

This is the synchronicity of ‘magic’, awake in Ella’s life ☺

She notices these things . . . She allows these things . . . She welcomes these things . . .

Yesterday evening, Ella was invited to relax into and be nourished in the presence of a community of yoga teachers-in-training. She graciously accepted ♥.

‘Discerning and trusting the essence – without needing to know the details’ ♥ – it turns out this was a lecture presented by a Naturopathic Doctor about the endocrine system.

What magnetically lured Ella’s interest – for the first time ever in her life – are the ways the naturally secreted hormones masterfully direct the intricate stages of a woman’s ovulation, her preparation for conception, gestation of a fetus, breastfeeding of the wee soul, et al . . .

When the N.D. carried on, sharing this compelling info, Ella was ultra rapt ♥: A woman’s mother’s mother already has in her – and passes through her *via the next generation to the next* – all of the eggs this young woman will carry in her lifetime. *She receives them from her maternal grandmother!*

And furthermore . . . once all of her eggs have either dropped via her fallopian tubes during ovulation – or they have naturally died within her – she enters menopause.

Hmmm . . . Ella’s ‘connect-a-dots’ were ticking . . .

A guest in this class, she politely queried, “May I ask a question?”

She was greeted with a welcoming smile ♥.

“I was amenorrhic<sup>28</sup> – and also anorexic – and very, very physically active – which I still am . . . Does this mean that I will likely menstruate into later years than most women do – because there were so many years when I wasn’t ‘dropping eggs’?”

“Yes”, was the reply. “This is likely true.”

Fascinating . . . Very fascinating . . .

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<sup>28</sup> The absence of menstrual periods in a woman of reproductive age . . .



Ella was chronically fatigued . . . Not in the way it is clinically identified now ♥.  
All dancers, who rehearse six days a week, and tour internationally, are  
'chronically fatigued'!

In her years of full time training at L'École Supérieure, once she had graduated  
from high school . . . on Sundays, her 'rest' day . . . she would essentially lie limp on the  
sofa for the entire day. She barely blinked she was so exhausted.

By dinner time, her tummy was rumbling. And so she would join the family for  
an evening meal.

This was her rhythm.

She noticed, one evening on the first tour she was ever a part of, in Vienna,  
Austria, that . . . just as she was arriving, at the backstage door, wondering, 'How . . . am  
I possibly . . . going to have enough energy . . . to perform?' . . . quite suddenly, as if a  
gentle lightning bolt had entered *in to her* . . . quite astonishingly, she felt 'alive' ♥.

Sometimes her colleagues expressed that this was their experience, too. The  
energy, that they needed, would always arrive, 'just in time' ♥ . . .

And so it wasn't surprising to her, at all, in her early touring years, with Gaetan  
and Nacho's companies, that . . . on weekends, she could barely stand.



Helga would pick her up, near her apartment. And as they drove across the  
congested bridges and streets-cum-freeways out of Manhattan, into the verdant green, a  
lightness would wash over her ♥.

It was as if angels were restoring her, assisting her to richly *rest* ♥.

Every weekend she was at home in New York City – not touring or performing –  
they would enjoy this 'ritual'. Helga would sweep her out of intensity and into a 'dream  
world'. They would drive through rolling pastoral hills, Ella gawking at horses –  
grazing, or being ridden by those who still enjoyed this as their primary passion.

And as she would close her eyes and bask . . . the light flashed and glimmered amidst the shimmering leaves of trees arching above and around them . . . as they drove the windy narrow roads.

Helga and Bjorn lived in Upstate New York, in a tiny village of near solitude. She loved perusing the weekend market in nearby Middletown – especially with Bjorn, who loved to experiment with local food.

When they arrived at her aunt and uncle’s trendy yet simple house, filled with art and sculptures from their travels around the world, she felt tranquility. There was a *peace* here, a peace that was palpable ♥.

Bjorn and Helga had each been ‘explorers’ since their young adult years – which is how they first met. Traveling in the Middle East, they were taken hostage while on a rural commuter bus. The Norwegian Embassy stepped in to ensure their safe release. And so did Amnesty.<sup>29</sup> And the US.

They were, unbeknownst to them, in the presence of an undercover CIA agent, who was investigating infiltration into a power cartel that was clandestine. Essentially, Amnesty got them out. And the CIA got their own guy out.

That’s when they ‘met’ – not just in a practical sense. They met as humanitarians. They met in their awakening hearts ♥.

Over the years, they took a liking to things ‘off the beaten track’. They explored cultures together, and art forms, and languages, and food.

They became ‘fledgling Buddhists’, as Bjorn jokingly bemused. They became vegetarians. They became lovers, of life itself ♥.

