

ADRIAVELLE & MICHELIQUE

SPIRIT SPEAK (PART)

Adriavelle and Michelique, the two near sisters who [longed to and then successfully] visited the waterside town, where down from the torquay trees, from The Springs of I, run into the lake, where they both knew of flowers similar to tulips, that grew beneath the water surface - in all colours - colours you have not seen. The journey far cost greatly but Adriavelle was clever and knew how to quickly double a profit. Michelique, much more the type to dream ideas a slow birth, worked steadily under Adriavelle's instruction. The two not only earned their way to the waterside town but would be received with great esteem, for the profits unheard of in such a short time. In the town near the lakeside, I watched the journey shared between the two, separate in to two journeys entirely, and I saw who remembered the Point. Adriavelle, while a good and conscientious worker, became busy with the people in the town immediately upon arrival. Her very esteem, the cause of an amnesia that would without knowing, in later years, be the root of all her most suffering, suffering Adriavelle would not know how to heal but only nurse with profit - a suffering that was never the ambition of I. Michelique, was considered rebellious and rude in her disregard for esteem, and left her chair vacant at an elaborate arrival dinner, [full of influential town people].

At dusk, alone, Michelique made her way to the lakeside, where the visibility of the flowers beneath the water was obstructed by a fog covering the surface of the lake. I instructed Michelique to remain there. Hearing Me as her innervoice, though confusing Me for her own stubborn nature, she remained. Dusk turned to dawn and back to dusk again 3 times before Michelique grew weary [and hungry] but as dawn emerged on that third day, the fog cleared and the lake surface was like a mirror. Over a rock she suspended herself to lean over and look into the water. Now, nothing but her own reflection was obstructing the view of the flowers beneath the water surface. Michelique was beyond the fixations of reflection, she was eager to meet The Point of The Journey. She stared at herself with no view of flowers beneath the surface, and became stricken with emotion. "I see only me. It is only I and I alone here I can see" she cried over and over again, until tears of truth dropped into the lake and ripples of emotion broke the mirror. As the mirror broke, colours of the most magnificence, colours she'd never seen emerged in the form of flowers similar to tulips.

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They grew and grew, up from the muddy sediment before her very eyes, until there stood 7, out in the air, above the water but rooted in the soil and arched over MicheliQue like giant lamp shades. Now no longer confusing My Voice, said I to her, "MicheliQue, The Point is the nectar you extract from the moment, and this is Life, the flowers were always a ploy to the nectar. Extract the nectar, and find you will, and Know forever, the Point of I". Certain now of I, MicheliQue pulled the nectar from the centre of the flower, as it morphed into a honey-like dripping down her hand. Laughing and crying from overwhelm and bliss, she licked Ambrosia off her hand. The nectar strong in her system, caused a deep sleep beside the lake. MicheliQue lay with a breath and a pulse for 7 days dreaming, while the nectar of I that caused the flowers to grow and streams to flow, went to work in her human cells, removing all that was not of I [what was not pure, natural, organic and from the earth]. There, while she dreamed inspired dreams of My High Springs, anew I made each cell.

At dusk on the 7th day I permitted He, of [a tested] True Nature, to find MicheliQue asleep by the lake [only by the chance of I]. By her side he knelt to wake her, though she'd be awake now forevermore, even as she dreamed. With her eyes open and his too, she spoke with nectar on her lips. She spoke to his core, to His True Nature and told him of The Springs of I she'd witnessed in her dreams. Complex as my nectar had made her idea, His True Nature celebrated both her and his own inherent understanding of such complexity. There is no word for the connection between these two by the lakeside, as it is of I, The Highest of High. MicheliQue was strong in mind, wild at heart but still recovering in body, so He of True Nature carried her through the torquay trees up to where she Pointed, to The Springs of I. Unscathed, above the town, above the lake, above the clouds just above the torquay trees and beneath the radiant Sun did flow I, as One, for these two, into two cups shared, and celebrated Life from The Spring. Abundant in all that is good, beautiful, true and divine beyond human imagination, bless did I their life. And grow could they by The Grace of their connection, 12 new - nectar from flowers. Flowers and vines of all kinds, kinds that resembled peonies, snapdragons, bougainvilleas, dahlias, amaryllis', lilies-of-the-valley, orchids, hyacinths, torch gingers, birds of paradise, jade vines, alstroemerias - beauty, the kind that you have never seen.

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9 years after Michelique made her life of light, music, flowers, flow and nectar above the waterside town with He, [now] The Emperor of True Nature, she would learn of Adriavelle's amnesia. Adriavelle could not remember the lake, the flowers or the Point of I so for the next 50 years, every year, for 1 week in the Month of May, Michelique did pray for "The Miracle of Remembrance". And every year, the week following Michelique's prayers, bring did I, the rains, just enough to flood the banks of the lake. And carry in the stream from the lake, through the streets of the town, the seeds from the flowers that resemble tulips. And plant did I, for 50 years, seeds in Adriavelle's front yard. 1 week before Adriavelle's 92nd birthday, following Michelique's prayers, this time, flood entirely did I, the streets of the town for 7 days. And on the 7th day, on her 92nd birthday, raise did I, 350 of those giant flowers that resembled tulips, out from the flood waters tall they stood in Adriavelle's front yard. Though weary, Adriavelle's profit afforded her the assistance to move to her window, as she could hear the clamour of the townspeople who were coming in on boats to see the giant flowers.

The flowers reached high as her window on the third level, where she did sleep. She opened her window to touch the petals that were like velvet but she could *not* know to extract the nectar without My Voice. At the touch of a petal Adriavelle remembered. She remembered Michelique and their laughter in the process of doubling their first profit, she remembered her original ambition, she remembered the beauty in humility, she remembered the joy in simplicity, she remembered the connection she once held with Truth, the connection she shared with Michelique, and the very preciousness of connection itself - all once upon a time before she became busy with the townspeople and her esteem. For the first time in 92 years Adriavelle experienced bliss and slept with peace in her own remembrance. That night, before midnight, Adriavelle left her body and returned Home. When she reached Home she requested from I, a series of shooting stars to be witnessed by Michelique. That night under the stars where Michelique was wrapped in the arms of, He of True Nature, where the two spent many a night in laughter and embrace, began moving did I the Stars like a show of fireworks. And carry did I in the breeze, a message from Adriavelle from Home to Michelique.

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Michelique, I am Home. Gifted by you through prayer, The Miracle of Remembrance - my chance to remember. Your prayer answered - I remembered. Though brief, I felt true bliss, a bliss found only in The Point of The Journey, One you kept in your focus the whole time. And for every day, the 7, and for every year, the 50, you prayed for me, gifted in return to you The Empress, and gifted the same to your love, The Emperor of True Nature, is one more year of life and youth. Recorded here at Home is your determination to cause a miracle for another through prayer. And every year on this eve, 700 stars will catapult across the night sky for you two - clear you will see them from the Peak where you made your life. And every wish the two of you make upon those stars, will come to pass before you decide to return Home. Thank you for never forgetting The Point, and thank you for never forgetting me.

Nicole Bonomi