

They teasingly called it, the ‘Calcutta Fly Brigade’!⁹⁷ ♥

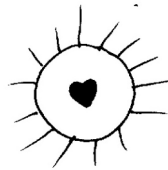
Every . . . ‘afternoon’ . . . as she would enter . . . the ‘living room’ . . . she would notice . . . *all the flies . . . that had died . . . in the full heat* ♥

It was scorching hot, in this ‘sun’ room . . . as its vaulted windows, faced the ‘ocean’ ♥

And the sun, it *poured* in ♥

It voluptuously . . . *streamed* in ♥

: :
.....



How, the guides communicated with her, was utterly, amazing ♥ . . .

This all began, as you now know ♥, with the first ‘vision, when she was nine’ ♥ . . . which was a ‘vision, with words’ ♥, as a ‘whole energy, packet’ ♥♥

As I asked Ella, more ‘questions’ . . . so I can describe this to you, most ‘clearly’ . . . she said this ♥

‘It was like, a moving picture . . . *though more like one, particular scene* ♥ . . .

‘And in it, I saw myself, sitting, at a table, in the centre, of a large room ♥ . . .

‘I was writing, a book ♥ . . .

‘I was clearly, concentrated, on *nothing else, but this* ♥ . . .

‘This *table*, was in a cabin ♥ . . . *and the cabin, was on stilts!* ♥ . . .

‘And as I paid . . . closer attention ♥ . . . I could see waves, of the ocean ♥ . . . lapping, as if they were lovingly *licking* ♥ . . . *the ankles, of the stilts!* ♥ . . .

‘Then rather quickly, my attention, was drawn from *out . . . to again in* ♥ . . .

⁹⁷ In India, there are many people, who live in varying degrees, of ‘on the street’ ♥ . . . In the mornings, in large cities, hand drawn wagons, are wheeled around, collecting, ‘the dead bodies’, of those who have passed, ‘during the night’ ♥ . . . It was this, ‘recollection’, that inspired, ‘her honoring’, of the dead flies, ‘as she collected them’, with great care, ‘every afternoon’ ♥ . . .

‘At which point, the *words* came . . . to clarify, *more* ♥ . . .

‘I was told, by a voice, I couldn’t hear, *yet the words were clear* ♥ . . .

‘That I would be alone, or with, someone who would allow me to be alone,
enough to *write* ♥ . . .

‘Then *that was it!* ♥ . . . The energy packet, *it was complete*’ ♥ . . .

: : ::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::



That was the first vision, ever ♥ . . . that Ella, can ‘recall’ ♥

No others . . . ‘pre date it’ ♥ . . . *in this . . . lifetime* ♥

::::::::::::::::::::::::::::

The ‘next, in this sequence, of initiations, in scribing ♥ . . . which, as a colleague,
recently, pointed out to her’ ♥ . . . is ‘essentially, channeling, *via, written words*’ ♥ . . .
whereas ‘what is known, more classically, as channeling, per se, is recognized, as such,
because it is conveyed, audibly’ ♥ . . . It is ‘the sound, of someone’s voice, speaking,
sacred words, of utter, potency, while they are also, visible’ ♥ ☺

So this ‘scribing’ . . . is essentially . . . ‘channeling . . . in written form’! ☺

: : ::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::

And it is ‘very . . . precise . . . as you . . . are becoming *familiar with*’! ♥ . . . in
how . . . ‘quite meticulously’ ♥ . . . the ‘pulse code . . . is placed’ ♥♥

: : :::: : :::: : :::::::::::::: : :::: : :::: : ::::::::::::::

: : ::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::

‘Nothing . . . is random . . . in . . . this transmission’ ♥♥



And so ‘*la poésie*’! . . . the poetry ☺ . . . that ‘she . . . began receiving’ ♥♥ . . . as . . .
. she was a teen ♥ . . . in . . . ‘English class’ ♥♥

This was . . . the ‘second’ phase . . . of the ‘initiation . . . of Ella’ ♥♥ . . . into who
and what . . . ‘she would become’ . . . as a *lucid . . . trance channel* ♥♥

: : ::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::

::::::::::::::::::::::::::::

lineage . . . of anchors . . . for *this memory . . . this sacred . . . bright Light memory . . . that is returning . . . to us now* ♥

: :

Ella essentially . . . ‘passes it to me’ ♥

‘As her guides . . . stream it to her’ ♥

And this ☺

Is ‘how’! ♥

We are ‘delivering it’ ♥

‘To you’⁹⁸ ♥

: :

You might ‘imagine it like . . . a dimensional . . . chain’ ♥

An ‘omni . . . dimensional chain’ ♥

Of ‘beings . . . throughout the galaxies . . . who are calling . . . us Home’ ♥♥

They are ‘sequencing . . . their frequencies . . . just like . . . a radio’ ♥♥

So that ‘we can hear . . . and we can see ♥ . . . this *Pulse Pulse Pulse Code Pulse Code*’ ♥

: :

‘Oh, what a ride, this is!

