

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.

