

So This is Love...

We've all seen Cinderella. The quintessential fairytale, where birds help her get dressed in the morning and losing her shoe at midnight is a magical ending and not a lack of sobriety. But for many of us, ugly stepsisters and a bad list of chores seems a lot more realistic. My story isn't about love, but about a job. The ugly stepsister, frog kissing, where's my magic pumpkin kind of job. I loved my career choice, but it wasn't my dream job. There was nothing magical about going to work every day, nothing special about how my job made me feel, and nothing even close to resembling a fairytale. But like Cinderella sings, a dream is a wish your heart makes, and so I continually dreamt of one day falling in love. With my job. That's what we all want in a job isn't it? To feel fulfilled, appreciated, and completely in love with what we do and where we do it? But, like Cinderella, too many of us trudge from task to task in our workplace; waiting helplessly for the day we're no longer slave to the wicked stepmother's bidding. There has got to be more to my job than this. There has got to be more to work than just getting by. I do not want to be miserable anymore, forget happily ever after, I'd settle for a single, happy day. Enter tears, a bench to throw ourselves on, and a fit of self-pity. We've all been there; poor Cinderella was over-stressed, over-demanded, over-worked, and over it all. Just like I was. So when ABC Pediatric Therapy Network found my glass slipper, I threw myself in to that shoe, heart first. I had to completely relocate from my house, family, and life to accept the position, and while I got the Dayton-Cincinnati area and not a castle, there is not a second I regret my decision. Because, just like Cinderella, I know this is my happily ever after. ABC is my Prince Charming. Every day I come to work, I want to twirl myself around the gym floor humming "so this is love". Because you forget, when you're scrubbing soot on your hands and knees, what true (job) love feels like. You forget how quickly the time goes, how much you can laugh, how helpful your coworkers can be, how enjoyable your days are. When I'm at work now, I don't count the hours until I leave; I don't cry when the weekend is over; I don't dread the details. I am now saying to myself "I GET to go to work" not I *have* to go to work. The list of meaningless chores is gone and now I have a list of privileges and responsibilities I want to complete. The hours spent at home toiling to catch up are gone, and now I have time built into my day to finish work. The thankless stepmother is gone and now I have bosses who care, compliment, and encourage. The self-pity is gone and now I have self-worth because I know at this job, I matter, because I matter to ABC. Just when you thought that true job love never really existed, and fairytales were for children, and your entire adult, working life would be consumed with kissing frogs and ugly stepsisters...Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo. There is a happily ever after, after all. There is a Prince Charming. There is ABC. I'm living my happily ever after, and you can, too. Your fairytale begins here...at ABC Pediatric Therapy Network.