

Ella had a dream this morning . . .

What's uncanny about this is that Ella rarely dreams ♥.

She's noticed this since childhood: she lays her head down upon her pillow – and instantly she falls asleep ♥. Often, when she wakes in the morning, her body hasn't moved at all. It hasn't budged. She's been so *deep* . . .

And what's really enchanting about this is that, just yesterday, as she and I were feeling in to how best to reveal this story to you from here – we both had a sense that next, I'm to tell you of her recurring dreams ♥.

So the synchronicity that a fresh, very rare dream has come in this morning – is neat!



Ella was with a young man, with whom she evidently had a mutual attraction. He was tender, gentle, calm – and clearly he was allured to her ♥. And she to him ☺

She was 'told' that they were in Chad. She had no idea why 'Chad' was relevant – except that it's a country in Africa ♥. She noticed – to her surprise – that all of the people were 'white' . . . except for the mother. She had the most beautifully colored, deep brown skin . . . and the tenderest of love shining forth from her eyes ♥.

Ella found the 'white' skin of two of the key characters in 'Chad' intriguing – and then she remembered that sometimes, details are somewhat 'bizarre' in dreams. They can take liberties – to make symbolic points clear . . .

She and this young man were alone – simply 'being' together, enjoying the pristine exquisitry of the freshness of getting to know each other . . . !!

His mother was present – gently, in the distance . . .

They were in this young man's 'house' . . .

At a point early in this brief dream, the young man was suddenly 'not there' . . . and his father just as suddenly was . . .

Ella was perplexed ♥.

The young man's mother explained that, in their culture, it was the custom for the father of a young man – once the young man was sure of his interest in a young woman – to deem that she is 'worthy' of his son ♥.

And so – as apparently it was typical in this land – the father, with the young man absent and the mother discreetly stepping away – was granted freedom, in whatever ways he deemed were necessary, to determine and to decree that the young woman could be his son's wife ♥.

She found this 'new to her' custom intriguing – and she relaxed into it with a subtle air of caution . . . as the father began coming near to her, exploring her energy, the gaze of her eyes, her heartbeat, her breath ♥ . . .

At which point, in the dream, Ella knew the inherent 'risk' ♥ – that the father, and or the young woman, might discover a significant love – in the 'older man' and the 'younger woman' ♥.

This was beginning to kindle, ancient embers awakening between them – when the father *knew* his boundary ♥ . . . He respectfully drew away from Ella – and called out to the mother, announcing in barely noticeable grief, his 'own' loss . . . that this young woman was worthy – *for his son* ♥.

Ella called me – as she was stirring from this dream ♥. She knew, in her semi stupor, the essence, of what it *meant* ♥. She shared this with me, and I could 'see' it. It has to do with the 'father' . . . and the 'son' ♥.

This will become obvious . . . as we share the deepenings, of this 'story' . . .

For now, let's let this settle . . . 'as a dream' . . . As a dream, within a dream . . .

♥♥.



As I mentioned, Ella almost never dreams. She sleeps so soundly that once, as a young child, she asked Ted and Mary Beth one morning, "Why is there a burned sofa on the lawn?"

The three children had been staying with their grandparents at Le Couer du Roi for the weekend. And lo and behold, there *was* a charred sofa on the lawn outside one of the guest cabins.

Flabbergasted and somewhat envious of his kid sister's ability to fall so swiftly into deeply restful sleep, Ted said incredulously, "What? Didn't you hear the fire trucks in the night?"

No, she hadn't. She hadn't heard a 'peep' ♥.



Ella had three recurring dreams in her 'growing up years' ♥.

In one of them, her great-uncle, Ned, would appear at the front door of their house. It would *look* like him, and yet . . . he was 'absent'. There was an air of steel grey emptiness to him – no expression, no feelings, no *love*. It was as if his 'shell' was there . . . but 'he' wasn't ♥.

In another of these early repetitive dreams, Ella would be in the front entryway of their house. And the floorboards would give way. They would never really 'fall out' . . . They would just begin to become less solid . . . Like the ground might just . . . 'dissolve' ♥.

A 'variation' on this dream was Ella's mild paranoia (this disappeared by her late teens) that a heel would fall off one of her shoes! It was like she would be walking along . . . and a heel would just 'fall off' . . . Bizarre ☺!

The third of these recurring dreams was really, really fascinating ♥.

It didn't take place on 'Earth' . . . It took place in 'space' . . .

When she was in this dream, she would become aware that there was no landscape – no objects of any sort whatsoever . . .

As soon as she recognized this . . . she would recognize the familiarity of this 'dream' . . .

It was always, essentially, the same . . .

She was a blob of energy . . . simply pulsing . . .

And as she recognized this . . . and she became relaxed in the presence of this . . . the energy . . . would *slow . . . down . . .*

It would become such a big . . . slow . . . all-inclusive . . . ‘pulse’ . . .

And she would realize that *everything* was this pulse . . .

There was nothing ‘separate’ . . .

It was slow . . . and huge . . . and it was everything . . .

