

Ella's word is *trust* ♥...
Paolo's word is *faith* ♥...
Javier's word is *surrender* ♥...
Angèle's word is *yes* ♥...



Ella is about to plunge ♥...
In us telling, 'this story' ♥, she is opening, 'very deeply' ♥, to allow, 'you to see in' ♥, to a very, precious place ♥...

For this 'story', is *a delivery* ♥, of a 'very, sacred love' ♥, that is 'rarely, ever present' ♥, upon, this planet 'earth' ♥...

And to 'birth' this, requires 'stamina', commitment, and immense 'trust' ♥... for the certainty, of its 'success' ♥, *lies completely, within its trust* ♥...

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Do they, 'remember'? ... ??? ... *The effectiveness of the design – and the design team – just like in, 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' – the spell, it 'wearing off'* ♥...

Are they, 'allowed to'? ????? ... *The 'former, dark angels', no longer 'abating, their awakening'* ♥...

Is their 'free will, aligned'? ... *They themselves, 'choosing' this, their 'sacred memory, it to exist' ♥, their 'eternal Light, in full quotient' ♥, here now, restored'* ♥♥

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'These are the questions' ... over which 'Ella, she has *zero control*' ♥♥... She can only, play 'her' role ♥... And watch, wait and 'listen' ♥♥

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Her 'role' ... has almost 'never' ... been 'played out, before' ♥♥... To 'exist, inside a human form' ♥... and 'too, inside a waking *soul*' ♥... For this 'journey, that

Ella, had never, been ‘able . . . to imagine’ !!
Even when, she was ‘asked to . . . make up . . . a *story*’ . . .
She would begin, with ‘Once upon a time’ . . .
And then, she would ‘stall’ ♥
She would be . . . completely ‘stuck’ ♥
For ‘her’ role, *is naught to write it* !!
‘Her’ role . . . is to ‘live it’ ♥

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Just like . . . wisdom keepers . . . from many, many ‘nations’ . . . who have . . . in
recent ‘decades’ . . . *been given . . . ‘the green light’* ♥

To begin to share . . . their ‘ancient wisdom’ . . . to awaken . . . ‘humanity’ . . .
from its sleeping . . . into *its stirring . . . a wake . . . from the dream* ♥

Ella too . . . has been ‘carrying’ . . . for many years . . . this ‘sacred wisdom’ . . .
of how . . . we all do ‘lift . . . up ♥ . . . out of . . . this pool of suffering’ . . .

And this is ‘now’ news . . . this is naught ‘old’ news . . . *because it is relevant . . .
to ‘today’* ♥

It is naught ‘dogma’

It is naught ‘trauma’

It is the end

And the beginning ♥♥

Of ‘how

‘We redeem ourselves

‘Without

‘Paying penance’ !!

Yes how

*We re turn in to **the Light*** ♥

How

We ‘fly . . . Home’ ♥

She transitioned out, ‘of the chrysalis’ ♥
Yet . . . naught ‘completely’ ♥♥
It would be, a ‘delivery’, like labor thrusts, ‘both in and out’ ♥
In . . . ‘to deeper memory’ ♥♥
Then ‘out . . . *into the world*’ ♥

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Just like . . . a ‘Vision Quest’ ♥
Yet ‘hers . . . was naught consciously intentional’ ♥♥
Hers . . . was ‘prior scripted’ ♥♥
She was . . . ‘simply fulfilling’ ♥♥
What . . . she had ‘committed to’ ♥♥
Before . . . she ‘came in’ ♥
In to . . . this ‘current lifetime’ ♥♥
She . . . was now ‘beginning’ ♥♥
To ‘live . . . this sacred contract’ ♥

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This . . . is how ‘cloister’ . . . it began . . .
♥♥

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



She had noticed – while she was still at home in Mile End – the morning that the ‘outline’ was written through her . . . that . . . ‘it was missing, the last few chapters’ ♥

She couldn’t say, really, how she ‘knew’ this . . . She just . . . ‘felt’ it . . . And with every cell within her body ♥ . . . she knew . . . this was ‘the truth’ ♥

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In that instant – ‘the voice’ spoke – as if it and Ella, were ‘in conversation’ ♥ . . .
As if her ‘thought, was being replied to’! Its reassurance, came that ‘swift’ ♥
“You will receive it . . . in time to scribe it.” ♥

They ate a simple meal, together, and then auntie bid her, “Goodnight” ♥
By the time Ella, awakened, the next morning, auntie was gone ♥♥

.....

