

Where I was shy . . . Ella was terrified.

One evening, as we were sitting in our favorite restaurant, Rumi, I was going on about how – backstage and offstage – the tenors would make moves on the sopranos . . . And how I was getting so tired, of feeling like just a piece of flesh . . . When I noticed that Ella’s eyes had suddenly glazed over – as if she was a deer caught in headlights ♥.

I could have made lots of assumptions right then – like how maybe, she’d had sex with a guy, and was too embarrassed to tell me about it. Or . . .

I decided, instead, to ask.

What Ella spilled was not at all what I expected. She was such a ‘high achiever’. I would never have guessed this.

She hadn’t remembered ‘the abuse’, yet.

But what she did know . . . was that something ‘wasn’t right’ ♥.

Occasionally, she said – with nothing in particular to prompt it – she would get this strange, eerie feeling . . . of something, ‘chalky, white’ . . . at the back of her throat . . .

She had absolutely no clue what this was.

She was this virginal, in the ways of sex.

So when I suggested that we ‘change our venue, and find a more private place to meet’, we began to go for walks.

And that’s when she spilled.

Something loosened up in her, as she was moving her body, that began to let the demons out. I could feel the relief inside her, like a great dam, finally giving way. I walked beside her, mostly silent. I just listened. And I beamed to her love ♥.

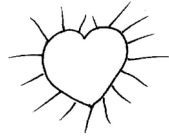
I had had no idea – nor had she – the depth and atrocity, of what she had lived through. It was only as she began to crack the surface, that the misery could burst through.

She said that she’d been feeling – for several years now – a deep sadness, “Really deep”. Deep – like waters, barely approachable. Deep, and murky, underneath.

I held her in my heart, as we ambled sometimes for hours. I just let her ramble. I just let her speak.

She called it – after some time of, “loosening up, and always feeling better in your presence” . . . she called it, ‘thawing out’ ♥.

She said it felt like she’d been a huge, solid, hard block of ice inside. So hard, that nothing could penetrate her. And she had often . . . wondered ‘why’?



The first time she noticed something ‘different’ – was in high school, with the boys.

Even in grade six – when she felt her first crush, on the dashing handsome, dark haired wonder, Étienne. It was noticeable, even then.

Whenever she would feel attracted to a boy . . . It was okay for her to ‘feel’ it yet . . . If ever he began to turn his attention – even slightly – towards her . . .

She.

Ran.

She didn’t actually run, physically.

She ran away.

Inside herself.

Something about the possibility, of a boy coming near to her.

Absolutely terrified her.

The worst of these was with her own cousin, Luc.

They were at a family party, for her great aunt Babette’s ninetieth birthday, when he began ‘the rounds’.

So gentle, gracious, and kind, she knew that Luc only meant love. Real love ♥.

She adored him – though she never let anyone, ever, know this.

Luc would tell her, and Mary Beth, and Ted ‘bedtime stories’ when they were little and he was entrusted with babysitting them.

He would make up ‘funny’ tales.

He would spin yarns of gleeful hilarity.

He would make them grin and giggle and laugh and nearly pee their pajamas.
He was gorgeous, tender, and oh-so-trustworthy.
Except that . . . on this one day . . . as he was saying goodbye before he left the party . . . in his well-trained graciousness . . . he was kissing all his aunts and great aunts and female cousins ‘goodbye’.

Nothing over the top.

Just, ‘I appreciate you. See you again soon’ sort of hugs.

Ella was terrified.

She ran upstairs, to the bathroom.

And she locked herself in.

She could hear the tentative footsteps rising up the stairs.

And she knew it was him.

He slid down the wall, to sit near her on the floor, outside the door.

She could tell that he was as bewildered, as perplexed as she was.

“Did I do something wrong?”

This was the first time she ever sensed just how much she meant to him.

Yet she couldn’t answer.

Because she didn’t *know*.

She didn’t know.

She just . . . didn’t know.

After a while of awkward, painful silence . . . he got up reluctantly. And he walked slowly down the stairs.

When Ella emerged from the bathroom, and descended timidly to where the others were . . . he was gone.

No one said anything. Or asked any questions.

No one understood.

She has yearned all these years – to write to him, and to apologize, and to explain.

Because now . . . she understands.



That was the first one.

The second one came years later, when she was in high school.

Alain took a liking to her.

He was the younger brother of a guy Mary Beth was dating – so it all felt quite safe.

And it was.

Alain, too, was very sweet and very gentle. He was the kind of guy ‘you just knew’ – that he wouldn’t hurt a fly.

Over the years, she began to realize this: that every boy, she was ever attracted to, was safe and gentle, like Casey was.

