



The Power of Creation

Eran Or



I have a weird dream that haunts my sleep every few months. In my dream, the young children from the orphanage appear before me. They play catch in a shabby and sandy yard. Every time I have this dream, I focus on a different child. In my last dream, I focused on a thin and tall boy. He had a smiling mouth and his hair fluttered in the wind as he ran towards one of the other children in an attempt to win this game of catch. He had big brown eyes. There was something familiar about them that I could not quite distinguish. In my dream, I was watching the boy from afar through the yards fences, which already in my childhood reminded me of a prison yard. Suddenly, I find myself close to him our gazes cross. And then it heats me. I realize the boy is Elad, my son. Overwhelmed by this revelation, I freeze on spot. Before I gather my wits and ask him what he is doing here, and just before I manage to reach out and wrap my arms around him, I wake up, catch my breath, wipe the sweat off my forehead, get up and begin my daily routine. I turn to God and ask him to make my day go well and positively. After that the dreams recede into oblivion (The power of creation, Eran Or). This is the true story of Eran Or, A young man who almost lost everything, but then gained a lot thanks to his conversations with god, guided imagery and positive tough process.

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