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I saw it just the other day: a window with schoolchildren's faces pressed against it. They were standing as close as they could get, noses squished against the glass. All of them watching the rain. For a moment I wondered what they thought of me—walking without an umbrella, soaking it up, wanting the raindrops on my skin. Then I turned to them and waved. When I was sure all their little faces were watching, I started to dance. **And oh, did they laugh. Thanks to the rain.**

I remembered it just the other day: the coffee shop I stopped by every morning before my very first job. It was a new city full of new places and people, and I was trying to find my way. One morning it started to rain while I was inside, and I stood by the door, waiting for the downpour to lighten before I left. But then a woman came and stood by my side. "Should we go on the count of three?" she asked. I had a rule then—to say yes as much as I could. "Sure," I agreed. On three, we ran as fast as we could. **And when we both started jumping in puddles I knew I had finally made a friend. Thanks to the rain.**

I thought about it just the other day: how broken umbrellas would pile up in the corners of avenues every time it rained. I would sit in my apartment as dry as could be, listening to the rain while it pattered against the window, watching while the puddles gathered in the streets. Usually I was go-go-going everywhere. But on rainy days I would always let myself slow down. Cups of tea. Moments of quiet. **Like a slow return to myself. Thanks to the rain.**

Tomorrow will be the first day of spring and so my waiting is over: soon it will rain again. We will learn. We will laugh. We will offer everything we have to give. **Then the rain will wash us clean so we can do it all again. Thanks to the rain. Thanks to the rain.**

STORY BY ANNA MITCHAE

