

“Cookies and Dreams” by David M. Freed

“I will pour out my spirit on all flesh; your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions.” Joel 2:28

“Cookie” was a small oriental woman that always hung around the entrance to the kitchen. She was not allowed to go in, so she would patiently wait there for an employee to come along and refill her cup. Sitting in her wheel chair, she would silently raise her cup and give me a smile, and I would dutifully provide her with more coffee. Beyond this routine I had very little contact with Cookie. For she was rather small, and as one of the few orderlies in this nursing home, I was usually given a unit that required heavy lifting. Then a strange thing happened. I was assigned a unit with all women and very little lifting. No explanation was given for the change and I did not bother to ask. But now I had quite a bit of contact with Cookie, but none of it pleasant. She was dying of leukemia and was suffering from the last stages. I never understood what “clammy” skin meant until I took care of her. The only way I knew she was still alive was the slight movement of her lips from her breathing. No pulse could be found and her entire body was limp and cold. I dreaded going into her room, knowing that if I found her dead during my shift, I would have to clean the body for the mortician. After a week of this I finally had a day-off. But that night I had a dream. I found myself in a patient’s room with the bed curtain drawn. I could not see who was behind the curtain, but I saw a hand rise up around the corner. Somehow I knew it was beckoning for someone to take it and that it was Cookies’ hand. Then the hand dropped and I woke up with a start. And strange as it may sound, I knew that Cookie had died. The following morning I went to pick up my pay check, and sure enough, she had died that night. The next time I came to work I was assigned the previous unit with all the heavy lifting. Never again was I given the unit where Cookie lived her last days on earth. Sometime later God gave me the interpretation for the dream. Cookie was the world, and like my time with her, it too was dying. The outstretched hand was the world crying out for help, though unaware of its own cries, and soon enough the hand would drop. There was only so much time to respond before the throes of death would pervade the earth.

“He said to them, ‘The harvest is plentiful, but the laborers are few; therefore ask the Lord of the harvest to send out laborers into his harvest.’” Luke 10:2

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