

Aftermath

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Yesterday afternoon I thought of myself, briefly, as a woe-is-me pore old widow lady. Today, seeing the aftermath of the hurricane in other places, I consider myself very very lucky.

Unfortunately: A tree fell on my house at 2 PM. A large skylight was destroyed and fell onto my bed.

Fortunately: I was not in the bed. The dog was downstairs, I was downstairs, the cat was downstairs.

Unfortunately: A big piece of tree broke a window and part of the roof and entered the master bathroom.

Fortunately: the bathroom was unoccupied.

Fortunately: A neighbor/friend raced over and helped me upend the mattress, etc. and get it away from the drenching rain.

Fortunately: My yard crew, usually leaf-rakers and lawn-mowers...led by the wonderful Irish Kevin-with-a-Brogue...brought a helper and spent four hours inside and out, on the roof and on the ground, in the wind and rain, covering the holes in the roof; chain-sawing the tree and removing it from the roof and the bathroom.

Fortunately: This morning my insurance agent called.

All will be well.

It was terrible to see on TV this morning the footage of those thousands for whom all is not well. My own lament has disappeared completely.

Tags: Untagged