It was a ‘type’ – a type of *trustworthiness* – that she seemed able to subtly detect deeply within them – and to which she gradually, like an ice age receding meticulously yet clumsily . . . she steadily, unhurriedly, began, to open up.

But not yet.

One evening, while his parents were away, Alain invited Ella over, to his house.

He gently laid her, upon the sofa.

And with the sweetest of tenderness, he began to kiss her.

She was fully clothed.

And he kissed her ‘everywhere’.

Everywhere, above her throat.

She didn’t move – at all.

There was zero – not even the slightest flinch – of response in her, to his *touch*.

Nothing. Nada. Zilch.

This was when . . . she knew something was ‘wrong’.

For her body – it was ‘frozen’. It did nothing, at all, to ‘respond’.



The next time she knew there was a problem, was several years later.

She had left home by then, and was living in a shared apartment in Mile End, the funky, artsy neighborhood in Montréal.

Her dear friend and – in her heart, he was so much more than this – Antoine had asked her over to ‘tea’ – at the apartment he shared with several of the guys from L'École Supérieure de Danse.

To be truthful, she was rapturously in love with him.

He was gracious, valiant, *so* confident, and the envy of most all of the guys.

She could tell this – because he was the only one in ‘men’s’ class, who had a ‘nickname’.

They called him ‘Pommade’ – French for ‘ointment’ – which had ‘double sens’!¹⁸ And she knew it was because they were jealous – of his relaxed, suave charm. They wished they could feel like he did – even remotely so.

She was sitting, bashfully on the sofa next to him. Estevan and Remy were across the room, their avid ears a stone’s throw away.

When Antoine asked her, “Veux tu prends un bain avec moi?”

And she nearly croaked.

No. There was absolutely no way. That she could undress. In front of any man. Even Antoine. And sit naked. In a bathtub.

Oh how she wanted to exclaim ‘YES!’

And yet . . . she simply froze.

. . . When she recounted to me this story . . . she couldn’t even remember . . . if . . . she verbally . . . ‘replied’ . . .

Or if her ‘silence’ . . . it was her answer.

A few weeks later, he began dating her then best friend.

They didn’t ever talk about this.

They just said – kind of off-handed one day – “Let’s still be friends.”

That was it.

She felt more than numb inside. She felt dead.



¹⁸ Multiple meanings . . .

So she became determined.

Determined to gently, with self-love, respect, and care, to decipher, and to dissolve, 'whatever it was', that had entrapped her.

It was several years later, when she moved to New York City, to work with her first internationally touring dance company, that 'the waters broke'.

She was far enough from the ravages of 'home' – somehow . . . though even this, she didn't understand . . . that she felt 'safer' . . . to begin to explore this . . .

And this, is what she did.

She must have had eight boyfriends, over the course, of several years.

Each one of them was tender, oh so respectful.

And none of them, aroused her fear.

Because they all, innately knew ♥.

To never, 'push her back'.

And so 'she' led.

Which was very, very slowly.

And yet, not one of them.

Did overstep.

For her limits, were very tight wove.

There was little touch.

Yet there was deep care.

She slept with all of them.

Though 'let's define this'!

This means quite simply.

They shared a bed.

Not one of these, oh so 'gentle men'.

Did ever.

Push for more.

Which is how.

Quite discreetly, truthfully.

She began to open.

Her big wide door.
For as she healed this.
Over 'many years'.
She discovered.
Her deep love ♥.
For the masculine.
And for men who hold it.
Just like.
A sacred cup.
For the masculine.
Is not the enemy.
It is was men.
Who stole through lust.
It was men.
Who disrespected 'women'.
This.
Was worse than lust.
For it was only.
She would ultimately understand.
The *breach of trust*.
That locked her in.
And once she found her key.
She set her boundaries.
Clear.
And clean ♥.
And then.
She could.
True.
Love.



The first man she ever ‘touched’.
Was Ennio.
He was in the Adrian Bartolo Dance Theatre. And she liked him. Very much.
He was gorgeous – the dashing ‘he’ within that company. The one that *every*,
woman watched.
And yet this never, even dawned on him. As if he was ‘immune’, to their intent
‘watch’.
He was humble. He was gracious. He was tender. He was kind.
And he evidently, so adored her.
Which is why. She said ‘Yes’ ♥.
They shared a bed. As she had with others.
Yet because he would ‘wait’. *She could catch up*.
And one morning. As they were awakening.
She had the courage. Him to ‘touch’.
He felt like nothing. She had ever yearned of. His ‘thing’ was pulsing. Like a
soft toad.
And yet she *felt it*. This was her victory.
And it was his. It always was.
For he. Was the one. She felt safe. To ‘explore’ ♥.
And for this. She has since told me. She will be *always* grateful.
He opened.
Her.
Soul’s.
Door.



Ennio wasn’t the first man she actually ‘slept with’.
No. That. Was Aurélien.

