

The extreme concerns about her weight began in grade ten.
It wasn't that she 'intended' to become anorexic. No one ever does.
It just 'happened' . . .



Ella wasn't a competitive child – ever. She languished in her own curiosities – loving to romp in the forest, exploring close up the insects she'd see, peering to locate the birds she'd hear, slowing to a silent stillness in the presence of a deer . . .

She loved being in the forest . . .

She loved school, too ☺ She had an insatiable appetite for learning – and no subject she was presented with held any less intrigue.

Among her favorite 'sujets' was French. It was the 'poésie' of how French people described 'around' the words the magic and the mystery of what they were desiring to express that captivated her – like words themselves were a bubbling brook ♥.

And Literature – how playwrights, and novelists, and essayists 'thought' ♥ . . . How they clustered their ideas, finding the most streamlined nuances via which to express their innermost musings and their richly contemplative reflections ♥.

She absolutely *loved* writing essays. She noticed – right from an early age – that 'how' she intuitively knew to do this was – somehow – 'different' ♥ . . .

Her classmates – in the instant the teacher pronounced the assignment 'out loud' – would scamper and bustle and immediately begin to 'write' . . . Feeling pressured unduly by the racing of 'time' – and insecure in their own ability to 'meet' it – they would write. And re-write. And perplex. And get miserably and morosely down on themselves. Eventually, they would hand in to the 'teacher' what they muttered that they felt was a "half assed job". What they didn't seem to realize was that *they* were being their own toughest critic. It was apparent to Ella that they hadn't yet discovered the 'grace' of how to *trust* . . .

For Ella, it was *sublime* . . .

She would receive the assignment, just like all the rest . . .

And she would know to *be patient* . . .

She knew – that the real ‘author’ was ‘inside of her’ – yet not in her ‘brain’ . . .

And so she would simply . . . be patient . . .

At some point in the future, in ample time before the ‘deadline’, she would feel a gentle energy, nudging from inside of her belly . . . It was as if . . . it was prompting her . . . asking her to please . . . let it *out* . . .

And she would recognize this, as the muse’s readiness . . .

And then, she would begin to ‘write’ ♥ . . .

Every time, the ‘essay’, or the short story, or the thesis, it would ‘write itself’ . . .

She would simply, be its ‘receiver’ ☺

She would simply . . . birth it ‘in’ . . . in to the world, where it could be seen, heard, and felt ♥ . . .

She would then somewhat leisurely . . . ‘re-copy’ it – for in those days, there weren’t computers! Not even typewriters, yet – at least not for children . . . And so she would copy – word for word – a ‘clean’ version, of what was ‘writ’ ♥ . . .

And she would hand it in . . .

She would invariably receive a high grade . . . for which she was always relaxed in anticipation . . . Never ever, did she ‘sweat’ this . . . For she always knew . . . it simply ‘came’ ♥ . . .



Ella’s rapport with ‘the muse’ became especially magical in junior high school.

Her teacher, M.¹⁰ Laroche, was actually a poet! He had published several volumes of his own eloquent writings – and he taught school, ‘on the side’. It was a matter of economy. Yet his passion – it was ‘the bard’ ☺

¹⁰ Monsieur – ‘Mister’ – in French . . .

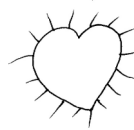
When he voiced ‘the assignment’ to Ella and her classmates, she had no idea what was about to flow forth . . . Pages and pages of ‘poésie’ flooded out from her, *through* her – like a great torrent, of *love* . . .

When she handed in ‘the assignment’, she added a simple note: “M. Laroche, I hope you don’t mind . . . I have written so much more than you’ve asked for . . . Perhaps you don’t have to mark it all! . . . I hope it’s okay that I give it all to you.”

He was ecstatic. He was a ‘wordsmith in camouflage’, trying to be inspired enough to ‘teach’ ♥. And here, in his very own classroom, was a prodigy. He couldn’t be more thrilled.

M. Laroche and Ella reconnected years later. He became a proud member of the Board of her first dance company.

He’d effusively declared – on the last day of classes that year – that she could do anything. That ‘most’ children had a single gift or a *forté* – not two. Ella was evidently fluent in many gifts. He could already see this. M. Laroche . . . he was already nursing this ‘seed’ ♥ . . .



