



GENERATION HOMESCHOOL



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Dear Reader,

It's that time of year again. A time for holiday meals, family time, and giving. In a society that has commercialized the event, take the time to remember the reason we celebrate!

"For unto us, a child is born!" Isaiah 9:6

This edition has tons of freebies, so enjoy – from our family to yours!

JayVonda



LAST MONTH

Last month I reported on the HSLDA fighting for one New York City family regarding timely response to homeschool intent as reported on their website December 5, 2016. As of this newsletter, there have been no updates.

Stay tuned as we follow this case!

Please participate in our [Online Survey](#) regarding homeschool! Only 10 questions and completely anonymous!



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Want to share?

If you have something to share, please email us and include in the subject: Newsletter Add-In

**Subscriber
Freebies at the
End!**





Homeschool News

Homeschool Numbers Increase in the United States

Choosing to a public or private school for your child can be a daunting task. For homeschool families, the issue can be even more challenging. Not only are families faced with the stigma that comes with homeschooling, such as talk of parents being “not qualified” or “spoiling their children”.

But as the notion of homeschooling enters the minds of families across the country, the number of those who make the choice continue to rise. As reported by [Albany Herald](#), “the National Home Education Research Institute (NHERI), there are about 2.3 million home-educated students in the United States”. Likewise, they report that number to have grown between 2 and 8 percent over the last few years.

Why did you choose to homeschool? We’d love to hear your feedback.

SPOTLIGHT: In Comparison

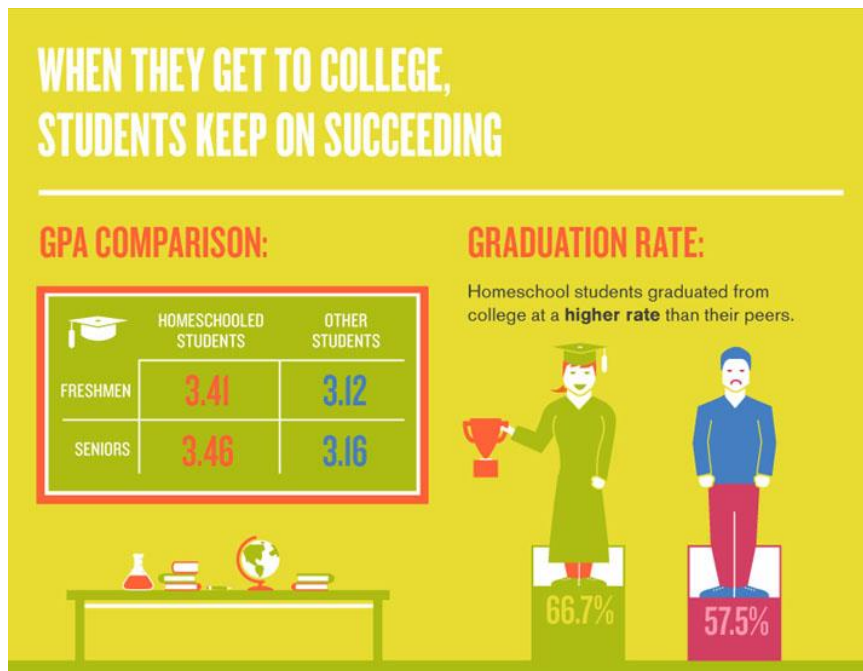


Figure 1 from Homeschool World



Links and Free Resources

Be sure to check out [Generation Homeschool](#) for the newest freebies for kids and parents!

Encouragement

How do you “move on” when your child has not mastered a concept? For us, that is simple: we don’t.

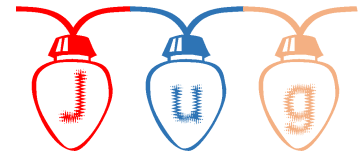
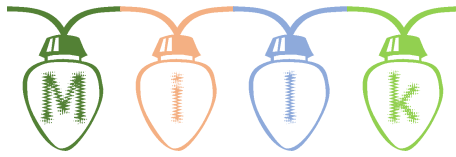
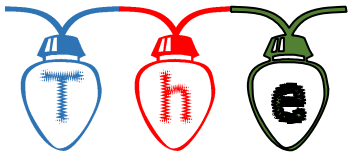
Children in public school are often rushed through a lesson, seldom grasp the content, and for the sake of tests, are forced to memorize the answers.

