

Prophetic Dreams & Déjà Vu

Since 1982

Vol. 23 No. 3

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Dream Network

A Journal Exploring Dreams & Mythology



Casting the Heroine • *Connie Mah*

Dreams for the Community • *Dawn Star*

Dream Theories of Déjà Vu • *Art Funkhouser*

Hearing the Echo before the Sound • *Damian Nash*

“I’m still amazed with what I’ve learned and how much my dreams have been trying to tell me. I just didn’t know!” –YourGuidingDreams.com Member

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ARBORETUM IN AUTUMN

The earth is an orange,
with a crimson aura;
the sun a green melon,
with aura of gold.

The sky, deep blue,
shades through lavender
into purple.

Underneath
an oriental maple,
with leaves turned scarlet,
a gypsy plays
a hand-carved flute.

If there is a pond,
it is green with reflection:
the quiet dreams
of taoist frogs.

From a stone beneath
a bridge of oak,
an angel departs.
Or a dove flies up
and kisses heaven.

In the softness
of a moment,
the heart finds solace.

David Sparenberg

Statement of Purpose

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1337 Powerhouse Lane, Ste 22
PO Box 1026
Moab, UT 84532-1026
Phone: 435/259-5936

DreamNetwork.net
publisher@dreamnetwork.net

Founder

William R. Stimson, Ph.D.

Council of Advisors

Stanley Krippner, Ph.D.

Russell A. Lockhart, Ph. D.

Robert Moss, M. A.

Graywolf/Fred Swinney, M. A.

Rosemary Watts

Noreen Wessling

Editor/Publisher

H. Roberta Ossana, M.A.

Front Cover: Dreaming for Peace:

Quilt Piece by Artist Rose McClarren

Review Editors

April Chase email: ajc1696@earthlink.net

Vicki Vlach email: rememberdreams@yahoo.com

Copy Editor & Proofreader

Lorraine Grassano

Advertising

Phone: 435/259-5936

Email: Publisher@DreamNetwork.net

PO Box 1026, Moab, UT 84532

Contributing Artists, Authors & Poets

Charles De Beer

Jeanne Elkins

Deborah Koff-Chapin, M.A.

Chris & Lorraine Grassano

Marlene King, M.A.

Tony Macelli

Shari O'Brien

David Sparenberg

Rosemary Watts

Noreen Wessling

Vicky Vlach

Editorial Assistance

Kathleen Greenwood

Caroline Mackie

Lyn Shafer

Our purpose is to raise individual and cultural appreciation for the value of dreams and to disseminate information that will assist and empower us in taking responsibility for our emotional, psychological and spiritual well-being with the help of dreams & mythology. Our goals are to unite and serve those who respect dreams, to empower dreamers in demystifying dreamwork and to assist with the integration of dreamsharing into our culture, in whatever ways of integrity are shown and given us.

We believe that dreams are agents for change and often reveal important new insights about the life of the dreamer, both personal and cultural. Recalling a dream is a signal that we are ready to understand the information that has been presented. Enacting the dream's hint can bring healing and personal empowerment.

We seek to provide a balance and to give all nations, voices and schools of thought an opportunity to be heard.

There will be times when a particular area of interest will be given greater emphasis than another because of the limited space in the Journal and that which is surfacing that is of interest to the readership.

The emphasis will change over time to allow for a wide range of opinions and areas of interest to be explored and expressed.

You are welcome and invited to indicate areas of interest and questions you would like to see explored in future issues.

Dream Network

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Upcoming Focus
for Volume 23 No. 4

**Dreaming as a
Practice & Discipline**
How do you incubate, recall &
follow the guidance in and/or
actualize your own dreams.

Lifeline: 4 Weeks
after you receive
this issue.

About Our Cover

"Healing the Heart"

by Rose McClarren

Quilt Piece from the
'Dreaming for Peace'

St. Louis, MO Dream Group Project
Initiated after 9/11

"Hands are a powerful image in my dreams. I saw an image of the earth broken into pieces. I feel the brokenness of the earth's heart and all of our hearts, in my dreams and in my waking life. We yearn for a peaceful, kinder world and yet fear the task is insurmountable. With all of our hands and hearts working together we can heal ourselves, one another, and the earth.

I knew that each hand must be from a unique color of cloth just as all of us on earth are unique. Many hands become millions of hands as we reach out to one another. The insurmountable work becomes a joy. We no longer feel overwhelmed but inspired."

Rose McClarren

Editorial

Up front, may I make brief mention of the 'Healing Heart' image on our cover, which has little to do with the contents of this issue. It is what begged to be 'said,' what is happening **now** and conveys beautifully and simply how the world feels, on the continuum from personal to the planetary. Oh, Thank You to all the helping hands. See pg. 7 for a statement from artist, Rose McClarren.

One of my deeply valued Advisors and friends, Russell Lockhart, once told me he was in process writing a book which will declare that *all* dreams are precognitive. He has come to believe after many years as a Jungian therapist that Psyche uses images and stories from our past to construct scenarios that *could*—or *will*—take place in the future. That information is priceless.

It was a prophetic/precognitive dream that set my heart firmly on this path. The dream occurred in 1975; it became manifest/'real'—of its own accord—in 1981. I've shared this life-changing event many times; it is recorded in fuller detail at <http://DreamNetwork.net/ROtalk96.html>.

That precious dream foretold an event that uplifted the spirits of many people in the form of a very successful community event and is indicative of the nature of many precognitive dreams. I was essentially and gratefully 'used' or chosen by the powers that be to focalize this event, in which each and every detail of the dream just 'happened,' myself being completely innocent and unsuspecting. No one was aware nor more surprised than I and it was as the dream fulfilled itself that my deepest inner being said "*This is very important.*"

That awesome intersection—where dreams and 'reality' meet—is sacred space.

Perhaps the greatest value of precognitive dreams, however, comes when we see undesirable scenarios.

'Nightmares, for instance. Often, we are being warned that if we stay on the course we are treading, unwanted events, crisis or disaster could occur. Dreams of this nature are incredibly valuable warning signals... to change something; it serves us well to take heed.

To help us more fully comprehend this mysterious function of dreaming, we are honored to present an in-depth and scientifically oriented exploration, *Dream Theories of Déjà Vu* by Dr. Art Funkhouser (pg. 15); the mystical, magical experience of prescient dreams is shared by good friend and neighbor, Damian Nash, who was taught by his dream mentor to '*Hear the Echo Before the Sound*' (pg. 11). These are but two of the many fine articles presented; I pray you'll be informed and/or confirmed.

I have a friend who recently retired after years of being the editor for the Arts & Culture section of a state-wide daily newspaper here in Utah. She once said to me that she believed the Arts have a much greater influence in politics and culture than do the various 'movements:' rallies, protests, etc. I believe her. This year, on these pages, we have explored the many ways of working with dreams; a majority of what has been submitted has to do with artistic expression: dance, painting, theatre and poetry. This has evolved as the chosen (by you) 'theme' for 2004 and insists on more expression in our coming issue.

Look forward to an interview with Gabrielle Roth; for those of you not familiar with her extraordinary work, you're in for a treat. We have requested an article from a Russian Dream Theatre group, and will reprint article on the shadow-side of art by Jungian Robert Johnson and more. In addition, we request that you share the processes you engage in making 'Dreaming' a practice and discipline in your life. Let us hear from you!

I'll talk with you again around the Holidays, Many Thanks & Blessed Thanksgiving to you. ∞

Editorial Policy

We invite you to submit letters, articles, poetry, reviews and artwork focused on dreams and mythology designed to inspire and educate our readers. We accept articles from every-night dreamers and professionals, ranging from the experiential-to-the-scholarly.

Since we are perpetually 'Exploring the Mystery,' we invite your Questions as well as accounts of personal experience involving dreams: transformative, synchronistic, or insightful Ahas! revealed in dream groups and/or therapy.

Typical article length is approx. 1600-2000 words. Reproducible black- and-white original art work & high quality photos to enhance your submission is requested. Artists wishing to have their work considered for our covers, please contact the editor. Electronic/email, .pdf or .jpg files are accepted for text, artwork & photos. Related side-bars and quotes are always welcome. Include SASE with snailmail submissions and/or request for guidelines.

Dream Network reserves the right to edit all material submitted for publication; we retain first North American serial rights only. All copyright reverts to the author/artist/poet after first publication, with the proviso that *Dream Network* is referenced and contact information provided in secondary publication. We retain the right to republish materials submitted in future issues or subject-specific booklets and/or monographs.

We encourage you to list:
1) dream groups, whether just forming or open to new members;
2) your dream-related research requests... and ask that you notify us of dream-related events, services or books which would be of interest to readers.

Letters, Questions & Dreams

Interview with Gabrielle Roth— Coming Soon!

I just received the newest volume of Dream Network Journal. The artwork on the cover is exceptional! I especially like the connection with the cover art and the opening article. As always, the layout for my article was very well done. Thank you so much! Also enjoyed "seeing you" in the photo with the dancing shawl!

Amazingly enough, after more than a year, Gabrielle Roth approached me this week about doing our interview! She said she was now ready, so I sent her the first in a series of conversational questions. I also invited action photographs. Hopefully, we will have an article as a result. I have contacted Barry Williams, the Jungian analyst with whom I have talked about doing an interview/article, as well.

Jeanne Elkins, Mount Berry, GA

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Leszek Feels Safe to Share His Dreams With Us

I had a spiritual awakening 1995 and since then have received many dreams or visions. I've shared them with people, but only to my disappointment. Once, someone told me they are too unreal to be true. Since then, I've become very selective about who I talk with about my dream-visions. Then, I found your web site today! I believe in your Statement and feel safe to share my latest dream:

I'm talking to someone, and that person tells me the Earth is just about to change its tilt by 5 or maybe 7 degrees. I don't remember everything he said or why this has to happen. Next, I see myself high in the sky above Italy, watching a policeman on a motorcycle.

The Earth change is so quick, the policeman loses his balance and falls to the ground. I watch him get up, being very surprised to see what just happened to him.

My eyes are open now. I'm awake trying to understand the meaning of this dream. I don't know how I could have interpreted this. I guess this was just a way to prepare me for the events that are yet to occur.

I hope you will find this useful. I know deep inside my heart from my experience that there is a "blueprint" coded in every human soul to be awakened and the time to awaken is Now. English is my second language so please forgive my mistakes.

"Leszek Sobota"

Lsobota@rogers.com

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Precognitive or Warning?

My husband and I are traveling with one of my nephews, we are very tired so we stop at an old hotel which is currently under renovation. All the rooms downstairs are dirty and dusty from all the construction but the hotel owner/manager says she has a few rooms upstairs that aren't quite so dusty. We are so tired it doesn't matter to us so we say we will take it, figuring that we will have to be real careful pulling back the covers so as not to get dust in the bed.

The owner/manager shows us the staircase and gives us directions to our room. As we stand at the foot of the stairs we look up the staircase that my nephew was attempting to climb and we see an older lady dressed in a white blouse and long black skirt. She appears to be from another era and this startles us. As we attempt to prevent my nephew from climbing the stairs, she is motioning for him to come on up. I recognize the woman as being the wife of my great grandfather's brother. I desperately want to stop my nephew from going up the stairs but he is already half way there.

Upon awakening, I knew that the lady at the top of the stairs was Minerva Capps McCarter; this is the only time I have encountered her in a dream. The eerie part came several months later, when I was going through some old Civil War Pension papers (I do this in connection with my interest in genealogy) and learned that Minerva Jane Capps McCarter died on November 20, 1909. The best that I can determine is that she died of natural causes brought on by advanced age.

My nephew also died November 20th, 1994. The night he died, my sister—who was much closer to him than I—dreamed that he was walking toward her, one side of his face bloody, and he said, "Look what they have done to me."

I feel there is some significance to Minerva beckoning him to come up the stairs and don't understand the bloody-face image in my sister's dream. Could this relate to reincarnation? I welcome any insight or comments. Thank you!

*Shelta Shrum,
sheltashrum@netscape.net*

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Looking for a Dream Group Near Batavia, IL

I recently purchased my first issue of Dream Network at Transitions Book Store in Chicago. What a wonderful magazine! Thank you for creating it.

I have kept a journal of my dreams for the past six years. In order to better understand them, I have been using Dream Yoga and Gillian Holloway's Dream Insights. I also have lucid dreams. I'm very much ready to join a dream group in order to understand these insights better. I live in Batavia, IL, 45 miles southwest of Chicago. Do you know any nearby dream groups? If not, can you refer me to others that might be able to help me locate a group?

Marie Otte rose6060@netzero.net

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Dream Theatre in Chicago

My name is Jeremy Menekseoglu and I am the artistic director of Dream Theatre Company. We are a Russia-born theatre company that now resides in Chicago. Dream Theatre is a company that has been dedicated to presenting the most honest possible interpretation of dreams to our audiences. We believe that in our dreams the mind experiences a new kind of "honesty." No matter what our dreams lead us through: terror, romance, murder, perfect love, supernatural powers... they create a universal "honesty" that can be felt and understood by all who have ever dreamed. Here is some quick information about us.

From its inspired beginnings in 1998 at the famed Moscow Art Theatre, Dream Theatre Company has produced works in Russia, New York, Chicago and throughout the United States. Dream Theatre members produce powerful, vivid, and sometimes frightening works. From daring comedies and romance to the darkest corners of the human condition, Dream Theatre is committed to breaking down the barriers between actor and audience, reviving a long-forgotten theatrical tradition. People in the audience are never merely spectators, but instead are actively invited into the dream world of the play, where possibilities are endless, nothing is out-of-bounds and the fourth wall does not exist.

One thing that Dream Theatre likes to do is explore the realm of nightmares on stage. We believe that by acting out our nightmares we can put our fear (and our Audience's fear) in its proper place: the realm of fiction. Nightmares, when acted out on stage, provide a truly unique experience. The actor and audience can go to the very depths of their fear and psychosis, while at all times feeling safe, free, and actually joyful. What makes this show so different is that it conjures feelings that events are not only happening to the character, but to the audience as well. They are pulled into the

fictional nightmare of the story and transcend their role of spectator into that of participant.

