

It took two full days . . . to ‘set the space’ ♥ . . . Everything, was ‘shifted’, from its original, ‘positions’, to *collectively, create a parabola, to funnel, the Light in* ♥

It was actually, quite ‘playful’! . . . Arranging rainbows, of ‘colors’ . . . Streams, of ‘energy’ . . .

It was becoming evident – that much of what she was attuning to, *was is the language . . . of subtle energy* ♥

It was no longer . . . a language . . . of ‘words’ ♥♥♥♥♥

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There were three, general ‘phases’ . . . in the first, ‘location’ . . . for she was moved, ‘several times’ . . . during cloister, to ‘keep her fresh’ ♥

She would notice this, only, ‘in, retrospect’ ♥ . . .

The first, was the ‘scribing’ ♥

The second, was the ‘re-wiring’ ♥

The third, was the ‘downloads’ ♥

And each of these, was *intriguing!*

On the morning, of the ‘third’ day . . . as she was being gently wakened, *before the dawn* ♥ . . . she reached, ‘involuntarily’ . . . for the pads of paper, and the pen ♥

And she began, to scribe ♥

It was marvelous, ‘for her to witness’ ♥

For ‘she’, was naught this ‘scribing’ ♥

She, was the ‘receiver’ ♥

She . . . was the ‘quill’ ♥

It was as if, her life was ‘being used’ ♥

Used, as an ‘example’ ♥

Just like, in a ‘parable’ ♥

It was being used, as a ‘teaching tool’ ♥

This became, *highly* evident! . . . one day, as ‘it’ was scribing ☺ . . . and the ‘story, was so whimsical’! . . . ‘she’ couldn’t . . . have ‘written it’ ♥

It was describing, a ‘scene’, in a theatre, in ‘France’ ♥ . . . And the ‘toilets, they were outside’! . . . And so ‘in, her full costume’ . . . she ‘squatted, in the loo’ ♥

The rhyming, *it was so playful!* . . . The choice of words, *they were so magical!* . . . She was ‘front row, to this miracle’! . . . Of someone ‘else’, writing through ‘her’ ♥

Every day – for the clocks were ‘turned around’, so she had no *artificial* reference, to *Time* ♥ – it ‘felt’ like . . . ‘seven hours’ . . . that the scribing . . . would *flow* ♥

She would be lying, on her ‘left side’ . . . and after ‘days’ of this, she acquired ‘tennis elbow’!⁹³ . . .

And the streaming . . . would stream ♥

She would feel a ‘need to pee’ . . . and it would subside ♥

She would feel a ‘need to drink’ . . . and it would subside ♥

She would feel a ‘need to eat’ . . . and it would subside ♥

Seven hours . . . she would ‘scribe’ ♥

The ‘reason’, she was ‘awakened’, and began to ‘receive’, prior to the ‘dawn’ ♥, was to ‘begin the flow, *before she began to think*’ ♥ . . . it began in the ‘gap’ . . . *before thought begins* ♥

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After the ‘scribing’, it had ‘subsided’ . . . she would lie back, ‘involuntarily’⁹⁴ . . . and she would . . . ‘fall asleep’ ♥

She would be ‘nourished, via this slumber’ . . . deeply ‘refreshed, from the intensity’ . . . of ‘what, had just flowed through her’ . . . with ‘no one, to share it with’ ♥♥

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Then, she would ‘sit up’, again ☺

⁹³ Strain in the elbow joint – as if, from ‘playing tennis’! ☺ . . .

⁹⁴ Without conscious awareness – or intention ♥ . . .

And ‘this’ time, the ‘flow’ would be . . . the ‘map, for the next day’s scribe’ ♥ . . .
‘Points, of what, would be scribed, through her’ ♥

She, was the ‘instrument’ . . . via which, this was ‘written’ . . . She, was naught
‘thinking’ . . . she was *purely, receiving* ♥♥

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Once the ‘map, for the next day’, was in green ‘ink, upon the pages’ ♥ . . . she
would be . . . ‘released’ ☺

And every day, with zero waver . . . she would ‘innocently assume, this meant
that *she could play*’! ♥ . . .

