

# Chapter 7

## *Dream a New Dream*



Following Ka`Kao's instructions, I dug a hole in the ground near her roots. Using stones and sticks, I scraped aside layers of wet leaves, faded blossoms, and crumpled pods. I knelt on the ground, widening and deepening the hole with my bare hands. The soil felt rich and smelled full of life. After I lined the bottom of the hole with broad, waxy leaves, I looked to Ka`Kao, wondering what to do next.

"Harvest one of the pods," she said. "Find the seeds inside." I circled around Ka`Kao Tree, trying to decide which fruit pod to choose. An

emerald frog hopped up and down on a brown pod. Maybe I was imagining things, but I felt the red-eyed tree frog was helping me choose just the right one.

I twisted and turned the stem of the pod until it broke away from the branch. With a sharp-edged rock, I cut through the thick brown hull. Inside the pod, rows of almond-shaped seeds were buried in the soft, fruity pulp. One by one, I separated the seeds from the pulp. Amazed by the abundant harvest, I stacked the ka`kao seeds in a pyramid on the ground.

So proud of my accomplishment, I selected two of the harvested seeds. I held one seed in each hand and reached out to show Ka`Kao.

“What do you want?” she asked.

I stared at the tree, unsure what she meant. Ka`Kao spoke again, her voice light and inquisitive.

“What do you really want?”

“What do I want?” I repeated the question, stalling for time. No one had ever asked me this question before. I fidgeted nervously, not sure how to answer. I was afraid I’d get it all wrong.

“Your wants awaken your passions,” said Ka`Kao. “Your passions lead you to your dreams. Your dreams hold the remembering of what you love about life. Feel your aliveness. Feel the callings of your heart.”

But what if my dreams were too big, too far out of reach? What if my dreams didn't mean very much? What if no one else wanted what I wanted? What if nobody approved?

“What do you *really really really* want?” Ka`Kao's joyful voice called me out of the battle in my mind.

I reached toward the sky, holding a ka`kao seed in my open hand. “I want the tree frogs to sing,” I declared, hoping the entire rainforest could hear.

I held up the other ka`kao seed. “I really really really want to be me,” I called to the treetops. “I want to feel happy. I want to be free.” It was liberating speaking the words out loud. I felt exhilarated sharing my dreams.

“Place the seeds carrying your dreams down into the soils of the earth,” said Ka`Kao.

I put both seeds in the hole I'd dug near Ka`Kao's roots. I covered the seeds with a layer of flower petals, cherishing the simple beauty of my garden of dreams. Looking back to Ka`Kao, I asked, “Now what?”

“More dreams,” she said.

“More dreams?” I was taken by surprise. “With all of these?” The pyramid of harvested seeds suddenly looked daunting.

“Set aside the worries,” said Ka`Kao. “Reach past the fears. Dream a new dream with each and every seed.”

I stayed up all night dreaming more dreams. At first, I spoke hesitantly about what I really wanted. I had to muster up the courage. I fumbled to find the words. It didn't take long, though, before I felt fully inspired. I was surprised to discover how many dreams I had for my life, for the rainforest, for the earth, for all life. I loved picturing the world I wanted to live in and leave behind for my children, for my children's children, for all the generations to come. I spoke from my heart, more honest than I'd ever been.

When the sky brightened with the morning light, I held the last seed and dreamed one more dream. Scooping up handfuls of blossoms, leaves, and dirt, I buried the dreamseeds near the roots of Ka`Kao.

Tired and content, I leaned back against the tree trunk. The last thing I saw before I fell asleep was the emerald frog hopping around on the pillowy heap of buried dreamseeds, packing it down for safekeeping.