

*“Sophia and the Seven Goddesses: A Journey of Self-Acceptance”
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Chapter 11: The Dream
Sneak Peek

Sophie was lying in bed in her favorite summer nightgown. It was purple accented with little yellow stars. She had propped herself up on her pillows and was reflecting on her day. Seeing the tree had been an intense experience, and the face of the statue inside it was still in her thoughts.

She had gone to the site shortly after getting back to the house. The graduate students had cleared away a wide sweep of earth, so that the uncovered statues stood with about twenty feet or more of empty space in front of them. They had discovered that the columns and the two statues already excavated were connected to a base on the floor of the temple that formed a semi-circle.

The team believed, based on the measurements they had taken, that there had to be more statues, and they had located where the next two would be. The area in front of the statues concealed a floor of mosaic patterns, and to remove all the dirt might cause damage to the floor, so it remained covered.

Tomorrow the crew was going to begin working on both uncovered statues at the same time, so the entire team gathered downstairs at the house to plan how they were going to make it happen. The whole group was excited about what they might find since they had uncovered another mystery just before they had stopped work for the day. On the area in front of the statues, they had found the remains of a small pedestal. It looked like a statue had once stood on it, but nothing was there now.

If you had come upon the temple in the past, you would have seen this statue first and then the other statues behind it, forming a crescent. It puzzled everyone, because if all the other statues had been buried with the idea that they were to be found in the future, like Sophie's time capsule idea, then why was this statue missing?

It looked like it had been cut or broken off of its pedestal. None of the pieces of the missing statue had been found, and this just added to the 'what could it possibly mean' feeling that was running through everyone's mind.

Sophie was thinking of the story that Tena had told her earlier today. She remembered how Tena said that the Priestess Iris had hidden the statue in several places piece by piece. Sophie had seen the head of what probably was the statue missing from the archaeological site where her grandparents were working. It seemed almost impossible that she knew a part of the story that no one else knew.

The professor had hired men to guard the site at night, and he was also sleeping there to make sure nothing happened to the artifacts they were finding. Sophie had excused herself from the activity downstairs early, saying that she was tired. She had wanted to e-mail her friends and her parents a picture of the blue butterfly tapestry. The weaving hung on her wall, carefully tacked up so she could see it the first thing in the morning when she woke up and the last thing at night when she went to bed.

Soon, Sophie realized she was getting sleepy. She slid down and stretched out on top of her covers. The moon was full and filled up her entire bedroom. The tapestry's metallic threads glittered in the light. Sophie's eyes were open, but she thought to herself, "I think I'm asleep and I'm dreaming." As she looked at the blue butterfly shining in the moonlight, she thought that something was moving inside the tapestry.

She leaned forward and sure enough it was like something was struggling to be released. Then an actual blue butterfly pushed its wings out of the cloth and broke free. It fluttered around the room slowly. It glided, more than fluttered, over her head toward the window. Sophie watched in amazement and thought, "I hope it doesn't leave without me." Instead, the butterfly just hovered, turning to look at her.

Sophie was thinking that this was a nice dream. She sat up on the edge of her bed. She stood up and walked to the window. The butterfly unexpectedly landed on her head. It just sat there exercising its wings, gently moving them back and forth.

Quickly, it flew around her head and out the window a foot or so above the windowsill. Sophie reached to catch it and tilted forward. As she did this, for just a second, both of her feet left the floor. She struggled to plant them back on the floor. Had she just become weightless? Had she actually flown?

It had been a long time since she had experienced a flying dream. She used to have them all the time when she was a little girl. Now, she was having one again. "Well, okay," she thought, "I love to fly."

Next, she jumped upward to help get off the ground. It worked, because she was now floating about a foot off the floor. The blue butterfly got excited and flew around in a little circle. Then it hovered just out of reach.

