

## 2 LISA MARTIN'S DREAM OF THE 10

Today, I will write about what happened to me/ to us over the last 20 years.

My name is Lisa Martin and I was born in the mid-sixties in Essen (Germany, the Ruhr area).

Next year I will be 60 years old.

And I've had exciting, thrilling and productive years behind me, years in which I was able to do more to others and change more than I could ever imagine at the end of the last century.

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### **And it all began with my / our dream!**

But I will tell you right from the start. At the beginning of new millennium on my 39th Birthday on 31 January after a quiet birthday celebration with my family, friends and acquaintances, I went home to bed.

That day, as usual on such occasions, we talked and laughed a lot.  
So that night I had this dream:

I walked down the street, our street. But everything seemed blurry. I carried on walking and gradually it got clearer.

Somehow, everything was different, although it was clearly our street. Everything seemed green and fresh, not as unkind and dismal as normally. I looked closer: All houses looked neat, the facades and roofs were covered with greenery. Everything radiated a peace and harmony which I do not normally feel.

The people smiled and tried to out-beam the sun, miserable faces were not visible, people greeted friendly as they continued their way. Were those my neighbours? They were somehow changed, but satisfied and somehow older. Everything was somehow different.

I did not think further and continued on to the road and then, somehow I was somewhere else.

Where did I get to? Everything was strange - yet - somehow familiar!

Nine people were waiting there, but they looked sort of foreign!

But I had no fear; the whole atmosphere was relaxed and positive.

A man said to me: "Hello, I am Pedro and come from Brazil. Where are you from?"

"I'm from here, I was just walking along my road and don't know where I am now! Where are we?"

"I don't know either, but we all just walked along our street, I was in Brazil, Li Ping in China and Jim in Canada and Ali in Iran. I still have not spoken to those that like you arrived later. It's all a bit strange," said Pedro" And where are you from?"

"I come from Germany," I replied. "But how did I get here and where are we?"

The situation was really strange; ten people meet in such a beautiful place just like

that, everyone came from a completely different country or continent. We introduced each other. It just had to be like that. Somehow, the whole situation was just so obvious. We understood each other, but I do not know what language was spoken.

Ten people were walking along their own street; everyone felt their road with its beautiful environment, friendlier than ever before. They all continued on their road and came together at this place.

Ten people in a very strange situation.

But then - we had been talking quite a long time about this and that and spoke as with good acquaintances, even friends - came the question: "What are we doing here, why did **we** meet here?"

These issues were not resolved. We all could think of no reason, no common interest. But this feeling of togetherness, as if we were a family, did exist between us. "We don't want to lose sight of each other and we want to meet again."

We all had this strong desire - It must be possible to establish contact!

"Yes, but we do not even know where we are," said Ines from Mexico almost desperately.

We were so tangible, so close.

"I've got it!" Ragaonah from Madagascar called. "We advertise in a newspaper that can be bought everywhere!"

"No, a newspaper like that does not exist. But we can now arrange the most appropriate newspapers and then everyone advertises in a newspaper of another country! We have Pravda in Russia," said Igor "and I should be able to get a Chinese newspaper."

Li Ping nodded: "I can get the Guangming Ribao! And I should be able to advertise in a newspaper in Iran."

"Yes" - you could see the tension in Ali's face - "We have the Abrar. And there could also be a connection to Madagascar."

Ragaonah laughed: "Put an ad in the Midi-Madagascar, which I read every day! And it is also a major newspaper in Australia."

"I can get The Australian!" Gill beamed "Yes and I will then advertise in Chile."

"Advertise in the La Tercera de la Hora that is the most important of our newspapers. And in Brazil I know the O Globo, if you agree Pedro, I advertise there!"

"Sure, I would have suggested that too" he nodded, "and what is the right newspaper for you, Ines?"

"The Esto, I can also get it in the countryside." Ines looked at Jim questioningly.

"We can get the Toronto Globe and Mail. And as far as I know, Lisa, the Frankfurter Allgemeine is available everywhere to you," said Jim.

I nodded: "And I advertise in Komsomolskaya Pravda. Then we cannot miss each other. But on what day and what will we write? Otherwise we will never find the adverts in those newspapers.

"This is not so simple." Gill thought. -- - - - - "Where are we here, on earth? Between being asleep and awake? In an area far away from Earth? I do not know how

to define it!"

Jim laughed: "Maybe it's just a dream!"

