

St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

St. Francis de Sales



Meanderings... | Parish Bulletin – June 20 & 21, 2009

BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

THE flooding of the rectory basement on Palm Sunday caused quite a bit of reflection. It was a very helpless feeling, having no idea what to do. It struck home how ill-equipped I am as a jack-of-no-trades.

I started remembering all the many skills my dad had. In the good old days, I remember going with him to the hardware store and being fascinated at the tube-tester for the television set. Dad had kept the old black-and-white going for years by fiddling around with the large and small tubes and wires. It seemed winters were colder back then, because it seemed every year dad was climbing down the well to unfreeze the water pump so we could have running water again. How he did it is still a mystery to me. There were many various fix-it sessions, whether it was for small appliances, lawn mowers, cars, or hockey equipment.

I remember my brother laying on the kitchen table with straws up his nose to breathe as dad covered his face with fibreglass making goalie masks. This was before the popular Jacques Plante masks were available. He also painted these masks with ferocious looking faces long before it became all the rage.

Dad also knew how to make beautiful monarch butterfly wings out of close hangers and bed sheets for a Grade Three play, spent hours spraying the front yard to make a skating rink with the hose attached to the kitchen sink.

We always had the coolest jack-o-lantern at Hallowe'en because dad carved the pumpkin with precision from these scary images swarming around his head. It seemed like dad knew everything about everything, and there wasn't anything he couldn't do, invent, or solve.

As a trucker, dad could back the longest trailer into the narrowest space on the first try. I have to say that I can do very little of any of that. I can change a tire, boost a dead battery, and I've changed many a light bulb. I even cleaned my air filter on the lawnmower to get it going. This is the extent of my expertise.

The one thing that never quite worked was when dad took up oil painting which was the source of much pleasure and satisfaction for him, and much humour and laughing from us.

I remember my brother coming in and dad asking what he thought of the painting. My brother complimented him on the beautiful mountains. Dad explained they were cows.

Happy Fathers' Day!

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