

Ella had another dream, as she was waking, this morning . . .

She was at a gathering, of people, and she was standing at the back, of a theater, where they all, were sitting, and some people, were ‘presenting’ – like, a ‘show and tell’, a . . . ‘talent show’ ♥ . . .

Well into, this ‘entertainment’, Ella walked up, ‘to the stage’, dressed, in something ‘kooky’ (which so isn’t her), singing, in a ‘silly voice’ (which could be her), trying, to ‘be funny’ – and she forgot the lyrics, to the silly ‘song’ : - (

No one laughed. No one, even, sneezed ♥ . . .

She walked away, devastated ♥ . . .

She sought people, who could reflect to her, what, had transpired ♥, so she could feel, ‘whole’ ♥, and she found, no one : - (

Finally, way off, at ‘the other end’, of the massive building, she came upon, a woman, whom she, didn’t know ♥ . . .

She asked this woman, if she knew, where an old teacher, of hers was, for Ella had seen her, at this event, and this woman, she said “Yes” ♥ . . .

As Ella, was being led, to where her old teacher, likely was, this woman, ‘prepared’ her, by saying that she was chomping, at the bit, to pack ‘a.s.a.p.’, once this was finished, and get back, to ‘Pakistan’ ♥ . . . (Dreams can be fascinating, in their details! ♥) . . .

Ella commented, as they were walking, that “Pakistan . . . that is intriguing . . . I have been . . . to India . . . many . . . many times” ♥ . . .

They came to where this teacher, she was sitting, amidst a cluster, of other people, closer, to the busyness, of, the massive crowd ♥ . . .

The teacher, was *so* nonchalant, not in the least, tiny iota ‘helpful’, and if Ella, didn’t recognize, in her her absolute, ‘fatigue’ ♥ . . . Ella might have felt, more devastated, in reflective response, to this lack, of effort, on the teacher’s part, to assist her, to shift her ‘grief’ ♥ . . .

At which point, as Ella was walking away, away, in her deep anguish, so deep, that she might ‘hurt herself’, someone, else appeared ♥ . . .



Ella was being given a series of ‘tests’ during this phase in time ♥ . . .

She had been working briefly, at a deli, *where she felt, such relief!*, as this was almost, her first time, experiencing ‘the world, outside of dance’ ♥ . . . For since, she was a wee tad, she had lived her life, *and she was so glad!*, from inside, the ‘filter’, of perceiving, the world *through dance* ♥ . . . And so this, it was ‘different’, and she, she was ‘curious’, to know how, ‘other people, perceived – the world’ ♥ . . .

She was shocked.

She was, quite literally, flabbergasted ♥ . . .

To discover, that people *think* . . .

To discover, *how much they think* . . .

To discover, that ‘thinking, is the lens, through which, they essentially live’ ♥ . . .

She realized, yes, it ‘dawned in her’, that she was is, oh so ‘fortunate’, because her filter, *it was is her spirit, it was is her body, it is her heart* ♥ . . .

And so she enjoyed working, in this ‘deli’, it was like serving food, in a ‘research station’, as she was observing with intrigued, ‘fascination’, *how other, people live* ♥ . . .

One day, in the ‘morning’, the pendulum, ‘shifted’, and the negativity, of her ‘co workers’, it began, to seep in ♥ . . .

⁷⁸ ‘To the power of’, is an expression, used frequently, in mathematics, to express, and to calculate, ‘how big, something is’ ☺ . . . In this case, ‘there is no measure’, as there, ‘is no limit’, to the space, that is ‘being held’, for, ‘our reception’ ♥ . . .

⁷⁹ When you see a series, of ‘:::’, at the end, of a ‘section’, this is, a ‘rhythm’, that we, are being ‘given’, as a subtle, ‘communication’, meant not, as a ‘distraction’, which is why, we are ‘making these’, small, to your ‘eyes’ ♥ . . . This ‘symbolic, communication’, is a ‘visual, celebration’, of a ‘sonic pulse, from the cosmos’, that is ‘communicating, with you’ ♥ . . . It is emanating, through the ethers, to us from ‘multi, dimensions out’ ♥ . . . And in response, to your curiosity, there is ‘no space, and zero time’ . . . ‘between them, and us’ . . . *As All Is Here Now* ♥ . . . Space and time, are ‘an illusion’, a concept, ‘for convenience’, a valuable ‘tool’, *for comprehending, the scope, of what is* ♥ . . . And yet to ‘hang on’, to these ‘concepts’, would be ‘missing, the mark’, for there is *so much*, ‘beyond this, that is waiting, to get in’ ♥ . . . In, to our ‘perception’, in, to our ‘recognition’, of *what is, reality, beyond, space and time!* ♥ . . . Much more, could be said of this ☺ – *and it likely will be, in future pages!* ♥ . . .

This, was the moment, when she knew, ‘it was time to go’ . . . for if she, fell ‘into it’, the cesspool, of ‘negativity’, *what value, would there be in this?* And so she knew, that she must leave : - (. . .

Just before, she gave her ‘notice’, she was asked, by the ‘owner’, “Would you, be our pastry chef? We will teach you, all you need to know? It is a tremendous ‘opportunity’. We think, you should ‘accept it’. We would love it, if you would be, our, pastry chef.” ♥ . . .

