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Longwood: Life during COVID-19

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I do not think I have fully processed this abrupt end to the school year. Yes, learning will continue, but it will be different. When I first started my job teaching 6th-grade English a little over two months ago I (willingly) walked into a really hard situation. On paper, I should have never taken the job, but when I was praying about it, the Lord put something on my heart that called me to do so. Within my first week of working there, I was having a conversation with one of my students in the hallway about his behavior. When I told him I was seeking to understand his side of what was happening. He looked me dead in the eyes and said: "If I'm being honest I don't trust you because everyone else left. So why should I trust you?" I told him "I could promise you that I won't leave, but that wouldn't mean anything to you and I'm sorry that I can't change that. I plan to show you with my actions that I'm going to stay, but only time can prove that to you and I am sorry that's the only way. I wish things were different, but they're not so let's work with what we have." My job *was* hard. Really hard. Hard in ways I was never prepared for by my pedigreed Longwood teacher preparation. I could list all of the hard things that I endured, but one thing that this job retaught me is that teaching is not about me. I wish I could have a proper goodbye with my students. I wish I could tell them that I loved them in person one last time, take a picture with each class, and hug the ones that want a hug. However, that's not what I have. I wish things were different, but they're not, so let's work with what we do have. I am grateful for the connections I made and the support I received (from colleagues and students). I am grateful for the learning and life I got to share with my students, for even a short time. I am so grateful I got the opportunity to love them.