

Maybe I'm not cut out to be a hermit after all



Hurricane Irma came and went. It left many without their homes, some without their lives. It only left me without the world.

Throughout the whole event, electricity glowed like an anchor to the power of mankind in the face of the fury of nature. Not even a flicker.

But, at 6 am the morning of the big hit (Sunday), I lost internet. Before the storm had even arrived!

I was able to use my cell phone as a "hotspot" for a good while and then, mid afternoon, I lost phone service.

Detached from the world of man, I was caught in the midst of an awesome display of a war between the forces of nature. Wind and rain battled root and limb. The battle was prolonged and poignant, as many green lives were lost before the wind and rain tired and moved off to a different battlefield.

And, amidst the eventual quiet, surveying the injured trees, I realized I had no contact with the outside world. My planet was reduced to the four or five neighbors around me.

This should have been no problem. I had been working for years on my hermithood. I could just pick off a book and read or watch one of my many DVD's or play one of my varied computer games. No reason to be bothered at all.

But for some reason I was. Beyond my expectations.

Certainly some concern was reasonable – ensuring the safety and security of my friends and family and letting them know I was okay (everyone was fine, thanks for asking).

Some of it, I didn't know where it came from.

Running some self-diagnostics, it occurred to me that I had become embroiled in the world at large through my various media resources – cable TV, newspapers and the internet. Being unable to access those resources left me in a profound state of disquiet. So much so that I was unable to competently concentrate on reading.

I found that extraordinary. Having all those capabilities before, I found no difficulty ignoring them to slide into a novel of several hundred pages. But *not* having them caused such a sense of dissociation as to leave me in quite the muddled state.

All of which seems to suggest that, despite my inaccurate use of the nomenclature, I may not be cut out to be a hermit after all.