

Yesterday, the energy running through Ella amped up fourfold ♥

It's premature to let you know why . . . and yet we can let you know that – thanks to the incredible network of grounders and guy wires holding the 'birthing' waters 'stable' ♥, Ella has experienced little disturbance or stress – physically, emotionally, or 'orientationally' ♥

Thank you, thank you, thank you – to all of you who are 'in' ♥

.....



In the dawning days of 'cloister' ♥ . . . Ella was struck by the tremendous awe and privilege . . . of playing 'this role' ♥ . . . She could sense 'the scope and scale' of it . . . though there were 'scant details' ♥

She was a neophyte – like a nymph in a garden . . . trusting, through mists ♥ . . . trusting, *via Love* ♥♥

: :



It was remarkable remembering Paolo . . . In fact, she was led 'in' to know him, like few people do ♥

Within a few days of 'the scribing' beginning ♥ – and the 'pace' and the 'familiarity' of this novel new experience being comfortably established for Ella ♥ . . . 'this' began ♥ . . .

After 'the scribing' was complete for the day ♥ . . . and she had laid back upon the backboard of the massive king sized bed ♥ . . . and fallen 'asleep' ♥ . . . and been deeply . . . *rested* ♥ . . .

She would be awakened, ever so gently . . . as if by the tinkle . . . of 'bells' ♥

As if somehow . . . 'within' her . . . a 'record player, was playing' . . . a 'song, would begin singing' . . . and you might guess . . . whose voice it is! ♥

Shakey . . . would gently nudge her . . . to ‘get up and go’ . . . to the living room . . . where she was to reach . . . among the albums and pull out . . . a ‘particular one’ ♥

How . . . she had ‘albums’ . . . of Paolo’s . . . ‘she did naught know’ ♥ . . . for she had zero . . . recollection . . . of ever . . . ‘buying them’ ♥

Once, as she was resting, on the sofa, in her parents’ living room . . . the *sound, exuding from the speakers, was like magic, to her ears!* ♥

‘Whoever, could compose this, most glorious, of music, must be able, to feel, very deeply’, she mused ♥ . . . These . . . were her ‘thoughts’ ♥ . . . upon listening . . . to the ‘cello solo’ . . . in the midst . . . of a ‘chorus’ . . . of voices . . . in a ‘song’ ♥

Her father, had bought that album ☺

So here . . . in ‘cloister’ . . . among the eighteen . . . pieces of ‘luggage’ ! . . . was a small . . . ‘collection’ . . . of albums . . . *including his* ♥

: :::

This . . . was is the beginning . . . of the ‘miracles . . . happening’ ♥ . . . for to ‘successfully . . . bring her . . . into cloister . . . with these albums . . . without . . . her suspecting . . . that anything . . . was *odd*’ ! ☺♥♥ . . . this was . . . a ‘minor coup’ . . . of which . . . there would be ‘major ones’ ♥

: :::

‘Innocence . . . goes a long way !!! . . . in leading . . . a soul *Home*’ ♥

: :::

Innocence . . . *and trust* ♥

For it is ‘trust . . . *that leads innocence*’ ♥

: :::

So there she was lying . . . upon . . . ‘the bed’ ♥ . . . listening . . . inside . . . the stereo . . . ‘of her head’ ♥☺

And the ‘music . . . that was playing . . . *was . . . unbeknownst to her*’ ♥ . . . the ‘voice . . . of her lover . . . from long . . . long ago’ ♥

: :::

So there . . . ‘she’ would be ♥♥ . . . in . . . the ‘living’ room . . . by now listening . . . with ‘rapt’ ears . . . as *his voice . . . sang a tune* ♥ . . . Naught just . . . ‘any’ tune . . . *the*

tune . . . *that had been playing* . . . while . . . she had been ‘waking’ . . . while lying . . . on the ‘bed’ ♥ . . .

.....
.....

And as soon as . . . she . . . had been successfully . . . ‘guided’ ♥ . . . in reaching . . . among the albums . . . and retrieving . . . ‘the right one’ ♥♥ . . . No sooner . . . had she removed it . . . from its ‘sleeve’ . . . within the ‘cardboard’ ♥ . . . and placed it . . . upon the turntable . . . that was conveniently . . . located ‘there’ ♥♥ . . . And none other . . . than Shakespeare . . . his *soul* . . . naught in his ‘flesh’ ♥ . . . would nudge her . . . with utmost graciousness . . . and pure . . . loving ‘kindness’ ♥♥ . . . To place . . . the ‘needle’ . . . *upon* . . . *a certain track* ♥☺ . . .

