

1-1-2016

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### Recommended Citation

Dannemiller, Sarah (2016) "Joseph's Dream," *Leaven*: Vol. 24 : Iss. 4 , Article 12.  
Available at: <http://digitalcommons.pepperdine.edu/leaven/vol24/iss4/12>

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# Joseph's Dream

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Where there were once golden fields and endless rolling pastures, now there is only cold, dark stone: a cell as bare as my own soul. I recall the spirited sounds of my father's house as the rising chorus of dying men rings in my ears. I've traded a robe of many colors for sackcloth, a prince become slave.

My mind wanders in captivity. Where there was once grace and assurance, now there is only silent neglect and doubt. My gifts, my dreams rot on my bones. Hidden by shame and thrown from divine sight, my indignation emerges. Raging against the night, I seek divine favor. I listen for the voice that once spoke to me in dreams.

There was a time when my words mattered, they were full, fat, and dripped with prophetic power. A voice that could lead a people resonated from my lips. Now a refugee, I struggle to even speak. My words are forgotten, rendered irrelevant. My tongue is an alien. My father's God is a ghost. Your voice is familiar but your silence, a stranger.

I walk as a vagabond, unseen and unheard. Do I still exist if I have no place, no people to belong to? No longer gifted by dreams but haunted by nightmares, I wait for divine grace to break the silence. One word will shatter my chains! Am I so remote that my own God no longer recognizes me? Will you be there for me now that my privilege is obsolete, my dreams insignificant, and my name extraneous?

Everything nonessential has been stripped from me. Only faith remains.

I summon faith.

The prison door opens.

I summon faith.

They call my name. "Joseph."

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