

The scribing is happening at all hours right now – and Ella and I are both committed to this ♥ . . . She wishes that this could be a ‘story of joy and delight’ ♥ . . . And it will be – and is ♥ . . .

Yet . . . it is the ‘pathos’ of humanity *that will open its hearts* ♥ . . .

And so when Ella is ‘in her own opening’ . . . we reveal this, while it is raw ♥ . . .

Today, she was in agony . . . she wept deep tears, numerous times ♥ . . .

By this evening, she and I had spoken several times – and she had spoken too, with a cluster of colleagues who are supporting her *as we scribe* ♥ . . .

Each of these people plays several key roles for her ♥ . . . They literally ‘reflect her, back into her skin’ ♥ . . . as she ‘reaches out, so far, for us to tell, this story’ ♥♥♥♥ . . .

Plus they help her, ‘to digest’ ♥ – to digest, her own experience ☺ . . . For the telling, of this ‘tale’, is a very emotional experience, for her ♥ . . .

Plus they hold space, for her rapid reception, of ‘insights’ ♥ . . . including this: ♥

What is . . . stirring ‘awake in her’ . . . are the elements, of the ‘ritual abuse’ . . . that were too fossilized, buried ‘too deep down’ . . . for her to be aware of, before ♥ . . .

And so the ‘pain’, she has been ‘experiencing’ . . . acutely, in these ‘past few days’ . . . is related, directly, to the ‘admonition’, she received ♥ . . . That “You will self destruct, before you remember” . . . and “If you ever speak of this, we will kill you” ♥

She is feeling very, very ‘safe’ ♥ . . . *even though, it takes tremendous courage* ♥ . . . for her, to ‘tell this story’ ♥ . . . and *trust*, that she is ‘safe’ ♥ . . .

And she, is ‘an experiment’ . . . researching, ‘how to fully heal’ . . . from the depths of trauma, of ‘ritual abuse’ . . . and all, that this *entails* ♥ . . .

For ‘ritual, abuse’ . . . is more than ‘sacrifice, of individuals’ . . . it has been an ‘institutionalized, process’ . . . of keeping ‘energy, enslaved’ ♥ . . .

And as ‘she, extricates herself from it’ . . . she is ‘mapping, a way out of it’ . . . not ‘only, for herself’ . . . *for all, of humanity* ♥ . . .

For there are ‘patterns, in everything’ . . . and as we can ‘reveal them, we can clearly see them’ . . . and we can ‘apply, this newfound wisdom’ . . . to *set, our, selves, free* ♥ . . .

She is ‘lucidly, aware’ . . . of ‘what, we are saying here’ . . . and of the ‘scope, of implications’ . . . for the ‘entire, human race’ ♥ . . .

For there has been ‘much, that has been hidden’ . . . from the ‘average, human’s vision’ . . . that has been ‘impeding, their re union’ . . . with the ‘divine, source of Light’ ♥ . . .

And as this ‘veil, it is lifted’ . . . then ‘Gaia, she is respected’ . . . and ‘humans, they are uplifted’ . . . and this ‘story, unfolds’ ♥ . . . as a ‘story, of enlightenment’ . . . and as a ‘story, of replenishment’ . . . of ‘all, that has been minimized’ . . . for the false ‘glory, of a few’ ♥ . . .

And ‘this, is the victory’ . . . of the ‘whole, not just the minority’ . . . or ‘of, the majority’ . . . *depending, upon your view!* ♥ . . .

For we are ‘One, human family’ . . . and those who have ‘dealt, out the atrocities’ . . . have been ‘suffering, as much as their victims’ . . . everyone, has been enslaved ♥ . . .

And so ‘this, is the liberty’ . . . the ‘sweet, collective victory’ . . . that ‘we, have all been dreaming of’ . . . yet ‘few, have believed we can’ ♥ . . . ‘resolve, all of our challenges’ . . . and ‘Love all, as our true siblings’ . . . for ‘we all, are cosmic siblings’ . . . and ‘this is our truth’ ♥ . . . no ‘matter, what our beliefs are’ . . . we are all ‘united, in our DNA’ . . . for there is ‘only, one Source’ . . . and it has, birthed us *All* ♥ . . .

And so as we ‘forgive, the so-called masters’ . . . of the ‘slaves, of human labor’ . . . then we ‘All, are liberated’ . . . for ‘this . . . is . . . the . . . plan’ ♥ . . .

