

# Swimming in the Ocean

That is a good metaphor for a lot of things, but it is actually something I did not too long ago.

Now I generally prefer a nice swimming pool. A non-public pool is better than any public pool too. I never liked swimming in ponds or lakes. Mud, pond weeds, sharp stones and the non-clarity of the water were the things I didn't like. My wife's family had a lake cottage when I first met her, so we did spend some time there. While I did swim, I can't say I every really enjoyed it. I enjoyed being with family but not the lake swimming part. Of course, there were a few other things I really didn't enjoy about that cottage, but they had nothing to do with swimming.

I did find out more than a few years ago, that I do enjoy swimming in the ocean. The big waves, the sandy beaches, the smell of the salt water. I wish I could do it more often, just not feasible in the NW Ohio. The first time I remember swimming in an ocean was some 20 years ago in Southern California. The big wide Pacific was a blast. Sitting on the beach with my wife as the tide came in (and almost getting caught with no way out, but that is also another story).

Recently I was with my family in Florida, and I got to swim in the Atlantic. We didn't stay long enough to get caught by any tides, but we enjoyed the waves, sand and salt water.

Other than people, I didn't see any wildlife in the ocean. Some no longer used shells, but nothing living. A bit sad really. When we were in California, we saw sea lions and otters. They weren't where we were swimming, they knew better. □ But they were close by.

Some day I should go to Hawaii and see some really big waves. Someday is always just around the corner isn't it?

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# It's only a dream...

Boy did I have a strange dream last night. Normally, I don't remember them, but this one was long, involved and memorable.

\*\*\*\*\* Dream cloud surrounding the following narrative.  
Comments are in italics \*\*\*\*\*

I was sitting on the porch of my house and a mid-sized red car comes up the drive. A lady I knew stepped out of the car and asked if I wanted to go someplace with her. She was very sorry for coming out to the house without calling, but really wanted male a companionship for this outing. I was more than willing to go, since I was thinking of asking this lady out for some time. I hadn't been asked out much during my life, and I liked the feeling...

*In reality, I have no idea who this woman was and the house porch I was sitting on was my parents' house, and it was sold to my new neighbor almost 5 years ago. Yes, I do like the feeling of being asked out.*

Before I could even step into the house to get my wallet and keys, a LifeFlight helicopter was landing in the front yard. Now I had no idea why they were coming here, and the life flight nurse was sure that this was the place to pick up the an emergency patient. I tried to explain that the only two people there were the two they saw now. Then a school bus comes barreling through the woods, not on the road, but right through the woods, and over the swamp. This is when I told the LifeFlight crew that this must be the person/people they were waiting for. While talking to the crew, the school bus turned into a tanker truck. Helping the people out of the tanker and unto the copter took so much time that my date and I were too late to go to her function. So we made plans to get together

at a later date.

*Ok, this just happened very quickly in the dream. The lady in question (I sure wish I would have had a name associated with this dream.) The next section of the dream occurred in the blink of an eye.*

I was sitting at a table of a park lodge with the lady of my dreams (*I like the way that sounds!*) and someone fell off a speed boat on the lake in view from the lodge. Leaving my date behind I run and swim out to rescue the person. Coming back into the lodge, I ran into my father-in-law. He was giving me a thumbs up sign on my date. I then went into a restroom (straight out of a Harry Potter Movie) to change my wet clothes. My brother-in-law came into the restroom to make sure I put on the suit he brought me. He wanted to make sure I was ready for the wedding. What wedding, I was here on a date?? Anyway, I get dressed and step out of the restroom to tell my date about the wedding. Instead of finding my date, I find my late wife. She said "Hurry up, we can't miss this wedding." I'm going, "Wait, you aren't supposed to be here, you died years ago." She said, "I know that silly, I just couldn't miss this wedding. Come on, let's go." I said I had to explain it to my date. My wife said that this was already taken care of. Me, I'm wondering how she took that.

The gorilla ushers took my bag (*where did that come from?*) and we took our seats. The wedding was over before it even began *Yes, this was surreal. Even in the dream it had a feeling of weirdness. I'm not sure who the wedding was for, but all but 1 daughter was in the dream.*

After the wedding, my dear wife said she had to be going. I wanted her to wait, but her time was at an end. Then I went looking for my bag. (*Why not the date?*) I couldn't find the gorilla who took it. In fact I couldn't find any of the gorillas. The girl at the lobby desk told me she would go through the security tapes to find the gorilla that took my bag. I was watching it with her and saw the part where I came

out of the restroom. I saw me talking, but I was talking to nobody. My wife was not in the video. Then I remember my date. Did she know why I was gone, did I ruin another date? I find my date, and she was still waiting for me. I told I was sorry for being gone so long, and she said it was no problem. She had a nice talk with some lady who told me I had to be at a wedding at the lodge. She was told I was surprised and didn't know about the wedding. Hmm, how did that work out. She then said a gorilla gave her my bag.

\*\*\*\*\* Here the dream ends.... \*\*\*\*\*

I'm not what was going on in this dream, but after telling it to my youngest, she reminded me of a dream I had a bit ago. In that dream I had a date with a raven haired psychic. This lady in my dreams, also had raven hair, but I don't recall the face of either lady. Hmm... But then again, I've always liked dark haired women. Just a weird dream I remembered today.