

I heart hail

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Before I say more, let me offer this disclaimer: I am not talking about the golf ball sized chunks of ice that wreak havoc on cars, lawn furniture and anyone caught outside. We don't generally see those where I live and I feel for you if you do.

Yesterday, we had two rounds of hail. These were at most marble sized and generally somewhat smaller. But they came down in a torrent and at one point covered the ground an inch deep. I was heading out on a food run for a friend who can't leave home and the car was impressively covered. As was my bare head in the less than a minute it took me to get from front door to driver's seat. (Note to self: Wear a hat next time.)

As you have likely surmised, we don't get hailstorms of any description all that often which probably accounts for the wonder with which I beheld the sights as I drove through our neighborhood. It's just amazing to me to see ice bouncing off the streets and walks.

Have you figured out that I'm easily impressed?