

This past week has brought some heavenly weather. I didn't even mind slogging through the mush as the piles and piles of snow melted. The sun came out and slowly it started to disappear. Perfect.

I know we didn't get as much as some but I feel secure in saying I think most of us have had enough.

Next winter when someone hears me whining about where's the snow, smack me a good one. I'm usually one of the first to look around in November and wonder when it's going to happen. Well, I think I'm either getting older or my "let it snow" button is broken or has been abused. I have scraped my car windows enough.

My coat pockets and purse have been filled with snow while I cleared off my car, soaking their contents.

My shoes and socks have gotten snow-logged from trudging through drifts and piles.

I'm tired of tippy-toeing on sidewalks and across parking lots, risking a painful fall and guaranteed embarrassment.

I have shivered and shook on the front porch while smoking. (I know, I know. Just give it up.)

I have walked (more like dragged) the dog through blizzard-like winds and blowing snow only to have him look at me as if I'm crazy right before he runs back up the steps without having done a thing. (Doesn't he know the effort it takes to bundle up for such endeavors? The layers and layers I pile on? Then I had to make sure he was dressed for the weather. Ungrateful beast.)

I have gazed out the back window and marveled at how beautiful the snow makes everything look right after its fallen. The snow can make the landscape quite breathtaking.

I've shoveled and chipped and huffed and puffed until frankly, I don't care for snow quite as much as I did at the beginning of the season.

Is spring here? I can see the grass again and even stepped out a few times without a jacket.

I can't wait to see the tender beginnings of tulips, daffodils, hyacinths and narcissus shooting out of the fresh, green ground.

I can't wait for the birds to flock around the feeder, dropping tidbits for the ducks to come along and find later.

The canal will be filled with ducklings and the air with song from winged friends.

The smack of a bat hitting a ball is right around the corner. I can almost hear it now.

Then reality hits. It's only mid-February. I live in Ohio. It's going to snow again. It's like a rule.