
NO GREATER JOY

NEWSLETTER of

THE CHURCH AT CANE CREEK

September 95

"Wusay, wusay, Ai yanday!"



"Welcome, welcome, our sister/friend."

After twenty-five hours in the Air, here I stood below the equator with my lanky, eighteen-year-old brother in a strange country thousands of miles from our little valley in Tennessee. As we picked up our back packs and wandered bewilderedly toward the buildings, I was wondering what we would do if our contact did not come to pick us up. God has called me to go to the primitive unreached tribes of Papua New Guinea, learn their language, translate the Scripture, and teach them how to read it. I have been told more than once that it is not the job for a young lady. I too have wondered how I would survive alone in a primitive tribe. I have prayed that God would send another woman to go with me.

Our purpose in this trip was to make contact with a language group in the highlands of the Madang region who are listed as unreached. If we could do a language survey and somehow communicate with the people, we could determine if they are willing to have a missionary.

Roads are few and far between in Papua New Guinea. The country is separated by wide rivers and



swamps in the lowlands, and steep, impassable, mountain ranges in the highlands. To get from one area to another, one has to fly in small bush planes. While we were in P.N.G., four missionaries were killed in the crash of one of these small planes.

Our contact, the Lindseys, were there to receive us, and were very helpful. They are doing a great work there in the city of Port Moresby. While we were waiting for our flight to the Madang region, I met a young national woman from the highlands. Seven years ago, when she was about nineteen, she

left her tribe and came down to the city seeking a better life. Two years later she was saved under the ministry of the Lindseys. They have disciplined her until she is a strong, faithful believer. She is well educated, for that country, and has been working in the Post office.

One year ago, about the time I entered linguistic training, God called this young woman to be a missionary to her own country. She has been praying for a partner to go with her. After she heard about me,

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Wusay continued

she spent a night in prayer and then informed me that she would be willing to go with me and serve me in any way she could.

Kathy speaks her native language, Pidgin, and English. The P.N.G. culture is natural to her. Working at the Post office, she also has useful knowledge in navigating the bureaucracy of that country. I could not have imagined a more suitable partner. God is a God of provision and perfection. He was answering before I called.

God had now provided me with a partner, but I still must make contact with a tribe somewhere in the mountains. After two days, we flew to Madang where we were graciously received by the Williams' family. They too proved to be of great assistance. We discussed what approach to take in getting into the highlands and the possibility of getting a guide. Then, one day as they were driving through the city, Bro. Williams and Gabriel passed a man walking down the road. The missionary recognized him as a native pastor from the very region to which I desired to go. It was unusual for him to be in town. But you know how things "just happen" when God is in it. He stopped and invited Pastor Allen to come to the house and meet me. Through a little broken English and the interpretation of Bro. Williams, we were able to learn that Pastor Allen had come down to the coast and heard about Jesus. After getting saved, he went back to his people and began to preach the good news. Struggling, without a Bible in his

language, Allen managed to convey the gospel to a few hundred of these people, and has a small body of believers now that meet on Sundays in their church hut. They constructed a building of native material on top of a mountain and named it Rock Baptist.

He is presently engaged in trying to disciple about ten young men whom he calls his preacher boys. They do not have a Bible in their language, and they cannot all read Pidgin. He is trying to teach them to both speak and read the Pidgin trade language so they can read the Scripture. How would you like to have to learn to speak and read German so you could read the Bible? It would take a life time to get proficient.

When he heard that I was interested in providing Scripture in the language of his people, he was so excited that he began to stutter and could no longer speak the broken English. He turned to Jerry Williams and said in Pidgin, "Does this mean that we will have a Bible in our own language?" With great excitement, Allen invited us to come and visit his people. It turned out that he is a son of one of the "seven fathers," the patriarchs of these seven thousand people of the Kumboi language. That, plus his education and contacts with the outside world, makes him a highly respected leader among them all.

Here was an open door far beyond our hopes and prayers. The Lord had again gone before us. I will use Pastor Allen and others to assist in translating the Scripture. As they spend long hours coming

Continued on next page

Our Mail Box

Dear Michael & Debi,

Thank you for your wonderful book. A church friend shared it with me and I devoured it within three days.

