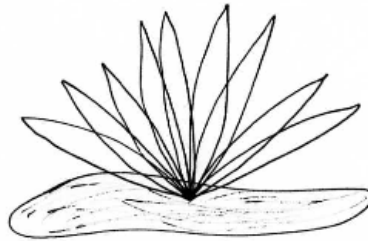


Water Lillies

the story of an *Elongation*

the story of a Waking Up



Bjorn, Helga, Aleska and Ella walked single file along the simple earthen path between the Monastery and the Main Temple. Bjorn in the lead, he, Helga and Aleska engaged in quiet, light-hearted banter to calm their nervous anticipation, while Ella – slightly back from the others in her own inner world – walked in a trance that allowed her alignment with the Divine just enough energy to move her feet one past the next.

They had arrived in India – this second time – two days prior, allowing them a sufficient ‘bridge’ to acclimatize to the altitude, the time zone difference of nine plus hours, and the potency of what was about to transpire.

Sparsely spaced rhododendron trees, tall as spires with their bright red blossoms, enveloped them in a haven of majesty as they walked this silent forest path.

During the two preceding days, Ella sat in lotus position on the stark bed in her monastery room. Silent and barely moving, she was experiencing for the first time ever what she now calls ‘third eye burn’ – an intensity of energy building up like a tantric burst at the centre of her brow. She could feel the potency percolating like an unstoppable eye of a tornado – as if the vortex in the centre of her forehead was full with horses at a gate, ready and eager to burst forth into a race they had trained their entire life to run as their one and only identity.

She could feel it – the razor’s edge of these very moments . . . It was as if she was walking a tightrope – and there was only one chance – a chance so vital to communicate with another incarnate soul who could *understand* what she Knew.

Aleska had been in India for four elongated months, following cues so precise – like tiny breadcrumbs in a dimly lit forest – leading her to this exact place and time.

Like four devoted ‘pilgrims’ they arrived at the Main Temple complex – an enclave of monks and nuns chanting and meditating day in, day out for decades unending. They had been at the Main Temple on several occasions before – and so they knew precisely which building awaited them.

At its entryway they were met by a stoic Indian guard who made not a slightest acknowledgement that they had arrived, he standing in his slim khaki uniform, machine gun silently slung at his side.

Beyond this resolute and essential sentinel – for His Holiness was living in exile in India, and thus its military was commissioned to protect Him – they were met by two Tibetans – a man and a woman – graciously smiling as they welcomed them in.

Just inside the doorway of this, His Holiness’s private winter residence, the three women were gently asked – for all Tibetans are incredibly gentle – to step inside a small room to the right, while Bjorn was led by a Tibetan man into a room adjacent to it. With absolute graciousness they were asked their permission to be frisked, to ensure they were carrying no weapons.

Once this practical ceremony was complete, they were led – with a warmth and a calmness that was constant and easily forthcoming among the Tibetans, like a golden brook bubbling oh-so-tenderly as it flowed into infinity – to a row of chairs in a long, wide hallway. They were encouraged to sit, as they awaited their next welcome.

It seemed interminable. It had been years to this moment – and then these recent months. And now a further delay? Fifteen minutes felt like eternity.

A Tibetan man greeted them, apologizing on behalf of His Holiness for their being kept waiting. Not surprisingly, His previous meeting had run overtime.

They were led – always so graciously – into a large living room. His Holiness rose from a simple, square armchair to greet them with his well-recognized smile and his boyish giggle, His trademark glint of magical glee shimmering in His eyes.

He motioned them to sit in armchairs and a divan in the cluster of seating central to this, the room in which He holds His ‘private audiences’ – the term revered by desiring westerners for intimate and rare opportunities to meet with Him.

Within swift moments, ‘ping pong’ began. His Holiness – having been briefed in the purpose of their meeting – asked with great confidence and ease His first question of Ella. Within her reply of a mere four words – anticipating, as she had endeavored to communicate these colossal visions with a sparse handful of people over the preceding years, and *every* time – no matter how evolved and clear-minded each person was – at least a few sentences would be required – He grasped, fully and completely, the information He sought to Know, within a mere *four words* of a partially articulated phrase.

And so flowed their conversation.

He would ask a question. She would reply – and midstream He would ask the next question.

