

The Happy Year

2015 has been quite the year for me. In fact, on New Year's Eve I was skyping with friends in America and I made (after a few champagnes!) the sweeping declaration that 2015 would be "the year of Happy"!

Now, maybe it was the streamers, balloons and overall festive atmosphere contributing to my certainty about the year but at the time I felt pretty darn confident that things were swinging my way.

#Reality Check..... they weren't.

I spent the better half of the year nursing my wounded heart after walking away from my job and the person who gave it to me. I wrestled with self-doubt, anger, failure and my obsessive need to please other people before myself.

#Reality Check..... this year sucked. A lot. I blame the champagne.

Now, I'm one of those people that have all the right things to say after the event (and I nail it every time!) and spend much of my down time self-analysing. I analyse my decisions my goals my rights and my wrongs. I don't apologise for this part of me. It's simply how I learn, grow and best of all heal. I guess to some it can seem a little self-absorbed but I think that's why I do it. I need to just soak up the spirit of who I Am. This is the time I return to God.

I spent some time in my cocoon of healing this year and emerged a stronger, shinier version of myself. I was positive once again God had a handle on things (even if I didn't) and I felt ready to put myself out there again and find 'my' perfect job. I patiently and lovingly put together my CV and was feeling pretty confident about my prospects.

#Reality Check..... the year's not over yet. I can still make it!

It was during this time I had scheduled a catch up with Andrew. We hadn't seen each other in a few months and we were looking forward to sharing all our news. The morning of our meeting I felt the first stirrings of worry about finding 'my' perfect job. I worried a little more whilst I showered and brooded as I dried my hair. I honestly began to feel quite anxious as I drove down the freeway to Riverdell that day. I was whipping myself into quite the frenzy despite the fact... I hadn't even applied for anything yet. This was crazy, why was I doubting myself and why was I doubting God? It was right then, in that car, on that drive that I had an epiphany. I realised my worries were useless and a feeling of excitement started to bubble up within me for I knew God had already blessed me with my perfect job. I needed to start celebrating its arrival instead. It's like they say, Let Go and Let God. So I did, I surrendered my fear completely and grinning like an idiot arrived at Riverdell bursting with love and light.

It was on this exact day Andrew approached me with a job at Riverdell. I am proud to say I am part of their team as the new Program Assistant.

#Reality Check, I made it!!! For me 2015 'is' the year of Happy.

Namaste to you all.

Rachael Anderson xoxo