

# St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

*St. Francis de Sales*



## Meanderings... | Parish Bulletin – February 14 & 15, 2009

BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

**I DON'T** get too many opportunities to watch my nephews and nieces do their thing, so when I got an email from my brother that the middle nephew was in a hockey tournament in Oshawa this past weekend, I was thrilled.

Despite the distaste left by the fact that he was missing a whole day of school to play in the “Legends Hockey Tournament”, Friday morning I made my way over to the ‘Shwa” to watch him. I was delayed getting there because of traffic issues, so I arrived just as he was scrambling in front of the net and pocketed a beautiful goal into the top left corner of the net. I thought it was a nice welcome. He went on to get three assists and won the Player of the Game.

I’m not sure if he knew I was there, but for the sake of the story, he pointed to me with his stick and winked. Okay, not true, but that is the way it will be remembered.

When he came out of the dressing room, he shyly strode over to me, huge smile with his damp tussled hair and gave me a hug. I took him to lunch before the next game. The coach had laid out rules for eating. No fries, no soda, no greasy stuff—all my plans shot because of the coach. Anyway, after Mr. Sub, we went back for his second game where he scored two goals and got assists.

Their next game was Saturday, during our evening Mass. He didn’t score (because his favorite uncle wasn’t there to inspire him). They won and the championship game was Sunday afternoon. I couldn’t make that one either, but my brother kept me informed. It came down to sudden-death overtime. With two minutes to go, my nephew was skating down the ice coming up on the goalie. The hopes of a championship rested on this effort. He dekes past the defenceman and comes in on the net. Suddenly he is tripped from behind, and sliding on his knees takes the shot. He crashes into the boards. He isn’t moving. The trainer comes on to the ice and over to the crumpled up boy. The doctor on duty is summoned and an ambulance is called. I get a phone call from my brother from the ambulance as they are rushing him to Oshawa hospital.

He had to leave a message, “Sean has been hurt and is on his way by ambulance, can you meet me there?” To be concluded next week.

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