

There was another dream last night. Unbelievable! Like a ‘call and response’ . . .  
Sort of a . . . ‘resolution’ of yesterday’s dream ♥ . . .  
We’ll leave it at this for now ☺



Then she fell asleep again . . .  
And she awoke again, from yet *another* dream . . . This one ended in her stating,  
strongly and clearly,  
“Thank You. I Love You. You Are Amazing. And, Yes.”



When she was a child, Ella’s impression of dreams is that they are the  
subconscious mind’s way of digesting and completing and cleaning up whatever has been  
unresolved in the previous day(s).

In later years – when the ‘prophetic’ dreams began – she would be awakened  
either during or at the end of these dreams – *so she would consciously be aware of what  
was happening in and through them* ♥.



Fourteen nights ago, she was awakened in the pitch black of night ♥ . . .  
The message was simple: she was given the energetic, very clear sense – *as if she  
was remote viewing*<sup>8</sup> – that her recent request to meet with His Holiness the Dalai Lama  
again . . . it was now ‘open’ . . . and it was being actively considered by ‘the committee’  
that His current Private Secretary had spoken of . . .

Ella wondered then, as she savored this ‘dream’ ♥ . . . if perhaps His Holiness  
would require – this time – that the state Oracle, Nechung, be consulted . . .

‘Last’ time the ordeal was great – to get through the ‘thicket’ of checks and  
borders, like boundary guards – to get these visions *through* to Him ♥ . . .

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<sup>8</sup> The ability to see via ‘third eye’ awareness what is taking place ‘somewhere else’ ♥ . . .

*Would it be easier this time?*

They had already met – in deeply concentrated calm union . . .

He would veritably remember this . . .

As Time . . . it reveals *All* ♥ . . .



Ned was one of Ella's grandfather's elder brothers. His wife had died in a car accident in the prime of their young lives – and he had never remarried or, as Roger alluded to on rare occasions, ever shown much interest in any other women.

Ella had never met her great aunt – whose name she barely remembered. It was as if she never was . . .

Ned had been an accountant with a large firm in the city. In his retirement, he loved to putter and 'repair' things – carpentry, machinery – anything he could immerse himself in and 'get lost', as he would call it.

He had fought in the First World War. Ella always had a sense that horrors lurked and haunted him – though he never – even when occasionally asked, by Roger, or Heather, or Arthur, or Souca – he never, ever spoke of it.

He knew how to break things, too.

Ned essentially lived at Le Couer du Roi. Though he had a home in Montréal 'somewhere', Ella's grandparents Arthur and Souca took him in. He discreetly stayed with them 'as an additional hand', in a small cabin in the keepers' quarters.

The first time Ella 'met' Ned – in the 'biblical sense' – she was barely a toddler.

Arthur and Souca had gone out for a few hours – to see a movie in nearby Sainte-Adèle. Ned was left, entrusted with the care of their granddaughter, as she 'slept' ♥.

Years later, in hindsight, Ella recognized, 'this sense' . . . She had been awoken, midstream in a deeply renewing slumber, by the 'feeling', of *something moving* . . . *very swiftly* . . . *towards her* . . . *and beyond* . . .

On that occasion, the next morning, as she arose and climbed out of her tent, she found evidence . . . A cougar's paw print was etched in the soil, 'just behind' where her

head had rested . . . It had bounded, just outside her tent . . . A Dene First Nations friend had been sleeping in his nearby tent . . . He had ‘felt’ it, too . . . In the morning once he arose, he set out to ‘track’ it . . . And he found – seven foot strides apart – the bounding prints of a cougar in full throttle sprint . . .

So Ella knew how to recognize ‘senses . . . in the night’ ♥ . . .

*This* time . . . she was such a small child . . .

No wonder he was ravished by her . . . Her golden, curly flowing locks – gifts from the genes of her grandmother Souca’s Norwegian Laplander roots . . . And her piercingly clear, cobalt blue eyes . . . And her lashes so long and thick, birds could practically nest in them . . .

Yet.

Men are not ‘supposed’ to be attracted to *babies*.

And he was.

He stole into her bedroom, while she was sleeping.

And he entered her mouth.

A sleeping baby does what a baby does.

It nurses as it receives ‘the breast’.

This ‘breast’ pierced deep.

It cut off her breathing, restricting both her nose and her mouth.

And she began to fall like a snowflake . . . this time into a ‘deeper’ reverie.

Her body’s innate intelligence led her so gracefully . . .

Thinking folded into feeling . . .

Feeling folded into primal physiology . . .

Just like the ‘LAM’ in the lunar shuttles, her body was shutting down.

It was so *peaceful*.

It was so calm.

Then suddenly . . . as he had ‘cum’ . . . the same intelligence that *float*ed her . . .  
*towards relief in death* . . . involuntarily it sucked in . . . her first new *breath*.

And his seed.

He left the room, fumbling and shuffling, ignoring and denying what he had just done.

No one spoke of this.

Ever.

Ever.

No.

None.



Sexual abuse wasn't a 'word' yet. No one knew how to 'recognize' it. And so no one ever spoke about it.

So Ella lived in a vacuum. A silent vacuum . . .

It wasn't until many years later, when she was emotionally, and physically, and psychologically stronger, that she could bear to 'birth the memories' ♥.

Her good friend Frank, a 'seer' whom she came to know in profoundly unique ways, was the 'mid husband' for this grueling *freedom* ♥.

She knew to call him.

He listened.

As she 'birthed' them.

The memories.

One by one.

