

St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

St. Francis de Sales



Meanderings... | Parish Bulletin – November 15 & 16, 2008

BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

SO when mom returned from Newfoundland, we asked all the pertinent questions. Did you go up Signal Hill? No. Did you go to Cape Spear? No. Did you eat any cod? No, we had Swiss Chalet.

Mom had been to St. John's before so I guess that those touristy things had little appeal—been there, done that, got the T shirt syndrome. No, this trip was more about the company than the setting. So it was with great excitement and expectation that she was venturing forth, the first 'freedom trip' since the death of my uncle whom she was caring for in his demise. This voyage to celebrate liberation was months in the planning, and her cohort, a friend from high school who has lived in the outbacks of Newfoundland for decades, had planned an itinerary packed with local activities and flavours.

The first day after arriving, the two of them set out to scour the shops and craft shows, and before the clock had struck 12:00 noon, the tragedy had struck, mom's wallet was gone. They traced and re-traced their steps asking anyone and everyone if they had seen the wallet. None of the patrons nor the vendors had seen it, and nothing had been turned in. That afternoon was spent cancelling credit cards and bank cards, and then the vacation continued fairly undaunted, though there was a pall of gloom hanging over the week.

The anticipation of having to replace a driver's license, health card, social insurance card seemed to loom in the offing. When mom got home, there was a message from Scotia Bank in St. John's, a little old lady found the wallet, and instead of turning it in to the vendors at the store, (she didn't trust them), she dropped it off at the Bank. So the Bank tracked mom down through her Scotiabank card. They arranged to transfer it to mom's branch in Newmarket.

She arrived home on the Thursday, and had her wallet on the Monday. Nothing had been taken, everything was still intact, except it looks like the little old lady had cleaned up the outside of the wallet. Unfortunately, no one knows who the little old lady was, so we need a profound '*mea culpa*' for even thinking the thoughts of thievery and dishonesty.

So as the whole scene begins to fade into the background of memory and myth, we are trying to devise a means of tying her wallet to her purse much like stringed mittens for infants. We are also shopping around for nursing homes, Shady Pines, or Greenacres. It is never too early to be prepared!

- *FR*