

The Dream: September 26, 2025 from “A” at 3 am

“Kimmy came to see me; it was as though she knew I would be there

I was on a beach out on the coast somewhere, kind of far away, a destination that people liked to return to on occasion. It was overcast and the waves were crashing and some other people had shown up in cars and began making their way down to the sand. I was walking up, and there was Kimmy. She had just arrived and I was elated to see her, just over the moon. She had her hair pulled back and glasses on, with a cozy zip up sweater, she looked really good. Really content. Rosie cheeks, calm energy. She felt so warm and all knowing, like she knew I would be there. So comforting and full of love. She was trying to show me something, like a drawing, just pencil and paper in a frame with obscure shapes that I couldn’t make out, almost like a diagram. I just gave her the biggest hug without wanting to let go. She started to hesitate, and this large, heavy wooden door appeared behind her, slightly to the right, maybe it was already there. It was like all of eternity was on the other side of the door that perhaps she had come out of. I knew I wasn’t allowed through the door. I told her that I love her so much. She made a funny sound, like when someone is thinking and trying to make a decision, but sort of in a comical Kimmy way. I knew that our time was limited. Not like she would be in trouble, but just more of a sternness by which she needed to abide. And with that I was awoken by baby cries a few minutes after 3am. So perhaps she had to go back. It all happened so quickly, our visits always do in my dreams. Anyway, it was a special visit. And right now I can hear an owl outside my window.” 💜

The painting: BioShield Clay paint and Gouache on 16” x 40” canvas

Kim, Zia, a door and an owl....

I had begun this painting before Kim’s birthday in April, and it just sat against a wall because I didn’t know what I wanted to do with it. She and Zia...who I always referred to as ‘the dingo’ because of her crazy, huge ears. It remained a sketch until I was told this dream. I had been gathering old photographs to put in an album and when I came across one of an owl we had seen at the Desert Museum in Tucson when Kimberley and I met there for her 21st birthday, I couldn’t get it out of my mind and I put the photograph aside. Owls have been part of my paintings since 2015 when I saw them repeatedly during coffee readings I had been doing with friends. The door was mentioned in detail in the dream, and it was obviously going to be part of the painting. So, a door between the worlds, Kim, Zia and the owl. This says it all to me. I completed the painting in two days. It is intentionally understated in places emphasizing the underlying ethereal connection between the physical and spiritual worlds. **What IS reality?!**