



# Dead Dreams

Leanna Bolden  
Eternally Speaking Now

**I'm feeling contemplative.  
Follow along with me as I reflect on the meaning of life.**

**WAIT.  
That isn't quite what this is.  
That sounds too esoteric.  
No, this month's writing is more like...  
*a pondering on dead dreams.***

Before you conclude this is depressing,  
allow me to assure you that it is not.

On the contrary,  
what the Holy Spirit has burdened me to write  
will likely **lift you up** in such a way as to  
**sink you softly** into a strange sense of comfort,  
while refreshing you with renewed hope.  
At least, that is my longing.

But I've gotten ahead of myself.  
Let us first address **dead dreams**.

To do so, we'll define the word dream as,  
*"a cherished aspiration, ambition, or ideal."*

**So, dead dreams would be those things we hoped for that never came to pass.** They are not limited, though, to older people who now look back regretfully on a lifetime of missed opportunities. No, this dilemma affects us all, regardless of age or current season of life.

**In fact, the deadest dreams I've personally experienced are due to unmet expectations I never knew I'd set. They may present themselves like this:**

A 7-year old child loses his dream of a happy home  
when his parents unexpectedly divorce.  
He didn't know he had a dream of a happy home  
until it was broken.

Grown children learn of their elderly mother's diagnosis of dementia,  
exposing and crushing their assumptions that she'd grow old with a  
sharp mind and memory.

**Maybe your experiences are similar to mine:**

You miscarried and can never get that baby back; the possibility of  
losing the baby hadn't even crossed your mind.

You collapsed from an unexpected,  
unpreventable illness that stole years  
from vibrant and active living;  
you'd never seen that coming,  
and it halted all future ambitions.

A loved one or close friend is currently enduring  
a debilitating or terminal diagnosis;  
they were healthy just weeks ago, unaware that tomorrow's  
expectations and plans wouldn't come to pass.

**The list goes on. You had a cherished aspiration, an ambition or  
ideal, and it got hijacked, redirected, squashed.**

Whether our desires are monumental or miniscule,  
whether we're aware of our expectations or not,  
*it's painfully evident that **dead dreams**  
are an inevitable part of life.*

**Let me share with you what God reminded me of this week. *Here comes  
the uplifting part, by the way.  
(Well, it will gradually unfold.)***

**Life on earth is full of good and bad.  
With every evil there is a good,  
and with every good there is an evil.**

This can be surreal to experience.

Right now, my cousin in South America has been in ICU for weeks,  
barely responsive.

*It's heart wrenching.*

Yet at the same time, my brother- and sister-in-law are about to  
welcome a newborn baby boy into their home.

*How exhilarating!*

**With downs come ups,  
and with ups come downs.  
There's no escaping this reality.**

**It's like leaves **turning colors** in Autumn.**

They're **gorgeous**, even **stunning**,  
but the only reason they're **beautiful** is because...  
*they're **dying**.*

Falling leaves are **dead**,  
but as they **plummet** to the ground,  
every single one of them fulfills a **greater purpose**:  
to fuel the soil and be used  
**mysteriously, majestically and mightily**  
in the cycle of life.  
This is a worthy cause.

Did you know that fallen leaves fertilize the soil?  
Their process of decomposing is **necessary** in order to form a type of  
mulch that helps suppress weeds.  
*This seasonal pattern literally promotes healthy gardening.*

Nature and its **brilliance**  
simply would not be the same without **dead leaves**.  
**Truly, leaves must die in order to bring forth new life.**

As I type that, I can't help but think of Jesus.  
**He died that we may live.**  
We then are called to "die to ourselves,"  
that others may see Christ in us, and in turn, to live.

*Most assuredly, I (Jesus) say to you,  
unless a grain of wheat falls into the ground and dies,  
it remains alone; but if it dies, it produces much grain.  
He who loves his life will lose it,  
and he who hates his life in this world  
will keep it for eternal life. John 12:24-25*

What an intriguing paradox.

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*I'm sensing an "Ecclesiastes 3" moment...*

Will you **slow down and submerge** yourself into the following verses? Take note of the ones with which you personally identify, and allow the Lord to minister to your soul:

*To everything there is a season,  
A time for every purpose under heaven:*

*A time to be born, and a time to die;  
A time to plant, and a time to pluck what is planted;*

*A time to kill, and a time to heal;  
A time to break down, and a time to build up;*

*A time to weep, and a time to laugh;  
A time to mourn, and a time to dance;*

*A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones;  
A time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;*

*A time to gain, and a time to lose;  
A time to keep, and a time to throw away;*

*A time to tear, and a time to sew;  
A time to keep silence, and a time to speak;*

*A time to love, and a time to hate;  
A time of war, and a time of peace.*

My dear father is currently wrestling against his own disappointing diagnosis in his **sunset years**. My family visited him and my mom recently and cherished our time together.

