

My Dream Nov 11, 2006:

Tender is the word that elopes from the senses of the routine. of distant lands. By the magic powers of an immutable gust of uncovering, vituperative wind that seems balanced between sciences, history and the purline of religion, it teeters between the winds of knowledge and the straining push of a churning windmill. I hope you take note of the form and content of the messages that flow your way upon reading this fair piece.

It is not written, I assure you, to just alarm your heart. I have uncovered for you the distant, the unreachable, the unbecoming that has never flowed together from pens guided by the minds of ordinary mortals, but, now, is pushed along through perilous times from the windmill.

Within the scale of eons, long dormant--now come to life--is a force that hopes the pitifully weak mortal, despite his sinews attached to the work of ceaseless occupation that mends his soul to the worldly life, will lend his mind to the trail that opens the marvelous mind.

It is time to awaken your mind, your heart, your spirit from the crypt of purloined woe, and reach toward a new horizon, the manner and way of life not seen by you before. It is time. It is time to think about the unthinkable, reach into your pocket, and pull out the little timepiece of your little heart to see if you will give devoted attention and maneuver toward the breeze of a new start from the ashes of war.

Discover a fresh beginning filled with an unbelievable horizon that is coming your way. This may even scare teachers and masters of today, but the windmill, the messages, are not for them.

They are for you.

The word is purline. My editor thought it was purloin. I had never heard of purline in my life, until this dream. In the dictionary it is old French and can be spelled 2 ways