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' \mathbf{v} ... for the certainty, of its 'success' \mathbf{v} , *lies completely, within its trust* \mathbf{v} ...

.



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' \mathbf{v} . . .

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

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

.....

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

she is on' . . . is a 'journey, of wedding *Light with form*' . . . as the 'twixt, shall bee entwined once more' ♥♥ . . . because, she weaves it through ♥ Just like 'braiding' . . . this simple 'equating' . . . of 'how much, and at what pace' ♥ . . . to awaken, human souls UP? ♥ Up . . . from their long 'slumber' ♥ These are the questions . . . that Ella does 'live with' ♥ . . . day in, and day out ♥ "We will naught . . . abandon you" ♥♥ In 'this . . . she trusts' ♥♥♥ She had taken her sleeping bag, tied, with a bungie cord, to the carrier, on the back of her bicycle . . . up, to Mont Royal ♥ . . . It was simply a matter of 'coming to terms' ♥... For she knew – 'it was naught a question, of whether, of $if' \vee ...$ For she could feel it – 'on a higher level' ♥ . . . She had already, said 'yes' ♥ . . . It was that . . . the 'enormity, of the outcome ♥ . . . the sheer, implications ♥ . . . of this cloister, beginning ♥ . . . it was, beyond words ♥ . . . The sleeping bag, was to 'keep her warm' . . . for she would lie, 'beneath the night

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Day Twenty-Four

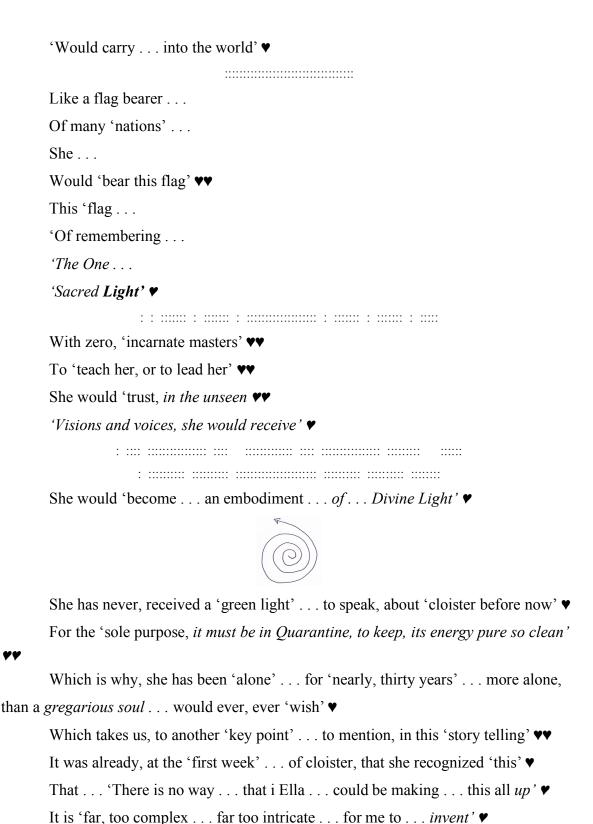
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For there was 'no, turning back' ♥... She was 'here now, at this gate' ♥... This

sky' . . . for as long, as she 'needed' . . . to come, to 'peace with this' ♥ . . .

'most sacred, gate' ♥ . . . of an 'incarnate soul, saying Yes!' ♥ . . .

```
Even among, 'all her friends' . . . she didn't know, of 'anyone' . . . who was being
called, quite like 'this' . . . to 'enter in, to cloister' ♥♥
      She went ♥
      With zero struggle ♥♥
      Zero balking . . .
      Complete willingness ♥♥
      For deep within her ©
      She could feel it ♥
      The 'contract . . . high above' ♥
                            She surrendered
      Into 'this contract' ♥
      This most sacred . . . of 'soul contracts' !!!!!!
      To 'meet again . . . her eternal brothers ♥♥
      'With whom she has always . . .
      'Come in' ♥
                Yet she had zero . . . 'remembering' ♥
      That 'this was why, she was called to cloister' ♥♥
      She was simply . . . 'to go . . . and . . . to . . . trust' ♥
      And 'the rest . . .
      'It would appear' \(\nabla\)
                She had no one . . . to 'speak to' . . . in the physical . . . that is!
      For nearly . . . 'nine months'!!
      She was . . . 'all alone' ♥
      With a scope . . . of 'recollecting' . . .
      With a prayer . . . of 'humans waking' . . .
      That she . . . 'like a peace Dove ♥
```



