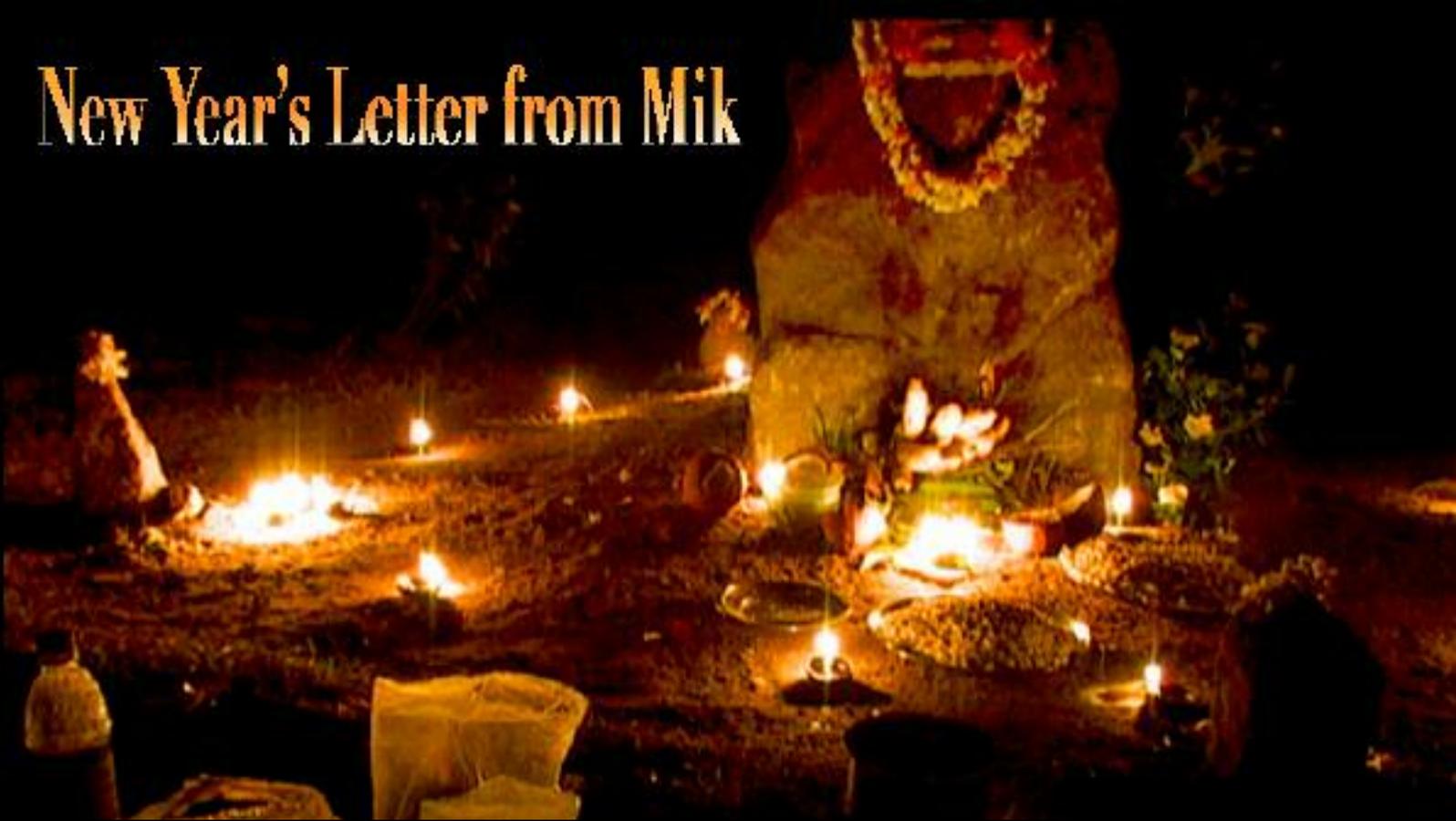


# New Year's Letter from Mik



Happiness is not some station at which you arrive.  
Happiness is a way of travelling.

