

**“Get off the Bus” Recurrent Dream Series**

**Series:**

**Dream #1:**

**Tipsy Apartment**

**dreamers apartment tips over**

**hits at home  
disbelief**

I dreamed I was in the dining room. I think my mom was over helping put the kids down for a nap. She was holding my toddler. My baby was in the crib in my 2yr olds room (but it was her room in the dream) I felt disoriented - The apartment began to sway dangerously. I was in a little bit of disbelief - "is this really what I think it is? It seems impossible!" The apartment began to tip over - and I was afraid it would keep turning on end again after that. I could keep my footing, but my baby as in a car seat in the crib, and I was afraid she would get thrown around and traumatized. I was worried for her neck. I began to yell at the top of my lungs: "JESUS! PROTECT MY BABIES!" over and over.

**cries out for babies**

**Dream #2:**

**The whole thing comes down. later.**

**old man's shack--place where people want to visit/ dairy-  
community focal point-- no longer produces milk**

I dreamed I was walking on a small dirt path outside a large city.. It led past a large wooden shack. My husband was with me, and he wanted to stop and talk to the owner of the shack, who was sitting on his front stoop, next to a dilapidated upright piano. I didn't trust the man but I knew he was some kind of community staple - everyone knew him and they kind of liked the fact that he existed even though he was a loser and possibly a bad influence. People often went to visit there, like you might a hotdog stand that was ugly but good. However, there was nothing positive about the whole thing. His shack was an eyesore and filthy, but no one minded.

**bad things happening at  
shack-- spiritual  
intoxication- but not of  
God,**

**legalism**

He was old and wore overalls. My husband kept trying to dialogue with the man, but I wanted to leave. However the man ignored my husband and addressed me. "Do you like alcohol?" I said I didn't mind it, and like a glass of wine now and then with my husband. Now my husband was sitting on the piano bench. I tried to join him, and rocked the bench. He got upset. The old man continued: "No, I mean, do you like ALCOHOL? Like LIQUOR? I mean the HARD STUFF" I said I had nothing against the actual drinks, but that some people's use of it was distasteful. It was like he wanted me to say that the alcohol was bad (so he could turn it against me) but I wouldn't, and he continued to harp on it, so I ignored him and turned to my husband to tell him we should leave. I wanted to move on.

**spiritual abuse,  
exploitation**

Just as I opened my mouth to speak, I saw my husband heading off with a large spade. "I'm going to the bathroom," he said. I tried to get his attention, but he was already off to use the old man's disgusting outhouse, where you had to dig your own hole.