

St. Francis de Sales Parish

All glory comes from daring to begin.

St. Francis de Sales



Meanderings... | Parish Bulletin – January 2 & 3, 2010

BY REV. ROY ROBERTS

BY THE time I finally crawled into bed following midnight mass, I discovered that my youngest nephew had already been up three times wondering if Santa had arrived. According to his siblings, who did not match him in enthusiasm and excitement, he was a royal pain. As we consoled them, we reminded them that they too, in their day, could match him annoyance for annoyance when they were his age.

It is funny how the Christmas dynamics change over the years.

The wide-eyed amazement of Christmas magic morphs into a much more subdued, matter-of-fact attitude of pre-teens and teenagers. This new 'mature' disposition has its own glories, though sometimes a stint at dentist school on extracting conversation would have been beneficial.

I'm amazed how the non-stop talking of youth regresses to one word answers in the adolescent stage. Another thing that changes is the rate and amount of food consumed while gathered around the dinner table. Depending on where one positions oneself, sacrifices have to be made.

For instance, if you sit too far from something good, like the mashed potatoes, by the time they make it around to your place, you may be lucky to scrape the dregs of the sides of the bowl. I try to sit a long way away from the turnips in the hopes that the bowl is empty by the time it reaches me, for obvious reasons.

Of course the meal is catered to the youngest—he doesn't like garlic in his mashed potatoes, and no appeal to the length of time one has been around changes the presentation. Oh well, what we concede for the sake of peace, he makes up for in entertainment value.

Then it is time for our honoured tradition of the height measurements. These are marks on the door jamb into the kitchen tracing the growth over the years. It seems that there is always perpetual growing going on. This year's winner was the middle nephew who has sprouted up over six inches since last Christmas, most of that in the last quarter of this year. A distant second was my young niece who grew 2 1/2 inches followed by the youngest at a mere 2 inches. What garnered the most excitement though, was when grandma stepped up to the jamb.

Now no one really expected that she had grown, but everyone gave a cheer when the results were in, she hadn't shrunk. Happy New Year!

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