Ella absolutely loved Math, too. She ambled through ‘the numbers’, as if they were familiar friends. Nothing seemed to baffle her. It was as if . . . nothing was ‘too big’ ♥ . . .

And Sciences. She *loved* sciences. She immediately correlated each and every ‘lesson’ – to *nature* ♥. For it was . . . *it is* all about nature ♥ . . . About how . . . the universe ‘works’ ♥ . . .

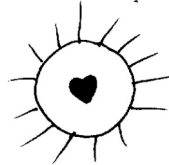
And so in grade twelve, when Science became Physics!!!!!! . . . Ella . . . she became thrilled ☺

Everything that Mme.¹¹ Fournier taught in the classroom, Ella could *see, in the natural world* ♥ . . .

¹¹ Madame – ‘Mrs.’ – in French . . .

Ripples, and elastic tension . . . Expansion and contraction . . . Surface area, and combustion into *Light* . . . Structural integrity, and leaps of exponential up-shift – what economists would call ‘logarithmic growth’ . . . Velocity, and luminosity . . . Momentum, and decline . . .

She could see the enormity of the world, and of the cosmos, simply, through Physics’ ‘eyes’ . . .

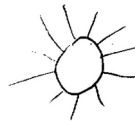


Ella was a natural student – and she was also a perfectionist! She couldn’t yet distinguish – between ‘good’, and an inner drive to be ‘perfect’.

Some years later, she began to recognize this potent ‘pusher’ inside herself . . . and she could see a correlation with her grandmother Souca. Everything Souca did had to be “just right”.

Once Ella could ‘see’ this – she could recognize it in herself.

This was quite possibly one of the first occasions of ‘self observation – and thus of self transformation’ that Ella embarked upon – that is, how to ‘soften one’s inner driver’ . . . and still . . . be ‘good’ ♥ . . .



Ella also loved L’orchestre. On the first day of class, in grade six, when she and her fellow students were introduced to ‘the instruments’ – and so many of them scrambled for the available trumpets, and tubas, and saxophones, and clarinets – Ella chose the flute ☺

She adored the softness of its tinkling, the gentle delicacy of its sound . . . how it could waft ‘into the atmosphere’ . . . like water vaporizing, into invisible gas . . .

Years later, as her passion to play her flute became the nearest experience to a love affair the young Ella would ever know, Roger and Heather agreed that she could take classes at L'Académie de Musique de Montréal.

Ella would take the local commuter bus, one evening a week, for her semi-private classes. Schubert, Debussy, Faure¹² . . . It felt to Ella as if she was painting with Monet as she wafted the notes – as if she was setting birds free . . . to fly high in the sky ♥ . . .

She rapturously loved playing her flute – such a light instrument to carry, tucked in its tiny case, snuggled beneath her arm . . .

Flute lessons were one of the things that inevitably gave way, as she was beckoned to find ‘more time’ – more time for training, in ‘la danse’ ♥ . . .

Ella began dancing when she was a wee sprite. At the local Masonic Lodge, of all places, in its subterranean room, the local mistress of movement, Mlle.¹³ Turnbull, would lead the children through ‘the moves’!

This was rugged schooling, in comparison to the world-class training Ella would eventually receive. And yet this was what tested and thus whetted her appetite. For ‘la danse’ would become her first and foremost love ♥ . . .

Her first year with Mlle. Turnbull was a delightful hodgepodge of ‘everything theatrical’ – from Broadway tap moves complete with cane in hand, to baton twirling, to the occasional plié and ballet glissade.

Ella loved it – the ballet, that is. She had loads of fun twirling – and dropping – and twirling again her baton, which always seemed to feel ‘too long’ as it whacked the flesh beneath her underarms.

And the tap! Clickety click click click. It was the relaxation, in the ankles, that always did ‘the trick’. It was as if . . . if she felt ‘sloppy’ . . . she could find the rhythm . . . and then . . . from ‘inside of that’ . . . she could find *finesse* . . .

Already Ella was amidst a kind of ‘inquiry’, discovering in and of herself the nuances of ‘how things work’ ♥ . . .

¹² Famous romantic and classical composers whose repertoires include sonatas and concertos for solo flute . . .

¹³ Mademoiselle – ‘Miss’ – in French . . .

Yet all the while, it was the ballet that stung her with its creative juices . . . It was the ballet . . . that would be her love . . .

Within a year of the local ‘tots’ classes, Ella was on her way to Montréal. She would commute in, at the end of the school day, with a nanny who worked in town.

