

## History of the Tennis Court

St Marks Tennis Court was resurrected from six foot high grass to a tennis court back in the 1960's, nobody remembers exactly when, by the Youth Fellowship. This was done by the use of a bulldozer, loads of decomposed granite, and a transparent water hose for leveling.

This court needed three hours of preparation before each period of play, with raking, dragging, wetting & rolling. The Church Tennis group was happy to do this enthusiastically led by Doug Given. He led a happy group of players until the day he died at 75 years in 1999. During this time, he supervised the erection of two new fences with the help of fundraising.

Doug spent much of his youth at Wooloongabba watching his father umpire cricket games and at Milton Tennis Court umpiring tennis matches. His very keen interest in sport led to a happy Church group at St Marks until his untimely death. When other ageing players were not keen to keep up the tiring preparation needed, they had the highest standard artificial grass court erected in 1999 with Doug's name on both gates in his memory. Laser leveling of the new court showed the old water hose method to be accurate.



The new court did not need the same amount of preparation so different Church groups and others started to make the court a sporting & social gathering place. These were happy times producing poems & photos of players, sad times too when one of the original Church group died on the court.

This was sad of course, but happy because he died doing what he loved with his best friends. Other ageing players, who can still teach the younger players a few of the finer tricks, would like to follow his example!

The timber seat at the rear of the court was erected in memory of a former Church group member.

### I Thought I'd be a Poet! *Dianne Richardson 2007*

I thought I'd be a Poet  
And say a word or two  
About how nice the tennis is  
And what I see of you!

The tennis is terrific  
And each game is played with joy  
Watch out for they are cunning  
And Fred R sure has a ploy!

If you like to hug the baseline  
You'll be done & dusted true!  
His winning shot just clears the net  
And lands well short of you.

His daughter's name's Diana  
She can fire them down at speed  
They're past before you know it  
So for chasing there's no need.

Now Fred Lidet.'s the opposite  
He's canny with the shot  
Using 'surgical' precision  
Placing ball where you are not!

And as for Freda Mison  
Don't think you've got her beat  
She switches hands before your eyes  
And hasn't moved her feet!

Her husband Ross has got some style  
He's played a lot before  
He plays and plays and plays and plays  
And still comes back for more!

With Peter Doc from Kenmore  
You've gotta watch the scoop  
This guy can run and chase you down  
And he's the oldest in the group!

Then there's Pete the preacher  
Who's a master at the game  
He loves fast serves and volleys  
And dishes out the same!

Sam's the Sampras server  
It's a sizzler o'er the net  
I love to try and ace it back  
But haven't done it yet!

Brian loves the social side  
Will play two games at most  
But now it's time to say adieu  
He's retiring to the coast.

Robbie is the latest great  
To join the illustrious set  
And win or lose his smile's so wide  
You cannot get upset!

There's another named Diana  
Who is always keen to play  
But husband Bill took fairly ill  
She had to stay away.

Praise God he's better now  
He was at the Christmas feast  
And she was absolutely thrilled  
To say the very least!

Last not least I mention Stan  
I haven't played him yet  
He's been away but looks quite good  
He'll challenge me I'll bet!

And now remains to Praise my Lord  
Who loves us one and all  
Who came to earth to show the way  
And placed in each a Call.

