

St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

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Meanderings... | Parish Bulletin – November 28 & 29, 2009

BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

I'M NOT quite sure whether my brother with all my nieces and nephews ever really knows if he is coming or going. I have a bit of sympathy, because he makes a point to try to be present at most of the events of the kids. Unless he has developed the skill of bi-location, or tri-location, it doesn't always happen.

When one of those events is taking place in the vicinity, I usually get a message the day of, saying, "Oh, so and so is playing here or there if you want to come see them." Sometimes, even with exceedingly short notice, I get to watch.

Such was the case last week when the East Gwillimbury Eagles were playing the Pickering Panthers. When I played for the rep team way back in the last century, we were called the Mad Hatters and were sponsored by Hostess Potato Chips. One would think they would provide us with free chips after each game, but alas, no such thing happened.

Now when my nephew had come down for an overnight stay, we went out and bought him a new hockey stick. I was mighty suspicious when he wanted a two-piece stick. He got to select the shaft he wanted and then it was melded to his choice of blade. We never had such a thing, but he assured me, unconvincingly that this hybrid stick would survive beyond his first slap shot. I remarked that it was unfortunate his shot was so weak, unlike his favorite uncle's whose shot would obliterate the stick.

Well, I arrived at the arena to watch this group of young 15- and 16-year-olds over-loaded with testosterone, more focused on trying to slam the opponent through the boards into tomorrow. It was a rough and tumble match where their aggression and energy eclipsed their apparent skill levels. The Eagles' parents were somewhat excited as one of their players was on the verge of playing a whole game without being tossed from the rink for some foolhardy attempt at rough play.

With the last minute countdown on, it looked like he would make it. With seconds to go, he blew it. Up against the boards in a battle of stupidity that even Don Cherry would repudiate. Thankfully it wasn't my nephew, whose style of play is more finesse than brute force, and whose brains are in his head and not in his fists. That was obvious from the scoreboard. The Eagles won the game 4 to 0, and my nephew scored the first and winning goal, the stick being a good investment. It was a hard shot.

-SR