


## Trajectories of construction and training of a natural sciences teacher

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Gerlany de Fátima dos Santos Pereira<sup>1</sup>

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### ABSTRACT

It is a text built under the aegis of the autobiographical perspective, with formative memorial clippings of a Professor of Natural Sciences, whose trajectory was crossed by the passion for Sciences, since her childhood. Throughout the construct, we narrate facts that rescue these memories and show how the Teacher in question was built and formed into a Teacher of Natural Sciences, who works at the higher level.

**Keywords:** Teaching, Sciences, Autobiography.

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<sup>1</sup> Doctor in Science and Mathematics Education  
Area of concentration: Science and Mathematics Teaching  
Amapá State University  
E-mail: gerlany.pereira@ueap.edu.br



## INTRODUCTION

"[...] Our search for discovery fuels our creativity in all fields, not just science. If we reached the goal, the human spirit would wither and die."  
(Stephen Hawking – The Universe in a Nutshell).

It's not news to people who know me how much I love Stephen Hawking. His intelligence, perspicacity and good humor are contagious! Reading his books has always led me to make reflections that intrigue me, even for the types of questions he uses in his works. I consider the excerpt alluded to above pertinent and I chose it to be the initial words of this text, because I believe that I am still in a process of "discovery" and at the same time of construction and training as a teacher of Natural Sciences. I agree with your assertion, because I also believe that we have the constant need to always undertake something new, otherwise our existence would not make sense.

Thus, taking the autobiographical perspective as a theoretical construct, I launched myself for the first time in my academic trajectory to outline some traces of my schooling memories. In this way, the present text aims to rescue the formative memories of my construction and training as a teacher of Natural Sciences. In this sense, I made some retrievals of memories before the atypical motherhood, because what needs to be written for after the atypical motherhood is something that requires more time and space than we will have at this moment.

The present text was "shelved" for 10 years. And "rummaging through" old texts on an old hard drive, I found it... And I decided to "finish it". In quotation marks because it is a text that, even with the updates of atypical motherhood, will not be finished, and not even close. As long as I live, I will continue to dedicate myself to science, at least a little, since now there is a beautiful child in my life, who communicates without expressing words, like other children, which requires a lot of my time. My little mermaid broke all the paradigms of my existence. So today I understand why this text was kept. It's because my life wasn't complete without the mermaid in it.

For this, I use a qualitative research, in the terms of Minayo (2012), taking the case study as a methodological construct, in the terms of Yin (2011).

## REMEMBERING MY SCHOOLING HISTORY

My explanation in this text will be by means of recollections. I agree with Gadamer's thought (2005, p. 216), when he states that "[...] Remembrance only has the value of remembrance for those who still have a link with their own past. Memories lose their value when the past they remind us of no longer has any meaning." And precisely because I consider it to be an important part of my life trajectory, I bring these first formative memories of my childhood, which take me back to a time that was once permeated by experiences already related to education, even if I did not realize it at the time.



Thus, I bring my memories, my memories, which are stored in a very special place in my subconscious, in a time situated in my past and in my present, because "Time is memory; time is installed in experiences circumscribed in moments; Time is situating oneself in the past and in the present. Time, memory and oblivion. A trilogy to think about the art of remembering, to structure a look at oneself, to reveal oneself" (SOUZA; FORNARI, 2008, p. 114).

And in rescuing these memories, I am able to search for memories of the times of my literacy, still in Gurupá, a municipality in the interior of Pará, where I was born. The person responsible for this feat was the late educator Rosa Bahia. I can remember a little of her, she was a kind and patient person, who noticed my interest in wanting to "learn the letters", when she was about three or four years old. One time I went to do something at her house, at my mother's request, and it was then that I saw a book on her couch. I was delighted! It's colorful, full of beautiful illustrations... and lyrics! While waiting for the teacher to get out of the shower, I sat down on the couch (even though I wasn't invited!) and started flipping through that book, all the while wondering what those letters meant. And I stood there talking to myself and naming the characters. It was then that I was startled when she came into the room with a smile on her face, asking what my mother wanted. I ran the errand and returned the book to the couch. The next day, my mother told me that I could go to Rosa's house in the late afternoon, that she would teach me to read. I was so excited, that I left the house wearing only a "venom",<sup>2</sup> as my late grandmother used to say. At the same time I was running with a pencil and a notebook in my hand! I remember that well! But I can't remember in detail the literacy process itself, I can only say that at the end of 1989 (at the age of five) I was already literate.

