

Name Marilyn Murphy

Contact information: _____



By signing this release form, I authorize Jana Harper to use my name, picture, and cloud story.

Signature: M. Murphy

My Cloud Story:

I received my BFA from Oklahoma State, a sprawling land grant university in the Cherokee Outlet on the windy Great Plains. The skies were often a postcard blue punctuated by animated clouds. Occasionally, we would have an astonishing storm that would fill the skies with lightning and the streets with water. A few hours later, the sky would return to it's cerulean blue with the streets completely dry, the wind having blown away the last evidence of rain.

One balmy day in early spring, two of my friends and I drove just outside of Stillwater for a walk and a picnic. We liked to explore old abandoned farmhouses and a mysterious ravine known as Horse Thief Canyon. It was a lazy afternoon of talking about big ideas and a little nonsense. Sitting on the crest of a hill to catch the breeze and to interpret the shapes of the clouds, our discussion meandered to the nuances of meteorology.

One of us pointed out that rain comes when two weather fronts collide. We all nodded in agreement as we watched two cumulonimbus cloud systems roll toward each other. Sure enough, when they hit: BAM! A downpour of huge raindrops soaked us as we scampered back to the car.