The ‘plan, is for redemption’ . . . of ‘all, who have suffered’ . . . for ‘those, who have inflicted’ . . . the ‘torture, feel the most’ ♥ . . . even ‘if, they have been numbed out’ . . . to ‘avoid, feeling the slaughter’ . . . they ‘too, do feel the plunder’ . . . for their ‘souls, cannot deny’ . . . that ‘atrocious, has no true benefit’ . . . it ‘only, prolongs deep suffering’ . . . and the ‘source, of all delivery’ . . . is ‘none other, than true Love’ ♥ . . .

And so ‘Ella’s, courageous leadership’ . . . is a ‘map, of true Love healing’ . . . for her ‘path, is of a human’ . . . *finding, its way Home* ♥ . . .

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Last evening, quite late, Ella spoke with a couple, who are among her colleagues, about, her experiences, as we are immersed in scribing, this ‘book’ ♥ . . . She texted, me later, to cue me up, for us to speak of this, as a gem, of a discovery, had become evident, last night ♥ . . .

Rebecca, the woman friend, had been in, a weekend workshop, that was called, ‘Self Loving’, and it was, just that! ♥ . . . She spoke with Ella, in details, of what, they had explored, including, the nourishment, of, ‘self touch’ ♥ . . . Rebecca mentioned, specifically, how rich, this can truly be, for people, men and women, who are not currently, in relationship ♥ . . .

Ella instantly, remembered, when she was at, Jacob’s Pillow, and one evening, quite spontaneously, she felt inspired, to ‘self touch’ ♥ . . . There was nothing in it, that was sexual, yet it was, highly personal, as she massaged, her entire body, and *it felt so good* ♥ . . . She wondered, why she had never, explored this, ‘since then’? ♥ . . .

We have been trained, via conditioning, ‘how to be, in our culture’, which is a culture, of stark prudity, with multiple, ‘rules’ ♥ . . . Including, the distortion, of what is, self care ♥, which suggests, that self loving, is somehow, ‘selfish’ ♥ . . . In an attempt, to keep us small, we have taken, the fall, and believed, that to *believe in self*, is somehow, ‘vain’ ♥ . . .

And so we have swung, the great pendulum, away, from our ‘self mastery’, and we have instead, depended, upon ‘others’, for ‘touch’ ♥ . . .

So this morning, as she was waking, she remembered, Rebecca saying, that to touch one self, is so nutritious, and so she began, to explore this ☺ . . . Oh, how delightful, for she is, so beautiful, and this is naught, a vain statement, it is, the, truth ♥ . . . Her skin, feels so exquisite, so pure, and oh so tender, as if, she is a young girl, still, in her ‘flesh’ ♥ . . . Her energy, feels so pure, her energy, feels so ‘clean’, her lightness, of being, is palpable, to the ‘palms’ ♥ . . .

Why, has she not done this? . . . Why, has she deprived this? . . . For this, is so essential, *for the body, to be touched* ♥ . . . She has wondered, about Mandela, and others, who have been imprisoned, for decades, and longer, who have been, ‘without touch’ ♥ . . . We all, have different likings, different needs, different desires, and she, is a person, who thrives, on ‘touch’ ♥ . . . It is like plants, that night light ♥, rich soil, and enough water, and when, they are ‘spoken with’, they grow, even taller! ☺ . . .

So the moral, of this story, is to know oneself, in one’s full glory, and naught be shy, about delivering, to oneself, what one ‘needs’ ♥ . . . For Ella, has been in ‘cloister’, at least, in ‘semi cloister’, for nearly, thirty years, in order, to ‘birth this book’ ♥ . . . For the Light, she has been carrying, through, her rich remembering, has been required, to be in ‘quarantine’ ♥, *to keep it clean* ♥ . . . So she has duly, agreed ♥, to, not see ♥, the throngs of people, she once loved to see, as *she is so, gregarious* ♥ . . . And the greatest ‘price’, one might call sacrifice, that she has given, to humanity, has been this cloister, letting go ‘the dance’, and being single, to birth this ‘book’ ♥ . . . For when she was shown, the first vision ♥, which revealed to her, she would be this birther ♥, it informed her, of the necessity ♥, that ‘she, be, a, lone’ ♥ . . . And this ‘sentence’, of cloister, is nearly ‘over’, it is hoped for her, for she is, a human, and she needs, ‘community’ ♥ . . . This ‘quarantine’, has been essential, as you shall ‘see’, in coming pages, for the ‘scope’, of all she remembers, is, very huge ♥ . . . And to ‘prevent’, her from distractions, she has been ‘wearing blinders’, just like a racehorse, to keep her ‘focus’, *on the end mark*, to ensure, its *complete success* ♥ . . . And you can ‘aid’, in this delivery, by being ‘ready’, to receive this ‘baby’, yes ‘all’, that she is gifting, to, humanity ♥ . . . There is ‘so much’, in this last statement, it is ‘real’, it is important, so please do ‘heed’, it with your *whole* self, and ‘re, ceive, this, birth’ ♥ . . .

