

St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

St. Francis de Sales



Meanderings... | Parish Bulletin – November 29 & 30, 2008

BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

Advent in Sudbury

AT University, the first weekend of Advent was a big event. The Student Council hosted a formal evening with a sit-down turkey dinner. The evening began with a wonderful Mass celebrated in the big hall at the University of Sudbury. It was a bilingual Mass celebrated amidst the twinkling lights of the evening's decorations.

The festivities began with a tour of the residence. Each floor got together and painted the walls, and decorated their doors. There were various prizes for creativity and artistic impression. Everyone dressed up in formal attire, and since it was Sudbury, there was always snow on the ground to heighten the occasion. The week prior was spent in hurried preparation.

Over the years, a system had been devised. Each evening represented one stage in the journey to the Formal. Mondays were decorating nights. Tuesdays were for peeling potatoes. Wednesdays were for cooking the hams. Thursdays were for the turkeys. Fridays were for setting up the tables and plates and cutlery. There was almost more fun putting everything together for our fellow students.

Many times school work and preparations for exams got delayed as intuitively we recognized that something important was about to happen, and the sacrifice of a few hours here and there for what we deemed a higher purpose was worth the cost. The following week began the exams, and depending on your schedule, or what department you were in, these friends would be heading off home at various times, whether to the wilds of Sioux Lookout, or Cochrane, or Timmins, to the civilization of Holland Landing, Midland or Barrie.

This night was our time to celebrate the friendship and relationships that had developed. The number of married couples that were spawned at these events are many. Just recently I had an email from a friend from those glory days, whose own son had been busy this past week cooking hams and turkeys as the new generation prepared to participate in their own Formal.

It has been 26 years since I last participated in such a function, yet the memories are as vivid as if they were yesterday. That preparation and journey to the dance reminds me of Advent. Unless we prepare our turkeys and hams in advance, we will never be able to enjoy what is truly important, the gathering and celebrating each other at the Dance.

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