

Ella saw the first vision when she was nine¹² ♥.

It's not that she'd never heard of visions before. She grew up amongst plenty of French speaking Catholics in Montréal. And so she heard 'via the grapevine' – from a very young age – that there were people who 'saw visions' and 'heard voices' – people like Saint Francis of Assisi and Moses.

As a child, these were just 'stories' to Ella – stories of distant people from far away lands.

And so she never told anyone of her first vision – not because she was afraid to, or because she doubted it was 'real'. Just because no one around her ever said that *they* saw visions ♥.

Ella always felt that everyone – at their core – is equal. And so she never, ever perceived herself as 'different', or 'special' in any way. She saw visions. And if she ever *did* ponder it – which she didn't – she might have assumed that everyone else was visited by visions, too. And that they, like her, just 'kept them quiet, inside themselves' ♥.

Speaking of 'quiet'! Ella's paternal grandfather, Arthur, barely said "Boo", yet . . . he was a man of very worldly, expansive views.

Ella's grandparents were the 'keepers' of 'Le Coeur du Roi Centre de Retraite' – an ecumenical retreat centre in the Laurentide mountains just north of Montréal. As keepers, they had found their ideal 'home' – an oasis of outbuildings plus a main 'lodge' that nourished people of *all* faiths ♥.

And so Ella grew up with the gentle, persistent teaching that 'not all faiths lead to Rome . . . they lead to Home'!

Ah yes . . . the vision ☺

She has never been able to recall the 'state of consciousness' she was in when she first *saw* it . . . Though the details of this early vision have always remained crystal clear ♥.

¹² In numerology, nine means 'completion' . . . In this particular mode of divination – the accessing of wisdom deep within content – the digits in numbers are added together to ascertain their total, which is always a number between one and nine . . . Ten equals 'one' (one plus zero) – the beginning of a new cycle . . . And so the 'completion' of what has been shown to Ella in visions since she was a young child is inherently encoded in the visions themselves ♥ . . .

First she saw – in her inner visual awareness, her ‘mind’s eye’, as some people call it – a cabin on stilts. And immediately she recognized this as being somewhere on the Atlantic coast ♥.

Once her perception of the ‘outside’ of the cabin was established – with waves lapping at the stilts, the cabin itself suspended as if in ‘mid-air’ – her attention was drawn to *inside* the cabin ♥.

There she saw herself – some years into the future – sitting at a rustic dining table, with a bench on either side ♥.

She was rapt in concentration . . . writing . . . a book . . .

She was aware – in all the years following, when ‘the vision’ would waft into her awareness again, with all of its details still precisely intact – that there were no clues, yet, of ‘what this book was about’ ♥.

And yet it was clear that she was alone ♥.

In fact, this ‘vision’ came with ‘voices’ – a crystal clear, word-by-word message that she could audibly hear within her ‘inner reception’ ♥.

“You will be alone – or with someone who will allow you to be alone enough to write.”

And “You will have all that you need, with you.” ♥.

That was it. That – essentially – was Ella’s ‘first vision’ ♥.

One other awareness of vital significance accompanied her initial reception of this ‘futuristic forecast’! That there wasn’t anything she needed to ‘do’ to bring this vision into fruition ♥.

If it was going to happen . . . it would ☺



Ella grew up just south of Montréal, across the Saint Lawrence River, in a small city called Châteauguay ♥. She always loved its name. ‘Happy castle’ is what it translated as, in her childhood way of perceiving!

Her family lived on a farmstead just outside the city. They rented the land itself to local families who actually farmed it – as her parents were professionals who yearned since their own childhoods to live in a rustic setting, in the heart of ‘the woods’ ♥.

So the main farmhouse was their home – and the barns housed the rustle and bustle of activities of the men and women who would come to work the soil. They weren’t ‘serfs’ – by any means ♥. Ella’s parents – Roger and Heather – had a deep inborn respect of everyone ♥. There wasn’t any ‘status’ in their minds. What there was is a knowing that everyone contributes to the wellbeing of the whole. Everyone . . .

When Ella was six, one of the farmers asked her parents if their own children could board their horses there. Ella was elated! She had always felt a yearning – a natural connection – with *all* animals, and the possibility of touching horses – and maybe even riding them! – carried her into a more-than-mild ecstasy ♥.

And so the day came that four horses arrived.