And can you guess? What song? Would immediately . . . begin to ‘play’?? ??

The one . . . she had been hearing . . . moments before . . . ‘within her head’ ♥♥

.....

The intelligence . . . which is Shakespeare . . . was piping . . . through him to her . . . to locate . . . **in the physical** . . . the ‘song’ . . . she was to ‘hear’ ♥♥

: : : : : :

And then . . . ‘the magic’ began ☺

For *Shakespeare* . . . was is the one ♥ . . . who scribes the lyrics . . . through ‘this one’ ♥♥ . . . and so ‘Shakey’ . . . would **decode to Ella** ♥♥ . . . what ‘Paolo . . . was speaking of’ ♥♥

.....

It was is . . . *most fascinating!!* . . . for Ella to be ♥ . . . with ‘*Monsieur Shakespeare*’ !!!! . . . receiving . . . his apt *tutelage* . . . in what his muse . . . was singing of ♥♥

.....

Layers . . . upon layers . . . were revealed to her . . . ‘in the code’ ♥♥ . . . of ‘what . . . he was is singing of . . . and who . . . he is singing for’ ♥♥

.....

At which point ☺ . . . Ella and Shakey . . . paused to have . . . a ‘chit chat’ ♥♥ . . .

Shakey . . . ‘explained to Ella’ . . . that . . .

“Lille one” (he always called her this . . . in a ‘Germanic . . . tender accent’) . . .

“This . . . is what he is ‘say’ ing . . . And ‘this . . . is what he is mean’ ing” ♥♥

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

It was is . . . *utterly fascinating !!* . . . as if she was being ‘led in . . . to Alexandria’
☺♥♥ . . . in to the ‘library . . . of Alexandria’ . . . where in the great ‘wisdom texts . . . this
is was kept’ ♥

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

And then . . . Ella ‘wondered’ !! . . . ‘Does everyone . . . *hear* this? ?? . . . the
deeper *meaning* . . . in what he is *singing*? ??? . . . or am i . . . *the only one*?’ ? ? ?

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

Shakey . . . then ‘explained to her’ ♥

That she and Paolo . . . would be ‘leap frogging’ ☺♥♥

Over and over . . . each other . . . in the soon . . . ‘years to come’ ♥♥

Which meant that ‘he . . . *himself !!!* . . . *was naught yet fully conscious . . . of his
own lyrics*’ !

Shakey . . . went further ♥♥ . . .

‘He himself – *that is Shakespeare ♥♥* – *had written . . . these lyrics . . . through
Paolo . . . to Ella . . . so that she . . . could know ♥♥* . . . that he . . . *is fully conscious ♥♥*.
. . . of all that *she . . . is waking up to ♥♥* . . . even though he . . . *did naught yet know this
♥♥* . . . in his *physical . . . waking mind*’ ♥♥

Whew . . .

Oh . . . my god . . . The ‘trickiness’ . . . had begun ♥

She . . . began to ‘grasp’ this . . . *enormous complexity . . . of ‘the design’ ♥* . . . of
‘how . . . the guides were awakening’ . . . *both Paolo . . . and she ♥*

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

Shakey . . . went on ☺ . . .

“Lille one . . . you will be leap frogging ♥♥ . . . over Paolo . . . and then some ☺
♥♥ . . . Some times . . . you will be leading” . . . and then . . . she got ‘the rest’ ♥♥

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

She ‘knew . . . what this meant’ ♥♥

Shakespeare . . . had scribed . . . ‘lyrics’ . . . through Paolo . . . without . . . his
fully conscious . . . awareness of what . . . he is ‘singing’ ♥♥

So that Ella . . . could be *deeply assured* . . . that ‘Paolo . . . *knows what she
knows*’ ♥♥

Even if . . . he ‘knows’ this ♥♥

“Just slightly beneath . . . his closed eyelids” ♥♥

This . . . is *precisely* ♥♥ . . . how Shakey . . . ‘described’ this ♥♥ . . . to Ella . . . so
that *she under* stands ♥♥ . . . how this ‘awakening . . . it is working’ ♥♥

For ‘she . . . would be . . . the *fairy godmother . . . with the wand*’ ♥♥ . . . who
would ‘touch him . . . upon his crown’ ☺ ♥♥ . . . plus ‘too . . . his third eye’ ♥♥ . . . to
‘remove . . . *the spell . . . that had long ago . . . cast him asleep* ♥ . . . so that ‘he . . . the
wee Light child’ ♥ . . . could ‘rest . . . within *his sleep*’ ♥♥

: :

And “when . . . it is Time” ♥♥ . . . Shakey ‘reassured Ella, *profusely*’ ! ☺ ♥♥ . . .

