

# A dream of surrender

by Connie Brisson

I had a dream last night.

I haven't had this type of dream in a long, long time. I was driving down a double highway and there was an accident on the other side of the road. I watched in nervousness, as the police and ambulances roared by me. I was so relieved that the problem was on the other side of the road.

But then, as it is in dreams, the drama and chaos moved quickly to my side of the road and as I was driving up a steep hill with cliffs on both sides, the hill began to crumble.

And then there was that moment... That moment when I thought: "Oh my God, is this it? Am I going to die?"

But I've been in dreams like this before so there was a part of me that was not worried... well, at least, not yet. So I waited for what was to come. Would I somehow land somewhere safe easily or would I continue to fall into an abyss?

It didn't take me long to see that I was falling into the abyss. I was falling carelessly and the further I drifted down, the more I realized that I was about to die.

And then, I began to pray.

I prayed that God would take me. I prayed that I would not be scared, but be brave. And then I prayed I would do something that I'm just not very good at doing – that I would just surrender to what was happening with grace. I asked that I would not fight what was happening to me, to my certain death. I asked God to just let me go to Him and just let whatever be, be...

But, before I hit the bottom or was lifted into the heavens, I thankfully awoke in my bed, panting for breath, tears streaming from my eyes... thanking God that it was only a dream.

Dreams like that really mess with me. But now that I'm wiser (and have learned that we all don't have the same kinds of repetitive, traumatic dreams), I realized that this dream's symbolism meant something more than I ever realized before (when I've had similar dreams).

You see, because yesterday something else quite momentous happened to me too. No big dramatic accident on a highway, but instead something (a big AHA) that happened inside of me.

For the last few years my family and I have gone through some challenging times with other family members. I know that's a familiar story for many people. But I believe there is a greater reason for it. I think there are deep lessons involved that we all agreed to learn this lifetime in order to deal with (balance) karma from past lives.

I also confess that I'm the queen of trying to "fix" things. I try to fix everything and while it's one of my strengths, it's also one of my weaknesses. So, following an act of kindness from one estranged family member (shortly after a kindness from us), I tried to reach out, again, to fix things. But later that night, after many very difficult dreams, I awoke to the firm realization that THIS wasn't for me to "fix."

Instead, I gravely decided to do something I've never done before. I decided to not fix anything, but to purposely let things either evolve naturally into peace (for our collective, greater good) or not (then I let the other family member involved know that). And that night is when I had my huge dream of surrendering to death.

Something that I wonder about (because I realize that we all choose our own lessons) is *how* we learn

those lessons. No one can make us learn a lesson. A lesson is an organic thing. While we can't foretell how it will manifest in someone's life, family patterns are a great predictor. I think we pick our family lineage so it gives us the predisposition to all the beliefs/fears/weaknesses we need in order to learn our very precise lesson.

When I decided to let life/fate/karma take its ultimate course with our estranged family members and let our lives and journeys unfold the way they are meant to, it was honestly a "death" to me – a surrendering to God, to fate, to an outcome bigger than me.

I'm not good at surrender, at not fighting/striving for something. From the time I was little, I've always felt I had to struggle and fight for anything I wanted. So, surrender to me (before all this spirit/mind/bodywork) was equal to failure.

But what if the only way we can truly fail in life, is to fail spiritually – to not be able to surrender/learn our lessons? What if we don't learn what we are supposed to this life? Then that is the biggest failure of all.

I had a big dream where I surrendered to death. But in reality I just surrendered to God - to allowing my life to flow in the manner it was meant to. I let go and let God... a very big lesson for me.



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