

# ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST

Volume 101 Number 1 2023



**Rosicrucian Reflections**

# ROSICRUCIAN DIGEST

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The cover is a detail  
from a painting  
titled *To the Source*,  
by Rosicrucian artist  
Yulia Schichkova. To  
view the full painting,  
turn to page 36.

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## INTRODUCTION

*Grand Master Julie Scott, SRC*

In our last issue of the *Rosicrucian Digest*, we presented numerous selections from well-known Rosicrucian writers from AMORC's modern era. The pieces that ran in these pages last time were meant to inspire our readers, and we asked members to send us their art and writing that were influenced by their experiences with AMORC. Judging by the volume of responses we received, it was a rousing success. Many of you sent in artwork, poetry, and prose selections that you wished to share with the AMORC community and beyond.

The diversity of authors and artists, and the fascinating way that was reflected in the selections they shared, was inspiring for us, because it shows that the Rosicrucian teachings can have an impact across a wide range of backgrounds.

The artwork we received ranged from abstract to intricate, and from traditional mediums to digital ones. Bright blooms of color burst off our screens from works by Brian Eppley and Yulia Schichkova. Artist Nikki Schiro, whose work may be familiar to longtime *Digest* readers, challenged our perspectives with her four vibrant selections in this issue. Geoffrey Geiger sent in some digital selections that open up to many mystical interpretations. Additionally, artists like Lourdes Metz, Kavon Sadler, Gurinder Singh, Karla Phillips, and Oksana Rosenman gave us selections that present familiar mystical subjects in moving new ways.

Two artists also submitted poetry with their artwork: Amira Carluccio created the "Colombe" poem along with its accompanying art, and so did Debby Nelson with "Alchemical Rainbow."

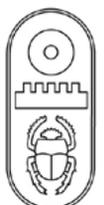
The poetry we selected for this issue largely focuses on themes familiar to initiates: the heart, alchemy, the rose, and the "Universal One." Poets Ann MacDonald, Amatus Forsac, Nancy Vairat, and Victor Jimenez challenged us to look at these familiar subjects from a new, more personal perspective.

In addition to these poems, poets Amarillo Mills, Melvia Agbeko Odemakpore, JoAnn Adams, and Jackelyni Reis presented us with selections on mystical themes that expand our understanding of subjects like self-discovery, nature, and love.

The prose selections for this issue also largely focus on personal reflections of how AMORC has helped shape members' lives. Authors Michael Shaluly, Ralph Denner, Beth Lyons, Stella Nwakaego, Anita Bowden, Charles Larcomb, Francisco Guzman, Chris Barton, and Venus Zamorra all provide us with unique windows into their experiences on the mystical path, and show us directly the positive and nurturing effects of Rosicrucian study. These prose pieces take a deeper dive into AMORC's lasting effects on members' understanding of the world around them and their place in it.

We hope that this issue does not end the chain of inspiration that Rosicrucian teachings are designed to create. We created this issue to stoke the spark of creativity and wonder that students of mysticism carry with them in their daily lives.

So Mote It Be!



# OBJECT LESSONS OF A WORKING MYSTIC

*Michael Shaluly, FRC*

One of the first activities we perform when we become a Rosicrucian student is to set up a personal Sanctum, a (hopefully) private, quiet place in our home where we can study our monographs, meditate, pray, and perform the various exercises of our mystical school. It immediately conveys the importance of having a sacred space to contemplate the mysteries that surround all of us, and it is essential and of great importance to all Rosicrucians.

As time goes on and our perception of our studies evolves, we begin to recognize that mysticism goes beyond sitting and studying in our sanctum. It is an actual part of being human, of seeking answers to questions, of living life in this world while we simultaneously seek for inner wisdom to better guide us in our personal development. Our studies in our sanctum are beautiful and inspiring, and such study leads us to recognize that our mystical work is “out there” in our day-to-day life where we can put that which we learn into practice and become of service to others.

One of my first object lessons of this was in the earliest days of my profession. I was a precision toolmaker and I was thrust into a lead role very early. I was given a very complex tool to make and had no clue how to do it. It was a small company; there was no one there to help, and since I was so new to the industry, I had no expert friends I could call upon. I tried all of the ways that I could think of to get this job done to no avail. The owner of the company would come in from time to time

with an anxious look on his face, which only made me more anxious. I was at my wit's end and went home that evening feeling hopeless.

On my way home, as I was thinking of new methods to use, it struck me that I had Rosicrucian techniques at my disposal. At first, I thought they couldn't possibly help me to make a tool! But then again, my physical efforts weren't getting me very far. It was like I was forced to at least try the mystical techniques I was learning in a real-world situation. What did I have to lose?

That evening, I went into my sanctum and began the work.. I carefully and fully visualized a successful outcome, making sure not to try to force what I thought the process should be. I saw the actual tool in detail, as well as the owner of the company inspecting it with a big smile. I then allowed myself to drift into meditation, forgetting about everything. Afterward, I went about the evening, doing my best not to think about the whole scenario. This was impossible, but I did my best. Before going to sleep, I must admit that I was disappointed that a solution was still nowhere in sight, but with effort, I thought of other things and was able to sleep.

On my way to work the next day, with still no solution, I felt anxiety returning. Halfway to work, I got a very subtle impression, so small that I almost dismissed it. But I captured it somehow; it basically was a vision of doing everything almost the exact opposite of what I had

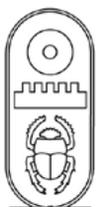
been trying. I thought at first that this was just a random thought out of the blue, but I also realized that this idea came to me not from my knowledge of toolmaking, but from somewhere else. Could this be my answer? It was radically different, so there was trepidation, but I decided to follow that which had come to me.

Needless to say, it worked perfectly. Before the morning was over, the tools were produced, the owner was thrilled, and the customer had what they needed. It was a great relief and a great lesson.

There were many such experiences like this one; there are also those that take more time before we realize them. As an example, my wife and I are both longtime members, having met at a Rosicrucian convention. We joined our local Rosicrucian Lodge, and it became an integral part of our life. We had also started our own toolmaking business when our children were very young, and of course we were met with the many challenges that this entails. There were times when the lodge responsibilities would clash with business opportunities, and I wondered if we should spend so much time supporting the lodge when our business needed our attention. My wife was more unwavering than me. She always put her mystical work first, and I followed her lead, though I must admit that I did so kicking and screaming at times. She had a natural confidence in the many laws of nature that we studied as Rosicrucians and she confidently followed the mystical principle of “if you dare to do, you will be given the power to do.” But for me, it truly begged the question, are these laws real? Can we truly depend on them? After all, we had mouths to feed, employees with their own families, customers who depended

on us, and so forth. Was it responsible for us to give so much time and attention to advancing mystical ideals rather than doing the “real” work of running our business?

As the years went by, positive answers to the above questions gradually revealed themselves in our life. As we go through individual everyday experiences, we sometimes miss their significance until later. Looking back, whenever there was a business need, the Lodge and its members indirectly gave us inspiration and guidance. Further, being with other members strengthened our knowledge and use of Rosicrucian techniques. Personally, my wife and I did not have a college degree when we started our business (my wife earned an MBA later in life), and it was amazing to recognize the education that stemmed from our Rosicrucian work, including not only through the monographs, but also with affiliated body work. Through the lodge, you learn public speaking, effective writing, event organization, financial planning, and conflict resolution, among many other things you would not expect and which can spill over into one’s personal and professional life. Further, you have the opportunity to develop a sincere, unique mystical sense of understanding and service to others. Indeed, finding your way on the mystical path with others of like mind brings blessings and great rewards that are invaluable. Gradually, there is a realization that mysticism is inherent within all human beings because we are all intertwined in an evolutionary process of becoming. Truly, AMORC has been a great blessing to us on every level that one can receive blessings. It continues to inspire us each day and to begin each morning with gratitude.



# COLOMBE

*Amira Carluccio, SRC*

Angel-like damsel  
Dressed in pure white  
An open red rose  
Blooms in her heart

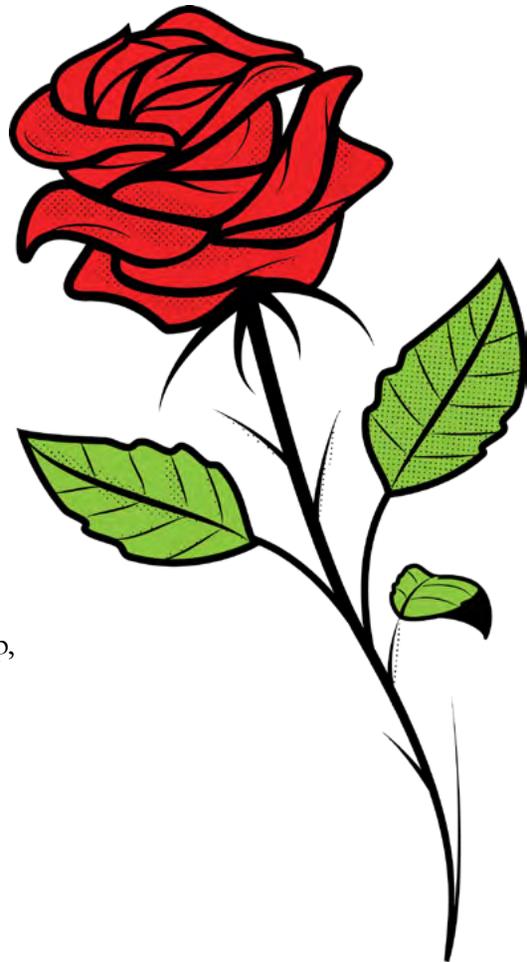
Softly she glides  
When she enters the temple  
As if walking on clouds  
Ever so gentle...

Radiant pure innocence  
Symbol of the holy dove  
Veiled by rose scented incense  
With great grace she flows

Background soft music  
Marks the rhythm of her solemn step,  
In her beautiful presence  
Emotions and joyful tears swell

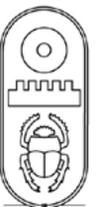
She brightens up the darkness  
As she ignites the temple fire  
Of the Sacred Shekinah  
Lifting our spirits even higher...

