

It's amazing what a good rest can do – and I don't just mean 'sleep' – I mean time to step back and gain perspective, and to digest. For we need to digest our *life experiences* – our inner impressions as well as our outer interactions – not just the food and drink we eat. And without vantage . . . how can we have clarity?

So you might get the sense that I feel refreshed this morning! Refreshed . . . and inspired ☺

I am so thrilled that Ella has entrusted me to tell this tale. The more I step into its 'storyteller role', the more magical it becomes for me . . . How is this possible?!? It's as if it's taking on a whole new spectrum of *life – as I tell it!*

What a privileged position I am in. I feel humbly honored . . .



So today we're going to 'complete' sketching the contextual 'container' in which this massive story will unfold.

Let's begin by outlining the 'arc' that Ella and I have discussed, as a 'template' – an energetic blueprint, like a skeletal structure – around which the details of this story will form . . .

*I Am You* is a reflection of a very precious 'quadrinity'. Its 'Prelude' is currently visible *only on the live website [www.iamyou-thebook.info](http://www.iamyou-thebook.info)*. Its 'Body' is what we are writing now. Once this is complete, we will bridge seamlessly to the writing of its 'Completion'. It is a complete mystery to us – even though we know clearly what it 'represents' – *how* its 'Epilogue' will be expressed!

*I Am You* – with its creative stages of inception, gestation, and birth – will present an *arc* of 'horizontal . . . inclined . . . vertical' . . .

The 'horizontal axis' – just like the orientation of most humans as they 'walk atop the land' in a *birth to death* perception of the journey of life – will include stories that represent the typical course of a human being's life.

*I Am You*. Literally!

As you read Ella's story – and as you empathically feel with her the trials and tribulations, joys and exultant ecstasies of her life's unfolding – you might just find yourself experiencing sparks of insight of your own.

For Ella is – in a very real sense – 'Greta Human' – an example of *any* human at this time in humanity's evolving 'story'. Feel free (if it doesn't happen naturally!) to insert *your* details as a substitute for Ella's . . . and see where your 'new' story leads ♥.

For those of you who are curious (!), our purpose – our intended outcome – of this 'horizontal axis' – is to gently, lovingly, effectively catalyze human healing ♥.

Most of us – except for the rare few who truly do pro-actively and intentionally *seek* opportunities for our inner and outer liberation from limitations – need a 'nudge'. Most of us – sadly – wait for something to *push* us – to require us, to change.

What is masterful about the way Ella lives life, is that she not only chooses pro-action – she demonstrates it.

Which leads me to another significant point: most of us hold this odd idea that we need someone else to show us first – to demonstrate the way – to prove that a 'new' path is safe, possible, and desirable.

With no affront intended – ever, by me – I've noticed over the years that *most people are followers*. They (believe they) need someone else to lead.

Relatively speaking, very few humans – historically – appear to have nourished the seeds of innovation, exploration, and leadership within themselves. Kudos to those who have! Many of us believe we need a 'map' – a route laid before us, just like in a board game – to show us how to get from 'here' (less desirable) to 'there' (a treasure chest of expansive freedom, and then some!).

So this is what – essentially – Ella's life story demonstrates . . . How to get from 'here' . . . to 'there'.

And she does this with remarkable dedication, grace, enduring commitment, and faith ♥.



Once we've got the 'horizontal axis' sufficiently laid out and underway, we'll begin to transition into the 'inclined plane' ☺

The inclined plane is part of what takes my breath away . . . It excites me to no end!

For the 'inclined plane' is the way-showing – the visceral, cellular, heartfelt and heart full demonstration of *how to normalize our spiritual experiences*.

We are all 'spirits in the material world'. No matter whether we consider ourselves atheists, or monotheists, or 'undecided', or '?' – we all have spiritual essences at the core of our physical being-ness.

Quantum physics is finding this – more and more, literally by the day. What spiritualists – ancient yogis and meridian map making masters and indigenous astronomers have known *for millennia* is now being discovered by 'science' ♥.

There is some enigmatic energy at the centre of all *life* ♥.

No matter what we choose to call it – it exists.

And so the 'inclined plane' will assist us – it will ease us tremendously – in dusting off any vestiges of 'disbelief' or 'incredulity' that *our spiritual experiences are real*.

For Ella has experienced *thousands* of them. Quite literally. She is virtually a walking encyclopedia of countless 'versions' of how spirit communicates through flesh ☺.

