

Successfully scribing this book ♥ – fulfilling its purpose, its mission ♥ – is akin to the miracle, of the Apollo 13<sup>63</sup> shuttle ♥, safely, returning ‘home’ ♥ . . .

For there have been many, ‘interruptions’ . . . many, ‘complications’ . . . many ‘interceptions’ . . . that have, impeded it ♥ . . .

And now, with *much assistance* ♥♥♥♥♥ . . . we are ‘ready, to attempt again’ ☺ . . . And so here, we are before you ♥♥♥♥ . . . escorting, this book ‘in’ ♥ . . .

For this ‘book’ ♥ . . . is a ‘sacred object’ ♥♥♥ . . . It is a ‘primal, recovery object’ !!! . . . It is a coordination, ‘miracle’ ♥♥♥♥♥ . . . And most of all, it is an ‘interface’ ♥ . . .

For just like, the ‘lunar shuttle’ . . . it is, a ‘re entry shuttle’ !! . . . a precise, ‘mathematical puzzle’ . . . of very meticulous, physics ♥ . . .

For the ‘re, entry angle’ . . . is ‘paper thin, and incredible’ . . . and if we ‘miss the mark’, it would be *intolerable* . . . and so here, we go ‘again’ ♥ !!

For there have been many, attempts ‘before this’ . . . to ‘create the ceiling, of the Sistine Chapel’ ! . . . the union, thereon depicted . . . of the finger of ‘god’, touching that of ‘human’<sup>64</sup> . . .

And this, it is our ‘mission’ . . . to interface, this ‘dominion’ . . . with the Source, of every ‘union’ . . . *The . . . Love . . . Of . . . ‘God’* ♥ . . .

This is not a book, about ‘religion’ . . . It is, about ‘communion’ . . . of *Love, with every element . . . that ever, has been* ♥ . . .

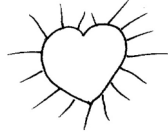
For nothing, exists ‘outside of this’ . . . There is nothing, that does not ‘belong in this’ . . . There is never anything, that is ‘exempt from this’ . . . *for Love It Loves All* ♥ . . .



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<sup>63</sup> If you are able to access a physical copy of the ‘dvd’ of this movie ♥ . . . you might find the ‘back story’ interesting! . . . For it discloses, some of the many . . . ‘things, that went wrong’ . . . before, their ‘re-entry’ . . . to sing, ‘their victory song’ ☺ . . . In this movie, ‘docudrama’ ♥ . . . the re-entry ‘corridor’ . . . of the shuttle ‘aircraft’ . . . into the Earth’s ‘atmosphere’ . . . is akin to a ‘thin sheet of paper, as its width’ ♥ . . . And if it ‘misses this . . . it will bounce off . . . and it may never . . . re-enter again’ ♥ . . .

<sup>64</sup> Michelangelo’s ‘painting’ has been a symbol – of this ‘writing’ – for many, many years ♥ . . .



This morning Ella dreamed of the departure, of her cherished playmate ♥ . . . her longheld, beloved ‘husband’ ♥ . . . the man, with whom she lived ♥ . . . for nearly, twenty years ♥ . . .

His leaving, was more sudden ♥ . . . more painful, and more soul wrenching ♥ . . . than even, her releasing ♥ . . . of her deep love, ‘the dance’ ♥ . . .

And when he announced to her, oh soft spoken ♥ . . . for he loved her dearly, and he still does ♥ . . . he expressed two things, which surely helped her ♥ . . . to, ‘accept this’ ♥ . . .

“Honey, I need more space now . . . in order, for me to grow now . . . I do so thank you, for all you’ve given me . . . especially, your deep love ♥ . . .

“And . . . ‘by the way’ . . . I sense, that you’ll be meeting . . . again, in the flesh ♥ . . . .. Javier, quite soon” . . .

This was music, to her ears . . . She had never, even pondered this . . . that she might again, soon meet Javier . . . She had never, even considered this . . .

