



Thinking Teacher

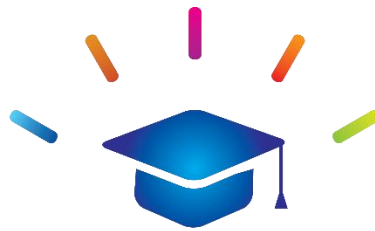
FINAL COMPILATION

JUNE-JULY 2021 BATCH

REFLECTIVE WRITING FOR TEACHERS

Contents

Letter to an aspiring teacher	Suchitra Kakani	3
What is Education?	Ritika Manoja	4
Letter to my future grandchild	Priya Tamang	5
MY FEARS AS A TEACHER	Shalini Bose	6
WHAT IS EDUCATION?	Sara Anjum	7
My single story about my friend	Ritika Shah	8
A TURNAROUND IN MY CLASS	Nandini Reddy	9
Letter to a future grandchild	Lovely Prusty	10
What is education	Jolanta Galecka	11
My Reflections	Neeraja Raghavan	12



Thinking Teacher

Letter to an aspiring teacher - my 9-year-old son Krishna, who told me he wants to be a teacher.

Suchitra Kakani

My dearest Krishna,

You had confided in me that you want to be a teacher, like me. I write this letter to you and hope that you will read this letter in twenty years' time. I hope you would still have chosen this profession twenty years after you told me your desire. The day you told me that you want to be a biology teacher I was surprised and happy that you have thought of this profession.

Krishna, I will not tell you the usual words "Teachers can change the world" even though it could be true. I want to tell you that today, as a teacher, I am a very happy person. This profession gives me a lot of satisfaction and immense joy when I am in the class. This job can change your world and make you content.

In twenty years, I am hoping the complexities of this profession would have gone away. I hope it is seen as a mainstream profession. I hope the best people opt for this profession. By now, I hope the Government and people have begun to realize the importance of this profession and its impact on life.

Krishna, teaching is not just about academics: it is about the holistic growth of the child. I know that you would be good at imparting academics. You will know the subject, and year after year, you will impart that knowledge. But don't forget, every year you will teach it to a *fresh batch of students* and for them, *it is their first time*. Make sure, every time, it is a child's first time, remember the wonder you felt when you learnt it and make sure that the same wonder is translated in your teaching. Ignite in them that spark, that sense of wonder in everything that you teach.

If you become a Biology teacher, I know that it is a subject you love. You have to pass on to them that love. Teaching is not about completing the syllabus, it is not about making sure that the children get good grades. [By the way, I hope that the grading system has changed in your time.] Only the love for learning matters.

When you are in class, there are many kinds of students - you cannot control every child. In fact, don't think about 'controlling' the class. Try never to raise your voice, be watchful of all the words that you say – for they can make or break the confidence of a child. Always motivate the children, and even if you have to be critical of their work, make sure that your criticism is constructive.

Never give them so much work that they think it is a burden. Work should be enjoyable, not copywriting or imposition. Never give them that kind of work. If you want neat and exceptional work, always set an example. I remember I had bad handwriting for a very long time and I remember seeing my English teacher writing in her book and her handwriting was beautiful. I was inspired to write neatly because of her. So yes, if you expect good work from them, set an example for them. Show them how projects are to be done, how their written work needs to be organized, how to improve vocabulary – and the list is endless, when it comes to showing the way.

Above all of this, develop in them a love for reading. You might think it is the work of an English teacher but no! Every teacher has a part to play. Show them the wonder of the origin of species, familiarize them with the work of Gregor Mendel with everyday examples, and make them meet these pioneers in your classes. Also, teach them that learning is never just in the class, take them out to picnics, zoos and parks. Take classes outdoors – the biology class can best be enjoyed in Nature. The curiosity of a child is triggered through observation.

Curiosity can awaken in them many questions. Questions are food for their minds. Give them many opportunities to question and quench their thirst with the knowledge that you have. If you do not have the answers, learn along with them. Never stop learning, Krishna! What makes a teacher great is also his/her ability to learn. I implore you to strive for *progress*, not *perfection*.

The right measure of your being a good teacher is when the children love you and are not scared of you. They have to share everything with you, ask you every question that arises in their minds. You will see the sparkle in their eyes when you teach – if you are good.

All the best, Krishna!

Amma

What is Education?