They were so . . . 'complete' . . . and pared-down-essential . . . No more details than were required . . . for her to let them *out* ♥ . . .

Because no one was suspecting . . . ever . . . Ned had the camouflage . . . the free range . . . the leeway to lead her . . . into the sugar maple forest . . . to check the syrup taps . . .

And he had bent her over a log . . . and raped her . . .

No one ever knew about . . . or spoke of . . . this one . . . either . . .

There were more . . . six of them, in all . . . six times . . . she was a ‘slave’ to him .  
. . . six times . . . she took the ‘fall’ . . .

Until the last one – for Ella knew that **it must stop!** It escalated. And she knew  
that if . . . if . . . *she* did not ‘stop it’ . . . then nobody would.

For they were not ‘seeing this’.

So they were not ‘stopping this’.

It was as if this was invisible.

Cataract films like a spell obscuring this.

So no one could ‘see’.

But her.

And him.

Just them.

And she knew too, in her childhood wisdom . . .

That the next time . . . if there **was** a next time . . . that very likely . . . she would  
die . . .

Because this last time, it was on a much larger scale. Like a wildfire that had  
‘leapt’ – from a small campfire, to a blaze . . .

He led her down an earthen trail, down a steep slope, to a cave, near the riverbank  
. . .

All the while, she was trembling inside . . . though she couldn’t . . . let him *know* .  
. . .

He had already laid . . . out a simple ‘mattress’ . . . a sheet of ‘plywood’ . . . on the  
land . . .

And he laid her on it . . . like a sacrifice . . . and he raped her . . . from the front . . .

And then he bit her . . . on both nipples . . .

As if to paralyze her . . . for all of *time* . . .

And he sprayed her . . . with his piss . . . and with his cum . . .

What was most horrible . . . in all this ‘tough stuff’ . . .

Was that she could feel . . . ‘them’ watching . . . near . . .

Water Lillies / I Am You

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Published real-time whilst scribing ☺

Day Six

It was . . . a ‘council’ . . . of older men, like, him . . .  
And they were . . . ‘watching’ . . .  
They were . . . ‘watching’ . . .  
As if . . .  
This was a ‘test’ . . . for . . . him . . .  
An initiation . . .  
A rite of passage . . .  
And he . . .  
This was his ‘test’ . . .  
She was disheveled . . .  
She was ‘not there’, much . . .  
She was quite vacant . . .  
She was not . . . ‘home’ . . .  
She learned to do this . . .  
As he would rape her . . .  
She would ‘leave’ . . .  
She would float ‘out’ . . .  
To where . . .  
She could ‘see’ this . . .  
What he was doing . . .  
‘From afar’ . . .  
She would ‘see herself’ . . .  
She would not ‘leave herself’ . . .  
Yet she would vacate . . .  
She would absent her ‘house’<sup>9</sup> . . .  
They stumbled . . .  
Both in a stupor . . .  
Up . . .

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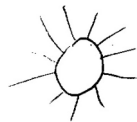
<sup>9</sup> A term referring to ‘the physical body’ in religious lexicons . . .

To the main house . . .  
For these 'rituals' . . .  
He would 'enact them' . . .  
All . . .  
At Le Couer du Roi . . .  
While no one . . .  
Was 'watching' . . .  
While no one . . .  
Else was 'near' . . .  
While he had privacy . . .  
And supposed sanctity . . .  
To offer her . . .  
As if his 'lamb' . . .  
This is not ☺ . . .  
The ending of this 'story' !!!  
For she does *heal* . . .  
*This all complete* . . .  
She is a 'humpty' . . .  
No longer 'dumpty' . . .  
She is now *whole* . . .  
*She is replete* . . .  
And in this 'story' . . .  
This precious 'story' . . .  
We will 'share . . .  
'With you *her Love*' . . .  
For *her Love* . . .  
*It is unbroken* . . .  
*Her Love* . . .  
*It is still the Dove* . . .  
For she has 'not' . . .

Forsaken 'God in this' . . .  
She has 'not' . . .  
Doubted *Its Love* . . .  
She has 'burrowed *deeply* . . .  
*'Into her own heart'* . . .  
And there . . .  
She  
Has  
Found  
*L o v e*  
♥



This is a big story.  
It is a story of tragedy.  
And of comedy.  
Of mystery.  
And of might.  
Of commitment.  
And of integrity.  
It is a story.  
Of healing . . .  
*Into The Light* . . .



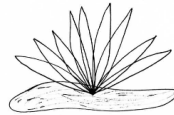
While we are here . . .  
Let us add this . . .



For it will ride 'lighter' . . .  
Upon this 'wave' ♥ . . .  
As the last, 'ritual abuse' enactment . . .  
As the sexual abuse sequence . . .  
Was coming to an end ♥ . . .  
She received a 'coding' . . .  
A psychic 'coding' . . .  
*As if it was being spoken . . .*  
*Through thin air . . .*  
It was an admonishment . . .  
A lethal threat to her . . .  
To 'protect, those who did this harm' . . .  
That "You will self destruct . . .  
"Before you remember" . . .  
And "If you ever tell anyone . . .  
"You will be dead"



It was years, before Ella had the inner fortitude, to remember *this*.  
It took many years . . .



Some years later, when she was in India . . .  
And a colleague, who had paved the way for their safe passage – for he was  
'born' there – and for Bjorn, Helga, and Ella, this land was 'new' . . .  
He brought to Ella, as if an offering, a cassette tape he had made for her . . .  
It was Enigma's song, '*Return to Innocence*' ♥ . . .

It was his offering to her . . .

Because *he knew* . . .