

When the Snow Starts (blog entry)

An odd thing happened this morning. It was perfectly warm in the house. Then suddenly very cold. Rather like the chill that's supposed to grip a room before you see a ghost.

I then realised it had just started snowing. It's strange how the atmosphere seems to do this whenever the first flakes fall. And it got me thinking, in a melancholy, wintry sort of way, that, unlike the onset of snow, most changes of state are impossible to recognise or pinpoint. They just happen.

We never recognise or record the moments when we, say, stop being children, or when our parents become old, or when we fall in or out of love or friendship. They're only obvious after the event.

You never write in your diary: "today was the day that so-and-so became my friend" or "so-and-so became old today and will never be young again."