

# Learn The Art Of Liberating Your Dreams From The Ravages Of Time

BY REBECKA EGGERS

*Tick Tock, Tick Tock, Tick Tock*

That is the menacing sound of your belly clock telling you that time is passing you by. It has set itself up as the grand adversary opposing your dream.

With every tick, your once grand vision seems to move farther away. With every tock, another one of the fragile supports holding up your diminishing supply of hope breaks loose. Splish, splash, another gallon of emotional provision has just been lost.

The problem? Pent-up potential.

***Don't you feel it pressing against your ribs, squeezing your heart, compressing your lungs, making your hands tremble with the vibration of something that is trying its best to leap through your fingers and into the world?***

And yet, it cannot move through you. Don't get me wrong. It is yours to deliver.

But the channels are clogged. Cat's got your tongue. The lid's on too tight. Pick your metaphor.

All I know is that every single time you try to make this

thing happen, something stops you dead in your tracks, spins you around like a top, and refocuses your attention on something much more compelling:

Injustice.

Now, of course, I am not saying injustice isn't happening. It absolutely is. You were born into a field of natural adversaries so diverse that it's a miracle you are still here.

And that is the problem!

Injustice is all you know. It is the thick mist on the rambling moors that seem to stretch out endlessly, between your yearning and the rich, fertile deltas – simply awaiting your soul's outpouring somewhere in an alternate reality.

Please understand, I am not making light of this predicament at all. It is gut wrenching to perceive the potential, to feel it welling up inside of you, and then to find yourself lost in the fog, scrambling across a giant, open expanse of infertile lands.

It wouldn't matter how much nourishing soul milk you poured out in this place anyway. You could plant a million seeds and water each one personally every single day. Nothing, and I do mean absolutely nothing will grow in this place.

You know I am right, too, because you have tried growing your dream garden here and failed over and over and over again. If the problem of infertility stalking this land could be solved, you would have solved it. You have spent sleepless night after sleepless night running the numbers, calculating the probabilities, imagining solutions. And ZIP!

***That is why you are dangerously close to***

***handing over your dream to the sullen sound of that infernal tick-tocking clock and simply calling it impossible.***

Hold on! Not so fast there, time warper.

Injustice is such a fancy word. It sounds so sophisticated and it has just a hint of romance to it. It calls up images of the noble underdog, bleeding and exhausted, but still in the fight. It has a seductive kind of ring to it. So let me demystify it with a new, diminutive, two-syllable (instead of three), far more manageable, word adversary:

Trauma.

That's all injustice is. That's also, in very simple terms, what we are all living through at this moment in history.

Those vast, infertile, possibility-gobbling moors are made of trauma too, and trauma is the very thing sucking all the nitrogen out of the soil you could otherwise count on to yield a bumper destiny crop.

I know. For just six little letters, it sure has ballooned into an all-consuming, never relenting reality. Let me put another crack in the spell!

Trauma has its ways, but they are not the only ways.

One of the tricks it plays to stay in power is distraction. Trauma loves to get you into a good fight with the unfairness of it all or lock you into the immediate, desperate fight for survival.

And who could argue? It all feels so real, so ironclad.

Who wouldn't stop everything to try and staunch the bleeding? After all, nobody wants a bleed-out life.

The problem? No matter how many times you bandage the wound and get back up with good intentions to charge ahead, the wound re-emerges, weeping and festering, demanding all your focus again.

That's because the wound is coming from the inside out and I don't care how many bushes you actually snag your leg on, or how many knife fights you stumble upon. The force that pushes you towards injury cannot be addressed as circumstantial only.

Yes. The sharp edges are real, protruding, made to tear open your skin. But you are also wired for the tear. Your inner GPS is set to anguish and so you find it over and over again.

***Another way trauma holds its place is with the voice of procrastination. It sounds convincingly like you: "Whenever I – fill in your own personal, terminally-unique excuse – I will do something about this dream-suffocating cycle of madness."***

No! You have to do it now.

The systems of trauma will never make time for you to break apart the trauma structures, though they might finally break you down so there isn't any other choice. Trust me, that rock bottom do-over is no fun at all.

But that isn't the main reason I am shouting about the immediacy of your dilemma. Your pain interests me, but not as much as your potential.

Allow me to introduce myself: Rebecka Eggers, The Dream Midwife™ at your service. I'm on the dream team and I am here

to deliver a message and a method.

First the message:

That pent-up potential trying to turn your ribs into projectiles is exactly what this world needs right now and it's locked inside of you, trapped in the systems and structures of trauma that would prefer to see you take it to the grave because...

In the wake of every world-changing dream that dies from neglect, a field of injustice blossoms.

Now for the method that will liberate your destiny from the ravages of time immediately, if not sooner:

- Sever the trauma bonds;
- Re-collect (remember, go get, and re-integrate) your estranged soul parts;
- Recreate your relationship with Divinity;
- Exorcise trauma from the structures and systems of your life;
- Integrate your true, dream identity;
- Track your destiny; and
- Distill the essence of your experience into one of the myths of victory for this age.

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## Want more?

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