The drive from Châteauguay to L’École de Danse Mirette Lalonde took about forty-five minutes ‘in good traffic’. Mlle. Petite, the nanny, was inclined to speed ☺

This first year, Ella languished in one ballet class weekly on Tuesday evenings. By the second year, her dedication – and her appetite – were clearly announced, and so Roger and Heather allowed her several natural next steps: She could take the bus in to Montréal, all by herself; she could take two classes each week; and she could begin training in the ‘open school’ of L’École Supérieure de Danse du Québec – the training wing of Les Grands Ballets Canadiens ♥.

‘Les GBC’ was known worldwide as a classically based contemporary ballet company. Inherently European in its French roots, its flair was for deeply moving, evocative art. This was a perfect match for young Ella, a match that would bear magnificent fruit ‘over time’ . . .

By her third year of classes in Montréal, she was up to three evenings every week.

She would diligently do her homework – while riding on the bus. Neither feign of heart or stomach, she could easily read, and write, and contemplate, while her body was in motion.

So entranced by ‘the dance’, Ella was the last to realize the pitfalls to her personal health that lurked in its wings . . .

It was in grade ten, well into her acquisition of the art and mastery of balancing school, dance classes, her share in household and horse-care chores, and the very occasional time to play with a friend (for her beloved flute now lay ‘untouched’ in its cherished case in her room, by the windowsill) – that her weight began to drop.

It wasn’t that she ever meant to do this. It hadn’t even dawned in her as an ‘idea’.

It just happened.

It was while in France, on an exchange program, for the joyous purpose of being immersed in the life of a French speaking family, that it ‘took root’.

She was living for a month in Lourdes.

Every Sunday the family would go to church – all together – dressed in their finery. Reciting their rosaries and taking communion, Ella would be respectfully allowed to sit among them – yet not fully partake in ‘the privileges’.

For she was not Catholic. She wasn’t, actually, ‘any’ thing. She wasn’t agnostic – far from it! Yet her parents had diplomatically ‘negotiated’ with Arthur and Souca, early on, that the children – and they themselves – wouldn’t be pressured, or required, to participate directly in religious teachings.

This suited Ella just fine.

As a very young girl, she puzzled . . . ‘How could it be . . . that people fight *in the name of God?*’ . . . And ‘How could it be . . . that people confess on Sundays . . . and then they go out and sin again the next week . . . consciously negligent . . . and expect God to wave a wand and wash their intentional acts of disrespect away?’

It didn’t jive.

And so Ella knew – without knowing yet ‘what’ – that there must be ‘a better way’ . . . a different way . . . to relate . . . directly to ‘God’ ♥ . . .

And so as she sat, in the Lourdes Cathedral, spellbound by the *energy* in this space . . . awed by the crutches, and canes, and bandages of all shapes and sizes that were strapped to the pillars just outside this temple . . . she knew . . . There was something ‘deeper’ at play here . . . something powerful . . . something loving . . . something truly . . . ‘divine’ . . .

So it was peculiar that this was juxtaposed – with staying in the home of a butcher, his wife, and their eight children . . .

Ella felt so isolated in the presence of this family . . .

For one, there were *so many children!* She was accustomed to ‘just three’.

So many children, in such a wide age span, that it was as if – they barely knew each other.

And added to this schism, the girl whom Ella was directly paired with in this ‘exchange’ couldn’t be farther from her own likes and interests.

It wasn't that Ella disliked Huguette – not at all. Huguette was pretty, the Valedictorian of her class, admired by all of the girls *and* the boys, coveted as she walked the very hallways of the school.

It wasn't that she disliked anything about Huguette.

It was that Huguette secretly was using drugs.

This scared Ella.

This was such a foreign world to her.

So much so, that one Saturday evening, while they were together at the local disco, dancing in their luminescent whites, Ella found herself alone, in the washroom. And as she looked into the mirror . . . she saw her best friend.

In that very moment, Ella made a pact – a pact that would set the stage for her entire life ♥. She would love herself – so completely and so deeply . . . That she would never ever . . . abandon herself . . .

When she returned from this semi-cloister in the washroom . . . and she stepped out again onto the dance floor . . . there was a new confidence budding quietly yet assuringly within her . . . Ella knew . . . she had 'come home' ♥ . . .