I would like to share just one example. My eleven-month old son always eventually goes down for a nap, but not without a lot of babbling, standing, sitting, and fussing. My goal was to keep him lying down until he went to sleep.

After reading that excerpt from your book, I decided to try it with the afternoon nap. It only took three little switchings before I had a lying down, quiet, complaint, little nap boy. Within twenty minutes he was fast asleep. I kept peeking every five to ten minutes just to make sure he was where I left him. The true test was that evening. Would he lie down and stay there until he fell asleep? I'm happy to say he only tried to sit up once, and upon my command to "Lie down and go night-night," he did lie back and stayed there until he went to sleep.

I am enclosing my check for 8 more books, which I intend to share with my sister, mother, and best friends, and whoever else might benefit from its wisdom.

A.E. West Palm Beach, FL.

Wusay continued

up with the right words to convey the meaning, they will be learning the Scripture far more intimately than the average American preacher knows it. As a woman I will never have to take the lead. The gospel will go forth through their own national ministers as they are given the Scripture in their own language.

Allen's tribe is located between the Aiome and Simbai and speak what they call, Kumboi. These three people groups are somewhat integrated, and the languages are similar. There is intermarriage and business done between them all the time. The Simbai and Aiome people have had missionaries, but the Kumboi people do not. These seven thousand villagers are scattered throughout the mountains and valleys in about a twenty-five mile radius.

Soon after our first meeting with Pastor Allen, Gabe and I were on our way toward the dense jungle. At least one hundred natives were waiting beside that little grass airstrip nestled in the mountains. With broad smiles they shouldered our backpacks and pointed up the mountain trail. Beaming and nodding at one another we began our three hour hike straight up. Before our time there in the interior was over, Gabe and I would hike over sixty miles of rough terrain.

After a while, the girls lost their shyness and would reach out and touch my hair, exclaiming in amazement at the texture. Soon, dirty, black hands were running up and down my arms to see if my white skin felt any differently from theirs. Half way up the mountain,



we met an old tribal lady who laughed and screeched and crooned with toothless delight at our arrival. Others expressed the same attitude.

The Kumboi people are pygmies and very small, so Gabe and I seemed like white giants to them. They had Gabriel stand up against a tree so they could notch his height on it for proof that someone that tall had really been there. They very rarely, if ever, take baths or wash, so you can smell them coming from a long way off.

When at last we reached the FokeFoke village where Allen and his family live, there were more people waiting to greet us. The women crooned in a singsong voice their welcome to me; "Wusay, wusay, Ai yanday..." Welcome, welcome our sister. Allen and his wife gave us their hut to stay in. It was made of bark and grass, but very neat and clean.

Because of Pastor Allen, our safety and well-being was promised as long as we stayed among the Kumboi. For nearly two weeks, we

stayed with them, often hiking for three or four hours deeper into the bush to visit another village and do some language study. We struggled up and down impossible trails, slipping and sliding and clinging for dear life to vines and roots, lest we plunge to the bottom of the mountain a thousand feet below. The places we went, no white person had ever been before. It was primitive in the truest sense.

Allen had brought in cast-off clothing and most of the people were somewhat dressed. It was funny, but not unusual to see a man wearing an old suit coat and a loin cloth.

One evening in the Aikram village, many of the old fathers and leaders of the Kumboi people, gathered to talk to me. We huddled around the fire pit in a smoke filled hut where the fire light gleamed and played on some twenty, ancient, black faces. The murmur of low voices solemnly conferring with one

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Wusay continued

another in an unknown language mingled with the night sounds of the jungle. The strong smell of wood smoke and stale sweat permeated the tiny hut and filled my nostrils. With Allen translating, I explained my desire to bring them a Bible so that they might learn about God. Solemnly they nodded their heads and grunted approval. They promised to assist by building me a hut. They thought it was a good thing that their language would be put into writing and their children learn to read. Allen could hardly sit still, his excitement was so great. A Bible to preach from -- in his own heart language! Joy at their open reception lifted me up even as the heavy responsibility weighed me down. How could I possibly manage to minister to some 7,000 people, teach them how to read, and translate a Bible for them -- all in one lifetime? God knows. Truly the harvest is plenteous but the laborers are few!