Within a few rounds of this intriguing and refreshing interplay, she recognized the gist of what was underway – and she relaxed in to a co-creative conversation she had yearned for decades to be able to have with another human being.

Nearly an hour passed. Ping pong.

At which point His Holiness stood.

He looked downcast towards the ground, a forlorn expression washing over His face.

And He said, in a somber tone, His sadness unmasked, “I’m not sure that humanity has the will.”

Ella bounced up exuberantly, as if she was doing star jumps in a gymnastics meet. “I have will! I have so much will – I don’t know what to do with it!”

He clearly heard her. He was bearing witness to one of the most dedicated young women He might ever meet. She burned with an intensity of Knowing so deep, it was as if nothing could extinguish it.

As they prepared to part, He committed to her, “When you have brought together the three . . . I will do everything in my power to bring together the rest.”

They all shook hands, bowing towards each other in evident mutual respect.

No one anticipated that it would be twenty years – almost to this precise day – before Ella would receive the green light ‘cue’ to ask for their next meeting.

Twenty years.



Ella had a dream . . .

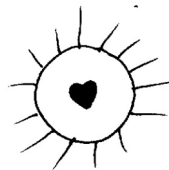
She was in a house . . . There were other people there too – though who she was with wasn’t key for her to recognize . . . In the house there was a wall . . . and it was

camouflaged . . . But together they found its secret doorway . . . and they pushed it . . . open . . . There were creatures inside – mice and other alive puppets – which somehow . . . they felt afraid of . . . The leader of the puppets was an inflated cat . . . It was scary, as it was what controlled all of the puppets . . . When Ella noticed the cat, she felt herself tense in terror . . . But she also knew . . . that all she had to do . . . was to deflate the cat . . . And she knew that she had to do this before the cat got into the water (all of a sudden there was water in the dream) and then everyone . . . would be . . . safe . . . She summoned her courage to come up behind the cat . . . And she deflated it by cutting it open on the back of its head, and releasing the air that was inside of it . . .

It was that ‘simple’ . . .

The dream ends as Ella and the others are playing in the sea waters . . .

This was Ella’s childhood dream . . .



Ella told me the other day that she is like a mirror in a forest . . . If you want to light a fire in a forest, you simply hold a small piece of glass like a mirror – rotating it at various angles until you catch the glint of the sun upon it . . . You hold this mirror, with the sun penetrating ‘through’ it, as long as it takes – until the heat of the sun beaming onto it lights a fire . . .

Then you can cook your food, or warm your water, or dry your wet clothes – or awaken humanity . . .

For the light of the fire is the memory that penetrates through the film that has been holding humanity asleeping . . .

Humanity has been in a slumber for a very long time . . .

And now it is Time – to awaken . . .



Water Lillies

© 2015 www.waterlillies-thebook.com
Published real-time whilst scribbling ☺

Day One

I met Ella when we were children. We both grew up in Montréal – and we both had a passion for theatre.

It was in a jazz class in the public school of Les Grands Ballet Canadiens that we first noticed each other. We couldn't help it. She went right and I went left – and we collided in the midst of a long, slow motion jazz slide en route to a grands jeté. It was a match made in heaven. We were destined to be best friends.

Over the years – as she auditioned for the professional level training, and I continued in the public classes and with private mentors – we grew our friendship to the strong, thick root it is today.

We've kept gravitating towards each other – like a magnet pulling two poles into an intimate orbit to connect. Sometimes it would be months, sometimes years between our times together. And yet nothing ever came between us. Even when we fledged from our childhood homes and we both were internationally touring, we always found time to be in each others' presence. For there was something precious – some unnamable treasure – that was born in the space entwining us, each and every time we would meet.

I had followed my passions – three of them – to become a 'triple threat' – equally talented in singing, dancing, and acting. This carried me ever-so-naturally, like a wee row boat on a massive sea – from singing in music festivals and receiving first prizes – to performing leading roles in Quebec's big stage musicals.

Until that one day, when unbeknownst to Ella or to me, we were each bringing 'that big question' to each other's keen attention.

We had nurtured our friendship – like the most cherished of gardens – to where we were, hands down, *the* one each of us came to for any sort of serious advice.

