

*Through Teachers' Eyes is a model of ethnographic research and in it, research data is turned into readable, accessible and powerful classroom stories. Those who.*

Thomas is a young teacher, and for the first time in her career she is confronted with the possibility that one of her students is being abused. Yet that was the case for Ms. Thomas, who watched a regular enough looking child walk into the classroom. But this was not a rich town, and kids played rough. Sam adjusted well to the class, he was a smart child, there was no doubt about it. He had caught up in no time at all. In all honesty Sam was one of the brightest students she had ever had the privilege of teaching. Even though he was only in the fifth grade. That kind of work ethic alone, served one well in life. She knew that if she made an accusation that was proven to be false her career would be over, and not to mention she could bring hell to that family. Thomas did try to help. She offered Sam a person to talk to and yet, Sam would smile at her, and say he was fine. That little boy would be a heartbreaker for sure. He had the cutest eyes he had ever seen. And Sam knew how to tug the heartstrings, she was sure he practised on someone, perhaps his father. Maybe his home situation was alright? A few days later her doubts began to dwindle. Thomas had been heading to her car when she saw Sam waiting for someone. There was another teenage boy. He was already a heartbreaker, with that trouble maker smirk, and old leather jacket. She knew exactly who Sam used those puppy dog eyes on. Thomas heard Sam begging for ice cream, and like any human being his brother buckled. Thomas smiled all the way home. It was clear that he was doing something dangerous. She asked another older teacher if she should do something. She was advised to ask Sam, and watch him closely before she said anything, she had to be sure. She realized he was preparing to leave. She remembered the look Sam had on his face when he saw his brother; he was his only friend. Thomas stood up in front of her class, she had been looking forward to this assignment. Why is that person important, your favourite memory, things like that? Thomas knew that every child almost always wrote about a parent. Each year she received wonderful papers, full of great stories. She hoped that Sam would provide some insight to his family. If the letter was in any way troubling she would report it. In two weeks the assignment was handed in. She wanted to see what Sam wrote. It was entitled; My Big Brother My brother is the most important person in my life. He is the coolest person I know. I want to be just like him. See my brother has always looked out for me. Ever since my mom died, Dean took care of me. Dad has to work a lot, so Dean makes sure that I eat, sometimes he even cooks he sucks , but he tries. Dean taught me how to ride a bike, Dean also spends a lot of time with me. Dean is my best friend in the whole world. Dean is never scared, it makes him that much more awesome. The reason he is the most important person in my life, is because Dean makes everything ok. One of my favourite memories of Dean is my birthday. I thought everyone had forgotten my birthday, but Dean would never let me down. Dean surprised me with chocolate cake and a batman action figure. He knows that I am afraid of the joker, so he gave me Batman for protection. He is my friend and the best brother you could ever ask for. Thomas felt teary eyed. The adoration Sam held for his brother was clear, she knew that Sam was happy. No matter what was going on in his life, his brother would take care of him. Thomas smiled at him, she had been hoping that Dean would come. He was clearly curious, he genuinely wanted to know how his brother was doing. Ms Thomas had never heard anyone call Sam, Sammy. It seemed to make him smile. Thomas was about to continue when Sam interrupted her. Thomas had the urge to laugh. It was so adorable. I would only suggest that Sam try to join in some activities. Whether they are athletic or academic, in the future they will come in handy. But all in all he is one of my brightest students, you and your father should be incredibly proud. Sam seemed to be annoyed but you could see that Dean was unbelievably proud, and Sam was happy about that. When he came back his face was bruised and he was withdrawn. And in a couple days, the mysterious John Winchester came to school, and said that he was pulling Sam out, and they were moving. Thomas went to see Sam one last time. Do you feel safe? Thomas knew that it was out of her hands now. I just hope he does it with me. Sam never did leave her memories though. She had learnt it was better to be safe than sorry. A few years after that she saw that Dean Winchester had robbed a bank. She had hoped that Sam had moved on. She hoped that he had

gone to a good university and found a nice girl or guy and settled down. It broke her heart. She read the paper Sam had wrote and wished she had spoken up. Sam had deserved better. Reid sat at her kitchen table watching the morning news. Her husband had just left for work, and then she heard it. Sam and Dean Winchester were on a killing spree. They had faked their death multiple times and decided to go on a mad killing spree. She had never imagined that they could do something so cruel. She remembered telling Sam that he would be great at whatever he chose, and sadly it turned out that he became a great criminal. For days she watched the story unfold. The two boys were the definition of cruel. Reid finally burned that letter, she had held onto that hope of innocence. It was a bad memory. Sam Winchester was a child that she had failed, and it was far too late to fix it. She had seen the bruises, and the fact that the child was withdrawn. She had left a teenaged brother responsible for the well being of a child. No teenager deserved to be put under such stress. That burden was not his. She hoped that Sam and Dean found peace, perhaps if they had a different childhood, if she had said something, things could have been different, but it was too late. Those sweet innocent children had been turned into monsters, and she felt like she held a small portion of the blame. Every time someone sees a child who could be in danger they have the duty, the responsibility to act. They must be the voice for that child. Reid just hoped that it was a small consolation that she spoke up for every other child she had the privilege of teaching.