Ritika Manoja

It took me close to 24 hours to finally start writing about what education means to me and being an educator has made it a daunting task. More so, because till now, I have always considered myself to be an ‘expert’ in this field – simply because I am an educator by profession and this is what I do on a daily basis.

But then I paused and started to reflect on my own understanding. It was then that I realized how superficial my thoughts about education have been. I sat down to write *what I know, what I want to know, and what I hope to know* about education.

Oh, wait, apologies! I have started to use one of my classroom strategies!

But then, is this not what true education really means? Being able to think, being able to separate the pluses from the minuses, being able to learn something new every day, and to further ignite that passion to be educated, every day?

Education is not only imparted within the closed doors of a classroom. Sometimes, we are able to understand its true meaning outside. Education for me is like enlightenment, not the one which is achieved just by sitting under a tree but that which helps me become self-aware. Education for me is that which helps me becoming a thinking individual, who at least makes the effort to differentiate between right and wrong

A memory that is still so vivid in my mind is when one of my class XII students told me: “I feel I spend so much time studying that I end up having less time to learn anything.” That statement still gives me goose bumps.

Where are we heading? What do we expect from our students? She was so right. She has been stuffed with a great deal of factual knowledge in her entire schooling, but no one made the effort to actually teach her how to use it all!

I still remember when I went for my first interview as a teacher and I was asked how I would measure my success as a teacher in a classroom. My answer was simple – the day I will feel that my children are able to think for themselves and have understood that it is completely okay to have conflicting viewpoints and yet learn to respect them – that will be my true success as a teacher and *that*, for me, is true ‘education’. It is okay if my children do not remember the dates or the facts and sometimes mess up an entire equation but if they remember to show gratitude towards people around them; if they manage to develop the feeling of empathy and if they learn to embrace all the challenges that come their way with open arms and a big smile, I will feel that they are educated *in the true sense*.

Letter to my future grandchild

Priya Tamang

22nd June 2072

My dearest grandchild, it brings me great joy to write to you on your birthday: 18th this year, right? Please forgive your *boju* [grandmother] as her memory is fading – as I’m ageing everyday. Your *boju* loves you to the extreme!

I know writing letters is a very old-fashioned act for you, which it also was to me, when I was in my 20s: an era of WhatsApp and Instagram. But now that I know the pleasure and joy that it brings when I write/read the written words, I want to pass on that joy to you. I know things have changed a lot and I bet the advanced technology is far superior compared to ours but let’s not forget our roots – for that is where we started!

I still remember holding you in my arms when you were born. Time flies by, doesn’t it? Now that you’ve grown up to be an adult I would like to encourage you to be a woman with strength, boldness and humility. I know you are already a strong girl who is ever ready to help anyone in need.

Now that you are grown up, I want to share a life experience that I had during the 2020 lockdown, 52 years ago. History teaches us a good deal. Okay, let me tell you a very true story about some years in my life that had greatly impacted not only your *boju* but the entire humanity.

So, it was the year 2020 when the entire nation had been under a lockdown due to a killer virus which was termed as COVID-19. Having its emergence from Wuhan, China in 2019, the entire world was then engulfed with the virus. The lockdown could not save the multitudes of people who were affected by it. The case only deteriorated with the 2nd and the 3rd wave of the virus. Never in our history did all of humanity have to be vaccinated. Can you imagine the situation that we were in, back then? It was horrible! We were forced into a new ‘normal’. Yet, we lived through it. Here, by telling you this, I want you to learn to live through every difficulty that you face in life.

So, back then, I was working as a Hostel Supervisor at Taktse International School, but due to the lockdown, I had to return home – to Darjeeling from Gangtok. Everything was shut down. We were completely locked up inside our home. The entire world had to shut itself up in order to keep each one safe. This had become a new normal. I had to help the kids online with their studies, which was a completely new thing for me. Don't you sit laid back, watching challenges and figuring out if you may or may not overcome them successfully! Child, just face them! You never know the strength that you possess.

The 2020 lockdown also taught me the value of human beings and made me stronger. It taught me to think deeper, love the people that I valued and gave me a deep realisation of how precious and expensive our existence is.

So, honey, I want to advise you to live more by celebrating your existence, loving your beloved more but without forgetting to love yourself too, and to always think several times before you act. Life is a gift from above. Treasure it.

I so wished to be there but somehow I couldn't. I love you to the moon and back and I wish you all the great achievements in life. Know that you are more than able and highly valued. Happy Birthday, until we meet again!

