

# Written Testimony of Jack Qingyu Tang

To: The Connecticut General Assembly Committee on Education  
In Strongest Opposition to: **SB738/SB457/SB874** and all other attempts to  
Regionalize Local School Districts **\*with Deception and Coercion\***  
**March 1st, 2019**

Honorable Members of the Education Committee:

Today I testify with my strongest opposition to all attempts to regionalize our local schools **\*under deception and coercion\***, including the proposed Senate Bill 738/457/874, and all other variations without mutual consent yet with smoother-sounding names like “a study”, “a pilot”, a “conversation”, a “public discourse”, all of which if truly exposed with their devil in the details will be fundamentally dishonest and immoral, which would also trigger a rapid unravel and ultimate desolation of the entire economy and future of Connecticut.

*“We hold these Truths to be self-evident, that all Men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness --- That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.”* --- The Declaration of Independence, July 4th, 1776.

An evil specter is haunting Connecticut - the specter of Tyranny (under noble-sounding names). And that is the name of our enemy today, not of any particular human beings, but this specter that leads to this Rape of Our Liberty and the Evil of Our Times.

Under a bogus “noble” name of “Eliminating Structural Inequalities”, this specter gave birth to an utterly self-centered, immature, jealous and murderous ideology, which denies the eternal true, mocks the humble good, and rapes the pristine beautiful in any genuine human soul. It also seeks to attack and destroy the most original and cherished American ideals of individual freedom and responsibility, as well as the universal law of humility and wisdom. On its current rise nationwide, it has mesmerized and enslaved the minds of millions of well-intentioned and even passionate people in our government and society at large. It claims to fight for the “common people”, yet promises them with “easy solutions” (i.e., without much self-effort but with other people’s sweat and money), discourages them from independent and critical thinking, and teaches them instant gratification and self-indulgence instead of the honest labor and personal sacrifices necessary to establish a free man with true dignity from his work, loving devotion to his family, and inner satisfaction from his heart. It drives out businesses by mocking and killing honest men’s motivation to work/innovate/employ, and suppresses any dissenting people with “the State power” backed by the batons and guns in the hands of a big government.

Tragically, I found the very same evil patterns of deception and coercion in both the letter and the spirit of these 3 proposed bills in front of us, and even more so in the numerous other “watered-down” and “smoother-talking” variations being floated around or these bills will soon morph into.

Far worse than the stamp tax or tea tax imposed by King George III prior to the first American Revolution, these bills represent an unprecedented surrender of liberty and constitutional rights of self-determination from the local towns into the iron clutches of the Big State, which is a murderous slippery slope to State Totalitarianism if unchecked.

Once enacted, these laws will in my view unleash dangerously accelerating self-destructions in the familiar chain reaction: plummeting property values, massive extinction or exodus of current businesses, a statewide economic depression, shortages of quality goods and services, drastic increases in unemployment/poverty/disease, rapidly deteriorating quality of education, and skyrocketing crime rates, which would lead to even more people fleeing the state, and the rapidly vanishing taxpayer base would cause even the so-called "safe" unionized teachers and government workers to lose their jobs or decimate their pay and benefits, and the vicious cycle quickly repeats until the entire state of Connecticut tailspins into a dystopia of total economic, cultural, and moral desolation, where an equally but dejectedly poor left-over population permanently struggle in anguished misery and hopelessness.

I hate war, and love peace. Yet this existential threat to our liberty is a war landed on our heads without our consent. I'm determined to fight back in truth, love, and strength. And today I start by telling the truth and calling my enemy by its proper name.

This great institution of our representative government is also presented with the fateful choice of two destinies:

(A) to become the assembly of great defenders of liberty for the people, and lift up Connecticut to be the brightest beacon of freedom and opportunity to the whole nation and world.

(B) to become a sad gathering dominated by a powerful small group of deceivers and robbers, and eventually witness Connecticut descending into the infame of a spectacular level of stupidity and failure in modern history of America.

What really matters is not what or how much you 'got' in this short life on earth, but what and how deeply you believed in and dreamed for something that is way bigger and way beyond this short life on earth. Now it's the time to choose. So choose wisely.

Thank you and May God bless the Repentant America,  
--Jack Qingyu Tang (a father from Wilton, CT)

## **[Appendix]**

### I. The Love Story for Our Beautiful Little American Town of Wilton

In 2013, my wife and I decided to move our family from a bigger city in Westchester county of New York to the small town of Wilton, Connecticut. We chose Wilton for our young kids, given its great schools and friendly neighborhoods for working and middle-class families.

As first-generation immigrants from mainland China, we were so pleasantly surprised and deeply moved by the old-fashioned American hospitality, when all the neighbors on our street threw a big welcome block party for us and another Indian American family who moved in around the same time.

My neighbors are ordinary hard-working middle-class families, who work and eat from the honest labor of their own hands, raise their kids in strong family values, faith, and goodwill towards other fellow men, regardless of their skin color or ethnic background.

I especially respect my elderly neighbor across street, who immigrated from Norway in the 1950s and built most of the houses on our street, as well as the Wilton Hope Church which he still attends every Sunday morning wearing his spotless best clothes and speaking in an old-fashioned quiet awe whenever he mentions “our great Creator”.

I also admire my next door neighbor who is a roofer. He said he was repairing my house’s roof when the events of September 11th happened and that moment forever etched into his memory. Every year he cheerfully hang up beautiful Christmas lights on a big pine tree on his front yard, which became a holiday landmark on our street that all the kids loved. When he was stricken with leukemia in recent years, he and his wife fought it together with calm dignity and quiet courage (knowing he may go at any time). Despite being weak and tired from chemotherapies he never forgot to have his big tree decorated with cheerful lights just on time for the kids.

Because my son plays soccer, one day I drove him by the famous “Kick for Nick” bin collecting soccer balls in front of Wilton American Legion Post. As a young Wilton High School graduate, Nick Madaras loved his community and his nation so much that he voluntarily signed up to serve in the US Army in 2005 at the age of 18. While serving in Iraq, he became fascinated and moved by Iraqi children’s love of soccer even though they only had tin cans or rag balls to kick and the fact they were always smiling despite the chaos of war and death all around them. So Nick asked his family to send him a few soccer balls so he could share with the children. Yet shortly after he was killed by a roadside IED explosion while performing his duty, and never got the chance to put a single ball in a child’s hand. Nonetheless people inspired by his story started the Kick for Nick Foundation in 2006 to collect and distribute soccer balls together with the common friendship and shared humanity of ordinary American people to the children in Iraq and beyond, turning his dream into the living reality today. “So you see, my son, Nick died before you were even born, but his dream lives on and still stands in front of us today and speaks to our hearts, isn’t it?” I told my son, “so what really matters is not what or how much you ‘got’ in this short life on earth, but what and how deeply you believed in and dreamed for that is way bigger and way beyond this short life on earth.” I know my son couldn’t necessarily absorb all the deeper meaning behind my “big words” at that young age of his life, but I believe the right words matter and some seeds would have been planted into his heart and they shall bear fruit one day as long as we parents preserve and cultivate the right heart soil for them to grow. Therefore it did come sweetly to my heart, when one year later at a Boston rally to fight the stereotypes against Asian American Kids my son said his personal dream was “to be a firefighter, so I can save people”.

I often told my wife that moving to Wilton is perhaps one of the best decisions we have made in our life. There is no greater joy than for parents to nurture and train up their kids in the way they should go, and our small town Wilton just provided that perfect environment for us to do so.

Thus in my heart my little town of Wilton gradually comes to reflect and embody the quiet strength and good values of all great American local communities, which in turn form our truly great American nation.