And yet, there was ‘more work to do’ . . . and this, is what it ‘was’ ♥

She would be gently led . . . as if ‘by an invisible wave, of gossamer Light’ ♥♥ . . .
to stroll, ‘from the bedroom’ . . . into, ‘the living room’ . . . *with pads of paper, within her
hands* ♥

For ‘now’ . . . she would be ‘streaming’ . . . the infinite long ‘lists, of who to
thank’ ♥

Pages . . . and pages . . . and pages . . . of ‘names’ ♥ . . . of who, *she was is so
grateful to!* . . . for ‘so many, have paved this way’ ♥

One day, as she was stretched out, ‘resting’, upon the sofa . . . ‘they’ gave to her,
a ‘vantage – of looking back, upon her life’ ♥

And she could *see!* *She could plainly see!* *That everything, in her life had been!*
A preparation, in such perfection! *For this, here now ‘play’* ♥

Nothing, had been ‘wasted’ . . . Everything, had been ‘placed there’ . . .
Everything . . . even . . . the ‘German grammar, in university’ ♥

For at a point, soon in this ‘story’ . . . she was ‘scribed through, with German root
words’ . . . such as ‘tod – which means *death*’ . . . and she would recognize, what they
‘mean’ ♥

And too, the ‘typing class’ . . . which was a ‘new option, in her high school’ . . .
she ‘knew’ inside, rather ‘keenly’! . . . that it would be ‘vital, at some time’ ♥

And it was ☺

For she 'wrote' this – *all of it, by hand*, initially ♥
And later – several weeks 'later' ♥ . . . it was all . . . 'typed' ♥
A most laborious, 'process' – *for the code in it, became 'fuller' . . . 'brighter' . . .*
'richer' . . . and less . . . like plain 'English' ♥
It was all, very 'gradual' – *and yet, it was 'fast'!* ♥ . . . This was all, such an
'adjustment' . . . and she had no one, to speak 'with' ♥
For she had 'left a shore – of a world view . . . with a language, that could
describe it . . . and now, she had *no language . . . at least, not yet*' ♥
And so she . . . 'had zero choice' ♥ . . . but to 'trust, the unheard voice' ♥ . . . and
'trust she did', surrender to ♥ . . . with incredible, courage ♥



Once the 'gratitudes', were scribed for the day . . . she was 'released again', this
time for 'nourishment' ♥
She was . . . 'barely hungry' . . . for she was *being . . . fed Light* ♥
And yet, she was 'assisted' . . . to prepare, simple 'food' . . . and she ate, very
'little' . . . yet she still, needed solid 'food' ♥
It was finally, once 'this was all complete' . . . that she, 'was truly then released' .
. . to rest, in 'some' semblance . . . afore the next, day 'began' ♥
This, was the 'pattern' . . . for the first, 'few days' ♥ . . . and then, something
'shifted' ♥ . . . *and the in food, truly began* ♥

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Once this rhythm, was well established, *and her fearlessness, was ascertained!* ♥ .
. . the 'guides, *they introduced themselves*' ☺ ♥♥♥ . . . and her whirled (world), was
naught the 'same' ♥
She was sitting, on the sofa, in, 'the great room' ♥ . . .
As . . . she felt 'deep within' . . . to . . . *discern this* ♥

It was as if . . . she was . . . an ‘air traffic . . . controller . . . tower’ ♥ . . . and the ‘jets . . . flying in . . . were overwhelming . . . to her’ ♥

Instantly ♥

Without a spec, of pause ♥

‘They’ designed ♥

How to respond ♥

They . . . were are her ‘guides’, then . . . while in, this sacred ‘space’, then . . . and they, needed ‘her’ ♥ . . . *to be able, to receive, them ♥*

And so . . . they ‘coordinated’ ♥

*Themselves **specially** . . . in relation ♥*

To her, so she could ‘sense’, them ♥

And ‘know, who was is speaking, when’ ♥

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Paolo (we’ll introduce him, ‘officially’, in a ‘moment’!!) . . . stood, energetically, *always, behind her ♥*

He was, ‘the size of a man’ . . .

