

## WHERE DO DREAMS GO WHEN THEY DIE

Science can easily explain how an ice cube slowly changes into a puddle of water that eventually disappears into thin air. But where do dreams go when they die?

They must go somewhere, for occasionally they'll unexpectedly knock again at our heart's door. And the feelings they bring with their return are just as fresh as if they had never departed.

Tonight some old dreams have come calling. Thoroughly buried long ago, I had assumed. But not so. Safely reposing within an old journal I was leafing through, they unexpectedly resurfaced. I share a few excerpts to illustrate.

"I came across an article this week about working at home, and something about it appealed to me." My jobs compelled me to commute long distances for more than 20 years, and being able to work at home near our children was always a satisfying dream. I'm at home now, but the children no longer here.

And this one about Jenny, our retarded daughter. "Jen has had a hard week. She has been so restless in her bed that she has cuts and bruises all over her legs and feet." Her injuries eventually healed, but there was always a persistent dream, whispered to God alone, that Jenny would get well, marry and have children that we would all enjoy together. But she, and consequently that secret dream, died seven years ago.

"I went to the doctor on Friday for a lot of seemingly unrelated issues. He thinks the problem is stress." I had dreams that stress would subside as children grew and jobs changed. But despite a few brief respites, stress has generally increased with passing years. Only its sources have changed.

"The longer I think about writing full-time, the more feasible it seems." Much like the dream of being a cowboy, as free as the wind and riding the open range, the vision of being a full-time writer working at home was never far from me. Now I am old, and the creative spark doesn't strike fire as it once did.

Also tucked within that old journal was a snippet of "Hold Fast Your Dreams," a poem by Louise Dirscoll, written out for me in my wife's hand. "Hold fast your dreams! Within you heart keep one still, secret spot where dreams may go, and , sheltered so, may thrive and grow--where doubt and fear are not. Oh, keep a place apart within your heart, for little dreams to go."

So dreams must go somewhere.

But where do dreams go when they die? To a far and distant land, there to hide beyond the reach of heart and hand?

Where do dreams go when they die? To heaven perhaps. Or to some deep cranny within the soul to sleep until an unexpected moment brings them back--to live again.

Where do dreams go when they die? Not far, I am sure.

I must confess to still having dreams that must be sleeping, for they surely have not died forever.