



# NO GREATER JOY

*“I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth.” III John 4*

## Twinkie Twerp

*Reprint from June 1995 No Greater Joy*

**M**y wife was standing in a yard talking to the young mother of a seven-year-old boy and two girls. The girls are fairly obedient and even tempered. But the boy... well, they were interrupted by him coming from the house with a Hostess Twinkie. He said, “Mama, can I have this?”

She said, “No, there is not enough for the other children (neighbor children with whom he was playing).”

He looked shocked and offended, then anger curled his lip and hardened his brow. He began to protest and beg, frantically tearing at the wrapping. It appeared that he would rip it open in defiance. The mother commenced a foot shuffling, grabbing competition for the Twinkie. For a while it was up in the air as to who would win. She finally grabbed it, but she didn't win—neither did the boy. He was a bigger loser than either of them supposed. His was a character loss.

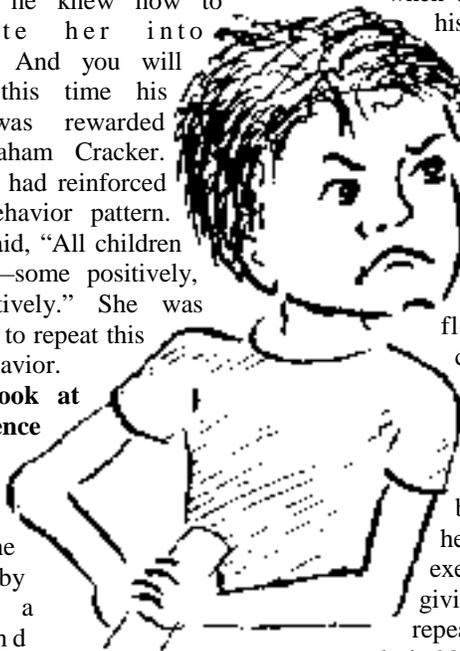
Since he knew that, due to her size, eventually it would be necessary to forfeit his spoils, he surrendered the Twinkie. But it was his bargaining chip. The mother was standing there holding the deformed Twinkie, looking exhausted, when he fired at her, “Then, let me have a Graham Cracker.” Seeing a way out, she paid the little extortionist his Graham Cracker and

resumed her adult conversation. It was all in a day's stress at the old home place.

He never actually expected to overpower his mother (though he will someday). He just wanted to express his anger at being denied personal indulgence. Furthermore, from past experiences he knew how to manipulate her into compliance. And you will note that this time his behavior was rewarded with a Graham Cracker. This mother had reinforced his ugly behavior pattern. As I have said, “All children are trained—some positively, some negatively.” She was training him to repeat this negative behavior.

**Let's look at this experience a little closer.**

She could have handled the situation by flying into a rage and spanking him for his lousy attitude and actions. He would have screamed and kicked to make her sorry for being such an “abusive, cruel mom.” She would have felt



deeply defeated in spirit and, I hope, saddened by the condition of his soul. If she increased the spankings or their severity, he would be more cautious, but still angry and manipulative. Is this your situation? Have you “tried everything” and concluded that you just have a “strong-willed” child? Not so. You have neglected to properly train.

What of our Twinkie consumer? Keep in mind that his responses are a result of undisciplined desires for “things good for food.” He is living for self-gratification, and is angered when anything or anyone gets in his way. The issue is far bigger than that managing eating schedules. Our first concern is character development. The child may not be morally developed to the point of possessing the capability of making a value judgment and denying his flesh, but he can be conditioned to respond in a restrained way. If you do not condition him to get control of his passions now when he is young, he will be out of control long before he knows that he should exercise self-discipline. Her giving-in has trained him to repeat this and other similar undesirable actions.

I will suggest a possible way to deal with the Twinkie ripper. He begins to tear at the wrapper and

*(Continued on page 2)*

# A Whole Way of Life

The number of homeschoolers is rapidly increasing. Homeschooling is not just an alternative educational procedure; it is one of many expressions of a whole way of life. It is the result of loving parents

putting on the brakes and saying, "No" to this stampeding system of child-trampling New Agers. Our families will not be devoured and digested, becoming part of the feces of this carnivorous monster called public

education, generated by the twisted minds of the morally ill.

