

St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

St. Francis de Sales



Meanderings... | Parish Bulletin – September 13 & 14, 2008

BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

LAST weekend was my cousin's wedding. It took place in Mississauga at my brother's Parish, so he presided which afforded me the opportunity to criticize, I mean critique his style (or lack thereof).

It was a small group, mostly family. My nieces and nephews were there dressed up like respectable young ladies and gentlemen, although the youngest was feeling really confined and uncomfortable in the dress shoes, tie and jacket. Soon after the wedding ceremony he was allowed to doff the monkey suit and put on a dressy shirt and his running shoes. Sometimes you just have to know what battles to fight.

The dinner had several courses, one fewer for me because, the bride, being Portuguese, insisted that there be a fish course, so the filet of sole and seafood rice wasn't even placed in front of me. Everything else was delicious.

As with most families I guess, the frequency of seeing cousins as the years go by and everyone develops their own busy lives, become few and far between. Even though everyone professes to improve upon the frequency and the reason, it usually falls to those solemn occasions like weddings and funerals. Well, in the course of eight days, we had both. I imagine it is the same with most people, but memories or images of cousins remain static from the last encounter. Some of my cousins I hadn't seen since my ordination, over 18 years ago, so I was shocked at how old some of them are getting. Seeing them primed and preened in all their finery brought an air of sophistication and dignity to the celebration that this side of the family is really not used to.

It was particularly scary as they have begun to grow into the posture and look of their parents. There were a few double takes as portraits of grandparents or aunts and uncles flashed. But there was another double take that was the talk of the dinner.

My mom had shopped and shopped to find a new outfit for this auspicious occasion. After finding something, and having the proper size shipped in, and with the help of the clerk, all the right accoutrements added, she looked very elegant and classy (and if any rich widowers are out there, I have pictures).

During the Wedding Mass, two aunts from the bride's family brought up the gifts. Lo and behold, one of the aunts must have shopped at the same store, because she was wearing mom's outfit, only not so well.

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