

Twice this week I have dreamt, and *vividly*, like in HD or something, that I'm in the ocean on a kind of day when the waves come at you high and then break rough at the shore. The kind of day we like from time to time when we're at the beach playing around letting the waves beat us down a bit, that kinda fun day. Except I always end up catching the worst of it since I don't like to venture too far out, and so the waves really pound me. My hubby always tells me honey come by me and ride the wave out a bit.

But I'm too chicken so I stay close to the shore to take them head on, and after just a while I feel beat up and exhausted and don't want to play anymore. But in these dreams, oh in these dreams I go out far enough to meet the waves before they break, heart thumping and a bit apprehensive, but no matter, I turn my back to them and let them carry me. No resistance, no pounding. I stay in the ocean a long time. Relaxing. Through the ups and downs…ups and downs.

Hummm….dreams can be a freaky. I seldom remember my dreams to begin with. Nope, not even lotto numbers pop up, ever. So this rare and lifelike repeat dream sequence was worth a thought. What's up with those dreams? I don't know. Maybe it's that the world seems barely able to support the weight of its chaotic state right now. I mean, the images on TV are alarming on so many levels. Maybe some of that is what stirred up my sleep mode. Or, on a smaller and more personal scale, maybe it's that I'm anticipating the inevitable seasons coming my way. I'm no dreams expert, but after some pondering I'm guessing it's the latter. That this recurring subconscious filmstrip of mine must have something to do with my being change-challenged. Well you know. I've written about it before — how this decade will likely bring me major changes, how change alters my white blood count, etc., etc. So it's no wonder a dream or two of the sort would sneak into my little brain.

Waves. Each different, unpredictable, in constant movement. And still, I saw myself somewhat unnerved but willingly riding the waves of change. How encouraging. How cool is that?

Sweet dreams to you.

Dreams pass into the reality of action. From the actions stems the dream again; and this interdependence produces the highest form of living. – *Anais Nin*

God grant me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference.

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