My dreams have been shattered.

OK. Not all of my dreams, just the ones residing in the web of a dream catcher that once hung from the rearview mirror in my car.

It was a harmless decoration that reminded me daily of a roadside Navajo market in The-Middle-Of-Nowhere, AZ.

The Native American women said the cedar seeds were called ghost beads and they would ward off evil spirits.

I was told also that the dangling feathers were from an eagle and that legend says the web filters dreams, delivering only positive or important messages.

I got the message, all right.

I knew when the Nebraska State Patrol was conducting a day-long checkpoint at the I-80 rest area between Maxwell and Brady. I certainly didn't think troopers would still be flagging down cars after dark, though, when I was hurrying to get from Ogallala to Gothenburg.

As I wound my way through what seemed like hundreds of cars and officers, I thought only of how much this would put me behind schedule.

My driver's license, insurance and registration are all current. The head lights, tail lights,

blinkers, brakes, horn and windshield wipers on my car work perfectly.

So why did it take the trooper so long to return my papers? He was writing me a fix-it ticket!

“Ma’am, I’ll have to ask you to remove that thing hanging from your mirror. It could be obstructing your view.”

I seriously wanted to argue. It’s a dream catcher, for crying out loud. I can see right through it. The only thing really obstructing my view was the 22 cars in line ahead of me blinking, flashing and honking.

But I didn’t say a word. I sadly untied the soft leather loop and carefully laid the dream catcher in the seat next to me.

Because I’d “fixed” the problem, the officer handed me the authorized ticket and sent me on my way. The extra time spent scribbling on a meaningless piece of paper, though, meant I’d missed the volleyball game, supper and “The Office” on NBC.

I drove home in disbelief.

That was a couple of weeks ago and I have since returned the dream catcher to its hanging position in my car. Hopefully now my recurring nightmare about the Nebraska football team will go away.