“Build it, and he [she] will come

“Ease his [her] pain

“Go the distance”⁷⁵

⁷⁵ Seminal messages from ‘the voice’ in the movie ‘Field of Dreams’ ♥ . . . If you ever, have opportunity, to view the ‘back story’, of this movie, you will ‘discover’, its integrity, and ‘how, it leads its field’ ♥ . . . For it was the ‘first’, of its kind, to ‘show the way’, for the ‘blind’, to ‘see

With song, in their hearts, they cantered, their way down, the sunny, warm trail, *until they saw, the tracks* ♥. . . As a bear, or a wolf, or a cougar, had recently killed, a goat, and it was lying, right, across their path . . . Without fear, yet *with awareness*, they began singing, in their full lungs, every song, they could ‘remember’, and some, they did ‘make up’ . . . to alert, the wandering carnivore, that they, meant zero ‘harm’, and that in no way, did they want ‘its carcass’!, they would leave it, far behind . . .

As their spirits carried them, with such joy and lightness, down, this winding path, they remembered, ‘Ella’s vision’, of the campsite, that they would find ♥ . . . It was while, they were in Edmonton, en route to drive, the Jasper trail, that she ‘saw it’ . . . Ella was ‘shown it’ . . . the ‘test’, that would ‘prevail’ ♥ . . . For she, did see, a site, ‘lit up’, unlike, any other, site, in the ‘park’ ♥ . . . And this, she could *feel* it . . . was where, they were to ‘camp’ ♥ . . .

And so, as they were arriving, aside, the glistening lake, they noticed, there was ‘no campsite’, there was only, wilderness ♥ . . .

Ella took a deep breath . . . and so did Aveline . . . as they prepared, for ‘the inevitable’ . . . which was, that *they would need to trust* ♥ . . .

They continued, keenly hiking, as the sun, it swiftly set, for as the sun, o’er the mountains ‘crests’, it is very, sudden ‘night’ ♥ . . .

It was as if, Ella was a ‘sniffer dog’!, sensing, for ‘the site’ . . . and in a moment, of ‘sheer glory’ . . . she found it, ‘in the night’ ♥ . . .

As they were striding, along the lakeside trail, she ‘saw’ it, from afar . . . the precise, exact location . . . that she had been shown, while ‘in the car’ ♥ . . .

They arrived . . . They sat . . . They breathed . . . They felt . . . For this was, an ‘omen’, of what was, ‘to come’ ♥ . . .

They unpacked, their gear, and they set up, their camp . . . and before, they ‘nestled in’, they saw, a ‘distant light’ ♥ . . .

Aveline, had been ‘following’, since, she was a ‘child’, the movements, of ‘lights in the sky’, and so she was, ‘at ease with this’ ♥ . . .

It was a distinct . . . light . . . flashing . . . in the sky . . . and yet it wasn’t . . . an ‘aircraft’ . . . they could discern this . . . by how it ‘moved’ ♥ . . .

It darted, and it ‘stopped. still’ . . . as if stopping, ‘on a dime’ . . . from its full, former ‘velocity’ . . . sheer moments, before this ‘time’ ♥ . . .

It darted ‘up’ . . . and then across . . . on a ‘diagonal’ . . . abreast the sky . . . so fast . . . without ‘acceleration’ . . . it just . . . ‘arrived’ ♥ . . .

And they knew, as Aveline *grinned, so, wide!* . . . that what they were ‘seeing’, with their own, ‘naked, eyes’ . . . was our ‘friends, out in the galaxies’ . . . letting themselves, be seen ☺ . . .

For the ‘beings, out beyond space and time’ . . . they ‘exist, at quicker frequencies’ . . . than the ‘ones, that our five senses’ . . . can typically, see and ‘hear’ ♥ . . .

And so it is, a ‘conscious choice’ . . . by them, to let us ‘see’ ♥ . . . and this, they did ‘in ample show’ . . . for Aveline, and ‘she’ ♥ . . .

