

COMMON-CORE IS COMMON HELL INSPIRED

I want to start off by saying that this article is old, about three years old at the time when I am moving it from one server to another server. The daughter that I refer to below has since taken her kids out of school and has been homeschooling them for roughly two years. I just want to clarify that she saw the problem, along with her new husband and they have remedied it. Now, let's proceed, shall we?

I am happy that my three step-daughters are older and haven't had to go through the current corruption that is going on in our schools. I am unhappy that some of my grandchildren are being taught Common Core mathematics.

I love my grandchildren and would do anything for them. I try to impart life's lessons on them so that they won't make the same mistakes that I made when I was young. I was blessed in that when I was young, we were taught from a common sense-based system. Basically, we learned reading, writing, and arithmetic in a simple and progressive fashion until we reached the time when we could process algebra, trigonometry, calculus and geometry. I'll be the first to say that algebra was hard, but I learned its basics and dabbled in trig and geometry. I'm not dumb by any means. I've passed the LPN NCLEX test, the PTCB Pharmacy Technician test and can boast of an IQ of 136. I'm not a genius, but I'm not a dummy either.

My ten-year-old grandson was over the other night and realized (late Thursday night) that he forgot to do his homework; and of course, it was math, and of course, it was due the next day. So, I looked over the papers and they were pretty straightforward word problems. I showed my grandson what to look for in word problems and how to deduce what to do with the factors that were present. He knew some of this already, much to his credit. So, one of the problems was a simple addition equation, adding a three-digit number, a couple of two-digit numbers. As I had learned it, I placed them one under the other and started to do the math. My grandson said that he wanted to figure it out and I told him to go ahead. What he did next totally amazed and confused me at the same time. I really can't explain it, but he took the factors of ten, separated them from the single factors and then separated them, even numbers from odd numbers. At least, that is what it seemed like he was doing. He had numbers displayed out in a long line with "plus" symbols between each number. In amazement, I asked him what he was doing. He told me that this is the way he was taught and how he understands it. My jaw hit the floor.

Not wanting to embarrass my grandson, I asked him if I could show him an easy way to do the math. In my “old fashioned” manner, I placed the numbers in rows, the longest numbers above the lesser numbers and showed him how to add the right column, carry over to the middle column and add, then to carry over to the left column and add. He explained to me that he knew my way, but was taught that the other was easier. I kept my cool, answered with a calm “oh,” and we moved on. Inside my mind, however, I was conflicted and angry that this new “system” is making our children take tons of extra steps to do something so simple and basic. Then I noticed that the teacher’s lesson plan wanted him to incorporate artistic flair into his math. There was a simple word problem that gave the number of balloons in a bag, the number of tables at a party, and the number of bags of balloons. The problem wanted to know how many balloons went on each table giving the number of tables. Real simple right? You take the number of total balloons and divide by the tables, and bam, you have the number of balloons per table. This wasn’t good enough for the teacher, however. She wanted him to draw 30 tables on the paper and write inside each table how many balloons went on each table. Now yes, it’s been a long time since I was in school, but I don’t remember having to draw artwork on the paper, just to show the math that I used to come to my conclusions. We were taught to imagine the tables in our heads, never to draw them on the paper.

Three of my grandchildren are enrolled in a charter school. I won’t say where, or who they are. I refer to it as the hippie school because when I see the parents pick up their kids, and I see dreadlocks down to the floor on the men and the mothers looking like they could use a good shave, it is pretty obvious. When I meet them, I’m told that their names are Moss, Fern, Free and such. Oh, and they smell like they haven’t taken showers in months; not days, but months. I’m waiting for the day that I meet someone named Dirt, Mud, Algae or Pond Scum. I’ve noticed that some of the things that they teach are New Age and quite troubling, in my estimation. One thing is that they needed to be in class at a certain time to join in a circle time. IF they are late for class, they have to sit out in the hallway and wait half an hour for the circle to end and the door to be opened. This isn’t exactly a closed campus school and entry is quite easy. So, when they have to go to school, whoever is taking them has to have them there at the exact time, no excuses or they sit outside the room. Any predator would have no problem entering the hallway and snatching a kid; there are no guards. My grandsons have been taught to sew and knit, in what I see as a unisex approach toward education. Granted, sewing is a good skill for a man to know; I was taught by my grandmother how to sew on buttons. My younger grandson came out of class one day with his fingernails painted...arrgh.

Our daughter is a wonderful woman, and she tries her best to raise her kids in a godly fashion. When I asked her why our grandchildren were going to this school, she retorted that she was told that this was one of the best schools in town. Geeze, I'd hate to see the worse. But she sees that the best is bad and she's working toward homeschooling the children sometime in the future. It's been an interesting time of learning for me too. I've had to learn tact (still learning too) when it comes to talking to the grandchildren about things. For instance, when one grandson said that he wanted to get a purse like his younger sister, I whipped out my wallet, took out all of my stuff and gave it to him, explaining that men wear wallets and purses are for females. I love that I can be a manly figure in this little boy's life and he likes to emulate me. When he saw shoes like mine, he found some his own size and had his mother get them. When he saw me wearing suspenders, he asked his mother to get him a pair. But what bothers me is that it seems like the schools are pushing the boys to want to emulate girls and not the other way around. My granddaughter still likes to play with her dolls. She colors her nails and has earrings and dresses the part of a little girl. I don't hear her telling me that they taught her how to drive nails into boards or to pester her parents to take her to a monster truck rally. It would seem that it is almost purposeful that schools are trying to make the boys effeminate, which would not surprise me, seeing how outward the homosexual community is in schools and how they recruit so vigorously.

So, here's my long-term goal. My grandsons will learn to be rough and rugged boys and later they will be rough and rugged men. They will also be taught by me to be gentlemen and to treat women like Yeshua wants us to treat women. When I help them with their homework, I'm going to teach them that they can do a three-step math problem in three steps, not fifteen confusing steps that causes them to lose heart and think that they will never learn math. When they're at our house they will watch wholesome things on television, not demonic looking cartoon characters from the far east. We don't allow video games in our house, plain and simple. When they draw at our house, they will draw the beauty of Yahweh's creation, people, animals, and scenes; not demonic trolls, goblins and wizards. We might not have a say in what happens when we're not around, or even when we are other places with them, but like it says in scripture, "as for me and my house, we will serve Yahweh! Oh, and that means that we will do math the way that Yahweh intended, not with that satanic Common Core.

Addendum:

Not long after this writing our daughter and her new husband pulled their kids out of the Eugene Public School system. They have been home-schooling their children. Guess what? The kids

started to learn math, science, English, geography and social studies, they really started to comprehend these subjects with all of the ills of the social manipulation that is mixed in with public schooling. Math is math again, not some sort of mumbo jumbo. I am confident that when my grandchildren grow into adults, they will be able to enter into society as mental giants, not socially inculcated idiots. They will be able to do math problems in their heads without having to use convoluted common-core math on paper. They will know true history, not the socialist propaganda that public schools teach. They will be able to speak and write English. They will excel in this world that is quickly becoming a mirror of the movie “Idiocracy.”