

JULY & AUGUST 2016

# SASSY

WORK. LIFE. BALANCE. SASS.

Nº47

The Michiana Career-Driven Woman Who Does It All.

**free!** PLEASE  
TAKE ONE!

**SUMMER  
BEAUTY ON  
A BUDGET**

*snooze  
news*

**JUMP START  
YOUR MORNINGS**

*can she do it all?*  
**YOU BETHZA SHE CAN!**

HER STORY IS AN INSPIRING JOURNEY OF UNEXPECTED TURNS AND BEAUTIFUL OUTCOMES

# *5 Things I Don't Miss About* **CORPORATE LIFE**

When I ditched my corporate life to be a freelance writer (and then a stay-at-home mom/homeschooler), I expected some trade-offs. Looking back, the pros outweighed the cons by far. While I do miss the steady paycheck (admittedly, that's a big one), I don't miss much else from my days as a corporate worker bee.

## 5 Things I Don't Miss About Corporate Life...

**1. DEALING WITH WEIRD CO-WORKERS AND OFFICE POLITICS.** I once worked with a woman who smelled like an egg. Literally, like a hard-boiled egg left sitting in the sun for days. And she smoked. And she believed in the power of crystals and a giant protective bubble that guarded her like an invisible force-field. And on top of all those pluses, she was a man-hating, scorned, bitter divorcée. She was one crazy, smelly lady. I don't miss that. I also don't miss diving out of the way of that back-stabber in marketing. You know, that brown-nosing, blame-shifting, credit-stealing co-worker who will stop at nothing to get ahead? Yeah, her. Granted, as a work-at-home mom, I'm around two moody, hormonal, bickering teens. But that's a different kind of office politics. And I can usually solve the bickering by withholding their screen time.





**2. COMMUTING.** When I lived and worked in New Jersey, I had a 45-minute commute to one of my jobs – in good weather and normal traffic. Throw in a blizzard, blinding rainstorm, construction, or at least one traffic-snarling accident a week and my one-way trip would top out over an hour. One time, a record 3 ft. snowfall buried us overnight. My boss (who lived 5 minutes from work) called me at 10 a.m. wondering why I wasn't at work. Well . . . since there's a snowdrift as tall as a 6th grader blocking my front door and I can only see the roof of my snowed-in car and the snowplows won't get to my little neighborhood-in-the-woods for hours, why do you think I'm not at work? My Attendance Nazi Boss actually docked me a vacation day for this. Now, as a work-at-home mom, I simply walk down the stairs. Nice.

**3. BUYING A WORK WARDROBE.** Bordering on tomboyish (minus the athletic skills), I never really liked wearing dresses. (This might date back to my toddler days wearing itchy Easter outfits, complete with white gloves, hats and itchy crinoline to poof out my little-girl dresses in the '60s.) Throw in a blazer, stockings and high heels, and I feel like I'm practically smothering in my own straitjacket layering of clothes and teetering on stilts. As a work-at-home mom in Florida, I've adopted a more comfortably casual style—jeans and no-iron shirts (winter wear) or shorts, tank tops and flip flops (the other nine months). My go-anywhere style translates well to working pool-side on my laptop, chauffeuring the boys to school or running to Costco.

**4. ATTENDING MEETINGS.** I don't do mornings, so those 8 a.m. weekly departmental meetings were killer. I need at least 30 minutes for the caffeine to kick in before I can actively listen to sales forecasts, HR policy changes, committee reports and new dress code mandates. Plus, most meetings were nothing but a huge time-suck, where 90% of the discussions were irrelevant to my job, a rehash of old problems that never got solved or dominated by some blow-hard who tried to force-feed his opinions to everyone. And, if I was unlucky enough to be stuck sitting next to The Egg for the meeting, I might as well be in Corporate Hell.

**5. MISSING MY BOYS GROW UP.** I saved the best for last because this is where the big payoff kicks in. Because I chose family over career, I didn't miss my boys' childhood. I relished being home with my kids to witness all their milestones: first steps, first words, first fights between brothers, first day of kindergarten, more fights between brothers, etc. Hearing the details of my boys' childhood from a daycare provider would be like hearing that someone else hit the Powerball jackpot. If I'm not the one personally walking away with a fistful of cash, then it's just a sound-bite about someone else's good news. So being there for my boys? Priceless. ✍



I might as well be in  
Corporate Hell.



**BETHZA**  
PROFESSIONAL MAKEUP ARTIST STUDIO

**PRO MAKEUP ARTISTS:**  
*in studio and on location!*

- *Lash Extensions* •
- *Pro Brow Shaping* •
- *Skin Care Treatments* •
- *Microdermabrasion* •
- *LED Light Therapy* •
- *Airbrush Tanning Now* •

201 S. Main St. Elkhart, IN 46516  
Studio (574) 226.5261  
Cell (574) 343.7532

**WWW.BETHZASTUDIO.COM**