

Մարգ՝ Տավուշ, ք. Դիլիջան

Դպրոց՝ 5 դպրոց

Դասարան՝ 12

Ամսաթիվ՝ 2013-10-15 11:02:53

ID: 627

The source of my inspiration is my teacher

My mother is a teacher. There is no need to say that I have been brought up in the atmosphere of this profession at home. We speak mainly about school, pupils, marks, programmes, text, books and so on. My mother likes to repeat that her profession is the kindest, the fairest and the humanist profession in the world. I like and respect my teachers. They are strict but very thoughtful and do their best to give us good knowledge. Yet I myself was not going to become a teacher. To tell the truth it was not very easy for me to choose what to be. I did not see any reason to become a teacher. I asked my mother to help me. I asked her for advice. She told me her story. She wanted me to know what had made her become a teacher. My mother lived in Spitak. She was fourteen when the earthquake shook our country. When her school was destroying and terrible roar, scream and noise were heard, my mother lost consciousness. She came round when somebody was trying to free her arm which was pressed by stones. Her eyes were closed but she felt that she was not alone. She was sure that it was her close relative. But when she opened her eyes at last she was surprised to see her teacher of History who was raising the heavy stones with difficulty. One part of the school became ruined. The teachers of their school were helping the children who were under the ruins. Though all of them had families, children they did not leave the school, their pupils. They remained true to their profession. They proved that to be a teacher is not a profession it is a mode of life. The teacher of History who saved my mother's life lost his own child on the same day. He's four-year-old son died under the ruins of the nursery-school. I understood that my mother's source of inspiration was her teacher Seryozha Petrossian, and I can say for sure that he has become my source of inspiration as well.