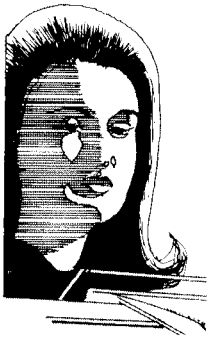




## CAREERS BY PROXY

By June S. Hooper



It is not a new thought, and it has been expressed more poetically than this. Perhaps it is a sign of middle age that I ponder this at all, but I feel impelled to add my affirmation to the testimony of others. My theme: the fulfillment a teacher feels in the accomplishments of her former students.

Time was, in those distant growing-up years, that there was some uncertainty about my future career. Not much uncertainty on my part—since first grade I had wanted to be a teacher—but there were others:

---

June Hooper is currently serving as librarian and head of the education department at Pakistan Adventist Seminary and College, Chuharkana Mandi, Sheikhpura District, Pakistan. She has broad experience in teaching at elementary, secondary, and tertiary levels in North America and Southern Asia.

family, friends, teachers, who urged a variety of different careers. Although I stuck by my original choice and became a teacher, I must admit there have been times when I looked over the fence and wondered if the grass might have been greener there.

I did not become a nurse. But years later, Betty's face smiled at me from the cover of *Uplift* magazine as she cared for a patient in the Amazon jungle. Little Betty, who dashed back from the school bus to give me one last good-bye on the final day of school, always had an understanding heart. She has made a good nurse, better than I would have been.

Not since he was in my seventh-grade class have I seen Orlie. Even then, science was his main interest. Mutual friends report that he is a very

successful research scientist. Orlie was the one who borrowed my copy of Anna Comstock's *Handbook of Nature-Study for Teachers and Parents*, usually used for reference, and read it through from cover to cover—all 859 pages! He makes up for the biology laboratory assistantship I turned down in order to stay by my dream of teaching.

Rarely, through the years, have I used "the rod" in dealing with student misbehavior. George, as a fifth grader, was one who earned this special attention. As chairman of the board of a college where I teach, he gallantly and publicly pays tribute to the guidance given him by his teachers. I could hardly have aspired to hold a position such as his. But maybe, just maybe, a part of his success dates back to a certain

(To page 41)

2. The assistant principalship should be recognized as the best pool of candidates for the principalship.

3. The decreasing tenure in office of academy principals deserves the immediate attention of denominational education officials.

4. Local conferences should establish K-12 school systems with centralized administrative control vested in the superintendent of schools.

5. The Association of SDA Educators should be developed into a viable professional organization that could benefit principals as well as other professional educators in the SDA school system.

6. The junior-academy principalship deserves further study.

---

### Careers by Proxy

(Continued from page 16)

difficult day . . .

As an executive secretary, Finnie has traveled around the world to monetary conferences in assisting her employers with their duties. I could have been a secretary. Instead I became a teacher and taught office procedures to Finnie in college. Her efficiency, demonstrated even in school days, is a cause of satisfaction to me, her former teacher.

Bob, at age ten, was enthusiastic and eager to share with his class the news about impending motherhood for his cat. His interest in life and its preservation has continued, as he has chosen medicine as his career. I remember a relative strongly urging me to become a doctor. I could have done so. Instead I have helped several doctors on the road to usefulness. My choice was better, for me.

As the guest of a former student, I was impressed with her talent in homemaking. In addition to being a good cook,

Louise is artistic and skilled with a needle—even tailoring suits for her husband. In the course of our visit, she told me I was the one who first taught her how to use a purchased pattern, back in seventh grade. Moreover, I had convinced her that school was fun, so she had not dropped out when the going was rough. Her ability in home economics far outshines mine. I marvel now that I dared to teach sewing at all.

Reading in the *Review* of workers answering mission calls, Jim's name caught my eye. He was leaving to be business manager of an important overseas college. He will be a good one—responsible, accurate, honest, caring. Could I fill an office like that? Hardly! But I taught Jim his first bookkeeping lesson, back in high school. Having earned my way in school by working in the college business office, there were times when I was tempted to make that work my goal rather than a means to the goal of teaching. I could not do both. I chose teaching. But Jim fulfills that other dream.

"You know," said my piano teacher long ago, "you could become a music teacher. Have you ever thought of that?" Whatever spark of talent she observed in me never became a flame. Although I have taught a little simple music to children in the classroom, Stella, another of my students, did go on to become a music teacher. Her talent was more than a stray spark, and it has made me glad.

Sometimes, when teaching newswriting in college, I wondered what it would be like to make a career of writing. But the classroom took so much time, Harrison had to do it for me. From our amateur efforts at editing the college paper, he has gone on to earn a professional degree in journalism and now makes his living as an editor. I am proud of him.

Many of my students have become teachers, too, since it is in teacher-training that most of my recent years have been spent. One, Shirani, recently earned her doctoral degree in education. I am so glad she could build on the training we gave and go far beyond—fulfilling another dream for me.

And what of Dilani, Pervaiz, Akhtar, and others who are currently students? Only the coming years can tell what rewards of satisfaction their careers may bring to the teachers who work with them now. Truly, teaching can fulfill *all* your dreams!

---

### A Bruised Rod and a Smoking Flax

(Continued on page 12)

to himself. And Edmond was only one of many who must find the care and concern that they deserve from Christian teachers.

Mr. Nelson walked into the conference room and faced his staff. After several teachers prayed for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, the discussion began. Some of Edmond's teachers felt very strongly that his influence was most detrimental and that he must leave. Others felt that he needed more understanding and wanted to help him somehow.

Dismissing himself from the meeting, Mr. Nelson went to his office and telephoned his wife. After some discussion, he returned to the meeting. A decision had been made—Edmond would stay—on probation. However, he would leave the dormitory and would have a home with Mr. and Mrs. Nelson. The boy needed a father image.

When considering troubled students, it is important to remember the story Jesus told of the prodigal son. This young man chose to leave his father's home. He voluntarily went to a far country, but his father