

I've had some bizarre dreams since coming back from our Alaska Cruise which was fantastic, especially being with the girls for 12 days. Of course, El might have other thoughts on my disappearance. Both dreams took place on the ship. The first had Rachel not feeling great staying in the room and Sarah and I going to a tour. We met for the tour in all places the Chapel at St. Paul's. A small boy came in and sat on the altar, smiled and pulled out a gun. The second had the three of us going to a specialty restaurant on the ship. Tasked to see the menu and the waiter told me there was none. I asked what our choices for dinner would be. She said that the menu was based on each of us. We would choose which body part to be cut off and cooked. No, I'm not using any drugs. The girls and I decided, after discussing my dreams with them, that the little toe might be the obvious choice even though it wouldn't supply too much

food. (con't)

Dreams have long played a role in the Bible from Joseph and the Technicolor Dream Coat to Joseph warned to flee to Egypt to save Jesus.

I have always had interesting dreams and remember

Pastor's con't-

most of them. I dream about Martha nearly every night and it's not sad, just normal life.

Martin Luther King Junior said, "I have a dream" and

his dream was that people would love and care for others not based on the color of their skin or where they came from but from the content of their hearts.

We are asked to dream big. To reach out to those

tough, to love them without throwing others under the bus to appease them.

My dream for us at St. Paul's is that we grow.

Certainly, in numbers would be great but that we grow

who can't reach back. To not bend the knee to the bullies of the world but, and this is where it gets

in love both inwardly (which we are pretty good at already) and outwardly.

Please don't worry that you might be in one of my dreams, I wouldn't tell you anyway especially if you were going to marry the ruler of North Korea's sister.

Pjh