

FLAMES and *Dreams*

This past Saturday was a cold day, temperatures hovering in the 40s, with a steady rain falling. After breakfast, Lola and I decided it was a fireplace kind of morning, and so the flames began to dance in the logs and their beams frolicked on the hearth.

The light show in front of me was mesmerizing. It carried me back many years to a country home outside of Cookeville, Tenn., where I sat taking in a similar spectacle with my grandfather, the man for whom I am named. He held me on his lap, talking to me and my father, while my mother and grandmother were in the kitchen preparing supper.

His words fell softly on my ears, but my attention was on what was transpiring before me.

The fire crackles as it licks at logs stacked in the fireplace. The pungent smell of burning wood fills the room, and brings a sensation of warmth all its own.



Light flickers against the brick walls that encase the andiron and wood and ashes, forming a showplace of intrigue and special fascination.

The hearth offers a welcome bench, where the chill of the winter's night is erased from a back and shoulders.

Dreams are like the flames – perhaps that is why the dreamer is so attracted to the fire and its magic.

Dreams flash for an instant. They may dance and weave in the mind. They begin slowly, and then build in intensity and scope.

Dreams may fade, and they can be revived. They can be studied, or even fanned.

No limit is placed; they may reach higher and higher toward the stars.

But fire, when it is done, leaves a residue – some action or process to be done. Do dreams?

That depends on the dreamer.

– Beecher Hunter