

*V*alerie. I was in my second year at college. She was head of the records office and student registration. She hired me as a student aide to help with registration, and later to work part-time in the records office. She would often take time to have a conversation with me, and seemed to take a personal interest in how I was doing.



*She was pleased with my work, and gave me as many work hours as were available. Often she took me into the faculty lounge for coffee or lunch breaks. I felt privileged. One time she had a party at her home for all the office staff. I felt admiration for her lifestyle and her accomplishments. She was in her mid-thirties and a single parent. She had a successful career and a comfortable home. I realized one could be happy as a single career woman with a child. I also respected her work style. She was a caring and efficient boss. I observed her treating students with respect and caring. I wanted to be like her. I looked up to her and felt I could go to her for advice, guidance and friendship. I had to leave the job because of personal circumstances, but ten years later I began my own career as a university records officer. I chose this line of work because of my previous experience, and because of my admiration for Valerie. I am where I am today because of her.*

*I.B.*

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