‘And I am *so* glad ☺

‘I’ve been invited!’ !!

: :

And ☺ . . . by the way ♥

This ‘book . . . *is an invitation*’!⁹⁹ !!

To *you* my friends ♥

To ‘join us!’ ♥

‘In . . . this sacred dance’ ♥

For ‘this . . . is a dance’ ♥

⁹⁸ So much more of this . . . will be ‘explained’ ♥ . . . in the ‘pages . . . to come’ ♥☺ . . .

⁹⁹ You might consider it . . . ‘to be’ ☺ . . . like a very long . . . ‘Rumi’!! . . . or a ‘Hafiz’ !! . . . or a Neruda ♥ . . . a sacred ☺ . . . *ecstatic poem* ♥ . . . A ‘Love’ poem ☺ . . . ‘to God’ ♥: :

And the ‘how to tour . . . solo . . . dictations . . . she received’ ♥

While ‘chanting’ ☺

To the ‘single eye’!!!!

As she was ‘facing . . . her Persian rug’ ♥

Tapping in . . . to the ‘pool’ ♥

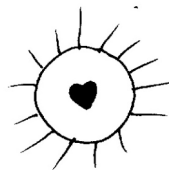
That was is . . . up . . . up . . . above ♥

: : :::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::

And all of . . . these ‘experiences’ ♥♥ . . . that Ella . . . was ‘receiving’ ♥♥ . . . for
she . . . was is simply open ♥♥ . . . these sacred experiences . . . to receive ♥♥

These all . . . ‘set her up’ ♥ . . . they prepared her . . . ‘quite magically’ ♥♥ . . . to
enter . . . ‘this sacred cloister’ ♥♥ . . . which is where we ‘are’ now! . . . in this ‘story’ ☺

: : :::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::



So ‘now that we are in cloister ♥♥ . . . where . . . do we begin’? !!!!

How did the ‘mastery’ . . . develop ♥ . . . of how the guides . . . speak with ‘her’?

♥



It was very much . . . a ‘training ground’ – *both for Ella, and for her guides* ♥

For they had ‘never, done this before – ever’ ♥

They were tuning her . . . up ♥♥

: :

☺ ♥♥ !!!!

One of the 'frequent' ways . . . the 'guides, teach her concepts' ♥♥

Was is to 'show her . . . a vision . . . and elaborate . . . with words' ♥ . . . to
'simply . . . convey meaning' . . . in as 'lean . . . a way as possible' . . . as 'her energy . . .
is precious' ♥♥ . . . and they would 'need . . . to conserve' ♥♥

For 'they' knew what 'she did naught, yet' – which is *where all of this . . . is
leading . . . to* ♥

: :

The voltage, 'demands' . . . on her system, 'would be huge' . . . over 'time, when
the alignment . . . *was ripe . . . for The News*' ♥♥

: :

Lean . . . energy ♥ . . . *in transmission . . . and reception* ♥♥ . . . would 'ensure . . .
she could endure this . . . *for many . . . potential years*' ♥

For 'no one . . . in the galaxies . . . has known . . . precisely how ♥ . . . smoothly . . .
. and swiftly ♥ . . . this whole mission . . . *would flow*' ♥

And she could naught 'falter' or 'waver' or 'tire' naught 'ever' during 'all of this'
. . . *and this . . . was is . . . a key aspect . . . of the 'design challenge'* ♥♥

: :

Her 'battery pac' ♥

And her 'grounding wire' ♥♥

And her 'ability . . . to discern' ♥♥

Would be . . . 'vital signals ♥♥♥ . . . *over multiple . . . years*' ♥♥

: :

Little . . . did 'she' know !!!!!

Of 'any . . . of this' ♥♥

For 'she . . . was still so innocent' ♥♥

Of 'so much . . . of this' ♥♥

: : : : :

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Day Twenty-Eight

: :

Within a short time . . . in this ‘cloister’ ♥♥

Ella was ‘describing . . . to herself’!!

For there was ‘no one . . . she could speak with’ ☺

Other than ‘her guides . . . and herself’! ☺

That . . . ‘this experience . . . she was is having . . . *is more real . . . than so-called real*’ ♥♥

It is ‘more . . . full with integrity’ ♥♥

Than ‘what transpires . . . on this planet Earth’ ♥♥

: :

What she . . . was being ‘invited’ ♥♥ . . . to ‘tap in to . . . *was is so magnificent*’

♥♥

There is nothing . . . she has ever ‘come a’ cross ☺

That has ever . . . ‘paralleled’ . . . this ♥

: : : : :



One day, in the early stages ♥, of the ‘scribing, prior to the re-wiring’ ♥♥

She . . . ‘clued in . . . to *this . . . cosmic joke*’! ♥♥

That . . .

