

Not tea leaves but dreams.
 Debbie Wohlford

There is a young woman. Yes, still young in body and in mind. She is no great beauty, yet there is a certain magnetism about her, a freedom, a flare that excites one at the prospect of knowing her. She has class and style, not faddish, but a style of her own that pervades everything that is hers. She is well-groomed, not stiff or uncomfortable, but pleasing to behold. She carries herself well, as if proud, yet not unapproachable. There is a lilt in her stride, as if she is pleased with the day, with others, and with herself. She has an inherent taste for good food, good clothes, and good music, although she is in no way a snob. And she likes people, yet she has a desire to know them as they are and not as they seem.

This is the young woman.

There is a house. A house built on a cliff above the ocean. It is rustic, built of logs and heavy beams. The walk from the road to the door is of stone, and the knocker on the door is most inviting. Inside, the house is equipped with massive furniture. The rooms are uncluttered but furnished with several meaningful objects acquired in many different places and in many different ways. A fireplace welcomes the visitor to each room, and the many windows convey an atmosphere of the outdoors to all corners of the chambers. In the kitchen is a heavy, round, walnut table bearing the scars of many cigarettes and more coffee cups, having been inflicted during many deep discussions lasting late into the night. And along a wall of the bedroom is a small, simple altar adorned only with a plain but radiant cross.

This is the house.

There is a career. Though vague, it is fulfilling. While rendering a feeling of accomplishment, it also contributes to the

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welfare of others. It is not an eight-to-five job, neither is it one that demands one's all. It utilizes talents and claims the best, yet gives much in return.

This is the career.

There is a life. This life is full, filled not only with the career, but with people, with books, with music. This life includes a morning spent luxuriating on the beach, or an afternoon of exhilarating strife with the waves. Gay times of dancing and laughing and drinking and singing, thoughtful times of walking and listening and crying and praying. And loving, not only people, but dogs, and birds, and places, and smells, and views, and oh! life!

This is the life.

Beneath all the exterior, and penetrating each facet of the above, is a person, is a soul. This person is concerned with big ideas and goals, while at the same time able to see and comprehend the little things life offers. This person takes a joy in living, and extends this joy to others. This person rejoices in independence and individualism, and would do much to preserve these freedoms. And this soul, while the person is exploring philosophies and conceptions, turns to God with a simple, strong faith in His goodness and mercy. And with a genuine love, this soul thanks God for His many favors and blessings.

These are the person and the soul.

The young woman, the house, the career, the life, and the person and soul were not seen by some gypsy gazing into a crystal ball. They were not read from the palm of a hand, nor foretold by a pattern of tea leaves. They are dreams. My dreams. I cherish them. I hold fast to them. And, though I realize that dreams are often lofty and idealistic, I pray that some day I may approach these, my dreams.