

Dear Cup Week

I love you now even more than I loved you before. For more than 30 years you have provided me a punctuation mark in my calendar. One that always brings a smile to my face as well as to my heart. Cup week you have provided me the joy of making lifelong friends who gather as a group that has now morphed into a family.

Dear Cup Week I have celebrated, commiserated, laughed and cried. I have oohed and aahhed - barracked and cheered.

I have watched people grow up, live, love - die!

I have risen at sparrows to arrive at the gate just to be in the front when they open to run to secure the perfect spot.

Over the year dear Cup Week, I have plotted and planned - even recruited specifically to help me achieve my goal.

I have put as much thought into my catering as to my outfits, but always the most into my headwear.

I have watched history being made many times over but will always remember a young woman and her infectious happy brother achieving the seemingly impossible.

I have watched as the new members stand become the old members stand and a similar transformation of the people that fill them.

I have drunk champagne and champagne has drunk me.

But most of all dear Cup Week I have relied on you to deliver me the 4 days of fun and 4 days of fabulous racing and you have never disappointed.