For additional information:
www.dreamtheatrecompany.com

Jeremy Menekseoglu,
Dream Theatre Co., Chicago, IL
JMenekseoglu@OBSCconnect.com

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House On A Hill: A Recurring Dream

My name is Debby Weinberger, I write poetry at the AuthorsDen web-site and a friend, Robert Jude-ace Forese, has displayed a link to your dream site. I briefly glanced the home page and as yet have not read any of the dream journals. So my apology for blindly going forth in submitting my dream. It is not with regularity that I can remember my dreams, however when I do, they tend to be very detailed. I dreamt this afternoon, of a house I have watched grow over the years; each recurring dream explores/enlarges the house and its occupants, and I felt compelled this moment to share it with you. For me, it is a big dream, because it continues to grow as I dream it.

For many years, I have dreamt of this house, always on top of a hill. Each dream shows different stages of the house, as if it is being built or repaired each time I dream of it. The people within it change; however, many I recognize from dream to dream. Some are people I know in my physical life, some I only know in these dreams.

This is always my home in the dream. I am its owner. There are always lots of children of all ages; there are many bedrooms and many floors. I am aware of four floors and a cellar area. The latest dream occurred 7/14/04.

One of my guests this day is concerned about the heat, it is a hot summer day. I say I will turn on the air conditioning, which requires that I walk from room to room and close all the sliding windows. I do

the kitchen, dining room, living room, and bedroom-after-bedroom windows without much notice of the rooms' contents until I walk up to the top floor. I'm aware that I have a renter up here that I remember each dream and in the past she and I have torn into secret rooms and attic spaces.

In this dream I notice she has a media center set up with floor to ceiling TV monitors and state of the art technology receivers, and computerized mixing boards.

Several large screens interact with color and sound as I touch the control panels. Off this room is a large space I've seen in prior dreams—like a classroom or utility room. I've seen dances, children's plays, a lecture here in previous dreams. This time it is quiet and empty, except for a few chairs scattered randomly.

Down the hallway is a locked back door, leading to one of the secret stairways we had discovered in a previous dream. The door has a large window, with a view of a hillside. I notice it is neatly landscaped with wildflowers and greenery, young trees and ground cover which has grown since I last viewed it. I compliment her on its beauty. A friend of mine arrives and is occupying a bedroom; I see her resting on the bed, her bags on the floor unopened. As I walk into the room, her young daughter bursts joyfully from behind the door to surprise me and hugs me around my legs. I return the hug and say hi to Rachel; she is interested in knowing if my son is in the house. I assure her that yes, he is somewhere around.

I then walk into a junk type of room—one I had found in a previous dream—and remember how we had accidentally found it when tearing down a wall. There are things in here that have been stored away for years and I remember them from previous dreams: things like children's toys... blow up alligator and perhaps a pool toy or cushion. I pick up the

alligator wondering how it kept its shape for so long. I pick up several more toys and look at them.

I call to the renter, "I'm going back downstairs now," and descend the stairs. On the second landing, she is waiting with a grin. I continue down and find her again, ahead of me waiting at the bottom. I laugh and ask, "How do you always manage to get here first?" She laughs, and reminds me she has access to the back stairs.

I walk through the living room and take notice of a brightly colored mural painted on the far wall. I recognize it, yet am unable to recall its description upon waking. I leave the front door and walk to the side of the house. I notice a panel here I have not seen before and pry it open. Inside is a chute leading down to the cellar and I can see a pair of feet at the bottom. I call in... "What is this thing?" A return voice said it is for grocery items in the cellar storage area. I then notice the feet below are standing in several inches of water, and have a quick flash of my last dream of this house, when pipes were bursting and flooding everything. Then I walk down a long driveway to the street, wanting to see the house from outside... to see what it looks like. It is very large, a mansion, many windows, and floors, it seems immense. I then walk across along the curb to the side yard to return to the house, however it is made of sandy gravel soil with a steep incline. It is difficult to walk on, so I get down on all fours and travel upwards by leaping, rear legs, then front arms like an animal might do. One of the smaller boys, rides past me on his bike, with a thumbs up, saying that is so cool. As I approach the house... I wake up.

Your comments are invited and welcome!

Debbie, Spiritdjwt@aol.com

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Do we accept email submissions?

I would like to submit a dream/poem. Do you still accept email submissions or should I send it snailmail? By the way, I'm about to get a book of poems published by AuthorsDen.

I continue to learn much from Dream Network, it is truly excellent!
Robert Jude Forese, Brooklyn NY,
JudeAce@aol.com

The answer re: email submission:
YES! (Ed.)

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

9/11/2001 in 1998

I was surfing the internet and came across your site. I, too, have many dreams that require answers and truth. I had this short dream which didn't mean much to me until three years later. I dreamt that I came from somewhere in my little white car with a friend. We stopped and got out of the car and saw these two huge buildings tumbling down... dust floating everywhere.

This dream came three years before 9-11; if only I could have done something. So many people lost their lives, because I didn't know what to do.

Tai Kue taik_5@lycos.com

Our 'Letters' section is the place for you to ask Questions about dreams —even your own dreams— and to share your experience, inspirations, methods and perspectives. You may even choose to initiate a controversy or debate!

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Watch for Dream Network's Website Re-Design Coming Soon!

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Info & Questions to
Publisher@DreamNetwork.net

Prophetic, Precognitive Dreams & Déjà Vu



Do Past, Present and Future Co-Exist
Simultaneously in the Dreamtime?



*“You would measure time the measureless and the immeasurable.”
“Yet the timeless in you is aware of life’s timelessness,
And knows that yesterday is but today’s memory
and tomorrow is today’s dream.”*

Excerpted from *The Prophet: On Time* (p.62) by Kahlil Gibran:
Alfred A. Knoff Publishing Inc.: 1st printing 1923; 78th printing 1966

Hearing the Echo Echo Echo Before the Sound

©2004 by Damian Nash

Every now and then dreams come along which completely change your outlook. This one hurled me into a world filled with wonder and mystery; I've spent much of the last fourteen years expanding my paradigm enough to make sense of it.

During the summer of 1985, I lived on the coast of Maine, canvassing up and down the beautiful coastline to raise environmental awareness and funds for Greenpeace. Work went from 2:00 to 10:00 pm, allowing me rich and luxurious mornings to read philosophy and science, and to bicycle regularly through the crisp, green countryside. That summer was a break from my heavy academic workload at the University of Colorado — a last summer before graduation, and the first real vacation in years.

In Maine my bedroom was sparse; an important context for the dream. A few books and mementos stood on a shelf made of weathered white board and

broken bricks. My sleek racing bicycle leaned against the wall by the door. For a bed there was a thick, orange sleeping bag on top of a quilt which was doubled over for padding on the polished wooden floor. The time was simple and free, like my room, and full of sunshine. The ponderings, angst and stress of academia seemed far away.

During the previous four years several "regular characters" had participated in my dreams. I met them during my first major mystical experience when I accidentally peeked behind the veil of the senses. They were nonphysical beings, appearing as light — telepathic, compassionate, and playful. They were wise and trustworthy.

Over the next four years, they taught me in dreams how to fly by faith, using my mind to generate an experience where I didn't collide with the ground. It was thrilling, for sure, and every now and then, wide awake on a mountainside or cliff, I would stop and wonder.



That morning in Maine everything changed. Let me invite you into the dream as it happened:

Demonstrating Déjà Vu

I am sitting with one of my dream companions on a wrought-iron bench in a park. I think his name is Michael (although "he" and "she" are insignificant distinctions in the place where we meet). A sidewalk passes in front of us; neatly manicured lawns lie on either side. The day is beautiful, and the trust and bliss I always experience

in his company feels strong. We are talking telepathically. An old curiosity hits me, and I ask Michael about *deja vu*. He looks at me with a wise and frisky smile, and says "Let me show you how it works!" Stepping across the sidewalk, he paces the grass in front of me, slowly and deliberately. "We don't exist at a single point in time, like most people assume," he says. While he speaks, he slows down, as if the air around him is becoming dense like water. "Instead, we exist as beings who are spread out into the future and the past, mostly clustered around the present." I watch his image vibrate back and forth subtly, like a film caught in the projector. Suddenly his naturally luminous image bursts into a bright smear—a spectrum of pale, bluish light, brightest in the middle and fading in front of him



and behind him. He is still distinct in the center, although fainter images of himself exist throughout the spectrum. The images grow dimmer and fuzzier until, after ten or fifteen feet, only a faint and fading glow stretches toward the horizon. Then, in a voice which sounds like a choir whispering sharply in a huge metal drum, he continues, speaking exactly these words:

"Deja vu' is hearing the echo before the sound."

He collapses the spectrum, resolving his image back into its coherent, recognizable form. He steps back across the sidewalk, sits down beside me again, and says, "Now you try it!"

I feel a shock of insecurity, which is clearly "audible" because of our telepathic connection. He looks at me with a peculiar smile which imparts reassurance. So I stand up, walk to the place where he started his short demonstration, and begin walking.

I look back at him, losing my nerve, and see the same undecipherable grin on his face and twinkle in his eye.

I know that if I can fly with Michael, I am also safe trying this new, time-smearing exercise in his company, so I continue. I let go of my sense of boundary and feel a fluid continuity with the space all around me. My skin seems to merge with the warm spring air.

Then a miracle happens: my alarm clock rings. Whew! Relief! A chance to escape a dream that is turning a little too weird and risky for my tastes. With the quickest good-bye glance toward Michael, I decide to opt out of today's lesson and leave before I go anywhere too uncomfortable.

The strange thing is this: Michael is still reading my thoughts, and as I exit the dream, I see and hear him laughing.



When I awakened, I looked around the room for a couple of seconds getting reoriented. Then I, too, started laughing hysterically! I realized that my own "time smearing" exercise had been completely successful! Because I chose the cowardly option, I also became the subject of an ethereal practical joke:

Eight seconds after I began laughing my alarm clock started to ring!

In that dream, on that bright Maine morning, I heard the echo before the sound and the echo woke me up. The event provided a bridge between daytime and dreamtime worlds and all the evidence I needed to link my studies in physics and mathematics with transpersonal psychology and religion. The clear and enduring message to me was simple: Michael and my dreamtime companions are real, not merely constructions of my imagination. And what he taught me about time and perception is true: Who we are goes far beyond what we can see.... spreading out in space and time like the light from a lamp on a misty night.

As the Little Prince said, "What is essential is invisible to the eye. It is only with the heart that one sees rightly." ∞

Postscript: Michael let me know an opportunity would eventually come to publish this dream, making it available to everyone. I am deeply grateful to the Dream Network for allowing my dreamtime companions to offer this gift to you. I'm also grateful to Bruce Cockburn, who inspired that summer (and every year since) and to Dawn Graves, who brought me to Maine and looked after me. Now that I have told the world this little story, I'm looking forward to my companions returning to my dreams, as they promised they would.

Psychic Archaeology

by Damian Nash

*I am sitting comfortably outdoors.
My companion hands something to me,
over my shoulder.*

*It is a tooth. I inspect it closely.
It is worn, old and grey, porous like a
bone left in the sun for centuries.
I wonder what it means. I realize I am
dreaming, and start to interpret the
symbolism. "Maybe I need to brush
better?" I think, and smile. "Maybe it's
time for my annual dental exam?"
My companion reads my thoughts,
smiles, and answers me gently.*

*"No, this is your tooth.
You used to live here – a long time ago."*

When I awaken, many things are clear to me. There are psychics, living now, who can tell many things about a person just by holding a scrap of clothing, or an object of personal significance. My companion in the dream is such a psychic. He is learning about my life by holding my fossilized tooth many millennia in the future. He is a psychic archaeologist. He is able to call back to me through time. He learns about me by conversing with me in my dreams.

Our descendants will possess the ability to read the thoughts and feelings stored in simple artifacts as easily as we now read alphabets and sentences. We who are alive in this age possess the seed of that psychic ability, hidden within the lush and infinite forests of our minds. ∞

Damian Nash is a life coach and professional strategist who lives in Moab, Utah. Over the telephone and Internet, he supports spiritually awakening people to accomplish their life dreams, experience greater success in the material realm and discover deeper fulfillment and happiness. He is offering a free half-hour consultation to Dream Network readers. Email him at damian@citlink.net

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Prophecies about the Changes Now Happening....

Excerpted from the book Galactic Shamanism

©1995 by Mary Saint-Marie

Prophecies are Messengers of Change. The years come and the years go. Many there are among you who rise above the day-to-day prattle of human life and who see far into the human future, the perennial hand-writing on the wall. Because there are so very many imbalanced actions of mis-creation, born out of separation from ME.... the Infinite ONE. These flights into the human future are often very grim, for they are based on actions presently lived. These flights are called prophesies.... and they are nigh filled with warnings, messages of needed change.... impending disaster, destruction and doom.

But these prophetic messages are nothing but timely pre-warnings. Prophecies are "messengers" of change. They are not harbingers of disaster, of Armageddons predicted and destined. They are fate only for those who look away, ignore and refuse to change.

For those who refuse to change, change comes anyway and blows across lives.... sweetly, moving some as a willow tree and breaking unyielding ones, fraught with crystallizing seasons' past.

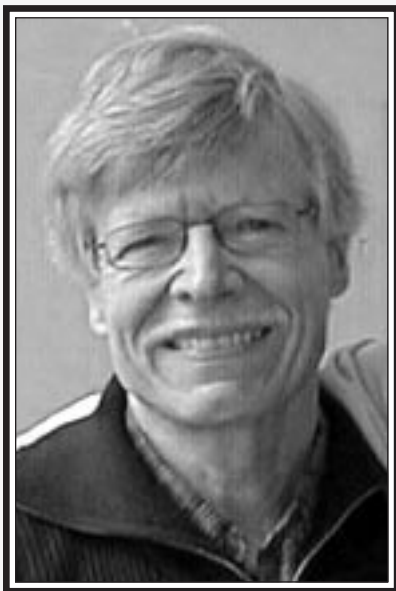
For those who change, when the warning doth "wave its flag," the flight of fiendish vision never comes. The prophecy for them does leave no tracks.... ere their lives no longer foretell a future of good fortune gone astray.

Rather do the lives of untold persons become a Light unto the world. A light that also is a flight into the future. This future is the ever-searched-for Garden that can never be reached by map. This future is the present lived in love.

This is the only prophecy of Truth. It looks beyond the fields of mis-creation and sees another world. A world of heaven-sent visions.... thus heaven-sent prophecy. The choice is clearly to be made by each individual with free will... choice being as it is.

The most that each individual can do is to live the inner vision that she sees. Each vision lived will complete a piece of the grander picture and cause others to see their part of the ONE vision. And one by one, then two by two, in ever increasing numbers will the vision of the ONE be fulfilled. No workshop, book or teacher can give one this. It is a solitary flight to the vision of the All.

