

## **What I want to be when I grow up . . . one more time**

How many of you knew just what you wanted to be when you were in High School?

Those of you who did, found the college of your choice, took the classes needed to become that somebody and started out into the "Wide, Wide World".

I did too in a way. While still in High School, I chose to attend South County Technical School to take a short cut towards a career I thought I would enjoy, Childcare. Oh, I was a normal young girl. I loved animals, children and anxiously awaited the arrival of Prince Charming who would come and solve all my problems. I was obviously very naive. I should have known the first day of class when the teacher said, "This profession is a low paying career," and I said "did she really say low paying," that I was about to take a wrong turn on the road of life. The classes were held during my Junior and Senior years in High School. I had set my sights and I wasn't about to turn back, trudging through the whole 2 years blinded by my stubbornness to have a job immediately and to start making money.

After High School, (about a week after High School) I decided I could not imagine myself as a "Childcare Worker". Oh, I still loved children, I just couldn't see myself responsible for 15 all at once. I changed paths and started out by taking a class in Data Entry. Now I'm on the right road, I thought. I got a job with a company as a "Key punch Operator". It wasn't long before I was moved into the Purchasing Department. "Inventory Control Clerk" now this is it, they know what I can do or maybe not. That is where I sat for about 5 years doing what I thought was right but not really the job at all. Oh yes, and, while I was fumbling along I met my Prince Charming who worked for Target Department Stores, didn't make much money and alas I had to keep on working. There goes that idea of having my problems solved. Marriage doesn't always solve problems and in this case it created some little ones. Two to be exact within the first 3 years, a girl and a boy. At least the company I was with stuck with me. They "stuck" me back as a Data Entry Clerk. Ok, now where? College had not been the answer for me in the past but maybe now. Off I went to get an education to match my experience. Why think about any other career when I already had experience. Half of the puzzle, right? I received a certificate in Computer Programming and was promoted to Junior Programmer and had another little problem, a girl this time.

Did I tell you I love children? All along I was just going to be a Mom anyway, right? Now I'm a Mom with a career. Super Mom. After a few years in programming I realized I was not going to be moving up in this company. At the same time I was having conflicts with the babysitters, three different sitters in one year. And our house was broken into. That was the last straw. We found a used castle and rode off to Washington, MO. I became a stay-at-home-Mom, baked cookies, made apple butter and was the best darn baby-sitter my children could have. All went well until little problem #4, a girl and it was time to get a bigger house. Hi Ho Hi Ho back to work I go. So I did what I knew, I went back to computers.

In the mean time my children were growing up and becoming individuals. They all seemed to have the bug for acting so Mom set a good example and auditioned with the best of them, why not? It couldn't hurt and it may help my children with self-esteem and speaking in front of an audience. Well, guess who started getting the parts? My son got a few, but so did I. It opened a whole new world for me. I had always enjoyed being a

Lector at church, but now I could do more than just read, I could perform. With this new found knowledge I have decided to set out on a new path. I enjoy being with, talking to, and working with people. I can see myself using my talent in the public speaking/training arena. In joining the Toastmasters I want to use this experience to grow into, "What I want to be when I grow up... one more time".