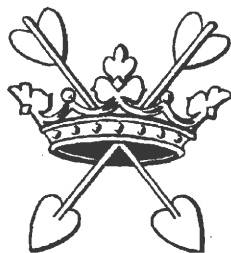


# The Parish of St. Edmund, King and Martyr

(Kitchener, Waterloo, Cambridge, and Guelph)



The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada

## UPDATE

July 15, 2001

### August Schedule

August 5	Sunday	-	Trinity VIII
August 6	Monday	-	Transfiguration of Our Lord
August 12	Sunday	-	Trinity IX
August 15	Wednesday	-	Falling Asleep of the Blessed Virgin Mary
August 19	Sunday	-	Trinity X
August 24	Friday	-	St. Bartholomew the Apostle
August 26	Sunday	-	Trinity XI and Confirmation
August 29	Wednesday	-	Beheading of St. John the Baptist

### 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 said at 10:00 a.m. (The Litany on the first Sunday of the month), and the Holy Eucharist is celebrated at 10:30 a.m.
- (3) On weekdays - Holy Days and Days of Obligation (Red Letter Days in the Prayer Book Calendar) - the Holy Eucharist is celebrated at 7:00 p.m., 10:30 a.m. on Saturdays - when the Chapel is available!

## Notes

Two dates to remember:

August 26 - Sunday - Confirmation

August 25 - Saturday - Wine and Cheese  
at 102 Frederick Banting Place - 7:00 p.m.

Friends and congregation will have a couple of chances (remember that the 26<sup>th</sup> is our regular Sunday lunch) to visit with one another and, of course, The Bishop!

Our website:

[www.pwi-insurance.ca/stedmund](http://www.pwi-insurance.ca/stedmund)

**Holy Order:** with the recent announcement of intercommunion between the Canadian Canterbury Anglicans and the Canadian Evangelical Lutherans, I thought it would be appropriate to remind ourselves of the meaning of Holy Order - please see the article beginning on Page 9.

**Apologies:** I had the wrong dates for the Confirmation and the Wine and Cheese, last issue; as well as some poor proof-reading. I'll try harder!

## Saint Swithun

Swithun was born in Wessex, England about 800. He was educated at the old monastery, Winchester, where he was also ordained. He became chaplain to King Egbert of the West Saxons, who appointed him tutor of his son, Ethelwulf, and was one of the King's counsellors. Swithun was named bishop of Winchester in 852 when Ethelwulf succeeded his father as king. His consecration took place on October 30 by Ceolnoth, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Swithun built several churches and was known for his humility and his aid to the poor and needy. He died on July 2, 862, and was buried in the cemetery, just outside the west door of the cathedral.

His patronage of the weather arose when monks tried to translate his body to a golden shrine in the Cathedral on July 15, 971. Swithun apparently did not approve as it started raining for forty days. A long-held superstition declares it will rain for forty days if it rains on his feast day of July 15:

Saint Swithun's day, if thou dost rain,  
For forty days it will remain;  
Saint Swithun's day, if thou be fair,  
For forty days 'twill rain nae mair.

Almost 60 ancient British churches were named for him. His shrine was destroyed during the Reformation.

Mostly from Catholic Online Saints

## The Bishop's Bit

SOME ANGLICANS I HAVE KNOWN

### 1 - The Signora Bruchi

From the 18<sup>th</sup> century until the Second World War peoples of Northern Europe were in love with Italy. Young milords were sent on tour to broaden their outlook, to learn how to collect art in their country houses, how to landscape the gardens of their estates. Classicists went because of the antiquities. Artists went because of the mosaics in Ravenna and because of the renaissance everywhere but everywhere. Architects went because of the buildings. Musicians as varied as Handel, Mendelssohn and Tchaikovsky went for inspiration. Consumptives went for their health. Christians went on pilgrimage. King George I asked an Anglican dean newly back from Rome if the Pope was about to join the Church of England. "Oh no, Your Majesty, His Holiness has most excellent church preferment and a desirable bishopric. I had nothing better to offer him." And everybody went to Italy for the scenery, wine, bathing, landscapes, a heavenly climate with blue skies, sunny days and warm nights. Think of the German novel by Thomas Mann, *Death in Venice*, or of the English novel by E M Forster, *Room With a View*. Think of the *Italian Symphony*, of *Capriccio Italien* and of *Memories of Florence*. Think of Gracie Fields, the Lancashire lass retired on the island of San Michele.

