

God's Dream

I myself will dream a dream within you –
good dreams come from me, you know...

My dream seems impossible,
not too practical,
not for the cautious man or woman –
a little risky sometimes,
a trifle brash perhaps...

Some of my friends prefer
to rest more comfortably,
in sounder sleep,
with visionless eyes –

But, from those who share my dream
I ask a little patience,
a little humour,
some small courage,
and a listening heart –

I will do the rest...

Then they will risk
and wonder at their daring...

Run- and marvel at their speed...

Build – and stand in awe at the beauty of their building...

You will meet me often as you work –
in your companions, who share the risk...
in your friends, who believe in you enough
to lend their own dreams,
their own hands,
their own hearts

to your building...

in the people who will stand in your doorway,
stay awhile,
and walk away knowing that they, too, can find a dream.

There will be sun-filled days,
and sometimes it will rain –
a little variety –
both come from me.

So come now, be content
It is my dream you dream...
my house you build...

my caring you witness...

my love you share...and this is the heart of the matter. (Pequy)