

Leaving

March 8, 2013

**names changed

I will be the first person to admit that I never wanted this experience to end. I love these kids so much, and to leave them now is actually tearing me apart. These last few weeks have been draining, but I now know how much I truly and honestly want to be a teacher. Each student really touched my heart and helped me on my journey. Each class gave me something different.

Period one taught me how to get participation out of quiet kids. In a 30 person class, it shouldn't be difficult to get volunteers, but it was. Still, it gave me students like N*, who overcame his stutter, and Z* who really needed someone to push him to stop being a class clown and accept that he could be one of the smartest kids in the school.

Period three taught me love. They showed me how to fall in love with a class. This group was honestly my light.

Period four taught me my limits. They taught me what I would accept in a classroom and what I wouldn't. They taught me how to deal with discipline and how to assert myself. However, they also taught me how to laugh until I cry.

Period five taught me how much stress students are under. They were constantly stressing about something, and it made me realize how much we make "honors" students do. They also taught me about high school gossip, and how it rarely changes.

Period six taught me tolerance of other ideals. It was a “typical Schuylkill County” classroom and I had to learn their culture and ideals, even if they weren’t anything close to mine.

Period eight taught me that I would not and will not connect with everyone. Some students do not connect with teachers and that is okay, as long as they know they can come to me. We got there eventually and connected (mostly after the debates!) but it did take a while.

Words will never express how much I am going to miss them.