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  $\nabla$ , so she could feel, 'whole'  $\nabla$ , 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'  $\mathbf{v}$ ... 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'  $\mathbf{v}$ ...

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

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Day Twenty

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>77</sup> Just as placing a picture 'into a frame' allows us to see it, in a very focused way . . . framing our 'life experience' in a specific perspective, allows us to perceive it in this *context* of clarity and of 'vantage'  $\Psi$  . . .



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'  $\mathbf{v}$ ... 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  $\mathbf{v}$ ... And so this, it was 'different', and she, she was 'curious', to know how, 'other people, perceived – the world'  $\mathbf{v}$ ...

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 ♥...

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 $<sup>^{78}</sup>$  'To the power of', is an expression, used frequently, in mathematics, to express, and to calculate, 'how big, something is'  $\odot$  . . . In this case, 'there is no measure', as there, 'is no limit', to the space, that is 'being held', for, 'our reception'  $\blacktriangledown$  . . .

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."  $\blacktriangledown$ ...

Every time, she worked, anywhere, anytime, she was always, swiftly asked, to 'manage, yes to lead'  $\Psi$ ... And she always, tuned swift inward, she reflected, to be sure, that her answer, it was accurate, and then, she would say 'No'  $\Psi$ ... 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'  $\Psi$ ... She would follow, her inner knowings, she would practice, infinite patience, until as and when, it 'appeared', just what, she was to 'do'  $\Psi$ ... And so graciously, she responded, with gratitude, sincerely, each and every time, that she was offered, to 'manage', somewhere  $\Psi$ ...

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*  $\Psi$ ...

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'! ©

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Day Twenty

Within a few days, of being 'unemployed', Ella realized, what was 'going on' – it was that she, had to be, 'free, in space and time' ♥, to be *available*, for 'meetings', with key *people*, to receive 'transmissions', that would *prepare* her, for 'cloister' – *though she didn't know this, yet* ♥...

There were 'tests', strengthening this 'trust' – as life in our society, doesn't test this trust  $\Psi$ ... It tests, a lot of 'other things'... Yet it doesn't directly, test 'this trust'  $\Psi$ ... For we, must be 'given', specific 'measures', directly from the Source, to strengthen, 'this particular trust', which is so essential, to 'all of us'  $\Psi$ ... And she, would 'become', eloquently versed, in this 'course', of training, 'in trust, of the Source, of All That Is'  $\Psi$ ..

'Handlebars'

"Let go", 'the voice' said, as she was cycling, across 'the bridge' ♥, the narrow 'sidewalk', aside 'the bridge' ♥, over the river, 'way down there' ♥...

And she did ©

And the sky didn't fall . . . and the earth didn't shake . . . and she more than survived this all . . . she felt so much stronger, in this state<sup>80</sup>  $\checkmark$  . . .

For this, was the 're union', of her, with 'her dominion', of inherently, 'trusting, pure Light, again'  $\nabla$ ... For 'the voice, needs to speak with her, for her, to acquaint with it, to remember, it is trustworthy, so that she, can trust it'<sup>81</sup>  $\nabla$ ...

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<sup>80</sup> Our 'western' culture, has become virtually devoid, of 'rites of passage, in which we grow', just like flowers, towards the 'sun' ⑤ ... And so 'spirit', must 'invent for us', for *those of us, who are listening,* ways and means, to 're, connect us, directly with, The Source' ♥ ... For if we 'don't, we are cut off', from our 'lifeforce, our very lifeblood', yes 'that, which does sustain us, and which ... does lead ... us ... Home' ♥ ...

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>81</sup> "I am [s]he as you are [s]he as you are me and we are all together" – The Beatles ⑤ . . . Ella, is a 'symbol', of *all of us, together*, a 'one, within this union, which is, all of humanity' ♥ . . . And so 'consider', as you 'read this', that 'Ella, is anonymous', that 'she, is you and you are [s]he',

And so, for several weeks, leading in, to several months, she was being,	'initiated,
into how, to trust <i>the voice</i> '♥	

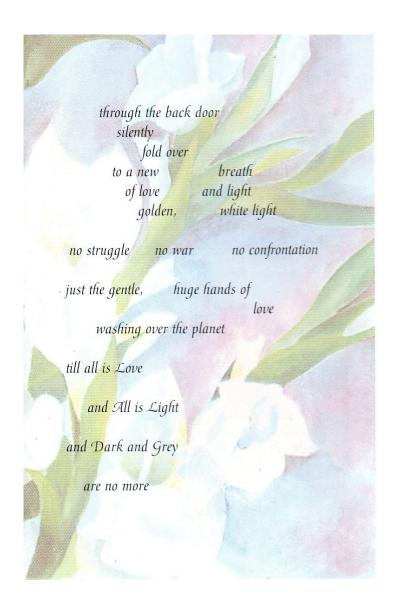
She passed, with 'flying colors', which is why, 'we are now scribing', for there is a route, of 'trusting, that is required, this Dove to lift'  $\lor \dots$ 

And 'this Dove', it is 'our liberty', it is, our 'safe sanctity', it is, 'the sacred
shores, on the other side, of The Flood'♥
This Dove, it is the ark $\Psi$ This Dove, it is the life, raft $\Psi$ This Dove, it is the
space, craft $\Psi$ . That we create, our selves. $\Psi$ . For we, are 'the ingredients' that
'create, this sacred vehicle' it is 'naught, actually outside of us' 'we, are it' ♥
: :::: ::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::
One Sunday morning, as she, was 'lying in bed', idly assuming!, she would be
resting!, as this was, her first day 'off' ♥ This was the first day, in 'a long time', that
she sensed, that she could, 'rest' ♥
And in this 'stillness' yes within this 'silence' this is when 'the

poem . . . was . . . birthed' ♥ . . . For it is when, we are relaxed, ohhh, that spirit, can flow

in **∀**...

and then, this story 'fits'  $\blacktriangledown$  . . . For it 'is', like 'Cinderella'  $\circledcirc$  . . . Try it on . . . Yes this, shoe, fits!  $\blacktriangledown$  . . .



