

St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

St. Francis de Sales



Meanderings...

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Monsters vs Aliens vs Time

TIME is such a precarious thing. Though we think in terms of linear time, that is pretty much a post-enlightenment phenomenon. I have been researching some genealogy, and found that the number of approximations for birthdates and years is incredible. With the thought of my oldest nephew studying for his drivers' license and getting a job, and his youngest sibling preparing to graduate from senior kindergarten, time seems to be a relentless and at times brutish slave driver.

Time is a mysterious trickster. Though my youngest nephew has only been around for six years, it is hard to imagine a time when he wasn't an important part of our lives, and how incomplete and impoverished our family would be without him.

One thing about living on my own is that I am subject to my own rhythm of time, so the experience of taking my six-year-old nephew out for a day re-educated me in another facet of time—kids' time. Now usually going from point A to point B is a predictable event, that is, until the creative forces of an over-energized, six-year-old superhero intervenes.

I don't know how I missed it, but I never realized that the odd colour tiles on a mall floor are actually stepping stones, that one must leap too before the monsters in the ocean of regularly coloured tiles get you. It turns a trip into an odyssey fraught with leviathan sea creatures, and perilous rocks.

I never realized that going to the washroom could be such a study in fascination, where the hands-free faucets could be magical foundations of secret potions, or the 'Xcelerator' hands dryer was actually a secret turbo engine that allows us to escape the lurking vacuum holes that will suck us into the floor. Who knew? All this before the sugar rush in the theatre.

So I watched with sheer joy and amazement as this tiny person hopped from tile to tile, peered around corners, and imagined a whole world that I couldn't see. He invited me into that different world, where life was imbued with infinite possibilities, and the only limits were self-imposed. He invested me with incredible superhuman powers, to fight all evil and bring peace to the world. He introduced me to the gourmet status of French fries, and the peaceful rest of innocence.

If only six-year-olds ran the world! He fell asleep in the car.

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