Vestal virgin of the mystic Rose Cross,  
Icon of pure consciousness, wisdom and love  
Peace Profound she blissfully imparts  
Awakening the inner Master of our Hearts!





Keeper of the Flame, *Amira Carluccio, SRC, 2023.*



# THE ART OF NOISE CANCELLATION

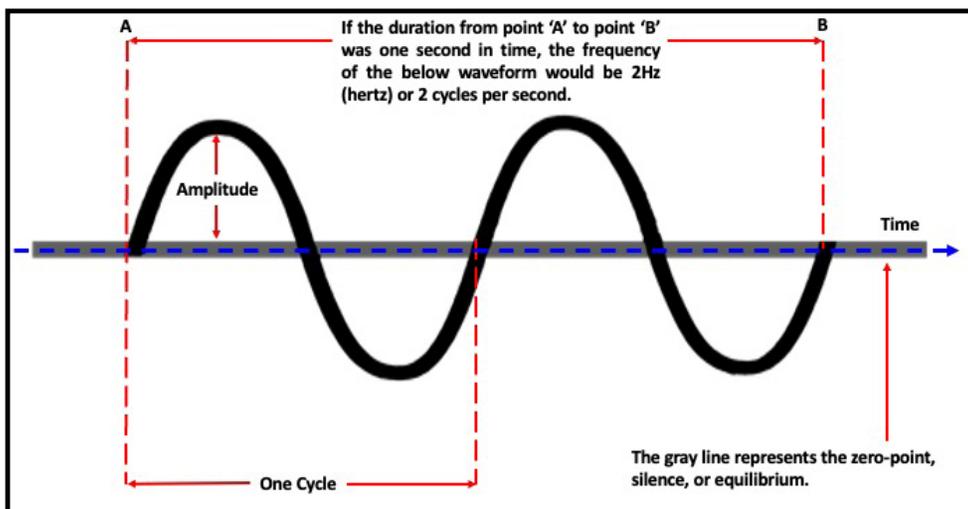
*Chris Barton, FRC*

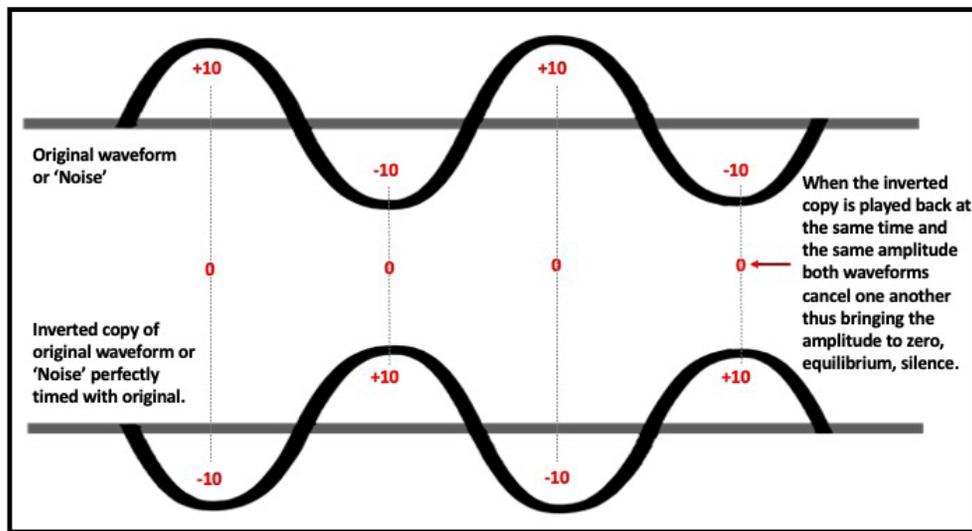
Nikola Tesla said, “If you want to find the secrets of the universe, think in terms of energy, frequency, and vibration.” What is a vibration? What is frequency? Simply stated, vibration is the oscillating, reciprocating, or other periodic motion of a rigid or elastic body or medium forced from a position or state of equilibrium. Some vibrations we are able to hear, others we feel, others are beyond our physical capabilities to readily perceive. This is where frequency becomes a factor. Frequency may be defined as the rate at which a vibration occurs that constitutes a wave, either in a material (as in sound waves), or in an electromagnetic field (as in radio waves and light), typically measured in cycles per second. Amplitude is another aspect most often attributed to vibration and frequency when it is with regard to sound; it is defined as the maximum extent of a vibration or oscillation, measured from the position of equilibrium. In summary, vibration is the cyclic oscillation back and forth over the point of equilibrium, or zero point; how fast the vibrational cycles are is its frequency; and how intense, or how far from equilibrium, or zero point, is the amplitude.

We could consider the zero point, or place of equilibrium, as unity, perfect silence, or the absence of vibration, frequency, and amplitude. As well, we could consider the presence of vibrations indicative of duality, fueled by the energy or emotion we exert. The duality is manifested through the action of oscillation from one pole to its exact opposite as time passes in a linear fashion. Like a pendulum that draws a line back and forth as it swings from pole to pole, with time passing perpendicular to the swing, it creates a waveform. It may be fast enough to hear or so slow it takes many lifetimes for even one cycle.

Unless we are living in a remote forest it is probable that we hear the normal hustle and bustle of the daily lives of those living around us in one form or another. It may be traffic if we live in the city, perhaps equipment or animals if we live on a farm, or maybe just the multitudes of people talking as we walk through our city streets. Most likely it is a combination of many things that cause background noise in our daily lives.

A very interesting invention, now called noise cancellation, was publicized

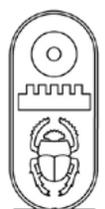




in 1933 in Germany, when Paul Lueg, a doctor of philosophy and medicine, submitted a patent application for the use of phase-advancing waves to cancel sinusoidal tones by inverting polarity to cancel sounds around a speaker. However, it would be many years later before the technology would become fast enough, and relatively inexpensive enough, to become available as a feature in many headphones. The beauty of this technology is that it is now fast enough to essentially “listen” to the noise around us and create an inverse copy of the waveform of that exact noise happening around us. Being exactly the same frequency and amplitude, and playing in perfect alignment with the original noise, silence is the result. If the original waveform begins at the zero point and moves to the left to an amplitude of +10 and the inverse copy, beginning at the exact same moment, moves to the right to an amplitude of -10, the result of both the original waveform and its inverse copy equals zero, silence. Sometimes lower quality noise-cancelling headphones will have slight remnants of the original sounds due to a slightly slower algorithm creating the inverse, or the headphones not having enough power to overcome the amplitude of the original waveform, as well as other anomalies. The point is that, with sound,

the exact opposite or inverse waveform played on top of the original waveform with the same amplitude cancels out the original sound. Sound is a vibration, just like thinking. Thought operates on a much higher frequency, yet the mechanics are no different.

Why is this important and of what value is this knowledge in real life, aside from cancelling out the noise around me when I am listening to music or a podcast? Excellent question indeed! I will use an example from my own experience, excluding granular details as they are unimportant. The Master Yeshua taught, in Matthew 5:44 (King James Version) to “Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.” Years ago I had a particular neighbor, and apparently while I was away working my dog had run up to this neighbor in his own yard and barked at him. Klank, my dog, was a 110-pound boxer and could look pretty intimidating when he wanted to, even though he was a total puppy inside. However, I was not made aware of the incident and one Sunday morning I was skateboarding in my driveway and this man showed up threatening to harm my dog. That did not go over so well with me. Eventually I



came to understand what had happened. The neighbor clearly needed to be heard so we went to his house to talk. I sat and listened to his stories of his time at war and fear of dogs in particular. I heard him, I sympathized, even empathized. When it was all said and done I expressed that it would never happen again, and thanked him for his service and sacrifice. However, for the next several months, every time I saw him drive by my heart would race, instant adrenaline; simply put, my anger would come to the surface. In my mind, I was absolutely justified in feeling all the things I felt. But that is not who I am and not who I aspire to be. With knowledge comes the responsibility to act accordingly.

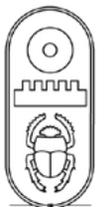
What does noise cancellation technology have anything to do with this? Let me show you: “Love your enemies, bless them that curse you,” as Master Yeshua said. There is a fundamental truth here in what Yeshua was teaching, which is doing the exact opposite of what you might expect; blessing those that curse you. He gave this lesson to help lift the load of a heavy heart weighed down with anger and unforgiveness. He understood the necessity of figuratively having a heart as light as a feather. It was not complicated to understand what I needed to do. It was

not only to forgive the neighbor for any perceived wrongdoing, or for bruising my ego. No, my anger was solely mine regardless of whether or not he was oblivious to it or perhaps even felt it radiating from me every time we crossed paths. To just decide to forgive would not be enough; mathematically speaking his +10 on the amplitude chart would not be offset by my passive forgiveness or sitting on zero trying to maintain. There would still be a +5 that I would have to deal with, and I would deal with it forever. Unless it was absolutely cancelled out it would still exist, period. I had to go a step further; I had to wish him the best every time I saw him. So I did; as soon as I would think of him or see him, I would immediately visualize him in a field with the sun glistening on him as he laughed and smiled while doing acrobatics and radiating health and happiness. Was it difficult? To begin with yes, it went against everything my ego and emotions were telling me to do, but ultimately it was only as hard as I made it. Once I let go it became easy, and then, after having to repeat this exercise several times, eventually it became so easy that I never had to do it again. Anything less than the exact opposite would not balance the math:  $+10$  and  $-10 = 0$ .





Neith, *Brian Eppley, FRC, 2022.*



# BEAUTIFUL HEART

*Ann MacDonald, SRC*

My beautiful heart is bold and bright,  
It warms me by day and keeps me by night.  
It fearlessly guides me and teaches me Truth,  
No matter how old, it now radiates youth.