Dream Theories of Déjà Vu



by Dr. Art T. Funkhouser
Bern, Switzerland

General background

In his 1989 book entitled Multiple Personality Disorder, Dr. Ross said:

"The exclusion of extrasensory perception (ESP) from serious mainstream psychiatry is an artifact of our cultural history. There are only two possibilities concerning ESP experiences: Either they are real or they are illusory. If ESP is real, excluding it from psychiatry and mainstream science is prejudice masquerading as science. If ESP is not real, there is no more reason to exclude it from phenomenological study than any other set of delusions . . ." (p. 183)

In a 1992 paper, Drs. Ross and Joshi say:
"Paranormal experiences are so common in the general population that no theory of normal psychology or psychopathology which does not take them into account can be comprehensive." (p. 360)

I have borrowed these two quotes from a 1992 paper by Dr. Hufford who continues by saying:

"I would go further. I would say that conventional psychiatric theory does take them into account, but in a way that is at odds with the empirical data. This does not simply prevent theories from being comprehensive, it makes them likely to be wrong in very important ways." (italics his)(p.362)

Dr. Hufford points out that there have been numerous surveys made and they all show that paranormal experiences are far more common than many scientists seem to want to believe. Moreover, they all unanimously say that déjà vu is encountered more often than any of the other paranormal experiences that have been studied. In fact, if the results of a Gallup poll made in June, 1990 of 1236 American adults can be believed, 55% of those questioned say they believe in déjà vu and 56% readily admit to have "had the feeling of déjà vu". (Gallup & Newport, 1991)

I find it interesting that when inquiring about déjà vu, Gallup and Newport asked people if they had "been somewhere or done something before" (presumably while at the same time knowing that they had not). There seems to be some confusion about what constitutes a déjà vu experience: For some it has to do with living through an experience for seemingly a second time, while for others it is evoked in strange locations and places, where the "afflicted" are convinced they know their way around while at the same time knowing that this should not be possible. This is most succinctly stated in the Rogers and Hart song title "Where or When" (the lead song in their 1937 play "Babes in Arms"), or as an article in the May 5, 1997 issue of TIME magazine put it, "Been There, Done That!" (p. 46)

I am convinced that two different experiences are being referred to here, and they may very well have very different origins and etiologies. Neppé, in his 1983 book *The Psychology of Déjà Vu* listed 20 different déjà experiences (!). Rather than lumping them together and calling all such occurrences "déjà vu", it might be well to speak in general of déjà experiences, while the two I mentioned above could be referred to as déjà vécu (already experienced) and déjà visité (already visited). The former is situational, while the latter has to do with uncanny geographic knowledge (Funkhouser, 1995). This does not rule out the possibility that combined forms occur in which both aspects are present.

A poll comparable to the one mentioned above was made by Dr. Levin in 1988 with 1456 respondents with the result that 67.3% of those questioned said that they had had one or more déjà vu experiences (Levin, 1993). There, déjà vu is defined simply as "Thought you were somewhere you had been before" (which I would call déjà visité). He goes on to quote Greeley, who found an incidence of 59% in the general population and wrote:

"Whether 'deja vu' can be termed 'paranormal' or not is a matter for debate.... I assume there are 'natural' explanations for these phenomena. However, I do not assume that such explanations explain them away." (Greeley, 1975, pp. 7-8)

Altogether I have seen 20 surveys and the incidences found for déjà experience range from 30% to 83%, depending on which population was questioned and very likely on how it is defined. This indicated that we are dealing with a very common experience which justifies serious consideration and study.

Dream Theories of Déjà Experience by Literary Authors

The earliest mention of a déjà-like experience that I know of already mentions a connection with dreams. It is a quote taken from *On the Trinity*, chapter XV of book XII, by St. Augustine (354 - 430 AD) where he said:

"For we should not credit the story of those who say that Pythagorus of Samos recalled some such things that he had experienced when he had already been here in another body, and of others who relate that there were yet some others who experienced something of the kind in their minds. That these were false recollections, such as we commonly experience during sleep, when we seem to remember as though we have done or seen something which we have not done or seen at all, and that the minds of those even who are awake were affected in this way by the suggestions of the evil and deceptive spirits, whose care it is to deceive men by confirming or sowing this erroneous opinion about the revolutions of souls." (italics mine)

"Revolutions of souls" was St. Augustine's way of saying "reincarnation," and he was worried about it being used to explain occurrences

of déjà experience.

To my knowledge there was nothing more written about déjà experience, nor concerning any other theory about how it might arise, until 1815 when Sir Walter Scott published a book called *Guy Mannering*, or *The Astrologer*. There the protagonist was kidnapped by pirates from his home on the coast of Scotland when only a young boy. He was forced to become part of the crew and subsequently sailed all over the world, including India. Many years later, he happened to return to his birthplace but with no memory of it. As one might imagine, what he saw there evoked a strong sense of familiarity and that caused him to muse:

"Why is it that some scenes awaken thoughts which belong as it were to dreams of early and shadowy recollection, such as my old Brahman would have ascribed to a state of previous existence? Is it the visions of our sleep that float confusedly in our memory, and are recalled by the appearance of such real objects as in any respect correspond to the phantoms which they presented to our imagination? How often do we find ourselves in society which we have never before met, and yet feel impressed with a mysterious and ill-defined consciousness, that neither the scene, the speakers, nor the subject, are entirely new; nay feel as if we could anticipate that part of the conversation which has not yet taken place!" (p. 294)

In this short passage, Scott manages to imply and mention three theories about how déjà experience can arise. Dreams (please note: with images that are similar to that which subsequently occurs) together with reincarnation are both spoken about, while the actual explanation is that Guy Mannering had really been in that place once before and his sense of recognition is due to real memories.

Since reincarnation has been mentioned in both of these texts, I would like to quote something that Ernst von Feuchtersleben, a prominent Viennese psychiatrist (Laor, 1982) wrote in his 1895 psychiatric textbook:

"... one, for example, has the feeling as if a situation in which one finds himself was present once before as it is now, which some have assumed out of poetic error to be a sign of previous existence (Platonic reminiscence). If at all, it is unlikely that we sat together dressed in lace clothes [and] kid gloves in salons at tea and buns." (My translation) (Feuchtersleben, 1895).

Incidentally, should anyone be interested, he classified déjà experiences as fantasies of memory.

Before turning to scientific authors, I would like to include a quotation taken from a little essay entitled "Speculations on Metaphysics" that Mary Shelley, Percy Byssche Shelley's wife (a famous author in her own right), edited from notes he had written and she published after his untimely death. At the very end, he told of a déjà experience he had had while out walking with a friend near Oxford. He said they suddenly turned a corner of a lane and he described what he saw there. He went on to say:

"The effect which it produced on me was not such as could have been expected. I suddenly remembered to have seen that exact scene in some dream of long . . . Here I was obliged to leave off, overcome by thrilling horror." (p. 297)

In a footnote, Mary Shelley noted that she remembered his coming to her after writing this, "pale and agitated, to seek refuge in conversation from the fearful emotions it excited." This is the first account that I know of in which someone described in print an actual

déjà experience that he had had (Funkhouser, 1996). Other literary authors of that period who concerned themselves with déjà vu include Rossetti, Tennyson, Dickens, Tolstoy, Thomas Hardy, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Oliver Wendall Holmes.

Precognitive Dreams

A bit further on I hope to present further evidence, based on accounts of people who have had them, that at least some déjà occurrences can be explained by preceding precognitive dreams. Dreams and visions that presage the future have fascinated mankind for countless ages, and dream interpreters were long in great demand in many cultures around the world, mainly for that reason (Van de Castle, 1994, pp. 45-66).

One does not have to be content with prophecies and visions from the Bible or ancient Egyptian papyri in this regard, though. There is now an enormous body of evidence which has been assembled over the years seeking to demonstrate the existence of precognition and precognitive dreams. I have in my collection over 110 articles and papers dealing with these two topics, and more are being published every day. Excellent reviews can be found in a chapter Robert Van de Castle contributed to *Handbook of Parapsychology* (1977) as well as a chapter in his 1994 book, *Our Dreaming Mind* (pp. 407-9). Another good review is found in a chapter by Martin Ebon on *Parapsychological Dream Studies* for a book called *The Dream and Human Societies* (1966). In this connection three other books should also be mentioned, namely *An Experiment in Time* (Dunne, 1927), *Man and Time* (Priestley, 1968) and *Dreams That Come True* (Ryback & Sweitzer, 1988).

In *An Experiment in Time*, Dunne, an aeronautical engineer and designer of planes flown for England in the First World War, told of his precognitive dreams. He became convinced that everyone had just as many

images from the future in their dreams as they do residues from the past and he set out to prove it with investigations he did with students at Oxford University. His idea was that if you examine your dreams closely, you will discover elements that only make sense if you keep your eyes open on the days following the dream. In a 1988 paper, Nancy Sondow found that 10% of her dreams contained such precognitive elements and that the amount of time that elapsed between her dreams and their "coming true" was quite short. She discovered that most of such future-determined elements in her dreams came from the day following the dream, while a lot fewer were from days later on. (Sondow, 1988).

Dr. Stanislav Grof reported that persons under the influence of LSD experience precognitive visions or, in his words:

"Occasionally, LSD subjects report... anticipation of events that will happen in the future. Sometimes, they witness complex and detailed scenes of future happenings in the form of vivid clairvoyant visions and can even hear the acoustic concomitants that are part of them; the latter range from ordinary sounds of everyday life, musical sequences, single words, and entire sentences, to noise produced by motor vehicles and various alarming acoustic signals (the sound of fire engines, ambulance sirens, or blowing car horns). Some of these experiences manifest various degrees of similarity with actual events occurring at a later time." (Graf, 1976, pp. 177-8).

Physicists have also made contributions concerning such "loops" in time and have posited theories as to how knowledge of the future and even time travel might be possible (Deutsch & Lockwood, 1994). There are

(Continued on page 43)



Blood Dream

I wake, blood oozing from my mouth
Onto a feather pillow

It tastes surreal

This dream
Resonating within sleepy eyes...

My mouth throbs
As though I was punched in the face
By something larger than life

Hovering over this reverie
Glancing over its dreamscape

Over mountains enriched with forest
Over tops of dividing trees

I am drawn, almost magnetically
Toward the entrance of a large cave

It echoes with strange sounds,
With ricocheting pulses of sacred thoughts
Luring me further into its darkness...

I am drawn to a transparent wall:
A jelly-like substance,
Blood oozing through its membrane

I hear a faint voice calling through its barrier
Inviting me, enticing me, surrounding me

As I try to run through the wall
I am knocked on my ass,
Smashing my face into my own reflection

My mouth bleeding with poetry...

Robert Jude-ace Forese



The Prophets Are Busy

by Linda Gail

I dream I see sandaled feet walking everywhere. As I wake up, I immediately realize the dream means the prophets are busy.

If you look at the "official" media today there is a new wave of interest in what most dreamers have long taken for granted: TV programming entails themes of parallel universes, subconscious information, near death experiences and a marked curiosity for dreams and visions that include the appearances of angels.

I would like to present a question: "How does it all relate to a new wonder world, the time of choosing and the Book of Revelations in the Bible?" How we answer the question is important, for it will say much about our personal experiences and interpretation of them.

Two ministers knocked on my door on a cold January evening. It was my inner dream voice that urged me to call the number on the flyer they left with me after I informed them my soul was in good hands. It wasn't like me not to at least invite them in for a cup of hot cocoa and conversation. I eventually became intimate with one of them and that intimacy was experienced at multi-dimensional levels.

We challenged one another's belief systems and began a quest to find the power of the staff of Moses and expose whichever one of us housed the trickery of magicians. This is in reference to the Bible story in the Pharaoh's court when the staff of Moses eventually consumed the serpents created by magicians.

I have little knowledge of the Bible. My minister friend, Teddy, had read it from cover to cover. One night we fell asleep on my couch. At about 3 a.m. I woke up with a dream voice that said the name "Elyshia" and "It doesn't matter what career a man chooses as long as he reaps profit." I asked Teddy about the name and if it was possible it was a Bible verse. He knew the name Elyshia. It was possible.

After further examination, I decided the verse actually meant "It doesn't matter what religion a man pursues as long as he finds God." I learned much later that this is an old Confucian saying.

A few days later, I was on the phone with Teddy and thought there was some reason we should read about Elyshia. I'd never heard of him before. He is a Biblical character who

was alone in his knowledge and awareness of God. He lived in a time when others were spiritually barren. Teddy refused to accept that God could be experienced one on one without a church as a mediator.

As we read about Elyshia, we came upon a passage about ravens. I was rather surprised. I had a dream the week prior similar to what we were reading about... *ravens in the rafters of a house*. We read on about a woman who came to bake pies and breads for Elyshia; this was his only food supply source. I was jumping up and down! I insisted on getting my dream notebook out. After the dream with the ravens was a dream about a house with a table covered with my favorite homemade breads and granola bars. I have quite a reputation for my zucchini bread!

Teddy grew increasingly uneasy.

Shortly thereafter I spent one entire night out-of-body. I kept waking up and going back to sleep only to pick back up where I'd left off. I was given inside information to the nature of Teddy's intentions towards me and the proverbial staff of Moses.

I met Teddy at the front door of his church the next morning and briefly told him about the experience the night before. The first words that came out of the preacher's mouth at the beginning of his sermon were about the testimonies they had of heaven and what it was like. They had witnesses, people who had been there. He was of course talking about the disciples of Christ. Two members of his audience sat there with their mouths hanging open. I was delighted and Teddy was outraged.

I was excited at the prospects of acquiring a husband who understood "God" the way I did. But this had never been Teddy's intention. He had wanted to convert a woman to his church and then control her through his religion, one that has a rigid fire- and-brimstone, unmerciful finger-wagging God that demanded submission. Evidence of this had been acted out in the out-of-body experience: *there had been a thief at my door and the police eventually came and took him away.* Every time Teddy left my house I was reminded of the experience. He ducked out and closed the door the same way the thief had. However, events still had to run their course.

Teddy's church had so much control over him we couldn't be seen walking together in the park. They had little trust of their minister's sexual nature.

It was the opposite end of the Koresch syndrome. David Koresch and his followers met with their fate at the same time the heartland I live in flooded. I dreamed *I saw David's ghost dressed in a shroud, sitting and weeping amidst the WACO rubble of smoke and ashes refusing to give up his dream. David took on Teddy's face.*

I had a dream *I heard a choir of people all praying and Teddy's voice was the loudest of all.*

He did come to know God in a different light because of his experience with me. His dreams became what he described as "supernatural." In one dream *he had a treasure chest from the sea with*

pearls that were tarnished and corroded. A man's voice said, "You want to give these to her."

