**RECOLLECTIONS of SUPER STORM SANDY**

**By Kent Stephan**

**46 S. Anchorage**

We decided to ride out Sandy when reliable models showed it would pass offshore and turn inland well north. This meant we would be spared a tidal surge from the Ocean. We didn't consider flooding from bay-side to be much of a threat. Our property had never come close to flooding in the past.

We took Bobbe's car to the library, stocked up on flashlights and water, and hunkered down. Until the cable went out, emails from Kathy Jankowski and Pat Voveris provided welcome information and let us know others were out there. We were alone on South Anchorage.

The Storm behaved as predicted, but by 9:00 pm we were surrounded by at least of six inches of water. There was still another six inches to spare before having water in the house. We moved our SUV to a high spot on our neighbor's driveway that was the only dry area to be seen. We didn't expect the water to rise much more, but decided to be cautious.

We also carried our dog over to the high spot so she could do her business and not explode. We had never noticed the elevation difference between our driveway and our neighbor's before that night.

Early the next morning we discovered that the tiled (thank God) floor downstairs was damp and that the area had an musty smell. Unfortunately, we later discovered that during the night nine inches of water had come into the house. Just about all of it had drained away by dawn. The water tight house we earlier assumed had proved to be a sieve.

Our property still had nearly a foot of water outside that morning. It was obvious the SUV would have been flooded out, if it had not moved next door. It took several hours for the cold water to recede enough to comfortably wade around to check out the neighbors, before making phone calls.

The flood had picked up a foot tall, white plastic bunny that slowly turned from side to side, almost as if alive, in the center of the road as the water receded. We left it there until crews came by to open the road. Some picker now has the bunny, our only fond memento of Sandy.

Sandy deposited crud-- mostly pine needle crud—all over the place. The stuff was a procrastinator’s dream, since it was easier to remove after drying for a day or two.

We were never in any danger from the storm. Nothing happened that was particularly frightening. The horrors came later when the cleanup bills arrived.

Two days after the storm Kent's jaw swelled up enormously. The dentist concluded he'd inflamed the muscle by clenching his jaw.

The worst thing to result from Sandy was awakening at 3:00am a few days later to see two neighbors' homes burn to the ground. Watching water slowly rise is disconcerting. Watching homes just down the street turn into infernos is terrifying.