

The first time that I remember spending a winters night at grandma's, I was barely tall enough to see the top of her counters. Grandma lived on a ranch in the Northern Colorado Mountains. As far as heating her home she had not yet come into the 1900 century the only heat source in the house was in her kitchen. She cooked on a large stove that ate lots of wood and coal, and that was the only source of heat for the two story home.

I was going to be staying in my mom's old bedroom which was upstairs. I got ready for bed and mom came with me to her old room. I noticed how thick that blankets and quilts were. Mom said that when she was young it was hard moving all of the heavy bedding by herself. I noticed that there was frost starting to form on the mirrors in the room, and I could feel a cold draft coming through the frames of the windows. I was very excited to be sleeping in a bed that my mom had slept in as a child. Mom told me that I would warm up soon. She had put a few hot bricks in the bed to help warm it up. After she removed the bricks I cannonball into bed like I would at the swimming pool. When I hit the sheets I stayed in that position of a cannonball. The bed was ice cold. The few warm spots were quickly cooling down. Very slowly I started to uncurl. I tried to sleep but my teeth were chattering and I couldn't stop shaking. I remember my swimming coach telling me to relax and I would warm up faster. I tried that and it did help some. Finally from fatigued I fell asleep. Slept would not come easy at the beginning as I kept waking up for part of my body would find another cold spot in the bed. When morning finally came I was warm in the bed and I didn't want to get out. I saw that a frost had covered the windows inside and out. The mirror above the dresser was also covered in frost. But I could smell breakfast downstairs. As fast as I could I got dress and ran downstairs to the warm of that old stove and family.