

# Preface: The Artifact Project

National State Teachers of the Year--PA Chapter

This project focused upon collecting teacher memoirs from a select group of award-winning teachers. It was undertaken to tell a story of American education as seen through the eyes of retired Pennsylvania teachers who are members of Round II, a standing committee of NSTOY-PA. Their career experiences, briefly told here, may be an artifact that illuminates what it was like to be a public school teacher during the second half of the twentieth century.

Round II members are dedicated teachers who, although retired, have not given up their life-long goal of educating the public. They have a story to tell that reflects their life's work, and the evolving history of public education. Hopefully, all current members of NSTOY-PA will add to the on-going narrative when they retire.

Each writer gives a glimpse into their professional career and personal lives. Some chose to write about a particular time period; others wrote about their entire careers. Some wrote about teaching in a rural area while others chose to write about urban, suburban, or international teaching experiences. An expected reaction to these stories is that many will see that some things have not really changed while other things are dramatically different. Enjoy!

Don Roberts, Editor  
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# The Artifact Project: Teacher Memoirs

**Richard Smith**  
**Teaching Career: 1949-1984**

**AN EDUCATIONAL JOURNEY THROUGH SEVEN DECADES**

1940's - The Formative Eon

In high school I concentrated on sports, twelve months of the year. This was at a high school that graduated 49 students before the advent of mergers. There was a county superintendent, and each school had a supervising principal K-12. There were principals in each building. These were early WW II years, and all sports teams rode public transportation to athletic events, and each participant received bus tickets through the coaches.

Introduction to life education began to “kick in” during US Navy years of 1944-1946, a 2-1/2 year stint as a hospital corpsman and electrocardiograph technician. This culminated in 18 months at the National Naval Medical Center at Bethesda, MD. While being trained as a technician, I was under the command and tutelage of Commander Berkley, who eventually became the cardiologist for President Kennedy. Furthermore, at Bethesda I was most fortunate to be assigned to FDR's heart doctor. The President made frequent trips to Bethesda. Also, every officer above a commander had to undergo a physical every six months. All the name admirals of the period from Nimitz to Halsey visited. I came in contact with and spoke to many outstanding individuals of the decade, especially during W.W.II.

Upon release from the Navy in 1946, I was accepted as a freshman at Penn State, but PSU took no freshmen on campus from 1946-1951. Freshmen were assigned to their closest Teachers College so I enrolled at Kutztown Teacher College. (These have evolved through Normal Schools, Teachers College, State Teachers College to finally, State Universities - I've seen it all). During the freshman year, PSU encouraged potential physical education majors to concentrate on science courses. My interest in science was rekindled from the service years. This was mainly the result of the Biology Chairman, Dr. Cyrus Beekey, who eventually became the University's President. I remained at Kutztown for three years as a science major and participated in the football and tennis teams. Currently, all the various new buildings on campus have been named for the three presidents, athletic director, and the plethora of professors that I knew during my degree program.

1950 - The Learning Eon

1949 - 1953: My first teaching assignment was at Bridgeport High School in Montgomery County. Because of certification quirks (no longer available today) I taught two levels each, academic and general biology, chemistry and physics. Furthermore, I coached three sports (football, basketball, golf) and was a homeroom teacher, senior class sponsor, senior play assistant director, and I was assigned class field trips to New York, Amish Country and Washington, D.C. My starting salary was \$2000.00 plus \$200.00 for coaching three sports.

During the four years at Bridgeport, there were two “teacher train rides” to Harrisburg where we lobbied legislators to raise the state mandated minimum salaries. In 1951 it went to \$2200 and 1953 to \$2400. My greatest achievement and accomplishment during this tenure was my marriage to Mimi in 1950. Incidentally, she was teaching in a southern Chester County school, which had K-6 segregated classes. Four offspring and 57 years later, we continue to thrive in educational and recreational ventures (especially Penn State football). Furthermore, I obtained an MS/Ed Administration from Temple University.

1953 - 1956: I taught only general science, chemistry, physics, and coached football and track at Ridley Park Jr./Sr. High School. I started at \$3200 with \$300 for coaching. This was a sign of the times as one could move for both salary and salary scale improvement. You received credit for all your previous years of teaching.

1949 - 1956: Every homeroom teacher had to keep a daily record of absences, tardies, and excuse notes and then transfer the data to a register (the State Attendance Record Book) each month. The numbers had to agree in four different columns. It frequently took two to three evenings at home. This official document was to be guarded at all cost, including fire and air raid drills. It was the mechanism by which the state reimbursement was received. Each day began with a salute to the flag, the National Anthem, and a reading from the Bible (and two schools reciting the Lord's Prayer). Then the announcements were made over the intercom system (which infrequently worked). At that point, attendance was taken and an honor student was assigned to take the attendance slips to the main office.

It was during these years that the Cold War with Russia was at its height. At least once a month bells would ring for an air raid drill. All students and teachers were required to crawl under their desks after lowering all window shades. Without fail the fire marshal made a monthly appearance and conducted a fire drill.

All men wore coats and ties and had to be clean-shaven. Females had to wear dresses or suits and stockings. Pregnant women had to resign - no maternity leave! Jeans were nonexistent! Furthermore, the major discipline problems were chewing gum, running in the halls, talking in the library, disrespect for hall monitors and student manned crossing guards called “safeties”. This could result in one-week detention. Worksheets, teacher handouts, and quizzes were composed on blue-inked ditto spirit masters. Teachers used a hand-cranked ditto machine and produced major exams on mimeographed stencils. The millennium occurred with the advent of photo-copying (Xerox) by 1970.

Slide rules were used at the senior high for math and science calculations. The early 1960's saw a new invention, the calculator. This was the dawn of a decline for understanding the conceptual components of calculating. Simply plug in the numbers, and the tool will do the rest. Then came computer calculation, and now no one has to do long-division or think.

## 1960's--The Advancement Eon.

1956-1964: When I moved to Haverford High School, I was assigned to teach only biology and coach football. My growing salary went to \$4200.00 with \$350.00 for football. Also it began the halcyon days of science education. The Russians launched Sputnik, and the backlash was that our government wanted to make every student a scientist. The National Science Foundation's Science and Math Educational Training Program was formed. Summer institutes, three-summer fellowships, and academic year fellowships were available to all who had initiative to apply. Over a 20-year period, my family and I were at home only three summers. This allowed me to obtain a MS/Biology from Oregon University. The highlight was 1960-1964 when I was the only teacher in Pennsylvania to be invited as a writing team member for the new NSF's funded Biology Program, Biological Science Curriculum Study (BSCS). We spent three summers in Boulder, CO with 30 high school teachers and 30 of the top biology professors in the country.

