

# St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

*St. Francis de Sales*



## Meanderings... | Parish Bulletin – October 10 & 11, 2009

BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

**THANKSGIVING** during my first year of University was going to be the first time home since that day mom and dad dropped me off at residence. My brother was playing hockey for the Soo Greyhounds so he couldn't make it home. It was an exciting bus ride from Sudbury. It took almost as much time to get from the campus to the bus station in Sudbury, as it did to get from Sudbury to Barrie, but I was travelling with all these new companions, mostly first-year students like myself, so there was an excess of excitement, and I am sure that the bus driver, to this day, cringes every time the bus loads with Laurentian jacket-clad young people.

When we crossed the bridge on Highway 69 that indicated we were entering Simcoe County, it felt like we were home, even though home was still almost two hours away. We arrived in downtown Barrie after a three-and-a-half hour bus ride and bid our farewells and best wishes, wagering as to who would return with the most leftover turkey in the 'care packages' from home.

Knowing the consuming practices of my brothers, I didn't weigh in on the bet. Since there are few buses between Barrie and Sudbury, chances were good that we would all be traveling back together in a couple of days. Dad was there to pick me up, and I think he only asked one question. It was impossible after that to get a word in edgewise.

There were all the new people to explain, my roommate, my floormates, my classmates. There were all the new adventures to talk about, frosh week, and registration. There were adventures from residence to recount and the vast array of experiences that made up those first few weeks away.

When we got home, it was time to blurt out those adventures all over again for the rest of the family, and of course, to pull out all the gifts, Laurentian T-shirts and baseball caps for everyone.

There was also a list of all the items I needed for the return trip, those things that, in my inexperience, needed to make life in residence easier. The rest of the weekend was a blur. There was no time to catch up with high school acquaintances.

The holiday weekend seemed to fly by, and as we sat down on Sunday for our Thanksgiving meal, minus my brother who had a game that night, there was a profound sense of wonder, and appreciation. It was fun to be away on my own, but it was better coming home.

Happy Thanksgiving!

- SR