

The Fire Summer

When I heard about the first fire in our area, Stuart Hole, I was in Georgia, trying to help my 92-year-old Mom deal with what initially was only a depressing health issue. Over the weeks though, seeing her decline on a daily basis, I became frustrated, angry, and terribly, terribly sad. The only thing I could do was to single-mindedly focus on trying to provide some few small comforts in the face of the looming certainty.

At quiet moments in Mom's little living room, I dazedly looked at emails from my husband and noticed the photos of smoke and fire visible from our front yard near 80C. It did not register high on my list of priorities until one night thinking about feelings and requirements that all of us humans experience, I realized that everyone at home in Colorado was probably feeling pretty much the same kind of powerless frustration that I was experiencing in Georgia, but with the added complications of hard work in the face of uncertainty. Then I saw beyond myself and a rush of emotion overwhelmed me for those at home whose hearts were on the verge of breaking.

The world is a big place. In some situations we just have to find the courage, or the grace (as Susie Trabant put it), to survive and somehow get ourselves through to the other side. Pictures show that the grass grows back.

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