

Things happen for a reason

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Growing up my mum was always one for the typical phrases to get you feeling better about situations. “What’s meant for you won’t go past you” was always her favourite,” what doesn’t break you will make you stronger”, you know the ones that now litter your Instagram or Facebook feed!

However, I now I firmly believe things happen for a reason and as I live my life this is the one I come back to time and time again.

In the early part of 2017 I had a milestone birthday and was working in a role I didn’t love, so I decided I had to do something to get me out of my rut. For as long as I can remember

I have wanted to work / live in America. I'm never sure what has driven this aspiration but I've been a frequent visitor for years and I just love it in 'the states'. The desire to live there has been a constant in my life and every so often I push for things to make this happen.

Last year I decided this was the year I was going to make it happen. I packed up my flat in Edinburgh and moved to an amazing loft apartment in Brooklyn for 3 months. The 12 months prior to this may have not been ideal, I was in a job that I know now I had for a reason and this was to fund 3 months of living in NYC.

I was extremely fortunate with my apartment, great location in Brooklyn; one side of the apartment had amazing views of Manhattan and was only 3 blocks from my best friend's place. This was going to be our summer, relaxing and spending time together. However, 4 weeks before I was due to fly out I took a call from her to say, "Hey we're moving move back to the UK for 5 months and guess what, it is at the same time as you arrive". We dealt with this over several drinks and through many tears and had a great 10 days together before she had to move. Slowly I realised this happened for a reason; it would have been easy just to have relied on her for the time I was in NYC and would I never have gone to the places and done the things I did whilst I was there.

I had a few opportunities arise whilst in NYC but for reasons they just didn't work out. However, this I know now was good news despite at the time thinking my dreams were falling apart.

My dad on the 26th of September fell and fractured his shoulder, he ended up in hospital and we thought nothing off it. He suffers from MS and the overnight stay was just precautionary as he had hit his head. My family were clear, don't come home, there is no need it's just a fractured shoulder. However, as time moved on and no clear sign of him being discharged due to multiple health issues I brought forward the end of my trip and came home to be with my family. Needless to say, he was discharged from hospital on the 5th of March, yes only 5 months after just fracturing his shoulder, ahhh the irony that was the quickest thing to heal. I was needed at home to help, manage the things he did. I was brought up in an old-fashioned home; my mum looked after everyone in the home but my

dad looked after the home. Unfortunately, I wasn't able to fully realise my dream and whilst it only took until a month ago to come to the conclusion I'm actually OK with this.

Subsequently my mum has struggled with illness and I could never have helped if I had been in America. I would never have been able to manage the process with social care and their special ways of working, I would never have been able to be at my mum's side when she found out she'd have to have a heart bypass and I would never have been able to support my dad with his daily care needs.

I'm not sure if its best never to have lived my dream or to have tasted it slightly but it is what it is and life goes on.

Every day things continue to "happen for a reason" and the reason is never truly apparent when the 'things' happen and I'm slowing becoming OK with it taking time to realise what these reasons are.

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