

St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

St. Francis de Sales



Meanderings...

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BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

WE survived another family gathering. It was a picture perfect day, worthy of a Norman Rockwell painting. The drive home along the winding road that descends into the valley in Holland Landing was even more spectacular than ever with the brilliant sunshine igniting the radiant vivacity of the translucent reds, golds, yellows and oranges, all befitting the journey into Paradise.

The outdoor garden at home had all been trimmed with a menagerie of pumpkins dispersed throughout the cut back rose bushes and peonies. Somehow my youngest nephew didn't quite make the leap to the origins of this vista and in the best tradition of Linus waiting for the Great Pumpkin, excitedly recognized that it would soon be Hallowe'en.

Of course there was an issue with the table again. It was decided that the kitchen table had to be brought in to augment the length of the dining room table. Of course I reminded all the naysayers that this problem would have been resolved years ago if they would just recognize that I'm always right, but no, we cleared the kitchen of table and chairs.

All was not lost for it created a spacious venue for the antics and exhibitions of all up and coming dancers and wannabe dancers. So my niece, the true dancer, showed everyone her new moves, culminating into a back roll hand stand thing, narrowly missing the hanging light fixture. Then it was the turn of the other "*So You Think You Can Dance*" contestants. Suffice it to say that my brother Norm gave new meaning to the word 'break' in break dancing.

Well, we gathered around the feast, with garlic mashed potatoes, (we had to claim that only my potatoes had garlic because the youngest doesn't like garlic, though he has no problems drowning whatever in ketchup, his wonder food). There were two styles of green beans, those cooked the right way, and those that my sister-in-law brought. There was broccoli and some turnip/carrot concoction, salad and of course the requisite turkey.

Now I brag about mom's stuffing, well, let's just say that as we gave thanks, we also offered up burnt offerings. It got forgotten in the oven while the home-baked buns were cooking. Anyway, the highlight for the kids was an ice-cream based dessert that seems nameless. It is affectionately referred to as the 'green stuff'. So for everything especially the green stuff, we gave thanks.

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