February 28, 2000

TO: Faculty Reviewer

FROM: Anne Ocipekka

RE: Review of Teacher Education Admissions Essays

Please assess the attached essay. Use the stated criteria and include any personal comments you feel are relevant to this essay. Initial in the appropriate space and return to my mailbox by March 10. Thanks for your help with this aspect of the admissions process.

Applicant:

ID#

Essay should meet four out of these five criteria:
- Applicant demonstrates a proper grammatical usage.
- Applicant demonstrates an understanding of children.
- Applicant offers evidence of a commitment to teaching.
- Essay has a genuine quality.
- Essay has a reflective quality.

Reviewer's comments: This essay confused me. It seemed very negative "in tone" and didn't really describe the problems in the relationship described between the student.

Reviewer's Initials JAB
Throughout life there have been many different occurrences that I can label as memorable learning experiences. Writing this essay made me have to choose which one I thought was the most significant in my life. The one that I choose is one that involves teaching. The situation occurred when I was a sophomore in high school.

I had a teacher that I disliked very much. I felt that he was an unfair teacher and had his favorites in the class. It seemed that no matter how hard I tried in the class I could not do any better because the teacher did not want me to do better. A student teacher then came into the class and took over. As time went on with the student teacher my grades seemed to get better.

I was then convinced that it was the original teacher that had a problem in the class and not me. When it was time for the student teacher to leave and the original teacher to take back over I decided that in order to good in the class for the rest of the semester that I needed to change teachers. I asked the counselor and the principal if that was possible. After much debate, the counselor and principal decided that I could not switch classes and I would have to stay in his class for the remainder of the year.

When the school year was over I was so happy to finally be rid of this teacher. I was going to be transferring to another school and there was no possible way that I would have to be in his class again. As the next school year came I was at my new school and as luck would have it, the teacher that I had had a problem with the previous year was also there. It seems that he had been offered a job there and would be teaching my class. That year I realized that it was never really the teacher, it was the materials that I was
supposed to learn that had really kept me from doing as well as I thought I should. I ended up taking another class with this teacher my senior year and this time it was by my own free will.

I feel that this experience is significant because as a teacher I feel that I may also come into contact with this kind of situation. A student may feel that I am judging him or her unfairly and I can use this experience to try and relate. It also helped me to realize that even if teachers try hard to be unbiased to students in the classroom, there may be some students who do not think that this is the case. I saw how my teacher handled the situation and I can use his response to the situation as a guide if there is ever a need.
February 28, 2000

TO: Faculty Reviewer  Monica Medina

FROM: Anne Ocipka

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Essay has a genuine quality.
Essay has a reflective quality.

Reviewer’s comments: Not clear what commitment applicant has to teaching or understanding of children. Seems genuine and reflective in her responses. Could still use some help with writing.

Reviewer’s Initials  

[Handwritten notes:"
About 7 out 13 "
Feb 13 2000"
"June 16/99"
"Dec 16/99"
"May 15/99"
"Feb 15/99"
"Jul 15/99"]
When I was a freshman at Purdue University, I took English composition. Up until the time that I took this class I thought that I was a fairly good writer. As I soon found out, I had a lot to learn. My professor was extremely hard on me throughout the entire semester. I walked away from the class with an immeasurable amount of information.

I spent hours writing my first two papers for this class. When I got my papers back with the grades on them, I literally cried. I had never received a "D" on a paper in my life and I had managed to just earn two of them. I talked to my professor and tried to understand why my papers were suddenly of such bad quality. I, of course, was too upset to actually agree with anything that he was pointing out, so I ended up walking away mad.

When I finally got home, I decided to give what he said a few minutes of thought. After all, I did have 4 more papers to write and I certainly couldn't afford to receive "D’s" on those as well. I spent a lot of time thinking and finally, much to my amazement, agreed. My thesis statement was not very clear and did not benefit the paper at all. Yes, my paragraphs were slightly hard to follow and certainly, my choice of words had not been used in the way that a "mature" writer would have used them.
Apparently, I had deserved the “D’s” that I received. However, I was not going to continue on my path of destruction that was leading me well on my way to failure.