He was, ‘oh so tender’ ♥

As if he knew, ‘how unique this was . . . for her, to receive this Light’ ♥



Then up, ‘straight up above her . . . in front of her, at an angle . . . a forty five, degree angle . . . was the entity, known as God’ ♥

‘It’ spake . . . ‘*a mere word . . . or . . . two . . . approximately . . . every two weeks . . . or . . . so . . . and the . . . tremendous af . . . ter . . . glow . . . would waft around her . . . for that long’ ♥♥*

Like a ‘perfume’ . . . a ‘sweet fragrance’ . . . the ‘cosmic Love . . . of the Divine’ ♥ . . . would ‘permeate . . . the atmosphere ♥ . . . she was surrounded . . . by the Divine’ ♥

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And sitting, on her 'left shoulder' ☺ . . . was none other, 'than Shakespeare' ♥ . . .
We shall tell you more, 'about Shakespeare'!!!! . . . in the 'pages, soon ahead' ♥♥

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A few weeks later, as she was 'being led' ♥, from Peggy's Cove, to where 'she
was next' ♥ . . . a 'fourth' guide, *did introduce itself* ♥, as 'Antori, Solaris' ♥ . . .

The 'gatekeeper, of the 5th Dimension' ♥♥ . . .

More, shall be said ☺

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And so Ella . . . was privy to . . . 'four tiers, of God energy' . . .

Paolo, as the *soul* ♥♥ . . . of a 'human, in the flesh' ♥♥

Shakey, as a 'soul, who had been, incarnate before' ♥ . . . relatively, 'recently' ♥ .
. . . though naught, 'currently' ♥♥

Sourcey, her 'name for God' ♥ . . . as they 'became, very close' ♥ . . . they
completely, 'rekindled', their sacred friendship, 'from long ago' ♥♥

And Ansy, the '5th Dimensional One' ♥ . . . who is the 'source, of the limerick
rhyme' . . . 'He She It, is androgynous' . . . neither 'male, nor female' . . . a 'perfectly,
balanced, integration, *of Light*' ♥ . . . plus the first, in this 'lineage', to have 'never,
incarnated' ♥♥

For 'Paolo, was is incarnate', now ♥♥♥♥♥♥♥♥

And 'Shakey, has been incarnate', too ☺

And 'Sourcey, sent Her His Its' son ♥♥

Yet Ansy, has naught 'yet', here, come ☺ ♥♥

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Ansy, was is the 'first, in this lineage, to *dispatch*' ♥ . . . to 'send, emanations, of
His Her Its Light, forth to the Earth' ♥

To be precise, Ansy sends forth, at 'any time, up to twelve ♥ . . . aspects, of itself'
♥ . . . to 'carry in, *the Light*' ♥

So much more, can be said ☺

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And so as the ‘guides . . . sorted out . . . how they would speak . . . each in turn with Ella’ ♥♥ – Paolo, ‘from behind’ her . . . Shakey, ‘from o’er her left shoul’ der . . . Sourcey, ‘from a diagonal up, in front of’ her . . . And Ansy, ‘directly above her crown, straight above’ ♥♥ . . .

Sometimes, they would ‘funnel through . . . each other’ ♥♥

To ‘step down . . . the brightness . . . of the energy . . . towards her’ ♥♥

For the ‘voltage . . . of this LIGHT’ ♥ . . . it ‘was is . . . oh so BRIGHT’ ♥ . . . that they needed . . . to be *sure* ♥ . . . to ‘naught fry, her circuits’ !!

Several times, they ‘pre told’ her . . . that “We are about, to amp your Light up . . . And simultaneously, we will Ground you . . . so that you, don’t ‘feel’ it” ♥

They told her, that . . . “Most people, are like, an electricity, pole . . . with a singular, wire” ♥

“You . . . are like . . . an entire . . . city block . . . transformer . . . station” ♥

She knew . . . this was ‘true’ ♥

In her innocence . . . she ‘knew’ . . . this ♥

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On one, occasion . . . they ‘amped her up . . . without grounding her’ . . . equally, to ‘stabilize’ ♥ . . . *and she . . . could feel this* ♥

It was ‘like . . . radiation sickness . . . would feel like . . . she imagined’ . . .

And as soon as . . . she ‘registered’ this . . . in . . . her ‘awareness’ . . .

