

She began to find her ‘voice’, so to speak, before the memories began to spill ♥.

It was as if – she had to exorcise the demons, out – so that she could let the *Light, memories in* ♥ . . .

She had to remember . . . *in order to remember* . . .

This is how she grew her courage. This is how she grew her ‘faith’ . . .

She had a faint inkling – a persistent yet gentle inner sense – a subtle ‘knowing’ . . .  
. That most people fear the former . . . And so they never have a chance . . . to get near  
the latter . . . They fear what they ‘think might lurk inside of them’ . . . And they never  
venture . . . to find it out . . .

She became a map maker at an early age – a way shower, of ‘how it’s done’ ♥.  
Not because she wanted to, or intended to. Just because . . . this is how it all spilled forth.  
This was how . . . her script was ‘writ’ ♥.



She won a scholarship to Jacob’s Pillow Dance Festival – which is how they  
‘found’ her, in New York.

‘J’s P’ was – and still is – *the* place to launch your international touring career.  
Yet – Ella didn’t know this. She was innocent in so many ways, simply . . . *trusting*.  
Like a young filly . . . being ‘led’ . . . led, by an inner servant, a voice, that induced her  
‘home’ ♥ . . .

All she had to do was ‘trust the voice’. For *it* is the one, not her, that ‘knew’ ♥.

This became the theme – the ‘seam’ – of her entire life from then on in ♥. Little  
did she know . . . she was holding the gentle hand . . . of ‘god’ . . .

This silent, searching hand would ‘lead’ her . . . All it asked of her . . . was *trust* . . .



She began to ‘see’ things . . . and to ‘feel’ things . . . ‘invisible’ things . . . as a young child. She wondered . . . if ‘everyone’ noticed these . . . as she oh-so-easily, naturally seemed to do?

Once, when there was an ‘accident’ down the street – long before the sirens began to roar – she could ‘feel’ it . . . She knew – as if it was palpable, inside her own body, *empathically* – that someone was . . . ‘trapped’ . . . inside . . . something . . . And they were . . . ‘screaming’ . . . inside . . . silently . . . in agonized pained . . . alone . . .

An hour later, as she and her classmates were on lunch break, and they were walking to a nearby café from school . . . they saw it: the mangled car, the blood, the shock.

Why did she feel these things? Why . . . could she feel what was supposedly ‘hidden’?

She asked that day, in a silent conversation ‘up, with whoever was listening’ ♥ . . . She asked to ‘please be less sensitive’ . . . Or to know . . . why she was ♥.

The latter ‘request’, is the one that was answered ♥.

Over the years . . . it was answered profusely. It became the energy within her cells itself. It became her ‘blood’. There would be virtually nothing, ‘outside of this’ ♥. For this, is who she was . . .

“this is who i am ♥  
take me as i am  
or don’t take me”<sup>27</sup>

This . . . became her silent ‘mantra’ . . .

She still was perplexed . . . She didn’t yet know ‘why’ . . .



And so at J’s P . . . the ‘mystery’ . . . began to unravel ♥ . . .

She thought, in her naiveté, that she was ‘just a dancer’ . . . A dancer, from a Canadian city, who was destined, to remain there. A wee cell upon this enormous planet . . . her myth of obscurity, couldn’t have been farther from the truth ♥ . . .

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<sup>27</sup> A ‘poem’ Ella silently recited to herself, as a child . . .

She arrived at J's P before most of the other students. She was one of six scholarship students 'from abroad'. All the others were American.

She had been offered a selection of several choices of how she would like to 'earn' her scholarship. She chose 'theatre arts'.

What this really meant – was 'stage craft' – the art and science, of lights and sound ♥.

So she learned, in her brief immersion there, the basic intricacies – of hanging lights, and coloring gels, and focusing lenses to highlight specific areas upon the stage . . . And angles of the audiences' perception . . . And so much more . . .

She *loved* 'pulling the curtain' – every night, backstage – as the guest artists and the touring companies took their bows.

And the flowers! The flowers, literally heaped upon the stage, at the feet of 'les étoiles'<sup>28</sup> ♥. There were dozens, and dozens, and armloads, of roses . . . far too many, they said, for them to 'take home'.

And so Ella, and her dorm mate Avital, with whom she shared this 'role', were gifted 'all the extras'! Their room in residence was literally filled, to the rafters, with bouquets of vibrant colors ☺

Ella basked in the energy, the fragrance, the warmth, of their exquisite scents ♥.

