God's blessings are everywhere but

Some believe that the quiet of a cold snowy landscape puts one in touch with the cosmos. According to these people, frigid weather invigorates. A blast of brisk makes you feel fresh and young. It gives you a combination of peaceful reflection and childlike play. As you traverse the scene during the day, your cross-country skis literally take the season in stride, gliding through it. The long dark nights give a sense of being in touch with the creator. It is a time for sharpening your metaphorical axe.

However, there are others who believe that although God's blessings are everywhere, they prefer the ones in Hawaii. Or Florida. Or Arizona. Or Texas. Or Bills Lake in the summertime.

These are the folks who would rather sweat than shiver. They would rather mow the lawn than shovel the driveway. And having



been trapped indoors all winter long, they refuse to be trapped indoors during the summer. Instead, when it gets sufficiently warm, they'll throw open windows, turn on the ceiling fans, and go jump in the lake if they get too hot.

Therefore the brisk months of winter have only one real purpose: to deprive these people of the pleasures afforded by warm temperatures to the point where they certainly won't take balmy days for granted once they at long last arrive.

There are those who spend those interminable winter months dreaming of the days when they can water the flowers, dressed in shorts and t-shirt. They long for porches and grills, for boat rides and campfires, for evenings out on the deck seated in a patio chair.

They want to be able to swim in the lake, not walk on top of it. They want to be able to sit in a glider swing and watch the water skiers, not the snowmobilers, zip by.

They're into soft nights spent on the end of the dock. They're into picnic tables and gazebos and hammocks. They want to be able to put on a swimsuit first thing in the morning and not have to take if off until they go to bed.

Keep the faith. Those days will come again.