

St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

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BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

I AM usually very dismissive of the exhausting nature of the Christmas rush, mostly because it invokes very little sympathy as comments ring out louder than Christmas carols, like ‘you only work one day a week’, or ‘sure, you are busy once a year and you complain.’ This year seemed particularly tiring. Maybe it was the three hours of snow shovelling on Christmas eve morning, or the proximity of the weekend Masses. Next year’s will be tougher. I know, I know, it’s only once a year...

All I wanted to do was veg, sit down and let my mind melt into nothingness, or otherwise known as TV. That state of mind can be a dangerous place, because it means that anything can fill the space. I found myself stuck on the Food Network. They were having some marathon of a regular season, somewhat reality show with budding chefs vying for prizes and the honour of Top Chef, or Hell’s Kitchen chef.

I became quite transfixed and engrossed in the competition and suspense of who would be asked to take their knives and leave, or who would be stripped of their chef’s jacket. I don’t remember ever watching anything on this channel before, I would never have imagined that censorship and viewer discretion warnings would need to be applied to a cooking show. In a perverse way, that was part of the charm, I guess.

If being trapped for hours in the drama of the events unfolding weren’t bad enough, my brother happened to phone, so he switched his television to the same channel. Then, for the rest of the marathon viewing, twice an hour, before the judging of the small challenge, and then again before the elimination of one of the candidates, he would call and we would make our predictions as to who was next on the chopping block. These competitors knew their foods and their spices, their tastes and recipes.

As I sat there amazed at their culinary artistry, marveling at their skill with knives and pots and fire, it struck me that as a very fussy and very unadventurous eater, there was precious little over the course of the eight-hour marathon that I would let them put in front of me on my plate, let alone pass my lips. Anything with fungus, sea food, or exotic animal parts, or anything I can’t recognize, pronounce or purchase at Loblaws does not make its way onto my palette.

If these chefs want a true challenge, they should attempt to cook for me.

- SR