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What's Wrong with My School?

By Asia Kirkland



▲ Asia Kirkland

AS I SET MY BOOK BAG DOWN ON THE TABLE,

I hurried to my older sister's room to share the troubling news. "My teacher believes that man once had a tail and that a horse stepped on a square and somehow the earth became round," I blurted out. "I can't go back to that school!"

My sister was in disbelief. "You can't give up the gifted school and all the opportunities," she said as she pleaded with me to rethink my decision. "Sixth grade is your last chance at this gifted program."

Undeterred, I told her, "Schools without God are nothing!"

Let me back up and explain how I found myself in this situation.

I attended Adventist schools until fall 2010 when I stopped because of my family's financial situation. My mom reluctantly enrolled me in one of the best magnet public schools in Bronxville, New York.

Before starting the school, my mom and I prayed. This was a blessed opportunity to concentrate on

acting and academics — or so I thought. The first day of school, I was assigned to the Math and Science department and given a teacher, as well as three teachers' aides, just in case I needed them. There were even perks such as free shuttle bus, free lunch, weekly trips to universities and causal dress every Friday. I was elated.

It wasn't long before an uneasiness began to set in. The teacher presented the book *Binocular*, a story about a vampire bunny. Then there were those bizarre beliefs that I shared with my sister. I wanted none of this. I thought of my former Adventist schools — worship and Bible, and I began to plot my return.

That Thursday my mom proudly attended PTA meeting. She inquired about my obviously empty cubby and desk. I told her that I had returned the teacher's demonic books and took my stuff home. Confused, my mom asked what I meant. I explained that my most important gift comes from God and I no longer wanted to attend public school. She explained that she had no money and couldn't even afford a uniform for my old Adventist school. "God will provide," I told her (suggesting that she rip the top from my old jumper, use the bottom as a skirt and I would wear my old fifth-grade shirts). Touched by my determination, my mom prayed with me for a financial miracle.

That same weekend, we attended the Greater New York camp meetings and a stranger heard my story. She contacted the school, paid the registration fees and January's tuition. God surely provided and He has continued providing for me to this day!

Parents, education is not just for now. You should educate your children for the Kingdom. We might not have all the resources in Christian schools, but, as I told my sister, we have God and that is what really matters. ■

Asia Kirkland graduated from Andrews Academy last year and received a \$100 scholarship for this article.

If you're a young adult interested in submitting an article for consideration, please email: herald@lakenion.org.