Meanwhile, his beliefs in demons and familiar spirits infiltrated my dreams. I dreamed about a voracious dog that barked and snarled at me. *His eyes glared into mine and I woke up. And then in another a dog with no ears sat beside a fireplace next to me. I knew he was a part of me that needed to heal. The dream with the earless dog was lucid and had several meanings. I experienced deja-vu with this one in a conversation with Teddy. I dreamed *Teddy stubbornly laid across a pathway filled with illumination and refused to move. His fears, superstitions and prior obligations eventually sent him fleeing from me. He thought I was possessed.**

Teddy had a lung disease. The doctors told him he would be better off if it had been fatal for what he would have to go through to heal. I challenged his Christian pride with my own personal experiences with faith healing and Teddy set out to prove he did indeed know God. He healed.

In his own good time and terms, Teddy will come to understand and appreciate his experience. I think he secretly pays much closer attention to his dreams these days.

Anytime I read the Bible I am always prepared for what I read through my dreams. I dreamed about a "lame" man as a man crippled by manifesting the devil's legs and hooves. I saw him in the park I walked in at the time and it was indicated that I needed to be sympathetic. The next time I read the Bible there was a verse about Christ healing a lame man. I have walked on the water with Christ... it is in reference to an out of body experience.

I think it would be fascinating to get a group together to read the Bible and go into their dreams with the intention of gathering other such insights. I'd begin with Revelations.

When I go to church, I dream about the sermon the week before.

I am also given intuitive flashes of themes and actual words that are later spoken by the ministers. It can be most enlightening. But the "magic" isn't in the church, the minister or the doctrine. For what happens to the magic when the perceiver of the magic is gone? The real magic and power is within you. "... you never have to go looking further than your own backyard!" (Dorothy, The Wizard of OZ)

Fear is the beginning of knowledge. We do stand naked and humbled knowing what we are. At the same time, we soar to greater heights than we thought imaginable. I went through a very intense conversion experience eighteen years ago. It was initiated by my dreams and rather deep penetrating questions I had that needed answering. One of those questions concerned a lifelong condition I was told by the official system is incurable. I was completely healed of the condition during my conversion experience. The method by which I was healed? I was distracted by my first out-of-body experiences, lucid dreams and day-after-day of deja-vu; divine suggestions were given that proved to be most life-giving.

I had a dream about a *beast that was stark and magnificent in his own right. The background was intensely illuminated. He had beautiful delicate wings and flew as he shrank small enough to fit into a cup just as delicate.* It was the cup that runneth over. The beast and angel are one and the same. Some of those who participated in the crucifixion did so because they thought Christ was the devil.

The prophets are busy, en masse. The evidence is everywhere. But how would we recognize a modern day prophet if we saw one? What makes a person God appointed? Have you heard the voice of God lately? Anyone of us can step into the sandals of a modern day prophet should we choose to do so, and be accepted. You choose the framework, you set the stage and then be prepared for surprises—divine ones. ∞



And It Wasn't Even My Dream!

by Colleen Ringrose

I FIND THE LANGUAGE OF DREAMS TO BE BEAUTIFUL. Dreams point past the literal and into the poetic and archetypal realms. Precognitive dreams are usually clearer than normal dreams and the information is easier to remember when we awaken. When interpreting these dreams it is sometimes difficult to know which parts to take literally and which parts to interpret symbolically.

I remember my first precognitive dream. It involved one of my roommates. I dreamt *he is in his room and is walking around and around a suitcase, wondering whether or not to go back home to his parents' house on December 18th.*

In the dream *I told him to keep living in our house and everything would be all right.* The next day when I told him the dream he was shocked.

He said he had been wondering whether or not to go home and help his parents with their house; they were getting old and the house needed a new roof, and December 18th was his father's birthday. He ended up not going back home and his family was fine.

During this time I had many strange dreams. One night I dreamt *my other roommate was covered in blood and needed my help.* This dream was so vivid it woke me up. I thought it was just a nightmare and went back to sleep. In the morning I learned that my roommate had been in a motorcycle accident and had gone to the emergency room where they attended to his serious injuries and bruises. He did need help! This was when I began to wonder if the way I dreamt might be different from that of the average dreamer.

A few years later, I dreamt *I was watching one of my sisters read a piece of paper and on it are blood test results for an AIDS test. I got the message that it was positive because AIDS is 1 in 10,000.* I awakened from the dream and it didn't make sense to me. I know that any positive result from an Aids test, no matter what the ratio, would not be a good result. I didn't like the implications of the dream and decided to ignore it and not tell my sister, though I did call her and give her an impromptu speech on the hazards of unsafe sex, telling her everything she already knew.

About three weeks later I got a call from my sister. She was in the emergency room and needed to have a blood transfusion. She had almost died from a botched Liposuction procedure she hadn't told anyone she was having. There was no time for a donor; she needed

the blood immediately. She was worried about the possibility of getting AIDS from the blood since there is a 1 in 10,000 chance she could get AIDS from a blood transfusion. I remembered my dream of her positive test results and told her the blood transfusion will be O.K. It is a positive thing to do. She was relieved to at least have some guidance... *even if it was only a dream.* She got the blood transfusion and was fine.

These dreams were the beginning of my becoming aware of all the intuitive information I receive every day and take for granted. I have since developed my gift for precognitive dreaming as part of my intuitive healing practice. I realized these dreams were being given to me to help other people as well as myself.

When a dream doesn't come true literally, it still may be precognitive but unfold only through a series of synchronicities. I have a friend I call daily to swap dreams. We have realized through doing this that we sometimes have precognitive dreams for one another.

One of these dreams happened just a few weeks ago. My friend dreamt *she had two cardboard boxes filled with Time magazines in her car. She was going to bring these to the mailroom at JFK University. When she got there the mailboxes weren't in the right place so she gave me and another friend a copy of Time magazine.* In the dream *she noticed the red border around the magazine as being important.*

At first it didn't make any sense to us as a precognitive dream. What did *Time* magazine have to do with JFK University and us? We both thought maybe it was something to do with time. The next day she bought a copy of *Time Magazine* for February 22. She called me to tell

me it was about psychics and clairvoyants and how they make money. I had just moved and I was in the midst of starting up an Intuitive healing practice in Marin County. So, initially, I think the dream had to do with my healing practice.

A week later both of us were installing our work in a show at the Oakland Museum. In the show I had a very large black and white book entitled *Naked Women*. I decided to make a smaller version of the book using a red cover with a red and white border and sell it in the Oakland Museum Bookstore. The next night I had a dream that *an artist friend of mine was kissing my neck and holding the little book with the red and white cover up to my heart and saying that I should really sell this.* I woke up and realized the cover of this new book looked a lot like a cover for *Time* magazine.

The next day after giving a friend an intuitive reading, I also give her a copy of my new little book. She took one look at it and whipped out the latest issue of *Time* magazine and said, "You have to read this; it is all about the history of women's bodies." On the cover is the picture of a woman torso bordered in red, looking amazingly like my book. We both laughed at the synchronicity.

So my friend's dream is still unfolding through synchronicities and it has not only to do with my art but with my healing practice as well!

Maybe she has dreamt the intersection between my art and the healing practice that I have yet to find. This dream is still unfolding for me, and it wasn't even my dream!☺

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Contact the author by email at RingroseX@aol.com



What Lies Ahead?

Dreams That Foretell The Future

by Teresa A. Vattieri

Fall into a deep sleep and as your eyes close, what do you see? If it is glimpses of the future, feel welcomed to the world of precognitive dreams.

Sure there are those of us who say, "I don't dream," but this isn't true. Sleep researchers estimate that the average person dreams between ninety minutes and two hours a night. Regardless of your recall ability, many dreams occur while you sleep. What about those memorable ones? You know, dreams with glimpses of events that do actually take place in the future. When such predictions later come true in waking life, you have just experienced dream precognition.

Evidence of precognitive dreams date back to Biblical times and up through the 21st Century. One of the most notable in American History is President Abraham Lincoln's dream prior to his own death. In his dream he heard crying in the White House, which he followed to a nearby room where there was a corpse with a covered face. Lincoln asked who had died. A mourner replied that it was the president who was killed by an assassin. A few days later, all Americans mourned, for President Lincoln was indeed assassinated. His precognitive dream predicted his own tragedy that unfortunately came true.

May I point out that all precognitive dreams are not of this major doom and gloom nature. Precognitive dreams can also bring news of positive life-changing future events or everyday happenings yet to come. The key is to be aware when you are having precognitive or predictive dreams.

In *Conscious Dreaming*, Robert Moss provides a few clues for recognizing precognitive dreams:

Reality check: If a dream event is taking place in a realistic setting or locale with identifiable characters, chances are you have glimpsed a scene from the future.

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Personal Involvement: When your dream centers on another person, often closely related, you may be given dream messages relevant to a future event or situation in their life.

Repetition: If the message is important in relation to upcoming events, it may come to you more than once in the same night. Also, another person may share the same dream on the same night, further intensifying any predictions.

My close friend Mindi has been 'dreaming true' since childhood. Now 31, she is somewhat of an expert with her years of precognitive dreaming. I asked her what are the triggers of her predictive dreams. With an adamant tone, Mindi answers, "These dreams are so realistic and clear. It is as if I actually experienced what happened in the dream. I see colors vividly, explicit details, hear and smell things in my surroundings. I also have a strong sense of knowing that makes a lasting impression when I awaken." She further clarified adding, "I am left with a 'gut feeling' that lasts for days, weeks, or even longer. There is either an intense sense of urgency or joy about what I know is going to happen." She summed it up, "I always listen to the warnings and appreciate the other messages of the good to come."

I was first tuned in to her precognitive dreams two years ago. She told me her cousins—who also are my best friends—were having a baby. No one knew of any such news, but

Mindi's out shopping for baby gifts. Crazy? Turns out that she had a vivid dream of her cousins holding their baby. Upon waking that next morning, she immediately called them recanting her dream details of their soon-to-be baby "with long legs, puckering mouth and the mention of numbers 8-9." Mindi recalls their reaction of, "Really? Guess we will just have to wait and see." It didn't take very long to see the truth in Mindi's prediction. Her cousins received a call from their doctor that very same day confirming the pregnancy with a due date of August 9th (a.k.a. 8-9). And yes, when the baby arrived, she perpetually puckered her lips as her very long legs kicked all about.

This incident awakened my mind and soul to dreams that foretell the future. One day we were laughing about how 'off' I thought she was before knowing of her 'gift' of being a precognitive dreamer. As the chuckling subsided I half-heartedly asked, "So did you ever have any dream predictions about me?" To my amazement, Mindi replied "Yes." I quickly became all ears, attentive to every word she was about to share.

She begins by setting the dream stage: her cousins' house. She continues, "We are all standing in their living room... Larry, Faith (holding baby Rachel), me, and you with this really 'hot' guy. I was checking 'him' out—every single detail. He was about 6 feet tall with sandy brown

hair, light eyes, perfect teeth, and a muscular built. Wow! What an absolute 'cutie'—a cross between sporty and professional. Larry obviously knew him because they were catching up, like they hadn't seen each other in awhile..." At this point a puzzled Mindi questions me, "Teresa, are you O.K.? You're as white as a ghost." I replied in a shaky voice, "I actually heard all these same exact words before—verbatim—from Larry who had the same dream about four months ago." Ironically, now she became alarmed saying, "Can't believe he also dreamt this; probably the same night, too."

Well, I wonder if this 'dream man' is in my life? Currently, I call this wondering the "waiting game"... a time interval from the 'dream glimpse' until it actually catches up to reality. My close friends' mutual dream about my future love life teaches an invaluable lesson, though. The dreamworld can empower you with knowing what lies ahead, but you have to wait for it to happen.

As my mom always says, "Good things come to those who wait." Only there's a twist here: Sometimes a glimpse of the 'good thing' is given so you wait, rest assured. Sweet dreams! ∞

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Contact Teresa A. Vattieri at 154 Grandview Drive Ivyland, PA 18974 215.674-9618 teresa.vattieri@navy.mil

Provoking the Invisible

The Egyptian sand is glowing red as it streams over the dunes... I look up to the sky, from a carpet covered with sparkling dust, trying to congeal the forces of Nun... Ghosts of pharaohs, priests, slaves and cherished queens who pervade the wind as to envelop my entire being. The time is right to leap from this dreamscape and diffuse my thoughts from time, space, and whims of celestial beckoning.

I look to the sun and witness giant hawks soaring above marble statues of ancient gods beside pools of bubbling water. Vapors of solar wind rose from the eastern horizon caress my face. I inhale the mist of the morning sun as to summon Ra-Harakhte to wake me from my sleepy vision. The nimbus moon is very low in the sky. From a distance, I can hear incantations coming from a large tomb, situated on top a large sand dune. I feel compelled to move toward the chamber to see what mysteries are lurking inside.

As I approach, I can see translucent shadows of guards standing before the tomb. They have shields and lances before their bodies to ward off intruders. However, as I come closer, they lay down their arms and openly invite me in with a slow nod of their heads. I can see through them into the darkness behind them. The chanting elevates my senses as I become transfixed on the hieroglyphics emanating from the walls. They are highlighted with a rainbow-edged neon glow on a large black stone that I recognize as the Rosetta Stone.

As I enter this sacred room, there is a group of priests chanting to the god of eternal life, Osiris. Anciti, the region of the dead, is mentioned by one of the priests as they prepare a body for embalming. They are weighing a heart as one of them notices me leaning against the stone. He said, "There's the escaped slave priest! He who seeks the invisible kingdom!"

I was going to run but stood my ground, defiant that the priests will not recapture me. I immediately realize I am the pursuer and not the pursued... I am the dream inside the dreamer. I can control my dreamscape by the recognition of being as a distant star in the shimmer of infinity and then... the invisible became visible...

I dismiss the ancient gathering around me and envelop myself in a spectrum of deliverance. Soon my Egyptian past is inevitable not to be foreseen ... and the priests bow down before me... from within a dream.

Poetry by Shari O'Brien

Residue on a Paper Pillow

The residue
of last night's dream
are odd-shaped
blurry
pieces;
a jagged
pink-tinged shard;
frozen scraps,
pale gray
and fading.
Fast awake,
I fumble,
to assemble these
on a paper pillow
in the dark of day.