For the following papers I used all of his advice and changed the way that I wrote my papers. It took me a few drafts to realize that I had to write these papers in a way that everyone could understand them. I wrote my first paper and then took it to my professor to look over. He made a few suggestions; I made a few changes and then went back to him. I did this a few times and felt very comfortable with the paper that I had written. I received an “A” on that paper and each paper after that. To my relief I had figured out what I had been doing wrong and I had been able to fix the errors.

I went into that class and hated it from the beginning because I could not do well in it. I left that class with a “B” for the semester. I also left with the feeling that I had learned a great deal. I left feeling that I had become a better writer. When I look back on that class, I think that I was very lucky to have had the professor that I did. Some teachers/professors would not have been so hard on me and I would not have learned anywhere near what I did.
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Essay should meet four out of these five criteria:

Applicant demonstrates a proper grammatical usage. no. Quite a few errors.

Applicant demonstrates an understanding of children. no

Applicant offers evidence of a commitment to teaching. yes

Essay has a genuine quality. yes

Essay has a reflective quality.

Reviewer’s comments: This essay is not well-written.

Reviewer’s Initials
Essay: Describe a memorable learning experience and explain why it is significant to me.

When I look back at growing up the one thing that stands out to me, was the constant traveling I have done. My Dad was in the military, so I was somewhat an Army brat. To be part of a family which was moving constantly gave me a very unique perspective growing up.

I have lived in four different countries. Living in other countries enabled me to not only learn about other cultures than American in school, but also, experience the actual people on a personal level. This perspective of the world I believe, has made me a more excepting person as well as understanding. The level of understanding that I have received through my traveling is one of importance. Since I have always been new to places I got a real good chance to see people of all races and cultures react to situations in their environment. I learned a lot about people by seeing what exactly makes them happy, sad, angry, smile, frown, and the list goes on. I have always thought to myself that when you can truly understand why someone does what they do, than you can begin to understand them. Not only is this how I learned about people outside the United States, but I also learned about people in the United States. In the United States I have lived in four states and seven cities. As you can imagine I had plenty of opportunities to meet other cultures of Americans as well.

My nationality is Amer-asian, part American and part Asian. To be more specific I am half West Virginian and half Korean. Being mixed added another dimension to learn from. As my family traveled around I found that people were different as far as from person to person. I have always grown up with the thought that everyone was truly equal
and thought this was the same way that everyone felt. Not only did I find out that not everybody thinks like that, but I have seen this same difference everywhere I have been. The thing that has helped me as a person was the moving around to see how different people and cultures think about other cultures even particular people or cultures. The reason this has helped me is because if I was not exposed to the world I feel I could have grown up with a more negative thinking. I feel that the negative thinking that I avoided through over exposure, was that of closed minded or ignorance.

The experience that I feel is the most significant thing that has happened to me is the traveling. I feel that this one element to how I grew up has done more for me as a person than anything. I was in a situation which I could not refuse and was forced to adapt. When I look back I now see the great things that living around the world has done. I feel that I have grown up with a broad perspective in which I feel will reflect to those whom I am around.
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Reviewer’s comments: **Problematic - grammar & wordiness**

Reviewer’s Initials
I was eight years old the day my parents told me they were divorcing, and I remember my mom crying as my dad walk out the door to start his new life. That summer before I started third grade my brother and I had not only lost my dad, but also my mother to a second job working nights at a local grocery store so she could support my brother and I now that my father was gone. In this one summer and one year I learned more about life’s unfairness than I have ever learned before.

