

St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

St. Francis de Sales



Meanderings... | Parish Bulletin – May 31 & June 1, 2008

BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

Evenings On The Shore - Fort Lauderdale

VAMPIRE stories were never that appealing to me. There certainly was a fancifulness to them that just didn't resonate with my likes. They seemed to be personifications of blood-sucking mosquitoes more than anything, and it wasn't until I exhibited my *draculine* tendencies that I have had to re-think the whole mystique.

I do have an issue with the whole Transylvanian locale. I think that the location of such a creature must be in more temperate climates, say the tropical areas like Florida for instance. No, I'm not becoming a vampire, it's just that my recent escapades in the Florida sunshine caused me to adopt the practice of waiting until the sun went down to venture outside. I was at a hotel right on the beach of the Atlantic Ocean. There were pelicans and jumping fish, and a warm breeze, and the gentle sound of the waves lapping onto the shore, and of course there was the scorching sunshine, deceptively alluring, ready to char uncovered skin.

Now one might assume that I should know better, but because of a deal brokered with Green Peace, lying on the beach soaking in the tropical rays wasn't in the cards. There was no way I wanted to be mistakenly towed back out to sea. So during those warm, mosquito-less nights, I would hunker down in a chair, listen to the constant wash of the waves, feel the warm breeze embrace me, and watch as the full moon rose over the waters, its pale glow dancing across the undulating sea. It was heavenly, and as I walked along the shore, the bright lights of the hotel strip reflecting off the ocean, and the dark, open expanse of sea before me, the magnitude of stars seemed to put on a private spectacle just for me.

There is nothing quite so awe-inspiring as nature at her best. It was privileged time to be able to leave all the distractions and entrapments behind, and be immersed in the magnificence of something so much larger than ourselves, a speck of star dust with the other sand on the shore, in a brief flicker of time, contemplating the vast horizons of the universe. As I stood there, the time-bound amidst the time-less, the earthbound before the heavenly, it was hard to fathom how, in the face of such splendor, that there could be wars, or greed, or pollution, or exploitations. In the face of such majesty, how can there be such anxiety, and fear, and stress. As I beheld that glory, that brilliance, I seemed to melt into a serenity and surrender to creation - mystery was revealed.

- SR