

**DREAMS:                      52 year old professional male**

I awoke, dreaming I was in some sort of adult education class and we had all been given a section of the surrounding blackboard to depict our “vision” of the universe. It was then that I began to be flooded with the images and thoughts but how to depict them graphically? I wished I were a painter and could capture the images, but I am not, and only words left trace of their passing. I thought of a story of an ancient Emperor who challenged the competing religions of his Kingdom to depict their view of the universe. The Hindus portrayed an incredibly complex interaction of swirling bodies, some human, some gods, in an ancient dance of arrivals and departures. The Buddhist took their brushes and swept the wall so clean that it shone, and when one looked into the wall one saw oneself staring back.

Uncharacteristically, I stewed over this for forty-five minutes, eating up nearly half of the two hours we were allotted. Finally, I realized that I had to take chalk to the board and begin before it was too late. When I arrived at my section of blackboard, the fellow in the section next to me had thoughtlessly allowed his composition to overrun my section so that I only had about forty per cent of the space everyone else had. I was angry but thought I

would just have to make do with what was available, what was left, and I began. And then I woke.

**T: 60 year old female oncologist**

I am sitting on a yellow school bus filled with children. Even the driver seems to be a child...the bus goes under a bridge instead of across it, and enters water. We clamber out of the bus. / In water. JoAnn picks us up in her boat. We are laboring upstream. Everything is slippery and we can't get anywhere.

**T: 61 year old college instructor**

I am back in my childhood home. M not seen but there. I am on the top floor of the house but someone is on the first floor. I find a green sweater and put it on. I see multiple packages lined up. What are they doing there? Feel fearful. Voice inside me: "This is just how things are done. Start over each time."

**T: 44 year old female business consultant**

I am in bed in childhood home but I am an adult. The walls are glass. I am wearing only a tee shirt w a steeple image on front. I hear something scratching at the window/wall and see a man covered in dark hair, almost like a bear. He is trying to get in. I go to the glass and make animal noises to scare him. He does not seem impressed. I wish Ron were here.