That same year, due to health problems in the family, we went to live in the state of Amapá, precisely in the city of Santana, since the resources there were a little better than in Gurupá. I can remember long before my first day of school. I remember the selection test I took to enter the school I would study for all my Basic Education, that is: Janary Gentil Nunes School - Bradesco Foundation. The Principal of the school was a blonde and nice lady, Professor Francisca, affectionately called "Aunt Beautiful" by the students. She applied the test herself. I remember I thought it was easy. It should identify colors, geometric shapes, and letters. She would read the command of the questions and I would answer, however, it was interesting when I started to read the instructions for taking the test. It was then that, with a smile on her face, she said to my mother: "But you didn't tell me that she was already literate." I had no idea what she meant by that at the time. I only know that I got the place to study at what is considered the best school in Amapá.

My first day at the so-called "Kindergarten" is something that is also burning in my memories. It was February 1990, I was 5 years old. He was a slight, quiet child who liked music a lot and often listened to Raul Seixas, Legião Urbana, Maria Betânia, Pink Floyd and the Beatles. I

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<sup>2</sup> It was what my maternal grandmother called her underwear.



remember waking up early, before the clock woke up. My mother bathed me, we had breakfast and walked to school, which was close to my house. That space was immense, enchanting and paradoxically frightening, and it managed to be beautiful and smelled good at the same time. The school was always flowery, clean, had lots of grass and a playground. The dining hall was immense, as was the sports court; The hallways were spacious, the classrooms were large and it was very ventilated. And there was also something that I consider very important... The snack was (always) excellent! I sat right in front of me (and so it was for my entire academic life) and that skinny person with chanel hair and brown skin introduced himself: "Good morning kids. I am Professor Lúcia Bezerra"... It was "Aunt Lucia" who would be my teacher for the whole year and the following year, in the so-called "Preschool"! He liked her very much, she was a serious person and at the same time, patient and attentive.

It was a very fruitful two years. I learned a lot from her, her classes were fun, and she constantly asked me for help with small tasks, "guiding" other classmates who were not understanding what should be done in a certain activity. I was always able to finish the activities well before the rest of my classmates.

By the end of 1991, I was worried about whether "next year's aunt," my 1st grade teacher, would be nice. And she was, yes, "Aunt Goreth." But the funny thing is even though she was a good teacher and I liked her a lot, I can't even remember her face the same way I remember "Aunt Lucy". I just remember that she was skinny, fair skinned, with light brown hair and "chanel". I think it was fashionable at the time!

Thus, the year 1992 passed, and the following year (1993), my 2nd grade teacher was a beautiful lady, with the same name as my maternal grandmother, "aunt" Maria Gomes. She always wore a skirt, with her black hair, long and wavy, and an intriguing red mark on her face near her right eye. He is a person for whom I have a lot of affection and who represented a lot in my formation. She was the great encourager of the development (at least in me) of the habit of reading. "Aunt" Maria Gomes, delegated to the class an interesting activity, still on the first day of class and warned us that it was not worth a point! All students were expected to read one book a month. The book we wanted, the choice would be ours, every Friday we went to the library to read it (and what a wonderful library ours was!), and at the end of each month, three students would be "drawn" to explain the book to the class, while the others had to write an essay about the book they had read... The activity lasted the whole year and I am very grateful to the teacher for that, because from then on, I continued throughout my school life reading a book a month.

I tell this story to all my friends, that the book I chose to read in the first month was "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by William Shakespeare. To tell you the truth, it was the first book I read in my life, and I found the book difficult, full of new words, and every Monday, I would go to



the teacher's desk to ask the meaning of the words in the book that I didn't understand. Until I got a dictionary from her. I think she was tired of so many questions! But the whole year went by and I was never "drawn" to talk about the books I read, but I wrote about them every month.

