

We love to whine about the weather

by Charita M. Goshay

We Midwesterners love, love, love to talk about the weather. How many times this week have you heard "Cold enough for ya"? Hell hasn't frozen over - it just feels like it.

We love to talk about weather so much that our local TV weather forecasters are celebrities. People could pick out Dick Goddard in a whiteout, but they wouldn't know their city councilman if he walked up and bit them.

Want to strike up a debate among Midwesterners? Just ask, "Which had more snow, the blizzard of 1978 or 1950?"

But more than just talking about weather, we like complaining about it. When it's winter, we can't wait for spring. When spring arrives, we wring our hands over the threat of tornadoes, and we clamor for summer. Of course, when summer comes, it's just too darned hot and humid. Why can't autumn hurry up, already?

IT COULD BE WORSE

Certainly, recent weather has given us plenty about which to carp. It seems as if it has been so cold for so long, it almost doesn't even seem cold because we can't remember anything different.

I suppose if you're kicked long enough, at some point, it no longer feels like a kick.

Even when Punxsutawney Phil does not see his shadow, we still can't win.

An unseasonably warm January lulled us into thinking we might actually squeak by this year, but Jack Frost jumped us like a mugger. So, we console ourselves with wives' tales such as: The cold is good because it cuts down on germs, and it should make for a "less-buggy" summer.

But it actually could be worse. We could be in Chicago, where the frigid days have broken a consecutive-days record. Chicagoans don't even have the afterglow of a Superbowl victory to take their minds off their misery.

It's much warmer in Lady Lake, Fla., but 20 people are dead there, and hundreds more are living in rubble, thanks to a tornado that appeared out of nowhere and smashed the town into kindling.

In Baghdad, the forecast for is 60 degrees - with a 70 percent chance of being shot at.

I'll pass.

Recent floods in Jakarta, Indonesia, have gotten hardly a blip of attention, even though the waters have crested to 12 feet, at least 25 people have died, and more than 340,000 have been driven from their homes.

I'll take the cold. Every single time.

It actually was warmer in Anchorage, Alaska, this week, than in the Midwest.

How do I know? Jeff Morrow on the Weather Channel said so.

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