The Beast Within

After the moon has seized the sky
and the hands on the clock recede from view,
I'm snared by something beneath the sheets
and returned to someplace I once knew,
indigenous thicket of tangled vine
and thorn where the beast within was born,
where I howl and struggle to survive.
I meet you there, a beast like me,
with fangs for teeth and hungry eyes,
and we prowl and pounce and claw and bleed,
and together we fight to stay alive,
until ransomed by morning light.



Cleaning the Windshield

I've heard that dreaming is the way
you purge your brain of toxic memories --
experience and response so vile
they'd kill you if they stated.

Shattered eyeballs jerk frantically back and forth
cleaning the windshield inside your mind
of bird droppings, squished mosquitoes
and butterflies, DOA.

That must be why chronic sleeplessness
makes you just nuts.

The ugly residue of the highway
piles up and up and up

and you're stuck
with layer upon grimy layer
of disease-ridden
rememberings.



Dreams for the Community

by Dawn Star, MSW

THE SENOI PEOPLE OF MALAYSIA were once a dream culture. All or most community decisions were made based on dreams. The very first task of their day was to ask the children about their night experiences. They recognized the value of the innocence of young ones. They would then gather as adults to discuss the children's dreams, and then their own. Rituals, ceremonies, costumes, strategies for living, resolutions regarding conflicts and disputes, and even housing decisions were based on these dreams. Can you imagine?

As we leave the age of Pisces and enter the Aquarian age, many are seeing an escalation of certain energies and noticing that change is occurring rapidly. These changes, whether they are personal or public, are requiring quick application of the spiritual tools and principles we have learned along the way. Looking to the dreamtime for guidance is one such tool. Dreams provide information and guidance on many levels. Increasingly, I am hearing of dreams that seem to speak to communities at large by using a metaphoric language that gives information about the energies a community is experiencing and which direction to take.

A friend of mine recently shared a dream where...

...she finds herself and the members of her spiritual community in a foreign land. She is sitting around a fire with the indigenous men and women of the area. There is a language barrier yet they seem to be able to communicate. The men are "rugged, burly, and very masculine." These men appear to be enchanted with the women in a respectful and honoring way. A clean, sexual energy is present. Suddenly, an elder woman requests that her daughter retrieve a package wrapped in plastic that is to be a gift for the dreamer.

The package reveals a pink knitted hat and mittens. This exotic land they are in has temperatures that surely would not require knitted garments, yet when the elder hands her the gift, the dreamer knows that this is the most important belonging the elder owns.

She dons the hat and gloves and proceeds to walk the circle, showing each person the loveliness of the gift. Suddenly, all rise and begin to dance.

Their bodies sway sideways in a snake-like fashion. The feeling is pure bliss. She realizes they are doing "the Kundalini Dance."

The fact that she is there with her spiritual community is a clear sign that this dream is not solely for her own guidance. They are there together, the uniting of two vastly different cultures, uniting as men and women.

As the world changes rapidly with technology and as the pendulum begins to slowly swing away from the patriarchy, the union of opposites becomes essential. The truth always lies in the middle. Balance and equilibrium are paramount for our survival on this planet. The clean sexual energy is important, as we are naturally sexual beings who have complicated sexuality at best and demonized it at worst. How refreshing that the men are enchanted with the women in a respectful and honoring way. We see that we really can communicate despite barriers. This is a foreign land - a new place to explore.

The hands and head of a human being are vital areas of energy where chakras lie. The evolution of the hands and head make us unique animals on this Earth. The dreamer was given a profound gift from this shaman woman! Whenever we are given a gift in the dreamtime, we should pay special attention to its



metaphor and meaning. Clearly the dreamer was given the elder's most valued power possession: feminine (pink) protection for these particular chakras. How beautiful it is that she shares with the community what she has been given by walking the circle.

They are sitting/dancing in circle around the fire. It is the ancient way of community council with the fire of transformation at the center. Without fire, alchemy cannot exist. It is the element that creates something new by blending ingredients. It allows the alchemical marriage to take place by unification. How incredible to experience this dance of bliss! I would venture to guess that she and her community are or will be engaged in a kundalini experience together.

If this were my dream, I would continue to sit in council with my people, however I would suggest that it might be time to bring in the "outsiders," indigenous people or those of different background and experience. I happen to know that her community has been made up largely of women. It may be time to broaden the community to include more men. Balance is the goal. I would also focus some attention on my crown chakra and those energy centers located in the palms of the hands. I would give thanks to the Spirits of the dreamtime for this community dream.

I imagine a world where we listen to each other's dreams. ∞



True Dreamer

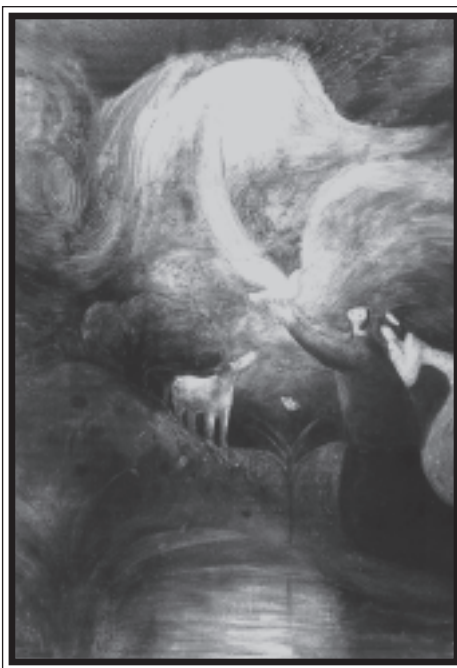
by Darlene Pitts

I haven't always been a true dreamer—a person who dreams truth and wisdom whenever and wherever he or she sleeps. For the first 28 years of my life, I can't recall dreams from my Tennessee childhood or through eight years of worldwide Army service. I simply went to sleep and woke up. If any dreams emerged in between my physical eyes closing and re-opening, they remained adrift in the twilight zone. In 1992, my life changed forever. I dreamed *all six numbers of the Virginia lottery*. Upon awakening, I recalled three numbers, which I played while guessing the others. I won a free ticket because only the dreamt numbers popped up. The dream intrigued me, but no similar dream surfaced. Later I realized that dream wasn't meant for me to win the lottery, but to announce the arrival of my dreamtime.

In a February 1994 dream, *two angels pushed me through a white light for inner knowledge. I fought them until I awoke because I originally thought they tried to kill me.* My arms ached after the encounter. The next month, I had an out-of-body-experience after dreaming *my sister told me I had "the gift."* "What gift?" I phoned her the next morning. She didn't know and I couldn't discern it.

Deep in the night, deceased relatives appeared and talked to me in dreams. In June 1995, a deceased paternal aunt said, *"You'll be leaving soon and Moore will help you... around May or June... or whenever you want to. You won't know what hit you."* I woke up terrified. I thought I'd die soon. I nervously went back to sleep.

In another dream, *my deceased paternal grandmother phoned me. I refused to take the call. I trembled awake—and stayed awake.* "Weren't they dead in their graves until



judgment day, as my Baptist upbringing taught?" I asked myself hearing silence. No matter where I traveled staying with family, friends or in hotels, I dreamed.

I reviewed my life. I questioned my beliefs. What I thought I knew blurred. What I didn't know came to teach me during dreamtime. I felt attacked by nightly images I didn't understand, but knew it wasn't my imagination or bad food. Each time my eyes closed, I expected something supernatural. Often I awakened exhausted or with racing heartbeats due to troubling scenes.

I never thought I'd be a true dreamer. I was scared and confused, but sought understanding because the door to dreamtime had opened wide. I read dream books, including *Dreamwork for the Soul* by Rosemary Ellen Guiley, *Bedside Guide to Dreams* by Stase Michaels, and *What Your Dreams Can Teach You* by Alex Lukeman. I studied bible scriptures pertaining to dreams and listened to dream tapes by John Paul Jackson and Dr. Mark Chironna. My dreams are literal, symbolic or a mixture of both. Dream dictionaries prove useful because particular symbols switch meaning each dream. Tornadoes have signified dramatic changes in my life: visions unseen by others, the rapid collapse of the World Trade Center after being struck by hijacked airplanes, and actual tornadoes on the ground in the United States. Even with dream dictionaries, an interpretation has to feel right to me, otherwise it's incorrect.

I scanned numerous Internet articles about dreams, and attended dream workshops and seminars. Most importantly, I talked to relatives and friends for dream insights and comparisons. I asked about their types of dreams, interpretation processes and verifications, and how they felt each morning after dreaming. I soaked in all the information I could handle, whereas in my youth I ignored my dreams because I couldn't relate. Now I can.

I discovered a rich history of prophetic, telepathic, advisory and warning dreams on my mother's side of the family. She told me that my grandmother—born in 1917—and

great grandmother—born in 1875—were true dreamers also, along with several aunts and female cousins. Most recall dreaming from an young age, like my sister, but unlike my mother and me, who were adults before entering dreamtime. It's exciting and nurturing to dreamtalk with relatives who have had 30+ years of dreaming. We all know people who don't want to listen to our dreams due to fear or ignorance, especially after numerous validations. They think we cause certain predicaments or deviously uncover secrets when we only convey what has, is, or will transpire.

Once I shared the same dream with a niece. To our surprise, our dream images matched, but our dream perspectives differed somewhat because we lived in different states. *Our deceased paternal grandmother let us know she was okay in the afterlife by dancing to loud rap music, while wearing a long dress and white sneakers.* Grandmother died in 1994 at age 98 and knew little about rap music, but used it to ensure we didn't forget that dream upon awakening. Except for three brothers and an older cousin, male relatives don't seem to remember their dreams. They're not open-minded to dreamtime.

Early on, I asked myself, "Why do I dream?" My first answer: "It's inherited." I needed a deeper response. My enhanced answer: "Dreams are messages from God to my soul to ease this journey I'll only experience a very short time. I wasn't birthed upon this earth to learn to use only logic and physical senses. Dreams give me spiritual knowledge I can't grasp during the day, due to a busy mind and schedule. In dreams, God allows me to see and do things that would be too shocking while awake... like communicating with loved ones who have passed on." This revelation required careful contemplation, because it meant access to universal information and dimensions unrestricted by time or space. Spiritual revelations can

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paralyze if swallowed whole.

I read that dreams are the soul's language. I agree. This language creates soul stories filled with collaged images generating multi-level meanings for spiritual awareness and advancement. My dream journals and soul stories date back to 1994. "*Destruction in Miami*," headlined a May 1996 dream. Value Jet Flight 592 crashed in the Florida Everglades four days later on my birthday. "*Bomb at the U.S. Olympics!*" screamed a July 1996 dream. Five days afterward, a bomb exploded at Centennial Park in Atlanta. I wondered why I dreamed about national disasters in which I wasn't directly impacted. My answer: "I'm part of a universe where events impact all our souls, regardless of geographical location. No one is a stranger, even if I never met him/her on this earth."

Then, I wondered how I could dream an event before it happens?" My answer: "The physical realm operates at a slower frequency than the spiritual realm where one probable future exists. Sometimes the outcome of an event changes if free will is redirected in the physical realm." Seeing events unfold ahead of linear time causes me to live them twice. It's often difficult, but I learn much during my dreamtime.

Dreams taught me that physically, we die, but not spiritually. We're all spiritual beings and can soulfully communicate regardless of when we lived on earth. In a March 1998 dream, a wall calendar switched to the month of December to foretell the death of a paternal aunt who had breast cancer. She passed away on December 20, 1998. In August 2000, I took hospice training without comprehending why. In my heart, it felt like the right thing to do. I later discovered the training helps me during dreamtime because the rules and ethics applied guide me when souls communicate their upcoming transition to those in the afterlife. It's like soul-to-soul hospice care. I've had several death dreams that came true in less than a year. Rather

than fearing these dreams, as I initially did, I am grateful because they grant me opportunities to visit, call or write the person involved before their passing. They always reappear in a future dream to let me know they're alright.

Dreams help me comfort and warn distant friends. In an August 2000 dream, an icy cold bedroom signified the end of a taxing relationship between a Virginia friend and her fiancé. I reluctantly told her about the dream to alleviate her pain before the final breakup, which occurred weeks later. In November 2002, I dreamed a Maryland friend had to be cautious of a co-worker named Bob and workplace politics to prevent a violent episode. I warned her via email. She confirmed and thanked me for watching her back. In May 2003, after dreaming the sky blackened over Atlanta, I forewarned a Georgia friend, who disbelieved me due to the bright sunlight. Tornadoic weather rushed in and blackened the sky within hours that same day. Fortunately, no destruction ensued.

Dreams educate me. I met my Guardian Angel, Vanessa, and another watchful angel, Gilder. I knew when not to make career moves. I dreamed of a surprising job promotion two weeks prior to my manager congratulating me. I received instructions regarding mediumship and telepathy, how to read clouds as oracles, imagination power and other supernatural abilities. Dreams displayed beautiful color and black & white photographs I'd never seen. They pertained to forthcoming information aiding my ancestral research. I dreamed I'd relocate from Virginia to Georgia a year before deciding to do so in June 1999. That's what my deceased aunt told me back in 1995. The name, Moore, was a pun on the word, more. More people have helped my spiritual growth since I relocated than ever before. I didn't know what hit me because I had a sudden, near-fatal moving accident, which could have been prevented had I listened to my

intuition. In another dream, I asked famed psychic, Edgar Cayce, why I had problems giving myself a reading. He replied, "You're not asking specific enough questions."

Dreams alert me to needs and problems. Some dreams are literal: eat more fruit and drink more water. Once I ignored a dream about a food virus. I ate at a fast food restaurant while traveling and became ill for three weeks. Now I allow 30 days to pass before eating in particular restaurants after this type of dream. Some dreams are symbolic: A broken neck after a road accident revealed a broken car muffler. The dream's intensity indicated a major accident if the dangling muffler had fallen off while driving at a high rate of speed. In January 2003, I bought a new vehicle and soon after dreamed there was a problem with it; to my frustration, two weeks later I received a letter from Toyota noting a cruise control defect. I drove to a service center and had it repaired under warranty.

Dreams teach and assist me in many other ways. I live two joined lives: awake and asleep. This physical-bodied life with my eyes open, is a reality I'll experience for however long I'm here. Dreamtime, with my eyes closed, is another reality I physically awaken from, but not soulfully. My body needs rest, but my soul needs to learn or remember 24 hours a day. Dreaming is "the gift" that continuously gives by allowing me to truthfully see the world at large and myself. I save time, energy and money.

