

# I Wonder If Henry Started Like This

Well... I have officially been a bank teller for three weeks. I spent two at the main branch of the small community financial establishment watching videos (I honestly thought I was back at Wally World), learning the basics, and finally waiting on customers. The customer interaction comes as no problem (after @) + years it should not be a problem). It's that part after that is still a bit scary. I mean to make sure you are doing everything correctly... not giving back too much or too little and above all... READING THE COMPUTER SCREEN informing me what to do. Sometimes my mind has been going at warp speed and makes my hands go faster than my eyes see what is in front of me. Of course, it may still be the newness of the job and learning so much. Not to worry, I'm sure it will become second nature in time.

On Monday, I began at my local branch which conveniently is right out my front door across the street beside the empty lot where stood the old elementary school. I think the familiar atmosphere where "everybody knows my name" will help. Of course, there are those customers who will come in and make sure that they test you just because they know you. My former boss did just that twice last week. She came in with bags full of deposits, change orders, and harassment. After I completed the transactions, I gave back as much as I had received to the delight of my female co-workers. But it has been fun to wait on customers who are accustomed to seeing me at the grocery store. A gentleman actually ordered a gallon of milk and loaf of bread.

By Friday after working three weeks Monday-Saturday, I am definitely ready to settle into my new schedule (off Saturday at 1PM until Tuesday at 11AM and off no later than 6 at night). Back to back days off? Evenings off?

Some neat coincidences. I had already known that the HR director was someone I have been acquainted with for a number of years. I did NOT realize that the girl who called me in for my second interview was a classmate of mine from high school. I also got to work with one of my fellow *Wonderful Life* cast mates during my first two weeks.

So... fun at times but at times a bit scary. But something ALMOST totally new!

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## Enough Excitement For One Day

At least of this kind. The grocery was the place to be Saturday afternoon around 3:30. A seven-year old young man and his mother came in and grabbed a cart. As they are usual customers, I know how rambunctious the young lad can be. My co-worker even politely warned him to settle down a teeny bit.

As I was working on my list of things to do I could hear the little one running up and down the aisles pushing the cart. A sort time later, I hear someone shout **"OH, MY GOD! OH, MY GOD!**

**I NEED HELP!"** By the time I got over to aisle 4 (of 4), my co-worker had the two of them up by the window. I found an overturned cart and blood trailing up and down the aisle.

What really got me was the absence of a loud crash to announce the accident.

So I got the phone, called 9-1-1, and had the ambulance there in short order. The child's finger was cut down to the bone.

Understandably, he was quite inconsolable. After getting off the phone with the dispatcher, I call the manager who told us to make out a report and get the party's information for our records. Since I knew the two of them, the report could wait until the situation was under control.

After the paramedics transported the little guy to the hospital, I set about cleaning up the area. Amazingly, there was a glass jar of spaghetti sauce that was unharmed. I then grabbed a pair of gloves and bleached water and scrubbed the trail of blood. The cart itself had no evidence of the mishap. Strange...

Yesterday, the boy's father stopped in and proclaimed me a "hero" (SHEESH! and I wasn't even wearing my Superman t-shirt ;)). Honestly, I was more interested in the welfare of his son. Apparently, he had broken his finger and had to go to the surgeon to have it taken care of.

And who said that life in a two traffic light town was dull?

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## Say... FART

No.. honestly, the photographer for our big Jamiahsh family portrait used that in an attempt to get a few of the more rambunctious models to cooperated. A certain young man chose to say "gingivitis" instead (bad teeth, Noah?). In any case, today was the big family portrait day. It probably has been a good 10 years since the last one. Looking at the old one, there are a few people it was deemed necessary to delete for one reason or other and Alex for one had those monkey ears hanging out and I still had a reasonable amount of hair on my head plus a few extra pounds (now it is the opposite on both counts). There have also been a few additions to the family so it all balances out. The last picture was more a photo of the children for the parents' Christmas present. This one included all 17 (or is it 18?) of us.