1964- I was 'recruited' by Dr. James V. DeRose (PATOY -1963, President of NSTA -1965 and world recognized science educator) to teach at Marple Newtown Senior High School and incorporate BSCS into their curriculum. By 1966, there were all NSF Programs in the district, and we were the only school in PA and one of only ten in the nation to have an "alpha-bet soup" continuum K-12.

## 1965-1976 - Science Education Leadership Eon

The exposure to all the national leaders in science had a profound reward for me that fostered numerous awards, both state and national, in biology and science education. An inter-esting highlight of receiving the 1969 NSTOY-PA was that Marple Newtown School District became the only high school featuring two awardees on faculty. It may still be an intact honor!

Marple Newtown was at the cutting edge of curriculum delivery with the institution of an ATP Program. Self-pacing and behavioral objectives were driving all programs. A residual effect was the training at UCLA directed by Madeline Hunter and Jim Popam; the formation of a Behavioral Exchange Center; a Shell Summer Fellowship with Joe Novak at Cornell on learning theory, concept mapping, and ven diagrams; Purdue University with John Postlewaite's design of an audio-tutorial approach to learning; Florida State University where John Mager composed behavioral objectives and taught self-pacing.

## 1977-1984 - Administrative Quagmire Eon

Jim DeRose retired as Science Chair and I began a nine-year term as his successor. The role was expanded from a secondary role to a K-12 science supervisor in 1977. At this point, I insisted on retaining one self-paced biology class, but spent 8 years of frustration in administration. These were challenging times. School enrollments from the large mergers were beginning to decline. Riffing of experienced teachers at the whim of administrators was prevalent. Traditional administrators attempted to revert back to a

textbook orientation by attacking fifteen years of outstanding science curriculum development. Extended laboratory periods were questioned because of the ineptness of those responsible for scheduling. This era began the destruction of inquiry-based minds on science curriculum partially because NSF was no longer managing the store. This mindset persisted until the mid 1990's. Again, it has taken an economic and political crisis to reinvent what science educators had advocated and practiced 35 years in the past. Finally, after 37 and 1/2 years I walked away with 60 days notice, in midyear. I refused to go down with the ship!

#### 1984-2007 - New Adventures and Twilight Eon

In 1984, a group of science supervisors and science education leaders in the state initiated the Pennsylvania Science Supervisor's Association (PSSA). It began with a membership of 185. Concurrently, the State Science Advisor proposed that we sponsor a national program initiated in 1984. The administration was to be through PDE but the work was PSSA. Since I was the only retired association member, I became the selected volunteer Co-Director. This was the founding of National Science Olympiad and the beginning of Pennsylvania's involvement. We had one state tournament at HAAC with 64 teams in 1984. It has evolved to 350 teams somewhat evenly divided between Middle / Jr. High Schools and Senior High Schools. There are currently six regional tournaments and one state tournament which send two teams from each level to the national tournament.

Over the years, PSSA became a product of the school districts attempt to reduce management teams. As a result, by 1995 PSSA membership was reduced to six members, and then it dissolved. The tournament site directors now took leadership responsibility for the Science Olympiad with directorship and executive administrative duties concentrated in the Smith's home. All personnel are volunteers and no paid staff exists. Personally, we spend from September through May administrating the program. I have been either a Co-Director or State Director for 24 years. Pennsylvania has had eight national tournament first place awards and is the only state to have a first place winner in the middle school and high school in the same year. Many Pennsylvania teams have placed in the top five groups. Also, Pennsylvania has the third largest membership in the country. The National Science Olympiad has now become one of the premier science competitions in the nation.

West Reading High School, Bridgeport High School and Ridley Park High School all met their demise upon my departure. They became a product of mergers. Meanwhile I continue my educational journey, my odyssey, to improve science education in the public schools of our state and our nation.

**Hilda M. Sundermann**  
**Teaching Career: 1951-1990**

**It Was Different Then.**

I began teaching in 1951, and, I think, my classroom experiences were typical of elementary teachers then. It was a very different classroom environment than today, and I want to record those differences so members of our organization will know something of our educational history.

My first teaching assignment was at Bennett Elementary School in the Homewood-Brushton section of Pittsburgh. I taught in a self-contained classroom so my charge was to teach all subjects, including physical education, art and music. A small foot pumped organ was moved from room to room to accompany the singing.

Elementary teachers had no preparation periods, no aides or classroom support systems. Class size would average from thirty-three to thirty-eight students. One year my first grade class numbered fifty-four students with five sets of twins! Recess was indoors as there was no play-ground. Sometimes games were played in an empty room called the gym when it was available. Recess time also gave an opportunity for children to use the bathroom facilities and get a quick drink of water at the fountain. An hour at noon permitted the children to walk home for lunch. Tardiness was very unusual. There were no school lunches. Student desks and chairs were bolted to the floor which made creative grouping impossible. Coats were hung on hooks mounted on the back wall of the classroom.

Each day began with a reading from the Bible, the Lord's Prayer, Salute to the Flag and singing either *America* or *the Star Spangled Banner*. Reading poetry followed. Many of the poems became favorites, and the children often requested them. Very often favorite poems were committed to memory. The date was marked on a large calendar. Birthdays and holidays were noted. Indoor and outdoor thermometers were read for comparison of temperatures. The type of weather for the day was discussed, and the children made predictions for sun (clear weather), clouds, rain or snow. A weather symbol was placed on the calendar date. At the end of the day we quickly ascertained who were the good weather predictors.

The children contributed local and school news which resulted in a daily "newspaper." The newspaper was composed and written on the blackboard. Children copied the news and included it among other completed work for the day. Each day all completed work was taken home. Reading groups, usually three, were taught in the morning. Math was scheduled first period each afternoon. The remainder of the afternoon was devoted to science, music, gym, art, health, and Language Arts. Each subject had a different day of allotted time during the week.

The school clerk came two days a week. When the clerk was not in the office, teachers took turns answering the telephone and registering new students. Our classroom doors were kept open so that teachers could monitor the phone and be aware of visitors entering the building.

