

# St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

*St. Francis de Sales*



## Meanderings... | Parish Bulletin – November 21 & 22, 2009

BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

**I REMEMBER** the day my youngest brother entered into those official teenage years. It meant that the four brothers were now all teenagers, and along with that came the reality that the refrigerator was never full, and leftovers were non-existent. It meant that only three of the young men could fit in the back seat, and the fourth was stuck in the front seat between mom and dad. That was back in the days before mandatory seat belts and when front seats could handle more than two people. It always looked a bit like a circus act watching us all disembark from the car.

Well, this week my nephew, the third of five officially became a teenager. It has been accompanied by a requisite growth spurt and I have to confess, I think the days of towering over him are numbered. He is smack dab in the middle, with an older brother and an older sister, and a younger sister and a younger brother. What is it they say about middle children.

Well, he is a bit of a dare devil, and if someone is going to push the boundaries, whether on a bike, or a skateboard, or even sometimes behavior, it is going to be him. He has an uncanny knack for knowing just how to push the buttons of his siblings, and his presence is always accompanied by high energy. He sports a bushy head of blond hair which he keeps far too long, and has a killer smile and innocent blue eyes which have served to explicate him from a number of incidents as his puppy dog looks melted the anger of his teachers. This year, with a male teacher, it doesn't work quite so well.

Of course, even when it comes to extra-curricular activities, my nephew takes a different route. With a piano in the house, and his older brother becoming quite proficient on the guitar, my nephew has been opting for something requiring more energy and generating more noise. He has been taking drumming lessons. Luckily they don't have a drum set in the house. With the five children, that would be the last thing they need, more racket.

Now, since it was his birthday, all he wanted for his birthday, and for Christmas was a drum set. I just laughed. I didn't think my brother was serious when he floated the idea of pooling money for the gift. Then I thought, well, my nephew has shown a commitment with his lessons, and seems to know what he is talking about.

Who am I to stop the next Ringo. After all, my nephew marches to a different drum...

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