Yet in the beginning 'twas not always so,  
Something was missing from birth I did know.  
Deep down inside to the depths of my soul,  
My heart yearned for that which would make itself whole.

No hiding the darkness; it showed on my face,  
So the search began early for humanity's Grace.  
From valley to mountaintop running and falling,  
I chased after knowledge where I thought it was calling.

My mind was a wreck racing blind with desire,  
Yet nothing was working, my plans all on fire.  
The harder I thought, trying to win at my game,  
The greater the darkness and sadness became.

My mind told me stories of grandeur and lust,  
But failure was certain and naught I could trust.  
I'd forgotten to listen to the greatest of teachers,  
The Heart, granted all of us life-gifted creatures.

So many questions with answers illusive,  
And critical thoughts that were ever-intrusive.  
I remember the day I came to discover,  
The benevolent Order and began to recover.

I had thought I was rare in searching for Light,  
When so many around me had no interest in Sight.  
But all of a sudden, in my life appeared others,  
In the magnificent form of Sisters and Brothers.

They joyously shared the Wisdom of Ages,  
From book and from voice, from scholars and sages.  
And the Master Within took control at the start,  
As the answers poured in how to open my heart.

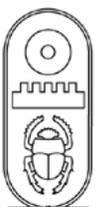
The greater the lessons, the greater the bliss,  
Until Peace was attained and there was nothing to miss.  
The void is now filled and there is Light all around,  
From my heart to yours, may you find Peace Profound.



Entering the Sanctum, *Geoffrey Geiger, FRC, 2021.*



Water Mystery, *Geoffrey Geiger, FRC, 2021.*



# CIRCLE OF DISCOVERY

*Beth Lyons, SRC*

Truth is something that each mystic must understand for themselves. That idea was one of my insights about being a Rosicrucian that was uncovered during a recent webinar with the Grand Master. She referenced Ernest Hemingway's idea that a writer's job is capturing "one true thing" in a story, and three times she asked us to search inside for our own "true thing" and write it down.

As I contemplated the words I'd written on the page, I was reminded of the meditation labyrinth at the Peace Garden in Mount Shasta, California. The autumn before we became Rosicrucians, my wife and I visited Mount Shasta. She was drawn to the mountain and its mystical aura, and one of the many activities we planned was a day at the Peace Garden.

The highlight was the labyrinth. It's a beautiful, heather-covered circle, winding and narrow. On the outermost edges, the trees lean in as if in witness. Near the center, the heather drapes across the path as if in greeting.

That day was a perfect fall day, the mountain regal against the bright blue sky, a slight chill on the breeze. I'd never experienced a meditation labyrinth before, so I placed my foot on the path and opened my heart.

Finding truth takes as long or as short as it needs to. That was my second idea, which felt as true as the first. Here I am not quite in the autumn of my life, and I have found Rosicrucianism. I could wish that I'd discovered it sooner, but all that I did before has led me here. And our life experiences necessarily inform our understanding of the monographs, which

means that some lessons feel easier than others. Some lessons feel like remembering.

We bring ourselves, our full selves, with us on this solitary journey. The effects of our actions, good and bad, follow in our wake: the accumulation of a life lived moment by moment. They should not hamper us, the "should haves" and "would haves." They helped us get here, to this moment. They help us recognize that the way is open before us, and now we must decide how long it takes to find our soul's truth.

As I grow in understanding, my understanding about truth grows, too. There in the Peace Garden labyrinth I didn't know what I wanted to take from the experience of walking the circle except the experience of having done it.

As I stood at the opening of the labyrinth, I could see a small statue in the near distance, at the center: a robed figure with hands outstretched. It was too far for me to discern who it might be standing in the center in the circle. Mary? Guan Yin? Hestia? I was interested to know, but that wasn't the reason to begin the walk.

The labyrinth is formed in furrows. The tops of the rows are covered in heather; from a distance it looks like the rolling hills of a sage green land. I kept my eyes on my feet at first, learning to walk this strange narrow path. I'd glance up occasionally gauging my progress by how close or far I was from the statue.

Naturally, as I moved along the labyrinth, my perspective shifted. The statue's face in profile - was that a smile on her lips? The statue from the back - were her shoulders bent with worry? As I moved around the twisting path, I considered

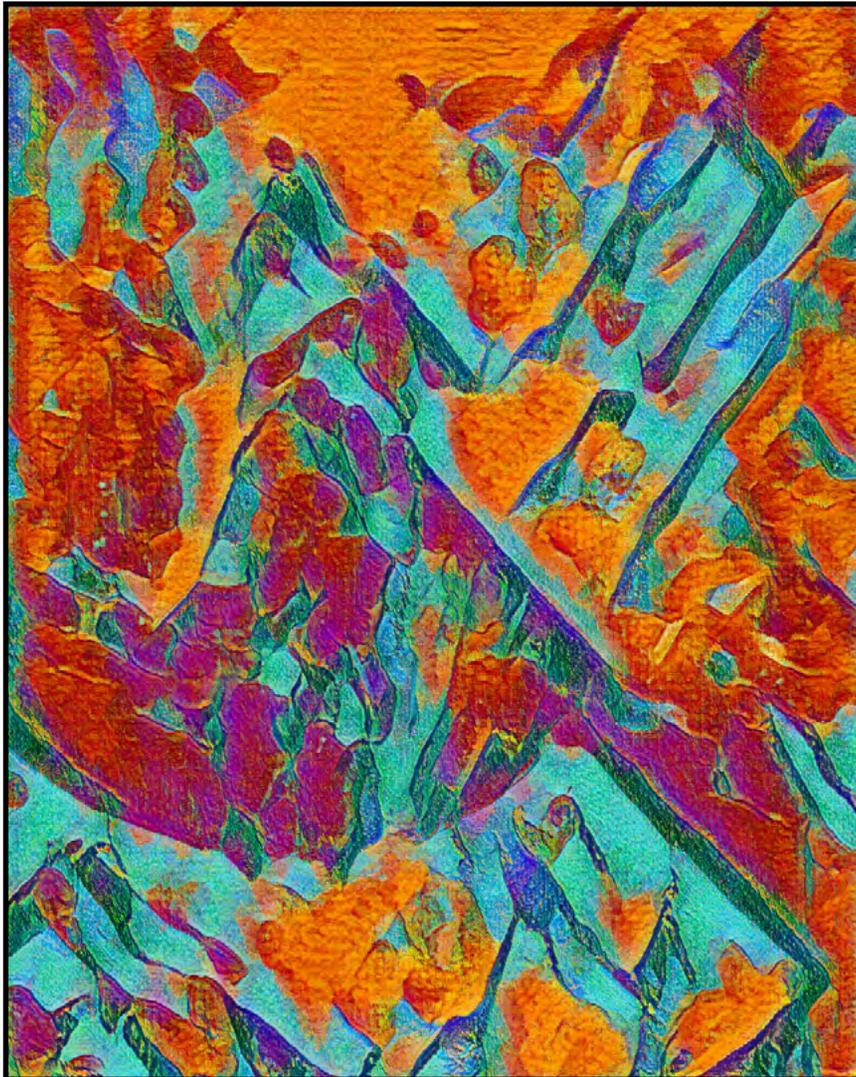
those open hands. Was the statue offering or accepting?

She's accepting, I told myself, and I considered finding a special pebble or a heather sprig to place in those hands as my own small "thank you." More steps and a different view and I realized she was offering something. The statue was offering this moment to every walker, allowing them to take what they would from the labyrinth.

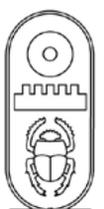
I wasn't conscious of the taking, but I did leave the circle with something new. I realized later that my view of life shifted slightly that day, my steady orbit

was thrown just out of kilter by my time in the labyrinth. Journeys can change us. I knew that before I ever stepped foot in the Peace Garden. I didn't know then that we would join the Order a few months later, but I can look back to that perfect fall day knowing that I left the circle but not the path.

My understanding of the labyrinth grew as I walked it, just as my understanding of my own life journey has grown during my time with AMORC. Daily life is filled with true things, and Rosicrucian teachings have shown me that I should pause and reflect in order to recognize them.



Dawn Miracle, *Geoffrey Geiger, FRC, 2021.*



# ALCHEMICAL RAINBOW

*Poem and Art from Debby Nelson, SRC*

Red King, White Queen,  
Eternal Tree of Life  
Universal Soul, food of root  
Divine personalities,  
Fruited on vines  
Green Apple, Red Apple,  
Sweet, bitter, unripened and ripe  
Tattered bark, fallen leaves  
Autumns vestiges, Winters Trees  
Aeons of time, I stood alone  
alchemical rainbow, a poet's poem  
Devoted student, a yearning sage,  
A day to polish, a day to praise  
laden and weary, respite of time  
Rest for now, thy peace profound  
Wrapped in wind, moon and stars  
Eclipsing mind, with blinding light  
The veil was thin, the dream was real  
I saw a date, and did the math  
144 days, indeed elapsed  
A treasure opened, before my eyes  
I thanked the one, in distant skies...



# MY ROSICRUCIAN EXPERIENCE

*Ralph Denner, FRC*

During my late teenage years and into my early twenties, there used to be advertisements in the main newspaper in Barbados - *The Advocate* - promoting the Rosicrucians. I seem to recall that there were two ads; one was the orb with wings, saying: "Thoughts Have Wings; You Can Influence Others With Your Thinking." I remember that one more distinctly since I have seen it in various Rosicrucian periodicals from time to time. The other one, which I cannot remember seeing recently, spoke of this organization with a history of more than 3,000 years which had its origins in Egypt. Those two ads were burnt into my consciousness.

For reasons unknown to me at the time, the advertisements appealed to me. I had never heard anyone, even during the time the ads were appearing, referring to or speaking of the Rosicrucians, far less the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, and even though I had only seen the word Rosicrucian as it was written in the ad, and had never heard it vocalized, the pronunciation in my mind was always the way I understand it to be now; i.e. "Rosikroo-shun" as against "Rossi-krooshun" as one often hears it mispronounced.

