

My Quitting Days

by PEGGY MEADOR

The path to becoming a mother is anything but smooth.

The first job I ever quit was babysitting for the O'Mally kids. The few bucks I earned an hour was okay, especially if my boyfriend could visit. However, three kids jumping on beds and screaming within twenty minutes of their parents returning was more stress than I could take at 14.

Two years later I was giving my two-week notice at Lafayette Coney Island. Sure I looked good in the skin tight zip-up uniform, and had learned some techniques for carrying three plates of cones, two bowls of chili, and four Cokes without a tray, but I was ready to move on to bigger and better things. My high school had a nursing co-op and having been trained in bed making and temp taking, I was ready to head into the hospital.

Whether I resigned from that job as a nurse aide or if they asked me to leave is a little blurry. There was definitely a difference in priorities for my supervisor and me. Mine was to brighten the day of an old man in isolation for TB, and theirs was for me to pass waters to the 39 other patients.

Leaving my job as a waitress on the afternoon shift at the Copy Cat restaurant was a little harder. The job had paid for my college tuition and much of my wedding. I would miss serving kibbee and matsa ball soup. I would miss my favorite couple who came in nightly for the rice pudding sprinkled with cinnamon, but I was a college graduate and it was time to move into a career.

When I retired from my RN position at the Visiting Nurse Association, I left my most interesting, challenging, and rewarding job. I loved healing burns, teaching injection techniques, and monitoring diets. Then one day I was chased down the street by a junky who wanted the needles out of my nursing bag, and I saw it as a sign that I needed to stay home and raise tomorrow's leaders.

So for the past 13 years I've enjoyed the job of raising four kids. I still wait tables, dress wounds, take temps, and even heal broken hearts, but now I get to set policies and procedures and enjoy a lot more vacation time.

I have found the opportunity of a lifetime and my quitting days are over.

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