

St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

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Meanderings...

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BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

AT THE time I was penning this, the fate of the Canadian men's hockey team is still up in the air. Throughout the course of these Olympics, I have been part of a pool. Each day, a selection of choices are offered and you pick who you think will win. Each right answer is worth a point.

I've participated in this pool before for various sports, to the great revelation to some that I know nothing about most professional sports. My performance, unapologetically in the NFL draft was abysmal. I had only heard of two of the players I could select and I wasn't sure of which team was which unless they used the city name along with the affectionate pet name. In fact, when I first heard the Colts, I expected them to be from a more western cowboy state like Montana or Wyoming rather than Indiana. Who knew?

Every week it was a shot in the dark. Let's just say I am faring much better in an area where I am more comfortable. Some of those who exalted themselves in the Super Bowl draft have fallen off the frantic pace. The pressure to calculate who will win makes one realize the difference between voting with one's heart, and voting with one's head.

The first couple of days, I missed some obvious points because I was either voting for someone I wanted to win, or as in the case of some of the American athletes, against those I didn't want to win, to the loss of leadership.

Sometimes one must set aside the hopes and dreams of a nation and sit back in a cold and ruthless manner, and look at the situation realistically, and not from some fantasy view of the world with the 'if I were king' attitude. That brings me to my public confession, already having been proclaimed a traitor, even though every fibre of my being hoped that Canada would beat the States in hockey, in the pool, I decided that I thought the Americans would win the game. It was with great mixed emotions that I watched that game, hoping beyond hope to lose that point.

After all, in the larger scale of life, what was one point to the sentimental life of a nation.

Well, sometimes there is a large disparity between what we hope is reality, and what is true about reality. That is precisely why we are gifted with this season of Lent, to take a hard look at who we say or think we are, and then the cold, hard reality that none of us is quite that person. It is an invitation to bridge the gap.

By the way, my heart is still with team Canada, just not my head!

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