



I felt lucky to be there catching the flakes as they drifted down on the trails and glades at Deer Valley Resort, Park City Mountain and The Canyons, the three ski areas that cluster close in the mountains behind Park City, Utah. For six heavenly days, we -- the Cooke family skiers -- abandoned all thought of tasks at home and gave way to the freedom of soaring down silky-smooth, velvet snow. Leaning left and leaning right through every curve and loop -- like the slalom racer I'm sure I was born to be -- my skis seemed airborne, like twin eagles swooping over the trees. What better time, then, to pull out the videocam and record the growling ssshhhhh of the wind and tilt of the hill.



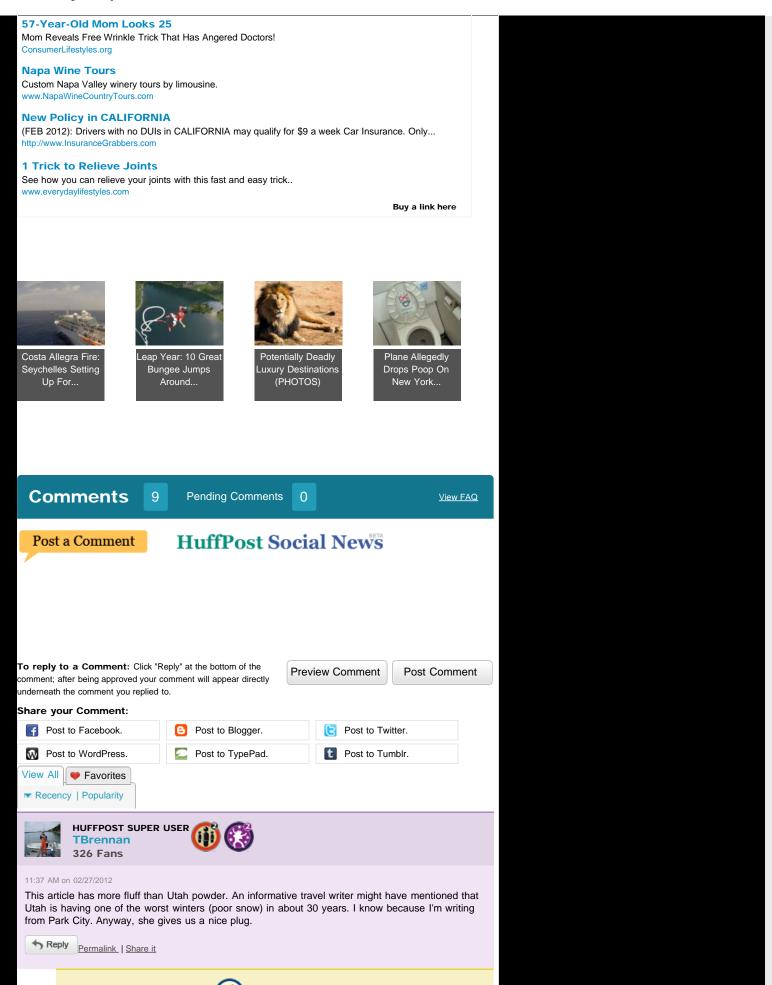
On our first day we skied in powder. To tell the truth, they flew, I floundered, an urgent reminder to renew my gym membership. But after the snow groomers did their nighttime magic, skiing those slopes was as easy as frosting a cake, a simple matter of gliding off the top and down the sides. From blue trails to black and back to blue, we went from lift to lift and one slope to the next.

Each day the sun gleamed through amorphous clouds, thin enough to admit daylight but very little heat, keeping the temperature just above freezing. No slush, and no ice; this was not spring skiing. The icy places I remembered from my last visit, three years ago, could have passed for the way the red carpet must to an Oscar winner as he/she heads for the stage. Flurries and floaters fell each evening, topping up the slopes, a tall drink of water after weeks of thirst.

At Deer Valley, we treated ourselves to groomed corduroy. At The Canyons, where 300 acres on Iron Mountain opened up last year, the peak-to-peak route and new total of 4,000 skiable acres invited comparison with skiing in the Alps. At Park City Mountain Resort, where the terrain shifts and shades from steeps and glades to mini-ridges and hilly curves, it was so good I fell in love all over again. If you're in love -- with skiing, that is -- embrace the moment. See you on the lifts.









HUFFPOST BLOGGER Anne Z. Cooke 18 Fans



12:27 PM on 02/27/2012

I'm NOT reviewing recent snowfall at ALL resorts; just at Park City. And yes, this one of the worst winters ever, not just in Park City but all around the West. Which makes Park City's recent storms so welcome. But that could be changing. Steamboat had a four-foot dump, and the Northwest has tons of snow. The thing is, not many skiers have the where-with-all to drop everything and head for Whistler. Or to fly to Europe to ski the Alps, which is also having one of the best winters in a long time. Be glad you're there, buddy. Park City's a great place.

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HUFFPOST SUPER USER Glamis Tom 22 Fans



10:17 AM on 02/27/2012

The Wasatch range is epic indeed. When you're lucky enough to get powder over your boots, things are good. Over your knees and you should tip a liftie (but never do). Over your waist - that's when you break out the Snickers and skip lunch, and then it's back to groomers the next day. Unless it's a week day, in which case the powder in the trees may not be tracked out until the next lunch you skip. Sigh indeed...

As far as this season goes, the NW is king. OR, WA, MT, WY and of course Canada. Can I do a story on Kicking Horse?



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18 Fans



HUFFPOST BLOGGER Anne Z. Cooke



12:31 PM on 02/27/2012

You sound like a much better skier than I am, or ever will be. Writing's my thing. But I could use you if you want to come along on my next story-gathering trip. That's if you promise to give me the straight dope on those stomach-churning double-black diamond runs. A deal?



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10 hours ago (2:39 AM)

Fun can be had on all colors of runs. However, you have a deal. Writing and/or capturing images of travel is a sign of good priorities:)



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startingsomething

9 Fans

11:30 AM on 02/25/2012

Miss the mountains, the beautiful landscapes in the seasons....*sigh*



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HUFFPOST BLOGGER

Anne Z. Cooke 18 Fans



02:08 PM on 02/25/2012

SShhhhh, don't tell anybody, but the reason I love to ski is the wonder of being in the mountains, among the forests and beneath the sky, with snow-capped peaks around me. When I get off the the ski lift and slide over to the top of the run, overlooking hills and valleys spread out below, I feel as if there's still a chance for this old world to make it.

