

Believing in something is what just might well be,

Beautiful dreams of love between you and me;

Seeing if love will grow in the waves between the tides,

Walking along the beach on the sands of endless times.

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Beautiful dreams of knowing just what must come true,

Driving down the highway in heaven me and you;

Arriving where you're going and to what it's really like,

Getting there at midnight under stars so full of life.

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Beautiful dreams of endless skies of sun or sea and surf,

At a carnival of racing where there's money, track and turf;

Can you see or try and imagine yourself really being there,

Just a little bit more on earth with which you can compare.

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Beautiful dreams like magic, the passion of true love,

Meaningful and with purpose, that come from God above;

You can't think or seem to talk about what is really there,

Though you know that in your heart it's life beyond all air.

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Beautiful dreams are like floating down a river with no care,

Coming true in every way when asking Christ in prayer;

Well you know that when in heaven everything is paradise,

Why do you keep on trying when tears flow down your face?

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Beautiful dreams can be life that is possible in every way,

So you know which way you're going in each and every day;

Now sleepily in weariness I pass this thought onto you,

So you would find the truth and all your dreams come true.

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**Signed,**

**An answer to prayer.**