Bjorn would prepare the most amazing macrobiotic<sup>30</sup> meals. Brown rice, heaps of steamed vegetables – freshly harvested by local farmers that he knew, ‘in season’ – tofu, and his famously concocted miso gravy.

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<sup>29</sup> Amnesty International is a major human rights advocacy organization worldwide . . .

<sup>30</sup> A way of preparing food focusing on grains and vegetable-based proteins, minimizing or completely eliminating the consumption of highly processed or refined foods and most animal products . . .

It was rapturously delicious. Ella would inevitably asked for “more, please”, as if she was the starving boy in ‘Oliver’<sup>31</sup> ♥.

For this is where she actually ate. She was, essentially, ‘cured’, of the anorexia yet . . . preparing food was the last thing she felt the least bit inspired to invest her meager ‘dispensable energy’ toward.

So when Bjorn cooked, she ate ♥.

She ate more than his *food*. She ate their love.

With Bjorn and Helga, she felt she could open up – unfurl her petals – and truly be ‘herself’ ♥.

It was Helga who first introduced Ella to yoga, when she was eleven ♥.

One day, Helga had become irritated by something – evidently distressed. She meekly (a rare trait for her) ‘excused’ herself. And she disappeared, for about an hour.

When she returned, she was truly transformed ♥. She was vibrant, jovial, energized, *present*.

“What have you done?”, the inquisitive teenager curiously asked ♥.

“Yoga . . . I’ve practiced my Yoga”, was Helga’s beaming reply, like she was a cat that had just played with a mouse and had disciplined herself to not eat it! “I’ve practiced my Yoga,” she proudly smiled ♥.

“Can you teach me?” Ella could barely contain herself. This is something she WANTED. She needed. This ‘knowing’, burned brightly inside of her. She must. Have. This ♥.

And so for the next few months, every time Ella would come to visit . . . as Bjorn was gleefully originating some newly enticing recipe . . . Helga would teach Ella, the basics, of ‘the moves’ ♥ . . .

‘Cat cow’ . . . ‘downward dog’ . . . ‘lotus’ . . . and ‘savasana’ . . .

She felt so incredibly alive, and relaxed . . . *both, at the same time!*

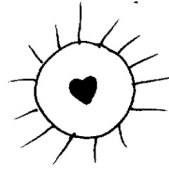
Vibrant . . . *and* relaxed!

OOOOHHHH! What a *gem this was!*

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<sup>31</sup> A musical theatre production . . .

Ella had found . . . another true love ♥ . . .



Bjorn and Helga became her ‘surrogate parents’ ☺

Without children of their own, they were prime to nurture her, as she lived through amazing and, increasingly, unique experiences – while ‘far away, from home’ . . .

Helga and Ella would walk, slowly, rustling the autumn leaves playfully, as they ambled the footpaths through the neighboring forest, and down to the creek . . .

Ella loved the sound of the tinkling water . . . She said it encouraged her to ‘let go’ – to ‘wash away, whatever was troubling her’ . . . She said it helped her swiftly, without effort, to feel ‘cleansed’ inside, to feel ‘clear’ ♥ . . .

In springtime, they would just sit, in silence, perched amidst rocks, as the spring runoff would swell . . .

They both seemed to love their reverie – and they did it so well together . . . Side by side . . . sometimes in their own worlds . . . sometimes in tender connection . . .

For Helga was exceptionally good at ‘holding space’ ♥. And she knew, intrinsically, that Ella ‘needed space’ . . . a lot of it . . .



Ella experienced the first trance – that she was *aware* of – while staying with Bjorn and Helga ♥.

It was during a rare ‘layoff’ period, in her second season with the Nacho Aeillo Dance Theatre.

She went to ‘rest’ – at their upstate home ♥.

She ‘thought’ – if she actually ever thought about this – that she would ‘help’ them, somehow, with things that needed to be cared for, at their house.

But this is not how it transpired ♥ . . .

Within the first thirty-six hours . . . of her arriving . . . she was ‘exhausted’ . . .  
though . . . ‘not . . . quite’ . . .

It was ‘mysterious’, what she was feeling . . .

She could barely move her flesh . . .

She could barely ‘wake’ her mind . . .

Yet she felt so incredibly calm, and peaceful, and *trusting* . . . in . . . this . . .

They knew, innately, to ‘not disturb her, or to question this’ ♥ . . .

Helga and Bjorn, through their work, had come to know of ‘spiritual emergence’,  
via the pioneering work of west coast psychiatrist Stanislav Grof<sup>32</sup> . . .

And so somehow they were – ‘just because of who they are’, plus their Buddhist  
chanting practices and their similar proclivities – ‘preconditioned’ . . . to ‘let this be’ ♥ . . .

