

Exploring my Field of Study

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Introduction to Teaching 111

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This fall I have learned a great amount of information attending the Manchester Community School System. Being able observe classes has put my self esteem and knowledge of teaching and learning on such a higher level. This semester I was able to observe second, fifth, seventh, ninth, and special education. I believe that will help enhance my goal of being the best I can be. Learning from these five teachers and classes I have become more informative of the different levels of teaching and demands for different students.

As I walked into Manchester Elementary, the two secretaries' pointed me in the right direction. As I walked into Mrs. Sleeth's second grade class, I noticed first that all the students were staring at me for a long time without blinking for a couple minutes. First thing that I noticed was that the class was well behaved. I knew that this was the grade level I wanted to teach. In the hour that I was there, the kids were working on their math and rocket math. Rocket math was where the children had to fill out a sheet of problems that was timed. Mrs. Sleeth did a great job of getting all of her kids involved with the work. She displayed her passion of teaching through her children in how she made them want to learn. I was impressed with the way Mrs. Sleeth displayed her classroom and children. After second grade I would be going to fifth grade.

While in Mr. Fouley's class, I was surprised at the rowdiness of the class. The children were not in there seat while he was teaching and would be having their little conversations amongst each other while Mr. Fouley was explaining about how science and math were similar. Mr. Fouley was informative in sharing with me a quick summary of what they were talking about today. While talking about space, due to it being a science lesson, he

acted as if the class were astronauts. His type of teaching, with using imagination, made me think back to my elementary days. With using my imagination while learning something, it made it much easier to learn. While in space the class had to do calculations to fix their fuel cells on their ship. During class he involved me by having the children explain how to fix a fuel cell by using math. It made me feel special. After the bell rang it was time for me to go. It was a great day, but I knew that the next grade would be a little more independent than the fifth graders.

When I arrived at the middle school and walked into Mrs. Long's class, they were just beginning the lesson. I briefly talked to her about what subject she was teaching and while talking, I noticed that she was pregnant and all the children were boys. Mrs. Long had a strong grip on the boys in the class. I knew from past experience that if a teacher does not have control of the class then they will get walked over the whole year. When I begin teaching I will have to lay down the law to my students and let them know that I am in charge. Most of the boys were well disciplined and focused on what she was teaching. It was a health class so she was covering a variety of topics. She had different pictures of the body parts along the walls. They played a review game like charades. It was amusing to me to see how the children would act out some of the words. During the game, two other female teachers came into the room. One seemed more of a disciplinary teacher and the other was to help the boys who were slow learners. I know that when I start teaching, having others in the room to help me would be wonderful. Towards the end of the game Mrs. Long called on me to answer one of the questions. I did not know the answer. While in school I hated being put on the spot. I never could think of the answer because of nerves. I want to be able to help guide my children to the

right answer if they are struggling. While in this class, some important ideas I took with me were, to establish a firm grip on my class, and to help guide the students to find the correct answer.

The next stop for me was just on the other side of the side-walk, Manchester high school. It felt odd to be back in a high school. I walked upstairs to Mr. Good's class. Mr. Good was a funny man, but got down to business when it was time. Before he started talking about the lesson, he answered any questions on anything. It could be a topic either inside or outside of school. I thought that this was good way to build trust and friendship between the students. In today's lesson he was talking about slopes. There was an odd occurrence that happened in class. Mr. Good only called on the boys. The whole time I was there he never called on a girl. I would never allow this to happen because I would not want the girls to think there not important. While discussing the assignment from yesterday, Mr. Good discovered that two boys had been cheating. Mr. Good did not yell at them or anything, but explained how cheating on homework will not help you when it comes time for the test. I found this weird because I thought he would be the type of teacher that would start yelling at the two boys. This was the correct way to go about it in my mind. After that incident he allowed time to do homework. Mr. Good loved motorcycles. He had dozens of pictures of bikes from when they first made them, till now. After looking around the classroom at the bikes for about five minutes, it was time for to go.

Lastly, the class that I was looking forward to observing was special education. This class had six children that were in preschool. I walked over to where they were sitting and watched

them dance to a song. Through the song, the teacher was teaching them sign language. I could not believe how much sign language the children knew already. After the song was over we all went to the desk to draw turkeys since Thanksgiving was a couple days away. I sat down with a little girl named Lauren. I helped her by getting her paint brush wet. One child stuck out at me the most. His name was Bryce and he had a severe case of disability. Bryce would not cooperate for the teachers and was struggling, while painting his turkey. The hardest part about teaching special needs kids would be the commitment the teachers have to have. I gave them the utmost respect because they did a great job working with the children. After painting the turkeys the kids had to read. Lauren ran over to the bookshelf and brought a book back to me to read to her. I was about two pages into the book when I looked at the clock and saw that it was time to go. Leaving those children was so hard for me because I had a blast working with them. As I walked out the door I knew that this would be a day that I would never forget.

While attending these five different grade levels this fall I have learned a great deal of knowledge. I learned how to better my disciplinary skills by observing Mrs. Long's class and how my class could be, if I would teach like Mr. Fouley. Letting the children be in charge and not me is not how I want my class to be. The one thing that all these teachers had in common and that I have in common with them is that they loved their job. The gift of teaching the young mind of children is irreplaceable. I know that God has created me to become a teacher and with His guidance, one day my dream will become reality.