

It's A Funny Old World

'If we've been a bit daft, or embarrassed ourselves, or far worse, how long we do mourn for?'

Cast your mind back to the *mourning* after the night before... Noticed how I've spelt mourning here? We all know about the morning after the night before, when perhaps we'd had one too many 'sherbets', but the mourning after the night before is a whole new ballgame. In fact, have you got your head in your hands right now as you remember a particularly awful one?

Whether it was something you said, or something you did, I feel for you.

I'll never forget the time I thought it was right to give someone a few home truths. But once I'd started, it was hard to stop. A couple too many 'sherbets' had been partaken and, as my dear mum used to say, it was in vino veritas.

Of course, there may be truth in wine, but then again in wine it can become a bit messy. According to Wikipedia, the Latin phrase is sometimes continued as, '*In vino veritas, in aqua sanitas*' – ie, 'In wine there is truth, in water there is health.' And yes, I'd agree with that. Wouldn't you?

Another time I mourned after the night before was the summer evening I decided to go topless after a jolly boat trip with friends. It seemed such a good idea at the time. The night was warm and it was decidedly balmy, but it was only the next morning that I realised the spelling barmy would have been the correct one there!

Oh yes, regrets, I have a few. And what's more, I'm not the only one. But what is the best way to deal with regrets? If we've been a bit daft, or embarrassed ourselves, or far worse – done something that has violated our own moral code – how long do we mourn for? Days, weeks, years, a lifetime?

I've always been good at beating myself up, but it has to stop. It's destructive and gets us nowhere.

Or maybe you're on the flipside of the coin and agree with Édith



This week's columnist:
Author and counsellor
Caroline Buchanan

Piaf's famous song *Non, Je Ne Regrette Rien* (No, I regret nothing)? I can see the benefits in that.

But if we regret nothing, does that mean we're not learning from our mistakes? Then again, perhaps the two aren't mutually exclusive...

Are all regrets worth it for the lessons they can teach us? I think so, and if we learn them quickly, we won't have to keep repeating them. If I had my life over again, there are things I'd do differently. If there weren't things I'd do differently, it'd mean I'd learnt nothing.

But then what about the school of thought that believes everything happens for a reason?

When I was very young, my nightly prayers used to finish with the line, 'And please make me a good little girl.' Well, if my long list of regrets is anything to go by, then I obviously went off-piste (could be an alternative spelling here, too!) from time to time.

In many ways, my trusty satnav reminds me of my higher power. I can follow its directions to the letter or I can ignore it and go my own way, off the beaten track, and explore to my heart's content – hopefully choosing roads that are headed somewhere good. If I find I've made a big mistake, though, I'm confident in the knowledge that I can trust it to get me back on the right path when I'm horribly lost...

It will always do that – as long as I listen, that is!



Caroline attended an Alpha course

My Funny Old Week

Where I've been... To the **new flat** my grown-up daughter Francesca has just moved into.

What I've seen... Francesca's **homemaking skills**.

Who I've met... **Some lovely people** on an Alpha course [sessions exploring the Christian faith].

What I've bought... **A fab book** called *You are a Badass: How to Stop Doubting your Greatness and Start Living an Awesome Life* by Jen Sincero.

NEXT WEEK
Sophie Radice

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