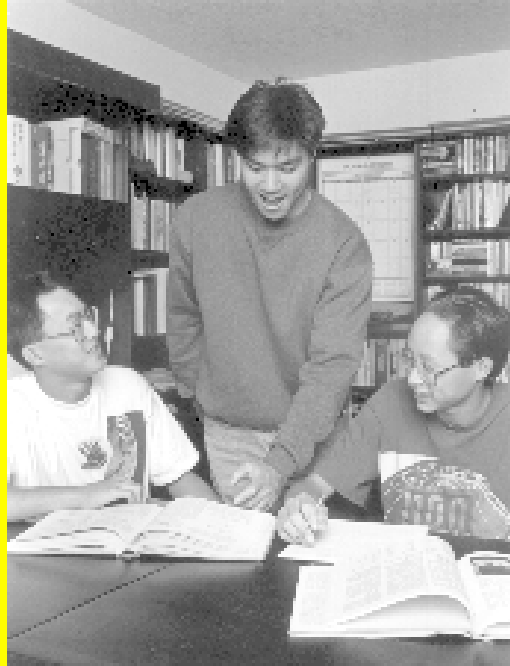


*A*fter I was accepted into graduate school, I had no idea what kind of work I wanted to do. My parents told me that going to school was just a way of avoiding a career commitment. I got a job as a research assistant because I needed the money. I worked in a lab taking care of animals. I had had pets all my life, but caring for several chimpanzees and thousands of laboratory rats was a big task. During this time I worked with one professor who used these animals in his research. He took a liking to me (I was going to say took me under his wing, but I didn't want to give the wrong impression), and I became interested in his research. He later asked me to be his teaching assistant. He spent many hours with me talking about what I wanted to do, my dreams for the future, and where and how I might be able to fulfill my dreams. He also talked to me about his dreams, the mistakes he thought he had made, and his experience of working in the university. When I graduated, I felt prepared to work as a university professor. Thirty-seven years later when I retired, I can look back with gratitude to the professor who took me under his wing and helped me make the transition to a highly successful and rewarding career.



*J.S.*

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