For the next few months, I will be traveling across the US showing slides and sharing my heart for the Kumboi people. If you are interested in having a meeting, send us your phone number, and we'll arrange something over the telephone. I thank all of you that labored in prayer for Gabriel and I during our trip to P.N.G. ***

If your homeschool group or your church would be interested in a seminar on child training or a presentation on a missions presentation, please send us your phone number, and we will contact you.

The Volley Ball Bawler

As the father left the volley ball court headed for the house, his little four-year-old daughter began to scream. I was standing close enough to hear every word she uttered—about one-hundred yards away. You must be gifted to interpret the Screamer language. If you are academically slow this gift may not come until about the third child. It is a primitive language rooted in primordial, selfish, animal instinct. This scream was an angry protest, demanding to be allowed to go with him to the house. I interpreted the scream as, "Who do you think you are running off and leaving me standing here. If you think I can be ignored without penalty, I will show you differently. I will be the center of attention or I will make you miserable.

She is normally a quiet, sweet little girl. But, like a volcano, you never know when she might erupt. I am sure that he was quite willing to take her along. It had just not occurred to him that she might want to go. She had probably tried to get his attention and failed due to the noise of the game. So she resorted to what I know to be her old standby. The look on her face and the clenching of the fist emitted an air of defiance and anger. I am sure that if she were big enough, she would run up and bop her daddy on the side of the head to teach him a lesson about her importance.

As she gets older and becomes more socially conscious, she will learn to control her outburst. But the habit of emotionally manipulating those around her will continue. As an adult, she will whine and complain when things don't go her way. She will have very sensitive feelings. Those

closest to her will have to tread lightly, allowing her to have her way, or she will be so hurt and pitiful that they will be sorry for not showing more concern for her needs. She will use her hurt feelings as a lever to control those around her.

When he turned around, she immediately stopped screaming. He walked over, took her hand, and led her up the lane about one hundred yards where he stopped to give her a switching. He then proceeded to lead her to the house.

You may think, "Well, he did right, he punished her for her bad attitude." I will inform you that she is often punished for her screaming, but she goes right on screaming.

This event well illustrates the difference between punishment and training. This child was punished for screaming and, at the same time, trained to scream. If you had a dog that jumped on you, demanding something to eat, and you respond by giving him the food and then whipped him for jumping, you would be punishing the dog for jumping and, at the same time, rewarding him for jumping.

This little girl screamed because she wanted to go to the house with her daddy. It worked. He turned around, came back, took her hand, and led her to the house where she got the special attention she wanted. That moment of seeing the effectiveness of her scream confirmed and ingrained the habit of screaming. She initiated an act designed to get results. The father responded as he was supposed to, and the girl was trained to repeat the screaming. The later punishment did not undo the

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Volley Ball Continued

programming that had already occurred, because they were separated in time and place. The little four-year-old did not recall the memory of screaming and associate it with the spanking. She was punished, but to her punishment is just routine. She expects to be spanked periodically. It is another opportunity to scream and make her mother feel guilty.

A child does not have the adult's ability to intellectually process information and recall it at critical moments. When this little girl is again in a position to demand her way, the first response that comes to mind will be to scream, because it always works to her advantage.

How can we train her not to scream? It is easy, a breeze. It always works on every child, every time. The principle is the same. She screams because it works. If it didn't work, she would not scream. If the parent and other caretakers see to it that screaming is always counterproductive, she will cease forever. When we employ the rod, we do so as part of the training, not punishment. One need not even resort to the rod. If you are a foster parent for the government, child-care system, not allowed to spank, you can still, though with more difficulty, train them not to scream.

Here is how one might have correctly handled this situation. As the screaming commences, the father walks back to the child. Stand with hands on hips (body language) and stare at the child. After you have raked her with disapproval, ask, "Why are you screaming, did you get snake bit?" She says, "No, I didn't want you to leave me." You respond, "Oh, I see, you screamed thinking that I would take you with me. Well, I



Herbs



It had been 12 years since I had a bladder infection, but some things are hard to forget. At the first symptom, I reached for the frozen blueberries and wrote cranberry juice down on the shopping list. After 3 days of cranberry juice, blueberries, lots of pure, clean

would be delighted for you to go to the house with me. We could get something cold to drink and sit down to read a book together. But now I can't take you with me because you screamed. I will have to leave you here with your mother so you will learn that when you scream to get your way, we will always do the opposite." Then turn and walk away. If she were to scream again, turn back and give her a spanking until she stops screaming, and then proceeded to the house without her.

