

Professor Knudson,

I was unsure that I could fit all I have to tell you in an email, so I am writing this instead. I am still rather unsure of my ability to properly convey my gratitude for all you have done and been for me. To say my heart is breaking at the thought of not being in your class every week would be an understatement. You may not remember my first day in your class, but I certainly do. You were my first professor at Queens, teaching the first college class I would participate in. I was the terrified formerly homeschooled freshman that walked in late and sat in the back crying for the first few minutes of class. I was utterly convinced that my not being given the correct room number for my classes on my first day of college was a sign. I began to assure myself that I was not meant to be in college, my health was too much to handle with school. I was prepared to drop out that very first day before I had even given myself a fair shot. My life changed forever that day. My first professor happened to be the most supportive, understanding and encouraging mentor I could have ever asked for. You changed my life that day, you became my sign. A sign that I was exactly where I was meant to be. You showed me what I am capable of. You helped me see that I can do anything that I set my mind to. I began to find my passions because you inspired me to. I fell in love with new experiences because you taught me to give myself room to fail. You taught me that life is full of shitty first drafts, but those drafts, when you continue to work on them, have the potential to become your greatest works. You listened when I needed someone to talk to, whether it was about school, issues with my parents, or my health was exhausting me, you were constantly there for me when I needed advice. There were so many days that I did not want to get out of my bed, days I did not want to put effort into anything other

than snuggling with my kitten. On those days I would remember that you believed in me, despite all the times I fell short, and that I owed it to you and myself to prove that your faith in me was not misplaced. You saw more potential in me than I have ever seen in myself, I could never thank you enough for that. You gave me room to grow while helping me cultivate my ideas and hone my skills. You gave me grace the many, many, many times I needed it. You went above and beyond the role of a teacher and became a mentor and friend as well. You have made college a much less scary experience for me, how does one repay such an extraordinary gift? You taught me to voice my opinions and allowed me to express them freely, this is something I have never experienced before. You taught me to see the validities in everyone's beliefs, regardless of how different they are from my own. You have helped shape me as a student and as a member of society. To think that I have submitted my final assignment to you is such a difficult concept for me to wrap my mind around, I have yet to experience a semester of college without you teaching me and guiding me. I am honestly quite terrified at the idea of trying to survive college without knowing I will be seeing you every week. Queens has truly lost the greatest asset to their staff. Thank you for being everything that you are. Please stay in touch. I will miss you dearly, your energy and light have been a blessing in my life. Best wishes and the hope of continued success in all that you do. I am forever changed.

With love,

Sarah Rodgers



