

Waiting for the storm

The small town with the white wood-built church and the small wooden houses is located here on the edge of the world.

The meteorologists are pretty confident in their case. Another violent storm is moving into the archipelago and to this little town on the headland. The sea gulls know about the changing weather conditions, too. They fly aerobatic flights in the gust of winds, which already make the doors to rattle.

The local people are prepared. They have went through this kind of weather before. But I also sense a kind of expectation. Something new is coming. The old grind is replaced by a storm. The storm always brings new events: Small boats or ships in distress at sea. The storm tears the neighbour's roof to pieces. An improperly anchored, expensive motorboat in the bay is filled with water and sinks. It is not sarcastic expectation to take out of fellow men. There

are always volunteers who want to help when the disaster strikes.

In an hour or so it is as if a combat in the sky between the sun and the small ragged clouds is going on. The small clouds are giving notice of a weather change is arriving. Now it will not take long before the dark storm clouds shut out the sun and win the odd battle. I have already noticed the first rain drops on the window glass.

This scenery in Greenland's southern-most town Nanortalik repeats itself repeatedly, when the season for autumn storms begins.

Slowly the town goes to a standstill. The school children have get back home, and the parents are completing final errands of the day. Many are down in the small harbour to secure the boat for the last time. The moorings are tested, and some loose gear are carried up and got under shelter. It is time to take shelter at home..



Nanortalik, South Greenland, September 2014

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