

# The Barn Door

Seeing the world through midwestern eyes.

**Tuesday, March 17, 2015**

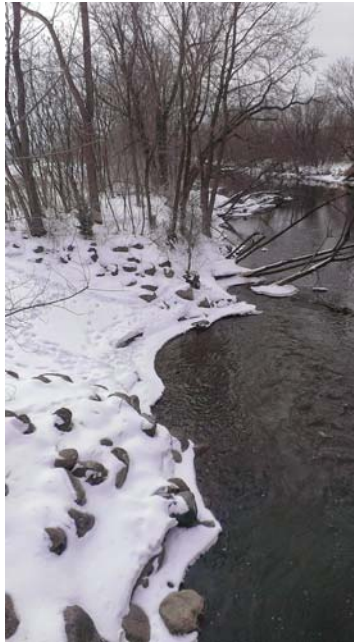
**50 Shades of Gray: Winter in the Chicago Suburbs by Suzanne M. Brazil**



My husband loves the outdoors. I do too, but mostly just in two seasons, summer and fall. This year I'm living outside my comfy box and decided not to complain about the record snowfalls, skin-scraping winds, and complete absence of sunlight we've endured from November on. (See, that's the stuff I'm not complaining about).



Last week, we headed out to Independence Grove, a nearby forest preserve, for a two-hour hike. The temperature was in the teens and the skies were...wait for it...gray.



I was layered up in long johns, furry boots, some survivalist mittens my husband had bought at a military surplus store and my favorite scarf wound around my face and neck. I had heat packs in my boots and stayed warm the entire time.

Treacherous footing meant we didn't cover a lot of distance. Having slipped on ice and broken my ankle several years ago, I'm hesitant on uneven ground.



We welcomed the silence and the fresh (frozen) air and I managed to only fall over--tipping like a [Weeble](#)--three times. I thought it was only twice but my husband has corrected me, repeatedly. So now I know, I tipped over into the snow three times. Still, it was a lovely day.

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Posted by Suzanne Brazil  

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