

## Thunderstorm

30 May, 2020

Woke up to a thunderstorm this morning. A very gentle one, by our usual standards. The rain was constant but not a deluge, breezes rather than wind gusts moved the trees and the thunder itself was of the long, low-throated type that goes on for up to half a minute, with no great crashes or booms.

Perhaps the best measure of the gentleness of this storm was that our older dog Zoey did not jump up on the bed with us. Okay, so she declined to go outside when the sky growled just as she was about to clear the back door but who can blame her?

Our smaller alleged dog (Chihuahua) never even stirred, far as I could tell. Oh, she was buried under Mary's blanket but that's her normal, so who can say?

Those who followed my former blog know how much I love being inside during inclement weather. Watching interesting weather events from the warmth and dryness of my work room is one of the true comforts of the who-where-when of my life.

I wish the same were true for everyone in this country. So many have been caught out in the metaphorical rain, whether from racism or pandemic-ignorance or loss of jobs or feelings of isolation. I wish all those storms were as gentle as the one I'm experiencing this morning.

I promised myself that this web page would concentrate on positives in the midst of the maelstrom – political and otherwise – going on around us. So I won't plunge deeper into commentary on current events except to say this:

If the storms you're facing today are beating you down, please know that many of us care and would try to help lift you up if only we could find a way through the noise. And if, like me, you find yourself safe and dry as you read this, please consider reaching out to someone who needs it. And if your touch is not welcomed, walk away. Everyone deserves to weather the storm on their own terms.