

Whatever the Weather, Be Thankful

A LOT of folks seem to think weather ought to be designed especially for their benefit and personal preferences.

When it is otherwise they tend to gripe and complain to anybody nearby. Their complaints don't affect the weather very much.

This is supposed to be our rainy season, but April showers were skimpy and we are behind on moisture. May often brings the largest amount of rainfall Oklahoma receives in any month. Perhaps it will make up the shortages, but this might not suit everybody.

From prehistoric times mankind has tried to forecast the weather and change it into conditions thought to be more favorable.

One need only to read the day-to-day forecasts from the National Weather Service or listen to TV's numerous meteorologists to realize that weather forecasting involves considerable guesswork.

The Old Farmers Almanac forecasts made a year in advance often hits the weather someplace, while up-to-the-minutes experts using

computers, satellite reports and radar may miss it. Old-time weather sayings frequently seem to have considerable merit also.

In Oklahoma it isn't difficult to forecast a hot, dry summer. This occurs in most years that have July and August in them.

In fact, a person could score pretty well as a forecaster just by making this same prediction all 365 days of the year: "Fair to partly cloudy, with little change in temperature." You'll probably be right two-thirds of the time. If it looks like rain, add: "with a 30 percent chance of showers."

In Oklahoma any day that it is raining is likely to be a beautiful day, because we nearly always need the moisture.

Whatever the weather, we must live with it. We have the means of making ourselves comfortable regardless of temperatures and precipitation outside. And the rain, sunshine or wind may be just what somebody else needs and wants.

On a rainy Sunday recently Rus-

sell Pierson, retired WKY farm director and poet laureate of agriculture, recited this poem he wrote to a department at Nichols Hills Baptist Church:

You say "Dog-gone it, it's a pain
When we get Sunday morning rain.

It messes up my fine hair-do
And messes up my temper, too.
Why must the skies precipitate?
Why can't the Sunday rain abate?"

Well, listen, friend, do you like to eat?

The rain must come if we grow wheat

Or grass for cows on which to browse

Providing meat for your own house,

Without God's great refreshing rain.

Ere long you'd feel the hunger pain.

So, cease the grip. Sing out the praise.

Thank God he sends these dripping days.