

Well what of my dreams of all these magnificent things,

Are they worth anything more than the peace that Christ brings?

Dreams are like imagining something more beautiful than heaven,

They're like salmon or ham sandwiches not tuna fish or Devon.

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I think dreams are the possibility of getting what you'd like,

When you dare to believe that you can make them real life;

Dreaming is for people who find things beautiful to behold,

They are like flying over rainbows to places far told.

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What are dreams made of are they true to the heart,

Or fill our mind with illusions from people who are smart;

The one thing that's certain is that they're centred on love,

Not based on myth but come from God on high above.

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It's a wonderful thought that the chance is happening of this,

Like some magic that echoes around a world full of bliss;

Do dreams come and go or just pass in the night,

Are some like nightmares that just fill us with fright?

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They give us ideas of what we might do,

And some will cause trouble and some will come true;

Dreams are like visions just waiting to be seen,

Others are pictures on the wide open screen.

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I suppose that its wise when we go to sleep we'll invest,

In the thought that our dreams we will love not detest;

So now is the time for our dreams to come true,

And fill us with plenty of all that we knew.

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So for now orhofwah, sirinara and goodbye to the rest.

I'm now going to put all my dreams to the test;

I know that they were good ones but that's not the point,

For without lots of prayer they all will disjoint.

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**Signed,**

**Dare to dream.**