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**< My Dream as a Teacher of English Learners >**

I was so impressed with Mrs. Thompson’s story. I think she is a true teacher. I am doubtful that I was the teacher like her so far? I wish I can be a teacher like her. Thanks to Frank, I had an opportunity to recall memories of the teachers I’ve met through my school days. There were so many teachers. I can’t remember them all but I’m going to write about some of them that had an effect on me.

My family had to go to America because of my father’s job when I was 11 years old. In those days, English hadn’t been taught in the elementary school. So I had to go to the private institution to learn English. I didn’t even have the fundamental concept of the foreign language. I met my first English teacher, Mrs. Choi with curiosity and fear of the thing I don’t know at all. She used only English during the class. I couldn’t speak English at all but I could guess of expression of her face, gesture and situation. I expected the lesson is going to be like school, traditional lesson, but her lesson was so different. She didn’t do phonics program particularly and didn’t make us to memorize any words. When we get to know about the words of colors, we colored some drawings. She kept communicating with us through various interesting activities. I remember she especially spoke clearly when pronouncing ‘p’ and ‘f’ or ‘l’ and ‘r’. One and a half our time lesson flied so fast. I looked forward to see her that is two times a week. After I spent those 3 months having fun with her, I got to know how to read English and many words. Above all things, my fear of English disappeared so that I could go to America excitedly. Finally, when I got to America, I knew that communicating with people is the best way to master a language, so I went out and played with new friends rather than reading books. First, I could hear and later I could speak. If I hadn’t met her, I wasn’t able to adapt myself to new surroundings in America. Because I was a very shy person so I was poor at talking with unfamiliar people. I used to like reading books more than playing with friends. She helped me to know there’s no need to be afraid of new things and taught me English as a communication tool not as something to study. She made me communicate with people! She was an involver and enabler.

There was an teacher who was an explainer. She was my middle school English teacher, Mrs. Park. She was my second teacher after Mrs. Choi, when I got back to Korea. She was tall and thin. Her hair was short and had an elegant figure. My first impression of her was favorable. When she entered the classroom, she exchanged greetings and had us to open our textbook right after that. She wrote so many things on the blackboard that we had to take down. We didn’t have a chance to speak English but busy on taking notes. There was little eye contact and we barely communicated. I already knew the things she wrote on the board so I didn’t write down all of them except unfamiliar parts. I wanted to put my eyes on her rather than taking down things that I already knew because her looking was so charming to me. After several classes, she got to know I was from America and she asked me that If I was overlooking her and showing off myself that I don’t take down all the things she wrote on the board. That day I was really embarrassed and got hurt so I started to have a bad impression of the teacher job. She gave us many assignments. Among them there were tasks like writing down words that she suggested 10 times each or trace and write the text 5 times from the textbook. It was such a labor to me. It was meaningless. But not to make my teacher angry again, I had to write down all the things she wrote on the board and do the tasks even if I knew them all. Actually, my parents wanted me to enter foreign language high school and go to the college of education to be a teacher but I decided not to be a teacher from that hurtful day. So I entered design university. It was during my part-time job as an English teacher when I was in university that I changed my mind to be an English teacher. I felt rewarded and happy when there were positive changes not only in student’s grades but also in their attitudes. I realized the enjoyment of teaching at that time.

Like this, teachers can have great impact on their students. They are not just a knowledge transmitter. They have enough power to change one’s life. 10 years later, I want to run my own English institute keep working on English education. And I will keep being reminded of that point to be the teacher who respects students in mind. There is no person that have only faults. Everyone has virtue. I will look into my students and tell all of them their good points while I am teaching them. To gain their confidence and respect as much as I have it for them, I need to make great exertions and prepare for it. I am sure that This TESOL course will be a great part of it. Not all the students are learning English to be an English teacher. In this age of globalization, I will help them acquire English as a tool to communicate and accomplish what they want effectively. When my students have confidence in me through this desire and effort for them, how great dignity and meaning of life I would find!