

Who Are These People And Why Do They Keep Dreaming Me Before They Meet Me?

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There is a peculiar function performed by the International Association for the Study of Dreams in that it annually brings together self-proclaimed dreamers from around the world: people who may never have met before. It seems to me then that the annual IASD conference is the perfect proving ground for a theory I have held for many years: that, whether or not we know each other while awake, we dream one another quite regularly; and there is a purpose in doing that, whether or not we are conscious of it at the time. In other words, dreamers are naturally telepathic and precognitive.



My first experience of having someone I'd never met greet me with the fact she'd dreamed me prior to the conference came in the year 2000, when IASD met at the L'Enfant Plaza Hotel near the National Mall in Washington, D.C.

I was standing in the hotel lobby watching the revolving door, waiting for someone, when a dark-haired young woman I'd never met came through the door loaded with luggage and headed straight for me, dropping her bags at my feet.

"I dreamed about you!" she said with some amount of wonder in her eyes. "And I dreamed about HIM too," she said, pointing toward Robert Moss, who just happened to pass by at that moment.

She introduced herself as Valley Reed. This was her first IASD conference.

I liked Valley from the moment I met her and we formed a great friendship. But for at least a couple of years, I could

dismiss this meeting with her as unique. Then in 2002, at the IASD conference at Tufts University in Boston, a young woman from Mexico City, Yvonne Gonzales-Baez, came up and shyly asked if she could talk with me alone for a few minutes.

Since I was helping to organize the conference that year, I assumed it would be a conference question. Instead, when we were seated atop a stone wall outside under the shade of campus oak trees, Yvonne asked me if I knew anything about crystals and healing.

As it happens, I know quite a lot about the healing energies of gem stones and crystals, something not too many people know about me. So I was immediately convinced that something telepathic was going on.

Almost apologetically, Yvonne told me she had met me in a dream prior to the conference. (This was her first IASD conference too.) And in the dream I told her she needed to study the healing power of crystals. Following our conversation in Boston, Yvonne, who now lives in Canada, studied crystals and stones, and created her own line of essential oils which have been sold internationally.

So then I had two examples of people dreaming me ahead of meeting me. I realized that I was not the only presenter people were dreaming about "ahead of time," when I overheard a person who participated in the workshop Sister Rivkah Rogacion conducted at the 2006 conference at Bridgewater State University say to her: "I dreamed about you before the conference, you know? But you were surrounded by children."

Sister Rivkah, a serene Catholic nun from the Philippines, simply smiled and said: "I often work with children. I have many photos, surrounded by children."

That was the same year I met Mary Whitefeather Joyce at the IASD conference. And even though she had not dreamed specifically about me, she began almost immediately after meeting me saying: "There's something we need to do together. What is it we need to do together?"

Mary related to me a dream she'd had before that conference (which was her first IASD conference). In the dream

she was standing in a grassy field in a circle with mostly children. The four directions of the circle were represented by four mother drums. What we had to do together had something to do with the children in that dream, Mary told me.

Since I was clueless about the meaning of Mary's dream, or what it was we were supposed to do together, I recommended that she join the World Dreams Peace Bridge, the online group of international Peace Dreamers I initiated after the attack on the World Trade Centers towers in September, 2001. The Peace Bridge was then in the process of aiding Iraqi refugees in their flight from war-torn Iraq.

It wasn't until the next year that Mary discovered what it was we needed to do together. On February 14, 2007, just as I was about to go on air to be interviewed on the first of Dream Time Radio broadcasts hosted by IASD's Bob Hoss, Mary called me with big news. She'd been on the phone with Dr. Ashfaq Ishaq, Director of the International Child Art Foundation in Washington, and he'd asked us to create the world's largest drumming circle for the World Children's Festival on the National Mall in June.

National Mall? World's largest drumming circle? In June. In five months. Right? This was the best cure for on-air jitters I had ever seen.

It was then that I realized my original theory, that all dreamers are naturally telepathic and precognitive, needed to be augmented. After six years of interaction with members of the World Dreams Peace Bridge I became fully aware of the synergy of a group of dreamers consciously dreaming together, while acting on the information provided to the waking mind by dreams.

Mary Whitefeather's dream came true in physical reality with enormous energy when combined with the dreams of other members of the group. This was the beginning of Drum Dance and Dream for Peace, seen in its most recent iteration last June on the National Mall in Washington and at the IASD conference at Rolduc Abbey in Kirkrade, the Netherlands.