To give further understanding of the environment at that time, the word "Order," in the sense of a mystical fraternity or Lodge, was taboo, for there were "lodges" in existence, but they were feared, being considered clandestine, un-Christian and ungodly. There was a general fear concerning lodges and a general hostility to them at that time. Even now, much of that fear and hostility remains in our society. I learned later that the most prominent lodge at that time was the

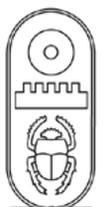
Freemasons, but there were also lesser ones like the Mechanics, the Foresters, Prince Hall, and the Elks.

At the time I first started noticing the ads, I was not aware of "lodges" and did not think in terms of the Rosicrucians having a lodge. I had heard of the term "lodge" in the sense that I had some friends who would tell me from time to time that they were going to pay "lodge money" for their father or grandfather. I later came to understand the concept of "friendly societies" and their being referred to as "lodges."

So the society in which I grew up was an ultra-Christian one, where anything not directly linked to the various church denominations and their pastors was considered demonic. My mother was Wesleyan Holiness and my grandmother Nazarene. Other persons around were Brethren, Moravians, Pentecostals, Catholics, and Anglicans, with Anglicanism being the dominant denomination of the time. In that environment, lodges had to keep a very low profile, and they did so.

Most of my religious exposure up to age fourteen was in the Wesleyan Holiness Church, my mother's denomination. One would say I attended that church, but I think in terms of having been "carried" or "sent" rather than "attended," for much of its teaching and many of its practices never appealed to me, or made sense to me. So I guessed, subconsciously, that the "search" was on for answers to what I was hearing propounded about the Divine, the devil, Yeshua, heaven and hell, and all the attendant dogmatic language.

So, in September 1976, I filled out an application to join the Rosicrucian Order.



One of the questions on the form had to do with why I wanted to join the Order. My reply was, "I do not know what the truth is, but I know that I am not hearing it."

So, fratres and sorores, that was my only motivation for joining the Order; to learn the truth about existence, a matter about which I got the distinct impression that much was missing from what I was getting from school and church. Added to that was the conviction from within me that the organization in those advertisements - the Rosicrucians - had the answers I needed.

Fratres and sorores, I was not disappointed. I am now extremely happy to report that the Order has served me beyond my wildest dreams in that regard, and for that I will be eternally grateful.

The Rosicrucian Order's teachings have led me, excitedly, to answers regarding what I consider the four great questions regarding existence: Who am I? Where did I come from? Why am I here (on Earth)? Where am I going?

Through the Order I have learned that thought is creative; that one is responsible for all of one's experiences, and that through thought one can change any aspect of life which is not satisfying.

Further, the Order's teachings have brought me into closer attunement with the Universal Cosmic Mind by eliminating from my mind, to a significant degree, thoughts that stem from wrong concepts of the power of the material world and to a relocation of that power and intelligence to the spiritual world. They have done so to the point where I now, more and more, can translate concepts proposed by the mystical writings from the material to the spiritual and see personages and places in the writings as representative of levels of

universal consciousness and intelligence at work.

Another element of the Order's teachings that had a significant impact on my consciousness development was the part of an exercise which called for reflection on the statement: "Self unto Self will speak; Self unto God will speak; God unto Self will reveal." This served to firmly establish in my mind the relationship between my two natures and they, in turn, to the Divine. Understanding this relationship has brought profound understandings about life and existence and how to master many of the issues that infest our daily lives.

The teachings have helped my consciousness in development in such a way that I can now clearly relate to the sentiments expressed in Sir Edward Dyer's poem "My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is"; concepts that clearly delineate the power of one's mind and its place in our existence. That poem reads as follows:

My mind to me a kingdom is,  
Such present joys therein I find,  
That it exceeds all other bliss  
That world affords or grows by  
kind.  
Though much I want which most  
would have,  
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy  
store,  
No force to win the victory,  
No wily wit to salve a sore,  
No shape to feed a loving eye;  
To none of these I yield as thrall,  
For why my mind doth serve for all.  
I see how plenty suffers oft,  
And hasty climbers soon do fall;  
I see that those which are aloft  
Mishap doth threaten most of all;

They get with toil; they keep with  
fear;  
Such cares my mind could never  
bear.

Content I live, this is my stay,  
I seek no more than may suffice;  
I press to bear no haughty sway;  
Look, what I lack my mind supplies.  
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,  
Content with that my mind doth  
bring.

Some have too much, yet still do  
crave;  
I little have, and seek no more.  
They are but poor, though much  
they have,  
And I am rich with little store.  
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;  
They lack; I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;  
I grudge not at another's gain;  
No worldly wave my mind can toss;  
My state at one doth still remain.  
I fear no foe; I fawn no friend;  
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their  
lust,  
Their wisdom by their rage of will;  
Their treasure is their only trust,  
A cloaked craft their store of skill;  
But all the pleasure that I find  
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect  
ease,  
My conscience clear, my choice  
defense;  
I neither seek by bribes to please,  
Nor by deceit to breed offence.  
Thus do I live; thus will I die;  
Would all did so as well as I!

Retsama's poem, "Mastery," also  
set out below, is another work that aptly  
presents sentiments to which I can easily  
relate, purely as a result of what I have  
been able to gather from the Rosicrucian  
Order's work.

"I, at last, have reached the Goal,  
And solved the mystery of my Soul;  
I am That to which I prayed,  
That to which I looked for aid;  
I am That which I did seek  
I am my own mountain peak.

I upon creation look  
As a leaf in my own book;  
For I, THE ONE, "the many"  
make,  
Of substance which from me I  
take;  
For all is me, there are no two;  
Creation is myself, all through.

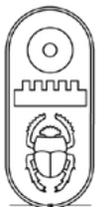
What I grant unto myself,  
I take down from my own shelf,  
And give to me – The ONLY ONE  
–  
For I am the Father and the Son.

When I want I do but see,  
My wishes coming forth in me;  
For I am the Knower, and the  
Known,  
Ruler, Subject, and the Throne.

The "Three in One" is what I am,  
Hell itself is but my dam,  
Which I did put in my own stream,  
When in a nightmare I did dream  
"That I was not THE ONLY  
ONE,"

Thus by me was pain begun,  
Which ran its course till I awoke,  
And found that I with me did joke.

So now that I do stand awake,  
I, my throne, do wisely take,



And rule my kingdom, which is me,  
A Master through Eternity.”

I would like to present three more poems in order to give a proper picture of how the Order has impacted my thinking and consciousness. The first one is Rosicrucian poet Ella Wheeler Wilcox’s “The Law (Mystery of Life)”:

The sun may be clouded, yet ever  
the sun  
Will sweep on its course till the  
cycle is run,  
And when into chaos the systems  
are hurled,  
Again shall the Builder reshape a  
new world.

Your path may be clouded,  
uncertain your goal,  
Move on, for the orbit is fixed for  
your soul,  
Although it may lead into darkness  
of night,  
The torch of the Builder shall give  
it new light.

You were, and you will be; know  
this while you are,  
Your spirit has travelled both long  
and afar,  
It came from the Source, to the  
Source it returns,  
The spark that was lighted, eternally  
burns.

It slept in the jewel, it leapt from  
the wave;  
It roamed in the forest, it rose from  
the grave;  
It took on strange garbs for long  
eons of years,  
And now in the soul of yourself it  
appears.

From body to body your spirit  
speeds on,

It seeks a new form, when the old  
one is gone,  
And the form that it finds, is the  
fabric we wrought,  
On the loom of the mind, with the  
fibre of thought.

As dew is drawn upward, in rain to  
descend,  
Your thoughts drift away and in  
destiny blend.  
You cannot escape them; or petty,  
or great,  
Or evil, or noble, they fashion your  
fate.

Somewhere on some planet,  
sometime and somehow,  
Your life will reflect all the thoughts  
of you now,  
The way is unerring; no blood can  
atone;  
The structure you rear; you must  
live it alone.

From cycle to cycle, through time,  
and through space,  
Your lives with your longings will  
ever keep pace,  
And all that you ask for, and all you  
desire,  
Will come at your bidding, as flames  
out of fire.

You are your own devil; you are  
your own God,  
You fashioned the paths that your  
footsteps have trod,  
And no one can save you from  
error or sin,  
Unless you shall hark to the spirit  
within.

Once list to that voice and all tumult  
is done,

Your life is the Life of the Infinite  
One;

In the hurrying race you are  
conscious of pause,  
With love for the purpose and love  
for the cause.

Set out below are the final two short  
selections, taken from James Allen's little  
classic *As a Man [Person] Thinketh*:

Mind is the Master-power that  
moulds and makes,  
And Man [a Person] is Mind, and  
evermore he [or she] takes  
The Tool of Thought, and shaping  
what he [or she] wills,  
Brings forth a thousand joys, a  
thousand ills:-  
He [or she] thinks in secret, and it  
comes to pass:  
Environment is but his [or her]  
looking-glass.

Thought in the mind hath made us.  
What we are  
By thought was wrought and built.  
If a man's [person's] mind  
Hath evil thoughts, pain comes on  
him [or her] as comes  
The wheel the ox behind...  
...If one endure  
In purity of thought, joy follows  
him [or her]  
As his [or her] own shadow – sure.

The understanding those poems  
have brought me epitomize what the  
Rosicrucian teachings have done for my  
life. To me, they cover practically all of  
what I could have hoped to experience  
as consciousness development in this  
incarnation.

Today, most people are looking for  
a panacea; that one item that solves all  
of life's problems and challenges and  
provides them with that state of complete

peace which we, in our work, refer to as  
Peace Profound.

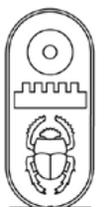
In truth and in fact, there is one thing  
in life that does fit the bill of being a  
solution to every malaise, and that leads  
to Peace Profound; that one thing has to  
do with following the mystical path; i.e.  
becoming efficient and proficient in the  
use of mystical principles, and living the  
mystical life.

