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Running in the Rain

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The weather today has been going back and forth between sun and downpours—as if someone up there can't quite make up their mind.

This most recent burst of rain gave us only a moment's notice between a few rumbles of thunder and deafening rain. I opened up our red front door and was taken aback by the magnitude of the noise. I sat on the porch alone for only a few moments before my brother joined me saying, "Want to go run around?" and then he was off. Jogging the length of the porch and out into the rain.

With almost no hesitation, I found myself there with him. And we ran. Ran around to the backyard, jumping, twirling, and leaping across the lawn. All the while grinning ear to ear. I couldn't help myself but to giggle—the kind of giggle that used to come so freely as a little kid, but escapes me much less freely nowadays.

After my brother went inside to make some tea, I laid on the slate stones that form our back patio. They were still warm from the sun only a half an hour before. I closed my eyes and felt the rain pitter patter all over my body—focusing on nothing more than that sensation. This is what I believe.

Seizing moments without second thought—even if they seem (or are!) childish: things you had given up doing years ago. Not fretting over the clothes or makeup or jewelry: to spend a moment taking in what is happening NOW.

Take a risk, make a fool of yourself. Don't be afraid of what others say about you because of the risks you take. If they don't support and laugh with you, they probably aren't worth much of your time anyway.

So I ran in the rain, and laughed with my little brother. A happy sibling moment, sure. But honestly, what's better than running around, laughing in the rain, getting completely soaked with someone you love? As far as I'm concerned, not much.

Happy puddle-jumping!