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Saturday Morning

Greetings,

It was not yet five o'clock on a Saturday morning in early June, and it was the second time that morning the teenage boy and his father had been in the car, at the same spot, five miles from home. The big difference though, this time the teen was not angry.

Planning the Saturday morning trip began the previous week on his father's birthday. Although birthdays for the teen and his three brothers were always celebrated with a present and cake after supper, birthdays for his parents were more subdued. However, not this time on his father's fiftieth birthday. The generous and thoughtful present from his wife reflected the milestone event. She gave him a new fishing rod and reel. The rod was a new design made of fiberglass that separated into two pieces, and it sported a cork handle. It came in its own cloth carrying case. The spinning reel was equally impressive. Unlike most reels of the day it was designed for a left-handed person, which his father was. It was called "The Ambidex casting reel", for a reason the boy did not know. He also did not know how his mother acquired the fishing gear. She did not work outside their home and the household budget was tight, plus she did not drive. His father greatly appreciated the gift and gave his wife a kiss. Outward signs of affection were rare between his parents except for times like this and every morning when his father left for work.

The boy was excited for his father and for the prospects of his new fishing gear. He was additionally excited when his father asked if he wanted to go fishing the following Saturday. The boy loved fishing and he too had received a new split-bamboo rod and new reel previously on his birthday. The boy was also excited about the prospect of spending some one-on-one time with his father. Such time was seldom in a household of six when group activities such as planting the garden, building fences, or harvesting crops involved any number of the family members.

Prior to the Saturday the boy prepared his fishing gear by putting new line on his reel and organizing the shared tackle box. He was ready when Saturday morning came. He woke before the alarm went off. His father was already at the kitchen table eating eggs and toast when the boy got downstairs. His mother was up too. She always got up despite the hour, to help her family start their day. As the two fishermen left the house she handed them freshly prepared lunches and each a thermos, coffee for his father and milk for him. They were on the road in good time as the light of early dawn approached. The boy was filled with anticipation.

After travelling a few miles down the road the young teen noticed his father was agitated. He constantly shifted in the driver's seat, changed his position on the steering wheel, and kept looking in the rearview mirror. After about five miles his father announced that he forgot something, and to the boy's astonishment his father pulled into a driveway, turned the car around and headed back home! What was he doing! What could be that important! They had packed everything they needed! When they arrived back home his father said he would only be a minute. The boy sat fuming waiting in the car. His father soon returned and in silence they proceeded back down the road for a second time. Angrily, the boy questioned to himself, why would his father jeopardize their special day together?

After about five miles of silence, nearing the spot where they had turned around, his father spoke up. His few words spoke volumes. He said, "I forgot to kiss your mother goodbye." The boy slowly nodded acknowledgement and contemplated to himself, "The fish can wait."

Sincerely, [Tom Challen](#)

*"Our relationship with God and each other strengthens us, and helps make the world a better place.
We welcome and include **everyone** into congregational life."*

