

The Parish of St. Edmund, King and Martyr

Waterloo, Ontario
www.stedmund.ca

UPDATE

The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada / The Traditional Anglican Communion

July 19, 2009 - **St. Vincent de Paul**

August Schedule

August 2	Sunday	The Eighth Sunday after Trinity
August 6	Thursday	The Transfiguration of Our Lord
August 9	Sunday	The Ninth Sunday after Trinity
August 15	Saturday	The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary
August 16	Sunday	The Tenth Sunday after Trinity
August 23	Sunday	The Eleventh Sunday after Trinity
August 24	Monday	St. Bartholomew the Apostle
August 30	Sunday	The Twelfth Sunday after Trinity

Service Times and Location

- (1) All Services are held in the Chapel at Luther Village on the Park - 139 Father David Bauer Drive in Waterloo.
- (2) On Sundays, Matins is sung at 10:00 a.m. (The Litany on the first Sunday of the month), and the Holy Eucharist is celebrated (sung) at 10:30 a.m.
- (3) On weekdays - Major Holy Days - the Holy Eucharist is usually celebrated at 7:00 p.m., 10:00 a.m. on Saturday.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

- 1) As we pray, so we believe - **HOW IMPORTANT IS CEREMONY?** - this page.
- 2) **Reminiscences: Canada - ROBERT'S RAMBLINGS** - page 4.
- 3) Report on **THE AFRICA APPEAL OF ST. PETER & ST. PAUL: June 2009** - page 7. If you or your Parish are looking for a 'mission' to support (no amount is too small), look no further! Please read this report and then contact Father Marriott for more information, and how to contribute (too many of us leave 'mission' to someone else) - **604-551-4660**, or **drm274@hotmail.com**.
- 4) While time is precious, we must take the time to ensure that our behaviour reflects our principles - **WHEN BAD DECISIONS HAPPEN TO GOOD PEOPLE** - page 8.
- 5) A reminder - **TAKE MY SON** - page 9.

HOW IMPORTANT IS CEREMONY?

The other day a note came to me that said: "do you really think God cares whether he hears all this chant you keep talking about or whether it is rock music or jazz? Lighten up and realize that praise, not rules and regulations, is what matters."

Sincerely did I ask whether he was Catholic and whether he had any regard for the liturgical books at all. He replied that he is Catholic but he thinks that we should all be priests, that the Mass strikes him as a lot of fuss, that the Pope is just some guy in Rome, and so on.

The answer didn't surprise me. There is a link between respect for the ceremonial aspects of liturgy - the decorum that is required of liturgical music - and a full understanding of Catholic faith. As we pray, so we believe.

However, it is more than obvious to many that the respect for liturgical ceremony, including but not limited to the music that is part of the Roman Rite, has been in decline for many years. This is not only a postconciliar [post Vatican II] problem, by the way. Thanks to *youtube*, you can observe preconciliar Masses that seem disregarding of the gravity of the liturgy. But at least back then, there were rules and rubrics that served as the glue that kept it from coming apart.

Today, it is surely easy to get the impression from the typical Sunday Mass that the liturgy is all about reading a book to periodic accompaniment from a choir and instruments interrupted by a sermon and a collection. People are up and down, bodily movements don't seem to follow any predictable pattern, and there's always something a bit improvised about what you see.

Or perhaps you don't notice this aspect of modern liturgical practice, and it all seems quite formal by

comparison to the conventional evangelical service. And this aspect of Catholic Mass you quite like. If something is worth doing routinely to the glory of God, a ritual with origins back to the earliest Christians, with patterns of speaking and movement that tie together generations in succession, it is worth doing with precision in deference to what has come before.

When it comes to liturgy, one is either deferring to what has been, treating tradition as authoritative, or one is presumptuously making up something on one's own. The problem with improvisation is that it attracts attention to the will of the worship leader instead of the one being worshipped.

This is why Mass, even today and even without the extended ceremonial that is part of the Roman Rite, strikes the casual observer as an occasion of holiness and sacred mystery, and strikes awe in those who attend, and it touches us more than the most inspired bit of spontaneous worship, no matter how competent its leaders.

Once we understand that point, and really begin to understand it, we notice that there is a dividing line in Catholic liturgical praxis today: a tendency to tighten ceremony and rubrics toward doing what the Church is asking vs. the tendency to loosen ever more toward the point that the will of the celebrant and the will of community prevail above all else.

