



*One sunny afternoon in the hinterlands of time,
two were sitting under the shade of the Tree of
All-Knowing, discussing matters of the world
and the non-world. The Older invited the
Younger to ask one question that was
uppermost in her mind and heart.*

*So the Younger asked, "Wise One, please
tell me which is greater -- Love or Truth?"*

*"Ahhh," the Older slowly smiled. "None is
so wise to answer that for another. But
I will offer you a story, a story of that which
begins all beginnings and ends all endings.
It is the story of a yesterday that has birthed
all tomorrows, and yet must be born again
in every today. Listen well, that you might
answer your own question..."*



A long time ago, when all things and beings were made, they were created in pairs. Each had another that it fit perfectly with. That's not to say they were alike, but their edges defined each other and their winding curves complemented and softened each other. Together with their different forms, thoughts and ideas, they were able to be and do the things they were born to -- things that neither of them could've been or done fully without the other.

But sometimes they forgot that they belonged together, and they would turn and wander off on their own in search of what seemed to be missing. Often, as each would try to fill the emptiness left by the missing other, it would develop more and more of its own individual talents and abilities. And that was good. What eventually did not feel good, however, was that no matter how accomplished or remarkable each became, there was always, still, something missing.

Such was the case with Love and Truth. In the beginning, Love and Truth truthfully loved being together. They didn't go anywhere without each other, and their together-light was so bright that everyone who encountered them instantly shined brighter in their presence. All basked in Love and Truth's combined sense of justice and compassion, intelligence and heartfulness, strength and softness. Beings would come from far and wide seeking encouragement for their challenges, hope for their dreams and healing for their hurts. And Love and Truth loved to be of service wherever they could. It seemed they would spend all eternity opening what was closed, filling what was empty, healing what was broken and making crooked things straight.

But one day, Truth got an independent notion...