I love dreaming! I no longer fear any type of dream. I feel off-centered when I can't recall dreams, which occasionally happens due to work stress. Dreams feed my soul night and day. After eleven years of dreamtime, I don't want it any other way. ∞

Darlene Pitts is President of In-Strategies, (www.in-strategies.com), a corporation promoting inner wealth. Her own intuitive abilities have accurately helped people regarding career, relationships, health and dream interpretations. Email: PITT2211@bellsouth.net



CASTING THE HEROINE

©2004 by Connie Mah

IN MARCH OF 2002, I WAS DIAGNOSED WITH BREAST CANCER. It swept into my life and gave me a shock that set me on a new path, a path I could not have imagined, and a path that would bring my dream-work into greater focus.

I had many initial questions. Why did it come? What had I done to bring this upon myself? Why had I not fully considered its possibility in spite of warnings? As an example, sixteen months prior to my diagnosis, in November of 2000, I dreamed:

The Retirement Party

I am in a large room with two female friends and dozens of men. It is a retirement party for a man, seemingly from General Electric. The tables and chairs are dark and dingy. I feel bad that I do not have privacy to talk about an issue with one of my friends. I am on the

periphery of the room. SUDDENLY, toward the center of the room, a young man is frantically spraying green Windex on himself and throwing hunks of bread. There is a feeling of chaos and impending doom, possibly an invasion, attack or nuclear bomb. I suspect aliens.

Then, a BOOMING male voice comes over the loudspeaker and says, "I am sorry to announce that on September 30, 1994, you will die of cancer." The announcement is for everyone.. I wake terrified.

When the surgeon told me that my tumor was malignant, I entered an unfamiliar world. I sat in his office with my husband, Michael and a friend, and felt excruciating emotional pain. "How can I turn back the clock? How can I possibly tell my children? Does my cancer nightmare

mean that I am going to die?" I struggled for about 48 hours in immense despair and then received an unusual gift.

I asked for a sleeping pill and my doctor—who knew that I did not take mood-altering medication lightly—honored my request. He gave me Ambien, in low dose. According to Michael, a few minutes after taking the pill that should have put me to sleep, I sat up in bed and announced "I don't know where I am!" My husband then said, "You then curled into a fetal position and shook for ten minutes, repeating that you did not know where you were."

When the shaking subsided, I sat up and looked around what was a very different bedroom. I saw fuzz balls in the air, bright points of light on the walls and most interestingly, energetic waves with little people emerging from the bouquet of flowers on my dresser. I asked Michael, "Can you see the little people?" Be-

wildered, he answered, "No." This was confusing to me because the experience was vivid and intensely alive. I moved around the room, gazing into the bouquets at close range and took note of flowing stamens in the lilies. Everything in the room was in a kind of slow motion. I was in awe of life.

With great difficulty, Michael eventually convinced me to go to sleep. When I woke the next day, I felt transformed by this walk between the worlds of waking consciousness and sleep. I had dreamed while awake and I had the feeling that I had released some trauma. This was a departing from an old life, a death of sorts.

It was months later when I realized that prior to this profound vision, I had been focusing on the image of a hummingbird for healing. During a workshop at *The Omega Institute*, while journeying to the shamanic drum, I received a message from my guide:

"Your experience with the flowers was perceived through the eyes of a hummingbird, a perspective that reveals the unseen miraculous world in the life of a flower. We have opened your vision." Wow! A few days later, I had the following waking dream:

The Spider's Web

I am looking out of my kitchen window and see a large spider injecting its venom into a beautiful dragonfly that is caught in its web, a web that is skillfully attached to my hummingbird feeder. I relate to the dragonfly. I realize that I am entangled and that I need to free myself. I remove the dragonfly from the web as the symbolic act of freeing myself from anything that drains me.

I subsequently terminated several unrewarding relationships. The natural world had sent another communication to help me re-direct my life. Shortly thereafter, I read in Jean Shinoda Bolen's *Close to the Bone, Life Threatening Illness and the Search For Meaning*, stories of those diagnosed with serious illness. It may be that they (finally) ended dysfunctional, soul-draining relationships with narcissistic, controlling, needy, abusive, or chronically angry



people... who responded in their characteristically self-absorbed fashion to the news of the life-threatening illness. It seems that most cancer survivors that I speak to can strongly relate to having taken similar actions.

Prior to starting radiation treatments, I explored a guided imagery tape by Belleruth Naperstek. In deep meditation, when Belleruth said that a beautiful being would come and direct healing light to a wounded area of my body, I experienced a vision of a dolphin sending light into my chest. Chills ran up and down my spine, and I knew that I was responding to this image on a many levels.

After finding the healing dolphin, I held this vision during radiation treatments, constantly reminding my body that it was healing. This calmed my mind when the dinosaur sized radiation machine BUZZED at various

intervals and helped me to accept my seven weeks of daily treatments in a state of gratitude and grace.

Endeavors that brought me further serenity included yoga, reading, writing, connecting with other survivors, listening to relaxation tapes and engaging in artistic projects. As a student in the *Foundation for Shamanic Studies Three-Year Program*, I had been instructed to make a mask to honor an animal of my choice, the Deer. This mask was to

accompany a dress that I had already created. As I painted the mask, I found myself joyfully absorbed in the process. I was beginning to resurrect myself through creativity and return to the light with the fruits of my descent, an experience of living life close to death.

Then, I asked the universe to show me how to move on. I sensed that I should sit and be in my body, listen to the birds, paint the vision in my mind, write whatever came

to me and be with my children. These became my priorities. Soon after coming into greater alignment with my soul in this manner, I dream:

The Hummingbird Flies

I catch a hummingbird that is trapped in my house. I notice that he is bleeding near his beak. His feathers are vibrant. I want to put him in our parakeet cage so that he can heal. I place him in the cage and step away. Later, my son comes along and lifts the cage off of its' base to clean the bottom.

At this point, the hummingbird escapes to the outdoors and flies away. I am sad to see him go but relieved that he can fly.

I was excited about this dream because hummingbird was my image for healing. Months prior to the dream, I sent a drawing to Dr. Bernie Siegel, author of Love, Medicine and Miracles, in which I depicted a hummingbird removing a wound from my heart, near the site of my tumor. Then I had this dream of the little bird with blood on its' beak. I inferred that the hummingbird was showing me the wounded aspect of myself. I was glad that I was able to give him a contained space to heal and that he flew away at the end of the dream. He was healthy and free, as I wished to be. He was showing me the way to fly on the wings of my spirit, to seek ultimate freedom from my past. A few nights later, I dream again:

The Lumbering Bear

I am sitting in a forest. A large male bear lumbers by and shows no interest in my presence.

I watch him as he vanishes into the distance.

In many of my dreams prior to the diagnosis, bears pursued, growled or behaved in an otherwise aggressive manner. Those dreams felt like warnings. In this dream, the bear simply marched on as if to say, all is well here.

At times, negative thoughts and scary visions would return. I found that writing poetry about anything that bothered me was the solution to releasing this kind of pain. I wrote poem after poem on every aspect of my surgery, treatment and other troubling issues. After that, if I started to feel any negativity, I was also able to release unwanted thoughts and images through yoga, visualization and art. One kind friend said that when I had scary thoughts, I could say to myself, "This is a story



that does not need to be."

In the months that followed, my night dreams pointed out progress, how to continue on a healing path and issues I needed to address. In addition, the dreams provided images from the past that reflected the origin of significant issues, helping me to understand the deep impact of old traumas upon my psyche. Working with these dreams and images guided me in finding places where deepest feelings and needs were expressed, heard and treated with the sacred respect that they deserve.

One night, as I drifted off to sleep, I held the intention, "Show me the next step on my path." Then, I dream:

Sacred Attics

I am living in my old apartment where my bedroom was in the finished attic. There is a new master suite on that floor in addition to the original bedroom that I used in waking reality. I now sleep in the new master suite. As I enter the room where I used to sleep, I see a set of three tall, sleek and graduated bookshelves against the far wall. The three modular sections are three different pastel colors,

turquoise, pink and sky blue. They are held together with a kind of gauze and they are also bolted with different colored, over-sized crayons along their sides. The shelves are covered with books and treasures from my past. I notice carpet in two textures, in various shades of yellow, green and blue. I am

talking about having relationships with aliens, including with a male "cling-on" that I no longer see. I am in a support group for people who have also befriended aliens in the past. I create a junk pile of mostly plastic items. I want a library elsewhere in the house, but I decide to leave the shelves in my old bedroom and create a wonderful space there.

I felt that this dream was instructing me to find a creative way to manifest a sacred space in my home, a place for my books and treasures, a place to gather and dream. I also wondered if this was about writing a book... ? I saw the aliens and cling-ons as the people that I had shed from my life. The crayons and colors in the shelves and carpets seemed to comment on my new adventure with watercolors and a new sense of creative grounding. The gauze reminded me of material used to create my Deer mask, a message to continue to incorporate art. Purg-ing the plastic reminded me of letting go of things that were not real, including people with false facades. The dream directed me to move ahead with my own creative work in my own safe space. I have since created that sacred dream room in my

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The following quotes are by
Ram Dass,
excerpted from the book

ONE LINERS:

A Mini-Manual for Spiritual Life

**"We are moving toward a light
that embraces the darkness."**

**"You and I are the force for
transformation in the world.
We are the consciousness that
will define the nature of the
reality we are moving into."**

**"My goal isn't to take away
your confusion. Confusion
is a fertile field in which every
thing is possible**

**.If you think you 'know,'
you've just calcified again."**

**"Creativity springs from the
yearning to be the fullness of
who you are."**

**"Entheogens have given this
culture a spiritual infusion, and
an openness to
Eastern religions
and mystical traditions."**

**"The '60s aren't dead;
fragments of the psychedelic
message are everywhere around
us in politics, in art,
everywhere."**

**"As one individual changes,
the system changes."**

house where I honor, display and share my costumes, masks, art, treasures, books and spiritual materials.

Shortly after a positive visit to my oncologist, I had a dream that set a new stage and made it clear that I was not only healing, but also transforming:

**Watching
the Transformation**

I am in a room with several friendly doctors, including my oncologist and radiation oncologist. They are shining a diffused yellow light which illuminates the inside of my chest and watching what is going on inside me while making many positive comments.

It seems that what is going on inside me is magical.

The dream felt like a message that all was well inside of me and that a powerful transformation was in progress. I felt blessed.

About a year after my diagnosis, I made a second costume and mask, this time to honor Hummingbird. As I placed the final embellishments on my mask and felt the healing that the process brought me, I put out a question to the spirit of Hummingbird, "How can I bring this healing to others?" To my surprise, I received an immediate answer: Create an artistic cast of your breasts. Paint and decorate with your personal healing images! Do it now!

Within a week, my breast cast was complete, with pink lily and hummingbird painted where I had my lumpectomy, rhinestones placed over my lost lymph nodes and a golden dolphin as a tribute to the healing light of radiation.

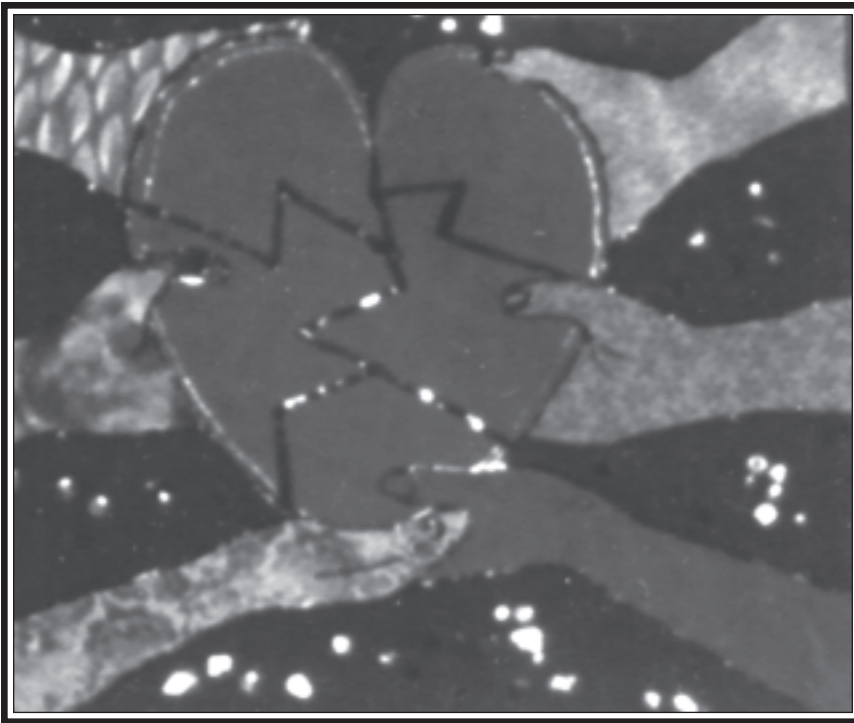
This process allowed me to go deeper into my healing from the cancer, so I decided that I wanted to bring this opportunity to others. I developed a workshop for breast cancer survivors, *Casting the Heroine*, that includes dreamwork, shamanism, intuition, journeys for healing images, poetry, group sharing and

creation of healing story breast casts. I brought my idea to the Women's Imaging Center in the local hospital and was told that a grant would be provided for me to do this work with women in my community. I am elated that my life's work is manifesting.

In returning to my nightmare, *The Retirement Party*, I have reflected upon the many symbols and truths conveyed in that dream. Jeremy Taylor, author of *The Living Labyrinth* shares "all dreams come in the service of health and wholeness." In keeping with this belief, the dream spoke of many patriarchal issues that needed my attention, addictions and toxins that had touched my life, situations that I had experienced that were out of control, threats from the outside world and much more. Was the reference to "invasion, attack or nuclear bomb" a metaphor for invasive cancer (as mine was called) and subsequent radiation? I have spent many hours working with this dream, and what I find most intriguing is that the dream was accurate in that I did metaphorically "die of cancer."