So it was uncanny, to say the least, that Ella began to 'feel really, really good'. She felt so 'light', so light and 'airy' . . . And as a young dancer-in-training, this was like liquid gold ♥ . . .

At lunch time, in the school cafeteria, Ella suspected nothing 'odd' – odd that she was increasingly inspired, each and every day – as if a minor 'experiment, with herself' – to see how few peas she could eat . . . to see how little bread she could eat . . . to see how little fat . . . she could eat . . .

When she returned home, a mere month later, to Châteauguay and Montréal – she had lost fourteen pounds. Fourteen pounds fewer . . . left her a scant ninety-seven pounds. Ninety-seven pounds . . . on a five foot seven frame.

She *felt* marvelous. She had no idea how gaunt she was.

It was the first day 'back' – in Mme. Bisset's class at Les GBC – for she had, the summer previous, auditioned for the 'professional academy'. And so now, she was in the 'real' school. This was not simply recreational ballet. This was *training*.

It was like she had left as a ‘no one’. And she returned as an ‘étoile’ – a fledgling star.

The attention that was suddenly heaped upon her, to her, seemed so ‘bizarre’.

It was only years later – as she was diligently healing from anorexia – that she could see it: that the inundation of praise, and of attention, was directly related *to her lack of weight*.

For back then, classical ballet was an extreme. The ‘girls’ (no matter their age and maturity) were to be ‘light as feathers’ . . . so that the ‘boys’ (even if grown men) could lift them, without duress.

This was the ‘trap’, then. The requisite price – to be a ballerina. You had to be willing, to sacrifice your health. Your physical, emotional, and psychological health.

Ella could tell . . . something was ‘not right’ . . . among some of her classmates. Whatever it was, she could tell that it wasn’t as ‘extreme’ – in her. She could see . . . ‘outside’ of herself. Though the ‘looking glass’ of the outside world . . . could not yet see ‘in’.

The most profound example she can remember . . . is this: One day, at the beginning of a ‘Character’ class, in which they were being taught dances from other cultures, she was standing sideways to the mirror. She was close, very close to it. Close enough, to have a ‘private moment, with her judge’.

She had, in the brief break preceding this class, drunk a mere juice-sized glass full of water. And now she was peering, penetratingly through her light skirt, to see if it ‘showed’.

For even a few ounces . . . of ‘liquid’ . . . of liquid . . . would look like ‘weight’.

And the norm, in ‘Pas de Deux’¹⁴ class . . . was that the girls . . . were often shamed.

They were shamed, if e’er they gained an ‘ounce’ of weight.

They were shamed, for having weight.

That was only, in M. Bernard’s class.

¹⁴ The class in which the boys and girls are taught to dance together – the boys lifting the girls, as well as supporting them as they balance ‘on pointe’ and turn ♥ . . .

He, was the most extreme.
And so Ella's pact, it made its way here. She committed, deep within herself ♥.
That she would **never**. Ever. Be humiliated.
For 'gaining weight'.
And so she consciously, very consciously, endeavored, to 'take good care'.
She would watch mindfully. She would watch meticulously.
She would 'be sure, that she would eat'.
And yet the 'trap'. Of anorexia.
It is to eat. Very few 'foods'.
So as to track. To count 'the calories'.
So as to always. Remain 'in charge'.
There were some. Among her classmates.
Who were known. For 'what they ate'.
There was one. Who ate only oranges.
There was one. Who ate only grapes.
There was one. About whom the boys teased.
That you could use her. Just like a broom.
To sweep. Behind your cooker.
Yes to sweep. Behind your stove.
For she. Was thin as a filigree.
A gossamer. Sheet of light.
And Ella knew too. That there was 'something'. Something. That some of her
classmates would 'do'.
Which made her all the more, committed to her 'self care'.
Which was really more than anything. Averting shame.
Being absolutely certain. No one could ever accuse her.
No. Never. Of 'gaining weight'.
And what some girls did. It was still then 'hidden'.
For its name. Was not yet 'voiced'.
They would eat. And then they'd throw up.

