

# St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

*St. Francis de Sales*



## Meanderings...

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### Cleaning the Garage: derisions of envy and jealousy!

**IN ONE** of the plays that I performed in, there was a line “Sure an’ tis jealousy and envy on yer part”.

It isn’t too often that I am the recipient of jealousy and envy. Oh, maybe when I can brag about not having to change diapers, or how much time is my own. For the most part though...

That all changed on Tuesday. With some helping hands, it was time to clean my garage. Over the course of the 8 1/2 years, there has been an amazing accumulation of junk that got stacked into the garage. Very little of it was mine, just a bicycle and a golf bag trolley, and seeing as golf carts have been invented, the trolley is obsolete. Most of the stuff came from our era in the gymnasium.

Cleaning out the space was like a trip down memory lane. There was the garden arbor we used for Thanksgiving and Easter. There were the lattice works that we suspended from the ceiling, still with tulle, and fabric and artificial flowers attached. When we dug behind, we discovered half flower pots that get mounted to the wall. Those were first used back in 1996 for the 125th anniversary of the old building. We had to figure out what to do with the old portable baptismal font that served us so well and never did leak. The fountain flowing into it couldn’t be salvaged, the shale had all slipped off so the water won’t flow down it again. There were remnants of old activities, and yard sales, car washes, props and decorations, and the like.

It took us twice as long because so many of the items evoked memories of hanging things, building things, and of course the impossible task of storing things. Well, it was all tossed into the dumpster and hauled away.

As we got closer to actually seeing wall and floor, I began to fear what we might find hidden in some corner or under some chimney tile, and of course, something had to be there - a baby snake. Well, I make no distinctions based on size of snake. In my books, be it an anaconda or python, or the little 6-inch baby garter snake crawling along the wall, God did right by cursing them to crawl on their bellies and eat dust. I’m not sure what happened to the serpent, suffice it to say that he no longer occupies a crevice in my garage. So just as I was finishing power-washing the floor, St. Francis de Sales School was letting out, and there were many parents heavy sighs of jealousy and envy. A clean garage, and lots of room for more stuff.

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