

## So Long, Summer

The days are short now and it's made more apparent by the return to Pacific Standard Time. There are currently less than 11 daylight hours. During the summer solstice, there were over 15 hours.

The time is here when people and places become sedate and enter their winter pattern. The Pacific coast high pressure system that gives us such warm dry summers breaks down, the jet stream dips south, and the rainy storms roll through the Bay Area to begin their trek East across the U.S. People buy new wiper blades, start carrying umbrellas, and the winter wardrobe comes out.

Thoughts turn toward family and the holidays, relationships lose that Spring time fire, and the Norelco and Black&Decker gift ads hit the airwaves. Leisure time is now more like a lazy morning in front of a fireplace with a Sunday paper and cup of hot cocoa than a long hot day at the beach. We're on our own for a while, or at least much more into ourselves.

Why is that this season is such a catalyst for this periodic introversion? It's like some primitive instinct that we have; the same way that the trees know to lose their leaves and the animal kingdom goes dormant.

Some are optimistic when it comes to this time of year. It starts to rain and they envision snow; the skis get waxed, new tires and racks hit the car, and more attention is allocated to the weather report (especially the snow fall totals). They're ready.

But somehow, even if you love winter, there is something missing that is abundant when it's hot. People are bundled up in layers of cloths, the windows in their cars are rolled up, and the front doors to their houses are closed. There are no barbeques, no swim party's, no camping trips. There seems to be this natural insulation between you and everyone else that's preventing you from getting close even if you wanted to. The choice doesn't belong to you or them. It was made a millennia ago and it's in our genes.

I know this state is natural but I often wonder if it can be subdued. Bernard Shaw once said; "The unreasonable man expects the world to adapt around him while the reasonable man adapts to the world around him". I learned, upon living in a place where summer meant that the rain got warmer that you had to make the best of any time of year.

Perhaps the best way to look at winter is to look at what the best use of it is for us. Maybe pursuing relationships right now is courting failure. Maybe it's that we need a break from the chase and play game in order to regroup our thoughts, get our minds back to ourselves, and remember who should come first. It seems easier to do that now because everybody else is isolated as well; there're no feelings of being left out.

Maybe it's just winter and its no big deal. I should quit being bummed out about a long hot summer that retreated so rapidly and get on with life. I think I'll wax my skis this weekend. Anybody want to come over and read the Sunday comics over some hot chocolate with me?

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