

# St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

St. Francis de Sales



## Meanderings... | Parish Bulletin – October 17 & 18, 2009

BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

**SEATING** around the Thanksgiving table is a strategic endeavour. There is always an element of chance, but sometimes open spaces foretell what delectable dish will be forthcoming. First though, it is getting the right chair.

With my three brothers, two sisters-in-law, five nephews and nieces, and one mother and one mother-in-law (not mine) jockeying for position, it is our own form of musical chairs. There are only 10 of the regular chairs necessitating three lower and less comfortable folding chairs. Of course the young ones cannot have a folding chair - heavens, what if it folded on them, plus, because they are lower, the children would have a difficult time eating. Sometimes obeying Mother...

Nature can unfortunately relegate you to the last choice seats. Then, the placement of certain foods is paramount. As the distribution and passing of plates and bowls of food follow a clockwise direction, those dishes in the wrong place mean that one may be scraping hard to get a serving. It seems now that the children are growing, two teens and an almost-teen (in a couple of weeks), Thanksgiving bounty means we put a bounty on whoever takes the last of the turkey or dressing. Many dishes pass me by without even so much as a thought. The orange yellow concoction of carrots and turnip, well, enough said.

Anyway, it is amazing to me how the youngest Roberts commands so much power. Of course, grace was dictated by him, a sung grace with two verses and hand actions, none of which was familiar to me. Then all eyes were directed as the center of attention proceeded to take the last of the buns and make mashed potato '*sangwiches*'. The subtleties of Thanksgiving protocol go out the window.

It isn't even safe to relax on the sofa, for fear of a flying and jumping super six-year-old. When one hears the running thud, thud, thud of little feet coming from the kitchen, it is time to take cover and protect all vital parts. One dare not close one's eyes lest a one-sided pillow fight begins.

And when things seem to be quieting down, and a devious six-year-old asks to rest beside you on the couch, one must be wary that something is up. All those spidey senses come into play, whether it is to steal one's glasses, or suffer through a tickle '*Woy*' attack. Ah, the energy and enthusiasm of youth.

So when it came time for that bundle of life to go home, we gave a heavy sigh, and many thanks!

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