

Friday August 20<sup>th</sup> Melbourne time: setting: USA

Now this has to be published. I am in San Francisco at the Acqua Hotel, on Election day, listening on my computer to the St.Kilda vs Richmond match and it's a ripper. Neck and neck since ¼ time, mostly Richmond to begin with. Everyone is playing to win this, the commentators on 3MMM are raving and I, who needed an early night, am now totally hooked to listen to the end of this game. All through our month long trip, i've kept in touch via my iphone. My lovely daughter Rachel had put the Saints Application so it gives me news and results. With my brother in East Bridgewater, we watched Round 17 and I couldn't bear it and checked my iphone and went to catch up on my jet lag sleep. My brother Andre and partner Zamir, listened and watched on Aussie Sports and what a cliffhanger and disappointment that there wasn't a result. We lost to the Bombers by 33 the week after, and in Las Vegas two days ago, I saw an Adelaide man with a Bombers sweater who I stopped and told, "I have to say something because your team keeps killing us." We laughed and joked. It's not often you see an Essendon gournsey overseas! Then we watched Port Power and St.Kilda and at least it was a win, we watched in on a 5cm by 5cm screen on my computer. Loved it, the winning and the watching. That was in New York or was it Washington. It was over 40 degrees celcius. Who knows what town and who cares.

Then this week, we caught up with the North Melbourne Saints match on Zamirs sister Shoshana's computer and it was a good match for the Saints.

So that brings me to today. We did the tourist business for 7 hours today, lined up for the trolley ride up the steep San Franscisco streets, ate lunch at Fishermans Wharf and saw the seals and people and was totally exhausted, coming back to our hotel early for a simple meal and an early night.

Then I wondered if I could get election results and footy, and here I am, listening to the 3<sup>rd</sup> quarter, now Jack Reiwoldt is going for his 5<sup>th</sup>. It's wonderful that Kosi has found his stride, that Nick is back, that we are playing better but we just can't seem to pull away enough to keep them in a box. So it seems that it is going to the wire.

At half time, I felt my iphone ring and Rachel is at Ethiad and rung me and here we all are, my uncle Bob and cousin Garry sitting out the seats next to where we have sat all season. Rachel and her friend Justin are in the back row nearby enjoying the experience. Zamir and his sister and my mother are all asleep.

I am listening to the lovely Aussie accents, to my lovely St.Kilda, to our great radio and I doff my hat to all the techno whizzes that make this bizaare experience of listening to my radio with my accents on my little computer notebook all the way in San Franscisco.

Another goal to our Reiwoldt, and it now looks like Montagna sent one to Peak and now Peak is going to make a point only, so we are leading by two goals straight.

Tonight, my sister Denise and her husband Jon, are going to our house to watch the Doggies play on our big TV, as well as listen to the election on the one in my bedroom. We are a house of maniacs, and it crosses continents: my brother waits for a break in his very busy life to watch our team. He doesn't pick up the phone or check emails until he has watched. We are all trained not to contact him about results. He's come out the last two years to the finals but this year, his second daughter is marrying on Grand Final Day, so we have to win it without him.

St.Kilda by 12 points, Collingwood seems unstoppable this year, Geelong is always good and always a worry, but at least we are back in contention. No Saints supporter is yet recovered from the Grand Final last year, so we watch and barrack and keep on hoping. Now it looks like Reiwoldt

has kicked to Kosi is 15 metres out and he has it. How wonderful for him. Now it's an 18 point lead and I am starting to relax. They are saying that Kosi is the wildcard in September and every St.Kilda supporter is hoping that these boys on 3MMM know what they are talking about.

It is 11.01 in San Francisco, the hotel is quiet. I've given up on my knitting and am at the computer, close to the action, close to my team. I've bought Boston Red Sox red/white and black hats and had "St.Kilda Saints" embroidered on them at a trendy hat shop: LIDZ. I've bought rocks from a spiritual workshop that are red/white and black and handed one to my brother, my mother, my man Zamir, to connect us all through the next few months. I've got more for the mad ones at home. I've bought red, white and black positive voodoo dolls in Vegas. We bought New York Yankee red white and black caps as well. I bought "I love New York" t-shirt, guess what colour. How can I forget, I went to the M and M shop in Times Square and got 3kgs of red/white and black M and Ms. They can't be eaten til after the Grand Final which I still have hopes of winning. St.Kilda has never been far from my heart. We came here for the first wedding of my brother Andres' eldest daughter, lovely wedding, great time with family, and why we left our footy season to come over here.

While here, we've visited lots of family and I am ready to come home. Richmond just missed a goal, we are still 20 points ahead. There's an interchange infringement, and we've just given Richmond's Reiwoldt another goal. Back to your box Goddard! Come on, we have to get it back. A muck up for Richmond and another point.

Cmon Saints, lets put this away. Montagna, Goddard, long ball to Kosi, can't take it, the umpire is bouncing. The commentators are saying how good it would be for Richmond to get a scalp of St.Kilda here. Noooooooooo way. It's in our possession, Peak to Reiwoldt/Kosi, but free kick to Tigers defence. Richmond are within 12 points. I hate these close games.

Patterson, McEvoy, Peak and then siren.

In and out of San Francisco city, we kept passing Geary and Eddy Street, you see, it's not just me, I can't help seeing St.Kilda everywhere.

OK, last quarter. Here goes. Del Santo kicks a goal. A point to Richmond. (Hawthorn lead Freeo by 112 points and I've accidently turned off the radio. Noooooooooooooo)

Ok, 10 minutes later, I've restarted computer, and we are now leading by 30 points. I will now sit back and relax and listen to the last few moments. Tomorrow after dinner, we will watch it all on the computer again, but I have now had the real time experience.

Jack Reiwoldt gets the Coleman, St.Kilda get the 4 points and the final score is 17.13 St.Kilda, 15.8 Richmond.

I can hear the theme song: "Oh when the Saints go Marching in" and I am with them in spirit and soul. Poor Ben Cousins. Yeah for the Saints. Replay of the song. Thank you all and now I'm off to bed. It is midnight here. Replay once more. And now the song from the players led by Milne. That's all folks. Very sweet dreams.

Yvette Wroby