And so on this enchanted evening, sitting in a sequestered booth in a quiet restaurant, we popped the questions . . .

I was already at the height of my musical theatre career, on the 'A' list to receive any role I chose to sing in. And yet something deeper burned inside me.

So I asked Ella – truly not courageous enough to know the answer for myself . . . “Ella, should I continue on in musical theater – and maybe go to Toronto, or New York, and audition for bigger touring roles? Or . . . What I *really* want is to sing opera!”

Water Lillies

© 2015 www.waterlillies-thebook.com
Published real-time whilst scribing ☺

Day One

And Ella, without flinching even a split second in a pause, replied, “It’s obvious Geneviève! It’s so clear. You’re to go with your passion. You’re to sing opera now.”

And with that relief wafting eloquently in the air, she asked me, “Geneviève, I always had the idea that I’d tour internationally with classical ballet companies first. And towards the end of my career, I’d transition into contemporary companies.”

I nearly catapulted up out of my seat, like an arrow being untethered and set free into the cosmos. “It’s so obvious, Ella! Your passion is contemporary dance. Why would you wait years before delving head first into your primary passion? It’s so obvious. Go straight into it – now!”

And thus the deal was sealed. I signed my inner vow to opera – and Ella signed hers to modern dance.

It was within a mere four years that I was in my hotel room at Lincoln Centre in New York City – and I received the call. The mezzo soprano lead whose role I was understudying had come ill with a cold. This was mid morning. The opening performance was that night. I was on. I would sing the title role in the world-renowned opera Carmen.

That was my magical breakthrough – just like you hear of, and so many artists dream of, in fairy tales. I lived it.

I’ve been so privileged to sing in all of the leading opera houses around the world since that momentous evening – La Scala, Covent Garden, Paris Opéra – with the most alluring male voices on the operatic stage – Pavarotti, Carreras, Domingo – with the most gifted and coveted conductors of our time – Bernstein, Levine, Solti, Abbado.

It has been a blessed career – thanks to the innocent, eager, and sage advice of Ella that glorious evening . . .

And so when I was musing about what I might like to do ‘next’ – as I had essentially retired from the internationally touring stage, was largely fulfilled in my role of mentoring the most aspiring young singers in North America and beyond, yet . . . I was yearning to stretch again, this time ‘outside of my musical art’ . . . when I received Ella’s call . . .

Her friend Devon, the former CTN National News anchorwoman who had borne witness to the enormous scope of Ella's visions back in the late nineties, and who had arrived – camerawoman and broadcast quality tape in hand – to film Ella in four days of interviews as she shared the distilled essence of what she had seen in visions of planetary transformation since she was a child, had been urging Ella recently to “tell the story – of your meetings with His Holiness”.

And moreover, Devon was encouraging ‘someone *else* to tell this story – someone who knows it as intimately, yet from an objective, fresh, richly integrated vantage’.

After a few days musing on Devon's enthusiastic promptings, it came to Ella: ‘Call Geneviève. Ask her if she would consider . . .’

And I said, “Yes”.



If it weren't for the fact that I've known this remarkable human being since childhood . . . And that we've shared the deepest, most ravishing secrets with each other . . . And that I love her so dearly and I think the world of her . . .

And that everything she's shared with me of her ‘visions’ – like we've been skipping stones over the years each and every time we've met – has hung together like a great mosaic, a tapestry of mastery and mystery, intrigue and awe-inspiring majesty . . . Yes, my eyes have popped open wide so many times in Ella's presence, it has become our norm . . .

I am riveted by what she shares with me, eager and so inspired.

My mind is blown refreshingly open like a sea breeze by her candor, her courage, and her intensity of faith.

And I know – deep in the cells of my own being – that this is more real than ‘real’.

Belief defying it is – yes. Marvelous – yes. Incredibly fantastic – yes. Full of integrity – yes. Impeccably trustworthy – yes. Bursting with ripeness to be told – yes.

Which is why I stand before you now, naked as it were, reams of notes in hand,
humbly here to share with you this simple, profoundly world-transforming story.

His Holiness says, “I am just a simple monk.”

Ella says, “I am just a simple scribe.”

I say, it is such an honor to recount this enthralling ‘fable’.

I bow to you, my fellow humans, in the enormity of this privilege.

Let us begin!