"But dreams can be so real, so tangible?" Igor shook his head. "But it isn't so important now, Let's just assume it's a dream. The main thing is that we meet in reality! The main thing is we hear from each other!

We are ten people, why don't we write = the dream of the 10 = and then I write = Li Ping get in touch, Igor = And then Li Ping gets the opportunity to write me a letter with her address, and so on."

Li Ping looked thoughtfully: "And in which language shall I write?"

Nobody thought of that. Which language had we been speaking between us? We spoke just as with a neighbour!!!!!!

All around us, everything went hazy and unclear. Then Ali said: "In any case, the advert should go in the newspaper on 21 February. And the language, well everyone c... thi... .. guage. W. .... s. .... "

### **So there I lay in my bed.**

Was it a dream? Was all this unreal? A second ago I was with friends and now I was here.

I got up. I had to write this down. I've never felt so alive.

It took some time to get back to some clear thinking. Again and again I read what I'd written and supplemented the notes.

It was only a dream. Should I really advertise? What would be the outcome? And then in Russia! In my dream everything was clear but now I was awake.

Eventually, I did go back to sleep.

The next morning I told my family about my dream.

My husband Kurt said: "Be happy to have had such a pleasant dream. And rejoice that you remember all of it. But it was only a dream."

My 15-year-old twins were delighted. Kathrin pondered: "I will ask how we can best advertise in Pravda. Nicki's father works at the newspaper, I'm sure he'll help us!"

"Don't make everyone mad with your mum's dream!" Kurt was not enthusiastic. "It's just a dream, remember that"

"But if there is more than a dream, then what?" Jens looked at his father angrily. "That would be great to get acquaintances around the world because of a dream. You could certainly have great holidays. Mum, where were these people from?"

Typically Jens, straight in! At 15 years old it probably has to be like that.  
I told him those countries. And then the dream was no longer talked about.

The dream was not real, it was on my mind, but I pushed it more and more into the background. The normal life had me fully under control. With family, household and 25 hours a week at the company, I was busy.

### **Then came the 21st February.**

As I walked past a news stand, I bought the Frankfurter Allgemeine.

I could not believe it, amongst the classified ads there was the agreed announcement = The dream of 10 - Lisa please get in touch, Jim. = And then a box number.

What now? Have I missed the chance? Can the circle not close now?

I was desperate. What should I do now? It was too late.

I went home sad. I kept on thinking how I could rectify this mistake. I did not really believe in the reality of the dream. And yet the whole time I felt like it would be important to act upon the dream.

First of all I hid in a corner. What should I write to Jim? Maybe there are still ways to reach Igor? My thoughts were buzzing through my head.

Eventually I heard Kathrin call me. She must have called several times before I even registered. And then she stood expectantly in front of me.

"Mum, today is Feb. 21. Did you look in the Frankfurter Allgemeine?"

I nodded: "And I did not advertise in Pravda. Now the circle cannot close." I said sadly.

"But I, but I, but I did!" Kathrin cheered.

Had I heard correctly? "You advertised, really?"

I got hoicked from my chair. I stared at my daughter enthusiastically and aghast.

"Really? Truly? Just as arranged?" the thoughts circled in my head. Did I understand correctly?

My daughter nodded and was all smiles. I could not do otherwise; I had to hug her very closely. "You're a treasure, Kathrin!"

"Yes Mama, I saved my pocket money. I could not stop thinking about it. And then I talked to Nicki's father, and he sorted it. This will cost around 50 Euro. But it was worth it to me."

I was relieved oh so relieved, as if a huge burden had been taken from the shoulders. And only gradually came the realization.

It was a dream but the people were real. We can make contact through this dream. We can live this feeling of belonging.

Has all this a broader meaning? What was happening to me? Is it possible to organize a meeting for all of us?

A thousand questions, but still no answer. Apropos answer? I better finish my letter to Jim.

What should I write? About the dream? -- Yes, but only a bit. How I felt!  
Everything I do, my family, my profession, my hobbies.  
In what language? English, well it works and Kathrin surely helps. Why else is she doing an advanced course in English?

I think they all did advertise, just as agreed. Whether by themselves or with help from others is quite unimportant to me. I trust that all ten of us will meet again.

And then I sent the letter to Jim.

After I saw the ad I knew. Now something special is happening, something for the whole world.

I could not grasp it, nor name it, but I certainly felt it. And Kurt was proud of his daughter, even if it was only a dream, a dream come true.