Victorians and Edwardian Brits went to Italy to escape scandal or creditors. Think of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who eloped there. Think of the paranoid "Baron Corvo", who died of poverty in Venice but not before giving us a novel about an imaginary English pope of the future, called Hadrian. Gentlefolk in reduced circumstances went to Italy because the cost of living was so much cheaper. They could pay their bills and afford servants. Think of the cartoonist Max Beerhohm in Rapallo. There were colonies of

impoverished Brits in Florence and Siena. Think of that recent movie with Maggie Smith in a leading role, *Tea With Mussolini*.

Between the two World Wars one such family settled in Siena. Their daughter married into a local senatorial family. In the old days Siena had been a city state, and a republic at that. There were no nobles. But in any republic some citizens are more equal than others. Think of the USA. As in the most serene republic of Venice, so in Siena. A patrician class evolved which alone was expected to provide the city with its oligarchy of rulers. The city is divided into wards, each of which has its own senator, heraldic flag and colours. Once a year there's a wild race in which horses and riders from the different wards compete, round and round the city square, across cobbled surfaces, hard by the cathedral. Jockeys and spectators wear medieval dress and wave medieval banners. The night before the race the parish priest of each ward blesses its horse.

The young English bride moved into her husband's palace and learned to rule as a grande dame should. She produced children and grandchildren. When she was widowed she took to wearing permanent black. In the palazzo her word was law. On the night before the race the horse was brought to her place for its blessing. To all outward appearances she was an Italian mamma. She was so devout a supporter of her Roman Catholic parish and of its priest, so faithful at daily mass and at family prayers, so great a devotee of St Catherine of Siena, that the Cardinal Archbishop gave her permission to receive the Sacrament, gave her permission to prepare her children and grandchildren for their first communion.

Which was odd, as she remained stubbornly C of E. "But Your Eminence", she would explain to an exasperated Cardinal, "I can not become a catholic because I am already a catholic. The Church of England is the catholic church in my country." The Cardinal eventually officiated at her funeral and requiem. Occasionally she'd return to England to shop at Harrod's or at Fortnum & Mason's, when she'd attend the daily eucharist in All Saints, Margaret Street.

The English colony of Siena, which presumably became extinct during the Second World War, had had its own chapel and resident chaplain. As the Signora Bruchi was the sole survivor of that colony, that chapel was now hers alone.

Once I had the privilege of being chaplain to an Anglican/Roman Catholic pilgrimage to Italy. Our party called on the Signora. She said, "I have sent Don Somebody, my Papist priest, to clean my chapel for you and to lay out the vestments. So lovely to be having the Prayer Book again. We shall meet at mass tomorrow morning." After the service she shook hands with each of us. By now the Victorian building was in poor shape. As she shook my hand the floor boards under me gave way and one of my legs sank through up to the knee." She never batted an eyelid. Inspired by such British aplomb, neither did I. "Remember me to Father Sidebotham C.R. when you get back to England. He was here with the South African forces at the end of the War."

The Signora is now among my heroines. I quoted her at the Vatican in the course of interviews given me in 1985 by Cardinal Willebrands of the Secretariat for Unity and by Cardinal Ratzinger of the Inquisition (both of whom I admire). We can not make the world perfect according to our lights. We can not simply by wishing it, reconcile Canterbury and Rome. Lord, give me grace to accept the things I can not change. But even so, we must never give up on our ecumenical hopes and prayers, and we must never deny the truth, the facts of reality. "I can not become a catholic because I am already a catholic."

