

St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

St. Francis de Sales



Meanderings... | Parish Bulletin – October 31 & November 1, 2009

BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

CERTAINLY Hallowe'en has taken on a life of its own. It always seemed to be cold and snowy, and of course very dark. Masks covered the face and were much more popular than costumes, probably because it was the norm to be dressed in winter coats to pan the streets for candy gold.

We would rush home from school and begin the preparations, stripping the pillow cases off the bed to be our collection bags. We had high hopes of filling them up, not that we could ever carry such a treasure. We would stand by the door or kneel on the chairs watching for dad to drive up from work. He had the honour of carving the jack-o-lantern, and he took great pride in making the scariest one on the street. Every year it garnered oohs and wows from the ghosts and goblins frequenting our porch.

All the other houses' feeble attempts paled in comparison. The window where the pumpkin was displayed really was the only display. There were no Hallowe'en lights, or outside decorations. We were a pretty tame lot.

The local neighbourhood provided predictable fare. The older couple down the road reserved homemade caramel apples for the local children, and lesser fare for the 'outsiders'. The lady down the street made popcorn balls for us.

After we had collected our evening's haul, we returned home to start pillaging through our booty. This is where we learned how to barter and trade. Not being a licorice fan, I could trade up for a chocolate bar or bag of chips.

None of us really liked getting fresh fruit. Lots of people would have a bushel of apples and dump them on us as a Hallowe'en treat.

My favorite was the molasses kisses, the soft ones, not the hard ones. Of course there were great limits on what could be eaten and when, and some had to be stashed away for future fun. Who wanted four young boys laced through with sugar?

Anyway, that wasn't the best part of Hallowe'en. The next day, we were on holiday, the feast of All Saints. Back in the time, it was a day off from school for the Catholic school, while our public neighbours had to rise and shine, and grace their classrooms. Those poor teachers with all these kids and fresh candy.

Anyway, of course we would pass by enjoying them in the desks and restrictions of school, and relished our identity as distinctly Catholic. Happy All Saints!

- *FR*