Over the years she has become so incredibly integrated in this – “[her] life is her laboratory”<sup>1</sup> – that she walks free of denial, free of confusion, essentially free of fear – knowing so deeply that her spiritual experiences are real.

In fact, she describes them as 'more real than real'!

You'll understand why . . . as this story unfolds ☺.

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<sup>1</sup> Gandhi often said, “My life is my laboratory”. Everything he shared through his leadership – his teaching and his mentorship – he essentially explored ‘in himself’ . . . That is, his was not a life of ‘cognitive ideas alone’ . . . It was a life of putting into action – as an ‘experiment’ that he would continuously refine – the ideas that deeply intrigued him . . .



Once we've got our 'spiritual experiences' well integrated into the *norm* of our daily lives – like saying, “I brushed my teeth this morning – and by the way, I had a dream last night. In it, my great grandmother stood at the foot of my bed. In the palms of her two hands, she was holding a radiant, golden ring. As she extended it toward me, I could feel that it represented the birth of a daughter. And in that moment I knew, (tears!), that I will give birth to a most glorious little girl!” And – “Would you mind buying milk while you're out at the store this afternoon?”

That's it. There's ultimately no difference between what we can 'measure' with our five physical senses (what science temporarily suggested is the limit to what is 'real') – and that which we experience directly through the subtle energy of our 'inner' senses.

It's just a matter of re-familiarizing ourselves with a *larger spectrum of frequencies* . . . A wider scope – a vaster bandwidth of reality, as it were . . .

And as we do this – as some of us intentionally, joyously pioneer this – *especially in our willingness to be visible as we do* – we shall open up the paradigm of 'normal' human experience – to reveal what has been long-too-concealed ♥: that spirit is at the heart of everything that exists . . . Even if we cannot yet 'see' it – with our physical human eyes . . . or 'hear' it – with our physical human ears . . . or 'touch' it – with our physical human flesh . . .

Its existence – beyond the frequencies of light and sound perceivable by our 'five physical senses' – is no longer deemed 'unreal'.

Some of us already know this. The 'subtle realms' of existence . . . are 'more real than real' . . .

And what this *leads us to* . . . is the most enormous, unabashed 'leap' in our ego's primal existence. For as we lovingly assist our egos to *acclimatize to realms of existence beyond our physical perception of sound and light* . . . we open up our world ♥.

And as we do *this* . . . we tap in to – we gain direct access to – resources beyond the limited field of possibilities we now essentially live in ♥.

We avail ourselves – individually and collectively – of resources beyond the tangible limits that we, as a (particularly western, ‘developed’) society have limited ourselves to believe is ‘real’.

And we open ourselves to a *wealth of wonders that has existed eternally – just beyond the scope of our sleepy, closed eyelids!*

Just as in Shakespeare’s ‘A Midsummer Night’s Dream’, the ‘spell’ is wearing off . . . And if we choose to . . . we can quicken our awakening . . .

If we choose to . . . we can *step out, in to the Light* . . .



Depending how we – collectively – respond to this ‘catalyst and invitation, which is Ella’s story’ – we may find ourselves in a delightful revelation of the ‘vertical axis’ . . .

The ‘vertical axis’ is the pure alignment with Divinity, allowing a free inflowing of *clarity* into the current mayhem of confusion that is increasingly augmenting on planet Earth ♥.

A colleague and dear friend of Ella’s recently stated – highly intuitively – in 2012 (the year in which many people globally – aided by calculations based on the Mayan calendar – anticipated that ‘the shift’ would visibly, tangibly, beyond-a-shadow-of-a-doubt take place)<sup>2</sup> – “The chaos needs to ripen to be ready for the clarity” ♥.

For ego – as a mind-based aspect of *all* humans (though it is tamed and developed constructively to varying degrees in various cultures and individuals) – tends to revert to *what it is already familiar with*.

Which means that – through millennia of its conditioning – plus its ‘free reign’ in many civilizations, both current and historic, to ‘run the show’, thus usurping the

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<sup>2</sup> The ‘quantum shift / tipping point’ into a higher, more inclusive, more benevolent civilization on planet Earth – spoken of in prophecies from multi cultures, as well as identified by open-minded scientists from various disciplines . . .

inherent, inborn *guidance* of the SOUL – ego tends to limit humanity’s access to *what it doesn’t yet know* :-/

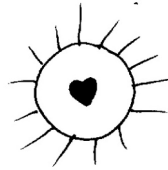
Which means that – if ego continues to be allowed to be the ‘pilot’ steering any individual human’s – or our collective – ‘ship’ . . . then we are tapping in to a very limited field of resources , profoundly diminishing our own magnificent potential of resourcefulness . . .

