

## **DREAM FRAGMENTS**

### **Adam's Rib**

*June 26, 2009*

Dream: I am at work, and a young woman comes in for a session. It is like a therapy session. And she begins talking. She has apparently been to see a therapist, and I am not sure why she is coming now to see me, but she wants something specific, I can tell, and we plunge in. I listen, and occasionally ask another question to draw out more. She is clearly in a state where she is looking for something. And so the session goes. At one point she moves from the chair across from me, and sits on a radiator (yes, a Radiator!) behind me and to one side, sort of. The space is not the Poustinia but a room like it. As she sits on the radiator talking, Don comes into the room and passes through another door to the room next to us where he is. I do not understand why he has walked through, and it seemed to be at a point where it would have been a problem, when the young woman was talking about something she might not have felt free if he had been there in her presence, but she does not seem to notice and goes right on.

I look at my watch and it is ten minutes to the hour of nine, so I say that we are coming near the end of our time, and start to bring closure. She rises, and walked toward a back door way (this room seems to have several doors!) and says it is maybe worth \$300 not to have to buy certain creams and things she needs, and so I think she may be considering an extended session and I am aware Matt is coming at 11, and so I think we could extend it some. Now she is sitting across from me again on a sort of couch and I am beside her, and she hands me a piece of paper. It seems to be a report written by the other therapist she had seen and so I begin reading it. It says this young woman was born in some part of Everett, and describes her family situation I see the words about some book she and her family had grown up with and part of the title is "Lead Kindly Light," and I think, oh, she has some spiritual connection, and there is something else there written about either that hymn or something pertaining to the spiritual, so I ask her, "What is your spiritual connection?" And I wait for her answer. I realize then she is watching me. I have my head down, and she is watching my eyes to see how I am responding. I am praying. This position is very important, that I have my head bowed, and her eyes are looking up at me from beneath, and I am aware she is watching me, and I feel totally comfortable with her gaze upon me, and composed, and I am used to praying during silences in sessions.

Then I realize the time is over and look at my watch and it is past 12 noon. We have been there three hours. And she is gone, but I have the sense that she is completely happy. But I have been "out of it" totally. Like a coma. Or deep sleep. And Louise comes by and I try to ask her what happened, but am confused at my own state of consciousness. And Louise smiles and tells me, 'She saw Christ rise from the dead.' So I know the young woman had a powerful experience, but how was it that I was "not

there" in a way. I go into the room where Don is, and am at a loss to know what happened. I go up front to a kind of kitchen area and try to find Scott or Louise or someone. There is a woman there, sitting on the floor, but I don't think this person knows what was going on. And so I call out, and ask someone to tell me what happened. Scott comes by, followed by Louise and they are rushing up the stairway with a flashlight, so I think they must be trying to repair or find something, and they pause, but I say this must not be a good time to stop them, and I wake up, and it is as out of a very deep sleep. Very deep.

And I think of the line from Genesis, "The Lord God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam," and this is before he took one of Adam's rib and made Eve.

And later I did some reading about the Genesis story, and from Merton, and how the masculine and feminine integration is part of our wholistic approach to God. A whole lot of things are making sense from what I read in the Psalms, too, as well as from Merton. It is as though the universe is trying to tell me something, and God has sent me a dream.

And I continue to have this deep sense of unconscious deep sleep feeling pervasive at times. I have slowed down. Some other sense has taken over my being and sensing.

## **Detached Sleeves and a Marionette**

*Two dreams in March 1995*

1. I am in the downstairs foyer of a church and I am grabbing the priest's sleeve in an effort to get him to do something and the sleeve totally detaches! It is so funny, I burst out laughing and thereby wake myself up and then this ending of a longer dream is all I can recall.

2. I am with Alice and my two co-worker men, one of whom is married to her. Alice announces she has just been made "A Marionette" officially. I had heard her previously say something about hoping to be. I have no idea what the term means but I congratulate her. Then I ask her. She remarks, "I don't get asked that often." Then proceeds to tell me that it means that now she can come downstairs in the morning stark naked just wearing sandals. She sort of winks. There is a piece of material (a ruffle) loosely basted around her print dress which I remove. I then go around her to where my fellow workers are sitting reading the paper. I understand this is Alice's way of allowing herself new behaviors. I say, "Oh, that's not too different from the way I grow and change," knowing her husband understands.

Thoughts: Well, lots of chuckles. Maybe I am not to take myself too seriously.

But, on further reflection, what is this about me detaching some fabric from someone? I note that there are spiritual connotations lurking about.

Was I "God's marionette" for a few moments?

A marionette is a puppet worked from above by strings attached to its limbs. Literally, the word is "little Mary"— could it refer to the Virgin Mary?

## A Transcendent Moment in a Dentist's Chair

March 1995

Yesterday I sat in the dentist's chair, my mouth full of dental instruments, but I was also listening to a CD of choral and instrumental music the dentist had offered to "keep me distracted from any discomfort."

I settled into place and plugged in the earphones to listen. Suddenly, I became completely overwhelmed in a moment of inexplicable ecstasy. "Thine be the Glory" was being played, followed by Pachelbel's Canon. I was "lost in wonder, love, and praise."

Tears came. I forgot the pain. And then I was flooded with love—and it was suddenly love for everyone in the world. My mind ranged from one figure to another—persons I had passed that very morning. It didn't matter if I knew them or not. I felt merged into Oneness and Love. I was detached from the fabric of my usual reality.

*Somehow, the moment in the dentist's chair was unforgettable, not something I can control or repeat. But I am consoled that such a moment out-of-time is possible, and I had that taste of being out-of-time.*