**THANK YOU LETTER TO TEACHER**

Dear Sir,

When we first met in your English class, I thought I would hate you forever. I hated the way you made sure I was wearing my school uniform correctly, and how you told me to stand up straight before I could answer a question in class. What did clothes or posture have to do with language arts, I wondered? Well, the dignity and discipline you instilled in me through what I thought was nitpicking about clothing, posture, and grammar helped turn me into the successful individual I am today.

What I really couldn’t stand were your high expectations. You wouldn’t accept anything unless it was the best we could possibly do, or the best you thought we could do — and sometimes that was more than I thought I could do. At the very least, what you thought was my best was usually more work than I really wanted to do — not just for class, but for anything I did.

We argued so many times, especially at the beginning of the year. I can’t even remember how many times you kept me in during lunch. I thought it was a punishment, but now I realize you were making sure I had time to cool down when things got particularly heated. I would raise my voice, I would burst into tears, and I know I even made threats a few times. But you didn’t lose your temper, and you might have been the only adult in my life who never did.

You listened to me, no matter how loud I got, because you knew that I just needed to be heard. You were patient with me, even if I didn’t care. And you gave me second chances no matter how many times I screwed up.

When I think about your English class today, I may not remember what you taught us about Beowulf, but I do remember what you taught me about myself.

What I can now recognize as your faith in my abilities showed me my true value, beyond what I or anyone else in my life believed. You showed me that I could be whatever I wanted, and that’s been the most important lesson I’ve ever learned.

Thank you.

— A student.