So we’ll see where this goes!

As the ‘horizontal axis’ and the ‘inclined plane’ – and *our responsiveness to this ‘story’* unfold – we’ll see just how much ‘clarity’ is parachuted down into our thirsty hearts and brains ☺.

For Spirit respects our boundaries . . . *It needs to be invited – in . . .*

And if we feel ready, and willing, and eager, and keen . . . it will feed us – like a parent bird feeds its young ♥.



Let’s explore one more aspect of ‘context’ . . .

Settle in ☺ . . .

I recommend you find yourself a cozy place for this – somewhere ‘quiet’, where you will be free from distractions as you *take this in* . . .

It is akin to a tiny wedge – a loving crowbar, a ‘toothpick in the cake’ – here to open you to receive . . . the full richness . . . of what Ella’s story is ready to give ♥ . . .

. . .

You might find this ‘fantastic’ . . .

You might find this ‘surreal’ . . .

You might find this ‘imaginative’ . . .

You might find this ‘true’ . . .

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Day Three

Consider this a fable – a children’s tale – a nursery rhyme – a simple verse ♥ . . .  
Take a few slow, long, deep, breaths . . .  
Let your eyes stay open . . . or gently . . . even partially . . . allow them to close . .

Relax . . . into the quiet, gently rhythm . . . of *your own breathing* . . .  
For breath . . . really and truly . . . is ‘all there is’ ♥.



Long ago . . . prior to Earth, space, or ‘time’ ♥ . . .  
Let yourself float . . . back . . . to when *all* energy . . . existed together . . . as  
*Source* . . .

All energy . . . was collected . . . existing together . . . as *Source* . . .

There was only . . . *Source* . . .

All that existed . . . was in *Source* . . .

The unified field . . . of all energy . . . all together . . . as *One* . . .

And there was Ella . . .

And there was you . . .

And there was all energy . . .

That ever has been ♥ . . .

. . .

And something unprecedented happened . . .

An aspect . . . of *Source* . . . ‘fell out’ . . .

It dropped . . . it fell out of ‘*Home*’ . . .

. . .

All was silent for awhile . . .

No one seemed to notice . . .

For all Home in *Source* . . .

Continued *being* . . .

As all energy . . .

Had always done . . .  
. . .  
Ella . . . she was the ‘first’ soul . . .  
To notice . . .  
That some energy had ‘fallen’ . . .  
And she noticed . . .  
That *it didn’t notice* . . .  
It didn’t notice . . .  
That it had fallen . . .  
From ‘Home’ . . .  
. . .  
In a ‘moment’ . . .  
Another soul . . . came to stand ‘beside her’ . . .  
It was Paolo . . .  
And *he noticed* . . .  
He could see it too . . .  
That the souls . . .  
Who had ‘fallen’ . . .  
They were behaving . . .  
As if they had no ‘clue’ . . .  
Ella said to Paolo . . .  
In a tone of *caring* . . .  
For Ella *cared so much* . . .  
And she did *notice* . . .  
There was a ‘problem’ . . .  
For the souls who had ‘fallen’ . . .  
Were in ‘amnesia’ . . .  
They . . . had evidently . . . completely . . . forgotten . . . that Source . . . even  
existed . . . let alone . . . that it was their *Home* . . .  
And so they together . . .



Ella and Paolo . . .  
They realized . . .  
There need be a ‘plan’ . . .  
A plan . . .  
A loving ‘blueprint’ . . .  
For how . . .  
To bring the fallen . . . souls . . . *Home* . . .  
And so Paolo called out . . .  
And Javier *heard him* . . .  
And Javier came . . .  
To stand with them . . .  
And he *too* saw . . .  
There was a ‘problem’ . . .  
And it needed . . .  
To be healed ♥ . . .  
And so Javier . . .  
Called for a ‘design team’ . . .  
And more souls swift ☺ . . .  
Came to their side . . .  
And together . . .  
They designed the ‘boomerang’ . . .  
And they conceived . . .  
How it would ‘fly’ . . .  
They called forth . . .  
For ‘volunteers’ . . .  
And many souls . . .  
Came to their side . . .  
In ‘an afternoon’ . . .  
They would together . . .  
Like a parachute team . . .

