

Sometimes dreams came as warnings.

*We ran.*

*The sound of footsteps not far. I grabbed my sister's hand and led her down a dark path surrounded by willow trees, with only the light of the moon illumined our path and the leaves crunching under our feet. The clearing was not far, and we carried on.*

*Their voices faded, and we arrived. As I pushed the leaves of the willow trees aside, I lost my breath at the glorious city, much like the description of heaven. As I admired this city and contemplated whether to go on or not, my ears picked up the sound of footsteps again.*

*"Get them! They can't enter Yaphel!" Someone yelled. "Lilia's children, surrender now and all will be well with you!" Their voices grew louder.*

*"They're children of a lawbreaker!"*

*"Serene, they're coming!" Faith yelled, and my heart thrashing in my ears*

*"Good Morning! It's a beautiful day here in Oregon City! Let's start the six o'clock hour with Speak Life by TobyMac!" My clock radio woke me from my sleep.*

My chest fluttered, as it was another day to learn from my teachers and meet my friends. I turned off the radio and grabbed my robe before I headed for the shower.

As I showered, I reflected the nightmare turned dream. It was a nightmare because people chased us but dream because of the golden city at the end. *Who were those people who chased us? Was that the New Jerusalem? My heart skipped a beat. Do sixteen-year-olds dream like that?*

The chasing in my dream was much like my life. Did we move because someone chased us? If so, why? When my sister had nightmares, we relocated—not right away, but it happened three times in the last ten years. We lived like nomads, and we were far from normal. As a teen who had only known Jesus for three years, I had prayed it would stop, but we moved on. Didn't God answer prayers anymore?

"God, are we moving again?" Why I asked, I don't know. I couldn't help but sense it would happen.