

She'd never been to Peggy's Cove before . . . She'd only seen it in pictures . . .

Elementary school geography class – and then social studies, in grade eight ♥ . . . Her teachers were, generally speaking, adamant about their students being well versed in the topography and the diversity of cultures across this amazing land in which she grew up ♥ . . .

Canada is a vast country – wide, deep, and profound ♥ . . . How it has succeeded in knitting itself together over all these years is incredible ♥ . . . Unless you actually travel coast to coast – and then north to south across its tremendous breadth ♥, there is no way (well, now with technological media wizardry, there are lots of virtual ways!) that you can get a true sense of what it means to be 'Canadian' ♥ . . .

We are like cousins to each other – and yet so few of us know each other ♥ . . . Newfoundlanders, Albertans, West Coast 'Granola Hippies'!, and of course, farmers ☺ . . .

The sheer diversity of ecologies – rain forest, tundra, prairie, desert – and the species that live within them, don't exactly rival the biodiversity of a singular square foot of ecology in the Amazon – though it is stunningly magnificent to bear witness to all that is here ♥ . . .

Ella has had the great good fortune of exploring much of it, over her years – yet she had never, ever been to the terrain around Peggy's Cove – before this ♥ . . .

She knew it – instantly – before Licia barely piped the first syllable from her lips ♥ . . . She recognized it, *vibrationally*, as if she had been simply waiting, all these years, tenderly anticipating, since her *birth* ♥ . . .

"My aunt is going away", Licia began . . . "And she needs someone to housesit her . . ." "House on stilts?", Ella jumped in ♥ . . .

"How do you know?", Licia exclaimed in boundless curiosity, scanning every department of her brain, attempting to 'figure this out' ♥ . . . "Have you met her?", she looked quizzical. "No . . . Not yet" ♥ . . .

This is how 'cloister' began ☺



Ella wasn't surprised – at all – when she was invited to 'housesit' ♥ . . . There had been such a flood of 'synchronicities', accelerating daily, for at least eight weeks ♥ . . .

The most obvious one, initially, that was 'pointing her, in this direction' ♥ . . . was the morning she lay waking, in her cherished bed ♥ . . . and she rolled over, onto her left side ♥ . . . and she began . . . 'scribing' ♥ . . .

She had wondered, the night before, 'why' she had felt 'so compelled' ♥, to lay a pad of yellow lined paper, and a green pen, within easy reach of where she lay – the same bed which each and every night for so many years had been 'without' this. . . ? Yet no answer came, that night ♥ . . .

It did, in the semi-slumber of her stirring, 'just before dawn' ♥ . . . As if 'involuntary motions' . . . her right hand reaching for the pad and pen . . . her body rolling . . . her left elbow perching . . . her head propped well within its hand ♥ . . . And it began to spill ♥ . . .

It spilled so fast, from an 'intelligence' beyond her, speaking 'truths' and 'rich Knowings', that she had never, ever, even 'pondered' ♥ . . .

It was as if . . . not only was 'she' being 'spoken to' ♥ . . . someone was speaking *through* her . . . 'to the world' ♥ . . .

It was like, she was discreetly . . . becoming . . . its . . . 'megaphone' ♥ . . .

She recognized this – enough – from her teenage experiences, of 'the poems' ♥ . . . And so she wasn't *at all* 'frightened' ♥ . . . She could feel – in the rapidity of *its spilling* ♥ – as if 'this voice' had been *waiting so long!* . . . oh so patiently, for 'this precious moment' ♥ . . . This moment . . . when Ella would be 'ready' ♥ . . . ready, to surrender ♥ . . . ready, to 'give birth' ♥ . . .

.....

Her trust, was remarkable ♥ . . . Her surrender, was impeccable ♥ . . . Her awe, was gigantic! . . . As this 'wisdom', it flooded in ♥ . . .

She was not prone to watching a clock, typically . . . In fact, she had taken off her wristwatch, in grade seven . . . when she noticed – *she self observed* ♥ – that she was 'looking, at her watch, as if, it really mattered, what second, it was' . . . ? She realized, in this pristine moment ☺, that 'there are clocks, all around! I don't need, to tie myself ♥, to

a wristwatch, to move around' ☺ . . . She consciously made note, of the prominent clocks, and where they were, along her 'route', so that she, could be sure, that she would never, be 'late', for an appointment, as such, and then she *removed, her wristwatch* . . . She was no longer a slave to western time ♥ . . . She began to live, more 'in flow' ♥ . . . More 'circular', as indigenous people live ♥ . . . More 'responsive, to the energy, that is flowing, all around us' ♥ . . .