### **A YEAR OF TRAMPLING!**

The following year (1994), with great difficulty, I attended my 3rd grade, with Professor Kátia. She wouldn't let us call her "auntie," and explained to us that she wasn't our blood relative, so we shouldn't call her that. I speak of the difficulty because this has been a particularly traumatic and difficult year in my life. The story begins in the year before this one (1993). My mother had developed a serious health problem. It was an undifferentiated carcinoma of the cells of his right upper eyelid (it was a malignant tumor, a rare type of cancer). She had already performed three surgeries in Macapá and the problem that had started as a simple cyst had taken on serious proportions. Then, in 1993, she began her treatment, which culminated in a series of 12 surgeries, a corneal ulcer from exposure, and the loss of her vision, which was later recovered, by what doctors called "spontaneous remission." But for my family, the name is different: miracle, since she was already scheduled for surgery to amputate her eye, due to the fact that she did not respond to the treatment of the ulcer, and her cornea recovered from the injury literally "from one day to the next".

Thus, in the midst of a troubled end of the year due to the illness that had struck my mother, our beginning of the year of 1994 had become even more complicated, because in February of this year, me, my brothers and my father suffered a serious traffic accident. We were run over at a bus stop by a man who was driving under the influence of alcohol. As a result, my father had serious cranial concussions, was a victim of amnesia for more than a month, and needed care because he couldn't remember his children, his wife, or himself! My sister was so brutally injured that you could see the exposure of her muscles all over her left lateral region, her breast tissue was exposed and she needed a lot of care so that the wounds did not become infected.

In turn, I had a perforated lung, fractures in my right collarbone and arm, countless bruises and needed the help of a ventilator in an Intensive Care Unit to be able to breathe for 15 days. The only one who came out "unscathed" physically, with only scratches was my 6-year-old brother. In the midst of all this chaos, it was a difficult year at school. Due to the events that occurred, I was very sad and could not understand very well what was happening to us and especially to my mother, who was far from us at this very difficult time. I cried a lot, not so much because of the physical pain, but because of the fact that I knew she could die, and that was the worst thing that could happen in my life, because for a 9-year-old child, who was away from his father (who didn't recognize me), his mother (hospitalized in Belém for treatment) and his siblings.



I may be sounding "melodramatic" in recounting such events, but they were in fact very important in my life. Thus, I decided to bring these memories because I consider that "[...] the self-report, mobilizing the density of our experiences as protagonists, takes place in a complex fabric of alterity that articulates the privacy of a narrative subject and its socio-historical space" (SOUZA; FORNARI, 2008, p. 130).

Thus, in this socio-historical space of school formation, I (re)inserted myself into school even with a fractured right arm and several other health problems that I also faced. It was very difficult for me to (re)adapt, because I felt that people looked at me with pity. "It's that girl who was run over with the whole family and her mother has cancer" – I heard it once! I had to write with my left hand. My teacher was understanding, she didn't force me to do anything, but I pushed myself, because I had already missed a lot of classes. And even with pain in my arm and lungs, I went to school.

My mother, burdened with worries, requested a leave of absence of less than a month from her treatment and went to Santana to see us. When faced with the situation I was in, crying in pain because of my arm, he took me to the Emergency Room. It was then that a month after the accident, we discovered the fractures of the arm and clavicle. Because the doctors paid more attention to the lung problem, they didn't perform any imaging tests, and I was in an induced coma in the ICU, they didn't know about the fractures. So, I had to operate. I was very afraid, especially because when I had the surgery, my mother had returned to Bethlehem to proceed with the treatment. Again I walked away from school. I was "in recovery" in all subjects because I missed the exam period, but at the end of the year, I was approved in everything, I passed with good grades throughout this process, I was very afraid of death. Not mine's, but my mother's. Thus, I refer to the words of Hawking and Mlodinow (2011, p. 7)

Each of us exists only for a brief lapse of time, during which time we explore only a tiny portion of the universe. But the human being is a curious species. We question, we seek answers. Living in this vast world, sometimes generous, sometimes cruel, and contemplating the infinite sky above us, we always ask ourselves countless questions [...] (HAWKING; MLODINOW, 2011, p. 7).

