

The Story of the Sea Lion and The DREAM GIVER based on the book “**The Dream Giver**” by Bruce Wilkinson

Everybody has a dream for their life. You may not have discovered it yet, but it is there in the corner of your heart waiting to be discovered. It was placed there before you were born by..... The Dream Giver’.

PART 4

The Wasteland.

After crossing the river he found a cosy spot in some tall dry grass where he settled down for the night. He was hungry after all that rowing so he made for himself a meal of sardines and biscuits. Before going to sleep he recorded in his diary all that had happened using the feather as the quill for the ink.

The next morning Ordinary woke fully refreshed and eager to find the ‘Land of Promise.’ He flopped along humming his tune and after an hour came to where the grassland finished. In front of him was ‘The Wasteland.’ All he could see were sand dunes and a couple of scraggy trees. His heart sank. He thought “ How could a wonderful dream live here?” By lunchtime the sun had reached its peak. He was hot and his flippers were burning from the hot sand. He sat on his suitcase, had a drink of water and a couple of bickies. Every time he thought of his dream it gave him the courage and energy to keep going. Days of hot sun, wind and sand in his eyes began to take their toll on Ordinary. He flopped to the ground one evening totally exhausted. He had cried out to the Dream Giver for help but none had come. The next morning at breakfast, when he opened his suitcase, he found he had run out of food and water. Leaving his suitcase behind, he stumbled on hour after hour until evening. Sitting down next to a dead tree he recognised the mark he had left on it many days before. He had been going in circles. That night, he slept the sleep of a dreamless Dreamer.

When he awoke, above him in the branch of the tree was a very pretty white bird. “Who are you?” Ordinary asked. “*I am Faith.*” she said. Her voice was so beautiful it seemed to fill the whole air around him giving him courage again. She continued, “ *The Dream Giver sent me to show you the way. Over the next hill you will find food and water.*” And with that she flew off. “Stop.” cried Ordinary, but she was gone over the next sand dune. He did as she had said, and over the hill he came across a little pool of water and a tree which had very tasty berries on it. He ate and drank. He had made a knapsack for his diary, ink, white feather along with his empty water bottle. After filling his bottle and picking some berries he continued on following the direct Faith had taken. Any time he came to a tree he climbed it to see where Faith had gone. He was surprised to always be able to see her in the distance. The weather begun to change for the better. It was cooler and cloudy, allowing him to make good progress over the next few days. One lunchtime when he was resting, eating some of the delicious berries and drinking the cool water Faith had provided, he began to see the Wasteland in a whole new way. He thought ‘Food enough for the day, water when he needed a drink, a path to follow that led to Faith. How could I have been so blind? Even when the Dream Giver had been nowhere in sight, he had always been near!’

He had marked in the sand the direction Faith had taken and began to follow it faithfully. It was then he came across some stragglers. They were Dreamers returning to ‘Familiar.’ They told him a very sad story. They had crossed the ‘Wasteland’ and nearly reached the ‘Land of Promise.’ But then they encountered ‘Giants’ so large and overwhelming that they had felt as small as grasshoppers. Ordinary discerned these Dreamers had stopped trusting the Dream Giver and were now traveling in the opposite direction to Faith. They had become Nobodies again, instead of Somebodies. They strongly warned him of what lay ahead and to turn back

with them. Ordinary wished them safe travel but said “I will be going on.” It was the next day that he understood his journey through the Wasteland had not been a ‘Waste’ after all. This made him smile which of course made his whiskers twitch. He had now reached the far side of the Wasteland. That night as had become a habit for him he recorded in his diary all about the Wasteland and what the Dream Giver had done for him. As he slept, he dreamed the Dream Giver was standing next to him. “*Well done, Extra-Ordinary!*” the Dream Giver said, “*Welcome to my Sanctuary.*”

(The original story has been adapted and content added.)

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