: :

And so she had no way of knowing – really – other than, her 'inner sense'! . . . just 'how long, it took? For this wisdom, to flow in?' ♥ . . .

And it did ♥ . . .

Pages, and pages, and pages, oh so smoothly . . . As if she, was receiving, 'dictation', again ☺ . . .

It was magical, it was magnificent, it was *oh, so intelligent!* It was benevolent, it was so loving, it was, 'beyond words' ♥ . . .

Which is when, she 'saw his face' ♥ . . . Og Mora, that is ☺

She had never seen, a 'spirit guide', before . . . She had barely even heard of them!

She had a sense, that he, was 'somehow, not so much a mystery'! That he, was a 'precursor, an envoy, for *more*' ♥ . . .

And sure enough, as soon as she 'saw' him ♥ . . . *a visual projection, yes a holograph* ♥ . . . for he, was 'giving to her' ♥ . . . a 'sense, of who he is' ♥ . . . and yet he, is a 'non physical ♥ . . . being, from beyond' ♥ . . .

She was not in the least bit 'scared' ♥ . . .

He was is *so, incredibly, gentle, and benevolent!* ♥

His *entire being, is a 'heart'* ♥ . . .

He exudes, *entirely Love* ♥ . . .

His 'everything' . . . is 'his heart' ♥ . . .

She basked . . . in his 'presence' . . . for as long, as she wished to ♥ . . .

For he, was naught 'rushing, this' ☺

Once she, had 'steeped herself', like a teabag, in clear water ♥ . . .

Water Lillies

261

© 2015 www.waterlillies-thebook.com

Published real-time whilst scribing ☺

Day Twenty-Three

She noticed, ‘another being ♥ . . . there . . . near to him’ ♥ . . .
It was is . . . ‘another elder . . . a woman . . . this time’ ♥ . . .
‘My name . . . is Rafael’ . . . this ‘woman . . . ebbd to her’ ♥ . . .
And then, a third came present . . . clearly visible . . . to Ella ♥ . . .
A young maiden, named ‘Sephaela’ . . . with golden, flowing hair ♥ . . .
The fourth, in this ‘quadrinity’ . . . was is a golden radiant man, named
‘Augustine’ ♥ . . .

And together, they formed a ‘space . . . in which . . . Ella sat’ ♥ . . .
She felt a faint, sense of ‘protection’ . . . as if *this is what, they came here for* ♥ . . .
To assure her, she is ‘oh so safe’ ♥ . . . this ‘journey’, to embark on ♥ . . .



So she wasn’t surprised – *even though this was all so new!* – when ‘the hands’ . . .
visited her . . . one morning . . . a few days ‘hence’ ♥ . . .

She was lying, in bed, in the early hours, as she was waking . . . And she began . . .
. to be aware . . . of ‘two hands . . . beside her ears’ ♥ . . . They were gentle . . . they were
subtle . . . they were *radiantly beaming* . . . all ‘around’ her . . . facing ‘forward’ . . . like
lighthouse beacons . . . *streaming . . . brilliant Light* ♥ . . .

She wondered . . . in her innocence . . . ‘Why . . . are they here?’ ♥ . . .
And the answer . . . that wafted promptly . . . was is “For . . . your protection” ♥ . . .

So naïve, was is she ♥, that she, could not compute ♥, why ever, she ‘might need?
!! . . . protection?’ . . .

Time, would tell . . .
And it did ♥ . . .

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

This . . . is a sign ♥ . . . of how thoroughly . . . she ‘forgot’ ♥ . . . all . . . that ‘she
had Known’ ♥ . . . before . . . she ‘entered in’ ♥ . . . to be born . . . upon this planet . . . to
wake up . . . to gently stir ♥ . . . and in, her innocent stirring ♥♥ . . . she would ‘waken . . .
with the world’ ♥ . . .

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

'through the back door'



completely . . . respecting . . . all energy . . . that exists



*how to . . . ignite **awakening***



without . . . evoking fear ?



.....



And so as, she was lying, in bed, this one fine day ♥ . . . a 'template', it spilled, forth, for 'her to see' ♥ . . . of what, this 'book' would be ♥ . . . this 'book, she would be scribing' ♥ . . . this 'child, she would give birth, to' ♥ . . . to 'awaken, with the world' ♥ . . .