So they never intruded . . .

They never even *asked* . . .

They – in divine perfection ♥ . . .

Simply . . . *allowed* . . .

Ella to appear . . .

‘To be in slumber’ . . .

For *two . . . and a half months* ♥ . . .

As if, she was merely ‘tired’ . . .

Yet she knew . . .

What this unique state<sup>33</sup> ‘was’ . . .

It was ‘not . . .

‘Mononucleosis’ . . .

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<sup>32</sup> The story goes that Stanislav’s wife, Christina, was experiencing something ‘beyond the norm’ . . . Rather than diagnose her with typical psychiatric ‘labels’ – and thus medications – he knew to respectfully ‘observe’ ♥ . . . What he bore witness to was an emergence of his wife into higher, more expansive states of consciousness – realms that might well have been impeded, if she had been ‘drugged’ . . .

<sup>33</sup> Trance states are common – and adeptly recognized – in indigenous cultures, wherein ‘the dreamtime’ plus shamanic journeying are revered as essential to their survival and to their thrival . . . and thus they are normalized facets of their societies ♥ . . .

A common 'fatigue . . .  
'Many dancers had' . . .  
It was . . .  
Something 'super natural' . . .  
It wafted in to her . . .  
From 'a distant land' ♥ . . .  
It was near the end, of this 'protracted rest time' . . .  
And she was becoming anxious, about her 'return' . . .  
For within a week, or less, she would be in New York City, again . . .  
And on day one, their energy would be required to *burst* . . .  
'How? Can I possibly? Dance? In this state?'  
She queried, to 'herself' . . .  
And the answer came . . . just as the 'trance' did ♥ . . .  
It came . . . within a 'breath' . . .  
A 'mantra' . . . spoke itself 'inside of her' ☺ . . .  
A mantra . . . she was to 'chant' . . .  
"I have memory . . .  
"Of doing this . . .  
"When I AM strong" ♥ . . .  
She said it.  
She said it . . . silently . . . inside herself ♥ . . .  
And it was *magic!*  
It was *pure magic!*  
*Instantly . . . she felt relief!*  
As if a bubbling well . . . once dormant . . . deep inside of her . . .  
Began to 'wake up . . . *inside her cells*' . . .  
And the 'fatigue' . . . beyond her 'control' . . .  
Like a mist . . . it began . . . to . . . *lift* ♥ . . .  
Sure enough, when she returned to New York City . . .  
And her feet set again, upon its ground . . .

In the first day, of rehearsals . . .  
She . . . felt . . . re . . . freshed . . .  
She had never experienced, anything quite ‘like’ this . . . ever . . . before ♥ . . .  
Some energy . . . something ‘beyond’ her . . .  
Had entered . . . in . . . to . . . her ♥ . . .



This was the first . . . of the *identifiable trances* . . .  
There . . . would . . . be . . . more ☺  
She was never . . . even slightly ‘afraid of’ them . . .  
She could *feel* . . . *their pure benevolent Source* ♥ . . .



Ella swiftly began to recognize . . . the myriad benefits to her . . . of practicing  
‘yoga’ ♥ . . .

It ‘balanced’ her ☺

Every morning – as soon as she had brushed her teeth, combed her hair, and  
‘body brushed’<sup>34</sup> – she would settle in to the silent serene practice . . . of her *yoga* ♥ . . .

Nothing got in the way of this. Nothing ♥.

It felt to her . . . in her intuitive way of ‘describing’ things . . . as if . . . ‘trapped  
gases, were being released, from deep, within her spine’ ♥ . . .

It felt *so incredibly good!*

It felt, she imagined, like what might happen . . . when a soul . . . is released ‘from  
flesh’ . . . released . . . to return into *Light* . . .

While other people were drinking their morning coffee, she bemused, she . . . was  
in a love affair . . . with *energy* ♥ . . .

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<sup>34</sup> A wonderfully delicious practice of exfoliating the surface cells of the skin, using the gentle yet firm bristles of a specifically designed ‘body brush’ . . .



It also helped her, immensely, to ‘take stock, in the baby steps of the dawning day’ ♥ . . .

As she was in the ‘movements’ . . . she would be in her inner ‘watching’ . . . her inner ‘observing . . . what was her inner state’ . . .

If she was physically, a little unstable . . .

Or emotionally, a little tender . . .

Or mentally, a little tired . . .

She would *notice* this, in the foundational moments of her morning . . .

And she could begin, to respectfully ‘course correct’ ♥ . . .

For *respect, is at the root of all healing* . . .

Respect, is what ‘unites’ ♥ . . .

And so as she astutely noticed . . . what was ‘missing’ . . .