Love always, Priya Boju:)

MY FEARS AS A TEACHER

Shalini Bose

My fears as a teacher? Being a failure, not being good enough, my colleagues going ahead, losing my job, not achieving anything in life, not being my students' favourite, not understanding my students – or just lacking professionally *somehow*!

I was in my first job as a teacher and very excited. It was in my own school. I got an opportunity to teach Science in all four sections of grade V. I also took General Knowledge for the same classes. I wasn't a Class Teacher, though. One day, I encountered a student who had this innate habit of lying – mind you, I didn't know this at that time. I wrote in his diary asking his parent not to write his notes for him. That is the first thing I remember: it is funny though, that I do not remember *what* it was that he lied about. I only remember the aftermath. His parent came to the office complaining that 'this teacher is purposely targeting my kid'. The Head master sided with the parent for the time being – probably to save his own skin. After this incident, I ignored the student like the plague. But there was another naughty kid, who became my best student. Funnily enough, this child was in the same section as the other boy.

I feared my failure as a new teacher, while the student feared his parent and me. Parker J Palmer is obviously not wrong!

Maybe I am prejudiced, but here goes: I love Biology, I am a teacher of Biology, and so I give my 100% to it while teaching. I implore the kids to explore. It has happened quite a few times, though, that they sit silently, with no response, despite the fact that I am thorough. Then I fear – 'Did I say anything wrong? Am I teaching it correctly?' Once the class ends, the boys

turn to their hooliganism, while the girls resort to gossip. I keep on changing my methods. Sometimes, the class erupts into laughter and sometimes it is so dull that I am forced to reflect.

I believe there are many obstacles here. Management, bosses, colleagues, students, their parents, personal life and most importantly, myself. I often complain to my mother about the amount of work that I have and almost always put myself down. She keeps on motivating me. Motivation will only work if I build on it.

What are the ways that I could overcome these fears? To take small steps, I have enrolled myself for this course, I am searching for better ways to teach, I am trying to compartmentalise my work (failing miserably, sometimes).

But I am trying!

WHAT IS EDUCATION?

Sara Anjum

Today, when I reflect on education, I am ferried back to my school days and the memories of my grandmother. When I started working as a teacher, I realised that my grandma, who could barely read and write in her mother tongue, was more educated than all of us.

While I was in high school, busy preparing for my 'life ahead' – that is how my mom described my school life – I imagined that education would provide me wings to fly. My parents constantly encouraged me to score well in all my subjects. Whether I liked the subject or enjoyed learning was immaterial. I was always engrossed in academics, sports, co-curricular activities and reading. Though I had fun engaging in all these routine activities, except for studying Social Studies, I longed for something riveting.

During the summer break, I would spend a few weeks with my grandma. This was the time when I did not need any activity to occupy myself because my grandma would keep me (along with 5 of my cousins) busy throughout the day. Stories, household chores, personal care routines, religious enlightenment, visiting relatives, social service and so on, would be the order of the day. Those were the days that I would look forward to, every year. My grandma's charm, elegance, intelligence, presence of mind and everything else about her was undoubtedly enticing. She never inquired about my grades but emphasised our being smart, independent and strong. She manifested her responsibility towards her community by helping the needy, sharing her knowledge and contributing to the common good. Her parables were the means to ingrain strong value systems in her children as well as her grandchildren. She practised whatever she preached.

Therefore, when I got the opportunity to be a part of this world of education – as a young teacher – my classroom, my students and our learnings quickly (and easily) became a part of my life. Whether it was the Grade 5 students that I taught during my first year or the senior graders that I taught later, I was always able to connect with them. My discussions with my students would invariably go beyond the lessons and the subject – politics, sports, friends, family, conflicts and anything under the sky. Every casual discourse with my students would focus on attitudes, values, ethics, morals and principles because, by then, I had realised that my grandma was far more educated due to her uncompromising values. But for her strong

belief in her value system, she would not have been able to raise seven boys and a girl and transform them into well-educated, disciplined individuals.

For the last 20 years, as an educator, I have done my best to make those around me aware that an educated person should be able to contribute positively to this world, be tolerant and empathetic towards fellow human beings and be able to satisfy his/her needs without causing any harm or destruction. Brotherhood and harmony should emanate from education, thus leading to a peaceful co-existence.

My single story about my friend

Ritika Shah

Growing up, right from nursery to college, there has been this one friend who has literally moved everywhere with me. Perhaps it was because our parents thought alike. This brought us extremely close, and today, I am proud to call her one of my best friends.