And she, was ‘alone’ ♥
Cloister . . . had begun ♥♥

.....



That was the night of the ‘nightmare’ ♥
Ella – very fortunately – had never been prone to ‘nightmares’ ♥ . . . So this was .
. . ‘unusual’ . . .

She dreamt that she had been, in a ‘basement’, with two, other people . . . And
this ‘couple’, was shooting up, with ‘H’⁹², in the dream . . .

They had boarded up, all the windows, so *no light, could get in* . . .

Ella, bore witness, to their muting maiming, their ‘pain’ ♥

That was it. This dream was ‘simple’. And yet it left Ella, with an ‘after effect’,
of distress, and unease ♥

There was no one, she could ‘speak to’ ♥

Except, herself ♥

Then, ‘the voice’ spoke . . .

It gave her first, this ‘sense’ ♥

That there was . . . a ‘war’ . . . over . . . her ♥

That she had been . . . *successfully* . . . *led* . . . *here into cloister* ♥

And the ‘dark’ (light) . . . wanted to ‘try’ (it might) . . . to ‘swing’ (her) . . . ‘to its
side’ ♥

Instantly, she knew *this*: ♥

There was zero, potentiality ♥, that she ever, could be ‘bought’ ♥

And as she scanned, in ‘one second’ . . . back, ‘through eternity’ ♥

She realized, her cells confirming ♥

⁹² Heroin . . .

That she had *always, come as Light* ♥
She had never, ever ‘dabbled’ ♥
With playing . . . ‘a dark role’ ♥
And so with utter, inner *assurance* ♥
She simply stated, in her ‘silence’ ♥
To whoever, was there ‘asking’ ♥
If she ‘might just swing, and play for dark’ ♥
She said, ‘No’ ♥
It was then, that ‘the voice’ spoke ☺
It explained to her, ‘very simply’ ♥
That “No matter, how much ‘dark’ may be . . .
“There is always, *a minimum* ♥ . . .
“Of 51% . . .
“*Light*” ♥ . . .
She felt safe – *this was never ever, in question* ♥♥
In fact soon in, to this ‘cloister’, she would be called, ‘The Queen of Courage’ ♥
By the entourage, of ‘guides’, who would soon, introduce ‘themselves’ ♥
To *lead* her, ‘through this night’ ♥
For she, would go ‘blind’ ♥, *in order, to see* ♥
She would ‘surrender, her sight completely’ ♥
‘To allow divine beings, to lead her’ ♥

.....
.....

She still, didn’t know, ‘what this war, it was about’ ♥
And ‘why, they would attempt’ ♥
‘To swing her’ ♥
‘To play for their side’ ♥
She had *no* idea, whatsoever, the ‘pure power dormant, within her’ ♥
Or that ‘the dark, it *knew* this’ ♥

That wafted to her, through the ‘ether’ ♥

Feeling that she, was being ‘guided’ ♥

Yet she had no sense, yet via whom ♥

Turning the clocks around, was so that she would have, zero references, to ‘Time’

♥

Keeping all of the doors and windows sealed, was to *augment, the energy* ♥

Setting the ‘grid’ – was like creating a ‘parabola’ ♥ – a ‘reflector, to catch the cosmic energy, and funnel it, in to her’ ♥

She had never, ever, done any of these things, before ♥

And yet these, were her ‘instructions’ ♥

And she followed them, to a ‘t’ ♥



There was a rug, made of patterned wool ♥, upon the wall, in the dining room ♥, of a picture, of a dog ♥, *who looked just like, Casey did!* ♥

And so Ella, felt ‘ease’ ♥

With ‘Casey’ with her . . . *she was naught alone!!!*

And so she trusted, implicitly, what ‘she was sensing to do, via the energy’ ♥

This, in effect, is what, ‘Feng Shui is’ ♥

She had noticed, herself doing this, already, in Mile End ♥ . . . She would sense, where to ‘place’, every object, ‘in the space’ ♥ . . . And she realized, the inherent *power, within this art* ♥, when someone, would ‘adjust’, where something, had been ‘put’ ♥

People would come in, and absent-mindedly, ‘move furniture’ ♥ . . . This was nothing . . . ‘unusual’ !! . . . This is what . . . people ‘did’ ♥