The summer came and went as quickly as it came, my mother was still working days at a law firm downtown and the midnight shift at Cub Foods. Jeremy, my brother and I would come home from school and see my mom for a couple of hours and then she was off to ring groceries all night so she could support us. Jeremy would always play nintendo and I had a barbie dream house that I played with until we put ourselves to bed every night. Jeremy and I had learned to become very independent that summer and throughout the school year, although one person always comes to mind when I think of my third grade year.

Mrs. Swank is her name. She was a third grade teacher at Winchester Elementary School in Perry Township. When I started third grade I was very emotional and an outcast. My parents had just broken up, I barely saw my mother, and my brother was the only friend I had. Soon after I started third grade I would tell people about what happened to my family, and before I knew it I was sitting in a school counselors office two days a week talking through my anger and hurt. The counselor would report back to Mrs. Swank on any progress that I was making. Apparently the counselor had felt that I was not getting enough attention at home so this is why I was so disruptive in class.

Once Mrs. Swank had heard news that I was going home only to my brother everyday and not seeing my mom enough she did something from her heart to help me. Everyday after school Mrs. Swank would have me sit in the room and she would walk me through all of my homework, she would help me with my reading, spelling, and math skills. When I was through studying she would let me do things to help her, I remember her letting me re-do the bulletin board for her the month of February. I remember cutting out hearts and labeling the bulletin board “Mrs. Swank’s Valentines.”

Every afternoon she would talk to me about finishing school and going on to college, she would show me pictures of her daughter Kim that was attending Indiana University. She would always say “When you get to college you can be a doctor, or a lawyer.” If she only knew that the reason I’m becoming a teacher is because of her I think she would fell honored. Mrs. Swank taught me to love myself. When I met Mrs. Swank I was very insecure and scared because of the lifestyle I was subjected to, however Mrs. Swank out of 100 people in a school is the only one that took the time and love to help me. I learned more from her in third grade than I have my whole life.

Mrs. Swank taught me the most important lesson of all to love myself and to be all I could be. Because, of Mrs. Swank I’m in college supporting myself and paying my way through school by myself, I found a way to better myself all because someone took the time to teach me that I was a person of value. I was taught that I did not choose my life I had to learn to overcome the obstacles that would stand in my way. I went back to my old elementary school a few years ago and Mrs. Swank had retired, however my husband encouraged me to send her a letter and after this essay I will.
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Reviewer's comments: The essay suggests that there might be a problem with alcohol. Probably we should accept her, but keep an eye on attendance.

Reviewer's Initials
I remember a very significant learning experience that changed my thoughts in regards to my job. After this experience, I have always put 100% into whatever job I hold. I was going to school at IUB and I could not afford to pay for the semester. I decided to take a semester off and just work two jobs and save some money so that I could return that next semester. I worked as a waitress at Ryan’s Steakhouse during the evenings. My second job was at a Child Daycare/Preschool. My title was a teacher’s assistant for the four year-old’s. I had to be at work in the mornings at 7:45 and worked until 2:00pm. Being the immature sophomore I was, I did not take the wonderful and opportunistic job seriously. I missed a lot of days because I was “hung over” or just couldn’t make it out of bed. One aspect I really appreciate is the children I worked with. When I was working, I was in heaven. I interacted with the students and it seemed to be second nature. I loved the children and being able to help them learn good morals and social skills, as well as school subject material.

After the first month of my job at the preschool, my boss sat me down. She told me that if I missed one more day of work, she would have to fire me and find someone else that would be dependable. She informed me that the children absolutely love me and that I was doing a wonderful job. I told her that I would not miss another day and that from that point on, I would give it my all. Four months later, I had to quit because I was going back to school. I missed the children so much; I had dreams about them for months afterwards. After that incident, I have never called in to work because I didn’t feel like going or because I drank too much the night before. If I don’t feel like going to work, oh well. If I went to a party the night before and feel tired, going to work is my punishment for not thinking about what I have to do the next day and who I will effect.

It’s interesting that she prefers to be punished rather than to stop the behavior that’s causing the problem in the first place. Do she still having trouble with drinking?