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**My Dream As A**

**Teacher of English Class**

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**131st Weekend Class**

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There are certain factors that all human beings need throughout their life. From the very basic requisites to survive such as shelter, food and sleep to needs that people need to enhance their qualities of lives. These include property, health, friendship, family and of course, education. Education is especially needed in our youth before we are fully developed, so that the kids grow as not only intelligent ones, but to those who are gentile and get along with the others as well. There are many more things that we need than logic to live in our life. Thus in my opinion, the teachers should be both highly qualified and warm-hearted so that they can embrace and understand their student truly with their hearts. Mrs. Thompson, who’s from the story we read in class “A Teacher’s Story”, is a great model. Even though she started as a normal instructor, just instructing the pupils like so many others, she found enlightenment from Teddy. Lots of teachers still miss the opportunity to truly understand from the student’s point of view, so I think what Mrs. Thompson did was tremendous, and this is a kind of teacher I want to be ten years from now.

As a matter of fact, I have a teacher who affect me a similar way like Mrs. Thompson did to Teddy. Her name was Mrs. Lee and this story goes back more than a decade, when I was in my second year of primary school and I used to be a lonely child. I was a lonely child because I was much more introverted at the time, and thus had trouble with making friends. The reason I became so introspective and doubtful to make friends was because our family always moved, almost every year due to my father’s business, sometimes to overseas. As it became so often to meet and get apart with someone, whether it’s a friend or a teacher, I eventually shut the doors of my heart and didn’t let anyone in even before I knew I was doing it myself.

So I had trouble making friends. To make the situations worse, I got emotional every time the others tried to talk to me as it reminded me of the other friends from the previous schools. I used to keep my mouth very tightly shut and did not talk to anyone who came close to me. Apparently it was not long since we moved our house and schools, but soon the classmates got tired of trying to get close to me and played on their own. It didn’t take me long to get used to being solitary and do everything on my own, from studying to eating at lunch times.

Then a day that changed my life came. It was a day when we needed to make into groups to do a science project. A number of students were picked as a captain per each group, and the captains had to choose the classmates to be in their groups. It was not surprising to me, even at the time, that I was the last one to get picked. However, it was still became quite a shock to me when all the captains tried to avoid from choosing me as a group member, even though I was the only one left from the whole class. Sitting down in the half-emptied room, and seeing all the other classmates standing on the other side who were avoiding my eyes, I finally broke down into tears.

It was then when Mrs. Lee came up to me asked what was wrong. She was my class teacher but I didn’t notice her existence much until that point. With no friends and a new environment which just was so scary to me, I wasn’t very much interested in school life at the time. “What’s the matter, sweetie? Why are you crying? ” She asked. But as usual, I kept my mouth tightly shut. It actually was not the first time that the teachers came up and asked me what was wrong. Whenever I had troubles with friends, teachers from other lessons such as English, Math, and Korean came up to me before. They were all friendly and kind at first, but they also got tired of me not speaking and eventually left me alone. Now to think of it, I totally understand them. As a tutor myself, it is not easy to relate all the students in the class.

Mrs. Lee, however, was different. As all the students were watching us, she just gave me a handkerchief silently and carried on with the class. When the class was over, she called me and asked again softly. Still I wouldn’t speak. I expected her to sigh and tell me to leave, like all the other teachers did, but instead she smiled and told me about her own. She told me about how she used to move around a lot in her childhood and how it was hard for her too. I just listened but eventually talked how I felt too. We talked for almost an hour. If I didn’t have that conversation with her, that day could have become a trauma to me, which would have been an obstacle later on for me to make any more friends.

Of course, the change was not dramatic like in movies or fictions. I did not become the most popular girl the day after. However, as I started to answer little and have conversation step by step, some of the class mates came up to me more and I eventually made few friends. It was not a dramatic change, but it was a huge one for me.

Unfortunately, I had to move after a semester one more. This time it was abroad and for 9 years I was in Kuwait and went to British international school. But I still kept in touch with Mrs. Lee and wrote letters. However, she seemed to lose my address after she moved so we lost contact after 4 years. But I never forgot woman who listened to my story with the whole heart and still cherish her inside me. That is how I remember her. Not just as a teacher, but a woman who was in ad middle aged like my mother who had open ears and warm heart, and this is the kind of teacher I wish to be.

Now, as a current teacher of a student for a private lesson, I still find it hard to truly listen to my students. When I first taught my pupils, I was like any other teacher in my childhood, just trying to give out the instructions and theories. The student I am currently teaching now is 11 years old, and she is much more matured than her peers. So she always have complicated problems going inside her head. At first I tried to ignore her problems and get on with the class progress, as I thought that was what I was paid for. However, Mrs. Lee popped into my head one day. So one day I tried to have conversation with her, just like Mrs. Lee did for me. Now I understand her better, as I think about my own youth and all the troubles I’ve gone through. After that lesson, not only did it lessen her burdens, but she also tried harder with her studying and got higher results.

Certain mistake that adults easily make is that they usually do not listen to the young people’s opinions or troubles, and this is because they think that the children’s problems are light. This is because they compare to their own worries. Of course the worries of the youngsters are lighter than the adults’. But this is because the adults have gone through all the same agony in their life. We’ve all gone through the same problems and troubles through a journey called life, and thus we should not take the kids ideas lightly just because we traveled the journey longer. The value and the weight of the trouble that we all going through is the same. So I hope that 10 years from now on, I became a teacher who is not only qualified, but is whom listens and treats the kids like my own. It is my dream to be respected by one of my students, like I do to Mrs. Lee.