

The True Divine

The False God

A Gnostic Reflection on the True Divine

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About the Author

“Ninox Antolihao is a Filipino thinker known for blending philosophy, spirituality, and science into reflections that awaken inner understanding.

Born with a curious mind and a compassionate soul, Ninox explores the unseen connections between energy, faith, and consciousness—the silent threads that weave all life into one field of being.

He writes not to preach, but to question; not to convert, but to awaken. His works invite readers to look beyond belief and fear and rediscover the truth that every soul is a fragment of the same eternal source.

“Outside his writings, Ninox is a community builder and creative entrepreneur. He runs Stone Grill Restaurant in Leyte, Philippines—a space that reflects his philosophy of warmth, unity, and connection. For him, both food and spirit share the same purpose: to nourish, to gather, and to remind us that we belong.”

“His reflections bridge worlds—faith and logic, science and spirit, matter and mystery—guided by one belief:

Awareness is the light through which humanity evolves.

“I don’t write to teach,” he says.

“I write to remember—and to help others remember too.”

Introduction

This reflection was born out of a question too powerful to ignore: If God is perfect, why does creation feel so flawed? Why does suffering seem woven into the very fabric of the world? And if the stories we were told do not match the world we experience... what then?

In this short but potent reflection, we journey through one of the most provocative spiritual ideas in human history — that the god of this world is not the true God. This isn't atheism. It's not rebellion. It's an ancient path of deeper remembering — one that leads not to destruction, but to awakening.

You are not reading theology. You are holding a spark. May it light something within you.

The False God

Imagine, for a moment, that everything we were told about God... was only half the story.

That the creator of this world — with its wars, its cancers, its cruelty, and its systems of power — is not the ultimate source of goodness... but a flawed architect. One who believes himself to be God, but isn't.

This idea isn't new. It comes from ancient seekers, the Gnostics — spiritual thinkers from the early centuries after Jesus. They saw something others didn't. That the god who demands, punishes, and divides isn't the true divine — but the Demiurge, a being obsessed with control, law, and worship.

To them, the real God — the true source — exists beyond matter, beyond religion, beyond fear. A God of pure light, stillness, and knowing. Not a king, not a judge. A presence. A home.

The Gnostics believed this physical world was a kind of trap — a prison of flesh and illusion, crafted by lower powers. And that each soul carries within it a spark — a forgotten piece of the true divine. But we've been made to forget. Distracted by systems, doctrines, and fear.

Even the story of Jesus, they said, had been twisted. He didn't come to die for sins — but to wake people up. To remind them of what's inside. To liberate them from the grip of the false god, and guide them back to the light.

That's why Gnostic texts were banned. Buried. Burned. Because they didn't support the system — they threatened it. They told people they didn't need a priest or temple or law to reach the divine. Only inner truth.

And maybe that's why the system still fights doubt today. Because when you start to ask the real questions — about suffering, control, punishment, and power — the story starts to unravel. And what you're left with... is a quiet truth, buried under centuries of noise.

That the true God was never in the sky, or the book, or the threat.
The true God is the light you carry.
And waking up to it... is the beginning of freedom.

Reflection:

What if everything we were told about God... was only half the story?

What if the god who made this world — with its wars, cancers, and cruelty — isn't the ultimate source of love, but a flawed architect? One who believes himself to be God... but isn't.

This isn't rebellion. It's not blasphemy. It's Gnosticism — an ancient voice whispering across time, saying: the god of this world is a copy, a pretender. And the true God is something deeper, quieter, and infinitely more loving.

To the Gnostics, this lesser god was called the Demiurge — a being who created matter, enforced laws, and demanded worship. Jealous. Controlling. Often violent. The god of fear.

But above him is the source. The true divine. Not a judge. Not a king. But light itself. Silence. Peace.

And that light lives in you.

This world — this broken system — was never your true home. It was never meant to trap you, bind you, or shame you. The pain of this life is not punishment. It's a signal. A tension pulling you back to remembrance.

Even Jesus, to the Gnostics, was not a sacrificial lamb. He was a liberator. Not here to die for your sins, but to awaken you from illusion. To remind you of who you were before religion told you otherwise.

The early Church silenced this message. Burned the scrolls. Killed the mystics. But the spark never died. It still flickers inside those who ask, those who doubt, those who seek.

And maybe — just maybe — the God you were taught to fear... was never the true God at all.

And the real God? Was never far away. Never hidden in a temple. Never trapped in a book.

It was always inside you.

