

# NO GREATER JOY

As I look at the woman sitting opposite me, the twisting of her hands, the set of her shoulders, and the stress on her face tells me she is willing to do anything I suggest. Another desperate parent—I shudder at the memories. The responsibility of knowing that what I say could make or break her child is more than I care to bear. Yet, here I am searching my mind for an answer, silently begging God to please tell me what to say. Letters are so much easier. There is time to think, to pray, to finally give up and throw the letter away. But now she waits, and I see her pain. Her son is eight years old. The professional diagnosis was Attention Deficit Disorder. He is angry, often explosive, and sleeps very little. His violence is usually directed at his brothers and sisters, but occasionally at his parents as well. His eating habits are not good. On occasion he wildly explodes, using vile curse words. The list goes on and on.

I know she loves him. I can see it in the twisting of her hands. But I can also see she doesn't like him. It is revealed in the frustration and bitterness of her voice. What one thing can I tell her? She asks about herbs to replace the drug he is taking. But neither drugs nor herbs are the answer.

I think about diet. I see the boy eating cheesy puffs and drinking coke. I know the yellow and red dye in the cheesy puffs has been found to contribute to his "problem."

## A Whole Boy

now, they have surely given place  
the way of them carry the shadow  
by Debi Pearl



an unnatural school structure. He l...

a spirit that is being tortured by the devil who lurks about seeking whom he may devour. He has a mind that is being filled

with the lust of Hollywood, the anger of his n parents, the licentiousness of public school, the bitterness of his babysitter, and more. He is a whole boy whose body is being h poisoned, his mind filled with ugliness, his r soul is being destroyed, and his emotions t are going wild. You can drug his body, s numbing the vehicle of the soul, but o someday he has to be free from those drugs, and when he is, the sickness of his soul will again be revealed.

Looking into the eyes of this hurting young mother, I wish with all my soul I could give her the quick fix she so urgently desires, but there's not one answer. The child's problems are many and complex. It would take a book, and still all the answers would not be found.

Clean. He needs to be made clean. He e needs a clean body, free of poisons, sugars, and dyes. He needs a clean home, free of anger, Hollywood, and deceit. He needs a k clean day, free to roam the countryside until his body is relaxed and tired. He needs a c soul cleansing that can only be found in Jesus and His shed blood. He needs a clean e daddy whose heart wants only to bring healing for his son. He needs a clean mother, whose heart is turned to honoring and reverencing her husband. He needs a clean world, both physically and spiritually. This little boy has big problems. He is bearing the penalty of a generation of neglect.

(Continued on page 2)

## New Book

### Finally completed.

The best of our first eighteen months of newsletter articles edited into a single book for handy reference.

Through your letters we have come to appreciate your greatest needs. From one month to the next we have written our answers in the newsletters. We cannot say it better, so we have given you our re-edited version. See page seven to order.



## A Whole Boy

*(Continued from page 1)*

How do I tell his mother? Where does she start? After listening to the whole story I finally know. It must start with her, for she is the one seeking a solution. This mother can't clean up the world. She can't dictate to Daddy; that would create further strife. But she can decide to honor and reverence her husband, thus bringing to her son at least one area of peace and security. She can go to the library and study the effects of foods, dyes, and sugar, then take that information and act on it. She can take him to a place where he can run for hours, instead of forcing him to labor over a workbook that will never make a difference now or in eternity. She can pray, asking God for a miracle both in herself and her

son. She can laugh and sing the joy of the Lord right into his presence. Everyday, he needs her smile. If she will do these things, it will be a beginning. Like a young tree bent in the wrong direction, she can begin to straighten that which is crooked.

If you identify with this mother's condition, right now ask God to forgive your rebellion toward your husband. Stop your grumbling and ask God to fill your soul with thanksgiving. Ask God to give you wisdom. He has promised wisdom to all those who ask. So ask and keep on asking, and go out looking for information to help your son. No one loves him like you do. No one has your willingness to do something about it. No one can help your son like you can. He needs your heart first, and then you need his. This whole boy needs a whole solution. ☺

## Rowdy Boys

**Question: Do you have any cures for rowdy boys during school? It's almost always in fun, but is always disruptive."**

Yes, there is a very simple and final solution. You just throw the boys away and get all girls. This will also end all wars and stop all competitive sports. I might add that the termination of the male population will likewise put a stop to great architecture, canals dug through the swamps, irrigation projects, highways through the mountains, and the invention of machines that make life easier.

I know mothers don't expect their little boys to display the male aggression so early, but little boys are just baby men. I know that young boys don't have the wisdom and self-control to sensibly direct their hormonally driven drives. They are often rowdy and hyper. If there could only be a drug that could make them act more sedate like the lovely female population, or maybe a drug that would just postpone their development... But wait, I have heard that there is such a drug. It is called Ritalin. The government, which is committed to a sexless society, is encouraging and promoting the use of this and other drugs to subdue the young male population.

You gave birth to a boy; you will have to deal with him as such. If you wanted something that purred and laid around the house, you should have gotten a cat, not a boy.

