Why Teach

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 Why teach? I never would have guessed that this would be such a difficult question for me to answer. To be perfectly honest, I didn’t even want to become a teacher until the end of my senior year in high school. Every time someone would ask me “what’s your major going to be?” I would say that I didn’t know yet. My mom would always tell me “just do something that you love, so it won’t feel like work for the rest of your life”. That of course didn’t help me because there are so many things I love to do. I thought that I wanted to do something in the medical field, but I hate the sight of blood. Then I thought I wanted to be a cosmetologist, but decided that it wasn’t for me. Then I just stopped thinking about it altogether…

 My senior year was full of major changes. One of the biggest being I got my first job. I knew that I didn’t just want any other “teenage” job, like working fast food or at a clothing store. My grandma then suggested to me that I apply at some daycares since I love kids so much. So I did and not even three days later I got hired. I was so excited that I would actually have a job that I wouldn’t mind going to everyday after school unlike my friends who complained all the time.

 My first day at work I was really nervous. They told me I would be working in the Pre-K with four and five year olds. I was thinking things like, what if I mess up or what if the kids don’t like me. When I got into the classroom I would be working in, the other teachers introduced me and all of the kids replied with a really loud, “Hi Miss Nicole!” It was so adorable I think my heart melted.

 As the weeks and months passed by, I grew more comfortable with being at work and grew to absolutely love my kids! And realized that I would refer to them as “my kids” to everyone. They were the best part of my day, everyday. They always made me laugh and even though they pushed me to my limits, I could never ever be mad at them.

 One day one of my kids’ Moms was running late. She was the last child to be picked up from the daycare so there was no one else for her to play with. I asked her what she would like to do and she decided that she wanted to read a book. She chose a Winnie the Pooh book and within five minutes we were already finished. She asked me to read it again but instead I asked her to read it to me. She thought that it was funny but took the book from me and began to try. She was completely shocked that she actually knew quite a few words in the story. The smile on her face was one of the best rewards I have ever received. At that exact moment, I realized that I was meant to be a teacher.

 Over the past year that I’ve been working at my daycare my Pre-K class has started kindergarten and most of them no longer attend the facility. Saying goodbye to the ones that were leaving was one of the hardest things I’ve ever had to do. I love those kids and I will never forget them.

 Now I work with the two to three year old age group. It is very different from my Pre-K kids, but I love them. They have helped me realize that I want to work with a much younger age group. They say the cutest little things and are some of the sweetest kids I’ve ever met. When a two-year-old boy randomly comes up to you while he’s playing just to say “Miss Cole I love you,” makes you feel as if nothing else in the world matters, as long as those kids are happy.

 So that is why I have chosen to become a preschool teacher. I want to be able to help a child. Whether it be just to make them laugh or help them how to read. Having the satisfaction of knowing that you put a smile on a child’s face is the greatest achievement I could ever ask for. I believe that kids are my calling in life, that all this time while I was growing up and getting confused about my future, that somehow I knew it would end this way. But there is no other way I would want it to be.