

# The Dream

## Green Fields

As the dream begins I'm standing in a field surrounded by a large mass of people, they're cheering, celebrating and dancing. The cheers are peppered with blasts from instruments. I feel awkward, the only still body in a sea of celebration. There's a warmth at the center of my body, it tugs me forward. The warmth pulses and soon I feel myself sway to its rhythm. Walking along I see throngs of people dancing in groups. Sometimes I join in their dance but never for very long. I still feel the tug pulling me ever forward. As time passes I notice the crowd is thinning. The dancing is more subdued. Ahead of me are people gathering along the edge of something. I quicken my pace and see they're standing at the edge of a vast desert. Ahead of us, in front of a large sand dune is Yeshua, his back to the crowd. I'm in awe of Him, the tug strengthens. I want to go wherever He goes. I stand at the edge of the desert with everyone else, hesitating. For some reason I am afraid to cross the boundary into the desert. Just then Yeshua begins to walk. I panic realizing that once He made it over the sand dune I would no longer be able to see Him. Casting my fear down I descend into the desert.

## The Desert

It's hot, the heat ripples the air around me. I'm alone. Quickly glancing back to the green fields, I see the others standing along the desert boundary. Some wave to me to come back, looks of apprehension on their faces. I turn and find Yeshua on the horizon, determined to keep Him in my sites. I start out for Him. Each step takes great effort. After several tries I make it up the face of the dune. Out of breath and sore I look for Yeshua, He's standing on the other side of the dune and begins to walk. Never taking my eyes off of Him I stumble down the dune. We walk like this for quite some time, always with Yeshua 50 feet or so ahead of me. Muscles trembling, feet aching, and cloths torn I continue on. As the sun sets He stops and sits, I follow suit, my eyes are drooping but I don't want to look away for

fear I will lose Him. He gestures to his left, confused I quickly glance to my left and I find a spring bubbling out of the ground and a berry bush. Realizing my hunger and thirst I rush to them and eat and drink. Once satiated I look to Him, He lays down. I remove my shoes, my feet are raw. After dipping my feet in the spring I go to sleep.

The sun begins to crest the horizon. My eyes open and I see Yeshua in the distance sitting up. I sit and immediately see that my feet are healed, my body feels great, and my clothes are repaired, actually not repaired, they look brand new! I grab a few berries and He stands and begins to walk. As we walk I feel the warm pulse and start swaying to its rhythm. Looking ahead I see Him swaying too. He begins a simple dance, rock stepping from foot to foot. I do my best to follow suit, sometimes I fall but eventually I get it. As the sun sets, just as the night before, Yeshua stops and lies down. The next morning is just like the previous one, I awake refreshed and renewed, and we begin our journey once again. We walk together like this for many days. On occasion he gestures to various things. We delight in them together. I no longer feel sore, my muscles are stronger, and I'm not so out of breath so I can occasionally call out to Him. One day I ask Him, "Where is everyone?". He stops, nods and points the left and right. I strain to see what He's pointing at but all I see is sand. I think back to the green fields, full of people. I wished they had come with me. It would be nice to have them here. I call out again, "Why didn't they come?". His response is to begin our familiar sway step. I join in, casting aside my loneliness.

## **The Mountaintop**

One afternoon, I notice what looks like tiny specks on the horizon. Weeks earlier I would have been very excited at the potential of seeing other people, but now my every focus is Yeshua, watching and learning His dance. As the months pass the specks take shape and I can see small people on the horizon. Eventually they are in close enough proximity that we can wave to one another. We do, but I see they are just as focused on Yeshua as I.

A few weeks later we come to a very steep rock face. Yeshua ahead of me bounds up the side of the cliff and disappears over the top. I begin my ascent. It's hard to find proper footing and the rock is very slippery. At only 5 feet off the ground my muscles are trembling. I manage to make it to the half way point but my fingers are bloody and I can no longer find any footing to continue. I think to myself that perhaps the best thing to do at this point is to go back down and find another way up. I look down and realize that it's impossible. In desperation I cast my eyes around. To my utter surprise, just to my left I see someone clinging to the rock face. I was so focused on making it up this embankment that I didn't realize that someone, whom a few days ago was still far off, is now an arms distance away. She's no better off than I am, but I see that if I reach over I can help her get a hand hold. I reach out to her. Once she's secure she calls out and says that just over my head there's a secure spot that I couldn't see from this angle. I reach up and feel it, straining, I try to pull myself up and then I feel someone below me pushing. With his help I make it to the secure ledge. I turn and offer him a hand. Here I get a good look at the rock face and I can see other people around up climbing. These people don't look like the ones I left behind in the green fields. They look strong, tanned by the sun, seasoned. I wait on the ledge so I can give a hand to the others. As a group we continue like this, helping each other up the side of the cliff.

Reaching the top, my first thought is of Yeshua, I scan the horizon. He's 50 feet ahead of me walking. Without hesitation I spring up and begin to follow. Immediately, and without hesitation the people to my left and right step forward, in unison we walk, following Yeshua. He begins his sway step and shoulder to shoulder we join in the dance.

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