

The Betty Letters

My Dear Grandchild,

I now know, more fully than ever before, the reason that I do not like Donald-the-Duck, alias Donald Tsang Yam Kuen (), the present Chief Executive of Hongkong. It is because, inter alia, he is a hypocrite of the worst religious kind. It is very apparent to me that, as a purported, devout Catholic, he is more interested and concerned with his duties, here on earth, and with social progress in Hongkong, than he is with transcendental hopes that have consoled man since the birth of Christianity when everything on this earth inspired mostly utter despair. According to my reading of the actions of Chief Executive Donald-the-Duck, his emphasis with regard to his declared (by innuendo) dogma is fashioned on matters that are mostly mundane, rather than matters, mostly ethereal. He appears to have forgotten that there is a vast difference between interest and emphasis. The dogma of Catholicism is diametrically opposed to communism, which is the politics of China. Unhappiness is, always, immediate and is, always, pressing. Happiness, on the other hand, is discovered by reflection, if it can be attained in any great degree. When I use the word, reflection, I mean it in terms of being remote from perceived sense. Happiness, therefore, can only be attained by an element of intense striving for attainment. It is not something that comes without that element of struggle within oneself. And, when I use the word, happiness, I am not relating happiness to a child, eating an ice cream for the first time in its life, but happiness, achieved as the end result of thought and imagination. In the case of Chief Executive Donald Tsang Yam Kuen, he has proved his lack of clear thought and imagination, because, in both cases, they are the products of ignoring sensory perception. There is no instinctive happiness on this earth of ours as Chief Executive Donald Tsang Yam Kuen would have Hongkong people believe. It is well known that money has not the ability to buy happiness in the same way that respect is not bestowed on one due to his standing in a community: It has to be earned; it is not an attribute of man that, like manna, floats down from on high as does spiritual nourishment.

One can, however, achieve immediate and violent unhappiness, as we, all, have witnessed in North Africa and the Middle East of late. As a practicing Catholic, Chief Executive Donald-the-Duck maintains the existence of the Holy Trinity: The Father; The Son; and, The Holy Spirit. I need not bother you with the definitions of the Holy Trinity because we were, all, taught that in Sunday School when we were very young. However, as we matured, some of us questioned the existence of the term, Holy Trinity. If one exchanges the words, The Father, for The One, then, it must transcend being because, simply put, God, or The One, must be indefinable. The One must be the light and that which is illuminated by that same light. The One cannot be all because that would make it definable whereas, clearly, it must be greater than all and must exist beyond man's comprehension. Having come to this level of knowledge or no-knowledge, it seems to me that man cannot even comprehend the concept of The One because one's ability to think is limited whereas, if The One is real, it need not indulge in the futility of thinking since it must understand that which man cannot. That is the reason that it can only be known as The One. The idea of imbuing The One with a personality, such as being a member of the phylum, homo sapiens, is to lower it to the level of an organism which, by definition, The One could never be – because, inter alia, it must have been the creator of every and all organisms as we know them to be.

I turned, as I usually do, to try to obtain the answers to my questions to Bo-Bo, my froglike husband. 'What are you talking about?' he said to me, angrily, on hearing only a small part of my questions. 'You cannot expect a Chief Executive of Hongkong to put his God before his duty to the State, can he? Donald Tsang Yam Kuen is not a hypocrite, at all, because he acknowledges his duty to the State, which he puts above his duty to his Catholic God. Anyway, he must have signed some kind of undertaking when he went to Beijing in order to get sworn in as the duly appointed representative of the Government of the People's Republic of China at Hongkong. You are correct in saying that he cares little about "transcendental hopes that have consoled man since the birth of Christianity" because he is busy in getting on with the job of "Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's" as stated in The Bible, specifically, Matthew 22:20-21. As for happiness, he is immensely happy, being the high muckamuck of Hongkong and living in luxury in his mansion with his wife. He does not need to earn respect because it is his divine right by virtue of his high office as the chief muckamuck of these 416 square miles. You, really, are gross at times, Betty.'

I guess The Frog has a point of view, too, however, it is clear that there is a conflict of interests between a man's duty to his God and a man's duty to his country. Chief Executive Donald-the-Duck has made his determination: He owes, only, a duty to his superiors in Beijing from where he receives his mandate – which is not handed down from Heaven. Then, the next question is: For what reason does he bother to attend mass at St Joseph's Church? To confess his sins of omission, perhaps?

Talk to you, next week.

Chief Lady

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