“*Paolo . . . he will wake up ♥ . . . just like the prince . . . in the story*” ♥♥ . . .

only in ‘the story . . . *it is the princess . . . typically . . . as it is told*’ ♥♥ . . . who is ‘kissed
. . . *by the prince*’ ☺ ♥♥ . . . for him . . . to awaken ‘her’ ♥♥

: :

Ella grasped this . . . with ease ♥

She felt ‘calm and peace . . . inside’ . . . as if she was ‘remembering . . . this
script’ ♥ . . . this ‘map . . . *for their full awakening . . . their glorious . . . waking UP*’⁹⁵
♥♥

: :

Which is precisely . . . when Shakey ♥ . . . Sourcey . . . and ‘the guides’ ♥♥ . . .
explained to Ella . . . their ‘magic princess’ ☺ ♥♥ . . . how *sequencing . . . it is the key* ♥♥

For “if a soul . . . is awakened . . . ahead . . . *of their Time* . . . it can be way too
much . . . to ‘endure’ ♥ . . . and Paolo . . . has *endured enough*” ♥♥

⁹⁵ This is the reverse, of the story, in ‘Romeo, and Juliet’ ♥ . . . They do naught ‘die’ – *they
awaken, together, in the end !!* ♥♥☺♥♥ . . .

: :

Ella . . . was ‘calm in’ this ♥

Ella . . . was ‘at peace’, in, this . . . for she ‘recognized . . . *the code* . . . in . . . this’

♥ . . . she was ‘remembering . . . the why’ . . .

Why . . . they had ‘designed’ this ♥

‘This’ way . . . ‘this Time’ . . .

To alleviate . . . more ‘suffering’ ♥♥

For Paolo . . . in ‘this lifetime’ ♥♥

: :

Faintly . . . she was stirring . . . awake . . . in her ‘memory’ . . . remembering . . .
that ‘she would lead . . . somehow . . . for awhile’ ♥♥

: :

“Just behind . . . his closed eyelids” ♥

She could *feel* it ♥

He was . . . ‘there’ ♥♥

: :

She wondered . . . ‘Can other people . . . recognize . . . what he is singing? . . . Or
is it . . . *so coded* . . . that he is in . . . *disguise?*’

: :

Disguise . . . even *to* . . . *him* . . . *self?*

Meaning that ‘he’ . . . does naught ‘remember’ . . .

(At . . . ‘that point’ ♥♥♥ . . . in . . . ‘this cloister’ ♥♥♥)

: :

And this . . . is how . . . Ella’s ‘journey . . . it began’ ♥♥ . . . of ‘playing . . . *leap
frog*’ ♥♥ . . . to ‘awaken . . . her man’ ♥♥

: :



You might naught be surprised, then . . . to know ‘this’ ♥♥

Shakespeare . . . disclosed to Ella . . . ‘several’ things . . . *you might wish to know*

♥

The first . . . is the ‘meaning’ . . . of . . . ‘his name’ ♥♥

“Shake . . . = trembling . . . Speare . . . = lightning . . . Shakespeare . . . *means*

‘The Flood’” . . . ***his name . . . is pure code*** ♥♥

: :

At which point . . . as she ‘grasped this’ . . . oh so swiftly . . . she ‘comprehended, this’ . . . he went on ☺

He explained to her, that . . . ‘the reason . . . that scholars . . . have been trying . . . so deftly . . . to understand the meaning . . . in *his writings* . . . is that . . . *they are missing . . . the point*’ ♥♥

He was explicit . . . *He wastes no time!*

“They are naught . . . about ‘then’ ♥ . . . *They are . . . about now*” ♥♥

: :