+Robert Mercer, CR

By the Bishop Ordinary - The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada

### *The New School Prayer*

Now I sit me down at school,  
Where praying is against the rule.  
For this great nation under God,  
Finds mention of Him very odd.  
If Scripture now the class recites,  
It violates the Bill of Rights.  
And anytime my head I bow  
Becomes a Federal matter now.

Our hair can be purple, orange, or green,  
That's no offense; it's a freedom scene.  
The law is specific, the law is precise.  
Prayers spoken aloud are a serious vice.  
For praying in a public hall  
Might offend someone with no faith at all.  
In silence alone we must meditate,  
God's name is prohibited by the state.

We're allowed to cuss and dress like freaks,  
And pierce our noses, tongues and cheeks.  
They've outlawed guns, but FIRST the Bible.  
To quote the Good Book makes me liable.  
We can elect a pregnant Senior Queen,  
And the 'unwed daddy', our Senior King.  
It's "inappropriate" to teach right from wrong,  
We're taught that such "judgments" do not belong.

We can get our condoms and birth controls,  
Study witchcraft, vampires and totem poles.  
But the Ten Commandments are not allowed,  
No word of God must reach this crowd.  
It's scary here I must confess,  
When chaos reigns the school's a mess.  
So, Lord, this silent plea I make:  
Should I be shot; My soul please take!

Amen

This was written by a teen in Bagdad, Arizona -  
thanks to Jeff Speck

### Worth thinking about

- ☒ I have debated academics who seriously believe that people who are no longer productive should die rather than expect their families and the rest of society to pay what it costs to keep them alive. Wesley Smith
- ☒ Our goal is more than making abortion illegal. It is to make it undesirable, unavailable, and unnecessary in the eyes of those who might do it. In short, it is to make abortion unthinkable. Our goal is to put abortion, historically, in the same place where slavery is today. And that day will surely come. Father Pavone - Priests for Life
- ☒ Genetic research in Germany must take account of the country's Nazi past, German President Johannes Rau has said. Delivering his annual Berlin Speech, Rau recalled the horrific medical experiments carried out by Third Reich scientists on unwilling human guinea pigs. "Eugenics, euthanasia and selection are terms that are bound with bad memories of Germany", he said.
- ☒ The new morality can be reduced to one commandment: the end justifies the means.
- ☒ In my experience there is a crucial difference between "conservative" and "traditionalist". Experience tells us this past 30 years (at least

that "conservatives" are happy to retain and enjoy just a portion of the pie - the piece they really like - be it music, the BCP liturgy, "Bible preaching" and so on, whereas "traditionalists" cannot abide "cherry-picking" the faith - it's "all or nothing", even if it means, at times, accepting the "awkward bits" they don't fully understand and find difficulty in supporting.

+R. Crawley, SSC

- ☒ History offers endless examples of what happens when groups of humans are treated as 'less than humans', as objects for others' use and destruction. We must resist the justification of killing human embryos through appeals to the 'greater good' of patients or society.
- ☒ The Antichrist will be seated in the temple of God, not that in Jerusalem only, but also in every Church. St. John Chrysostom in *Homily on Thessalonians II*
- ☒ A moral wrong can never be a civil right.

### Letter from Bishop Crawley

The Traditional Anglican Communion  
The Rt. Revd. Robert C. Crawley SSC  
The Anglican Catholic Church of Canada  
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Phone and FAX 250 245 3696  
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April 24, 2001

The Parish of St. John the Evangelist  
Ladysmith BC

Dear friends:

Thank you for asking me to contribute memories of my rectorship, from 1967 to 1972. As you know, I am now a Bishop of a different jurisdiction, but this fact does not influence or detract from my memories of "the good old days" spent in your company.