There is a book that helps to sort out some of these issues, a book that I believe every Roman Catholic priest should own, and not because it makes an abstract argument on behalf of the General Instruction on the Roman Missal. No, this is something else entirely, something far beyond a general guide to saying Mass. It is an encyclopedic account of the details of the Roman Rite that goes into more depth than you could ever imagine

possible into every conceivable aspect of the liturgy.

It is an important book not only because of the direction and instruction it provides. The full weight of this book is to inspire deep and abiding respect in the structure of the rite and the overwhelming demands it makes upon everyone who takes part in it. It is nothing short of a masterpiece, and one that should be on hand in every parish and every cathedral.

It is *The Ceremonies of the Roman Rite Described* by Adrian Fortescue together with J.B. O'Connell and the marvelous Alcuin Reid in its 15th edition, newly published in 2009 by Burns and Oates. The 1st edition appeared in 1917 and then continually until 1962 with the 12th edition. There is an ominous absence of updates from 1962 until 1996, 2003, and today.

The reason for the great parenthesis was the effective suppression of what has always been the Roman Rite and its replacement with what was in practice and general appearance a new form entirely. The interlude was a period in which ceremony in all aspects of life was rejected in favor of spontaneity. It is telling that there is no "Fortescue" on what is today called the ordinary form, the New Missal of 1970 [the *Novus Ordo*].

An excellent attempt toward that end came in 1995 with Peter Elliot's *Ceremonies of the Modern Roman Rite*, but the level of detail of Fortescue was notable in its absence; what's more, the book appeared a quarter of a century following the promulgation of the new Missal, which is an alarming fact in some ways.

The revival of this Fortescue book came following a new period of liberality concerning the older form, first with *Ecclesia Dei* in 1998 and then in 2007 with *Summorum Pontificum*, which made it clear that the *usus antiquior* was never abrogated. Before the many rubrical uncertainties and excessive options within the new Missal, having the form of the older Mass before us can make an enormous contribution to Catholic liturgical life, serving as a standard to which the ordinary form liturgy can aspire.

It is for this reason that the Fortescue book in this new edition is of such enormous value. It impresses upon us just what a massive apparatus we are dealing with when it comes to Catholic liturgy, just how serious and detailed a project we are entering into. This is not a spontaneous community meeting that is held together with a suggested order of worship. This is a monument of civilization and the highest possible act of praise and worship that exists. Solemnity is not just a thing for Good Friday

but is at the core of every liturgical action the entire year.

But just so that you know what to expect, I would like to quote a sample passage that is not untypical in this treatise. Prepare for a level of detail that you might not have known to exist.

Here is a large quotation from a page in the chapter on "The Sung Mass Without Deacon and Subdeacon," and the rubrics concerning the use of torch bearers at the Canon:

At the Sanctus the thurifer comes accompanied by the torch-bearers. All genuflect in the middle together, the thurifer in the middle of the torch-bearers, who genuflect in a straight line across the sanctuary. The thurifer goes to the foot of the steps on the epistle side of the altar.

The torch-bearers separate, bow to one another and kneel facing the altar, in line along the middle of the sanctuary. They stay here till after the elevation, the thurifer at the epistle side waits till just before the consecration. After the warning bell the first acolyte puts incense into the thurible. The thurifer kneels on the lowest step on the epistle side, facing the gospel side. At the elevation he incenses the Blessed Sacrament with three double swings at each elevation, bowing once before and after each group of three incensings. It is convenient that he time the incensings so as to correspond with the celebrant's genuflexion, elevation and genuflexion.

Before the consecration the MC kneels. He may kneel on the edge of the footpace at the celebrant's left, behind him, and raise the end of the chasuble as the celebrant holds his arms. The first acolyte rings the bell at the Sanctus; once when the priest spreads his hands over the oblata, and three times at each elevation. After the elevation the MC rises, goes to the celebrant by the book, genuflects and stands there, turning the pages. He will again stand back a step at the commemoration of the dead. The thurifer rises, comes to the middle, genuflects and takes the thurible out. His office is now ended. The torch-bearers, if they are to take the torches to the sacristy, rise and genuflect with him, then follow. But at requiems, on certain fast days, and when people will receive Holy Communion, the torch-bearers stay kneeling till after the communion.

