

St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

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Meanderings...

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SOMETIMES preparing to go away for a spell is more exhausting than staying around. There is so much work in putting things in order, but mental well-being usually dictates the pre-vacation workload is a necessary evil.

Being somewhat of a last-minute type of person, at least when it comes to the reluctant reality of travel, I was rushing over to the travel agent following our feast day festivities planning on leaving Monday afternoon for the sunny beaches of Cancun. I'm not a happy traveler, an unfortunate inherited trait I come by honestly from my dad, so I approach travel agents more like dentists, with a pit in my stomach and an edge to my mood.

My idea of a perfect holiday vacation would be to bring those warm, tropical settings to my backyard. Then I would have my own bed, and familiar territory.

My trip to Cuba was rooted in necessity and the financial reality that it was cheaper than Huntsville where I really wanted to go, but.... Anyway, I sat down and began laying out my options and when everything was laid out, I asked for a one hour reprieve to think about it. The deadline for booking was merely 65 minutes away.

I wasn't excited about going to Cancun, and it wasn't about the commercials warning of Hepatitis or Montezuma's revenge, it was just that adding the stress of going where I didn't fancy going was increasing anxiety instead of alleviating it. So I declined the offer and chose instead to take a mental holiday where the biggest decision was what time to go to bed.

So the week was spent sorting through many private thoughts and struggles trying to regain a sense of equilibrium and energy. With the harsh cold, my night walks were infrequent, but the other night, after some very heavy thinking, I braved the elements and wandered down Church Street. It was crisp and cold that made my cheeks rosy, all of them, but it mattered little as the biggest full moon I had seen in years lit my way.

It was a magnificent sight, and mid-walk, I found a rock large enough to plant my rosy cheeks and just watch this spectacle rise into the clear night.

I'm not sure how long I sat there admiring this wonder of nature and remembering a psalm line "and the moon to rule the night." It seemed that many things seemed to just melt away into insignificance as I basked in the glow of that moon.

A clear cold night and a brilliant full moon, it doesn't get much better, and they don't have that in Cancun!

- *FR*