

The Wonder Of Childhood

I hate to disagree with Father's sermon this morning but I do not think ALL adults lose that sense of wonder and imagination that all children share. Some of us old'uns still possess some of those traits that create a magical feeling on Christmas morning and throughout the year. Many seem to choose to hide it under a "safe" facade. As usual, Father Art delivered a meaningful lesson with just the right amount of humor. In one tale, he related an episode involving a large delivery truck that had become stuck underneath a viaduct. A group of adults including big wigs of the delivery company and members of the highway patrol attempted to use their far superior intellect which they had obtained through experience and learning. However, all their formulas and brain power could not accomplish what an 8-10 year old child did. After numerous attempts to be heard, the youth finally convinced his elders to listen to his idea: To release just enough air from the tires to lower the truck enough and allow it to pass under.

I know that I have heard that story before but it does bear repeating. The young whippersnapper outsmarted his adult counterparts. Perhaps I do lose that wonder throughout the year, but as the Most Wonderful Time of the Year does approach, I for one always seem to become that 8-10 year old locked inside all of us. It seems to come earlier every year.

The CLASSIC, animated "Grinch" was on last night for the first time in what will probably be at least one showing a week from now until December 25 (I DVRed it so that I could have a Christmas classic -athon sometime in the next month or so).

Shopping complexes have already spruced up with trees and decorations and the return of layaway where it had been discontinued a few years ago. While at Wally World the other day, I noticed Halloween clearance in front of Christmas

decorations. I think Thanksgiving has become lost in the shuffle. I for one enjoy Turkey day. Not only can we stuff ourselves but also gather to share our wondrous blessings with those we love... of course, something we should do every day.

Towns have already hung their candy canes from light poles. I volunteered to assist at our county's Idol contest and sure enough, driving down SR 15, right as I turned into the hotel where the contest was held... there were the decorations hung,

Ok... enough of that (I hate to depress anyone with the number of days we have left ;)). After mass, the church had it's annual Fall Brunch. Father Art came over to our table mentioned how good the choir sounded today and asked how my brother was doing. He had only a short time before he had to venture out to his next mass. Quite a fellow who has made quite an impact on the entire community in the short time he has been serving as our priest. He takes all his meals at Rita's. He also enjoys sporting events (he congratulated our high school football team for making it to the playoffs for the second year in a row... the team lost in the first round 39-28).