

Telling Tales: The Blizzard of 2010

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I'm one of those people.

I watch the weather - religiously. And I think there is something seriously wrong with those of you who don't.

Be it a thunderstorm, flood or blizzard - I'm never caught off-guard. In fact, Lisa Patton is one of my very best friends. (One of these days I hope to meet her.) And you are a dead man if you try to change the channel before I get to watch her.

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So, when Lisa told me last week that the snow was a-coming....I knew her word was gold!

We have a bad weather protocol around our house. Thoughtfully crafted after years of weather related experiences.

Rule #1 - Panic.

Rule #2 - Cause those around us to panic.

Rule #3 - Save yourself first!

The protocol consists of my talking incessantly about the oncoming weather. Watching the Weather Channel (sorry Lisa). Then repeating all I've seen and heard to those willing to listen. Or if I'm being completely honest.....even those who are unwilling. In fact, I consider it my God given right to give anyone who crosses my path an up-to-the minute weather report.

A given to Rule #1 is heading to the grocery store ...even if I've just been to the grocery the day before. For some reason, I've come to believe that when a bad weather situation is about to hit - M&M's and orange Fanta will make all things better. A fact that has somehow escaped my husband who claims milk and bread should be on my list as well.

To each his own I guess or put another way...Rule #3 - Save yourself first!

As the snow started to come down Friday, I felt a sense of relief that I had made it home before the storm and was now sitting beside the fire, drinking a cold orange Fanta. My children were all beside me chowing down on M&M's.

We were safe. And all those who had heeded my warnings, were safe as well.

A few hours later, my husband called. He was just now leaving the office and was on his way to the grocery - - - mumbling something about milk and bread.

"The roads are horrible. I'm sliding everywhere! I'll probably be late."

“Ok, stay safe,” I said, hanging up the phone and turning it off - not wanting anyone who had failed to heed Lisa’s warnings to call me later when they were stranded somewhere in the blizzard.

Oh - did I mention Rule #3 - Subpart (a)?

Rule #3(a) - Once I’m home, I’m not getting back out.

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