However, back in school, it was a different story – she was far from even being a friend. She was a real bully, and I seemed to be her target all the time. I was extremely meek and sensitive: a perfect prey to all her pranks! There have been several stories – one story that I distinctly remember, is when we were in grade V. As a class, we were obsessed with reading books by Enid Blyton. We were both reading a lot of Malory Towers. In the series, Darrell Rivers (the protagonist in the book), was known to have a very bad temper and would slap people if she lost her temper.

One Friday afternoon, as soon as the school bell rang, all of us started getting ready for the weekend, packing our bags to board the buses. Thinking that it would be hilarious, my friend slapped me hard across my right cheek. I was completely dumbfounded and appalled by her behaviour. I started crying, and kept wondering how someone could go so far as to relinquish everything that we shared.

In the past, she had bullied me several times. At another time, she had also squashed a cherry on my chair and made me sit on it, so that I ruined my skirt completely. However, never had she raised her hand, and I remained quite upset about that for a long time. She did apologise to me several times and felt extremely terrible about it for a long time afterwards.

It was because of her apathetic and carefree attitude that it was very hard for me to perceive her in any other way. I realized later that she was looking for a reaction from me. If I didn't give her that, she would leave me alone. Apart from this carefree attitude that she always seemed to portray, she was an extremely sensitive person deep down, with a kind heart, who wrote great poetry and was a terrific singer. In fact, it was the singing and music that brought us so close. We were both a part of the school choir. She was a soprano singer, while I was an alto.

While we were in Middle School, the school organized several western music competitions, both intra-school as well as inter-school. It was during this time that we would practice together for hours and sing. Over time, we grew extremely fond of each other, she started opening up to me and would even share her poetry and writing with me. It was also during

this time that I learnt that she had not had an easy childhood. She was adopted when she was four, and had had quite a traumatic experience with her biological parents.

I had noticed on several occasions that she would cry a little, thinking about that time, and when she saw me she would quickly wipe away her tears, and put on this smile and pretend as if nothing bothered her. I always knew deep inside that it hurt her, and till today, she has never been able to forget that time. She never spoke about it after that one time in school.

So, you see there is not one story, but several stories and memories that we built together right from Middle School to this day, and it has only brought us closer, each and every day.

Today, I am proud to call her my best friend and confidante.

A TURNAROUND IN MY CLASS

Nandini Reddy

I had a child in my class who joined in the middle of the academic year. He wouldn't behave normally like other children. He just wouldn't sit in one place, but would run around the classroom, go to the play area, and even sit in other classes.

He did not like to sit and sometimes, he would howl and run all over. It was just so exhausting to control him. Everyone started making fun of him. Helpers in the school and other teachers were all complaining about his behaviour.

Initially, I too was exhausted trying to explain things to him and control him. Every day had become a challenge for me as well. People started to say that this child wasn't normal and had ADHD issues.

I called his parents to meet me in person. I spoke to his father, as his mother was not able to make it, since she had recently delivered a baby. Speaking to him was not a great help. He wouldn't disclose anything other than the fact that the child was used to gadgets.

I did not know what to do. I slowly started speaking to the child and listened to him patiently and attentively. These discussions were usually one-on-one. He started enjoying our conversations and sat through them. He would ask me when he could have conversation time daily.

I encouraged him to talk in class by giving him more turns, appreciated him and so on. I saw an improvement in the child, he was slowly starting to adjust and sit in the class. As soon as he arrived in the morning, he would come running to see if I was there and say 'hi' with a smile. On the days that I was not before him, he would sit on the steps and wait for me to come.

This child was becoming very obedient. He started hugging me and said that he loved me the most. I can't tell you how he made my day and this continued almost every day whenever he saw me. The same child who initially refused to be in class had now completely turned around. My patience, effort, kindness, hope and smile had transformed this child completely.

When I spoke to his mother later, she told me that he misses me the most. She also expressed her gratitude with tears in her eyes saying, "No one has understood my child as you did, ma'am! I was forced to take him to specialists in order to understand his behaviour."

I felt so fortunate to have helped a child settle and also to understand his potential.

Letter to a future grandchild

Shillong

Lovely Prusty

29th June, 2040

Dearest Bunnie,

Thank you for remembering your aging grandma on her birthday and for sending that exquisite bouquet of roses. Though my weak olfactory senses prevent me from smelling them, the very sight of them fills my heart with pleasure.