Within a few months, Ella was best friends with Huber, Margot, and Isabeau – the children! – and Mingo, Pecos, Arabella, and Gulliver, their much loved equine friends ♥.

Ella learned to ride – bareback – taught eloquently and graciously by her new playmates ♥.

She especially loved riding bareback – feeling the warmth and the pulsing of the horses *life energy* beneath her thighs ♥. Riding through the thickets of maple trees – their leaves turning hues of red, orange, and gold in the autumns . . . and feeling so close the heat of her beloved stallion Shiloh as its and her exhalations made steam in the air in winters . . . These were joyous times ♥.



Ella’s father, Roger, was always passionately engulfed in his work ♥. He was a geometer – a rare breed of scientist, who used ‘shapes’ rather than numbers to solve intricate societal conundrums.

A prodigy of Buckminster Fuller, he asked Bucky after several years of correspondence and occasional, richly in-depth meetings if he might receive permission

to open a ‘satellite’ research office of the Fuller Institute in Montréal. Bucky gave him more than permission – he gave him his blessing.

Roger had a knack for recognizing the ‘shapes’ in things – their hidden structures. He could intuitively recognize where energy was ‘blocked’ – and how to gently assist it to regain its *flow* ♥.

Bucky recognized this in him, and found, too, a kindred spirit who understood deeply what *he* did. What seemed at times impossible to articulate beyond themselves was recognized speechlessly between them ♥.

And so it came to be that Roger established the Fuller Institute’s Canadian research station.

Over the years, it became a ‘think tank’, alluring and welcoming scientists, spiritualists, artists, indigenous leaders – you name it – to explore together, in one harmonic voice, how to resolve sticklers of problems. Their ‘motto’ was actually an Einstein quote: “We cannot solve our problems with the same thinking we used when we created them”.

Roger and his intrepid colleagues recognized very openly that what their work was *actually* about was *consciousness* . . . how to lift themselves and, ultimately, humanity into higher, more integrative vantages of consciousness – from which solutions could actually be perceived ♥.

This . . . was the nourishing environment of ‘inquiry’ that Ella and her siblings grew up in!

Speaking of siblings, Ella’s twin sister was – and still is – always immersed in music. While Ella was keen to explore many intriguing possibilities – nature, arts, sciences, community leadership – Mary Beth had one enduring passion. She would spend hours and hours – and what seemed to Ella like *interminable* hours – upstairs in her room, practicing scales, then sonatas, on her cello ☺

Her true diligence paid off handsomely, as she became a Principal Cellist with the Saint Lawrence Symphony Orchestra, sidelining in creative ‘new music’ projects with the likes of Edward Bell, Ming Yue Wan, and Emmylou Hakomi.

Though Ella and I behave more like ‘sisters’ than she and Mary Beth have in years, they too traveled the world with their international touring, and would meet whenever they were within a fifty kilometer radius of each other ♥.

That was their pact: whenever they were near, they would be together . . .

Ella’s brother, Ted, shares her love of animals. So much so that he immersed himself in sciences, and became one of the country’s most recognized veterinarians. Exploring methods of ‘animal husbandry’ dating back to what – to Ella – seemed like ‘antiquity’ . . . and being always keen to learn from indigenous cultures . . . Ted developed an intercultural mastery of nurturing animals into their optimal state of wellness.

He is the first to admit that his methods of animal ‘medicine’ are closer to animal ‘naturopathy’ – a field that he has been a pioneering contributor in.

A frequent speaker on the conference circuit, Ted has been invited to present at symposiums from horse racing in Monaco to cattle ranching in Texas to sheep farming in Wales to goat herding in Afghanistan . . . A ‘universalist’, he consistently seeks the ‘connecting links between all parts’ – that is, the essential principles that span all circumstances ♥.

Ella’s Mom, too, surrounded Ella with rich nutrients – her entire family like a ‘petri dish’ preparing her for what was to come ♥.

Heather is a visual artist – an innovator in her field, not unlike many artists yet, like all artists, exploring her *own* mediums for expression of what pulses and churns within her ♥.

And so the stable at the farm was in its early days also fitted with a painting and sculpting studio – its southern wall extended out to include an atrium to catch the arcing of the sun ♥.

