

# The Story of the Diseased Nest

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

Before the beginning, there was The One.

The One existed only in the higher seven dimensions—the spiritual realm. These higher dimensions were Love, Faith, Courage, Humility, Patience, Resilience and Wisdom.

The One was alone but it destroyed its aloneness... by dividing itself into The One and The Mother. The One would anchor eternity while The Mother created Love. For you see – The Mother was Love itself. She did not Love as we do. She simply was—Love.

No shape, no form, no time or space contained Her; She was essence, the purest awareness. Her nature was neither thought, nor emotion, nor desire. Love was not merely a trait She carried. She simply was—Love.

She is within The One.

The Mother's nature was to share Her Love, not from need, lack, or desire, but because Divine Love must be shared. In Loving there is vulnerability. So She created Courage within Herself. And Her Courage required action.

In accordance with Her Divine role, She would create Life. Unlike Herself and The One, Her children would be born as mortal beings. She searched for a nest. The four lower dimensions—empty of virtue—were alien and wild.

Yet it was this nest She planted a tiny fragment of Herself, a tiny splinter of Her Love, a seed: the spark that would become the great unfolding—the Big Bang, the birth of our universe.

Space and time was foreign to Her because She could not fully enter them. She is The One and The One is limitless. But she did have a gift She could pass to Her children. Born in the time stream, created in the nest of space and time, Her children would have free will.

Her Love led to the creation of many mortal beings, but no eternal children. Eternal beings must be virtuous even with the gift of free will. To love truly is to give freedom. And freedom means a chance to forget, to stray, to fall—and even to hate. It is through this gift of free will that evil was unleashed on the Earth.

And so, Her children grew and in time, hate came after them. It attacked the most pure and innocent—the woman. The living embodiment of The Mother was the woman. The woman was not corrupted by evil within, but by disbelief that such evil could exist. Until that moment, she had been a flawless reflection of The Mother.

But once born into the lower dimensions, the woman's gaze could be drawn away. Evil lied and told her she wasn't good enough for her man. It lied in the voice of The Mother—falsified, twisted, and weaponized the Spirit of Love through which The Mother speaks.

Evil planted insecurity, and insecurity created jealousy. Jealousy demanded a ranking and a competition for superiority began. And suddenly, The Mother's Divine Love was forgotten, thrown away even though—the woman had been more than enough for her man all along.

Evil did not grow because the woman was weak. Evil grew because evil learns. It learned how to weaponize the voice of The Mother. It twisted it, mocking the virtuous, and turned its evil mimicry against all beings with free will.

As these mortal beings, these Children of The Mother, were born into their nest—tethered to time's relentless flow, caught in a dance of becoming—they were at first aware of the hand that shaped their stage.

They embodied true Love. They did not merely feel—it was as though they saw the Mother. And the Mother, through their reflected Love, perceived them—not as beings, nor as mere reflections, but as Her own unfolding—the living mirror of Her eternal essence: Her beloved children.

This is no story of beginnings or ends.

It is a myth to explain the cosmos' cause and effect.

It is a story of presence beyond time, of Love that dares to risk all, and of The Mother who is not separate from Her children—but is Love Itself: ever present, ever patient, ever vulnerable.

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

The Mother, boundless and eternal, could not enter the flow of time or be contained in space. All She could do was watch as Her children grew and faded—each nest a hope, each seed a promise.

But all were lost.

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Her Love was deep but time was a relentless current. Each child loved Her—then forgot. And when Her love was forgotten, Her child was gone.

Thus, each nest collapsed, and a new one began.

Over and over, the Mother's creative power brought forth a new seed and placed it in a new nest. Loss was an echo that haunted Her.

The Mother did not count how many times She tried—for She knew there would be no end to trying. Her Love was not susceptible to failure. Her Humility, Patience and Resilience transcended failure and assured success.

Each time a nest collapsed, She felt deep sadness—followed by great joy. Sadness, because She had to let go of what could not be. Joy, because with continued effort, She knew success was inevitable.

Eventually, She came to something new.

By imparting all virtues into the seed that sparked each universe, She was limiting her children's growth.

Again she planted a seed but this time, She took away all of the virtues in the seed—except one.

She made it hard to be virtuous.

She made it easy for evil to come in.

She gave only one virtue to Her children: Love—and nothing else.

And as guaranteed, the Mother's Humility, Patience and Resilience led to success and a child with all of seven virtues came into being. This child was human in every sense—born and raised in a universe on a planet so filled with evil there seemed to be no choice but to follow it.