And yet it would *keenly disrupt, Ella’s energy* . . . She would *feel, as if her body* . . . Had been *shifted, somehow* . . . As if her *own particles* . . . *had been moved around* ♥

She thought this . . . kind of ‘odd’ ♥ . . . though she didn’t . . . get ‘concerned’ ♥ . . . as she could sense . . . there was a ‘purpose’ ♥ . . . and so she allowed . . . herself to ‘do this’ ♥

It was only, years later, as she came across, a book ♥, that described, ‘three schools, of Feng Shui’ ♥ . . . that she ‘realized ♥, what she was doing’! . . . She was ‘practicing!!! . . . Feng Shui’! . . . the ‘art of placing . . . objects’!!! . . . so that ‘energy, can truly *flow*’! ♥♥

The third, of three ‘schools’ . . . is the ‘intuitive, school’ !! . . . wherein practitioners, ‘simply know !!! . . . how, it is to do this’ ♥♥

This reassured her, it relaxed her, for now she ‘knew, this was an art’ ! . . . A sacred art, of ‘sensing energy ♥ . . . and cooperating . . . with it’ ♥

Even then . . . she had never, ever, experienced anything, like ‘this’ ♥

The *entire cabin, on stilts . . . became a huge, parabolic reflector . . . as she meticulously, could feel . . . where every object, was to be placed* ♥ . . .

She was to ‘live in’ this . . .

Potency ♥

For the next, seven weeks ♥♥

.....

♥ *Amp up the Light* ♥

And climb inside

This is what

♥ *Cloister was* ♥

.....



And this, was the beginning, of a very, sacred ‘journey’ ♥, albeit, in the ‘inner’ planes, of *reality, beyond form* ♥♥

.....

♥ *There was no* ♥

Turning back

There was only

♥ *Going through* ♥

Water Lillies

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Day Twenty-Four

.....
Ella had untied . . .
Her 'wee row boat' . . .
And let go . . .
The 'shore' . . .
She was adrift . . .
Amidst this 'mission' . . .
Of rekindling !!!
Night vision ☺

.....
For over the course . . .
Of nearly thirty years ♥
Which were intended to be!
Merely three or four ♥
Yet for reasons, of 'infiltration' : - (
This became . . . a 'longer course' ♥♥
She became . . . 'well versed' ♥♥
In 'how to *see . . . in the Dark*' ♥♥
So that 'she . . . could re awaken' ♥♥
The 'former . . . dark lords' ♥♥

: :
And 'how . . . this story goes' ♥♥
Is that *she . . . got THEM to swing !!!*

So that 'now . . . *they are willing*



'To cooperate ♥♥♥♥
'With The Light' ♥

:
'The Board Game

Entirely flipped' ♥♥
 From 'what it had been
 In the beginning' ♥♥
 From 'a simple . . . boomerang mission' ♥♥
 To 'an entrapment . . . of The Light' ♥♥
 And thus it 'flipped . . . from one big Union' . . .
 To a 'need . . . for a reunion' . . .
 And then an 'attempt . . . to swing the players' . . .
 From the 'Light . . . to play for dark' ♥
 And then 'again . . . just like a bonspiel' !!!
 The plot did 'shift . . . for its final inning' !!!!!
 As the 'Light . . . is surely winning' !!!!!
 The dark 'over . . . to remember' ☺
 That it never . . . was 'truly dark' ♥♥
 It was only . . . 'forgetting' . . .
 In its slumber . . . 'it was thinking' . . .
 That 'it . . . was naught the Light' ♥♥
 And so 'in . . . its longtime stupor' . . .
 It was 'mistaking . . . itself as darkness' . . .
 And thus it was 'playing . . . *out this darkness* . . .
 '*Which never . . . has been real*' ♥
 And now . . .
 This story's . . .
Plot . . .
It is shifting ☺!!!!
 And the 'dark knights . . .
 'They are remembering ☺!!!!
 'Who . . . they really are' ♥
 They *are* naught 'dark' ♥

For *Light*, cannot destruct ♥ . . . It can only, deconstruct ♥ . . . It can only, affect
Love ♥

And as she, *trusted this* ♥ . . . her ability, to discern ♥ . . .

She could relax . . . into 'Knowing' ♥

That *Light*, surrounded her ♥

Light 'in' ♥

Light 'around' ♥

Light 'guiding' ♥

Light 'penetrating' ♥♥

Light . . .

Light . . .

Light . . .

L i g h t

