

SCIENCE, REASON AND CONSCIENCE: A PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNEY FROM THE CHAIR TO THE CREATOR – 37

"Nature Is Not a Printing Press: The Overlooked Great Truth!"

The soft rustling of the pages, as they were turned, echoed through the deep silence of the room like the whisper of a hidden invitation. The expression on Believer's face reflected both the peace of having found the truth he had long sought and the weight of the responsibility to share it. With slow, deliberate movements, his fingers glided through the pages, his eyes scanning the words once more. He carried the meticulousness and excitement of a researcher eager to delve into the depths of each line.

At that moment, the room was silent-not an ordinary, empty silence, but one filled with meaning. It was the kind of silence where thoughts deepened, where souls seemed to gather at the shore of an invisible sea, where curiosity and anticipation mingled in the hearts of those present. The questions lingering in their minds were no longer just seeking answers; they were preparing to unlock doors that had never before been opened.

As he turned the pages, his expression revealed the familiarity of someone who had read the text countless times. Yet, at the same time, he bore the meticulousness of a seeker who wished to rediscover every word anew. At last, he stopped-he had found the lines he was searching for. When he lifted his gaze to the listeners gathered around the table, the look on his face mirrored the depth and subtlety of the words he was about to read. His voice carried an excitement woven with warmth and a quiet, steadfast resolve.

The people in the room held their breath, waiting for the moment his first words would break the silence. Because these words were not meant to be heard only with ears-they would be received with hearts and minds alike.

Believer took a deep breath and bowed his head slightly, his eyes fixing on the sacred lines before him.

And at last, the truths inscribed by the pen of Bediüzzaman were about to resonate within the walls of this room for the very first time...

"The Eternal Inscraper, with His infinite power, continuously renews the manifestations of His boundless Divine Names, revealing them in ever-fresh and distinct forms at all times. To reflect this divine artistry, He has created the individuality and unique identities of all things in such a manner that no letter of the Sacred Script nor any book of Divine Wisdom is ever identical to another."

When Believer finished his sentence, a profound silence settled over the room. His words lingered in the air, like an invisible echo weaving through the walls.

Deist tilted his head slightly, gazing at Believer with a thoughtful expression. Agnostic kept his eyes fixed on the floor, as if carefully weighing the weight of the words in his mind. Atheist,

meanwhile, leaned a little closer to the table, his brow furrowed-trying, it seemed, to unravel the logic behind every word he had just heard.

"In any case, every face must have a unique identity to express distinct meanings. If you have eyes to see, then look upon the human countenance and observe: from the time of Adam until now-and perhaps until eternity-despite the fundamental features remaining in harmony, each face possesses a distinguishing mark that sets it apart from all others. This truth is established with absolute certainty."

As Believer spoke these words, he turned his gaze toward Deist. His eyes, laden with deep meaning, seemed to ask, **"Can you see this truth?"**

Deist bit his lip slightly-clearly, the words had stirred something within him. Atheist cast a brief glance at Deist before shifting his focus back to the table. Meanwhile, Agnostic sat with his hands clasped on his knees, silently absorbing every word, trying to let them settle within him.

"For this reason, every face is a distinct book. Merely arranging the artistry within it requires a unique script, a distinct composition, and an entirely separate authorship. Furthermore, bringing together its materials, placing them in perfect order, and incorporating every essential element needed for its existence demand an entirely different workshop of creation. Now then, let us assume-purely for the sake of argument-that nature is likened to a printing press."

At this moment, Believer paused briefly. The serious expression on his face mirrored the weight of the atmosphere in the room.

Agnostic leaned forward slightly in his chair and took a deep breath. Deist shook his head gently, as if struggling with the thoughts swirling in his mind. Meanwhile, Atheist fixed his gaze on the wall, trying to make sense of the ideas implied by the words he had just heard.

"However, the task of a printing press is merely to arrange and imprint an already determined order-that is, to cast a pre-existing design into a mold. But beyond this, the act of actually bringing forth that design into existence-especially creating the materials of a living being, which is a hundred times more intricate than mere invention-requires gathering its elements from every corner of the universe with a precise balance and an exquisite order, and then delivering them to the printing press. And for this to happen, it still necessitates the power and will of the Absolutely Omnipotent, the very One who created that printing press itself."

As Believer spoke his final words, his voice grew more emphatic. Each sentence further intensified the atmosphere in the room.

