

Hello from the desk of Joan L. the new Group Records Coordinator for New York North. I entered this position voluntarily and now considerate it to be the best decision I made during the historic COVID incident. I consider provident this service to be a privilege to act in this capacity.

I didn't read the job description for this title until hours after I volunteered. As I researched my responsibilities, I was confident I would meet all the criteria. Good organizational skills, check. Ability to pay attention to details, check. Ability to communicate via e-mail, check. Ability to pay attention to detail, check. Maintain MANY, MANY lists, check. Retiring from special education after 40 years, and being responsible for at least 200 students/year, ages 4-21, I thought my abilities matched the job description providing I tweak my computer skills. I purchased a plethora of Sharpies, pencils, pens, note pads hi lighters and even a second new shiny desk so I could spread out my multicolored binders.

I think I received my first records change request on January 3<sup>rd</sup> and I dare say I have received 2 to 3 requests since then. The phone calls and e mails have doubled as my perfectionism elevated.

It has been 2 months since I ventured into this service. I haven't used my colored pens, because pencils are easier to use with erasers. My post it notes are stuck to my carpet, clothes and dish towels! I am awake at 3 am, ready to make phone calls, until I remember most people are not awake and not ready to work!

My attempts towards perfectionism were fruitless and my Higher Power let me go through the motions of near disaster to find this out. Last weekend, all three of my devices had been on overload. I was at a standstill for hours, so I took a nap.....for 3 hours! HALT described me to a T! Once my devices cooled off, I DIDN'T resume my work. Instead, I went for a walk, made myself something to eat and watched television.

My work resumed the following morning. But the day before I stopped to smell the roses, took one day a time AND reminded myself it is progress not perfection!

Respectfully submitted,  
Joan L.