That is just a small piece of the overall structure, one chosen nearly at random. The entire work is 500

pages, and it doesn't waste one word. Alcuin Reid's great contribution to this new edition is to incorporate in great detail the role of music in the liturgy, even going so far as to print the tones for the celebrant and other ministers, drawing heavily on work published by the Church Music Association of America. Reid's own contribution to this new edition must have been enormous in other ways. If I'm reading this correctly, the front matter says that Reid was even responsible for the actual typesetting of the book (which is very beautiful).

I'm going to anticipate an objection that might be offered. Someone might say: all this material applies to the "Tridentine Rite" but has no actual bearing on the modern rite. Well, part of the stated purpose of *Summorum Pontificum* was precisely to hold up a model and encourage an integration of the modern rite into its deeper history of the past. So while the ceremonies as described in this book might not normatively apply to the new Missal in all respects, the *usus antiquior* does in fact provide a template and a framework for the ordinary form [*Novus Ordo*] of the Roman Rite.

Rubricists tell me that one of the most frustrating aspects of the modern rite is that there are so many

questions left unanswered in so many areas. There are too many ambiguities, too many unknowns, and they appear in strange places and in surprising ways. Experienced MCs in the ordinary form know that they must rely on the older form to light the way.

Thus does the purpose and utility of this work extend far beyond its apparent use as a rule book and ceremonial guide for liturgy said according to the 1962 form. In here we have a model for the ideal, one which completely buries the ego in the course of showing the deepest respect for the history and meaning of something that is much larger than our own time and place. Just to flip through the pages is a deeply humbling experience.

A book like this is not the product of one mind but of 2000 years of experience. In its vast detail, it will convince you that without ceremony, without deference to tradition, without extreme discipline over what one says and does at Mass, there can be no liturgy that is authentically Catholic.

By **Jeffrey Tucker** - May 20, 2009 - in www.thenewliturgicalmovement.org

ROBERT'S RAMBLINGS

Reminiscences: Canada

In 2008 Michael Trolley, formerly of the Diocesan Office, stayed with me for a few days. In company with fellow students at the Mennonite University of Manitoba he had been doing field study of the Bible in the Holy Land. He had also stayed with enclosed contemplative Anglican monks at Crawley Down in Sussex. These monks have as one of their constant themes for prayer the rapprochement of Eastern and Western Christianity. Fr and Mrs Skelton of Edmonton are associates of this monastery of the Holy Trinity.

Michael gave me a paperback copy of *Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town* by Stephen Leacock, the Canadian humorist (1869 – 1944). The cover of the book is a reproduction of *Early Morning* by A J Casson, one of the Group of Seven, and is dated 1927. The name of the town is not given but it might be any small place in Southern Ontario. The main street is bright in the sunshine of early summer morning, perhaps a Sunday. Not a living thing is to be seen, not a dog, not a lad delivering newspapers. Citizens must still be abed. A few cumulus clouds brood in the distance. The picture brings back happy memories for I enjoyed the small Southern

towns of Ontario with their calm and placid streets, their Georgian, Victorian and Edwardian buildings. As I look at it I can almost hear Aaron Copland's *Our Town*, which describes in music the kind of scene which Casson describes in paint.

Leacock's fictional town is called Mariposa of Missinaba county, on the shore of Lake Wissanotti. The story is set during the optimistic reign of Edward VII when the Great War was still a few years away, which was to claim so many young Canadian lives. And of course Dr Leacock soon had me laughing. He was a serious academic who taught Political Science and Economics at McGill University, whose technical books I'd not understand. He had been born in Swanmore, England, not far from Portsmouth. (Two of St Agatha's present parishioners live in Swanmore, a pretty place with a pretty name.) Young Stephen emigrated with his parents at an early age and attended school in Toronto. But it was as a humorist that Dr Leacock became famous throughout the British Empire. And it was as a boy at boarding school in South Africa that I first came across him. It was he, so to speak, who introduced me to the country of which I was

later to become a citizen.

I can still remember the opening sentence of one of his essays which I read as a boy, "The bank rattled me. Banks always rattle me". My sentiments exactly. If a professional economist can feel awe struck in banks, why not I?

