

## The Secret to AMAZING WEDDING SPEECHES



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## **Forward**

This is it, the big day. Your friends are getting married and you have been assigned to say a few words on that all important occasion. There's no pressure on you they say, we just want our best friend to make our special day even more special.



You mentally tear at your hair, but calmly agree to the whole

thing, managing to paste what apparently passes as an enthusiastic smile on your face at the same time. No pressure indeed!

There could be worse things happening to you, but at the moment you fail to find any of them to cheer yourself up. You take a minute to yourself when the happy couple leaves to lean back against your front door and hyperventilate in increasing panic.

Your moments of self indulgence however, have to stop when your dog gives you a funny look and comes to keep you company in the panting sweepstakes. You decide to take his offer of company and sit down next to him, a glassy look on your face.

So alright, there is definitely nothing worse that you can think of than having to stand up in front of large crowd and having to make any sense while being happy at the same time.

Don't your friends understand, you ask your sympathetic canine companion. You would most definitely prefer to boiled, tarred and feathered than have to give a speech!

In fact even a visit to the dentist's sounds fun right about now. But the only problem, you say as you lean in confidingly, is that there was simply no opening in purgatory for you to be accommodated on that particular day. And if you don't have that as a good excuse then nothing else will do.

So you sigh and contemplate your future, while mentally reviewing all the possible things that could go wrong with your speech. If this or even some aspects of this sounded familiar to you, then don't worry, you're one of the reassuringly large number of people who absolutely can't stand up in front of even two or three people to deliver a small speech or a toast, much less be able to deliver an important weeding day speech in front of a large number of people.

And this is where I come in. I was once one of you. If ever I had to make a speech I would come down in a cold sweat, my vision would get blurry around the edges, my legs would feel rubbery and my clothes would get drenched from top to toe with sweat.

Obviously this was not a state of affairs that I cared for, but nothing I did to help me through my problems worked for me. Until the year that I call the Big Oh-Oh, came about.

I have to say that it started out just like any other year, with a lot of bang and fizzle, and one massive hangover. As I said, it was like any other year, and it continued to be that way, until the first disaster struck.

My best friends were getting married. Naturally enough this was not the disaster. The disaster came about when they asked me to deliver a speech (sound familiar?). I agreed, sweated, hyperventilated and managed to pull off a minor miracle.

This in and of itself was alright, nothing to give rise to the Big Oh-Oh. That happened a few months later when the marriage bug caught another of my friends and I was again asked to give a speech. Besides the fact they were also very good friends of mine, they had liked the speech I had given at the earlier wedding.

A few weeks I was again privy to the good news of another impending marriage. This time it was my cousin who was getting married. Again, I was invited to speak, and again I couldn't refuse.

This time however, I was in a bit of a bind. Their wedding was only the day after day wedding number Two. I could see disaster looming on the horizon. I was bound to get everyone's names mixed up and say the wrong thing at the wrong moment.

At this point I knew that unkindly fate was having a good jest at my expense. Having managed to successfully avoid anything that

resembled a speech, a toast, a lecture, or a discourse on anything for that matter, I was now being very cruelly asked to do two one after the other. After having been forced to already do one wedding speech a few months earlier.

Well, to cut to the chase, let's just say that I managed to get through the entire thing without creating a major embarrassment to either myself or my friends or family.

By the end of wedding number three, I was getting a pleasantly fuzzy feeling (no, not from the champagne, although that did help afterwards), about my abilities as a wedding speech deliverer. I was even making a joking reference to the fact that I could become the Wedding Speech-er (as in "Wedding Singer", and yes, I did have one three many glasses of the bubbly at that point).

This next disaster I believe is what really led to the year being labeled as the Big Oh-Oh. Because as chance would have it, or rather cruel fate in my opinion, I was fated to attend another wedding, this time, cruelty of cruelty, the wedding of my brother. You can see how this story is also going to swing, right?

Yes I was duly asked to give a speech, because by this time my oratorical prowess had been long elevated to God-like status, forget the fact that I had to be on valium the day before I had to give the wedding speech!

This then was the culmination of the year of the Big Oh-Oh, and the year in which I gained for the very first time, the confidence to stand up in front of a crowd and speak without embarrassing myself.

And for those of you who see a passing reference to the movie "Four Weddings and a Funeral" in the story that I related, yes there are four weddings, but no there was no funeral (thankfully); and no, as absurd as it may sound, it really did happen, for my misfortune. The truth as ever, is stranger than fiction, or in this case, it only mirrors fiction somewhat.

The long and short of it though, is that when I looked back on my unhappy experiences, I came to the realization that with each passing wedding speech under my belt, I gained more and more in confidence.