



# TRIBUTE TO ANNE

Anne, among multiple other achievements , was a hammer thrower !

This is where I came in the game but let's explain first what hammer throw is.

The hammer throw is certainly the most versatile and unpredictable event of the track and field programme.

It builds a rather curious relationship between a human being and a ball of metal when, for a while, they are bound together with a wire and a handle.

Both have heads , but, curiously , it's the iron head which dictate the rules !

The first encounter decides if it will become a love story, a hate-love relationship or just a little affair !

You pick a hammer on the rack like you chose a partner for a dance at the school ball and there you go , trying to achieve the right steps which will make you turn around with your partner as fluidly and even as romantically as possible.

Eyes in the eyes, up and down and around we go!

That's the theory !

In the real world , it's a bit different . You pick the hammer with the firm intention to swing the bloody thing as hard as you can and get rid of it at the right moment when it is obviously not anymore possible to prevent it to escape !

The general picture is then :

- 1-A thrower and a hammer come together into a cage..
- 2-They perform a couple of turns together then...
- 3-They separate and try to leave the cage in the proper order, that means the hammer first and the thrower after !

Unfortunately , most of the time , it doesn't work like that and you are pretty lucky (or damned good) if it's not you flying first and landing rather hard on the concrete, or if you discover that your hammer is enjoying itself hanging high at the cage's net or swinging gayly at some branch of a nearby tree.

In the best of the case indeed , the ball may have landed somewhere inside the sector and you will be allowed to get the distance measured until some official get it back to you for a reload !... Fine !

Or you just walk and retrieve yourself the damned thing, pulling it back to the cage behind you like if you were walking your dog on the leash!

The ignorant spectator will possibly comment that throwing something away repetitively for the doubtful pleasure to get it back again and again is just another evidence of the human stupidity ...

And the further you throw , the most questionable it is concerning your mental health, when it would be a lot wiser and easier not to throw that hard and that far if, at the end, it costs you so much time and effort to retrieve your property !



That's the practical !

Fortunately, the hammer throw is also not only an achievement of difficult skills or the result of some sort of desperate fight with the biomechanical laws ...

It is a good way to show who you really are , what you are made of , and how you deal with difficulties of life.

And this is where I come back to Anne !

When already a master athlete trying all sorts of activities, she was probably accidentally infected by the hammer virus and could not get rid of it !

But I would rather believe that her hammer story was "love" at the first sight .

Anyways, there she was , year after year, successfully breaking records and winning medals .

She achieved it with this "special touch" which became her signature .

So much that I often used the word "ballerina" to comment her throws.

She was a pleasure to watch and a pleasure to coach , always trying , always smiling , always sharing , always ready to help and support .

She was one of the key characters of our little group. Belonging to this rare kind of people who build up the collective spirit of a team !

And more, when she saw her performances declining with the years , she had the good idea to transmit the virus to her young son Anthony !

Anthony took over the wire and the handle , so brilliantly that he became one of the best ever throwers of this country.

And Anne was so proud of him !

He was certainly Anne best performance and legacy and her reason to live and fight the horrible disease with such an admirable courage.

There were these days , weeks , years of pain and fighting with declining forces ...

But she was still throwing , trying , smiling helping !!!

Until the time of delivery came from all these pains and torments...

And it was her last throw . her last trajectory , but this time it did not make a hole in the ground , it was her soul who left the cage first and went flying high and so far away !

So far that we will never be able to measure what we have lost !

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