I had not seen the whirl's of wind, rain, and hail a path in a

down on the west side of her house.

Grandmother had sacrons made of chicken wire for all the win-

shingles on our roof twice in five years, I had forgotten why my

until I had seen a few violent hailstorms and replaced the

lying in the swath begin to sprout again, returning it as a cash crop.

I had not seen a long, slow rain come at harsees, making harse.

Harvesting.

literally burn where, steaming, it on the stalk so it's not worth

afternoon, with the temperature at 100 degrees or more, can

I did not know that a light rain coming at the end of a hot

too much at the wrong time, and vice versa.

too early, too late. I fear there could be too little at the right time,

about rain, there is could come too hard, too soft, too hot, too cold,

until I moved to western Dakota, I did not know

—William C. Shurman, Plains Folk

Above all, it is a land in serious need of rain.
said, "you've seen rain."

been in the country. "Five years," we answered. "Well, then," he

An old farmer once asked my husband and me how long we'd

a blessing. It's a miracle.

straight-down-falling rain, a gentle, sparkling rain is more than

I had not realized that a long soaking rain in spring or fall, a