**VALERIE’S RETIREMENT POEM**

I’m giving up Bridge, todays my last day,

Its amen to masterpoints, and emails and well…..

The club forms, the mastercards, they all caused me grief,

Its amazing how often with the phone came relief!

The name of the person that rang on the double…..

Oh damn it, I knew it, but I have forgotten!

Seamus, or Una, or the one that is awkward

not too many of them, most are straightforward!

Or the ones that ring in, with a story, you know!

The query about bidding, or the TD not their hero!

The labels, the emails, the printers, the scan,

The website, the nbids, not here when I began!

Paul as a boss, he’s one in a million,

Calm, cool and collected, he’s everyone’s champion…

The people are really what I will miss most,

The banter, the slagging……. and now here’s a TOAST

But well after this Covid, not after but Post,……..

I'm giving up Bridge, but not as you know it,

I’ll turn up at a club, bid a contract, and blow it!!

We are all one great big club,

We discover people who are diamond,

 We will come out of this with more heart,

And spades will be used for gardening, or for giving folk a dig out when they need it.

Take care! God Bless, and Namaste!