It wasn't – at all – that she wanted to be 'an étoile'. She didn't have a 'goal', *per se*.

In fact, when her classmates at L'École Supérieure were gaga over the newest arrivals of foreign guest artists and rising Principal dancers within the ranks – their 'wanna be' airs nearly drove Ella to leave.

'Why . . . would someone . . . ever want to be . . . someone else? Why not strive to be . . . the best version *of them* . . . *that they intrinsically are?*'

It was as if – this clarity, this reflection – set the stage, for who she would soon become. Quietly, silently inside herself, she would *be* . . . *who she truly was* ♥ . . .

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<sup>28</sup> The stars . . .

So when she arrived in the studio, for the first morning's class at J's P – a full week before most of the other students were to arrive – for a 'semi-private' mentoring with the choreographer-in-residence, Doron Zahavi . . . she was completely taken by surprise, when – as they were sitting on the floor, stretching, following the class – he asked her, "Would you be in my piece – for the Festival? It will depend who else I'm inspired by. I may decide to create a solo – just for you" . . . She was nearly knocked out of her own skin.

'Who? Me?', she thought, bewildered that this was actually what she heard.

He was genuinely sincere. He wanted her. As his muse ♥.

This was the beginning . . . of choreographers asking, if they could 'create on her' ♥.

What was it they were 'seeing' in her? What *was* . . . her 'special gift'?

Of all the young dancers she was training with – and there were dozens of them at L'École Supérieure and here, at J's P . . . why her?

The long road ahead would bear her witness . . . It was something . . . *about her sensitivities* ♥ . . .

Doron did discover several other dancers who inspired him, too. And so his newly commissioned contemporary ballet, for the 'Festival', was created on five – three men and two women.

She'd had solos created on her twice before – by Amanda Forsythe and Britta Grantz, guest teachers of international renown whom she met and studied with, at L'École Supérieure.

Yet this was the first time – on an 'international stage' . . . (little did she know) . . . that she was being '*seen*' ♥ . . .

At the closing night performance, a man was waiting for her, backstage . . .

He introduced himself, as Gaetan Paradis, the Artistic Director, of 'The Company of New Dance'.

She had never met him before – though she knew of 'The Company' instantly. It was one of the emerging, 'must see' lifebloods, based in New York.

‘Would she please consider, a contract in his company?’, was his enthusiastic yet gentle, request. His heartfelt grin was barely detectible, beneath his sleek goatee, a mesmerizing auburn brown.

Little did she know, they would nearly become lovers. Instead they – through circumstantial diligence – never ‘crossed that line’.

Their friendship, became the anchoring, of her *trust . . . in the ‘divine’ . . .*

For *he* trusted . . . And so *she* trusted . . .

She trusted . . . *through his love* ♥ . . .



It was his love, that catalyzed her, to crack open the ‘wounds’, and to heal ♥.

For . . . the ‘Light’ came ‘underneath, the dark’ ♥.

His love pried it out.

His.

Love.



She took a leave, from the company. And she returned ‘home’, to Montréal.

She stayed with her friend, Mirabelle, while she nursed, her open ‘wounds’ ♥.

Roger found a place for her to ‘work this through’. His half sister Helga – Ella’s aunt – had ‘connections’, at McGill University. They had recently launched a pilot project – and she, was invited in ♥.

It was an ‘out-patient’ program – though they were called ‘participants’, not patients – of full days of group and private therapy.

She dug in. She dug down. She cried. She screamed. She *wailed*. She tore at the core of what she had ‘felt’ was ‘real’.

She ripped open the illusions. She pierced the film, around her ‘core seed’ ♥.

And when she was ‘complete’ there, she almost yearned for more.

For *she saw the Light, in every body*. She saw the Light, *from within* ♥.

And she pined to lead this, to ‘demonstrate, somehow’.

So that others . . . too . . . could feel ‘safe’ . . . to . . . come . . . ‘in’ ♥.

For as we clean out, the ‘puss’ inside . . . *our inner Light radiates, oh so bright!* ♥  
She knew . . .  
She would, almost imperceptibly, take hands in hers . . .  
And she would lead others with her, *into this Light* ♥.  
She realized – while she was in ‘play therapy’ – that this was the ‘seed, she was to  
plant’ ♥.  
Subtly, very discreetly ♥.  
She was to help in the awakening of . . . *human hearts* ♥ . . .



Ella returned to New York eight weeks later. Gaetan had taken a lover. He had found a ‘new muse’.

