

This is it, again.

This is it. The decider. The day of battle. The last hurrah. Really! No kidding. Found it hard to sleep. Not as nervous as last week, and am still quietly optimistic (I've even started inviting friends and family on Sunday night for a party if we win).

Yesterday morning we blew up more balloons. I'm getting good at this decorations malarkey, having done it a few times now, this year more seriously than any other days. When we do the balloons, we tie them together with gift wrapping ribbon (the pre-curved variety), as it is very strong and then I tie it up to the iron stakes that are part of my front fence and front gates. It's Aussie green as are the trimmings of my home. The plastic-type thick ribbon of Red, Black and White lasted over the 10 days, the streamers from last week washed out in the rain. So we re-streamered. At Moorabbin during the practice for the last two weeks (yes, I went again) and Kosi, Dawson and Hayes did some fine running around the edges of the ground, just as Rooney, Gardiner and King did last year.) King was looking after the group of "not quite there yet" players, McEvoy was amongst them.

Anyway, one of the sponsors of St.Kilda is St.Georges Bank and they (and their green, happy dragon) gave out "GO SAINTS" small mini posters and I painted "AGAIN" on 4 of them and they are out the front as well.

Today we are expecting a pleasant 22 degree spring day. So we'll dress differently. Not taking my thick coat, or my 2 soft Saints blankets or the thermos. Just bottles of water, fruit, sushi, my knitting (did I mention I found red, white and black wool in the USA, multi coloured, my coloured). Sunscreen is in the bag, and Saints supporters 2010 members cap.

We're leaving home at 11.30am to be there 12.15 and we'll look around the ground a bit more. Just thinking about the entertainment planned – Lionel Ritchie, Julie Anthony, the chap who wrote "Up there Cazaly". I feel I need to be 65 to enjoy it, though I felt too old for the rasping, thumping of INXS. The sound was rubbish last week, so I hope they've fixed it up.

I wonder if my group of co-singers will be there this week and I'll do another harmony with them!

I've got two footy stories to tell. My brother couldn't come so we're taking Zamir's 30 year old son to the game today (a Hawthorn boy who'll go for the Saints). I got a phone call yesterday from my brother's best mate saying his son (an AFL footballer) isn't going to use these two tickets purchased (just like the rest of us) and did I need them. After establishing that he had no other people to offer them to, I got into organisation mode (a feature of my personality and years of Social Work training) and I went down my list.

Bingo, Zamir's nephew –in-law, an avid Saints supporter who works very hard, has a young family and has never been to a Grand Final, snapped them up, his friend/cousin

cried on receipt of tickets as this is a dream. It is a Jewish custom to do MITVAH's – good deeds- and I felt that I had transformed 2 peoples footy dreams. They are in M4, we are in M2.

Speaking of tickets, I was more anxious when purchasing on Monday, and as more people had access to tickets on Monday 9a.m., the system was a bit overloaded and rejected my first attempt. Slightly panicked, I kept going, the hopes and dreams of 6 of us on my wee shoulders. But I prevailed, the tickets aren't as good as last week, we are behinds the point posts, but we are in and happy to be so.

The other footy story involves Collingwood. My second youngest Uncle Jo (there were 5 brothers including my father) rebelled in the tradition of Aussie families. When all his brothers were Saints, he went Collingwood. He had 3 boys and one girl. This family especially the boys, are nuts (in a good way) They managed to queue up and get tickets last week, but in this weeks queues, the system crashed and they missed out. Disappointed, they rang around looking for tickets. They were unsuccessful, and went to Eddie Maguires 3MMM outdoor broadcast on Thursday or Friday and tried to win tickets via the show. They were unsuccessful, so my go-get-em cousins went and talked to Eddie. And guess what (my cousins are all salesmen of some descriptions), Eddie came through! So it proves the saying, it doesn't hurt to ask.

At training on Tuesday, the boys looked good, their training was a little heavier than the display the week before, but the serious stuff was going to be behind closed doors. They looked fit and well and wonderful and we again look forward to the coming to and joining in, the Grand Final replay.

Who knows how today will play out. I watched most of the hastily re-schedules footy review shows this week, and I've pre-recorded this game, and it's in the hands of the footy gods and I hope the Saints moniker will have some influence.

Postscript: My brothers daughter had a wedding on last Saturday and I had to wait until he watched in on Tuesday a.m. our time to get my sister to ask him if he wanted to come. We had a ticket for him. But his passport had expired and he needs a hernia operation as his first priority, so he's looking for a footy party in his area or state to watch it live with others. He just wants them to win, as do we all.

Go Sainters, again.

Yvette Wroby