

Take Them Away

About thirty years ago, when I was a teen, I used to have a very vivid, reoccurring, disturbing dream. It woke me five to ten times. I always woke up with overwhelming sadness, many times sobbing uncontrollably. I cried to the point of needing to catch my breath. It felt like my heart had been stabbed. I tried to analyze its meaning. The content and my distraught feelings are as clear as yesterday's memories.

In my dream, I approached my home as I would have if I had gone to the mailbox to check the mail. My parents have a very long driveway. Their home sits below the driveway, overlooking a small valley and mostly hidden from the traffic on the main road. As a teen, there were many times I walked from my home to the mailboxes. I would get the mail, if we had any, and return.

My dream started near the mailboxes. I went toward my house as if I had just checked the mail. When I came closer to the house, I could see an ambulance parked in front of our home. I ran the rest of the way into my house puzzled that I had not previously noticed its presence. In my young mind, I lived with my parents. I should have noticed the unusual sight the moment I opened the front door. In all my analyzing, it never occurred to me that it might be a glimpse into the future. I didn't like the ambulance dreams.

If this dream was from God, I didn't want it. I did not like waking up sad. I was convinced that God was responsible. I asked God not to give me any more dreams. Why would God have given me something that made me sad? It didn't make any sense. God granted my request. For more than a decade, I didn't remember any dreams.