

As we integrate and heal our own ‘shadow natures’ . . . we heal the world ♥

No one else can do this for us.

It is up to us ♥

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This is the meaning of ‘unity – in diversity’! . . . It is ‘re claiming, all our parts’ ♥
. . . *both* . . . on an ‘individual’, and on, a ‘collective basis’ ♥♥♥♥♥

For *everything*, we experience – both ‘inside, and around us’ . . . is an,
‘extrapolation’, of the original, ‘Fall’ . . .

And to ‘heal, Humpty Dumpty’⁷² ☺ . . . is to ‘heal, our selves’ ♥

There is *both* . . . the inner, and the ‘outer’, in this ♥

There is *both* . . . the micro, and the ‘macro’, in this ♥

There is *both* . . . the ‘as above, and the as below, in this’ ♥

It . . . is . . . all . . . One ♥

And so as we ☺ *reclaim our power!* . . . we do stand, in *our own energy !!* . . .
we are no longer, a ‘slave’ ♥ . . . to anything, ‘external’ ♥♥ . . .

This, is the ‘healing’ . . . of *the, entire world* ♥

This – it is this ‘simple’ . . .

And it is, up to *All Of Us* ♥

For if any one of us, ‘absconds from this’ . . . we have less, collective ‘power’ . . .
we have less, collective ‘energy’ . . . to ‘lift, the Dove up’ ♥

And the ‘Dove’, is a ‘metaphor’, and ‘ultimately, a reality’ ☺ . . . for our,
collective ‘liberty, from, the soul-bound cage’ ♥

For as, we re ‘awaken’ . . . in to, our pure Light ‘energy’ . . . we can . . . no longer
. . . be . . . ‘contained’

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This, is our ‘future’ ☺

How many of us, ‘want this’?

⁷² “Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall . . . Humpty Dumpty had a great fall . . . All the king’s horses
and all the king’s men . . . Couldn’t put Humpty together again” . . . A ‘children’s rhyme’ – told
at least in English culture! ☺ . . .

To be, free of 'suffering' . . .

To be, truly, free ♥



And so embrace, all of your 'shadow' . . .

And as you do, you re-unite 'Lucifer' . . .

Into, the 'bosom' . . .

Of Love, again ♥

And this, is the 'healing' . . .

We have long, 'awaited' . . .

The One, and only 'healing' . . .

That ever, has been ♥

For there is, nothing 'other' . . .

There is nothing, 'outside of this' . . .

There is only, the re union ☺

Of The One ♥

And together, we *can do this* . . .

Yes together, we *can heal this* . . .

This 'story' . . . is a 'script' : -)

For how, to heal 'The Fall' ♥

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And the 'glue, that pulls it all together' . . .

The most masterful, of 'magnets' . . .

The power at the centre, of every 'nucleus' ☺ . . .

Is none other . . . than . . . *Love* ♥♥

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The only 'danger' . . . remaining . . . upon . . . this 'planet' ♥ . . .

Is our own, 'shadow natures' . . . our own, 'undigested pasts' ♥ . . .

For this, is what makes us, 'potentially, volatile' ♥ . . .



Ella knew a man – during the phase of ‘quantum accelerations’ in her life – who was on the brink of opening a new option of healing for his clients ♥ . . .

Both he and Ella became aware – simultaneously, intuitively – that she was to be, his ‘first to receive this’ ♥ . . .

They met in his home, and settled in to his living room, he in an armchair, she in the centre of the sofa ♥ . . .

As he guided her, smoothly, with the hypnotic cadence, of his voice ♥ . . . she . . . ‘dropped in’ . . . to the ‘visions’ . . . *and she remembered, this* ♥ . . .

There was a sequence, of ‘three memories’ . . . that were given to her, that fine day ♥ . . .

The first, was of a man, with whom she was standing, ‘on a brink’ ♥ . . .

They were side by side, he on her left ♥ . . . on a precipice, overlooking, a long, verdant valley ♥ . . .

Beneath them, was a steep ‘drop’ ♥ . . .

In that instant of feeling, *his energy* ♥ . . . his calm, so grounded *energy* ♥ . . . she knew, that she could trust him ♥ . . . always, with her ‘life’ ♥ . . .

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Some years later, as this was ‘integrating’ . . . into the context, of other ‘visions’ . . . she realized, that this was is ‘Javier’ . . . the man, she ‘trusts the most’ ♥ . . .



No sooner had this, ‘holy vision’ ♥ . . . landed, in her ‘lap’ ☺ . . . the second, it was ‘birthing’ ♥♥ . . .