From my experience, this is what the  
Rosicrucian teachings do. I get a definite  
thrill learning about life and existence  
from the Rosicrucian Order's teachings, a  
thrill not experienced with any other type  
of spiritual work. My mind is now much  
better able to cope with life's challenges  
than before I affiliated with the Order, and  
there is a feeling of my growing closer and  
closer to something Divine, à la the prayer  
of the Emperor Julian, as follows: "Point  
me the way that leadeth upward to THEE.  
For yonder regions where THOU dwellest  
are incomparably beautiful, if I may divine  
their beauty that is at THY side from the  
pleasantness of the Path which I have  
already travelled."

More and more, I am feeling a sense  
of unity with the universe, and not as  
separate from anything; more and more I  
am melting into and being absorbed into  
the ALL. While I am not a swimmer as far  
as swimming in the material sense of the  
word goes, I find that I enjoy "swimming"  
in the ocean of Universal Energy and  
Intelligence.

The teachings are bringing home to me  
both intellectually and experientially the  
truth that I am part of a Universal entity,  
and that I am not a separate and individual  
being. I now see all things and all persons  
being drawn closer to me and I to them.

This, in a nutshell, has been my  
Rosicrucian experience.





Expansion Blue 72, *Nikki Schiro, SRC, 2018.*

# AWAKENING

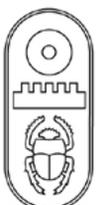
*Jackelyni Reis, SRC*

In plain sight  
Human evolution is happening right in front of our eyes  
With closed eyes, we cannot see it  
Our old beliefs and programs  
Are designed to make us blind

During the process of our awakening  
We are unfolding multiple layers of our subconscious mind  
At the same time, we are discovering our true selves  
When we decide to open our eyes  
We will discover what is behind the veil  
And know what is beyond our existence

Suddenly, our existence will make sense  
Or it will look like we are losing our minds  
This is because a new reality is unfolding  
This new perception of ourselves  
And the world around us  
Is just a space in time

In the realms of the unknown  
We open our eyes  
We enlighten our minds  
Discover what we already know  
We remember  
Who we are



# UNDER THE BLOOM OF A FULL MOON

*Stella Ngozi Nwakaego, SRC*

As a child, I liked to sit under a coconut, avocado, or mango tree, mostly because of the shade. Sitting there in my solitude, I would be transported to a place where I had never seen but dreamed of. In this place I would be running through a beautiful field of different colors of flowers. When I told my mother what I was seeing, she told my father, and they called the shaman to cast the devil's eyes out of me. They tried but failed, and I learned that to tell them of my dreams would be a waste of time.

Growing up in the village, girls of the same age group would sit under the bloom of a full moon, and we would say what we would like to be when we grew up. One night, I said I would like to be a secretary, and a nurse, and travel around the world. All the girls burst out laughing, and asked me, "You want to leave this village and travel around the world?" I answered yes! And they laughed some more. On my way home, I started crying and wondered what I had just said, that they found so funny. I asked myself, "How could I make my dream come true?" I knew deep in my soul that nothing was impossible, and somehow, I would find the real field of flowers. So, I went to work my way out of the village. At fifteen years old, I had finally found my way out of the village. As the years go by, I'm thirty years old now, 1981, I finally found the field of flowers; it was a field of roses across the Castle de Silence in Lyon, France. This happened after I had become a secretary from Pitman's College, London, in 1976, and was working on top

of Francis Bacon's Lodge in England. I got to see my dream as a little girl come true. After coming to America in 1989, I went to nursing school.

My path to finding the Order began one day when I was reading a newspaper and saw an advertisement that showed a picture of a man with doves flying out from his head with a caption that said: "Thoughts Have Wings." That made me think of my dreams and how my dreams have wings to seek a better, calming place. This advertisement was from the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, and that was how I began my journey towards personal development. I do not believe that this journey was by accident but by fate; I was supposed to be on this path.



# ST. LOUIS SPRING MORNING – 1996

*JoAnn Adams, SRC*

As I gazed out my kitchen window at dawn – March 25th of 1996 –  
A crimson colored Cardinal landed in my yard and seemed noticeably to twitch.  
He hopped from ground to objects, properly placed inside the yard.  
This bird's personality was comical ... so I dubbed him a humorous card.

The forecast said the day was cold, 20 degrees was the current high.  
And I wondered why the shirt-sleeved weather of yesterday, had evaporated into the sky?  
The Cardinal landed gracefully on the budding Magnolia tree -- a few yards away,  
And tossed his head from side to side – as he moved with the tree's "wind-sway."

The Cardinal seemed to look straight at me and confusion was on his face.  
He seemed to wonder what season this was...and what's wrong with this crazy place?  
Snow was falling and swirling around – The wind was 40 miles per hour.  
The noise from the rumbling of the West Wind's voice, made me respect nature's tremendous power.

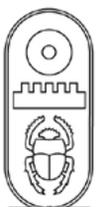
A blush-breasted little robin, came to join the conference clique,  
And added his comments to the chat, between this human and bird breed pick.  
"Can you fix this weather? For I too came to play."  
"Spring's been here officially, for four whole days and I thought it was here to stay."

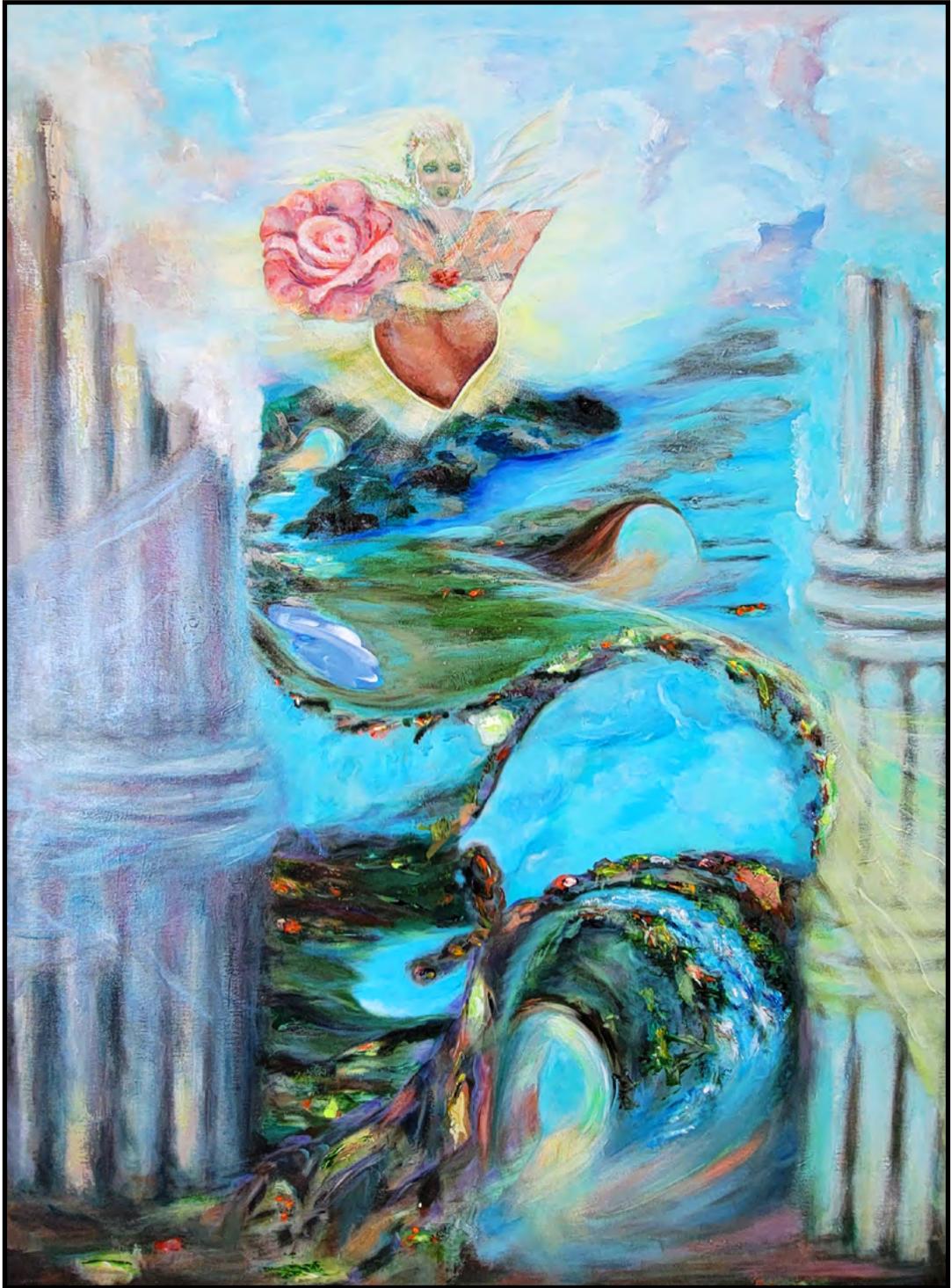
The Cardinal seemed to sense my helplessness and once again took to the air.  
Then he ducked beneath a clump of yews, seeking shelter from the frigid fare.  
The wind chill factor was nine below, unreasonable for the season.  
Was this God's way of telling us something? --- Did this weather have a reason?

If there is a purpose --- we must search and question to have it revealed,  
Like our search for internal knowings of Truth, we've pushed down inside and concealed.  
The communication between this human and the feathered friends... of this special day  
Seemed to signal that all nature is connected, in a fundamental and wonderful way.

When we assimilate this connection into our every thought and actions of all our days  
Will the spring that comes be ever in our hearts and the West Winds force a tool of play?...

All I knew was that my heart felt suddenly light and a song was in my head.  
I went upstairs to meditate and finish my sleep – and snuggled comfortably in my nice warm bed.