However, I am sorry to hear that you are going through a difficult phase in your life. I want to share my own experiences of going through similar challenging times. Your roses have triggered some memories of those days. They remind me of the time that I tried my hand at gardening and grew roses on my terrace garden, during a global pandemic – a period that is etched for eternity in the canvas of my mind.

You must have heard about the Pandemic of 2020-21. It has been over two decades! Naturally, the world has moved on. 'Corona' is now just a name in the pages of history books but I wonder if people of my generation (and your mother's generation) will ever be able to completely shut the doors on those memories.

Those were terrible times and like most people across the world, I was shocked into disbelief. I couldn't believe that a small virus was potent enough to hold the world to ransom and bring our lives to a standstill. In March 2020, our management decided to shut down the school, like all other schools in the city. During the first few days, I felt somewhat relaxed to get a break from work. However, as the days turned to weeks and the weeks to months, panic and boredom set in. My first thoughts were of my students who were preparing for their finals. I panicked that the board exams would be postponed. Then the realisation hit me that I had to change my entire approach to teaching. Until then, I hadn't imagined that school could be conducted online. I wasn't very techno-savvy and teaching through a virtual platform was not exactly my cup of tea. I was apprehensive about the whole idea.

It took some time but my survival instincts kicked in and I learnt the ropes of online teaching.

The months of lockdown felt unreal. Being completely home-bound was an alien idea to me. It was torturous to keep shifting from room to room, with laptop in hand and earphones plugged in, trying out different places where the network was strong enough for me to conduct my classes and attend the deluge of online meetings and trainings.

Online work brought along with it a wave of webinars, zoom calls and google meets. It felt like I was drowning in a sea of information. The sheer volume was overwhelming! There was no getting away from it, as we were expected to be on top of all that was changing around us and change there was, aplenty.

Suddenly, the old way of life had vanished! My life had metamorphosed into a strange set of routines. My pretty sarees remained stacked in the wardrobe while, dressed in my pyjamas, I would plonk myself in front of my laptop and continue to work through the day, taking short breaks to freshen up and feed myself. At times, I ate during meetings, with my camera switched off and my mike muted.

Lethargy seeped into my body and I seldom did any exercise. I had to force myself to walk during the weekends. All around me, people were endorsing the benefits of yoga. I realised that yoga was a great rejuvenator. The more I delved into it, the better I felt. Yoga truly helped me in the later years.

I believe that the pandemic, however unwanted and hideous it was, taught us various lessons. Mine were both bitter and sweet. I lost several relatives and close friends and it was painful that I could not be with them during their last moments, nor attend their funerals. With the news of so many people dying, I could feel my heart breaking into a million pieces. Death became a harsh reality; life became unpredictable and couldn't be taken for granted.

I learnt to take each day as it comes.

While I mourned the loss of my dear ones, the pandemic set me on a journey of self - discovery. It provided me the opportunity to reinvent myself and explore new vistas of my persona. My love for singing surged up. I sang all my favourite numbers along with proper music, thanks to advanced apps. I read books that had gathered dust on my shelves for years. I indulged in gardening and tried to grow ornamental plants as well as herbs and vegetables. I participated in community service, made tons of *rotis* for migrant labourers and distributed sanitary pads, masks and gloves to BBMP *pourakarmikas* along with my *Inner Wheel* friends. On weekends, I wrote in my journal, jotted down thoughts that flitted in and out, hoping my diary would someday become famous, like that of Anne Frank!

I also enrolled in a Reflective Writing course which led me to revisit my reasons for becoming a teacher. Participating in this course was like facing a mirror that showed me my weaknesses and my inner strengths. The learnings that I gleaned from this course became my guiding light through the rest of my career. Looking back on those years of the pandemic, I feel grateful to the universe for keeping me alive and restoring my hope in the future. Covid-19 not only made me tech savvy but also gave me the wisdom to appreciate everything that I have been blessed with and to live in the present.

So, dear Bunnie, my advice to you would be to believe in yourself and face life with the conviction that, come what may, you will survive it by adapting to changes and reinventing yourself accordingly. Fear nothing, for as Roosevelt said, '*All we have to fear is fear itself.*'

I wish you a wonderful journey ahead.

