

# Psyinfo (tools to success)



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

I use to treat myself more or less as a broken soul and it took me awhile, personally to bring all my parts back together and to find a unity that could go on. I had no support from my parents or my friends. Because I had a few minor skirts with the law as a kid and did not do so well in school, my parents actually stop believing in me. They said I would get nowhere and there was nothing anymore they could do. My parents had given up on me and this is the hardest thing I have found that any kid could go through. And I didn't stop. I kept banging myself into pieces against hard walls as a reaction against an inability to connect. I can remember all the times I was sad as a kid, birthdays, holidays, Christmas time. I didn't know that growing up without money may have tied my parents down some and that they may have even felt like giving up in their lives. It was as if we were all embarrassed at living. Today I can look back and understand and appreciate some of these pressures of poverty, that they can really affect communication among family members and in a sense stunt the emotional growth and health that is needed. Feeling apart from others, isolated and unique in that way, I could no longer avoid states of depression. Today I see these states as important. In a child, one who is rebelling, they could lead into all kinds of mental illnesses if they are not properly attended to. Finally I met an individual who would change my life by the example of his own life. I had managed to get a job working in a store. I was about 17 at the time and was no longer going to school. The manager was one of the most busy persons I had every met in my life. The store was a franchise type and was open 24 hours. When I got in in the early morning he was their taking inventory. When I left he was in the back stacking up inventory. He wasn't an old man, he was like middle age. I found out he spent his afternoons at

business school. This man never took me personally. When he found out I was stealing from the store, one day he took me in the back, leaving another clerk at the cash register. In his hand he had store receipts from the last few days. I knew that that would be my last day. He sat me down and then he began to talk to me. He said he had been watching me, watching my work, and had noticed how I seem not to have any spirit. He told me he was not a religious man but that he could see I was in danger of losing my soul. I remember that day how I bit my lip. He was swearing at me, he wasn't telling me I was no good. I will never forget how I told him I had lost all my friends, all my trust in people, that I was simply alone and believed in not. He said to me that I must learn how to take charge of my own situation. He pointed out that I had a soul and that it belonged to no one else but me. He told how he had come up from a family of immigrants. He explained that his hold family was too busy working, trying to live, to have time to get involved into scraps. He talked of how he was going to school to learn to write business plans and about his dream of saving and getting a group of more stores in the franchise. He said he fed his soul not really by spiritual things, but by work. He said he had seen it in me, that I had the ability to work. He had seen how I lost myself in organizing the brands on shelves, made sure they were placed up front. He told me a lot of things in that one hour or so. And then he fired me. But I didn't take it that way. This was the first person in my life to really explain things to me and to listen to me. I have since then have many other kinds of falling downs, but I have basically learned how to take charge of myself, how to, as I have read somewhere, how to improve the fit between myself and my environment. I have made a goal in life, and that is to help others find out about their environments, and to fit themselves

in. Since that eventful firing I had went through all kinds of things in my life. I even, for awhile, ran with the wrong type of crew. First it was alcohol, then drugs. I used these things to lie to myself and to tell me I was alright and that my friends were real and true. I was working as a gas pumper at a truck oasis and then it began to dawn on me that taking charge of my life meant I could do anything I wanted. I liked the truckers. They were a happy, hard working bunch. But most of all they were strong, strong men who really had a lot of responsibility when you think of it. They carried food and supply for the nation. Thinking about them allow me to take charge of my life and set my first real goal. I would go to school, get my license and become a truck driver. Well I did that and now, today, I am sophomore in college and the proud single parent of four kids. I began my project success story with all the negatives as these are important and explain what one must root themselves against. It is like getting out all the negative thoughts first, and then you add the successes. I am single now and have been married and divorced. I have my CDL CLASS A license with a p/s endorsement endorsements This means i can drive a Greyhound bus or a school bus and be responsible for over 16 other travelers. Along with that I have a driving record that has all kinds of safety I intend to stay in school while growing my family. I will be either a social worker or a clinical therapist. I have found out what people. They need to have someone listen to them, and most important they need to learn how to listen. As a social worker I intend to show people how to feel good about themselves. My goal is to find out how to help people change their environments and then fit in. That way I can show them how to finally feel good about themselves and that when they aim, aim high.