

# Her Dream

Her Dream began with winter darkness. Out of this darkness came a great hand - fisted. It was a man's hand, powerful and hallowed by shadows in the wells between bones and tendons.

The fist opened, and in the long plain of the palm lay three small pieces of coal.

Slowly the hand closed, causing within the fist a great pressure.

The pressure began to generate a white heat, and still it increased.

There was a sense of weighing, crushing time. She seemed to feel the suffering of the coal with her own body - almost beyond the point of being borne.

At last she cried out to the hand, "Stop it! Will you never end it! Even a stone cannot bear to this limit...even a stone."

After what seemed like too long a time for anything molecular to endure, the torments in the fist relaxed.

The fist turned slowly, and very slowly opened.

Diamonds, three of them.

Three clear and brilliant diamonds, shot with light, lay in the good palm. A deep voice called to her, "Deborah!" And then gently, "Deborah, this will be you.

- *from the journal of Diana Jean Huisken, 1975*  
*original source unknown*