

SPEECH FOURTEEN

Now I did ask for a microphone but was told one wasn't available. So if you can't hear me at the back, the silence from the people at the front should re-assure you that you're not missing out on anything.

Being Best man is a bit like sex with Jane Clark. No one wants to do it. But it is an honour.

For those of you who don't know me, my name is Gareth And I have the honour of being Brent's best man. To tell you the truth, I was a little bit nervous about doing this, especially after the prolonged but excellently crafted 10 minutes of humiliation that Brent served to me at my wedding. So I confess that I have actually rehearsed this speech. , I visited the local old folks home and practiced in front of a live audience there... I think it went well, they all pissed themselves anyway.

Let me first thank Brent for his toast to the bridesmaids, Kerry & Leigh-Anne, who both look absolutely smashing today. You've both done a terrific job in assisting Adele prepare for today and you're only rightly outshone by our bride, Adele. I'm sure you'll agree with me gentlemen, that today is a sad day for single men, as another beauty leaves the available list.

But on a serious note, I would like to thank Adele's parents. Thank you for allowing Brent to marry your daughter. I'm not sure if many of you know, but asking Adele's father for his blessing was the hardest thing Brent ever did. The setting was the local golf course, where I hear Brent played his usual game of whiskies, pulls and hooks, missed putts and duff shots... obviously he had a few more important things on his mind! Funny thing is that after Brent asked Stuart for Adele's hand in marriage, his game blew out and I hear he played almost as bad as Brent was. But I'm sure you'll agree that it's definitely worth a toast; so please join me in raising your glasses to the parents of the Bride.

I keep talking about this Brent character, . However that name almost seems like an alias as over the years our groom today has assumed many names. Like Brent the "Bomber" Bills, later shortened to just "Bomber." "Post No" short for Post No Bills, and most frequently, he's been called "Billsy".

Billsy was always a high flyer. Destined for great heights. He applied himself at school, and got some really good grades. In fact, he was so dedicated to his studies that I remember one year he sat his end of year exams with the impediment of having his good arm in a cast. I asked him how hard it was writing with such an impediment, to which he relied; "the exams were a breeze compared wiping my ass with my left hand, it can get quite messy, you should give it a go some time."

Needless to say, he got through school ok. Got good grades, and set about becoming a fighter pilot in the NZ Air force. I must admit, I thought it was strange that Brent would go to the forces, given his track record with breaking many of his bones and almost losing eyes

and other appendages... needless to say, it wasn't long after Brent joined the forces that Jane got wind of the situation at Ardmore and abruptly retired our sky hawks. That put an end to Brent's aspirations of breaking the sound barrier.

Now, I have known Billsy, Bomber and Post No for about 27 years, he has always loved his sport and from an early age it was obvious he was a natural sportsman, he loved to get stuck in.

It goes without saying that Brent has carried that over to his working life, in fact, it's a wonder that his work mates haven't started calling him God. Cause lets face it, they never see him,but he always seems to get the job done, which isn't a feat of any ordinary man, it's simply a miracle. Or maybe it was a case of god doing his work through Brent? But unlike Evan Almighty, God never told him to make an ark and fill it full of animals, instead he asked Brent to assume a role as a public servant, raising through the ranks as fast as possible and build a house at the same time... all of which he managed to accomplish without even breaking a sweat. Additionally, while building his house, he also managed to rewrite his own version of the police handbook, and what was deemed acceptable police behaviour.

Here's a few snippets from Brent's personal "How to be a public servant handbook."

1. Speeding. Speeding is acceptable, and it would be hypocritical of me to think otherwise. So the following rules need to be applied to each speeding situation:
 - a. If the occupant of the car is female and flirtatious, a warning should be given and the driver left to go, no matter how far over the speed limit.
 - b. If the occupant is a young male, then consideration should be given to whether or not he has female company. If he does, then allow him off with a wink and a warning.
 - c. If the occupant is middle aged and male, a calculation should be applied to ensure that he does not lose his license and dignity.

As a matter of fact, the police play a game called ticket cricket, where runs are scored for each ticket written, and the more bizarre the ticket offence, the more runs are scored off that ticket. I hear it on good authority that to hit a six is no mean feat!

But Brent did manage to hit one out of the park; for giving a young lad a ticket for driving while not having a sun visor. The absurd part was that the ticket was issued at 3:00 in the morning!

Rule #2

2. Dish up as much abuse to your superior officer as possible. Preferably in an intoxicated state, so you can be dished down the most boring, menial tasks as possible, to allow for more time to build the ark.

Rule #3

3. When driving a squad car, always watch where you are going, and don't cause any accidents by rubbernecking the surroundings. Especially in built up shopping districts like Newmarket on hot summers days. - Well I guess he couldn't follow all his rules! And was probably his most embarrassing moment as a cop.

Now I know I'm not the best person to dish out marital advice, so I've collected a

wonderful assortment of advice from your friends and family in the audience here today, and here is a brief selection of what they have to say:

Firstly, to Adele.

Adele:

The male is a domestic animal which, if treated with firmness, can be trained to do most things.

The best way to get your Brent to do anything is to suggest that he is too old to do it.

Never go to bed angry. Stay up and fight.

Brent:

Married life can be compared to football. So be fully committed every week and make sure you score at least once every weekend. Make sure you change ends at half time. Put your tackle into it hard or you might injure yourself. However, Adele assures me that playing away from home, will result in a serious injury and will immediately place you on the transfer list.

Billsy. It's fair to say that our friendship has aged like a good wine. You are my oldest, dearest friend with whom I've shared many great memories. Gone out on many dates.. hang on. That sounded gay... but I am fortunate to have a friendship as special as yours. and I look forward to creating many more memories together with Adele.

I think you will all agree that today Brent truly is the best man and apart from Adele being the most stunning person in the room, she is also the luckiest.

Remember that Love does not consist in gazing at each other, but in looking outward together in the same direction.

Ladies and gentlemen, please join me in standing:

May your love be modern enough to service the times and old fashioned enough to last forever!

- To the Bride & Groom!