

The Club Champion

They look down from the wall with an obvious pride,
The past club champions hanging side-by-side side.
You can liken them all to the pick of the crop,
The cream of the bowlers that rise to the top.

Yet one man stands out in this talented field,
For five times is his name on that coveted shield.
Of this year's defense are these words written down,
Will Gavin make six, or will he surrender his crown?

The championship singles can be a torrid affair
And you have to be tough with just enough flair.
Its mate against mate teams four versus one,
No handicaps here, this is serious fun.

This year was no different and as many would say,
You must fight to the end for there's no other way.
Your talent is on show; give it all for your game
And a permanent place on that small wall of fame.

It began in November in the usual fashion,
Was there a man with the will and the passion?
And the game and the skills to put up a fight,
For what seems to be Gavin's inevitable right?

I wasn't at home for that opening round,
Nor the following three, but the stories abound,
Of triumphant one-siders and lucky escapes,
And the tales of woe that this event generates
.The list was soon shortened to a talented few,
But for the ultimate match there could only be two.
The semis were tough no quarters were given,
For that spot in the final four players were driven.

Now Brian was good, but it just wasn't his day,
And Lee against Gavin! Well what could I say'?
So the master was in and to challenge his domain,
Was a new man at the club, with a genuine claim?

Well his story begins some four years ago,
When this new bloke arrived just raring to go.
His name was Ernie, and his mission was plain,
To be the club's champion his ultimate aim.

His workdays were over; he'd done his share,
It's time to retire and breathe some fresh air.
There are tracks to be walked and greens to be bowled,
New challenges to meet - and grandkids to hold.

Now he'd started off well, his endeavors were good,
Which led him to declare that the next season he would.
Put all that he had into making his game,
As good as the next man, then more of the same.

He changed his bowls, he strove for precision,
Nothing would drive him from his burning ambition.
"I'll lead for a while" but I'd rather instead,
Be a skip in the ones and look after the head.

Two years have gone by and his time may have come,
For his game is now ready, the practice done.
He's quiet and determined and now greatly respected,
For his grit and his honesty and the game he's perfected.

From the very first end it would seem to us all,
That this was a match that could go to the wall.
But too soon it was Ernie who was showing the way,
With his accurate bowling keeping Gavin at bay.

But this Gavin's no mug; he knows what it takes,
He's been there before; it's the pressure that makes,
An opponent's game, falter, no matter how good,
Then the champion prevails, as only he could.

Well this one was Ernie and the man is no fool,
Despite the hot sun he was focused and cool,
So for end after end did this contest run hot,
Where barely an inch would determine the shot.

We sat there in silence not wanting to move,
For here was a lesson that surely would prove,
How a man with a vision and a will to succeed,
Could counter that pressure and maintain his lead.

Then a privileged few at the southern most end,
Would hear the remarks of a champion and friend.
"Don't spoil it now Ernie, go up there and see,
I think you have won it you only need three."

The win was confirmed and we all stood as one,
And cheered for our Ernie, for what he had done,
As to beat a great player at his very own game,
The pressure on Cavin put an end to his reign.

So now it's all over, and we will see a new face,
On that wall of renown, Ernie now takes his place.
But let's not forget, there were two of them there,
For this great game and club, champion pair

Frank Camera

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