

A Wedding, an almost Funeral, two wins and a loss and farewell to the Vikings...

It's been quite a week. The wedding was at Butleigh Wotton, a beautiful, historic venue, an intimate and beautiful ceremony, a yummy meal and lots of dancing. In the middle of the dancing, a family friend collapses. I am the first there, he is breathing, I undo his tie and shirt and then he becomes unconscious. He is a lucky man, he is having a heart attack in a place with two policemen guests (the first who gets on the phone and calls 000), 2 diving instructors who begin CPR, and a doctor who gives mouth to mouth. They take over the resuscitation; we take over looking after the wife who goes into shock. The wedding is turned into a scene of intense drama and worry, but these wonderful guests know what they are doing. We get blankets for the wife, and the firemen arrive as the first response. They organise the work and bring the defibrillator out and do their magic. The resuscitation continues, then one, then another ambulance arrives. The fireman then usher the guests into the next room, only a few of us remain. Someone also called the Jewish Ambulance service, Hatzolah arrives and take care of the wife and eventually takes her to the hospital following the ambulance. The guest is conscious, we are all relieved and he and his wife are off to hospital for a very different end to the evening. (We ring the hospital at 1.30am and he is in a stable state.) The fireman confirm what we know, the quick response saved his life. His wife had said, if this happened at home, he would be dead. That is a fact. (In the end, he has three arteries totally blocked but is now in surgeon's hands.) He is breathing and now settled state, means that the wedding celebrations can go on.

The master of ceremonies makes an announcement, and we all settle down to celebrate what is good in life as we are all reminded of our human frailties and limitations. I go into shock myself. My father died of a massive heart attack thirty years ago while running in an isolated park with a friend. She had no hope of doing what we did as a group. I take a while to settle, and swear to re-do my first aid course, and on Monday put an application on my phone, on general first aid from St.Johns and one on CPR. That's the first step.

The rest of the wedding went well, I drove the guests car home as planned. The rest of the week remained frantic. The "A Passion for Paint" art show opening on Tuesday was a huge success after some messing about at the hanging. I should not have gone. I was exhausted. Then two more nights of dinners for 14-16 people and I am getting sick, as is Zamir. It's been very full on. By the time the guests all go home to Sweden, we are happy but exhausted, and we cannot go to the game, too ill. The guests have bought Zamir and I presents to thank us for our generous hospitality. Mine is St.Kilda number plates. In two weeks, they have come to know me well. Now my kids can't give me a hard time for being a dag, it is a gift. It will arrive in the following weeks.

So last night, for the football, (I had cooked huge quantities of chicken soup during the day and that, on top of being sick, knocked me out.) My eldest daughter is in Japan and listening on computer to 3AW. My friend Rina is at home listening on the radio, as is my mother. I have my headphones on to listen to SEN in real time. My sister checks the scores on her android during the match. Zamir waits until the game is on TV and watches. I sit next to him listening, in the end with my eyes shut, and the game begins:

The game begins and the Saints look "on". Riewoldt kicks the first, and we wonder, is his confidence back? Jolly answers. Polo kicks a behind before good press and defence in either end. Too many

turn overs already. Collingwood and St.Kilda are both putting on good defence and then good attacks.

Montagna goals our second. So much pressure but we're in the game.

How good is Cloke, Swan, Maxwell, and Pendlebury. How good are the whole team. Too good. Pendlebury gets the next.

Gilbert makes the first of many mistakes over the night, as do others and Davis kicks the Pies next. They are coming. Saints keep kicking to packs again, always a recipe for disaster; we never gain advantage unless we have lots of prepared little men to pick up the crumbs. We get it forward, but Riewoldt kicks inaccurately to Goddard who has two on him and Pies get possession again. Then it's back to their end and Davis kicks his second. Wasn't he just in defence? I hate Collingwood. They are so good. We are still in Pies forward, and even though Dawson spoils well, the ball is collected by O'Brien, Swan, Krakouer to Cloke who goals.

Collingwood get more clearances, Gilbert gives away a free and the muddle for the Saints continues. No more scores for either as the last few minutes both teams play keepings off and inaccuracy.

