

# St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

*St. Francis de Sales*



## Meanderings... | Parish Bulletin – January 17 & 18, 2009

BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

### Chill Before Serving...

**GOING** to University in Sudbury, we experienced some extremely cold days. I remember one day in particular when the warmest part of the day was going to be minus 40o Celsius.

It was memorable because at that temperature, Fahrenheit and Celsius are the same. The crunch of the snow underfoot sounded more melodic, like a musical ping. Walking to classes seemed like an adventure in surviving the elements in the best of literary plots.

Being young and foolhardy, we'd brave the cold with nary a thought, winter coats open, running shoes, and baseball hats. Of course it took us the whole class to warm up again, but there was something exhilarating and defiant about it. There were days when we were younger, when we seemed oblivious to the cold. There would be nights of skating on the rink dad had made in the front of the house, or playing shinny on the pond at the back, where we would huddle our boots around the small log fire to keep them warm, so that when our feet were reduced to numbness and pins and needles, the boots were a touch of heaven cuddling our frozen feet back to life. The accumulation of snow meant only that we could toboggan and cold meant we could go skating.

On special cold nights we could lie in the snow watching the clear crispness of the night sky and be mesmerized by the dancing of the northern lights across the sky.

To this day I still get a thrill seeing the constellation Orion and his belt filling the field of stars. The other morning was one of those glorious times. It was the day of the full moon and I arrived at the church in time to start clearing the walkways. The western sky was a dark blue, framing the full moon, and in the east, the sun was just starting its negotiations with the dark.

Standing there in the twilight, it was magical to watch the two companions struggle for expression. As the sun crested, the moon gave way, and the only constancy was the cold.

I guess part of growing up is losing that childhood wonder and fascination with winter.

Now when I see the snow accumulating, my first thoughts are of shovelling, and when I see ice, it means salting. And with the cold, I'm much less defiant.

I have come to appreciate warm boots, insulated coat, a funny looking toque, great mitts, long johns and lots of hot chocolate.

-SR