

It's the rare child who does not vow to himself, "When I grow up I'll still like snow and winter and lots of snow and cold days and more snow. I don't care what these grownups say!"

And of course that same child grows up and has to drive to school and work through the snow, and forgets how it didn't use to matter when the snow melted through ice caked mittens, as long as the snowball fight lasted.

Winter brings to Rochester only shades of gray, and color seems to fade with the last leaves. However, even though the sun seems to be behind the clouds for three or four months, there is still beauty in the shapes of clouds

and drifts and in the way snow stencils the outlines of trees and bushes.

A storm looms over the treeline; a statue of the Virgin stands in the chill of a winter campus; gravestones in the cemetery wear a mantle of untouched white.

These are the signs of winter. They will be here for many months to come, but look at them now, because the winter's third encounter with a snow shovel may blunt appreciation.

However, during this season with Christmas fast approaching and the Farmer's Almanac calling for a mild winter, nature's charms appeal to all of us.



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