

Goals and Dreams

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(printed in the Christian Quarterly Spring Edition, May – June)

Do I have goals and dreams for my life? Dreams and goals are two different things. Goals are something I can realistically work towards. Dreams are what I would like to have happen, but may or may not happen. Sometimes dreams and goals don't meet on the same path. Goals change. Dreams change.

My goal is to be in the center of God's will; to become like Christ as much as is possible during my lifetime; to be content, in abasement or abundance, prosperity or poverty, storms or calm weather, persecution or peace. I want to be "always in heaven" even if my circumstances are in the "midst of hell". I want to have peace passing all understanding, joy overflowing in the midst of chaos, destruction, loss, grief and death. This is my goal permeating everything. I fail too many times, but keep "pressing on toward the mark..." eradicating sin in my life and preparing for heaven, so my crown may be worthy to lay at His throne. I want to hear, "well done thou good and faithful servant, enter ye into the joy of the Lord." I want to know the Kingdom of God in my heart, here on earth as in heaven. I want to be set free from sin now and not on my death bed. I want to know the depths of God's love, grace, mercy so when people see me, they see Christ himself. I have a very long way to go.

This goal can be reached in simple things... getting up every day, making my bed, take care of my animals, my home, my chores; meeting with God before I start my day, throughout the day, calling on Him every step of the way, closing the day, with God, confessing my sins, asking for His grace to start again every day. It is through the mundane everyday tasks, through obedience to God's will already known in His scriptures, to purge the "leaven" out of my life; to be vigilant over my thoughts, my words, my actions, my appetites (whatever those appetites may be), so I might not be a "slave" to anyone or anything but Christ.

Six years ago, becoming disabled, unable to work and feeling extreme loss was a severe blow. I mourned and cried out to God the night before I put my dog down, "God, you have taken my brother, my mother, my grandmother, my job, my ministry, my car, my finances, my health... must you take my dog also?" I will never forget that night as I felt helpless, broken, stripped and empty. It was the turning point in my life. I grieved all the losses and began to heal. I saw a need to change in my personality and life. I was a purpose driven, goal driven person. My life had meaning if I had a goal, if I had a purpose, something of worth or meaning. Now my life had no goals, no purpose, no meaning. Wasn't I supposed to be "fulfilling the great commission"? All those years of "preaching" about the "sanctity of human life" - we have worth even as a quadriplegic, an

elderly person, in a nursing home, as an unborn, took a whole different meaning when it came to me. I had no energy, no health, unable to do anything. I was brought very low, physically, emotionally, mentally, spiritually. I questioned my value, my worth, the purpose of my life. I had heard, "The whole purpose of man is to worship God and enjoy Him forever". But what did this truly mean?

For now my health is improving... what does the future hold... I am not sure, my doctors are not sure. I'm taking it one day at a time. I sent out letters to various groups to pursue being a speaker, worship leader or business consultant; except for a few responses the doors closed for now. I threw my "talents" out and asked God what did He want me to do? I'm a web designer, I help small businesses. I'm also a dog trainer. I've seen God's hand pointing in this direction for this "season". I enjoy what I do, I'm helping others, and I'm "planting seeds" for God in the people I meet. Is this the plan for the rest of my life? I have no idea... it is where God has me in this season of my life.

I still have dreams... of being an author, a speaker, a worship leader; someone who would inspire others to follow Jesus and draw closer to Him; someone challenging people to live pure and give their lives to something worth living and dying for. I think of worship songs that should be sung to draw people into deeper fellowship with God. I think of traveling and being part of reconciliation, healing and revival in other lands. How, when, where, if? Only God knows.

I am reaching my ultimate goal. I can look around me and instead of looking at the past, the deaths and losses, I can be so very thankful. I have a nice home, wonderful friends and pets. I still have family full of love. I have found my relationship with God deepened far more than I could imagine. I've found once again my worth is based on "whose" I am, a child of God, created in His image, being transformed into His likeness. Along the way, my dreams may fit, they may not, my heart is at peace. I am blessed.

We all need to hear God's heart and know we are loved and accepted. We must humbly come before God and surrender all our goals, dreams, and all our lives. God is our purpose, our goal and the answer to all our dreams.

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