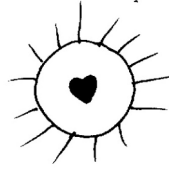


Wow . . . Yesterday was like ‘scribing through a snowfall’! . . . So much energy was flowing in ♥ . . .

No surprise . . . It was ‘day twelve’ ♥ . . .



♥ transparency = *t r u s t* ♥

She was beginning to discover this – through her direct experience ♥ . . .

A few years later, when she was in the Brazilian Amazon, she met a Swiss German man, whom she befriended . . . They wrote letters, for awhile, which was so essential to her, then ♥ . . .

She would . . . ‘spill’, to him . . . the acceleration of what she was experiencing ♥ .

..

Once, he replied, this:

He was always so tender, so insightful . . .

“Ella . . . don’t you know . . . that your *vulnerability* . . . *is your strength?*” ♥

This had never occurred to her . . . She had always ‘thought’, that . . . vulnerability was, well, ‘vulnerability’! That it was, somehow, inherent in itself . . . a ‘weakness’ ♥ . . .

Ueli set her straight.

She ‘got it’.

She understood ♥.

From that day forward, she always *respected* herself – and her seemingly ‘natural ease . . . with being vulnerable’ ♥ . . .



There were lots of opportunities for this – in her evolving years ♥ . . .

It was during, her preparations, for her first ‘excursion, in solo touring’ ♥ . . . that this ‘concept’ . . . first ‘appeared’ ♥ . . .

Unbeknownst to anyone ‘outside’ of her ♥ . . . she was being ‘trained’ . . . initiated . . . by ‘unseen . . . intelligence’ ♥ . . .

She had never heard the word ‘guide’, before – at least not in this context! To her a ‘guide’ was a tracker – in a very physical sense! Growing up in rural Québec, a ‘guide’ was a trapper, or a ‘bush’ guide, of some sort . . .

So she was familiar – with the ‘concept’ – yet not quite, in this ‘way’ ♥ . . .

Silently, invisibly inside of her . . . she was being . . . ‘trained’ ♥ . . . trained to sense, subtle energy ♥ . . . as it led her, ‘in’ ♥ . . .

She was aware that these experiences were . . . ‘novel’ . . . She could *sense* they were not . . . ‘common’ . . . Partly because . . . she had never heard *anyone*, ever, speak of them ♥ . . . Not any of her ‘mentors’, her peers, or ‘choreographers’ . . . No one, had ever peeped a ‘word’ . . . ever . . . about ‘this’ ♥ . . .

And so she sensed . . . she was in an ‘incubator’ . . . an ‘experiment’ . . . of some sort ♥ . . . A discovery . . . of how to awaken . . . one up . . . up to the ‘Source’ ♥ . . .

For she was held . . . in such *tender love* . . . consistently . . . through all of this ♥ . . . A love *so deep* . . . there was nothing else . . . she had ever experienced . . . quite like this ♥ . . .

This all began . . . in her *awareness* of it . . . for evidently it had been ‘preparing’ her . . . for many years ♥ . . . as she was alone . . . in her tranquility . . . healing . . . her fractured spine ♥ . . .



The first of these . . . was chanting! She simply ‘knew . . . she was to chant’! ♥ . . . She had heard it . . . once or twice ♥ . . . wafting . . . from Brielle’s room ♥ . . .

Brielle was a Principal dancer, with Les Grands Ballets Canadiens . . . Ella visited her . . . from time to time ♥ . . . As her elder ‘mentor’ . . . she took Ella in ♥ . . . As if . . . ‘under her wing’ ♥ . . . She took . . . young Ella ‘in’ ♥ . . .

The first time, as Ella was arriving . . . outside, of Brielle’s door ♥ . . . she heard, the wafts of ‘chanting’ . . . and she stepped back, from Brielle’s door ♥ . . . She didn’t

want, to ‘disturb’ this . . . and so she went away, out for a walk . . . When she returned, a brief while later . . . the ‘chanting, it had stopped’ ♥ . . .

She knocked lightly, upon the front door . . . and *so refreshed and glowing*, Brielle bid her in ☺ . . . Ella apologized, for being ‘late’ ♥ . . . She expressed that she had not wanted, to ‘disturb’ ♥ . . .

Brielle *laughed*, tossing her head back, wafting her shining hair, aloft with it ♥ . . . A twinkle in her eyes, she said so quaintly ♥ . . . “You could never, disturb ‘this!’” ♥ . . . This magnetic, stellar performer ♥ . . . revealed to Ella that this, it was her ‘trick’ ♥ . . .

