

From Dream to Reality

By Molly Hegman

Fragmented worries whirling through the air
Constantly rising and rousing my care
Whirl on out and let me be
Let me sleep unfettered and free!

One night when I was stressed about decisions I needed to make, I dreamed that every thought I had came out in rhyme. I woke suddenly with this little ditty in my head. I quickly wrote it down to help me remember not to take my worries to bed with me.

Over the years I have had significant dreams that I remember well. There was a recurring dream that I began having sometime in my childhood. It was like an old friend that came back to visit me periodically. It was always the same.

Almost every Sunday my grandmother went to the movies with my sisters and me. This was true in my dream. When my dad came to get us we would stop at Jimmy's Bakery and then take a ride. This Sunday was no different up to this point. Now the dream took a twist and became more dream-like. As we rode up a hill and rounded a curve the car was gone and we were on bicycles, dressed for the beach. My grandmother's only beach attire was the towel slung around her neck; she still wore her dark colored dress and her hat with the flowers in front and had her purse hanging on the handlebars. We rode to the top of the hill where we dumped the bicycles and walked over to the giant wave of water that teased us as it flopped from side to side. The trick was to get on top and ride the wave until it threw you off. When it was my turn my dream always ended when I was thrown off the wave.

I had this dream every few months until I was about thirty-three years old. By this time I was married and had two children. On Sunday afternoons we would take rides in the country, frequently stopping at small airports, having a tea party while watching small planes come and go. One Sunday we stopped at an airport that was new to me. Ben parked the car in front of a sign that advertised "Airplane Rides \$5.00." Suddenly Ben turned to us and asked, "Who wants to go on an adventure?" Of course the girls were clapping and cheering. I was going to let him take them but as soon as I saw him strapping them in the back seat I ran out to the plane. I held Kate on my lap and put the seat belt around both of us. As we took off I noticed that we were on a hill. As we ascended the pilot began dipping the wings from one side to the other side ... just like the wave in my dream! I was in my dream! I never again had that dream. But it wasn't long afterwards that Ben began taking flying lessons.