

Opinion: How to win at winter

By Lori Moore, New York Times

My first winter in the Northeast, I thought I was set.

When I was growing up in the South, the heaviest coat I ever owned was a corduroy pea coat – more of a jacket, really. But after a year of working in the powdery mountain snow out West, I moved to New York City with a heavy Patagonia fleece, a knit hat or two, and a pair of gloves. Nothing could faze me after 20-foot snowdrifts, so I thought.

I found myself raging at winter, which seemed to never end. Long after the date I was used to greeting the spring, snow was still falling.

In short, I hated winter when I first moved north. But now, I find myself looking forward to it. It took over a decade, but I have learned ways to not just deal with the coldest season but to seek out the joys of it.

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