

My first teacher of color was in kindergarten. I came from a spanish speaking home so i was out with a spanish speaking kindergarten teacher. She was the kindest and most generous teacher and i still think about her to this day. I had a different teacher for 1st, 2nd, and 3rd grade, and to this day i still reach out to her and she still helps me with whatever i need as a high school senior. Looking back at the difference between my teachers of color and my white teachers, one huge difference i will forever notice is that my teachers of color were always much more understanding, compassionate, passionate about their job overall, and always seemed to show more appreciation and love for their students. When i walked into a classroom with a new schedule in hand and see that my teacher is a teacher of color, i already know that it is a classroom where i will feel heard, and appreciated by my teacher.