

Everybody has their favorite meal. Some are meat and potatoes people. Others like a good lobster or sea food platter. Some like Mexican. Others like Chinese. Everyone has their favorite. It's a matter of taste. There is no right or wrong.

If you are a person who loves a good steak dinner, that's fine. But what if you had that same steak dinner every night for a year? We all have made the comment when shoveling our favorite food in our mouth, "I could eat this every night!"

But this column isn't about the food we eat, but is clearly leading to my point, and that of course is the weather.

When people find out that I was born and raised in sunny San Diego, they inevitably will give me that pained look and ask, "How could you leave such a beautiful place?"

Granted, I have nothing but fond memories of growing up in such a wonderful playground as Pacific Beach, Marine Street, La Jolla Cove, Ocean Beach and the like. But again, a steak dinner every night gets old no matter how well it's prepared.

We only had two seasons in San Diego. Charger season, and Padres season. If you wanted to know what time of year it was, you had to go to the Murph. If the Chargers were playing, it was winter. If the Padres were playing, it was summer. If no one was there, it was February, and you'd better have an umbrella, because that was the only time that rain was permitted.

With spring springing all over here in Nashville, I want to take this time to say 'thank you' to Old Man Winter.

I, as many of you, am not a fan of winter, but for different reasons. I don't mind the snow and the cold temperatures. Heck it's winter. It's supposed to be cold and snowy. I hate the whiny attitudes. Everybody's grumpy and complaining. I often joke that the President could be shot and our local newscast would still interrupt the newscast to give us an endless parade of reporters documenting the horrors of a city under siege by an inch of snow. Never in the history of man

has one inch ever received so much attention than when it comes in the form of snow here in Nashville.

What makes Nashville such a great place to live is that it truly has four seasons, and you don't have to go to a stadium to know which one you are currently in.

Sure it gets cold in the winter. Yes we always get our two or three 'blizzards' that leave us an inch of snow. Yes conditions can get miserable. Yes we all might have to take a day or two off until we can get our cars out of the slippery driveways. But we all seem to make it okay, even when the local stores run out of bread and beer. It's winter after all, and that's just how winter works around here.

And it's that sense of adventure in knowing that we have survived another addition of Old Man Winter that gives us such a euphoric attitude on those first few days when the warm breeze whispers to us that it's over. We've turned the corner. Just like we feel in September when that same breeze tells us that we've survived another hot and humid summer where sweat is our only commodity.

We just don't appreciate the beauty of having four different seasons every year. I am thankful for the winter we gladly say farewell to. Without Old Man Winter our springtime would be very uneventful as it is in San Diego. Just another steak dinner. Without the awful heat 'n humidity of Summer, Fall would just be a bunch of trees dying.

I love the changes of the season. Like food, variety is truly the spice of life.

Just A Thought