



COULD this happen to you?

Dear Jack and Allison,

I had my exit interview with human resources today, but they just didn't seem to ask the right questions, so I thought I would write to you. I feel bad about leaving our division. I have enjoyed working with you and the others, but I just couldn't stay here any longer. Maybe this letter will help you understand why.

Jack, you're a good manager and you're good at your job. Unfortunately, you seem to forget the small stuff like saying good morning or how was your weekend. You seem to be so busy that things get lost. Like the time I wanted to join that professional association and it just sat on your desk for months. We often talked about my going to training classes or presenting a plan at the staff meeting, but those things never happened. Often, I felt like I wasn't a part of things. I wasn't kept in the loop and I would hear about things that were going on in our office from people in other agencies.

When I had my last performance appraisal, it became clear to me just how meaningless those things really are. While I enjoyed the opportunity to talk with you about my work, that seemed to be the only value of the exercise. As usual, I received high ratings but the raise did not follow. While I know salaries/raises are dependent upon the General Assembly, there are other options you might have pursued. Even so, it wasn't about the money. I wanted to feel like you would fight for me, like you valued me enough to pursue whatever options you could, even if they didn't come through. Maybe you could have thought of other ways to show me you appreciated my work.

Allison, you have always inspired me. You are a great leader and your passion was always evident to Jack and the rest of our team. When I first came here three years ago, I was so excited about our mission and the contribution I would be making to our state. I had hoped to enjoy a long career with state government

It just seems like a lot of little things began to add up until I became disengaged and disheartened. Then there was the straw that broke the camel's back. I worked so hard on that last presentation. I had to cancel a visit to my niece in Atlanta. I put in extra hours and worked on the weekends. But it was just another presentation to the two of you. No one seemed to care about what I had sacrificed.

I will be making more money in my new job, but again, I'm not leaving for money. I want to work somewhere that people are treated with respect and I can make a meaningful contribution. Unfortunately, my work here didn't seem to matter much.

Thank you both for all you have taught me. I will miss you and wish you well.

Sincerely,
Ed