

A Tutoring Story

A Friend of Mine

In February of 2014, a friend of mine asked me to help her fifth-grade son with his math homework. I asked, "What kind of math is he studying?" My friend answered, "Fractions." I helped. Coincidentally, three months earlier, I had taught a fractions lesson to a classroom full of children in Idar, India. See the [Unifix Cubes and Patterns Everywhere](#) section of [Chapter 2](#).

In September of 2020, I received a second request from my friend for math homework help. This time, the request was for her seventh-grade daughter. In August, my friend mentioned that her daughter thought she might need tutoring in math this year. Her daughter had not received tutoring in any earlier year, so I was not sure what had prompted her request now.

Text Messages Exchanged

Friend: Would you happen to have any time tonight for tutoring my daughter? She has a math test tomorrow.

Me: Tutoring the night before a test would not work out too well because I would first have to learn what she has been learning. What would the test be covering?

Friend: She wanted the tutoring the night before because she said she would forget if it were sooner. Dividing and subtracting integers. Scoreboard strategy.

Me: I don't even know what scoreboard strategy is. For tutoring to work, I would have to be teaching her all along. When I teach, I teach for understanding. Your daughter doesn't want to understand it. She just wants her head to be crammed for the test. When I helped your son with his fraction lesson back in the fifth-grade, the point of my lesson with him was to have him understand fractions and make sense of them.

Friend: Okay that makes sense. So, what do you suggest?

Me: When I offered to tutor your daughter back in August, my purpose was to help her understand mathematics. I am not the kind of tutor who just helps people cram for a test. Your daughter would only need lessons anytime she does not understand what has been presented in class. If she does not understand every day, then she would need lessons every day.

Friend: Ohhhh, got it. When should we start?

Me: Notes on Tutoring.

When I offered to tutor your daughter, I knew her school started on August 18th. When I had heard nothing from you in the weeks that followed, I assumed she had decided she did not need any assistance this year.

When you finally contacted me, your statement that your daughter didn't want help any sooner because she would not remember it for the test showed me what you and she thought a tutor did. I am an actual teacher, and I teach for understanding, not for rote learning.

If I am to tutor your daughter, two things have to happen. First, you (or your daughter) will need to establish a Zoom account for your daughter, and we need to test the connection. Second, your daughter and I will need to have a Zoom conversation so she can learn who I am and so she and I can discuss what we each expect a tutor to do for her.

Friend: Okay, that sounds good. I wasn't expecting you to help her cram for a test. She is really smart, but she is just not school-smart like her sister. Last year, when my sister was helping her, she pretty much helped her with all her homework every night because she didn't understand it well. In these few weeks this year, I've asked if she needed help. She said she was fine. And then all of a sudden, she says I need tutoring in math this week because I have a test! She didn't do well on her last test, so that's why. Sorry for the misunderstanding. I do not want you to help her cram for a test. I would like her to learn math.

The Tutee

I had known my friend's daughter all her life. I was even at her first birthday party. I knew her, but she did not know me. Early in her life, her family had moved to Southern California, so her first birthday party was the only one where she lived close enough for me to attend. Since I do not wish to use her real name here, I will simply call her June.

June is a twin. Her sister, who I will call July, has always been a much better student than June, and was not shy about letting June know it. Although they mostly get along well as sisters, as June struggles in school, July frequently calls June dumb. In return, June calls July fat, which is odd, since they look an awful lot like twins to me, and the June I see in my Zoom chats is not fat.

When June and I had our first Zoom meeting, I told her she would have to know I thought the textbook she was required to use was terrible. I

was going to teach her the math her textbook required her to know, but I would not teach it to her the same way the book said I should.

The Lessons and The Learner

I set up two Zoom links, one so June could see me, and one so June could see my work area. I then sent June sets of the manipulatives (Unifix Cubes, geoboards, and so on) she would be using and that I would be showing in my work area. Our lessons were set at twice a week, with extra days added whenever needed.

I was surprised at how really bad June was at math. I could not understand how she had reached seventh-grade with so little understanding of basic concepts. Yes, June was terrible at math, but she was really, really anxious to learn and really, really fun to teach.

The starting time for our twice-a-week lessons was fixed, but the ending times were often way later than I could have imagined. Lessons were often three or four hours in length, not because I insisted that we keep going but because June did. How could such a willing learner ever have fallen so far behind?

The lessons with the materials allowed June to understand mathematics as a whole, which meant understanding the mathematics in her textbook, as well. The focus on the search for patterns in math allowed June to make sense of her book's nonsense. At one point, I showed June a way of doing something in math that I took directly from *Mathematics Their Way*. June told me she remembered learning the thing I showed her when she was in third-grade. I said her third-grade teacher must have been using my wife's book for her math lessons then. June said that her third-grade year was the only year in school where she had actually done well in math.

As the year progressed, June did better and better in her school's math class. I don't know if she earned an A or a B for her final grade that year. It was one or the other. I do know she no longer felt stupid. She had learned that she was as good at math as anyone in her class, and her sister was no longer calling her dumb.

The Ten No's Again

The [Introduction Credibility](#) section mentions that my fifth-grade class was used as a control group for measuring the effectiveness of a math program introduced in the other fifth-grade classes at my school. It was an accidental testing of the Mary's and my Ten No's, the origins of which are contained in [Chapter 1](#). The Ten No's were also the basis for all my lessons with June, especially the Tenth No – No Child Left Behind. Except for her third-grade year, June had been left behind every year

until now. Even though June was still required to use the school's textbook for her lessons, the textbook had not been what taught her math. The Ten No's had been used instead, and June was no longer left behind.