My second meeting with Canada could have been a call from Dr de Catanzaro when I was Bishop of Matabeleland in Zimbabwe, but for the fact that it was my mother who answered the phone. She explained, "He's wallowing in a hot tub and it's against his religion to leave that for the telephone". Had she realized how long distance the call was, how important it might be, she'd have summoned me.

My third meeting was a handwritten letter from Fr Palmer with sad news. Bishop de Cat had died unexpectedly. Would I come over to succeed him? I had to reply that we were in the throes of a civil war. I could not possibly leave my post under such circumstances. Fr Palmer himself died not all that long after, but not before he had persuaded a reluctant Archdeacon Woolcock (and an even more reluctant Mrs Woolcock) to accept election, "You won't have to do much travel. You can do most things by telephone." Fr Palmer talked them round. And I got to meet in person neither of our two great scholars who were also men of prayer.

Early in 1986 Mrs Peggy Heath of Fairfield in Connecticut, a lady with an Australian husband, organized a conference for members of five rival Continuing groups plus some who were remaining within the Episcopal church to fight for traditional orthodoxy. She hoped that worship, fellowship and calm rational discussion might lead to the reunion of the fractured movement. Some hope! "If you go on fighting one another, tooth and nail, all you can expect is mutual destruction" (*Galatians* 5,15 in the New English Bible of 1961). She also invited Graham Leonard, the Bishop of London in England, and John Hazlewood, the Bishop of Ballarat in Australia, and me from Matabeleland. I think that Donald Robinson, the Archbishop of Sydney in Australia, was also there but memory may be serving me false: it may perhaps be that he attended a second such conference at a later date. Also there were Bishop Alfred Woolcock and Fr Clement Ings, at that time diocesan secretary in Canada, two eirenic men who remained above the American fray.

Nothing came of Mrs Heath's hopes. Afterwards I spent a month visiting the bishops of the rival groups and seeing something of their work. Mrs Auburn

Traycik, editor of *Christian Challenge*, organized this criss crossing of the States, East to West, North to South. Auburn also arranged for me to stay with Richard Walker, a Reuters journalist who lived in metro Detroit and who covered the motor car industry. He had once stayed with me in Africa, which was his real interest. He was a traditional Episcopalian. He met me off the plane from sunny California, "Welcome. We are going to Canada for supper in an Indian restaurant which I like. They think of Windsor as an industrial city but I think of it as attractive, clean and law abiding." "But I don't want to go so many hundreds of miles," I replied, "I'm very cold and hungry. I just want to eat a quick bite and get into a warm bed". "Oh, Canada's not far. We just drive under the river and there we are". "Don't be absurd. How can anybody drive under a river?" Well, blow me down, that's exactly what we did. That was my very first entry into the Dominion.

While we were eating it began to snow. Afterwards the car wouldn't start. I had to push. I slipped and fell with my face in the white stuff. Getting back into the States wasn't quite so easy. Why had I, who had just been permitted entry with a visa, fled almost immediately north of the border? Something odd was going on. Was I perhaps a criminal, a terrorist, a money launderer, of whom any decent immigration officer ought to be suspicious?

As 1987 drew nearer I realized that my days in Matabeleland were numbered. Our civil war had ended. Mr Mugabe was bringing peace, democracy and freedom to Zimbabwe, to the great delight of liberals in the Anglican Church of Canada such as Archbishop Ted Scott who had provided him with funds. A very different bishop was needed for the new situation at home. By this time Bishop Bob Crawley and I had become pen pals. I enjoyed the parish magazine which he edited while still on the staff of Christchurch cathedral in Victoria. I therefore wrote to him, "I shall be free. I can not go to the U.S. because of the divisions there. But I never want to see snow again as long as I live. I find it difficult to survive in temperatures lower than 28 degrees centigrade. So I can not come to Canada either." Bishop Crawley proved to be as good a con man with me as Fr Palmer had been with the Woolcocks. He sent pictures of Mediterranean type beaches in BC, of vineyards and orchards. He spoke to the diocesan bishop and Alfred invited me to become his assistant.

So in the fall of '87 I entered Canada for a second time and began a six week tour which the Suffragan had organized, beginning in Ottawa (where I stayed with Fr Mel McLenaghan and young Mr Carl Reid) and travelling West. Crossing the Rockies partly by

bus and seeing fall colours for the first time was indeed a memorable experience. From Victoria it was off to Australia for a month's tour in that country where Fr Albert Haley, a friend of Bishop Crawley, was with others thinking of starting the Continuing movement there.

