

St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

St. Francis de Sales



Meanderings... | Parish Bulletin – December 12 & 13, 2009

BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

WITH SO much preparation for the onset of Advent and our 150th anniversary, with the decorations, the hugely successful Children's Party, and alas, the poorly attended Advent Vespers and dramatic reading of *A Christmas Carol*, (to rave reviews) Christmas shopping is kind of low down the list of priorities.

I did arrange to have my nieces and nephews along with their parents come for a family portrait and paid for a framed picture for them for Christmas. One of the 'traditions' that has arisen is our annual trek to watch the Christmas season pantomime.

This year they are staging *Robin Hood*. I remember the first time I proposed this adventure. The two girls thought it would be fun, but the two older boys had to be dragged. It was quite obvious by their body language that they wanted to be anywhere but here. The first venture into live theatre for them was *Cinderella*. If you have never been, the Christmas pantomime has a tradition of being rather campy and over-the-top interactive fun. It didn't take long for the two naysayers to begin to straighten up in their seats and take notice of the fun and frivolity taking place. They became engaged.

Afterwards, the van was filled with a cacophony of excited voices reciting lines and scenes, each trying to top the other's sense of enjoyment with what they thought was the funniest, or the most amusing. It was very satisfying to be catalyst to opening a new adventure for them. Well, it has become somewhat of an expectation that they look forward to each year, despite how more difficult it becomes to find a day when their schedules and my schedule jive. There is no pulling teeth, no dragging them kicking and screaming. It is with great glee that they await confirmation of our little outing.

This is the first year that we are attending a matinee performance. There was going to be a lunch date with it, but it just happens to coincide with the long awaited date at the diabetes clinic. In the late morning I have my first, one-hour meeting at the clinic. I will be leaving directly from there to meet up with the vanload of kids arriving from Holland Landing. They will need to be on their own for the meal before hand. Merely days before Christmas the clinic will be informing me what I can and cannot eat.

So all the Christmas baking, and goodies and indulging will be *verboten*. Santa lives at the North Pole, Scrooge works at the clinic.

- SR