**Chapter 2 : Through The Teacher's Eyes " Andrea C Vilorio**

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Great Tools for Kids - October 17, Teaching is the greatest job on the earth. It is not the most respected or highest paying and it does not bring you power, wealth or fame, but it is the toughest job that has the most impact on our future. We make a connection. We set up an environment for success and safe failure. We develop communities that care about each other. We put our hearts into our jobs so these children, our children, become citizens that will make a difference. To prepare others for this profession we have the experience of student teaching. This experience not only prepares the student intern, it provides for reflection and renewal in the mentor teacher as well. I have strengthened my own philosophy that by bringing together a community of learners teachers should meet each child at their level and help them find their own successes. I am looking forward to being back in my classroom full-time, and cherish the time I had to find new lessons, organize old lessons and see my students through a different set of lenses. Being a mentor teacher allowed me to strengthen my own skills. Teaching is not the same today as in the past. In our continually changing, technology-driven society, teachers must recognize that our students can thrive only when we provide meaningful, challenging, and active learning experiences. However, it is essential these purposeful learning experiences foster creativity, critical thinking, and problem solving all in an inclusive classroom environment where each child feels safe and cared for. Involving every child is the key. Fairness will be the foundation for which I build my own classroom community. However, fair does not always mean equal" each child has different needs that must be met in order for learning to occur. Not only can the child with special needs build relationships, develop more social skills and build self-esteem, but the other students in the class practice leading by example, demonstrating patience, and embracing diversity. Yes, for the teacher it can be challenging at times to teach a class full of students each with different needs and desires. However, it is our job to reach every single one of our students. And this can only be accomplished when we truly know our students and listen to their voice. Learning about each individual is important for every teacher. Along with fairness and equity, I will differentiate instruction meet the needs of all my learners. By alternating instruction I will be able to incorporate opportunities for students to learn visually, auditorily, and kinesthetically. Lastly, I believe in the power of giving students choices and allowing them to take on some of the responsibility when making decisions. Every student that walks into my classroom carries with them a rich history that deserves to be shared. As teachers, we have the power to make each child feel loved and accepted no matter where they come from or what they believe. We also have the opportunity to build on student differences while teaching about the beauty of individuality and the special gifts each child can bring to the world. Classrooms are more than academics. Building a community that offers hope and success to all students in the classroom provides a backdrop for engaged learning. Teachers are here for the heart. We are here to help each child find their purpose.

## Chapter 3 : Through the Teachers Eyes

*Through Teachers' Eyes has 4 ratings and 1 review. Roxanne said: This book was published in and is a largely narrative account of Perl's and Wilson'.*

Each student is assigned a number that they receive in classes and the digits consequently become their identity. Some teachers knew students name, but of course, these students were the brightest, smartest and most talkative in classes. The teacher spews numbers during roll call to confirm that student one, two, and three are present. Forty-two is absent; some students explain that she is sick. Five and eleven stroll in five minutes late and quickly find their seat. Yet, beyond the apparent numbers, there are Semira and Abaynesh sitting quietly in their seats in my first year of teaching. When each of them spoke, I became stunned with a grin on my face because they were usually right. Abaynesh, the quieter of the two, smiles sheepishly while looking down at her lap when she responds and gets the right answer. Semira raises her hand and I have to tell her to speak up a bit. Semira to the left and Abaynesh to the right. Sitting in the other rows, eager to answer each question, literally jumping out of their desks are gobez boys who I often have to remind to raise their hands when answering a question. Beyond them are their much quieter classmates, both male and female trading red and blue pens with rulers to make sure that their exercise books are pretty and concise. With a more careful eye, you see the true intricacies of my 11th grade English class. Semira showing her stripes and being the center of attention. Silence is expected when copying the lesson, but there are always some whispers. Protractor and rulers rotate around the room filled with perfectionists. Semira waits for me after class and asks how she can continue practicing her English. I want you to keep practicing speaking up in my class, and more importantly, I want you to practice speaking louder. Abaynesh absolutely took my breath away in both summer camps that she helped me. She has the grace and beauty of a princess, coming into herself and finding herself as a queen. She writes a phenomenal poem during camp that I asked her to share and as her voice quivers, she looks at me and I smile. This slideshow requires JavaScript. Eletu, one of the smartest students in class, but due to a sickness in a family member, had to miss a few classes. Genetu and Banchayehu with their strong sisterly bond who tried in class, both of whom had infectious laughs. Tebibu with his soft demeanor but strong and fast like a cheetah. Amanuel with his tall lanky body, but beautiful smile. Ashenafi with his desire and want to learn who would come over my house to borrow books. These are the faces I have imprinted in my mind. But in the end, these wonderful, amazing, extraordinary students help remind that even with an assigned number, your identity consists of much, much more.

## Chapter 4 : Mathematics Teacher Noticing: Seeing Through Teachers' Eyes - CRC Press Book

*In her book, Life Lessons through a Teacher's Eyes, I found the primary portion of helpful material to be placed in Chapters Two, Three, and Seven; these chapters are life lessons that Dr. Jillian Lederhouse has learned from Mentoring, Challenges, and being a Teacher.*

## Chapter 5 : Through the Eyes of a Teacher | Worksheet | [www.nxgvision.com](http://www.nxgvision.com)

*Through the eyes of a teacher, a lot. At many schools, data are collected by others outside the classroom and analyzed by a team. Many teachers pay no attention to the data.*

## Chapter 6 : Situating the study of teacher noticing: Seeing through teachers' eyes" Northwestern S

*Through teachers' eyes by Sondra Perl, , Heinemann edition, in English - 1st ed.*

## Chapter 7 : Through teachers' eyes ( edition) | Open Library

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### Chapter 8 : Join for Joy - Through the teachers eyes. on Vimeo

*Through Our Teachers' Eyes -- Middle School Teacher Dana Jefferson Previous Next Beyond the Gate* talked with a few of our teachers to get a glimpse into their classrooms, their philosophies on education, and their feelings about teaching at Woodward.

### Chapter 9 : Student Teaching Diaries: Through the Teacher's Eyes

*Mathematics Teacher Noticing* is the first book to examine research on the particular type of noticing done by teachers show teachers pay attention to and make sense of what happens in the complexity of instructional situations. In the midst of all that is happening in a classroom, where do.