

While I waited for him, I saw people coming and going from the old man's house. They would walk from their city, which was in the distance, to the shack. I saw an upstanding man and his wife, in their fifties, coming. I saw a man leave with his two daughters. He had been there all day, and let his kids wander around in the filth while he drank beer and played video games. I wondered if his wife knew he was there -- she was at choir practice. He was hurrying to get home before she came back, and the kids were in their pjs. I was struck by the fact that there was probably child molestation in the upper rooms of the house, and the man didn't even know or care because he was so absorbed in sitting around at the old man's shack.

Then the dream shifted. I was in a wide hallway outside the Onething conference in Kansas City. I was peering in. Billy Humphrey, (my old intern director) was giving some kind of speech. Then there was some younger guy onstage, and it was like facebook meets American idol. Everyone was watching him sing/talk, and then all the girls were going "Oh! Will you friend me?!" "Oh! Me too!" I was irritated at how stupid it all was. At the front end of the hall there was a huge window.

Suddenly the building started to sway. It seemed familiar, and I remembered my dream. I yelled "Jesus! No! Not this building too!" We scrambled to keep our footing. I yelled "Everyone, move to this end to counter balance the building!" We all did, but went too far in that direction - overcompensating, so we had to quick try and go to the other side to offset it. Amazingly, the building righted itself and stood still.

community calling out

Then I heard in the distance the sound of a hundred large semi-ornamental wooden spindles tumbling against each other. I looked out the large window and saw a wave of these spindles (about 7 or 8 feet tall each?) come tumbling into the field in front of the building we were in, and begin to pile up. Every person in the building cried out in unison, "IT'S GARY, IT'S THE DAIRY!" over and over. My family had owned a dairy in Gary Indiana at one point, and it had gone under and the building was decaying. In the dream though, it was like it was kind of still running, and was a focal point in the community in a sort of sentimental way. though it didn't really add anything of value - I don't think it produced milk. The pile of huge wooden spindles had been the supports to the wraparound building on the porch.

We all ran outside, and it was twilight. The pile of spindles was higher than I was tall. I knew the building was going to come down soon. Everyone came out from Onething and the city to start cleaning up. Now it was midmorning. I realized that the "dairy" was the same as the old man's shack, I was just seeing it from the opposite side. (A note - the Onething building was the same building that the lady had choir practice in)

shack and dairy are the same, just different perspective