It was the time of the ditto copy machine. This was a duplicator that was primed with fluid to make copies of a master sheet attached to a large roller or drum. A quick turn of the handle fed paper through the machine. Some teachers called the ditto machine the “Purple Plague,” as the copies were printed in purple, and, if you were not careful, stained hands purple. I preferred the “chalk and talk” method using the blackboard from which students copied their seat work. Using this method I could discern letter reversals, spacing, visual and dexterity impairments.

Fire drills were held regularly. Children evacuated to the sidewalks surrounding the school. Later emergency drills trained children to squat and cover their heads. At this time children went into the halls or basement areas to be away from windows.

Because we were close to the University of Pittsburgh and the Medical Center, our school was one of several to receive the first polio vaccine. It was an honor to meet Dr. Jonas Salk. I also had the privilege to observe Dr. Benjamin Spock counsel parents of troubled students.

Teaching all subjects and, by today's standards, having large classes could not have been accomplished without discipline. The great majority of students came from disciplined homes. They were ready for a structured classroom.

I enjoyed the self-contained classroom. It permitted me to cross curriculum teach by intertwining all subjects. Having the same children all day gave a sense of continuity and the benefit of knowing each child well. Some teachers may feel a self-contained classroom would be too “Up Close and Personal.” For me it was a joy.

## **Joyce Dunn**

### **Teaching Career: 1959-2005**

#### **Changes**

My teaching career began in 1959 and spanned over the years until 2005 when I retired. During this period I spent time at home raising four sons. That was my most important teaching assignment. Also, I later was Educational Coordinator for Blair County Day Care Services. This was an interesting learning experience in a vitally important area of education. The other thirty-six years were spent in the classroom. What a wide range of changes in education I viewed over these many years!

As a first grade teacher, changes in the approaches to teaching reading were very evident. In elementary school I was taught to read by the whole word method. Vocabulary was memorized, word-by-word. When I was a beginning teacher, phonics was in vogue with its emphasis upon learning rules. For a while the use of machines as learning centers to teach the reading process was popular. Later, whole language was considered the right way to teach reading. Phonics was out, and isolation of sounds was a no-no. Once again, things switched as phonics came back into the picture with stress on a well-balanced literacy program.

Parent involvement was not a priority when I began teaching. I remember having parent conferences but seldom did parents visit the classroom. We have learned through research how valuable parental involvement is in the learning of children, and schools now promote parent participation in all aspects of education.

I remember doing attendance registers that opened up for pages taking several warm, spring afternoons to fill in and check. Now, attendance is recorded at the click of the computer. This information is either given to the teacher to record on report cards or automatically placed on cards. Grades were recorded on a "Grade Book" in the fifties by the teacher and copied by hand on report cards, and, at the end of the year, were recorded on permanent records along with attendance. Today, grades are recorded on a computer that prints them on disposable report cards and on permanent records.

Lesson plans in the past were written by hand in a lesson plan book with requirements and format changing over the years. Once again, today all plans are recorded on the computer with easy accessibility to substitutes. Parents can use the Internet to see their children's home-work assignments, their grades and up-coming school events.

The blackboard was for years the most important teaching tool in the classroom. Teachers used it during most lessons, and then students used it to reinforce new skills. Students copied information from the board. Now, students and teachers alike use white boards with markers of many colors.

The use of technology is the major area of change in education and one that continues to evolve daily. Most classrooms today possess some, if not many, computers

along with laptops and calculators I remember running off papers one-by-one on a hand cranked ditto machine with tattle-tale signs of ink on my hands. In most cases, teachers made most of the dittos they used. Today, copies can be made, collated and stapled in seconds. Any reports in the past were done with a typewriter. If you thought of something you wanted to add or delete, you had to retype the entire paper. What a joy to use a computer where you can add and take away as you write. What a treat to have the added bonus of a spell check! It is also a saving of White-Out!

Neighborhood schools were popular in the Fifties with children walking to school and often home for lunch. Some children carried their lunches to school and ate lunch in the classroom with the teacher. Mergers became popular and districts became much larger. Today, most children are bussed to school and eat lunch in a school cafeteria with a variety of food choices.

When I began teaching all elementary school classes were self-contained. There were no special classes, and one teacher taught all subjects. Children did not leave the classroom for special services. The classroom teacher handled the exceptionalities. After two years in the same grade, a teacher could request that a child be tested for Special Education. If they qualified, these students would go to a special school somewhere in the district. If a child had an extreme disability, often they were kept at home and received little or no education.

Today, mainstreaming is done in the home school with early intervention for exceptionalities. Aides, occupational therapists, speech therapists, reading specialists, hearing and visual specialists are among just a few of the many services that are provided for students with special needs in the classroom. The classroom teachers have a support system that was not present years ago including a mentoring program for beginning teachers.

My salary the first year I taught was \$3,800 so salaries certainly improved along with benefits. Perhaps, the only things that have not changed over these many years are the heart of a child and the heart of the teacher. They, as before, still want to learn and we want to teach.

## **Barbara Braithwaite**

### **Teaching Career: 1961-2001**

#### **Three Lessons I Learned While Teaching: Keep learning; Take advantage of Opportunities; Be flexible.**

I looked forward to a career as an English/Speech teacher when graduated from Central Michigan University in 1959 with majors in Speech and English, and a minor in Political Science. I married my high school/college sweetheart who was commissioned a Lieutenant in the U.S. Army upon graduation. In 1960, while he was in Korea, I earned a Master of Arts degree in Speech at the University of Michigan. When he returned to the USA, we set out for his assignment at Picatinny Arsenal, New Jersey in 1961. I was fortunate to immediately find a position as a long-term substitute in high school English which developed into a full-time position. After three years, the Army moved us to Redstone Arsenal, Alabama, and we started our family. I did not teach full time for the next 15 years, but I could not stay away from the classroom. I spent many years working part-time in various programs teaching soldiers who were working on their high school diplomas. I taught not only English, but reading, history, civics, and even basic math.

My husband's military career took us from Alabama, to Alaska, Maryland, Michigan (while he was in Viet Nam), New York, and Germany. Each place we lived, we traveled and learned as much about the area as time would permit. That practice paid off while we lived in Germany. When our children were 12 and 14, I applied to teach in the Department of Defense Middle School across the street from our housing area outside of Heidelberg. Dependent wives with teaching certificates were considered if an opening occurred at the beginning of the school year. The only position open was 7th grade geography, which I had not had since 7th grade. However, because there was no one else qualified and because I had social studies certification with my political science minor, I was hired. Our travels had provided first-hand experience of many of the places we studied, and I had numerous slides and souvenirs to show my students. I loved teaching geography and decided that was the subject I wanted to teach in the future.