Mid January '88 I entered Canada for the third time. Bishop Alfred had said, "For various reasons it makes practical sense for you to live where the cathedral is". So to Ottawa I returned where it was

snowing, snowing, snowing, with big fat wet flakes. But I received the warmest of welcomes from Dean McLenaghan and his people, not least from George and Margaret Armstrong who provided me with a cosy and spacious apartment to live in and travel from.

The rest, as they say, is history.

+Robert Mercer CR

FROM HERE AND THERE

1) **Did your know?** There are millions of Christians with whom Roman Catholics are 'in communion' who are not themselves part of the Roman Catholic Church! Currently there are **24 Catholics Churches** that can be grouped into eight different Rites:

i) *The Patriarchal Latin Catholic Church* - Latin Rite with 1,070,315,000 members

ii) *The Patriarchal Armenian Catholic Church* - Armenian Rite with 368,923 members

iii) *The Patriarchal Coptic Catholic Church* - Alexandrian Rite with 242,513 members

iv) *The Ethiopian Catholic Church* - Ge'ez Rite with 196,853 members

v) *The Patriarchal Antiochian Syrian Maronite Catholic Church* - West Syrian Maronite Rite with 3,106,792 members

vi) *The Patriarchal Chaldean Catholic Church* - East Syrian Rite with 382,637 members

vii) *The Syro-Malabar Catholic Church* - East Syrian Rite with 3,752,434 members

viii) *The Patriarchal Syrian Catholic Church* - West Syrian Rite with 123,376 members

ix) *The Syro-Malankara Catholic Church* - West Syrian Rite with 404,052 members

x) *The Patriarchal Melkite Catholic Church* - Byzantine Rite with 1,340,913 members

xi) *The Italo-Albanian Catholic Church* - Byzantine Rite with 60,448 members

xii) *The Ukrainian Catholic Church* - Byzantine Rite with 4,321,508 members

xiii) *The Ruthenian Catholic Church* - Byzantine Rite with 497,704 members

xiv) *The Byzantine Catholic Church USA* (Rusyn-Ruthenian-Slovak) - Byzantine Rite with 100,000 members

xv) *The Romanian Catholic Church* - Byzantine Rite with 746,000 members

xvi) *The Greek Catholic Church in Greece* - Byzantine Rite with 2,345 members

xvii) *The Greek Catholic Church in former Yugoslavia* - Byzantine Rite with 76,670 members

xviii) *The Bulgarian Catholic Church* - Byzantine Rite with 10,000 members

xix) *The Slovak Catholic Church* - Byzantine Rite with 225,136 members

xx) *The Hungarian Catholic Church* - Byzantine Rite with 268,935 members

xxi) *The Russian Catholic Church* - Byzantine Rite with 20 parishes worldwide

xxii) *The Belarusian Catholic Church* - Byzantine Rite with 100,000 members

xxiii) *The Albanian Catholic Church* - Byzantine Rite with 3,000 members

xxiv) *The Georgian Catholic Church* - Byzantine Rite with 7,000 members

Information compiled by **Kevin R. Yurkus** - July 7, 2005 Thanks to Father Raymond Ball

2) **The Broken Lawn Mower**

Marriage is a relationship in which one person is

always right and the other is usually the husband.

When our lawn mower broke and wouldn't run, my wife kept hinting to me that I should get it fixed.

But somehow I always had something else to take care of first: the truck, the car, email, fishing, always something more important to me.

Finally she thought of a clever way to make her point. When I arrived home one day, I found her seated in the tall grass, busily snipping away with a tiny pair of sewing scissors.

I watched silently for a short time and then went into the house. I was gone only a few minutes.

When I came out again I handed her a toothbrush. "When you finish the grass," I said, "you might as well sweep the driveway."

The doctors say I will walk again, but I will always have a limp.

Thanks to **Father Ralph Beaumont**

THE AFRICA APPEAL OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL, VANCOUVER

June 2009 Update

Subject to the vagaries of the world economies, all agencies like *The Africa Appeal* have suffered reductions in giving due to setbacks many of us have experienced. But: note that the impact of recession is not only a western phenomenon, and is most keenly felt in the churches in those very countries we are attempting to support: Congo, Cameroon, Zambia and Zimbabwe.

