An April
Terry Savoie

Snowstorm’s forecasted & seems to be bound for our neck of the woods, but what am I to do about it, fall on my knees & pray to the Almighty or simply sit here with my eyes shut tightly & make believe it’s not going to really happen? Trouble is that when I open them again, the threat’s just as immanent. What I’m hearing is this forecast’s for snow that’ll be more than just a brief blast of Arctic cold, it’s a snow with a big blow likely, an unwelcomed guest certainly, perhaps God’s rude gesture telling us what simply must be, must be simply endured so that praying seems to be the only recourse left & a safe gesture at the very least. So I wait. And wait. And pray. But the snows are on the way which makes me pray harder that they may miss us by a mile or, better yet, skirt on by to harass others a hundred miles or more north of here where some other hard-working folk huddled around the stove in their out-of-the-way farm & perhaps on their knees as well, begging, pleading no doubt in their old-world, Amish language with an elaborate system of gestures to the Almighty to be spared & pleading for all they’re worth as I do, sending heartfelt prayers to heaven while casting their eyes earthward in abject humility. Theirs are the same hopes, the same desperate hopes that kindle in my heart, hopes to be spared, please, if only this one time.

Here I am, begging those snows might descend on the others & make their hearts ache so that here, just a few miles away, it’ll be my good fortune that the snow will miss me & that spring will come to my fields without any further delay. North a few miles or south for that matter separates the disaster from spring bliss. But, who knows the Lord’s fickle hand with such a razor-thin miscue on His part one way or the other? It took me nearly seven decades to discover how obvious this is so that I wonder now just where my Ma & Pa were who might’ve saved me all this torture in just accepting my destined lot in life & realizing that each new day is my good fortune?