AN EPISODE IN A TEACHER’S LIFE

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A teacher is a gift. Gift wrapped in glittering, glossy paper embellished with a wreath ribbon and trims. Everyone’s excited to look at and open to find out what it hides inside. Once opened, it is all yours to love and to care.

But what happened to this gift? What went wrong on his glittering and glossy wrapper? Where has the pleasure of anticipation in discovering gone? How has your love vanished?

A teacher sleeps late at night in preparing his lessons, just to wake up early in the morning to attend his classes. Puts on her make-up and dresses well to please her learners as she faces them. Teachers make their way to look fresh, enthusiastic and appealing to their learners. Then he goes out of the classroom burnt-out, drained and exhausted. What transpired? What came along inside the classroom?

Teaching is no easy task. But with a loving and compassionate heart a teacher has, the profession becomes just like a child play. With the natural fire that drives a teacher on his vocation, not a drop of water can cease this fire.

But time flies. People change and so are our learners. The educational system go at pace in the ever changing, competitive, and harsh veracities of life. Many complain of the numerous paper works, work load and stress teaching give them. From the everyday lessons to prepare, reports to submit, and all other sorts of forms to accomplish to the daily stress one has to go through. Clerical jobs that aren’t theirs to do anymore. Dealing with the students’ school as well as personal concerns ranging from their family problems to the matters of the heart. Teachers play the role of a psychologist, a guardian, an adviser,
a friend, a cheerleader, an office worker, a guard that even your own safety can be at risk whenever students fight.

Work place is of course not a haven for the weak-hearted, sensitive and delicate nature. Rivals and competitors are just around waiting for you to slip and fail. Always on the shed straining each and every opportunity to watch you mess up. Rejoicing in your fiasco and feasting on every disaster you commit.

Superiors as well, can sometimes be the cause of a teacher’s dark days. Their manipulation, dominance, control and heartlessness entirely doom a teacher’s joyful and keen love in teaching. Unfortunately, these instances are not isolated cases. Though this may not be true in all cases, but they happen. They happen, and it’s a serious matter.

This article may pose a lot of reactions. Some will walk behind the path what this argument tries to point out, and others may completely disagree and contend. Few more may just choose to make themselves inaudible of the same anguish and sentiments out of fear and frailty. But taking which side isn’t the chief concern anymore. Subdividing ourselves just dwindles the fight.

Incidences of teachers committing suicide is not an ordinary one sunny day to let it just be forgotten. Two cases of suicide in just two months is very alarming. Teachers hanging themselves? And to hang herself wearing her uniform is already a loud statement. Who has keen ears to listen to her? Is her cry not loud enough yet? One voice but has left a deafening pain. An episode in a teacher’s life is shouting us to make a stand. It is an outcry of not only of these two teachers, but a very loud bellowing of each and every teacher laden of a work not actually his anymore.

Bring back the gift. The gift that once we were.

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