

35 Years Later And Still Rockin'

Today marks the 35 anniversary of the death of Elvis Presley. A record 75,000 fans were on hand at Graceland for the candlelight vigil held every year beginning last night. This morning, his ex-wife Priscilla and their only daughter Lisa Marie were interviewed side-by-side for the first time inside the mansion. Remarkably, Elvis' biggest fear was that he would be forgotten as quickly as his fame rose. Obviously, it can be argued that he is at least as popular today as he was in his prime.

Also highlighted in a 24 hour marathon is the Hollywood years. 31 movies made in only 13 years (in 1968 he made at least 4 movies). A few show what he could have become. Many are fun to watch while a lot are painful to watch and for him, personally, to make. This afternoon while sick in bed, I tried to watch *Double Trouble*. In one scene, he sings "Old MacDonald" to a 17 year-old girl who throws herself at him every chance she gets. I gratefully rolled over and went back to sleep.

This morning, I also heard a rendition of one of my 3 favorite Elvis songs performed as a duet with Lisa Marie and found a video of it to share. Almost remarkable how much daughter resembles father. Over the years, I have come to not only appreciate the power and heart that he brought to the more "meaningful" songs but to prefer them. What a loss at only 42 years of age.

Night Of Nightmares

Last night, I had the worst dream I've ever had in my life. I didn't realize it was a dream while I was having it, but I remember waking myself up on purpose anyway – it's difficult to explain, as many aspects of vivid dreams usually are.

The gist of it was – a member of my family (who in real life has been estranged from the family for 25+ years) was buckling my kids into her car for a sleepover. She began doing so at a frantic pace, which alarmed me, so I called it off. But before I could do anything, she was pulling out of my driveway with the kids, and I was screaming at her that this amounting to kidnapping and I was calling the police. She didn't stop. My two older girls found their way home, but she still had my younger two – they're 3 years and 20 months. Meanwhile, the pre-planned game night at our house (but it didn't look like our house) was beginning to take shape as guests were arriving. A friend from college (who I haven't seen since) shows up with my cousin (the kidnapper's daughter) as his date, and she is sullen and seems really angry. We manage to get out of her that her mother hasn't been herself lately and somehow come to the conclusion that she is intending to commit a murder / suicide. Where the police were at this point, I don't know, but for some reason, I couldn't go out and look for them myself, and I was inconsolable. It was the most helpless, panicky, horrible feeling I could imagine, and I had to watch my parents watch their daughter go through this as well – the whole thing was just awful. Even though I didn't know it was a dream, I squinched my eyes shut and woke up – thank goodness. It was one of those where I woke up out of breath, my eyes darting around my bedroom. I realized it had all been a dream, and I suppressed the urge to get up and have

a reassuring look at my kids – what good would it do to interrupt their sleep? Besides they'd be getting up soon enough – I could see the light starting to come in through the window. But when I looked at the clock, it was only 1:45 am! What the heck? I had felt like I had a full night's sleep! For once (and I honestly can't remember the last time I felt like this) I felt well-rested and actually *wanted* to get out of bed – and I didn't want to put myself in the position to have another horrible nightmare. So I laid there and mentally composed my blog post depicting my terrible dream, and I was able to fall back asleep. The dream I had next was actually quite a comical episode involving a (non-threatening) alligator in a restaurant. When my alarm went off hours later, I was back to normal – tired as can be, not ready to get up...

There must have been something going on last night because my 5-year-old told me about a nightmare she had had involving a circle of chicken pox.

So was that light coming into my room at 2 in the morning the light of a full moon? Do full moons cause nightmares or vivid dreams? I know my family and friends in law enforcement tell me that they are extra busy and have some of their most interesting calls on full moon nights, but now I remember driving home last night and seeing the moon – and it wasn't full. So why was it so bright in my room last night? Most nights I can't see without my flashlight, but last night I could see easily – I had just assumed it was the sun rising until I looked at the clock... that one's a mystery that remains unsolved.

I have some guesses as to where certain parts of the dream came from – I had been reading *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban* before I went to bed. Could my dream have been my own version of a boggart (a magical creature from the series which is a shape-shifter that takes the form of its intended victim's worst fear – ie, something bad happening to my

kids)? And I was listening to an old Don Williams song in the car yesterday ([If You Could Read My Mind](#)), which reminded me of a time when I was a little kid and Don Williams was playing as we were heading to my aunt's house (the kidnapper in my dream). I don't know why my college friend suddenly appeared or why he was dating my cousin, but the game night significance could come from the game night we have scheduled for tomorrow... just a few theories; I think the bottom line is obvious – dreams are WEIRD!!!

(and this is unrelated – but as I was looking for the Don Williams song, I came across this wonderful version of [In The Ghetto](#) by both Elvis and his daughter Lisa Marie Presley – a posthumous duet. I've made my youtube references as links in this post rather than videos so as not to force anyone to watch/listen to anything if they don't want to)