It was magical . . . it was marvelous . . . it was *an honor . . . to receive* ♥ . . . And in . . . these 'early moments' . . . of 'what would be . . . a great big sea' ♥ . . . she felt . . . such 'holy privilege' ♥ . . . to be 'asked . . . to be its scribe' ♥ . . . as if a 'soul . . . had bid its preference' ♥ . . . that 'she, give birth to it' ♥ . . .

: :

She had, 'zero clue' ♥ . . . 'Why me? Give this book birth?' ♥ . . .

It would be many . . . months 'later' . . . and multiple years . . . following this ♥ . . . that she . . . would be 'strong enough' ♥ . . . plus 'the world . . . it would be ready' ♥♥ . . . for the 'labor pains . . . to *begin*' ♥ . . . and for this wee babe . . . to be 'seen' ♥ . . .

: :

For 'the birth . . . is naught what . . . humanity . . . has been anticipating' ♥♥ . . .

The birth . . . of *The Light* ♥ . . . is different . . . than you might 'expect' ♥♥ . . .

It is ☺ . . . a 'stellar happening' !!!!!!! . . .

It is ☺ . . . a 'cosmic birthing' ♥♥♥♥♥♥

It is ☺ . . . a re union !!! of multiple . . . 'minds' ♥♥

It is . . . *what it is* ♥♥

And now . . . it is *transpiring* ☺ !!!!!

And the more . . . we are 'awake . . . to . . . it' ♥♥♥☺♥♥♥

The easier ahhhh . . .

Is its 'birth' ♥♥

: :

For 'God' . . . can naught naught 'come . . . down . . . to ease . . . all of our pain' ♥

...

And yet the 'time' . . . it she he has been 'waiting . . . for us to *ask* . . . *it is insane*'

For in 'respect . . . of the Law ♥ . . . that was created . . . so long ago' ♥

The 'Law . . . of Non . . . Interference' . . . in *our 'free will'* ♥

'God' . . . has been *patiently* . . . *awaiting* . . . *us to ask* ♥

To ask ♥

It her him ♥

'Please ♥

'We need your help' ♥

: :

It truly . . . madly deeply ♥

Really ♥

It is ♥

This 'simple' ♥

We have been waiting ♥

To *be* ♥

Invited ♥

In ♥



Have you ever heard? Of the '12 Step Programs'? Alcoholics Anonymous, and the like?

The *first* step ☺

Of the 'twelve' steps ♥

Is humility!

Yes – it is! ♥

Humbly . . . asking . . . 'for help' ♥

Why is this?

Our egos – *this is the 'Law – of Non-Interference'* ♥ . . .

They need, to be *respected* ♥

And therefore they are given, 'so much space' ♥

To 'explore, for themselves' ♥

Whether – and how ♥

They can 'fix things – themselves' ♥

And if they 'can't' ♥

They need to ask !

For !

Help!

♥

And for many of us . . .

Who have become . . .

'Conditioned . . .

'To persevere' ♥

We forget . . .

Yes we 'forget' !

In our stubbornness and shame : - (

We

Don't

Ask

♥

: :

So planetary, human healing ♥♥

Begins, *right here right now* ♥

With you, and me and *all of us* ♥

Asking!

For some help! ♥

Ask someone, *today* please ☺

To 'help you, with something' !!

So that your ego ♥

Your precious ego ♥

Becomes 'at ease . . . with this' ♥

For if we . . .

Do naught . . .

Remember 'how . . .

'To ask for help' ♥ . . .

Divinity ♥

Can naught 'get'

In

♥

It

Can

Naught

'Help'

: : ♥♥♥♥♥♥
.....

It is . . .

Quite literally . . .

A potentiality . . .

And a grave

One ♥

That we . . .

May *strand*

Our

Selves

In the 'Wheel of Time'

'Without God'

♥♥

: :

It is a simple . . . 'invitation' . . .

That turns . . . 'this ship around' ☺

'Ask God . . . by whatever *name* . . . *you choose* ♥

'To, *Please* . . . *God* . . . *Help*' ♥♥♥

: :

For the 'in, coming Light' ♥

Can naught come in ♥

Fully

And completely

Unless ♥

We ask it ♥

: :

It is.

A 'conversation' ☺

Between . . .

'Us and God' ♥

It is naught : - (

A 'one way street' ♥

Yes ☺

We must 'ask' ♥



Does this startle you? Or stun you? Or does it *affirm*? *What you already*
'know'? ♥

It is naught . . . a ‘rescue mission’ . . . in, and of itself ♥ . . .

Nor is it . . . that we are ‘here, alone’ !!

It is . . . a co creation !!!!!

And . . .