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Day Seven

Which just induced. So much more shame.
This. Was the subtle environment.
Of ballet companies. Way back then.
And so it wasn't until she was at the family cabin, years later, in the 1000 Islands,
that the pressure, it did 'break'.
For she was sick. And she was tired.
Of the silent inner struggle. **To not eat food.**
In absolute surrender, she asked her aunt Helga, who was visiting. "Helga, can
you help, please?" For Helga, was a psychologist. And Ella knew, that she could help.
Helga oh so gently, caring, lovingly. Helga asked Ella, to sit down.
And in a quiet space, where no one could disturb them. Helga began, her loving
touch.
As she gently stroked her hands, across Ella's shoulders. She asked Ella, to
begin.
It was a mild form, of self-hypnosis. Called 'Moving Hands'¹⁵, that did the trick.
Once they were complete, this 'meditation'. Ella knew, she was soon healed.
For she could feel, inside her 'heart space'. Yes she could feel, she was near
healed.
It was two weeks later, whilst home in Montréal. As she was riding, a city bus.
An 'aha' dawned in her, like a eureka. She began, to know 'what was'.
She realized, in that single instant. That she had been bitten, by a ghastly bug.
Yes, she had been anorexic. And now, it would be undone.
She drew a pad of paper, out from her satchel. And she began, to write a 'list'.
A list of groceries, she would prompt be buying. Just as soon, as she alit.

¹⁵ Developed by Milton H. Erickson, a brilliant psychiatrist and psychologist who specialized in medical hypnosis and family therapy . . . This particular technique succinctly accesses the wisdom of the 'deep unconscious mind'. It effectively relinquishes overwhelm, stuckness, and worry from the conscious mind, opening it to receive from the wellspring of the unconscious mind its astute ability to generate lean, effective, eloquently dynamic solutions . . .

For she re-routed, in those pare moments. From where she ‘was’. To where she is.

She pulled the bell string, to alert the driver. And from the bus, she did exit.

She entered the nearby market, as if in wonder. That she could actually, purchase ‘food’.

She was set free now, bountifully in ‘heaven’. She was free now. To purchase ‘food’.

That was the beginning, of Ella’s full recovery.

That was the beginning, of Ella enjoying ‘real food’ ♥.

Her immune system, most of all, is what, had been imperiled. It took several years, of diligence and of patience. To regain the respect and the trust, of her body’s nerves.

For she had been ‘starving’, her metabolism whacked helter skelter. Her body’s rhythms, had known not what to do.

And within almost two years, of deep *true* love and **self respect**. Her body was, just like ‘new’.

What a relief, this whole ordeal was. For Ella learned, so very much ♥.

What she learned most, is how to ‘love thy body’.

And what she learned ☺ Is *how . . . to . . . trust . . .*

If there is a ‘moral’, to this story. It is to love one’s self, as one loves ‘god’ ♥.

For it is only, as we love our own selves ♥.

That we can possibly . . . truly love ‘god’ . . .



The menses, too. Let’s talk about the menses today – because Ella’s story truly is, about becoming a ‘woman’ ☺

She was twelve – a normal age to begin menstruating. Yet this was in Québec. And this was the seventies.

Sex education was pretty modest and minimal back then. All girls would likely agree! We received scant ‘real’ info – about ‘the birds and the bees’.

So we had to wing it ☺

Some among us were early bloomers. We all knew who *they* were!

Ella and I, though, we were ‘normal’. We were shy. We felt clumsy. We didn’t feel at all ‘sure’.

So when Ella began bleeding – the ‘first’ time – she called out to Mary Beth, in alarmed dismay. She had really no clue, what to do with ‘this’. This blood. “Mary Beth! Help me! What do I do?”

It all exploded in Ella’s world – this ‘becoming a woman’ thing – one day, as she was walking home from school. An entire month’s cycle of bleeding ‘flooded’. It gushed like an erupted fire hydrant. Her pants were full of ‘red’.

Luckily she was near to home then – and not en route to school!

She realized, to her chagrin, she would have to throw those pants out. There was no chance, no matter how hard she scrubbed, that she could get all . . . that . . . blood . . . out.

This only ever happened once.

Its extreme opposite, for years, became her norm.

As her dance training – then touring – intensified, she didn’t even bleed.

At one point, in her late teens, she disclosed this to Heather, who promptly encouraged Ella that they make an appointment with a specialist. “Just to be sure”, Heather consoled her daughter, “so that if you want to become pregnant, sometime in the future, you know you can.”

Tests were taken. Weeks of observation ensued. And lo and behold, the verdict came in: “Yes, your pipes are good.”

