

St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

St. Francis de Sales



Meanderings... | Parish Bulletin – January 10 & 11, 2009

BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

A Dozen for New Year's

NEW YEAR'S eve was never really a big deal in our house. In our multicultural society, there are many cultures with different times and customs of welcoming the onset of a new year. So January 1 seems kind of arbitrary and artificial. With the proliferation of hockey tournaments, we were always coming or going. Staying up past midnight for the sake of staying up past midnight was a mild novelty, but the lure of a warm quilt and a cool pillow usually won out.

I don't have many memorable recollections of New Year's eves except for a midnight cross country skiing expedition in Collingwood, lit by the glow of a full moon way back in the 1980s. Once priesthood struck, it became a work day, and the necessity of rising early New Year's Day to celebrate the feast of Mary, Mother of God made any revelling 'til midnight unpalatable.

Anyway, I think our One Bread, One Body celebration on the first Sunday of Advent is a more delicious and enriching way to usher in a new year. Now the nature of family dynamics with in-law obligations and considerations, many of our Christmas dinners are celebrated without the full contingent of members.

That made New Year's Day special this year. Mom, my three brothers, my two sisters-in-law, and best of all my nieces and nephews all gathered here for New Year's Day Mass, followed by a 'mass exodus' to a buffet lunch at the Golden Griddle. It was crowded but we had called ahead and there were twelve places reserved for us.

It amazes me how comfortable the little ones are in the restaurant setting, but a buffet is like open season on gluttony. It is a study in just how much young growing people can eat. It is a little embarrassing being in pancake competition with a five year old who can hold his own.

After the belts are loosened I sat back ready for a nap and he was ready to continue running around. It seemed that we were never all at the table, there was always someone going down the line sampling this or that. The bonus was that the bacon and sausages tasted as good the whole afternoon as they repeated and repeated and repeated. It was a great way to celebrate and if New Year's was the catalyst so be it. It was just good to sit down together.

So as we waddled our way out, the chef sighed and the waitress cheered. Our 2009 has been welcomed in fitting style.

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