

# St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

*St. Francis de Sales*



## Meanderings... | Parish Bulletin – May 9 & 10, 2009

BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

### Here's To Mother!

**SOMEHOW** in school, Mothers' Day was always associated with Spring and Easter.

Many of the 'art' projects of the early grades of elementary school had a lot of cross over. That meant that the time spent making purple and pink and blue coloured crepe paper hyacinths, could just as easily be transposed to construction paper for a Mothers' Day card. Or the magic that could be wielded to transform a grayish paper plate, some pipe cleaners, and multi-coloured Kleenex made stunning displays of floral Easter / Mothers' Day Bonnets. Perhaps the truest expression of love was the courage of mothers to actually don these masterpieces in public.

Those were the academic rituals, but in our house, Mothers' Day always meant a trip out to the farm to pay a visit to the grand aunts. Because of the proximity of all our birthdays, somehow Mothers' Day was always eclipsed by the universal celebration of a one-day-for-all affair. Mothers' Day also meant that we got presents, though there was very little excitement about the prospects of the gift giving.

It seemed that these old aunts were too far removed from the real wishes and desires of children. As we had been warned on the drive down, we would smile and appreciate the stuff, even if we didn't like it.

Let's face it, the annual gift of a new towel set, black socks and some kind of book in an obscure series of novels never made it to the wish list. At least everyone got their own colour set. Now that I think about it, maybe they really were Mothers' Day gifts in disguise, because I'm sure mom liked the idea of a fresh supply of quality towels coming into the house each year, even if we didn't.

As with any family gathering, surely the highlight of the event was the dinner meal. Turkey was always on the menu, but these spinster aunts were notorious for making the driest turkey dressing that no one in our family liked. It was the antithesis of mom's dressing that we all loved. The climax of the meal was turning out the lights, and watching the huge cake processed in, adorned with dozens of candles, and little tiny cake top cups filled with real Champagne.

After singing happy birthday to ourselves, and everyone participating in extinguishing the candles (no one was worried about germs and hygiene back then), we toasted all the mothers and downed the drink.

So in the best Roberts' tradition, to all the Moms! Amen.

- *FR*