



## Once upon a dream.

In her dreams, she was a singer and a dancer. She watched dancers and singers on TV and in the movies, moving and singing with them in perfect harmony, in her imagination.

In her reality, she was a wife, a lover, a stay-at-home mother. She loved her family completely, doted on their every need and more.

Always very sensitive, she believed her inner voices when they chided her about wasting her time dreaming when there was laundry to do. Afraid of ridicule and looking like a fool, she put her dreams in a box and closed the lid.

Slowly little by little, bit by bit, she buried that box deep, deep beneath her fears, doubts, and excuses. She buried it so deeply even whispered memories couldn't find it.

Her children grew up and developed lives of their own. She thought about the joys grandchildren would bring to fill her empty nest, but her children had dreams of their own to fulfill. With her children grown and gone, her husband busy at work, her life seemed despairingly empty.

Perhaps it was the day she became aware of her hourglass turning over; perhaps it was just Fortune smiling down on her. One day a dear friend asked if she'd ever had any other dreams.

Somewhere deep inside her a little box opened.



---

Dance like no one is watching,  
love like you'll never be hurt,  
sing like no one is listening,  
live like it's heaven on earth.

*~ William Purkey ~*