As homeschooling parents, you have taken charge of your life to give God his rightful place in training your children. To teach biology in an environment that denies the Author of life is like eating an egg and denying the chicken. Such a process is stupefying—degrading to the intellect. To teach history apart from God is to praise the sculpture and deny the sculptor. To learn science and mathematics apart from the omnipotent God is to throw out the computer and do your computations with a roulette wheel. To teach children to read and

## Twinkie Twerp

(Continued from page 1)

protest. Instead of accepting the challenge and becoming the other half of the competition, lean back and solemnly observe. Think of yourself as a judge reviewing the evidence. If he intended to open the package, he would do so. If he doesn't actually intend to forcibly open it, with no one caring to spar with him, his little performance would soon become a lonesome embarrassment. Wait until he manifests himself. When he gets it open or gives up trying, take any course of action that not only denies him immediate gratification but denies future gratification as well. Make his actions counterproductive by responding in a way that denies him much more than what he hoped to gain. When he gets the Twinkie out of the wrapper, calmly tell him to give it to his friends. The shock of your cold and solemn rock hardness will probably cause him to obey. Then, tell him that he will be denied sweets for one week. Reinforce it with a spanking. Stand by your pronouncement. Let him suffer deprivation while the other family members indulge. After two or three such times, he will see the law of cause and effect in action. Apply the principle of action and reaction. When his actions are inappropriate, it is the cause of a reaction on your part that will get him the opposite of what he wanted. He will soon make adjustments, using the law to his own benefit. If you are as

consistent as the "law of the Medes and the Persians," he will adjust his actions in favor of his own appetite.

What if he should continue to scream and protest when you give the Twinkie to the other children? Lead him to the place where the "magic wand" is kept and give him respect for the "Powers that be."

What if he should continue to steal sweets and make demands? Simply tell him that his actions have led you to see that his addiction must be broken, so you will not buy anything sweet for one month—and stick to it. The worst thing you could do is to make an exception or to give-over after a week or two.

### Moral development

You may ask, "If he is still motivated by selfishness, how is the conditioning going to be morally beneficial?" Though he may still be acting out of self-interest, he is having to exercise his own will in the immediate denial of passion. This will equip him for exercising self-discipline when his moral faculties are fully developed. The rod and your manipulation of his responses can't change the child's heart. However, it can completely *check* the "evil" *manifestation* of the heart and provide a very teachable and disciplined body that is, for what ever reason, exercising self-restraint.

The rod, when ministered with dignity and for the child's good, is an indispensable part of the training. But it can not take the place of training. You must not continue to scream at or beat on your child in response to his repeated twinkieholism. Arrange the circumstances so that, if nothing else,



then outlaw the reading of the only book written by the God called the *Word* is like giving a blind man sight and then outlawing seeing.

The public school expelled God from the class room, but when the immorality became a threat to personal satisfaction, as well as personal safety, they started talking about values. They will not get their values back any more than a man will get peaches from a tree he cut up for firewood.

We are not rebels; quite the opposite; we are just the minority who refuse to join a rebellion against God and the truth. We are taking our children to the tree of life growing beside the fountain of knowledge to be refreshed by the Author of life. We will not stoop for anything less. We will not compromise. We will not allow state testing to dictate our curriculum. They have made their position on God and morality clear. We are making our position clear. We will not attend their

# Family Productions

I recently met a little three-year-old girl who is the product of life with her parents. The family stayed in our home for three days, so I got to know them very well. In two days of watching eyebrows and shoulder postures you can learn much about a family. Let me relate the circumstances of this little girl's three years in the school of character development.

