

The Healing Power of Song and Love

My final words for 2010. My love Zamir and I went to Moorabbin this morning with a few thousand others. The sun was out, the world goes on, there was a good band playing good music. There were many families, young and old, all happy to be in the new day and encourage our boys onwards and again, upwards. We ate hot dogs, chips and an ice-cream at the end. We bought raffle tickets and watched as the players filed onto the stage.

A giant screen was behind them to make their image so all could see. We cheered them on, our mighty boys whose disappointment is immeasurable. We all thanked each other, they us, the supporters who they need every game they play, and us, them, the ones who put their body on the line for 11 months of the year. They were exhausted, distressed, wounded, one on crutches and one, I think Gram, in a sling. They looked beaten and worn. Words of hope from Ross Lyon. Words of encouragement from our leaders Nick Riewoldt and our Norm Smith Medalist Lenny Hayes. And from our hero Brendon Goddard.

They didn't stay long, they have functions to attend. We stayed as the crowds thinned, we ate lunch and watched the fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters and kids, kick the footy around the Moorabbin Oval. We sat in the shade of the steps of the old stand and watched all the activity, the colour and movement. The families enjoying their outing, lounging in the sun, eating, talking. We allowed the history of it all to flood over us. This was a place of my youth too, and though the buildings are faded and training will shift, and maybe next years party will be in Seaford, we will be there with bells on. They have entertained and filled our lives with hope for 27 weeks, and the NAB Cup before that. It's been a good few years even with a losing ending.

But we are Saints, we live in hope and we dream. We did come second, and we will be back next year, as loud and as noisy and as enthusiastic as ever.

Thanks Saints.

Yvette