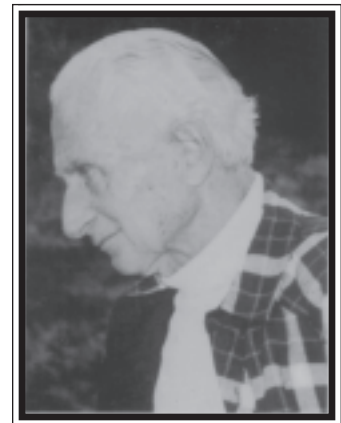
What the dream did not share, probably because I woke in terror before it's resolution, was that I would be reborn into a richer life and once again find my way to the light, a much brighter light than the one that was apparent to me prior to my diagnosis. Cancer was the gift that brought me to this more meaningful and creative place. I would have it no other way. ∞

Connie Mah enjoys the study of dreams, shamanism and human consciousness. She has trained with The New England Dreamwork Institute, The Monroe Institute, Sandra Ingerman, Stanley Krippner, Malidoma Some and Judith Orloff and will soon complete the Foundation for Shamanic Studies Three Year Program. She holds a Bachelor of Science from Tufts University College of Engineering. She lives with her husband and two children in the Berkshire Mountains of Massachusetts and can be reached at connie.mah@qsmma.com



"My heart trembles like a poor leaf.
The planets whirl in my dreams.
The stars press against my window.
I rotate in my sleep.
My bed is a warm planet."

Marvin Mercer, New York, NY



A 'Dream Reading' by Charles De Beer

"Zip Up Your Heart"

Charmaine, who contacted me for the first time a short time ago, was 'intrigued' and had decided to send me one of her dreams for interpretation, then sent the following:

"I often have fascinating dreams and usually, apart from the obvious, wonder what on earth they mean. This is the dream that I had last night, not a lot to go on since each of the points that I remember were vivid and in full color, no background. The points that I remember of this dream:

A woman whom I don't recognize (she has short, dark hair and is matronly, dressed in dark, purple and white floral dress) is telling me quite firmly that I need to zip my heart up. I see a picture of a heart (red) that is opened down the middle with a zip (dark in color), joined at the bottom, as a jacket would look if it was open, but caught at the bottom with the zip's clasp.

The heart is just kind of there, she seems to indicate that this opening of the zip happened a long time ago. *She then shows me a book, a red rose and a cross, which I see clearly in my dream; they are also just there, not resting on anything, clear objects in themselves. I cannot see what the book is, I ask her a little indignantly how she knows this, and she replies that she has been instructed to tell me this. In the dream I have the sense that the heart opened by the zip has something perhaps to do with romantic love a long time ago, before this lifetime even, but I cannot be sure. That's all I remember.*

READING

There is no real 'story' here, just a series of pictures. ARCHETYPAL pictures from beginning to end. One could write a book about the dream, and not see the end of it.

First then : the matronly lady, clothed in a dark, purple and white FLORAL dress.

Dark and white even themselves out, leaving purple as the balancing factor.

According to Cirlot 'purple' (the color of the Roman paludament, as well as the Cardinal's) provides a synthesis comparable with—yet the inverse of—violet, representing power, spirituality and sublimation. (J. E. Cirlot: A Dictionary of Symbols) The lady, so beautifully clothed in flowers, states that *she has been instructed* to tell the dreamer about the heart and the other pictures. We can see in her the dreamer's Guardian Angel, the link between the soul of the physically incarcerated dreamer and her Higher Self, the God-Within. (Paul, *1st letter to the Corinthians*, 6-19/20).

The etymology of the word 'instruct' comes from the Latin 'struere,' to pile up, to *build*.

'To in-struct' can thus be understood as meaning 'to be built in,' to be part of... the Guardian Angel being part of the individual, just as the soul and the spirit are One Unit!

The first 'picture' in the dream is the unzipped heart—the open heart—which the dreamer is instructed to zip-up, to close. And she is shown 1) a book 2) a red rose, 3) a cross.

Presumably the dreamer has to enclose these three 'items' in her heart, prior to closing it so as to treasure and LOVE them. They were shown to her 'just there,' not resting on anything but clear objects in themselves.' So, if they had to be kept and treasured, then the open heart was the obvious place to 'store' them, to be kept safe there.

The heart is the center of LOVE:

In emblems, then, the heart signifies love as the center of illumina-

tion and happiness, and this is why it is surmounted by flames, or a cross, or a fleur-de-lis, or a crown.' (J. E. Cirlot : A Dictionary of Symbols).

We now come to the book, the rose, and the cross, a trinity of archetypal pictures.

Cirlot quotes Mohiddin ibn Arabi as follows on the symbolism of the 'book:'

"The Universe is an immense book; the characters of this book are written, in principle, with the same ink and transcribed on to the eternal tablet by the divine pen... and hence the essential phenomena hidden in the 'secret of secrets' took the name of 'transcendent letters', or, in other words, all things created—after having been virtually crystallized within divine omniscience—were brought down to lower levels by the divine breath, where they gave birth to the manifest world."

In this regard, it is very interesting to note that in Jewish literature the first 'things' that God created were the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet, so that with their 'sound' he could create the universe: "God 'SAID' let there be light," etc. To 'say' there had to be sound, to have sound there had to be the letters expressing sound. This is reflected in the above text by Mohiddin ibn Arabi..

Gaskell, in his 'Dictionary of all Scriptures and Myths writes on the "Book of the Lord God:"

"A symbol of the Life Process of the cycle of manifestation on the lower plane, is to lead to the soul's enlightenment. Only the Higher Self, who had laid down his life in Self-limitation, could carry out the Divine scheme, and ultimately rise in the souls of humanity to wisdom, and riches, and glory, and the dominion over the lower nature."

In this text we have the three archetypal pictures of the dream:-

The Higher Self, (the book), Who laid down his life in Self-limitation. (the cross), leading to the Glory: (the

rose). And all this is in the souls of humanity, if the heart is open to receive it all.

As regards the symbology of the Rose, I wrote extensively on this flower in my first book "Dreams, Allegorical Stories of Mystical Import."

Quoting from a book : Maconnerie sous les Tropiques (Masonry under the Tropics) by Sante Ortolani—which I had found in a bookshop in Kinshasa—I translated a passage as follows:

"Thus everyone knows the rose, that delicate and perfumed flower of many varieties. Now the rose is, in design, a 24 sided polygon in a sphere. He who knows how to construct a 24 sided polygon, and knows why logic could only construct this in space, can once more express this truth, known by the ancients: This is the truth, and not a lie, that which is above is as that which is below, and that which is below is as that which is above."

"Thus wisdom is the knowledge, precise and reasoned, of the Universe. All this to prove that every man has the right to achieve knowledge (wisdom) by his own reason and intelligence. Light is refused to no one. He who searches will find it, as it will submit to his enquiries. It suffices to act like that intuitive man who, reasoning from the higher principles downwards, appreciates to its just extent that flower, that rose, which grows and blooms on earth. And that man can cry out : 'This is authentic' (i.e., Truth)."

In this text, using the rose as a key, the author emphasizes that all men are entitled to knowledge and wisdom, and that their search will not be denied. In Charmaine's dream the instruction to 'zip up' the heart, enclosing the three archetypal images of book, rose and cross, means exactly that: to search, study, and gar-

ner wisdom on the path towards enlightenment.

Then, as regards the Rose, I'll also quote from 'Morals and Dogma,' book on Masonic symbology:

"The Rose was for the Initiates the living and blooming symbol of the revelation of the harmonies of being. It was the emblem of beauty, life, love and pleasure. For some it became the hieroglyphic sign of the accomplishment of the 'Great Work'. Such is the key of 'The Roman de la Rose'. The conquest of the Rose was the problem propounded to Science by Initiation, while Religion was laboring to prepare and establish the universal triumph, exclusive and definitive, of the Cross."

As regards the cross, this archetypal picture is intimately related to the rose. The whole Rosicrucian symbology is built on the Rose at the center of the Cross: the flowering of the descent of the 'Dove' (the downwards beam) on the cross bar which represents humanity's '*via dolorosa*,' the endless striving to overcome the tribulations of physical existence, which can only be achieved by accepting the grace of God's living presence in that existence.

I could go on quoting from various books and scriptures to illustrate the symbology of the archetypal pictures shown to the dreamer in this dream, dreamt when she already intended to send me one of her dreams. But I think the above text illustrates sufficiently that the dreamer is urged to 'think on these things,' to ponder WHY the matronly lady was *instructed* to show her these 'pictures' and how she, the dreamer, should now incorporate the lesson in her daily life. Because that is why 'we are dreamt,' to guide us to a better understanding of the sanctity of all life, To KNOW in our heart that life is Divinely directed, (the book) and that to earn the right to enjoy the beauty of it all (the rose), we should live a life of purity, com-

passion (the cross), and faith in the God-Within—Our Higher Self—and in the angels that guide, protect and inspire us.

I thank Charmaine for having submitted this dream to me.

Charles

Monday, 1st March, 2004

Charmaine's thoughtful response:

"Thank you! Your explanation was enlightening and thorough. The dream was interesting to me, because of its Christian symbolism. I am not a Christian, although I suppose there must be Christian symbology in my subconscious due to the usual Christian upbringing. However for the past 30 years or so I have been more interested in Eastern mysticism.

I wonder how that fits? After I woke from the dream, I did at first wonder why the symbols seemed so Catholic, but you have explained them from a universal archetype perspective, so thank you for that. Your last paragraph, where you say 'to ponder why the matronly woman was instructed to show these pictures' and 'to incorporate the lesson in my life' are, I agree, of importance, although I suspect the 'why' question may never be answered."

I replied as follows:-

I note you dreamt the dream just *before* reading about my work, not *after*. The conclusion can still be drawn that it was *meant* to be submitted to me, as is so very often the case.

I do not think that the 'book' or the 'rose' are specifically Christian symbols, and even the cross, as a symbol, dates back to well before the Christian era, and—yes—most archetypal pictures or ideas are universal in origin and application. H. P. Blavatsky, with whose work you are probably well acquainted, shows this quite clearly in her writings.

The Christian 'lore,' once one extracts it from all the dogmatic rubbish it has been buried under, is likewise *much* older than the times of Jesus.

As to having the Christian symbology in your unconscious, *because* of having been brought up in Christian surroundings: the great unconscious that surrounds and pervades the whole of our life in the physical body contains the total of everything that was ever thought, said or felt. I have proof of this in the proliferations of archetypal images emerging in dreams dreamt by people who have not the foggiest idea what their dreams may mean, and have never been exposed to the specific message of their dream.

Should you buy my book you'll see this for yourself. The parables, myths, archetypes that come to the fore in dreams are universal, and not particular to the dreamer concerned.

Which is why the Bibliography of my book (which I list for each dream 'reading') covers Christian, Eastern, Chinese, Hebrew writings, the Kabbala, the Tree of Life, the Tarot etc.

I am blessed to have a thousand books and publications on the shelves in my study from which to draw, often inspired and directed by my pendulum to the right source.

But do you know the books by Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland, The Perfect Way, and Clothed with the Sun, (which is pure Theosophy, written at about the same time as the Blavatsky books, but in Europe not India) were totally inspired by the Christian Biblical writings. These latter should not be read literally, but always symbolically. Maitland wrote a little book : "The Bible's own Account of Itself," which throws light on this fascinating subject.

Then there are the books by Geoffrey Hodson, another Theosophist: "The Hidden Wisdom in the Bible," four or five volumes that similarly extol the *real* meaning of the Biblical stories.

I am writing this, although I, too, am more mystically drawn to the writings of Krishnamurti, Blavatsky, Besant, de Purucker, the Sufi books, the Quran and others.

Yet, the books here quoted on

(Continued on page 41)

PRECOGNITIVE DREAMS: A VIEW WITH A ROOM?

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I believe the desire to know the future is woven into our nature. Since the call for precognitive dream material sounded in the last DNJ issue, I have had many queries and submissions about the subject. Can we predict tomorrow's events—either personally or globally—in our dreams? And how accurate can we be in interpreting the symbolism and the elusive time frame element in our night time dramas?

Usually, anchoring exact dates of meaningful events is not included in dreams. Rather, repetition, association, powerful symbolism and strong feelings are attached to events from our own internal viewing rooms in which our dreams occur. For example, one woman reports the following lucid dream in which all elements are vividly real and resonate for her days afterward:

*I walk by two women, one older,
the other a bank teller.*

*I am aware the teller is having an
affair with somebody's husband.*

The dreamer wondered if this dream had to do with her own life situation, or someone else's. Recently, she and her husband sold a piece of property to a couple, and the buyer's wife found out two (note two women in dream) days after the sale that her husband had been having an affair (a dream pun where dream woman was 'telling'

about it?). Was the dreamer picking up on subtle behavioral or verbal cues she observed from the buyers when brought together during the sale of their property? The fact that the affair had already occurred is more a demonstration of the dreamer's sensitivity and intuitive abilities.

But, other dream sequences shared from the same dreamer beg to examine the question of true precognition. She shares:

"I had two dreams where I observed open caskets, but couldn't see the faces of the people inside. In one dream, I laid my head on the body and became very ill in the region of my solar plexis.

The casket in the second dream was far away and very small."

Unable to shake the intense feeling of the dreams, she realized their meaning one month later when her young daughter died. The unconscious may have been picking up subtle hints that were arranged in a symbolic puzzle in the form of her dream to prepare this mother for the calamity that was about to happen. The dictionary defines precognitive as, "the ability to know what's going to happen in the future." But, regarding the casket dreams, there was no reference to time or place or identity of the person(s) who had died; the journalistic details of who, what, when and where had been omitted.

Dream images are usually not interpreted literally. However, there are exceptions. For example, several months after the dreamer had the casket dreams that preceded her daughter's death, her two-year old nephew died in an accident. Clearly, the dreams ventured into precognitive territory in terms of foreshadowing the tragedies.

If you've ever been to a psychic, s/he predicts future life events based on your energy (state of mind), astrological information and/or the acute ability to be observant—a nod of the head, a shrug of the shoulders or tone of voice. We possess the same 'psychic antennae'; we pick up strands of information and deposit them into a data base from which we draw images and later weave them into a dream. We then determine whether its symbolic content is precognitive or intuitive. But, it is always essential to remember that changes in peoples' actions and/or subsequent circumstances can alter 'predicted' outcomes.

Of course, the best way to test for precognitive material is to record the maximum details in your dreams: include all sensory information (what you see, touch, hear, smell and taste) and always, numerals and written words you 'see.' Make your own studies and test your own abilities to predict future events; you may find quite an amazing view from your room! ☽

Biblical lore, are well worth studying, and the Anna Kingsford/Edward Maitlane books are beautiful, not at all disputatious as some of the Blavatsky books are. Also a book I often refer to is The Metaphysical Bible Dictionary, which lists the metaphysical meaning of *all* the names in the Bible, of people and of places.

