

A Long Winter

By Suzy Hopkins

Gloomy January and February are a struggle for me to be happy. I try to remind myself what is still excellent and joyous:

- Warm orange flavored icing spread on a breakfast pastry
- The swishing sound of the dishwasher running
- Sparkling clear blue sky after it snows
- Starting a new mystery book
- Painting with my six-year-old grand daughter
- The soft sound of a horse's nicker
- The aroma of fresh homemade cheddar biscuits
- A newborn baby's itty bitty pink toes
- My little dog noisy dreaming
- Candlelight dinner with my four-year-old grand son
- The scent of baby powder
- Blowing giant bubbles that my two-year-old grandson chases
- My pink electric blanket
- Helping the refugee children learn to read English
- The original *Law and Order* series
- The pungent smell in the coffee aisle
- The grandkids amongst the plethora of Christmas lights at Windsor Gardens
- Being born an American