

Traditional respect in education

[Profession](#), [Teacher](#)



Traditional Respect in Education Each period of life always remains in a person's memory no matter how good or bad. This seems like a law of life, and I am a part of the circle of human life. Therefore, I have some unforgettable memories which go along with me and affect my life. These experiences occurred throughout my education. I remember in elementary school where I really did not understand why did the school was so strict. However, I just followed the teacher's discipline because I was scared. Now when I look back, I whisper a thank you to my teachers for their austere discipline. They made me submissive and taught me a sense of respect for others. In short, traditional respect toward others in education served to make me docile and affected my life to this day. First of all, in elementary school I was taught about traditional respect, and at that time I did not understand what it was. I just accepted it and acted as a machine, and sometimes I did so for the grade. Conduct was more important than evaluation which I earned from knowledge. I could fail classes by having poor conduct even though I was an excellent pupil. Traditional respect includes bowing one's head not only for teachers but also for elderly people. As an attitude of respect for teachers before and after classes, students had to stand up to greet teachers with serious posture until the teachers said or gestured " please sit down. " This respect was not just for teachers but for others as well. Furthermore, in classes we had our own seats, so we could not sit in another's place without permission from the teachers. Therefore, those rules helped us learn to ask before we wanted to do something, not do whatever we wanted without the authorization. As a result we had a good relationship between other students based on respect. Moreover, we could

not talk to others while teachers were talking. If we did, the teachers called our name and we; had to stand up how much time depended on the teachers. This situation happened to me, but it was a misunderstanding. In chemistry class my friend who sat adjacent to me asked me a question. While my teacher was talking, I answered her succinctly and quietly, " I cannot explain it right now, but I will tell you later. " Suddenly, the teacher called my name, and I had to stand up for ten minutes. Because I was crying, the teacher let me sit down to take notes. Truth to be told, I stood up, full of pent-up resentment, but I was lucky for I stayed in class. In some cases were more serious, students could be removed from classes if the teachers wanted to do so. In addition, students never gave the tests or whatever to the teachers by one hand, but they used both hands and received something from them in that manner as well. Also, students did not call teachers by their first name which was extremely impolite and rude. Therefore, people abstained from using a person's name was in daily conversation. Children looked upon to their parents' names with great regard. It hurt me if my parents' names were called out by other students. I recall when I was second grade. My hometown was poor, and most children went to school on foot except during rain and flood seasons. For those days I was carried on my father's back to school. Otherwise, children went to school together. I remember a girl who studied in the same class with me. My house was adjacent to her house. On the way back to our homes, she called my father's name. I do not remember why, but I was irate about it. I arrived home full of pent- up anger, and I told my mom that my friend called my father's name. My mom was a gentle woman, and she appeased me saying, " Do not worry

too much about it, but do not do that for others. " However, I was a child, and I thought like a child. I thought my mom could not resolve this, so I decided tell my teacher. The next morning, I continued going to school with the same girl, and I called her mother's name. She was irate at me, and she told our teacher immediately when we reached class. Our teacher did not say anything at all except he wrote something in his notebook. On the weekend, most classes had an hour to sum up the past week and assign work for next week. My teacher asked us about calling parents' name which he did not allowed. I defended myself saying that she called my father's name first. He asked why I did not tell him instead of calling her mother's name. Because it was the first time, he forgave us. However, if we did it again, he said, he would not allow us in his class. Most schools did not have cleaners, so each class was responsible to keep the classroom clean. Therefore, one kind of punishment for those who did not do homework, came late to class, and so on, was to clean the classroom however many days in week depending on the mistakes. For our situation, we had to go to each other's house to apologize and clean our classroom a week just for calling our parents' names. At that time my mom was a little bit sad because I did not care what she said. However, she was happy because I was educated by such a fine teacher. Furthermore, the lessons I learned about respect challenged me when I came to another country with a different culture. For example, last year I came to the United States. Even though I knew that I needed to change to fit in with America culture, I felt uncomfortable calling my teacher by name. What happened to me? My teacher made a funny face saying, " Please call me X, and don't talk to me like a three year old child. " I

explained to her that I did not mean that, but I wanted to show my respect to her. In another case, I needed to let my American superior know that the school had activities at which I must be, and I asked if she could pick me up an hour late. I told her that while I was folding my arms. For that reason, she said, “ You can do that with me because I understand your culture. However, others might misunderstand, and you may make trouble for yourself, because they think this gesture shows that you close yourself and do not want to talk to them. ” In conclusion, with my experiences teachers’ pedagogy is sometimes much more important than their knowledge. I absorbed a lot of learning in my education, and I could miss some of this knowledge. However, traditional respect toward others clings to my mind, and is portrayed through my attitude. Some signs of respect, such as bowing my head, folding my arms, standing up to announce some ideas in class, giving and receiving something with both hands, and so on, which I learned in elementary school, will stay with me forever. Some of them might not fit in other cultures, especially in the United States. However, traditional respect toward others is a part of a hidden curriculum in education that has served to make me docile and has affected my life to this day.