The day began at mass. I was not aware that the choir sang this morning (it is not the third Sunday of the month. Guess

I should look at the schedule a bit more closely). The choir master came down and told me to come up to the loft. I was shocked to see Chad (who had just had gall bladder surgery on Thursday up there. Better than expected but he did not do much. I KNOW that the next time the choir sings is Christmas Eve at 9:30PM mass. A half-hour earlier than normal (hope the Children's mass at 7 is quick since we sing carols at 9).

Then it was off to break the camera. It actually went quacked than I thought i had. We arrived around noon and were finished by 12:20. I think the most troublesome one was my 15 year old godson who really was not appreciative of being torn away from his Fortress of Solitude. We asked him if he would do better if we showed him a picture of his girlfriend. Still amazes me that he has found the time to be social enough for a girlfriend. Guess there is someone for everyone. Rather humorous with about 10 photographers offering placement suggestions. Not me... I just went with the flow. Wonder if she can photoshop a bit of hair to cover the glare that is sure to come. ☐

Today was also the combined three-store Christmas party. Not for me... not that I am not a sociable person, someone needed to stay behind and run the store. We now have Noble Romans pizza at the store. The sign out front says "Made Fresh Daily."

Apparently, we had a customer who took the sign a bit too literally as he called to place an order. We are NOT a pizza parlor and do not deliver. You have to buy and bake at home ☐

Kind of reminded me of the customer who called and inquired on our availability of breasts. As reward for staying behind, a pizza, 2 liter, and leftover cookies were delivered to me to take home. We also have a stand up mascot of Noble Romans at the front of the store to greet the customers. I do recall back in the day that there was a Noble Romans in the Fort and vaguely remember said mascot in television ads. I remember the tag for Godfather's Pizza which was the apropos "Pizza You Can't Refuse" but that is another chain.

Well... off to bed. Early start tomorrow.

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## Have to Watch Out for the Old Ones

Never a dull moment at a small four-aisle grocery! Receiving prank phone calls, nasty notes from the boss telling you that you do nothing, and co-workers who (after 6 months on the job) still do not know what to do. I thought I would help these two along by leaving polite notes reminding them of what needs to be done while they are working. For the most part, they help<sup>ED</sup> and kept those who needed a little nudge busy. That is until last night when I worked a whopping 4 hours and had a list of duties that I would normally need a full day to accomplish plus the addendum that the helpful notes I had been leaving "Will stop!" So much for being helpful.

Today, no note... the boss left before I arrived at noon leaving one person in the store (at noon?!). I was able to get sooooo much more done than any of her laundry lists demand me to do.

How long have I worked in retail?! My leg is feeling 5000 much better... maybe not 100%, but I "See the light at the end of the tunnel!" Of course, the last hour arrived leaving me there all alone because the other person leaves an hour before closing(never understood this). Of course, the last hour is one of the busiest but somehow, I did get the coolers straightened and everything ready to lock up.

And now... to the title of my post. Around 8:15 a female who is getting on in years, came into the store and purchased a good quantity of groceries. I offered to help her out; however (like so many), she pushed the cart outside. A short time

later, after I realized she was not bringing the cart back, I went outside and noticed a surprise. Inside the cart, I discovered a squarish green bottle and my jaw dropped as I read the *Jagermeister* label. No wonder she wanted to push the cart out herself (not that I'm 100% sure that it was hers). And noooooo... it was not mine. Warfarin and alcohol do not mix. I showed a customer who I know well the bottle and we had a good laugh. I took the bottle and left a note on the desk. This might backfire as I may get yet another note about leaving notes.

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## An Opportunity

I don't know but I really do think that retail is burning me out. I think primarily it is the fact that I have been in it off and on since high school and just need to break away. I try to have as much fun while I am working but at times it just seems I dunno what... I just can't put my finger on it.