Homeschooling eases that burden – who says you must move on? Take your time and let your child’s learning speed direct your time in class.

*“In their hearts humans plan their course,
but the LORD establishes their steps.”
– Proverbs 16:9*

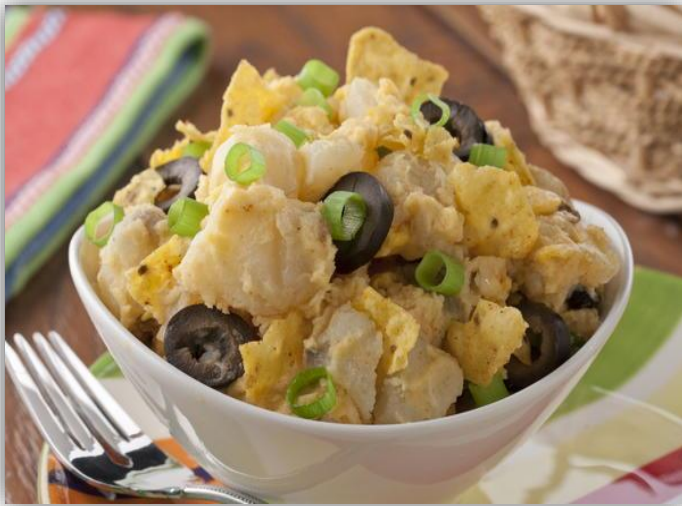
These are a few
of my
Favorite Things

[Read Mom’s Scribe NOW](#)



If you are like me, you spend the holidays cooking some of the most delicious meals... which seem to repeat from Thanksgiving to Christmas. That is a lot of traditional holiday meals. For Thanksgiving, we keep our dressing, and turkey. For Christmas, though, we try to shake things up a bit. In doing so, I've found a great way to spruce up a favorite!

Taco Potato Salad



Ingredients

1. What You'll Need:
2. 3 lbs. white potatoes
3. 2 cups mayonnaise
4. 1 (1.25-ounce) package taco seasoning mix
5. 1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese
6. 1/2 cup sliced scallions (green onions)
7. 1 (2.25-ounce) can sliced black olives, drained
8. 1 cup coarsely crushed ranch-flavored tortilla chips

What To Do:

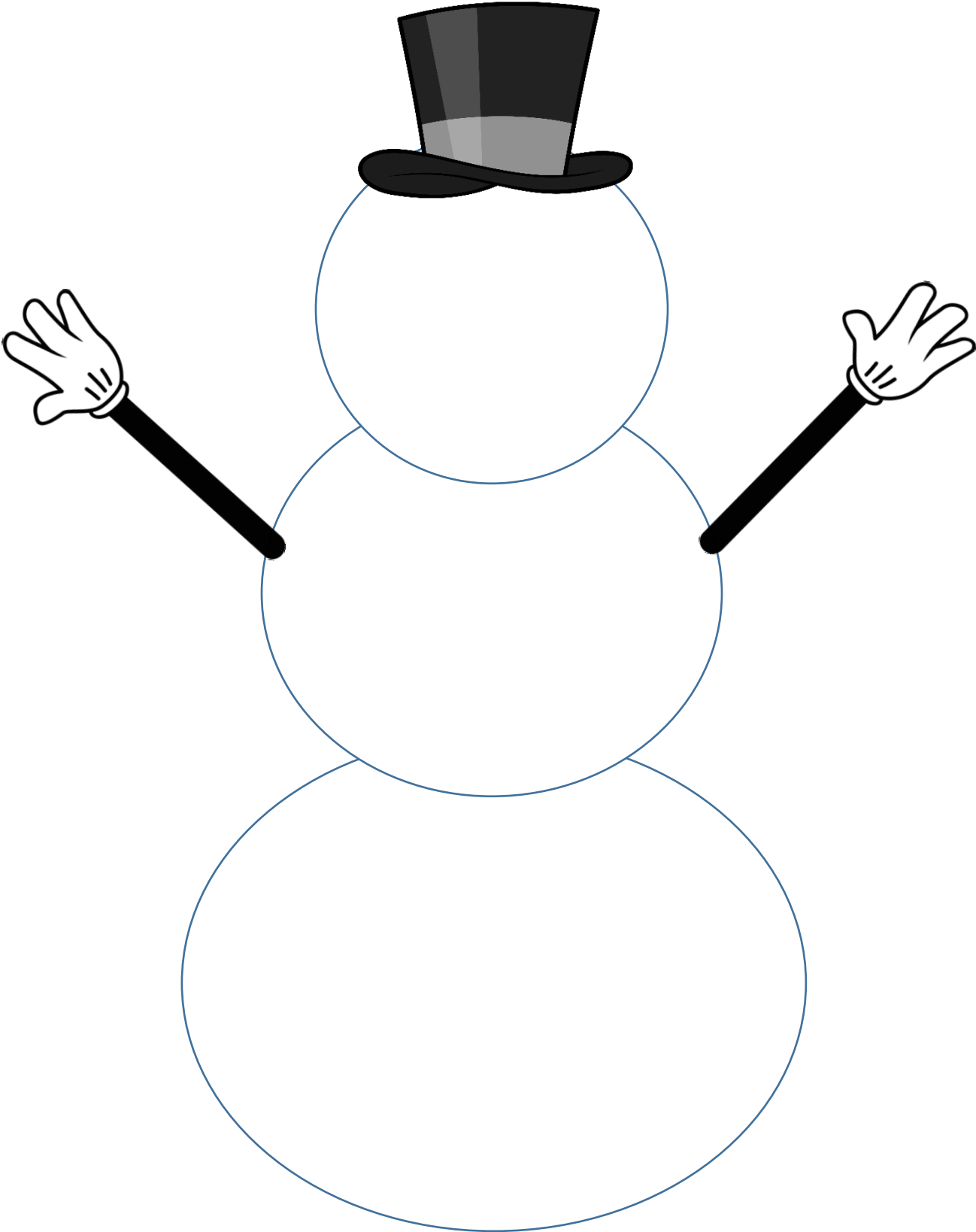
9. Place potatoes in a large pot with enough water to cover them. Bring to a boil over high heat and cook 20 to 25 minutes, or until fork-tender. Drain and let cool.
10. In a medium bowl, combine mayonnaise and taco seasoning; mix well.
11. Cut cooled potatoes into chunks and place in a large bowl. Add mayonnaise mixture and remaining ingredients to potatoes and mix until thoroughly combined. Cover and refrigerate until ready to serve.

Recipe courtesy of <http://www.mrfood.com/Deli-Salad/Taco-Potato-Salad> - I think this is where I found the recipe the first time I made it.



Image courtesy of Google Search

Print on Cardstock. Use colors, markers, glitter, or other craft supplies to decorate your snowman!



Print on cardstock and laminate for extended use. Using 2 dice, roll to get your factors. Use a dry erase marker to write the numbers in the boxes, then complete the math equation.

CHRISTMAS MATH

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Dear Santa,



Sincerely,

THE GIFT OF THE MAGI



One dollar and eighty-seven cents. That was all. And sixty cents of it was in pennies. Pennies saved one and two at a time by bulldozing the grocer and the vegetable man and the butcher until one's cheeks burned with the silent imputation of parsimony that such close dealing implied. Three times Della counted it. One dollar and eighty-seven cents. And the next day would be Christmas.

There was clearly nothing left to do but flop down on the shabby little couch and howl. So Della did it. Which instigates the moral reflection that life is made up of sobs, sniffles, and smiles, with sniffles predominating.

While the mistress of the home is gradually subsiding from the first stage to the second, take a look at the home. A furnished flat at \$8 per week. It did not exactly beggar description, but it certainly had that word on the look-out for the mendicancy squad.

In the vestibule below was a letter-box into which no letter would go, and an electric button from which no mortal finger could coax a ring. Also appertaining thereunto was a card bearing the name "Mr. James Dillingham Young."

