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## **Blue Air and Blue Four(k) 'andles**

I belong to a world-wide club of business and professional women, and am honoured to be, until October 2006, a Regional President, presiding over 14 different clubs - some 550 women. And THIS year we were introducing a NEW ceremony into our annual calendar –and my year of office as Regional President was to be the first time this ceremony would take place.

This is a special ceremony where the club presidents perform a 'change over of chains' ceremony. It's called the 'Change of Insignia Ceremony' and it's a way of thanking the outgoing club presidents for the sterling work they have done in their year of office and honouring the incoming club presidents.

And ALSO at this ceremony we were to have a special ceremony called the 'Candle Ceremony' - which is specific to the organisation I belong to. And I asked someone to organise this particular event for me. Unfortunately, we had our wires crossed slightly and whilst I thought I'd asked for her to organise the WHOLE ceremony, she thought that she only had to speak at it. And this didn't come to light until 1 hour before the Ceremony was due to start!

Just simple miscommunication that's all - however the consequences could have been disastrous!

I had expected that she would organise the candles, candle-holders, the matches plus the people to light the candles as well as her explaining what this ceremony was all about. Her understanding was - of course - different!

Now BEFORE I arrived I was feeling a wee bit nervous, so I used the Anxiety Stopper - tapping Under the Eye, the Collar Bone and Under the Arm. And then I felt totally in control - that was until I met the Candle Ceremony person!

With only an hour to go I felt a wee bit anxious, in fact I felt internally VERY ANXIOUS and VERY ANGRY!!!\*!!! Indeed my internal dialogue was 100% expletives - I didn't know I could put so many together and still make sense to myself. *This was all taking place in my head of course.* Outwardly I was a paragon of calm, indeed afterwards someone described me "*Just gliding on a wave of calm, appearing totally unflustered by it all*".

We checked at the hotel to see if they had any candles, even night-lights would do – we WERE desperate. ALL WE WANTED were 4 candles, one candle representing a different perspective of our organisation ie international, federation, region and Peace – so 4 candles. Unfortunately their cupboard was bare.

Indeed at each of the planning meetings and discussions we'd all had previously we had been joking about the '4 candles' because about 20 years ago a British comedy duo called 'The Two Ronnies' had given a wonderful sketch highlighting miscommunication. And part of this sketch involved a workman asking a Hardware Shop Assistant for what the Assistant interpreted as "fork 'andles" and the Workman actually meant "4 candles". So of course at any time when *4 candles* are mentioned - most of the people break out into laughter - due purely to this wonderful memorable comedy sketch.

My deputy and the secretary realising the hotel didn't have any candles quickly jumped into their car and drive 10miles to the nearest supermarket and came back with 4 beautiful blue candles and holders - and we still had 15 minutes to spare BEFORE our guests came into the ceremony!

In between time, I had finished organising the table places and table decorations, checked the order of the presentations and then gone to the Ladies Room and did some more **urgent** Anxiety Stopper tapping *in private* - *working on ALL the expletives I could remember BEFORE* going out to talk to the Candle Ceremony organiser, talking to her as though nothing had happened, *calm as a cucumber*.

The ceremony, the meal, the presentations and my speech went off like a dream, everyone enjoyed their meal, and were eagerly chatting away with their table partners and had a wonderful time.

And none of the guests knew anything of the near disaster that had almost happened. Thanks to EFT!

Christina Elvin