Understanding Rain

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It’s a love I cannot fully explain. People can shake their heads while folding their umbrellas neatly away in their tiny pouches, wonder quietly inside their soaking wet heads, or laugh loudly so others can hear them over the outside pitter-patter. But whatever their reactions, it does not matter, because rain will always be lovely to me.

Soft rain that barely makes a noise as it hits the patio outside my sliding glass door. Soft rain that pleases the little brown and white finches who want new water in their bird bath. Soft rain that leaves the purple tulips outside my window aglow with water droplets falling to the soil. Hard rain that leaves the old mossy oak trees new and fresh again. Hard rain that hits against my gutter at night, making that little ping noise. Hard rain that leaves a smell of pine and freshness. Hard rain that makes everyone want to stay in, stay where they are safe, stay with the ones they love.

I have always loved the rain, but I haven’t always been able to express that love. Since most people hate it, I used to hate it too. I nodded my head when complete strangers would start complaining about it at bus stops, or at school, or while working out. I would say things like, “Oh yes, this rain it’s just horrible, isn’t it?” I would lie. I began to realize that life is a lot easier if you just nod your head, even if you just want to shake it vigorously. To join the group of girls at the mall when all you want is to stay home and watch a movie with your mom. To say okay when you really want to scream no. To follow instead of lead. As my own life began to develop, I took small steps in trying to express how I felt . . . my first step was my thoughts on the current weather.

It’s freeing to love something that most people hate. I love that I don’t have to worry about rain on my wedding day, or rain on a camping trip. I love that rain can change my mood from bad to good and not vice versa I love that rain is so special, that only some people can learn to like it.

Do I love this weather because I was born with this instinct? Do I love it because I was born in Seattle, a place where rain is the absolute norm? Or do I love it because I truly understand it?
Now when people ask me, “Why do you like rain?” I simply answer, “Because it’s more exciting than sun.” Rain is like a human being. It can be quiet, it can be loud, it can be angry, or it can be calm and soothing. I love the rain because it does not take criticism. In fact, most of the time, it just ignores criticism completely. If we all could learn to do that, maybe more of us could achieve our most desired dreams.

The clouds circle fast around the sky. Their grays begin to darken, their speed picking up as more join in. It’s almost as if a race is taking place. The clouds on their gray stallions race to be the first overhead. A calmness surrounds the city. I am home with the people I love. I am safe, I am warm, I am happy. My hot-cocoa awaits me in my kitchen, and as I peer into the sky to await the first rain drop, I am glad that I can finally be myself, stand up for what I believe in, and express how I feel...especially about the rain.