The "Dillingham" had been flung to the breeze during a former period of prosperity when its possessor was being paid \$30 per week. Now, when the income was shrunk to \$20, the letters of "Dillingham" looked blurred, as though they were thinking seriously of contracting to a modest and unassuming D. But whenever Mr. James Dillingham Young came home and reached his flat above he was called "Jim" and greatly hugged by Mrs. James Dillingham Young, already introduced to you as Della. Which is all very good.

Della finished her cry and attended to her cheeks with the powder rag. She stood by the window and looked out dully at a grey cat walking a grey fence in a grey backyard. To-morrow would be Christmas Day, and she had only \$1.87 with which to buy Jim a present. She had been saving every penny she could for months, with this result. Twenty dollars a week doesn't go far. Expenses had been greater than she had calculated. They always are. Only \$1.87 to buy a present for Jim. Her Jim. Many a happy hour she had spent planning for something nice for him. Something fine and rare and sterling - something just a little bit near to being worthy of the honour of being owned by Jim.

< 2 >

There was a pier-glass between the windows of the room. Perhaps you have seen a pier-glass in an \$8 Bat. A very thin and very agile person may, by observing his reflection in a rapid sequence of longitudinal strips, obtain a fairly accurate conception of his looks. Della, being slender, had mastered the art.

Suddenly she whirled from the window and stood before the glass. Her eyes were shining brilliantly, but her face had lost its colour within twenty seconds. Rapidly she pulled down her hair and let it fall to its full length.

Now, there were two possessions of the James Dillingham Youngs in which they both took a mighty pride. One was Jim's gold watch that had been his father's and his grandfather's. The other was Della's hair. Had the Queen of Sheba lived in the flat across the airshaft, Della would have let her hair hang out of the window some day to dry just to depreciate Her Majesty's jewels and gifts. Had King Solomon been the janitor, with all his

treasures piled up in the basement, Jim would have pulled out his watch every time he passed, just to see him pluck at his beard from envy.

So now Della's beautiful hair fell about her, rippling and shining like a cascade of brown waters. It reached below her knee and made itself almost a garment for her. And then she did it up again nervously and quickly. Once she faltered for a minute and stood still while a tear or two splashed on the worn red carpet.

On went her old brown jacket; on went her old brown hat. With a whirl of skirts and with the brilliant sparkle still in her eyes, she cluttered out of the door and down the stairs to the street.

Where she stopped the sign read: 'Mme Sofronie. Hair Goods of All Kinds.' One Eight up Della ran, and collected herself, panting. Madame, large, too white, chilly, hardly looked the 'Sofronie.'

"Will you buy my hair?" asked Della.

< 3 >

"I buy hair," said Madame. "Take yer hat off and let's have a sight at the looks of it."

Down rippled the brown cascade.

"Twenty dollars," said Madame, lifting the mass with a practised hand.

"Give it to me quick" said Della.

Oh, and the next two hours tripped by on rosy wings. Forget the hashed metaphor. She was ransacking the stores for Jim's present.

She found it at last. It surely had been made for Jim and no one else. There was no other like it in any of the stores, and she had turned all of them inside out. It was a platinum fob chain simple and chaste in design, properly proclaiming its value by substance alone and not by meretricious ornamentation - as all good things should do. It was even worthy of The Watch. As soon as she saw it she knew that it must be Jim's. It was like him. Quietness and value - the description applied to both. Twenty-one dollars they took from her for it, and she hurried home with the 78 cents. With that chain on his watch Jim might be properly anxious about the time in any company. Grand as the watch was, he sometimes looked at it on the sly on account of the old leather strap that he used in place of a chain.

When Della reached home her intoxication gave way a little to prudence and reason. She got out her curling irons and lighted the gas and went to work repairing the ravages made by generosity added to love. Which is always a tremendous task dear friends - a mammoth task.

Within forty minutes her head was covered with tiny, close-lying curls that made her look wonderfully like a truant schoolboy. She looked at her reflection in the mirror long, carefully, and critically.

"If Jim doesn't kill me," she said to herself, "before he takes a second look at me, he'll say I look like a Coney Island chorus girl. But what could I do - oh! what could I do with a dollar and eighty-seven cents?"

