

Chuck with widows

Update

Evening

On March — 2000 Fort Worth and us or rather our small studio had a truly frightening encounter with a Tornado. At 4:00 or about 4:30 in the Evening when it touched ground in a neighborhood ~~just~~ ^{only} a few blocks from the studio and headed in our direction. Neither Scott nor I were ^{even} in the building at the time. But our Fort Worth neighbor Ralph was there doing some paper work. The studio is only a frame tent structure, no match for the 150 mph winds this funnel apparently demonstrated. And all of our pre-launching project ^{instructive} models, paintings, and our complete collection of original Ozart master art was there as well. Fifteen years of work.

Even Ralph was the aptest of people could sense something horrible — winds roaring in ^{the} ~~the~~ a jet engine in the semi darkness. He knew he had to do something. Strongly enough we actually had an old 1950's era Bomb shelter and behind the studio — long the alibi of jobs after we purchased the place. I had not even been in the shelter in 10 years and one can only imagine what was living down there: Spiders? Centipedes? Brown Recluse spiders by the hundreds? Always squeamish about such things Ralph lost not a minute in running, and the back door and with that kind of super human strength that comes to some people in emergencies lifted the purposely heavy door and descended down the steps in to utter darkness just as the Tornado seemed to roar directly over head.

As soon as the ~~storm~~ terrible sounds ~~ceased~~ subsided, Ralph decided to come out, not knowing if he would be faced with total wreckage unless our studio stood. It seems that that strength which allowed him to open the cellar door had ebbed and now he was trapped. ~~At~~

It took him an hour and grovelling thoughts about Brown recluses crawling over his body to give him the strength to get the door open. As he emerged in to the darkness, ~~the~~ our Gelling still stood — minus

The wind then fell
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a few stungles, Biram. were soundly everywhere. Just
a block away on 7th Street buildings had been
utterly levelled, trees uprooted and simply gone.
Parts of Downtown ~~was~~ ^{are} two miles away were
devastated. My dear friend Bill Postelmann new
shop and living quarters with one of the best
views of downtown - and a place of beautiful
art, flowers and hospitality - and in fact
where I had dined but three days earlier had its
roof and upper story devastated. So many beautiful
things ruined.

But it had
been a very
close thing
indeed

But ~~in fact~~ ^{in fact} Ralph was safe and our
studio which contained the blood and sweat of so
many years work on our Cape project was safe
as well. Fine people died in that storm. A
half a billion dollars in damage was done. And
now when I sit and look at this picture of the
Chickadee and how it must have a far deeper meaning
for us - And we will never take about that
old Ed's book shelter again.