

Why College is Important to Me

by Bethany Roulston

Tales of history, stories of the Native Americans, of the American Revolution, of bloody battles, we remember have all been painted in vivid colors by countless individuals. History sticks to the inner mind, remembered forever if told with the right enthusiasm and interest. I can still remember clearly my towering eighth grade Humanities teacher, teaching me about Native Americans being forced out of land because of faulty, dishonest treaties. As if it were only yesterday, I remember my ninth grade World History teacher standing on his homemade soap box complete with vest and bow tie, capturing my class in the most interesting retelling of the French Revolution. It is people like them who make an impact on individuals like me. It is thanks to them that my interest in history was planted.

For almost as long as I can remember, I have yearned to contribute to the education of others. The idea of becoming a history teacher first came to mind during my middle school years.

In my ninth grade year, I was fortunate to be placed in a class where the teacher was avid about his career, making sure to connect with each unique individual through incorporating many learning style techniques into each lesson. In eleventh grade, I encountered a history teacher who was soft spoken, but passion shone through his willingness to aid students who came to him with questions. He eagerly showed the class interesting videos, texts, and links to aid my peers and me in learning. Now I have the honor of sitting in a classroom filled with the enthusiastic voice of my Government teacher, imagining the day when it can be me up in the front of the classroom with eyes trained on me in mirroring awe. Each unique, passionate way of teaching history made my passion for the subject grow, and my interest in teaching flare and this fire has grown with the passing years thanks to the dedication of the history teachers I have had the honor to meet.

As my historical knowledge has grown, so has my interest. I often find that I can't help but share what I am learning with others. More times than not, I am thanked for sharing and receive comments

about my interest. When I reveal my goals of becoming a history teacher, I am answered with smiles and promises that I'll be good at my job. My experience with vivid lessons of history taught by passionate individuals along with given support has propelled me on the road to becoming a history teacher. I am determined and committed to seeing myself succeed and share my love for learning history with all my future students.

To me, college means fulfilling this dream. Without college my dream will always be just a dream and my goals just whispers in the wind. College is vital to my success because without it, there is no future me that I wish to become.