

# *Where Dreams are Born*

A Mind Release  
by Lisa Hering  
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Music by Timeless Tuscany (use  
repeating loop)

[https://tuscany.dreamlovepaint.com/  
class/week-one/](https://tuscany.dreamlovepaint.com/class/week-one/)



I find myself in an immense old fashioned greenhouse and aviary of the Victorian era. It sits on the grounds of a vast park of acre upon acre. I look up and there are glass panels all around me, plants growing tall, and birds, birds everywhere. It's warm in here. The sun shines in with golden rays touching the vibrant life in this space. Birds of every color, red, yellow, blue, brown, small finches, larger cardinals and bluebirds, speak to one another constantly. The red one is calling to her mate, Jimmy Jimmy Jimmy, where were you last night? The boys are flying in search of something, perhaps the right spot, the right dinner, or the right mate. They all know one another. Life in here is good.

I sit on a concrete bench and see a yellow finch hop to the edge of a small pond. He is in search of a little relaxation, as am I. A small book rests on my lap, and I'm sipping a cup of tea in an antique tea cup of red transferware. The bird looks at me with his head cocked in a peculiar manner. He is studying me, and I am studying him. We are as yet

strangers, unacquainted, and we are observers. I do not move, and eventually he goes back to his washing, covering his back with water and shaking it off. His head dives into the shallow, clear water and the warm drops make a trajectory over his head and down his back. He looks at me again. I am still while he is near.

He jets off into the upper atmosphere of the room and I take in a deep breath and relax. I pick up my china cup and take a sip. It's Earl Gray. I set it beside me on the bench. My legs are crossed and I watch my feet as I tap them gently, a simple swinging, a heart beat, the rhythm of living things. I am wearing flip flops and my toe nails are painted red. They complement the red buds forming in the vegetation. A butterfly crosses my path and checks out my toes, thinking they are flowers, although the scent, I'm sure, is not the same. The butterfly is an iridescent violet and French ultramarine blue. He is such a socialite, flittering from one thing to the next. Soon, he, too, leaves, and meanders to a more distant destination. All is calm and all is quiet.

I am waiting. This is where I have come to find peace. I pick up my book and open it to the first page. It is the fly page. It is blank. This is the page where you must choose to head on into the book, or diverge and fly away, somewhere on your own, in a completely different path from the one the book has laid out for you. This is a choice every book gives you, but few people know it. Most are unsure as to why there is a fly page. But it is the most magical page of the book. It gives you the opportunity to go into a story and be the story, like Peter Pan, who says,

*“Come with me where dreams are born and time is never planned.”*

I stare at the fly page and become lost in deep thought.

Where am I going? I have not consciously made a decision to fly away. Yet my mind is wandering. The plants in my vision become fuzzy and blurred. I find myself at rest and

in peace. The birds continue their conversations and bird-like affairs. But I am somewhere else. This is exactly what I have come here for, to get away, to still my heart and mind. Yes, I am going away, sailing on the song of a bird.

The warmth of the air within the structure comforts me. I feel safe and protected, as though I am in a womb. I can shut my eyes and all is black. The humid air keeps my skin moist. The birds singing are noises I hear from inside. I can toss and turn and listen. I feel something touch me and I kick. Oh, it's only a leaf falling. I feel pressure on my foot, and one of the birds calls out, "I felt it kick!" The pressure stops, and then another pressure is placed on my foot. What is this pressure? It's uncomfortable after a while, and so I kick again to move it. Immediately I hear some soft laughter from a deeper voiced bird. "Yes! I felt it, too!" says the other.

The yellow bird is back at the edge of the pond. He cocks his head towards me again, but this time he is comfortable with me. He sings to me, and motions with his head to come join him. Does he think I am a bird? Why, birds don't talk directly to people. But I know that is what he wants. I don't move. He motions me again as he stares directly at me. I hesitantly rise from my bench. He's OK with that. I take one step towards him. He takes two tiny jumps back to make room for me. I take another step, and another until I reach the pond. He jumps in. It's nice and warm. Not too hot, not too cold, but just right, according to the Goldilocks effect. I slide out of my flip flops and look around. There is no one here but me and the birds. I think it would be OK to slip out of my clothing and immerse myself for a little well deserved rest.

I watch my feet as the Hawaiian colored fabric falls to my feet. I can see my shadow on the greenhouse wall as I touch the water with my fingers. I wade into the pond. There is a slow current, and I can hear the water below falling as it streams into another pond

further down. Between here and there, the water way is narrow and the banks are lined with ample bushes. As I walk in the pond, it grows deeper until the point that I can begin to float. It's refreshing and clear, and I decide to dive underwater. I can see all around me. Rocks and stones line the bottom, and fern and willow trees follow the banks above, dipping into the life giving fluid. I see the yellow bird again on the edge of the pond above the water line. His form is wavy, an optical illusion, and he seems much bigger now. Is that also an illusion? How is that so? Perhaps it is I who has become small.

I am underwater now. I can breath underwater even though I am not a fish. I can swim like a fish, and I begin to play. The water is just deep enough to reach out and investigate. I decide to check out the rocks and collect a few that are interesting. As I toss and turn, I hear some faint words of exclamation and quiet laughter. "There it is again," I hear, in a far off echo-y, dreamy sort of voice, followed by the voices of song birds. It is an odd place, this womb-like environment. But it is highly pleasant. It seems I have no hunger, no chills, no rain to hide from, no enemies or persons of ill repute. It is simply me and the muffled noises of the birds. It is a rain forest, colorful, vibrant, life sustaining, and safe. I have everything I need.