Those five years were, for me and my family, a very enjoyable and rewarding experience, so much so that when I was invited by Dean Whitlow to join him at Christ Church Cathedral I declined his kind offer. But he persisted, and eventually I made the move, and much later, as you know, decided to

'retire' here. Of course, that didn't 'work'! (I have just retired again - and that doesn't work either!).

I don't want this to sound as though my arriving here in 1967 was "the Relief of Ladysmith" - for those who know their history of the Boer War - but the fact is that the parish was not in good shape. There was internal dissension. Something had to be done to lift both spirits and energy. This could only be achieved by the parishioners themselves. So where to start? Well, the building was a mess! It had never been stained or painted and gave a rather sad and bedraggled looking outlook towards life. So I determined to stain it and paint doors and windows etc.

But we had no money - my stipend being paid by the Diocese - and at first, no response. But I did have some young boys in training as Altar servers, so I put them to work painting the window and door trim. Naturally, their eagerness did not match their abilities, so they put as much white paint on the walls as on the trim. This brought complaints which I offset by replying that I had to use what help I could get! And that broke the dam - beginning with the gift of stain (Bob Gregory) and the organizing of a work party. A friendly Lutheran gave the use of a large paint spraying machine, which threw a fan of stain about 3 feet wide - and as I had some experience with such a monster I volunteered. Then came a full work party - a most remarkable effort by the whole parish. Everyone turned out; a carpenter erected scaffolding, the men were all armed with brushes, and the ACW provided lots of grub, plus someone brought a supply of beer (to the consternation of a couple, but it was a hot day!).

To cut a long story short, we stained the whole building in two days. Two intrepid loggers (Bill Dabb was one if I remember) scaled the steeple and painted it (for the first time) and the result was heart warming. Not only did the Church "look good" but everyone "felt good" and a new spirit resulted, and the dissension trailed off. I don't take the credit for this - the parish realized they could achieve something quite remarkable, beyond their expectations - by pulling together. We actually had a lot of fun.

Because of its success I determined we should tackle the interior, whose walls were covered with drab Tentext material (which soaked up sound like a sponge.) I borrowed the idea of dividing the walls into 4 ft wide sections and "suggested" that parishioners "fork-up" the cash to each buy one panel of plywood - and write their names in the

space. (This was done by means of a large chart on the Narthex wall). Again, an excellent response, so, while we were at it, we re-did the whole of the sanctuary, and my wife made a full set of vestments (which I presume you still use?).

I chose to write about these two memories because it was partly through these rather mundane efforts that a fine spirit of cooperation was engendered which resulted in a growing congregation, a good choir, and last, but by no means least, a 'family' atmosphere which made life pleasant for the Rector! And, incidentally, parish giving surged, so that we became a self supporting parish and actually paid our apportionment to the diocese.

One final memory; the altar boys. These were quite young, mostly from 10 to 13/14 years. We met after school on Tuesdays, did our Altar training and then played soccer. I was also rector of St. Phillips and had a similar group of young boys there - which gave us two soccer teams! (My problem was to stick to coaching and refereeing!). Again, we had lots of fun and the lads did an excellent job as acolytes.

It took over a year before Archbishop Sexton installed me, so of course, I wanted everything to be impressive. It was a joint parish service so I had 22 servers, but only 4 or 5 Albs. This is where being ecumenical helped. Fr. Bulloch (the RC priest) and I 'hit it off' and had become good friends, so when I voiced my concern he offered his help - so that we had all 22 lads properly dressed for the occasion. The big day arrived; the Procession began.

The Archbishop and I were standing at the vestry door when this army of boys appeared. His eyes popped out and I couldn't resist turning to him and saying "Who are these in white appearing"? He then preached a rousing sermon, more or less threatening everyone that they had to be nice to me!

Well, they were, bless them! Happy days.

