



Growing up with dyslexia came with many challenges. Reading and writing, things that came easily to others, often felt like mountains I had to climb. But despite the obstacles, I was never alone. Over the years, a group of incredibly dedicated teachers—special education teachers, speech-language pathologists, and classroom teachers—stood beside me, lifting me up when I struggled and celebrating my victories, no matter how small. Their support didn't just help me succeed in school; it inspired me to pursue higher education and dedicate my life to helping others as a teacher.

From the earliest grades, my special education teachers played a vital role in shaping my confidence. They never saw me as just a student with a learning disability. Instead, they saw my strengths, creativity, and determination. They taught me strategies to work around my dyslexia and reminded me that learning differently didn't mean learning less. Their patience and belief in my abilities gave me the courage to keep going even when I felt overwhelmed. I still remember the joy I felt when I read a full page out loud for the first time in second grade. That moment was possible because of their dedication and belief in me.

Speech teachers also had a powerful impact on my journey. They helped me with language processing and communication skills, which made reading and expressing myself less frustrating. They broke down tasks into steps I could manage and always made sure I understood that progress, not perfection, was the goal. Their encouragement helped me stop seeing my dyslexia as something that held me back and start seeing it as part of who I am.

Classroom teachers, too, left lasting impressions. Instead of letting me fall behind or be overlooked, they made sure I had the tools I needed to thrive. Some gave me extra time on assignments, others provided audiobooks or allowed me to present projects in creative ways. More importantly, they treated me with respect and high expectations. They showed me that my voice mattered, even if I sometimes struggled to put it into words. They made learning a place of growth rather than fear. Because of the support I received, I now believe in myself and my ability to pursue college and beyond. My teachers did more than help me succeed academically—they taught me to believe that I could succeed in life. They modeled what it means to care, to adapt, and to never give up on a student.

Now, I want to follow in their footsteps. I want to become a teacher who sees potential in every student, no matter their challenges. I want to support students with learning disabilities like dyslexia, just as my teachers supported me. I know firsthand how powerful it is to have someone believe in you, and I want to be that person for someone else. Pursuing a career in education isn't just a goal for me—it's a way to give back and continue the legacy of the amazing educators who changed my life.