

Keep the Faith

August 3, 2002

I imagine the only two worse feelings greater than disappointment are heartbreak and the loss of a loved one; but in my opinion, it's certainly a close race. So how do we keep the faith when we're constantly disappointed by friends not returning phone calls when they say they will, or dates standing you up when you were so excited to have made plans? I'll tell you this: it's definitely not easy, but I suppose if it was, then everyone would do it, and they certainly don't.

I'm no stranger to disappointment. Looking back at my life, I suppose I've dealt with a lot of disappointments, especially the last two years. I've been disappointed with loved ones, with employers, and in humanity in general. Somehow, and in spite of it all, I've always managed to come out on top with a positive outlook on life.

Today I went to what I thought was going to be my first day of work at a restaurant at the Virginia Beach oceanfront. I had filled out an application on Monday and called the manager Paul on Tuesday to follow up and make sure a manager got the application. When I called, he asked my name and what my experience was and whether I was in school going back to college, and asked me what hours I could work. I answered all his questions appropriately, then he wrote down my name and phone number and asked if I could come in on Thursday (today) for training at 11 a.m. Of course, having not been employed in 4 months, I was more than delighted to be going to a job that I was actually interested in working at. I had told my family and friends the good news and was really excited to be going. I even woke up early just so I could make sure I was there on time, and I hate mornings.

Now to me, asking someone to come in for training is an offer of employment. However, apparently it's not to everyone. I arrived at the restaurant about 5 minutes early and finished up a conversation with my attorney Susan as I was walking from the parking lot. I let the hostess know who I was and told her I had talked with Paul and that I was starting training today. She called him on the phone and he told her to have me go next door to his office upstairs. I walk up the stairs next door into what looked like a very unorganized open storage area. He motions for me to come in his office where another employee is talking to him. I sit down and wait for them to finish, then as she leaves he asks me again what my experience is. I told him again and then he looked for my application, which he couldn't even find my application amongst his piles of papers on his desk and floor of his office.

After we talked in his office for a few minutes and he had asked my name three times, he told me to come down to the restaurant (next door) and fill out another application. Now you understand, because I haven't had an income in over 3 months, I wasn't going to tick off a potential employer over a simple mistake like misplacing an application or not being able to remember my name. So I filled out the application again as he was handling other affairs in the restaurant. After I finished, he came over and we talked a bit more and he asked, "If I need you, could you start on Tuesday?" I told him, "I thought you told me I was starting today," with a confused look on my face. He told me he wasn't sure if he was going to need anyone, that he had to wait to see if the two servers he had hired to replace the college students working there were going to work out. It seemed one had no personality and the other didn't know what a

Reuben sandwich was. Dumbfounded and disappointed, I kept a smile on my face the entire time, telling him it was a "pleasure to meet him," then smiling as I walked out the door to my car.

I could've been upset and let myself get depressed because I had been disappointed yet again with the cards I had been dealt, but I decided to keep the faith and believe that everything was happening exactly as it was supposed to be. On a higher level, I knew that everything was going to be all right, and that when I needed an answer, it would be there for me.

So as I pulled out of the parking lot on my way home, I called my friend Tracy to tell her what had happened, and to use her humor to keep my spirits afloat, which she's always graciously willing to lend.