



Sell things online for FREE

sell me free .co.nz

No listing FEES
No success FEES
IT'S FR

Mon, 19 Mar. 2007

LOCAL NEWS

HOME PAGE

EMAIL STORY PRINT STORY

LOCAL NEWS

LOCAL SPORT

SERVICES

Advertise With Us

Home Delivery

Photo Sales

Letters to the Editor

Make my homepage

GENERAL

About Us

FAQ

Contact Us

Feedback

REGIONAL INFO

Polytech

SUDOKU 数独
How to play guide ▶

KAPAI: In life's audit, greed comes in many vessels

19.03.2007
By TOMMY KAPAI

Picture this if you can. A very broke but very kind and giving bro arrives at the pearly gates after a life of sharing laughter and love with his family, whanau, hapu and wider community.

All he has at the gates to heaven is what he is standing in. He has no gold card, no silver lining in his or his church's pockets and no bronze statues to himself.

But he has a happy heart and a warm soul that is welcomed home because all this Bro ever wanted from his life on Earth was to obey God's command to be like Jesus.

He sees the sparkling eyes and open arms of his saviour and they embrace.

"Welcome home Bro," says Jesus warmly to his mate and he shows the Bro around his amazing new whare with wall to wall everything including Sky TV and a lawn mower you dont have to pull-start with a bit of baling twine.

The Bro is really happy and goes about his business setting up shop for the arrival of his whanau after they too have lived a life of sharing and caring for others.

"Sweet as" the Bro thinks to himself as he reflects back to his life on Earth, "I knew I didn't need anything flash to find my way here."

Next to arrive was the publicity shy and very rarely photographed Elect Vessel of the Exclusive Bean Counters Brotherhood, otherwise known as the Exclusive Brethren. Some of his whanau know him as The Man himself while others know the only difference between the Elect Vessel and God is God doesn't believe he is the Elect Vessel.

When the very broke but very giving Bro sees the Elect Vessel arrive at the pearly gates he yells out, "How did you get here bro?" To which he mumbles, "Not the same way as you and your mate Jesus."

The point of this little yarn is if you want to show up in a Citation or any other sort of private jet at Tauranga Airport, as Mr Bruce Hales the Chief Bean Counter for the Exclusive Brethren Church did recently, to audit his bean-counting brethren, and you try to fly under the religious radar, there will always be a price to pay.

I am not talking airport tax or six-figure fees for your personal bodyguard Mr Charlie Taylor, who used to look after Helen Clark in a previous policeman's uniform. And I am not talking tithes to the Tamaki Bishop or any other bishop for that matter.

I am talking about an eternal audit where the taxman is the main man himself who looks inside the worn-out wallet of the caring and sharing like he did with the Bro in my little yarn and welcomed him home. For my two bobs' worth, Christianity begins and ends on the commandment, "to be like Jesus", end of story, straight to bed.

Another exclusive tax or tithe I want to have a bob each way on, also involving loaves and fishes, well a feed of fish anyway, is the exclusive licence granted to the vessel Kotuku in Tauranga Harbour.

How is it this white bird of a boat (kotuku) gets to flog all the fish out of our moana under the protected umbrella of a fisheries licence for long-lining?

search4jobs

All Regions
All Cities
All Occupations
All Skills
Keyword(s)

search
> Advanced search



search the web

Surely there is sense in sending this Kotuku waka outside the entrance like all the other kai moana waka that make a living from the kete (basket) of Tangaroa, and save all the snapper for the fair fishermen who are trying to catch a feed for their whanau.

If it is the cost of the licence the fishery fullas are worried about being out of pocket from, then let's run a raffle to pay for it.

The prize could be a feed of fish!

Just like all of the other mollusc and mullet on the menu of our moana, you have more chance of finding puha in Papamoa than you have of finding a feed of flounder on the mud flats of Matua.

Mind you, there are a few local lads and family whanau who know the real deal and good ol on where to look for fish, but getting them to talk is like a tortured terrorist telling you what you want to hear to keep you as far away as possible from the truth.

And this week truth has come in many masquerades.

Be it bent Barney Rubble in his fanatical Fiji or Madman Mugabe in his fast fading dictatorial Zimbabwe.

Be it bean counters in big jets or long liners in little boats, there seems to be a lot of it about lately.

Where does it all come from, I ask myself, and where is it taking us here on this journey called life? The only answer I can find is greed.

I wonder what my mate up there with the Sky TV and flash new motor mower reckons?

[EMAIL STORY](#) [PRINT STORY](#)

[Back to top](#)



Visit an Australian APN Newspaper

-- Select a Newspaper --

Go

Visit a New Zealand APN Newspaper

-- Select a Newspaper --

Go

[Contact Us](#) | [Legal Info](#) | [Privacy Policy](#) | [Terms of Use](#)

© APN News & Media Ltd 2006.

Unauthorised reproduction is prohibited under the laws of Australia and by international treaty.