

# St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

*St. Francis de Sales*



## Meanderings... | Parish Bulletin – February 28 & March 1, 2009

BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

### Becoming a Golden Oldie

**SOMETIMES** the definition of success is a matter of perspective. In our culture we have many instances of defining success by misleading or errant criteria. In the business of Church, one learns very quickly that the societal standards are wholly inadequate. One thing we have tried to live by is determining the success of our Parish functions.

My mantra has always been that actual dollar amounts and fund-raising take a second seat to community building. The measure of success is not how much money is raised, but rather how the activity empowers our parishioners to take ownership of our community. If it permits someone entry into our Parish as home, then the event is successful, whether it is Doughnut Sundays, Strawberry Socials, or Mardi Gras.

So by every aspect, this year's rendition of Mardi Gras was a huge success. The decorations were great, the hospitality and atmosphere was electric, the food was over-indulgently delicious, the prizes, well, I didn't win any so I don't care, and the music was infectious. Now whenever there is intergenerational crowds, it is necessary to have a great breadth of music so everyone has a sound that appeals to them.

I have to say, I think my generational music was predominant. Many of the songs evoked memories of times past. I didn't attend many high school dances way back then, and I never went to a prom, but university was a different matter. I had lots of flashes of friends and characters of those by-gone years and adventures.

It was very joyful being immersed in the musical nostalgia of my youthful escapades. The drawback though, is recalling those songs with a younger generation. Of course, today's music can't hold a candle to the dulcet tones of Van Morrison, or Styx, or Bob Seger.

Now the problem arises with the younger generations who themselves have an appreciation of those great tunes to which we hopped and bopped. They seem very familiar with those hits of the previous decades, and can karaoke with the best of us. To me, those songs represent a desperate clinging to a waning youth. To those younger generations, they represent a blast from the past.

It is hard to come to terms with the realization that despite the best protestations, I am now a 'golden oldie.'

-FR