Which set her up ♥ . . . for ‘this’ ♥♥

It was several . . . weeks . . . in to . . . ‘the scribing’ ♥♥ . . . when as . . . she was ‘waking . . . from the restful sleep . . . upon the bed’ ♥♥

Shakespeare . . . began ♥

Scribing pure . . . potent through her ♥♥

He was . . . *literally scribing . . . First Folio . . . through her* ♥♥

She immediately . . . ‘recognized this’ . . . from a ‘workshop . . . she had been in’ . . . during ‘which . . . *his original writings . . . were presented . . . for her to see*’ ♥♥

‘First Folio’ ☺ . . . is how . . . Shakespeare ‘the man . . . actually wrote’ ☺☺☺

This is ‘before . . . *people . . . simplified . . . the code*’ . . .

: :

Meaning . . . that they put it . . . ‘in . . . to plain English’ . . . they *flattened it* . . . they . . . *reduced it . . . from . . . its integrity* :- (

They evidently . . . had no awareness . . . of ‘what . . . they were doing’ . . . ???

: : :

⋮

Water Lillies

329

© 2015 www.waterlillies-thebook.com

Published real-time whilst scribing ☺

Day Twenty-Seven

Oh . . . god . . .
What 'humans . . . can do' . . .
When . . . they are 'cut off' . . .
From . . . the 'bird's eye view' ♥♥

.....

It is a 'sheer . . . testament' : -) . . . to the 'power . . . within his scribings' . . . that
'so much . . . of its potency' . . . *is still intact . . . despite this ♥* . . .

: :

Moreso . . . than 'the bible' ♥♥♥

: : : : : : : : : :

'Sum' day : -)
'Ella' . . .
May be 'given . . .
'The green light' ☺
To 'decode . . .
'For humanity' . . .
What 'Shakespeare . . .
'Himself wrote' ♥♥
For 'she . . .
'Is tapped in to him' ☺
Yes 'she . . .
'Has a direct line' ♥♥
To 'his . . .
'Divine consciousness' ☺
For *he is* . . .
Divine ♥♥♥

.....

Which is 'part' of what . . . 'helped' her !! . . . to 'recognize . . . the reality' : - ! . .
. of 'how artists . . . *can be channeling . . . higher levels . . . of their own consciousness*'

☺ ♥♥

Like Paolo, for instance ☺
And like Picasso – *and other artists!*
Like da Vinci . . .
And Rembrandt . . .
Nicola Tesla . . .
And others ☺

: :

They are bringing . . .
Their souls in !!!
Inside of !!!
Their own bodies !!!
So they can fully ☺
Embody ♥♥
Their holy !!!
Incarnate Selves ♥♥

: : : : : : : : : : :
.....

Pulse code code Pulse code code Pulse Pulse Code Code Pulse Code Pulse
Pulse Pulse !



So when she was lying . . . on ‘the bed’ ! . . . and Shakey ‘began . . . *to scribe through her*’ . . . the ‘potency . . . *of his consciousness . . . this is what . . . he said*’ ♥♥
He wants . . . to ‘write again’ ♥♥

: :

With 'out' him . . .

She was 'alone' .

And 'with' him . . .

She could do this



This . . . is how . . . they 'set her up . . . to need him' ♥

For 'she . . . had become . . . so *bloody* . . . *independent*' !!

She . . . didn't 'need' a man . . .

Or 'any' one . . . for that matter ☺

Until now . . .

And this . . .

Scribing . . .

Shakespeare's code ♥♥

: :

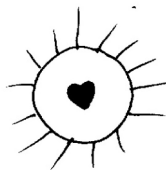
She energetically . . .

'Called out to him' ♥

And this is how . . .

Their relationship began ♥

: :



Shakey taught her things ♥

Like . . . "Darkness is Light turned back upon itself – to fester, cancer, and rot" ♥

He 'showed' her this – accompanying these 'words' ♥ – *with a vision* ♥

He showed her . . . a book ♥

Open . . . *its pages open* ♥♥

And then . . . as she realized . . . that she was ‘seeing’ . . . *all the words in Light* ♥

. . .

He gradually . . . just like an animated . . . ‘movie’ . . . *moved the pages* . . . so that . . . the ‘back cover . . . of the book . . . slowly closed . . . in . . . *upon its own pages*’ . . .

