

We have had a dry spell. That is certainly a relative term, and we did have 8/10 of an inch of rain eleven days ago, so, in some areas, the words “dry spell” would not fit our situation. But, after three mornings of frost and then some hot days with parching winds, it certainly has felt dry.

Today, we were lucky with the showers. Instead of going around us to the north or south, the rain clouds favored us. Although it didn’t look as if moisture was in the works for us this morning either, the sky gradually turned gray and a “sprinkle” came down as we walked to the house from the garden. But, as we sat down to eat our noon meal, the sprinkle turned into a real rain shower, and we enjoyed our dinner while listening to the water hitting our metal roof and watching the curtain of white engulf first the woods a mile away, and then, successively, the near woods and the willow swamp.

I’ve always liked rain. I am not fond of storms, but a good rain every few days is both necessary and pleasant. We are fortunate to live in a relatively benign and moderate climate. Floods, droughts, hail, blizzards, and even tornadoes are a possibility here, of course, but they are not common. Most of the time, our weather complaints are more the result of rain or snow interfering with some human plans. Mother Nature is happy even if rain causes a ball game to be cancelled or lawn mowing to be put off until another day.

Barbara Kingsolver, in her book *Animals, Vegetables, Miracles* wrote about her family’s move from Arizona to the East. They stopped at a little convenience store or gas station on their way out of Tucson. The clerk was complaining that it looked like rain, and she had the next day off. She didn’t want anything to interfere with her plans, even though Arizona was even more parched than usual.

How far people have come from any connection with Nature when their vision has narrowed so much that they consider only how weather might affect their own plans. And yet, like the rest of us for whom weather is both important and interesting, their lives depend on rain and sunshine for their very existence.

I remember my uncle coming back from visiting a son in northern California. It was the dry season in the West, though not during a drought, and my uncle’s estimation seemed right on the mark. It was a dry summer here, but he had seen the difference between “dry” and DRY! “Michigan is a lush country,” was his comment.

As I look out through our windows—to the east, south, west, or north, what I mostly see is—green. There are different shade of that color in the various trees, in the fields, meadows, and swamps, but it is all green and full of life.

I understand that many people become depressed if rainy weather lasts for a long time. Especially in the fall, when the leaves are gone, the landscape is brown, the wind is chilly, and the rain sometimes continues past what is really—in our opinions, anyway—necessary, we begin to hear complaints about the weather.

Those words of discontent seldom come from me. I like chilly, wet, dark

weather. And, after a summer and early fall of sunshine and color, the monochrome of rainy November weather is welcome.

Our anxiety levels rise when there are too many days and weeks without a good rain. Now, for a week or so, we won't feel that unease.