

# The Meaning of a Dream

## The Victorious Little Puppy Dog

This is how I analyze a dream to figure out what it means. I don't interpret them like Joseph or Daniel. God has not given me that ability. Nor have I, or anyone I know of had a dream of significance to the Kingdom of God that would qualify as a "revelation." I didn't claim to, but I was accused of that, and harassed by a well-meaning spokesman of the Lord our God. I majored in Psychology, and I studied dreams for a time. I love to study the human mind. It's fascinating!

To analyze a dream, first look at the characters, humans, animals, "human animals." Then take note of the setting, and the items that make up the dream and see how they relate or compare to things in your life.

1. **In this dream there was a man draped over the armrest of his couch trying to relax his weary body.** When I arrived home that Sunday after Church, (the day of the dream) I crashed on the couch and slept for 3 hours to relax away pain. I had just done a presentation of The Sermon on the Mount, Mt. 5,6,7, for Mike Bell's Sunday school class. I had awakened with a headache that morning, which grew in intensity as the morning progressed. I took a muscle relaxer, and I was shaky and out of balance from the medicine. I didn't feel like I could even get my memory to function for that presentation, but God helped me, and it worked. Mike Bell was praying for me and so was Andrea Safron, and Tom Poynter, because I had told them about my condition.
2. **In the dream the man's cute little puppy dog was making a ruckus all around him.** As I slept on the couch, my little kitty cat, Tiger Lily, laid on my chest. She was cleaning herself with her tongue, which she views as her total purpose in life. She was climbing on and off, repositioning herself constantly, hanging her favorite string around my nose, and had no concern for how her behavior would interfere with my nap. She loves me dearly and does a fine job of running the household when I'm "out of it" like I was that day. When she needs to wake me she kisses my nose until my eyes open (Could she possibly know that's how I awakened my wife every morning?)
3. **In the dream there was a big Cobra snake trying its best to get a shot at the man's throat.** Constantly in our conscious reality, that snake, Satan, is trying his best to get a shot at the jugular vein and cut us off from the living. That's what was happening to me that day, and had been all the previous week. I was perishing for lack of funds because of too many unexpected expenses at once, my daughter's divorce, brakes on the Suburban, a new motor in the massage chair, and others. And then there were property taxes, automobile inspections, license plates, doctor bills, home insurance, and others that come quite regularly.

I was scraping the bottom that week to put enough money in the bank to cover the house payment. I had been working away from the shop and had the extra expense of more miles to travel, and I was purchasing things for the job. I tried to turn-in those expenses for reimbursement, but I was told to wait until the end of the job, which is still weeks ahead. I was down to \$1.56 in the bank, and my daughter called and wanted that.

Some months ago I had increased my tithing to 10% of the gross rather than the net income, and I did not skip even one payment for God. So I stood defying Him to make it work because I was faithful in my giving. You know what? It worked! But I still wasn't satisfied. I complained to God about the struggle, about the pains of life, about the self-denial, about everything. I even told a friend, "I'm going to quit tithing; and I don't care if I ever do a Scripture presentation or a historical presentation again. God let's us struggle and He doesn't care how hard life gets."

That Sunday morning God dealt with my grumbling. He mellowed out my poison attitude till nothing was left but the headache. He said, "Are you going to teach me a lesson by withholding from me what is mine already? Are you going to develop a faith as strong as gravity under your own terms? When you got up this morning did you remain on the floor or

shoot up to the ceiling? Have you had to put bubble gum on the bottom of your shoes lately to stay on the ground in any situation? Didn't you make the house payment on time? Did you have any lack or need of anything all week?" And more... I didn't even ask Him how I was going to do that presentation with a headache. I just knew His help would be there. So with others praying, I kept silent about the way I felt. I just opened my mouth and spoke the Words of Jesus.

4. **In the dream the little dog protected the man from the snake, covering the snake's head with her own throat.** While I was driving to work that morning, I was thinking (with eyes watering) about how the little dog had been so brave, and so dedicated to her owner's well being, and God said, "I did that for you. When Satan tried to keep you from speaking the Words of Jesus, I covered you to protect you. Many times when you would have been thrown to the devourer because of sin, I covered you. When Jesus hung on that cross, He placed His body over the snake's head and warded off the strike. All week when you were struggling, Satan would have put an end to you, but I covered you." As His words broke forth the dawn in my mind, tears poured from my eyes. I said, "You did that? You covered me! I know, I love you, thank you, my voice was soft and the words faded under the shower of feeling." (Just now as I typed these words, my tears poured again.) Isn't God great!
5. **In the dream two punctures in the snake's head put it out of commission.** In Genesis three God said to the snake, "He shall bruise you on the head, and you shall bruise him on the heel." That too was brought to my mind that morning.
6. **In the dream God allowed the dog to talk and answer the man's questions.** I was severely criticized for making that statement in writing about the dream. I don't make dreams. I don't control things like that. All good things come from God. This dream was good, very beneficial to me and to all who hear of it. Therefore it came from God.

In writing a book the author has the power to think for his characters, or to know what they are thinking. I learned the term for that, but I can't think of it right now. In a dream sometimes the dreamer just knows things. He has the power to know the thinking and many details about each character that are not specifically revealed in the drama of the dream. And in that drama I just knew that God was making the dog speak.

The man had just jumped to his feet, suddenly aware of what was going on. Realization broke like a dawning in his mind. He looked at the snake lying limp and dead. He saw the two holes in its head. He looked at his precious little pet standing victoriously over the dead snake. And he said, "**You did that?**" The very words that burst from my lips when God spoke to me as I pondered what the little dog had done. With his mind in a state of awe and astonishment, questions were entering his thoughts faster that he could formulate them with words. He asked, "**How? Why?**" Meaning how were you able to do that? How were you able to defeat such a powerful being? Why would you put yourself against such odds for me? Why did you not have more concern for your own safety? Why did you give up so much, putting yourself at such risk just for me? Tears poured from his eyes and he said, "**I love you! Thank you!**" And when the dog spoke there was nothing questionable at all about how she could speak, or how would she understand, or if he could get an answer for his wondering mind. **The dog rose to a two-legged standing position and said, "I know that you love me. I have been well cared for. You have made me a member of your family and a part of your life. You would never have left me in danger to get yourself to safety. There was never a moment that I experienced any fear or worry in your care. You were in great danger and didn't even know it. Your defenses were down in your weakened condition. Had I left for even a moment, I would have been giving you up to that snake's evil scheming. There was no one to know, no one to see, no one to alter the drama's unfolding. I could not leave you. I could not give you up. And the little dog cried. Tears poured from her eyes as she hugged her life-long friend.**