

# St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

*St. Francis de Sales*



## Meanderings... | Parish Bulletin – December 27 & 28, 2008

BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

**USUALLY** when I am driving somewhere, the journey there seems to pass by quickly, but the return home is kind of a slow drag. That phenomenon seems to reverse itself especially after the last Christmas mass and I revved the engine to make the trek up to mom's. It seems that the car just won't go fast enough, or there are always other cars on the road traveling at a carousel pace.

Anyway, after I stopped at the gas station kiosk to find any item on sale for my brother's gift, (if you mention that his car smells like lilacs, that was the scent on sale), I made it home early in the afternoon. My brother had arrived before me, and since he had to celebrate two masses on Christmas eve and Christmas, he was already sprawled out on the couch. Luckily he had to go and attend to busy in the other room and I grabbed the opportunity and reminded him upon his return that "he who doesn't snooze, loses".

We were waiting for my nieces and nephews to arrive. Since they bring a certain level of chaos, my brother and sister-in-law mercifully wait for an hour closer to actual dinner to usher in the sheer excited pandemonium that naturally occurs with five kids at Christmas. They did finally arrive and woke me up by having the youngest jump on my back. It became oh, oh, oh, instead of ho, ho, ho.

I must confess that they opened their gifts very orderly, to the point where it seemed almost unnatural. They were very polite as they opened somewhat insignificant gifts. Certainly we felt some disappointment for them, because what they didn't know was there was a large family gift hiding in the wings - a Sony Playstation 3 that mom and I had got them. We couldn't take it any longer and the enthusiasm and joy that registered on their faces was priceless. Well, there were echoes of wanting to go home soon to set it up, but we still had our feast.

Everything was brought to the table, the dressing, the green beans, the orange and yellow stuff, the meat and warm buns, and then the big bowl of mashed potatoes.

I mentioned how much I brag about mom's garlic mashed potatoes, yet this batch seemed relatively plain, and the only aroma emanating from them was potato, no hint of garlic. It was explained to me that little Braden doesn't like garlic mashed potatoes, and my protestations that I have been around longer than little Braden were moot.

As he sat there enjoying make potato snowmen on his plate, I realized that I have been relegated to the bottom of the preference lists of things to eat. Christmas can be such a harsh business.

It is the gas station kiosk for mom's gifts from now on.

- *FR*