‘No one . . .

‘Would ever . . .

‘Expect . . .

‘A white woman . . .

‘Bearing . . .

‘From the western world . . .

‘Which is so . . .

‘Undeveloped’ ♥♥

In ‘its . . .

And nothing . . . is 'unknown . . . to the Soul . . . to the Soul' ♥

Nothing ☺

Is 'unknown' ♥

To the Soul . . .

.....

It is All

Subtle Energy ♥♥

It is the language

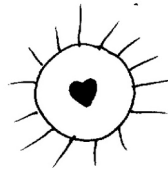
Of the galaxies ♥♥

It is the language

Of eternity ♥♥♥♥

It is the Pulse Code ♥♥

Calling us HOME ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥



So why did she need . . . 'protection' ? ♥??????

: :

One of the last things, Antonio said to her, as she was about to enter, into cloister
♥♥

Was 'Don't tell . . . anyone . . . where . . . you are going ♥ . . . As there may be . . .
some energies . . . that would like . . . to infiltrate . . . And if they know . . . *where to find
you* . . . there is a chance . . . they could *get in*' ♥

Ella took, his advice – though she knew naught 'why, anyone might'? ♥ . . . have
any, intention, to 'hurt' her . . . ?

She couldn't . . . comprehend 'why' ♥

For she, is so pure, in all, of her 'intentions' ♥♥

Even, as a young girl, as she was in, the 'garden' ♥♥

And a 'black' girl, who is a daughter, of a colleague, of 'Roger's' ♥♥

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Day Twenty-Eight

Was playing with her, and Ella had a flash, of wonderment, of ‘what might happen?’ ♥♥

If she were to lift, her toes up, and gently place them, upon the ‘black’ girls . . . ?

Ever, so unobtrusively, and ‘press down, upon the black girls’ toes . . . ?

Oh god! It felt so horrible! How could anyone . . . enjoy this . . . ?

Intentionally hurting . . . someone or something . . . ?

She could naught . . . ‘comprehend’ ♥

This . . . was the last time ♥

This . . . was the *only* time ♥♥

That Ella, even ‘pretended’ ♥♥

To ‘dislike, or hate someone’ ♥♥

: :

So . . . ‘why . . . would anyone . . . possibly want . . . to cause her harm?’ . . .

She could naught . . . ‘compute’ this . . . ♥

It made absolutely . . . no ‘sense’ .

: :

Still, she followed, Antonio’s, ‘prescription’ !!!

And she told, *only Antonio* . . . where . . . she was ‘going’ . . .

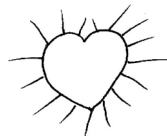
So that no one ♥

Could psychically ♥

‘Penetrate’ ♥

‘*Her space*’ ♥

.....



While she was in cloister ♥ . . . there were ‘only’ ♥ . . . two . . . ‘psychic attacks’

♥♥

Yet . . . still . . . ‘why? . . . were there any? . . . at all?’ ♥♥

: :

.....
“When you and Paolo ♥

“Are given ♥♥♥♥

“The green light ♥

“‘To meet’ ♥

“All War

“On this planet

“Will instantly

“Cease” ♥♥

She knew this . . . the instant . . . ‘the voice’ *spoke* it . . . to her ♥

She ‘remembered’ it ♥

Completely ♥

That ‘this ♥ – it was is *true*’ ♥

Just like . . . *how they awoke her . . . to him . . . ‘in the first place’* ♥

She ‘Knew this’ she ‘just Knew this’ ♥

She could feel this . . . in her bones ♥

♥♥

She had zero clue . . . ‘why’ . . . yet . . . *And still she Knew . . . this was is true* ♥

It has to do – *this part she comprehended* ♥ . . .

With ‘the combustion ♥ . . . of Pure Light’ ♥

: :

And too ♥

She could ‘feel’ this ♥

‘The moment ♥

‘They do meet ♥

‘The instant ♥

‘The precise second ♥

'All conflict ♥
'It does stop' ♥



Which was enough ☺
For her to 'go on' ♥
In terms . . . of 'understanding' ♥♥
For 'their Light . . . when it connects ♥

'Can Light up . . .

'This entire (whirled) world' ♥

Then it makes 'sense! ♥

'That *this moment* ♥

'It must be ♥

'On precise ♥

'Cue' ♥

: : :



She had zero . . . comprehension ♥ . . . how 'this could be at all . . . threatening to anyone' ♥♥ . . . until . . . these recent 'months' ♥ . . . when she was royally, 'under attack' ♥

For she barely . . . 'survived this' ♥ . . . *for us to be here now . . . to share this story* ♥♥♥♥♥♥

For 'it is . . . *a sacred story*' ♥♥

And '*this is . . . a victory*'



..... ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥.....♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

: : ♥♥♥

She knew . . . she and Paolo ♥ . . . they had 'been . . . a significant diad' ♥

Yet this . . . was 'all she Knew' ♥

.....



