

St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

St. Francis de Sales



Meanderings...

Parish Bulletin – August 30 & 31, 2008

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THE inevitable question that arises in most re-acquaintance conversations in September usually revolve around some highlight or exciting adventure that took place over the Summer.

Some went to the cottage, or on great voyages across the country or continent. Others journeyed to the hot and humid and giant bug infested Caribbean, snicker, snicker.

While all the crowds are off on their expeditions, life here was, for the most part, gloriously quiet and peaceful. There was the odd wedding, a funeral or two, but quiet and slow. That's not to say that I didn't venture forth from Ajax. I made two excursions, one to Centre Island with my youngest nephew. All the others had been to Centre Island, but being the fifth, and with the age spread of the five of them, things that we did with great enthusiasm with the older ones seemed to be forgotten, and he gets left in the lurch. So in the third week of July, mom and I took the opportunity to visit that wonderful oasis in the middle of Toronto.

One thing you need to know about my youngest nephew is that he is a talker. It doesn't matter if you are the queen of England, the Pope of the Catholic Church, or the bum in the street, he is going to strike up a conversation whether you like it or not. His older siblings are reaching that stage where it might be considered embarrassing to be seen with the ol' uncle and grandma. In this case it is reversed, the ol' uncle and grandma were embarrassed to be with the child.

Thankfully, even though he has a gifted vocabulary, he hasn't acquired the profane side of it. That is not the issue. When he came off one of the rides, he introduced us to his new best friend. When we asked his name, he didn't know, all he knew was that his new best friend was out of tickets and he and his family were leaving. He asked his new best friend's mother if his new best friend could stay if he gave them some of his tickets. Failing that, he offered for us to drive him home (they were leaving for Windsor.) We still never learned the new best friend's name.

My nephew created quite the chaos at the wading pool as he went around and gathered all the waders to try and stop the water fountain, then tried to recruit some of the parents to wade in and help. All declined with a chuckle. Mom and I just hid. What does precocious mean anyway? Maybe that's why I say the peace and quiet was a Summer highlight. - *FR*