

# St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

*St. Francis de Sales*



## Meanderings... | Parish Bulletin – February 21 & 22, 2009

BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

**ONE** can well imagine all the horrors and situations that an unknowing mind can conjure up - concussions, paralysis, bleeding, comas. I must admit that I was a danger on the roads as I made my way to Oshawa Hospital. I thought of phoning my mom to see if she had more information, but why worry a doting grandmother. So I parked my car and rushed into Emerg.

Hospitals can be daunting and confusing places, and with such a high premium on security, and no one knowing anything at Admitting, I couldn't find my nephew or my brother. I tried calling his cell phone, but I guess the hospital has a system to block cell phone use. (Not a bad idea for churches.)

Being somewhat duty bound and obedient by nature, it would take a long time before I would go exploring through the 'restricted' areas, so I was pacing back and forth, peeking through windows trying to catch a glimpse of something familiar. Maybe he was already sent up to the operating room, or some other undesirable scenario.

Finally I do see my brother. He was on his way to find me. He waved me in to where my nephew still lay immobilized on the stretcher accompanied by two ambulance attendants. I rushed down to find my nephew laying there grinning, his blond hair tussled and matted, and he was still wearing his hockey gear, minus his right hockey sock that had been cut away.

My brother explained that a doctor at the rink insisted they come to the hospital as a precaution in case his knee was damaged. I saw that his knee had ballooned up a bit, but my nephew's enjoyment of the attention and adventure told me there was little to worry about. We sat and waited for x-rays, and I begged a nurse for a plastic bag.

Some of his sweat-soaked hockey gear needed to be taken out of the breathable air. It smelled fierce and toxic. Within two hours he was released and he hobbled out with the admonishment to wait a week or so to let the bruises heal a bit.

Of course, on Tuesday evening, in their play-off game, his knee was miraculously perfect.

Again, two minutes to go in sudden-death overtime. He goes on a breakaway, the opposing team chasing him. He shoots, and he scores. No ambulance needed, though he did risk suffocation as his team piled on top of him.

They move on to the next round.

- SR