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Masters In Teaching Application- Personal Essay

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I grew up on the Yakama Reservation and went to a small school in Granger, Washington, just outside of the reservation with a class size of 80 students. I remember vividly being a new student in first grade coming from the even smaller town of Siletz, Oregon. I was very timid being the new student while everyone knew each other from the prior year of Kindergarten. Reflecting back on this, it is sort of bizarre that I can clearly remember my first day of first grade but that's how much that day impacted me and stayed with me. As did my teacher, Mrs. Golob. People ask me "Do you remember your first grade teacher?" I always instantly reply with "Yes, of course I do." Mrs. Golob was the first teacher who knew I had potential to be something great. I remember that first day, I was filled with anxiety and that was probably the first time I ever felt that way. Mrs. Golob comforted me while tears were running down my face, I felt the warmth in her heart and safety in her arms. She also pushed me out of my comfort zone and made me hold myself accountable when it came to learning. Growing up I despised reading. The dread of reading started in first grade. I slowly became a fan of it because of Mrs. Golob. First grade was the first time I genuinely felt a passion for learning.

I didn't find another Mrs. Golob again until my Sophomore year of High School. My Middle School years, I lacked connection with my teachers and never felt that they genuinely cared for me as a person. Middle School is preparing you for a even more crucial time of your life, High School. High School is where you find your identity and what you might want to do for the rest of your life and kind of determines what you are going to do after the rest of your life.

My Sophomore year, I took eleventh grade english with Ms. Lemos. Her lectures and presentations were meticulous. Her ability to not just teach but to make sure what she was teaching, we were learning. I learned a lot that year with my writing, my grammar and vocabulary truly expanded. I remember she always double checked with us and made sure that we were all on board with her curriculum. When I was having troubles she offered her extra time and energy so that I could succeed. I fell in love with writing that year. We had a really awesome prompt for one of our essays on Identity. I wrote about my Native American Culture, the challenges I faced growing up and how I lost part of my identity when I was getting bullied for being indigenous. Ms. Lemos took the time to complement and critique my work and told me she wanted to use my essay as a sample for her future classes. That essay made me realize my ability to express myself through writing.

I had a long and not the easiest journey getting to where I am at. The thought never crossed my mind to become an educator until my sophomore year of High School. I became a Camp Counselor for fifth grade students for one week on a field trip retreat. I was in charge of about ten to twelve students for four days, day and night. I was able to build relationships with those young women and give them my own advice. They expressed their feelings to me as well. I saw myself in a lot of them. They were my waving green flag to become a teacher. I made a difference in their lives and they made a difference in mine. I left the camp wanting to be Mrs. Golob and Mrs. Lemos. Caring, genuine, motivational and inspiring. I want to make a difference in this world for the better. A brighter future starts with the younger generations.