

Tuesday, September 11, 2012

### Dream X

My brother and I are sitting quietly at a table in the living room, eating dinner. A huge and powerful storm begins outside. Very strong wind and heavy rain begin to pass through the backyard. Big trees begin falling. Some of them are landing on the house. This goes on for some time. Standing together in the house, my brother and I are observers of all this. We must have thought the storm would pass, but it rages on steadily. I wake up, go back to sleep. The storm is still raging on in my mind. The devastation continues. My brother and I are observers of all this. We stand together, facing south. He is calm. I am not. Rain is entering parts of the house. The wind, blowing in very strong gusts, keeps coming. Groups of trees are being ripped up. In all my life, I have never seen such slow, steady, violent destruction. I go upstairs, assessing the damage as I go. Large trees have fallen on different parts of the house. The rain has gotten in. Observing as I go, I go back downstairs. I see a pheasant covered with wet, scurrying with the wind, a horse that turns into what looks like a mule, standing there in the wind and the rain. What looks like a tornado hits the right side of the yard. I am reminded of Hollywood. My brother and I haven't yet been hit by a falling tree. As we stand there together inside the dripping house, we see all this happening around us and in front of us. All this is happening in vivid detail in the backyard and in the house, the strong wind coming in steady, heavy, more than hurricane

force gusts; the rain; the falling trees; the house slowly being destroyed. Parts of the house are open now to the wind and the rain. I can feel the throbbing pulse of the wind, coinciding with the steady beating of my heart. I am afraid. This goes on for quite a while: the backyard surrounded by a palisade fence; the wind blowing in heavy gusts; the rain; the trees being ripped up all around the backyard and in the woods on the other side of the fence, some falling heavily on the house; us standing together, watching. This must be a harbinger of things to come. I can smell the wood of the house as it slowly gives way to the falling trees.

In all my life, I have not seen such slow, steady, pervasive destruction.

When I wake up, all is quiet. Outside, there is no storm. My brother makes a comment in the dream: "God doesn't figure in all of this---In all the reports, there is no mention of Him."