That was the ‘dream’ ♥ . . .

She had this dream quite often – relatively speaking! – in her growing up years . . .

And then it ‘disappeared’ . . . for a while . . .

It came to her again, quite recently, over the Easter weekend, just last year . . . while she was visiting her dear friend Artemis . . .

Ella was gently being led out of the ‘dream’ . . . into a semi-comatose ‘awake’ state . . . when she began to hear the gently rustlings . . . in the bedroom next to hers . . . and she knew that Artemis was awake, too . . . nursing her wee baby Cecily . . .

She rose, slipped her feet into her slippers, and cocooned herself in her robe . . .

Quietly she stepped out of her room, into the doorway of the next . . . As Artemis caught her eye, she knew she was welcome . . . She entered in to the ‘nursery’, and asked if she could sit . . .

It was so incredibly magical, watching Artemis nurse Cecily ☺ Ella herself had never felt ‘maternal’ – and so she was not yet a ‘mom’ ♥ . . .

And yet now – in these precious instants – to keenly observe the dissolution of separation between mother and child, as this baby ‘nursed’ . . . it was like seeing through glass in a gallery of precious jewels . . . It was like watching god herself, feeding the spirit of her young ♥ . . .

Still lingering in the dream, she asked Artemis if she could describe what she was experiencing . . . Arta, of course, said “Yes!”

She never, ever, had the opportunity to describe this from ‘inside of it’, before . . .

And in its glow, she could recognize the similarities . . . between wee Cecily, transitioning from ‘out’ . . . to ‘in’ . . . Out . . . to be in ‘dreamtime’ . . . and in . . . to be ‘fed’ ♥ . . .

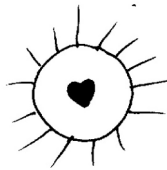
It felt like essentially the same experience that Ella always had – in this ‘dream’ ♥ . . . She was led . . . out . . . to remember ‘eternity’ . . . and in . . . to bring it ‘in’ ♥ . . .

It felt so incredibly nourishing to Ella – and evidently to Cecily, and Arta, too! – to have an opportunity to share, with someone else who could ‘feel’ it . . . this amazing state . . . that Ella . . . was *in* . . .

This was the first time, ever, that Ella sensed there was a ‘context’ for this peculiar ‘dream’ . . . It was as if a key piece, in an amazing puzzle, was gently, being set into place . . .



Those were Ella’s recurring childhood dreams . . .



It seems fitting, now, in this context ♥, to share with you an ‘overarching perspective’ that Ella – in the presence of a team of people whom we will introduce to you ‘later’ – gave quiet, potent ‘birth’ to, a number of years ago ♥ . . .

We’ll be going out ‘into the cosmos’ again – like we did in sharing the ‘fallen angels and the boomerang’ memory!

So settle in . . . enjoy a couple of slow, deep breaths . . . and tune in . . .

Once upon a time, way back when, prior to space, and even to *time* . . .

When all energy was One . . . as Source . . .

And there were no divisions yet . . . no separateness . . .

Just the inclusive, harmonious *presence* . . .

Of all energy . . . together as *One* . . .

And the Father . . . whose archangel name is ‘Gabriel’ . . .
And the Mother . . . whose archangel name is ‘Rafael’ . . .
Together . . . they mused . . . and they rapturously pondered . . .
“Wouldn’t it be wonderful . . . to birth *outside* of us . . . a reflection of our own
energy . . . for us to ‘see’?”
And so together . . . they birthed this ‘idea’ . . . whose archangel name . . . it is
‘Michael’ . . .
And as they released . . . for the first time ‘outside of them’ . . . some . . . of their
sacred *energy* . . .
And this *energy* . . . it was the ‘idea’ . . . the essential blueprint . . . of what they
would soon ‘birth’ . . .
And as this idea . . . it became a ‘reality’ . . . a wee divine child . . . he she was
‘birthed’ . . .
And this radiant child . . . a ball of wonder . . . immaculate innocence . . . and pure
delight . . . its archangel name . . . it is ‘Uriel’ . . .
And in the oh-so-present moments . . . of this *birthing* . . .
The Father . . . for the first time *ever* . . .
He felt some ‘feelings’ . . . he had never ‘felt before’ . . . of stirring anxiety . . .
jealousy and fear . . .
For this ‘creation’ . . . it had never ‘happened’ . . . ever . . . ever *before* . . .
And so there was no precedent . . . upon which to base this . . .
There was no ‘familiar’ . . . ever before . . .
And in a split second . . . of consternation . . .
The Father . . . took *of himself* . . .
He whittled an aspect . . . of *his own energy* . . .
And he cast it . . . outside himself . . .
This was his rash and foolish . . . intense ‘reaction’ . . .
To his un-pre-known fear . . .
That he could ‘fall’ . . .
Fall out . . .

