

WHAT'S YOUR FAVORITE SEASON?

BY KAITLYN VITTOZZI

What is your favorite season? Usually, I say summer. The Pitta in me loves the heat, the sweat, the sun. I like to bake. (My dermatologist loves it when I say that.) Summer brings the ease of walking outside without extra layers. Sitting outside at night not craving anything extra. One of the greatest parts of living in New York is experiencing all four seasons. Try to change my mind; you will not.

On this first HOT sunny day week in April, I found myself less excited, and actually sad and mournful. Perhaps it was because there was no sense of easing-in to spring – but that is nothing new for Rochester natives.

Because we have so little warm weather, even since early adolescence I have felt a lot of pressure in the warm months. Pressure to be outside; pressure to be outside with friends. Make your life look like a bud light commercial, all fun all the time. Look everyone how much fun I'm having. Winter, on the other hand, feels like no pressure for me. I get pulled in no fewer directions. I know Seasonal affective disorder is real. This past winter may have felt extra heavy during pandemic. Some people work outside in the cold, and it can be hard on a body. Many of us are just generally happier in nicer weather, and it lets us spend more time outside. So, if you are not feeling this opinion piece – I hear you. I've been there.

For those of you who feel new social pressures creeping in as the days get longer, I see you. You're not alone. And this year, I am with you.

Perhaps all of the spiritual growth I've done over the years, has led me to truly appreciate the winter. To find contentment. So this month, to make myself feel better, I'm writing a goodbye letter to Winter.

Dear Winter,

I will miss you. I already miss you.

Knowing the weather outside was frightful, but half the country was cuddled up inside. Ooing and aahing at your stained-glass magic. Safely cocooned while the world was wrapped in a treacherous snowglobe. Living on the edge.

Remember the morning my clients called to cancel because the storm was coming? We all laughed together – adults, claiming our own snow day.

I will miss our lazy afternoon naps. The feeling of blankets against sweatshirts at two in the afternoon. In a nest. This past Saturday it was 78 degrees. I tried it. It felt wrong without you.

Heavy, creamy, cheesy pastas that leave my belly nourished. In summer, these dishes leave me sweaty, belly hanging out in disgust. But in you winter, I feel warm and cozy from the inside out.

When the dog sticks his snout into the snow to sniff, and then burrows head long forward through the snow on the ground. He is a four-legged snowplow that makes perfect strangers laugh.

Folding snowballs in my hands, tossing them up into the air at absolutely nobody – I'm an adult after all, but feel less so with you.

The guilty pleasure of watching movies in the dark from five until the wee morning hours of Sunday morning. Glass of red wine in hand.

The dry heat of the fireplace. My hair loses its curl.

The rain hit my face today. It left me smudged and scowling, curled in. When your snow flakes were hitting my shoulders on my errands, it brought a smile to my face.

How many more months will be before I have our hot mugs of coffee in the afternoon?

Did you notice, that the only Christmas lights still up are for tiki bars?

I will miss the excitement of knowing a storm is coming, the way I feel it in my chest and my gut.

The permission you gave me to do leisurely, two hour yoga practices on my living room floor.

The permission you gave me to keep my head down and push through. You let me cover my hair that is just one day overdue for a wash with a chic beanie.

I'll miss running through the snow. Feeling the toughness ice cold air in my lungs. Burning. Nose dripping. Tough as nails. A headband that keeps my earbuds in my ears, and my messy bun where it ought to be.

I watched everyone from a distance, anxious to leave. Desperate to get on



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planes during a pandemic. Craving summer. Risking it all for a taste of the beach. They don't get you like I get you. I stayed, enjoying your sapid coolness.

No pressure to do, just being.

Like the sad song that we all love that tugs at our heart strings, playing it over and over again – because there's nowhere to be. You keep me here, present.

Your solitary cozy quietness, as my feet shuffle across the floors in the dark at 6 am.

Until I see you again in late November, please keep your distance. To feel you now might set me too far back as I step into something new and fresh.
Love,
Kaitlyn

Do you want to experience your seasons differently? Consider scheduling a free phone consultation at (585) 200-7209.

I help teens and adults struggling with stress, physical pain, and a lack of life balance. Through a combination of yoga and mindfulness skills, I teach them to reconnect with their bodies and release their tension. They get back to doing what they love and spending more quality, connected time with their families.

