

THE MESSENGER IN MY DREAMS

By John F. Hall

I had two dreams. The first dream that I remember came while I was taking a nap after Church. The second dream came in the middle of the night. In the first dream, three



words came to mind. At the time, those three words meant nothing to me. But the two words that came to mind in my second dream surprised me. The real significance of those five words is that they helped me. The mystery of the dreams lays in the fact that I really don't know where the words came from or who was the messenger that put those words in my dreams. If I could only imagine what the messenger in my dreams might resemble, it would be an Angel with blue eyes, brown hair, and wearing a long white dress. I limit myself to writing only nonfiction stories based on what I have experienced and observed. Those five words came out of nowhere in two dreams. They are not figments of my imagination.

In all of my stories, I like to use lyrics from hymns and songs to enhance my story and to acknowledge the inspiration that Christ gives to me. For without His



grace, I would be nothing and my stories would be meaningless. I selected a hymn called "The Messenger." It was written by Brad Delson, Chester Bennington, Dave Farrell, Joseph Hahn, Mike Shinoda, and Robert G. Bourdon. These are some of their lyrics: "When you feel you're alone, cut off from this cruel world, your instincts telling you to run, listen to your heart. Those angel voices, they'll see you to you. They'll be your guide back home where life leaves us blind. Love keeps us kind. It keeps us kind. When you suffered it all, and your spirit is breaking, you're growing desperate from the fight. Remember your love, and you will be, this melody will always bring you back home. When life leaves us blind, love, keeps us kind...".

I believe there are angels among us. I would be dead had it not been for the skill of Dr. Natalie Curcio. The skin cancer had gotten down to my skull. But it is not Christ's plan for me to depart this world, until I finish the work He wants done. Phillip Wickham wrote the hymn "Heaven song." These are some of his lyrics: "You wrote a letter and You signed Your name. I read every word of it, page by page. You said that You'd be coming for me soon. Oh my God, I'll be ready for You. I want to run on greener pastures. I want to dance on higher hills. I want to drink from sweeter waters. In the misty morning chill, and my soul is getting restless for the place I belong, I can't wait to join the angels and sing the heaven song. I hear Your voice and I catch my breath. Well done my child, enter in and rest. Tears of joy run down my cheek, it's beautiful beyond my wildest dreams...".

I look out my second story window and watch as the winter, bright green wheat, turns into amber waves of grain. Seasons come and seasons go, and nothing stays the same. People come and people go, and we remember, with joy, those that treated us with kindness and love. Sometimes, I wonder what my life might have been like had Mr. and

Mrs. Vorgang been given the permission to adopt me. And their son, Johnny had become my adopted brother. But it was not Christ's plan for me.

Jay Livingston and Ray Evans wrote the song “Que Sera, Sera (What Will Be, Will Be).” These are their lyrics: “When I was just a little girl, I asked my mother, what will I be, will I be pretty, will I be rich? Here's what she said to me, que, sera, sera, whatever will be, will be. The future's not ours to see, que, sera, sera. When I grew up and fell in love, I asked my sweetheart what lies ahead? Will we have rainbows day after day? Here's what my sweetheart said, que, sera, sera, whatever will be, will be. The future's not ours to see, que, sera, sera, what will be, will be...”.

“Now I have children of my own, they ask their mother, what will I be, will I be handsome? Will I be rich? I tell them tenderly, que, sera, sera, whatever will be, will be. The future's not ours to see, que, sera, sera. What will be, will be, que, sera sera...”.

Christ has plans for everyone. He has a good sense of humor when He inspired me, at this very late stage in my life, to write all the stories that I have written during the past three years. But Christ loves all His children no matter their age. The Book of Revelation mentions the word “angel or angels” 71 times. It tells about what the angels spoke, did, or revealed. I believe there are angels among us. They may not be as pretty as the picture of the angel at the start of this story. They may not have any body at all since they are invisible spirits. But I can dream. I'll end this story with the words found in Revelation, Chapter 14, Verse 6: “And I saw another angel flying through the sky, carrying the eternal Good News to proclaim to the people who belong to this world - - to every nation, tribe, language, and people.”

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