She could begin . . . to bring about . . .

A simple . . . delicate ‘integration’ . . .

Of her ‘parts’ . . . into a ‘whole’ . . .

She could repair . . . any internal ‘fissures’ . . .

She could remake . . . herself as ‘whole’ . . .

So her Light could *glow* . . .

For as ‘Light’ glows . . . within us ☺ . . .

We are *happy! We feel whole!*

And as ‘we are happy . . . the world is happy’ . . .

This is the truth for One . . . as it is for *All* ♥ . . .

And so yoga . . . became her first ‘medicine’ . . .

It is what she reached for . . . each and every time . . .

When she was moody . . . or she was distracted . . .

She would reach to *yoga* . . . it was so sublime . . .

Its only ‘side effects’ . . . *were love and graciousness!* . . .

It cost not even . . . the slightest ‘price’ ♥ . . .

It was a generous giver . . . never a taker . . .

All it asked of her . . . was ‘time’ . . .

Water Lillies / I Am You

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Day Eleven

Which she oh so willingly . . . gave unto it . . .  
For *its rewards* . . . *they were so huge* . . .  
It was her injury prevention . . .  
It was her ‘stillness’ . . .  
It was her trust . . .  
That from this grew ♥ . . .  
And these many years later . . .  
As it has been her ‘daily’ . . .  
Her ‘daily dose . . . of loving Light’ ♥ . . .  
She looks as young . . . if not younger . . .  
Than her ‘chronos’ age . . . most all the time . . .  
It is an ‘elixir’ . . . an ‘eternal tonic’ . . . a ‘youth serum . . . without a drug’ . . .  
It is her buddy . . . it is her ‘play pal’ . . .  
It is *in* her . . .  
It . . .  
Is . . .  
Deep . . .  
*Love* . . .  
Extended, through the ages, from many, saints and sages, it is a lifeline, *through*  
eternity, to *beckon, souls Home* ♥ . . .



It was in Nacho’s company . . . that she began to ‘choreograph’ ♥ . . .  
Every summer, just after the closing season of performances in New York City,  
and prior to any summer foreign tours . . . the studios would open up, to those among the  
dancers, who wished, to ‘try their hand’ . . .  
It is a huge leap – from ‘interpretive artist’ . . . to ‘creative artist’ ♥ . . .  
Some are called to this, and others not . . .

Ella, apparently, was ♥ . . .

Most of the dancers, who ‘put their hands up’ this year . . . chose to create on multiple dancers, as ‘ensembles’ . . .

For Ella, it was different . . . She was called to create . . . ‘on herself’ . . .

Sequestered alone, in a dear familiar studio . . . she lay motionless, upon the floor . . .

Clearly trancing . . . not yet ‘dancing’ . . . the ‘muse’ was waking . . . deep within her cells ♥ . . .

Every once in awhile she would stir . . . ‘as if a whisper’ . . .

She would clamber up to ‘standing’ . . .

She would rise ♥ . . .

And ‘a movement . . . or a gentle series of them . . . would be born . . . beyond her mind’ ♥ . . .

Then just as mysteriously . . . she would near collapse again . . . curled into a fetal coil . . . upon the floor . . .

Until the ‘next’ movement . . . was ready to be ‘born’ . . . out . . . out . . . out into ‘the light’ ♥ . . .

This ‘process’ . . . well beyond her thinking . . . continued . . . for quite some time . . .

. . . Until it was ‘all’ birthed . . . and it let her know this . . .

And thus her first solo . . . *it had been born* ♥ . . .

‘Metamorphosis’ became her ‘signature piece’ . . . the ‘emblem’ . . . of her solo repertoire ♥ . . .

People would ask for it . . . They would excitedly entreat her, “Again please! Can we please see it! Again?!?”

There was something enigmatic . . . within the ‘core of it’ . . . that *fed* people . . . deep inside their *souls* ♥ . . .

And they *wanted it* . . . They deeply *thirsted for it* . . .

It ‘spoke’ to them . . .

It . . .

Spoke ♥ . . .  
With out a word . . .  
With just the breath . . .  
It seeded *in* them . . .  
A ‘primal memory’ ♥ . . .  
Of how . . .  
To *birth themselves* ♥ . . .  
For it is a ‘birth’, of sorts . . .  
We are all ‘in’, now . . .  
A birth . . . of *our own souls* ♥ . . .  
Birthing . . . our souls . . . home, here, into . . . our bodies ♥ . . .  
We are birthing . . .  
Our . . .  
Selves . . .  
*Home* ♥ . . .



That was the beginning . . . of Ella’s ‘choreographic career’ ♥ . . .  
This is how . . . the ‘muse . . . began’ . . .

