

Where Are You Going?

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She always asked of her children, "Where are you going?" Seldom openly objected to their reply. Just wanted to know where to look if needed. After all, there were few township choices where anyone could hide. Theirs was a community of families, and none ever thought to lie to their Mom.

This development of trust between adult/parent/leader and child, became a keystone in the development and growth of confidence for that next generation.

So all tots then moved to the following 24 hours without their giving it a thought. For them, some unseen hand made the choices and preparations.

The first independent choices probably began at the kitchen table. The child repeatedly spit out a bit of food,. Clean up being a messy moment, that offering was seldom repeated. Parent and child continue on this path for life, the choices gradually shifting to the child's complete independence. And on that day, it was questionable; who was the happier individual.

In these United States each might ask, "When did I first choose the color, style of a something I wore?" That may have been the onset of deliberate choice, for none would choose the city, home lived in, the Church, School, Grade attended.

As years pass, I chose to be a Boy Scout, have a Paper Route , go to movies. But while the School attended was always acceptable to me,
I was there at my parents choice.

Even when completing High School I continued in College, an extension of the High School, because at 17, employment was not offered to those not 18.

At that School, the more mature had been looking at completing College elsewhere, for this was a 2 year College. Those inclined to Engineering has chosen the University of Detroit for it had Co-Operative Education the final two years; employment in Industry every other four weeks, that income enough to pay the next tuition. I followed this reasoning, made inquiries, liked what I learned.

Imagine my surprise when finishing the two years of College at home, preparing to leave home for Detroit and the Jesuit University of Detroit,. The other half-dozen

who initiated the inquiry had fallen off the bandwagon. In fact none went further immediately.

So without having been responsible for the choice, I made what would be the first of a series of bus or train journeys between Erie, Pa and Detroit, Michigan to attend the University of Detroit. The first a bus trip, September 1941, the final a train journey in June 1944.

Those days changed my life forever.

But the first career choice was while a Senior at UofD, when I applied for a Commission in the Navy. I was accepted began Active Duty In August 1944.

Want to talk about decisions that changes a life?
Join the military.

Except, once again, all major decisions are made for the individual.
And that remained O.K. with me for the next three exciting years.
The people met, most impressive; places seen unforgettable; education by doing.

Still, any anchoring decisions, were delayed., as I returned to civilian life oin 1947.