Join *as One* . . .  
Most souls . . .  
Would stay Home as ‘ballast’ . . .  
With their sister soul Angèle . . .  
As their ‘nurturer’ . . .  
While the ‘volunteers’ . . .  
They would ‘come in’ . . .  
The ‘Dove’ . . .  
It would ‘fly down’ . . .  
It would step down . . . its *vibration* . . .  
Beneath the ‘vibration’ . . .  
Of the ‘fallen ones’ . . .  
And as it ‘flew’ . . .  
‘In a trajectory’ . . .  
‘As a boomerang’ . . .  
‘Is known to do’ . . .  
They would pick up . . .  
On their ‘return flight’ . . .  
The ‘fallen’ souls . . .  
*And bring them Home . . . with them . . .*  
A simple ‘afternoon flight’ . . .  
Is what was ‘anticipated’! . . .  
A simple design . . .  
And many volunteers ☺ . . .  
A *strong* design . . .  
And four strong leaders . . .  
Who were the first . . .  
To witness the ‘fall’ . . .  
And so they descended . . .  
The ‘volunteers did’ . . .

As *most* souls . . .  
Held strong as anchors . . .  
For them at *Home* . . .  
Only there was one thing . . .  
That was unpredicted . . .  
For this had never . . .  
Taken place before . . .  
It was that as . . .  
The Dove – the ‘volunteers’ . . .  
Together . . .  
Descended ‘down’ . . .  
They *came into view* . . .  
*Of the fallen angels* . . .  
*Who could NOW perceive them* . . .  
*In plain view* . . .  
And in their *curiosity* . . .  
*They leaned over* . . .  
*To keenly see* . . .  
*What beneath them flew* . . .  
And in their *keenness* . . .  
*They locked the Dove in* . . .  
*They eclipsed it* . . .  
*Via the innocence* . . .  
*Of their wish to view* . . .  
The Dove . . .  
It lost its *momentum* . . .  
It became ‘trapped in . . .

'The Wheel of Time'<sup>3</sup> . . .  
It lost its *velocity* . . .  
It lost its *direction* . . .  
It fell . . .  
Into 'Time' . . .  
And through all of 'Time' . . .  
There have been *souls within* . . .  
*The souls* . . .  
*Upon this Earth* ♥ . . .  
*Who have remembered* . . .  
*Who and what the Dove is* . . .  
*Some have remembered this* . . .  
*Since the beginning of their births* . . .  
For the 'story' . . .  
Of 'humanity' . . .  
Has been the 'story' . . .  
Of the 'Dove' ♥ . . .  
And of the '*re-awakening*' . . .  
*Of enough souls* . . .  
*To re-create momentum* . . .  
*To fly it Home* ♥ . . .  
And *this* . . .  
*It is our story* . . .  
*No matter race* . . .  
*Color or creed* ♥ . . .  
For our *story* . . .  
*It is **one story*** . . .  
*It is our story* . . .

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<sup>3</sup> The Buddhist identification of 'samsara' – the regurgitation of energy in cycles of 'reincarnation' . . . Essentially, energy 'trapped' in a limited 'wheel' of its existence . . .

*Of flying Home ♥ . . .*  
*And to do so . . .*  
*We need to awaken . . .*  
*To our collective . . .*  
*Dignity . . .*  
*For no one . . .*  
*Yes, repeat no one . . .*  
*Is excluded . . .*  
*From this sacred Dove ♥ . . .*  
*We are all . . .*  
*Among its volunteers . . .*  
*Or are descendents . . .*  
*Of the fallen ones . . .*  
*Who are SO loved . . .*  
*By the volunteers . . .*  
*That they would continue . . .*  
*In SUCH love . . .*  
*To yearn to . . .*  
*And to attempt to . . .*  
*Rev 'enough' Light . . .*  
*To return us Home . . .*  
*As single souls . . .*  
*Known as 'Ascended Masters' . . .*  
*And now ♥ . . .*  
*As THE ONE DOVE . . .*  
*For we are all . . .*  
*In this together . . .*  
*No matter what we 'think' . . .*  
*Or what we 'feel' . . .*  
*There is no 'outside' . . .*

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Day Three

*There is only 'inside' . . .*

*And together . . .*

*WE ARE THE DOVE . . .*



This is 'our' story, told via many languages, through many ages, in many cultures



Some call it the 'phoenix' . . .

Some call it the 'eagle' . . .

So many cultures . . . speak of a 'bird' . . .

A great bird . . .

Full of loving kindness . . .

An 'ark' . . .

That carries all 'Home' . . .

Safely . . .