For she was still, deeply ‘sleeping’ . . . She didn’t remember yet, the ‘enormity’ . . . of who, he truly ‘is to her’ . . . That is . . . until ‘this’ ♥ . . .

And so with deep anguish, *and yet acceptance* . . . she released her husband, from her ‘holding’ . . . she respected, his clear ‘wishes’ . . . and she began, to *let him go* . . .

Her grief of him, was ‘greater’ . . . than any grief, she had ever ‘felt before’ . . . it scoured deeper, it dug *oh so deep* ♥ . . . she could barely, endure . . .

For this was, the ‘first time’ . . . she had been with, a ‘soul mate’ ♥ . . . who had stood with her, for such a ‘long time’ ♥ . . . as she did *bring this book in* ♥ . . .

For she is, like a ‘scout’ ♥ . . . like a pilot tug, to a great ‘ship’ ♥ . . . and she is, oh so ‘patiently’ ♥ . . . escorting, it ‘in’ ♥ . . .

And the exquisite fortitude, and the ‘trust’ ♥ . . . required to do this – to birth this ‘in’ ♥ . . . is relative, to no other . . . measure, we can compare ♥ . . .

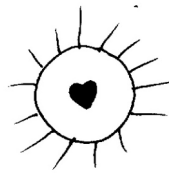
And yes there are, many ‘elders’ . . . who are greatly assisting, in ‘all of this’ . . . to lighten, the ‘load a bit’ . . . so that she, carries ‘less’ ♥ . . .

And yet still, this is ‘arduous’ . . . a lone woman, to bear the ‘birth of this’ . . . for it is a *very, large ‘baby’ !!!* . . . for any one, to ‘birth’ ♥ . . .

And so *your* help . . . your ‘assistance’ ♥ . . . in *easing, this great birth* ♥ . . . is tremendously, ‘appreciated’ ♥ . . . *by all of us* ♥ . . .

Thank you . . . thank you . . . thank you ♥♥♥♥♥

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Let’s have some fun today! Shall we play? How shall we play?

For ‘play’ is the ‘essence’ of ‘how we best learn’ ♥ . . .

It is lightness, and ‘laughter’ !!! . . . and Donner, and ‘Blixen’<sup>65</sup> !!! . . . that best do deliver, the ‘presents’ ☺ . . . the ‘gifts that this, book brings’ ♥ . . .

So let us be ‘merry’ : - ) *Let us naught be dreary!* . . . even though, this a ‘story’ . . . of a very, large ‘scope’ ♥ . . .



Did you know that Nelson Mandela’s father was a polygamist? ♥ . . .

To soothe . . . the ‘intensity’ . . . of what is currently estimated . . . that ‘it will be’ ♥ . . . *four months !* . . . of scribing . . . of . . . this great ‘book’ ♥ . . . She and I occasionally, set up a ‘virtual date’ ☺ . . . to simply nurture . . . our friendship ♥ . . .

For this project, we have ‘embarked on’ . . . it can be very, intense at times ♥ . . . and *our friendship, above all else !* . . . it must remain, intact ☺ . . .

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<sup>65</sup> Two of the reindeer who assist Santa in delivering his presents! . . .

And so last evening, we set ourselves up . . . to converse, on our ‘speaker phones’  
♥ . . . as simultaneously together, we watched ♥ . . . the movie ‘Invictus’, about Nelson’s  
life ♥ . . .

And did you know ?!?!?? . . . that there are ‘quite a few men’ ☺ . . . who would  
*love love love to love* . . . more than one woman . . . ‘at once’ ♥ ? . . . Yes several women,  
who are simultaneously, equally, in ‘consent’ ♥ . . .

For some men, have ‘a lot of love in them’ – it is . . . not ‘lust’ ♥ . . .

They truly, in their hearts do love ♥ . . . more, than ‘one woman’ ♥ . . .