"Oh! This is s-o-o-o cool!" She tested things out, willing herself to climb higher and to be able to turn. She lifted her right arm and shoulder, and effortlessly turned to the right. "Wow!" She made a circle around the bed while looking at her arms that were now glowing silver from the moonlight. She laughed aloud. It was such an awesome feeling to be flying, to be weightless. Of course, she knew she was dreaming, but it was nonetheless an awe-inspiring moment.

"Well, let's go for it." Sophie tilted forward and glided out the window. Flying just a short distance from her head, watching what she was doing, the butterfly acted as her guide. It began to fly forward, and she willingly followed. Below her was the garden of the Blue House, the clothesline, and the tool shed.

Sophie flew on, not minding that she was high above the ground. After all, it was only a dream. There was no real reason to be afraid of falling.

The butterfly led her over the forest behind the house, climbing upward so she would clear the trees. She called out to the butterfly to wait up while she sailed around a bit just to take a look at things. The house was very blue in the moonlight. Downstairs where the lights were on, everything was golden in color, with voices and laughter flowing out into the night. It seemed everyone was eating and was quite excited about whatever plans they were making.

The upper part of the house was quiet, her bedroom window still open. She could see the road, all dusty and quiet, with Nikos's van parked in the driveway. After drinking in the sights round the Blue House, she turned and continued on her flying adventure.

The butterfly fluttered over the tree line, and from time to time she could see the stream below gleaming in the moonlight. Like a ribbon of silver, it peeked out between the treetops, and she wondered if turtles slept at night or played with the reflection of the moon in the water.

The night was alive, the sky a deep violet and the full moon majestic. She heard birds and insects, and she thought she saw an owl flying far below her, hunting for something in the light. Later, when she looked over her shoulder, she could not see the house anymore.

But she did not care. She was having too much fun soaring, to worry about it. She wondered where the butterfly was taking her, since it seemed to know where it was going.

Then she reached a place in the forest that she recognized. The tree below them was the one Tena and she visited earlier. The butterfly made a wide slow circle around the tree, and she followed its example.

She saw a radiant light below her, at what she guessed was likely to be the base of tree. The effect was as if the light were shining up through the leaves of the tree itself. It created a glow making the tree look alive, like a candle in the night.

It was then that the butterfly started descending. Sophie, for the first time, felt a little apprehensive, although she did not know why. She did not like nightmares, and she hoped this was not going to be one. She wondered why the butterfly brought her here.

Once she broke through the cover of the leaves and floated down to the ground, she had no fear at all. Everything had a warm, buttery light around it, and it was not dark or spooky. She wished Tena was here to see this. She vowed to remember everything, so she could at least tell her about it.

Sophie's bare feet felt damp as they touched the cool grass. There was a nice flat rock in the grass, and she thought this would make a delightful seat. She sat down on it as if she were waiting for something, although what she was waiting for, she could not say.

In dreams, time does not work the same as in real life. So how long she sat there and waited she did not know. She did have a sense that she was waiting for something or someone, and the blue butterfly hovered just a few feet from her shoulder, as if to keep her company while she waited.

Gradually, the forest grew quiet. The crickets and birds stopped singing. It seemed like all life was holding its breath, and she, too, was holding her breath.

Next, she realized the light was actually pouring out of an opening in the tree and seemed to take the form of two hands. They were translucent, clear, and golden, and the long fingers wrapped themselves around the edges of the opening. The hands seemed to be pulling something out of the tree.

Sophie stood up and didn't budge. She thought about running, but she did not think her legs would obey her. She was breathing fast, and it felt like her heart was beating a million miles a minute. What was happening? What was coming out of the tree? Did it have to do with the head of the statue inside the tree?

Unexpectedly, a woman's head popped through the opening, and then her shoulders. Her body emerged

more and more, and her legs stepped out. Sophie could see that she wore a beautiful gossamer dress in shades of lavender that swirled around her ankles as she stepped onto the ground.

