

The Great Boynton Beach, FL. Blizzard



O.K., so not so much a blizzard, or even Boynton Beach, but....

From the Tails of Norman

By William Rabinowitz

The great Blizzard of the Global Warming Climate Change age finally hit home. Not exactly our home in Boynton Beach but the kid's home up north. For more than November to December to most of January, all we heard was how warm it is. Repeatedly, we were told how much the Climate is warming, changing, and it is all our materialistic generation's fault.... *for providing the most we could for our kids....* while ignoring the planet.

Oy!

Doing good for them is bad and not doing good for them is bad... a true Jewish guilt trip.

Fortunately, not being PC and not even being couth, Norman and I take the sudden complaints with a grain of salt, a smirk and an opportunity....



Thanks to the advances in Climate predictions, the weather service has been warning the North East that a big winter storm was coming.

The Biggest in Generations, Doom and Gloom, Prepare!

Of course the suggestion of coming south to avoid the snow was ignored. Well, truth be told, they would consider coming south as long as I was buying the ticket or if their mother or I were having a heart attack or threatening to get a divorce.

The first early panic messages came through as the snows started coming down yesterday.

"The Safeway, Giant, Kmart and even the CVS pharmacy are out of firewood, D batteries, flashlights, snow melts, kittle litter, deicer. There are a few scrappers still available at Kmart.

All public transportation is stopping. Buses are stopping at 5: pm in the city and the counties. The underground subway is being shut at 7: pm. They expect to be closed until Monday!

The National Guard has been called out!" my son wrote.

I wrote back. *"That is terrible. We too are having a weather fright. They are calling for serious winds and very, very cold weather. Everyone rushed to the stores to stock up on groceries, batteries, Depends, Maalox, Preparation-H and Little Blue Pills."*

Of course, we all will return things as soon as the crisis passes. Maybe not everything, the Pre-H or the Little Blue Pills will be held onto. Shabbat does come around 52 times a year... never know.

A bit more nervous my son wrote, *"4,000 additional emergency utility worker crews are in town and the surrounding areas from out of state. When/if the power goes out it will likely stay that way for days as generally crews do not go out in white out blizzard conditions to climb poles and repair wires, understandably.*

So it may be Sunday morning before they even begin to restore power to those who lose it. One local official stated they would not even send snow plow crews out to plow if the conditions were hazardous."

"Wow!" I wrote back. *"We too have additional power crews who came in from the Southern States to help with the possible emergency of being without power. Seniors without power is a serious thing. No power, no internet, no T.V., no way to communicate with our children up north if we get into trouble.*

The extra, emergency repair crews are waiting, if the situation turns critical, at conveniently located Fort Lauderdale beachfront hotels."

"Shabbos services have been cancelled in Ocean City and I am sure elsewhere", he wrote.

Not sure if that was a sop to me. He never goes near a schul anyway, unless some uber-leftist liberal is speaking about *cum-ba-yah* stuff.

"That is serious," I responded.

He answered immediately, *“I now hear we are running out of gas in many locations around the county. Report stated if you are in line you better stay there and not go away even if it takes a long time. The Governor is urging drivers to get off the road to make way for emergency vehicles and 911 responses. All the forecasts now say we will get between 22 and 30 inches by midnight Saturday. And possibly 50 plus MPH winds in DC and surrounding areas.”*

“You too!” I wrote. *“We always run out of gas as soon as the price changes. We drive around, all over Boynton Beach, looking for the best price. More than once I have gotten in a line waiting my turn when your mother insists I leave and look for a shorter line. She says she is getting old you know and just can’t sit and wait to get gas.”* As if she is not already full of gas, I think. Better to keep the Venus Fly Trap closed. Shalom Bayit and all that.

“We don’t have any danger of 30” of snow. A possible storm surge from the Atlantic is threatening massive waves from our perhaps 50 mph winds. Since Global Climate Change and President Obama came into office, the ocean levels have risen 10” inches. He could not do anything to stop the Republicans from melting the polar ice caps.” I might have pushed the envelope here. He became suspicious, if I was pulling this leg.

5:30 AM or so ETA – a picture came in:



“You sure you guys wouldn’t rather be up north?” my son wrote.

“Can’t be that bad” I responded. *“I can still see your mailbox. Here, the wind is howling. The lake is a dark grey chop. The sky is scowling with bitter, cold threats. Not even Norman (our little Cockatzu, 18*

pound dog, whose name sounds like a chicken sneezing) *will go out in such terrible weather. It is not supposed to let up for two days of this freeze. We are wearing sweat shirts, the heat is way up and we are praying we don't lose power. It is a bone chilling 61 outside. Old people can't take this sort of thing for long.*" I sent him back a picture.



"My friend Mendel the Chasid, taught me a prayer for dangerous times like these. He said it comes from the Babylonian Talmud and can be said every day. It goes something like this.

O' Lord, grant this night we may sleep, secure in peace. In the morning let us get up in peace. May you cover our days with peace. God, protect us and inspire us to think and act only out of love. Keep evil far away, from us and our families. When we leave our homes and return, please be sure there are not any boulders in our way." Never miss a crisis to share a little Yiddishkeit.

"Dad," he wrote, "really, it can't be that bad or windy?"

"Oh yeah! Take a look at these trees.



No old people are out riding bikes. If they get blown over and they break their pelvis, the kids will put them in nursing homes forever. There are some Geriatric Golfers out here playing every fourth hole on the Blue course. The fourth holes are all downwind. Their drives are picked up by the wind and carried almost to the tees. It's the closest thing they are ever going to get to a hole in one. One problem, they have to keep themselves tethered to their golf carts or they will be blown away.

Even Mrs. Pomerantz complained to mom how cold it was before Shabbos. She said she went to the Mikveh and icicles formed on her parts when she got out. I don't think Mr. Pomerantz would have noticed anyway." My son's a big boy now so I can be a bit racy.

"We are going to have another 10" of snow." He wrote back. "I'll go out and begin the first round of shoveling after breakfast and put James to work."

"Yup," I said. "That's why we have children. Put them to work! You are not running a charity."

"Yup," he responded.

"Mom is sending me out to the Publix for emergency food supplies," I said. "She needs Ben & Jerry's, Cherry Garcia Ice Cream. "

I could always bring back the wrong flavor, I considered. I would have another reason to go out. I thought better of it. If I am nice, I might get lucky more than once and not just Kebutah Rights Shabbat.

"You and your family, stay warm and safe," I concluded.

"You too Dad."

William Rabinowitz lives with his wife Sheila and their dog Norman in Boynton Beach, Fl. Boynton Beach, the second fastest growing Jewish community in the U.S., where every corner has an authentic N.Y. styled Bagel Den. And they are not from N.Y... another Oy.

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