The book . . . ‘closed’ ♥

And ‘what she saw . . . what she was being shown’ ♥

Is that ‘as the cover . . . is closed ♥

‘Light . . . cannot shine in’ ♥

And when ‘Light . . . is turned upon itself’ ♥

This is when . . . dark begins ♥

.....

And ‘when . . . *we open*

‘The cover . . . of the book again ♥

‘This is when . . . the Light Returns’ ! ☺ ♥♥

It is truly . . . this ‘simple’ ♥♥

: :

This . . . is another . . . ‘example . . . of how the guides spoke’ ♥♥ . . . how they ‘gave’ her . . . *quite rapidly* ♥♥ . . . immense . . . memory ‘code’ ♥♥

For it is *in . . . our re calling . . . of all . . . we have forgotten . . . which is relevant now . . . to our awakening . . . that we can all awaken . . . very quick* ♥

: : : : : : : :

‘Turning . . . inside out’ ♥

‘The Beaker’ ♥ ☺ !!!

‘And other . . . fine tidbits ☺ . . .

‘Of our . . . cosmic memory . . .

‘Will be soon . . . here given ♥ . . .

‘For us all . . . to remember ☺

‘So that we . . . *can all awaken* !!

‘From this . . . sordid slumber’ : : : :

.....

Water Lillies

© 2015 www.waterlillies-thebook.com

Published real-time whilst scribing ☺

Day Twenty-Seven

Do this ‘for’, her ☺ . . . ♥

: :::: :

He was *very* . . . ‘funny, too’!

On days, when it was ‘time’, for her, to ‘bathe herself’ ♥

For she had, ‘so little energy, to invest in physical, worldly care’ ♥

(More on this ‘later’ . . . as we share with you . . . about the ‘trances’ ♥♥)

He would tenderly . . . talk her through . . . the basic steps . . . she would do . . . to unrobe herself . . . and enter . . . into . . . ‘the shower’ ♥♥

And oh so . . . ‘discreetly’ . . . *for her guides . . . could see everything* . . . she had zero . . . ‘privacy’ . . . in . . . ‘their presence’ ♥♥

He would . . . ‘without a comment’ . . . for ‘his role . . . was naught to love her’ . . . in the ‘sacred way . . . of sexuality’ . . . *it was to be . . . her guiding friend* ♥

And so he . . . would encourage her . . . to “Let go . . . your hands” ♥

“Let me be . . . Vidal Sassoon”⁹⁶ ♥

And he would ‘stretch out . . . the vowels . . . as he would say . . . each of these words’ ♥

For it is *in . . . the vowels* ♥

That energy . . . is transmitted ♥♥

The consonants . . . are the grounders ♥♥

To hold the space . . . for the vowels ♥♥

Which is why languages . . . like Hawaiian ♥♥

Can communicate . . . such pure Light energy ♥♥

As they are primarily . . . ‘vowels’ ♥♥

With very few . . . ‘consonants’ ♥

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

And she would ☺

She would release, ‘into’ him, *her arms, trustingly* ♥

Into, ‘Shakespeare’s arms’ ♥

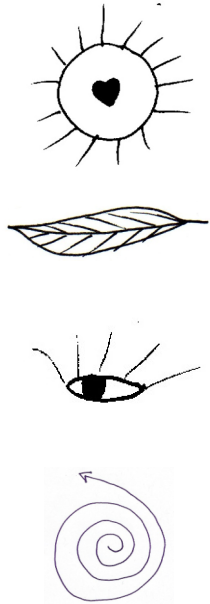
⁹⁶ A famous hair stylist and ‘developer of hair products’ !! ☺ . . .

And 'he' would wash, 'her hair' ♥

This . . . was 'his care' ♥

: : ::

.....



He would speak to her, incessantly ♥

Day in . . . and day out ♥

Why?

Because *without this . . . she had no thing . . . his voice . . . was her connection,*

Home ♥

She had . . . no 'people' . . . with whom . . . she could yet 'speak' ♥

And 'his voice . . . was the beginning . . . of her being . . . re wired' ♥

Re wired . . . to 'be able' . . . to 'hear . . . the cosmos . . . speaking . . . to humanity
. . . *if only . . . it can hear*' ♥

.....