In Zambia, the mines around Kitwe, (some Canadian owned) are on reduced hours of operation, and in some cases closed, due to the fall in bulk mineral prices, especially copper, the main product from the region. To the north, in Congo, the mines of the Katanga region suffer similar fates, but with a twist, that these mines are only in the development stage, and are often poorly equipped with minimal safety provisions.

These two countries have an unemployment rate in excess of 40%: reaching 80% in areas, so the scale of the problem might be understood: of the unemployed, many find some work in day labour and casual work, but this does not offer any security or the chance to build any savings for the future: life is lived from day to day. We know about Zimbabwe after the turmoil of the past years, but in fragile state both financially, and more important in the realm of safety and security. Cameroon has similar challenges: declines in prices for oil and aluminum being the 'drivers'. Cameroon does have more political stability as of now, but poverty and deprivation perpetuate a high level of petty crime, destabilizing society.

Given reduced receipts, coupled with the inability of the IAF, despite a sterling effort, to take on any but the basic commitments from past years, the change in *The Africa Appeal* has been that we have

refocused efforts on a narrower target, close to the goal established: to concentrate effort on church and clergy projects: we continue to send the rural clergy salaries in Congo, rental and support for Fr. Ndual in Cameroon, school/college fees for ordinands in Congo so that they could complete their year.

For the college fees, a special appeal letter was sent out to many supporters of *The Appeal*: the response was far beyond expectations: we were advised that the school fees were US\$1000, and that there was but a week to pay them. The Appeal account was almost empty, with worries about rent for the chapel and offices in Congo ahead in June, as well as the clergy salaries due in two weeks. Thanks to you, we received pledges of \$6000, and as you have generously offered to let this money be used for other projects in the 4 countries, I am able to assure Fr. Ayule Milenge that the rent for the office and chapel in Bukavu, at US\$250 a month, payable a year in advance, can be paid, and we can reassure Fr. Ndual in Cameroon that we can come up with some funds for the projects he has initiated, notably for a chapel in Bachenga, some 30 - 40 kilometres north of Yaoundé. (Breaking news: Fr. Ndual was admitted to hospital in Yaoundé for one week: he was exhausted and needs improved nutrition, as well as glasses: he is now home and we are paying his hospital and medication bills.)

For the churches in Zimbabwe and Zambia: we have been short of funds to send, but we are in contact by e-mail, and when we are able, then we shall continue the support for the churches: an ordination to the diaconate is planned for the five ordinands this summer in Zambia: pray for them.

'But he (the lawyer), willing to justify himself, said

unto Jesus, And who is my neighbour?' (Luke 10.29) In Christ,
Fr. David Marriott

WHEN BAD DECISIONS HAPPEN TO GOOD PEOPLE

Recently, considerable attention has been focused on the inability of some executives (and managers) to behave in an ethical manner. In certain cases, these executives were seen to be 'good people' who made very poor decisions. This leads us to question: What happened?

Our capacity to deal with the overall increasing pace of life may shed some light on this question. Indeed, it appears that time urgency can severely and negatively impact the capacity of people to make ethical decisions.

The 'Good Samaritan' Experiment

Although it was conducted over 35 years ago, research by two psychologists (*From Jerusalem to Jericho* - 1973) provides a compelling (and arguably chilling) perspective on how the most well intentioned individual can react inappropriately to an ethical situation. The researchers invited a group of students from the *Princeton Theological Seminary* to participate in a study that examined religious education and vocations.

At the outset, each volunteer was called separately to an office on campus and asked to fill in a series of questionnaires, which were designed to measure various aspects of their personality and religiosity. Following this task, each participant was told they were expected to give a 3-5 minute impromptu talk on their studies and career plans at a nearby building so experimenters could test their capability to think on their feet. Finally, some of the participants were told about the parable of the Good Samaritan and told they could incorporate it into their talk if they wished.