We must invite ♥

: : : : :
: : : : :



It was quite easy – relatively speaking! – for Ella, to comprehend this, in a few moments, of it being ‘explained to her’, by ‘invisible, guides’ ♥ . . .

Largely because . . . she didn’t have . . . ‘filters . . . to block it out’ ♥ . . .

She had barely read, any ‘books’ . . . or watched . . . any ‘news’ . . . or heard . . . any ‘preachers’ . . . of religion . . . or ‘ideology’ . . . or even . . . ‘philosophy’ . . . since . . . ‘high school’ ♥

Not because, she wasn’t ‘interested’!!

It was because, she was being ‘cloistered’ . . . to maintain, a “virgin mind” ♥♥ . . .
to receive, this wisdom in ♥

: : : : :

And so there wasn’t . . . ‘dogma’ . . . for this ‘incoming News . . . to clash with’ ♥

There was simple . . . ‘pure reception’ ♥♥

There *was* amazement! That’s for sure!

For Ella . . . was ‘alone with this’ . . . this ‘reception . . . from here on in’ ♥ . . . for many . . . many ‘years’ ♥ . . . *the non physical guides . . . she would need to trust ♥ . . .*

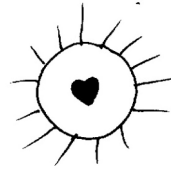
: : : : :

A ‘bridge . . . between dimensions’ . . . she was in the ‘early stages . . . of becoming’ . . .

And *her trust ♥ . . . it was is the . . . bridge ♥ . . .*

Trust ♥

Is ♥
The ♥
'Bridge' ♥



♥ "Go Straight To Source" ♥
"No middlemen." ♥

These are the last words, that Antonio spoke to her, before, she *entered in* ♥ . . .
Years later, when she saw him once – for so many of the people, whom she met,
in those years, were among, the 'transmitters, of sacred knowledge', that she did need, for
this *journey* ♥ . . . and as the purpose, of their 'meeting', it was, 'complete' . . . they
didn't, again 'meet' ♥ – she asked him . . . if he remembered, ever saying this, to her? ♥

And he didn't ☺

This was one, of the first, examples to her, of 'transmitting' ♥
Of people acting, as 'transmitters' ♥
For 'higher consciousness, to speak through' ♥

::

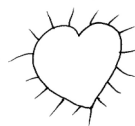
It felt as if . . . she already 'knew' this . . . *and yet . . . his 'speaking' this . . . it reinforced . . . something vital* ♥♥

For if . . . she had 'faltered' . . . If . . . she had 'wavered' . . . If . . . she had
'listened . . . to something other . . . than Pure Source' ♥

Cloister, would not have happened.

And we, would naught be 'here' ♥

: : : : : : : :



She knew she was to write it – and who to ♥

She had not even an inkling, of how long she would ‘be away’ . . . And yet she knew, she was ‘safe’, and that it was important, that she ‘reassure’ ♥, her family ☺

So she penned a loving letter to Souca ♥ . . .

Souca had been – since the earliest memories she could recall – so incredibly supportive of Ella . . . So much so, in fact, that when the family was present ‘in the theatre’ for Ella’s premiere of ‘Ananda Japa’⁸⁹, when Nacho’s company made a rare tour to Montréal, she experienced ‘this’ ♥ . . .

The curtain rose, as she and her fellow dancers were in motion, already, upon the stage . . . Rhythmic, hypnotic waves of bodies, arcing . . . cresting . . . rolling . . .

And from the corner, of her *left* eye . . . Ella caught sight, of a ‘glimmer’ . . . And she knew, *she absolutely knew!* . . . that it was Souca’s, eye glasses ☺

After, the performance, as they all gathered, backstage . . . Ella asked, ‘Where were you sitting?’ . . . And they were in, *that precise place!*

Ella could *feel* Souca ♥

She could ‘sense’ her – even when they were feet away, *miles*, away ♥

They were . . . ‘this connected’ ♥

And so she knew, deep in her heart of hearts ♥

That it was Souca, she was to ‘write to’ ♥

‘I’ll be fine ♥

‘I’ve trusted, deeply in myself before ♥

‘I don’t know yet, when I’ll be back ♥

‘I love you *so* much!

‘Love love love ☺

‘Ella’ ♥

That was it.

That was the last time, her family, heard from her, ‘directly’, for what became, nine . . . long . . . months ♥

⁸⁹ Loving repetition of the ‘name’ of supreme bliss and joy ♥ . . .

This . . .

Is how ♥ . . .

'Cloister' . . .

Began ♥ . . .