Which is why I have been looking to the want ads and TODAY I found an opening for an opportunity that seems almost tailor made for me. Anyone who knows me well knows how much fun I have and try to make for little ones. Having 7 nieces and nephews and a family who has dubbed me their "manny" surely illustrates that. I even put this under the "Special Skills" heading of my resume.

Healed leg or no, I feel that I would be good in the position.

Attitude is everything. I am learning to deal with my leg as best I can. I'm not a total invalid and I am on my feet a lot more than I was. So everyone wish me luck and come what may.

Until then, I will enjoy my current employment and have and make as much fun at it as I can. I do have a job unlike so many other unfortunate people out there and have no intention

of giving up that job until another window opens.

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## Seemed Like Old Times

Last week, our primary nighttime closer turned in her two-week notice. I was called into the cubby to discuss the issue. "You have another opportunity coming your way." An opportunity that I DO NOT WANT! I came out and told my employer that once my leg is fully healed, I am going to look for another job suited toward not only my gifts but also my epiphany of the last month or so. I also told her that my outside commitments would not allow me to close 5-out-of-7 nights. I think I am so at the point where I am almost burned out by retail. I don't know what it is. I love interacting with people but I really want something different.

I guess my feelings on the matter were not taken into account as I will be closing every day I work (interfering with everything I am involved in outside of the store... board meetings, voice lessons, however my Sunday schedule will allow me to attend church). But I am not complaining since this is the best I have at the moment. I do have another week to hopefully arrange something with my vocal coach since I do have a recital for which I have a female lined up to perform a number with.

The boss has hired another adult. Someone I am well acquainted with since she worked with me not only the last time I was at the store but also at the ol' Wal\*Mart. I got to refresh her in some areas of the store... grinding meat, reducing meat, a little on the register, and a few other things.

Perhaps she will be inheriting some of these closing nights

once she becomes better refreshed and more acclimated to the new owners. Making an observation and not complaining but if I were managing a store with no more than 15 total employed, I would ask if it was acceptable to change someone's schedule so dramatically, especially when the person affected has had a prior commitment approved on Thursday nights for nearly a year. Some sort of compromise could still be reached.

Really not upset. This just reaffirms my belief that there is something out there just waiting for me to grab hold of.

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## A Page From Reameasblog

**Warning:** Some of the content of this post may be questionable to some readers. Proceed at your own risk.

Like our newest [tangenteer](#), the little store I am employed at has its share of cute little callers with nothing on their little mundane plates than to make obnoxious calls.

Admittedly, I was one of those at one time or another so it should come as no surprise that I like to play along when the opportunity presents itself. Wednesday night, the newest teenage employee asked me to take a phone call after she failed to clearly "hear the person on the other line":

*Jamiahsh: Hello... may I help you*

*Customer: Yes, do you sell breasts?*

*J: Why, yes we do. As a matter of fact, we have a 40lb box on sale for \$1.49/lb (usually \$3.99/lb)*

*C: How are they?*

*J: Oh, they are nice, plump, round, firm. Just your type.*



*C: Ok... thank you very much (sounding rather shocked but with a chuckle being heard in the background. I think I was on speakerphone)*

*J: You are very welcome. Have a nice evening.*

The teenage cashier was grinning from ear-to-ear after I hung the phone up. I must admit that I thought the incident rather humorous myself. Fun to be in charge once in a while.

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## **Work, Praise, and Play**

All three in that order. My five hour shift went fine... **UNTIL...** four o'clock came and the only other employee in the store was due to be off and the next one did not come in until 5. So, my work completed or not, I had to be up front and mind the store by myself. I did have a surprise visit from the former band and choir directors from our rival school. Very close friends of Emily. I really hadn't seen them since the funeral so nice to chat for a few minutes. Five o'clock came without incident and the two evening shifters took over.