For Ella, had never ‘seen them’ before . . . she had barely, even ‘thought of them’ before . . . and yet Aveline, she had been ‘knowing’ them . . . since, she was a ‘child’ ♥ . . .

This, was the ‘gem’, they received, as their ‘gift’, for trusting, Ella’s ‘vision’, and finding, this camp site ♥, despite, the ‘barricade’, the diversion, of ‘the kill’ ♥, they persevered, with ‘the vision’ . . . they followed, it ‘still’ ♥ . . .

And ‘the moral, of this story’! . . . is to ‘trust, what you deeply know’ . . . even ‘if, there is not yet evidence’ . . . it is ‘you, for it to show’ ♥ . . .”It is you”⁷⁶ . . . who ‘demonstrates it’ . . . it is you . . . who ‘brings it in’ ♥ . . . It is you . . . who ‘births the baby’ . . . of *the Light . . . streaming . . . in* ♥ . . .

And without, this ‘trust’, in the, ‘unseen’ ♥ . . . *it cannot, become visible*, it is you, that it so ‘needs’ ♥ . . .

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Before they left, for the ‘hike up’, to the crest, a few days hence . . . Aveline, showed to Ella, how, she ‘speaks with them’ ♥ . . .

⁷⁶ Shoeless Joe’s closing line, to Ray Kinsella, in the movie, ‘Field of Dreams’ ♥ . . . “It was you” ☺ . . .

She marks ‘patterns’ . . . in the sand . . . or in, the sandy soil . . . wherever, she can ‘demarcate them’ . . . she simply, ‘walks them out’ ♥ . . . as if, she is ‘Morse coding’! . . . she writes codes, ‘within the sand’ . . . and she awaits, the ‘midnight answering’ . . . that comes, when she is ‘aligned’ ♥ . . . For her heart, it needs be ‘open’ . . . zero fear, and zero doubt . . . and then, *they can answer* . . . they can answer, to ‘her prayers’ ♥ . . .

Aveline, disclosed to Ella . . . that she has been ‘speaking, with ET’s’ ♥ . . . since, she was a ‘young girl’ . . . and so she does this, now with *ease* ♥ . . .

Silently, they hiked back up, the ‘ravine’, they had come down . . . entranced, by ‘what had happened’ ♥ . . . *because . . . of . . . their . . . trust* ♥ . . .

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As they were hiking, ‘the voice’ said, “Don’t look back” ♥ . . . and she knew – this meant more, than it ‘said’ ♥ . . .

It didn’t, just mean ‘scenery’ . . . it meant, *everything* ♥ . . . it meant, ‘let go, do naught, hold on, to any, any, thing’ ♥ . . .

So this ‘journey’ . . . she took with Aveline . . . it was . . . an ‘initiation’ ♥ . . . it was . . . a ‘rite of passage’ . . . it was Ella’s ‘spirit . . . growing up’ ♥ . . .

For it is through, ‘initiations’, that we, ‘metamorphose’ ♥, from what, we were ‘before this’, into who, *we do become* ♥ . . .

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She had become hypothermic, the night before they left, shivering, in ‘the cold’ . . . for the temperature, had dropped ‘below the mark’, of where blood, it turns to ‘ice’ ♥ . . .

Not wanting, to disturb, Aveline, from her sleep, Ella, simply ‘waited’, until, it was ‘dawn’ ♥ . . . It felt as if, her veins were freezing – which, they truly were!, and in the morning, as she unzipped her tent, there was ice, upon ‘the floor’ ♥ . . . The ground, had clearly frozen, the last night’s rain, was solid, hard ♥ . . . the chill, hanging ‘in the air’, offered evidence, of her ‘warming breath’ ♥ . . .

By the time, Aveline arose, and boiled water, to make tea, Ella's body temperature, had already 'shifted', and she, could nothing 'drink' ♥...

When they returned, home to Montréal, the evidence, it flooded 'in' ♥, the reason 'why', her thermometer 'made this switch', was *so that 'the voice', it could get in* ♥...

Prior, to this, she was a 'normal, young woman'!, and following, this, she still 'appeared, as others do' ☺... And yet 'something', had shifted, deep, inside of her ♥, that allowed, for 'dual realities, to exist, within her now' ♥...

She began, to be 'practiced' – actively, 'initiated' – in how, to 'hear the voice' ♥, while simultaneously being, 'in a crowd' ☺... so that, she could 'hear it'... no matter, where she 'is'... so that, she can 'deliver in'... its many, stellar 'gifts' ♥...

