

By **GEORGE ROBERTSON, M.D.**

How beautiful the Cedar trees were, capped in the white fluffy snow around my house. The yard turned into a winter wonderland, and I got out my heavy clothes and boots for a walk in the woods. The air was still and everything was the cleanest white you could hope for with the best wash job imaginable.

I got enough clean white snow for the first snow cream and languished over the next few days as a white covering disappeared only to be followed by another blanket a week later.

The roads weren't all that bad, but the schools were out much to the delight of the children. Then in January, it happened again. Another few inches fell which slowed things down and brought the sleds from their dusty perches in the sheds and garages. One of the snows was the packing type (coming at near freezing temperature) which made it just right for rolling up good snow people (the politically correct term for snowmen, I guess).

By the first week in January, we already had two snowfalls and with each one the luster had become less bright and the romantic "Dr. Zhivago" scenes were looking more like dented fenders from spin-outs and bad bruises from unwanted falls.

The little hill behind the house was tackled with gust and a sled, but by a couple of runs it didn't look as inviting and the breath which was effortless in my youth was replaced by some wheezing and coughing (maybe I'm not as young as I thought).

As I sit looking out the window at another new snowfall, I am secretly wishing for the sun to break through and the wildflowers to pop up through the frozen ground. I'm subconsciously dreaming of warmer weather fit for hiking and biking but all the time thinking that winter has only been with us a couple of weeks even though our first snowfall came in early December.

And I'm worried about the groundhog this year. Maybe he's frozen in his den and can't even get out because of all the snow piled up over it. I've never heard what would happen to the weather if he can't even get above ground, and I hope that won't condemn us to perpetual winter.

Have you had enough snow yet?

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So I guess the best thing to do is to make a hot cup of chocolate and look out the window to enjoy the snow knowing that this, too, will pass and spring isn't that far away.

Editor's Note: George Robertson is a physician with Family Medical Associates, PC, in Lebanon.