

Snow Babies

By Suzy Hopkins

In the winter of 1949 there was lots of snow falling in Lexington, Massachusetts. As a three-year-old I thought it was thrilling to watch it covering my swing set in the yard. In order for my dad to be able to get the car out, so he could drive to work, he went out every morning and shoveled out one side of the driveway piling the shoveled snow at one corner of the driveway.

After several days it stopped snowing and my 5-year-old sister and I were let outside. To describe me as bundled up would be an understatement. I could barely walk in my pink one-piece snowsuit with a hood, white boots, candy cane stripe hat and mittens connected on a string inside my snowsuit.

The snowplow had been leaving a two foot berm of compacted snow at the bottom of the driveway every day which my dad had piled onto the same corner at the bottom of the doublewide driveway. When he finally shoveled out the entire driveway, added it to the pile at the corner, it became huge. You might say, "You were just little so it seemed big." Not so. Between the plowed snow and my dad's accumulated shoveling my sister and I managed to carve out an igloo inside this enormous pile that was big enough to hold my sister and me plus two neighbor kids. It froze solid after my dad poured water over it one night and it was there for months since in Massachusetts it doesn't melt after it snows like it does here in Denver.

This remains one of my favorite early memories.