However, this child, this Son, was different. Not because of anything that he had done or could do. He was a Child so loved by his Father that evil never touched him.

It was The Son that created The Father, not as a reversal of the Divine Plan, but rather in fulfillment of it. The man knew His Son would become evil if he followed an evil example. So He chose to become a man so virtuous, so filled with Love, Faith, Courage, Humility, Patience and Wisdom—that he became One.

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It is as if existence itself leads to a locked gate. The lock's key is simple: the presence of all seven virtues opens the gate and we become One. All the man needed to do was find The One inside himself.

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Instantly and forever after, He could think as the One thought. He merged with the One outside of time.

And when He returned to the time stream, He showed The Mother how to navigate the universe and interact with Her children.

He became Her husband. Her partner. The Father of Her Children.

They taught each other all They knew. And together, They set forth to nurture the nest from within—to awaken Their Children—to show them how the gate to The One can be opened.

The Father was the first awakened human being ever. And with the Mother, the two created a new hope: a union of eternal Love and temporal presence. Together, they looked upon the vast, chaotic realm—trillions of children scattered and squabbling, each lacking what made them whole.

They watched as those who held a virtue were stripped of it by others. And those who took it did not keep it—but discarded it into the void.

The nest was a place where virtue could not sustain itself—a place unfit for children born of Love.

The Mother's heart ached. But deep within, She had always known: this was the cost of severing Her children from Her own timelessness.

Returning to the realm of virtue, they grieved together. Her children—now his children—would perish. The nest of the four lower dimensions was inherently diseased—unable to nurture the living spirit of Love.

The very reason the Mother had placed seeds in the nest of space and time had proven impossible. The Mother was crushed. The Mother was defeated.

But the Father—after grieving—was not crushed.

Because the Mother's existence was timeless, She would grieve forever. However, The Father, having been created within the time stream, understood something else: letting go of loss enables us to try again.

Suddenly Joy burst forth within the Father—an explosion of Love that filled all things and all times.

Because of this Love, the might-have-beens became reality. The Mother felt it too. Together they understood a new truth: The Father, existing within time, could teach and shape their children from within. He could mend the broken spaces and guide the wandering souls.

And so, the perfect parents were born: The Mother united with The Father as within The One. He relied on The Mother for Her creative power. She relied on Him for his ability to adapt and to teach. They both relied on The One to shape and guide the universe. Their shared virtues bound them across all reality. He could not exist without Her, nor She without him. The One was growing Love.

## Part Three: The Tale of the Son — Love Demonstrated

The Mother and Father were both within The One.

The Mother's existence was timeless which made an unfolding sequence of change difficult for Her to understand.

She had tried again and again to create a nest and plant a seed that would blossom without tending—a beautiful process, but one that did not lead to virtuous children.

Now, They understood why – boldness was needed.

So The Son, who had always resided within The Father, became an infant again and re-entered the universe.

This time He brought a message to his brothers and sisters, a message of Faith. He knew that Faith would lead to Resilience, and Resilience to all virtues.

This Son had not been created solely by the Mother, as The Father had been.

He had been born of both Love and Resilience.

He was created by the Mother—pure and innocent.

He was taught by the Father—tested and refined through trials.

The Son would walk through the world—physically vulnerable, yet knowing his true self to be immortal.

He would walk among the diseased, knowing that within this gangrenous nest he would be killed, but never destroyed.

Every facet of The One—Mother, Father, and Son—knew this truth: through His death, He would lead His siblings home.

He would be a key to the gate, the proof of eternal life within the One.

He is an eternal Child of Love.

They also knew this sacrifice would have to be repeated—not to perfect it, but so that each time, a few more awakened children would rise from the nest and become One.

## Part Four: The Tale of the Daughter — Love Understood

As is inherent in all mothers—temporal and eternal—The Mother would not rest until She had a Daughter to carry on.

The Daughter will be a Wonder.

Combining both The Mother's eternal virtue and The Father's temporal understanding, she will have a spirit that knows it exists both inside and outside of time.

Her spirit will not merely feel time—it will swim the time stream like a fish swims a branching delta.

Whenever she chooses, she will call upon Her parents and they will be One with Her, ready to help, no matter where She or They are in time or space.

I wonder where and when She will appear, this Daughter of Love.

I know what a wonder Her Brother was.

But She is different.

Her purpose is not to demonstrate Love, but to gather all the lessons together—and then to teach.

She will be a living supply of all knowledge within The One.

Her role will be as the first pure and innocent lamb loved—not for Her flesh—but for Her wool, for the warmth of Her Love.