It would be many – literally! – *decades*... of 'training', of 'this one'... for Ella, to be 'able'... to let us scribe, this 'Love Song' ♥... For it is a process, of 're wiring'... the body's ability, to 'receive Light' ♥... without, it 'short circuiting'... as a result, of 'this bright Light' ♥...

And so Ella by now, was 'in a process'... invisible, to most people's 'eyes'... and yet *thankfully!*, she had *Aveline!*... and other friends, who would soon be 'by her side' ♥...

For this can be, a 'lonely way to live'... aware of so much, 'that others are not yet' ♥... plus called to trust, 'what other's don't yet see'... because, it needs, to 'more tangibly, come in' ♥... So that, 'they too can trust' ♥... what is, 'beyond their sight' ♥... because, *it is so real* ♥... it is just, 'more, bright' ♥...

And so Ella, swiftly realized... that she, is somewhat 'in disguise'!... as a bridge, 'between the worlds' ♥... a 'harbinger, of *the Light*' ♥...

And as, she 'remembered'!... that she had said 'Yes, I will be this'!... it became, a 'non question' ☺... yet it came, with 'a big price' ♥...

For there are still so few, 'people'... who seem willing, to 'stand and be seen'... for having, 'proclivities'... like, Ella has ♥...

And as more, of us 'stand tall'... in our dominion, in our 'splendor'... admitting, that we 'hear voices'... or that, 'we see Lights' ♥... It will be easier, *much*

easier! . . . for those among us, who are courageous . . . who are leading, like beacons, saviors . . . to . . . show . . . us . . . the . . . way ♥ . . .

For there are always, ‘beacons’ . . . who do light up, the ‘runways’ . . . so that, the ‘pilots . . . can see, to take flight’ ♥ . . .

And as more of us, ‘flank her’ . . . as more of us, ‘remember’ . . . that we too, can ‘see Light’ . . . *it is so much easier, for ‘her’ ♥ . . .*

And ‘she . . . represents’ ♥ . . . all of the ‘non people, in this too’! ☺ . . . for it is ‘more, than just *people . . . who are awakening, from the spell’ ♥ . . .*

It is the plants, *and the minerals . . . the animals, and the elements . . .* that have been trapped, *in this sleepfulness . . . that we have called, Space and Time ♥ . . .*

All of this, is ‘awakening’ . . . just as quick, as we can tolerate . . . for we, must allow this . . . with our own, ego state ♥ . . .

This is all, a ‘great mastery’ . . . of orchestrating, ‘this great mystery’ . . . of just how, ‘to awaken’ . . . *without, evoking fear ♥ . . .*

As our egos, *are commissioned . . .* it is their role, *their primary function . . .* to ensure, *our orientation . . . our identity, in space and time ♥ . . .*

And if, they become ‘frightened’ . . . they tend to, ‘slam on the brakes’ : - (. . . and disallow, our ‘dominion . . . from expanding, in space’ ♥ . . .

And if our egos, remain ‘frightened’ . . . they lock, us into ‘hell’ . . . they become naught, our ‘liberator’ . . . instead they are, our ‘jailor, cell’ : - (. . .

And so it behooves us, to *assure them . . .* that it is safe, *and it is sound . . .* to explore, *what lies beyond this . . . so called reality, in which we’re bound ♥ . . .*

So that we, *can be free . . .* from, ‘limitation’ . . . free, from ‘consternation’ . . . free, from all ‘war’ ♥ . . .

For war, is simply ‘tightening’ . . . it is the hold, of our frightened ‘egos’ . . . whenever, they feel ‘threatened’ . . . *they are conditioned, to wage war ♥ . . .*

And so this is really, a ‘re training’ . . . of our egos, ‘in their arising’ . . . from a ‘young’ age, to a ‘mature’ stage . . . *of discerning the Light, from ‘the dark’ ♥ . . .*

For ‘the dark’, is what ‘we cannot see’ . . . this ‘does naught mean’, that it ‘is naught real’ . . . it simply ‘mean’s, that our ego, *does not, recognize it, just, yet’ ♥ . . .*

And so as we practice, ‘expanding’ . . . opening ourselves, to ‘discovering’ . . . we come joyously, to ‘welcome in . . . more, than we used to know’ ♥ . . .

