ED’S ON A SKI ADVENTURE

“Raivaaja” February 6, 1986

It’s spitting snow outdoors. Winter can be beautiful when you look at it from a heated room. My look centered on the snow flakes, seldom are they this pretty. Often they come with the wind all mashed together. Now they fall lazily and keep their form to the very end. The sun peeps out behind the snowfall. Lovely!

A memory of the winters and snowfalls of my boyhood awoke in my mossy head. Many happy and not so happy skiing incidents arose in my memory. The will to succeed in young boys often leads to minor accidents. Mother often cautioned “don’t fool around!”

New snow had fallen during the night, and in the sun’s bright light, it was all a glaring white and all seemed to be so smooth. I climbed with my skis from the lake to the hilltop and then started down the steepest path to the lake. My skis stuck on the bent willow twigs below the surface of the snow and I came to a sudden full stop.

I flew in an arc through the air and went head first through the hard crusted snow. My face was

cut all over and there was blood. My neck was as stiff as a crowbar. I got my skis and pointed their noses for home to tend to my wounds.

When my mother saw her son and his condition, her first words were: “you should be beaten for your tomfoolery.” However, we were never beaten so I was not afraid of the threat which I had heard several times in the past. Mother brought out her medical equipment and turned to nursing her son.

A better feeling…..

Ed Helander