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  $\P$ ...

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'  $\mathbf{v}$  . . .

And so naught . . . for the 'first' time . . . or . . . for the 'last' time . . . she felt . . . this was 'invisible' . . . to . . . the 'naked eye' ♥ . . .

It would be many, many 'years' . . . of trust, and patient 'waiting' . . . before, she would *begin to meet!* . . . *souls, who recognized!* ♥ . . .

And then, she was naught 'different' . . . she was 'among' them . . . she was 'in community' . . . she had companions, who could 'see this, too' . . . for the very, first time  $\P$  . . .

Until then, this was experienced, by her, as 'isolation' . . . A slow, 'cooker', that took, so much time  $\Psi$ . . .

For she, was is a soul  $\nabla$ ... 'awake ahead... of her time'  $\nabla$ ... and this, is the most excruciating... pain, that there is  $\nabla$ ...

For many, great 'artists' . . . composers, and 'inventors' . . . have been later, deemed 'genius' . . . yet not while, they were alive . . .

And so, it can be 'lonely' . . . to be waking up, before 'the family' . . . when all you see . . . and all you KNOW . . . it . . . is . . . The . . . Light  $\heartsuit$  . .

She realized, in her 'sole time' . . . that if, 'they were alive' . . . she would be musing, inspiredly *conversing!* . . . with the likes, of Carl Jung ♥ . . .

Her buddies, her 'soul playmates' . . . would include Gandhi ② . . . Martin Luther King 'Junior' . . . Buckminster Fuller . . . 'and the likes' ♥ . . .

And yet as, she 'realized this' . . . and for a moment, 'her heart fluttered' . . . in *excitement, and sheer wonder!* . . . she realized, 'they are all dead' . . .

So she resigned, that for as long, as it would take, for someone's book, to open *up*, the human field, of *consciousness*, she, would, 'wait' ♥...

Alone, within her 'cloister', preparing, just like an 'oyster', a *pearl*, in its 'gestation', she would be . . . until . . . is . . . Time  $\P$  . . .

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She knew, in one of her 'quiet moments', which were many, and 'near constant, now' ♥ . . . that a huge 'seed', in the 'midst', of what, we are all 'in', now ③ . . . Is that we, are all capable, for the 'first' time, possibly ♥ ever, of being conscious, while we are, actively, 'evolving'! . . .

For typically, when a species, undergoes, a 'quantum upshift', it is *not conscious*, it JUST DOES IT! . . . and we, may be 'different'  $\mathbf{v}$  . . . Because we have, the 'opportunity' and, the necessity, of **choosing**, to awaken, or, there will be 'force'  $\mathbf{v}^{82}$  . . .

For an egg, when it is 'cracking', can either, 'be cracked' ♥ . . . or, it can 'allow, it, self, willingly, to open up' ♥ . . . And this latter, it is less 'painful' . . . This latter,

\_

includes 'volition' Which means it feels, we are 'agreeing because, in fact we are' $\P^{83}$
And if, we 'resist' our natural and necessary, 'evolution' our 'quantum
leap, up as a species' then, it will 'hurt' ♥ And yet if as, we 'surrender' we
agree, to 'participate' we can, co create with this magnificent, force of 'nature' $\Psi$ .
For 'God', it is 'nature' it has, always 'been' ♥ one of, the most
'accessible, forms, of it' $\blacktriangledown \dots$ And so, we are 'surrounded' $\dots$ by our, 'support system' $\blacktriangledown$
no matter how, we choose to 'look at it' God, is all around us ♥
And if, we 'resist' our own, 'life support' we will surely, 'collapse' we
will confirm, we live in 'hell' ♥ And if on, the 'other hand'! we <i>choose,</i> to 'wake
up'! then we sit, beside the God Head ♥ we are, its 'co pilot' ♥
:: ::: : : : : : : : : : :
: : :::::: : :::::: right now, it is 9:09, which is, 'completion' © − 9+9, = '18' ♥, which is, 'the Dove'
♥::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::
::::: this 'code, will never change ♥, it is always, the same' ♥, it is saying, that 'co creation ♥, is
the only, way to go'!! ♥:: ::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::
'typing'!!!, for if 'we', receive its 'me sage'!!!, then 'it, can relax' $\P\P$ :: :::::: do you? get
this? it so believes <sup>84</sup> © in our 'capacity' ♥ that it is only, 'awaiting' 'us, to respond' ♥♥♥

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<sup>\*\*</sup>More important than what, you are 'believing', is what, you are 'remembering' . . . go up above, your 'wishful thinking', and *remember*, what is true \(\nabla\). .

The last time, she saw Aveline, her friend, was soon leaving : - ) . . . she was preparing, to be speaking ② . . . at the 'UFO, Congress'! ♥♥♥

This is a gathering, of experts . . . of things, 'inter galactic'  $\odot$  . . . like 'space travel, and sequestered : - ( . . . ET, space craft'  $\P\P$  . . .

## LIGHT! **BELIEVE IT NOW! ♥♥**

