The copy of my letter and the letter from Madagascar I will add to these records.

Dear Jim,

I did not dare hope that this dream is real. I did not send an ad to Igor, but my daughter had done it for me. I'm so happy, dreams can come true.

In the night between 31 January and 1 February, on my 39th birthday, I had our dream. I do not know how important the dream should be, but I was so happy and satisfied as never before in my life. And I feel that this dream has a meaning. I want to see you all again.

What I most clearly remember of this dream is the harmony between the 10 foreign persons and the speaking without language difficulties, although we all speak a different language.

And then the thing with the road! It was my street, the street on which I now live. But I have never felt it to be as homely, harmonious and pleasantly green. The people, my neighbours all looked a little aged, but they radiated significantly more joy and satisfaction as in everyday life. Even our grumbler, a 50 year old man from the neighbourhood greeted me friendly and stayed with the neighbours. It is impossible to believe such a change.

I have just described our street to you and the changes in the dream. I have kept so many details of the dream that I was not aware of. A whole different generation of cars were in the streets and all in all a lot less cars. There weren't so many signs of luxury, but I cannot define it exactly, and it doesn't matter anyway; everything was so much nicer.

And now I would like to tell you something about me.

I live in Essen, a major city in the Ruhr area. My husband is Kurt and is 41 years old. We have twins, Kathrin and Jens, who are 15 years old and go to a grammar school in

the 9th Class.

During the week I work 25 hours in a small company as a secretary.

I was satisfied with my life so far, but since the dream I want more. I see possibilities and opportunities, and I wish for my street to become as beautiful as in the dream. And I will talk to our neighbours. I will show them the drawings show how the road is now and how it could be like, if we change it.

In all my life I have not been the person who really wanted to change things, I have joined in, but never started something. I never wanted to make the world a better place, I never saw a chance to do so. Now I've started to change my road, my environment. And I know deep inside, that this time I will do it and persevere, because I have this picture in mind.

Will there be a possibility of a meeting with all 10 dreamers? As we can make contact, it must simply be possible. I believe in it. I would also be delighted to organise this meeting in Germany. But the only importance is for all to come. I will also fly half around the world to see you.

I look forward to your response and I hope (I firmly believe) that I'll get the message from Igor. I'll let you know as soon as I receive a message.

Until the reunion  
Lisa Martin

Of course, I translated this letter into English and sent it to Jim in Canada.

Ragaonah Andrianjaly from Morondava

Dear Ali,  
I had this dream that we met on 31 January.  
Did you believe that such a dream could become true.

My father put the advertisement in the Australian newspaper for Gill. Somehow he found a way. In the dream everything was so simple. There are not so many things here which are normal in other countries.

About the dream: it was pleasant and harmonious.  
For me, the wish to turn this dream into reality was very strong, but I did not believe that such a change is possible.

An important change in our street was: All the children, which I did not know, but because of the similarity had to belong to us, had their teeth in order. And many, especially the younger adults, as well.  
All the people were older than in reality. I bumped into a man on the way, who looked like my eldest son may look like in 15 - 20 years.  
An important change was the outside of the village huts, they were all solid and secure.

I was lucky to have lived near the town as a child, and that my parents urged me to learn to read and write properly, as well as my 5 siblings.  
My wife cannot read and write yet, but I teach her what I can.  
I hope we can all meet again. But I need all my money in order to stay alive, so I cannot go anywhere else. But if everyone agrees, you are all welcome in our village.

Until hopefully soon  
Ragaonah Andrianjaly

### **And we met in Madagascar.**

All had found a way.  
The money for the journey we all gathered together. Some of us did not miss the money, but others lived from hand to mouth. So we asked friends and acquaintances for money until it was enough for all.

Ragaonah got everybody in his village excited and so was the reception when we arrived on 16 September.  
In his letter he still wrote how bad the conditions were in the village, yet it was a very different setting now. And each of us ten had similar experiences in our environment. Somehow, the dream was like a contagious disease, but one that everyone wants. Some kind of rethink, not only for us but also for our environment.

### **But now for the meeting.**

We knew each other, we recognized each other, but we looked different than in the dream!  
What was different?

We looked at each other and - yes we looked younger - much younger.  
When I looked at Jim - no, this was not an adult man, but a teenager or young adult. No more than 20 years? In the dream he looked as if he were my age. And all the dreamers were in this age range.  
It is as if we had seen each other in 20 years.  
But that was irrelevant at the first moment.  
We fell into each other's arms and rejoiced about being together again.

