

Thirty years ago next month, Fritz Kunkel--when I asked him how to make sense of my dreams, and whether he'd help me--suggested I keep a "Traumbuch" (Dreambook): "Then come back in six months, and I'll help you search for patterns." Never saw him again; he's long dead, but still helping me in the senses that (1) he got me to write down my dreams and (2) I look for dream-patterns.

In recent years, the most common pattern has been FRUSTRATION/BENEVOLENCE/FULFILMENT. E.g., my 5.30 dream this morning (1Mar82):

I was in a grungy combination of service-and-bus station, no regular bus to arrive till next day. It was clear where I'd been: I'd just finished leading a retreat in a ski lodge. It was less clear where I was to go. (Two indefinites: when? to where? But time and space are secondary for inward persons, so I was not anxious.)

As it wasn't a coin phone, I put two quarters on the grimy workdesk. "I think this will cover my longdistance," I said to myself. Turning away, I lifted the phone. "Wait a minute!" said the proprietor, "Do you have money? That's long-distance!" Said I, "Yes, there it is." But the spot I pointed to was bare.

Having no more money, I sat on the floor to play with two appropriately grimy children. They seemed frightened at the attention of an old bearded one, so I sought to put them at their ease and get them to smile. It was more important to me to get them to trust me and to enjoy being with me--that more important to me than getting to wherever I was supposed to go. Where I was, and where I was to be, was of less moment or weight than what I was there and then to these little ones. The thought fled across my mind that I was not to be judged so much as to whether I had my head screwed on straight (in relation to my own affairs) as judged for how I treated the family in this isolated waystation in a barren wilderness. I was there: how could I be there (*Dasein*) for the glory of God in the *shalom* of God's creation?

By the time the little children, a boy and a girl, were comfortable with me and happy to have me around, it occurred to me to search my pockets for any coins I might have missed the first time. Yes, there were some. Five, in fact. And there were huge and heavy! How could I have missed them? The first two were gold, and Jewish; the next two to come out of my left trouser-pocket were silver, and Greek; and the last was bronze, and Christian. My attention became entirely absorbed in studying them, and slowly I became aware of five other heads also studying them with wonder and rising excitement. For my worldly purpose the coins were useless, all too big for the phone slot. But for my transworldly purpose, to be somehow some Good News for God to this family, what could have been more useful? They were bubbling with questions.

The fifth family member, hearing the excitement, had come in from another room and was pressing against me to get a headon view of each coin as I explained it. Seeing her sideview, I noticed that while she was beautiful in her late teens, her nose was bulbous. There was something I could easily do to bring forth beauty by destroying ugliness: I could pay for a nose job. The rest of the scene fell away as I made arrangement with her for the plastic surgeon to secure assurance of payment from me. "But get the quotation first; that way, it won't cost me as much as if he were to know my name beforehand."