Within Dreams…Life Fulfilled

Even as a child, I was a lucid dreamer. I never really thought that much about it; I just assumed everyone had dreams in vivid color and as a real as anything encountered in everyday waking life. So, as a psychologist and a Spiritual counselor, I had no problem answering questions about our human condition and our seemingly unconscious dream states. Since my patient profile is heavily populated by those who are terminally ill, those who are now or those who have faced staggering loss – it is no surprise that every single day I am asked “Are my dreams real? Is it harmful to listen to them or follow them? Are my dreams signs?” My answer is always the same “Of course they are real! Of course, they are in your head! And who ever said that pure consciousness, pure energy that begins as a dream is harmful?”

I truly began paying attention to my dreams after the loss of my baby girl. My longing for my lost child and for a life that would forever remain unknown and unlived filled my heart completely-leaving no room for anything else. The truth of what I sorrowed for, grieved for, remained hidden from my view, but my daily imaginings would take me into the past as well as into a future as I built a waking, imagined life with her. I grieved for the impossible, for something that didn’t exist, for something that was lost before it had even begun.

Then I started paying attention to my dreams. She is there.

We meet in our dreams-she and I. And I never want to wake.

I sit in the rocking chair passed down to me from generations before.

She is safely in my arms and I feel her warm body next to mine. Her face on my breast and my body filling hers with my very own life’s blood. She reaches up and I feel her tiny hand caress my cheek. And there, in her eyes that are fighting the sleep that beckons- I see her Soul as she sees mine. I sing her a lullaby…one I wrote just for her…and she smiles as she touches my life.

The Oneness is complete.

We meet in our dreams-she and I. And I never want to wake.

I hear the sounds of “Mommy, can we go? Can we go?” I rise and say “Yes, sweetie, we can go! But first-its breakfast time!” Oh mommy…brefkest again?” I know I should probably correct her speech but, truthfully- I never will. I know that soon, all too soon, she will correct it herself and the sounds of innocence will change to those of growing up and away. I smile silently and put her “brefkest” before her. Then I brush her golden hair for the allotted time-200 strokes-no more no less-just as my mom taught me. She turns, looks up into my eyes and I see her smile. “Is it time now, mommy”. Yes, my love-it’s time. So, we head out into the world-holding hands. The Oneness is Complete.

We meet in our dreams-she and I. And I never want to wake.

Standing at the top of the stairs, she says “Mom, do I look ok?” As she descends the staircase, her gossamer gown fades from silver to blue to pink to purple and, with each step, the colors swirl around her and seem to melt together in such beauty-It takes my breath away. “Hello…Mom…where are you? I asked, Do I look ok?” I see the twigs of jasmine, my favorite flower, tucked behind her ears and my mind’s eye sees this girl, now a woman, standing at the top of this same staircase in a different gown, asking “Mother, do I look ok?” as her wedding gown sparkles even more than the tears in both of our eyes. We lock eyes and, once again- our Souls touch. The Oneness is complete.

We meet in our dreams-she and I. And I never want to wake.

I listen to the sounds of my grandchild as he holds onto my daughter. They are together, the loves of my life, in the very same rocking chair handed down to me many years ago…generation after generation…and I hear the lullaby floating through the air. The very same lullaby I wrote just for her… many years ago. I close my eyes and see them-together in love…nourishing each other with their very own life’s blood. I can taste the love they share for I am there with them. I hear her whisper “Goodnight, my love” and I know she is now coming to be by my side. The hairbrush that belonged to my mother is in her hands and she comes to me “Mom, how about I brush your hair? 200 strokes. My hair, now silver and thinning, knows this brush so well.” We smile as I sit on the edge of the bed and she starts talking to me about life and love and fears and longings as she counts out loud-just as I did all those years ago when I taught her how to count. She finishes brushing my hair and says, “How about we just lie here and talk a bit more.” She lays beside me and reaches out her hand to touch my face. She caresses my cheek and I close my eyes and remember that tiny babe and the moment our Souls met. The Oneness is complete.

We meet in our dreams-she and I. And I never want to wake.

Who ever said dreams aren’t real? My life with her- we built it together from pure consciousness. It is a real as anything in my waking life.

And it is a promise of a life together-fulfilled.