# Hurricane Safety – Staying at Home Fatality File



## ‘Our Home Was Flooded After a Hurricane. We Were Still Inside’

On September 2, 2021, my wife and I woke up our sleeping children—our 4-year-old son and 5-year-old daughter—and told them we were going to do something silly. I then proceeded to climb out our first-floor window, where I waited until my wife passed me the children, one after the other.

The kids loved the window exit because it was fun and unexpected. My wife and I loved it because it saved us from carrying the little people through our flood-ravaged first floor where the “remnants” of Hurricane Ida brought 4 and a half feet of water into our home, destroying virtually everything in its path—including the kids’ playroom and their beloved collection of toys.

The flooding started around midnight, about a half hour after the two-day downpour ended and I was convinced we’d been spared from the catastrophic damage our area had sustained throughout the day.

I’ve spent most of the last year trying to forget certain details about that period, but now I remember the look on my wife’s face when she woke up to find our home taking on water, the feeling of wading through my living room in search of items we could save, the sound of glass shattering as furniture toppled over.

After about an hour of futilely trying to keep the rushing stormwater from entering our home, we retreated to a post on the landing of our second floor and tried to figure out our next move.

We debated waking the kids, climbing out the window we eventually exited out of the following day and heading to a hotel. But by that point, all the roads out of our secluded, dead-end street were closed.

Instead, we monitored the flood’s progress up our stairs and kept pushing our evacuation plans a little further back.

If the water comes up to the first step, we’ll grab the kids and leave through the window.

If the water comes up to the second step, we’ll grab the kids and leave through the

window.

My wife and I stayed up through the night, listening to the hypnotic swooshing sounds of the newly formed river that flowed right through the first floor of our home. If it wasn’t for the occasional jarring crash of a large object—the kitchen island, the water heater, the bar cabinet—being toppled, the sound would’ve been quite relaxing, like one of the sleep tracks you’d find on the Calm app. Just before dawn, the water started to recede.

Almost everything on our ground floor—from the walls, flooring, and cabinets to the appliances and furniture to a handwritten family history my great aunt had sent us a few months before her death—was destroyed, and our home was unlivable immediately after the storm.

**Source:** Newsweek.com