

My Inspiration

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Mrs. Oldham was my fifth grade math teacher, and her amazing actions changed my view on life forever. Last year on May 13th three local boys were tragically killed in an auto accident on Highway 141 on Trousdale County's senior day. This tragedy turned what should have been a day of celebration into a day of devastating heartache.

One of the individuals killed just happened to be Mrs. Oldham's son, Elijah Oldham. The days following the accident, I attended the precious boy's funeral, and my eye happened to catch Mrs. Oldham. Obviously, she was grief stricken, but what stunned me was the fact that she was the one comforting students and family. This woman is strong, beautiful, amazing and remained that way in the worst of situations. She continued to stay strong through the heartache of the loss of her very own child. I was awestruck and speechless at the fact that she could be so unbreakable and able to console her family and friends.

For weeks my thoughts continuously returned to Mrs. Oldham. When something made me upset or made me question my ability to move on, I couldn't help but think of the strong actions Mrs. Oldham displayed in front of me without even realizing it. How could I shed a tear over some earthbound situation when I know there is a woman sitting at home reminiscing over pictures and memories of her young, intelligent and joyful son that can no longer tell her of his own problems?

This woman made me a stronger person and she is unaware of the inspiration she has been to me. Because of Mrs. Oldham, I became aware that I can be strong, cry and pray until no words could possibly be uttered. She also taught me that a teacher can teach me more than just a school subject if I open my eyes and see the examples before me. To her I owe gratitude for not just inspiring me, but showing me that you can be strong and continue to stand solid even after a horrifying loss.

I now see that with loss comes beautiful blessings if you are willing to open the door instead of dwelling on the one that's been shut. Many times I have heard Mrs. Oldham speak and she has said you have to let go and allow God to handle it. Many people say this, but I believe she actually acts on it considering she is so strong in ways that I believe no human could have given her the strength to stand the way she has.



Mckayla McCoy receives a \$500 Check from
Dr. Dan Tollett, Utrust Administrator

In the process of writing this I am becoming emotional, but it's in a way that makes me grin. I could write fifteen hundred words maximum as the guidelines say, but I honestly don't believe fifteen thousand words will explain the feelings that are in this essay.

Everyone has someone in their life that has touched them deeply. Just like everyone else, I like to believe my inspiring person has made the biggest impact even though it may not be so. Since this is my essay and my opinion, I view her as the one making the biggest impression because it's true in the words of my life. Mrs. Oldham does not know me as anyone special or maybe just a quiet youngster that was in her class seven years ago, but this is giving me the opportunity to let her know that she is sensational and I can never forget her presence in my life.

Mrs. Oldham, I could never quite find a word in any dictionary or even Google to represent her, but if there is one out there it will have more than one meaning. Elijah Oldham and the other two boys lost that day are now the only ones that know this undistinguished word, and I am almost positive her son Elijah whispers it into the wind to give her the strength to go on another day. She will one day know this word as will I, and I will be honored to see her beautiful face and say it proudly. For now Mrs. Oldham, you are my inspiration.