Since the child was born, this family of eight has lived four or five different places. One recent apartment was only two rooms. They told about huddling in one room for warmth because they were without electricity. The plumbing on the third floor was so bad that their water often didn't work. They had to carry it to the rundown building. The neighborhood in which they lived suffered 80% unemployment. Crime was rampant. Nearly all of this family's friends were atheists or infidels of one sort or another. The mother is busy homeschooling the older children and cannot spend excessive time on this little one. She is often shoved aside to make room for the other chores.

For a year, her older brother was so sick that when he could finally get to a doctor, the doctor expressed amazement that he was still alive. With proper treatment, he eventually recovered. At the present, and for the last several months, they have been homeless. The wife is eight months pregnant with her seventh child, and they live out of a van, going from place to place. Some of you have complained about your circumstances. You have the idea that if the environment could just be modified, things would be better. I doubt that any of my readers have had it as rough as this family.

You may ask, "Why does the family live like that; why doesn't the father provide something better?" They

live that way out of love for others and out of obedience to their *employer*. The six children, from the three-year-old to the seventeen-year-old boy, are all bright, energetic, thankful and creative. They speak several languages and are all committed to getting the gospel to those who have never heard. They are U.S. missionaries to Albania.

When they went there in 1992, the country was suffering from the aftershocks of communism. The people had rioted and destroyed their own



country. Food was scarce, and utilities were usually inoperative. The country had boasted of being the only entirely atheistic state. No religious people of any kind could be found. They had either been killed or imprisoned. It was into this environment that God called this family to labor in the harvest. They have now returned to the States to rest and share their work with others before going back to Albania.

Now, back to the little three-year-old. Her name is Janell Rogers and she has become my new sweetheart. I first met her sitting at a long table in a missionary conference. After talking with my wife, she tapped me on the arm and asked, "Do you really have a live horse at home?"

I said, "Yea, we have two of them." She looked distressed,

"Where do you keep them?"  
"Oh they are just hanging around the back door."

"Are you sure you have two live, really live, horses hanging at your house?" she distressedly pleaded. Her concern increased as she learned that we also had live chickens, cows, cats, dogs, and other various live creatures. By now, I was perplexed, for I knew that Albania was full of draft animals. Deliveries, even in the large cities, are often made on donkey back.

Finally, with her spoon dripping food, held suspended in front of her bobbing head, she turned to my wife and impatiently demanded, "Do you know what live means?"

We finally solved the dilemma. They were formerly from Paraguay, where they had been missionaries for eleven years before going to Albania. She had been reared in a multilingual home where they were actively learning new languages. She somehow thought that *live* meant *dead*. She thought that our yard was hanging full of poor dead animals. You could tell that this little world traveler was exercising extra patience on these dumb Americans.

I usually write about problem parents who produce problem children. In this case, I spent three days with a family that was able to teach us a few things. I love to make suggestions to parents about rearing their children, but in three days I couldn't find anything that needed correcting.

(Continued on page 4)

# The Volley Ball Bawler

*Selected from September, 1995 No Greater Joy*

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—from 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. Her scream was an angry protest, demanding to be allowed to go with him to the house. With my gift of interpretation I understood her to be saying, “Who do you think you are running off and leaving me standing here. If you think I can be ignored without penalty, you have another thing coming. I will be held in high esteem, or I will make you wish you had.” 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 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. She throws so many fits, if they were all in one pile it would make a volcano.

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

*(Continued on page 5)*

## Family Productions

*(Continued from page 3)*

They had not read our book. The children were the product of two people who loved each other and of a family with habits of giving and serving. This was not a self-centered family. They were not “saving their lives,” they were laying down their lives and their family for others. As a result of the Divine laws of sowing and reaping, by giving they were saving their family. I would rather be in a crowded one bedroom apartment in a foreign and sometimes hostile culture with six singing children, than secure in America in a spacious home with each child in their own self-indulgent, pouty mood.

I misled you by describing their physical circumstances. You were thinking, “What a poor disadvantaged child.” I want you to see that it is not what is without, but what is within that makes good kids. By your letters I can see that many of you need to stop praying for circumstances to improve, and instead, make a family commitment to serve others. If you are too tied down trying to survive to have time to serve others, you need to do the serving more than others need your service. When we spend more time and energy giving, our own needs diminish in proportion to our concern for the needs of others. Our worry fades to the degree that we are concerned for others. Our greatest trials are born and sustained in a self-centered heart.

