

# St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

St. Francis de Sales



## Meanderings... | Parish Bulletin – April 25 & 26, 2009

BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

### Drive-In, the Next Generation

**MENTALLY** we have significant numbers that bear the burden of having more relative importance than others. Going from age 5 to age 6 never seemed to be one of those artificial milestones, but last week I felt these pangs of head-shaking disbelief.

My baby nephew celebrated his sixth birthday. Even though he is just completing his senior kindergarten year, suddenly the realization has come that, no matter how often we refer to him as the baby, or no matter how hard we try to continue to pretend that he is a baby, duh, he's not a baby.

It doesn't help when I hear that early on his birthday morning that he ran into his parents' bedroom and said, "Well, do you notice anything different?" I'm not sure what my brother and sister-in-law said, but I think I would have said, "Yes, everything is different, and time is going just too quickly."

I guess that's not quite the existential answer he would have expected. What compounded the tugs at the nostalgic heart strings was the fact that my oldest nephew has his first official part-time job. Despite my best efforts and wishes to the contrary, they keep growing up, with or without my approval and cooperation. So he begins this week working at the Drive-In in Holland Landing, one of the very few remaining treats left in Ontario.

What makes it even more interesting is that was the same place where I had summer jobs for six years when I was his age. Now, it is a family-run business and the owners, a husband and wife team, still remember my years there, flipping burgers and making French fries those many moons ago. I saw most of the biggest movies there. I first asked a girl out on a date there and subsequently received my first rejection there. The projectionist played the 8-track of Neil Diamond every night, so I had *Sweet Caroline* grafted into my memory. I saw the *Exorcist* 21 days in a row to the point where it became a comedy.

It was always an adventure working the long weekend all-nighters, movies from dusk 'til dawn, going home to crawl into bed as the sun was rising. I have many fond memories from my experience there, and I know my nephew will too.

Thirty years ago however, I never in my wildest imagination ever dreamed that my nephew would one day walk the beat at the Drive In - it is too much of a movie plot in its own right, 'Return of the Roberts', or 'Sen Nephew of Roy - the Horror Continues.'

- SR