Step 1:

Why I become a teacher –

 “I grew up with a dream. I was going to move and work in London. I couldn’t imagine anything that would make me happier. How to get myself there was the tricky part.

I had previously spent 2 months living in London for a theater study abroad. Please keep in mind, I’m not a theatrical person. I had to buy Shakespeare for Dummies books, and I was perfectly okay with that. However, I loved the city and had to get myself back there.”

“In college, I considered many different majors to do this -- industrial design, marketing, English, psychology, and print journalism. I found myself in advertising – a degree that seemed creative and fun. A degree that may one day allow me to live across the pond.”

“Advertising was fun – there were no other words to describe it. I was thrilled when my professor invited me to complete an internship in New York City.”

“Living in New York City was one goal of mine, so I eagerly agreed. I bought myself a power suit and flew three weeks later to a tiny, ridiculously over-priced apartment that was located in China Town in Manhattan.”

“While there, I shared a one bedroom apartment with numerous cockroaches and a rodent who liked to play hide and seek. I always had dreams that I’d wake up with a furry little creature in my hair. My roommate was often gone, so we couldn’t team up against the bad guys. Even with all these fun distractions, it was lonely.”

“On the flipside, my internship was pretty fun. I worked with Metlife Insurance and Xerox – I was part of focus groups, commercials, and important meetings. Breakfast Bagel Fridays were a highlight of my week, and I was able to get my fill of free hot chocolate throughout the day. I also went to every morning show possible.”

I returned home after three months to finish my degree at BYU, with the intent to return after graduation. Part of my final classes involved working and completing a Capstone project for Burger King. My group spent a lot of time working on this project – getting research, visiting restaurants, conducting interviews, and creating a series of advertisements with a new and improved revamped website.

Many late nights and hundreds of hours later, I found myself presenting in front of the executives of Burger King. The executive creative director was an eccentric man with big hair and hot pink pants. As my group stepped back to get critique on our work, he stood up, cleared his throat and said. “Nicely done, but not quite what we were looking for.” A different team won, and that was that.

Disappointment. Frustration. Exasperation. These were the only words to describe what I was feeling. Did I really spend the last three months of my life working on a failed project? Later that day, I got into my car and drove to my twin sister’s 3rd grade classroom. I was greeted by 32 smiling eight-year olds who loved to get up in the middle of my sister’s lesson and give me a group hug.

It should be told, that I was known as “Miss Mitchell Number 2” which was a pretty cool title. I knew most of the kids by name and would often visit whenever possible. While there, my twin sister would put me to work. She had me work on math problems with a boy who was struggling to understand a concept.

I couldn’t remember having so much fun that day. I was able to help this boy do his work, and I made a new friend too.

What happened in the next few months was a whirlwind. I took the GRE, applied for a Masters at the U, got accepted, and spent the following year learning how to teach kids how to read and write. Luckily I got a job in what turned out to be a dream school full of the best kids and faculty I could ever hope to teach with.

I’ve realized in life that happiness isn’t a place. It isn’t a city. For me, it’s being surrounded by the many young, eager faces in my classroom each day. It’s the feeling I get when I see kids accomplish their goals and show kindness towards each other. For me, happiness is being a teacher.

But hey, maybe one day I’ll be able to teach in London.