

Tärnaby, Sweden

The snow is light and fluffy – not good for snowballs
The trees are white – remnants of past storms and single digit temperatures
The lakes are frozen solid, except where the river leaves and enters
The days are short, at least outside

A winter wonderland from our dreams
Still, white, the only sounds are the river and the soft crunch of snow shoes
Warm fingers and a cold nose
How did we get so lucky?

Warm and cozy inside, with the unique sounds of the pellet furnace
A blazing fire, fan spurred by the heat to warm the room
Books and computers, questions and conversations
Streaming books and Great Courses

Tea, cider, more tea . . . wine
Local breads, as variable in look as taste
Cheeses from Seattle, Copenhagen, Umeå and Tärnaby
A feast in all senses

