It's so good to have things getting back to some semblance of normalcy. Sorry to those still without power.
It doesn't take long to figure out someone's character and fortitude in an emergency situation such as we endured this past week.

I don't think I'll ever forget driving home Friday afternoon during the storm and seeing the tree on my neighbors house. WOW! It was surreal — like something out of a disaster movie.

I pulled in the drive, hopped out, grabbed the garbage can and drug it around the house and fumbled for my keys. I glanced in the yard and there was a large tree branch on the picnic table that had taken out my begonias. Drat.

Then another gust of wind came along and just that fast, an entire tree was down in the canal. "Auntie Em!"
I got in the house and the power flickered. Then it went out.
Little did I know what the next four days and 12 hours would bring. (Not that I counted.)
When the storm was over, Delphos looked like a war zone.

Driving around Friday evening it was hard to decide which way to look first. Trees and limbs and debris were everywhere.
By Saturday we were emptying out the fridge, throwing most of it away. We saved the silliest things — cheese sticks, an unopened jar of Claussen pickles, butter and pudding cups. That did not bode well.

The next three days would nearly break me. It was so hot in the house with no relief in sight. My husband found a battery-powered camp fan on Saturday and we rejoiced. By Sunday, I would have walked over nails, hot coals and broken glass for another one.
At one point on Sunday afternoon, my husband and I were shoulder to shoulder on the couch with the dog on the back in between us and the camp fan less than a foot away from us. I turned to my hubby and said, "This is how they are going to find us." He said, "Who? No one is going to look for us."

I imagined our shriveled carcasses resembling those apple people you can buy in country stores — with a little shriveled apple dog.
The storm that blew over on Sunday evening did bring a little relief and we enjoyed a DVD on my laptop that evening.
Monday dawned just as hot as ever. Ugh. I was tired of going to get ice and batteries and there being little to no difference from the inside and the outside.

On Monday, a crew of four put out two newspapers. Don't ask how it was done. You wouldn't believe it.
By the end of the day, I had reached my breaking point. I was either going to break down and cry hysterically or I was going to start taking people out — perhaps both.

Tuesday came cloaked in the same misery as Monday. But it was the day before the Fourth of July and stuff would be going on at the park and people had worked hard to offer a good time. Tell me, when does misery not love company?
Then the power went off at the park. What now? Then we heard the news they had shut it down to repair something and then maybe we'd all be back up. Yeah! Magic bananas!

The deadline of 9 p.m. passed with no change in our situation and off we went to find more batteries for the fan and give little Ringo some respite from the heat. We returned back home to a dark, hot house, little ice in the coolers and little hope.
A few minutes before midnight and we heard the most beautiful sound — the TV in the bedroom came on.
We had survived — barely.
The Amish wouldn't have me.