

January 2014

Charlotte's Girl HI-DEF RESOLUTION



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Each year brings a new set of trials and triumphs. Yet, whether you ended the year in complete bliss or in a frantic attempt to heal open wounds, a general consensus remains: as the countdown winds, a fresh set of chances and opportunities approach.

With each impending New Year come a slew of resolutions. What we propose we'll do to live our best life, or at least a better one. Introspective lists filled with things we need to change about ourselves and our surroundings. Yes, the amount of pressure we put on ourselves in the beginning of a new year is incredible. But at what point do we stop to measure our progress? At what point do we account for the year's unexpected twists and turns? And finally, does the way our resolutions fare amid unexpected change speak to how dedicated we were to them to begin with?

A lot can change in a year. I'm certainly a testament to that. Last January I was returning to my exciting job in publicity, my cozy studio, and my fast-paced Los Angeles life. My rhythm was set. Starbucks to kick off my day—hot chocolate with whip and a bagel—check emails, check voicemails. Pitch, pitch, bitch, and pitch. What should have been fourth quarter music industry mania had somehow trickled into the first. It was busy, but I was grateful. The industry had been so shifty. Busy meant that things were still afloat.

Work was a unique type of routine; a controlled chaos. Every day and every situation was slightly different—both fulfilling and exhausting in its own way. The industry nightlife proved no different. Work was both work and play. It required both firmness and flexibility. It called for both intense emotional involvement and the understanding that while personalized, business is never personal. Mastering your world within the world of entertainment deserves its own paycheck.

All of the perks seemed dream-like. But as busy as we were, the inevitable still occurred like clockwork: Layoffs. Some were abrupt. Others we saw coming from miles away. Either way, it was a stark reminder that though we may have dominated our working environment and individual assignments, so much was ultimately out of our control. I watched my coworkers accept their fates. Some handled it with poise and optimism while others were visibly shaken to the core.

When I decided late in the year to relocate back to Charlotte—home of my alma mater—a lot of people were shocked. Why would I voluntarily give up something that others were so afraid to lose? It was a personal decision, and though it may have seemed abrupt to some, it was one that was absolutely not made in impromptu fashion. Other factors excluded, I ultimately felt it time to once again identify my purpose and take hold of my destiny. I resolved to leave with reputation intact, relationships preserved, and goals clear. While no cross country move is ever easy, my faith was strong.

My only resolution for 2013 was to remain true to myself without letting anything or anyone define me. I made a promise to find and maintain my happiness and stability. For 2014, I think I'll keep it. Sometimes it takes a little shake-up to test out your foundation and to re-affirm your faith in it. There needs to be something that grounds you. Something you can come home to. Should you reach that unfortunate low in life where nothing matters, it will be that something that either keeps you or defeats you.