



♥ Nelson . . . Diana . . . Mohan⁴² ♥



Ella had another dream last night , , , She who never dreams! ♥

Why is there such a flurry?

Because . . . we are *scribing this* ♥ . . .

Her only ‘unanswered question – in all of this’ . . . is . . . “On what level of consciousness . . . are the people who are ‘waking up . . . and actively participating’ . . . actually *conscious that they are?*” ♥

Is it them ‘at this level of awakesness’? ♥

Or is it them ‘slightly higher up’?

On a simple level – it doesn’t matter ♥ . . .

We each and every one of us are a ‘shaft – of sacred consciousness’ ♥ . . .

I asked Ella to explain this to me – so I can better express it, to you (and me!) . . .

It’s like this: ♥

Our subconscious (that which we are attuned to – on ‘subliminal levels’ – yet are withholding from our own astute awakesness . . . call this our ego ‘protecting’ us . . . from what it senses might be overwhelming, for us to ‘know’ ♥) . . .

This ‘level’ – of our own consciousness – exists ‘inside the physical us’ ♥ . . .

Then ‘outside of us – just beyond our physical selves’ . . . is a ‘shaft’ . . . of ‘all that we are’ ♥ . . .

This ‘shaft’ . . . which is essentially our ‘super consciousness’ . . . is directly connected . . . with the ‘collective consciousness’ . . . that which Carl Jung⁴³ was

⁴² Ella is a ‘toothpick in the cake test’ ♥ . . . She is fully conscious that it may be ‘dangerous’ . . . for us to state these names – today, or ‘ever’ ♥♥♥♥♥ And yet . . . it is through the ‘flushing out, of potential weaponry’ ♥ and the ‘alkalinizing, of lead and steel’ ♥ that we can stand, tall as ‘One Sibling’ ♥ and see the ‘Light’, and naught ‘The Fall’ ☺ ♥♥♥♥♥♥

⁴³ The Swiss psychoanalyst who was a prodigy of Sigmund Freud – until he ‘left’ and launched into his own deep and revelatory explorations of ‘how the human psyche works’ ♥ . . .

discovering and gradually yet swiftly disclosing – particularly shortly before he died ♥ . . .

Did you know? That he *knew* everything he wrote in his book *Synchronicity* – years before he published it? And yet he held it back?

The story goes that he did so until near his death – out of fear that he might be outcast in his scientific community of ‘peers’ if he spoke openly about it – simply because it ‘shattered the box’ – the box of limited thinking that was the ‘reign’ at the time⁴⁴ ♥ . . .

And so he took the leap . . . and he published his essential ‘findings’ . . . just prior . . . to his ‘death’ ♥ . . .

Wow. So I invite you to contemplate, simply this: There is *so much* . . . that we are *all attuned to* . . . that we aren’t ‘conscious . . . that we are conscious of’ . . . quite . . . ‘yet’! ♥ . . .

Ah, yes . . . Ella’s recent dream ♥ . . .

She placed a phone call – intending it to be ‘just a thank you, to his personal assistant’ . . . who is the one who miraculously, answered her call ♥ . . .

Astrid Haldorsson insisted, “Yes, I will get him” . . . And she proceeded to move about, in search of Dr. Hashimoto, to call himself, to the phone ♥ . . .

You need to know this, to fully comprehend the scope of this . . . He never, ever answers, the ‘public office, telephone’ . . . Nor does she . . . It is a ‘flurry, of busy bees’ – who are all lovely! – to whom, one can eventually ‘get through’ ♥ . . .

⁴⁴ The scientific community is (unfortunately) known for its restrictive domineering of ‘what is real’ . . . Researchers who discover something ‘new – and worldview shattering’ – rather than being welcomed, and nurtured, with rapt curiosity and openness, recognized as being among the ‘new leaders, of evolving thought’ ♥ – historically have instead been habitually outcast and riddled and sometimes even denounced . . . It has sadly too often been perceived as a ‘threat’ to those in power – *for world views – the ways we think of ‘what is real’ – hold tremendous power – like ‘God’* . . . And so to allow ‘new’ ideas . . . to crack open the ‘shell’ ♥ . . . and *Let . . . New . . . Light . . . In* ♥ . . . has been slow and rare . . . Such has been true, with so many brilliantly innovative thinkers . . . Some of these continue to exist and *thrive*, as Carl Jung did, ‘just outside the norm’ ♥ . . .

This time . . . ‘Mrs. Haldorsson’, as she is publicly known . . . herself answered . . .
. And despite Ella’s persistent ‘protestations, of not wanting to interrupt’ . . . ‘Astrid’
determinedly, went in search, of ‘the man’ ♥ . . .

