

Մարգ՝ Արմավիր, գ. Թաիրով

Դպրոց՝ Թաիրովի միջնակարգ դպրոց

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## My Inspiring Teacher.

It was September 1st, 2007. That day will never be erased from my memory. The sun was shining brightly in the blue sky, the trees and flowers were smiling to everyone. The schoolchildren were going to school and they all looked very smart in their clean white shirts. I was among them, too, holding my mother's hand, my heart filled with excitement. I was going to enter a new world to me, unknown and incomprehensible. The bell rang and the schoolchildren went inside. My mother took me to my classroom and I was met by my first teacher, Mrs. Mkhitarian. My heart was beating fast. First I noticed her warm smile and kind eyes. I liked her. She was an elderly woman, short and thin, with hazel eyes and short dark hair. My first week at school was unforgettable. I loved school, I wanted to go to school every day, I wanted to see my teacher, to feel her love and do my best to deserve her praise and approval. She was so intelligent, so kind, patient, loving and understanding. She took us on a wonderful journey every day. I really couldn't help admiring her. She was always full of energy, helpful, friendly, honest and just. I never wanted to miss my classes. Every day at school was great, full of joy and excitement. Mrs. Mkhitarian taught us to be punctual, hard – working and feel responsible for what we did. She was as strict as she was kind. She was always calm and positive. I know everybody loved her. The parents respected and trusted her. Maybe because she respected everyone and did her job with the greatest devotion and love. My first teacher taught me to believe in God and be sure of myself. We began our lessons with prayer. Day by day I was becoming stronger and more self-confident. No fear in my heart, no doubt and no tears. Whenever I had difficulties she was there with her gentle smile, bright eyes and good advice. She taught me not to give up and be patient. I learned to think, to analyze and find the best solution. Now I know that nothing can stop me, that I will have the wit and courage to achieve my goals, that there are no problems that can't be solved, no obstacles that I can't overcome. Mrs. Mkhitarian doesn't work at school now. She has

retired. I miss her. Every time I go past her classroom, I feel her presence. Sometimes it seems to me that I hear her voice. I close my eyes and remember her warm smile. She is always with me. I am in the 7th grade now. I have very good teachers indeed but I know what I have inside me, that makes me feel proud and will help me to find my own way in this world, I owe to Mrs. Mkhitarian. She was my first teacher and my best inspiring teacher ever.