

The First Snow

The first snow. A delightful sight, that conjures images of warm thoughts of cold nights in days past: sledding with friends, downhill fast, seemingly in the dead of night. Peaceful nights, so silent, that when stopping to catch our breath, all earth was still. And when from hilltop, with a sprinting start, we jumped headfirst onto our sleights for a speedy ride, there was not a sound, but the scratch of the runners, etching a solitary sound into the night. Then lumbering back uphill, burdened somewhat by the sleigh, but more so by the thick, winter clothing wrapped around us by a loving mom; excessively bundled, but snug and warm. And despite the late hour – as our eyes adjusted cat-like – there always seemed to be enough illumination, whether from a bright slice of moon, countless stars in the clear, crisp sky, or perhaps aglow from the enthusiasm lit in our hearts.

The first snow. I always look forward to it. Whether I wake to find a pristine shroud at morning, or enjoy the countless floating flakes of evening obscure all of earth by nightfall, a sense of joy leaps in my spirit. I must confess, that upon discovering a snowfall some workday mornings, a tinge of abjection creeps into my mind as I think about the hardship of the impending commute to work. But that quickly passes as I admonish myself that like Peter Pan, I am not yet ready to accept the cynical mindset of adulthood. And for that moment, fascinated by the natural majesty of this first snow, I remain a starry-eyed child.

-- Skip Doyle