

## Buzz Worthy

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### Do-Over

*Ellen C. Wells*



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One summer in my teenage years I attended organ camp. Like a church organ kind of organ. Yes, there's a camp for that. And yes, I played the organ. I was even a church organist in high school. But that's not part of this story.

This camp was not unlike other camps in that campers usually work on some sort of skill set and then present whatever they've learned. Instead of a Catskills-esque talent show or a games-filled Field Day, the other organ campers and I gave a recital. We each worked on a piece of Beethoven or Brahms or some other deceased European for hours on end, with our work culminating in an organ-only concert.

Only recently having shed most of my shyness, I was a bundle of teenage nerves the evening of the performance. The anxiety was almost too much to bear. I wasn't even listening to my fellow campers who preceded me (false: I

listened and they were good and I just knew I was going to blow it). Finally my time comes. I slide up onto that organ bench. I sit in front of my sheet music. And I begin.

And need I say it was just horrible? No, really. I was doing a horrible job—I wasn't keeping time, I fumbled over the keys, my feet got stuck in the pedals. Gosh, I really shouldn't have even slinked up onto the seat. And then my mind got stuck in those thoughts. I was thinking things like, "Oops, that wasn't right," and "Yikes, this stinks," which finally spiraled down to "I'm horrible and I shouldn't even be here." All within the first dozen bars. Goodness, where was this headed? And how was it going to end? Geesh, just make it stop. This just isn't working for me.

So I did. I stopped. And I spun around on the nicely polished organ bench and said to the audience something along the lines of, "Um, I'm just gonna start again."

And so I did. I shook whatever cobwebs were in my brain fogging my ability and I started over. My performance went much more smoothly the second time around. Perfect? Far from it. But I was much happier with the result than if I had stuck to that first attempt.

Years later—and you may recall this yourself—Adele did pretty much the same thing during her George Michael tribute at the 2017 Grammy Awards. Not that I'm comparing myself to Adele. But hey, on second thought, maybe I am. Yep, me and Adele, so similar. Grammys, organ camp—same diff. We weren't satisfied with whatever horrible performance we were creating so we built something new, something we could point to with pride.

Sometimes we find ourselves starting off on a project or in a business or even in a relationship and realize the path we're on is not just not our intended direction, but one that will lead us away from what we know is our potential. Wait it out and see where it goes? Maybe. But if it doesn't feel right, maybe the eventual destination won't feel right to you, either.

It's okay to stop. It's perfectly fine to pump the brakes, take the time to assess and, quite honestly, tear it all down and start anew. Figuratively and maybe even literally.

It's early enough in 2020 to pause in any of your situations—maybe it's the plant or gift order you've placed, maybe it's the events and workshops you've lined up that have become rote, maybe it's the design of the new addition or the continued use of that ol' dilapidated, sorry-excuse-for-a-check-out building—and ask, "Is this working for me/us?" If not, go grab that (again, figurative or literal) sledgehammer and redirect.

"I'm just gonna start that all over." I wouldn't be surprised if that was the beginning of some of the world's greatest achievements. Including your own. **GP**