

14/3/83

Another forever gone by. Seems that I just wrote, now it's the 14th. Well, I've been talking to God and have talked with Deb. Things seem to be working themselves out. Mostly I think I was feeling a little culture shock and just came "unglued" when Pearl was here. Things aren't rosy but they are not as bleak as they seemed.

It's Monday morning and I'm having my usual motivational problems. It really is amazing. I'll bitch and moan about not having anything to do and then when I finally have something to do I just sit here riveted to my chair. I'm afraid to go out there (there I said it). I don't know why but I'm afraid. I need to see Mrs John, Mr Ollivierre, Mrs Small, Jeff Venner, and Mrs Cato. plus begin to follow up on training. But the truth is that I'd rather sit here, and hide behind my door and wall and desk. I'd rather not risk it. It's most peculiar and frustrating. I'm in a crisis right now. A career crisis actually. because I'm so reluctant to do any HR work here. I wonder if I'm cut out to do HR work at all. I'm worried that HR "isn't for me" and that perhaps I've chosen the "wrong" career. Or it maybe that doing HR work in St Vincent is my problem. If I was doing other work here, I might not be so reluctant. I have never had such a dilemma in my life. I've always "forged ahead" whatever the task. The only time I can remember feeling so immobile was when I was managing L-C Standard and going through the breakup with Gail. But it wasn't as bad as this. It's really perplexing. Is it the job or St Vincent? I really don't know and that is what is driving me crazy.

I've been giving "career" a lot of thought lately as a result of my crisis. Told Mom that "I'd rather be behind a hammer than a desk". Told Deb that "maybe I'm not such a people person". I'm beginning to rethink my goals & aspirations and it's honestly very frightening to be so insecure about a career at 28 years old. I thought I had dealt with all that years ago. But on second thought, I never have. School (all my degrees) was an intellectual challenge, not a means to an end. It was proof to myself and parents that I was worth something. Or actually, a way to increase my worth. It was what "my kind of people did" (they went to college). I guess I'm still haunted by the peer pressure I felt in high school and the perceived goals that my parents had for me. I guess I haven't been as honest with myself and my needs as I thought. I want to be my own boss. I want to be monetarily comfortable so that I can give my kids a good education, relax during my non-work hours and have the luxury of free time to devote to God and community. I want no chains. I want to be free in my love for God and Deb and kids. but I need security in knowing I'm accepted no matter what I do for a living. I need to convince myself that I'm worthwhile no matter what I do. In short (again) I need to mature. But how to mature and how to know that I'm mature. That's the real question.



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