

# St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

*St. Francis de Sales*



## Meanderings... | Parish Bulletin – September 27 & 28, 2008

BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

**WORDS** are such powerful entities. We use them for creative and destructive purposes. Nothing is more destructive than negatively branding another person. This seems to be the imminent goal of our political leaders of late in their attempts to sway the voters.

We use words to soften blows, to foster wonder in awe, to tell stories, to manipulate realities. We use them for confession, for denial, for comforting, for hiding. Somehow, deep in the recesses of our grey matter, there is an unavoidable, inevitable chain of events. It begins slowly and innocently enough, so much so that we can shrug it off and over-compensate so that we can live in denial. Eventually though, things continue to pile up to the point where reality comes crashing in on this make-believe world.

It's not that I watch too much television. One of those not-to-be-missed programs is the Weather Channel in the mornings. Over the last months, it seems that the temperature has been declining. I don't mean that with the approach of Winter, it has been going down in degrees, though one might say that the degrees have been diminishing. What I refer to is the little Celsius measure in the bottom corner of the television that is now impossible to read, even when I close one eye and squint with the other.

So, off to the optometrist I went with a great sense of dread and resignation. I knew I was in trouble when he asked me to read the letters on the chart, and I asked, "What letters." He responded, "Oh dear." So when that was done, it was off to purchase new glasses. It is a futile exercise. Without my glasses I couldn't see what they looked like, so I make no apologies when they arrive and they look funny. What hurt though, was the way the unfavorable verdict was delivered - I need bifocals.

As I slumped around disinterestedly and pouting trying to find frames for the 'old peoples' glasses, there was no way to be able to deny the deterioration of my eyesight. Alas, I resentfully opted for a set of frames. The technician tried her best to enliven the experience, and soften the blow. Finally, she saw the ineffectiveness of her attempts, and tried the compassionate approach. She said, "You know sir [another strike to the heart, being called sir], we don't call them bifocals, we call them "progressives". In reality, it means it will continue to deteriorate, but it sounds nicer, because I can deny that I am declining, and think of myself as merely 'progressing!' A thorn by any other name!

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