

Warm Heart Cold Hands

Are you a warm blooded person or a cold blooded person? A simple question for most to answer. (Accept menopausal women who swing between hot and cold like a conductor's metronome.) It used to be simple for me. HOT. All the time. In everyway and everyday, I was hot. I could stand out in 20 degree weather and think, "Wow, I'm glad I have a wind breaker on." I was so hot I slept naked; I wore one mill cotton see through clothing, and never wore socks just trying to stay cool. I would sweat in the thought of warmth. I would have several fans blowing on me from all directions all the time. I even had a fan blowing on me at night. I have been known to run my car's air conditioning in the winter.

This was my life until two months ago. I had just finished doing another major overhaul of my psychotic mind and spirit, when something strange happened, the weather in my fine city of Bartlett, TN changed. Fall had started to come, and with it cold air. For the first time, I felt the cold. Never had I even noticed it, but now I noticed the gentle cooling of the increasing sunless days. A jacket became part of my everyday wares. I could not run out to the truck to get something in shoeless feet; least I have frost bite when I dashed back into the house. My feet had to be covered in socks and shoes before going out even to the carport. Strange times for a girl that could be hot in a place where room temperature really meant 72 degrees.

Now that winter is settling in, I have dawned gloves and a hooded jacket. Did you know that you can't run your iPod through a glove? You can't. It took me two red lights to figure that out. Sad state of affairs. I even broke down and ordered a real winter coat for the first time – purple with a dark charcoal zip out liner for extra warmth. I was even eying the combo packs at Wal-Mart has for X-mass gifts. You know the ones with hat, gloves, and scarf all in the same

color for those of us who need to match or just too lazy to pick out what we need separately. I kind of like the light purple ones.

I'm holding off buying winter stuff. Why? You may ask? I want to make sure this is permanent. Cold is something everybody else has to deal with but not me. I realize the implications of me being cold is that my last round of playing Miss Fix-it on my mind must have worked but being cold – I mean really cold – kind of sucks. The up-side no more Scorched Earth policy. My mind, my body, my spirit, my being can now be all that it can be without the hampering of past errors from myself and others. So yes, “Joy to the World!!!” and higher heating bills.