I have been here several hours, and the daylight grows dim. The night commeth. I look up through the glass panels which form a dome in the roof. Bright stars appear like magic. I watch as each new one comes into view. I see the Big Dipper, the North Star, and Orion's Belt. But I see past all of them. I see into the vast empty space behind them. I see everything. I see not only stars, but solar systems and galaxies. I am speeding along with them as they expand. And as they expand and grow, so do I. We are both reaching out to universes new and different, places so unknown we cannot imagine what will be on the other side. Will the next universe be empty, or will there be fireworks where we meet the next civilization? Will we be welcome, or will we have to fight to stay alive? It's almost sad

to think of leaving this place, so serene and home-like it is. I lay back in the pond and push off from the side into the middle. I will go downstream. The pond funnels into a canal and the water moves more swiftly. I am surprised at the strength of undertow. Cliff appear on both embankments and I find myself in some strong white rapids. The current is taking me with it as it squeezes through rough and turbulent narrows. I'm not able to hold on and soon I am no longer in control of my destination. I am reminded of the Colorado River going through the Grand Canyon, being forced through hard rock and cliff-forming stones of the long forgotten Paleozoic eras. The journey can get quite rough, especially for those who attempt it for the first time. One must judge well their path so as to not get hurt in the rapids, or to get turned upside down or even to get completely overturned and drown. And so am I rushing through just such a turbulent river. My heart beats faster as the excitement and fear of the unknown mounts. I had not suspected such a thing to happen in the soft and comfortable place I had become so accustomed to. It is a wake-up call like none other and a ride that, given the choice, I would have chosen not to take.

The canyon like walls continue to close in and I am slammed through a rocky narrow and bump against the side. It's hurts. I am frightened by this sudden rush. I am afraid. I cry out in my despair and try to cling to anything I can. The night is dark and I can barely see. I squint my eyes, and reach out to steady myself. Ah, a branch of some sort. I grab the branch and hold on to it, tightly, and for dear life. I am in such shock that I begin to cry. I can't help myself. I know it isn't lady like, and I try to stop myself, but I simply can't. I lose the branch and I am at the mercy of the forces deep within the earth. And I cry harder than I have ever cried before, and hopefully more than I will ever cry again. My entire world is upset. My world is being taken away and replaced by another, a different universe. And as I squeeze through the opening, barely able to catch my breath, the

morning day breaks, and the current takes me to still waters and a shore where I find my dress, still crumpled on the sand as I had left it.

I pant heavily like a shipwreck survivor who manages to be carried ashore from the horrid experience of losing one's ship and struggling to survive. It was so peaceful before, I'm unsure as to exactly what has taken place. I collect my clothes and put my brightly colored floral dress over my head and wriggle into it. I pat it down and try to smooth out the wrinkles. My hair is wet and sticks to my head. My skin is white from the ordeal, and I want to bring that rosy color back so I gently slap my cheeks. I take a deep breath and look around. I see a bench and find that both my book and my tea cup are on it. I walk over to it. My book is still open to the fly page. My tea cup still has tea in it. I touch it. It is still warm. I put it up to my lips and take a sip. Ummm, delicious. It tastes like ambrosia with honey nectar straight from the gods. It's wonderful, better than before. It's a new drink. I know I will want this drink often in the future. The birds seem louder than before, and much more talkative. There was an entire row of colorful finches sitting on a branch just above me, watching me, discussing me and my ordeal.

"Look it's a female of the species," says a fluffy one, who spreads her wings open and shakes them out before settling back down.

"What will we call her?" asks a small, thin one next to her, who happens to be wearing a hat made of straw with pieces of rose petals on it.

The blue one said, "I'm partial to the name Bluebonnet."

The red one said, "Rosie!"

Then in rapid succession, I heard from several, "Name her after my cousin, Sunshine!" "How about after my Aunt Thelma?", "My mother's name was Polly, a nice dignified name – she needs a dignified name."

Just then, the most beautiful and colorful parrot flew in and landed at my feet. She was large and her feathers showed that she had been around for a long, long time. The others became very quiet and listened attentively.

“Dreama,” she said, “After my grandmother. We shall call her Dreama.” And no argument was given. Then they flew off from the branch and went to their separate homes.

The sun was now shining in through the glass panels quite nicely and warming up the place tremendously. I was somewhat wrinkled from being in the water so long, and this was helping me to dry out thoroughly. I sat on the bench and picked up my book. Everything seemed alright again. The pace had turned back to a rather normal, slow pace, and I had time to rest and regain my strength. I wondered exactly how I fit into this world. Everyone must make his own path. And no one’s path is without some pain and suffering. And hopefully, none is without a few bright spots. I knew mine would be filled with many bright colors, the colors of the old European master painters, Indian Yellow, Magenta, Ice Blue, Cadmium Lemon, Sap Green, Violet, Caribbean Blue. I already wanted to paint this lovely greenhouse and each of the colorful birds and flowers. I wanted to paint each and every one of my dreams. I felt blessed to be in such a lovely place. There was so much color here, I couldn’t ever possibly run out things to paint. I was excited and eager. Right then I decided I would become an artist and fill my days with color, as colorful as the parrot who gave me her grandmother’s name. I would do justice to the namesake. And I looked at the fly page in my book and decided this time, I would fly away and write my own story.

Thank you and good night.