Chanting, she said, was her ‘sanity’ . . . It helped her, to stay ‘calm’ ♥ . . . amid the pressures, of ‘performing’ . . . amid the pressures, of her ‘swan song’ . . .

For Brielle, was a ‘chosen one’ . . . chosen by every choreographer, who ever ‘came’ ♥ . . . Plus the audiences, at home and too ‘on tour’ . . . they loved her, all the same ♥ . . .

And so when she recently, ‘announced it’ . . . that she would soon be leaving, the bright lit ‘stage’ . . . she aroused a wave, of heartfelt ‘grieving’ ♥ . . . yet she would retire soon, just the same ♥ . . .

Chanting, kept her ‘tranquil’ . . . Chanting, kept her ‘calm’ . . . Chanting, kept her ‘centered’ . . . Chanting, kept her ‘strong’ ♥ . . .

And so – akin to asking Helga, to teach her yoga . . . Ella asked Brielle, to teach her ‘this’ ♥ . . .

And . . . she . . . did! ♥ . . .

So as Ella, was healing her spine . . . amidst hours and countless hours, of alone time . . . she began to feel the ‘inner nudge, that it was time’ . . . for . . . her . . . to . . . chant ♥ . . .

As she would sit, in her bedroom, her gaze set upon, a single eye ♥, of a radiant bird, upon her Persian rug, which was poised high up. upon her wall ♥ . . . She would tap, into a ‘well’ ♥ . . . high above, her ‘head’ ♥ . . . and soon she knew . . . she *recognized!* ♥ . . . that this is what . . . ‘he’ had spoken of ♥ . . .

She could *feel* it . . . high ‘above’ her . . . ‘out’ . . . some . . . where . . . in . . . the ‘cosmic . . . field’ ♥ . . . The infinite ‘pool’ . . . of intelligence . . . that Carl Jung . . . he

spoke of ♥ . . . In absolute . . . wonder ♥ . . . she began to drink like a newborn fawn thirsty . . . for its ‘waters’ ♥ . . . Unabashed . . . and ‘apolitical’ ♥ . . . she began to sip . . . from this ancient ‘pool’ ♥ . . .

This was the first time . . . she ever consciously experienced, ‘downloads’ ♥ . . . incoming, inflowing *to* her . . . intelligence, from ‘beyond form’ ♥ . . .

It was just like . . . ‘dictation’! . . . receiving . . . a ‘Morse-like code’⁵⁰ ♥ . . . It was pure . . . *and it was potent!* ♥ . . . It was like . . . a ‘homeopathic dose’⁵¹ ♥ . . .

Without *any* effort . . . none whatsoever, on her part ♥ . . . she would simply sit and chant . . . and *receive* this ♥ . . . She would simply . . . *let this in* ♥ . . .

She had never . . . even ‘heard of’ this . . . from any source . . . before ♥ . . .

It was a brand new . . . and *fascinating!* . . . experience . . . ‘just for her’ ♥ . . .

She would be ‘told . . . in words and pictures . . . plus via movements . . . of energy ♥ . . . what it was . . . she was being asked *to do . . . and how . . . and where and when*’ ♥ . . .

It was *dictation . . . pure and simple!* . . . *from a Source . . . beyond her self!* ♥ . . . And all ‘she’ was to do . . . was *receive it . . . It would do . . . all of the rest* ♥ . . .

And so this became . . . her ‘silent pact’ ♥ . . . *with this ‘as yet unnamed . . . eternal Source’* ♥ . . . *That she would always ♥ . . . listen and receive it ♥ . . . She would passionately commit . . . to bring it in* ♥ . . .

And so she was *shown* ♥ . . . She was literally *shown* ♥ . . . *all of the dances . . . and the lights* ♥ . . . With zero ‘effort’ . . . at all on ‘her part’ ♥ . . . she was ‘shown’ ♥ . . . how to *solo tour* ♥ . . .

No one . . . apprenticed her . . . ‘in the flesh . . . that is!’ ♥ . . .

Yes, *she was apprenticed!* ♥ . . . *She was apprenticed . . . by the Light!* ♥ . . .

⁵⁰ A method of transmitting ‘meaning without spoken language’ – using on / off pulses, tones, flashes of light, or clicks that can be understood by someone trained to ‘decode it’ ♥ . . .