Sophie wrapped her arms around herself and stared in wide-eyed astonishment. The woman stood up and turned to walk toward her. Sophie was frozen to the rock where she was standing. She felt afraid and happy, but she could not remember when she had ever felt both feelings so strongly in her body at the same time.

The woman had a warm smile on her face, and as she walked closer she seem to get taller. She shook her head to free her hair, and it seemed to grow instantly. Sophie noticed a golden crown of stars on her head. When she opened her arms and hands, it struck Sophia that the Golden Lady seemed to be saying, "Welcome to my home." It was clear to Sophie that it was an invitation.

Sophie could see through the magnificent Golden Lady to the trees behind her. It was not until she looked directly into her eyes that she saw love and goodness, and then Sophie relaxed. There was no room for fear. For several seconds, all that existed in the world were those angelic eyes.

The divine Golden Lady moved a little closer, and a scrumptious fragrance began to drift through the air. It reminded Sophie of the scent of roses. She did not just smell the fragrance; she felt it.

The Golden Lady spoke to her in a voice that sounded like singing bells and silver chimes. So sweet was the sound that Sophie felt tears in her eyes –just from hearing her voice. "Sophie, thank you for awakening me. Your gentle touch has called me back onto the earth. It is good to be back. I see that my messenger has brought you."

The blue butterfly, as if realizing it was being addressed, fluttered low to the ground like it was bowing to her. She spoke again, "Thank you for coming, my dear girl. It is wonderful to meet you at last."

At the moment, Sophie was not sure she could even speak, so she sat in silent awe, taking in all that was unfolding in front of her. The Golden Lady swept past her, turned, and with her hand gestured to the tree as if she were introducing it to Sophie.

"This tree has been my home on earth for eons. It is called the Tree of Life, and it is the most beautiful tree ever created. Philosophers have written about it throughout the ages. The tree holds many secrets of your world. Do you like it?" she asked Sophie.

All Sophie could do was nod her head, and in a whisper say, "Yes, it's magnificent!"

"I agree," she said, smiling down at Sophie. "Do you know who I am?"

Sophie shook her head. "No, Golden Lady. I'm afraid I do not know who you are."

"I'm not surprised. Most every being in your world has forgotten. I'm the Goddess of Wisdom," she informed her.

When she said that, Sophie felt a shiver go down her spine, and she knew what she had heard was true.

“Once upon a time, all people knew of me and came for counsel. Wisdom was highly prized. You had only to whisper my name, and I was there. I have been called by many names and written about in all of the world’s important books.”

“My heart is full of compassion and I live in every human heart, although many have shut me out. I live in every part of nature and the universe. I am hope where there is darkness and ignorance. I have decided to return and restore my wisdom to the world, so that anyone can walk a path of beauty, truth, and wisdom.”

She asked, “Do you know what my name is?” and looked directly into Sophie’s eyes. “It’s a name you are familiar with,” and she gave a gentle little laugh. The joyful sound of the goddess’ laughter overwhelmed Sophie. Nothing could surpass the feeling that swept through her –not even receiving every Christmas present that she had been given in her whole life –all at once.

“My name is SOPHIA,” the Golden Lady stated clearly.

“And your true name, my dear, is also Sophia.” Sophie stared in disbelief. They both shared the same name.

“Yes!” the goddess said, smiling fully. “We have the same name. You are also wise, young lady.”

“That is why I have asked you to come, dear one. I have a monumental task that must be done if my wisdom is to come back into this world. I will need a brave girl to help me do this.” She looked right at Sophie, who was still digesting what she had stated about their names being the same. Goddess Sophia continued to speak. “Much has been lost of the true meaning of womanhood. There is much wisdom to be learned and shared. I believe that it is time for me and my sisters to return and bring wisdom back to women –and to girls just like you. I want to restore their belief in themselves, help renew their inner wisdom, and teach them to love every tiny part of their bodies – just as they are.”

Before Sophie could ask her what she meant by her sisters, the goddess went on speaking. “The task I ask of you is to find the missing pieces of the statue for the courtyard at the Temple of the Seven Sisters –the one your grandparents are uncovering.”

