

Shazam Dreams —

Waking Up to the Messages in the Dark

Introduction: *A Voice in the Dark*

I didn't set out to become a dream teacher.
I didn't plan to fall in love with the invisible, the symbolic, or the messages that arrive while the rest of the world sleeps.

I was simply trying to survive. Trying to hold the pieces of myself together during years where I felt splintered into a million pieces—
When love felt like fire.
When grief hollowed me out.
When joy came unannounced and left too quickly.

And then one night, a dream cracked something open.
It didn't give me answers.
It gave me a question I couldn't stop asking.
It gave me a thread.

I followed it.

Through marriage and motherhood.
Through loss and near-death.
Through devotion and descent.
Through seasons of silence and moments of awe so vast I could only bow.

That thread became a path.
And the path led to others—people who spoke the language of dreams, symbols, and subtle knowing.
People who remembered what it meant to listen between the lines of waking life.

People like you.

This book is about that thread—and the many forms it took:

A vision. A loss. A knowing. A reunion. A breath.

It's also about you.

Because if you've ever heard a voice in the dark—
If you've ever dreamed something that wouldn't let go—
If you've ever stood at a threshold and wondered whether to leap—

You're already part of this story.

So I invite you—
Not just to read, but to remember.
Not just to listen, but to feel.
Not just to follow *my* thread, but to notice the shimmer of your own.

May it guide you home.

She Spoke in Feathers

The first time she came to me, I didn't know her name.
But I recognized her.

She stood at the edge of a field in a long indigo shawl, her eyes the color of smoke, her hands folded in a way that made me want to kneel. And on her shoulders were feathers—not a costume, not wings, but a quiet truth. Like she had always been part bird, part woman, part memory.

She didn't speak in words. She pointed to the sky.
Then to my chest.
Then she disappeared.

I woke gasping, my heart racing. Not with fear—but with arrival.
As if someone had just introduced me to myself.

Later I would come to believe she was an ancestor.
A dream mother.
A guide.

But that morning, all I knew was this:
She had been waiting.
Not just to visit—but to be heard.

That day, I felt everything differently.
I spoke slower. I looked at the sky longer.
I noticed feathers—everywhere. In the park. On my doorstep. Inside books I hadn't touched in years.
I whispered to myself: *She came.*

I didn't know what that meant.
But I was ready to find out.

That night, I returned to sleep with intention. I called to her in my heart before I closed my eyes.
And she came again.

This time, we were walking side by side in a place that felt both wild and familiar.
Stone beneath our feet. Trees high overhead. A soft wind moved through her shawl, and feathers lifted and turned as if they were alive.

She reached into a small pouch at her side and placed something in my hand:
a seed. Dark, smooth, warm like breath.

Still, she said nothing.

I looked at her, waiting. She nodded once.
And I woke with the seed still in my palm.
Not physically, but in my knowing.

For weeks afterward, I dreamed of seeds.
Of planting things in unlikely places.
Of growing something from nothing.
And always—there were feathers.

Eventually, I came to know her name.

Reflection: Feathered Visitations

*Some dreams are not dreams at all.
They are awakenings.*

*When a presence meets us in the dream space and alters how we walk,
how we breathe, how we see the world—we are not simply being shown
something. We are being claimed by something that already knows us.*

*She didn't speak in words, because she didn't need to.
Her presence was the message.
Her gaze, a mirror.
Her feathers, a doorway.*

*Dreams like these don't arrive to explain.
They arrive to remember us to ourselves.*

✧ *What if the knowing you seek is already inside you—wrapped in the
quiet folds of your own attention?*
✧ *Who or what has pointed you back to your own essence—not to
teach, but to remind?*
✧ *What signs—feathers, stones, scents, dreams—have been left along
your path, waiting patiently to be noticed?*

*Close your eyes.
Listen not just with your ears, but with your whole being.*

*Ask gently:
Who walks beside me in my dreaming?
What truth am I ready to plant now, even if I don't yet know what it will
grow into?*

*You don't have to name it.
You don't have to solve it.
Just carry it like a feather in your chest.
Light. Sacred. Alive.*

An excerpt from “The Family that Raised Me” chapter.....

My biological father would call me on my birthday, and sometimes on Christmas, just to say hello and tell me he loved me. His voice always sounded a little off—strained, weak, slightly eerie. It didn’t match any other voice I knew. Later in life, it made more sense, learning about the medications he was on and the weight of his mental illness.

There wasn’t much talk about my real father. Just that he had “problems.” That he was “sick.”

I learned that meant schizophrenia, hospital stays, and the kind of ache that doesn’t heal in a single generation. I used to wonder what part of him lived in me—if madness skips like stones or burrows like seeds.

I met him for the first time when I was twelve. His parents—my paternal grandparents, whom I also met for the first time—owned a cabin cruiser and took my brother, my father, and me out into the Puget Sound for the afternoon. At one point, he and I went out alone in a dinghy. He offered me a cigarette, jokingly, a casual gesture from a chain smoker. I kept my cool and declined kindly, but when I told my mom what had happened, something in her snapped. I never saw him again after that—until I was twenty-four and made the effort myself to reconnect.

When I found him again, he was living on Broadway in Seattle. People on the street called him “the Mayor of Broadway.” He knew everyone and treated them all with kindness. If he had change in his pocket, and someone needed it, he gave it away without hesitation. He moved slowly, smiled often, laughed easily. The smell of cigarette smoke lingered around him like an aura. His fingers and facial hair were tinged orange from nicotine. His heart, though, was wide open—radiant like the sun. His eyes sparkled with a delight that only someone part-genius, part-lunatic, and wholly untethered from the world’s expectations could possess.