

What moves you?

By Dee Menning, Tending the Holy Graduate

It was only after a therapist declared, "You have good dreams!" that I began to consistently appreciate the bizarre images of my night mind. These dreams that come do NOT make me special, rather they are given as gifts to bypass my day mind's preoccupations. God in kindness beams light through my dense fog of rationality, illuminating the dark of "in my head" where I too often live. Richard Rohr says that transformation takes place in luminal space "where God can best get at us because we are out of the way." I've learned to give attention and gratitude for luminous dreams that zoom under the radar of head and get me to heart.

Here's one:

--- At first I thought what I saw was an exotic bird with ridiculously long tail feathers. It flew closer into a tree within my view from inside the structure. I was in a lower level room – though I did not notice any window I was able to see outside – getting instructions for care-taking of the building and feeling some weight of responsibility. I watched as the colorful flying creature landed on a branch and then wrapped its feathery wings around the entirety of the tree's branches: like a gentle umbrella covering, vibrantly colored, exquisitely patterned, and beautifully symmetrical. I was astonished and intrigued. Then the head of the creature emerged from the feathery wrap – it was a horse head! The colorful canopy was wings of a flying horse! The head was suddenly big with snout "in your face" right there at the window pane, large as life in front of me, with huge reddish purple nose. I was fascinated. It caused me to not pay attention to the instructions being given me for the academic instrumentation and building care. ---

The dream came during a time of excessive responsibility and need for careful attention to a myriad of details. I was already tired, and knew the end of some special projects was weeks away. Though immediately aware the dream held numerous invitations, I realized I needed to defer determining just what those openings would be for me.

A little while later, when on retreat and reading Psalm 27, this familiar verse caught my attention: "One thing I asked of the Lord, that I will seek after; to **live in** the house of the Lord, all the days of my life..." Psalm 91 came to mind, "You who live in the shelter of the Most High...He will cover you with His pinions and under his wings..." and the idea of Jesus wanting to gather his people under his wings (Luke 13). Another version of Psalm 27:4 uses words of "to dwell in the temple of the Lord" and I was reminded that "we are the temple of the living God" (II Corinthians 6:16). Considering these Scriptures and the with the Spirit's nudge I felt vividly the invitation to **live in** my 'true' God self.

My head conjured up the truths in words. My heart was affected via the dream image that gave me hope to **live in** a way of dwelling, instead of always doing.

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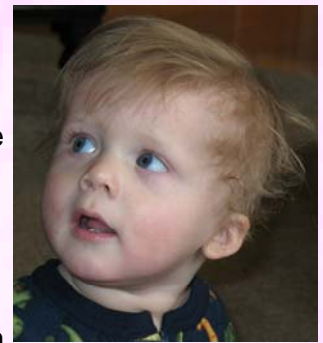
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In my spirit imagining I hear God saying to me, “sweet girl, come live in the “house” that is me in You, and You in Me. Come out, and under the cover of my tent, under those wings of the horse and into my tree shelter branches. Keep pursuing your true self, live in your spirit fruit of patient cheerful tranquility instead of needing to be good or right.”

And in my usual manner, I talk back, “Lord, the unknown and unfamiliar is difficult for me. Really, I am to leave the structure of my soul that is about being ‘responsible’ and getting things done?”

You know what God does next? I sense him putting the grandparent card on the table and tenderly expressing, “Let me father you, mother you, GRANDPARENT you. Let me love you like that. Will that help you be willing to come out and under my shelter and live in Me?”

Well, yah! A vivid image in this past year that is helping my heart live the love my head only knows is a real-life dream of a grandbaby. During my time with grandson Noah, as I’m feeling a crazy unexplainable love regardless of anything he does or does not do, I often hear God whisper in my ear, “I love you like that. I love you even more, way more.”



A huge purple-headed horse and adorable grandbaby invite me to jump from head to heart. Images, along with often bringing a smile, help move me from the confinement of ‘lower level’ responsibility to the freedom of colorful canopied adventure, from self-preoccupation to unconditional love, from petty to the presence of God.

What moves you? ■



D: I want to come out Lord, at least I think I do, I want to try. What does it look like for me? How will my life be different?

G: Not so different in what you do, but how you do... all with a realization of being deeply loved. Secure in that love. So that it’s all about listening to me. Saying yes or no with me. Doesn’t matter as much what the humans think. I don’t want you to be all tired and overcommitted – that is not what I ask. That hyper-responsibility is your construct. I don’t say that with any scolding, only to increase your awareness. So yes, go to the Enneagram and see what’s recommended for a ONE.

D: thank you for the reminder (of Rohr’s words) to move toward cheerful tranquility rather than striving, and that you love me so that I CAN change. “Love forms us”...”Let my false self be taken from me because I don’t need it anymore...recognize, name, and let go...ONES do the ‘right’ thing, but for false motives...” Rather, move toward prayerful tranquility...God/prayer, love, nature. (These are perfect!)” ■