We moved from Germany to Pennsylvania in 1980 for my husband's final military assignment. At that time there was a glut of English and Social Studies teachers in the Poconos, and a newcomer had difficulty finding employment, even to substitute. Again, my experiences in Germany helped me. While there, I had learned enough of the language to get along when we traveled. When I heard that the Pocono Mountain 7th & 8th grade German teacher had resigned in November and the district had no one to replace her, I applied to be a substitute teacher until a replacement was hired. I cited my seven years in Germany, my limited ability to speak the language, my knowledge of customs, and the numerous artifacts I had collected as my qualifications. Again, because there was no one else, I was hired on an Emergency Certificate and taught German the remainder of the school year. Needless to say, I learned a lot of German grammar that year. My knowledge of English grammar (a Germanic language) was key to my success.

Because my eight-month stint as a German teacher had been successful, I was hired to teach 7th grade geography at Pocono Mountain in 1982 when an opening occurred. Ironically, when we moved to Pennsylvania, the Department of Education certified me to teach English and social studies, including geography, because I had taught the subject in Germany. My geography credentials were still 7th grade geography and many years of travel. Therefore, in order to be sure I was presenting accurate information, I took summer courses in geography at Kutztown University and attended geography workshops whenever they were offered.

In the mid-1980's the National Geographic Society (NGS) became concerned that too many unqualified teachers were teaching geography. Over a ten-year period NGS invested millions of dollars to improve geography education in America. The Society initiated month-long Summer Geography Institutes at its headquarters in Washington, D.C. to train teachers from each state. I applied and was fortunate to be one of the five teachers from Pennsylvania selected for the 1990 Institute. Mornings were spent at lectures by noted geography professors from across the country. Afternoons were spent with facilitators demonstrating lessons based on the morning's lecture, or practicing our best geography lessons on each other in small groups. At the end of the Institute, the charge given by NGS to each of us participants was to return to our respective states and work actively with our State Geographic Alliances (co-sponsored by NGS and PDE in PA) to train teachers. I took that charge very seriously and not only improved the way I taught geography, but became an active member of the Pennsylvania Geographic Alliance facilitating summer institutes and workshops until I retired in 2001.

As I reflect on my years of teaching, I realize that learning new things, being open to new opportunities and being flexible completely changed my career in education. Together these qualities made me a better teacher and enriched my life.

**James J. Gallagher**  
**Teaching Career: 1964-2000**

**My First Year of Teaching**

The year the Civil Rights Act was ratified by Congress and signed into law by President Johnson was the year I graduated from Bloomsburg University. It was 1964. I left Pennsylvania to go teach in Cleveland, Ohio. I was assigned to a brand new elementary school named John D. Rockefeller. I was ill prepared for what was to meet me.

The school was “ground zero” to contest segregation in Cleveland. A minister had been killed recently when he lay down in front of a tractor to stop the construction of the school. The tractor ran over him. I found myself to be the only white teacher on the school faculty. The Black teachers refused to acknowledge my being there. There were no “Good mornings,” or “How are you, today?” I was totally shunned. I used to pinch myself to see if I existed. I was glad to get home where people would talk to me.

I was told, “I would be better off painting flag poles.” I was not trained at Bloomsburg for the impact of segregation. I was determined to do a good job and planned different educational things for the students. I asked for current events for our bulletin board. The only thing that I got was the centerfold of a scandal sheet with the body of John F. Kennedy during the autopsy.

I was not only ill prepared for the race issue I was to encounter but also for the distress of this area. These families could not afford magazines and newspapers. Studies showed that most people born here would never leave an eight-block radius of their homes during their lives. When I arranged field trips none of my children would show up for school that day. The next day I would receive mimeographed excuses that read, “Please excuse so- and-so because he was sick. Sick of segregation!” And so it went on.

My first year teaching was full of negatives. That was until I fully grasped the situation and did away with my middle class White ideals. I became one of them. I left the school compound, and I visited homes of children with some of the other children I had in the class. We took fruit baskets to those homes. I talked to the parents.

I walked into some nontraditional homes. Some homes had no furniture. There were just mattresses thrown around. And they smelled of urine. One home I suspected was a house of prostitution. You could cut through the smoke. There was a baby in a cardboard box for a crib. There were women everywhere. Did they welcome me? At first, they did not. Then, I started to send notes home with the date and time I would visit. Now, when I arrived at the designated home everything was clean and smelled of the odor of Clorox. People began to welcome me as a teacher who cared about their children. It was slow, but my style was working.

I remember the first time I was asked to go to lunch with some of the teachers how significant a sense of humor was. We went to a luncheonette in the neighborhood. I had a sandwich and a cup of coffee. A bug was floating in the coffee. I brought it to the attention of the waitress, and she told me. "Now we will have to charge you for soup." I laughed because it was funny. I now realized that was how people here faced their poverty. They did it with a sense of humor. I taught with that trait, and it worked.

The children responded, and one little guy went on the succeeding semester to be the spelling champion of all fifth graders in Cleveland. Did I have success at every turn? No, but we had upward progress on our standardized test scores. That first semester was very hard, but I found a common ground and overcame obstacles that my educational preparation did not anticipate. What happened in Cleveland that year was not in any book on "How to Teach."

**Dr. Donald Roberts**  
**Teaching Career: 1965-2005**

**“So, Why Did You Become a Teacher?”**

On certain memorable occasions, a school newspaper reporter or the moderator of an educational panel has asked me, “So why did you become a teacher?” I never knew what to say because I didn't want to give a detailed answer that revealed more than I was comfortable saying about myself nor did I want to be flip. The truth is that I drifted into it. I came from rural Mercer County where everyone my family knew was either a farmer or a factory worker. I didn't want to be either, and the only professional role models I had were teachers and preachers. I was too cynical to make my way to the pulpit, and too good a student not to want more education. Besides teachers, I was told in the early 1960s, would always have a job.

Slippery Rock State College was in adjacent Butler County, and the tuition plus room and board would cost less there than the private college where I had been accepted and offered a small academic scholarship. Slippery Rock had been a state “normal” school for decades that specialized in the preparation of teachers. In fact, my grandfather had been educated there in the 1890s. He taught only briefly before becoming a successful full-time farmer. In my freshman year, the dean made a point of stressing that it was four years of educational preparation for forty years of a professional career. I accepted that as gospel, and ended up teaching thirty-eight years.

