Tesol: My Goal, My Effort.

“I might get old to death, just doing home chores, without any achievement.

It’s a pity for me to waste my life.”

Esther Park.

Finishing my house work, I sat down on my sofa to read a book titled ‘Your Struggle, Your Young’. From this book I figured out that the time of my life clock is at ten in the morning. I made comments to myself as I read through. ‘I might get old to death, by just doing home chores, without any achievement. It’s a pity for me to waste my life.’

One of my friends recently returned from Canada and while in Canada she earned her Tesol certificate. During some conversations with her, I found myself getting interested in teaching. I have a lot of interest speaking English also because I’ve lived in Michigan for more than five years. I feel I lost most of my English now but I was pretty fluent, at that time, to speak English rather than Korean. I’ve found the Times Media Tesol on the internet with joy so I came to learn Tesol. At class I’ve learned that there are three types of teachers based on the suggestion of Adrian Underhill. I’ve asked to myself, ‘What kind of teacher shall I be?’

When I was in 6th grade, 1993, president of Smith Junior High recommended the foreign students to take the ESL course. I was taught by Mr. Jones who was an enabler teacher. He used visuals to help the students understand the subject easily. He helped the foreign students to fit in the environment by caring about the class atmosphere. Since the students who took that class lessons of ESL were foreigners, he chose to have a special time once a month, to let us find out and to understand the cultural differences. We had the time to bring the food of our nations, one day. He enjoyed the taste of the seasoned laver, I brought. He often took seasoned laver for snack during the break times. He even recommend to the students and the teachers to try the seasoned healthy seasoned laver rather than potato chips. I felt a friendly feeling by that, he gave me the courage to ask more questions and to be around him, more easily than before.

Having no expectations, I returned to South Korea in 1995. I’ve learned in Michigan all through my elementary school times. It was quite hard to be adapted to another society. At that year, as a second grade student at Mokil Middle School, I’d met an explainer name of Mr. Shin Hyun Jung. His teacher subject was morality. He simply read down through the text book and wrote some or the important things at the chalk board that might be questioned in a test. His lessons were boring but no one cheated chatted because he was a mean person. We did not want to make him go mad. He waited for me at the front door of the school every morning to give some painful punishments. I didn’t do anything wrong. I was a calm wordless person, at the time. He didn’t like me getting all the interest, as an immigrant, which was not common then, from teachers and friends. I went to school very early in the morning, one day, in order to avoid him. Since he could not meet me at the front door, he came to my classroom and called to the teacher’s office. No one was there because the class had already started. He poked me everywhere with a drum stick yelling miserable words. He had hit the back of my hands for thirty times. My skin swelled up with bruises. He no longer harmed me afterwards still he made my crucial period of time worse than before.

Statistically we are going to end up teaching the way we were taught. Owing to Mr. Jones, I already knew what kind of a teacher I want to be. I wish to be an enabler, a teacher of high moral repute, who engages with the students, who has empathy and respect. I’ll endeavor to achieve my goal, at Tesol.