



Working Stiff(Iy)

Working full time can be hard enough when you have hiv, but when losing a job means losing health care, the stress is on.

October 17, 2017 By [Lora René Tucker](#)

About four weeks ago, I was fired from my job.

Yep, fired.

I was totally blindsided. I thought all, no, most, was well:

Despite the lack of training, the inconsistent supervision and support, I did the best I could and figured out what to do. Heck, I'm a team player... I spent the summer getting acclimated: I was building a nice caseload and doing what I love.... Psychotherapy. I proceeded to teach myself most of the admin and paperwork. I had been sick and lost days so I spent the two weeks prior "catching up" with my progress notes... But as I was rolling my charts back to the file room for my day's last task, the director called me in and

BOOM.

I had been on probation, so "fire at will" was utilized; the director's reasons for firing me sounded more like tRump's explanation for attacking Obamacare (saying one thing but knowing the "real deal"...). Not to mention she sounded like the adults in a Peanuts cartoon...

I know a good title for this Peanuts movie:

"Life's a Bitch, Charlie Brown!"

I digressed.

I AM not happy, of course, and I am nervous. Unemployment had to "investigate further," so I am not getting any financial assistance yet. Human resources has not sent me any info about COBRA/health care. (And you know I need that!) And I am beginning to eat into my savings. (Remember, I'm a social worker, not a financial analyst.)

BUT

I am blessed.

I have been relieved of staying in a place that I was obviously not welcomed; a place not able to provide adequate support for their staff and that did not appreciate my talents. I appreciate my talents and the hard &%\$* work I put in to serve my clients and be the best social worker I can be... and that is a damn good, no... Excellent LMSW!

Yes, my stomach flips from time-to-time; my mind can run like someone trying to get a station on an old transistor radio, and diminishing feelings of self-worth will crawl out of the bathroom on occasions,

BUT

I am blessed to have two mentors who help me keep my chin up, friends who have shown compassion and patience, and a God that has never failed me.

Sooooooooo,

Résumé revised, references ready, cover letter covered. I have been sending my résumé throughout the New York Metro area; applying through every job search engine in existence. I'm also doing a few things that need to be done... like submit the paperwork for my LCSW, apply for my certification training for poetry therapy, catch up on my reading (including my summer reading: Colson Whitehead's book, "The Underground Railroad") and write, write, write... including this blog.

BUT

To paraphrase one of the dancers from "A Chorus Line":

"I need a job, Oh God, I need a job..."

Onward and Upward.