Giving, caring parents create giving, caring children. Frustrated, anxious, and fearful parents reproduce themselves. Bitter mothers who teach their daughters to be sweet and kind still produce bitter daughters. More is caught than taught. Critical, impatient fathers train up disrespectful bullies, unworthy of a mother's love.

The first rule of child training is to decide what you want your child to be become and then become that very person yourself. The second rule of child training is don't complain or be surprised when they turn out to be

## Letter from New Guinea

After being in New Guinea about two months, our daughter Rebekah and our son Nathan came out of the jungle. Rebekah found a letter waiting for her from a friend, Bebie Beachy. This is Rebekah's reply.

*Dear faithful friend,*

*When we came out of the bush yesterday, yours was the only letter I received from friends back home, except for one from Anna Stewart. How dependable you are! How wonderful it was to get mail from home! I'm so tickled to hear that Puddles is going to get a sibling. And I am sad that I won't be there to see him or her grow though all the adorable stages Caroline went through. You must remind them continually of Aunt Beka so I won't be an absolute stranger when I return on furlough. I miss you all a lot, but God is helping me adapt quickly.*

*I stay amazed and almost afraid from seeing the hand of God in miracle after miracle, It's like living in the book of Acts to watch God answer impossible prayer time and again. He's coming soon—truly, any day now; and oh, I look forward to it!*

*The language I'm dealing with is a hard one. It's hard to imagine how they can speak it themselves. Since I have been trying to learn it, I'm persuaded that the tower of Babel was the biggest disaster in Biblical history!*

*Nathan and I survived our 1<sup>st</sup> month surprisingly well. The monotony of our diet was hardest of all. Brown rice, tin meat, and kaw-kaw can get old pretty quick. Our first day in Madang we splurged and made thick, juicy hamburgers. You can't imagine how much we appreciated that meal! I took two showers in a row and slept on a real bed last night. All in all, though, we were raised for missionary life. Everything my parents*

*(Continued on page 6)*

## Volley Ball Bawler

*(Continued from page 4)*

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 suppose to, and the girl was trained to repeat the screaming. The later punishment did not undo the 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, walk back to the child. Stands with your hands on your 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 would be

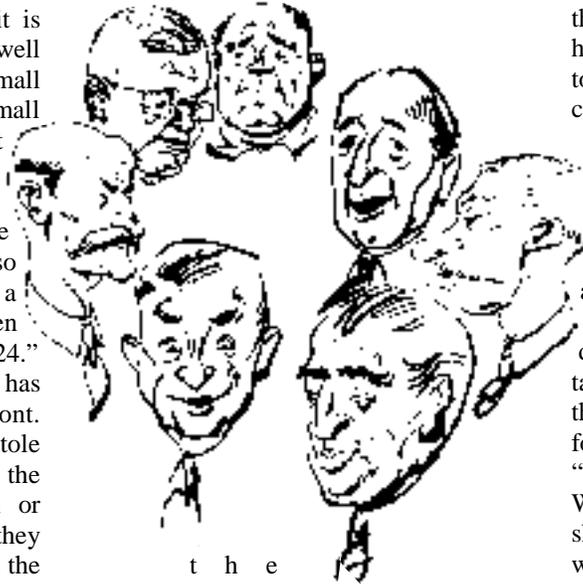
delighted for you to go to the house with me. We could get something cold to drink and sit down to read a book together. But now I can't take you with me because you screamed. I will have to leave you here with your mother so you will learn that when you scream to get your way, we will always do the opposite." Then turn and walk away. If she were to scream again, turn back and give her a spanking 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, she will keep

# The Country Store

I like all kids and old people; it is those in between that I have...well enough said there. We live in a small town, plenty of old people. A small town is a two block affair strung out along an old, seldom used state highway, passed up by progress somewhere on the other side of the county. Half of its two dozen or so stores are closed, one has a permanent sign that reads, "Open November 1, closed December 24." One of the closed gas stations still has an old Lion Oil sign out front. Someone, I guess from the city, stole the old Coca Cola sign. Some of the stores are still owned by a son or grandson of the founder. Even they shop at the new Wal-Mart down the highway.