If letters could talk, then these ones would most probably be telling you about the happy atmosphere which was prevailing while they were picked under a full moon to the sound of buzzing cicadas and “klukking” frogs, to be thrown into a portable computerbasket

The next day they had go through being put to dry in the baking tropical sun, until only the most resistant words and sentences were remaining.

After further two days of riping the lettershells had taken such a hard consistency that they could be shaken loose, roasted and eventually packed in a pdf-document, in order to be posted from South India and out in the world through electronic cables.

What was all that letter-turmoil about then??

About the dreams of the old year – and how it ended up with them.

About the coming of the new year – and the new challenges it is going to bring.

When I, around this time one year ago, produced a little video new years letter where I was stating that I had been lucky to get employment as a “professional dreamer”, this actually wasn’t much else but a target I had set – that 2004 should be about giving more time and room for the dreams – and to relax about the money. Whether they’d be coming or not.

The company which hired me was my own – Mild Productions – and the job description primarily stated that now there would be time to exactly those kind of things I have felt like doing for so long: music, video, writing and travelling. ([www.mildproductions.dk](http://www.mildproductions.dk)).

Wow! Let the dreams loose and then things begin to happen. I must say this became quite a “dream year” in Mik’s life. Exclamation-point! 2004 became more fairytale-like and ground-breaking than anything else that has happened for me in the past many years.

I have met a goddess from the Antipodes. Her name is Deb.

And if everything goes well from nature's side, we are going to be parents to a little Danish-Australian miracle in July.

Deb and I met on the internet in 2002. A coincidental mail-correspondence about a drum course developed to a kind of a pen palship. On the 18th of December last year we were suddenly upgraded to cyber lovers. In April we met for the first time in Real Life. Since then things have moved rapidly. ([www.mikaidt.dk/oz](http://www.mikaidt.dk/oz)). Now we move together – Deb is coming to stay in Denmark, that is if she will be allowed to do so by the Danish authorities. Otherwise we will be moving to Australia.



“Career-wise” – as a *professional dreamer* – the 19th of November 2004 stands for me as a special day in my life. This was when I had my debut with ‘Dreamlines’ – a full-day lecture for adult school pupils about being a dreamer in the positive sense of the word and about what it takes to live out your dreams.

Even though it was only a first prototype, it was the fulfillment of a personal dream I have had for a long time which came true at this moment. The dream of making two ends meet: to be able to allow oneself only and without compromises to be working with things which you find fun, giving and challenging, because at the same time you are able to make money from it.

A course has been pointed out – now I hope to be able to use the coming months on improving and refining the product. In the universe of the dreamer I have found myself a “gospel” which gives me great pleasure and satisfaction to be preaching. (More about it on [www.dreamer.dk](http://www.dreamer.dk))



These letters are typed many thousand kilometers from home – in the dim light of the kerosine lamp at a porch with view to the rain forest and a rising full moon. That sort of things always adds extra flames under the already warm feelings for friends and family... How much I value those friendships, how much you mean to me. I hope to see you again in the new year – and I sincerely hope we will be able to create the time which is needed for it.

