

St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

St. Francis de Sales



Meanderings... | Parish Bulletin – September 6 & 7, 2008

BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

THE first day of school usually is also the day of the Annual Priests' Golf Tournament.

For a variety of reasons, I didn't go this year. Instead, I was asked by mom to help out with a list of errands. So as the dutiful son, I drove up to pick her up. She said she wanted to go shopping. Visions of wandering through the women's clothing section again, stumbling through the lingerie section with my eyes closed created this great sense of dread. Fortunately there were a whole lot of other items on her 'to do' list. So we started checking them off quicker than I liked, popping into this place and that, stopping for lunch then resuming our trek.

Finally it came time for the inevitable. I asked her what Store of Horror we were going to start in. She said she wanted to go to Luesby's on Main Street. I almost choked. This store is hardly what would pass as a shopping expedition.

Luesby's is a granite memorial store, where one orders tombstones. It caught me off guard and I'm still trying to figure out if I would have preferred the women's section.

Anyway, she had deigned that it was time to get a gravestone for my dad, she was ready. So we entered into this old store, likely the same store where a stone was purchased for my great grandfather decades and decades before. This would be the third generation of Roberts' who bought their stones here.

Anyway, we shopped through catalogues of artwork of artistic designs and flairs. I wanted a nice Group of Seven motif, but mom wanted something religious. We looked at fonts. We looked at coloured granite tiles, and we looked at actual stones. We discussed timelines and waiting periods and the best time to 'plant' the tombstone. It felt funny piecing together all the parts for an eternity marker.

In discussing the actual wording, mom wants her name engraved at the same time, though she doesn't want the year of her birth put on just now. "Wait until after I'm gone," she said. I threatened to add a few years then.

After picking a beautiful shade of green, I made the mistake of asking where this rock was from. It is imported from China. We were amazed how global the granite industry is. Some was from China, India, South America, some Pacific Island, and precious few options from Canada. So we finished up with a price estimate, the stone to be ordered later. That was okay shopping.

-FR