

# St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

*St. Francis de Sales*



## Meanderings... | Parish Bulletin – April 18 & 19, 2009

BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

### Sacred Triduum in a word

**THE** start of the Easter season, with its beginning at the Mass of the Lord's Supper is the high point of the Church calendar. Those sacred three days called the Sacred Triduum, is when the Church's liturgy pulls out all its stops to proclaim to the whole of creation who we are. The rituals and symbols are potent and profound, and when one assumes the journey from the washing of the feet to the great Easter Vigil, they have witnessed how the Church understands herself.

We are so privileged in our Parish to have such exceptional people ensure that whatever the Church has to say through these sacred rites, comes through loud and clear.

There is always the risk of slighting someone or accidentally missing someone, but that is more a product of a tired and failing mind, than the under-appreciation of even the smallest of details.

My mother and youngest niece attended Holy Thursday and Good Friday. They were both mesmerized and overwhelmed by every aspect of the liturgies, save for the homilist—what is that about a prophet in his own family... The music and the proclamations were outstanding, the ministries and all the behind-the-scenes workers, tirelessly inspirational.

It was a joy to have my brother partake in Easter Sunday, since he in his parish, could never measure up, so it gave me great joy to allow him to participate in liturgy the way it was meant to be celebrated, not in whatever names he wants to call his attempts.

Now, words can never come near to articulate the essence of what transpired here over the Triduum. That is one of the human failings, that words, though powerful in their own right, cannot convey the depth of meaning. This is how words gain baggage and become fluid over the years.

I was asking my niece what she liked the best. She loved when I had to wash her feet, and the fact that she got to touch the cross as it was passed from hand to hand. So I asked her what she was going to tell her siblings about the adventures, and she summed it up in a word, "Sick".

I wasn't sure what that meant, but my mother, who is so hip on the young people's language, having survived groovy, *neato*, super, sweet, and a whole list of idioms, assured me that my niece paid us the highest of compliments.

Cool! Happy Easter!

-FR