

Some weather we're having

Sunday night I turned on the television and at the bottom of the screen it said, "A severe thunderstorm warning for 14 miles north of Marshall."

That was stunning because that would be us.

I got outside in time to see a marvelous lightning show in progress. The night was all lit up. But the real storm never happened.

Just last Thursday I was driving toward Ghent when it rained so hard I had to pull off the road. But there was little or no rain in Minneota.

All of this reminded me of that crazy day in 1992 when a tornado slammed into Clarkfield, not once, but twice.

It was the craziest day and night of my life.

In the afternoon a tornado swept through the area and did a lot of damage.

But the most improbable event of the day was seen by hundreds of folks just outside of town. To the west of Clarkfield the tornado took a two-story house, tipped it upside down and sat it right back down on the basement frame, almost perfectly.

When we visited later, there it was, with toilet and tub hanging from the ceiling.

"We simply called it the upside down house." And people drove by for hours as they took a look at what not only seemed improbable, but impossible.

But it did happen.

That night, we thought the tornado was all over when my wife and I settled in to watch the Minnesota Twins on TV.

Suddenly the sirens began to wail and we heard the loud wind outside. My wife yelled,, "Get downstairs." When I asked about our dog she said, "Forget the dog, get downstairs." We did, and so did the dog.

Then another peculiar tornado struck. I thought for sure the house was gone because I could smell soot from the chimney in our basement. But when I crawled upstairs, it was still there, but the windows were mostly broken.

Later, we'd discover the tornado "hopped" from one area to another. It destroyed my garage, and the neighbors and mine were piled in a heap in my back yard.

Then it skipped over my house and right into the city park, where it destroyed all the trees. It seemed to "skip" that way all through town.

I couldn't believe what we saw later. An upside down wagon was on top of the garage pile in my backyard and the wheels were spinning freely.

There were branches all over and many buildings were badly damaged. I even found a tree branch that penetrated the wooden door of my other garage. All the car windows were broken. That night we walked through the community and couldn't believe the damage.

The next day I took my wife to a hospital for some pre-arranged surgery. When I arrived home that late afternoon the pile of debris in my back yard was gone. My friends had taken care of it, the way friends do in an emergency.

The funny thing is later I moved to Grantsburg, Wisconsin and watched a tornado skip over Grantsburg, then destroy everything in its path. Siren, WI was a mess and later my friends from Siren blamed me for moving to the area. "Tornados must follow you," they said.

So Sunday night when I heard we were in a storm's path, I got a bit alarmed. I guess maybe you can understand why.

A little chuckle

Three men were in a boat fishing when they got lost. Suddenly a bottle drifted by so they grabbed it, rubbed it and a genie popped out. "You each get one wish," the genie said. The first man said, "I wish I were home." Poof, he was gone. The second man said, "I wish I were home." Poof, he was gone. The third man looked around and said, "It sure is lonely around here, I wish the other two guys were back."
Poof!

Thought for the Week

As my Old Pappy used to say, "There are two seasons in Minnesota. The Fourth of July and Road Construction."