

Take a Chance ...

What do we have to lose?



This weeks article is a bit of a follow on from last week when I talked about Michael in the article called 'We Do Have Choice'. It is so true that we can often feel so stuck, so firmly entrenched in our circumstances and thinking that we can't move. Well, you will be happy to know we can if we are just willing to take a chance ...

The following piece of writing is taken from my new book '*Dance Until it Rains*' from Chapter Five entitled 'Dare to Love', the story of my mum and dad's romance;

Dare to Love

It was some time in the mid to late 1950s (that's about as specific as Dad could be some fifty plus years later!), when my dad was studying Geology at the university and Mum was working in the library. My dad was a shy person and really not that comfortable around other people, hence the rocks!

One day as he strolled out of the Geology department with his mind on other things, he glanced across the lawn and was immediately attracted to a gorgeous young lady in the distance. He had no idea who she was but thought to himself that he would love to have the courage to say 'hello' to someone like that! It is interesting how the law of attraction works: we truly do get what we focus on. Dad found it difficult to get the striking young lady out of his mind, and not long after that first sighting, he was chatting to a friend, Jill, in front of the library when the same young lady came round the corner and headed straight for them with an amazing smile on her face. Dad started to panic! What should he say? Should he say anything? Would he say something silly? How was his hair? Would he be able to look at her and smile? Would she notice him? Would she like him? Would the rocks put her off? These and many other thoughts raced through his mind and the sweat started to appear on his brow as she moved closer and closer.



Unbeknown to Dad, she was a friend of Jill's and Jill was, in fact, waiting for her as they were going to have lunch together. She walked right up to them and Jill made the first introduction: 'Bill please meet Sue.' Despite all of his fears and nervousness, Dad apparently managed a very warm and welcoming greeting.

At this point, you should probably know that, at the time of their first meeting, Dad had a girlfriend and Mum was actually engaged to be married to another man. But these were just minor details! My mum and Jill were very close friends. Jill was just about to head overseas for the trip of a lifetime so, when Mum's engagement ended soon after Jill had left on her voyage, Mum decided to join her friend overseas so they could travel the world together. As was the way at the time, open-invitation 'farewell' parties were held in the cabin of the traveller just before they left on an international cruise. Mum's party was rocking! Word of it filtered through to Dad and so he re-arranged his schedule and went. He wasn't totally sure why he decided to go, because he did have a girlfriend at the time, but he just went with his intuition — and perhaps he wanted to plant a seed in Mum's mind!

Well, the seed worked because soon after that party and after Mum had left on her voyage, my dad received a note from her thanking him for attending the farewell party. He wrote back and a written relationship began. But the reality of the situation was that Mum had just left on a trip with no set date for her return and Dad was in Australia. Life simply moved on.

Dad got an opportunity to move to Far North Queensland for work, so he moved north and for the next twelve months maintained a long-distance relationship with his girlfriend. He grew a moustache, drank a lot of beer and generally enjoyed life as a young man in the warm north of Australia. On a visit back to Melbourne he decided to propose marriage to his girlfriend, but she must have known his heart was elsewhere because not only did she say no, but she told him that she had met someone else. This was a shock that set Dad back, but only momentarily, because not long afterwards he heard that Mum had recently returned from her trip.



Dad decided not to waste too much time mourning his lost love. My mum was back in the country and so Dad took a chance. Risking rejection, fearing that he would make a fool of himself, and just as nervous as the first time he met her, he picked up the phone to call and ask her out. She answered and accepted the invitation to meet. This was the beginning of a beautiful relationship. They dated for about three months then Dad had to go back to Queensland for another nine months so he continued to romance her with the help of Australia Post!

He returned to Melbourne in November 1959 and, as they had fallen madly in love, they were married in the January of the following year.

What is there to lose versus what is there to gain?

Do we follow our heart or go with our head (which, by the way, really doesn't know what we are truly capable of)? Will we be rejected? Will we get our heart broken? Will we miss that job or promotion? Will we miss that goal we aspired to? Maybe we will but is that the worst that could happen? What if we don't act and miss out on what could be the most amazing relationship, achievement, job or career opportunity because we were worried about stuff that at the end of the day won't make us happy. **Go on ... Take a chance!!**

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