

**B.C.C. POEM 2016**

Another year, another speech,  
There's little left to say,  
Except that it's our -  
                        anniversary today.  
My love asked me expectantly  
                        Where's our special treat?  
Where will you take me  
                        In luxury to eat?  
Will it be Le Manoir ?  
Or some trendy London hub ?  
"No, even better, darling, Barford Cricket club!"

But as I think of marriage  
Over many happy years,  
I think of Barford cricket  
The glory,  
                        and the tears,  
And how our club's now wedded  
                        to another we have found  
After having sadly moved  
                        from Barford's hallowed ground.

We were once wed to Leek Wootton,  
But that quickly ran its course,  
Simon Hawkins on their committee?  
Inevitable divorce!  
But, kindly, Lee and Richard said  
"Come and play with us "  
I misunderstood their offer  
And they threw us off the bus !

But they have been fantastic.  
They've welcomed us with glee,  
Even blind old codgers  
                        Like Jonesey here and me!  
So we accepted their proposal  
And the banns were promptly read,  
And now we are cohabiting  
And,  
                        No! I think enough is said!

But there is one other reason  
For our captain's great elation,  
Their rugged, craggy groundsman, Nick  
Declined the consummation.

But for marriage you need a bride,  
In this metaphor, "The Club "  
You also need a groom of course  
Who's not always in the pub.  
He must be:-

Faithful,  
Loyal,  
Trusty.

Constant from age to age.

Snitterfield

Have RICHARD YENDALL

And we have Simon Drage!

But Simon has his moments

With his lady pulling Jag  
Which speeds along the motorway  
Inducing some jet lag!

But one day as

he did the ton  
his mirror view caused a fright  
No! not an ugly passenger,  
But a cold blue flashing light  
When the police car pulled him over  
They quizzed him on his speed  
"where is the fire sir ?

What really was the need  
To drive like Lewis Hamilton  
On some racing track?

He Said

"my last wife ran off with a copper,  
And I thought you were bringing her back!

But weddings also need best men

Of course, for Snitterfield, Lee  
And I wish he was giving this flaming speech,  
Up here, instead of me!  
(But) he is uber bonza

Of many bonzer blokes  
And he butchers all his meat  
Like I butcher all my jokes!

And then there's Captain Morgan,  
   Sadly absent here tonight  
 Cos 400 selfish passengers  
   (want him on)  
   Some self- indulgent flight  
 It seems very obvious that  
   That plane is overmanned  
 What's more important?  
   being here ?  
 or making it safely land ?  
  
 But he flies by intuition,  
   And has won many medals,  
 He flies by the seat of his pants  
   Cos he can't reach the pedals!

So can we now call on James Bevan  
   To give the bride away  
 Cos he's noted for his giving  
   That'll be the bloody day!

But we do have Mike Suffield  
   Who, the fixture list states,  
 Is red hot at arranging  
   really red hot dates  
 with opposition captains  
   who want to play the field  
 and once Mike has set his sights on you  
   it seems you fate is sealed !

But as like any wedding  
   Where relatives all meet,  
 They all ask one question about  
   The patter of tiny feet.  
 And I don't mean Simon Morgan  
   Running in to bowl  
 But the likes of his great son Will  
   To fulfil the future role  
 And the likes of Jack and Harry  
   And the likes of young Ben Cook  
 Who hopefully will follow us  
   And, with any luck  
 Continue our long tradition  
   (since 1852 )  
 Of playing up and playing fair  
   As Barford's heroes do.

You may say that 4 young players  
  Won't fulfil this noble quest  
But Phil, Ben G, and Chris O.R.  
  Are working on the rest!

So thanks to those who host us,  
  And our supporters too,  
We really couldn't carry on  
  Without the likes of you  
And to all understanding partners  
  Who encourage us to play  
Including those  
  Who are just grateful  
  To have us go away.

So please all raise you glasses  
  Before I start to blub  
And drink a toast to wonderful  
  **Barford Cricket Club**

**Sandy Peirson 29-10-2016**