Celestial Portals, *Oksana Rosenman, SRC, 2023.*

# A SPIRALING JOURNEY THROUGH TIME

*Anita Bowden, SRC*

## **What Drew Me to The Rosicrucian Order?**

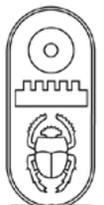
When I think back about what drew me to the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC, it becomes difficult to pinpoint the actual moment, because, in many ways, it has always been a part of me – long before I officially joined, and long before I was even conscious of the connection – a spiral through time. If I were to describe my feelings towards the Order, I would say that it is the one place in which I have always felt “at home,” and the one place where its members have always felt like “family” to me. Many times, I have met Rosicrucians in different parts of the country or the world, and felt as though I had known them before, as if from a distant past – I felt at ease, I felt understood, I felt inspired, I felt “myself;” and I was always surprised that I could carry on a conversation with a Rosicrucian anywhere, about anything of interest, and it would seem as though we had been communicating with one another for many years.

We often hear the expression that Rosicrucians are “walking question marks,” and that certainly resonates for me. I feel as though I was born questioning everything. At four years old, I was asking my mother questions about the Divine, and as a child, I always wanted to sit in church with the adults to hear what they were hearing. I had a little journal that I carried with me, and wrote down my mother’s mystical experiences that she would share with me. As I grew, I always assumed mystical experiences happened to other people, but not to me. It took

me many, many years later to realize that I had indeed had my own set of mystical experiences throughout my life that were unique to me, but I simply had not thought of them as “mystical,” and as such, had not recognized their significance when they occurred. It was only in reflecting on them, collectively, that I started to “see” them and their connections to a path. And this is what, in fact, brought me “back to” (as I like to describe it) the Rosicrucian Order.

## **Recognizing Signs and Symbols**

I was drawn to AMORC at around age fourteen in 1973, while looking at a magazine. Prior to this, I had developed a fascination with all things Egyptian, and had spent many hours in the library exploring this topic, and, in particular, was drawn to Pharaoh Akhnaton. So, I was extremely drawn to the Egyptian imagery I noticed that was associated with the Rosicrucian Order, when I came across it in a *Fate* magazine. I didn’t know any Rosicrucians, and I was too shy to inquire about how to be a part of them, so I never joined – but I always carried that desire within me to be a part of the Order, and always hoped that one day I would visit the Grand Temple and Egyptian Museum in San Jose, California (which, happily I finally did in 2015). In the meantime, I grew up, considered becoming a Carmelite nun (even though I was not Catholic), went to college to study anthropology (during which time I had two significant mystical experiences), and ultimately pursued a Naval career. This sent me first to Spain, where I had several more



mystical experiences (including a dream involving white-robed monks who shared symbols with me), and then I went to California to commission a Hospital Ship being converted from an old oil tanker (the USNS Comfort), a white ship with a red cross (and which I discovered many years later, had been named the “SS Rose City” in its prior life). I later returned to college to earn a master’s degree in Peace and Justice Studies, before finally pursuing a career in Higher Education Administration. During this last career path, at the age of forty-eight, I unexpectedly lost both of my parents (five weeks apart) and my twenty-one-year-old cat, as well as my brother the year before, and, at forty-nine years old, I started questioning my life and losing my faith in what I believed, and experienced a period of deep emptiness (a “Dark Night of the Soul”). In desperation, I asked myself what I should do, and suddenly, I had the inspiration to write down every unusual or symbolic experience I had had in my life, and when and where it occurred. Doing this enabled me to, essentially, see my life laid out before me. This was then followed by another (unusual) inspiration to Google the most significant words that had meaning for me (Egypt, Carmelites, white-robed monks, cosmic consciousness, etc.), and the first thing that popped up on my computer screen after typing in my collection of words was the Rosicrucian Order! I had received my answer! Within a matter of minutes, I submitted my application to join (and have now “officially” been a member for almost fourteen years)! How wonderful it is that the Cosmic uses technology, when necessary, to open our eyes – or perhaps, to help us find our way back home!

## **Recognizing Patterns and Making Connections**

What I began to see and comprehend was that there have always been signs and symbols and people in my life that were pointing the way forward, and that all events in my life were connected in one way or another – nothing was random. I started to see not only how everything was connected, but also, how perfectly everything was orchestrated to work on my behalf.

Becoming a member of AMORC reconnected me with my past. It reminded me of my aspirations earlier in life, where my thoughts were and how they had evolved, and it helped me to reinterpret my own experiences. More importantly, it gave me the freedom and courage to keep asking questions of myself, to keep noticing the symbols all around us that provide us with important information, and to honor and appreciate a way of being in the world that I was oriented to from birth.

What I came to understand is that mystical experiences are not intended to reveal the degree of spirituality of a person, but rather, to expand our awareness within our human experience, so that we keep asking ourselves questions about who we are and why we are here. Just like our monographs, experience or information occurs in a spiral manner – something is planted early on, and then we revisit it from several different perspectives as we travel through life. Early in my life, I was asking questions, but I was not aware of the significance of the experiences that were happening to me and around me. And really, it was not so important to understand them in the moment, because the experiences were planting seeds for later and were part of a continuum along a path. Even without fully understanding them, their presence had an intended impact, however, because the memory of

those experiences always remained with me and kept me on that path, even when I was not aware of it. And ultimately, it brought me to the place that I had always been drawn to, and would recognize as “home.” Becoming a Rosicrucian gave me the context for my experiences in life, so that my internal questions and awareness could continue to expand further.

### **Rosicrucians as a Connected Family**

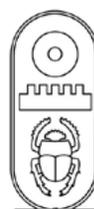
Rosicrucians always have a way of finding one another. About six years ago, I took a stab at blogging, and ended up connecting with a fellow blogger in Canada who had a beautifully inspirational blog site. We started communicating through emails and had such interesting, impactful conversations, and soon discovered many shared similarities in our lives and in our families, and one day I felt the need to share with her that I was a Rosicrucian. I quickly received a very happy and heartfelt response back from her, telling me that her

parents (who had transitioned by this point – as had mine) had been Rosicrucians in South America, and that she had been a Colombe – an experience that deeply impacted her! She further told me that she had never shared that information with anyone since then, nor had she been connected to the Order since her time as a Colombe. Our wonderful connection online brought her back to the Order again! We have never met in person, but we are the best of friends, and feel as though we have known each other for a lifetime! As I say, Rosicrucians always have a way of finding one another – it is a knowing and a recognition that seems to occur beyond space and time.

And for me, once again (and perhaps a theme for the twenty-first century), the Cosmic utilized a tool of technology to make that important connection happen!



Perpetual Expansion, *Gurinder Singh, FRC, 2023.*



# OBSERVER IN THE STORM

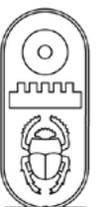
*Melvia Agbeke Odemakpore, SRC*



The angry clouds surveyed the Earth below  
Slowly they crossed the skies  
And met allies on their way  
Their unity signaled to the deep waters  
Gaining power as they thrashed  
Disturbing the calm surface  
Swelling and churning the waves advanced  
All on shore prepared for the attack  
From biggest to smallest  
They saw the storm forge  
But what else could they do?  
The Wind took no sides  
And so whipped spiritedly around  
Bouncing here, whooshing there  
Skirting trees and ripping the ground  
Trees shook, twigs snapped  
Rocks here and there tumbled  
And changed the terrain  
Rain soaked everything in sight  
The Observer, however relished this show  
For him it was self meeting Self  
Self experiencing, tasting, seeing, feeling  
Even more of self  
It was a glorious display of attraction of Water for Earth  
Of Wind for Water and Earth for Wind  
A joining of identical energy  
Contained in different lifeforms  
As the waves surged and  
The clouds vortexed  
And at the climax, none else  
Could be heard  
As the Wind howled its love  
To the sky  
Waters burst and flooded the terrain as Earth fell to the sea  
Fire burst onto the scene then all became calm  
Peace ensued  
As all returned to normal  
And the Observer beamed  
As self had discovered yet another layer of Self



God of Our Heart, *Kavon Sadler, FRC, 2023.*



# MY TRUE INITIATION TO THE MUSIC OF THE MASTERS

*Francisco Guzman, FRC*

Through the Rosicrucian Order I discovered the world of great music. As a child of about eight years of age growing up in Havana, Cuba, in a very musical culture surrounded by the popular sounds of the times, I was fortunate enough that my parents would occasionally play a recording of Tchaikovsky's First Piano Concerto. During those occasions the power and beauty of the music with the symphony orchestra seemed to be a world elsewhere, so different from the popular music culture that prevailed. Still the music made an important impression. At about the age of twelve, we moved to the great City of New York, the very city where H. Spencer Lewis had the mystical experience that inspired him to cofound the Rosicrucian Order, AMORC. It is a thriving Rosicrucian center of activity, even to this day.

It began around the age of fifteen for me when the first time the word "Rosicrucian" was mentioned at home. A family member, Jorge, would stop by every so often. On one occasion, he was engaged in conversation with a guest. During the course of the conversation, he would speak of the Rosicrucians in a historical perspective. He was much older and had been a member of the Lodge in Havana. Even though I was not participating in the conversation, the mention of the word Rosicrucian created a profound interest and a personal inquiry followed. Soon my most precious possession would be a little booklet entitled *Mastery Of Life*. At the time, one had to be the age of twenty-one for membership, but could enter a plea for membership at the age of eighteen with a guardian or parental approval.

My father had been a successful business owner and executive. There was some hesitation for me to approach him about this. What would he say? What if he denies my request? As I sat down with him and handed the application for

membership he unexpectedly said to my surprise: "Now this will be good for you." He signed the membership application and handed it back. It was an exhilarating and amazing moment. Finally, my dream was coming true. I could now reach out to the venerable Order with the admission plea.