At the first break, it's Saints 2.1.13 to Pies 5.2.32. We begin to worry.

Del Santo kicks truly after Davis gives a way a free. Milne gets a free but misses. How come he never performs well in the big games? Collingwood fans cheer at his miss. Did I say I hate Pie fans? (Well, the feral ones, I've met some nice ones lately).

Montagna goals another as finally there are players at Riewoldts feet for crumbs. Gilbert makes his 4th big mistake. After some to and fro, Riewoldt kicks his second. There is only one point the difference. Then we turn it over and give away two free kicks to allow Swan to kick his goal.

Frustration as Gilbert makes his fifth mistake, and we lose the advantage of the free but Davis kicks out of bounds. They get possession and Krakouer misses. The players are working so hard. Finally, there is accurate passing and Schneider marks and goals truly.

Then another mistake, the 6th from Gilbert. I question how long we can keep up with Collingwood. The Pies answer my question with Beans and Posolo both goaling. Tarrant gets reported for rough conduct on Kosi. Another free against Gilbert, sigh, and Collingwood have stopped us again.

Half time scores: Saints: 6.3.39 and Pies 8.4.52

We are not happy.

Third quarter begins with Dawson taking Krakouer too high and he goals. I hear the coffin closing. This is followed by two misses for the Saints, Schneider crumb went left instead of through the middle, the McEvoy marks but hits the post. We needed those. More forward pressure for Pies, and our new hero, McEvoy, makes another mark in the last line of defence. We get it out with good work, to our forward, but Polo and Gilbert spoil each other's mark and Pies are off forward again, Wellington moves past two defenders to goal.

Every time St.Kilda kicks it into a pack, we lose possession. Then another familiar movement, Polo gets free, to Geary, to Schneider to Kosi who loses it. Back to Sidebottom, in Pies forward, but again, Geary, Schneider, Ray, Montagna, Peake, Riewoldt loses it in a poor kick and then Krakouer to Cloke who goals. Saints, watch them please. Learn from them. Kick to individual players on the lead.

Gilbert defends well. A gold star to him. Kosi marks in defence, kicks to Gram, Montagna. Schneider gets free in Saints forward and goals. The rest of the quarter, lots of argy-bargy until siren.

Saints 7.7.49 Pies 11.4.70.

Deep breath. As Ross Lyon says in interview, skills are the difference. We are not showing composure when we go forward and we are not finishing off with goals. Amen to that.

Back to the pressure cooker until Swan kicks truly. Brown gets their next.

Finally, Montagna goals. 46, 505 look on at Ethiad as Beams answers with his own. Finally, with only minutes to go, Milne marks and has his record, 300 at this stadium. The TV shows the SEN boys giving Matthew Lloyd a stirring. He takes it good naturedly. Polo kicks the last of the game, before both Kosi and Goddard miss from close by. Had those two been goals, there would only be 7 points the difference. We have kicked 4 goals 7 behinds since half time. It's just not good enough.

Final score: Saints 10.10.70 to Pies 14.5.89.

Funnily enough, I am still hopeful after the game. We took it up to Collingwood, and weren't thrashed. We lost through our own inaccuracy and mistakes, all of which the coaching team will concentrate on over the next few weeks. We lost but lost by little enough to show some improvements and to fuel that demon emotion, hope. Collingwood has two or three injuries, we seem to have none. Now back to work. Sydney, North Melbourne and Carlton. Good practice as we hopefully run into finals.

The house is quiet, the chicken soup is great, we are recovering, life is winning this week, the world goes back to normal and all is OK in this footy mad supporter's world. We're alive and well, and the Saints are still in with a sniff. I will be using Google Translate to put all this in Swedish and sending it to our new international footy nuts. The father of the bride, Roland, really enjoyed the madness of it all, and thought Collingwood would win tonight. He was right. But we'll take the chance and see how it goes.(Vi ska ta chansen och se hur vi gå) Go Saints (Gå Saints).

Yvette Wroby

13.8.11

