

Have you ever had a dream that seemed more like a memory?

From my farm in Rutland, I peered across the field, down a sloping grassy hill to a small crescent shaped lake. The water was lined with verdant summer trees, and the sky was overcast with a gentle mist.

I knew I was supposed to be on my farm, but the land was foreign.

In most dreams, emotion matters more than accuracy.

Tents were being pitched. Small cookfires were burning, and transients loitered about the field.

At first, I thought it was a Renaissance Festival.

Somber packs of passersby were adorned in strange but cohesive dress. The clothing was weathered, authentically old, yet foreign.

I wanted to wear my costume, but it seemed out of place, so I continued to quietly observe.

As the number of tents increased, soft colors, incense, and familiar music emerged. The song was simple, lively, but repetitive.

By smoky twilight there were hundreds of tents and people milling about.

Down streets of trampled grass, merchants sold clothing, perfumes, and bobbles. I passed a booth selling odd leather-brimmed hats.

Patrons acknowledged my presence yet recognized I was out of place. A few people passed with large, exaggerated masks.

I approached a black-haired gypsy. Her ponytail framed a square, stubborn face. She lamented that the festival was growing more and more every year.

Searching through a box, I glanced at a mirror - surprised to see myself twenty years younger. I was wearing a long kite shield. Its design was blue with a large silver cross.

I soon exited to return home.

At the top of the hill, I discovered a large wooden door framed in stone.

I've never had a dream so lucid. Or was it a memory?

I'm not sure, I'll ever actually know!