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Accidents Happen

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Accidents Happen

So, I wanted to be a doctor, a pediatrician to be exact. But, after the first semester of undergrad's Science courses and the sight of sick babies in a neo-natal unit, I was convinced that medicine was not my niche. I explained my change of majors to my advisor as an accident, because accidents happen.

So, I wanted to be a psychologist. I wanted to work with the minds of kids. It seemed like a great way to assuage my passion for seeing healthy children. Only this time, I was going to help heal their emotions, their minds, their broken hearts, and their souls.

So, I wanted my work as a residential counselor to be meaningful and it was, until by accident, I stumbled into an opportunity to be a case manager. I didn't mean to do it; but, it was some of the best doing I'd ever done all because, accidents happen.

So, I wanted to return to school to make my life's trajectory clear.
"To counsel," I thought, "everyday of every year!"
The program was delightful and I made it through with ease
Right down to the internship and with my performance, my Supervisor
was so very pleased.

With two more semesters to go, and with my lot securely cast,
I was ready to finish my Masters...until an accident happened.

So, I wanted to finish my Masters; but, nature took an interesting turn.
Katrina happened and the record of my internship hours was lost!
Along with my house ...my car... my marriage ...my life... my life...my
marriage...my car...my house... it all was gone
Leaving traces of remnants of memories too painful
to reminisce on for too long
All because accidents happen.

So, I wanted to finish my Masters; but I needed to get a job.
So, I wanted to make my life's trajectory clear; but I needed to get a job.

So, I got a job as a substitute teacher and when the way was clear,
Became a paraprofessional at an elementary school fighting my fears,

And daily wiping my tears, because I had to start over again
All because accidents happen.

So, I wanted to start over again.
I worked as a paraprofessional until one day a third grade teacher quit.
My principal put me in that room that fateful day
Because she thought I'd be a good fit.

And here I am 10 years later.
I guess she was right.
I'd not lost at all.
I'd actually won the fight,
All because accidents happen.

So, I wanted to go back to school and to several schools I applied.
It seemed I'd never get a PhD because I kept getting denied.
But then that day, that amazing day which made me joyfully cry.
No more would I have regrets. My time had finally drawn nigh.

I got accepted into LSU to get my PhD
And many of the classes from my failed Masters
Were transferred into my doctorate degree
All because accidents happen...