

scattered

Those who had been scattered preached the word wherever they went. Acts 8:4

Glimpses into a Classroom

by a Teacher of Teachers in Creative Access Area

“We’d like you to come to our place and teach us your methods,” Jonathan requested. “Joanna, one of your students, recommended your program so I took a four-hour train ride to observe you.”

Joanna nodded, agreeing with Jonathan, “Before I took your class, I didn’t dare get up and teach. I didn’t know what to say. Now, as I’ve taken your classes, I’ve transferred nine out of the 20 courses.”

“I could come to your group and teach these methods, Jonathan,” I replied, “but I would want a student like Joanna to co-teach with me.”

“What?!” Joanna exclaimed. “I wouldn’t dare teach in my hometown! They’re top, experienced trainers.”

Even though Joanna still lacks a bit of confidence to teach her hometown co-workers, I’m thrilled she feels comfortable enough to transfer courses to her local group here. Progress like that keeps me going back!

I laughed out loud when I read my student teacher Joe’s homework report. I taught on preparation, and one of the homework activities I offered was to prepare the clothes they were going to wear the night before they spoke. I could relate to Joe’s experience of rushing to get ready in time.

I am a person who often waits until Sunday morning before looking for what to wear. My wife often complains that once the morning arrives I “ransack and overturn every box and basket” looking for things. After I studied this lesson on preparation, I decided to get ready on Saturday night, choosing what I was going to wear and the things I needed for Sunday morning. I discovered the next morning I had so much extra time I was able to pray and prepare my heart. I even had time to review my lesson notes.

I got to my classroom early to get ready to review application skills with my Sunday school teachers. I chatted with the early birds. They mentioned that some students felt a little afraid of me because I seemed so serious and solemn when I taught. I decided to adjust my style. That night as I taught, I carried a smile and tried my best to not have such a severe expression on my face. I made the atmosphere less tense and shared some personal experiences. I even told a joke. After class, some of the students said they weren’t afraid or nervous this time. I really felt like I drew a lot closer to my students.

Ahh ... music to my ears! Maybe some of my teaching is rubbing off on my students. Of course, now I need to practice what I preach and remember to smile more, too.

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