

My Rock

Meredith Howard

At my house in New Hampshire there was a gray granite boulder beside the trickle of a stream that dissected my property. I sat on an indentation that was just right so I didn't have to balance myself as I cooled my feet in the water. The brook was crystal clear and very cold. The water was only a few inches deep in the heat of the summer. This rock was my favorite place. It was warm from the sun and comforting. The sound of the babbling water was soothing to my ears.

Then there was the Flood of Oct, 2005 in my village of Alstead, NH. My backyard was under five to ten feet of muddy water, trees, and remnants of other peoples' houses. The tranquil stream became a deadly force of nature wreaking havoc for miles downstream. Four people died, twenty two homes completely gone, more than two dozen homes and properties damaged, roads torn up for miles, even strong metal bridges twisted and gone.

When the water receded There was my rock, my solid gray granite boulder, no longer beside the brook which had diverted itself to be about seventy feet away; but, still there. It was warm in the sun and it comforted me again.