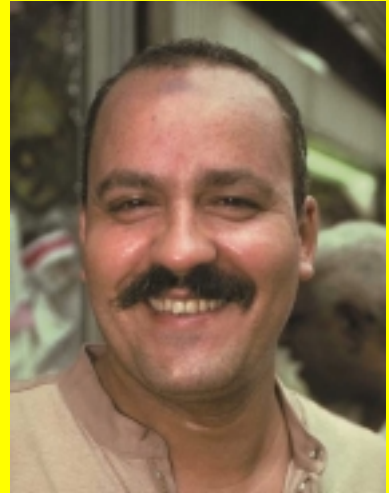


*I remember one teacher in high school. I was an art major and was in three of his art classes each term. I was not a gifted artist, but I worked hard and was eager to learn. He seemed to like and respect me, and I felt we understood each other. He was often emotional and sensitive. The inner turmoil I was experiencing seemed to make us kindred spirits. I trusted him, and knew I could count on him for support. I also sensed that he would never get angry at me or embarrass me in class. I was a fairly good graphic artist, and in grade 12 he assigned two of us to do the art for the high school year book. The particular theme chosen by the committee was difficult and unworkable (we thought it was pretty dumb). It was one of the first times I remember feeling that I was in over my head, starting something that I couldn't possibly do. My art teacher let us know he was there for us if we needed his help or advice, but he didn't hover over us or try to direct us. I felt his confidence in me—that I could do this impossible task. Quitting or failing was not an option. I was able to stick with the project because he believed I could do it. And we pulled it off. His quiet confidence made me face a difficult task and do the best I could. I learned that even though I didn't think I could do something, if I stuck with it and took it one step at a time, I could succeed and do an acceptable job.*



*S.B.*

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