She was on tour, in northern Europe. They were in ‘Bruxelles’¹⁹. It was late one night.

He was a stagehand. A dashing young stagehand.

And he asked her, “Would you come out?”

She said, “Yes”, now not quite so timid. Though still a little ‘scary’, yes this was.

She felt ‘safe with’ him. And so she ‘went with’ him.

This was the night. She first made love.

It wasn’t ‘love’, as much as ‘willingness’. Willingness, *to find her love*.

He was so gentle. And oh so patient. He seemed so willing. To let her love.

It wasn’t much – by any standards. And yet . . . *she let him in*.

It didn’t hurt much. Like she had been told of. It was a quiet victory. To let him *in*.

She never saw him again. They wrote some postcards. They were always gracious. Full of thanks.

Yet nothing came of this. *Though everything came of this*. For she had trusted. She would . . . find . . . love ♥.



Even as she was thawing, she remembered the voice ‘calling’ her, to “not be with a man, just for the sake of it” ♥.

She was precise in who she said ‘yes’ to. They were only men . . . who showed their ‘tender underbellies’! Men . . . whom she could keenly *trust* ♥. . .

And the most amazing thing – she realized as she described these men to me – was that *none* of them, ever, did anything, to betray her.

They all patiently, allowed ‘her’ pacing. Which was such a ‘miracle’. For this . . . was very . . . very . . . slow ♥. . .



¹⁹ Brussels . . .

It was only in the early nineties, as she was discovering her inherent ‘pure, inner power’, that she began to have ‘relationships’ ♥.

And even these, were very brief.

It would seem like an eternity – in a good way! So much would be interacted, transmitted, transacted between them both. So much would be discovered, and learned, and inquired, and explored ♥.

And in – on average – about two months, they would be ‘done’ ♥.

Complete – like a ‘soul contract’.

Complete.

And every time, she and ‘he’ would part, on *good* terms ♥.

For she had come to realize – intuitively, like a gentle leaf, wafting from a tree, with a message, to impart to her . . .

That ‘if, when you meet someone, it is based, within respect . . . then why, when you do part from them, would there be anything other, than respect?’

This – was her ‘model’. Of relationships. *It was respect* ♥.



She began to notice . . . that there were ‘phases’ . . . both in relationships . . . and in ‘life’ ♥.

And that the ‘kind’ of relationships, that she was having . . . were *perfectly aligned, with her own life* . . .

Meaning that as, she was ‘awakening’ . . . the ‘perfect man, he would appear’ . . .

As if to guide her, just like a consort . . . to be not alone, as he was near.

And so when she met Marcus, it was ‘an omen’ ☺

For he did rave, about Javier . . .

She had barely heard his name, let alone his ‘voice’ ♥.

Yet Marcus raved, that he was, “Like a god!”

For Javier, was “someone special”. He was a true artist, over all.

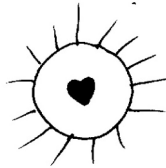
And he seemed to lead his flock – whom some deem ‘fans’!

To deeply . . . ‘open UP’.

To open up and out, to a 'wider focus'.
To open up, to 'distant lands'.
For Javier, he was a 'statesman'.
And he came, from another land ♥.
Ella listened to Marcus rave of him, with an open curiosity, yet hardly more.
For it was not 'her' time, to get to know him.
No, not yet.
There would, be, more.



Finally, in the mid-nineties, Ella was ripe enough. To find 'true love' ☺
She fell head over heels, for Jake's sweet goldenness.
She truly madly deeply . . . fell . . . in . . . love.



Jake opened her up, to find her 'tantra'. Her trust in *energy*. The touch of 'god'.
For with him, she felt more than trusting ♥.
With him . . .
She felt 'in love'.
She remembered . . . they had been 'wed, before' . . .
In 'another' lifetime . . .
And that . . . 'they would be wed, again' ♥ . . .
And so she opened, like no other 'lotus' had . . .
Ever, inside of her . . .
She let unfurl . . . the sacred 'bud' . . .
Little, did she know then . . .
How much this 'healing' . . .
Would soon serve others . . .

Women, and too, men . . .
Far and beyond . . .
The inner reaches . . .
Of 'her own' . . .
Healing *Love* ♥ . . .
This . . .
Became 'the flood' . . .
For as she found again . . .
Her own freedom ♥ . . .
She became free . . .
To gently 'teach' ♥ . . .
Other women . . .
And the 'men' too . . .
Where and how . . .
To find 'true . . . love' . . .
For 'true' love . . .
It is not 'carnal' . . .
True love . . .
Includes The One . . .
For as we love 'our self . . . as we love the god head' . . .
We rediscover . . .
What is 'true . . .
'Love . . .'