

Rain and Children



Lenore Fredrickson Legge ('53)
23" x 13" oil on canvas board original circa 1968

I believe in...

My daughter's hand upon my cheek. Cries of Ma-ma in the middle of the night. A face that collapses into tears when hearing a stern "No."

Gazing at my son's hair, eyes and skin, and seeing the reflection of my past. His fierce anger. An intense desire to follow, learn and imitate. His insistence that milk be drunk from a glass, cocoa from a mug, and it shall never be any other way.

The sound of rain tapping at night - cleansing, purifying, thirst quenching - and despite its forgiveness, awakening only to live the next day the exact same way I lived it the day before.

Puffy gray clouds blow in from the ocean. One day the rain is warm, another day it is cold. One day the rain comes with wind, another day it comes quietly alone. One day the clouds release a pounding shower, the next a gentle mist. The rain seems to be using many languages to try and tell us something.

Soon the rainy season will pass and the clouds will blow away. The rains will become a faded memory, and the sun will reappear. We will picnic, walk and play in its brightness, breathe the fragrant air, and eat sweet berries.

But eventually, the rain will come again. The rain will not give up on us. It will urge us on, give us hope, and make us think. And eventually, perhaps we'll hear.

This is what I believe.

Ellen Fredrickson Zweig ('94)
Seattle 2007

Ellen thanks her Aunt Lenore
for permission to use the copy of her painting.