



# Rhythm of Love

Lily Wonderland & Michael's angels

# Rythmus Lásky

Lily Wonderland a Michaelovi anjeli



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&  
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# **ABOUT THE “PROJECT ILLUSION”**



[Official introduction video](#)

I have followed Michael Jackson fans' lives, experiences, and creations with attention for some years. Their beings continue to open more and more as the love, passions, and beauty express themselves in different ways. My heart stares at them in wonderment as it fills with admiration and endless joy.

It so happens that the birth of *Rhythm of Love* and a real “creation series” was inspired by this, enabling one to experience miracles again and again by it.

Michael’s being is a very important part of my existence and life, and some months ago I got an intuitive thought: “There were a lot of books about Michael, but nobody has ever written a book about his fans – those who were integral to his success. Two days later, I got an invitation by “The Guatemalan Michael Fan Club,” to join the Facebook event *Project Illusion*. I looked at it and got a joyful surprise, because the event was about the creation of a book. A young writer, Lily Wonderland, followed her heart and intuition by deciding to make a book with Michael’s fans and people who love him; and in the book, they may tell



about their “Michael experiences,” feelings, and show their creations inspired by Michael and/or related to him.

The biggest surprise and gift for me were the words that Lily wrote on the *Project Illusion*’s Facebook page: “We are not asking for any money, the cost of publishing this book I will pay myself.

Net profit from sales of this book (which will be translated into English because this is a world-wide project), goes to support sick children and people who need it most.” So *Rhythm of Love* is born to give joy as well as support children and people in helpful ways.

I joined *Project Illusion* immediately! Two of my symbols are in the book: the symbol of Neverland and the “We love you, Michael” symbol.

My soul is happy and grateful; while the love, enthusiasm and devotion that I feel throughout this book carry me.

Miracles happen and *Project Illusion* is evidence of what one can do when joining forces. Here is felt a holding of hands, which creates a circle and in the middle of this circle radiates incredible warmth, love. Michael has done it. He changed the world, changed people. He brought us an unstinting, never-dying love. And now is the time, when we shall share this love with the world. You, my dear reader, are in the circle. You are part of an endless magic, support, trust and love.

*When I am not here anymore  
Don't seek me in the world  
I will live on within you  
In the spiritual world of immortals  
Where there are no pains or fears  
I'll be there in your dreams  
At the threshold of your door for all time.*

*After they bury me, I'll be seen through different  
eyes  
In the fresh morning dew you can see my face  
As a breeze brings my scent  
Do not worry! You recognize me!  
I'll breathe in the sunny day  
And laugh beside the stream  
Accompanying you on the way  
Holding your hand forever.*

*Although I am dead in this world of wonders  
I'll be there for beautiful moments  
Until we meet again.*

# Introduction

Reaching deep inside herself

The passion, heat

The hunger

Freeing boundless magic

The energy

The thunder

Determined not to break her stride

Letting go of foolish pride

The star inside her came to life

And danced to the rhythm of love.

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© Gina LaFemme, Austria



# *The Truth Of Your Inner Light*

Heal the world. Yours, his, hers, their lives are all about this. God created us with an intention. Not to destroy Mother Earth, but to heal her. Heal her heart, her soul.

Even if you think that it's ridiculous, when you hug a tree, it feels something. We aren't the only ones who have a heart – who can breathe. Trees can too, more than people will ever be able to imagine. They are alive. They live for us. We have to live for them. Imagine a planet without trees, grass or flowers. It's your choice, just dare to face reality and be brave enough to imagine. Close your eyes and see that which is in front of yourself. Terrible, isn't it?

If we don't stop destroying our Earth, we won't only see the terrible picture of the planet when closing our eyes, but we will experience it for real as endangered animals and nature die all around us. What can be done?



When Mother Earth declares: “It’s enough! Humans have gone too far!” Then, at this moment, we will pray on our knees to stay alive. Do you really want this?

Do you really want to see everything loses its breath as it dies? Can you dare to believe in change?

Stop saying: “It’s impossible!” or “It will never change!” because until these thoughts exit your mind, nothing will change.

Have you thought about how many children die each minute of each day? How many angels are lost simply because we don’t care?!

Think about this, not about how terrible is your life. You should give thanks to God that he didn’t forget to wake you up this morning.



Thanks that you have something to eat, work to do, and children who are healthy. Thank God if there is a roof above your head.

It's time to wake up.

