

Winter

by Annette Aben



I used to love winter and as a kid found the towering snow drifts warm and inviting, flying down the slopes at the local park exhilarating and even trudging to school with everything I owned piled on top of me so as not to freeze to death was fun because I didn't know any better. Heck, one year when we made a snow fort in the back yard, we turned the hose on it and ended up with an ice palace that was pretty nifty even if I do say so myself. Naturally I was an "angel" maker but I never did figure out how to get up off the ground without leaving the evidence that celestial beings really didn't create the indentations. While I never could skate or ski, I found ways to look forward to being outside and winter never really bothered me.

As I got older I didn't appreciate it for the same reasons I did as a child, yet I had no real beef with it. I actually loved shovelling snow. I would make patterns with my shovel, first down the left side of the walk, then up the middle on the return trip and finally pushing the right side onto the easement. Of course there was ubiquitous pile at the bottom of the driveway that always appeared when I wasn't looking but that was only because the plow would get pushy so I would simply tunnel my way into its territory and create a new path. It became a game after a while.

Everything from icicles to snow men became reasons to appreciate and bond with the cold, the wet and the wonderland known as winter. So when did the enchantment turn into bitter thoughts? After I had a spin out on black ice on a country road and landed in a ditch. Suddenly I realized there was something more ominous to winter than simply being careful not to slip and fall, the entire experience redefined fear for me.



While I won't drone on about that moment in time, I will tell you that it has changed the way I drive during this time of year. I am much more aware, exceedingly careful (yes, I strike the little old lady pose and slow down if you get too close) and I really try not to be out on the roads while it is snowing if I can help it. I'm really much better than I used to be about it for I will go somewhere if I have to, but I have to really want to do it.

I am learning to find the enthusiasm for this wonder-filled time of year again. While I am not into the snow angel gig any longer, I still get a thrill out of shovelling the snow. No, I am not one of several flying down the slopes on the long piece of wood designed to make the trip in record time but I will make the hot cocoa and bake the cookies for those returning from the adventure. If there is enough snow this year I will make a snowman in my front yard, just because I can. I am open to old man winter to come a courting.



Imagine a child who ate her share of alphabet soup and plenty of Alpha-bits cereal as she was growing up. Picture this same child being sent to her room to ponder her sassy ways and her only company was a dictionary and a set of encyclopedias. Of course her favorite toys were paper and pens and naturally she enjoyed reading more than playing with dolls. Surrounded by all the raw materials, is it any wonder Annette grew up to be a writer?

Her most recent publication, **PERSPECTIVE**, it's all about replacing one thought with another, is available through **Amazon.com** and the current work,

u got angels, is due out in time for Holy Day giving. Check out her website **annetteaben.com** for updates on all projects including a collaborative effort between Annette and Tracy (Domestic Gourdess) Swartz.

do all these words make me look fat?

"I am not what happened to me... I am what I choose to become."

Carl Jung

www.annetteaben.com KNOW ME www.amazon.com BUY ME
<http://groups.to/perspective/> JOIN ME www.facebook.com/annette.aben FACE ME