

St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

St. Francis de Sales



Meanderings...

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BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

WELL, I did get my referral, and the Diabetes clinic did fax the proper form to my doctor's office. Since my doctor is in Newmarket, I thought I would pop home and mom and I could go out for dinner. Usually a good splurge after any doctor's appointment is in order.

I got to mom's just in time to answer the phone for her. It was the elementary school calling, apparently my youngest nephew had missed the bus. Forget the issue of how his older sister and brother who also take the bus failed to notice. As mom and I were driving to pick up the little miscreant, I received a call from my brother who was wondering if I was home with mom. He said that the school secretary was a bit worried because when she called my mom to pick up the imp, a 'man' answered the phone. The scandal of it all...

Anyway, we arrived at the school and the scamp scampered out to the car, chased by the principal. She gently chided him for leaving without letting anyone in the office know he was leaving. Well he was all smiles, because, of course it is much more a badge of honour to have all this attention paid to him. So he was sternly warned by the principal, the grandmother, the uncle, and the father that this is not to happen again.

When we inquired as to how this little mishap occurred, he stated that he was playing on the Jungle Gym at the back of the school with his friends. We asked who his friends were and whether or not they missed their buses. Well, these friends of his shall remain nameless, not for safety concerns, but because the friends, these good chums, these play pals, he had no idea who they were. They were in the older grades. So in his innocent, nonchalant way, he asked me, "Woy, will you take me to see '*Cloudy With A Chance of Meatballs*'? I hadn't heard of it, so he explained that it was a movie, but he didn't want to see it in 3d because the meatballs will look like they are heading right for us. So I talked to his dad to see if we wanted to reward his wayward behaviour.

We decided that it might be good for just the two of us to go to the show. Sadly, his older brothers and sisters are of that age where an outing to the movies with their uncle, to see a 'child's movie' just can't compete with hanging with their friends, or going biking, or playing video games, or doing anything else. Where did the time go?

So I went to see the movie, relishing every moment, because time is flying by.

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