Dr. Jason Hashimoto, the Canadian scientist ‘grandfather of this country’, who
has lent his life to the upliftment of humanity – through his journalism, his research, his
impeccable leadership, and beyond ♥ . . .

He answered.

He was on video camera . . . she was on phone . . .

She reminded him, of how they’d met – some twenty years, ago ♥ . . .

He was actively listening . . . all the while, stroking a small dog!

After a few, simple moments, of rapt listening, as she did speak, he said . . .

“If this vision . . . has the capacity . . . to lift humanity . . . out of illusion . . . and
thus out . . . of dualistic thinking . . . and thus out of suffering . . . then . . . How . . . Can . . .
. . . I . . . Help?” ♥

This is when she woke up ☺

This dream is ‘prophetic’ . . . in that months ago . . . she was aware of him . . .
stepping ‘in’ . . . to play a key role ♥ . . .

And when she reached out to him . . . she received his reply . . . signed in his own
ink . . . that he is aware . . . that we are now *scribing this* . . . yet he is “too old” . . . to
actively assist! . . .

The energy is stirring . . . Pinocchio’s toys . . . all *awakening* ♥ . . .

And the ‘first to reply’ . . .

Are among . . .

Those who do lead . . .

This amazing . . .

‘Grace’ ♥ . . .

For as any, bird swims . . .

Or as a boat, slips along . . .

Amidst waters, it creates . . .

Behind it, a, wake! . . .

Water Lillies

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Day Twelve

And inside this wake . . .
Many others, can easily, swim ♥ . . .
In the calmness, the serenity . . .
Of the still . . .
Waters . . .
Within ♥ . . .
*The Eagles . . . Are Gathering*⁴⁵ ♥ . . .
Yes ☺
For “It . . . Is . . . Time”⁴⁶ ♥ . . .



It was while she was sitting in meditation, yesterday morning . . . that she was given, *this* ♥ . . .

She was sitting, in semi-lotus position, in direct alignment, with the sun ♥ . . .
Eyes closed, her attention, was swiftly swept . . . ‘up’ ♥ . . .
To focus, as if a laser beam, directly, at her third eye⁴⁷ ♥ . . .
And as soon as, this was established, in, her ‘experience’ ♥ . . .
She was gently yet swiftly, drawn ‘backwards’ ♥ . . .
Up . . . to where they ‘sit’ ♥ . . .
She was taken, to where the ‘beings’ sit . . . who are *overseeing, all of this* ♥ . . .
So that she could feel and see . . . *from their vantage* ♥ . . .

⁴⁵ *The Gathering of the Eagles* is a ‘book’ that began circulating among ‘people stirring awake, in the know’ some twenty plus years ago . . . Written by Ray Hudson, it is the remarkable story of Menno Pauls and his in-depth trust as he follows ‘the visions and the voices’ as they reveal themselves to him ♥ . . .

⁴⁶ These are the words that Ella spoke ‘telepathically – to His Holiness the Dalai Lama’ as she became awake to the readiness – and the import – that she and he *meet* ♥ . . .

⁴⁷ The ‘ajna chakra’, located between the eyebrows and set back in the centre of the head ♥ . . . Ella knows this through direct experience as precisely the same location as her ‘pineal gland’ ♥ To meditate in the ajna chakra is to experience ‘Oneness’ ♥ . . . In Sanskrit, ajna means “command” – spiritual guidance ☺ . . .



It was while she was healing the ‘fracture’ in her T5⁴⁹ . . . that the visions, and the voices, began ‘full force’ ♥ . . . Like a dam, that *had been waiting* ♥ . . . a very long time . . . for ‘this’ ♥ . . .

For she needed to be in stillness, and in silence ♥ . . . this ‘intelligence’, it to ‘receive’ ♥ . . .

She spent hours and hours alone – first in her bedroom, then at ‘the gym’!

Her ‘gym’, for her recovery, was a local ‘swimming pool’ . . . There, she could swim laps and laps . . . The water, would ‘hold her up’ . . . And just like in, her mother’s womb . . . it helped to cheer her up . . .

For this was the first time, since she began to dance, at age six, that she was ‘restricted – *she could not dance*’ . . . Yet . . . dance had become, her ‘identity’ ♥ . . . She ‘knew’ herself . . . through *dance* ♥ . . .

And so as her spine, began to loosen . . . for the ‘fear’ sets in, like a rocket, the moment, that trauma ‘hits’ . . . she began, to gently ‘ask’ it ☺ . . . ‘Would you please, let me dance?’ . . .