She was watching . . . a *bright light* . . . beaming onto, a ‘field’ . . . as if, it was a ‘stadium’ ♥ . . .

As soon, as she ‘recognized this’ . . . it . . . ‘zoomed in’ ♥ . . .

And then ‘the voice’ spoke ☺
 “This time . . . the ending’s different” ♥
 And she knew instantly . . . ‘what this meant’ ♥
 It meant that this time, we ‘aren’t killed *for Light*’ ♥ . . . we aren’t persecuted for
 standing / being, *in our Light* ♥
 And she knew, the ‘double edge of this’!
 For at once, it was a ‘reassurance’ ☺ – that she, will ‘not be killed’ ♥
 And yet . . . to ‘find this out . . . to discover it *is true*’ ♥ . . . she would have . . . to
 ‘live this out’ ♥

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The third, was a ‘fore telling’! . . . She wondered this, at the time ☺ . . .
 She was a young maiden ♥ . . . flowing golden hair . . . white breezy dress ♥ . . .
 She was rowing, in her rowboat ♥ . . . towards the shore, from ‘the great ship’ ♥ . . .

As she arrived, cresting her keel, upon, the ‘sandy shore’ ♥ . . . she was greeted,
 by ‘the people’ ♥ . . . who led, her ‘up’ ♥ . . .

Up, to a ‘higher ground’ ♥ . . . where they beckoned her, to ‘lie down’ ♥
 And as they flanked her, in ‘several rows’ ♥ . . . she could barely, see ‘the sun’ ♥
 They began, to ‘scoop her organs out’ . . . and eat her, alive

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Instantly, this vision, in and of itself, did ‘press rewind’! ♥ . . .
 She was again, arriving ‘at the shore’ ♥ . . . and ‘this’ time, as they ‘led her up’ ♥ .
 . . she ‘made sounds, like grunts’ ♥ . . . to *communicate, with them* ♥ . . .

And as they ‘flanked’ her, *they under stood her* ♥ . . . that what, she was
 ‘speaking’ ♥ . . . it was *is the language, Of Divine Love* ♥ . . .

And so ‘this’ time, *instead of eating her* ♥ . . . they softened, into ‘voice’ ♥ . . .
 they ‘spoke’ in tones, ‘inflections’, sounds ♥ . . . they discovered together, their ‘one
 voice’ ♥ . . .

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When ‘it was time, for her to leave, this time’ ♥ . . . they all rose, to ‘bid her
goodbye’ ♥ . . . and as they walked together – elders and children, too ♥ . . . there was a
sadness, that could be ‘felt’ ♥ . . .

For ‘this’ time . . . *they had become friends* ♥ . . .

‘This’ time . . .

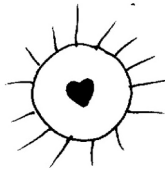
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And as, they reached the ‘shoreline’ ♥ . . . and she stepped, into ‘the boat’
♥♥♥♥♥♥ . . . there was *only Love, within the air* ♥ . . .

Yes there was . . . on . . . ly . . . *Love* . . .

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Thank heavens there were ‘normal’ events to ‘cool her out, during this wave of
paranormal, magnificent experiences’! ♥ . . .

One evening Ella and her family were in the audience to hear Mary Beth perform
a soloist role that had captivated her inspiration beyond any other ♥ . . .

They entered the theatre, dressed in their finery, eagerly anticipating this, M B’s
‘debut’ ♥ . . .

The Saint Lawrence Symphony Orchestra had, for many years, been offering a
‘Pops’ Concert Series, to attract ‘a wider audience’ . . . as without a ‘new infusion’, the
art form of ‘symphonies’, could die out . . .

This particular evening, they were taking a bold stride . . . Rather than playing
‘something predictable’, they chose Ennio Morricone’s score for the movie, ‘The
Mission’ ♥ . . .

It is so hypnotic, so mesmerizing, so poignant, so delicate ♥ . . .

And Mary Beth, fronting ‘L’Orchestre’ . . . her family couldn’t have been, more proud ☺

They met her, in the ‘green room’, as the audience, was flowing out – out, of the great theatre, entranced, by what they’d ‘heard’ ♥ . . .

For their minds, had been ‘relieved’ . . . offered solace, from ‘the world’ . . . peace, and soulful ‘nourishment’ . . . and this had flowed, from M B’s bow ☺



The first time Ella ever ‘met the mountains’ . . . she was following, a ‘dream’ ♥ . . .