The Eighth-Grade Year

I let June know that I would be her math tutor for as many years in school as she felt she needed one. At the beginning of her eighth-grade year, June and I had one tutoring session. During that session, I was quite impressed with how much of what June had learned the year before she still remembered. She had not forgotten anything. Before our second session, June texted me an apology. She apologized to me because she said she didn't think she needed a tutor anymore. I responded, saying that not needing a tutor is NOT something you have to apologize for.



Xxxxxx Xxxxxx		
Selected Term: Current		
Teacher's Aide		
✓ Delfosse - Room Office		
Period 1		
Math 8		A
✓ Slaughter - Room D320		96.8%
Period 2		
English 8		A
✓ Kamp-Taylor - Room D305		92.8%
Period 3		
Animation		A
✓ Lisko - Room D215		96.2%
Period 4		
History 8 Spring 2022		A
✓ Siskin - Room D307		91.8%
Period 5		
Science 8		A
✓ Elitzur - Room D207		92.1%
Period 6		
Phys.Ed. 8 Sprg		A
✓ Kurnik - Room FIELD		100.0%
Period 7		

As I said, I did not know if June earned an A or a B in her seventh-grade year. I do know how her eighth-grade year turned out. The picture above contains June's end-of-year grades for math and every other subject, as well. It also includes June and July's eighth-grade graduation photo. The white cords around their necks represent each year that students had made the Principal's Honor List for high academic achievement. July had four white cords since she made the Honor's List all four years of Middle School. June had only one, the one for her

eighth-grade year. However, one was all she needed to keep from ever being called dumb again. And this really smart girl was now also school-smart like her sister.

The Tutoring Story's Message

June was never dumb, no student ever is. School just made her feel that way. June was a classic example of a child left behind because she didn't learn the way the textbooks said she should, or at the pace the textbooks said she should. Had June been allowed from the start to use a curriculum that taught for understanding and never left any child behind, she would have learned just as well through all her grades in school as she was allowed to learn in seventh-grade. The student she finally became in her eighth-grade year was the student she should have been every year before.

Requiring teachers to teach to the textbook's test robs children of their ability to learn naturally, without their even knowing they have been robbed. There will be children who learn the textbook way, just like July did, and like I did when I was in school. But just because July and I were good at learning nonsense does not mean nonsense should be taught.

The last paragraph of the [Consequences](#) section had the heading: **The Victims Who Did Not Even Know They Had Been Robbed.** In that case, the robbery victims were the teachers all across the country who were no longer allowed to use the Center's curriculum in their classrooms, because they were forced to prepare their students for the standardized tests that measured how much of the textbook's lessons they had retained and not their understanding of mathematics.

The robbery victims in this case are all the children who were robbed of the opportunity to understand what they were learning when the people in power chose to replace a curriculum that teachers loved, and that taught every child, with textbooks that had never in their history either aimed at teaching understanding or at teaching every child.

Footnote

When I finished writing [A Tutoring Story](#), I sent both June and June's mother a copy. I also sent copies to other friends of mine, as I had been doing all along with the other stories I had been writing. Below is one response to [A Tutoring Story](#) that I found particularly enlightening.

From (Person's Name): I just finished The Tutoring Story. Heartfelt and compelling at the same time. Math was always traumatic for me and still is. I had the worst teachers. I still panic in work situations when it has anything to do with numbers, and that's something I can't run away

from. What I am trying to get at is that I wasn't as lucky as June to have you in my life as a student to tell me that I was a learner who needed help in understanding math. So now I am an adult, crippled with math anxiety thanks to bad books and horrid teachers.

I Feel Fortunate

My desire to become a teacher was rooted in my wanting to change how children felt about themselves. The reasons that caused me to end up so depressed at the beginning of my sophomore year in college (see the [Sophomore Year](#) sub-section of the [College](#) section of [The Book of IFs Chapter 2 - My Path to Becoming a Teacher](#)) had nothing to do with academics. As miserable as I was in school until that sophomore year, my grades never suffered. I began focusing on curriculum only because there was no way I could change how my inner-city students felt about themselves if they were academic failures.

My friend's response to [A Tutoring Story](#) reminded me how fortunate I was to have become an inner-city teacher. In that role, it was obvious to me that how children were taught was key to how they felt about themselves both in and out of school. That same problem of the curriculum leading children to feel bad about themselves had been happening all around me when I was a student. Still, it never occurred to me then that it was the curriculum's fault, and not the fault of my "slow learning" classmates.

In the [Teachers](#) sub-section of the [One Question – Three Answers](#) section of this chapter, I said the most common remark from teachers written on their Mathematics Their Way end-of-workshop evaluation forms was, "I wish I had been taught this way when I was in school." This statement will also be repeated in the last section of this chapter. I am quoting it again here because my friend's reaction to [A Tutoring Story](#) reinforced its meaning for me. The thousands of teachers who had made that statement on their evaluation forms had all experienced the same poor learning environment that my friend experienced at some time in their own school lives. That learning environment was something that June's sister, July, and I never experienced, even though it was happening to so many of our classmates. I am thankful that my inner-city teaching experience made me aware of the effect curriculum has on so many students' feelings about themselves. I am thankful, too, that Mary and I were able to demonstrate so effectively that it doesn't have to be that way.