

The 10 Commandments – From a Cricketer’s Standpoint

Or

What every young lady must know!

1. My cricketing life is only likely to last 45-50 years. Any separation from this deep-seated love will be painful for me. Remember that before you marry me.
2. Give me time to understand what you want from me. However, discourse upon any related subjects will only be possible in the closed season and during this period, not whilst cricket is being broadcast in any television or radio format. Nor will it be possible whilst I am arranging the clubs new seasons fixtures, analysing my averages or whilst attending net practice, 7 nights a week!
3. Trust me, I will be playing cricket, but remember me to the kids!
4. Don’t be angry with me for long spells at the club, you have your work, entertainment and friends. I only have cricket, oh and you and the kids!
5. Talk to me sometimes. Even if I don’t appear to listen or understand your displeasure, I understand your tone of voice.
6. Be aware that however you treat me, I’ll never forget! It will be included in my autobiography.
7. Please don’t hit me; I’m bruised enough already from constant pace attacks. I can’t hit back, but I can drive, cut, pull and smash, but being a purist I really don’t want to do that, it is all so agricultural!
8. Before you scold me for being uncooperative, obstinate, or lazy, ask yourself if something might be bothering me? Perhaps I’m not moving my feet correctly or I’ve not been getting in line early enough? Maybe I have had a run of poor scores or my eyes are becoming old and weak.
9. Take care of me when I grow old. You will similarly grow old one day and have only me to talk to. Meanwhile, can I recommend the many volumes of “Wisden” and “Tom Smith’s” Umpiring Rules of Cricket as being most suitable material for you to study, thus enabling us to enjoy meaningful conversation in our twilight years?
10. Go with me on that final and difficult journey when I have to meet my great bat maker in the sky! Ensure my whites are whiter than white; my creases are sharp and not a stud is missing from my boots, dare I slip taking that final run! Never say, “I can’t bear to watch” or “Let it happen in my absence” lest I should ever experience the unbelievable indignity of being “dropped” in the coffin!

At the final close of play when that great Umpire in the sky calls “Time”, remember always, I do love you!