

Model for Dream Journal Entry

Make, at least, two entries per week. They should each be, approximately, this length.

Date: April 13 (recorded at around 1:00 AM)

I remembered this dream after waking up from a “before bed-time nap” at 1:00 AM.

I was at my childhood home at North Cragmont Ave. and I was making adverts for an event. The event seemed to involve collecting fruit from the trees on the property... especially the persimmon tree. As a strategy to get neighborhood kids not to steal fruit from the trees, we decided to formally invite them to come and pick the fruit. [Note that the land that the house is located was, more than 60 years ago, an apricot orchard.] After the invitations were made, we wondered whether we should invite the neighborhood kids or others.

I remember sleeping a long time in the dream, maybe due to jet lag. When I woke up, it was dark. Someone outside the house (maybe my sister Mary) was speaking with brother-in-law, Bill. [At this point it seemed that I was at my sister’s house—not my mother’s.] I felt a little guilty about sleeping so long and tried to come up with an excuse. I vaguely remember that my other sister, Joanne, was there.

I was inside the house but, strangely, outside as well—as though I was seeing two perspectives at once. I was clearly back at my childhood home now and, when I looked inside, I could see that it was being remodeled and real estate agents were doing some measuring. I felt curious, but not really sad. The work was about to be completed.

Feelings (and reasons for them):

Guilt — from oversleeping

Tiredness — possibly due to jet lag

Curiosity — about the remodeling and how my childhood home was being transformed

Connections & Associations with real life events:

* A few years ago my mother actually found some neighborhood children on her property picking fruit. She called the police, but the policeman just listened, picked a persimmon (which he had never eaten before), took a bite out of it, and declared it “delicious.”

Things relating to what’s currently happening:

* My mother’s home (which was the home I grew up in) is being prepared for sale now.

Interpretation:

Perhaps the dream revealed some guilt I feel over not doing more to prepare my mother’s home for sale. Although I did a lot of cleaning of the house and gave away many things, my sisters have done much more...mainly because they both live in the States and can visit the house more frequently. The dream may also show some ambivalence I feel between selling the house to the highest bidder (which might be a contractor who may demolish and rebuild) versus selling it to a family who won’t change it so much and take care of it well, especially the beautiful garden.

Looking inside the house from the outside and looking outside from the inside represented my feeling that I have become an outsider, in a sense, of the home I was brought up in.

Date: April 20 (recorded at around 7:00 AM)

Dreamt that I found out that Mom needed some serious work on her teeth and I decided to take her to the dentist to get it taken care of. I met up with her at her house at 172 N. Cragmont. Somehow I didn't have a car so we hitchhiked from the front of her house — or were just waiting there to see what might happen. Before long a nice woman with a hijab who, at first, passed us, put her car in reverse and backed up to where we were standing. She pulled down her window, which was manual rather than automatic and told us she could give us a ride. After we got in the backseat of the rather messy old model car, she said something that I couldn't hear well. Finally, I heard that she wanted \$15 to drive us somewhere and gave a reason why she needed the money. I readily agreed and we set off.

At one point I realized that I hadn't told her where we were going because I was enjoying the scenery too much. It was sunny and the views of the yellow hills were vivid. It seemed as though it had rained because everything was glistening. Realizing we were going the wrong way I told the driver that we needed to go to White Road. I don't remember doing so, but I apparently directed her to my grandmother's old house, which is now inhabited by strangers. Although I didn't see my grandmother there, we went in while the driver stayed in her car. My sisters were there but I only remember Mary vividly.

They, mainly Mary, were cooking something in Noni's old kitchen. It was a plain meal but I had the feeling we were being featured on a cooking program. I only remember seeing some miserable cabbage or lettuce on a plate and maybe potatoes. My mother was quiet and I only remember trying to explain to her the dental work that she'd need to get done. Suddenly, I realized that the driver was still in the car and it was getting dark. I felt that I had been rude to her and I thought about inviting her in the house. Since I got distracted by something in the kitchen I never did so. The dream ended with us still in Noni's kitchen. [We never spoke of Noni or discussed why we were there; it all seemed natural.]

Feelings (and reasons for them):

Guilt — that we had left the muslim woman in the car.

Responsibility — for my mother in getting her to her dental appointment.

Nostalgia — for the warm atmosphere of my grandmother's house.

Fear — that something vaguely bad might happen if the muslim woman was let into the house (e.g., it would be later robbed by people she knew)

Connections & Associations with real life events:

In real life I once took my mother to one of her dental appointments and tried to find out why some dental work had been done on her which seemed unnecessary. There are very few muslims in my mother's town and this element in the dream seemed odd.

Things relating to what's currently happening:

My mother is now in assisted living and my oldest sister is doing a lot to take care of my mother's needs and coordinate her care. I wish I could do more but it's difficult from Japan, so I feel some guilt.

Interpretation:

The muslim woman perhaps represented the caregivers (mostly Filipina) who now care for my mother in assisted living. They seem to genuinely care for her but it is a business, which makes it not like home and it is not clear how much they can be trusted.

Date: April 23 (recorded at around 9:00 AM)

Dreamt that I had the job of adding (grafting) a branch to the lower part of big mature trees. I knew in the dream that I was helping the trees and this was a task that had been given to me. The new branch was generally between where the first big branches appear and the ground. I clearly remember feeling the smooth trunk of the tree and carefully selecting the proper place for the new branch. I had some doubts whether I was doing it correctly and wondered if I had understood the instructions well. Might I be putting them too low? The trees didn't seem to be part of an orchard and they didn't look like they were fruit bearing. I felt that they were in an urban environment.

I also had a set of directives in Japanese that I didn't understand completely but I knew I would have to give a presentation on them. I was thinking how I could illustrate the presentation and make it more concrete. Don't know who the audience was supposed to be or whether the directives were connected with the trees. I felt that the work with the trees was important and I did it seriously and systematically.

Feelings (and reasons for them):

Purposeful — in carrying out the tree grafting sincerely.

Doubtful — about whether what I was doing would be met with approval or not even though I was working under some sort of official capacity.

Connections & Associations with real life events:

* When I was in elementary school (maybe a second or third grader) my Uncle Tony and I grafted an avocado tree at my mother's house, which went on to produce LOTS of avocados. We also successfully grafted a peach tree branch onto an apricot tree. These were the only experiences I've had with grafting.

Things relating to what's currently happening:

* A few days ago my sister Mary told me that she brought a caper plant (which my mother loved) from my mother's old house to her assisted living facility. The caper was replanted, under my mother's supervision.

* I do some guerrilla gardening in my neighborhood. That has involved planting various citrus trees, an avocado tree, and a loquat tree. I keep an eye on them every day and pull the weeds from around them.

Interpretation:

I want to help (especially my mother and sisters) but not sure the best way to do so. I make some attempts but doubts remain about what more I can do.