Teachers of my generation, for the most part, accepted that teaching was hard work with little monetary reward. In fact, an older colleague of mine gave me pep talks during my first year of teaching in Beaver Falls, PA. She said a teacher was a domestic missionary carrying education and hope to those most in need of it. I tried to make my career reflected that. Remember, this was the era of John F. Kennedy. Many young people sincerely believed in his idealism: “Ask not what your country can do for you; ask what you can do for your country.” Students flocked to join the Peace Corps, and a little later VISTA.

If you were to see a photo of me then in front of my school, you would notice that I wore a brimmed hat and topcoat over a suit and conservative tie. Clunky Florsheim shoes completed the outfit. That was pretty much standard dress for male teachers while females always wore dresses or tailored suits, nylon stockings, and closed toe shoes. It was unheard of for a teacher to wear jeans, and the battle over pantsuits wouldn't happen until the next decade. Pregnant teachers were required to take a two-year maternity leave. Times were different.

The relationship between teachers and the community at large changed early on in my teaching career. Parents during the 1960s into the early 1970s were supportive in a way that was lost when teachers began to go on strike to demand higher wages, benefits, and improved classroom conditions. When I began teaching, the fact that I was a teacher

in the community seemed to impress people. They generally put their best foot forward when talking to a teacher. In 1965 my beginning annual salary in Beaver Falls was \$4,500. The next year it went up to \$4,800. Even with the difference in the value of a dollar, it wasn't much, and everyone knew it. Hence, the extra nice Christmas presents, and appreciation that somehow worked its way into most parent conferences.

I went to South America to teach for two years after my time in Beaver Falls. What a change from Beaver Falls! Racial tension, and fistfights in school were soon forgotten. I taught at a wealthy private school, Escuela Bella Vista, at a salary that was twice what I had earned. Students there left after ninth grade to go to private schools in Switzerland and elsewhere. Wealthy Venezuelans, Europeans and Americans sent their kids to our school for a good education because it was accredited in the United States and had high standards. At the end of two years I married another teacher there, and we went to Mexico to study, and then returned to western Pennsylvania where I had been raised.

So far, my teaching career had included a rough and tumble urban school in Pennsylvania, and an elite private school. Next was a suburban school, Penn Hills. I once again taught Social Studies/history/geography in a junior high. This time I taught for only a year before becoming a full-time graduate student at the University of Pittsburgh. Pitt's history department required all Ph.D. candidates to be full-time students. That meant that I ceased being a public school teacher for four years while I continued to teach at Pitt as a Teaching Fellow and do research in Mexico and elsewhere.

Ph.D's were a dime a dozen when I hit the academic market so I applied to teach in the Pittsburgh Public Schools. I was placed in the Alternative Education High School Program for three years. School began at 3:00 p.m. and went until 9:00 p.m. The first three hours were with disruptive students and the chronically absent who were assigned to the afternoon program in the hope that they would be up in time to get to school. Then, I taught in the adult education program in the evenings. For the most part, the teenagers came, and I got to know parole officers for the first time. Meanwhile, I began to teach part-time for Pitt's history department. At first, it was in the Saturday College, and then later, when I was teaching only during the day, it was evening classes. I continued teaching part-time for nearly thirty years. Actually, I will get a pension from Pitt when I am sixty-five.

When the Alternative Education program was reduced in size, I was assigned to Reizenstein Middle School, an open space environment without walls separating classrooms and no classroom doors. During the ten years I was there, it peaked at 1,850 students. It proved to be the toughest teaching assignment I ever had. I survived on adrenaline rushes, sheer tenacity and courage. Eventually, I was recruited to teach at a magnet school, Frick International Studies Academy where I happily remained for thirteen years. Then, I was again recruited to teach at the Pittsburgh Gifted Center. I felt privileged to be in such a creative teaching environment.

That is the saga of my teaching career. The irony, perhaps, is that I was a country boy who taught nearly everywhere but in a rural setting. I have also taught students from

sixth grade through middle school, high school and college. Along the way I took advantage of programs such as People-to-People. I led middle-schoolers on three-week field trips to places such as the Soviet Union, several European countries, Australia and New Zealand. I also served nine years as a mentor/ faculty member at the Pennsylvania Governor's School for Teaching. The point I would like to make is that my teaching career, primarily in the late 20th Century, provided me with opportunities to travel, and to positively interact with a diverse student population. It was never dull. Teaching was a great career choice even though I drifted into it.

**Renee Wetherhold**  
**Teaching Career: 1968-2002**

**Variety is the Spice of Life**

After graduating from Wittenberg University in the late 60's, I began my teaching career in a diverse, rural town of Urbana, Ohio. My first grade class began at 9:00 am and we had a mid-morning 15 minute break. Later we had a 45 minute lunch and in the mid-afternoon another 15 minute break. The children were dismissed at 4:00 pm. We had no duties; teacher aides patrolled the cafeteria and the playground. We taught all the subjects including art, music and physical education. There was no union, no social security was taken out of my pay and we negotiated our salaries personally with the principal.

I had a mentor who was African-American. She referred to herself as “colored”. I made calls inquiring about house rentals for her family. It was my first experience with finding prejudice. Our school population was about 20% African-American, 80% Caucasian and a 10% overall population in deep poverty. I still remember one mother coming to a PTA meeting barefoot. Several students said “gravy bread” was one of their favorite meals. We still had corporal punishment but had to have another teacher as a witness. I taught three years in Urbana and then went to Yokohama, Japan with my husband who wanted to attend an international university in Tokyo.

Over the next three years, I taught kindergarten, second grade, and third grade at Yokohama International School (YIS). In my first year there I had 18 students in my class, with 13 nationalities represented. We lived in Japanese housing next to a Swedish family who adopted us into their Scandinavian community. While living in Japan, I started an afternoon pre-school at YIS, made an American folk song record, taught English on public service television for three months, and privately taught English to school children and businessmen. I immersed myself into the Japanese culture. I learned Ichibana, the Japanese alphabet, read Japanese literature and participated in many green tea ceremonies. I traveled to places in Japan that made me feel like I had gone back 100 years in time.