It is quite literally, ‘our expansion’ . . . beyond our former, ‘limitation’ . . . on the level, ‘of our ego’ . . . *that will . . . end . . . all . . . war* ♥ . . .

For as we, ‘become able’ . . . to stand in, a realm of ‘difference’ . . . without, feeling ‘threatened’ . . . *we can, co exist* ♥ . . .

And as we become, ‘proficient’ . . . in living, in this ‘diversity’ . . . we can mature, ‘even farther’ . . . and become *masters*, at this ☺ ♥ . . .

We can discover, the ‘empowerment’ . . . of sensing clearly, ‘where we need boundaries’ . . . so that, we are *respected . . . in all, of our distinctions* ♥ . . .

For ‘differences’, are ‘distinctions’ . . . they are neither ‘better’, or ‘worse’ . . . they are merely, ‘uniquenesses’ . . . *and we all, are unique!* ♥ . . .

This is, no less, than a ‘call, for us all, *to grow up!*’ ♥ . . . to become, *rather swiftly*, the ‘whole beings, that we are’ ♥ . . .

For we have squandered, *so much* time : - (, in dilly dallying, around : - (, that there is, very ‘little’ time, left, for us to ‘dally’ with ♥ . . .

We all know, that ‘the crises’, are escalating, ‘all around us’, and this will naught abate, *until we listen, deep, within our selves* ♥ . . .

And discover, the ‘un lonely truth in there’! . . . that we are all, *Source’s children* . . . and that this exquisite, ‘blue green planet’ . . . deserves, our full respect ♥ . . .

And until, we ‘heed this message’ . . . it will continue, ‘to scream louder’ . . . until, ‘we do listen’ . . . to what, ‘it is asking’ ♥ . . . Which is that, ‘we remember’ . . . that everything, ‘is sacred’ . . . and that everything, ‘needs be cared for’ . . . with the Love, in our *hearts* ♥ . . .

And to truly Love, ‘all that exists’ ♥ . . . we need to clean out, ‘our pain’ ♥ . . . for Love, *burns* through our ‘pain’ ♥ . . . *in order, to purify it* ♥ . . .

Our ‘hearts’, cannot ‘Love’, if they are ‘congested’, with layers of ‘pain’ ♥ . . . which is ‘why’, *we must be willing* . . . *to release, our former pain* ♥ . . .

This does ‘naught’, need to be ‘challenging’, like it ‘is’, for Ella and ‘others’, who are ‘creating, a wake, for humanity, to flow within’ ♥ . . .

For it is ‘presented, in Quantum Physics’, for us ‘all, to comprehend’ ♥, that ‘the wider, a wake is, the more people can slip, inside its calm’ ♥ . . .

And this, is precisely, what we are ‘creating, with this book’ ♥ – a ‘wake, for humanity, to glide in to *Love, with greater ease*’ ♥ . . .

For it is only, the ‘trial blazers’, that need to ‘break open, the trail’ ♥ . . . and then ‘others, can swiftly follow, *in, side, their, wake*’ ♥ . . .

Ella, has understood this, sweet ‘gem, of modern physics’ ♥, since nearly, ‘thirty years ago’, which is why she, *is so committed!* ♥♥!!!!!! . . .

And I, Geneviève, have been ‘bitten, by her bug’! ♥ ☺ . . . as I realize, the great *truth in this – that someone(s), need to lead* ♥ . . .

And as, these ‘someone(s) lead’ ♥ . . . *the rest of us, we need to follow!* . . . as if we don’t, all will ‘fall, a’, gain . . . and this, would be a ‘tragedy’

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And so the ‘pearl, within this oyster’!!! . . . the ‘message, within this story’ . . . is that we ‘must all, dig deep and *trust, our, selves*’ . . . or we, may *truly* falter : - (

For what, is at stake, is not simply, ‘our lives’ ♥ . . . it is the survival, of our species, and *now – it – is – Time* ♥ . . .

To shake off, our cloaks of ‘slumber’ . . . to dig deep, inside our SOULS ♥ . . . and to BE, WHO WE HAVE COME, TO, BE *WHICH IS . . . ENLIGHTENED SOULS* ♥ . . .

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Cognitive, ‘recognition’ ♥ *is naught, enough* ♥ . . .

It is essential, that we **stand, in, trust** ♥ . . .

And so *what? Do? You? Trust?* ♥ . . .

Stand in it.

Fully and completely.

For *at least*.

A minute.

Today ♥ . . .

And you will ‘lend yourself . . .

