

Carol Fike

January 14, 2007

### Credo

Have you ever had that moment in your life where you felt called to do something? After that moment for me several things just seem to fall into place. Even as I grew older this was the only career that returned in my mind time after time. Well that was how teaching was for me one day it struck me like a bullet and since that day, I have not thought of doing anything else.

Well I guess that you could say that bullet struck me at a very young age. I was eight years old and in second grade, when it happened. This was the grade that I had a very inspirational teacher, her name was Ms. Stone. She learned all of our names that very first day: even though over half the classes names sounded alike. She still learned all of our names and got to know each and every one of us. Not only this but she also found out everyone's strengths and weaknesses, making accommodations for each and everyone of us. I remember watching her and knowing that I wanted to grow up and be like Ms. Stone and help children the way that she helped me.

Ms. Stone never gave up on her students which is exactly what I needed in other classes but that never really happened. Almost since the day that I was born I could not stop getting ear infections. As a baby I remember my mom telling me that I would always grab my ear when my ear hurt, and apparently this happened a lot. As I grew older and started school, I can remember people laughing at me because I would say something that I thought was right but in fact it was something completely different. No one could ever figure out what was wrong, and I remember so many teachers just giving

up on me. That was the second bullet that hit me, I knew that I wanted to help my students in ways that my teachers did not.

To be honest the last bullet hit me not too long ago in fact. I knew that I wanted to be an elementary teacher but I had not decided on Special Education until more recently. It hit me the summer after my eighth grade year: the summer of big changes but mine was exceptionally life changing. I decided to attend a work-camp through my church and decided that for this work-camp I was going to stay a little closer to home. I went to a camp called Inspirational Center, Wisconsin. This was a camp for mentally and physically handicap adults. It hit me one day when I was playing baseball with some of the campers. One man came to me and said, "will you help me?" I said "well sure what do you need?" I found out that he wanted me to push him around the bases. So I did I pushed him up to the tee and he swung the bat as hard as he could and we took off running. Around the bases we went: as we drew near to home base I looked at him and he had attempted to get out of the wheel chair and run part of the way home. No he did not make it but I saw his face light up, and I want to help students that are having problems and see the same light in there eyes.

I feel that you see part of that same light when you make learning fun. I have always told myself that I was there as a guide for my students. Being like Ms. Stone, my progressive teacher, and finding out where every student is and help them learn in the way that comes best to them. No I do not see my students staying at their desk every day for six hours. I see them moving around, making crafts that go with the science lesson and watching a movie about verbs. All it takes is for you to place key ideas into a student's head then they can apply these ideas to the rest of their life. I want to

incorporate the way that each student learns best and make them want to come to school again. Learning is a hands-on sport, and together everyone does achieve more.