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To Teach or Not to Teach

Posted July 15, 2013 at 12:44 pm by [Allison Sterling](#)



I have always wanted to be a teacher.

From the time I was four years old, I have wanted to teach. First, I wanted to be a dance teacher. I was a danceaholic, and if the rest of my life could revolve around dance, then I'd be happy—of course, I ended up being too clumsy for this dream, but that isn't the moral of the story. From there, my dreams evolved into being some sort of a teacher. I didn't know what kind of teacher I wanted to be, I just knew that I wanted to be a teacher.

When middle school rolled around, I had a phenomenal English teacher, and the choice was clear: I wanted to be an English teacher. I didn't care what grade, so long as I could teach students to read a book and write (somewhat) intelligently about it. After all, it couldn't be that hard, right? Wrong.

It was during high school that my plans changed once again. I now knew that I wanted to teach in middle school, and I wanted to teach either French or English. I didn't care which, I didn't care where, but I knew I wanted to teach middle-school-aged kids.

During my last two years of high school, I, like many, was desperate for volunteer hours for Bright Futures. I had connections to a local elementary school, and before I really knew what was happening, I was stumbling into two first grade classrooms every Friday, trying so hard to “tutor” kids in math and literacy. That lasted for approximately five months, when the school year came to a close.

I hated it.

It wasn't that the teachers I worked with were bad teachers, or that the students I worked with were bad students, but I absolutely hated it.

When the next school year started, I still had approximately 75 hours to do. This time, I stumbled into four kindergarten classes.

I fell in love.

Not only did I fall in love with the kids, but the environment, too. The teachers I worked with were so willing to help, so very passionate, that I couldn't help but love it.

That was my senior year of high school. I already had everything planned out, though: I had been accepted to USFSP with a major in English and a minor in French and Francophone Studies. I was going to study abroad in France, come back and finish my degree, and start teaching at a middle school.

Something changed in me, though.

When my volunteer hours were over, I couldn't bring myself to leave.

There was something too cute about the kids calling me "Ms. Allison," something too sweet about their demeanor, something too inexplicably wonderful that I was learning from the teachers (and students!) I was working with.

So, I stayed.

I went abroad to France and fell in love with the country—and, guess what? My plans changed again. I was now determined to teach English abroad, specifically in France.

Wonderful. It was all set.

Then I returned to the kindergarten classroom. Instead of working with multiple teachers, I worked with one in particular, and my experience in that classroom was phenomenal.

And guess what?

That's right: my plans changed again.

This time, though, despite just starting here at USFSP, I couldn't "officially" change my plans. No matter how much I wanted to be an Elementary Education major, I was stuck with my English and French degree because I was already too far into it. I kept my major and minor, and now have two semesters left before I graduate.

Now I'm here, working at a summer camp for the College of Education, working with 4th and 5th graders. It's an interesting experience, being one of the few non-education major counselors, but certainly one that I wouldn't trade for the world.

Once again, I've fallen in love. This time, though, my plans haven't changed.

About the blogger



I am an English major with a minor in French and Francophone studies. My true love, though, is working with kids, which is how I found myself volunteering at a local elementary school and working for a summer camp here at USFSP.