

ONE DAY AT A TIME

THE OLD SNOWSTORM

AS I LOOKED OUT THIS MORNING, WHILE DRIVING MY VAN, AT THE SLOWLY RISING SUN, MY MIND WENT BACK IN MEMORY TO THE DAY OF SO LONG AGO.

AGAIN I SAW THE SNOWBIRDS AS THEY FLITTED HERE AND THERE, LIKE THEIR LITTLE HEARTS WERE HAPPY THAT THE SNOW WAS EVERYWHERE.

I SAW THE MILD COWS HUDDLED IN THE SHELTER OF THE SHED, ALL BANKED UP AND COVERED WITH SOME DEEP STRAW OVERHEAD. SO MUCH OF GREENWICH IS BACK COUNTRY, FARMS AND ESTATES GALORE. WITH MY EARLY START DELIVERING, I COULD DO SO MUCH MORE.

I SAW THE ORCHARD ONCE AGAIN, ON GOOD OLD NORTH STREET, MY, WHAT A PRETTY SIGHT! LIMBS AND BRANCHES EVERYWHERE, ALL DRESSED IN SNOWY WHITE.

I SAW THE OLD CREEK RUNNIN' THERE ALL FROZEN 'LONG ITS EDGE; SAW THE WHITE SNOW DRIFTED 'LONG THE OLD ROW OF HEDGE. YOU NEVER KNOW IF A CREEK IS HEADED FOR THE RESERVOIR AT THE PARKWAY, OR ON TO LONG ISLAND SOUND.

YES, AN 'LONG THE OLD HEDGE-ROW, AN NEAR THE OLD HAYRACKS, IN MEMORY I REALLY SAW A LOTTA RABBIT TRACKS. ON TO THE NEXT FARM DELIVERY, AND THERE WAS THE OWNER, OUT BY A SHED, WITH TH' HAMMER AND A LOTTA NAILS A-FIXIN' UP HIS SLED.

I SAW THE MEADOWS OVER YONDER, ALL SHINING, PURE AND BRIGHT; I DON'T BELIEVE I EVER SAW A THING ON EARTH SO WHITE. SO, AS FOR FETCHIN' MEMORIES THERE'S NOTHING THAT I KNOW, THAT'LL BRING 'EM BACK PRETTIER THAN A REAL OLD-FASHION SNOW.

JACK