

Shooting from the Hip - Winter blues

by Scott Schulte

Jan 23, 2008

I met one of those people this morning. You know the kind. It's 11 degrees outside and this woman was out for her 6 a.m. power walk. For my part, I woke up, stumbled to my car and drove to the local store to have a Coke (the true breakfast of champions). This person opened the door of the store and with a big smile declared, "Oh, it's such a wonderful brisk morning!" I smiled and said, "Too cold for me. I hate this weather" This otherwise nice woman then went on and explained to me that the secret to dealing with the cold was simple. It has to do with attitude. "If you choose to be happy, you can be happy." I slurped my soda and said, "No, it's freaking 11 degrees outside." She offered a giggle that sounded like nails on a chalk board, ordered a latte and sat down for a "cool down."

I may have learned what hatred really is.

As I walked back into the blackness this bone-chilling morning I muttered under my breath, "It's all about attitude."

Then my finger stuck to the car door.

It's just cold. Plain and simple. I hate to be cold, I hate the darkness and most of all I hate those people who just love the chilly brisk air. Leave me alone until April. When the snow becomes rain and I don't have to worry about slipping and falling on my fat butt, I'll come out and play.

And please don't tell me how much I'm missing by not venturing into the bone-biting coldness of January. It's just not happening. For all of you that love this time of year and its weather (this includes my two sons), great! Have fun! I'll wait at home and listen to your stories of adventures.

I actually had a friend tell me once that I should get out in the winter more because if I didn't it could hurt my relationship with my sons.

Thanks, pal. I'll take my chances on that one. We can talk about their winter adventures while watching a UConn basketball game in the comfort of my 70-degree home or while hot-tubbing (now there's a great winter activity!).

I think my disdain for the cold actually happened when I was a missionary for the LDS church in Southern California from 1983-1985. My first Christmas came and my mother called from Connecticut. She was so worried about me being homesick that the first words out of her mouth were, "Oh, Scotty, it's snowing and it's so pretty. Aren't you homesick?"

"No, Ma, it's 80 degrees outside and sunny."

I have a friend of mine who spent Monday night snowcaving. Snowcaving. What kind of nutjob builds an igloo when there is a perfectly warm house to sleep in? Not me. And what of these people who venture to the back country? I don't get it. I'm a wimp, really. But for my part, I never will understand doing something where I'm encouraged to bring a beacon so people can find me in case of an avalanche! A beacon? No, not for me. You can find me at home without a beacon, thank you very much.

And as for those people who have the will power and attitude to be happy while they continue to push their heart rates in the morning hours of these winter months, I congratulate you. I'm impressed, but please, just talk softly and if you get a chance, warm up my car door handle.

In the meantime, I'll work on my attitude.

Read more: [Davis County Clipper - Shooting from the Hip Winter blues](#)