+Blessings

The Rt. Revd. Robert C. Crawley DD, SSC

### *From here and there*

- ☒ There are 336 dimples on a regulation golf ball.

⊗ "Stewardess" is the longest word that is typed with only the left hand.

⊗ Fact of fiction? - Eggs are bad for your cholesterol.

Fiction: Recent studies show that cholesterol in foods has little effect on blood cholesterol. Eggs are an excellent source of high quality protein and 11 essential nutrients!

⊗ Being powerful is like being a lady, if you have to tell people you are, you aren't. Margaret Thatcher

⊗ One more mondegreen: From a 4 year old - That's not a toy ota, it's a big ota.

⊗ When it is not necessary to speak, it is necessary not to speak.

⊗ Should abbreviation be such a long word?

⊗ The man who is denied the opportunity of taking decisions of importance begins to regard as important the decisions he is allowed to take. Northcote Parkinson

⊗ OK, so what's the speed of Dark ?

### How Will You Be Remembered?

Have you ever wondered how people will most remember you? At one time I was going to be famous for writing the No.1 bestseller of all time. I never did get very far on that project - lack of inspiration, lack of ambition, lack of time, a proliferation of procrastination all added up to a non-effort.

I will never be remembered for my culinary achievements. Cooking has never been my thing. Once when I was teaching it was decided to raise funds by publishing a cookbook of favourite recipes from staff and students. As a joke I put this poem into the recipe collection box:

#### Advice from a Rotten Cook

You ask ME for a recipe  
To put inside your book?  
You want a recipe from ME?  
Well, I just hate to cook.

My scrambled eggs are weepy;  
Potatoes turn to mush;

Steaks and roasts beyond my skill;  
My cakes would make YOU blush.

You would not print my recipe,  
You'd hate to eat with me.  
It's not that I don't like you,  
But you'd save the doctor's fee!

Out of courtesy I bought a hot-off-the-press copy of the cookbook. There on the very first page was my poem!

I will never be remembered for my housewifery skills. In fact I often wonder where I was standing when these were being handed out. After some small successes in knitting I decided to tackle a Mary Maxim sweater for my son. He had just purchased his first car, a snazzy, white Austin Healey with crimson interior. The pattern chosen had sports cars on back and both sides. It was a massive undertaking (in more ways than one!). I found myself going back to the store for more and more wool, and by the time I had finished I was looking for a sumo-wrestler-addicted-to-sports-cars type to fit into it. It sat in my closet for two years, then I unraveled it, washed the wool, and carefully reknitted the sweater on needles four times smaller. Success! Taking it to the Mary Maxim store to fit it with a windproof lining I was asked, "Do you do much knitting? We are always looking for knitters". I had to bite my lip to keep from laughing out loud.

I will never be remembered for my long, golden hair. As a child my favourite Grimm's Fairy tale was the story of Rapunzel who let down her long, golden rope of hair so that the Prince could climb up to the window of her tower prison. (Ouch! that must have been painful!) I admired Anne Shirley from "Anne of Green Gables" even though she tried to cover up that long, carrot hair by colouring it. Today, green hair wouldn't look too much out of place. How could I with thin, fine, mousy, baby-soft hair compete with such as these?

Then the answer to my pondering came to me unexpectedly. I am remembered for something, at least by one person. Trundling my shopping cart through the supermarket recently I was accosted by a short, plump, middle-aged lady with her hair scraped back into a bun, and a vaguely familiar face. She said, "I don't remember your name, but didn't you used to be the teacher-librarian at Smithson School?" "Yes, I did", I replied, groping for enlightenment. "I will always remember you", she stated. "While I was supply teaching there you were making Buttons for a school fund-raising

project. You made me one with a picture of my cat. The cat died two years ago and it was eighteen years old. I've still got that Button."

Now I have been retired for sixteen years, but how could I ever forget that 'Button Episode', and those stiff, calloused, blistered hands and fingers from using that Button Punch making Buttons, Buttons and more Buttons at 50¢ each.

