

Life After Alpha

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In 1943, age 5, I was enrolled at the Alpha School as a monthly boarder. My father, a single parent did extensive business travel. Thus, the Alpha Nuns nurtured and cared for me. I was even permitted to participate with the 1st graders.

I recall funny smelling purple jelly-like trays the size of cookie sheets used in duplicating announcements to parents. Crunching at dusk through new fallen snow to collect barnyard hay from the stable for the Christmas manger being readied in the chapel. Listening to weekly radio sermons delivered by Monsignor Sheen.

The care, education, discipline, and positive values with examples would prove invaluable in preparing me for my life after Alpha. Responsible behavior, follow through, stick-to-itiveness, and last but not least, exemplify my Alpha upbringing. “*Department*” was one of the definitions used in those days.

I owe stamina of surviving my eventful life to the many loving and dedicated nuns who mentored me. I am forever mindful to remain humble and calm in spirit regardless of the outcome. Compassion and love for all who cross my path in life. All these values and more define the “Alpha” spirit..

(Excerpts taken from www.NewSeniors.com “Working Mothers were not always Welcomed in Business February 15, 2010, which best describes my working career.)

As an Asian-American, pre-boomer woman starting my career on the East Coast in the late 1950’s, I was saddled with the traditional expectations and stereotypes of the day. Being a free-thinking, modern, emancipated woman raised many eyebrows and presented a variety of challenges. However, nothing could break my perseverance no matter how difficult, because I was full of hubris and determination.

Like many women of my generation, I began work in the steno pool of a large corporation. After moving to the West Coast, I found independence in the financial and commercial real estate world. I was then able to gain an equal footing in a man’s world, and shed the socially acceptable “ideal” female role. I had broken through the “Glass Ceiling” before it had a name.

And, as a single mother raising 3 children without family support, I made it work through sheer grit. My independent career status provided me freedom to bring up a family. I worked at home if they were sick and was available for my children and their needs. This was before home offices were commonplace. In fact, PCs had yet to be invented.

I have no regrets over the sacrifices made, the endless hours of work and the juggling of my schedule in order to be a success as both a mother and as a businesswoman. During the “traditional constrictive” decades it was unusual for a woman to receive on the job training (OJT) to the same degree as men, even

if we had the same educational credentials. In many ways, the deck was stacked against us, but I never lost faith nor complained – at least not out loud.

I believe that pre-boomer women were the catalysts of liberation, which later rallied our younger sisters to turn this into a public movement. We set the stage and they performed, but none of us should be satisfied until equal status is achieved for all women and new standards are established for those who follow in our footsteps. Women of my generation can feel proud of our accomplishments, but there's still much to be done.

(End of [www. NewSeniors.com](http://www.NewSeniors.com) "Working Mothers Were Not Always Welcomed in Business" February 15, 2010 excerpts).

I am retired and currently reside in Southern California with my husband. We are fortunate to be surrounded by our beautiful blended family of 3 sons, 2 daughters and 7 grandchildren and enjoy art, traveling, music and tennis.