Finally, dear Charmaine: WHY?? Of course it is explained! After sending you my reading, I made a slight addition, referring to the verb 'to instruct'/IN STRUCT, Struct-(ure) which comes from the Latin "Struere", to pile up, to build. So to IN struct can mean to BE BUILT IN, to BE PART OF.

The Guardian Angel is part of everyone's total structure: physical, emotional, mental, intellectual and spiritual.

So, if we are open to be guided, to be inspired, to be instructed, it is the Guardian Angel portion of our being that will inspire us via mind/intellect and/or via our soul life.

**"ASK!" "Ask and it shall be given unto thee
Seek and it shall be found
Knock and it shall be opened unto thee."**

IF we DO this, humbly addressing our prayer to The Most High, then our heart will be overflowing, hardly able to contain THE BOOK, THE ROSE, and THE CROSS

In other words, The Kingdom, the Power and the Glory, in whatever order you want to match these three ideas, are the trinity of the I AM.

Go well, much love ~ Charles ∞

∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞ ∞

Fortunately, we still have a few copies of Charles' books

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Dreaming With Saddam

**I dream of Iraq
a marble palace
searching for Saddam
with PEACEFUL intention**

**I ask him to join me
in dream circle with others
a union of FRIENDS**

**a place to be safe
I look to the sky
concerned about air raids
and silently know**

**our SHARING must go on
He dreams of a hawk
in a circle of Americans
I responded emphatically**

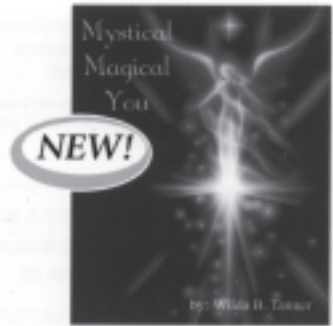
**"You must let your
HEART soar"**

**He shows me his soft side
and he gives me a gift
I leave a better human**

**for being able to LOVE him
For PEACE!**

Dream occurred in February 03, 2003,
prior to the war -
documented in poem form

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DREAMING FOR OTHERS

CAN I GO ON?

by Carol Oschmann



Mary and I met after a talk I gave to a 'Parents Without Partners' meeting. That night I gathered several name cards of people who wanted me to dream for them. It was a few weeks before I got back to her. I sat, late at night, thumbing the cards and hers kept coming up first. I called her, apologizing for the late hour and asked if she still wanted the dream and what was the question. She was so grateful. She'd lost her husband to cancer a year ago and found no reason to go on living. She saw everything in a negative light. She felt alone and useless.

I held her card as I fell asleep, asking God for some encouragement for her. The first feeling I got, that of her essence (and I must be frank) was of sexual frustration. I noted it in my dream book and went back to sleep. The feeling disappeared.

In dream #1, we entered a trailer park. The man in charge approached me. "If you wish to buy or sell a trailer, I'm the one to talk to." This was exactly what we needed. In our conversation he promised to teach me how to sell trailers.

Dream #2: I was assigned to an undercover job for the government. We searched a tall apartment building, one apartment in particular. I looked under the bed, in closets and cupboards. I seemed to be searching for a little girl, as there was a dollhouse and other little girl things. As we left, we got a clue to follow a

flower delivery truck. The flowers were delivered to the basement of a building. The mother was there at an altar she had constructed. The mother was willing to tell the story of the child she'd lost.

Dream #3: *She and her husband were sitting together on the same side of a booth in a restaurant eating pancakes. A friend of mine (named Buddy) joined them. He is a person who is always smiling and happy to see you. They are given gold chains with money symbols. Mary collected them all and wore them around her beige knit dress.*

The next morning I read the dreams to Mary. I could give a little advice but she would know the truth. I figured, as she was a lot younger than I, the sexual frustration was how she often felt. We laughed as I thanked her for bringing me this image. I asked if she had ever thought of selling real estate or, perhaps, she was selling real estate right now. She gasped at all I'd seen. She and her husband owned a trailer in a park for summer time use. She was thinking about selling it. This seemed to tell her to do that. The undercover job puzzled her.

Looking for the little girl did not. She had been on a search for herself, her true self. She'd been thinking back to her childhood to recall her hopes and dreams, her joys and talents back in that simpler time in life.

She had a shrine to her husband in the basement and often felt more like his mother than wife during the long years of his illness.

The last dream seemed right on, also. She owned a beige knit dress she wore often and they had spent many times having pancakes in a restaurant, sitting on the same side of the booth. The money chains and symbols seemed like a nice promise for the future. I shared that money is a source of energy, also.

Seeing as how I didn't know her at all, we were both amazed at all the things in her life I'd seen in my dreams. Since many were things only her late husband could know, she felt he had been talking to her through me. Later she sat down and sent me a letter underlining eleven things in her life that were in my dreams.

She'd had time to receive my written version of the dreams and to think on it all. She recalled calling for a government undercover job listed in the newspaper. It was to check out people applying for home mortgages. She would have been metaphorically looking under their beds and in their closets.

She shared that just before I called her that night she'd been on the phone with a suicide hotline. She now felt not so alone. Her husband still watched over her and was ready to help. She'd once visited a writer's group where many people talked of getting inspiration from their dreams and felt that was one group she would put back into her life on a regular basis. ∞

Contact the author at cjoschmann1@aol.com

also now several registries where premonitions and precognitive dreams can be sent for archival purposes. There is such a registry in an institute for parapsychological research at the University of Freiburg am Breisgau in Germany. Robert Nelson, the director of the Central Premonitions Registry in Manhattan, reported that as of 1976 after seven years of existence, over 3000 persons from all over the US and even 23 foreign countries had sent in their (presumed) previsions, dreams and hunches and he provided an overview of what sorts of categories were "generated by the flow of predictions" (Nelson R, 1976, p. 22). I have learned that the *International Association for Near Death Studies* has also established such a registry where survivors of near-death experiences can send accounts of things they have *seen* which they think may presage a future happening.

Dr. Mary Louise von Franz, a prominent Jungian therapist in Zurich, once wrote that there were two types of precognitive dreams: ones which she referred to as telepathic and ones which were symbolic in character (von Franz, 1978). The first are true to life and to what is going to happen, while the latter require interpretation and some acquaintance with symbols. I would add that a dream may contain only elements from the future (à la Dunne and Sondow), or may contain an extended prevision of what is to come. Dr. von Franz also pointed out that while most dreams, including precognitive ones, arose from the personal unconscious, there are also dreams which come from deeper, more collective and archetypal levels. In her words:

"In our analytic work, when one has to deal with a dream containing only personal material, one can generally relate its meaning to the immediate present as a reaction to the things one did or experienced the day

before or which one would meet the day after the dream [which agrees with what Nancy Sondow found]. If we have to deal with an archetypal dream motif, its meaning is valid for a much longer period of time, for months or even for many years. Archetypal dreams remembered from early childhood even often anticipate the fate of an individual for his whole life, or at least for his first half of life. (pp. 181-2).

Dream Theories of Déjà Experience by Scientific Authors

Strictly speaking, there are actually three dream theories which have been put forward over the years in an attempt to explain déjà experiences. The one says that the person has dreamt of something similar and the mind makes an association to what has been seen in a dream to produce the uncanny recognition or heightened sense of familiarity, which is the hallmark of the déjà vu experience. One encounters this in the writings of six authors that I know of: Jessen (1855), Kraepelin (1887), Guyau (1890), Ellis (1897), Störrig (1900), and Dwelschauvers (1916). The last investigator suggested that there are probably several sources which generate déjà vu experiences and that dreams with similar elements may be just one of them.

In addition, I have found two authors who maintained that the association with dreams is just a trick of the memory: one thinks one has lived through this event or seen this place in a dream, but that is an illusion (Hodgson, 1865; Royce, 1889). This would represent, then, a second dream theory.

The third theory (and the one I favor) is that precognitive dreams which are not remembered until they "come true" give rise to many if not all déjà experiences (Funkhouser, 1983). Of scientific authors who are

of the same mind, Paul Radestock (1879) was the earliest that I have found. Going through his dream diary, he wrote that he could identify antecedents to the déjà incidents he experienced. Other authors from that period who maintained the same thing include Buccola (1883), Sully (1884), Lapie (1894), Allin (1895), Bozzaro (1901), Méré (1903), Lemaître (1904), and Grasset (1904). Many even provide accounts of either their own experiences or those of others.

More modern authors who also have suggested that precognitive dreams provide the best explanation for déjà experience include MacCurdy (1925), Carrington (1931), Ferenczi (1951), Moufang & Stevens (1953), and Chari (1962, 1964) who, as an Indian philosopher, wrote some excellent, deeply thought out papers concerning this phenomenon and especially concerning the supposed connection with reincarnation.

It is hard to believe that twenty five years have now passed since ASD member Rhea White published her review with the title "The Mystery of Deja Vu" (White, 1973). In her article she quoted from many of the sources I have just listed. She mentioned, for example, that Carrington put forward a theory that out-of-body experiences could be an explanation for what I have referred to as déjà visité. She also says that Dr. Louisa Rhine of Duke University felt that either that or precognitive dreams were the source of déjà experiences. Dr. White also said that "The most commonly offered parapsychic explanation for déjà vu is the precognitive dream." (p. 46)

In case further proof is needed, I can mention the late German actress Christine Mylius who had numerous déjà experiences and could trace them to her dreams. She began sending her dreams to Prof. Bender in Freiburg and could tell him where to find the dreams that subsequently showed up in her film roles. She eventually published a book about her experiences, the English title of which would be Dream Diary: Ex-

periment with the Future. (My translation) (Mylius, 1974).

In preparing this article, I queried the alt.dreams and alt.-dreams.lucid news groups on what is called the UseNet. By entering déjà vu as the key words, I turned up 48 people who, between May 13, 1996 and April 26, 1997, spontaneously wrote to either tell about the déjà vu experiences they had had and/or to offer explanations as to how such an experience can arise. Compiling the results, I found that 32 or 67% favored precognitive dreams as the most likely explanation for déjà vu, while the others were evenly split with either some other explanation (8) or had none to offer (8). A few reported having déjà vu experience in their dreams: they said they would recognize in the dream that they had dreamt it before or been in that place in another dream. I suppose this experience could be termed déjà rêve (Neppe, 1983, p. 10).

I have long pondered the question as to why the events foreseen in the precognitive dreams that later result in déjà vu experiences always seem to be so banal. I would think that if my unconscious goes to all the trouble it may require to give me a "preview of coming attractions," it would pick out events and maybe places that are in some way momentous or memorable. This has never proved to be the case, neither for me nor for most of the people with whom I have had the pleasure of discussing déjà vu experiences. It may be that dreams of important, emotionally charged events are more likely to be remembered upon waking, and are thus known as precognitive dreams; they don't then result in déjà vu experiences where the antecedent is only remembered when it happens. Future research will have to show if this is true or not.

Even though the scene preseen is banal, the effects of having a déjà vu experience is often not. Like Shelley, some people are very upset. Others, though, seem to find déjà vu experiences reassuring: They feel that they are where they are supposed

to be. I would have to say that déjà vu experiences are also important in that they show us that we have a lot to learn about this space-time universe we inhabit and about abilities which are not yet very developed in most people. If pressed, I would have to admit that my initial interest in dreams was prompted by my déjà vu experiences and they are thus of great value to me, banal as they might be.

I would like to conclude this brief survey by quoting from Rhea White's article in which she went on to say:

"It may be that we are dealing with a continuum of experience here, with vague fleeting feelings at one end and with vivid, detailed impressions at the other. Or it could be that the experiences, at base, are not cut off the same bolt, but that different predisposing factors result in different types of experiences of familiarity and recognition which tend to get lumped together under the term "deja vu" (p. 48). ∞

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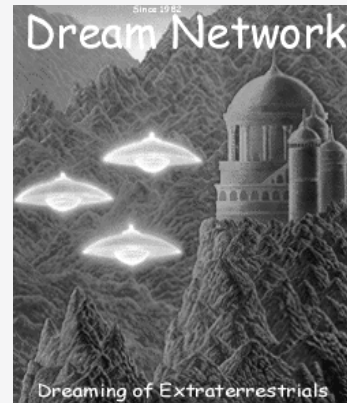
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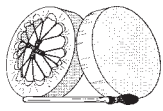
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Thank you!

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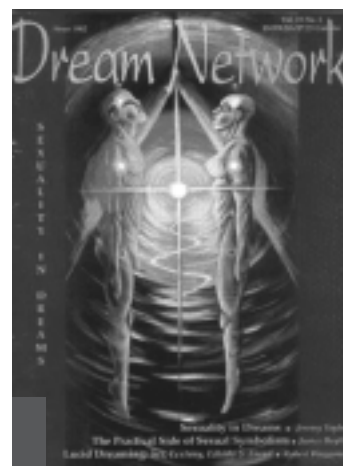
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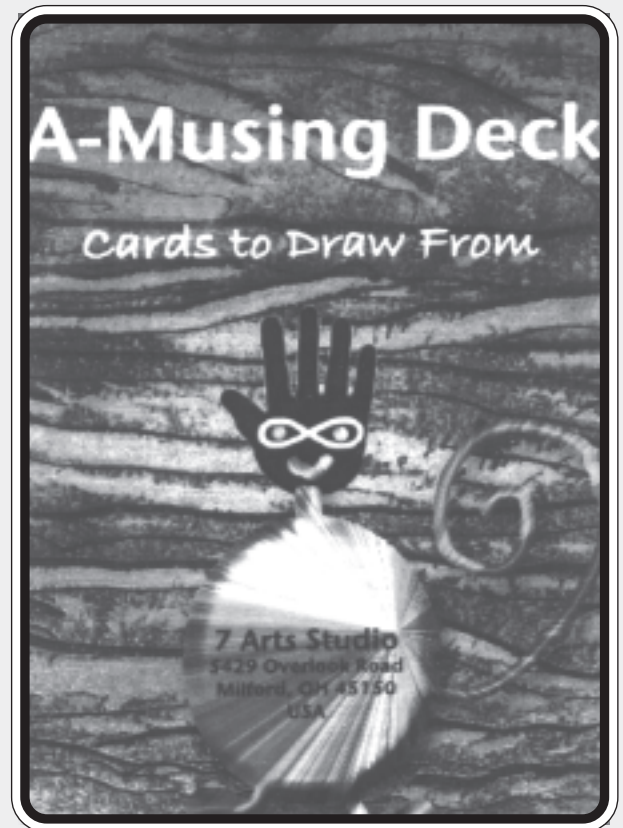


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