

What it is really like, shooting with the stars



LESLEY, VINNIE AND PRESS



LESLEY AND RICHARD DUNWOODY

Vinnie Jones, Phil and Maggie Smith, Philip Schofield, Elaine Page, Bernard Cribbins, Richard Dunwoody and Stephanie Moore, (widow of Bobby Moore).

Words: Lesley Goddard

The occasion was as a guest at a charity clay shoot at the Royal Berks shooting Ground, after my silver (2) medal winning, 2002 Commonwealth Games in Manchester.

The day started with coffee and bacon butties. Then chatting and mingling with the other clay shooters that had come for an enjoyable and fund raising day, for the Bobby Moore cancer charity.

One man I was talking to completely foxed me as to who he was! I knew his face, and didn't want to be rude and ask his name, but in the end I had to. He was the father and husband, on the OXO adverts, with Linda Bellingham, and the three children. To this day I still can't remember his

name, but what an unforgettable face. (For those who remember the sixteen years of the OXO adverts, I will put you out of your misery because I found him on the net – Michael Redfern <http://www.myspace.com/37254548>).

After the team selection and instructions, I made my way out to the car to get my gun and shooting gear ready, although one of my 'team' hadn't yet arrived...Vinnie Jones. And just as I was leaving the building, he strode in with all his entourage! He was in the process of making a film for the new BBC4 channel. So the hallway was blocked, and I politely waited until the interviews were over before I could continue on my way. Then I was



introduced to him as one of his team. He shook hands with me, looked straight through me and then dismissed me!!! Phew, that made me boil, how rude. If that was film stars and fame, they could keep them.

My team was Richard Dunwoody, Vinnie Jones, John Goddard (who was filling in for a no-show and ended up using a borrowed gun from Vinnie) and of course me. We all stood around waiting and chatting whilst more photos and an interview were conducted with the famous footballer. This meant I had the chance to talk to the jockey, Richard, and what a pleasant and interesting man he was, and also Vinnie's minder and assistant. Then Vinnie, (impatiently, as if we had been holding him up), stalked past us all, heading out to the clay range, 100 sporting targets, including a flush. As we had the score cards and he couldn't start without us, we took our time and arrived at the stand, having enjoyed the beautiful scenery and the steady uphill walk in very warm and pleasant weather.

"Who's first?" said Vinnie, "you are" was the reply. He stepped into the stand and watched a pair of targets rising from the ground and going away from him and then shot 8 out of 10 of them. A good score, and then it was my turn. These targets were an easy version of the Olympic Double trap discipline, my bread and butter, and not wishing to sound too big headed, I knew I could hit them and after the first couple of pairs, where I had shot them very quickly and cleanly before they had had time to go anywhere, Vinnie Jones said: "She can shoot" and it's funny, because after that he started to talk to me. Perhaps I had moved up one level from the unknown to the slightly appreciated, because of my skill level!!

We made our way around the course, more relaxed and shooting well, the flush was great fun, and we scored well as a team. Then we came to a stand where the targets were coming in over the trees as a pair, one behind the other. Vinnie shot first, and he shot 7 of the 10, then it was my turn, and I made a mistake and shot about 8, just dropping back on my lead on a couple. As we stood watching the other team members shooting, the camera crew had decided that Vinnie should go again, for the program they were making, so I quietly told him that he had been stopping his gun on the second target, also making sure no-one overheard me, (I didn't want to hurt his pride by being told how to shoot by a mere woman)! Guess what? Yes, you've got it, he listened and shot them all, and nodded at me when he came off the stand.

Later on, towards the end of the round, we were in a grouse butt, with a long distance incoming target, then a fast, crossing, going away target that was tricky if you didn't take the incomer quickly enough. Vinnie said to me as he came from the stand: "Make sure you hit the incomer early"! So I did, very early, as this is how I seem to be able to hit them, and after the first pair were broken, I heard Vinnie say: "I didn't mean that early". We all laughed and I cleaned up the rest of the stand.

As we walked back to the club house for dinner and an auction of charity goods for the cancer fund, we all chatted like old friends, and I was accepted as one

of the 'boys' having proved I was a more than capable sporting clay shooter.

Earlier in the day, when I had been talking to Stephanie Moore, she told me she liked to keep fit by running, but was only able to run three miles, and as she had found out I was a sport psychologist, was there anything I could do to help her get past that point. After the excellent meal, and the fund raising auction, run by Mr Bonham (Bonham auctioneers) himself, I had the opportunity to speak to Stephanie, and asked her if she was able to run an extra metre after her three miles, she replied "Yes".

I said: "So, on your next run, you run an extra metre, and the day after that you then run another extra metre after that one, and continue to keep adding an extra metre each time you run, you will then be able to run more than 3 miles by the end of the week."

A big smile and an understanding look came across her face and she said: "Yes, I will start tomorrow".

Sport psychology is about changing your mind and turning the hard and unachievable into small easy conquering steps!

What a wonderful day that was, with heart warming memories, that make me smile, even as I type this now. I wrote a thank you note to Stephanie, and then I received a thank you note back, saying she was now running more than three miles a day.

Brilliant results, from a very memorable day.



VINNIE, LESLEY AND RICHARD

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