The morning we drove back home, it was very early, so the sky was still **dark**. Before we left, as is our custom, the five of us assembled in a circle to pray. As the others took turns praying, the Lord prompted me to open my eyes. While I glanced around our precious prayer circle, He impressed this picture upon my spirit:

**The Holy Spirit is within each of us,  
Jesus is standing in the center of our circle,  
and the Father is wrapping His arms all around us.**

While closing in prayer, I spoke that picture the Lord had given, thanked Him for the timely reminder of the Trinity and His faithful presence with us, then added,

**"...and You are above us as well."**

In the moment, in my natural mind, it didn't fit to add that phrase, as it hadn't been a part of the image God had imparted to me; but the sense was strong in my spirit, so I prayed it. I soon understood why.

After waving goodbye, as we exited my parents' driveway into the **pitch black** of early morning, an incredible phenomenon occurred:

**A white cloud appeared above our car.  
It wasn't stark white-- it was a softly, gently lit up cloud.  
This didn't make sense, because the rest of the sky was dark;  
and the cloud wasn't lightened due to the moon, either.**

All I can say is  
it was a  
glorious,  
miraculous  
expression  
of the faithful presence  
of our all-knowing,  
all-seeing,  
all-powerful,  
caring,  
compassionate,  
loving,  
and personal  
three-in-one,  
holy God.

*And I heard a loud voice from heaven saying,  
“Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men,  
and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people. God  
Himself will be with them and be their God.  
And God will wipe away every tear from their eyes;  
there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying.  
There shall be no more pain,  
for the former things have passed away.”  
Then He who sat on the throne said,  
“Behold, I make all things new.” And He said to me,  
“Write, for these words are true and faithful.”  
Revelation 21:3-5*

His cloud remained above us for about an hour before sunlight, and **He safely carried us home.** The following day, my mom, unaware of all I just wrote, sent me this picture:



My dad,  
despite his recent diagnosis, went  
outside  
with the longing to dig in the dirt  
and  
**plant fresh, new, living  
dune grass in an area of land  
where old dune grass  
had to be uprooted  
in order to  
fix the sewage.**

Take note of the **white** pipelines behind my father.  
They were installed as a part of the new sewage system.

***There are three of them, and they are white.***

What a poignant picture of the Trinity and His purity:  
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. God's presence is with us!

**He is in, through, all around, above, and in the midst of  
the waste and junk that the sewage of life can bring.  
The Lord calls us out to partner with Him as He uproots and clears our  
land, fixes the mess, then uses it all somehow to plant newness of life.**

## CHALLENGE

Do you have a "**cherished aspiration, ambition, or ideal**" that was once **alive and vibrant with hopeful future**, but is now dead and gone?

Allow me to conclude with these words:

First, please speak truth to yourself:

***You aren't alone.***

We all experience the loss of desires,  
the death of living things.

May I confess something to you?

I've cried off and on all week.

*This writing is seeped with my tears.*

Indeed, life is sad, but *never, ever believe the lie that you are alone.*

Second-- and do not let the enemy twist this into some trite pat on the back, because that is not what I'm about to say-- receive this as a source of strength and revival:

***God is with you in the midst.***

He is in, around, at the center of,  
and above what you are enduring,  
all the while embracing you with His loving arms.

**This is not the end of your story.**

Eternity awaits, and it is closer today than ever before.

**And when it's time, if you are in Christ and He is in you,  
He will safely carry you home.**

Amen.

Finally, ***Jesus may resurrect your dead dream.*** If He does, I can report from personal testimony, it will be better than what you first envisioned.

On the other hand, more often than not, ***God may not bring that dead dream back to life.*** It's gone, and there's no undoing that.



Is it okay then to consider your **dead dreams**  
**like the leaves in Autumn?**

They have fallen, they are no more,  
but they are now poised to be used for glory  
in the cycle of your life:  
to **clear out** some waste,  
to **uproot** some weeds,  
to **plant new life**,  
to **"garden** your soul,"  
to **fuel** what is next, and  
to supply a sort of spiritual and emotional **nutrition**  
for your upcoming season.

*"He has made everything beautiful in its time. Also He has put  
eternity in their hearts, except that no one can find out the work that  
God does from beginning to end."*

*Ecclesiastes 3:11*

Let us leave space for the mysteries of God,  
while surrendering our **dead dreams** to be used by Him  
to **make something new and beautiful--**  
**as beautiful as the leaves of Autumn**  
**that soothe the soul and**  
**leave us in awe of our Creator.**

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*Don't miss **THREE** more encouragements Below!*

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**My husband recently shared a message on the difference between  
disappointment and discouragement.**  
**It was incredible. Listen below, then scroll down further for even more  
encouragement...**

Listen [HERE](#) to "Disappointment v. Discouragement"

**Read "Sanctuary Fall," a one-page short story about the first time I was impacted by the profound picture of "death to life" while watching leaves fall. It was written in 2004 through many tears and sorrows. May it bless you.**

**Click/Tap [HERE](#) to download "Sanctuary Fall"**

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