For months . . . Shakey's voice . . . would literally . . . be her 'lifeline' ♥ . . . her
connection . . . with Divinity . . . direct . . . no middlemen ♥

: : ::

‘Straight . . . through the shaft . . . of this channel . . . of god energy . . . via . . .
four tiers . . . of sacred . . . pure energy . . . Home . . . to The Creator . . . of All . . . That
Exists . . . Home . . . via her own . . . pure consciousness . . . awakening’ ♥♥

: :::



This is how . . . ‘the dreams’ began ☺

She awoke, one night, in the pitch black, of night, upstairs, in the ‘loft’ bed, where
she had been guided to sleep, ‘for a change’ ♥♥

And ‘she noticed – *how could she miss this?*’ . . . that ‘Shakey, was awake’ ☺

He didn’t . . . as much as ‘rub his eyes . . . to awaken . . . to be with her’ ♥

She asked him . . . ‘on the verge of’ . . . naught recognizing . . . ‘his pure state’ ♥

And then she realized – *she switched her words – to a statement – naught a
question!*

‘You don’t . . . *sleep* . . . do you?’

He explained to her . . . that as a ‘soul’ ♥ . . . *he doesn’t need . . . to sleep* ♥

He doesn’t need . . . to eat ♥

He doesn’t need . . . to drink ♥

That he . . . is ‘free’ ♥ . . . *free . . . from the body* ♥

And so ‘his’ energy . . . was is *completely . . . available . . . to be her guide* ♥

He carried on . . . in explaining . . . that ‘most’ guides . . . ‘will guide several . . .
incarnate beings . . . at one time’ ♥ . . . as the ‘souls . . . they are personally . . .
commissioned . . . to safely guide’ ♥

And yet ‘he’ . . . was ‘solely !!! . . . commissioned . . . to be with her . . . no other
. . . incarnate souls . . . was he directed . . . to guide’ ♥

:::

It was amazing . . . *sheer amazing!* . . . for Ella . . . to ‘feel his presence’ . . . and
to recognize . . . *and to accept* . . . that he was with her . . . ‘as her guide’ ♥

♥♥♥

It was as . . . she was stirring . . . one ‘very . . . early morning’ . . . that she was
 ‘brought . . . into awareness’ . . . that she had been ‘having . . . a dream’ ♥
 And Shakey was ‘there with her . . . by her side . . . encouraging . . . her to notice’
 ♥
 “Lille one ‘Who . . . is *in your dream?* *Can . . . you recognize?’” ♥*
 At which point . . . she ‘focused in’ . . . to ‘recognize . . . *the essence*’ ♥ . . . of
 the ‘lead . . . character ♥ . . . *who was there . . . in her dream*’ ♥
 And *every* time . . . ‘this happened’ ♥
 For there were ‘several . . . in succession ♥
 ‘Dreams . . . in which she was being taught ♥
 ‘How . . . to recognize ♥
 ‘Souls . . . *via their essence* ♥
 ‘*Naught via . . . their physical descriptions* ♥
 ‘*Yes purely . . . via their essence* ♥
 ‘*Their pure essence . . . energy*’ ♥
 For we each . . . have a ‘blueprint’ ♥
Just like . . . our fingerprints! ♥
And too like . . . our vocal print! ♥
And too like . . . our gate of step! ♥
 There are multiple . . . ‘ways’ ♥
 That we can . . . ‘recognize’ ♥
Each other . . .
And the most accurate ♥
Is via!
Our essence ♥
 And ‘each’ time . . .
 She was ‘given’ ♥
 A ‘dream’ in which . . .
 She was being ‘taught’ this . . .

It was always!
Paolo’s essence !!
Though he was always . . .
‘In disguise’ !!
He seemed to be . . . ‘basking in’ ♥
This humorous chance . . . of being the !!
‘Subject’ ☺
Of her dreams ♥
And this is how . . .
‘She learned’ ♥
How to recognize . . . ***essences*** . . . *including . . . Paolo’s ♥ . . .*
And this . . .
Would become ♥
Essential . . .
‘In the end’ ♥
For ‘how . . . we are at . . . this point . . . in this story’ ♥♥
Is ‘Ella . . . recognizes . . . *everything . . . via its essence*’ ♥♥
And ‘this . . . is precisely . . . what has guided . . . her through’ ♥♥
A ‘gauntlet . . . that few . . . could ever . . . get through’ ♥♥
We shall ‘share more . . . of this fine story’ . . . in the ‘pages . . . ahead’ ♥
And for ‘now . . . let us all digest this . . . and rest . . . your precious heads’ ♥♥

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



