

Joy

*By Suzy Hopkins*

She comes running at me, her bare hands full of snow. She aims and I get a face full of the white stuff. I hit her hard again and again with my snowballs. She never backs off, repeatedly reloading. I finally admit defeat and she cheers.

My four-year-old granddaughter and I go inside my cozy condo. We warm up with cups of hot apple cider. At the end of our day together, while we are eating a candlelight dinner of Spaghetti O's at my little table on the lanai, she reminds me of her victory. I just smile at her. Silently we enjoy the sparkling Xmas lights reflected in the snow.