What legacy will you leave behind? How will people remember you? I do hope it will be something more inspiring than being a little, old Button Maker!

By Helen E. Glover

### *The New Inquisitors Take Sides*

HUMAN RIGHTS COMMISSIONS - DEFENDERS OF  
FREEDOM ONLY FOR SOME

I have come to revile human rights commissions.

They are not the guardians of equity and the defenders of freedoms; they are side-takers and poke-noses, worming away at the very rights they were established to defend and exercising great power to change our laws on behalf of politically fashionable interest groups.

Case in point: it is now all but forbidden to use passages from the Bible to argue against homosexuality in Saskatchewan.

A ruling last Friday by Valerie Watson, a one-woman board of inquiry established by the Saskatchewan Human Rights Commission, levied fines of \$4,500 each against Hugh Owens, a Saskatoon Christian, and The Star Phoenix newspaper for a 1997 ad Owens ran.

The ad listed four Biblical passages, but cited their chapter and verse numbers only; it did not quote them. Fundamental and orthodox Christians of several denominations frequently invoke the four (Leviticus 18:22 and 20:13, Romans 1:26 and I Corinthians 6:9), because the quotations condemn active homosexuality as sinful.

There is plenty of dispute even among conservative Christians over the significance of the passages. The ones from Leviticus also outlaw the eating of pork and shellfish, and the wearing of red by women, and yet few Christian leaders today believe these sins will land you in Hell.

Accompanying the four citations was a drawing of two stickmen holding hands, over which was superimposed the international symbol for "forbidden" or "no entry," namely a circle with a line through it.

The red circle-and-slash itself, Watson decreed, "may not . . . communicate hate. However, when combined with the passages from the Bible, the Board (read Watson) finds . . . the advertisement would expose or tend to expose homosexuals to hatred or ridicule." In other words, the "forbidden" symbol over a bad drawing is not hate speech, but add in that Bible, and the scale comes clanging down on the side of discrimination. The Bible makes the ad hate speech.

MLAs, with their immunity, likely can quote the Bible in debates about homosexuality held in the Saskatchewan legislature. But what about preachers in the pulpit? They have no such immunity. Nor do radio or television commentators, nor newspaper editorial boards. Nor, presumably, private citizens expressing their opinions at public forums.

The decision is typical of the politically correct twaddle that has become the stock in trade of human rights commissions. Watson ruled against religious freedom and freedom of expression because the ad made three gay complainants feel bad. Emotions trump centuries-old rights, and in the process the right of a segment of society not to encounter any views opposite their own batters the right of everyone, including gays, to have their beliefs and opinions protected.

This is not rights adjudication or an impartial weighing of the facts to determine what violates our core political and social values; this is choosing protected and unprotected beliefs. It is advancing the demands of political, judicial and social elites over the rights of everyone to believe what they wish, worship (or not) as they see fit and express the views they hold, polite or impolite.

Watson declared that Gens Hellquist, Jason Roy and Jeff Dodds had "their dignity affronted" by Owens' ad, and because "the complainants suffered in respect of their feelings and self-respect" they were "entitled to compensation" of \$3,000 each from Owens and The Star Phoenix.

But since when are hurt feelings enough to stifle free speech? For about the last decade, commissions have deemed that it is no longer necessary for complainants to demonstrate actual,

quantifiable harm - the loss of a job, a lessening of their stature (as individuals, not as members of a group), eviction from one's home - "victims" need only testify that they feel diminished, violated, unloved, second-class, and the commission will make the "bad people" stop, maybe even compel the bad people to cut them a cheque.

One of the complainants, Jeff Dodds, told the board "that he was angry that it appeared that it was still acceptable in society to attack gay individuals in a public forum even in 1997."