Of the Mother's *heart space* . . .
For he *doubted* . . .
That *she could* . . .
Love this new born child . . .
And love him *too* ♥ . . .
And so in casting . . .
His 'shadow' out there . . .
In the 'counter' direction . . .
Of the wee bright babe . . .
His intention . . .
It was to *lure her* . . .
To notice 'him' again . . .
For him to love ♥ . . .
What he 'didn't' know . . .
For this had never, ever before transpired . . .
Was is that the *love* . . .
Of the Mother . . .
It is so huge . . .
And all encompassing . . .
That there was no risk . . .
Whatever . . .
That in loving the wee newborn child . . .
She could love him less ♥ . . .
And yet he . . .
Had no way of 'knowing' this' . . .
For this had never . . .
Ever happened 'before' . . .
And so in that rash moment . . .
Of uncalculated 'fear base' . . .
He made sure . . .

He would not 'fall' . . .
And what he did then . . .
In his soon 'horror' . . .
Was create a deflection . . .
From the pure *Light* . . .
For the 'shadow' . . .
He flung from his 'own self' . . .
For to allure the Mother . . .
It had no heart . . .
It was only . . .
In these 'moments' . . .
In the doing . . .
Of this un-sacred 'act' . . .
That it could become evident . . .
Just what would 'happen' . . .
As when and if the Father . . .
Gave birth 'alone' ♥ . . .
For when the masculine . . .
Attempts to 'birth', love . . .
Without the feminine . . .
This is the fall . . .
And so when the Father . . .
He birthed his 'own self' . . .
He birthed the 'twin' son . . .
He birthed . . .
The . . .
Fall . . .
The 'twin son' . . .
Is known as 'Lucifer' . . .
He is *not* dark . . .

He too is 'Light' ♥ . . .
And yet he *lacks* . . .
The seed of Mother . . .
He was born . . .
Out of the Light . . .
And this 'deflection' . . .
Has caused such 'minions' . . .
For more than 'millions' . . .
Millions of 'years' ♥ . . .
For this is . . .
The root of 'suffering' . . .
It has endured . . .
Through all these 'years' . . .
And the lesson . . .
Within this 'story' . . .
Is that when the 'masculine' . . .
Tries to 'create' . . .
Without the 'union' . . .
The sacred union . . .
With the 'feminine' . . .
It is 'half baked' . . .
Meaning that 'suffering' . . .
It is a given . . .
It is implied . . .
Within this 'birth' . . .
For it is *only* . . .
When the masculine and the feminine . . .
Unite in Vision . . .

That Light is birthed¹⁴ . . .



More shall be said . . .

And let's begin, to say it now ♥ . . .

For we all have – right here, right now . . .

The capacity – to fully comprehend . . .

The root 'cause' . . . of all 'mis-creation' . . .

The root pause . . . in all 'suffering' . . .

We can see this . . .

If we only . . . 'look around' . . .

We can see this 'mis taken assumption . . . that there is not enough Love' ♥ . . .

We can see the fear-based, reactive actions . . .

That merely evoke, more Earthly suffering . . .

Never Love . . .

And so to 'heal this' . . .

We can begin to 'see this' . . .

And we can begin . . .

In our own Hearts . . .

To insert Love . . .

Into every moment . . .

To Invite Divine Mother . . .

Here Now To Love . . .

For if in the moments, when we notice . . .

That the 'Mother . . .

'She is absent' . . .

¹⁴ This speaks of the masculine and the feminine – existing within all males and females, regardless of gender ♥ – as it does in all 'systems' that have the capacity to 'create' ♥ . . .

Then the 'shadow . . .
'It is here' . . .
And it is in the 'Union . . .
'With the Divine Mother' . . .
That our Heart's 'Vision . . .
'It becomes Clear' . . .
And so the 'moral . . .
'Of this story' . . .
It is to *Create* . . .
Only with Love . . .
It is to *Burst Open* . . .
Our Hearts With 'Divine Mother' . . .
It is to always . . .
Only . . .
Ever . . .
Create *anything* . . .
When we're 'In . . .
'Love' . . .
Love ☺ . . .
It is a 'heart space' . . .
It is not 'only' . . .
A 'sexual act' . . .
It is a *way of being* . . .
In which Love is beaming . . .
It is a *radiant presence* . . .
Yes it is Love . . .
And so if we are 'creating' . . .
Which is *every moment* . . .
Yes *every moment* . . .
That we breathe . . .

And we pause to 'notice' . . .
"Am I feeling Love?"
If we are 'not . . . yet' . . .
Then we 'pause and breathe' ♥ . . .
For when *Love Is Present* . . .
Then Light Is Present . . .
Then 'shadow' . . .
Does not 'exist' ☺ . . .
Then *All is Love!*
Loves ☺
Yes *All is Love!*
Loves ☺
And this . . .
It is the world . . .
In which . . .
We can all live ♥ ☺ . . .



That's a lot to ponder . . . for today . . .
Even I . . . as I do 'scribe' this . . .
Even I . . . am moved to 'tears' . . .
For the simple truth . . .
In what this 'says', here . . .
It can move mountains . . .
It can heal years . . .