



Kat ~ A Blast from the past

My first job – well the first one that wasn't family related – came about in a smooth and natural way. Its end could have been just as easy, if it wasn't for the expectations and suspicion of those close to me.

I've always had a fascination for cars and motorcycles, having grown up hanging around my Uncle's wrecking yard a few doors away from our house, so getting to know the brothers that ran the garage at the other end of our road was inevitable. I had to walk past the garage on my way to and from school each day and so stopping by on my way home was a simple matter. Over the years I got to know the brothers and their other brothers. There seemed to be a lot of them.

School came to a close as spring transitioned to summer and one of the brother's brothers (I'll call him Mr. E) offered me a job for the summer holidays. Mr. E and his wife owned a camp ground about 4 miles from where I lived and they had a new 6 month old baby to take care of. My job was to do whatever needed doing to help out every Saturday. That was the year I turned 14.

The Saturdays for the first part of the summer went rather smoothly. I mostly ended up babysitting though occasionally I got to do a little painting outside. It was a pretty cool set up. My folks would drive me to work and Mr. E would drive me home. The part I liked most was that I would go home with 15 bucks in my pocket each Saturday. That was a lot of money to me the 14 year old 30 years ago.

One Saturday about mid summer, Mr. E and his wife had kept me late to baby sit so they could go out and do some shopping so it was dark when Mr. E drove me home. He drove the long way to my house and stopped on a side road, turning his lights out. It shocked me when he leaned over and tried to kiss me. I couldn't believe it; he was married for freak sake!

I pushed him off and I started to cry. I was quite scared and I didn't know what to do – I had never dealt with a situation like this before. Getting out of the car seemed crazy

because to walk from where I was would have taken an hour and it was after 10 pm, though in hind sight, that probably would have been the best option. I guess Mr. E got kind of angry and eventually started the car again and took me the rest of the way home.

When I got home I felt relieved and very fortunate. I didn't say anything to anyone in my house; I just carried on as though all was well. While I felt like I did the right thing and took care of myself, I didn't feel safe sharing the experience with my folks. I was afraid they would make a big deal of it or blame me for the incident (and I had tons of experience with my folks that told me this outcome was likely) and I really didn't feel like it was such a big deal at all. I didn't think much of it through the week, it just didn't seem that important.

The next Saturday dawned rainy and grey; I took one look outside and lay back down to get some extra sleep. I always did love to sleep when it was raining... Going back to work wasn't something I had even considered after the incident with Mr. E the week before. Of course I hadn't told anyone what had happened so when I didn't get up and get ready for work, my parents lost their temper.

The fights we had that day!! I know I should have told my folks and yet I was really offended because they didn't seem to trust me to know what was good for me. I am really grateful that I got over being offended so I could take away the lesson I needed from the situation.

That turned out to be a lesson I still draw from today. When my son was growing up, I know I wasn't perfect and at the same time, I did my best to always remember that he knew what was best for him. He had information that I didn't about his situations and circumstances and so his decisions had to be honored for being the most informed. That doesn't mean I always agreed however, it does mean that he got the final choice after I discussed it with him.

I often wonder what our world would be like if folks trusted one another to make the right choices for themselves. Would we still have war? Something to think about... 😊

In Gratitude,
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