

Love vs Hate

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LOVE VS HATE

During the halftime of Super Bowl LX, a simple line drifted across my TV screen, “The only thing more powerful than hate is love.”

Good vs evil.

Light vs darkness.

For a few decades, I have held a faint conviction, that love and hate, as well as good and evil for that matter, are not opposites, but twins, two currents drawn from the same vast source. Call it the universe, infinity, or God. Both emotions surge with equal force, both reveal how deeply something has touched the soul.

When I read that statement on my TV screen, I felt my old belief stir, as if asked to step into the light again.

It made me wonder whether love and hate are not merely equal forces, but different directions of the same energy, one contracting, one expanding; one closing the heart, the other opening it. Perhaps love is not stronger because it overwhelms hate, but because it transforms the very energy hate is made of. Hate burns; love illuminates. Hate consumes; love creates.

Seeing that message reminded me that even long-held beliefs deserve to be revisited. Not to be discarded, but to be refined, like a truth that reveals a deeper layer each time we dare to look again.

I am, by nature, a person who challenges his own beliefs from time to time, and enjoy firing up my brain cells to re-establish the belief once again, revise it, or completely change my mind about it.

Over the years, as experience has accumulated like sediment in a riverbed, I have watched my understanding of the world shift and refract. Each new lesson, each moment of certainty or confusion, has added another lens to the prism through which I see life. With more knowledge, more wisdom, more lived moments behind me, my view of the universe, and of myself, has changed. Not abruptly, but the way dawn changes a landscape, gradually, inevitably, revealing contours I had not noticed before.

I know that some might disagree with the direction of my mind's evolution. Some might even call it devolution. But to me, these shifts feel like an improvement, not because they make me more certain, but because they make me more aware. More attuned to complexity. More willing to revisit what I once held as fixed. Growth, after all, is not about replacing old beliefs with new ones, but about allowing them to deepen, expand, and sometimes transform.

Returning to that line, "The only thing more powerful than hate is love," I find that my core belief remains unchanged. I still see love and hate as arising from the same primordial source, the same infinite well from which all deep human emotion flows. That has not shifted, and perhaps it never will.

What has changed is subtler, I now accept that love carries a greater power. Not an overwhelming, cosmic dominance, but a difference so slight it almost escapes measurement, stronger by a factor of ten to the negative nine. A whisper of an advantage. A tilt in the balance so delicate that only infinity could reveal.

Yet even that infinitesimal edge matters. Because when two forces share the same origin and the same intensity, the smallest deviation becomes decisive. A billionth of a degree is enough to change the trajectory of worlds, the universe, and existence.

So yes, love is more powerful.

Barely.

Quietly.

But enough.

Whether I turn to biblical scripture or to science, to Genesis or to cosmology, there is at least one point on which both traditions silently converge, in the beginning, there was darkness. Not as a moral judgment, not as a flaw, but as the first canvas, an unlit expanse waiting for the possibility of light.

The New International Version of The Bible opens its story with a stark and elegant sequence, creation, formlessness, darkness, and then the first divine utterance, "Let there be light." And light appeared. It was named good by God. It was set apart. In that primordial moment, light did not merely arrive; it prevailed. It established the first distinction, the first order, the first victory.

Light was good.

And it won.

But its victory was not the annihilation of darkness. Darkness remained, not as an enemy defeated, but as a counterpart, something to be separated from, not destroyed. The text states that darkness was simply the original condition before illumination.

In that sense, the triumph of light is not a conquest but a transformation. Light reveals. Light makes meaning possible. Light allows the universe to be seen, named, understood.

And perhaps that is the same subtle advantage we now grant to love over hate. Not an overwhelming dominance, not a cosmic imbalance, but a quiet, decisive glow, like the first photon breaking the void.

Love, like light, does not erase its counterpart. It simply makes a world in which understanding, creation, kindness, and connection become illuminated.

Physicists describe the beginning not as light, nor matter, nor anything we could name, but as a single point, an everything compressed into a nowhere. No space. No time. No before or after. Just a density so absolute it defies imagination. And then, in an instant, the universe ruptured into being. The Big Bang was not an explosion in space; it was the birth of space itself.

