



“Musing from the Hill” by Susan Crossett

as seen on the *Dunkirk Observer* on Fridays
and the *Jamestown Post-Journal* on Saturdays



Never Mind the Why or Wherefore

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January 27-28, 2021. Will the snow ever stop?
Will it warm up again?

The radio says it won't rise out of the teens tomorrow. I'm used to it by now. Molly never minded – as long as I continued to towel off the snow or occasional rain. I know it isn't all gloom for I distinctly recall mentioning the sun to friends when I was out on the thirteenth. Not that it was that bright or that it lasted but we were facing north and the truly dark clouds shining over Canada were worthy of remark.



The chilliest I've recorded so far is a “temperate” 7.9° just days ago. I don't expect it to plunge much further. (So surprise me!) I recorded -7.8° last year on Jan 14th but added a question mark for no other temperature came close. 6.3° on January 20 and it never dropped that far again in 2020 (though the station in the den says it got to -17° on January 14, 2018 (obviously a date to avoid).

But, yes, indeed there is spring and a beautiful autumn for later on.

Spring? Green! Flowers! Birds and, especially, their calls. Being able to open windows increases the vibrancy. A close friend lives with total air conditioning. I wouldn't consider it.

And of course, spring means the goslings. Perhaps a fawn or two skipping along besides its mother.

I welcome the lights of the snowmobiles now and look forward to the heavenly smells when the fields next door are harvested. Sometimes beans or peas, more often corn – but not edible to us. Then hay.

I hope you've been aware of how much quicker it's staying light each afternoon. I do notice it in the morning as well for I no longer need a light to find my way to the kitchen: coffee and breakfast. (I know friends who kept their coffee maker in the bathroom so it was immediately ready when they awoke. Not for me. Mine is hot by the time I've poured juice and cut my bread.) Our time changes by fifteen minutes each week, definitely enough to notice.



And then this weekend we're given an entire extra hour on top! I love it being one of God's creations who really does bloom in the sunlight (or whatever we countenance here).

My weather station insists we're having sunshine frequently. Well, it lies – though I'll grant there are plenty of days when I can see exactly where the sun is should the clouds not be so thick.

I have deep reservations about flying back to the west coast even if COVID restrictions are lifted by fall. On arriving I want to eat at inordinate hours while nothing but the knowledge I'm going HOME could get

me moving to catch a five-something cab back to the airport.

I do find it interesting that my moving the hands on my clock never affected Molly or Gloria at all. The cat (the original complainer) is ready for a refill anytime her bowl of kibble gets low while Molly simply couldn't comprehend why we shouldn't all be ravenous by five – if not before. Even my old Dutch pendulum clock is trying oh! so very hard to convince me to race ahead.

I could swear it's about as bright at bedtime now as at noon. I know there's a moon – the calendar tells me it's full – but I see none of it. It's all the white below that lights the way.

You know, before I started this rambling, I intended to comment about Daylight Savings Time.

“Why does daylight-saving time still exist?” Comments from The Seattle Times: Begun in Germany as a WWI effort to save energy, a lot of people ask what's the point now. Is any energy really saved or does it actually cause more harm to our sleep cycles?

In this country the Uniform Time Act of 1966 decreed the starting and ending dates but left it up to the states to observe it. The energy crisis in 1970 made extending it a popular choice for most states.

2005's Energy Policy Act stated that clocks must spring forward on the second Sunday in March and fall back again on the first Sunday in November. So now you know – it isn't a random decision at all!

While Arizona, Guam, U.S. Virgin Islands, Puerto Rico and America Samoa don't go along, over seventy countries throughout the world do. 2 a.m. was chosen for the time because the whoevers believed bars and restaurants would be closed by then so few would notice because they're asleep. (And won't be aware of it when they awake?)

It's also a fiction that it helps the farmers. Why? They're losing an hour of precious morning light. Who lobbied for it? The candy manufacturers because those little Halloween imps get an extra hour of light.

So who gets the treat? And who the trick?