In a little over two weeks, my membership credentials with initial instructions had arrived. The simple and requested accouterments for study were in place. There was another brochure received with the initial credentials that was titled *Rosicrucian Supply Bureau*. It contained a complete listing of books, supplies, and musical recordings for sale through the Rosicrucian Order. Of particular attention and interest was a recording entitled *Temple Music*. This was a compilation of music by such artists as Charles Gounod, Jules Massenet, Samuel Barber, Victor Herbert, Maurice Ravel, George Frideric Handel, plus the *Rosicrucian Chant*, and *Secreto Eterno*. The music was meant to assist with the esoteric studies and moments of reflection and meditation.

Playing this music softly in the background during the periods of study and meditation was quite transformative. Within days there was an energy, an inspiration, which was to take a life of its own. Evenings, or anytime for that matter, would become a rendezvous, a meeting of the minds, so to speak. Eagerly and ensconced by the beauty of this music, a journey through the spheres of the music of the masters was initiated, one which continues to this day and for which there is the utmost of gratitude to the Rosicrucian movement which made it happen.

# BEAUTY OF THE UNIVERSAL ONE

*Amatus Forsac, FRC*

*Before I became a Rosicrucian student, my sense of the Divine was limited to an anthropomorphic being. The word "God" conjured the image of a grey-bearded fatherly figure commanding the universe from a throne somewhere high above the sky. After becoming a member of the Rosicrucian Order, the studies and my experiences have changed that perspective. Now when the word "the Divine" is uttered, the thought of a human-like form does not cross my mind. Rather now I see the Divine flowing through all things. The trees, the rivers, the mountains are all different expressions of Divine Consciousness.*

*My current understanding of the Divine nature inspired me to write the following short song that I enjoy strumming on my guitar from time to time. When I play this song, I feel connected to the Divine through its different expressions. I hope the words give you the same beautiful feeling that I get singing them.*



Far in a distant plane

Pretty meadows bloom

Calling you to take part in a universal plan

Down through a quiet path, pristine water flows

All is beauty in the Universal One

Down by the riverside

Hummingbirds sing

They dance to the beauty of blooming zinnia flowers

Piercing the horizon, the morning sun says hello

All is beauty in the Universal One

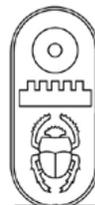
It's misty by the falls

And the rainbow is here

Casting its beauty on the land but then it's gone

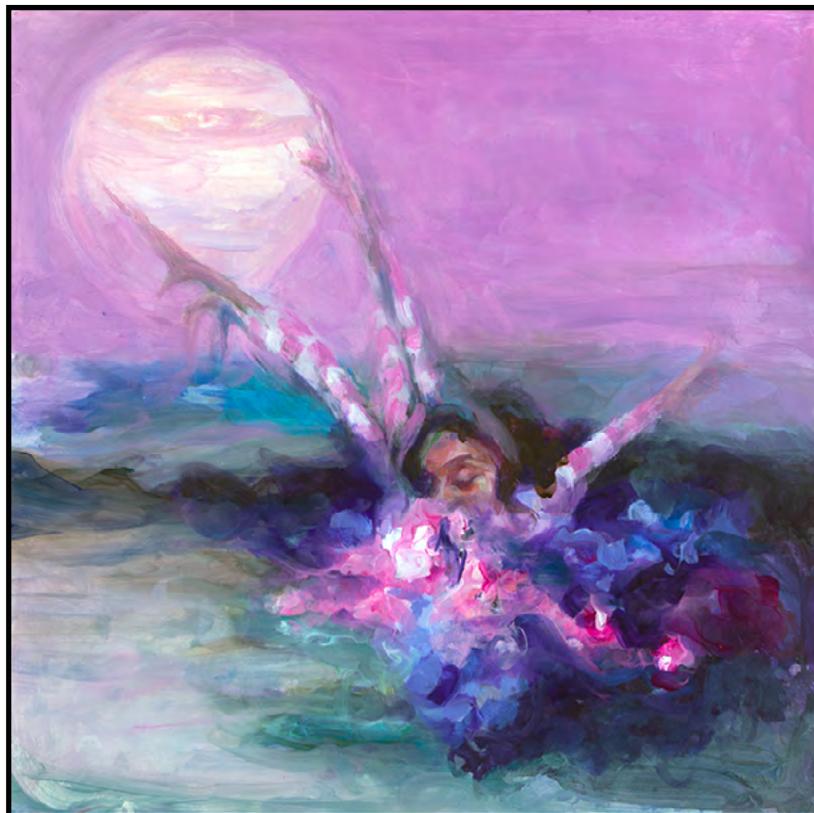
The child is kissed goodnight while the heavenly stars watch

All is beauty in the Universal One





Lion Devours Sun, *Nikki Schiro, SRC, 2017.*



Expansion Pink 72, *Nikki Schiro, SRC, 2018.*

# A DREAM COME TRUE

*Charles Larcomb, FRC*

## **Search for Treasure**

I think that every journey begins in search of something we want. We may have a strong attraction to a definite goal, or it may be a vague sentiment. In any case, we find our adventure when there is some sense of a treasure we seek. It begins when we try to get it.

My Rosicrucian journey began in earnest at the age of eighteen. I had just started college and felt a deep-seated dissatisfaction with my life. I felt something was lacking with only a vague inclination of what that might be, and little indication of what direction to take.

One day, in my unfocused search, I happened upon an advertisement in a publication of current interest. It referred to vague impressions like presentiments and coincidences that I had experienced and could relate to. There were some interesting and mysterious symbols. It included an invitation to pursue a bold and enticing goal: "The Mastery of Life."

## **Feel the Magic**

There was something special right from the start about the Rosicrucian home study experience. At that time instruction was transmitted using printed monographs sent by mail. Occasionally there was a personal letter with additional information, or words of encouragement that let you know that the instruction was connected to a living person.

The monographs were more than written expositions. A strong emphasis on ritual instilled a feeling of participation, while their style of writing expressed knowledge with a balanced viewpoint.

They encouraged critical thinking and personal reflection.

I looked forward with great anticipation to receiving something special and new for study each week. It was a truly magical experience.

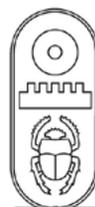
## **Look in the Mirror**

The Rosicrucian path is a journey of self-reflection. The lessons constantly emphasize the importance of exploring our own thoughts and feelings. They present a wide range of knowledge and viewpoints, with the understanding that each student will benefit according to their needs and aptitudes. I found this approach appealing and extremely satisfying.

The monographs also encourage review, practical application, and experimentation. For my part, I never seemed to have much success with the experiments. I did make a significant effort at review, as I wanted to remember what I found particularly important. I also looked for ways to apply the lessons in my life. In fact, this practice of introspection and practical application continues to play a key role in my life today.

## **Feed the Flame**

The advancement along the Rosicrucian path by degrees gave me a feeling of progress. It also helped cultivate an awareness that self-transformation requires a great deal of time and dedication. Such effort can be difficult to maintain without feeling that our experience fulfills a vital need. Perhaps that is one reason why lighted candles have a prominent presence in most Rosicrucian rituals. They have a mysterious appeal to the feeling side of our natures.



An important Rosicrucian symbol is the triangle or the number three. They represent two opposites and an intermediate condition. An equal-sided triangle can symbolize perfect balance or the “golden mean.”

Upon reflection, something seems to be missing. What is the perfect balance at any given moment, and how do we know? The Rosicrucian teachings provide hints to a mystery that each one of us can only discover for ourselves. It is suggested by expressions such as “Intuition,” “The Still, Small Voice,” and “The Master Within.”

### **Let Go**

As I paid attention to my intuition it became clearer and stronger. I felt it more and more in the experiences I was having. At the same time, my intuition came into conflict with my current way of thinking and acting. I needed to adjust to a new way of living.

I had to let go, let go of the ideas of how things are or should be, let go of the feeling that things can’t change, let go of all the barriers I keep in place that prevent me from experiencing the uncomfortable thoughts and feelings within.

The Rosicrucian technique uses a graduated method to gently awaken self-awareness while dissolving obstacles in the way.

### **Try It On**

I consider intuition a kind of inner guidance. It may lead me to a new perspective or urge me to act in a certain way. I often do not realize its full significance at the time. When inspired with intuition, I try to accept the impression exactly as received, consider how it relates to my perspective and understanding, and apply it to my life.

One of my greatest obstacles is when intuition triggers a fear of failure or disapproval. Then it seems to conflict with my beliefs about who I am, what I was taught, or my perception of what others think I should be. A preoccupation with not making a mistake sometimes prevented me from acting on my intuition. In these cases, I often felt regret at not fully exploring and implementing the intuition I received.

Then it occurred to me: let go and try it on, allow intuition to move me in creative and inspired ways. If I accept failure as part of life without giving up, then I never truly fail – let the magic happen.

### **Come Home**

In the later years of my Rosicrucian studies, I reached an unusual degree of attunement. I learned the lessons of the monographs I was about to study before receiving them in the mail. Soon I realized that my life experiences had become the greatest teacher of all.

In my understanding, the Rosicrucian goal is not to recreate ourselves; it is to discover who and what we already are. We must become conscious of our ability to influence ourselves and our environment, and to feel our connection to the world. We must embrace the experience of living right now.

### **Go With the Flow**

It is a self-evident truth that change is a part of life. As we become more aware of the interaction between ourselves and others, and reflect on our experiences, life seems to flow as it were. It is a process of give and take. Life seems much more fulfilling when we go with the flow.

The Rosicrucian Order recognizes this process in various concepts, such as

visualization, the law of attraction, cause and effect, and karma. The goal is to have a meaningful, productive, balanced, peaceful, and satisfying life.

### **Be Yourself**

In the end, you are the greatest gift to the world. One cannot truly control or change another except to lead them astray. At best, we can inspire each other by expressing our true, authentic selves.

I have always loved gazing up at a clear night sky when the opportunity arises. Scientific study and observation tell me that each individual star gathers the elements of its body from the surrounding environment. Condensing to a critical mass, it ignites, projecting its very essence and energy into the entire universe as far as can be seen. As long as the force of attraction is balanced by the pressure of expansion, a star endures for eons. I feel a mysterious attraction and satisfaction gazing at the glorious luminaries above.