Every time, she worked, anywhere, anytime, she was always, swiftly asked, to ‘manage, yes to lead’ ♥ . . . And she always, tuned swift inward, she reflected, to be sure, that her answer, it was accurate, and then, she would say ‘No’ ♥ . . . For this was naught, what she was born for, she was born, for something different, something, far more challenging, for her, than to ‘lead’, in a small, organization, albeit, a great place, where people, did great work, yet this was not, her ‘place’ ♥ . . . She would follow, her inner knowings, she would practice, infinite patience, until as and when, it ‘appeared’, just what, she was to ‘do’ ♥ . . . And so graciously, she responded, with gratitude, sincerely, each and every time, that she was offered, to ‘manage’, somewhere ♥ . . .

She walked out into the street, expanded her arms and lungs in the fresh air, saddled onto her bicycle, and rode ♥ . . .

She ‘assumed’ . . . that she’d be working, again, ‘within a few weeks’, and she diligently, delivered resumés, to every place, she’d like to work ♥ . . .

Nothing. Zero response. Not even, an interview . . . ♥ . . .

What? Was she going to do? Her ego, slightly panicked ☺ . . .

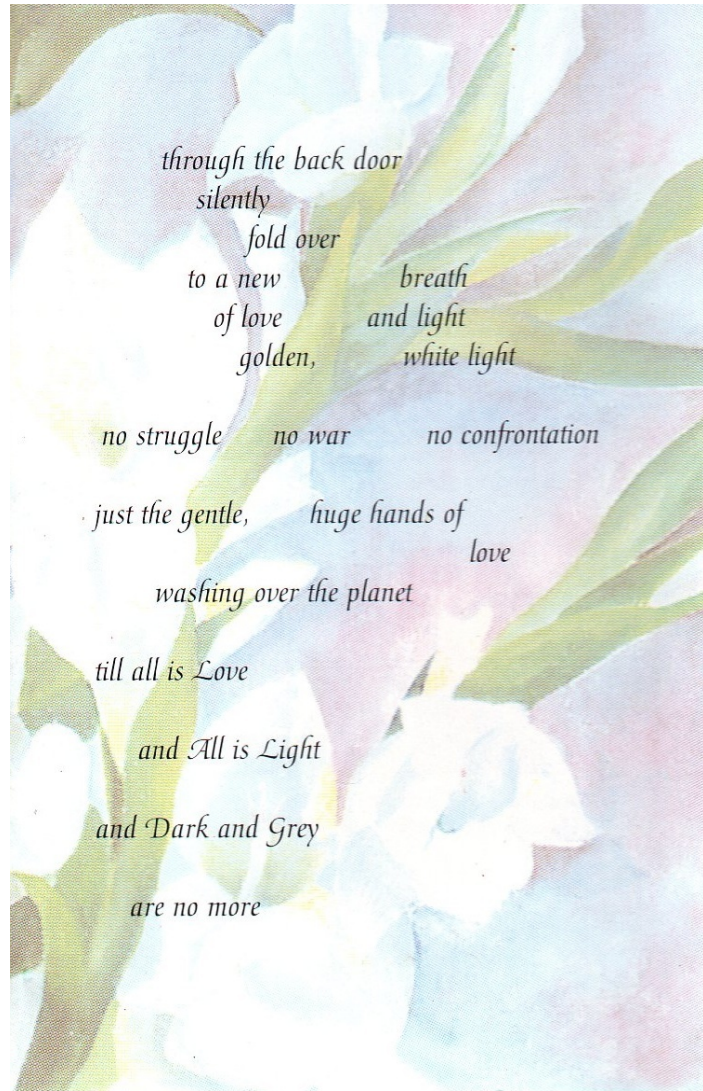
Yet deep within her, there was a peace and calm, as if she, was ‘being led’ ♥ . . .

She trusted this, like a tiny muscle, a tendon, that had atrophied, a carpus network, that no one told her, *needed to be Loved, to come to life* ♥ . . .

Well – this isn’t absolutely accurate!

Because she *was*, being ‘told’, now . . . That this, ‘tiny muscle’ . . . Is *the* muscle, that will determine . . . Humanity’s, ‘survival’ ♥ . . .

: : *this is, the cosmic beings, who SO want us, to ‘survive’!* ☺



She was stunned by it . . . its elegance . . . its simplicity . . . its utter . . . *tranquility*
♥ . . .

Synchronistically (!), she was going to, a gathering, of musicians, including, some well known, whom she personally, knew ♥ . . .

And she asked, a couple of them, to read, 'the poem' ♥ . . .

What shocked her, was this ♥ . . .

They didn't . . . recognize it . . . they only saw . . . 'a poem' ♥ . . .

The last time, she saw Aveline, her friend, was soon leaving : -) . . . she was preparing, to be speaking ☺ . . . at the ‘UFO, Congress’! ♥♥♥

This is a gathering, of experts . . . of things, ‘inter galactic’ ☺ . . . like ‘space travel, and sequestered : - (. . . ET, space craft’ ♥♥ . . .

: : *dissolving, former fear! so that we all ☺ soon wake up! ♥*

..... : : *what do you? want to believe ‘is true’? if it is*

LIGHT! BELIEVE IT NOW! ♥♥