And sometimes I found myself looking up at the infinite sky and questioning various things. Why was all this happening to me and my family? Would things be okay after all that? Would my mother come back to us "for good"? There were many thoughts that were going on in my mind... And another year passed.

The following year (1995), I attended the 4th grade, with the "other" Teacher Lucia (we talked like that at the beginning of the year), who won our affection very easily. We were very demanded, because next year we would do the 5th grade, there would be many teachers and we would have several schedules, we did a lot of readings and she gave "dictation" practically every day. We had been hearing about it from the beginning of the year, from the 5th grade teachers. Would that



be scary?! For me, I would say challenging, because I was no longer that "fearful" girl from the first day of kindergarten... But that's another story. My mother was already back home. But very fragile, due to the disease and all the suffering she had gone through, she didn't need to say anything, but her eyes were sad and she was no longer that cheerful person. Things weren't going well. I was always worried about her and I lived a childhood at home, because I had asthma, 'rheumatism', migraines and insomnia. That year, due to reasons I couldn't understand at the time, my father left home. Their separation was difficult for us. He never abandoned us financially speaking, but we missed a father, mainly because after my mother had cancer, she became very debilitated and the next few years for her were not easy, I remember that she contracted leptospirosis, then malaria, and dengue. Not to mention the serious spinal problems she developed due to successive hospitalizations.

### **THE MOMENT I REALIZED I FELL IN LOVE WITH THE SCIENCES!**

Another year passed, and I believe it was at this time that I realized how much I enjoyed life-related issues. I don't know if it was because I wanted to understand my mother's health problems, or my own problems, or if it was already a 'vocation'. My "awakening" to Biology... I can't even describe how it happened. I think it's been forever. I remember that around the 2nd, 3rd grade, I was already in love with the functioning of the human body. I didn't even know the name, but I found the physiology fascinating! I thought it was amazing how this perfect system worked, and I was very happy to go to school when I knew I was going to have a science class. I liked all subjects (I just didn't have much sympathy with Mathematics, and look how funny it is, no teacher explained to me that the language of the universe is mathematics, but when I discovered that, I started to have a lot of respect and admiration for Mathematics).

I remember that my curiosity led me to kill a poor frog because I wanted to know what his blood and heart were like (I had seen the picture in a book). Although I had no knowledge of Bioethics, I later felt sorry for the frog for having done that in a painful way for him, but I didn't regret it, because I saw that the figure in the book was not as cool as seeing it for real. And I have a cousin, whom I deeply admire to this day. To Rôane. Wow, I idolized that girl, because of her knowledge of science. I went to my godmother's house not only because I liked it there, but also because "Rô" (I still call her that to this day) kept telling me about the things she studied in Science... I can't hear about magmatic and sedimentary rocks without being reminded of her. I wanted to be a doctor! And I believe that this became a desire in my life, because I believed that I could help other children not to have to go through everything I went through in my childhood because of my mother's health problems. Thus, I believe that the love for Science has always been in my life, but I realized that I was deeply in love with it, just before I started attending the 5th grade.



## FROM 5TH TO 8TH GRADES: OUTSTANDING TEACHERS' CONTRIBUTIONS IN MY TRAINING TRAJECTORY

And so, the year 1996 arrived. The long-awaited 5th grade. Lots of different schedules, a teacher for each subject... Many school discoveries were to come, and of course I sought to know from the science teacher. Thus, on the second day of school, I came across an illustrious figure named Jerome, a man of about 45 or 50 years old; It reminded me of those "windsock" scientists, of whom we see the stereotyped representation by common sense. He was a bit stressed, sometimes throwing chalk at the restless boys who didn't pay attention to class, but he had incredible knowledge. Our "mental chemistry" had been immediate. He was my teacher for 2 years and for sure, he was one of my "unforgettable teachers". And I emphasize here that this year was also a difficult year for me. For the first time I came across the death of a family member. It was Rory (Rô's brother), my cousin-brother, who at the age of 16, had suffered a tragic car accident that took his life. That shook me to my core, the impact was so much that I can hardly remember what the rest of the year was like. Be indescribably sad. And I didn't want to go to school. Even so, I went, because I had a conviction since I was a child, that I should study to become "someone in life". And with that thought I went through 6th, 7th, and 8th grades (and I still think that way to this day).