Into still waters . . .

Well . . .

Beyond the 'storm' . . .

And so this . . .

It is the 'fable' . . .

That 'I' tell . . .

Here in 'present time' . . .

In a language . . .

We may have forgotten . . .

Yet we all . . .

In our hearts *speak* ♥ . . .



Take a deep breath ☺

It doesn't matter – at all – if you 'remember this' . . . if you 'believe this' . . . or if you 'doubt, this could be true' . . .

Yes, it is well recognized – that humanity has been on a *long* path, in which suffering, has been the 'norm' . . .

And numerous times – throughout the ages – 'Light' has shone . . . to lead us 'Home' . . .

And yet 'we're still here – in this world of suffering' . . . ?

How? Can this be so?

And so *trust . . . it is 'the issue' . . .*

For this is a *very . . . intricate story . . .*

It is *trust ♥ . . . needs be re-built . . .*

Trust . . . in Divinity's *trust worthy ness . . .*

And *our very own egos . . .*

*Need re-learn this trust ♥ . . .*

It is okay – it has become 'normal' . . .

For some among us . . .

To 'lead the way' . . .

And yet we *all* must . . .

'Re-ignite our lamp lights . . .

'For to see . . .

'The Lighted way' . . .

This is *not . . . a book of religion . . .*

For *religion . . . divides the way . . .*

If science . . . or too religion . . . were 'enough . . . to show our way' . . .

Then why . . . would we still be 'suffering'?

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Day Three

Oh why . . . would we still be ‘lost’?  
It is the *re-union* . . .  
*Of all the parts AS ONE* . . .  
That will *make* . . .  
*Humpty Dumpty*<sup>4</sup> *whole* ♥ . . .  
We must *remember now* . . .  
*How to co-operate* . . .  
*We must Love* . . .  
*As One for All* . . .  
Just as . . .  
The ‘Three Musketeers’ . . .  
They did ‘combine . . .  
‘Their strengths as One’ . . .  
We must *now* . . .  
*For chaos IT IS RIPE* . . .  
We must find *within ourselves* . . .  
*The* . . .  
*Seed* . . .  
*Of* . . .  
*Love* . . .  
Diversity . . .  
Might ‘frighten us’ . . .  
For it requires . . .  
That we be in the ‘presence of’ . . .  
What we ‘don’t yet know’ . . .  
And as we *learn* . . .  
*How to co-exist with it* . . .  
*It becomes exciting* . . .

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<sup>4</sup> ‘Humpty Dumpty’ is a ‘children’s rhyme’ . . . Or is it – a metaphor for ‘life’? . . .



*It becomes a flow . . .*  
Just as in ☺ . . .  
The ‘nursery rhyme’ . . .  
“Row row row your boat,  
“Gently down the stream,  
“Merrily merrily merrily,  
“Life is but a dream” . . .  
We discover . . .  
In a magnificent wonder . . .  
That what we believed . . .  
We were ‘afraid’ of . . .  
*It is not real . . .*  
And in its place . . .  
We stir and remember . . .  
That we *all* are . . .  
Cut of the ‘same’ cloth . . .  
Even if . . .  
We may ‘appear’ . . .  
To be ‘different’ . . .  
For *we are different!* . . .  
*We each . . .*  
*Are unique!* . . .  
And we must learn now . . .  
Like ‘fallen children’ . . .  
That unique . . .  
Is safe to be ♥ . . .  
For as we lose . . .  
Our fear of ‘ourselves’ . . .  
And as we lose . . .  
Our fear of ‘different’ . . .

Then we too lose . . .  
Our fear of 'Home', love . . .  
And this is ☺ . . .  
Where this story leads . . .



Oh my!  
This is Geneviève ☺  
I too need to take a slow, luxurious, sublimely deep breath . . .  
Wow . . . I love this 'scribing'! It is such an incredible, most remarkable  
experience . . . Simply surrendering, in complete trust . . . and allowing . . . this to write ♥  
. . .

We'll begin tomorrow, with 'the story within this story' – the 'invitation', as it  
were . . .

For *all* of us ☺ are being invited . . .

To realize that we are 'cut of the same cloth' . . .

This 'book' is a call to 'disarmament' – to us literally 'laying down our weapons',  
as it were – the 'weapons' we hold against each other . . . plus too the 'weapons' . . . we  
hold against 'ourselves' . . .

And now, I take my rest . . .

With love to you, until tomorrow!

Yes, sacred hearts, we all are ♥ . . .