After three years I returned to my hometown with my family to begin teaching in the Allentown School District. I started teaching kindergarten at a neighborhood inner-city elementary school. There were only 11 teachers and a diversified population. The teachers were all dedicated; working on grants, taking field trips, making house calls, and spending their own money on supplies. I spent three years teaching Kindergarten, three years teaching first grade, and three years teaching fifth grade. I was robbed twice, had one child whisked out of my classroom and kidnapped out-of-state by a parent, and had another student picked up for soliciting.

I loved my job and received several grants to enrich my classrooms over the years. The teachers were close-knit and cooperative when any new idea was suggested. I started a video news series traveling from room to room taping the highlights of the week

for each grade so we all could view it on the following Monday. Besides covering the required curriculum, I made up plays, musicals and movies for my students. One was entitled "The Dukes of Hazard Meet Darth Vader". I remember stringing plastic rocket models on fish line to simulate flight. I no longer taught art, music or physical education but missed the informality with my students. While teaching fifth grade I would take my students outside for a 10-15 minute break in the morning. The girls would talk and play jump rope. I played touch football with the boys. I was "all time quarterback" for both sides and that settled many arguments.

I enjoyed the content of the upper grades and moved on to South Mountain Middle School in the mid 1980's to teach 6th grade. I thought I would be teaching my favorite subject, math, all day like when it was a junior high. However I ended up teaching all the major subjects but one. I thoroughly enjoyed it even though there was a lot of preparation in teaching four major subjects at that level. The students changed classes and had two special classes besides their five majors. We were still able to use a paddle if we found it necessary. I remember I used it if a student put another student in danger, for example, trying to stab another student with a scissors or threatened each other physically in the halls. I rarely used the paddle more than once a year.

It was there and the students knew it and understood why it was used. I decided to take a sabbatical and earned my secondary certification in math and a master's equivalency.

Middle school changed over the years. Eventually we taught fewer subjects and specialized in one or two. My subjects were math and science. In the 90's I was actively involved on district curriculum teams, school-based management, technology planning and even school-based budgeting. Decision-making changed from top down to the local level bottom up. The Panasonic Foundation, who oversaw our progress, supported us. We had a school-based management council and I co-chaired it with a parent. It took a while to convince the staff that we had power and could vote and make changes. We chose how we wanted the day scheduled, if we wanted an activity period during the day, when we should sent home mid-term warning reports, and how we should group our students.

We also decided to be heterogeneously grouped rather than homogeneously grouped. A comparative study was made with the help of Lehigh University. It took a while for some teachers to realize the benefits, but in the end a good mix was better than grouping at levels. The bottom groups had been horrendous to teach, and they were labeled forever in their own minds. We also formed teams at each grade level and worked with the same group of students all day. We could shift our own schedule around, compress it, have speakers and plan culminating activities for our interdisciplinary units. We had team meetings everyday, held parent conferences, counseled our students, planned our units and activities, and handled minor discipline problems.

School-based budgeting was a new concept, and only a few schools bought into it. The district and the school looked for ways to save money from the regular budget allocated to each individual school. The savings was split 50-50 so the district got money back and so did the school. We beat our average yearly sick day allotment and got \$1500. We sold stoves, refrigerators, print shop equipment, old dental chairs and trampolines

that had been stored in our school basement for years. Later we sold and gave away many library books that were pulled from circulation because they hadn't been checked out over the past three years.

The district also started using student portfolios and interdisciplinary units. In time there was a change in the administration, and the original planners from each school who supported school-based management were turning over. Some principals weren't comfortable with the power struggle. It was hard work and after carrying these extra responsibilities for years no one wanted to take the place of those who had put it together. Teachers who volunteered their time now wanted to be paid for all the extra time and effort. No one wanted to carry on the load without some type of personal rewards. The older teachers seemed burned out or, at least, felt others should step up to the plate and take a turn in leadership. I was bitten by the technology bug and went on to earn my Master's in technology at DeSales University. I formed the long-range technology plan for our school. The district now had Lead Technology teachers in each building to help input the technology plan and Staff Development Coordinators to help plan in-service days that targeted the individual needs of the building. I taught my five periods a day, but I also ran a homework center after school twice a week and had computer club for students after school and once a week at night for parents. I shared the staff development job with another teacher. We took interest surveys and tailored our workshops to our teacher's needs. I felt we were moving in the right direction.

Then, we got a new superintendent. All administrative responsibilities were looked at again. Out of four middle schools, our school had the highest test scores and was the only one, which heterogeneously grouped students. The others all were homogeneously grouped with levels. But they wanted us to change and be like the rest. Then in 2000 NCLB arrived, and we taught on a schedule similar to all the other middle schools. Our district had a large transient population. It was felt that if we all taught the same curriculum on the same days it would help our students who moved from building to building. There was little time for creativity, inter-disciplinary units, team meetings, etc. We now had extra tutoring sessions and fewer non-academic classes. Physical education was put on a cycle and not a weekly basis. It was a shift away from the latest brain research, and teachers and students felt a new stress level. Times changed, and I retired.

**Violet M. Geib**  
**Teaching Career: 1975-2000**

### **Dreaming a Dream - Experiencing that Dream**

My dream began in 1945 when I entered the door of a cozy one-room schoolhouse in Lancaster County, PA, just before I turned six years old. I loved having access to the books and their smell, the chalk that gave off a powdery dust when I wrote on the blackboard, the wooden floors that smelled of oil, and a desk that was all my own. I dreamed of becoming a teacher.

One day as I stood at the front of the room reading aloud with my class, I fainted from the fumes from the old coal stove. That event became a cloud that hung over me every time I spoke in front of my class - I now had a phobia about public speaking. These fears grew when I fainted on two more occasions - once in front of my class in eighth grade and again in speech class in college.

A much larger cloud loomed following a conversation with my mother in my senior year of high school in 1956. After receiving a catalogue from Millersville State College, I ran to her so excited to talk about entering college that fall. She said, "No, there is no money for you to go to college. If anyone goes to college it will be your brother. It is more important for a boy to go." My dream was ended with her words - which were final.

Not long after that, I married my high school sweetheart, Randy. He earned two scholar-ships to cover tuition at Franklin and Marshall College - one a work scholarship. To supplement our living expenses, I worked in the sales department at the US Asbestos plant in Manheim. In seven years Randy had his degree, and we had two children. Randy revived my dream when he said, "now it is your turn to go to college".

