



MEMBER STORY

Airetta Myrick, SRC

My Journey Towards Becoming A Rosicrucian

How I came upon the Path:

The earliest memories I have of this most amazing mystical journey are of whisperings in my ear by the clouds or the wind, at age about three. I was playing in my imagination when the voice said, "Are you sure you want to be like Christ?" I said enthusiastically, "Oh yes!" The voice responded, "What you ask for is hard to do." It then showed me scenes like a movie of some significant events to occur. I became more determined, and stated, "I want to help my family! My mother!" The voice became still, and faded away.

My journey on the path began with my playing with my friends outside in a nearby lot. We were imitating the soldiers of old. We ran up and down the hill, patrolling the area, making sure no one was threatening our imaginary village. Then I saw myself, very regal, riding on a horse approaching the women and children who were busy in the salty water scooping up salt with baskets, and transforming the salt by drying it in the Sun. After playing, thoughts of writing down these adventures came into my head, as I pondered on the magnificence of experiencing this vision.

Soon after that I became very ill, was hospitalized, and was not able to play outside for a year. However, the mysterious visions, and the electrifying energy engulfing me with each experience continued. The circus came and I watched with the other children, looking down out of the hospital window as they entertained us, feeling energized and joyful. Later that month, while watching a children's show on television, the host whom I later associated with Walt Disney read the animated illustrated book, *Rip Van Winkle*, by the author Washington Irving. I became mesmerized in the story, and felt I was there watching Rip aged as he played ninepins with the little men or elves in the cave. A few months or days later, still in the hospital, I participated in a play entitled *The Elves and the Shoemaker*, which we presented to visitors and hospital staff who could attend. There I became transformed into the story, felt electrified, and had a great revelation that the story we were enacting and *Rip Van Winkle* was true.

In fact, I recently googled both stories, and found that there are several stories which tell of similar persons to Rip van Winkle including the legendary Greek sage, Epimenides of Knossos, during the sixth century BCE. There are other countries around the world that have similar stories with variant numbers of how long the men slept.

Dreams of Reality

Visions of the night:
Frequently dreaming about my life.
Strange fantasies they appear to me,
manifesting themselves into reality.
Sometimes I awake unsure.
Hoping what is meant to be,
really won't happen to me.
Then I try to fight,
Those visions of the night.

Visions during the day:
Seeing things that soon will be,
seconds before they happen to me.
Strange as they seem.
Excepting that I am to know.
Realizing that it's meant to be,
these dreams of reality.

"Aire" c.1/13/77 Airetta Myrick DCSW, LSW

Following A Mystical Symbol:

Well the mystical experiences continued, and once cured, I returned back home. At approximately seven to eight years old, I attended a Boy Scouts activity with my brothers, and was mentally directed to look at a married couple's daughter who was also looking at the event in which her brother was participating. I looked at the girl's cross, which I later felt looked similar to the Colombe Cross of our beloved order AMORC. Not long after that, prior to my tenth to eleventh birthday, I was walking to my house, and heard beautiful music playing loudly from a non-identifiable source which reminded me of the inspiring sounds of India. Perhaps twenty to twenty one years later, after becoming a member, I heard similarly inspiring music, *Inside The Taj Mahal*, composed by Paul Horn, and it was performed in India's Taj Mahal.

Moving forward to my high school and college years, the experiences came more rapid. I spent hours learning from invisible teachers of our Order and elsewhere without my leaving my home or dorm, but tuning into the lessons given freely and mystically. Cautioned not to repeat anything I heard, I absorbed the lessons like a sponge, as my soul was quenching from the hidden knowledge. Eventually, I began to recognize the different voices to distinguish their sex and possible age. Becoming annoyed, I asked myself, "Who are these people talking to me!" Soon afterwards, I saw a mysterious Egyptian symbol, the Eye of Horus. I was intuitively directed to go to the library to research it. After no luck with the public library near me, I went to a nearby college library, and found a reference book saying the Eye of Horus symbol was used for mathematics, as well as other purposes.

My boss at work was of direct African descent, and gave me a *Mastery of Life* booklet. He invited me to attend a public lecture of AMORC which was being held in the downtown Chicago area. He also had read my poetry and manuscript which I had written during high school and college, and was very interested in my joining AMORC. I didn't go and was concerned about the occult symbols in the *Mastery of Life* booklet, as well as the mannerisms and gossip about my boss' cultural beliefs. Being shy by nature, I wouldn't explain my concerns, but kept receiving subtle non-audible suggestions to continue researching the Order. I finally joined after ten years of much mystical coaxing, and have not regretted my decision. Currently I am a Life Member, and cherish the ability to help others, myself, and the Order.

The Song of Life

Dream on Dreamer.
Sing the Song of Life.
For you know,
Visions of Peace
longingly song
by Prophets of Love
Will evolve,
once the Key of Being
unlocks our imprisoned souls.
Only then,
will we live life
lovingly,
freely,
happily,
peacefully.
Prophets and Dreamers,
sing on,
dream on.
For love is being,
love is happiness,
love is peace.

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