But the first step of change, almost the biggest one, is to look into a mirror. Find your soul. Reach a place of peace within your heart and soul. To change – dare to take this very first step. Once you dare to look in the mirror, this motivates others around you to do the same.

Forget defeatist words like: *No, Impossible, Never*. They shouldn't exist in one's vocabulary.

Once you reach the point of making a change, when you have looked into a mirror and seen your true soul, go and encourage others to do the same.

Don't be afraid to hold fellow man's hands, if necessary. Don't be afraid to say, "I Love You," to a stranger. It may touch their hearts. Don't be afraid of what others say, for they could accuse you of being crazy. So what?

The so-called "crazy ones" in this world still believe that we can change our world. It is these crazy ones, sooner or later, who *will* change the world. Be brave. Dare to open your heart to the world and let your innermost light shine. Proudly stand under God's light. Belong to those unfairly criticized as being "crazy."

And never forget – never – where you came from, where you are, and where your intentions lead you to tomorrow.

Never forget: no one stands above others. God made each of us the same. That's why we should be proud to proclaim: "We Are One In God's Great Family."

© Syssy K. Diamond, Hungary

# A Tear For Neverland

Sparkling water

Glimmering grass

A view so magnificent and grand

Sunlight shining

The angels smile and give thanks  
and shed a tear for Neverland.

A land of joy and peace

Purity and love

The love no human can disband

Children healing



Parents thank the Divine  
and shed a tear for Neverland.  
The gates fly open  
Evil interfered  
A shadow of darkness came to land  
The prophet cried  
Falling to his knees  
and shed a tear for Neverland.  
Years later, its memory lives on  
A legacy not forgotten  
Thousands profess: “we know the truth, we will  
take a stand!”  
I reminisce about the days of old  
My heart misses the purity of his love  
and sheds a tear for Neverland.

You were alive and breathed  
Healed so many souls  
Like water washes away footprints in the sand  
They tried to destroy you  
But you won, yet we still miss you  
and shed a tear for Neverland.

© Jacinta Feyling, Norway



© Nello Ceccarelli, France

# Michael

Whisper of a music box  
A ballerina in fine tune  
Of a misty-torn, stained cloth  
Tucked away as a memento  
That forever holds the memories  
That one heart can consume  
A dedication of a lifetime  
A love that seemed to be gone in a minute  
We take it back if only for a second  
Never in search of a fallen star  
We know where you are  
The brightest in the universe



To the core of the eternal light  
That shines from afar  
He who is our teacher, mentor, our star  
Days seem longer  
The nights of a crisp chill  
Some days it still doesn't seem real  
Michael...  
Dancers of a dancer's dream in silhouettes  
Shadow the moon  
Like that of a young rose in gloom  
Yearning for love of a full bloom  
Run in the fields where lilacs ponder  
Seduce the air of lavender  
We will forever wonder  
Sunset calms

To take in all its beauty of that  
A slow motion  
Bringing closure to another day  
Of a tear-stained letter  
Tucked away  
We'll never forget.

© Tammy Jones, USA, New York

# Michael's Hands

Hands which tempt, caress  
Hands crave to protect  
And in his hands other hands cling  
Hands nimble as lightning  
A silvery sheen glove  
Hands clutch the microphone  
Hands greet his loyal fans  
They got an ugly reward  
Wrists tightly bound by a California D.A.  
Hands never folded in fatigue  
Precious hands to be remembered with love.

© Hana Lencová, Czech



## *Body And Soul Have A Name - Love*

I'm opening the imaginary book of your body and soul. I want to read it all. I need to read not only the text, but also between the lines wherein is the hidden treasure, which bears your name – Michael J. Jackson.



I open this book about you and I get to the preface. It talks about the beautiful, sensitive and delicate angel being that experienced evil and bitterness on our planet. You're my hero: you endured this brutality for your children, you had to experience this and to the last acts of cruelty, ruthlessness, cynicism and desires of others that were committed on you. You carried everything on your shoulders with pride and with a straight back, faced these atrocities.

With the totality of your life, I am impressed and cannot choose only one favorite.

Whether as a child, teenager, a young man, or middle-aged man it is hard. With your songs and dance moves, also I cannot choose one or the other as "the best" because you were all about perfection and therefore, one choice isn't possible.

With eagerness reading about you, I got to the home page of the book. You always said, "The

song must have a story, introduction, body and conclusion.” Even this gem of a book that is you, I leaf through and it will have these three ingredients, like the songs that you wrote for us with infinite love.

