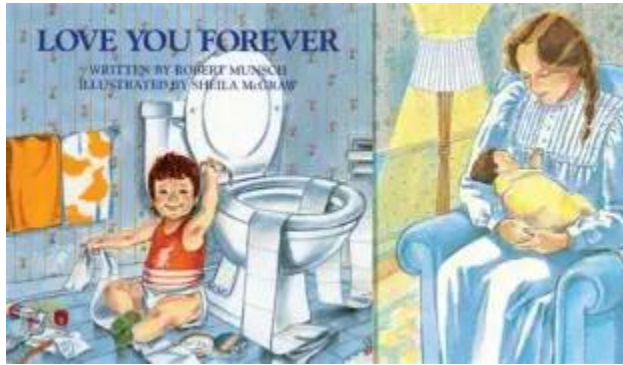


# Teaching Memories

## Tears of Love



As a teacher of grade 11 & 12 French Immersion, I realized that young people liked being read to as much as their much younger peers.

Each Mothers' Day I read to them "Je T'Aimerai Toujours (The French version of Love You Forever) by Robert Munsch.

I used to warn them that I might be quite tearful when reading it to them. My tears were usually accompanied by theirs.

I have met quite a few of my former students and they remember that book and read it to their own children.

I feel quite tearful once again!

Contributed by:

Christine Johnson, past president of BCRPVPA, Delta Principal and proud French teacher.

## Pulling One Over on my ESL Students



Arriving back one morning from a short but intense bout of the flu, I scanned the lengthy note left by my substitute teacher and read with dismay the last few lines. It informed me that he had taken the class out to play soccer the afternoon before.

"Cripes," I thought, "That group will expect something just as exciting from me!"

I decided, 'The best defence is an offence', and when the students bounded in, I calmly said, "So! I see you guys pulled one over on Mr. Lau!"

A quick lesson on the idiom 'pulled one over' produced grins and beaming faces, especially from the boys. As I congratulated them on their coup, one curious student asked, "Have you ever played football, Mrs. Seesahai?"

The chuckling stopped promptly when I said, "Of course, lots of times. I was just waiting for you to invite me to join you!"

Thinking they would realize I was trying to ‘pull one over’ on them in turn, I was abruptly outsmarted when someone said, “Great, Mrs. Seesahai! Can we go today?”

Their mood started shifting when I replied, “Oh, well, today, I mean...” so my fate was sealed.

I had organized a walking club a couple of months before, and my running shoes and tee-shirt were at hand. This class was mostly Vietnamese boys, and they were clearly delighted at the idea they might play their favourite sport. “Well,” I said lamely, “if you promise to catch up on your work tomorrow...”

To spontaneous cheers, we began changing our shoes. I hadn’t the slightest clue how to play soccer, except that I knew you weren’t supposed to touch the ball with your hands, and you were supposed to kick it into the other side’s net.

I gave myself a pep talk, having at least seen a game or two, and walked with as confident an air as I could muster out onto the field with my boys. The few girls in that high school class had decided to cheer from the sidelines. A heated discussion in spoken in Vietnamese ensued, while the few boys who spoke a different language stood with me in the middle of the field and patiently watched. “OK, you’re on this side, Mrs. Seesahai,” Phan said.

They divided into two teams and the game began. After about five minutes of me running all over the field and kicking the ball once, in roughly the right direction, and ignoring the calls from my team-mates, I heard the boys call time. Another earnest discussion in Vietnamese, with pointing and headshaking, until finally, one said, “OK”!

The chosen one approached me and said, politely, but firmly, “Mrs. S., you be the goalie, OK?”

And with relief, I trotted over in front of the net, stoically accepting the fact that I still had no clue how to play soccer and that I certainly had no ability to ‘pull one over’ on this class!

Contributed by:

Maureen Seeshai, retired Burnaby ESL teacher and founding President of the ESL PSA

**Do you have a teaching anecdote you wish to share?**

**We’d love to hear about your experiences.**

Please send to [info@bcrpvpa.ca](mailto:info@bcrpvpa.ca)