At the waking level, not only did we manage to create an amazing drum circle on the National Mall, with Valley Reed leading a Ceremony for the Future of the World's Children, but in fourteen other countries around the world, people

were drumming for peace.

That was 2007. In 2008, the IASD conference in Montreal held yet another encounter for me with someone who'd dreamed me before meeting me, but it was interesting for several other reasons as well. Of course, by 2008, with the Internet growing exponentially, one could say that people might have seen my face online. I asked. Apparently that was not the case.

In order to tell the story of the Montreal conference in context, I need to go back to 2002. You will recall that I met the first person who dreamed me, Valley Reed, in 2000. Along with IASD's Jody Grundy, she was one of the first people to join the Internet discussion group in 2001 that became The World Dreams Peace Bridge.

Not long after the Peace Bridge discussion began, Valley mentioned one day that she had been creating dream books with her daughter Delaney. These were books they wrote and illustrated from their dreams. Valley told the group on the Peace Bridge the story of one of her dreams, a dream about a little girl by the name of Anna Belle , who was lured into the underworld by Crow and saved by a Phoenix, with the help of Anna Belle 's umbrella.

Members of the Peace Bridge loved the story and told Valley she should turn it into a dance. Because Valley is in fact a dancer and choreographer, who was part of the Dallas Ballet Company at age fifteen, she took on the challenge of creating and choreographing a dance, "The Crow and the Phoenix," which she performed along with two members of the Cincinnati Ballet Company at the first IASD Midwestern Regional Conference in Cincinnati, Ohio...hosted by Jody Grundy in 2002.

For the World Dreams Peace Bridge symposium at the 2008 IASD conference in Montreal, Valley had agreed to present an updated performance of "The Crow and the Phoenix," with the part of Crow danced by Lana Nasser from Jordan. We knew in advance this was going to be a world-class conference event.

But a trio of other events surrounded this symposium, underscoring, in my estimation, the importance of what was happening.

Around six a.m. one morning in April, 2008, on the kind of misty day that is common to spring in Tidewater, Virginia, I was on my morning walk in the park near my home. The path there is lined with tall scrub oak and dogwoods, backed by a stand of tall Loblolly Pines, where birds of all types nest.

Hearing a racket of birds above my head that morning, I looked up and saw a flock of crows dive bombing a hawk, who sat on a low branch overhanging the path not far above my head.

This was the small, brown hawk known as a fish hawk, or harrier. I expected her to fly away as I walked under the branch, but no. She simply sat.

The crows attacking her backed off though as soon as they saw me. So if she wouldn't fly, at least I could protect her if I stood there. I knew the crows nested at the top of this particular tree, so they were going to keep after an intruder.

I stood looking up for several minutes. The hawk looked down at me and moved nervously, but she did not fly, even as the crows kept up an excited cawing. I was beginning to wonder if I would have to leave this drama behind, when I heard the whir of wings. The hawk's mate cruised up from the nearby creek, bounced lightly on the branch above me, and the two flew off toward the river.

I continued my walk, glad that I'd been able to at least save the little hawk a massive headache brought on by an attack of crows.

When I returned to the tree where the hawk had sat though, there was a surprise waiting for me. There on the ground where I had stood half an hour earlier, lay three perfect hawk tail feathers. When I bent to pick them up, I heard a voice in my head say: "One for Valley; one for Lana; one for Jean."

Now those of you who know anything about birds or collecting feathers know that finding even one hawk feather is somewhat rare. To find three hawk feathers at six o'clock in the morning when there had been no feathers there half an hour earlier, is quite extraordinary. I actually looked around to see if some animal had killed a hawk and left the remains, but all that was there was three feathers.

So I packed the three hawk feathers in my suitcase that year, and carried them illegally across the border to Montreal.

The second odd occurrence of this set of three began almost immediately upon my arrival at the conference. This one does not exactly fit the category of someone dreaming about me before they meet me, but is more like dreaming FOR me, and for the World Dreams Peace Bridge.

Early on the day the conference began, I was standing with a group of conference volunteers near the area where Registration was being set up. A woman came up to me and asked: "If I want to register for just one event on the program, can I do that?"

Assuming she was a friend of one of the local presenters, I explained that she might want to register for a one-day pass once conference registration opened.

