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EDU 221: Introduction To Education

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Instructor: Professor Percy

I have been so lucky, to have many amazing teachers throughout my life. It was hard to pick one, but there was really no question as to who it was. Bob Edgar was my band teacher in high school. Band has always been a big thing in my family, and I had known him since I was in sixth grade, because my sister was in band then. When I got to high school he asked me to switch from flute to French horn because there was too many flute players. I agreed, and he helped me along every step of it. When it came time for marching band to start up again, he asked if I would try out for mellophone. I was completely against this, because I did not ever want to be in marching band because I didn't want to be like my sister. I was a swimmer. And I was sticking to it. Soon enough, he had talked me into it. From day one of band camp, he was dedicated to making us the best band there was. He was the first person out to the field every morning, and the last person to leave. I believe that if he wasn't so dedicated, that none of us would have been either. We were not the best band that year, but to me, I was lucky for surviving a year of horrible sunburns, dehydration, and crappy high school drama. Something had me hooked and wanting more. I came back for round two. This year had a very good feeling from the beginning of the year. Bob had a way of getting everyone excited, and asking questions in a way that he knew would get you to push yourself just that little bit further. We were well rewarded. Bob had put a video of us into an audition for the St. Patrick's day parade, and we had been picked. He sat us down and said he was willing to do whatever it was going to get to take us there. He set up a year's worth of fundraising, from selling cookies, and fundraiser nights at restaurants to car washes, and auctions. For a year the Gilbert High School marching band was sign walking in front of car dealerships, and cleaning up the stands after football games just to pick up a little extra cash. None of these opportunities would have been available to us if it wasn't for Bob. That year, my junior year, was the best year our band program had seen in years. We went to bands of America, and placed fourth overall, and first for the state of Arizona. When you spend this much time with someone you get to know everything about them. Bob knew we would work for food, and we knew if we worked hard enough, Bob would give us food. Looking back, I never remember being yelled at. Never once did he push us into doing something we didn't want to do. He just had this way of motivating us, and making us want more. We earned our praise and he let us enjoy it. Never once did he take credit when talking to the parents and say that he had made us who we are, but he thanked them for their dedication to their children, who were dedicated to the band. Bob was very fun but never lost his professionalism. Even at football games. He would make a big poster card, and have all of us sign it and take it to the other band. I never heard him put down another band, and I never heard him build us up to more than we were and give us big heads. That same year, he lost a trombone player for jazz band a month before they were headed up to NAU for a competition. Bob asked me if I minded picking up another instrument and adding an A hour to my schedule and joining jazz band. If it was anyone but Bob I would have said no, but I did it for him. He gave me lessons and taught me everything about the trombone. Bob was never one to call you out in front of the class, or tell a student that band was not for them. He worked with every student no matter what their skill, or the financial ability. He really, never left a child behind. Bob announced he was retiring after that year. I hated him for it, and will most likely never forgive him for it. He will always be my favorite teacher, even if I do feel like I gave up a lot for him, and he turned around and left. Bob has left his impression on every student he worked with, and on Gilbert High. The band was, and never will be stronger, and closer of a family then when he was there. When he left, half the band up and quit too, and it caused an uproar in the parents. Bob has taught me that hard work does pay off. He taught me that you can do whatever you put your mind to. That I will be as great or as horrible as I let myself be. I realized, in writing this paper that Bob was more than a teacher to me, but a father figure, and someone I could trust with problems at home, or with friends. I hope that when I am a teacher, that my kids will want to come talk to me, and sit in my classroom during lunch, and before school, or after. I hope that I will be able to be as relaxed, and easy going as him, and not get worked up over the small things. And most of all I

hope that I can have a quarter of as much love for what I do as he had, because even that will be a lot. I will never know why he left doing what he loved. But I will always remember I love him for what he did.