

OFF THE DOCK

WITH D. A. MANN

~ A Spoonful of Hope ~

“I’m sorry this is happening to you.” A simple sentence. Not complicated; but, it carries some weight. It’s sincere; yet, powerful in its own right. You’ll hear it over and over during the day and into the night until it’s just you, your wife, and your pets. The next day is the same and by the end of it, you don’t want to hear that simple sentence one more time. You can’t bare the load of emotion it carries. You’re spent. But, at the same time, you need to hear *it* for *it* gives you hope. Hearing *it* takes a little bit of the burden off your shoulders. Just knowing that someone else cares eases the pain ever so slightly. If you get enough spoonfuls of hope, you might make it through this day. “I’m sorry this is happening to you.”

Everything is gone. There will be no more mornings sitting at your desk writing, no more days fishing, and no more evenings having a drink on your boat watching the sun go down. It’s gone. You saved some personal belongings; just the most treasured things that will add some normalcy to the life you are about to experience. You’re safe. Your wife found an apartment to rent inland by ten miles. Where you got the energy and focus to get through this disaster is beyond you. Somewhere within you lies a will to survive, a will to provide and protect, and a will to make sense of what is happening. Our little family will not succumb to the will of Mother Nature. She’s pissed about something – that’s obvious. You can pray all you want; but, he can only advise her. She doesn’t work for him and rarely does she heed his recommendations or advice. And today is no different. Today we face a new threat. Today we face Milton.

Helene is history. She had her way with the coast, the inhabitants, and their existence. Few will forget her name. Her big brother has picked up the baton and is about to finish what little sister started. She destroyed; he will cleanse. She made a mess; he'll wash it away. As I sit in this apartment writing at the kitchen counter, Milton is churning our way. It is predicted to make landfall south of Tampa placing us on the *dirty* side of the storm. The surge is expected to exceed ten feet; maybe as high as fifteen. All hype aside, I doubt if he will fall short of his goals.

“I’m sorry this is happening to you”

is about to take on a whole new meaning.