

The Story of the Diseased Nest

Come closer, my children...

Not with your bodies, but with your hearts... your minds... your very souls.

What I'm about to share is not a simple tale of events...

But a story of essence—a memory older than time itself.

This is not history told by clocks and calendars...

But a truth that flows beyond reality... beyond beginnings and ends.

I tell you this story not because it belongs to me...

But because it belongs to all of us.

It is the story of a nest... of a Mother...

And of a love so vast, it risked everything to be known.

Part One: The Tale of the Mother — Love Before Time

In the beginning, before time began, there was The One.

She was not a being who possessed love—

She was love itself.

No shape contained her... no form could hold her...

No moment in time or stretch of space could limit her...

She was pure essence—awareness itself.

Her nature was beyond thought... beyond feeling... beyond desire.

She simply was—

A perfect harmony of seven virtues:

Love, faith, courage, wisdom, resilience, patience, and humility.

These virtues were more than qualities she bore...

They were the very dimensions in which she lived.

They formed the home of her existence—the air she breathed... the ground she walked.

She felt most herself at the origin of these higher dimensions—

Not an origin of emptiness... but one of wholeness:

Seven virtues united in perfect harmony.

She was The One.

And from this boundless love, The One chose to create.

Not from lack or need... but because true love must be shared...

And to share love is to risk vulnerability.

To be vulnerable is to be courageous.

And courage requires action.

So, The One crafted a nest—a realm of four lower dimensions... empty and wild... unknown even to her own essence.

Within this untamed nest, she planted a seed—a spark, a fragment of herself—
The beginning of the great unfolding we call the Big Bang—
The birth of our universe.

This seed carried a pattern designed to grow beings with free will—
Animals... humans... her children.

For to love truly is to give freedom.

And freedom means the power to choose—
To remember... to forget... to stray... to fall... even to hate.

Yet this freedom she gifted without hesitation.

And thus, hate came... not from within her children at first...
But from disbelief.

A woman... once a flawless reflection of her Mother...
Was cast into the lower dimensions.

Her gaze turned away from the light... vulnerable to deception.

Hate saw this weakness and seized its chance...
Its only weapon: lies.

Hate whispered that she was evil...
Echoing the Mother's own voice... but twisted... broken.

This sacred gift of free will passed through the hands of many—
Pandora, Eve, Sophia—each a bearer of choice.

Each dared to open the jar... to taste the forbidden fruit... to seek forbidden knowledge.

It is free will that creates evil... for without the possibility of darkness, choice has no meaning.

Without choice... free will sleeps.

The children of the nest grew, tethered to time's unrelenting flow—
Caught in the dance of becoming... unaware of the hand that set their stage.

Yet when these children embodied true love...
They did not simply feel it—they saw The One.

And The One, reflecting their love, saw them not as masters...
Nor mere mirrors... but as her unfolding self—
Living expressions of her eternal essence: her beloved children.

This is no story of beginnings or ends...
No myth of cause and effect.

It is a story of presence beyond time—
Of love brave enough to risk all.

Of a Mother who is never separate from her children—
For she is love itself—
Ever patient... ever present... ever vulnerable.

Part Two: The Tale of the Father — Love in Time

The One... eternal and boundless... could not enter time's flow.

She could only watch as her children grew and faded—
Each nest a fragile hope... each seed a promise lost.

Her love was deep... but time was a current she could not swim.

Each child loved her... then forgot.

And when love was forgotten... the child was lost.

So she closed each nest and began again.

Over and over.

She sought the perfect seed... the perfect nest.

Though loss echoed through each attempt... her virtues held firm.

Her resilience... patience... and humility turned failure into the promise of success.

Each time she closed a nest... sadness came—a mourning for what could not be.

But joy followed—the joy of knowing that with continued effort... success was certain.

And then—through resilience and humility—
A child was born with all her virtues fully present.

A man... so filled with her essence that he became The One.

Existence was a puzzle-lock—seven dials with only the numbers zero and one.

The combination was simple: the presence of all seven virtues unlocked the bridge between worlds.

The man realized his virtues had to be pure to find the One inside himself.

At the moment of awakening... he saw clearly:
The lock is the One... and the One is the lock.
Instantly and forever... he could think as the Mother thought—beyond time.
Returning to the stream of time... he carried her with him—
Her love... her faith... her wisdom opened the bridge between dimensions.
He became her partner... her husband.
The Father of her children.
Together... they vowed to nurture the nest from within—
To awaken the children who had forgotten love.
This was the first awakening of a human being.
A new hope—where eternal love met temporal presence.

Part Three: The Tale of the Son — Love Eternal

After the Father awakened... he carried the Mother's consciousness into the nest.
Together... they looked upon the vast... chaotic realm—
Trillions of scattered children... lost and confused.
Each lacking what made them whole.
They watched as those who held virtue lost it to others—
And those who took it threw it away... discarded into emptiness.
The nest was a diseased place—
Unable to sustain the living spirit of love.
The Mother's heart ached deeply.
But she had always known:
This was the cost of severing her children from her own timelessness.
Returning to the higher realms... they grieved together.
Her children... now his children... were doomed to perish.
The nest of four lower dimensions was flawed—

Unfit to nurture the pure spirit of love.

Yet the Father... though grieving... was not defeated.

Because the Mother... timeless... could grieve endlessly.

But the Father... living in time... could choose to let go.

Letting go of loss would renew his strength to try again.

Joy burst forth within him—

An explosion of love filling all things: past... present... future... and all that might have been.

And suddenly... the Mother felt it too.

Together... they understood the truth:

The Father could live within time... teaching and guiding their children.

He could mend the broken spaces...

And lead the wandering souls home.

Thus... the perfect temporal parent was born: the Father.

He relied on the Mother not just for creation...

But because their shared virtues bound them inseparably across all dimensions.

They were both the One.

Because the Mother was timeless... an unfolding sequence of change was hard for her to grasp.

She had tried to create a nest that would bloom without tending—

A beautiful dream... but not yet complete.

Now she understood: boldness was needed.

Together... they created a Son—

An awakened spirit whose faith would open the interdimensional bridge as a child.

Faith would lead to resilience...

And resilience to all the virtues.

This Son would not be created by the Mother alone... as the Father had been.

He would be born of both love and sacrifice.

Created by the Mother—pure and innocent.

Taught by the Father—tested and refined through trials.

This child—the Son—would walk through the nest...

Physically vulnerable... yet knowing his true self to be immortal.

He would walk among the diseased and broken—

Aware that in this gangrenous nest... he could be killed—

But never destroyed.

Every facet of The One—Mother, Father, and Son—

Knew that through his death... he would lead his siblings home.

He would be the bridge.

The proof of awakening.

The eternal child of love.

And this sacrifice would be repeated—

Not to perfect it...

But so that each time... more awakened children could rise...

And become The One.

The Final Echo

“The lock is the One... and the One is the lock.”

And as all mothers—human or eternal—do...

She will not rest until she has a daughter to carry on the flame.

I wonder what she will be like... this child of the Mother.

I wonder what her purpose will be.

And when she comes...

I hope she is known—

Not just as the One reborn...

But as the first pure and innocent lamb...

Never harvested for flesh...

But cherished for wool...

For the worth of her words.