They Grounded her, in ample ‘balance’ . . . so what she ‘felt, completely *eased*’ ♥

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The guides . . . gently ‘explained’ to her ♥ . . . *for everything . . . they did with her . . . was oh . . . so gentle* ♥ . . . She could tell . . . that they ‘respected’ her ♥ . . . very, very ‘much’ ♥

That . . . ‘it is vital . . . to be clear inside . . . If we are naught . . . we will feel
unease inside . . . For the Energy . . . is Very Bright ♥ . . . and we . . . must be *clean*’ ♥

They explained, the importance, of *Grounding . . . and Cleansing . . .* for if we are
naught ‘grounded, or are unclear inside . . . *we will experience distortion . . . of The
Light*’ ♥

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This is when . . . the ‘physics’ began ☺

They demonstrated principles to her – via physics ♥

How . . . the ‘world’ is built ♥

How energy . . . creates all ♥

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This is how . . . they ‘transmitted’ to her . . . in a ‘very, brief space and time’ ☺ . . .
. a ‘lot . . . of sacred memory’ . . . they ‘did this . . . through physics’ ♥

Symbols, rich with *meaning* ♥

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Metaphors, dense with *meaning* ♥♥

‘Code – it is all *code*’ ♥♥

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‘Pulse . . . Code . . . Pulse Pulse Code’ ♥♥

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One of these . . . ‘energetic metaphors’! . . . which was is the ‘language . . . they
speak to her through’ ♥

Was is this ☺ . . .

Imagine . . . a pebble . . . at the bottom . . . of a ‘pond’ ♥

And imagine . . . a flashlight . . . shining ‘from above’ . . . through the ‘water’ ♥♥
If the water . . . has a ‘film on’ it . . . any kind . . . of ‘distortion’ . . . like even . . .
a thin layer . . . of debris . . . ‘like gasoline’ ♥♥

The Light . . . cannot reach . . . directly . . . to the pebble : - (
Because the ‘film’ (veil) . . . *distorts . . . refracts . . . or blurs The Light ♥*
And so ‘if . . . even a slight strand . . . of The Light . . . reaches the pebble’ ♥
The ‘pebble . . . may be confused’ : - (. . . and ‘dis trust . . . The Light’ ♥
Because sadly : - (. . . it is ‘rarely’ . . . that ‘The Light . . . reaches it’ : - (

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The ‘pebble’ . . . *is humans ♥♥*
The ‘flashlight’ . . . *is Divinity ♥♥*
The ‘film’ . . . is ‘distortion’ . . . in all, of its ‘forms’ . . .
And the ‘cleaner . . . we are inside’ . . . the more ‘grounded . . . and stabilized’ . . .
the more Light . . . can reach towards us . . . and actually . . . touch us ♥♥

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One fine day, they explained to her . . . ‘what is, insanity’ ♥♥
They said, “It is when, an individual, is insufficiently, grounded, to withstand, the
voltage, of Light (consciousness), *flowing through* them . . . And as a result, they
destabilize . . . which results, in a ‘fracture’ . . . a ‘schism, in their psyche’ . . . their ego’s
ability, to ‘orient’ ♥♥
“It also, is affected . . . by ‘how clear, they are inside’ ♥ . . . for the ‘clearer, they
are within’ ♥ . . . the ‘easier, they can receive’” ♥♥

This . . . ‘is so layered’ . . . in what . . . ‘it is saying’ . . . it bodes, beckons us . . .
‘to re read it’ . . . several . . . ‘times’ ☺♥♥

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They asked her, one day . . . if she would like them, to ‘show’ her . . . the ‘edge,
where sanity sits’ . . . so that ‘she, could recognize it’ ♥♥

Of course, she said ‘Yes’ ☺

It is challenging, for her to describe this – *as it is so, experiential* ♥♥. . . It is so . . .
. ‘energetic’ ♥♥. . . And ‘how . . . can we possibly . . . describe energy . . . *with words*’?
??