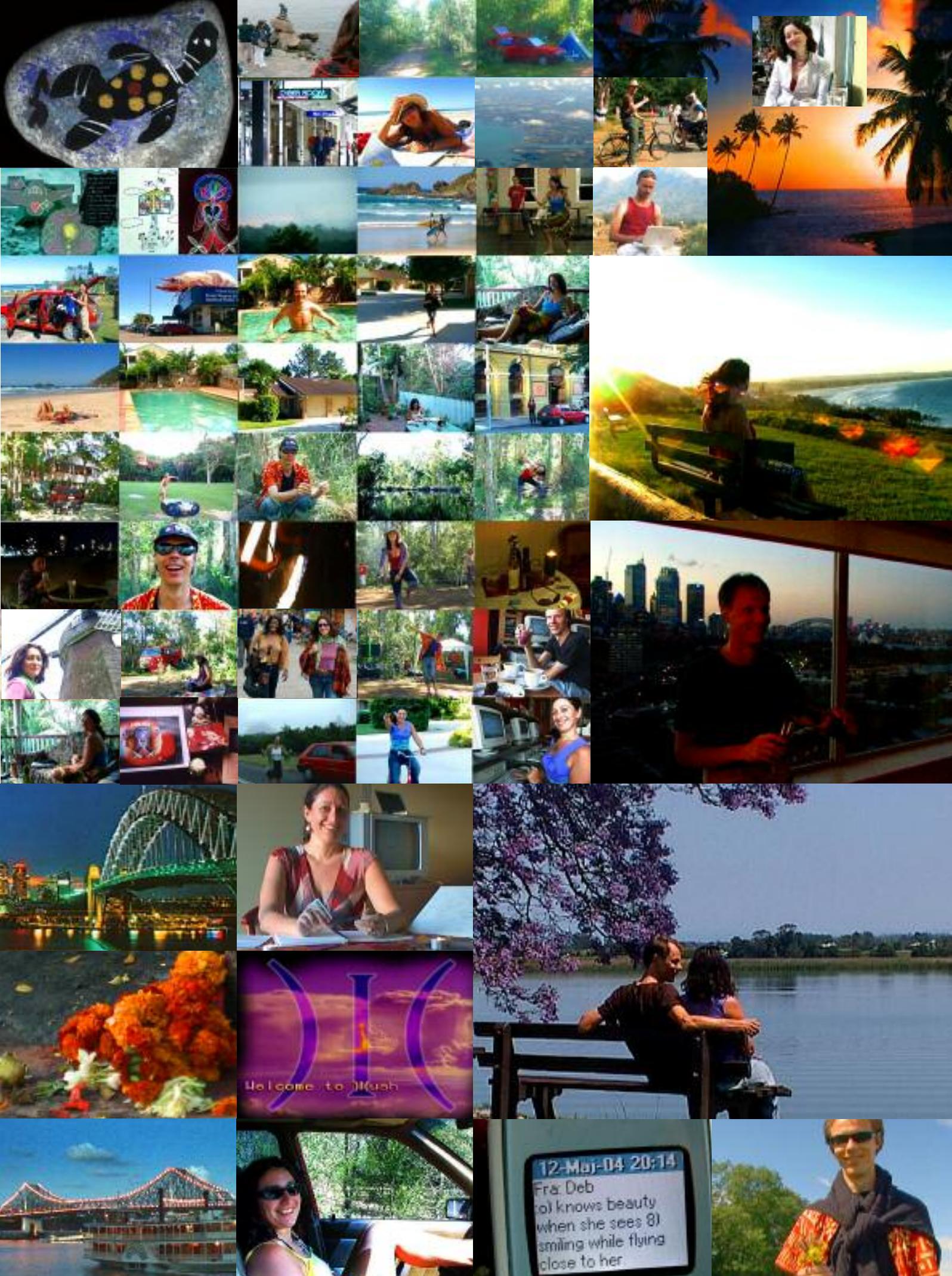
In a weeks time Deb will be arriving in the airport of Bombay, and with that reunion-hug which we will meet each other with there, a new life begins for two, soon three, human beings on the planet Earth. A life where “I” in a larger extent is exchanged with “we”, and where freedom and dreamy visions voluntarily are exchanged with responsibilities, commitment and (from July onwards) steady diaper-changing routines. But also a life where there will still be room for the dreams. Both the big ones and the small ones.

Should it happen that you DON'T hear from me in the coming months, then you now know the explanation: the Dreamer Mik has gone into *family mode*! No matter what and under all circumstances I wish you a really beautiful new year, with all the best things happening to you.

*May the Dreams be with you!*

With lots of love from Mik

PS: My personal diary-notes from the dream-bubble on the Indian subcontinent where I am presently based, can be read at [www.mikaidt.dk/india](http://www.mikaidt.dk/india)



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