Should Dreams Give Way to Pragmatism?

Lately my husband and I have been considering our life together as though we were authors or movie directors.

We've been asking, ***if we were characters in a book or screenplay that WE were writing*, what would we be doing with our lives?** How would we puppeteer ourselves?

Would I write a plot line that centered around trips to Costco and mowing the lawn?

Of course because this is real life, we have real responsibilities. We'll never escape paying the electric bill unless we decide to "go Amish" and move to Ohio. Since I don't see that happening anytime soon, we're left to **analyze the things we can control.**

Passive acceptance or intentional decision-making?

This May our three children will be competing in 37 ball games.

THIRTEEEE-SEVEN.

My friend's kids have games *every single day in the month of May except for* ONE.

Am I to think, "Well, that's just the way it is if we want our kids to have this experience." ?

Or *should I be thinking*, "This is craziness. We can play ball in the back yard!"

But baseball isn't the only thing wanting space on our calendar: there are job commitments, church involvement, and volunteering at the kids' school. There's extended family to visit and friendships to maintain. Recitals to attend and music lessons to schedule.

All of these small moments stack up to make a life.

And although some of them are lovely and will be treasured forever, I am left examining the pieces asking, "***How intentional are we being about the decisions we sow? And what kind of life are we reaping?"***

I don't think that we're being intentional enough. Pretty soon I'm going to be 40 and left to wonder why I still haven't driven across the country in an RV (and then returned home to write a book about it).

I'll be left to wonder why I didn't take advantage of these precious years of raising children and

helping their creativity and curiosity bloom.

I'll be left to wonder *why I determined that the status quo was good enough* and why I let outside responsibilities puppeteer the lives and dreams of five people.

So, should dreams give way to pragmatism?

Should we stuff down the passions God has delicately planted in our hearts because we have bills to pay?

I say no! Not anymore.

I want *more and better.*

The question is, eternally, what is the price...and am I willing to pay it?

How you can help me pay the price

My husband told me today that we could live out my RV dream ***IF*** I could make enough money to support the adventure through my writing.

I gulped down my Coke with wide eyes, taking his challenge by the horns.

Starting today, I am choosing to believe that ***this could happen.***

I might actually live my dream.

But to do that, I need to cast a wider net and invite more people into this conversation. **They say it's all in "who you know," so I guess I need to "know" more people; I need to welcome voices who might be agents of change.**

Would you help me to cast a wider net and get to know some new folks who might usher in this new era of intentionality? If you've been blessed or encouraged by something you've read here, would you please invite your friends to subscribe to this blog? It's time to open the doors to more open doors.

I am convinced that dreams do not have to die at the altar of pragmatism. That's too boring for our God!

I believe that He has something more in store for us all.

Will you help me chase that dream?

What dream seems out of reach for you right now? Have you ever thought about going after it anyway?