After being a stay-at-home mom while the children were small, I began working part-time as a paraprofessional at the neighborhood school. It was there, encouraged by the teachers, my principal, and Randy, that my dream was reborn and I decided to register at MSC. After years of taking one class each semester while I continued to work, I finally took a "leap of faith" and registered as a full-time student.

One more cloud appeared when I had my physical to enter MSC as a full-time student. The doctors discovered an abnormality in my right eye. Tests for a brain tumor or an aneurism were all negative. That cloud, too, was lifted. By carrying all the credits allowed, attending summer school, and student teaching, I graduated magna cum laude in December 1975.

I was hired at Stiegel Elementary in my hometown and began teaching first grade in 1976. As I walked to school the first day, I could hardly believe I was "living the dream" of so many years. I remember thinking I would have paid the district for the chance to be teaching. Soon enough I knew I was earning the \$8000 dollar salary I was paid.

I taught first grade for twenty years and loved every day, spending ten and twelve hour days at school. I saw the pendulum swing from using phonics exclusively to whole language, and then individualized reading programs. We used stations, centers and contracts for independent work. We piloted multi-age in one room, expanding to primary level, and eventually to our secondary level and the entire school. Parents supported us, volunteered in our rooms, and worked hard to raise extra funds for trips and special projects. Now, I was "experiencing the dream" come true!

In 1992 I was named "Teacher of the Year" in our school district. Since this was our first district TOY, I was unaware that my credentials would be sent to the state level. So, when in early fall, my Superintendent walked into my room and threw his arms around me, I was shocked. My first graders were giggling as he told me I was a finalist for Pennsylvania Teacher of the Year!

And here, my story becomes yours. Every Finalist and TOY knows the excitement that follows this announcement and the anticipation to see which of your colleagues will become the TOY that year. To be named the "Pennsylvania Teacher of the Year, 1993" and the events that followed, was truly like living in a dream.

One of these events was to attend the National Teacher of the Year Conference held in Kentucky in 1993. Now, I had a new dream, I wanted to expand the TOY program and help insure its strength in Pennsylvania. After going to Washington, D.C., as the PA-TOY, I heard Terry Dozier of the US Department of Education speak. She challenged the teachers to "return" to their states and hold Forums to honor and develop teacher leaders working to strengthen our ties with our own Departments of Education. I took a deep breath and plunged into very un-familiar territory with a contact to Carol Bellew at PDE.

The rest is history. The struggles and triumphs, the hard work and uncharted paths, the support of Pa's teachers and the ever changing and growing number of friends at the Department of Education, resulted in the founding of the National State Teachers of the Year-Pennsylvania Chapter.

This one dream, from a humble beginning, grew to become the opening page in the history of NSTOY-PA.

**Ellen G. Burke**  
**Teaching Career: 1971--2009**

### **Thirty Eight Great Years Teaching Health and Physical Education**

I started to teach school in the fall of 1971. I remember working all summer on lesson plans, quizzes, and tests, so I would be ready to go in September. I would be teaching seventh and eighth grade girls' physical education and also health classes. I did not have a room to call my own, but I did have an office I shared with two other women physical education teachers in the girls' locker room. One of the first days of school there was a loud noise coming from the gym. It sounded like a class of kids without a teacher. When one of the other women returned to the locker room, she told me my class was waiting. When all three of us checked our schedules, no one had the class. It did end up being mine, my only class of junior and senior girls. I taught them the same things that I taught my 7<sup>th</sup> and 8<sup>th</sup> graders; folk and square dance, basketball, field hockey, fun games, and all other activities. They were a tough group, and were best when I taught a unit on volleyball. It seems that was all they ever played in the past.

I do remember sitting at home on my bed at night correcting papers and averaging grades on a piece of paper. It took a fair amount of time to get them done, especially near the end of a marking period. Hand held calculators came about a couple years later... I loved them. Computer grading programs were much later and really worked well.

Things went well for me my first year. As we were teaching in the high school building, a brand new middle school was being built across the athletic fields. It would be a building with few walls and classrooms that were out in the open. A tour guide was hired to handle the ever-growing number of people from other schools coming to see our building. We moved into that building the following fall. I moved around to different rooms during my stay there. At first there were no walls, then partitions were built, and for many years most rooms had three walls with the back of the rooms open to the hallways. They put in the final walls, but the heating and air conditioning systems were not built for that building design. I even stayed long enough to go through renovations and see a fully remodeled building, although heating and air conditioning never improved that much.

I can remember being a little concerned about being observed by my principal. The concern quickly passed as I realized there was nothing to fear. One time he fell asleep during a movie I was showing, and another time he observed me teaching softball from his MG convertible, as he was driving to the middle school to check on how things were going with the construction.

It was about two years later that the male physical education and health teacher, the other female physical education and health teacher, and myself approached our principal about teaching health to a coed class. He was a very progressive type guy. He thought it would be fine as long as students had notes signed by their parents giving permission to take the part of the course dealing with human development. From that time on, we all

taught health to coed classes, and everything worked out just fine. I would say in the first fifteen years we had parental permission slips; I only had three students that were not allowed to participate. They took class on their own following the curriculum, but not in the same room as the rest of the class.

If students got out of line, and were not willing to behave, I had the authority to send them out of the room, notify their parents of their immaturity, and they would fail the class. This authority only occurred when I was teaching sex education or as we called it, "Human Development." Somewhere about 1976-77 the male physical education teacher was no longer scheduled to teach health classes, and the other female and I taught all health classes, while also teaching all the girls' physical education classes. By the time I was the only health teacher many years later, the need for permission slips for human development was unnecessary and outdated, since human development was thought to be a necessary part of the curriculum.

I had the chance as I continued my career to teach with some amazing teachers. Three male physical education teachers I taught with went on to win one or more state soccer championships. My district has five championship soccer teams. One teacher went to the college level and won a NCAA Division I championship as well, one continues to teach in the district, while the other is head coach at Penn State University. Coach Barry Gorman, now from Penn State, was an exceptional teacher. He could teach a class strictly by moving his hands and not saying a word. He also was from Ireland, and had a strong Irish accent. One day when he was absent, his substitute was having a difficult time getting a sixth grade boys' physical education class to sit down and be quiet. The janitor happened to walk in about that time, and gave him a hint on how to get control. Instead of telling the kids to "stop," he told the gentleman to say, "STOOP." This was how Barry said it with his accent. The substitute tried it, and the class immediately sat and got quiet. We had great times when Barry was there.

