

Chicago Scenes, a sliver of love letters 4th edition (4/10/25)

By Skipperdoodle Productions

Forward ~

Again, thank you, dear Reader, for indulging my artistic whims, and for your humbling support! I hope you enjoy this up-to-date fourth edition!

In spite of its challenges, Chicago has meant everything to our family, from my rural Michigan parents' honeymoon in "the big city," my 1966 birth in Park Ridge, and my wife and childrens' births and residence in far south suburban Kankakee, to our settling in Southwest suburban Lemont, where we worked, and raised and educated our children until their residence in the city. Chicago has been the hub of all things that make for a satisfying life. It offers all we could possibly want, and we wholeheartedly love it.

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1. Best Sassage sangwich - A story dats da troot.

Walked intah da sangwich shop couple, tree years ago.

At the counter, a man ordered a "sassage sangwich," and turned to stand by the only door.

Now, To that point, I had never said Sassage in my life.

But not wanting to get my "Smart ass" beat behind the dumpster next to the building, I stepped up, swallowed my two degrees in English pride and said,

I, too, would like a Sassage sangwich, please,

And proudly answered "bode" when asked if I wanted sweet peppers or giardiniera on it.

That was the best sausage sandwich I've ever had.

2. Gotta Love Chicago, pt. 2

Only in Chicago do you go to the neighborhood pizza joint for a slice of cheese pizza, ask them to put pepperoni on it, and when they deliver it and, with a straight face, ask if you want grated Parmesan with it, do you eagerly grab the shaker and slice to head to your table. Do I want cheese to top my cheese pizza?!

Well, I'm not a savage, so yes I do!

We take perverse joy in such insanity.

3. Proud Masochism

Suffering through weeks of single digit temperatures. How else to describe Chicagoans'

Puffed out chests.

Other than proud masochism?

"Well, finally broke down and wore my gloves to shovel." And, "Wrecked another shovel chipping through the mass of frozen plow pile at the end of the drive."

And, "Broke down and moved my 'dibs' chair, so I wouldn't get a ticket."

Out of towners, look it up; "Dibs" is a thing.

We know our winters bring out our insanity.

And we revel in it.

4. Early Spring is a strange and wonderful time in Chicago

Early Spring is a strange and wonderful time in Chicago, full of hope and promise.

Only then will you see Rick in short sleeves fresh from the warmth of his garage down shoveling snow away from his mailbox, having reluctantly left his folding lounge chair, partially consumed Miller Lite can, sides crushed, perched jauntily in the cup holder.

I smirk as a boy wearing boots and a Blackhawks ski hat, his winter coat streaked with mud splatters pedals by.

1. 5. Ya got me again, Chicago

Fifty-seven, and a Lifer,
I should know better.
But I'll admit, you got me again.
But if you think you'll squelch my optimism, guess again.
I'd rather ride the hope your weather seesaw gave the last four days, even when
met by the jarring snow of an oh, so typical false Spring morning.
You can't kill my Hope as you do the daffodils.
I kid myself next year will be different,
But we both know you'll try (and fail) to steal my joy for as long as I live here.

5. Ow ya doin', v2

I do love Chicago.
We passed on the sidewalk outside the barbecue joint.
I saw Chicago written all over him.
“Ey,” I nodded. “Ow ya doin’?”

“Ow ya doin’?” He answered back.

We walked on into the Summer evening, secure in the knowledge of our mutual
local status.

That night downtown in the Irish pub, I bought a visiting German an excellent
locally-brewed beer.