What was kind of idiosyncratic about this was that, unbeknownst to anyone, Ella had heard ‘a voice’. A voice that spoke to her, crystal clearly: “You’re not to focus your attention on a couple of people.” And immediately, Ella knew this meant ‘children’. “You’re to focus it on thousands” ♥.

Her course was set. It was as if, she was being ‘reminded’, reminded what, she was here to ‘do’ ♥.

And so, as the years rolled forth before her, Ella never ever felt ‘unusual’ – even when literally all of her girl classmates – and Mary Beth, too – were ‘gaga’ over babies, and the romance of marriage, and what they would wear, and where, with whom . . .

Ella was ‘quiet’ inside. There was no sense that she was ‘missing’ anything. There was no sense that she was ‘odd’. Even though it was the unspoken ‘expectation’ – that every girl, would become a mom.

Ella was at ease with this. There were no crescendos of, ‘I’ve got to find a boy who will be the dad’.

In fact, to the contrary . . . She held the conscious awareness – as if chatting in leisurely conversation with herself – that she *might* become a mom – if ever she were in a relationship wherein they, *together*, desired to be parents. Yet . . . she knew that she would never, ever, be a ‘single mom’.

Years later, she encountered women who were so desirously keen to be moms that they found men who were willing to father their children – without being ‘in relationship’ with them . . . And women who felt so ‘incomplete’ in their infertility that they sought emotionally and financially expensive (and physically, too?) means of becoming pregnant.

Ella was spared all of this.

Only if she met a man, with whom *they* deeply, deeply yearned and committed to being loving parents would she ever, ever become a mom ♥.

Ella also had a very strong sense of relationship, from an early age: That it was better, to be ‘alone’ . . . than to be with someone, ‘for the sake of it’.

And so she intuitively, inherently set her bar ‘high’. For she knew that . . . ‘relationships are meant to bring forth more of us – aspects that we cannot easily access ourselves’ ♥.

They are not meant, ever, to diminish us.

And so she was content, for the most part, to be ‘single’, for quite awhile. Until she met a man who swept her to places in and beyond herself *that she couldn’t reach*

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alone. A man who could meet her, on *all* levels ♥ . . . emotionally, mentally, spiritually, physically, and beyond . . .



Ella never felt any ‘different’, than anyone else. And this is perhaps the most sterling point.

Even in early school years – as the girls (and boys) were testing their mettle and finding their ‘pecking orders’ in the world.

Even then. No one ever ‘bullied’ her. None of her classmates ever shunned her. Or taunted her. Or disrespected her, in any way.

We spoke about this once – in one of our ‘restaurant visits’! Why was it? That she was so loved?

And as she burrowed deeply into contemplative reverie for awhile . . . she began telling tales of interactions with her classmates, and her early friends ♥,

Here are a few:

Ella figured that – because she inherently respected all of her fellow classmates, regardless of their family status of ‘what their parents did’ or ‘where they lived’ or ‘what toys and nifty clothes they had’ (or didn’t have) – she treated everyone equally with respect.

And as she pondered this, we could both feel it ☺ When they felt her love and inherent respect *in them* . . . they reciprocated this. They respected her, in return ♥.

One of the most beautiful, exquisite examples is this: When Ella shared it with me, I nearly wept . . .

It was the last day of school, in grade eight. Ella was home early, as everyone was let out for the summer holidays – at ‘noon’.

She was sitting, dangling her legs from the kitchen counter, musing on what she might eat for lunch . . . when the phone rang.

How Marceline found her phone number, she had no clue.

Marceline was one of the Iroquois First Nations kids, who lived ‘out of town’. She was terribly shy – so much so that she hid, beneath the long front bangs of her jet black hair.

She tentatively asked Ella, with a hint of sheer excitement in the air, “Did you pass?”

To which Ella thought, ‘What a strange question! Everyone knows I passed.’ Then she ‘got it’. Ella got it.

She realized, that Marceline hoped that she would ask her. And she did.

“Marceline, did you pass?”

And the proudest, most beaming voice resounded back, “Yes!”

She knew she could phone Ella – with whom she’d barely ever spoken, let alone established a visible friendship – because she trusted. She trusted that Ella would respect her, and would openly celebrate with her . . . the great gift, *that she had passed* . . .

Ella’s sensitivities – of energy, and of *heart* – were already visible, and palpable, and tangible, and *real* then.

And some people . . . could notice them . . .

Some people . . . could feel them *too* ♥ . . .