

# *Musings*

## *On Magnificence*

### *Substance. Order. Form. Finesse*

By Neil Savage, Managing Director, Robson Savage

**A**s a child, I sometimes watched my mother do her make-up. This did not captivate me. I'll tell you what did: it was the order attached to the procedure. For example, without fail, she so neatly arranged her myriad of things she had used on her vanity desk once she was finished.

Afterwards, it was as if she had never been there, save for the lingering smell of Eau de Parfum that she would spray in the air and then walk through. Why was I obsessed with this ritual? Well, I was in love with order and my mother presented it to me with flourish. Did I continue to obsess? Naturally.

So, now, here's a man who sometimes catches a whiff of that perfume out of nowhere, as one would when placing order upon disorder. Some say all actuaries have no soul. I say that those who say it need to be initiated into the order that is there, waiting to be found.

I cannot live without order and I seek it out where I can. In business, in classical music, in chess.

That I purposefully and painstakingly sought out, and as carefully arranged the order in which my staff and I, and our business, exist as an intricate and wondrous

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entity of form and substance is a given. We are, though, not sheltered from a world that a psalmist once described as “pregnant with evil”. This has emboldened our ethical pursuits and vision, to advise and guide our clients, as a mother would her family.

Retirement funds are exposed to the obscenity of greed and deceit. We abhor such behaviour, but just as we know it will continue to exist, so also will our values. Sufficiency counters insufficiency. The cerebral refutes the slovenly. Hopelessness cowers to the heartfelt.

Goodness prevails. □