Yes, and he had better hope it remains acceptable for each of us to attack or oppose the individuals, ideas, opinions, creeds and even "facts" we find unacceptable, forever. Attitudes about what opinions are and aren't proper or polite swing like a pendulum. Inquisitions are based on the establishment deciding that some ideas are too horrid ever to be spoken, then setting out to rout them from our minds.

Human rights commissions are the new Inquisitions. They will accept testimony in secret. They frequently flout standard rules of evidence. They often just declare what is in the minds of defendants. And they are a menace to true freedom for everyone, including gays.

By Lorne Gunter, Columnist, The Edmonton Journal, and Member of the Editorial Board, The National Post - this article appeared in The Edmonton Journal on June 22, 2001.

### More Ordinand News . . .

Most Canadians anticipate the summer months as a time for relaxation and reduced professionally-related activity - not so our Ottawa-based ordinands!

At a recent meeting, all of our current postulants voted unanimously to continue their rigorous programme of study without interruption during July and August.

June proved a particularly demanding month for our young men contemplating a priestly vocation.

Saturday, June 9<sup>th</sup>, the Bishop Ordinary conducted a session devoted to hearing confessions and advising penitents.

The following week (June 16<sup>th</sup>) witnessed a plenary meeting presided over by the Examining Chaplain.

Those in attendance addressed the apparent conflict between the creedal affirmation that Our Lord "descended into hell" on Good Friday and his assurance to the "good thief" that he would enjoy an immediate paradisaic reward on the same day.

The conflicting accounts of the malefactors' remonstrations on Calvary in Matthew and Luke were also discussed.

Messrs Glenn Horner, Peter Jardine, Scott Porter, and Dr. Stauffenberg presented papers; prior to the session, the Examining Chaplain summarized an essay submitted in absentia by Ordinand Jim Gibbons from Roslin, Ontario. Father Carl Reid, Dean, and Mr. Jim Spencer were present as participating observers.

The postulants are currently preparing studies on the issue of confessional confidentiality as it pertains to a legal case pending against a Roman Catholic Bishop of Bayeux, France, and his alleged failure to notify authorities concerning the activities of a paedophilic priest in his diocese.

By The Reverend Doctor Henry J. Stauffenberg, Examining Chaplain, The Parish of the Annunciation, Ottawa

### Sage advice or a generation of brats

Society is fostering young people's foolish expectations

The biggest single problem facing Canada and other wealthy societies is "spoiled brattism" or a culture that has indulged its children. Children are to be cherished and protected and there's nothing wrong with heaping material benefits on them.

But there's great harm in heaping attitudes on them, at home and in schools, that set them up for failure and end up subjecting society to their unrealistic, unfair demands.

These are manifested at the political level, but also at the business level.

For instance, protesters in Seattle, Quebec City and elsewhere have turned the Multinational Corporation into the bogeyman of their generation.

They have turned the Multinational into a surrogate parent/teacher and are holding each one responsible for life's injustices, for cleaning up the



environment, lifting the world's six billion people out of poverty, as well as eradicating corruption, dictatorships, greed, misery and cultural inadequacies such as child labour and the wholesale abuse of women.

Such injustices exist and should be addressed. But the blame is totally misplaced by these rich kids from rich societies.

The blame rests with leaders in poor countries, both political and religious, who keep their followers barefoot and pregnant and superstitious. Until these cultures or countries get their acts together there will be nothing but increasing and widespread poverty and pollution on this planet.

The new let's-protect-globalization subculture simply manifests the New Ideology of Entitlement, or spoiled brattish.

My suspicions are that this ideology grew out of my generation, the original Baby Boomers, who were the most indulged and idealistic generation in history. Once we became educators, we institutionalized our attitudes. That's when schools in developed countries began shifting away from the basics toward teaching other "values."

Years later, the result is the fossilization of spoiled brat attitudes which, when taught to young minds, simply set them up for failure, both economically and attitudinally.

