

St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

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Meanderings...

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Grandpa Indiana Jones - The Next Generation

IT is hard to believe that it has been 27 years since Indiana Jones first graced the screens and enkindled a spirit of swashbuckling adventure and derring-do among us young people. It had captured the imagination of a generation, and stirred a longing for quests for a higher purpose. At University, many of the parties took on themes, and I remember one of the themes was Indiana Jones. I still have my Indiana Jones Fedora. It was all great fun and great entertainment. The subsequent movies never lived up to the appeal of the first, so it was with great anticipation that I arranged to take my nieces and nephews to see the latest rendition of the series.

It started out pretty tough. With the five kids, it meant that I had to make two trips. When I got to their school, I found the three waiting in the office, and after the requisite hugs and kisses, I tried to hurry them out the door. Of course, someone forgot her diabetes glycometer, so she had to rush upstairs to find it. Then the other remembered that he had forgotten his bike and he disappeared. He never came back. Apparently, he had started to ride the bike home hoping I would pick him up from there. Well, we left without him, but I phoned my brother to track him down. I was for making him miss the movie because of his stupidity, but my brother persuaded me to allow him to be dropped off. He came in shortly after the movie began, so I made him wait until we finished our popcorn before I offered him money to get his own. There had to be some consequence for his good intentioned albeit silly actions.

Anyway, I think that I am no longer the target demographic for whom the movie is geared. I didn't like it at all, but the four older ones thoroughly enjoyed the adventurous senior citizen. The youngest, well, there were a few scary scenes that prompted him to want to sit on my lap. It wasn't long before he fell into a deep sleep, hanging across my lap, and secure in my embrace. Once he was asleep, nothing was going to wake him up, so for over an hour I sat there balancing a five-year-old, adjusting myself every once in a while to prevent cramps and numbness. I remember looking down the line of the popcorn chomping foursome, a high-schooler and three elementary school kids, enthralled with the hokey, exaggerated adventures of Indiana Jones, much the same way I must have 27 years ago. That was what made it greatly enjoyable, not the make-believe, unappealing adventures on the screen, but the real-life adventures that these nieces and nephews of mine represent. And I am thankful for scary scenes. Thanks Indiana Jones!

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