



Going to the Chapel

By Katherine M. Sprague, Psy.D.

Having just gotten married a little over two months ago, my whirlwind of an experience has finally started to slow down, making way for some reflection on my adventure. One thing's for sure, I have a new found respect for the time and energy that goes into planning a wedding!

Wedding days are filled with beautiful flowers, delicious cake, joyous tears, jubilant dancing and... the fear of rain. Brides don't want it to rain on their "special" day and unfortunately, despite all the time and effort that goes into planning their wedding, the weather is one thing they have absolutely no control over. Our wedding day was March 19th and Ohio weather at this time of the year is very unpredictable. We could have had snow, rain or shine; however, our day happened to be clear skies and in the mid 50s, which ended up being wonderful. It was a gamble but it was one we were willing to take.

Leading up to my "big" day I didn't succumb to worrying about the weather; however, a snafu involving a bridesmaid dress caused me to lose a few nights of sleep. Three months prior to my wedding, I foolishly mailed one of my bridesmaids her dress without insuring the package and she never received it. After waiting four weeks for a delivery that should have taken four days, we had to move onto Plan B: order a new dress. Plan B fell through a few days later when the bridal store informed me that the factory where the dresses were made was shutting down for a month. I was told not to panic and that a smaller factory in Canada was going to be able to make the dress and have it to us by the week of the wedding. So, a few more dollars later we were onto Plan C; however, I have to admit that I was fearful we wouldn't receive the dress in time. As my fear began to subside, I got a call a few days later informing me they ran out of fabric for the dress and needed to go ahead to use a different fabric but in the same color. I had no other options at this point but to go with Plan D.

To make a long story short, Plan D worked despite much hassle and worry. We received the dress, had it fitted the day before the wedding and even though it was different fabric no one could tell. Looking back, I rarely think about this snafu; however, there were moments when I was very upset about having to switch from one plan to the next. I had my heart set on things being a certain way for my "big" day and this snafu was throwing a wrench in it. Sometimes in the moment it's difficult to let go of your plan and focus on the things you can control. I couldn't control where the new dress came from or the fact that they ran out of fabric, but there were wedding details still needing to be taken care of that I had control over and at times worrying about the dress snafu kept me from tackling these controllable things.

Focusing on what you can control keeps you from wasting valuable time and energy. As you go through each day, check in with yourself in regard to whether you're spending too much time worrying about your own "bridesmaid dress snafu" and not enough time focusing on the things you can tackle. Regardless of the dress my bridesmaid was wearing, our wedding day wasn't about perfection, it was about the love my husband and I have for each other and making a commitment to spend the rest of our lives together. This is what I'll always remember from this day and in a couple of years I imagine I won't be able to recall what actually happened with that silly bridesmaid dress snafu.