same overconfidence I was running from, wearing a lab coat. In 2025 I went through an agnostic stretch. But it creeps back, like riding a bike.

Reality is what exists when you stop believing in it. God doesn't need me to believe in order for Him to be real, even to me, and I get forced back into it over and over again. The woo never came back, but God did.

The closest name I've found for how I hold all this is what Stephen Hawking and Leonard Mlodinow call model-dependent realism. There's no model-independent test of reality, only models, and a model is good if it agrees with what you observe and helps you live. Several can be valid at once, like maps in an atlas,

which is how I can live inside the Christian moral framework I was raised in, love the Bahai tapestry, and take Eastern traditions seriously without pretending any one of them is the whole of God. Getting forced back into faith, again and again, is an observation too, and if a model can't make room for it, the model has to give. The clearest evidence I have comes from prayer.

Prayer

"The LORD" has consistently proven himself to be a very active force in my universe, especially through the power of very intentional prayer.

Most days, intentional prayer sounds like this: "GOD, please help me NOW." No ceremony, no perfect words, just meaning it.

But some prayers are bigger than asking. Something horrible happened to us, and when it did, I didn't go to God quietly. I stood before Him, made a proclamation, and took it to the highest court there is.

I didn't make it pretty, and I didn't try. I named what happened, plainly, in Truth. I told Him we were angry, afraid, and grieving, and that we could not hold it by ourselves. I asked Him to bring the truth to light and not let it stay buried, because I believe the light heals what the dark has touched. I asked for protection over my family and my home, for comfort, for healing, for rest. Then came the hardest part: I gave Him the anger I couldn't carry and left the judgment in His hands. Vengeance is His, not mine. He is the Judge, and my hands are free for healing.

And then I made a sacred vow, in front of Sarah, and in front of GOD.

That's what prayer is to me: not a ritual, but a case laid before the only court whose verdict is final, heard by a Father who stays near the whole time. And afterward I say thank you, a lot. Some of my favorite prayers end with me blessing God right back.

What I Don't Know

Not everything is settled for me. I don't necessarily believe in the eternity of hell. Perhaps this place is an eternal recognition classroom, where we learn our lessons over and over again until we believe? I don't know. And how do I tell God from my own noise? Honestly, you just know.

What I do know, I know most of all about one thing.

The Holy Sanctity of Our Marriage

If you only take one thing from this post, take this: I believe in the holy sanctity of our marriage more than anything in the world. It's my primary form of worship.

My father-in-law, before he passed, said to us: "marriage is a bond made in another dimension." And man, that's so true. Marriage is a covenant made before God, a union He joins together, and no one gets to come between it. It's the most sacred thing I know, and I'd fight for it.

If prayer is how I talk to God, marriage is where I worship Him most. Showing up, staying, and learning to suffer together as well as to love together: that's the practice. Love is a real power, and God gives it to be recognized, honored, and used for the good of everyone around you, especially your kids. I want mine safe, innocent as long as they can be, and growing up in a home full of peace and love, with room for joy, because we deserve a little fun. Faith and family come ahead of code, ahead of tech, and ahead of whatever I used to think my identity was.

How I Operate

I believe in a God who doesn't need my belief to be real, and who keeps pulling me back anyway. When I'm at the end of myself, I say, "GOD, please help me NOW," and I mean it. I try to be honest about what I know and what I don't, and if you watched me for a week, I hope what you'd see is that I am kind.

Underneath all of it is a bond made in another dimension. Our marriage is holy. I believe in it more than anything in the world, and I worship by keeping it.

The Fruit of the Spirit

If you want to know whether any of that is real, Paul gives the test:

> But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, self-control; against such things there is no law.
>
> Galatians 5:22-23, ESV

That's how I check myself: not by what I can argue, but by what grows. Doctrine I can debate forever. Fruit you can see.

Kindness is on that list, which is why it's the thing I most hope you'd see in me. Love and faithfulness are there too, and I know exactly where those get tested: in our marriage, every day. Joy and peace are what I want in our home. All of them are still growing, and against such things there is no law.

Love is at the top of that list, and it is at the top for a reason. I love Sarah. More than anything in the universe. She brings me closer to God.

That's what I believe. That's how I operate.
