

Rain

By Marilyn Reeves

I look out my window at the grey skies, watching the misty rain, and my mood alternates somewhere between the blahs and the blues. "Rain, rain go away ..." I say to myself and heave a sigh.

Neighbors I pass in the hall all say the same thing, "... yeah, but we need the moisture." And we sort of chuckle and tell each other to have a good day, anyway.

I could go out if I really had to. After all, I do have an umbrella, and it's not coming down all that hard. But I don't really have to go anywhere, so instead I try to find things to do to fill the long hours as I wait out the rain.

I look in the mirror and am surprised to see that my skin looks a bit smoother today for some reason, and my hair looks sort of plumped up and wanting to curl, and I think to myself, 'It's the moisture.' Then I smile, and I really do look a bit better, a bit younger than usual.

I awaken from my afternoon nap and hear a strange sound. It's a bird calling, "Yoo-hoo, yoo-hoo" – a two note greeting in its high soprano voice. Then I hear a little dog barking, "Yap-yap-yap, better watch out, 'cause I'm still here! Just came out to reclaim my territory."

I open the drapes and see bright sunlight shining on the misty raindrops and a patch of blue sky through the parting clouds. I rush to throw on my shoes and a light jacket and venture outdoors for the first time in days. I take a deep breath of the clean, fresh air and look around at the newly washed earth. The grass has turned a deep shade of emerald green, and the leaves on the trees, sparkling with raindrops, have spread and matured, seemingly over-night.

The squirrels are out in force, chasing each other up and down tree trunks, thundering across the roofs of the buildings on their tiny paws. Spring flowers in a riot of colors nod at me as I pass by. I whisper a little prayer of thanks as I say to myself, "What a beautiful, wonderful world it is we live in." Everything is new again, everything is alive again because of the rain.