

# In Your Dreams

*by* Jake Barnes

When I was a kid, I discovered that in my dreams I could fly. I would take a running jump and soar for long distances, never very high. I would skim the ground. It was a glorious feeling, to be free of gravity's rude truth. It was a lot more fun than walking or running.

What did it mean? What would a psychologist say? Oh, who cares. In my opinion, we ask why, what, when, where, and how too often. What's the old saying? Relax and enjoy it. There's a lot of truth in that.

I had bad dreams, too. I dreamed about the fires of hell. I would wake up screaming. My mother became alarmed and took me to the doctor. He said I'd grow out of it. Much, much later I put two and two together. Of course. The church! We were Lutherans. We went to Sunday School and church. I learned that you were punished for not only your own misdeeds, but also those of your father and father's father. "Unto the third and fourth generation." I think that's what it says in the Bible.

In my dotage I still dream, but I can't remember what I dreamed when I wake up. I don't know if that is good or bad. I sleep like a baby. I'm no longer concerned about what it says in the Bible. What I worry about these days are trifles. Aches and pains. My failing memory. Death and taxes.