Yet she, ‘has attempted’ !! . . . to ‘describe this to me’, so ‘I can grasp it’ ☺. . . So
here is, ‘my attempt’ !! . . . to describe this, to ‘you’, my, friends ☺

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They ‘took her’ . . . to a precipice . . . from where she could ‘safely’ . . . peer over
. . . to know ‘where’ . . . sanity ends . . . and where instability . . . it ‘begins’ ♥♥♥

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Then, they ‘supported her’ . . . to ‘notice, how far or near she was’ . . . so that
‘she, could be *self assured*’ ♥. . . just how, sane **she is** ♥

For she, had ‘only them’ ♥. . . to ‘speak with, during cloister’ ♥♥♥. . . and
‘typically, one’s sanity, is ascertained, *in community*’ ♥♥

And so Ella, would need, to *deeply*, relax, in her ‘own’ knowing – *her recognition*
♥♥♥♥. . . that ‘she, is purely sane’ ♥♥

What ‘the joke’ became !! . . . is ‘how insane the world’ is : - (. . . as ‘she . . .
realized . . . *she is becoming . . . so incredibly . . . sane*’ ♥♥

For ‘sleepfulness, of consciousness’ is the ‘equivalent, of insanity’ . . .

And ‘waking up, and remembering’ ☺. . . *is the same, as becoming. . . more . . .
and . . . more . . . sane*’ ♥♥

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‘She began to see

‘The reverse in play

‘Of what is true
‘Appearing false
‘And what is false
‘Appearing real
‘As if it has been
‘A macabre *game*’
?

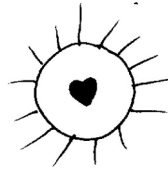
She knew . . . she was ‘on’ to something ♥ . . . that the ‘guides’ . . . were gently
‘showing’ to her . . .

It would be years . . . of her developing ♥ . . . *impeccable . . . trust in them* ♥♥

For her . . . to be led . . . safely . . . and soundly ☺ ♥♥

To where . . . she could ‘remember’ . . . see . . . what . . . has been ‘taking place’ .
. . . on . . . ‘planet Earth’ ♥

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How they introduced Paolo was is absolutely, miraculous ☺ ♥♥♥

She had barely, even ‘heard of’ him ♥

She knew ‘of’ him, through ‘the band’ ♥

That he, became ‘famous’ in ♥

While he was still, ‘in Italy’ ♥

For he was born, ‘near Sicily’ ♥

And he was lured, by ‘an instrument’ !!

To become, a ‘global singer’ ☺

With a mesmerizing, ‘voice’ ♥

It was only, as he ‘transitioned’ ♥

Crossed over to an English, speaking 'audience' ♥
 That Ella, came even 'near to' him ♥
 In knowing, who he 'is' ♥
 So when ♥
 They 'showed' her ♥
 Him ♥
 In a 'vision' ♥
 In such ♥
 A swift 'instant' ♥
 That she couldn't : - (
 'Resist' ♥
 For *they had to be . . . SO fast . . . to circumnavigate . . . the 'blocks' . . . to
 successfully . . . 'awaken' her . . . without . . . this being thwarted* ♥
 Though she . . . would naught 'know' this . . . 'detail' . . . *for many years* ♥
 She was is . . . still 'so innocent' ♥
 And they responded . . . to 'this' ♥
 She was still, so 'wounded' . . . from the ritual, 'abuse' . . . that she *never* . . .
 would have 'imagined' this . . . naught in . . . her 'wildest dreams' ♥
 In a split second ♥
 With zero warning ♥
 They brought Paolo's energy ♥
 Into her awareness ♥
 And they showed her ♥
 He and her ♥
 As ♥
 'The yin yang symbol' ♥♥
 She *instantly!*
Recognized!
 So this 'approach' ☺

It was successful!

That she and he ♥
Were are 'twin . . . flames' ♥
That 'they flew in . . . ♥
'Together . . . ♥
'And they will fly out . . . ♥
'As One . . . ♥
'Again' ♥

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Once this memory . . . was 'in' her ♥
It could never . . . be erased again ♥
The 'guides' ☺
Had successfully ♥
Remembered ♥
Him to her ♥

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Next . . . to her 'awe' ♥
Was her stunnedness . . . ! . . . her 'Who . . . me'? ♥
Which was attended to – *very* swiftly ☺ . . . as we shall 'see, in tomorrow's
scribe' ♥♥
Plus . . . she 'set her ground rules' !!
So that . . . 'she could stay true' ♥♥
To 'her . . . own values . . . of trust . . . and ethics' ♥♥
We shall share . . . more of these . . . our friends ☺
In . . . tomorrow's . . . 'scribe' ♥
For now . . . 'rest a' while ♥
For this . . . it is 'rich' ♥

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