But the true mark of the small town is that faithful group of old men who daily adorn one of the old businesses, usually a vintage grocery store. They are there when it opens in



t h e morning and there in t h e evening to see that it is closed properly. They sometimes play checkers, but discussion is their main occupation. There is never want for an opinion on any subject, and new subjects are always welcomed. If you sit and listen

for a while you will find that there are more sides to an issue than you thought possible. They are a living history book. They will talk about Hitler, and Korea, and the time the Volkswagen load of hippies got run out of town by their one law officer. They shake their heads at the condition of our world today: "I never thought I would see it come to this."

Just today I walked into our own country store to make a purchase. There was a larger crowd than usual. All three tables were filled. It was late in the day, so I suppose they had already said everything twice—each. They all looked tired, wore out from a day's deliberation, all drooped over the table in silence, just sitting there like thirsty plants in a green house waiting for water. As I passed them I asked, "What is this, a gathering of World War II veterans?" There was quite a shuffle as they all sat up straighter. I would call it *sitting at attention*. Two or three mumbled something that amounted to an affirmative answer, and then one feeble voice, still betraying the strength of a former day, proudly said, "And combat ready too."

God bless America, small towns, little children, and old veterans. ☺

*taught me is being used now. Little things like planting lettuce, darning holes in clothes, washing clothes by hand, dealing with people that have problems. It's all part of missionary life.*

*When the pilot landed on the airstrip yesterday I was seated on top an old oil barrel in the middle of all the natives. The girls from Aikram were leaning against me in a friendly manner. The pilot, who had never seen me before, climbed out of his plane, looking at me like he couldn't believe his eyes. "How long have you been here?" he asked. "Where have you been staying?" I told him I was staying in a village a five hour hike from the runway. He looked me over with cautious concern and asked; "Are you all right?" I was tempted to look blank and let my mouth hang slack while murmuring incoherently "Kawkaw, kawkaw" [a root that is the primary food of the jungle people], but instead I just assured him that I was quite sane and healthy. In the middle of the jungle in PNG, if God be for us who can be against us?*

*Always loving and praying for you,  
Beka*

You can write Rebekah at this address:

**Rebekah Pearl  
PO 982  
Madang, M.P.  
PNG**

Do not send money to PNG address. Her mail may lie in the Post office for as long as three months before she receives it. Money, even checks, would be stolen. And don't send her anything new that is of value. The duty she must pay will equal or exceed the cost of the item.

You received this monthly newsletter from *The Church At Cane Creek*, a ministry of a Bible believing, missionary minded, local Church.

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# Mama's String of Pearls



By *Rebekah Pearl*

Mama's string of Pearls began  
When Mama met that big Pearl man.  
He smiled at her and Mama knew  
No other Pearl would ever do.

The string was tied and soon twas' clear  
Another Pearl would soon be here.  
A Rebekah Pearl—so small and sweet  
With great big eyes and great big feet.

A few years seemed but like a day  
Gabriel Pearl was on his way.  
A playmate for their little girl  
On Mama's string—another Pearl

One year, two years, passed away,  
Another brother joined our play.  
Nathan Pearl was his name,  
But Gabe and I just called him Nate.

The boys outnumbered us two girls  
So Mama had another Pearl.  
Shalom was added to her string  
And peace to our family she did bring.

Then last of all, but never least  
Shoshanna joined our Mama's string.  
Dad's quiver full (the house was too)  
And Mama had so much to do.

