

What Literacy Means to Me

My mother teaching me how to read was one of the greatest gifts of my life. While I had previously been able to tell her stories and ask her to write them down, I now had the power to write the world as I saw it. Pouring through books of fairy tales I wrote parodies and plays throughout my childhood, expressing how I really felt by making school bullies witches and fantasizing of a better world where I was a princess. In books my universe was exactly how I wanted it, be it a novel I had picked up or a construction-paper-paperback I had made myself.

As I have grown my appreciation for literacy has as well. I have gone from trying to place myself in fairytales to keeping a close eye on the news so that I have a greater understanding of the real world around me. In constantly reading and writing I have become more creative over the years, being inspired by things I have read or merely thinking of new ways to use words and describe things. My appreciation for literacy extends on to my dream of being a History and English teacher, as I want to help students find education fun. I feel like too often children look at literature as too difficult or boring to pursue and as a result don't realize how they can gain a better understanding of the world and themselves through what they read.

Looking back on my mother teaching me how to read I am truly grateful for the things literacy has brought into my life. Because of reading I have gone to a great high school, a wonderful university, and I really feel my goals for the future are within my reach. I hope to pass on this wonderful gift so that others have the same opportunities and resources I had.

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