Having Survived the Flood

I wasn’t surprised when the raven didn’t come back. If I’d known a way off that stinking ark, I’d have jumped ship too. He saved us. He never let us forget how he saved us. But there at the last, I’d have taken my chances on swimming.

Rain for 40 days and 40 nights was nothing to waiting all those months while the water was supposed to be going down, though you couldn’t see that it did. We got in each other’s way, the animals racketed for the food we’d run out of, and the monkeys!

Into everything! I told them I’d drown before I went through that again. But they’d none of them listen to one word against that holier-than-thou old man.

After time, I could laugh a little, remembering how the mice got our bread, how my sister-in-law never once set foot on the deck where the snakes slept. But every time they ended by asking, “What did it mean?” Does catastrophe have to mean?

“It means,” I snapped finally, “it means we had one hell of a storm, and I hope I never live to see another.” The old man, half-seas over, like always, pointed a bony finger, “She’s got it! Now He’s saved everybody worth saving, He won’t flood us again!”

I hid a smile and kept silent. Not long after that we moved, my husband and I, off to the east and started our own family.

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