Probably the biggest change that happened over the thirty-eight years I taught in the Eastern Lebanon County School District was the influx of technology and computers. When I was a junior at Slippery Rock State Teachers College, my statistics professor told our class that the time would come where everyone would have their own computers and we would definitely need to use them in the classroom. He made us go to the computer on campus, which filled an entire room, and learn how to type data entry cards to do a class assignment. We had to enter the data, which consisted of students' test scores, to find the class average. Thank goodness by the time we received computers in our classrooms they were much more manageable than the one at Slippery Rock.

The biggest problem I experienced with the computers we used in classrooms, was the constant change of programs we should use on those computers. Some word processing programs I remember were AppleWorks, ClarisWorks, and Word. The change from one to the other was always made during the school year so that it was difficult to keep up. Easy Grade Pro was the greatest thing since sliced bread for doing grades. It was easy and complete, but we had to give it up in order to run a program that allowed parents to see grades on line. Wow, how things changed. Faculty input was usually not given much

credit as to the ease of use or purpose of programs that we had to use. ELCO High School definitely tried to keep the students ahead of other schools, and in our area, they became known as “high tech high.”

One other huge change that happened over the course of my thirty-eight years was the way the special needs children became part of the regular education classes. In our building, a young woman was hired by Intermediate Unit 13 to be a resource room teacher. At the time, none of us were too sure what a resource room was, and the part it would play in the regular education of special needs children. This person was Barbara Nace. She was a wonderful teacher, and was later hired by ELCO to continue to teach the resource room for the eighth graders in the building who needed that support. Barb lived a life that was far too short; she died from cancer at a very young age. However, in the years she taught in our building, she educated me to the wonderful possibilities that the students she taught could achieve in my classroom. We worked together over the years to help her students achieve success in my room. We adapted work, quizzes, and tests so that even the most challenged could achieve. She taught me more than I could have learned in any class I could have taken.

By the time I retired, my favorite students to have in class were the special needs students. Most of them would work harder for me than my regular education students. The lowest students were in a separate special education class, but they would always be allowed to come to my room for health class. They would be part of the regular class I had at that time. Mine was one of the few classes they left their room to take, and the only true academic class. Nothing made me cry more at the end of my final year, than the “thank-you notes” from those students. One was from a blind boy who never wrote for his classroom teacher, but he wrote a “thank-you note” to me. The summer after I retired I saw him at the county fair’s annual demolition derby. He was sitting across the aisle from me. I talked to him, and he managed to come to me several times during the evening to have me tell him what was going on in the derby. Which car is coming now? What color is it? Now which car is moving? Anyone who did not know him, probably wondered what I was doing, but I had a blast that evening. What a great kid, as were several others. If anything had made me teach another year, it would have been having those seventh graders as eighth graders. But I knew once I stayed another year for some, the next year, there would be others. I knew it was time to go.

I taught girls’ physical education and coed health classes for 26 years. I asked my principal about the chance to teach only health when the other female in our department retired. He was looking at changing our scheduling, so the next year I began teaching only coed health classes. Instead of teaching an all year health class to eighth graders, as had been the norm, I began to teach health to sixth graders, seventh graders and eighth graders. I would have two classes from each grade for one marking period. At the end of those 45 days, I would receive six new classes, two from each grade. By the end of the year, my rotations would have me teaching every student in the building. I did this for 12 years. I loved it. By opening the program to all grades, health (one quarter) rotated with physical education (two quarters) and music education (one quarter,) making the schedule much different than previously. At first I complained about losing a quarter of time, see-

ing I had eighth graders all year, but now I would only have each student three quarters instead of four, and over a three year period instead of all in one year.

I did get to write the entire curriculum to my liking, since I was the only one teaching it, and it didn't take long for me to begin to enjoy what I was doing. I truly loved it! I enjoyed working with all three ages of students and seeing how they developed in class over the three-year period I had them. By eighth grade I actually knew their names and knew them better than I did as sixth graders. Every year they would come back to health class for one marking period, and we would do something different than the previous year. Health was what I always wanted to teach.

So in my thirty-eight years teaching in the ELCO school district, I had four different superintendents, two different principals, too many assistant principals to count, and many friends and comrades in "the trenches." There are far too many students to count, but I know on average, there were 600 students in the building per year. So in the 12 years I taught only health and had every student, about 7200 students went through my door in that time frame. In earlier years there were close to 700 students in the building, and though I did not have them all, I am quite sure that adding in my other twenty-six years, I probably had a total of over 10,000 students in my classroom.

During my career, I went on many eighth grade field trips, and enjoyed taking students to Williamsburg, Virginia for a three-day, two-night trip. I was in charge of that trip for at least 15 years. I also never missed the end of the year eighth grade day trip to Washington DC. We actually took thirty-six trips, some in the heat, some in the rain, and some in really nice weather. We saw many exciting and educational things on those trips, which I know many students would never have seen without the school providing that chance. It was amazing how many students had never been to Washington DC by the age of fourteen.

Thirty-eight years seems like a long time, but when I think back on it, it was a flash before my eyes. I loved what I was doing when I was doing it. I loved the students I met and the relationships I developed. However, everyone who had retired always told me, you will know when it is time to leave. Even during my thirty-seventh year I didn't think it was time, but when the next year rolled around, I told my husband I was going to think about retiring. He had heard me talk before, but thought I would change my mind, and end up saying what I always had said... one more year, or maybe two. But he knew it was the real thing when I told him before Labor Day of my thirty-eighth year, that I was really going to do it. I did everything that last year, just the way I wanted to do it. I loved what I was doing, but I knew in my heart, it was time to go. I was going to go out loving every minute, and I did. I can honestly say I do not miss it now that I am gone; I know I made the right choice at the right time.

In my thirty-eight years, I have many memories that bring tears to my eyes, a smile to my face, and love to my heart. But to be perfectly honest, the most outstanding memories of my entire career are the ones from my NSTOY experience. I cannot begin to explain what being a finalist meant to me. My level of self-confidence rose to a height I had

never previously experienced. I look to those memories and that experience for the ability and desire to do what I am doing today. I am an elected member of Cleona Borough Council, a member of the Annville Free Library Board of Directors, and I serve on several committees at my church. I know I would never have the degree of self-confidence I have now if it had not been for NSTOY. Winning “Teacher of the Year” was not the important thing; being recognized for the accomplishments in my career that I put my heart and soul into was most important.