It was while she was in Nacho’s company, in New York City . . .

One night, she dreamt of an old high school classmate . . . They were ‘hiking . . . up in a meadow’ ♥ . . .

Innocent, to ‘what men leap to’! . . . she wrote Adam, a note . . .

He replied to her, with a phone call – asking her, “Would you like to go?”

“Where?”, she replied . . .

“To where you are describing – in your dream” ♥ . . .

Still innocent, she said, “Yes” ♥ . . .

They met – and for her ‘safe keeping’, he brought a male school chum, with ☺ . . .

So at first, it was ‘platonic’ – just as she’d seen, within ‘the dream’ ♥ . . .

They three hiked, with fully provisioned backpacks . . . all the way, to Egypt Lake ♥ . . .

It was a grueling, hot summer’s day . . . and when they asked her, along the way, “Shall we make camp?” . . . she said, in her gallant dancer’s fitness speak, “No, please, not yet” . . . For it was ‘only, five kilometers further’! . . . Little did she know, this meant ‘one more Pass’ ♥ . . .

A ‘Pass’ is a ‘high’ place! . . . a ridge over which, one can hike . . . A route, for transmigrating . . . from one ‘valley’, to the next ♥ . . .

This additional, ‘elevation gain’ . . . did nearly, ‘knock them out’! . . . Yet these three, intrepid travelers . . . they arrived, safe and sound ♥ . . .

They made camp, with the tents they’d carried, upon their own, ‘porter backs’ . . . The guys built a fire . . . they prepared their food . . . and then, they bid ‘Good night’ ♥ . . .

The next day, as Felix was ‘tired’! . . . Adam asked Ella, “Would you like to climb?” . . . Not knowing, quite what this might ‘feel like’ . . . she was curious, and she said, “Yes” ♥ . . .

He tied a rope around her waist, for her ‘safety’ . . . And he led her, up through the rocks . . . He scaled, with her, a ‘chimney’ . . . a narrow passage, in ‘the rocks’ ♥ . . .

It was exhilarating – yet there was more ‘to come’!

As they began, their long descent . . . for they had climbed, high ‘up’ ♥ . . . He untied the rope, from her ‘waist’ . . . and he began, to ‘slide’!

He dug in his heels, as he would, if he was skiing, down a slope ♥ . . .

This *was* a slope – *yet it was rock!* . . . It was, a ‘scree slope’ . . .

Tiny ‘shale’, ground down by ‘ice’, way back, when this place *was* ice ♥ . . .

For the great glaciers, that once covered, this entire terrain . . . they had receded, and left, huge bowls of shale, in their ‘wake’ ♥ . . .

He, was a ‘downhill skier’ . . . and so ‘this, to him was small’ . . . “What difference is there, between snow and rock?” . . .

She . . . ‘followed’ him . . . She . . . ‘placed herself, within his wake’ ♥ . . . She let herself be, his ‘prodigy’ . . . And she ‘skied, down this scree slope’ ♥ . . .

She stepped in, ‘behind him’ . . . into, his ‘pathway’ . . . and with ease, and ‘agility’ . . . she *emulated* . . . *his grace* ♥ . . .

It felt like the time – some years later, mind you! . . . when Ella was invited, to shoot whitewater rapids, in a canoe!

Oh . . . my . . . god! What exhilaration!

I could *feel* this . . . as she *described* this . . . the ‘moment to moment, pure presence, of being, *in the now* ♥ . . . For when, you are in ‘white water’ . . . there is no ‘future’, *there is only now!* ♥ . . .

Ella, is 'intrepid'! . . . though she doesn't take, 'wild risks' . . . She respects deeply, her 'instrument' . . . Her body in reverent appreciation, she does 'kiss' ♥ . . .

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Adam was so enthralled with her – *and the risks, she let him take* ♥ . . . that as, they were 'parting', he asked her, to marry him . . . and she said, gently respectfully, "No" ♥ . . .

He couldn't see . . . what was 'inside of her' . . . She didn't know . . . how this it 'would unfold' . . . She needed to be . . . free to 'let it flow' . . . Without any 'restrictions' . . . even, early 'love' ♥ . . .

And so she passed, on an 'opportunity' . . . to be with, a sterling man . . . to be instead, with 'the visions' . . . for they were, her 'young true love' ♥ . . .

Years would pass, before the next 'request' . . . 'to be, someone's love' . . .

Years, and years, of solace, spent . . . nourishing, this gem, 'inside' ♥ . . .