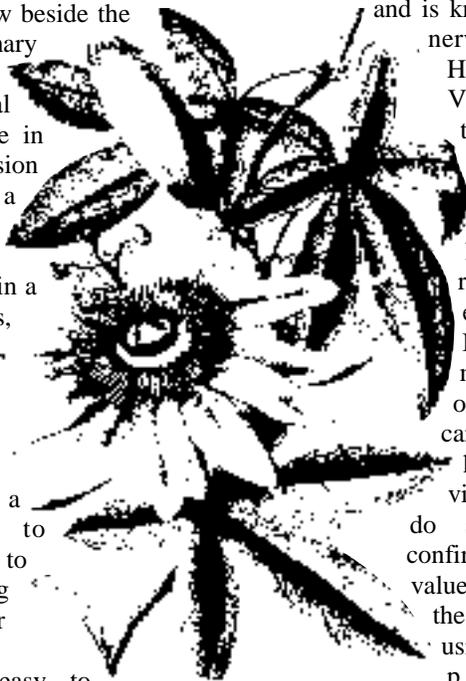
But I know somehow, she wouldn't trade  
Or give one single Pearl away.  
For all the jewels in the world  
Aren't like our Mama's string of Pearls.

I don't have much time for the herb garden these days—too busy writing this article. The weeds are high, but then most herbs are weeds. I will be harvesting and drying the rest of my herbs this week. The passion flower is ready. Its vine spreads all over the garden. If there are not enough in the garden, I have noticed quiet a few growing in the fence-row beside the driveway. It is the primary ingredient in a most important Nervine Herbal tincture, used right here in our community. Passion Flower is non-narcotic, a great sleep-aid, and it is sold in Germany to control seizures. Mixed in a tincture with other herbs, we also use it to control seizures, r e l i e v e sleeplessness, relieve stomach cramps, to relax the muscles of a mother threatening to miscarry; and it is given to relax people going through great physical or mental stress.

Tinctures are really easy to make, store, and use. We use Alfalfa as the base, because it offers a rich reservoir of

# HERBS

nutrients. Chamomile, Peppermint and Catnip relax the digestive system and the smooth muscles found in the abdomen. Oat straw is high in calcium and is known to aid the nervous system.



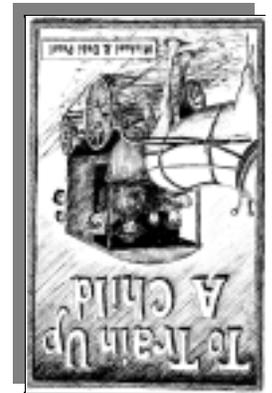
Hops and Valerian have tranquilizing properties. Together, these herbs have a calming, restful, relaxing effect.

I am not a medical doctor or a chemist; I cannot prescribe herbs or vitamins to you. I do seek scientific confirmation of the value and safety of the herbs I use, but using herbs is a p e r s o n a l

decision. You must become informed and do what you feel is best for your health. However, I will give you my

recipe for this popular nervine tincture. Using all dry herbs: In a clean quart jar put 1/2 cup Alfalfa, 1/4 cup each of Chamomile, Peppermint, Passion Flower, Catnip, and Oat Straw, and one Tablespoon each of Hops and Valerian. Mix all the dried herbs, then pour 2/3 cup of boiling water over them. Allow to soak for a few minutes. Fill the jar to within 1/2 inch of the top with glycerin (ask your druggists for glycerin). Then put a cap on the jar. Place the jar in a crock-pot full of water and turn it on low. I keep it "cooking" (not boiling) for 3 days, stirring once everyday. The glycerin will turn golden brown and have a strong plant smell. On the third day, strain the warm liquid through a cheese cloth or clean stocking and squeeze all the liquid out of the cooked herbs. The liquid is the tincture; the pulp can be discarded. Keep the tincture in a glass jar in a cool, dark place, and it will keep for months or even years. I fill small brown glass dropper bottles with my herbal tinctures and label them, including dates.

For a small baby I use only 5 drops; for an older child, 1 dropper or 1/2 teaspoon; for an adult, about 4 droppers, and more will not hurt. Just thought you would be interested in what we do here in the community.



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