

Aaah. Winter is here!

The snow is flying, the thermometer is dipping down below 20 and the wind is making the flap on the exhaust from the stove rat-a-tat out a tune.

I've found that in the last several years, I am less agreeable to snow than I was. I used to wait anxiously for the first snowfall to coat my world in sparkling white. Everything just looks so pretty right after it snows.

Now, I just grumble like everyone else and go find my boots because the dog has to go out. Where's my scarf? Have you seen my gloves?

Ringo likes the snow. When it is actually snowing, he leaps and bounds to catch flakes in the air before they fall. He digs and jumps and runs in circles. It's quite amusing. Then his feet get cold. It's all fun and games until your feet get cold. Amen.

The kids will enjoy a four-day weekend due to the Martin Luther King Jr. holiday on Monday. Jefferson kids get a five-day weekend due to a teacher in-service day on Tuesday. Oh, how at times I would love a snow day or teacher in-service day. Just to roll over and go back to sleep and know the whole day stretches out in front of you with nothing to do.

Just not meant to be. That's what happens when you become an adult. It's funny how kids always want to be more like adults when they're supposed to be kids and once we become adults, we want to be kids again.

It's funny how much things have changed with snow and technology. When I was young, we couldn't wait to rush out and play. When we were frozen like popsicles and couldn't stand it anymore, we'd go in and throw our outerwear in the dryer. We'd wait for them to dry while sipping hot chocolate. Then we gear up and head out again.

We'd make forts and play on the canal and have snowball fights. What fun.

There are no ice skates in my closet anymore and I just don't get the urge to dig around in the snow to build anything. Perhaps just to look for the keys I just dropped but that's it.

Now, kids are hunched over their computers or phones or sitting in front of the TV. They make our job a little more difficult to get good outdoor pictures in the winter and sometimes all year long. Kid's just don't play outside like they used to. We've become an indoor society.

This mentality spills over to other things as well. We don't neighbor like we used to — we send them a text. We don't sit down and have conversations — we catch up on Facebook — even if it's with someone who live a few houses down. Facebook is great for keeping in touch with old classmates who have moved or relatives who live in faraway places but if I want to talk to my neighbor, I pick up the phone or walk over. Jeez. Why's that so hard?

So as you snuggle in for a long winter's night, think about someone you haven't seen or talked to in a while and give them a call on Sunday. Find out what they're up to and share what's going on in your life.

Sometimes there is no replacing an honest-to-goodness, actual conversation without abbreviations. LOL!