“The Oracle statue that you have been told about was of me, the Goddess Sophia. When my statue and all its pieces have been restored and the golden crown of stars placed on my head, I can awaken my sisters, who are represented by the statues standing behind me in the plaka of my temple.”

“My sister goddesses will then be freed and brought to life. They will share their unique lessons of wisdom with young girls and women everywhere. My sister goddesses shall live again, as shall I.”

“It is an important task, and one I do not ask lightly of you, Sophie. You have already found my statue’s head that dwells in the tree. Now, you must find the arms of the statue, my torso, and my legs and place them all together on top of the pedestal. Once my body is whole again, and the golden crown of stars is placed on my head, you will see for yourself how wisdom shall once again be restored. Will you help me?” she asked.

Sophie was now staring down at the ground, feeling all of her own doubts and fears. She felt unworthy

of the task. “Goddess Sophia, I’m not sure you want me to help you. I don’t think you have the right girl. I’m not brave and I struggle with how I feel about myself, my body –just everything.” Sophie looked up now at the goddess. “I don’t see how I could do this for you, although I want to.”

“My darling girl, it is because you struggle that I know you are perfect for the task. I do not seek perfection in you; I seek wisdom in you. Wisdom comes from overcoming what holds you back. Look beyond your limitations. This is an invitation to see truth where only doubt seems to exist.”

The goddess gazed at Sophie with love. It was a love bigger than family, bigger than friends, bigger than any love she had ever felt before. In that moment surrounded in this love, Sophie felt a strength that was hard to put into words. It filled her from her toes to the top of her head. Who could deny such compassion and such love?

“Okay, I will find the rest of your statue, and I will help wisdom come back into the world. We need it,” she said, with strength back in her voice. “How can I do this? I don’t have any idea how to start.”

Again the goddess spoke; her voice carried an air of lightness. “Use the intuitive skills you have begun to discover inside yourself. Let your open heart guide you in accomplishing this task. Remember, if you are to do this, you will have to overcome your own doubts, fears, and judgments of yourself and your body.”

“I will send you help, but you must remember to ask for my wisdom. It may come in many forms-everything from my sisters’ inspirations to the forces of nature itself. You must remember to look for wisdom in unexpected ways.”

Sophie asked one more question, “Can Tena help me?”

The goddess nodded her head. “Yes, of course she can help you.”

Abruptly, Sophie sensed an unseen force was gathering strength. It rolled across the green grass and up the tree. It seemed to expand and grow stronger. Sophie knew instinctively that it was the Goddess Sophia gathering the energy around her. Her light became bright, but Sophie could still clearly make out the details of her face, although she was invisible.

It seemed that the goddess had the wings of a butterfly. The goddess then looked at Sophie fully. “I have one last truth to tell you that will help you in performing this task. Remember this, for it will provide you the greatest strength you have ever known.”

The goddess hesitated and she said with authority, “You, Sophie, are a BORN GODDESS!”

With that, she seemed to disappear, turning into a million little lights sparkling and spraying out in every direction. Sophie felt a mighty wind begin to blow. Goddess Sophia’s last words echoed in her body streaming through Sophie’s mind and heart. She was a Born Goddess—an inheritance she didn’t completely understand, yet.

The wind blew stronger. Sophie lifted up so quickly that she had no time to think about what was happening to her. She was carried back across the forest, over the moonlit land, through her window, and

plunked onto her bed.

Sophie felt goose bumps all over, and lit up from the inside out. This, without a doubt, was the most unbelievable dream she had ever had. Although she felt awake, she soon found herself slipping into a state of sleep.

In the morning, when she woke up—this time for real—she enthusiastically recorded every detail of her dream adventure in her journal. She did not want to forget a single detail.

Then she thought to herself, “Was that a dream, or did it really happen?” It seemed to Sophie that there was only one way to find out.



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