

# St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

*St. Francis de Sales*



## Meanderings... | Parish Bulletin – March 28 & 29, 2009

BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

### Out of the Mouths of Babes

**WHEN** my sister-in-law announced that she was pregnant again, with the fifth child about six years ago, I don't think anyone was quite prepared for the next edition of Roberts' boyhood.

Now I must make it quite clear that he is in senior kindergarten, not junior kindergarten. He is soon to turn six years of age, going on twenty.

With four older siblings, he has learned well how to hold his own in any sort of fracas, and is quite able to give and take equally, though, I might lean to the side where he gives more than he receives. If he weren't so good-natured and absolutely genuine, one might take him for a know it all, but his openness and sense of humour soon belie any pretense or pre-conceived notions about him. Even when he has a spell of moodiness, it is short-lived and his natural smiley disposition returns forthwith.

This was his second year of learning how to play hockey, and he has made impressive strides. He is very coordinated and it took him fifteen minutes to master a bicycle without training wheels. My brother is still trying. He is a very demonstrative soul and his animated gestures communicate exactly how he is feeling. When he smiles, his whole body smiles, and when he pouts, every fibre pouts. Let's just say he shouldn't play poker, because bluffing will never be his forte. Sometimes we refer to him as Linus from the *Peanuts* cartoons, not because he has his security blanket, but rather because he seems to be the spiritual one.

When everyone else has forgotten grace before meals, he will remind everyone. So, the other morning, as the five of them were rushing to get ready for school, there was a whine in the house, and the little guy came out of the bathroom all perturbed, wearing one of those patented pouts that starts with the head, extends through the shoulders, and drops the arms about a foot and a half.

My brother asked him what was the matter. He whined that his sister had sneezed. Now that conjures up all kinds of gross scenarios, and my brother proceeded very tentatively expecting the worst, but no, it wasn't the worst. In fact, it was a wonderful message.

The little guy was upset, because after the sneeze, no one had said 'God bless you. Nobody says God bless you anymore.' Out of the mouths of babes. Good bless us all!

- SR