**[Really Dad? Snow Day](https://www.ctworkerscomplaw.com/really-dad-snow-day/)**

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**MICHAEL**

Who doesn’t get a little giddy about the prospect of a guilt-free day off, courtesy of Mother Nature? For the kids, it’s like getting a free pass from the principal to skip a day with all of your friends. And for us grown-ups, what better excuse is there to stay home than a governor’s proclamation to keep off highways and byways?

[](https://www.ctworkerscomplaw.com/wp-content/uploads/2015/10/Amity-Dad-212.jpg)Three weeks ago, millions of us on the East Coast scurried to the grocery stores to buy candles, batteries, gas cans, and food. Some rushed off to buy shovels, roof rakes, and snow blowers, all of us contemplating the arrival of something greater than ourselves. A man in line at the bank spoke in an energized voice, to no one in particular, about how we New Englanders could handle this storm, as if he were leading a pep rally.

A snow day is like finding something more valuable than money. It is the blessing of time, the gift of a day that you can spend as you wish. I thought about all of the ways I could enjoy this bonanza: exercising on my Concept 2 rowing machine, making some beeswax candles, playing a game of Scrabble with the kids, watching a movie, or making some cookies with Michaela.

Then a dark thought wormed its way into my mind. I could go to work without being there. The world of E Pluribus Unum beckoned. I could remotely access all of my files from work to catch up on all of the letters I need to write and tasks I can never seem to accomplish with the incessant interruptions of frantic phone calls, client meetings, and hearings. I even have an internet-connected phone that will ring through at my house or anywhere in the world where I plug it in, never letting the caller suspect I am away from my office. But I resisted the temptation to chase a buck. This snow is a gift from the universe – I must accept it in the same spirit in which it was given.

So I stuffed the wood stove full of wood and hunkered down in the settee to finish reading Boys In the Boat, a book that would have otherwise taken me another couple of weeks, stitching together 15 or 20 minute snippets of time each night between brushing my teeth and turning out my light on the night stand. Every time I felt a tinge of guilt, I looked out our picture window at the sea of white blanketing our backyard, which gave me the comforting illusion that I was in the cabin of a boat. I could no more abandon the confines of this vessel than I could step off a boat underway in the ocean. I read on, ensconced in my berth, flipping through pages hour by hour, getting up only to throw more wood on the fire or to make a cup of tea.

The storm has come and gone, as have some other big ones. The snow keeps coming and coming with irritating regularity, every Sunday night into Monday morning, closing school and making any commute a crap-shoot. I feel like Bill Murray in “Groundhog Day”, relegated to living in an immutable time loop every Monday. I have transformed the living room into a virtual office because even though the snow is lovely, white, and deep, I have bills to pay before I sleep. I will be ready next Monday because guess what is forecasted for this Sunday?

**MICHAELA**

My favorite part of winter is the snow days. The constant prattle from various news channels about the upcoming blizzards an below-zero temperatures leave all of us kids excitedly anticipating the call from the Superintendent canceling school. A snow day! No homework, no tests, no teachers. If you listen closely you can even hear the camels changing their tune from “Hump Day!” to “Snow Day!” The teachers are not as enthusiastic about the prospect of another day tacked onto the academic year. However, the students are living in the moment, thinking about sitting on a sled rather than sitting in our seats taking notes hour after hour.

This taste of freedom isn’t the only great thing about snow days; anything and everything is possible when there is a carpet of untouched snow waiting for you to make your mark on it. You can build a snowman, which may not even last until the next morning, although the memories will last well beyond. Friends who live nearby get together for a game of ice hockey on the Durley’s pond. Last year I got to play goalie during one of those pick-up games and even though I never played before, I somehow managed to keep out more goals than I let in. Friends come over to trudge through the snow, build igloos and snow forts and have snowball fights. And of course, our Golden Retriever, Chai, loves to swoosh through the fresh snow as much as us kids, as oblivious to the ice balls that stick to her paws as we are to our numb toes and frozen fingers. When we want to take a break indoors, we can make Coca-Cola slushies. Or I can curl up inside and see the snow fall while watching Harry Potter movies, or playing Scrabble. The falling snow makes the wood fire feel warmer, the smell of chili cooking even more scrumptious, and the house cozier.

We will pay for this day at the end of the school year, but June is a long way off. And the snow keeps falling …