If for some reason you are prevented from spanking -- someone else's child, you are a foster parent, you are in a very public place, etc.—then just the denial of her desires will suffice to eventually stop the screaming, since it is the most necessary part of the training experience.

It is the principle of cause and effect, stimuli induced response, conditioned behavior. If a rabbit bumps against something in his cage and food falls in front of him, he will soon learn to repeat his behavior in order to reproduce the effect. If some response works for the child, he will keep trying it until sure it will no longer get the desired results. If you deny them the reward of getting their own way and then make the negative behavior painful, they will deny themselves the screaming. ***

spring water and no carbonated drinks, I still had the bladder infection. It was time to get serious.

In one of my books I found a combination of herbs that were suppose to help, but it didn't say how much of each herb. I decided a teaspoon of each would get me started. I load up the old electric percolator (coffee pot is convenient for making herbal teas) with the herbs. During the day I drank 8 cups of the tea. I brewed the same leaves twice. By evening I forgot I ever had a bladder infection. The next day was full of visitors, cooking, cleaning, painting a room, shipping hundreds of books, etc.

By 2 am that night the symptoms reappeared. Stumbling in the dark, I was thankful to find 1/4 cup of the brew left in the tea pot. The next morning with more respect and anticipation I measured one teaspoon of Parsley, Stinging Nettle, Ginger, Chamomile and Juniper Berries in my old pot. Marshmallow root would have been a good addition, but I did not have it on hand. As I was preparing breakfast, I longingly anticipated my first cup. The lesson I learned again is that it takes more than one day for an herbal tincture to completely heal disease. After 8 cups a day for 3 days, I was finally free from the discomfort and inconvenience that only a bladder infection can bring.

Clark's Natural Herbs, PO Box 12, Chaffee, NY 14030 will compound any formula you want. For a bladder infection, common sense dictates the advantages of a tea. Teas are made of cut herb rather than ground or powdered. ***



Epistles Epitomize Parental Performance

“Ye are our epistle written in our hearts, known and read of all men: Forasmuch as ye are manifestly declared to be the epistle of Christ ministered by us, written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; not in tables of stone, but in fleshy tables of the heart.” 2 Corinthians 3:2-3

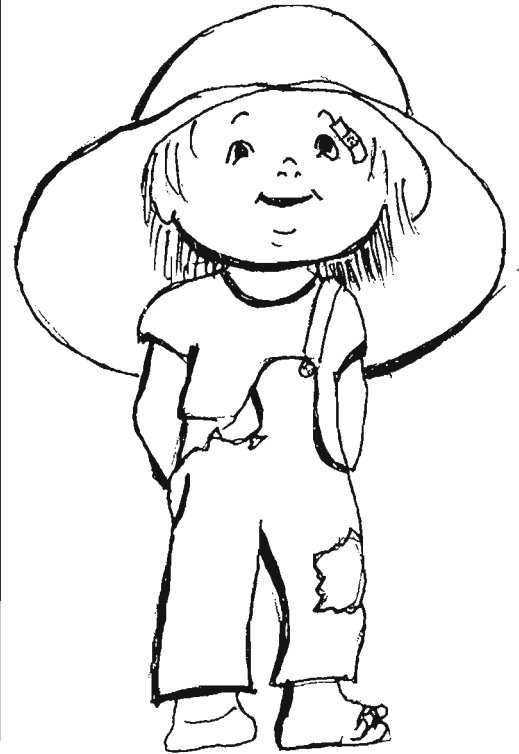
Paul said that the Corinthians whom he had taught were a letter which all men could read. Paul’s ministry was written in their every action.

