

## The Sporting Parent's Poem

They stand on a field with their hearts beating fast

The whistle has blown, the die has been cast.

A goal at this moment would send the team home.

Mum and Dad cannot help, he stands all alone

The ball near his feet, he kicks and it misses.

There's a moan from the crowd, some boo's and some hisses

A thoughtless voice cries "Take off the bum"

Tears fill his eyes, it's no longer fun.

If you're tempted to shout or groan, Remember

It's a child who stands all alone

So open your heart, give them a break.

It's moments like this, a player you make.

Keep this in mind and please don't forget

They're only Children, not Adults yet.

