

## Dreams Do Become Reality

By Sheila Johnson

Dreaming is a natural function of our brains; science tells us that every mammal produces dreams: unconsciously in our sleep or intentionally in our heart. I believe that dreams keep us alive with hope and they give us a will to live and thrive. Dreams are able to dig out deeply entrenched traumas and disorders. They can wake us up to present reality. Dreams can enlighten us about what the future has in store for us.

Dreams are what great people are made of. Leonardo Da Vinci dreamt of Mona Lisa. Mother Teresa dreamt of a world void of poverty. Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. had a dream of black and white children walking, talking, and holding hands. Our parents dreamt of us. Neil Armstrong was the man on the moon! Eunice Kennedy Shriver helped thousands of children with disabilities and special needs reach their dreams by establishing the Special Olympics. There are dreams deferred, realized dreams, secret dreams, and dreams that seem to be impossible to reach.

Very recently, a dream that I have held in my heart for many years has come true. It's a dream that only God and I held together. I interviewed for a volunteer position at my Church, and during the course of my three-hour conversation with the pastor, I briefly mentioned my love of teaching others the art of sewing. Our meeting was adjourned with prayer, and as I headed toward the door, purse in hand, he said, "Wait Sheila. Didn't you say you led a sewing class for a group of women a few years ago?" "Yes", I answered.

"Would you consider establishing a sewing ministry for single mothers to increase their self-sufficiency?" My heart leapt, and I could hardly breathe. And within seconds, I saw the full vision of "The Lydia Project" fashioned after Lydia of Thyatira, maker of purple cloth. It was truly a Hallelujah moment. Everything the sewing ministry needs is falling into place. We launch November 2017.

Thank you, Robert Goulet for planting these words in my young heart. And thank you God for allowing my old heart to jump for joy:

*To dream the impossible dream, to fight the unbeatable foe  
To bear with unbearable sorrow, to run where the brave dare not go.  
To right the unrightable wrong, to love pure and chaste from afar,  
To try when your arms are too weary, to reach the unreachable star.  
This is my quest, to follow the star, No matter how hopeless, no matter how far.  
To fight for the right without question or pause,  
To be willing to march into hell for a heavenly cause.  
And I know if I'll only be true to this glorious quest  
Then my heart will lie peaceful and calm when I'm laid to my rest.  
And the world will be better for this. That one man scorned and covered with scars  
Still strove with his last ounce of courage  
To reach the unreachable star.*