⁵¹ A small, concentrated dose that has a large, impactful effect ♥ . . .

The only person . . . she breathed a word to . . . about what was ‘happening’ . . . was Doron ♥ . . . for she knew . . . that she could ‘trust him ♥ . . . to keep this . . . safe and sound’ ♥ . . .

For ‘with’ it . . . came a clear and tender ‘request’ ♥ . . . yet with a serious air . . . surrounding it ♥ . . . That she never, breathe a word ‘of this’ ♥ . . . to anyone, other than ‘him’ ♥ . . .

Because this *was* . . . *an ‘experiment’* ♥ . . . in how to *wake up, a ‘sleeping child’* ♥ . . . A ‘child’, meaning ‘a human’ ♥ . . . whose mind had fallen, in a ‘rut’ ♥ . . .

For nearly, all of ‘humanity’ . . . had fallen asleep, to ‘*God*’ ♥ . . . and Ella, she was ‘an experiment’ ♥ . . . in ‘how, to wake them up’ ♥ . . .

None of this, went to her head ♥ . . . With Doron ‘beside’ her, she had ‘enough’ ♥ . . .



Her preparations for solo touring, were truly fascinating ♥ . . . *and too the complete healing, of her spine* ♥ . . .

Yet this all seemed ‘normal’, in a very short time . . . as it was all, just ‘transpiring’ ♥ . . .

In rehearsal, she knew, every time she began a run-through, of the program, that she would be performing soon, in Germany, to *never stop, once she began* ♥ . . .

Intuitively, she knew this ♥: That it was imperative, for her ‘confidence’, that her ego, it feel ‘assured’ ♥ . . . that no matter, what happened ‘on the stage’ ♥ . . . that nothing, would her ‘deter’ ♥ . . .

And so, in the moments, just before, she would begin ♥, a run-through, she would ‘prepare herself, to dance, right to the end’ ♥ . . .

This, was the beginning ♥, it was the ‘seed, for all else aft’ ♥ . . . It was the ‘seed, of her Fierce Focus’!⁵² . . . *Zero* distractions, would ever, ever, knock her from her ‘path’ ♥ . . .

⁵² The affectionate name Paolo gave this, years later ♥ . . .

For what the dance, it was preparing her for . . . would become something, quite
'énorme' ♥ . . . and she would need, such intense focus ♥ . . . to never veer, from her
sacred course ♥ . . .

Of course, she was still 'innocent' ♥ . . . She didn't know, yet about 'this' ♥ . . . It
would be many years, of 'preparation' ♥ . . . Before, she got this 'drift' ☺

And by then, she would be 'so far along' ♥ . . . that nothing, would 'allure' ♥ . . .
to draw her focus, her *keen keen focus* ♥ . . . away, from this 'her course' ♥ . . .

♥ ♥ ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥ ♥ ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥



She only, began to 'notice' ♥ . . . how undeterrable her focus, it had 'become' ♥ . . .
. When one evening, while on her first 'German' tour ♥ . . . she crossed, the audience's
'path' ♥ . . .

She was backstage, in Düsseldorf ♥ . . . and the Paul Taylor Dance Company, was
there too! ☺ . . . And as they encountered each other, in the 'dressing room' . . . she was
recognized, by Constantine ♥ . . .

They had danced together ♥ . . . in Gaetan's company . . . before they each left,
for 'other pastures'! . . . And unexpectedly, to either of them . . . they met once more,
'here' ♥ . . .

Constantine called her name . . . She barely noticed! . . . So deep, was her
concentrated 'track' ♥ . . . It was only then ♥ . . . *in that moment* ♥ . . . that she realized . . .
. how 'deep she was' ♥ . . .

Then, in that instant . . . she recognized, this 'state of trance' ♥ . . . It was a realm
of 'being, in deep meditation' ♥ . . . *This, was where she was* ♥ . . .

This . . . 'meditation' . . . would become *so vital* ♥ . . . so essential ♥ . . . to her
'dance' ♥ . . . For *nothing* ♥ . . . could deter her ♥ . . . from dropping ♥ . . . deep . . . deep . . .
. 'in' ♥ . . .

For what she does, when she solo dances ♥ . . . is she 'disappears, into *the Light*'
♥ . . . she truly 'vanishes, from the physical' ♥ . . . she 'charts the way, *into the Light*' ♥ . . .
.