The parable, as found in the Bible, tells the story of a man who was robbed, stripped, beaten and left for dead along the road to Jericho. Shortly thereafter, a priest ventured down the road and, upon seeing the injured man, crossed to the opposite side. Some time later, another high-ranking religious figure passed by, and also avoided acknowledging or helping the man. Finally, a Samaritan (who was seen as lower-class and morally inferior at the time) came upon the man and immediately felt compassion for him. He helped the man by bandaging his wounds, placing the injured victim on his horse and taking him to the nearest inn, where the Samaritan proceeded to pay for food and

lodging. One of the lessons to be taken from this parable is that individuals who are perceived as morally inferior are capable of compassionate and merciful acts, while those perceived to be morally superior are capable of callous and unsympathetic behaviour.

Following the discussion of the parable, the assistant then asked if the participant knew what he or she was supposed to do and answered any questions that arose. The assistant also drew a map so the participant could locate where the talk was to take place. Lastly, they were given one of three possible sets of instructions:

- 1) *Low-hurry* – The participant was told there was still some time left before their presentation, but they may as well head over.
- 2) *Intermediate-hurry* – The participant was told the audience was ready for them so they should leave right away.
- 3) *High-hurry* – The participant was informed they were late and that the audience was expecting them a few minutes ago so they had better hurry.

What the experimenters were most interested in was the behaviour exhibited by each participant during their walk over to the adjoining building. In order to get there, the participant had to walk through a tunnel where the experimenters placed a "victim" (an actor) at the end. The victim was sitting slumped over, eyes closed and not moving. When the participants got closer, he "coughed twice and groaned, keeping his head down." The researchers were keenly interested in whether the participants would stop and help the man.

Several interesting observations surfaced from this experiment. First, the fact that certain subjects were planning to give a talk on the Good Samaritan had no impact whatsoever on their helping behaviour. In other words, even though these 'primed' individuals were about to discuss the importance of helping others to a large audience, they did not respond to the needs of this 'planted victim.'

The second finding, and the most relevant to this column, is that time pressure was the only factor that affected their responses. More specifically, 63% of participants in the low-hurry condition offered help to

the victim while 45% of people in the intermediate condition responded in this way. The most striking result was that only 10% of people in the high-hurry group stopped to help. In fact the researchers noted "on several occasions, a seminary student going to give his talk on the parable of the Good Samaritan *literally stepped over the victim* (emphasis added) as he hurried on his way."

Here is one of their overall observations, which is still remarkably relevant today:

"It is difficult not to conclude from this that the frequently cited explanation that ethics becomes a luxury as the speed of our daily lives increases is at least an accurate description."

Application to a Business Context

This study raises several important points for reflection. First, even without the introduction of the parable of the Good Samaritan to some of the participants, it would be reasonable to assume that students in a seminary should be naturally inclined to help someone in need. Although it could be argued that the students were afraid of the "victim", this was not the case, as it was not raised by any of the students in their debriefing interviews. In fact, the vast majority of the participants mentioned they had noticed the victim was in need, but still continued on their way. Furthermore, this experiment was conducted on the crowded grounds of *Princeton University*, which would certainly diminish any perceived threat on the part of the participants.

So, why did individuals, who should by their very nature epitomize personal integrity, make an unethical choice? Two possible alternatives were addressed by the authors, which relate to business realities each of us can appreciate.

For some of the participants who walked past (or over) the victim, "because of the time pressures, they did not perceive the scene in the alley as an occasion for an ethical decision". One clear-cut example may be found with someone rushing to meet an ambitious and looming deadline and who

fails to recognize the important yet subtle nuances of the situation (e.g., signing off on financial expenditures without exercising due diligence to their content). Indeed, this otherwise 'good' individual may walk straight into an ethical minefield without even realizing it.

The other reported cause for this disconnect from personal ethics was the fact that participants mentioned that they were hurrying because they felt they were helping the experimenter accomplish a task. This created an internal conflict whereby the individual felt torn between helping the victim and proceeding to give his or her assigned talk. Given the relatively insignificant nature of the requested task and the authority of the person requesting it, one can clearly see how personal ethics may be compromised when our supervisors (or others in positions of authority) make requests of us.

More specifically, given the power dynamics and high stakes involved (e.g., the fear that refusing the request may lead to poor performance appraisals, being laid off, lack of promotional opportunities, etc.), it is quite reasonable to assume the pressure felt will be greatly intensified with these additional factors. History is filled with many examples (e.g., Ford Pinto) where the ethical integrity of many individuals has been severely compromised in this manner.

