

In this extract, which speaks largely for itself, Margit reflects on two very different encounters in her working day as a facilitator.

Each group is unique

Wednesday afternoon, just came out of class. First I taught 2nd Year Methodology, and then 1st Year Skills Development. I think back to the two classes I had this morning ... [...]

The first thing that I note is that I'm different with these two groups. My 1st year group brings out the best in me. I can really be myself with them. I can be strict, encouraging, demanding, patient, and so much else, and somehow it all feels right, I'm me in all these different roles. There is so much trust within that group, trust for each other, and trust towards me. And this trust is coupled with excitement and investment. We're working really hard together, they're (nearly always) attentive, interested, and active, all 17 of them.

2nd Year Methodology. A very different group. Individually, I like all of them. They usually prepare for class, pay attention, and do whatever needs to be done, or think about whatever needs to be thought about. But there is a general feeling of... of what? Lack of excitement. Of stiffness. People participating only about 50 percent. The rest of them are somewhere else. Dormant. ... Yes, there are moments when we all wake up, suddenly there is a spark and eyes open up a little bit wider, we are all more expressive, suddenly what someone is saying or doing becomes important, I can feel that attention is being paid from all corners of the room... and then it all goes away. People go back to their shells, and involvement drops. And when involvement drops boredom creeps in so easily. [...] My presence is very different in these two groups. It mixes and mingles with the presence of a dozen or so others. (Margit)