

My Reoccurring Dream

I am writing this after waking up at 3:00 O'clock in the morning. I have been waking up at that time for many, many years now and every time I remember it was my mother's favorite song. "[It's Three O'Clock In The Morning](#)". I too, like that song. Mom played it on her aunt's record player after her mother passed away.

My reoccurring dream has been that I was allowed to reenlist in the navy. I would be at some navy base, sometimes near the ocean, having breakfast in the chow hall or in a barracks trying to find my locker. Other times I would be looking for the shower and the water would not be draining properly or the water would not be hot. I could never see myself in uniform.

This morning, it's the day after I had been in a store where I purchased all the clothes necessary to be in uniform and put them in my car. Well that's also a reoccurring dream, I can never find my car. Anyway, this morning I was in a bunch of rooms where an amputee was getting refitted for his new day in uniform. He and I were friends. I asked him, "Did someone bring my new clothes in here, somewhere"? He waved me to come down the hall and into a room where there were racks of uniforms. He said to everyone in the area, "Now treat Bouwman right here". But all the uniforms were army, not navy. I wandered around and woke up.

I lay there, thinking, "Why do I keep having this dream"? Wow, I was almost in uniform. I'll be 80 years old in a few weeks. I hope I make it. Will I have died when I am in a navy uniform, in my dream?

Vern Bouwman January 30, 2015.