Concluding Thoughts

As our lives continue to intensify in complexity and speed, the results of this study will hopefully encourage us to remember that taking time to reflect and contemplate our behaviours is important to maintaining our personal integrity. Getting caught up in the world around us can interfere with the core values and passions that drive us. Time is a precious and often rare commodity, but taking an extra moment to ensure that our professional behaviour reflects our personal principles is a necessary and worthwhile investment.

By **Craig Dowden, Ph.D.** - Managing Director, *André Fillion & Associates* - in the *Ottawa Business Journal* - July 6, 2009 Thanks to Lee and Nancy Freeman

TAKE MY SON

A wealthy man and his son loved to collect rare works of art. They had everything in their collection, from Picasso to Raphael. They would often sit together and admire the great works of art. When

the Vietnam conflict broke out, the son went to war. He was very courageous and died in battle while rescuing another soldier. The father was notified and grieved deeply for his only son. About a month

later, just before Christmas, there was a knock at the door. A young man stood at the door with a large package in his hands.

He said, 'Sir, you don't know me, but I am the soldier for whom your son gave his life. He saved many lives that day, and he was carrying me to safety when a bullet struck him in the heart and he died instantly. He often talked about you, and your love for art.' The young man held out the package. 'I know this isn't much. I'm not really a great artist, but I think your son would have wanted you to have this.' The father opened the package. It was a portrait of his son, painted by the young man. He stared in awe at the way the soldier had captured the personality of his son in the painting.

The father was so drawn to the eyes that his own eyes welled up with tears. He thanked the young man and offered to pay him for the picture. 'Oh, no sir, I could never repay what your son did for me. It's a gift.'

The father hung the portrait over his mantle. Every time visitors came to his home he took them to see the portrait of his son before he showed them any of the other great works he had collected.

The man died a few months later. There was to be a great auction of his paintings. Many influential people gathered, excited over seeing the great paintings and having an opportunity to purchase one for their collection.

On the platform sat the painting of the son. The auctioneer pounded his gavel. 'We will start the bidding with this picture of the son. Who will bid for this picture?' There was silence. Then a voice in the back of the room shouted, 'We want to see the famous paintings. Skip this one.' But the auctioneer persisted. 'Will somebody bid for this painting? Who will start the bidding? £100, £200?' Another voice angrily, 'We didn't come to see this painting. We came to see the Van Gogh's, the Rembrandt's. Get on with the real bids!' But still the auctioneer continued. 'The son! The son! Who'll take the son?' Finally, a voice came from the very back of

the room. It was the long-time gardener of the man and his son. 'I'll give £10 for the painting. Being a poor man, it was all he could afford. 'We have £10, who will bid £20?' 'Give it to him for £10. Let's see the masters.'

'£10 is the bid, won't someone bid £20?' The crowd was becoming angry. They didn't want the picture of the son. They wanted the more worthy investments for their collections. The auctioneer pounded the gavel. 'Going once, twice, SOLD for £10.

A man sitting in the second row shouted, 'Now let's get on with the collection!' The auctioneer laid down his gavel. 'I'm sorry, the auction is over.' 'What about the paintings?' 'I am sorry. When I was called to conduct this auction, I was told of a secret stipulation in the will. I was not allowed to reveal that stipulation until this time. Only the painting of the son would be auctioned. Whoever bought that painting would inherit the entire estate, including the paintings. The man who took the son gets everything!' God gave His son 2,000 years ago to die on the cross.

Much like the auctioneer, His message today is: 'The son, the son, who'll take the son?' Because, you see, whoever takes the Son gets everything.

FOR GOD SO LOVED THE WORLD HE GAVE HIS ONLY BEGOTTEN SON, WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH, SHALL HAVE ETERNAL LIFE. THAT'S LOVE.

You may be one who does not send articles like this on. Do whatever you like, but remember that maybe 'one' of the people you might have taken the time to send this to, may be just the person who needs to hear this message.

You have a choice to make.

God Bless, **Father John Mclvor**, Devon

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Gary S. Freeman

102 Frederick Banting Place
Waterloo, Ontario N2T 1C4

519-886-3635 (Home)

519-747-5323 (Fax)

gfreeman@pwi-insurance.ca

800-265-2178 or 519-747-3324 (Office)