Ranking member of this generation, Microsoft founder and billionaire Bill Gates, eventually grew up as did most of us. And I was sent a wonderful list of rules, attributed to Mr. Gates, that hits the target when it comes to the type of wrong-headed attitudes schools have propagated.

The list is allegedly part of a speech given by Mr. Gates at a high school convocation. Regardless of whether or not Mr. Gates authored this, the rules articulately debunk the brattism that plagues public policy and business issues.

It addresses why feel-good, politically correct teachings set up young people for failure in the real world and lead them to completely misunderstand what governments and businesses should be held accountable for.

**Rule #1** Life is not fair. Get used to it.

**Rule #2** The world won't care about your self-esteem. The world will expect you to accomplish

something *before* you feel good about yourself.

**Rule #3** You will not make \$40,000 a year right out of high school. You won't be a vice-president with a car phone until you earn both.

**Rule #4** If you think your teacher is tough, wait until you get a boss. He doesn't have tenure.

**Rule #5** Flipping burgers is not beneath your dignity. Your grandparents had a different word for burger flipping - they called it opportunity.

**Rule #6** If you mess up, it's not your parents' fault, so don't whine about your mistakes. Learn from them.

**Rule #7** Before you were born, your parents weren't as boring as they are now. They got that way from paying your bills, cleaning your clothes and listening to you talk about how cool you are. So before you save the rain forest from the parasites of your parents' generation, try delousing the closet in your own room.

**Rule #8** Your school may have done away with winners and losers but life has not. In some schools they have abolished failing grades and they'll give you as many times as you want to get the right answer. *This doesn't bear the slightest resemblance to anything in real life.*

**Rule #9** Life is not divided into semesters. You don't get summers off and very few employers are interested in helping you find yourself. Do that on your own time.

**Rule #10** Be nice to nerds. Chances are you'll end up working for one.

By Diane Francis in The National Post, Tuesday, June 26, 2001

### *Holy Order*

Holy Order is a Sacrament ordained by our Lord by which special power is conferred for celebrating and administering Sacraments, and for performing other functions of the Church's ministry.

On Maundy Thursday night Christ made His apostles priests when, in instituting the Eucharist He commanded them - "Do this in remembrance of Me." Further evidence for His institution of Holy Order is found in the 20<sup>th</sup> chapter of St. John, when, immediately before instituting the Sacrament

of Penance, He said, "As My Father hath sent Me even so send I you. And when He had said this He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

The preface to the services of Ordination in the Prayer Book declares that "It is evident unto all men, diligently reading Holy Scriptures and ancient authors, that from the Apostles' time there have been these orders of ministers in Christ's Church, Bishops, Priests, and Deacons."

The minister of ordination is always a Bishop of the Apostolic Succession. This means a Bishop whose authority goes back in unbroken succession from Bishop to Bishop to the Apostles who were ordained by our Lord Himself. No one who has not this succession has ever been held by the Catholic Church to have either the power or the authority to ordain. In order to make trebly sure of this succession (so essential does the Universal Church regard it), the great Council of Nicaea in the year 325, made it a rule for the whole Church that a Bishop should always be consecrated by three other

Bishops. If one Bishop only should consecrate another Bishop, it would be a valid consecration, but irregular according to the canons of the Universal Church.

When a man is ordained to the priesthood, he has conferred upon him the power, (1) to consecrate the Eucharist, (2) to give absolution from sin, and (3) to bless in the Name of God. Where a priest is made a Bishop, there is added to these powers that of ordaining to any order of the ministry. Such ordination impresses upon the soul a permanent quality which can never be lost either in time or eternity. Even should such a minister of the Apostolic Succession be deposed from the ministry, there is taken from him, not the powers of his office, but only the right to exercise its functions. Should he be restored to the exercise of his ministry, he would not be re-ordained.

From a booklet entitled *What are the Sacraments?* by S.C. Hughson and published by Holy Cross Press in 1951

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