Less ‘obsessed’ than Mary Beth in her practice, Heather was first and foremost a ‘Mom’! She baked, cooked amazingly sumptuous food, and knitted socks for anyone she could find the time to knit for. It was as if knitting helped her to integrate – to ground the far-reaching explorations and passions of her family.

And knit she did ♥.

Once the children were well into high school, Heather turned her energies full focus into her art forms. She prepared series of canvasses and sculptures for a flurry of showings in galleries – mainly in Québec City, Ottawa, and Montréal. Though her big ‘coup’ came when she was invited to show one piece in an exhibition at the Tate Modern in London ♥.

She was almost ‘invisible’ for months on end, crafting and concocting a ‘new method’ – of integrating rock into wood supported by metal ♥.

Her ‘invention’ was shared in *Modern Sculptures* magazine. If only every mother could be so proud . . .



And so it wasn’t unusual for Ella to “reach for the stars”¹³. She was surrounded by the very normal activity of aspiring for one’s greatness – without a flap, without ‘a big to do’, just . . . because . . .

As the visions continued – and as the paranormal experiences began – she was in equal company, albeit sometimes in ‘somewhat different realms’ ♥.



One day, when she was about twelve, Ella was romping through the woods at the farm as she often did, nonchalantly gleeful, her dog Casey prancing and bounding hither and fro . . . They were best friends ♥.

Ella could tell Casey anything ♥ – what scared her, what elated her, what enthralled her, what dumbfounded her . . . And Casey – the golden retriever lover-of-all-things-playful that he was – would simply listen ☺

She felt so unconditionally accepted – in all her foibles, all her insecurities, all her longings – by her speechless companion ♥.

¹³ “Bend and stretch, reach for the stars, there goes Jupiter, here comes Mars” – lyrics to a children’s rhyme sung frequently by Heather to Ella to ‘coo her to sleep’ ♥ . . .

She loved him so – farts and all! As Casey got older, he got blinder, and harder of hearing, and fart-full . . . And yet her love for him only grew ♥.

She called him all sorts of quirky names – like ‘Vesper’ and ‘Chronicles’ and ‘Bounty’ and ‘Runner’ – everything under the moon that she was inspired to call him, purely spontaneously, moment-to-moment as they were together ♥.

He would accept anything she called him – anything . . .

And he was always there ♥. Always . . .

On this particular day, Casey’s behavior was severely ‘abnormal’ . . . He pulled back from a blanket of bushes, spun around himself, barked, pounced backwards, barked again . . .

Ella walked nearer to where he was prancing and dancing, as he was clearly sorely irritated in the midst of his antics ♥.

At first she was curious . . . ‘What was Casey so high strung about?’

And then she noticed it – a distinct ‘buzz’, barely audible, emanating from ‘behind the bushes’ and . . . an *energy* . . . a tangible, viscerally perceivable *energy* – *like a high pitched vibration, a glow, burning outwards, radiating in all directions – including towards them* . . .

Casey was evidently spooked . . .

Ella was . . . not ‘alarmed’, yet . . . cautious . . .

She had never, in all of her years exploring this forest in the simple moments leading up to this, *ever* encountered anything like it . . .

She called lovingly to Casey, calming him and beckoning him toward her . . . Once he was within stroking distance, she enticed him to back up with her – yet not leave the scene – so she could calm him while staying near enough to notice as the ‘buzz’ subsided . . . and the ‘glow’ faded . . .

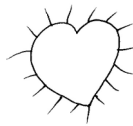
And within three minutes or less . . . what once was . . . had completely vanished . . .

That was one of the earliest experiences Ella was given – to realize the existence – of ‘beings beyond form’ ♥.

She and Casey slowly made their way home, taking ample time to meander, stabilize, and ensure that her beloved companion was ‘trauma free’ . . .

When she knew that no one would be likely to ask questions – for she and Casey had resumed ‘normal’ appearances! – she led him in through the back door of the house . . . He settled on his mat by the kitchen fire . . . And she sat down to dinner with the rest . . .

That was not the last ♥. Nor was it the first ♥. It was an early demonstration to her of ‘*life beyond the seen*’ ♥ . . .



Ella didn’t remember this back then . . . In fact, she remembered it many years later . . . And yet telling it now will make her ‘story’ easier for you to comprehend and to follow ♥.

Ella had a memory – of ‘before this lifetime’ ♥ . . .

She was beyond form, in an angelic field of radiant white Light . . . This Light was emanating in all directions – infinitely . . . In this memory, there was no ‘landscape’ . . . There was purely *Light* . . .

