

## ASCENSION

### Origins

### The Song of Nestor, Part III

The following narrative is conveyed directly by Nestor

#### The Talderon Ideals

It was during his remaining time in our universe, that the vast wisdom of the venerable Master Talderon, the wisest and most ancient prophet in the firmament, enriched my conception of the *Ideals* and gave depth to the substance that would allow them to endure through the ages.

This narrative depicts our last encounter, and abridges the entirety of our consultations.

On this much anticipated dawn, Master Talderon appeared unusually frail as he smoked his pipe in front of the fire.

“Eriandan,” he began, “as you well know, you were created to achieve a task that you alone can fulfill. My knowledge has been a mere guide. The Hallandahall Scrolls are the true path of discovery. Now you possess the wisdom you were destined to have, and are prepared to insert your own considerations into scriptures.”

“In truth, Master, my contemplations have yielded not the creation of scriptures, but of ideals. They have led me to perceive strings of truth filled with songs, akin to what the stars dispense.”

“Ideals...a curious hypothesis. Elucidate, I pray you.”

“The *Ideals* of which I speak shall propose a manner of existence within each being in the universe, yielding to eventual peace. This peace shall not only arise within the self, but alongside all others. It is a heavenly melody that imparts your wisdom, which I have named ***The Talderon Ideals***”.

He looked away from the fire and smiled. “You will not name it so.”

“It is done, Master. Your copious cycles of contemplation yielded profound wisdoms that elevated my spirit to such a degree that I joined with Ousía. The Eternal Light shines upon you in profound recognition. A new era is to commence, and it shall be known as the Talderon Era. It has been decreed thus.”



The Talderon Era emerged

“Sing to me, then, this song of *Ideals*, Eriandan, Messenger of the Stars.”

Overwhelmed with trepidation, I began to speak. "Harvest to allocate... empty to become full...bend to become strong...yield to your true surroundings to permit matters of no importance to dissipate...discard contentions that the self alone is in the right, and replace them by divesting the self of pride... be genial to learning from others...do not adhere to old fears that cleave to the past... surrender instead to new notions and novel conducts of living."

"Do not stop, my young disciple. If you are to use my given name, you must continue."

"I offer you the song as I understand it now, but it cannot conclude, for there is more I must acquire, and will continue to attain through all my days to come."

"What do you seek at this juncture?"

"The ideal for a harmonic existence shall come to pass when all is in balance...dark and light, passive and aggressive, female and male. But what of good and evil? Are they beyond the reach of harmony?"



But what of good and evil?

The prophet peered deep into my soul as he spoke. "All beings are innately good, and merely need a remembrance of their inner nature to practice virtue. There is no evil in a creature, there are only creatures who behave defectively. With the proper edification and guidance

toward understanding how the universe works, anyone can be virtuous and exist in harmony with others. That is your task, Eriandan. It falls to you alone to enlighten all living creatures in our universe.”

“Then allow me to expand the song I now offer to you, Master. One must submit to all that is offered in one’s existence... strive for flexibility within one’s core... if a being acknowledges the changes in its life without resistance, that being shall be contented... if a being resists the deviations in its existence, that being shall be dissatisfied and wrathful... The ultimate destiny is to dwell at peace in the principles of the *Talderon Ideals*, and concede that all that happens in our journey is part of the eternal force which binds and moves through us all – The Eternal Light.”

“And what of those who would repudiate these *Ideals*?”

“Many will. You have foretold as much, Master Prophet. But I venture to voice that, in doing so, they will come to discover that it is their self-interest that made them reach such a conclusion, and ultimately they shall attain understanding.”

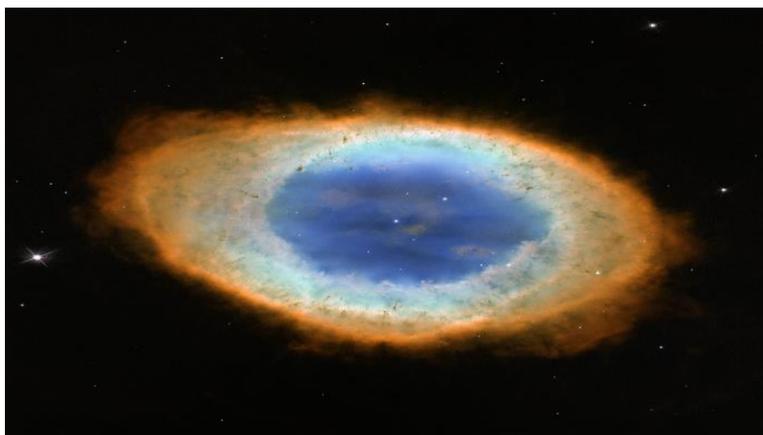
“Is it to be known that all that will ensue in the universe shall be in accordance with the flow of the song of the *Talderon Ideals*?”

“Indeed, Master Prophet.”

“Your song shall be heard and understood by the stars, the augurs, and the prophets. Some clerics may also grasp its melody and implications, however, it is problematic for the mere mortals of our universe. How will you impart the song of these *Ideals* to them?”

“You test me Master, as you have already perceived the many rituals that will arise.”

“Indeed, I have, but you have not as yet. The gift of foresight within you is in its infancy. But, fear not. Ariadina will awaken it and guide it toward maturity, for she is Druidinium and able to foresee that which is to come. For now, express your vision to me.”



“As you wish. Such rituals are to be officiated by a High Cleric, trained under the oversight of the Incorporal Fellowship, and enlightened with the understanding of the song. Upon completion of this sacred training, and with the aid of apprentice Clerics, they shall convey through rituals the meaning of the song, in the language and imagery that the differing creatures under their care can comprehend.”

“What shall your function be?”

“I shall oversee the proliferation and understanding of the *Ideals* as we journey toward universal peace. Together, Ariadina and I shall serve as the mediators between expanding the *Ideals* and those who receive it’s imagery.”

“And what of social and political order?”

“As you have foretold, another shall join me, and together we shall assimilate profound knowledge that will engender a common vision to implement the secular derivatives of the *Talderon Ideals*, and shall establish rules that would enable civilizations across the known universe to bring about social and political balance.”

“Eriandan, as you anticipated upon your entry into my chamber this early dawn, I am to impart to you that you have completed your training within this sanctuary. You have surpassed my wisdoms, and sprinkled the stardust of Ousía upon them, elevating their original significance. It falls to me to bestow upon you the assignation of Supreme Pontiff of the Galactic Sanctuary and Scribe of the Incorporal Fellowship.”

“Thank you, Master Talderon. I humbly welcome this great honor.”

“Farewell, my friend, I will miss our consultations, Ariadina’s warm embrace and Druidinium insights, and mostly, your son, Oriantial’s puerile jokes.”

“Master, do not abandon us. We have far to go.”

“I am not long for this plane. Soon I will fall to dust and journey alongside the winds of universal peace at your side.”

Thus, concludes the Song of Nestor.

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