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My Journey

By

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After watching the movie, Educating Rita, I was left with the impression that Rita had lived a different life and embarked on an education to willfully change it.

Rita was a hair stylist, a wife, and a daughter. She had been those things for most of her life and that life came to a point where it wasn't good enough for her. Rita made a decision to go to school and learn to be different. Rita wanted an education because she thought those with education had more in life.

In order to resocialize herself into a college setting, she sought private lessons through an open university program. She apparently felt that she wasn't ready to jump into education in a traditional setting with both feet. She did, eventually, get to where she socialized with other students and ended up by going after her goals full force.

My own resocialization was similar. I had already been a police officer for 16 years when I decided to go for a promotion in rank. I was a bit leery, at first, wondering if that was something I could do. After all, I enjoyed my job and I was good at it. I didn't want to take on a supervisory role and then not be all that I should be.

It was well known throughout the county that my father was a sergeant at the sheriff's department, and he was awesome! People loved him, and officers loved working for him. How would it look if I made rank and then failed to live up to those expectations? Those were, after all, my expectations for myself.

So I made the decision to go after it. I made sure that I was ready for the written test, the oral interview, and the “Assessment Center” exercise.

After going through all of that, I was successful and was promoted. I've been in a supervisory role now for six, almost seven, years. I feel that I have lived up to my expectations for myself which is very satisfying.

The moment I felt I had achieved my goal was when one of my officers came to me and told me that he wanted to talk with me. This officer was experienced and had previously worked at the sheriff's department under my father's supervision. Of course, I gave the time to him, and he said something that meant so much to me and something that I will never forget. He told me

that he just wanted me to know how honored he was to have worked for two Sergeant Beals in his career.

That felt great. Even though I was hesitant to become something new and better, just as Rita was, I pushed through that resocialization process and transformed into the kind of sergeant I wanted to be and could be proud of—a sergeant like my father.