The whole time, the 14 days, we were just fine.  
We discussed things with hands and feet.  
Because we could not talk as easily as in the dream.  
But we understood each other better and better the more we talked with each other.  
There were no prejudices and no obstacles which could not be removed.

And with every conversation we understood more, it was so easy to find a common language, because something joined us together, something that we could not put into words, but which made us feel as open and free as never before in life.

### **The findings from this meeting.**

The ten of us felt joyfully responsible to bring light to our environment, and to make our environment more liveable and likeable.

We wanted to keep contact with each other, and we wanted to see each other again; as often as possible.

And we knew we can tape a band around the whole, a bond of friendship, stronger than greed, possession and the power over others.

Everyone had its own environment in mind, as it currently was, as it was before the dream and during the dream.

We had a goal. The environment should be as in the dream, just as it was in our heads.

As it was fixed in our minds.

And we really need not worry, we knew that we could do this change. Where we got this self-conception from, I do not know, but it was just there.

The farewell was difficult for us, but we arranged an information chain.

Everybody wrote to the next one, just as in the advertisement, and collected all information from the other letters.

But the how, is not so important.

We had contact to each other, and in the letters we could read not just about the pleasure of hearing from the others but also a very strong point - the change in the surroundings of each dreamer.

After the meeting I made some notes about the dreamers, I just add them here.

**Pedro** comes from Brazil and is in his early sixties. If he gets the opportunity, he works part time for different people. He lives with his children and grandchildren on the outskirts of the city in the slums.

He told his family and colleagues about the dream. An employer heard the conversation and placed the ad. This employer also organised the flight and supports Pedro where he can.

A change, which was very important to Pedro, was that there were more and more areas where there was no more rubbish.

**Li Ping** lives with her husband and her child in China. She is mid-thirty. She works in a factory and a work colleague placed the ad.

She rejoiced that the surroundings got friendlier.

**Jim** lives with his mother, her new partner and two sisters in Canada. His uncle was so fascinated by the dream that he placed the ad in the Frankfurter Allgemeine.

He reported that he told the story to some Indian citizens and they now attempted a return to their own past with the benefits of modern ways of life.

The home of **Ali** is in Iran. He is mid-40 and first told only the male members of his family. But his mother had managed to publish the ad.

For centuries there have been battles for those rare pastures for grazing cattle in Iran. Although in Ali's life time in the last few years no more deaths were reported, during the migration of nomadic peoples there were always disputes. The dream has minimized the disputes in Ali district and for the first time they really tried together to find a satisfactory solution for all sides

**Igor** is a Russian businessman. We got to know him differently, but he told us that he did a lot of great things with his money before the dream, as he already had a lot of capital. He is mid-fifty. He told the dream as a fairy tale to his children and grandchildren. And with his friends he made a bet. His commitment, if the dream of real human contact would be established, would be to change his life for this dream. He himself placed the ad in the newspaper.

He says he now has a better life, even if he and his friends use a lot of time and money for the changes. Together with his friends more and more people would be roped in and they would get more opportunities for poor people. Whether that would be jobs, health care or especially for projects that would give people an independent life.

**Gill** is a student in Australia. Her boyfriend didn't want her to be sad if there was no reply, so he placed the ad.

After the ad had been read there was a quite a movement by the students of her university. The contact with each other led to less and less exclusion. She reported with great enthusiasm.

**Juanita** lives with her family on a large hacienda in Chile. An employee placed the ad. Although there was already a good atmosphere at the hacienda amongst them, she reported that despite the professional differences, they become friendlier towards each other.

A lively exchange has started with other owners of large estates, so that things are happening, particularly for farmers of smallholdings and agricultural workers.

**Ines** reported about changes at work. A change in respect had not only happen to her, people listened quicker when talking about problems. Her husband had placed the ad.

This is as far as the records go.

For me, within a year everything got cleaner, greener, friendlier. Even the grumbler from our street was not to be recognized. He was always the one to be active first since I told him about the dream.

Eventually he hinted that through his negligence he lost his family and he found it difficult to live with this burden. The dream gave meaning to his life again. But a few years after the dream, some family members approached him again.

All 10 of us now lived in a harmonious environment. The development progressed rapidly.

