

## **True Confessions of a Snow Widow**

By Kelley Delano

My husband has lost his mind.

Up until a couple of weeks ago, he had been pacing in front of the windows, shushing people when the weather reports came on, and cursing under his breath at every sunny or starlit sky.

He called the guy on the weather channel names, and stomped out of the room muttering things like “lying so-and-so.”

And the reason?

Snow.

It wasn't because it was here. It was because it wasn't.

That's right. My darling husband, man of my life and father of my children, actually wanted it to snow! He's been looking for it for months, like Don Quixote looking for a foe to conquer. And now that it's here, he wants more!

Could this be the same man who just a few short years ago, threatened to pack us all up and move to Florida because he'd rather face hurricanes and alligators than let the plow fill in the mouth of the driveway one more time?

And what's brought on this insane change in his personality?

A snowmobile.

That's right. A wretched toboggan with a motor strapped to the front of it. A bone-jarring, finger-numbing, butt-flattening mechanized sled. A hole in the snow to throw money at. But the funniest part of all of this is that he's trying to get me involved in it. Every time he suits up, it's the same routine.

“Why don't you come out with me?”

Now, I usually love spending time with my husband, and I'm flattered he wants me to go with him. But when I tell him I'd rather have my teeth pulled without anesthetic, he just looks at me strangely.

“You might enjoy it if you got used to it,” he says.

If I have to get used to it, what are the chances that I'll enjoy it? Every time he comes back from an outing, he's limping and rubbing his thighs and complaining that the trails aren't

groomed on this side of the river as often as the other side. I tell him if he's looking for sympathy, I know which words it falls between in the dictionary.

Of course, my opinion of the activity is somewhat tainted by the fact that I absolutely despise winter. Short days, long nights, icy roads, shoveling, heating bills, wet mittens, dry skin, I could go on and on. But what I absolutely hate the most is getting cold.

Actually, hate just doesn't seem like a strong enough word. Words like loathe, abhor and detest come to mind. I get cold so easily, I seem to have no internal heat source of my own. If the temperature drops below 74 degrees in the house, I'm filling the firebox in the furnace again.

For some years now, I've had this dream of living far enough south that I could have a beach party on my birthday. That's not easy, since I'm a Pisces. I keep picturing white sand, soft warm breezes wafting through the palm trees, some tropical drink in a coconut shell beside me. You get the idea.

So what possesses my husband to think I would enjoy being thumped and bumped along a sled track at 50km/h, getting snow dumped down the back of my neck by some demonic pine tree and creating my very own wind chill factor? I think his helmet is a little too small.

The White Gold Festival seemed to be very successful if the amount of sleds around was any indication. I'm happy for the organizers, and the tourism boost to the city was definitely needed. To those who are really into the activity, more power to you. Enjoy yourself, ride safe and have loads of fun.

I'm staying on the couch with my cozy blanket and a good book.

I remember my grandmother using the term 'grass widow.' As close as I could tell, it was used to describe a woman whose husband was not dead, but would leave her for long periods of time to pursue work or other 'more leisurely' activities.

I guess that makes me a 'snow widow.'

I know it's my own choice that we spend this time apart, but also know that I'm not alone in this situation. I think we 'snow widows' should get together and form a support group. Help each other out and keep each other company. We could share ideas on what to keep our minds occupied with when they start into conversations that include the words 'long track' and 'ski skins' and 'thumb warmers.'

We could have monthly meetings in Palm Beach. And a convention once a year in February in Acapulco. Heck, maybe January AND February. My beach party would be a reality. I'm liking this idea more all the time. Yeah.

And the good news is, it looks like snow again.