

## Tiny Acts, Endless Meaning

by

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For the month of January, my class was assigned to put on a play for our school, for an event called Student of the Month, where they choose a student from each class as the "Student of the Month." January was a really cold month, and we even had to go remote near the end of the month when my class had to perform, so we really did not get much time to practice. My teacher was stressed out, and my class was quite notorious for having trouble listening to people.

The end of the month was rolling around about 3 days away. My class did not have it together. Some people had not memorized their lines yet. Several students had not brought in the props they were assigned to bring in, and the majority of my class had not handed in the poster they were asked to bring as a contribution. We had to perform in the gym and we had barely gotten enough time to practice downstairs in the gym, so most of the class was disorganized and confused on where to go and what to do.

It was the last day before we were to perform. My class was nowhere near ready to perform. My teacher was getting visibly upset as the class was not put together and everyone was all over the place. We were getting better, but still not quite there. I felt bad looking at the clear frustration. It was obvious and honestly, I would be frustrated as well if I were in her position. I started trying to be more suggestive, giving her ideas on where to place people to make everything easier on everyone, and where to transition by closing the curtains to make the play look smoother and altogether more organized.

By lunch, my class still, unfortunately, could not get it together. My teacher was terribly upset and yelled at us. It was so bad that another teacher had to come into the room and explain to us that what we were doing was upsetting and it was not the right thing to be doing. After that whole lecture from a neighboring teacher, I took some time to reflect. Although I felt that it was not me who was acting in an irresponsible way, I was still part of the class. I still felt guilty and obligated to apologize and do better. After lunch I pulled my teacher aside during her free time and I profusely apologized to her, on both behalf of myself and on my class. With a few missing props, I offered to make some myself at home and bring them in the next day.

Although I had only apologized and managed to bring in only a few items for the play, my teacher was still very appreciative of the apology and the effort I had made in contribution towards the play. The next day, the play had not gone as bad as I thought it would, and at the end of the day I had done my part and everything I could to help the entire class, so in my book that is a win. I think that this event that I have experienced, taught me that I can show kindness in small ways no matter where I am, and even if they go unnoticed by my peers, I will always know that my contributions were appreciated by my teacher who was struggling at that time. That has taught me to always keep doing small acts of kindness and good deeds because love always wins.