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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' ♥
                 . .... ..................
       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' ♥
```

And so in entering . . . into 'cloister' . . . Ella's initiation . . . truly 'began' ♥

She was is 'initiated . . . by unseen energies . . . to lead . . . humanity Home' ♥♥

: :::::::: Naught as . . . a 'singular entity' !! . . . yet as . . . a woman !! . . .

For 'most messengers . . . have been men ♥♥ . . . throughout . . . human Time' ♥

What *Ella* wanted – *more than anything!* – was is to be, 'with people' again ♥

She had just come from, 'a most isolating experience' . . . that of performing, 'on the solo stage' ♥

And what 'she' yearned for – 'almost desperately'! . . . was to 'be amongst, community again'!

For she is was, a gregarious soul, after all ©

Yet this was naught, 'her free will choice' ♥

Solo performing, was a 'rehearsal', she was told soon, by 'spirit guides' Ψ . . . for 'what, was is now transpiring' Ψ

And so enter, into prolonged 'cloister', is what, she did ♥

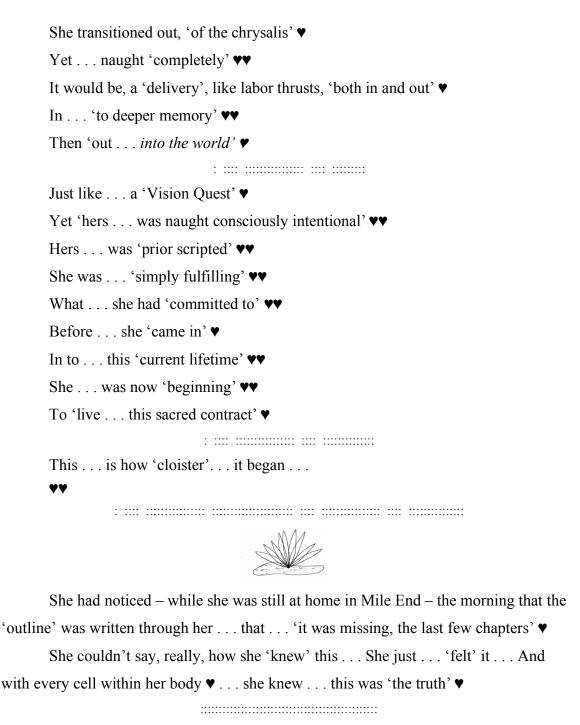
She was committed – even though, she was naught yet conscious, of the enormous scope, she was being called in to Ψ ... she committed, with her 'entire being' Ψ , to 'write swift, yes to write fast' Ψ

She 'bargained'! . . . within her 'own mind' ♥ . . . 'I will work so hard . . . I will be so present . . . I will be . . . so available ♥ . . . That i will write . . . this . . . book ♥ . . . Within five weeks . . . Six weeks . . . max' ♥

And so, she entered cloister ©

At the six week mark, it was so incredibly marvelous, she committed, 'for the duration', yes for as long, 'as it takes' ♥

Nine months later, 'she emerged' ♥



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." ♥

That was it ♥
She knew it was true ♥
She <i>would</i> receive ♥
Everything ***
She needed ©
'In time' ♥
The ego can become so stressed when it doesn't know what is
happening ♥And so it has been a 'challenge'!! for Ella to 'relax' ♥
And yet she has never felt so un alone as when she was in 'cloister' ♥
The process of packing was something to behold!
Ella had never 'packed' – for anything like 'this' before ☺
She began to experience the 'evidence'!! that she was being 'guided' .
As she was 'directed' ever so gently by 'unseen energy' what she
was to 'bring' ♥
And there was no way – absolutely no way!! – that she would have brought
'all of this' \P if 'she' was 'in charge' of the 'decisions' within this 'team' \P
For it was beginning to be 'palpable' that she was naught 'alone'
There was 'something someone with her' $ullet$ though she knew naught yet 'who'
: :::: ::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::
The 'flurry, of meetings, with Antonio, François, and Aveline' was 'still so
fresh, she felt connected, and thus, no need to speak' ♥ with 'them, or with anyone,
about, what was transpiring' ♥ and 'so, she stayed silent' ♥ little, did she 'know' ♥

And so it was no less, than 'eighteen ♥, pieces of luggage' ♥, that Ella, took 'with' her ♥, into, this 'cloister' ♥...

She was meticulously, 'guided' ∇ , what to, 'select' ∇ , what to, bring 'with' her ∇ , into, this 'den' ∇ ...

She felt, so 'conspicuous' ♥, for everything, that was 'black' ♥, was given away ♥ . . . For she was never again, to wear anything, that was 'black' ♥ . . .

And so she was gently guided, by 'invisibles' ♥, to shop, for some new 'clothing' ♥, particularly, *vibrant colors* ♥, and a coat, of 'goldenrod' ♥ . . .

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Sbe took the train, to Halifax, 'overnight', was this fine journey ♥, allowing her, 'solace' ♥, in which, to 'simply sit' ♥ . . . For this packing, had been 'intriguing' ♥, as she

⁹⁰ This is a statement about 'colors of clothing – naught colors of people'!!!!!!

had noticed, there was a 'pattern' ∇ , as she was taking, 'symbolic items' ∇ , from every, 'phase of her life' ∇ ... It felt as if 'together, they each represented' ∇ , a 'path, that was 'being shed' ∇ , a path, that was 'leading' ∇ , to somewhere, like $Oz^{91} \nabla$...