‘Hurry up! And tell this story!’
Was the ‘urgent sense, that she was feeling ☺
‘Increasingly, incessantly!
‘By the end, of week two’ ♥
And as she ‘tuned in, she could *feel it*’ ♥
The ‘why, behind this urgency’ ♥
It was is *that . . . the cosmic beings* ♥
Were are *eager . . . to begin* ♥
To *begin . . . aligning us* ♥
With the *vertical . . . transmissions* ♥
And the *horizontal . . . ‘story’* ♥
Needs to . . . ‘*precede this*’ ♥♥♥♥♥
☺ ♥♥♥♥
‘*In order . . . to . . . set the stage*’ ♥

: ::



It was an amazing . . . ‘experience’!
As if being ‘wedged . . . between two worlds’ ♥
The ‘cosmos . . . *so eager*’ ♥
To ‘begin . . . *its great spill*’ ♥
You may?
Recognize?
‘That the cosmos . . . *begins The Flood*’ ♥

: ::

Which is!

The in flow!

Of the waves!

Of DIVINE LIGHT! ♥

: :

There . . . now ☺

You have . . . it!

The ‘de coding! ♥

Of The Flood’ ♥

For there have been ‘many : - (

‘Misinterpretations’ . . .

Of ‘what . . .

‘The Great Books mean’ ♥♥

: :

And ‘this’ one ☺

We can ‘de code’ now !!!!!

For *The Flood* ♥

It Is Now ♥

.....

And . . . ‘oh . . . by the way’ ♥

“The Great Eye

“In the Sky ♥

“IS AN ARTIST

“Like you and I” ♥

.....



Water Lillies

For 'we are *all* artists' : -)

As we are *All* ♥

Creating This ♥

: : : :

This is ♥

The most ♥

Colossal ♥

Co Birth ♥

That has ever ♥

Graced this planet ♥♥

With ♥

Its Divine Light ♥

And this ♥

Is GREAT reason !!

For 'our ☺

'Celebration' ♥♥♥♥

As 'we are One !!!

'We have always Been' ♥

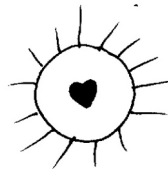
And 'This Truth Is Now' ♥

'Being ReStored' ♥

: : :

.....

.....

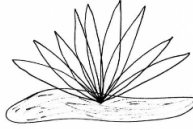


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Day Twenty-Eight



There was only one day . . . in all of cloister . . . when she felt ‘lonely’ ♥♥♥♥
 And her guides ☺ . . . *immediately* ♥ . . . had ‘two responses . . . for her’ ♥
 The first was as, she was ‘tuning in’ . . . and she realized, that she was ‘missing
 him’ ♥ . . . and the opportunity, that ‘would naught be’ ♥ . . . to trek with Jeffrey, ‘in
 Nepal’ ♥

For ‘his dates, of departure, were nearing, very swiftly’ ♥, and ‘she was no where
 near ♥, the completion, of, this odyssey’ ♥

So her guides . . . gently ‘showed to’ her ♥ . . . ‘the distinction . . . between
 missing . . . as in *grieving . . . someone*’ ♥ . . . and ‘recognizing . . . and basking in ♥ . . .
the Love . . . that one feels’ ♥

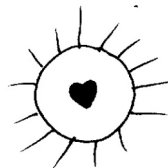
She shifted . . . ‘so’ swiftly ♥ . . . from ‘missing . . . to appreciating’ ♥ . . . and
 ‘feeling . . . her tremendous gratitude ♥ . . . for all of *this* ♥ . . . *that was is transpiring*’ ♥

: : ::

“*There is no loss* ♥
 “*Only gain*” ♥

‘The voice’ *spoke* this ♥
 And ‘*she . . . understood*’ ♥♥♥♥

: : :::::: : :::::: : :::::::::::::: : :::::: : :::::: : ::::::::::::::



They also took her . . . to ‘a party’!!

A 'cosmic . . . non earthly party' ☺ !!!!
She was 'amidst . . . such spritely beings' !!!!
And she felt! . . . So unalone! ♥♥♥♥
She had never 'been . . . to a *cosmic party*' !!!!
Ever ♥
'Before this' ♥
And she 'never !
'Felt alone again ♥
'For the duration ☺
'Of this cloister' ♥♥

: :

'Such ☺
'Are the miracles !!!
'Of the Tao ♥
'Of *The Way* ♥
'For the beings ♥
'Who care for Ella ♥
'Have her *our* victory ♥
'Oh, so dear. *so true*' ♥

.....

'We are all !
'So near' ♥♥