Our children are our epistles known and read of all men, hence our embarrassment when they are publicly read. In High school, I did a sloppy job on a report. When I was asked to read it publicly, I was ashamed because it revealed my shoddy efforts. I have been in the presence of many families, and especially since we wrote To Train Up A Child, where the parents were nervously anxious about their children. It was obvious that they and the children were concerned about the children’s performance. I could almost repeat verbatim the conversation they must have had in the car: “Now you better sit still and don’t ask for anything and don’t scuffle. Keep your feet off the furniture and sit still. Fold your hands in your lap and just sit there

looking intelligent or I will beat you to death when we leave. Do you understand me?” They were afraid their children were going to be “read” and the story would be unfavorable for the authors -- the parents.

The zombie eyed children file in and sit down like a Japanese delegation. I’m thinking, “What is wrong with these kids?” So I ask one of the more alert looking a question designed to provoke a little spark of humor: “Hey son (he is five years old), what do you do for a living?” He throws a concerned glance at his father whose eyebrows are screaming, “This better be good,” and then says to me, “Oh I just obey my parents, it keeps me alive.”

If you demand that your children perform better in public than in private, you are making the whole family into hypocrites. To be more concerned with public appearance than with real character is a statement that your reputation is your god. The children know this to be selfishness on your part. You are not building character in them, but deceit. In the private moments write on their hearts the things that are honest and pure, and you will not have to be concerned that someone will open the book to a censored chapter. An author of a book should never become angry with the contents. And he shouldn’t write something he doesn’t want made public. ***



CAUSE I'm YOUNG

Rebekah Pearl, 12 years old

*There's a hole in my shoe,
And my toe is coming through,
There's a scab on my knee
Cause I fell so gracefully,
There's a patch on my eye
Cause the ball didn't go by.
There's a song on my tongue,
But it's stupid cause I'm
young.*

OTHER BOOKS AND TAPES

We have decided to make available to our homeschool friends the very best missionary books and videos. At the present, we have chosen three of our favorites:

BRUCHKO, by Bruce Olson, Creation House, 1993, 202 pp. Almost no single missionary story is more unbelievable and yet incredibly true: a naive 19-year-old's capture by stone-age Indians, gaining their confidence and wining them to Christ. The story still continues today, as this issue will explain. \$8.99 + \$1.60 S/H when purchased alone.

EE-TAOW, **The absolute best** missionary video I have ever seen. A production of New Tribes Mission. See actual footage of the conversion of nearly a whole tribe in Papua New Guinea. In 1992 Rebekah visited this tribe and met these new believers. If you can view this video without shedding a tear, you are either heartless or dehydrated. It is astounding, incredible, awesome. The book of Acts through the power of the Holy Spirit is still active. Rebekah has visited this tribe and met the people you will see in this video. \$19.95 + \$1.60 S/H when purchased alone.

For the younger children, we have a coloring book that tells the story of Bible translation.

WHAT LANGUAGE DOES GOD SPEAK? The words and pictures are designed to stimulate interest in the needs of those living behind the barrier of an unknown language. \$2.00 + \$1.00 S/H when purchased alone.

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TO TRAIN UP A CHILD	
One book: \$3.89 + \$1.60 S/H	\$5.49
Two to four books: \$3.89 each + \$2.00 S/H (\$4.50 UPS)	
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Eight books: \$2.33 each (\$18.64) + \$4.50 S/H (UPS only)	\$23.14
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If we are going to reach those who have never heard we must rear up Godly, dedicated children who are capable of the task. The Church At Cane Creek is a nonprofit origination dedicated to minister to the family, that the family might minister to the world. We have no salaried employees, and no one receives remuneration of any kind. All proceeds from sale of books goes back into printing more books and literature and into the distribution of this newsletter. All moneys designated to our missionaries go directly to the missionary. Our little church of eight families subsidizes this ministry. Without our own contributions, it would not be self-sustaining. We would like to print more books and send out more and larger news letters. If you would like to make an investment in the families to whom we minister or in the missions outreach, your gifts will be handled as the Lord's money.

Order 8 books at a 40% discount and be a blessing to 8 more mothers. Our books are not sold to make a profit. No one receives any remuneration or royalties. We are here to be a ministry to you. As so many others are doing, you can continue this ministry by giving to others.

If you know of others who would like to receive this newsletter, send us their name and address.



September 95

NO GREATER JOY

"I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth" III John 4

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