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Mrs. Messenger

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Growing up, I always wanted to work in an office setting; I had my first job as a teenager at Youngstown City Hall in the Labor Relations department. I was so proud of myself to be earning a paycheck; I would give my mom a portion of my check every pay day. On the other hand, my dad thought that working an office job was not a real job.

My dad worked at Packard Electric for years until he was forced to retire, he was so upset about that because he felt that Packard Electric and General Motors offered the best jobs in the world. When I would talk to my dad about the career I wanted and the different office jobs that I was doing, he would always say things like, "You can't make any money doing those kinds of jobs." I guess my dad never thought about the people that worked in the payroll department that made it possible for him to get his paycheck on time.

Through the years, I have been proud of the jobs that I have had, especially when I worked for the community action agency in Dayton, Ohio. I always felt that if I could be a help to someone and earn a paycheck then that was a meaningful job to me. When I worked for Scope community action, I had my own office and phone with voicemail, I was able to dress up in my best clothes, and it never changed my attitude towards the clients that I saw daily, no matter what circumstances brought them to my office. Some people would come in and they would feel ashamed because they had to come in for help, but after they met me and I helped them, I was always told how appreciated my services were.

My dad didn't think that was a real job either, but when I told him I worked for Limited Brands as a seasonal worker he was so happy. He said, "Now that's the kind of job you need to try and keep." What my dad didn't realize was that I hated working for Limited Brands, being on my feet consistently and only getting a couple of breaks; that was not my kind of job. Sometimes I could barely walk out of that plant because my feet would hurt so bad.

My mom would always say, "I don't know why you working that job with all the experience you have; you should be working in an office somewhere." My mom knew what it was like to work hard and be on her feet all day in a hot plant because she worked at Tile Supply for years. Because of her educational background, she settled and did what she had to do to provide for her family. My mom wanted more for her kids; she would always tell me to never apply where she worked because she didn't feel the supervisors had any respect, and they didn't care about the workers; they would call overtime and make it mandatory and they did not care if you had small children at home either.

My dad really didn't have to deal with worrying about staying over at his job because he didn't have the responsibility of having to worry about who would watch his kids; if he did have to work over, he left that up to the mothers of his kids because there was no way he was going to miss out on making some extra money worrying about kids. Even though my dad is retired and he was able to buy the cars and trucks that he wanted and the home that he wanted in Canfield, he still wants to keep working so he can keep up with the lifestyle that he is accustomed to.

In conclusion, my dad and I may not agree on a lot of things, but when it comes to work my jobs helped me to be a provider for my family, and my dad's job helped him to be a provider for his family as well. My kids have a lot of good memories of the work I did while working at the community action agency. I was proud to bring them on my job and show them my office

and meet my co-workers when they had 'take your child to work' day. Working as a leasing agent gave my kids another opportunity to come to work with me and see what I thought was a real job.