

November 12, 2001

A lot has gone on in the last month, so please bear with me as I catch you up to speed on everything. As you know, I have been working for SYSCO Food Distribution in Suffolk, VA on a temp assignment for the last two months. About 2 weeks ago, I presented an idea to the Vice President of Operations (David Petray) to create a productivity analyst position. I wrote up a job description and outlined how the position would save the company thousands of dollars reducing waste and inefficiency. He was all for the position, but I had to sell the idea to the Vice President of Human Resources. I put on my best sales hat and went to her with my idea, job description, and resume. I sold myself and how I thought the position would benefit the company. Unfortunately, she didn't think that the idea of saving the company money and helping employees work more efficiently was what SYSCO was looking for right now. She said, "I understand that we haven't been watching our pennies as far as giving out merchandise (hats, etc.) to employees goes, and maybe one day we might have to stop doing that, but right now, I'm not sure that SYSCO is ready to look at the bottom line." Since that idea had been shot down like a mallard

on the first day of duck season, I started sending out resumes and applications to other companies, because I didn't want to put all my eggs in one basket. In the meantime, I was waiting for my 60-day trial period to be up so that I could be hired on full time. My manager, Van, was fully aware that I couldn't work for the \$9 an hour that the Transportation Administrative Associate position started out at, and that I had gone on interviews at USAA for two different positions. They made it very clear that they could not pay me the salary that I had informally told them I needed.

Meanwhile, sales reps who I have never met in person before, were calling David Petray telling him how much they appreciated me and that they HAD to keep me. Last Wednesday evening, David called me in his office telling me that he had received so many phone calls from people telling him that "he was making the biggest mistake of his life by letting me go." I was quite flattered that people whom I had never met, and some who I had no idea I had helped or made that great of an impression on, were calling a Vice President of the company telling him this. After a brief discussion, he said that he could offer me \$10.50 an hour working 45 hours a week and that he didn't know what might happen down

the road. I told him that I would take that figure and work up a budget to see if I could survive on that much money. That night, I worked up several budgets using high, low, and realistic figures. Even using low expense figures, at \$10.50 an hour, I came up \$70 short each month. I added two columns to the spreadsheet using \$11.00 an hour and \$11.50 an hour to show David those figures. At \$11.00 an hour, I came out with \$13 to spare and \$80 to spare at \$11.50. On Thursday, I took the budget to him and he asked if we could meet tomorrow (Friday of last week) to discuss it. I said, "sure" and fully expected to meet with him on Friday. He was busy all day with his door closed for most of it and I had to leave at 2:30 p.m. to go to WV for my uncle's funeral services and didn't get to talk with him. Then today around 3:00 p.m. I got a phone call from one of my co-workers saying that she had just met my replacement. *scratching head* I said, "huh!?!" Van was apparently parading her around the building introducing her to everyone.

From what I've now learned, David Petray took my budget to mean that I rejected the offer and he told Van that I had rejected the offer when they met for lunch on Friday. Van then called HR and had them re-offer the position to the girl who had rejected the

offer for the position earlier last week because she didn't want to work in the department. But since she needed a job, she accepted it, and starts tomorrow. Did they bother to tell me they had replaced me? Um, no! I had to hear from one of my co-workers that my replacement was being paraded around the office by my manager. After quite a few people came to me telling me they had met my replacement, I finally went to David and asked him if they had planned on telling me they had hired my replacement? He said that Van was supposed to tell me on Friday, but he never bothered doing that. David called Van in his office, then Van called me in his office and said that he didn't tell me on Friday that they had replaced me because I left before the girl called back accepting the offer. He didn't tell me TODAY because he assumed I would stay the rest of the week and train her on how to do my job. I've since learned from the Transportation Supervisors that he was scared to tell me because he was afraid that I would delete my spreadsheets that I created to organize the department and not come back to work today and leave him short handed. They also never bothered to tell my Temp agency that the assignment was ending so they could be looking for another position for me. I guess I'll finish this week out because I don't have anywhere

else to go and I certainly can't afford to miss an hour of work much less a whole week. I told Van that this was a pretty shitty way to treat me after all that I had done for him and his department getting them organized. He apologized for the miscommunication and said that he had wished I had accepted the position.... not that his apology will help pay my bills, or that it made a difference in how much disrespect I have for him. I could have understood them replacing me if I had another job and had given them notice, but he was fully aware of my situation and knew I didn't have another job lined up. By the way, I did delete the spreadsheets before I left today. :-) I'll be damned if the new girl is going to benefit from my organization and hard work. It's certainly not going to be easy going to work the rest of this week, but I don't really have any other choice.

Oh, I almost forgot to tell you that when I got back from West Virginia on Sunday, I had received a rejection letter from USAA for one of the positions I had interviewed for.

I guess things could be worse. I'm afraid to think how because at the rate I've been going, they'd probably happen. Amazingly, I've been able to stay

positive throughout all of this. I'm not exactly sure how, but I guess it's because I know that (say it with me) everything happens for a reason.