

# Aoife: The Wedding Planner

married couple, but two guests, half undressed and obviously high, sprawled out on the bed meant for the bride and groom. They weren't even embarrassed - just looked up at me, cheekily, as if I was interrupting. I herded them out and locked the door, wondering if any part of today could remain sacred.

Back in the thick of the celebration, I watch from the sidelines, ensuring every glass is filled and every minor crisis is averted. It's part of the job to blend into the background, to be the unseen hand that guides the night smoothly along its course. The best weddings are the ones where no one thinks about what goes on behind the scenes. Tonight, with the vibe shifting from refined to rowdy, it feels like steering a ship through a storm.

As the night draws on, and the guests become more uninhibited, their real natures start to emerge. A fight breaks out near the bar - nothing serious, but enough to cause a momentary lapse in the festivities. The music skips a beat, glasses are hastily put down, and all eyes turn toward the commotion. With practiced ease, I step in, separating the quarrelling men with a calm authority that brooks no argument. Apologies are mumbled, hands shaken, and the party resumes as if nothing happened.

Witnessing the transformation of the celebration from elegant to unrestrained, I can't help but reflect on the dichotomy of human nature. The same guests who earlier today were the picture of decorum are now revealing a worldlier, wilder side. It's a reminder of why I love this job - for all its unpredictability and the challenge of managing a multitude of personalities in a single event.

As the party continues, I finally take a moment for myself, breathing in the night air outside the marquee. The laughter and music become a distant background noise as I think about the chaos and charm of wedding planning. Every event is a unique puzzle, a blend of meticulous planning and spontaneous problem-solving. This wedding, with its shifts from poise to partying, from elegance to excess, is a perfect example of that delicate balance I strive to maintain. In the end, as I watch the guests dancing under the stars, I know that all the efforts were worth it - for their night of forgettable revelries and a celebration that, despite its moments of madness, remains ultimately beautiful.