



Snowpocalypse

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Themes: Technology

Snow, snow, snow, snow. I've never been so tired of the word.

My small town of Winchester, VA suffered from over 3 feet of snow over the past week. Everything shutdown.

I am reminded of the importance of infrastructure.

I lived in Minnesota for 5 years, and have never seen so much panic from some simple snow. They have the infrastructure in place there. They can handle the snow. Winchester was totally unprepared for it. It's amazing.

The Great Shutdown

When 36 inches of snow started falling on Friday night, Winchester essentially came to a standstill. By Saturday morning, the entire city looked like a scene from a disaster movie. Cars were buried up to their roofs, and the few brave souls who ventured outside were trudging through knee-deep powder.

The contrast with Minnesota was stark. In Minneapolis, this would have been just another Tuesday. Snow plows would have been out before the first flake hit the ground, salt trucks would be making their rounds, and people would go about their business with barely a shrug. But Winchester? Winchester wasn't built for this.

Infrastructure Matters

It's fascinating how quickly modern life can grind to a halt when one variable changes. The city owns maybe three snow plows, total. Most people don't own snow shovels, let alone snow tires. The grocery stores ran out of bread and milk within hours of the weather forecast, as if the entire population was planning to survive on French toast for a week.

I spent most of Saturday helping neighbors dig out their driveways and watching the slow ballet of cars getting stuck every few hundred feet. There's something oddly meditative about shoveling snow, even when your back is screaming at you. It gives you time to think about how fragile our normal routines really are.

The Silver Lining

But there was something beautiful about it too. With no traffic and no rush to get anywhere, the neighborhood had a different energy. Kids were out building snowmen and having epic snowball fights. Neighbors who usually just wave from their driveways were actually talking to each other, sharing hot chocolate and comparing war stories from their attempts to reach the grocery store.

By Sunday, the main roads were finally passable, and by Monday, most of Winchester was back to its normal rhythm. The snow melted within a few days, leaving behind muddy reminders and a few good stories.

Still, I can't help but think about the lesson here. It's not just about snow plows and salt trucks. It's about being prepared for the unexpected, building resilient systems that can handle disruption. Whether it's weather, technology failures, or global pandemics, the communities that adapt and bounce back are the ones that invested in infrastructure – both physical and social – before they needed it.

Next winter, I'm buying a snow shovel. Just in case.