

Autobiographical Notes

Myths & Legends Class

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Another teacher who would not let me get by with mediocrity was Ms. Bronson. I took her Myths & Legends class in my Sophomore year, I believe it was, because my friends and I had heard it would be easy to pass. I found out otherwise. But my friends were the type who did not really care and seemed to always try and get by with as little effort as possible. For some reason Ms. Bronson did not believe I was like them and counseled me to be careful with whom I hung around. I did not take kindly to her meddling and chose to ignore her counsel. During that term my friends and I often acted up, and in general gave her a rough time in class. By the end of the term she had gotten blunt with me in telling me just how disappointed she was over my actions and choice of friends. When it came time to receive my final score, Ms. Bronson gave me quite a low mark because, as she said, I had been so complacent and satisfied with under achievement.

The look on her face as I walked out of her classroom that day disturbed me. It was not just a look of disappointment and concern. I had hurt her. She had cared so much that I did well and I had let her down. But I did more than refuse her help. I had participated in making her job difficult during class. It proved to be sobering moment, one that was enough to make me distance myself from those friends she had so strongly objected to. Why had she shown such interest and care for me? I didn't know, but the fact that she had cared, and that I had hurt her, stuck deep in my thoughts. Ms. Bronson, though your counsel did not yield immediate results, your influence altered my course, though perhaps ever so slightly at first, as the years have passed the resulting difference has been great. Thank you.