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Moving On

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Moving On

By Jane Skoric (special guest)

Do you cringe at the thought of making a mistake, forgetting a fact, overlooking a should? Are you horrified when you (or someone else) experience(s) a faux pas? Since leaving UNLV, seven months ago, my interactions have been many, varied, and have included all of the above embarrassments. What has kept my enthusiasm and optimism from deflating? Well, most certainly my 'Tigger-like personality' played a role, as did a quote by Peter T. McIntyre: "Confidence comes not from always being right but from not fearing to be wrong."

On Monday, June 11, 2012, I returned from my first North American Serials Interest Group (NASIG) conference. It surpassed all my expectations! I met interesting people from many different libraries and information areas whose eyes did not glaze over when I mentioned serials and e-resources. The late afternoon of Day One, however, shall be forever imprinted upon my memory by a mortifying event.

During the First-timers reception, I met my NASIG conference mentor, as well as other people seated around our table. In fact, most of the day had been spent meeting people and trying to attach names with faces. Perhaps half an hour into the event, a woman walked over and tapped me on the shoulder. I turned around, first glancing at her face and then quickly at her name tag. Being most unfortunately without my glasses, I saw but a blurred name and institution. As had been the practice most of the day, I held out my hand to shake upon our introduction (although we did not exchange names). Small talk was made and she left.

Now, when exactly the ah-ha moment came has been mercifully erased from my memory. Oh, but come the realization did! The woman who had tapped me on the shoulder, with whom I had chatted for a minute or two, was someone I work with at Santa Clara University! 6

In fact, we have exchanged emails, phone calls, and have even met one-on one!

Gasp!

Gulp!

Onward!

The next morning, Day Two, it was my mission to find and talk with this woman. Sincere apologies were on the tip of my tongue. Yet, looking amongst several hundred people, for one particular person can be rather challenging. Fortunately, I spotted her and made my way through the crowd.

She seemed happy to see me, then confused as I began to apologize for not recognizing her the day before. Warmly she attempted to reassure me that she understood. She shared plausible explanations for my lack of recognition. (Why had I not thought of those?!) We parted ways, heading off in different directions to our respective sessions.

I did not see her for the rest of the conference. Until, that is, at the final breakfast. She had made a point to find me, sit with me, and engage in conversation. Wow!

Mortification completely erased. New connections with a thoughtful individual established. Life is good!