From that first moment, matter emerged, and so did its mirror, antimatter. Equal in magnitude, opposite in nature. And immediately, they clashed. They annihilated one another in a perfect symmetry of creation and destruction. A cosmic duel. A primordial tension.

It is tempting, beautifully tempting, to see in that moment the first echo of the human condition, love and hate, arising from the same source, meeting with equal force, each trying to unmake the other. Good and evil locked in their ancient struggle.

But physics tells us something eye opening, matter survived by the smallest imaginable margin. For every billion particles of antimatter, there were a billion and one particles of matter. A difference of ten to the negative nine. A cosmic rounding error. And yet that infinitesimal imbalance is the reason anything exists at all, stars, planets, moons, consciousness, us.

Matter was good for existence.

And it won.

Not by overwhelming force, but by the slightest lean in the scales. An atomic level of asymmetrical energy that changed the fate of everything that would ever be.

And perhaps that is the same truth we now grant to love. Not that hate is weak, nor that love is invincible, but that love possesses the faintest, most delicate advantage, just enough to tip the universe toward creation instead of annihilation, connection instead of collapse, generosity instead of meanness.

A billionth of a margin.

But enough to make a universe.

Now, my long-held conviction, that love and hate, good and evil, are forces of equal magnitude, has been subtly but unmistakably reshaped. The symmetry I once imagined, the perfect Yin and Yang in flawless balance, has tilted. Not dramatically. Not enough to shatter the circle. But enough to reveal that even in the most elegant dualities, equilibrium is rarely absolute.

So, the balance remains, but it is no longer equal. The scales lean, however gently, toward creation rather than destruction, toward compassion rather than cruelty, toward love rather than hate.

An infinitesimal difference.

But enough.

I dare to say that the only reason evil and hate sometimes appear stronger than good and love, both in our present world and in certain eras of the past, is not because they possess greater force, but because those who wield the most power are, often times, driven by darker impulses. When a single person with immense influence acts from hatred or cruelty, the ripple they create can feel like a tidal wave. Their impact is amplified by the reach of their authority, not by the inherent strength of the emotion itself.

But that does not mean hate is stronger. It only means it is louder when placed in the hands of the powerful.

To counter that, the countless smaller ripples of love and goodness must continue, loudly, steadily, relentlessly. Each act of compassion, each gesture of kindness, each refusal to mirror hatred adds its own wave to the water. And though each ripple may seem small on its own, together they can swell into something vast enough to drown out even the largest surge of malice.

This is the work of love, not to overpower hate in a single dramatic moment, but to persist until the accumulated force of many small acts becomes greater than the noise of the few who wield their power destructively.

In the end, the ocean belongs to the ripples.

A message to those who are filled with evil and hate. Since the beginning, good and love have always prevailed. Not through overwhelming force, not through spectacle, but through the smallest margin imaginable, the same infinitesimal imbalance that allowed matter to survive the annihilation of antimatter.

Because of that margin, we are here. Because of that margin, stars formed, life emerged, consciousness awakened. Because of that margin, every breath taken by every being in this universe is a living testament to the triumph of creation over destruction, of love over hate.

And so long as even one breathing being remains, one heart capable of compassion, one mind capable of choosing connection over cruelty, that ancient victory continues. It echoes forward. It sustains the world.

Good and love will win. Not once, but forever. Not loudly.

But inevitably.

Thank you to whoever had the courage and clarity to place that banner on the screen during the halftime of Super Bowl LX. Thank you for echoing the timeless words of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.: “Hate cannot drive out hate; only love can do that.” Thank you for choosing to amplify that truth at a moment when millions were watching, when the world’s attention was briefly unified.

Your message reached me. It stirred an old belief I had carried for decades and invited me to look at it again through the prism of everything I have learned, lived, and become. And in doing so, it helped me reshape that belief into something more refined, more aligned with one of the smallest inclinations of the universe itself.

Thank you for reminding me that even a single sentence, offered at the right moment, can light up brain cells that remained dormant and undisturbed for decades.

Thank you for that spark.