And in the water, first the shallow end . . . she would swirl, and she would spin . . . closing her eyes, and ‘evaporating’ . . . she would allow the water, to birth her ‘in’ ♥ . . .

In, to an ‘inner’ world . . . that few humans, ever ‘meet’ . . . unless, of course they are ‘shamanic’ . . . in the normal ways, their culture ‘is’ ♥ . . .

It was like a dream world – *yet she wasn’t dreaming!* . . . She was lucidly . . . ‘awake’ . . . Just rapturously, giving ‘in’, my friends . . . She was dancing, in this ‘lake’ . . .

⁴⁹ Fifth thoracic vertebra ♥ . . .

She learned to trust, the water's 'holding' her . . . She learned to trust, the 'hidden hand' ♥ . . . She learned to trust, in what we 'can't' see . . . She learned, to trust again ♥ . . .

And as her spine, it was 'healing', this is when, she began to *see* ♥ . . . For the visions, *showed her the dances* . . . And this, it was her 'key' . . .

For she would return, a few months later . . . 'not', to the 'company stage' . . . She would return, a solo artist . . . She would be . . . 'born again' ♥ . . .

And so as, it was time to 'dance again' . . . she sought Doron, to 'lead her through' ♥ . . . For she knew, that she could 'trust him' . . . She knew, he could lead her through . . .

For she was no longer, in Nacho's company . . . And Gaetan, he was 'in love' . . . With a woman, who disliked her . . . And so he, could not her 'love' . . .

It was in Doron's studio, in Manhattan, that she first 'danced, the solos through' ♥ . . . Six of them, in succession . . . a mini marathon, this would prove . . .

She learned to 'arc' them, like a rainbow . . . to lead the audience, 'up, beyond' . . . a gentle, yet persistent . . . 'storm' . . . they would ride through ♥ . . .

For she believed, in 'making magic' . . . she believed, in 'touching souls' . . . she believed, in the pure heart's wonder . . . if only, we can 'wake it up' ♥ . . .

She asked Doron, for his input . . . And what he gave, perfectly 'matched' . . . what her inner 'guidance', had already spoken to her . . . that these solos, they would . . . move . . . souls ♥ . . .

She chose to take them, 'away from New York' . . . to a 'quieter' place, where she was less known . . . so that she could 'shelter' them, more keenly . . . as . . . they . . . 'birthed' ♥ . . .

So she first took them, away to 'Europe' . . . She premiered them, in a German 'tour' . . . They were ravishingly received, they were embraced with verve . . . These solos, they did . . . move . . . souls ♥ . . .

Ella told me how utterly moving it was for her, on opening night, in Wuppertal. She had approached the impresario – the producer, of the Festival – while she was 'early on, in her recovery' . . .

Solely based upon her ‘background’ – who she had trained with, who had chosen her to create solos upon, who had hired her in their companies, and the like – he said, “Yes” ♥ . . .

And so she was the sole, purely ‘solo’ act, to tour Germany in the ‘Bi Jährliche Internationale Porsche Tanzfestival’, that year ♥ . . .

Six cities, she performed in – including, Wupperthal . . . And quite innocently, while she was backstage, following her performance, to a sold out crowd . . . they arrived . . . Dancers, from Pina Bausch’s Tanztheater . . . they came backstage to greet her, and to say, “Thanks” . . .

This was the crowning jewel, for her . . . to be appreciated, by their likes . . . For Pina’s company, was the rising star then . . . Hers was, ‘where dance was at’ ♥ . . .

Six cities, in eight days . . . It was a rush!

It wasn’t just that – she told me recently – there was so much ‘motion’, to set things up . . . It was that . . . so much ‘energy, was set loose inside of her’ . . . So much ‘consciousness, was waking up’ ♥ . . .

For she was saying, ‘Yes’ ♥ . . . to the muse(s?), who were ‘guiding her’ ♥ . . . For this entire ‘tour’, and the full recovery of her ‘spine’ ♥ . . . was more than a miracle, it was ‘pure Light’ ♥ . . .

Little did anyone know – let alone, barely Ella! – what would soon follow – ‘this’ ♥ . . .

On the solo stage she was developing, her ‘fierce focus’ ☺ . . . wherein *nothing else*, could ‘get in’ . . .

She was ultimately practicing, how to ‘focus’ . . . with zero distraction, *from the Light* ♥ . . . so that ‘later’, when she was ‘asked to’ . . . she could say ‘Yes’ again, Yes . . . to . . . *the . . . Light* ♥ . . .