Deist rubbed his forehead and took a deep breath. The **"printing press"** metaphor had introduced a perspective he had never considered before. Atheist crossed his arms over his chest and leaned back, a silent yet profound expression of contemplation settling on his face. Meanwhile, Agnostic closed his eyes for a few seconds, trying to grasp the full meaning of these words.

"Thus, this imagined assumption-that nature itself functions as a printing press-is nothing but an utterly meaningless delusion and superstition."

As the words from *The Treatise on Nature* echoed through the room, it felt as if the profound meaning of the text was drifting through the air like an invisible veil, weaving itself into the minds and hearts of the listeners. The words chosen so meticulously by Believer were far more than a mere recitation; they unfolded the truth before the eyes of those who listened.

Believer's final sentence made everyone pause for a moment. This sharp statement was not the prelude to a debate-it was the declaration of a reality.

Agnostic lowered his head, unable to hold back his tears. Deist shook his head slowly and let out a deep sigh. **"If this is truly the case... how have I not seen it until now?"** he murmured to himself. Atheist clenched his jaw, maintaining his silence, yet the expression on his face made it clear that what he had just heard had affected him as well.

Deist leaned back in his chair, overwhelmed by an involuntary sense of astonishment. The defiant look on his face had vanished, replaced by a contemplative stillness. His gaze was now locked onto the book in Believer's hands. In his mind, a bridge was forming between the ideas he had once defended and this newfound **"light of truth."**

Then, almost inaudibly, a whisper escaped his lips:

Deist: If all this order... is truly not a coincidence, then what is its source?

Agnostic leaned forward in his chair, his hands tightly clasped together. His eyes were fixed on the finger pointing to the text in the book, yet his mind had drifted elsewhere-into realms of thought he had never explored before. He was searching for understanding at a depth he had never dared to reach. A voice from deep within his heart signaled that his conscience had been awakened by these words.

"If the truth is this clear, why have I lingered so long in uncertainty?" he wondered.

Lifting his head slightly, he murmured:

Agnostic: Was conscience always the compass pointing to this truth? If so, why did I silence it for so long? Perhaps the truth was always near me, yet instead of seeing it, I clung to my doubts.

Atheist remained silent. His face was expressionless, but beneath the table, his hands had clenched into fists-a subtle reflection of the conflict raging within him. He had entered this discussion as a defender of logic and science. Yet the carefully structured and meticulously reasoned arguments he had just heard were powerful enough to shake the foundations of his disbelief. He wanted to dismiss these thoughts, to reject them outright, but each word continued to echo in his mind.

In a barely audible whisper, he muttered:

Atheist: Was logic a wall? And now... could there be a reality beyond it? Science had always seemed capable of explaining everything-but what if there are things it can never explain?

The room remained silent for a while. But this was not an ordinary silence-it was filled with the echoes of deep reflection and inner reckoning. Each person was reinterpreting the text in their own mind.

Believer waited patiently in this profound atmosphere. With great care, he closed the book in his hands-as if sealing a testament of truth-and gently placed it on the table.

The first response came from Deist. He swallowed lightly and, breaking the silence, spoke:

Deist: This text... the meaning in its words... I had never thought of it this way before. If every being is truly created with such intricate order, then perhaps we must accept that this order was not merely set in motion and left behind. But still...

His words trailed off-his mind struggled to fully articulate the weight of this newfound realization.

Agnostic spoke next, his voice trembling:

Agnostic: Conscience, he said. The only thing I understood while listening to this text is that conscience is a guide. Like a lamp burning in the darkness... But we have extinguished that lamp so often that... perhaps we can no longer hear ourselves.

His eyes welled up-not with sorrow, but with the emotion of realization.

Atheist murmured to himself:

Atheist: Science and logic... I always saw these as the ultimate reality. But maybe the boundaries of what we call reality are far wider than what we have tried to comprehend. Now, I have to face that.

Believer noticed the deep impact these words had on the room-not with the pride of victory, but with the humble joy of seeing truth understood, even if just a little. Bowing his head slightly, he softly said:

Believer: Truth always finds a way to answer our questions-if only we seek it with sincerity.

After finishing the words of Bediüzzaman, Believer calmly placed the book on the table. His voice, warm and soothing yet firm with conviction, carried on. His tone was gentle, yet his words were as clear as crystal.

See you in the next chapter, God willing...

¹ Bediüzzaman Said Nursi, from the Risale-i Nur Collection – Lem’alar (The Flashes), Page 187: The Twenty-Third Flash (The Treatise on Nature) / The Third Word, The Third Impossibility, The Second Example.