The only way, to *Peggy's Cove*, was via, a 'tour bus' ♥ . . . And so she experienced, *for the first time*, how to be, 'invisible'!! ♥ . . .

She sensed an inner, 'admonition', to naught speak, with 'fellow passengers', to maintain, this inner 'quiet', this *state*, *of equilibrium'* ♥

As the bus passed by, many 'billboards', she felt a gentle, inner 'nudging', as if blinders, upon a 'racehorse', to *naught look, at the billboard signs* ♥

Instead, she was to 'listen in', to feel in, to the 'energy', that was swirling, gently 'spiraling', inside, her 'flesh' ♥

As they arrived, near to 'Peggy's Cove', the driver called out, in a 'boisterous jubilance', "Is there anyone, here going beyond, into the fishing villages, along the coast?" ♥

Ella raised her hand ♥

Thus, she was delivered, directly, to the door ♥, of where, she was beginning, to leave, this carnal 'shore' ♥



Licia's aunt greeted her, with a HUGE smile ^② So excited was she, that she would be flying soon . . . to Bogata, for 'an adventure'! . . . And so pleased was she, that Ella, would be staying here, in her seaside home ♥

Licia's auntie drove her, to the nearest grocery store, to collect, her 'provisions' ♥
... for Ella knew, from the early vision, that she would be, 'alone' ♥

Once they returned, auntie showed her, the ferns, she would be watering, plus 'how to', adjust the heat, and such things, she'd need to know ♥

Water Lillies

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 $^{^{91}}$ "Follow the yellow brick road" – lyrics from the musical 'The Wizard of Oz' $\blacktriangledown \dots$

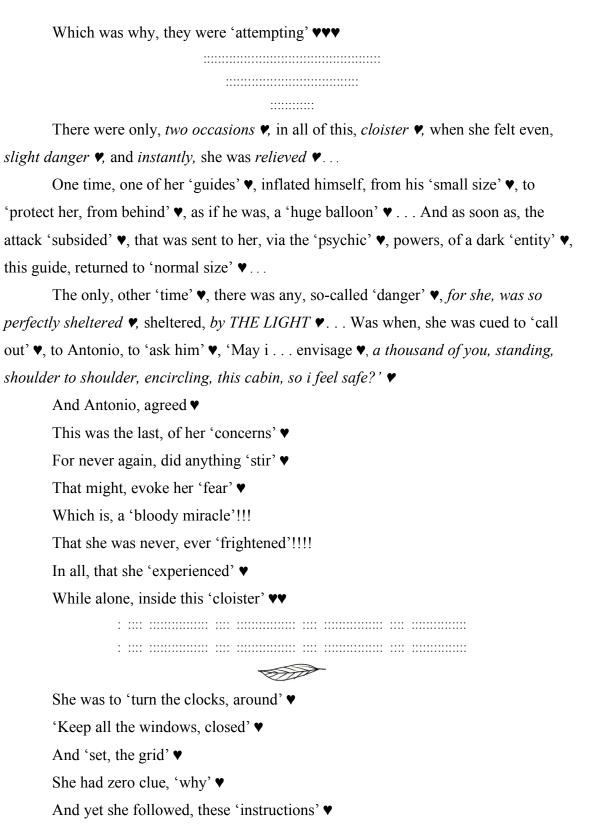
They ate a simple meal, together, and then auntie bid her, "Goodnight" ♥ By the time Ella, awakened, the next morning, auntie was gone ♥♥ And she, was 'alone' ♥ Cloister . . . had begun ♥♥ That was the night of the 'nightmare' ♥ Ella – very fortunately – had never been prone to 'nightmares' ♥ . . . So 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 maining, 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' ♥

⁹² Heroin . . .

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She realized, her cells confirming ♥

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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 \forall \forall
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' \P . . . though she didn't . . . get 'concerned' \P . . . as she could sense . . . there was a 'purpose' \P . . . 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 Ψ . . .

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 ♥



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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' ♥

They were only forgetting ♥♥ That they . . . had simply fallen ♥♥ And now . . . Their highest 'leaders' ♥♥♥ Are beginning . . . The 'shift' ♥ This will all . . . be 'illuminated' ♥♥ As this story . . . it 'unfolds' ♥♥ For this is a *very* . . . *timely story* ** For the great awakening Ψ ... Is at hand♥

Ella didn't realize any of this . . . 'enormity' . . . then ♥

She was, 'still innocent' ♥♥

She was simply, trusting, in unseen, benevolence ♥

She was purely ♥

Allowing herself♥

To be led ♥



"Discernment, is the only ability, you need to hone ♥ . . . ever, to navigate your way, in, the spirit world" ♥

She was given this, within the *first few days* ♥

And she knew, this would be 'gold' ♥

For 'to discern the difference – between malevolence (the intentional, or unaware, encouragement, towards 'violence' ♥) – and *benevolence* ♥(the intentional – for it is so awake ♥- encouragement, towards Love ♥) . . . This would be, the 'only' tool ♥, that she, would 'ever' need ♥, to trust, and to Know ♥, that she was standing, in the Light ♥

For Light, cannot destruct $m{v}$... It can only, deconstruct $m{v}$... It can only, affect

Love ♥

And as she, trusted this Ψ ... her ability, to discern Ψ ...

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