The World Dreams Peace Bridge symposium, with its performance of "The Crow and the Phoenix," was scheduled for the first full day of the conference, in a room on the Mezzanine, not far from Registration.

I was standing, dressed in my presentation finery, in a quiet corner behind the Registration table, trying to figure out how I was going to close my presentation in the upcoming symposium. I was in a state of silent panic. Generally I have no trouble writing a paper. Writing is what I do. But here I was, minutes before show time, and I still did not have an inkling of how I was going to close my presentation.

I was awakened from this reverie by the sound of Richard Wilkerson's voice saying to someone at the Registration table: "You'll have to ask her. She's right over there."

It was the woman I had talked to the day before.

"I want to see just one presentation," she said as she walked toward me. "This World Dreams Peace Bridge. I had a

dream. A voice told me to come here." She looked embarrassed, but determined.

I'm sure she thought I was a lunatic when I burst out laughing; but as soon as I had myself under control again, I reassured her warmly that she was welcome to attend this presentation as my guest.

And then, I couldn't stop myself. The solution to my problem was standing in front of me. How would she like to tell the story of her dream at the conclusion of my presentation?

The woman, whose name is Marie, graciously agreed to tell her dream to the audience assembled for the symposium, a living representation of how dreams pull the Peace Bridge together. I made sure to get her e-mail address, and sent her an e-mail thank you note after the conference, inviting her to join us on the electronic version of the Bridge. But I never heard from her again.

And then there was the third event in this series, the one in which someone dreamed specifically of me before meeting me at the conference.

I was talking with some others in the hotel lobby when one of the first-time attendees came up to me to say, "I'd like you to meet my wife." I looked around. There was no one standing next to him,

He stretched out his arm and beckoned to a woman standing by the hotel entrance. She made her way over to us, looking so pale I was afraid she might faint. I felt nothing but sympathy as her husband made the introductions. I just hoped she would feel better soon. She said a few words and the two of them walked away.

Later, the man came back to talk with me. "My wife was a little shook up this afternoon," he said. "She had a dream she wants to talk with you about. Can she meet you sometime this afternoon in the bar for a drink?"

By this time I was very curious, so I readily agreed. I won't give you this person's name, because she has not given me permission. But I can say she looked a lot healthier at our second meeting than at our first.

After apologizing for her earlier abrupt departure, brought on from seeing me, the woman told me: "I had a dream two nights ago, before the conference began. You were standing in the parking lot of this hotel. There was a hawk. It kept circling above your head." She made a circling motion with her arm, while she continued. "I was so shocked to see you here, I almost fainted!"

There are still many people who argue against the existence of psi skills such as precognition and telepathy, saying there is not enough evidence or proof. What I offer you here are three examples of dreamers who were total strangers to me, who give clear indications that they dreamed of me prior to our meeting in waking life at IASD conferences.

These examples alone seem to me to be ample proof of the existence of precognitive dreaming and telepathic skills. But I would say that the evidence points to some other things as well.

I submit that in the same way our personal dreams give us information addressing personal situations, if we listen to the group dream, it gives us information valuable to the group as a whole. That is: these three people did not dream me prior to meeting me only for the purpose of later making my acquaintance. No. Every single one of the dreams involved in this series contains elements which, in many cultures would be called Shamanic.

Although it's true that I have joked to people that on the dream level I must stand out like the Statue of Liberty to have so many unknown dreamers catch my dream self in action before meeting me; I also believe that these dreams, taken as a set, involve the work done by the World Dreams Peace Bridge. And if taken that way, can be seen as having global meaning.

Thank you, Laurel Clark, for organizing this panel. This is the "Dreams Change the World" part of my presentation. And it involves the synergy of group dreaming that I spoke of earlier--in which the whole is greater than the sum of its parts. When a group of dreamers dreams together with intent, what we know as the linear rules of time and space in waking reality can, and do, change. Amazing things can follow.

The images of the dreams and (to coin Cynn timer's term) "arabesques" I have presented here seem to me to

point strongly to our need to listen to the group dream and what it is saying. I believe that, above all, we are reminding ourselves of the need to recapture the spirit of the Hawk, who from most ancient times, in cultures around the world, has been the far-seeing guide to the wisdom of the Sun. This is the wisdom we can use to reconnect with the Earth in order to create the peaceful, sustainable world we desire for all people.

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