

## **I Felt Like a Printer That Just Had a Paper Jam**

~~~ *Chukwunemelum Ijeoma Okagbue*

Putting down the minutes of a meeting was one of the duties carried out by a Secretary and I was good at such. Fingers were being pointed at me behind my back as someone who should be nominated to take up the post of a Secretary. I wasn't aware of it. How will I know until I was told? This skill got me qualified to assist a Secretary at the Chapter level. After the Chapter election, it got to the turn of the State executives to bring their tenure to an end so that new ones can take over. A date was assigned to them when they'll hand over. According to the Constitution and Structure of the Union, those that will take over the State leadership will be nominated from every Chapter. On the D-day, all the Chapters arrived for the election.

During the election of State executives that were to take over the office for a fresh regime, I was asked to put down the minutes of the day's meeting with all the activities that went on. I am talking about one of the Workers' Union where I belong and participate actively. While writing, these parts of my body were at work: the eyes, ears, hands and brain. I was watching, listening, scribbling and interpreting meaningfully on paper all that I got during the meeting.

On the course of writing, I was asked to nominate someone for a particular position because people were allowed to nominate once. I saw others nominating those they think were suitable for the named posts and once they did, they won't be given another opportunity for nomination. As it got to my turn to nominate, I stood up to make my statement while trying to finish up a point that I was writing on. Guess what?? I lost concentration immediately and started blabbing. I was saying something else while at the same time, I was thinking of how not to miss the point that I was about to conclude in my book.

On the spot, I felt like a printer that just had a paper jam. I had to take it easy with myself, tendered apologies to the audience and reorganized my statement and continued the work. But the fact remained that I missed the particular point that I was noting down. The lesson I got from that experience was that any form of writing requires full concentration or let's say attention. If not, when one gives room to distractions, the flow of inspiration will drop, concentration will be lost and what is supposed to be written at that point in time will be forgotten. At least, I went home that day, feeling a sense of accomplishment, greater than I had ever known before. I knew that I could handle anything that came my way and would not let any challenge stop me from achieving success in my career and life. From that day on, I had a newfound respect for writers too. I thought of them as machines who like the rest of us, faced their own challenges... sometimes like a mere paper jam!

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