

No Problems

by Kenita Gibbins

Digital Isolation isn't a dilemma at this point in my life. We decided for me to return to the workforce when our youngest child turned 14. Brock is 46 years old now. I had been teaching aerobics at the Jewish Community Center and the Aerobic Center on Holly. It made sense for me to apply for a full-time job where people knew me. The Aerobic Center's accountant needed a full-time person to track and bill the clientele. He assumed I knew how to tackle this job. My confession revealed my lack of all of the tools needed. Bob happened to be our neighbor, and we liked each other. He turned out to be an excellent teacher. I eased his load and also took over scheduling the staff.

After four years, I found a position with a copy company. The salary made me happy, but the female boss turned out to be a barracuda. A friend had moved to another company and told me about an opportunity. Every time there was a change in jobs, I had to learn how to operate a different digital system. For years my part-time job was for Hank our tax accountant during tax season. He came into the place where I was working and hired me full time. The copy company had to move. This opportunity came at the right time. The city tore down a significant portion of Blake Street to build Coors Baseball Field.

I continued to work for Hank until my last boss told me that he needed me. Husband George ran a blind snack shop at Lowry Finance Center. I multitasked for George and had gained knowledge over the years how to do payroll. I paid George's two helpers and figured the taxes. The spouse refused to give payment to me. He thought I had enough perks. The saving grace for us – I didn't work in the shop. I filled the vending machines, shopped at Sam's Club, Costco, plus another warehouse. It felt proper working while roaming the city.

When we retired from the Finance Center, I started to be serious about taking pictures. Now my computers are set up for me to store and edit images. I can post the photographs taken for customers. They can select and order images from Zenfolio, a company I pay to archive for me. I have a PayPal account with Zenfolio. I expect to be paid as agreed following a photo session for clients. My cameras and iPhone bring me happiness. It is possible to sell off our condo walls.

Story telling is helped by writing on a computer. George benefits from my skills to do correspondence for him in overseeing property out of state. We do have sites where we can pick up messages from our doctors. When we go to a doctor's office, I do ask for print-outs of the notes and statistics discovered during an appointment.

We do not want to live without my digital world. It links us with our children, friends, doctors, etc. I would instead give up our landline.