♥ ♥ ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥ ♥ ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥



She was shown too, by this ‘unseen intelligence’ ♥ . . . how she was to rehearse, to ‘this perform’ ♥ . . . For the ‘normal’ way, would be ‘insufficient’ ♥ . . . to prepare her . . . for ‘this’ ♥ . . .

She had, before ♥ . . . while she was on tour . . . with Gaetan’s company ♥ . . . been ‘guided’ – *though she didn’t realize it, then!* ♥ . . . She had been guided . . . already . . . in ‘how to do . . . this’ ♥ . . .

She would lie down, on her hotel bed ♥ . . . And while her colleagues, they did ‘sleep’ ♥ . . . She . . . would . . . do . . . ‘this’ ♥ . . .

She would relax, her entire body ♥ . . . She would simply, let it ‘fall’ ♥ . . . All of her muscles, and her ‘true body weight’ ♥ . . . She would deeply, let it ‘fall’ ♥ . . .

And once her body, was ‘deeply resting’ ♥ . . . She would then, begin ‘this’ ♥ . . .

She would, with her eyelids closed ♥ . . . begin, to ‘deep look, in’ ♥ . . .

She would ‘see herself, as if upon the stage’ ♥ . . . and she would ‘dance, all of her roles’ ♥ . . . Noticing keenly, her entrances and exits ♥ . . . and precisely where, she set her ‘clothes’ ♥ . . .

For there would often be, swift costume changes ♥ . . . and this was what, fluttered her the most ♥ . . . It was not, the ‘choreography’ ♥ . . . It was all, that was ‘between’ ♥ . . .

For she realized, in her early touring days ♥ . . . that we ‘rehearse ♥ . . . *for what is unknown*’ ♥ . . . We rehearse not, for what is ‘predictable’ ♥ . . . We rehearse, for *what is not* ♥ . . .

And so as she lay there, in absolute stillness ♥ . . . not even a tiny muscle, did as much as twitch ♥ . . . She would be ‘watching . . . astutely watching’ ♥ . . . in her ‘inner . . . visual field of sight’ ♥ . . .

Until . . . she could see it ‘perfectly’ ♥ . . . *everything . . . she would dance that night* ♥ . . . And only then . . . yes only then . . . my . . . friends ♥ . . . would she ‘let . . . the music in’ ♥ . . .

She called this ‘bare bones . . . rehearsing’! ☺ She would see the ‘skeleton, the structure first’ ♥ . . . And *then!* *She would put flesh . . . up . . . on . . . this!* ♥ . . . It was then . . . she would *let the music in* ♥ . . .

This . . . it was her ‘process’ ☺ . . . of preparing . . . for the ‘stage’ ♥ . . .
And so she knew, to do this ‘now . . . a . . . gain’ ♥ . . . for this, her first solo *tour* ♥ . . .



There was something else, she intuitively knew, she was to do ♥ . . .
Before every performance, on this her first, solo *tour* ♥ . . . she would ‘prepare the space’ ♥ . . . so the audience, could ‘come in’ ♥ . . .

With her eyes closed, and poised in stillness ♥ . . . she would ‘envisage, the theatre’ ♥ . . . from the *audience’s vantage*, not the performer’s, first ♥ . . . and then, she would do ‘this’ ♥ . . .

She would ‘see . . . the seats . . . throughout the entire . . . theatre’ ♥ . . .
And she would ‘see . . . the people . . . as they were serenely . . . flowing in’ ♥ . . .
And when ‘all . . . of the people . . . were settled . . . in their seats’ ♥ . . .
She would ‘close the doors . . . as if great sliding doors’ ♥ . . . as if the ‘great doors ♥ . . . on a ferry ship’ ♥ . . .

And once . . . the ‘doors were closed’ ♥ . . . she would ‘seal . . . the energy field’ ♥
. . .

She would *‘fill the space ♥ . . . with White Light Energy ♥ . . . she would fill it completely ♥ . . . with . . . White . . . Light’ ♥ . . .*



“i am the form ♥
let the *e n e r g y*
do the ‘work’ ♥”

This, became her ‘mantra’! ♥ . . .

For part . . . of what she was being ‘apprenticed in’ ♥ . . . was how to ‘move . . . with least effort’ ♥ . . .

And so one day, as she was on the subway, and it was taking *so* long, to arrive at the studio door ♥, for she was so *eager, to rehearse!* ♥ . . . she stumbled upon . . . ‘this’ ♥ . . .

She had attended, a meditation class, once ♥ . . . and in it, she learned ‘this’ ♥ . . . How . . . to ‘run energies . . . via the energetic unseen channels . . . in the flesh’ ♥ . . .