My 7th grade science teacher was a person who marked me a lot, Mara Zampar (who years later, became my co-worker at the José do Patrocínio State School, in Fazendinha, district of Macapá, as well as Geography teacher Luzinaldo Roberto, who was also one of my "unforgettable teachers" and who became a colleague). Professor Mara made me love science more than I already did. I have no doubt in saying that she was the most creative, captivating and special teacher I had in all my Basic Education. Always developing different, interesting activities, I managed to transform one's classroom into such a pleasant and relaxed environment, that there is no way not to want to be such a special Teacher, as she is! Too bad it was only for a year.

Already in my 8th grade (1999) it was particularly interesting with regard to Science. I discovered that Physics and Chemistry would certainly be new passions in my life, along with Biology. I loved studying science in the 8th grade, and I was already looking forward to studying the subjects in isolation in high school. Even though I wasn't my best friend with Mathematics, I knew I would need it as a tool for Physics and Chemistry subjects, so I started to pay more attention to Professor Joenyr's Math classes (who worked Mathematics, Financial Mathematics, Statistics and Physics throughout High School). We had a lot of classes with him, so I had to get used to numbers, even though they were never my passion!





## HIGH SCHOOL: NEW PASSIONS AND DISCOVERIES FOR THE SCIENCES

With great expectations about Science, in the year 2000 I started my High School, with the consolidation of my affinity for Biology, Physics and Chemistry. Although I didn't feel very comfortable when at one time or another of the disciplines alluded to, we needed Mathematics, this did not become an obstacle for me to dislike them. I was especially attracted to Physics, because I had loved Biology since childhood. In high school, I had my first contacts with the theories of Albert Einstein and the readings of Stephen Hawking. Despite all the complexity of the topics dealt with by these authors, Cosmology at one extreme and Particle Physics at the other, have always fascinated me.

In the same way that I fell in love with Chemistry, especially the study of Radioactivity. I remember reading a book by Oliver Sacks, titled "Uncle Tungsten: Memoirs of a Chemical Childhood," released in 2001. I was delighted to learn that a woman, Madame Currie, had developed remarkable research in the area of radioactivity and this motivated me even more, to want to seek more knowledge. Thus, I have to emphasize that the knowledge gathered during this period was essential in my training. As well as the Professors of these disciplines who inspired me a lot: my dear Professor Ana Bitencourt (Chemistry), Professor Marília (Biology) and Professor Joenyr (Physics), who were essential to the construction of what I am today as a teacher!

In the last year of high school (2002), life played another trick on me. My boyfriend (by the way, my first boyfriend) passed away. Again I experienced the grieving process and had depression for two years. Even so, I continued to study hard. My professors bet that I would choose a career as a biologist. But when I signed up for the entrance exam at the Federal University of Amapá (UNIFAP), I opted for the Nursing course, I believe motivated by the proximity I have always had with the constant health problems experienced in my family context.

## BRIEF APPROACH THE TRAJECTORY OF MY UNDERGRADUATE DEGREE AND BACHELOR'S DEGREE IN NURSING PARALLEL TO THE BEGINNING OF MY TEACHING CAREER

In 2003 I started my undergraduate course in Nursing at UNIFAP, very happy for the pride I gave to my family, especially to my father, who once heard from a cousin "*Don't be fooled that a poor man's son doesn't graduate!*". I heard this when I was seven years old, and I grew up wanting to prove my uncle wrong, because despite his humble origins, my father always worked hard so that his children would not lack anything, especially education. And I would be the first poor person in my family to enroll in a higher education course, notably at a Federal University.

I believe that I had a great undergraduate course, I took advantage of it as much as I could, I studied a lot, at the same time that I suffered from the suffering of the people, because the conditions



offered by the public authorities were (and continue to be) precarious. I have seen people die due to the negligence, incompetence and recklessness of various professionals, and I could not remain silent in the face of these situations, because I already had and still have the conception that life is the greatest good, and that it is valid to fight for patients until all available resources are exhausted.