< 4 >

At 7 o'clock the coffee was made and the frying-pan was on the back of the stove hot and ready to cook the chops.

Jim was never late. Della doubled the fob chain in her hand and sat on the corner of the table near the door that he always entered. Then she heard his step on the stair away down on the first flight, and she turned white for just a moment. She had a habit of saying little silent prayers about the simplest everyday things, and now she whispered: "Please, God, make him think I am still pretty."

The door opened and Jim stepped in and closed it. He looked thin and very serious. Poor fellow, he was only twenty-two - and to be burdened with a family! He needed a new overcoat and he was without gloves.

Jim stepped inside the door, as immovable as a setter at the scent of quail. His eyes were fixed upon Della, and there was an expression in them that she could not read, and it terrified her. It was not anger, nor surprise, nor disapproval, nor horror, nor any of the sentiments that she had been prepared for. He simply stared at her fixedly with that peculiar expression on his face.

Della wriggled off the table and went for him.

"Jim, darling," she cried, "don't look at me that way. I had my hair cut off and sold it because I couldn't have lived through Christmas without giving you a present. It'll grow out again - you won't mind, will you? I just had to do it. My hair grows awfully fast. Say 'Merry Christmas!' Jim, and let's be happy. You don't know what a nice-what a beautiful, nice gift I've got for you."

"You've cut off your hair?" asked Jim, laboriously, as if he had not arrived at that patent fact yet, even after the hardest mental labour.

"Cut it off and sold it," said Della. "Don't you like me just as well, anyhow? I'm me without my hair, ain't I?"

< 5 >

Jim looked about the room curiously.

"You say your hair is gone?" he said, with an air almost of idiocy.

"You needn't look for it," said Della. "It's sold, I tell you - sold and gone, too. It's Christmas Eve, boy. Be good to me, for it went for you. Maybe the hairs of my head were numbered," she went on with a sudden serious sweetness, "but nobody could ever count my love for you. Shall I put the chops on, Jim?"

Out of his trance Jim seemed quickly to wake. He enfolded his Della. For ten seconds let us regard with discreet scrutiny some inconsequential object in the other direction. Eight dollars a week or a million a year - what is the difference? A mathematician or a wit would give you the wrong answer. The magi brought valuable gifts, but that was not among them. This dark assertion will be illuminated later on.

Jim drew a package from his overcoat pocket and threw it upon the table.

"Don't make any mistake, Dell," he said, "about me. I don't think there's anything in the way of a haircut or a shave or a shampoo that could make me like my girl any less. But if you'll unwrap that package you may see why you had me going a while at first."

White fingers and nimble tore at the string and paper. And then an ecstatic scream of joy; and then, alas! a quick feminine change to hysterical tears and wails, necessitating the immediate employment of all the comforting powers of the lord of the flat.

For there lay The Combs - the set of combs, side and back, that Della had worshipped for long in a Broadway window. Beautiful combs, pure tortoise-shell, with jeweled rims - just the shade to wear in the beautiful vanished hair. They were expensive combs, she knew, and her heart had simply craved and yearned over them without the least hope of possession. And now, they were hers, but the tresses that should have adorned the coveted adornments were gone.

< 6 >

But she hugged them to her bosom, and at length she was able to look up with dim eyes and a smile and say: "My hair grows so fast, Jim!"

And then Della leaped up like a little singed cat and cried, "Oh, oh!"

Jim had not yet seen his beautiful present. She held it out to him eagerly upon her open palm. The dull precious metal seemed to {lash with a reflection of her bright and ardent spirit.

"Isn't it a dandy, Jim? I hunted all over town to find it. You'll have to look at the time a hundred times a day now. Give me your watch. I want to see how it looks on it."

Instead of obeying, Jim tumbled down on the couch and put his hands under the back of his head and smiled.

"Dell," said he, "let's put our Christmas presents away and keep 'em a while. They're too nice to use just at present. I sold the watch to get the money to buy your combs. And now suppose you put the chops on."