And this is true, too ♥ . . . with some *women* ♥ . . . There is more than one man ♥ .  
. . . they *deeply love* ♥ . . .

And so it was . . . ‘interesting, to say the least’ !!! . . . to discover that Nelson’s  
father, understood this ♥ . . . And that in some cultures . . . this is ‘normal’ . . . to love . . .  
more than one ‘heart’ ♥ . . .

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So Ella was living in Montréal again . . . And I had moved to Toronto with my  
then husband, where we had birthed our first two children . . .

They had come with me, to Toronto, to hear me sing the role of Angelina in  
Rossini’s opera ‘La Cenerentola’ – a snazzy name for ‘Cinderella’!

Ella, of course, was in the audience – and the next day, as she was seeing us off at  
the airport, she felt a pain she had never felt before . . .

She had to wait – of course, as we didn’t have cell phones, and texting, back then!  
– until several hours later, when she knew I would have amply arrived home, before she  
called me . . . She said the ‘wait’ . . . had felt like ‘an eternity’ . . .

As we were passing, out of her sight, through the security gate at the airport . . .  
she felt a pang of prolonged ‘pain’, in her heart, and in her belly . . . She had never  
experienced this before, and so she couldn’t equate it to anything ‘similar’ . . .

In her typical fashion, she . . . ‘felt in’ . . . to respect, and to respond to, what . . .  
she was ‘feeling’ . . .

It felt like, she later told me, something was being *torn from* her . . . and that, well, she could feel *she loves so much!* As if, for some reason, on that occasion, our ‘leaving’, had opened, a deep truth, in, her . . . *that she loves, so much* ♥ . . .

She said the love that swelled, like a tidal wave, from inside of her, was SO huge . . . that she realized, ‘I have so much love, in me . . . Where . . . do I *put it?*’ . . .

And finally, she reached me . . . At least, we could ‘speak about’ this . . . And yet, this enormous love . . . would have to wait . . . quite a while ♥ . . .

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Ella experienced ‘an acceleration of phenomenal encounters’ in the months immediately following her return to Montréal ♥ . . . It was as if . . . this was an ‘affirmation’ ♥ . . . that what she was ‘doing . . . it was right’ ♥ . . .

For already, with her barely knowing it ♥ . . . she was being ‘led . . . by unseen guides’ ♥ . . .

Let’s talk about the ‘flying’ first, as this is so fun! ☺

Ella took part in a meditation class – as you already know . . .

And while “others appeared to be . . . well, constipated” – this is how she literally described this to me! – she, on the other hand, experienced remarkable, *totally* unexpected, *ease* ♥ . . .

For she had never, officially ‘meditated’ before and – well, she ‘thought’, when she took time to actually ponder this, that . . . well, ‘there must be one way to meditate’ . . . . ?

Later, she guessed that this ‘assumption’ had been subconsciously derived in her, simply because of the *wave* of interest in her childhood of people learning ‘TM’<sup>66</sup> in ‘the west’ ♥ . . .

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<sup>66</sup> Transcendental Meditation, as taught, by Maharishi Mahesh Yogi ♥ . . .

And so she was surprised, to say the least, at the absolute ease – as if she, in contrast, was served a ‘laxative’ ♥, *and the mere suggestion, of the ‘teacher’, is all it took, to lead her in* ♥...

And so there, Ella was sitting, on a chair, within a room, with numerous other people, sitting around her, when ‘this’, it took place ♥...

She was aware ... that she was ‘floating’ ... while too ... she was ‘sitting’ ... *both ... at the same time* ♥...

And as she ‘registered this’ ... and her ego, it wasn’t ‘frightened by this’ ... this ‘vision ... carried on’ ♥...

She was ‘floating’ ... above a golden field ... of grasses ... about two feet ... over their tops’ ... On her back ... planed out as if she was lying ... though she was floating ... in ‘mid air’ ♥...