In this training trajectory, I had disagreements with teachers, doctors, nurses and nursing technicians during the internships I did, because I could see with great clarity the disregard of many professionals with life and the profession, thus, I could not understand the reason for so much individuality and what led people to aim only at the financial side. But not everything is reflected in bad things, because at the same time that I had to face many challenges, I found incredible, dedicated professionals who had great respect for people's lives. They were few, but they were people who inspired me to grow as a future professional and as a human being: Professor Francineide Pena, Professor Liudmila Miyar (my dear TCC advisor, for me, an example to be followed), Professor Joelma Pereira, Professor Olinda Consuelo, Professor Rinaldo, Professor Ronaldo, Professor Florianaldo Carreteiro... They have always been examples for me.

Throughout my five-year undergraduate course (2003-2008), I continued to treat Nursing with great respect, but I was much more of a "lover" of Education. During this period, I worked for two years with the disciplines of Chemistry and Biology in the state school system, but in 2006, after completing my Teaching course and completing a Training Course offered by the State Department of Education, I started working with Special Education, in the area of multiple disabilities. At the same time that I was studying, doing internships and mourning the loss of my patients, I saw my hopes renewed when I saw the small but important steps that my students with specific needs took on a daily basis! This made me hope and see Education as a profession in which I would contribute much more and suffer much less. Thus, I believe that "[...] education must start from dialogue with oneself and with the world in the search for authenticity in our experiences" (SOUZA; FORNARI, 2008, p. 110). And for me, education has always been authentic.

In this way, my experiences during my undergraduate degree in Nursing made me think about another professional path. Thus, I corroborate the thinking of Souza and Fornari (2008, p. 112), who mention the following: "[...] In walking, in the experiential flow, we are in the world of life, that is, we are living as historical beings who, in transformation, are transformed." So, due to all the difficult things I had already been through, and that I knew that other people were also going through, including with much bigger problems than mine, I was focusing more and more on my studies (something I always liked) and I was really transformed. And this process of (trans)formation continues to the present day.



## BECOMING, BUILDING ME UP AS A TEACHER

In the midst of a context full of challenges, I started my teaching career at the age of 19. In March 2004 (still in the second year of my undergraduate degree in Nursing), I started teaching Chemistry and Biology. It seems to be very strange for a student of the Bachelor's and Bachelor's Degree in Nursing to work with this discipline, but in the state of Amapá there was no higher education institution that offered the Bachelor's Degree in Chemistry at the time, so undergraduate students in Nursing and Biology who had the opportunity, taught these subjects in schools. Because the teachers who existed in the state with training in these areas did not cover the enormous lack that existed (and still exists) in the schools.

The teaching job "*fit like a glove*", both in terms of personal and financial reasons. I fell in love with teaching and, unlike many colleagues, I became intensely involved with Education, and I did not see it as a "*quick-fix*" with regard to financial terms, on the contrary, I intensified the search for knowledge in the area, by taking the Teacher Training course for the initial grades (the so-called Teaching) parallel to the undergraduate course in Nursing. I completed the Teaching course in December 2005 and found myself completely immersed in Education, much more than in Nursing, because due to my suffering with the various problems that involved my patients, I deeply identified with teaching and seriously thought, while I was studying for graduation, that I would follow after graduating from the Teaching career. And this career, as a Teacher, for me, will always be a construction, a process in which I transform myself every day.

## NURSE, BIOLOGIST, PEDAGOGUE, MASTER AND DOCTOR IN SCIENCE AND MATHEMATICS EDUCATION

It is evident that since the beginning of my teaching career, I realized that this is an area that has a lot to improve, full of challenges and, like health, suffers from the lack of honesty of political representatives, in addition to being little valued in financial terms. Education is seen by many people as a profession in which "*it is not worth investing*", I even heard it from some classmates in comments such as: "*But it is very brave to want to be a Teacher! Teacher earns poorly. As a Nurse you will earn double, triple, you will earn much more.*" But although money is no longer important to me, I decided to enroll in August 2008 in an Intensive Care Unit Specialization course, because in the entire state of Amapá there were only two nurses with this specialization and I thought it would be a differential. I completed the course in June 2009, and it was important for me to know DEFINITELY that my career would follow the paths of Education.

