

Tonight is not the night for **lamenting** about the goals you missed, or the goals you let in.

Tonight is not the night to **complain** about the injuries you sustained, or still have.

Tonight is not the night to **grumble** about those rain soaked pitches we had to endure.

Tonight is the night to celebrate only the very best of times, mates and matches

Tonight is not the night to **moan** about how dirty the opposition was.

Tonight is not the night to **gripe** about what could have been - if only

Tonight is not the night to **deride** players who possessed natural skills - that you did'nt have.

Tonight is the night to party, to glorify your team mates, and savour those fabulous times

Tonight is not the night to **bitch** about only coming second

Tonight is not the night to **reproach** others for never giving you the ball to your feet

Tonight is not the night to **groan** about the freezing cold days we had to play

Tonight is the night to shake hands with your opposition and thank your partner

Tonight is not the night to **kick up a fuss** about your diminishing health since you stopped playing

Tonight is not the night to **remonstrate** with any referee about getting sent off

Tonight is not the night to **deprecate** anyone who played for Kyneton, Castlemaine, Eaglehawk, South Bendigo, Colts, Golden City, Strathdale, Echuca, Puckapunual, or Delinquin.

Tonight is the night to swing from the rafters, kick you shoes off and sing your lungs out

Tonight is not the night to **grieve** about those who are not with us any more, or those who chose not to attend

Tonight is not the night to **whine** about the time you missed a game through injury

Tonight is not the night to **sound off** about how much you miss playing the game

Tonight is for total enjoyment - listening/watching your buddies enjoy each others company

Tonight is a night to celebrate a myriad of wonderful memories of those magnificent days when everything went right, of championship wins, of winning finals in the last minute, of silencing "the mouth" Peter Hill and many others like "the great wall" Merv Samuel and "twinkle toes" himself Johnny Palmer, when BCAE lifted the winners trophies at many an end-of-year celebration.

Tonight is a night where we remember our team mates who made us look good on the pitch, whose pin point passing was a joy, who lifted you up when you were drowning in the mud - your mates who made BCAE what it was - a team everyone wanted to be part of. Tonight is an occasion where we all reunite with old friends, many of whom we may not have seen in 40+ years.

And what has brought us all together? What is our common bond? A round ball game that unites people from all walks of life - teachers, students, lawyers, consultants, accountants. We all share an international language that all of us understand. Our passion for this game is ingrained. Let us lift our glasses up and acknowledge our round ball game compatriots - opposition and friend alike. How lucky were we all to have played our football at the best time possible - when we were young - and in a team that was considered a worthy opponent by every opposition.