Yours affectionately, *Aita*

['*Aita*' is Assamese for grandmother]

What is education

Jolanta Galecka

At first, I started to prepare an answer from an academic perspective, researching the current knowledge and approaches to the subject. Then I thought that this is quite meaningless, in the sense that my personal knowledge may differ considerably from the public, academic definitions which will deem them useless and superfluous, as I will not act on them, nor will I implement them in any way, in my practice. So I decided to think about *what I think education is* or rather, *what it should be*, because those are two completely different things I am afraid.

For me, education is a balanced mix of teaching and learning processes where habits, skills, knowledge and thinking strategies are changed for every one of its participants. Education, in itself, is only an outer shell that holds the processes for evaluation purposes, management, planning and the like, but it is more of a container, rather than the process itself. Education can mean the outcome of the learning and teaching processes and it may mean the institutionalized approach, it may include upbringing and providing life lessons for a child or just pure knowledge-focused brain food. The learning and teaching process on the other hand, is more about the behaviours, attitudes and actions. It is about being open to be taught and being open to the unknown. Detached from the institutionalized aspect it may – once freed from its rigidity – fill one's entire life and not be limited to school activities. Only then it can be – in my opinion – natural, become personal and connected to everyday life. Without it, it is detached, artificial and often useless.

One needs to remember, though, that teaching and learning are not merely about life skills, soft skills, critical thinking ability and all the other 21st century skills as the current trend is suggesting. In my opinion, you cannot learn them outside of (or despite) the actual knowledge, contexts, problems from particular fields, domains or subjects. Only when embedded in the specifics do those skills make sense, and only then can they take shape. Otherwise, they are just empty schemas that cannot be applied or simply won't be applied to anything due to their generic nature, too vague to even comprehend their logic or sense.

My Reflections

Neeraja Raghavan

What a blessing it is to be doing such work! To engage deeply with a spread of educators across the country – and outside it! – and know that at least some of what transpired in these five weeks will find its way into the minds of some child, somewhere, some day!

Right from the start, this was a highly articulate batch. The usual warm-up period – during which most members are silent, waiting to get to know the others – was conspicuous by its absence. I noticed that many members here were expressing themselves from the first day, and the quieter ones gave us a peek into their minds with their articulate assignments.

My takeaways from this batch are several: especially as I received some useful end-of-course feedback. One teacher confessed: I have pushed myself to write, while another wrote:

I understand that one cannot learn how to write in 5 weeks but some focus of the class can be on certain strategies as how to organize thoughts and also how to sustain the habit of writing. Mind Map was one example shared but it's just one option and cannot be used by all.

Indeed! This is something I will need to work on: how to offer a few tips on honing writing skills and turning writing into an enjoyable habit. I am so grateful for this sort of feedback. I love the honesty of another member who confessed:

I wouldn't say I have a fresh new perspective altogether. But I think I will continue writing.

If she does truly continue writing, it will be one of the very best outcomes of this course! Yet another member echoed this sentiment by writing:

I had kept my writing on the back burner for some time and now I am getting back to writing.

This only served to excite me even more!

The format of the sessions is always open to a variety of opinions. While some want everyone to share their writings and talk more, others express the desire to hear their fellow teachers less and listen to *me* more! As always, I realise that one can never please everyone!

For instance, one member bemoaned: *The valuable time was taken away by watching or reading lengthy texts. So share the assignments before the meeting and then only discuss, I found reading the assignments and watching the videos a huge waste of time*, while another was of the view that *One session in a week would be better as I had to struggle with the assignment completion before the mid-week session*. Even though the course specifications clearly include the demand for a daily investment of one-to-one-and-a-half-hours, more than one teacher felt challenged by this kind of investment of time. I can see that I err on the side of caution, by allowing for time crunch experienced by teachers like the latter, and ensuring that videos and readings are gone through once during the session. Of course, this must be very annoying for those who are willing to invest more time before each session, preparing for it.

If there ever comes a batch which has all ten members of ONE kind (?!), that will make it easy for me to format the sessions appropriately!

It finally made my day to read this feedback from one member:

I wish the course could have been a little longer. I feel I have just started to write. A slightly longer course or a next level course should be followed immediately.

Who knows? Perhaps, as in 2020, the batches of 2021 will also be invited to form a **Learning Community of Reflective Practitioners?**

But whether or not that happens, I salute each and every one of you for taking that extra time and investing that extra effort to build on your strengths and discover new ones, by voluntarily taking such a course!

More power to teachers like you!



Thinking Teacher