And then she ‘flipped’ ... her body ‘flipped’ ... with zero effort ... it just ‘flipped’ ... so she was now ... ‘hovering’ ... belly down ... above the golden grasses ... ‘tops’ ♥...

And then ... the *true majesty* ... *it began* ♥...

Her ‘body’ ... her astral ‘body’ ... *it began ... to dart and fly ... to accelerate ... with zero time ... and to stop instantly ... with zero brakes* ♥...

She was ... ‘flying ... like a space craft’ ... *and ‘her own body ... it was the craft’* ♥...

This vivid, tangible *experience* ... it continued ... for quite a while ♥...

Until the ‘teacher’s’ voice ... so silent, still ... welcomed ... them ‘back’ ♥...

Slowly ... very gently ... like wafting snowflakes ... towards the ground ... she ‘re entered ... her physical body’ ♥ ... with her fully awake, consciousness ♥...

This ‘experience’ ... it did her ‘alter’ ... for she can never be left ... again ‘without it’ ♥...

For she now remembers ... *what it feels like ... to be ... one’s own craft* ♥...

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She was crossing Boulevard St-Laurent, halfway across it, innocently walking en route to view the infamous ‘graffiti art’, when ‘the voice’ spoke ♥...

“There will be no funeral” ♥...

And ... as she realized, in retrospect, some years later ... ‘the voice’ always ... allowed a ‘delay’ ... for her *ego* ... *to respond* ♥... And if it didn’t ... ‘convulse in fits of terror’! ... it would ever-so-gently ... then ‘proceed’ ☺ ...

Which is how a string ... of literal ‘pearls’ ... have arrived ... in Ella’s ‘life’ ... It is purely ... because *she trusts* ... ‘the voice’ ... that these ‘experiences’ ... they ‘come in’ ♥...

It continued ☺

“Because ... there will be *no body*” ♥...

!

As she continued ... walking across ‘the boulevard’ ... for this transpired in less ... than a ‘few seconds’ ... she instantly ‘felt ... her body dissolving’ ... and she saw in her *inner* mind ... ‘this’ ♥...

A circular pool ... of her clothing ... surrounding ... *where her body had been* ♥

...

And gently instantly ... she realized ... what ... this all ‘meant’ ♥...

That she ... would ‘spontaneously combust’ ... all of her ‘particles’ ... becoming ‘Light’ ♥...

She would return ... ‘the way she came in’ ♥... long ... so long ‘ago’ ♥...

She never ... ever spoke of this ... until we began preparing ... for this ‘book’ ♥

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As now ... it has a ‘relevance’ ... Now ... it has a ‘home’ ♥...

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Ella *so yearns* ... *to speak with Javier and Paolo* ...

You’ll discover why ... as we tell this ‘story’ ... she ... can’t ... yet ♥...



It was on the front porch, of the house she was living in, in Mile End . . . that this ‘happened’ ♥ . . .

She had just been introduced, to Antonio, at a quaint vegetarian restaurant, nearby ♥ . . .

They had set an ‘appointment’, for her to ‘go to him’, a few, days ‘hence’ ♥ . . .

For he performed a kind, of ‘cranio sacral therapy’<sup>67</sup> . . . and she was to receive, this from him ♥ . . .

She had walked, the four blocks ‘home from this’ . . . most magical of encounters . . . she had ever had ♥ . . .

For this was the beginning, of ‘the transmissions’ . . . that would take place, ‘between new friends’ ♥ . . .

In the course, of this ‘few months alone’ . . . she met a cluster, of ‘sacred souls’ ♥ . . .

People . . . who were ‘potent’ . . . each and every one of them . . . in ‘what they know’ ♥ . . .

And Antonio, and his friend François, who was with him, in ‘le restaurant’ ♥ . . .

They quietly spoke of, in a ‘mild essence’ . . . ‘the Greys’ ♥ . . .