They met for dinner, and they ‘discussed’ this. Ella nearly walked out on him. “Please!”, he implored. “Please Ella . . . don’t . . . leave.” ♥

She returned to the table, somewhat hesitantly, and sat down again. “Tell me why?”, she asked. “Why . . . would I stay here?”

He reached out and gently covered her hand with his. She could feel his familiar warmth, his care, his comfort. “Because. I need you. As my friend.”

She knew it was true. And she knew that he meant it ♥. His heart was so pure.

She would stay in New York.

For now ♥.

Gaetan spoke with a few Directors among the many he personally knew, and he found Ella two offers. She transitioned – nursing her grief while feeling the exuberance of her love – to be the ‘new’ girl at the Nacho Aeillo Dance Theatre.

It was here that ‘it happened’ – the ‘accident’, that is.

She was in a lift, in rehearsal. A lift that was ‘tricky’ – yet they’d already rehearsed it, many times.

When she slipped.

She slipped right out of Adisa’s masterful grip.

When the doctors had completed the tests, in the surgical ward of the hospital,  
Ella was deemed ‘unfit – to walk’. The prognosis was that she would never dance, again.

She had fractured a vertebra – in her thoracic spine ♥.

Incidentally, it was ‘right behind her heart’!

It was a vertebra – literally – wired – to – her – heart ♥.



Ella’s recovery, was slow and painful. She felt pangs like thin, sharp, knives –  
every time she moved.

And yet she was determined. “I’m – not – done – yet.” This scene, in her ‘story’,  
she deeply, knew ♥.

And so she gathered a small team, of dedicated ‘healers’. And she began . . . to  
more than ‘walk’ ♥.

It was deemed, a ‘miraculous recovery’ ♥.

And it was all . . . because of ‘love’ ♥.

Because *she knew inside – she wasn’t finished*. She knew deep inside, she  
‘wasn’t done’ ♥.

And so she ‘trusted’ . . . this *she . . . trusted . . . this* ♥.

And *this . . . is what she did become* ♥.

She ‘became’ this love ♥.

She ‘became’ this Light ♥.

She allowed this Light, in her to burn, so, bright . . .



It was during her recovery, that she ‘began to see the visions’ . . .

Let’s step back a year or so . . .

As there is ‘so . . . much . . . more’ . . .



She was with the Nacho Aeillo Dance Theatre – on tour in Asia – when her  
partner in the ballet ‘The Rite of Spring’ – took ill . . .

They hadn't yet premiered this new chef-d'oeuvre<sup>29</sup>. And it was to be a 'centre piece' in an upcoming Gala – as soon as they were home . . .

Nacho cast a replacement, Rubin, who proved too unsure of himself to merit Nacho's scrutinous confidence for this fête.

And so he changed it – he re-defined the role – to a solo.

Here's where this story gets magical: it was a new commission, created by Gaetan himself.

He trusted Ella. And he admitted to her, later, that he'd always conceptualized this movement – as a 'solo' . . . for her.

His friend Nacho's aesthetic – and the mandate, of his current Board<sup>30</sup> – was to showcase 'large ensemble' works, as their cornerstone. And so 'the solo' – it got nixed.

This was Gaetan's opportunity – to create his 'most desirous gem' – his soon-to-be award winning choreography . . . On his 'private, sweet, heart' ♥.

I thought of musical theatre – as Ella was recounting this to me. And I bemused! That – in musical theatre, the 'in house tongue wagging' is often about 'who, is sleeping, with who'? And that – you have to 'sleep with the piano player – to get the part'!

Ha. No, not so in 'this' fairy tale ☺

Ella told me that it's not entirely uncommon – for a choreographer to 'fall in love' with one of his (or less often her) dancers – as his 'muse'. There is such tremendous passion, in the creative process. So much surrender. And body contact!

Yet . . . this was Ella.

And she *was still* his muse . . .

And so Gaetan arrived, otherwise unexpected, midway on the tour.

The touring schedule being so intense, there was little room for 'studios' and 'rehearsals' – outside of daily class<sup>31</sup>, and spacing rehearsals onstage<sup>32</sup>, and sleeping, eating, and makeup, and 'Places please. Dancers in Act One. Onstage. Places Please.'<sup>33</sup>

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<sup>29</sup> A masterpiece . . .

<sup>30</sup> The Board of Directors of an arts organization – to a large degree – dictates the parameters of what will be created, and mounted, in any particular performance season . . .



So their ‘creative process’ was – to say the least – ‘unusual’ ♥.

