

# St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

*St. Francis de Sales*



## Meanderings... | Parish Bulletin – November 22 & 23, 2008

BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

**GROWING** up, there was absolutely no doubt that we were a hockey household. Whether it was the tattered net on the side of the driveway, or the hockey sticks in various stages of repair strewn on the lawn, or in the house, the puck skid marks on the side of the fridge, or the goalie blocker or sock covered stick in the kitchen, there was no mistaking the pandemonium and ruckus that went on inside and outside this house.

The variety of hockey heroes ranged depending on the age and position of participant. Mom and dad always referred to these obscure players of their youth. With two brothers who were goalies, Jacques Plante and Bernie Parent were always part of any imaginary Stanley Cup game being played on the pond, or the ice rink dad made in the front yard.

We had a left winger too, who was usually partial to the latest forward starring for the Maple Leafs, and naturally someone like Lannie MacDonald was in the fore. Being a defenceman, and recognizing that it is always the defence where the smartest players would place, the only hero that ever need be mentioned was of course, Bobby Orr. My number was always #4 after the greatest hockey player in the universe.

Now the situation arose this past week when my sister-in-law, after dropping off one child at dance, returned to the arena in time for the end of the first period of my niece's game. She noticed that the score was 5 to 0, and that my niece, in her words, had been demoted from forward to defence. Any enlightened person would recognize this as a promotion. She was a little confused and a tad concerned that they would be so concerned with 10- year-olds to be partially benching them in this manner.

In a mixed league where my niece is the only girl on the team, she pointed out that this was a bad sign to be giving to the boys, let alone the hurt that it could inflict on my niece, and how it could damage her enthusiasm and excitement for the game of hockey.

My niece is a tenacious advocate for the game. My sister-in-law is not a publicly demonstrative person like some hockey moms, but like Ms Sarah Palin of the recent American election, my sister-in-law can rise to the level of pit bull in protecting her own. When she talked to the coach during the period break, he gently and quietly informed her that they were actually winning the game. And to top it off, my niece had scored the five goals. It was an act of mercy putting my niece on defence, for the other team. Oh, the cost of sportsmanship! My sister-in-law walked away with a big, proud, smile on her face.

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