

Inspirational teacher essay

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**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Patience, curiosity, open minded. These are some of the plethora of attributes I believe stitch up a hardworking, respected educator.

She's tiny in stasher and most likely unaware of the huge golden heart that seems to glow on the most gloomy days. Soft spoken, frigid almost; yet very dedicated and accomplished. She's around 5'-0"; but no taller than me. She has this thin golden hair and these dark almond shaped eyes that glow when teaching any type of history. Although very petite in figure, I see a gentle giant beaming through her filled with energy, plenty of compassion and knowledge to offer. I've never once been interested in American History.

Never once would I think I would be engaged in an advanced placement or dual enrollment course. I remember, once she assigned some web lessons which is reading, viewing, hearing about certain specific subjects in history and then answering questions. It seemed to be that not many people understood the subjects and so when we got prepared for a class discussion, no one was speaking but me.

We were talking about the treatment of house slaves, the ones who would raise white children with all the love and affection a "mother" could give and in the end have them brain washed by the people around them. See, one of the plethora of life's lessons I've learned is that people are the product of their era. Something interesting I brought up in class a few days ago was; were all the southerners' post and pre civil war in agreement with the treatment of black slaves in the "United" States of America? I'm sure there were plenty of "reasonable" people who were just too scared to speak up. How horrid, the thought of mothers, fathers, poisoning their children's minds.

But again, everything in history does repeat itself. We have been speaking more and more about the Native Americans.

The more I learn, the more I want to find out. Humanities. Human actions are what I fear the most. Trail of Tears, The Sandcreek Massacre, all done by humans just like me and you.

Flesh and blood. Why this mindset? Looking down on people, as if they were rodents? Where are the natives now? Where are the blacks? As a great man once said, " When a rich man takes money from the poor it's called business, when fought back, it's called violence. Never in a million years I'd imagine gaining so much from a dual enrollment class. Having experienced this, I can now say I'm more afraid of living than dying. Seeing what human beings have done and continue to do to other human beings quite frightens me. I've discovered history may very well be my forte, as being engaged in American History literature, visual arts and political reactions had been my safe haven. And so I thank the universe for granting me such a skilled and passionate teacher, who has guided me down the way to success.

As she likes to say, " Don't be silly, don't guild a lily. "