

# A great teacher

Business



I dreaded going to my ninth grade social studies class when I heard I was going to have the same teacher that my older sister had: Mrs. Walters. According to my sister, Mrs. Walters didn't like her—and I speculated she wouldn't like me either. But I was surprised when Mrs.

Walters introduced herself to us. She was so upbeat and happy. She then went around and learned our names and if she knew anyone that had an older sibling, she became even more happy (if that was at all possible). When it was time for her to learn my name, she immediately remembered my sister. I thought she wouldn't like me because her and my sister never got along and she didn't agree with what Mrs.

Walters was saying political wise because they each had separate views, but to my surprise, she smiled and said, “ I'm glad you're here.” Then I realized she doesn't judge people based on who is related to them, but instead she looks at each one of us as a new person who (like any of our siblings) need to make a name for ourselves. Some teachers like to judge and they'll say, “ I had your older sibling and she was a terrible student. Will you be just like them?” or “ I had your older sibling in my class and she was an angel. Are you the same way?” and then they'll judge for the rest of the year. But not Mrs.

Walters. She didn't care, and because of that I got along with her very well. Mrs. Walters was a great teacher. She was easy to talk to, relatable, and understanding. In November, I got sick and missed three months of school.

In February, I was able to come back to school full time and was feeling better, but that feeling didn't last. As a child, I was always in good health,

but that year, I began to have poor health, and now I'm stuck with them. Although I was sick, that didn't mean anything to most of my teachers. I had loads of work to make up, lots of test and quizzes, and they wanted them done as soon as possible. I felt like none of them cared, and that they only wanted me to get my work in. But Mrs.

Walters was different. She understood what I was going through and waited patiently for me to have enough time to do her work. At the beginning of the year, I thought I'd dislike having her for a teacher, but in reality, I loved having her. And even when I didn't have her as a teacher, but would pass her in the hallway, I would make sure to stop and talk to her. For these reasons, I have chosen Mrs. Walters as my educator of the year.

She gives people chances to be themselves, and she understands when things in life go wrong and you just need time to make up for the things you missed.