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Dreamland

Dreamland...a pleasant, lovely land that exists only in dreams or the imagination

If your reality could be like your dreamland, what would your life be like?

What would you change if it were possible to wave a magic wand over your life and watch the pumpkin and rats turn into a carriage drawn with majestic horses as in the story of Cinderella?

When we are children, it is easy to dream or imagine. We dream of magical places and of ourselves as knights in shining armor and beautiful princesses. We dream of lands where everything is good and lovely. But as we live out our lives here on earth, oftentimes our ability to “dream” dies as we face what is sometimes harsh reality and the disappointments of everyday life. We are slapped on the hands by those who say it is foolish to dream.

Yet I believe we were created to dream. Part of the image of God within us all is the ability to imagine...the desire for things to be “dreamy” comes from God Himself. He is the one who has made us with “forever” in our hearts. He created us as spiritual beings who live in a body and have a soul. Spiritual beings who belong ultimately in another world. A dreamland.

So the longing for dreamland is perhaps a longing for a heavenly existence. In the meantime, we have a dream to live out here on the earth for our lives are not to be lived only with the hope of tomorrow but also with the hope of today. But what if you or I have lost the ability to dream? What if life has hurt us to the point that we no longer desire to dream? What if we don't want to risk any more disappointment so we build walls around our heart to protect us from being hurt and we live in a place where our “dreams” are very safe and achievable and we settle for much less than we were created for?

A sad thought, isn't it? What is it that God dreamed of when He created you?

What was on God's heart when He began to weave you together in your mother's womb?

Since I am an adopted child, I am always drawn to wonder about God's plan for my life. Psalm 139 is a favorite of mine...

You formed my inward parts; You covered me in my mother's womb. I will praise You, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; Marvelous are Your works and that my soul knows very well. My frame was not hidden from You when I was made in secret and skillfully wrought in the lowest parts of the earth. Your eyes saw my substance, being yet unformed and in Your book, they all were written. The days fashioned for me, when as yet there were none of them.

I am so intrigued by God's foreknowledge. I can't answer all the difficult questions about God like “Where was God when ...?” But throughout the years, I have seen Him take the very worst things in my life and make something good. How mysteriously wonderful!

And I find God is patient – unlike me. I had a dream a couple of years ago where I entered a building which appeared to be completed on the outside, but when I entered, it was framed up but not completed. Two-by-fours were everywhere. I went into one of the “rooms” and someone handed me a manuscript that said *The Peace Giver* by Mikki Lawrence. It had been written but had not been published yet. When I awakened, I had a feeling that even though I often taught on the peace of God, I had some more lessons to learn about peace considering that the building was not completed on the inside. I knew the lessons were to address things “inside” me. Then about 18 months ago, I wrote a little booklet about peace – my first writing since high school. Ha! I think God patiently smiled as He mused on how little I really knew about peace and about Him, *The Peace Giver*.

Sometimes those of us in ministry say that you always get tested on what you teach, so I've had a major test on peace. I think I've failed most of it, but the amazing thing is that we can learn so much by failing. Someday, I might write that book on *The Peace Giver* but for now I am still retaking the test.

The deepest longing of my heart – placed there by God Himself- is to stand before Him one day and

know that I became all He dreamed of when He created me. Oh, I know I'll never become perfect on this earth, but He knew that when He made me. But to fulfill His purposes is living in Dreamland. *Marvelous are Your works...*The word "works" speaks of purpose. The purposes of God are like fire in our bones. They drive us to get up off the floor and dream God's dreams again. Truly beauty from ashes –almost as if God dips His finger in the ashes of our lives and uses the ashes to paint something new.

Never stop dreaming God's dreams for His dreams awaken within us hope and purpose and destiny. And if life has left you broken and purposeless, I pray you'll be touched by His love, drenched in His goodness, covered with His beautiful presence in a way that will renew your ability to dream. May the wind of His Spirit blow over the embers of your dead dreams and cause the fire to burn once again.

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Imagination ... *a gift God has given to humans who are created in His image ...the ability to imagine things as they could be*

Dreams...in part for our todays and in entirety for our tomorrows.

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