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 ♥ 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' This, is our 'future' © How many of us, 'want this'?

"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! \odot . . .

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' ♥ And the 'glue, that pulls it all together' . . . The most masterful, of 'magnets' . . . The power at the centre, of every 'nucleus' ② . . . Is none other . . . than . . . Love ♥♥ The only 'danger' . . . remaining . . . upon . . . this 'planet' ♥ . . . Is our own, 'shadow natures' . . . our own, 'undigested pasts' ♥ . . . For this, is what makes us, 'potentially, volatile' ♥...

This is what makes us, 'untrustworthy' ♥... And pointing fingers, to any 'others' . . . only prolongs, 'The Fall' ♥ . . . And so as we embrace, our own 'shadows' . . . we quicken, the *peace* ♥ . . . For we are only able, to 'attract darkness' . . . if it 'mirrors, something inside us' ♥ This is, a 'bold statement' . . . and, it is 'true' ♥ . . . For everything . . . 'repeat, everything' . . . derives from, the 'original Fall' ♥ . . . And no matter 'how, we tell this human story' . . . the 'end, will be the same' ♥ . . . There are essentially, 'two choices' . . . of how, our story 'ends' ♥ . . . Either we accept, 'full response ability' ♥... and we whole heartedly, 'make amends',73 ♥ Or we avoid, this 'all together' \mathbf{v} . . . and we, all of us, fall, over and over, again and again ♥ . . . Which 'ending' . . . do 'you want . . . for this'? ♥ . . . For 'this', is *everything* ♥... Nothing is exempt ♥ . . . There is no where else, to 'go' ♥... It *is* One . . . whole . . . union ♥ . . . Or it is nothing . . . 'at all' "Forgiveness = Fearlessness", 74

⁷³ If you know 'Ho-oponopono' – or any other form of 'conflict resolution' or 'non-violent communication' – please practice it now 0 . . . As this 'story' . . . is our story . . . and the 'time' . . . it is now \blacktriangledown . . . With any of these 'practices', we the practitioner recognize 0 . . . That there is, no external 'culprit' \blacktriangledown . . . Each of us holds the power, to collectively mend it all \blacktriangledown . . . If you wish to read, an inspiring true 'story', that demonstrates, the 'power within this' \blacktriangledown . . . We recommend to you, Zero Limits, co-authored by Joe Vitale, and Hew Len \blacktriangledown . . .

⁷⁴ Paraphrasing Nelson Mandela, His Holiness the Dalai Lama, and other luminaries who have been 'in captivity' and have honored their own version of Mahatma Gandhi's elegant demonstration of the pure power of 'non-violence' ♥ . . .



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 \P ...

As he guided her, smoothly, with the hypnotic cadence, of his voice $\nabla \dots$ she \dots 'dropped in' \dots to the 'visions' \dots and she remembered, this $\nabla \dots$

There was a sequence, of 'three memories' . . . that were given to her, that fine $\text{day} \ \mathbf{v} \dots$

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

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

Beneath them, was a steep 'drop' ♥...

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

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' \lor . . . landed, in her 'lap' \circledcirc . . . the second, it was 'birthing' $\lor \lor$. . .

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' ♥ . . .

It was now, an 'operating room' . . . and the **bright** light, it was illuminating . . . 'the table' ♥... As soon, as she 'recognized this' . . . it zoomed in, again ♥ . . . She was seeing . . . a 'square' . . . in the centre . . . of a town ♥ . . . The ground . . . was 'dusty red' ♥ . . . and there were many . . . people 'round' ♥ . . . 'Pow . . . pow' . . . She . . . 'heard . . . this . . . sound' ♥ And then she 'felt' it . . . her skin like 'blubber' . . . and she realized . . . she was being 'stoned' ♥ As soon . . . as she 'realized this' ♥ . . . her *consciousness* . . . was lifted up ♥ . . . to a vantage . . . high above her body Ψ . . . from where . . . she could look down Ψ . . . And her 'awareness . . . it became resplendent ♥ . . . a totality . . . of Divine Love' ♥ . . . for as she 'realized . . . they did not understand, her' ♥ . . . she forgave them, with all her Light ♥... As Ella . . . was 'remembering, this' ♥ . . . she realized, that she had never, ever 'witnessed, or felt' ♥ . . . anything . . . as magnificent ♥ . . . as, this Divine Love ♥ . . . For the *forgiveness* . . . *that shone through her* ♥. . . it was more pure than anything, she had ever 'known' before ♥ . . . It was more benevolent . . . than any 'mother' ♥ . . . or father . . . here 'on the ground' ♥ . . . : : :::::: : : :::: : : :::: And as . . . she was *embodying!* . . . *this* . . . *magnificent Love!* ♥ . . . her 'Soul' . . . it was unscathed ♥ . . . it . . . was not 'touched' ♥ . . . There was naught . . . even a knick . . . taken . . . from her 'Soul' . . . zero wounding . . . zero destruction . . . none . . . to her 'Soul' ♥ . . . And she realized . . . as she was 'watching this' ♥ . . . that 'the people, on the ground' ♥ . . . they 'thought, they could destroy her' . . . 'throw her out, beyond their fear' And yet . . . as **she forgave them . . . for not yet . . . understanding ♥** . . . she held zero . . . 'animosity' . . . She held 'toward' them . . . only Love ♥ . . .

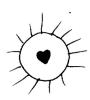
And then 'the voice' spoke © "This time . . . the ending's different" \\ And she knew instantly . . . 'what this meant' ♥ It meant that this time, we 'aren't killed for Light' ♥... we aren't persecuted for standing / being, in our Light ♥ And she knew, the 'double edge of this'! For at once, it was a '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' ♥ The third, was a 'fore telling'! . . . She wondered this, at the time ② . . . 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 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' \mathbf{v} ... to *communicate, with them* \mathbf{v} ... 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'♥...

.....

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

For 'this' time . . . *they had be come friends* ♥ . . . 'This' time ♥

********** . . . there was *only Love, within the air* \bullet . . .



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 \blacktriangledown ...

They entered the theatre, dressed in their finery, eagerly anticipating this, M B's 'debut' \P . . .

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 \odot

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' \blacktriangledown . .

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' \P . . .

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 $\ensuremath{\odot}$. .

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 \P . . .

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' ♥ . . .

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

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' ♥ . . .

