



There was a painting I saw on social media that was troubling to look at. It showed countless dead bodies scattered about on the ground; a gruesome sight that included men, women and children. I wondered what disaster could snuff out so many so fast. There were mothers clutching infants, stuffed in the breast area of their dresses as if something was trying to pull their babies away. In the way they were arranged it seemed they barely understood what was to be their fate. It looked as if something had picked them all up and randomly scattered them about, and it went on and on.

Then I noticed in the foreground I could see the people were awash in mud. It was now obvious that they all drowned. The water must have receded and this was the aftermath of an event of unimaginable suffering and horror. I thought about the mothers clutching infants, the children scattered around, and the sheer number of people who must have screamed in terror as their lungs filled with water after watching their children gasp for their last breath. Nothing in the universe could have justified a fate so cruel.

But then I looked near the top of the painting and saw hope. There was a rainbow in the sky above a large wooden boat in the water in the distance. It looked to be carrying animals and a handful of human survivors.

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