

THE Rye City REVIEW



February 21, 2014 | Vol. 2, Number 8 | www.ryecityreview.com

February 21, 2014 • THE RYE CITY REVIEW • 5

Frozen: The suburban version

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Is anyone else feeling like our small town has gotten quite a lot smaller since the last snow storm? The white mounds are everywhere:

along every pathway, driveway and road in Rye. It's as if someone decided to paper mache our little enclave in an effort to create a new landscape.

The snow and ice is forcing us to be more cautious

and slowing us all down. We are pausing in places we never paused before and having way more face-offs in our cars. We must wait our turn to cross paths. Dogs and people are being forced closer to the double yellow lines on Forest Avenue for their Sunday stroll.

The sidewalks are miniature obstacle courses. The driveways are narrower and more treacherous. Our minivan now has a huge dent in the bumper after it was innocently driven into the snow bank beside our garage—cleverly masquerading as a brick wall—and I'm sure it's not the only one.

A neighbor and I attempted a leisurely cross-country ski at our usual haunt, Apawamis golf course. We discovered that we could not break the surface. The 18th hole resembled a Canadian lake in February. The snow looked pretty and inviting, but the top layer of ice created an impenetrable shield. Uphill was not an option and



Rye citizens are forced off the sidewalks and into the streets. Contributed photos

moving forward only led to us slipping sideways.

We decided to leave the cross-country skiing to the Sochi Olympians until the thaw arrives.

Even our dog can't manage the icy conditions. She skids across our front lawn as if on Playland's ice rink. Everything is quieter. The frozen snow is a dense white carpet spread out all over Rye. It muffles sounds while simultaneously creating a constant glare. The brilliance and quiet are admittedly magnificent though.

With more snow ushered

in by the blizzard the day before Valentine's Day, our pathways became even narrower, the town got even quieter and parking was even harder.

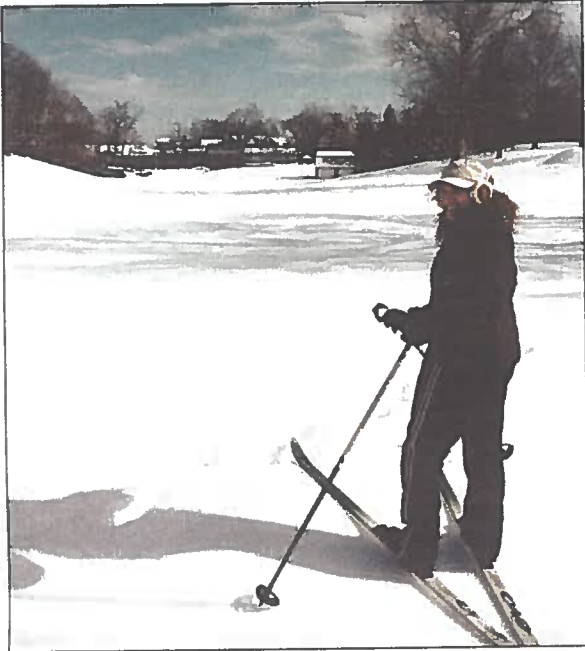
Rye might be fed up with the white stuff, but what choice do we have? Shovels and snow plows dutifully appeared for their weekly performance. Schools closed and sleds came out yet again.

The mid-blizzard rain was the thaw we had been waiting for. It gave people a chance to dig out before the shell of ice hardened over our little town. I found myself gaily

hauling chunks of loosened ice by hand from the porch wondering where to put all of the snow. With the front walk still frozen from the last storm, the driveway being cleared is absolutely essential.

"I'm sure the pile will melt by spring," our 20-something-year old savior with the snow plow said.

As we all escape our driveways, and huddle in for warmth and space along the double yellow lines, I can't help but wonder if this is God's way of bringing us closer? It must be.



Cross country skiing at Apawamis golf course

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