She recognized instantly, ‘of whom they spoke’ ♥ . . . ‘beings, from outer space’ ♥ . . . beings, who were ‘missing’ . . . they were void of a capacity . . . to ‘feel’ ♥ . . .

And without a single word, ‘spoken’ ♥ . . . she ‘recalled, what she once knew’ ♥ . . . that these ‘beings, plus too some humans’ ♥ . . . had created ‘subterranean, military zones’ ♥ . . .

It would be years, before she would ‘encounter’ ♥ . . . any further information, to ‘add to this’ ♥ . . . and yet all along, there was this ‘glimmer ♥ . . . like an ancient ember, waking up’ ♥ . . .

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<sup>67</sup> A form of bodywork that serves to regulate the natural flow of fluid in the brain and spine, by gently manipulating the joints throughout the skull ♥ . . .



And so as she walked home to stand, upon her ‘front porch’ ♥ . . . on this sunny, summer day ♥ . . . she was ‘cued’ . . . to “lie your body, down” ♥ . . . and this . . . is what she did ♥ . . .

Within less . . . than ‘two minutes’ ♥ . . . her body, completely relaxed ♥ . . . she became . . . ‘lucidly aware’ ♥ . . . that ‘her particles . . . they were shimmering . . . quickening ♥ . . . *as pure Light*’ ♥ . . .

And within mere instants ♥ . . . ‘she would disappear ♥ . . . she would dissolve ♥ . . . from visible sight’ ♥ . . . Her ‘individuated . . . identity’ ♥ . . . was on the precipice ♥ . . . it was on the verge ♥ . . . of ‘being ♥ . . . no more’ ♥ . . .

Nothing . . . at all . . . in this ‘experience’ ♥ at all ‘frightened her’ ♥ . . .

For ‘the voice’ ♥ . . . *whoever ‘the voice’ was !* ♥ . . . it oh . . . so deeply loved ♥ . . .

She always ♥ . . . felt held ♥ . . . in such a magnificent ♥ . . . *benevolence* ♥ . . . whenever ♥ . . . ‘the voice’ *spoke to her* ♥ . . . whenever ♥ . . . it was ‘near’ ♥ . . .

And so she relaxed in . . . to . . . this . . . *sacred experience* ♥ . . . and yet she knew . . . ‘*it was naught yet time*’ ♥ . . . to ‘leave . . . her physical body . . . where no one . . . could see it’ ♥ . . .

And somehow ♥ . . . ‘by some volition ♥ . . . beyond ♥ . . . her own ego’ ♥ . . . her body ‘raised up ♥ . . . from the surface of this *porch*’ ♥ . . . and she . . . then entered ‘in’ ♥ . . .

She reached the telephone ♥ . . . and she dialed his number ♥ . . . *He* was evidently . . . in ‘some distress’ ♥ . . . “Ground yourself” . . . he implored to her . . . “Ground yourself . . . It’s not yet time” ♥ . . .

He asked her ♥ . . .

One vital question ♥ . . .

“Before you arrive, here in two days . . . I want you, to contemplate one question ♥ . . .

“What . . . are you willing . . . to let go of?” ♥

She had never, experienced anything, as ‘immediate, as this’! ♥

Silently, as if it *knew for her* ♥ . . . a voice ‘inside herself’ . . . answered ‘this’ ♥

'Everything' ♥  
Which didn't, really 'surprise' her ♥  
Though she had never, 'thought about this' before ♥  
'Everything' ♥  
And she knew that this, was absolutely, completely, true ♥  
And it said more ♥  
'Except ♥  
'A relationship ♥  
'With a man ♥  
'That is unlike any relationship ♥  
'That has ever existed ♥  
'On this planet ♥  
'Before' ♥

♥♥♥

She could feel it ♥ – the *intensity* ♥ . . . the *sheer immensity* ♥ . . . of *this love* ♥  
It would be years . . . of 'isolation' ♥ . . .  
Before this 'love ♥  
'Would appear' ♥

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