It was then that in 2009 I came to live in Belém do Pará. Away from my family and without a job, accustomed to a work routine and always full of tasks, I could not "*sit still*", I went to UFPA, directly at the Institute of Education Sciences (ICED) to look for information about the Graduate



courses, because since graduation, I had the dream of entering the Master's Degree; it was then that I was informed that the public notice for the *lato sensu* Postgraduate course in Education Management and Financing Policies was open. I applied, presented a project, resume and was approved. It was an excellent course, which contributed enormously to my training as an educator, as it broadened my understanding of the public educational policies that govern our country, as well as the issue of budget planning in this sector. I was able to understand what a public policy is about, how the State enables and executes its educational planning. It was of great value to have taken this course.

Immersed in the academic environment, I was informed about the Master's course offered by the former Pedagogical Center for Scientific Development Support (NPADC), currently the Institute of Mathematics and Scientific Education (IEMCI), which was aimed at teachers with training in the areas of Mathematics, Biology, Physics or Chemistry and people with proven experience in one of these areas. So, in 2009, while I was taking the course offered by ICED, I started reading to make the IEMCI selection.

Thus, in the first half of 2010, I started a new stage in my life. I was anxious, full of expectations, because I was going to launch myself into the long-awaited challenge of taking a Master's course. It was in this context that I started in 2010 the first discipline to be offered in the course: Epistemological Bases of Science. The prospects for it were great. We heard a lot about how challenging it would be to get in touch with all the authors we would have to meet, and at the same time be able to prepare our texts, and at the end of the course, we would have to deliver an article! Many had no idea how to start doing this, including me!

It was really a new, challenging experience. When I saw the syllabus of the course and the list of theorists we would have to read, I almost fainted! I already imagined that it would not be easy, but I threw myself into the unknown and formed a duo with the master's student Lêda Valéria to do a seminar together on the book "The Mutation Point" by Fritjof Capra, because this was the only author on the list that I already had any knowledge of, since I came from an extremely positivist background. I didn't know the theorists of the discipline and I had already watched the movie "The Turning Point" in 2009 in the Specialization course I took at ICED. So, I started reading Capra's book and became deeply enchanted by the theme, which was new to me. I was so excited that I even bought several other books by the author when I received my first Master's scholarship. I even attended some seminar presentations by my colleagues, and I was very happy.

But, that's when my trajectory was interrupted! My father (again) was in a terrible automobile accident and was left in a coma due to a traumatic brain injury. In addition, my ex-father-in-law was diagnosed with a terrible clear cell renal carcinoma, with brain, lung, and bone metastases. I did not have the emotional structure to face the situation, because with the possibility of losing my father and following the daily suffering of such a dear person, who no longer had a chance to recover, I saw my



life completely affected and was no longer in a position to continue the course. It was then that I abandoned the discipline of Bases and the other activities of the Program to be with my father, in Macapá, where he had been run over. I was going to be disconnected from the Master's Degree, but thanks to the understanding of the PPGECM Coordination, I was able to continue the course and rejoin the Program's activities in August 2010. Unfortunately, my ex-father-in-law did not resist the ills caused by renal carcinoma and died, but my father, exceeding all expectations, managed to get out alive from all the problems he faced, even with some sequelae. After all the suffering of the loss and all the joy of seeing my father gradually recover, I returned to Belém and faced the challenges of the Master's Degree again, only this time, demanding much more, especially for the vote of confidence that was given to me by the Program Coordination, especially by professors Dr. Isabel Lucena and Dr. Nádia Freitas, who took the case to the collegiate meeting and asked for my non-dismissal from the Program with the readmission in the next semester.

Thus, in the second semester of 2010, I took five courses offered by the Program, namely: Trends in Science Education; History of Science in Science Teaching; Environment and Teacher Training; Affectivity and Construction of Scientific Knowledge: A historical-cultural approach; Cinema, Writing, Experience and Formation and Epistemological Bases of Science. Two of these disciplines culminated in the publication of four articles in national and international events in the area.

In 2011, feeling an immense need to expand my knowledge concerning the Sciences, I started my Bachelor's Degree in Biological Sciences, parallel to the activities of the Master's Degree. A new challenge for me! That added a lot to my specific training in science teaching. The present degree was completed in August 2013, one year after I completed my Master's degree.

