

Recurring Toyn Dream | ~2000–2005

(Various years, location based. ~2000 - 2005)

I had a third grandmother growing up, Grandma Toyn. My father's first wife passed away while my older brother, Derek, was still very young. They remained close to her family, and when my mom came along to marry Derek's dad that didn't change. We spent a lot of time with Grandma Toyn, and even some of her extended family. Holidays were busy with a whole other family line and a mess of cousins in the mix.

Grandma Toyn had a very handsome grandfather clock with a gentle, yet strong chime. I can hear it now just thinking of it. I have loved these clocks since I was very young, and hers is likely the reason. Her husband passed away in the winter of late 1999. Before this, I don't remember having spent many nights sleeping over at her house, but after his passing it seemed to increase. Soon, I would realize that I kept having the same dream every time I would spend the night.

Similar to the experiences at home, I would awaken laying in bed, still actually laying down having a dream, and I'd meet with the floating orbs. Only at Grandma's house they never emitted all that energetic play on color and light as they did in my dreams at home. At this location they seemed to gracefully oscillate between white and a white-soaked gold. I would dream of getting out of bed, following them to the end of the hallway which separated the bedrooms and the main living space of the house, to where the grandfather clock stood in a corner of the living room. I would watch as the orbs one by one took position on each number on the hour, while the others travelled up the pendulum, through the weights and chains, up to the face where they would spin the minute and hour arms rapidly until the orbs would all be flung up and out into the moon dial to twinkle with the stars. All this commotion caused the clock to chime louder and louder as the scene progressed until it was washed out by the winds of my deep and excited breathing.

I would awaken, always in the middle of the night, and I would walk back down the hall to the clock and watch time somnambulate forward until the song of the next hour struck. After a few years into the recurring dreams I would have at my own home I was more or less accustomed to a parade of lights guiding me somewhere, but this dream and these orbs felt different. It was an experience which grew slowly out of a mystery and into a childlike euphoria filled with serenity and perpetual anticipation. Though a state of bewilderment accompanied it, that bewilderment only felt like awe and wonder, and peace.

When this dream started I was a few years older, so by now I was already thinking deep theologically because of my upbringing, but I could not understand why I would be lead out of bed in the middle of the night by mysterious lights just to watch them twist and shout to make a grandfather clock chime.

Sometimes when I would visit, the chime was turned off. Sometimes because it was broken, other times because Grandma or someone else visiting did not want to hear the chimes at night. I would turn them back on, and on a few occasions I remember waking Grandma in the wee small hours of the morning. Sorry, Grandma.