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Subject: Re: Cold Front

Posted by [artisticrainey](#) on Wed, 25 Jul 2012 21:33:05 GMT

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Tyler threw another rock into the surf. He had been throwing things for the past fifteen minutes; now there was only one stone left from the pile that had been at his feet. He wasn't sure if it made him feel better or not. He picked up the last rock and threw.

"I always prefer to throw my rocks at a wall or cliff. I think I like the sound they make. And sometimes they make part of the cliff break off." Tyler jumped and turned around to see Anna standing behind him. "Do you want me to find you some more rocks?"

"No, I think I'm done. I better get back to the house." Tyler kept his head down and kicked the sand as he walked.

Anna fell in beside him. They walked in silence down the beach toward the path to the house. After a couple of minutes, Anna spoke. "Scary, isn't it? Waiting while people you love are in danger or hurt."

Tyler grunted a noncommittal reply.

Anna was quiet for a minute then went on. "And what happened to Luke was completely unexpected. It should never have happened to anybody, much less a nice person like Luke."

This time Tyler didn't even grunt a reply.

"Not like on a rescue when you're always scared about something happening to someone. You expect to be scared during a rescue. I know it scares your dad. And it scares Scott even more."

Tyler looked at her. "Why would Scott be scared? He's out there with them."

"And he's giving them orders. If someone is hurt because of what he told them to do, he'll feel it was his fault. It won't be, and he knows that, but he'll still feel that way. He's terrified that someday he might have to tell his dad and his grandma that one of his brothers had been hurt."

Tyler stopped and turned toward her. "Then why does he go? Why does he go out to help people he doesn't know? Why doesn't he let someone besides us do it?"

"Because it has to be done and he is the best one to do it. He would feel bad if one of his people was hurt. But he'd feel worse if someone died that he could have saved, and he didn't try. He remembers how he felt when his mom died and he doesn't want anyone else to feel that pain." Anna sat down on a log. "If you could stop someone else from watching their mom get hurt the way your mom was, would you do it?"

Tyler scuffed his feet in the sand. "Yeah. But..." He looked down at his feet.

"But?"

Tyler's voice was almost inaudible. "What if Luke dies? Or my mom? Or Dad?"

"Then they die. And we miss them, horribly. And we cry and mourn them. Then we do what they died doing -- we keep on helping people. Because that was what we would want them to do if we had died."

"Luke wasn't even on a rescue when he was hurt."

"I know. He was doing something he loved to do. My dad was asleep when he died."

They both were silent for a while. Anna sat watching the waves roll in. Tyler kicked the sand for a while then came over and sat next to Anna on the log. Then he burst out again. "But why Luke? Why does God let things like this happen to people like Luke.? Or..." He grew quiet again.

"Or?" prompted Anna.

"Or my dad. My real dad. Or Mom." He looked up at her. "Weren't they good enough?"

"I don't know why. It doesn't seem fair to me either. It's one of the things I'm planning on asking God when I meet him. Until then I just have to trust. But I still get angry at him sometimes." She paused for a minute then, looking at the ocean, added, "It's ok to be angry about this. It's even ok to be angry at God. I was very angry at him for a while. I suspect God gets pretty upset about some things that happen too."

They sat in silence for another few minutes.

Finally Anna broke the silence. "I love watching waves. When I'm upset or angry I go throw things. I have a bunch of chipped plates and old bottles in my garage I can throw against the wall and break. Or I go hit the bed with a foam covered baseball bat. Or throw rocks at cliffs, like I did the night Lady Penelope and I had a fight. But when I need to think or calm down, I go watch waves on the beach. It's soothing. They're always there, always moving and yet staying the same. I love storm watching, too. All that power."

"I like to watch storms. Alex and I look out our window and see how high the waves come and how far the trees bend down."

They both sat, comfortable with the silence. Gordon found them like that about fifteen minutes later. "There you are. Dad sent me to find you. Dinner's almost ready."

Anna leaned forward and tried to lever herself up. The log wasn't high enough for her to simply stand up like it was a chair. Gordon, seeing her problem, held out his hand. Anna grabbed it and finished pulling herself up.

"Thanks."

Gordon bowed. "Anything for a beautiful lady."

"Oh are there any beautiful ladies around here? I don't see them."

"Next time I'll bring a mirror. Come on, Spud." And they walked in companionable silence up to the villa.

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