I compare this stellar process to personal realization and integration that modern psychology calls individuation. Perhaps this is what the Rosicrucian Order refers to by the expression “The Mastery of Life.” Once harmony is established, a better description of the ultimate experience may be “The Sweet Mystery of Life.”

### **Embrace the World**

We are not alone. Each of us is connected to the world with various ties, such as family, friends, neighborhood, government, work, pleasure, necessity, and environment. They are all Earth-based because Earth is where we are living. Our challenge is to embrace the world and harmonize our ties to it on this journey of self-discovery and transformation.

We live in a time of world-wide connection and interaction. Now, more than ever, it is critical to recognize, appreciate and value individual contribution and worth. Life is not solely an intellectual exercise. It is feeling that gives meaning, faith, hope, joy, purpose, and even a degree of certainty to life. The Rosicrucian Order has always adapted its methods to the needs of the time in service of humanity.

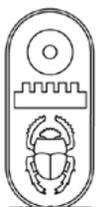
### **A Personal Journey**

Recently I observed and felt a significant change – a kind of transformation if you will – with an increase in feeling and receptivity. I gave expression to my feelings and shared them with others.

I am in the habit of reading books I find enlightening and inspiring. After a pause of some months, I felt a need to re-read one that moved me. In the prime of his life, the author discovered he had a terminal illness. Within a few months, he would be separated from all that he had achieved and cared for. In the short time that remained, he chose to record his life lessons for the benefit of those he loved.

While I am not in such a situation, I felt inspired and began writing in a similar format. Then I found an invitation from the Order to write. It gave a new focus to my work and a forum to share my experience with others.

This is how I live: searching for treasure, feeling the magic, looking in the mirror, feeding the flame, letting go, trying it on, coming home, going with the flow, being myself, and embracing the world. That is the magic I want. This is a dream come true.



# ONE

*Nancy Vairat, SRC*

What is truth, they argue  
Where can it be found?  
What laws can protect the weak from the strong?  
To and fro we go  
Not knowing which way to go

Alas, we have forgotten who we truly are  
Do we not see the birds in the sky  
How they move as One  
And it is so beautiful?  
Do we not see the fish in the ocean  
How they move as One  
And it fills your heart with joy?

Oh child of this universe  
Learn from Mother Nature  
To move in harmony with all humans  
To love all creatures in this world  
To be as One with All.



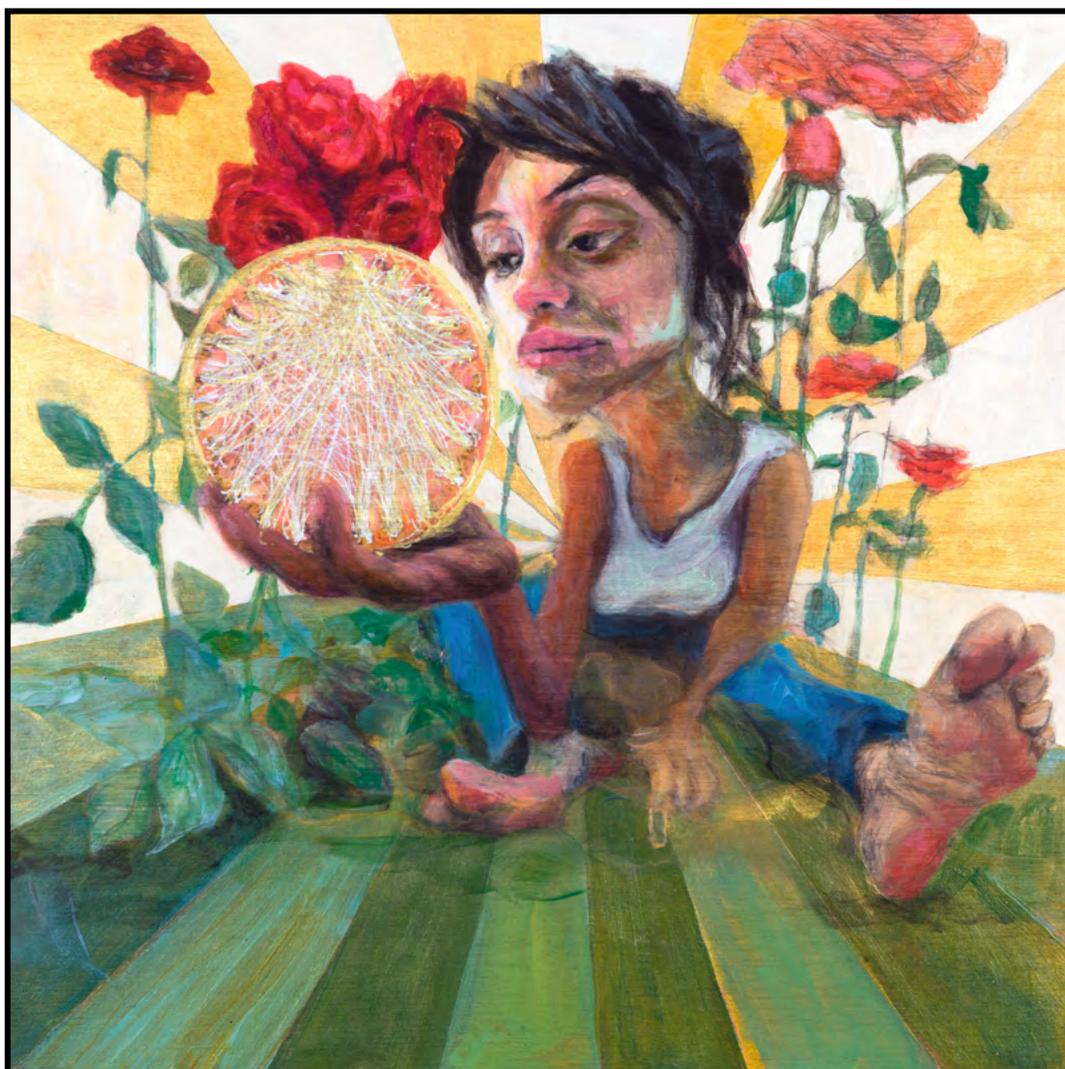
*To the Source, Yulia Schichkova, SRC, 2017.*

# INITIATION

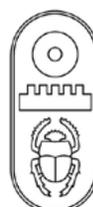
*Venus Zamorra, SRC*

Having never been in the Grand Temple before my First Degree Initiation, I had no idea what to expect. Anxious yet unafraid I ventured into the pre-induction meditation with the restless energy of a child. There I sat in the middle of the darkened room focusing on the candle flame in the center of the space which immediately calmed my unsettled nerves, and suddenly I was transported into the caverns of that contemplative state. At once I knew I had accepted this initiation for

many, many lifetimes. At once I recognized my Rosicrucian truth as the mystic path that has always been and will always remain as much a part of me as the thought that is writing this sentence is now. At once I identified this sacred place was within me as well as outside of me. Our divinity, one! The place I had been yearning for was right here, has always been so, and my native soul remembered I was home in Peace Profound.



Meditation in the Rose Garden 231 Gates 72, *Nikki Schiro, SRC, 2018.*



# CATHEDRAL

*Amarillo Mills, FRC*

An Apple Tree once called on me to find the Mysteries, and a Rose guided me to Rosicrucian Park. So, when a Sequoia offered me a pilgrimage to meet the Mother Tree, I answered.

In the towering grove of Ancients I collapsed. Pen fell to the duff, notebook left somewhere; vestigial intentions of a different person.

What began as the far off sound of rhythmic thunder now became as regular as my own heartbeat, its origin internal and external.

I turned my tear-streaked face to them and gave warmest trail hello I could muster, satisfied, they rambled on in this Cathedral of Cathedrals.

A suppliant, on my knees, I crawled down into the heart of the grove, into the hollow of a living god.

The pulse grew silent as I felt myself becoming; as a dancer becomes the dance.

I love you,  
We Thought.

what can I offer you?

A Single Breath.  
that's it?

That's Everything.

Your Breath is My Breath.  
My Breath is Your Breath.  
Our Breath is One.

is this me? are you a tree? who are We?

We Are.

Love.

Love.

Love.

Ants crawled up my limbs, my face, tasting my tears and sap.

Steller's Jay alights at my feet, locking eyes, curious, intrigued.

We look through a Steller Jay, as We draw close,

Watching the bones and flesh of man at the feet of a Titan.

Together, We venerated the Light of a million dawns through ten trillion eyes.

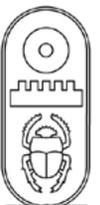
We held the Mountains as they rose and fell, drifted like dunes.

Savored the bliss of the kiss of a spring Zephyr.

Dreams of Rain.

The rebirth of Fire.

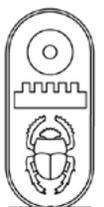
The phantom limb of a clearcut.



An infinite seed containing the Beginning and the End.  
And, as the gnats and hikers and civilizations buzzed lazily,  
An Ice Age made me shiver.  
We drifted apart. Disintegrated again,  
And as I became myself  
I knew nothing,  
but the beat of the grove:  
We are.  
Love.  
Love.  
Love.



*Beauty of the Cosmic, Karla Phillips, SRC, 2023.*



# A RED ROSE FOR MY BELOVED

*Victor Jimenez, FRC*

A Red Rose for my beloved,  
to the reflection in the mirror,  
who has taught me what dreams are made of.

A Red Rose for my beloved,  
whom I talk to very frequent,  
while I practice meditation  
and in that very moment,  
the expression of self love.

A Red Rose for my beloved,  
Because to know thyself reminds ourselves of birth,  
You learn to walk the many paths of Earth,  
Until we transcend our last breath,

We then return to particles of dust that rise to the heaven's gates,

A Red Rose for my beloved,  
to be placed on our coffin,

Sure enough,

it will grow into a Rosae Crucis  
thriving right through the surface of the mud,

A Red Rose for my Beloved.



Rose Drops, *Lourdes Metz, SRC, 2022.*