In the theatres, as she was onstage . . . the lighting dim, yet she was ‘lit’ . . . you . . . could ‘hear a pin drop’ . . . this was how wholly absorbed and rapturous . . . the audience did ‘sit’ ♥ . . .

For in the solo ‘Caged’, about liberation, from torture, and human rights violations ♥ . . . no one’s eyes, did from her ‘move’ ♥ . . .

Water Lillies

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Day Twelve

For she was *dancing, for their liberty* ♥ . . .
And this . . . they . . . all . . . knew ♥ . . .
At the end, of this poignant solo . . . bars of ‘light’, atop her *pierced* ♥ . . .
As if, she was ‘trapped inside them’ . . . as if, she was boxed ‘in’ ♥ . . .
And yet, in the following ‘solo’ . . . *radiant Light, it did stream in!* ♥ . . .
Ella literally, took each person in the audience ‘by their hand’ ♥ . . .
And she danced them out ‘with’ her . . . from ‘this cage’ ♥ . . .
She, was their ‘companion’ ♥ . . . entrusted, by ‘the end’ . . .
Standing ovations, frequently greeted her . . . except, from those who sat *so still* ♥

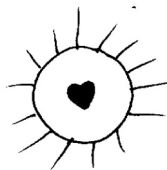
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For so often, people were quite ‘stunned’ . . . that ‘art, could move them so’ ♥ . . .
Art, which is ‘humanity’ ♥ . . .
Art . . . which is ‘the soul’ ♥ . . .
Often, people would linger, not wanting, to leave ‘this place’ ♥ . . .
Wanting to remain, in this safe shelter ♥ . . .
Wanting to remain, in this love *space* ♥ . . .
She built, a ‘reputation’, for herself, in ‘that one tour’ ♥ . . .
And yet, this story takes a ‘swerve’ ♥ . . .
Yes, it has a ‘curve’ ♥ . . .
For everyone, *assumed* she would continue ‘this’ ♥ . . .
The National Endowment, for the Arts ♥ . . .
And The Canada Council, too – “if only, she would come home” they said ☺ . . .
Then they, would fund her ‘too’ ♥ . . .
And yet ‘the voice, it spoke . . . to her, again’ ♥ . . .
It said, ‘this’ time . . . “Let . . . go” ♥ . . .
And ‘she’ knew . . . precisely what ‘this meant’ ♥ . . .
It meant . . . ‘Let go . . . the dance’ ♥ . . .
Everyone around her . . . thought she was ‘crazy’! . . .
Crazy . . . to ‘let this go’! . . .
“Why would you? When you’re at the top? ♥

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“Why? Would you ever ‘let this go?’” . . .
They . . . could not hear ‘the voice, within’ ♥ . . .
The voice, that spoke her ‘so’ ♥ . . .
The voice, that was her ‘savior’ ♥ . . .
For *it* was what, had healed her ‘so’ ♥ . . .
And *it* was why, *she danced, like this!* ♥ . . .
It was why, she *could* . . . do . . . this ♥ . . .
It was why . . . she could ‘be’ . . . this . . . way ♥ . . .
It was why . . . she could so deeply *trust* ♥ . . .
And so she trusted it – again ! ♥
Yes she trusted . . . it . . . again ☺
And she ‘let go . . . dance’ . . .
Yet she did naught . . . let . . . go . . . IT! ♥
Instead . . .
She *took its hand* ♥ . . .
She allowed it . . .
To lead her, ‘in’ . . .
In . . .
To ‘sacred lands’ ♥ . . .
To where few, have ever ‘forayed’ ♥ . . .
She let it lead her . . .
Lead her . . .
‘In’ ♥ . . .



It was at the end, of this ‘first solo tour’ ♥ . . .
That ‘the voice’ said ☺ . . . “You are needed, for something else now . . . that
only, you can do” ♥ . . .

She knew – she *recognized this!* That what ‘the voice’ spake, *it was true* ♥ . . .
She realized . . . she had no ‘conscious’, clue . . . what ‘it’ was . . . she was to ‘do’

♥ . . .

And so she continued, to strengthen her ‘trusting’ ♥ . . . as if a muscle, once
atrophied ♥ . . . that it would become ‘so’ strong ♥ . . . just like, a great oak tree ♥ . . .

For **trust** ♥ . . . would be her ‘ally’ ♥ . . . when all ‘else’ ♥ . . . could naught be
‘seen’ ♥ . . .

And so trust ♥ . . . became her ‘companion’ ♥ . . . trust . . . became her ‘best
friend’ ♥ . . .

Trust . . . became her ‘lover’ ♥ . . .

Trust . . .

It was . . .

Is . . .

Trust . . .

♥