I consider all the activities carried out during the Master's Degree to be very important to my (trans)formation, and I give special emphasis to the discipline Epistemological Bases of Science, as well as the participation in the "Research Group on Education in Science, Technology, Society and Environment" and in the "Research Group on Education, Science and Sustainability in the Amazon". These activities were essential to my training, since they provided me with the outline of theoretical reflections, which provided the theoretical, methodological and epistemological basis necessary for the development of my dissertation text. In this way, "[...] Producing meanings based on theoretical reflections was a challenge based on dialogue [...]" (SOUZA; FORNARI, 2008, p. 109), something, in my opinion, very present and valued in the present Master's course.

My focus of studies in the Master's Degree was the appropriation of scientific knowledge about Transgenic Foods (TA) under the STS focus. This, in turn, deals with the relations between Science, Technology, and Society, a widely spoken and widespread perspective in the teaching of Science, which aims, among other aspects, at the formation of critical citizens and decision-making,



based on scientific assumptions. However, for this to be possible, "[...] There is also a need to highlight that the exercise of teaching involves specific knowledge, pedagogical knowledge and knowledge constructed in the spaces of experience" (VEIGA, 2008, p. 19). Knowledge that I had the opportunity to share with the professors who participated in my training in this Graduate course.

My dissertation entitled "Appropriation of scientific knowledge: an approach to transgenic foods" was defended on May 30, 2012. A book was published in May of this year, at the invitation of a German publisher who was interested in the research topic. We also have to highlight that the empirical data collected during the Master's course enabled me to enter the PhD course in 2013. In my thesis, the possibilities and limitations of the use of socio-scientific controversies in science teaching were studied, in which "the simulated case of transgenic açaí in the Amazon" was developed. But the adventures of the doctorate and atypical motherhood will appear in another moment of writing in a new text. It is important to emphasize that it took a while, but I did it!

### NOT TO CLOSE...

I consider that education in my life was first and foremost a choice, something I fell in love with, from the first day I walked into a classroom. The emotion I felt that first time, in March 2004, endures, because even today, almost 20 years later... And so I believe it will continue! Every time I enter a classroom and see the faces of my students, full of previous knowledge, apprehensions, doubts, and other feelings that we have as students... I have a good feeling, the famous "butterflies in my stomach". Then I see the reflection of my choice reverberated in the sense of apprehension of liking what I do. Being a teacher for me is the materialized fulfillment of my desires concerning one of the most important choices I have made in my life: to build myself, to become a teacher. A choice I will always believe in! Which I think can always be renewed by the meaning I will give to my choice, every time I teach and feel happy for it, for the simple fact of learning "new things" every time I enter this space, sacred to me, the classroom.

Thus, I recognize as essential for the teaching profession the growing and constant need for improvement. I make my own the words of the great educator Freire (1998, p. 25) "[...] those who form form and re-form by forming and those who are formed form themselves and form the formed being." In this way, I very much want to continue in my life "adventure", which is to be a Science Teacher, in the hope that I should contribute in some way to the improvements of Science teaching, since I believe that a transformative Science teaching is capable of promoting in students a qualified argumentation based on the knowledge of scientific contents and with consequences for decision making, This can certainly make them endowed with the ability to reflect on their thoughts, learning to reformulate them from classroom experiences and readings of scientific material. Thus, these subjects will be able to mediate conflicts through dialogue and decision-making based on qualified



arguments, based on their scientific knowledge, which will be built through training, provided by qualified and critical teachers.

I believe that only through the renewal of science teaching will it be possible to form more critical citizens. In this sense, I return to the thought of Hawking, who started this text, emphasizing that my search for discoveries is incessant! But what would those discoveries be? Not only those that will concern my teaching practice, but, notably, those concerning the person, the renewed and transformed human being that I become (or think I become every day) with the experiences and experiences of my profession, which I love so much.

What about the future? I don't know if it will be good! I hope to help build something better, in this society that so urgently needs teachers who love what they do, but who also expect recognition and appreciation for the importance they play in society.



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