**And then I had another birthday.**

We celebrated with neighbours and friends, only this time we celebrated much more together. We also celebrated the dream a year ago and of course the change in the environment (this area now extended to the whole neighbourhood). And then at night I had the dream again.

But somehow different. I knew the situation but the others did not. Also, I was the first in the dream! I went through the already changing environment, and yet it changed even more than the 1st time. Then I was there, as the first, on the same site as a year ago.

Then people came to me with watchful, curious, open eyes. But not the friends of the dream, no, foreign and yet somehow familiar faces.

First an approximately 50 year old man came. The man asked: "Where am I? It's so different. I was still at home just now!" needless to say, I told explained the situation to him. And that I had the same experience a year ago and that I begun to live quite differently since this dream.

Slowly the others joined us and listened to my story with surprise. Then we talked about everything we could think of, as last time we felt a great harmony, the desire to change our home environment – just like how it changed in the dream.

In total 10 people were in this dream for the first time. Why was I part of it and where were my friends from the dream? These thoughts came to me, but I felt that here was not one of 10 dreamers who all know so little.

Here, I was the contact person for those 10 people whose homes were, just like my friends, scattered all over the globe. All 10 new dreamers didn't want to lose sight of each other, just like we did a year ago, and they wanted to meet again by placing the ads. And they chose the same route as we faced a year ago, the date of the ads should be 17 May.

I knew the newspaper from Austria, I would get it on that day. Because then I could contact them, too. And so this place disappeared in the fog, just as a year ago and I found myself in my bed again.

This time I woke up again and wrote everything down. And I phoned Li Ping in China. And Li Ping had the same dream. Only with other people.

And during the course of the day it turned out that all 10 had met 10 new dreamers. People, who were now as excited by the same goal as we were.

Now we were 110 dreamers. A year later, and if we thought about it closely, the people in our environment were also enthusiastic and active.

Each of us met with his 10 new dreamers. The harmony, the joy of life and the need in their own environment harmonious way, it was what they all wanted.

Everything just developed -

The dreamers of the various groups had frequent contact with each other. And they formed regional groups, grouped per continent.

All dreamer changed the needs of their environment just by telling their dream.

And even in the broader environment were opportunities for improvement. And slowly small groups of people had been formed, infected by the dreamers.

After another year much was happening and 3 years after the first dream all dreamers dreamed another dream, each with 10 new dreamers.

And now there were already 1210 dreamers, in almost every country islands of hope emerged, islands of change. And nobody complained.

There were no protests, no rallies and demonstrations.

The people who lived near the dreamer became enthusiastic about the dreams. And the desire to change their own environment was strong.

And another 4 years later every dreamer dreamt again with 10 new dreamers. 13310 dreamers met. And eight years later there were 146410.

### **The world had changed.**

There were friends scattered all over the world; people who enthusiastically changed their environment to make life worth living because they had dreamt the dream or knew any of the dreamers.

Wars actually no longer existed. The need for a beautiful environment was not only to the immediate area.

No, wherever people went life should be worth living.

Everybody's thinking on Earth had changed. Of course, not all people were enthusiastic. But the enthusiasts were in the majority. And they were strong and they campaigned for all people.

The dreamers were aware of any problems, because our friends were all over the globe.

Ragaonah reported that in Madagascar dental disease and hunger was barely an issue. The country had not become rich at once, no, but people could now live and live well. They had food and they no longer needed to transport the most important food.

Because so many people wanted to create a world for everybody in which it was worthwhile to live.

When the next dream happens I will be an old woman, but I know my children and my grandchildren live. They really do live.

Before I had the first dream the world didn't look like it would still have room for my grandchildren to breathe.

I know now this is plenty of space to breathe; and for the next generations.

I do not know why I was chosen to create this path as one of the first. But I am grateful for it.

And last week, we met again, 20 years later, and we all looked like we did in the first dream of ten.

This dream has given life another future, a future that we can look forward to with joy.

I will try to post these notes into the past. And I hope they will not get lost. Because people should as soon as possible know that there is hope for us humans.

I greet all people

Lisa Martin

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To ensure that all people can live this dream, I have put the dream on the internet. Meeting point for all is [www.Traumder10.de](http://www.Traumder10.de)

The dream of 10, gave me, Maria Donner, who was allowed to dream about the dream of the 10, a more active and harmonious life. Let us send the dream round the world.

[treffpunkt@traumder10.de](mailto:treffpunkt@traumder10.de).