After coming home to relax a bit, I went to worship lead at mass. Went really well. Looking over the edge of the loft, I saw my two nephews and niece with their mother (her weekend with the kiddos while dad went to Columbus to watch the Buckeyes hopefully take over the number one spot in the rankings after Alabama was beaten). Noah waved as he was looking up so I waved back. After finishing the last note of "Go, Be Justice" I had to quickly say my farewell and head over to the Huber for our Saturday night rehearsal which was threatened about a week ago. Hopefully, Barrymore's presence

was not missed too much in most of Act I, but I did make it for my last beat.

Quite a turnaround from Thursday night's rehearsal! Much smoother and a lot fewer shouts of "Line!" to the promptress which made Mare, Mare very happy. Since she had to leave for work, Watson dismissed us after reminding us that tomorrow is Press Night. Hopefully, everyone will be on their "A game" as we take the newspaper reviewers to Victorian era London on the trail of the fiendish Hound of the Baskervilles.

**AND THAAAAAA YANKEES ARE OFF TO THE ALCS! SWEEP MINNESOTA!  
START SPREADIN' THE NEWS!**

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## Changing Drawers

You know sometimes in my off-and-on 20 years in retail, I have at times questioned the hiring of certain individuals. I don't think I have ever questioned it more than a current co-worker who has had three months total retail experience after driving truck for how many years he did that. Two TOTALLY different worlds and it certainly shows.

Within the first week of his employment, he was \$30.00 short on his till. For some reason, unbeknownst to me, the store feels that it is not necessary to have each cashier have his/her own till. Nothing to do with the employee. Our main office worker has worked at the store longer than I have been in retail and she doesn't find that a bit odd? I would like to have my own drawer as well so I do not get blamed for other's tills coming up \$30.00 short.

Tonight, I was really close to losing it. Said employee asked if he could start to sweep and mop the floor. So, I

went to the office and got a fresh drawer. He had the audacity to ask me why I would do that. All right, I was confused. Apparently, he wanted to sweep and mop the floor plus watch the register?

Moments later, a customer (my sister-in-law no less) comes to the register. I call the cashier to the register to wait on her. Then, he has the nerve to question why I ask him to wait on her. Apparently, he is now of the mind that if you are working the same shift it is ok to run his register? I didn't understand that at all and he TOLD me I did not. He's right, I did not. I don't understand why you would want the person who is "responsible for your till being \$30.00 short" to run it at all.

Later little did I expect, I was running the register with the 3 month old retail employee standing behind my shoulder making sure that I wasn't making any mistakes. That almost did it.

But I kept my cool and waited on the line of customers. I was not about to come down to his level when we were the only 2 in the store. Small store but at times more help is needed.

A person needing to go outside for a quick break being one of them. Thank goodness, it was time for him to leave. I might have taken the opportunity to have him leave a few minutes early.

My quick "Lord, Give Me Strength" really helped! Prayer is a powerful thing, isn't it?

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## Weird Wednesday

Wednesday nights have been really strange at work as of late. This past Wednesday was no different. A female customer (who sorry to say looked as if she was a few Aces short of a full

deck) asked me if we carried fresh cranberries. Legitimate question. I politely explained that we did not. After I was asked the reason for this, I came up with the most logical response I could: I really do not think fresh cranberries would be a popular item in a small store at any time of year except for the holidays.

She then asked if we carried canned cranberries. Those we do have! She was not done. Do you have cranberry juice in a glass bottle. Unfortunately, we don't. The plastic bottle contains harmful chemicals that the glass does not. She finally decided on canned cranberries.

I won't go into the ordeal that the cashier went through as the customer attempted to purchase her cranberries with her electronic food stamp card. But she did successfully make her purchase and proceeded on her way. Interesting lady whom I had never had the pleasure of meeting before. Hopefully, she enjoys those cranberries in whatever form they are. It did bring back memories of a customer whom I actually know quite well who asked if we carried sun-dried tomatoes. My former employer laughed at the audacity of such a question! I'll make a point to check on the availability of fresh cranberries and glass bottled juice on my next trip to Wally World.