It’s cold. And we have plenty of snow. Winter has, undoubtedly, settled in. I’ve been hearing all of the grumbles. My mind has been going in that direction, too.

The cold is that severe, face-numbing cold – often accompanied by wind – that chills to the bone, and makes outdoor activities difficult. It’s difficult to even navigate, with all the layers I’ve been piling on! The snow has been falling faster than I can keep up with it. The paths that I shovel from doors to driveway have been filling back in overnight. The young man that usually plows my driveway has not been here since the last big snowfall. That probably means that his plow is broken…and I am left to trudge to and from the car through a foot of snow. Under the snow, there is ice, which makes travel – whether by car or on foot – a cautionary experience.
Still...the landscape is breathtaking! The fence posts that surround my garden spot are topped with round balls of snow.
The gazing ball in the front flower bed often gets a “dunce cap” of snow; this year, it’s a hefty turban topper! The clotheslines have become spontaneous winter sculpture; the grape arbor looks as if someone purposely arranged it, for the holiday.
Fox Lake Road has taken on the appearance of a winter wonderland!

I’m as chilly as anyone. My boots drip snow and ice beyond the entry rug and onto the floor; my socks are soggy. Still, I must admit, this is beautiful!