The magi, as you know, were wise men - wonderfully wise men - who brought gifts to the Babe in the manger. They invented the art of giving Christmas presents. Being wise, their gifts were no doubt wise ones, possibly bearing the privilege of exchange in case of duplication. And here I have lamely related to you the uneventful chronicle of two foolish children in a flat who most unwisely sacrificed for each other the greatest treasures of their house. But in a last word to the wise of these days let it be said that of all who give gifts these two were the wisest. Of all who give and receive gifts, such as they are wisest. Everywhere they are wisest. They are the magi.

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Discussion Questions

1. Would Jim and Della's personalities change if they were better off financially (if they had more money)?
2. Why do you think the story compares Jim and Della to the Magi?
3. How important do you think appearances are?
4. What is your most prized possession?
5. How would you react to losing your prized possession?
6. Would you prefer to be financially secure (all the money you needed), or emotionally content (pleased)?

Answers: 1. If you think about the stereotypes of rich people, yes. Having everything you want can impact your personality. Jim and Della are kept humble by being poor and having only each other. 2. The true value of a gift lies in the sacrifice involved in it. The Magi gave their most valuable gifts to Jesus, who was a sacrificial gift himself. Both the characters and the biblical Magi gave their most precious belongings for the benefit of someone else. 3. Answers will vary. 4. Answers will vary. 5. Answers will vary. 6. Answers will vary.



Christmas Catch

Put the words in ABC order

bells

reindeer

yule

mistletoe

Santa

garland

cider

poinsettia

St. Nick

nutcracker

ornaments

tradition

icicle

festive

blustery

wise men

elves

snowball

gingerbread

jolly

Solve the following puzzle to read the mystery clue!





,



,







Each underline character represents the letter of the alphabet in ABC order.

“

,

”



Christmas Craze

T V
 R Q
 K A S T
 L D H S
 J W I R N A
 F N T Y O S
 O L K I H W C W
 M X U O M J Y D
 S S E P N C C Z Y O
 E B J Z A S G D I C
 M S K A M M G H E C F A
 Q A G E P B E A S I E L
 N L N M V C B R L R C X G I
 L J T T G E B L S V L Z E Z
 S X F A N O W E J F X E A B R L
 R P N O T K B Y Q O M L S N M Z
 Y F H J E K V L R G V L N B M D Y G
 O E P L V H I G G Y Q U L U Q L X S
 N V F T T Q T D Q A E G I T Y T Y M W J
 C I S Q A N W J E V Q B N T M F C E B G
 W I I P W C W L Q I F R E I N D E E R S H G
 D M Y Q Q V J O T E M M L X C L X P C A O Z
 H G F M H T C A S V W A T N V K T N M I W C I Y
 U N Q H S Y R E V L N D D U R T L V L D H C K D
 R U T B Y N N F L W R T X D D A B Y U L E X L U E A
 D P D I N N F T F O K V S G I N G E R B R E A D Q R
 K W V D
 O X O S
 Q Y P F
 O K E V



BELLS
 CIDER
 ELVES
 FESTIVE
 GARLAND
 GINGERBREAD
 ICICLE
 JOLLY
 MISTLETOE
 NUTCRACKER
 ORNAMENT
 REINDEER
 SANTA
 SNOW
 TRADITION
 YULE

Christmas Maze Time

Can you find your way through the crazy maze below?



provided by: www.TheTeachersCorner.net



Christmas Copy Work Phrases

"The best of all gifts around any Christmas tree: the presence of a happy family all wrapped up in each other." ~ Burton Hillis

"From home to home, and heart to heart, from one place to another. The warmth and joy of Christmas, brings us closer to each other." ~ Emily Matthews

"When we recall Christmas past, we usually find that the simplest things – not the great occasions – give off the greatest glow of happiness." ~ Bob Hope

"Heap on the wood, the wind is chill; But let it whistle as it will, we'll keep our Christmas merry still." ~ Sir Walter Scott

"A Christmas candle is a lovely thing. It makes no noise at all, but softly gives itself away, while quite unselfish, it grows small." ~ Eva K. Logue

"I made myself a snowball, as perfect as could be, I thought I'd keep it as a pet, and let it sleep with me. I made it some pajamas, and a pillow for its head, then last night it ran away, but first – it wet the bed!" ~ Shel Silverstein