

Aftermath

Last weekend's storms in the mid-west left much destruction, injuries, and at least seven deaths in Ohio. Perhaps most tragic of all, the graduation exercises at [Lake High School](#) (near Toledo) had to be postponed and moved to another location. The back wall of the gymnasium ripped off. Not so tragic in and of itself, but one of the seven who lost their lives was the father of the class valedictorian. Their home also destroyed. Mere hours before what is supposed to be a happy moment in the lives of young adults, family, and friends was put to a violent halt.

My little corner was spared such devastation, I knew the wind had picked up. There was lightning, rain, but no sirens went off. Many of the surrounding neighborhoods issued warnings but I guess we were under the dome. Walking to work Sunday morning, there was no standing water, downed trees, or any of the disastrous signs of the damage that Mother Nature wrecked on several communities in our area. The worst incident I heard of was a customer whose newly purchased picnic umbrella had been whisked away. We were lucky.

I love a good thunderstorm; however, when it brings destruction, injury, and loss of life it makes me stop and think about the awesome power of things which we have no control over. May God be with those seven individuals and their families and the communities who were in the middle of the wrath.