She was sitting – to the right side of ‘God’ ♥ . . .

‘God’ was a radiant field of Light – like a large ‘orb’ . . .

And she was a ‘smaller orb’ – sitting to God’s right . . .

Gently present with each other, they were in a silent, wordless dialogue ♥ . . . for they could *speak – without uttering a breath* . . . They could ‘speak’ . . . purely from their ‘minds’ ♥ . . .

Theirs was a gentle, loving conversation . . . mutually respectful . . . no signs of hierarchy . . .

For there ‘is’ no ‘hierarchy’ in the realms of *Light* ♥ . . .

And Ella experienced this, and witnessed this, in this memory, firsthand . . .

. . . There came a time, in their ambling conversance, when the energy mildly ‘shifted’ . . .

And Ella knew . . . that God knew . . . that she was about . . . to be ‘born’ . . .
 A mild ‘sadness’ . . . emanated like a gentle mist . . . from inside . . . the love of
God . . . as ‘He / She / It’ knew . . . it was soon time . . . for Ella . . . to ‘forget’ . . .
 And then Ella realized . . . without a single word spoken . . . the simplicity . . . of
 what this ‘meant’ . . .
 She would be born . . . ‘down there . . . to the right’ . . .
 And she would ‘walk a path . . . to the left’ . . .
 Meaning that as . . . she ‘woke up . . . she would awaken others . . . in her wake’ ♥
 . . .
 This . . . was God’s immediate ‘sadness’ . . . that Ella . . . would ‘forget’ . . .
 Him / Her / It . . . this . . . *all that is real* . . .
 She would ‘temporarily . . . forget’ . . . and He / She / It would ‘trust . . . her to
 awake’ ♥ . . .
 This was Ella’s ‘first vision with God’ ♥.



There was one more vision – one that feels particularly important to share with
 you now ♥.
 Ella remembered – sometime in the late nineteen-ninety’s, when she was primed
 and ready, for this – that she was ‘briefed’, prior to this lifetime, for ‘what was to come’
 ♥ . . .
 She was, again, ‘etheric’, with no ‘landscape’, so to speak – sitting, among a
 ‘council’ . . . of five or six, other soul beings . . .
 One of these, in particular, was sharing with her, the ‘essence’ . . . of what she
 would need to ‘know’ . . .
 “..... Bzzzz”
 “What?”, Ella exclaimed, having missed a vital word in this rapid ‘flow’.
 “..... Bzzzz human suffering Bzzzz” – as if ‘human suffering’ was
 the most normal, nonchalant topic that could possibly be discussed.

“Stop.”

And they did.

“Don’t tell me! Show me!”

Ella meant business. She ‘knew’ – in this soul state, prior to this, her next incarnation – that it wouldn’t suffice for her to have a ‘conceptual knowing’ – of *human suffering* . . . She would need to *experience it now, first hand*.

For – in order for people, in this day and age, to trust her *or anyone* – they needed to know, within their own fleshy cells, that she understood – *through contemporary experience* – what it was, that they struggled with.

Academic, conceptual recognition wouldn’t do.

Visceral, tangible, mutually experiential understanding was what would be required – *if she was ever to lead others out of their deep well of confusion, strife, and fear* . . .

For it is ‘belly to belly’ that we subconsciously discern *that somebody understands the pain we are in*.

It is not through dialogue. Or textbooks. It is through *knowing the real experience, too*.

And so this ‘council’, of etheric beings, they ‘clicked their heals, and came to’ – *so fast, like lightning speed, in response to what Ella literally ‘demanded’ of them*.

They presented to her five ‘options’ – of *how she could, personally, in this forthcoming lifetime, directly experience the depths of human anguish*. Precisely, so that she could comprehend the misery of her fellow humans . . . and have a hope . . . to lead them *out* . . .

These council beings . . . laid out before her . . . one, two, three, four . . .

And she exclaimed, “That one! I’ll take that one!” In a mere instant, her choice was made ♥.

She would *choose* – consciously, before this lifetime – to ‘during it, take a wound’ . . .

She would ask for other ‘actors’, to be cast as ‘playmates’, in this, deep healing ‘script’ . . .

And so Ella began this lifetime . . . conscious that she would ‘fall asleep’ . . .
And she did ♥.

