

Dec6

Welcome, Snow

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I woke up this morning to about five inches of new snow, and it has given me a whole new perspective on the day.

Yesterday, a storm came through the area, and much of the state got significant snowfall. I've seen reports of it from friends and family all around Michigan. There have been lots of comments about "the white stuff," and how unwelcome it is.

"Ugh!"

"I'm not ready for this!"

"Here it comes!"

“I *don't* think it's ‘pretty!’”

There was plenty of reinforcement for every negative comment. From the sounds of things, nobody wants to see the snow. I understand. Wintertime, in this climate, adds a great deal of work and considerable discomfort. Everything, from a walk to the car to a drive to town, seems to take longer. It's cold. I get it. Still, I hold a different viewpoint.

First, I live in Michigan. We will always have winter. Second, I live on an island, where the surrounding water provides such good insulation, the snow sometimes hangs around for six months! It seems ridiculous to spend energy despising it, when it comes every single year. Third, as it covers dead grass and brown earth with sparkling white, I think it is quite beautiful. Finally, I find something magical about that first snowfall.

It brings me back to my childhood, coming home from school to find that my mother had put out the holiday decorations. The kitchen was bright and warm, with lively snowmen, Santa and reindeer hanging in the picture window, a dish of hard candy on the table, and cookies cooling on the rack. The record player was serving up carols sung by Perry Como, Julie Andrews, or Bing Crosby. The living room glowed, quiet and mysterious, from the little light provided by the nativity set, which now sat upon a tapestry cloth on top of the television set. Everything quiet, and warm, and our hearts filled with anticipation.

When the wind is howling, and snow is coming down, I start thinking about comfort. That is the time to put on the warm flannels and fleece, and to slide my feet into the fuzzy slippers. I want to put a pot of soup on the stove, to simmer all day, and set bread to rise. Freshly baked bread and hot soup are the perfect evening meal for a snowy day. I start daydreaming about winter projects. Though I rarely crochet and almost never sew anymore, a snowy day makes the fabrics and yarn sound inviting. Good books, too, are always better when it's wintry outside.

When the first snow blankets my view, I always breathe a sigh of relief. I can quit, right now, worrying about whether I should give my lawn “one more mowing” before winter. Raking the leaves is now out of the question, too. All of the outside lawn and garden activities that were keeping me agitated as “things I should make time for” are now happily off the table until spring. Snow acts as good camouflage, too. It has covered the leaves that weren't raked, the grass that wasn't mowed, and the shrubs that weren't pruned. It has hidden a hundred little flaws in my landscape.

Though it's clearly not a very widespread point of view, I have to say, I welcome the snow!