Everything you told us and bequeathed came from your divine genius. You shaped it within songs, dances, books, poems, paintings – a symbiosis of love. It was you. To love each other, you reached up for hands in the crowd and touched them without resentment, anger, or hatred. You showed it perfectly in *Another Part Of Me*.

You're bewitching and irresistible. This song was a highlight in your career!

When I look at this video from the Bad era and see you, I feel as though I am walking through a flower garden and hearing the hum of butterfly wings. You totally gave yourself to this song, with every piece, you were dedicated.

It was not rewarded only with applause, standing ovations and chanting. Unfortunately, you could not anticipate the unexpected fainting fans, after which you were sad. But their fainting was an expression of love for you among some of the overemotional individuals. Already during the first tones of your slow songs, fans waved lighters and rocked along with the crowd that you loved. *Wow!*

A magical glow in the darkness singing along in mass and reflecting like stars in the sky at Neverland.

You taught and continue to teach us to walk around with open eyes and an open heart. Even the beggar on the street and homeless people need to eat, drink and warm up. You taught us to love each person, especially those in wheelchairs or blind; because they need more love than the healthy. You never forgot Stevie Wonder and led him on stage and off stage again so that he could safely walk to his chair. You put gentleness in our minds, because it is necessary to start with ourselves and not forget to look in the mirror. Yes, you are great truth. I love you for this the most, but just few can do it.



The world, unfortunately, tramples on love, affection, empathy, kindness, a willingness to help somewhere very deep – as far as a hundred fathoms beneath the earth.

You teach us to take an imaginary shovel and see the beautiful traits of people that were a gift of God; by digging ‘em up and returning each again to the world to the light of God. Thank you as you are able to address this in a beautiful way so a lot of people can understand. Yes, we can be people in every walk of life. Thank you for this.

And I get to the part that I cannot forget. I’m trying to help children apply your teachings. You are the best teacher because they were the reason why you became a megastar, moving with agility through show business.

You paid the ultimate price. For all that you have done out of love for the children and downtrodden, you are the sweetest, rarest and most beautiful thing on earth. In the first place is God, then Jesus, and next to this place of honor you sit – my angel.

If it was in my power, I would declare you a saint for your beautiful, pure soul. Your eyes glisten in the videos and I still cannot get enough of them as an inexhaustible fountain of inspiration. Your eyes caress, heal as well as reveal joy, tenderness, gentleness, understanding and compassion. In times of facing evil, they are transformed and exude sadness and helplessness. Questioning why others fail to understand and why they inflicted hurt so many times. Today, I know and understand.

I am a woman who never ceases to admire you and can honestly say that you captivated the hearts of millions of people around the world. At the end of this imaginary book about your body and soul, I want to thank you for what you gave: love for children and people around the world, expressed through songs, dance, books, poems, and messages in which we can continually enjoy. I admired and learned from you over the years, thus making me a better person. Thanks to you, I look at everything from different points of view and I think about others first – not me. It is not that hard to learn and acquire this property.

It's about understanding human needs and perceptions held by others. What if a man should be left alone in the world without others?

Forget selfishness and open your heart to the world, whether be in early or advanced age. Take off the blinders from your eyes and stop being indifferent when injustice is rampant all around. When anger, resentment, envy and hatred are present, let us hold hands in defiance; even if only virtually (online through the Internet), look into other's eyes and open your heart. Let's make this world a better place. Michael would like very much to see the change. Michael, you are our common eternal love.

© Marta Seeháková, Czech





© Nello Ceccarelli, France

# World Without Michael

One of the great icons of the world is lost forever  
His soul is looking at us now  
From the depths of outer space  
And our sorrow is stranded by the wonderful song  
In a tones of Earth Song  
The lakes are shimmering  
Veins of the world did not stop bleeding  
On the places of the battles and wars  
From a distance heartbreaking cries  
Descend the plea, “We’ve had enough!”

Our lives are increasingly interwoven with violence  
Or does the sun that shines on us  
Are its eyes drawn to hatred and cold?  
Whether or not all the children of the world  
- The innocent souls -  
Deserve to live in the arms of peace and love  
That of the beauty of everyday life  
Give questions to dad and mom  
Why do some children still  
Know only poverty and hunger  
Instead, why not hear  
How someone loves them?  
Mankind kills the one  
Born in the womb  
Cuts down trees and kills animals  
Can he not stop?