Gaetan and Ella would sit together on the tour bus – or they would catch fleeting moments backstage, in the ‘green room’<sup>34</sup>.

And somehow, by miracle of their intensive concentration, they were able to, keep the ‘through-line’ alive.

For creative artists typically, ‘immerse’ themselves, with zero distraction, whilst they ‘create’ ♥.

And this ‘circumstance’, required their purity of presence, in creative union, *within this atypical incubator* ♥. . .

And so they basically spoke it through. Yes, you heard me! Movement. And instead of ‘moving’ it, with their bodies, in a studio, in order to ‘find’ it. They spoke it. And not always ‘out loud’ ♥.

Gaetan would – in his typical rapture, eyes closed, lulling his body in ecstatic motions – ‘describe’, to Ella, what he was ‘seeing, and feeling’ ♥.

And she would . . . ‘imagine’ . . . this . . . she would . . . ‘follow’ . . . this . . . in her own . . . inner visceral ‘movements’ ♥. . .

This is how . . . together they created . . . this . . . ‘missing solo’! ☺

They ‘conceived of it, immaculately’ ♥.

Their bodies . . . never ‘touched’ ♥.

It was one week later – the premiere performance date.

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<sup>31</sup> Every rehearsal and performance day in a dancer’s life, they ‘take class’ . . . Not merely a warm up prior to meticulous exertion, it is an ongoing refinement of their technical and artistic training – one that continues for the entire duration of their performing career ♥. . .

<sup>32</sup> Every time a dance company enters a new theatre – prior to the performance – it ‘spaces’ . . . The dancers are guided (or self-guided) through the choreography, noting all of their entrances and exits (from ‘which wings’), ensuring that in the rapid movement of bodies there are no collisions! ‘Specials’ spikes – luminous (and non-luminous) tiny strips of tape upon the stage floor marking where particular lights will shine – are also checked . . . This ensures the optimal *calm* in the performers – and their ability to be present, without undue duress . . . Prior to the dancers’ arrival in the theatre, all sets have typically been hung, lighting grids and light levels set, and sound levels checked ♥. . .

<sup>33</sup> A typical call – including into dressing rooms and washrooms as well as in the wings offstage – given by the Stage Manager . . .

<sup>34</sup> The name by which the ‘performers room in which to relax offstage’ is called . . . And no, it isn’t green!

And Ella knew – *and Gaetan trusted her* – how . . . she would ‘rehearse’ ♥.  
As they were traveling, on the tour bus . . . she would listen, apt, on her  
headphones . . . over and over and over again . . . as if incessantly . . . as . . . she ‘listened  
in’ ♥ . . .

She would ‘see inside . . . with her eyes closed’ . . . and she would ‘feel inside . . .  
within her bones’ . . . the movements . . . these sacred movements . . . until . . . *she could  
see it all* . . .

She was persistent . . . she was unwavering . . . she applied her inner Light . . . to  
*shine on this* ♥ . . .

And once she could ‘see’ this . . . herself in this, perfectly . . . she knew that she  
was ready . . . for this ‘un lift’ . . .

For this was the ‘replacement’, for the duet . . . the reason ‘why’, this solo ‘was’  
♥ . . .

And she would perform it, *with zero flaw, in, it* . . .

Her ‘former limits’ . . .

Would be ‘undone’ . . .

For she *did* perform this . . . ‘un rehearsed solo’ !!!

With zero flaw . . . on opening night . . .

Simply and purely . . . via ‘seeing it, inside herself’ . . .

O’er and o’er again . . . ‘til it was right’ . . .

She created ‘perfection . . . purely in her mind’ ♥♥♥

This was the first time . . .

That Ella ‘spooked’ her self . . .

She was blown away . . .

By the power of *Light* ♥ . . .

She was amazed and awe-struck . . .

By its sheer magnificence . . .

By the *creative power* . . .

*Of pure Light* . . .

She asked Nacho, the Director, if she could have, a few days ‘off’ . . . to reflect a bit, on what had just transpired . . . she needed, some ‘silence’ ♥ . . .

Some time to ponder, *what else is possible? When one surrenders, into the Light?* When one un masks one self . . . before divinity . . . When one allows one self . . . to be . . . the . . . Light . . .



This was the priming . . . for the ‘future visions’ ♥ . . .

This was the ‘fissure . . . where her Light did come in’ ♥ . . .

This was the precursor . . . when she ‘let go, into *trust*’ ♥ . . .

This was the beginning . . . of ‘god’ being . . . her friend again ♥ . . .