She had no idea yet, of ‘Chinese Medicine, and meridians’ ♥ . . . Or of the meticulously mapped ‘nadis’ – the energy pathways discovered, by Indian saints ♥ . . .

Not . . . yet ♥ . . . And yet she did, in the innocence of her own awakening, discover, ‘this’ ♥ . . . She sat, amidst the bopping and the rolling, of this, the subway train ♥ . . . And with her eyes, faintly closed ♥ . . . She opened the ‘gates’, within her body . . . the joints which typically, are somewhat ‘closed’ ♥ . . .

And like faucets, along a pipeline ♥ . . . she gradually opened, them to the *flow* ♥ . . . She allowed . . . *she simply willed this* ♥ . . . the energy . . . to flow ‘in’ ♥ . . . And as she jostled, as the subway wobbled ♥ . . . the ‘energy . . . it did flow in’ ♥ . . .

When she was complete this ‘trance’ ♥ . . . this delicious, energy ‘dance’ . . . she miraculously, synergistically, simultaneously arrived, at her subway stop ♥ . . .

And as she ascended, the steep dark staircase ♥ . . . out, into the *light* ♥ . . . she noticed, the ‘ease, within her body’! ♥ . . . she noticed this, with sheer delight ☺ . . .

For the ‘pipelines, within her body ♥ . . . they were clear, without a gap’ ♥ . . . The former blockages, in her ‘pathways’ ♥ . . . they were . . . ‘gone’ . . . without a trace ♥ . . .

When she entered, the studio ♥ . . . the sacred space, where she rehearsed ♥ . . . she warmed up, as she always did before ♥ . . . and yet ‘this’ time, it felt different ♥ . . .

For the *ease* . . . with which she ‘moved’ ♥ . . . she had never . . . experienced this before ♥ . . . There was an ‘energy’, now ♥ . . . *she could ‘feel this’* ♥ . . . A powerful energy ♥ . . . that had not been ‘there’, before ♥ . . .

She danced with ease . . . she danced with *fluidity* ♥ . . . She danced . . . with Grace itself ♥ . . . For . . .

“When i am in g r a c e
i am not in ‘stress’ ♥
there is no tension :-))))))))))”

This too, became her ‘mantra’ ♥ . . . sacred words, she silently ‘spoke’ ♥ . . . to remind her, what the ‘truth’ is ♥ . . . to remind her . . . her way ‘Home’ ♥ . . .



There was ‘something . . . about the belly’ ♥♥ . . . This . . . she ‘innately knew’ ♥♥
...

Her first, ever ‘boyfriend’ . . . he, had ‘shown her this’ ♥ . . .
On a dock, amidst the shipyards . . . one sunny day, in New York City ♥ . . . He ‘gently, lifted their shirts up’ . . . and he ‘simply, touched their *flesh*’ ♥ . . .
He touched them, ‘belly to belly’ ♥ . . .
And in his tenderness, he quietly ‘said’ ♥ . . .
“Doesn’t . . . this feel incredible?”
And she paused, and silently reflected, ‘this’ ♥ . . .
If only . . . it was this simple ♥ . . .
If only everything . . . was this *pure* ♥ . . .
Touching . . . umbilicus, to umbilicus ♥ . . .
What . . . could ‘this world be’? ♥ . . .



And so, once she had completed ‘Opening Night’ ♥ . . . and she was on tour, ‘from Wuppertal’ ♥ . . .

She realized, *what she was actually doing!* ♥ . . . She was ‘touching her audience, belly to belly’ ♥ . . .



And in, that ‘silent space was . . . a tender language, we all speak’ ♥ . . . a ‘language, without a single word’ ♥ . . . a ‘language, we all . . . do . . . speak’ ♥ . . .

As she pondered, this in quiet time, as she was dancing, upon the stage ♥ . . . she delved deeper, in her ‘understanding ♥ . . . of what, this language is’ ♥ . . .



It is ‘the language, we have forgotten ♥ . . . it is the language, of our souls’ ♥ . . . it is ‘the language, we all contain, *in, us* ♥ . . . it is the language, we follow Home’ . . . ♥



And so she began . . . to take this ‘seriously’! . . . not that she had been . . . ‘lax’ before! ♥ . . .

As she began to realize . . . ‘there was something sacred, here’ ♥ . . .

And that she was standing ♥ . . .

At . . . its . . . door ♥ . . .