God created the male race to work outdoors in a garden environment. Man's nature and role are to subdue. Each man needs his own independent domain to conquer and

dress. That's why we see so many overworked yards in the subdivisions. Those tiny plots of buildings, grass, and shrubs are each man's Garden of Eden. With an assortment of steel tools, he conquers his resisting frontier. His incessant overworking of such a small kingdom reminds me of a tiger going out for a stroll in his twenty square foot cage.

Most men are finding some form of expression and release in work and sex. But young boys placed in classrooms become like tiger cubs scolded for tumbling with their fellows. Such confine-



ment and restriction is against nature. Have you noted the primary activity of any young animal? It is to playfully attack the members of his family. Boys are made to run, tumble, goad, and respond in kind. It is not natural for a boy to sit in a cage. If we put him in real bars, it would be easier for him, but to force him to continually respect limits that are

against his nature is torturous indeed.

Homeschooling should not be an attempt to reproduce the classroom setting. The Bible defines the context in which we should teach our children. "And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up (Deuteronomy 6:7)." In other words, our teaching should be part of our ongoing daily activity, not a special event that demands long periods of withdrawal from the real world.

But our questioner is still waiting for a practical response to the question about how to prevent rowdy boys from disturbing the classroom setting. Provide release and expression for their boyishness, and do so with sufficient frequency and intensity so as to "decompress" them. That is, keep the classroom down to, say fifteen minutes, with work or hard play between times. If you feel you must have a longer time of instruction or practice, have them jump up and do 100 side-straddle-hops before they resume. Have them sing out a chant or count real loud as they exercise. You may have to study a military sergeant's manual. Provide a reward for the fastest ten laps around the house. Have them do their math while standing on one foot. Make them place their tablet on the wall and write while standing up. Keep them alert, interested, and exhausted. Don't try to contain and teach a tornado. Give it a time and place to expend its energy, and then teach when it is a little breeze. One hour of fun schooling is worth more than eight hours of drudgery. ☺

In keeping with our article on boys I have decided to relate an event that occurred last week. About twenty-five of us from the church, old and young, went camping and whitewater rafting. Deb and I didn't raft, but we did camp out and cook over the open fire. During the evening, one of the little seven-year-old boys named Asher buzzed around the camp in his cut off pants. He was to be my charge the next day when his daddy floated the river. He is a wiry looking rascal of a kid.

He had forgotten to bring along a belt, so his pants just rode on his hips, revealing four inches of his Fruit of the Loom. During the first hour, at least a dozen people had told him to pull his pants up. I took note that he made no effort and had actually begun to use it as a way of getting attention. So I took some cord and offered to make him a belt. To my surprise, he resisted. When I made mild forceful attempts to tie his pants up, his resistance intensified. Look out! He was getting out of the pecking order. So I forcefully held him down while I tied up his pants. When I turned him loose he immediately began to act like a boy/man. He expressed his independence and defiance by cheerfully, in a competitive manner, making an attempt to untie the cord. This is still all in fun, but as a man responsible for the upcoming male population, I treated him as I would one of my own boys. I gave him a stern (while laughing) warning, "If you untie that cord, I will get a longer piece and tie you up in a manner the will make you sorry." But he was determined to have it his way. I was determined that he should learn a little fear and respect (all in serious fun, mind

you). He got the attention of the whole group as he finally freed himself. No backing up now. I couldn't allow this boy to grow up without respect for "the powers that be."

**Sorry, I'm tied**

So I obtained a fifteen-foot length of cord and chased him down. I weigh 230 pounds, and I am six feet, four inches tall. He is about four feet tall and weighs about fifty pounds. He put everything into his resistance, and I was thankful he wasn't half my size or I might have



failed in my endeavor. I just knew he had six legs and seven arms. I had to sit on his head and shoulders to work the cord through the loops of his pants. He squirmed and kicked till it

felt like trying to contain a big coiled spring. Then I had to flip him over so I could thread the other side. He nearly got away that time. I was afraid he was going to bite me on the rear pocket. By this time we had a large cheering crowd. He was the favored contender. The encouragement only gave him strength. Between the flickering firelight, the flashing of cameras, the cloud of dust and the cheering, it must have looked like a real sporting event to the other campers.

To be true to my threat, after securing his pants, I ran the cord up over his shoulders, like suspenders, and down around his legs, drawn up like a calf, and finally tying one hand to his waist where his foot was tied.

By his time I was laughing so hard that I could hardly continue, besides, I had used up the cord. But I had taught the little rebel his lesson. Don't fool with the big guys. You always lose. So I jumped up, intending to step back and admire my handywork, but nearly fell on my face. When I tried to catch my balance, I found I couldn't separate my feet. Here I was doing this duck walk across the camp, my body bent halfway over, reaching for the ground to ease my collision, when I realized that in all this struggle, the kid had tied my shoelaces together. How he did it with me sitting on his head I will never know, but we learned our lessons. He kept the belt on, and I am going to pick on people more my own age and size. He is my kind of boy though.

I told you this story to define boys. I wouldn't have them any other way. While I was making an unsuccessful attempt to untie my shoelaces, which finally had to be cut, the father was laughing and bragging

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# Tying Strings

by Debi Pearl

Over the years, families develop patterns or habits. We were no exception. When Mike was still unmarried, the Church where he pastored gave him a huge brown recliner. When we married, the recliner was always given a place of honor in our house. It was called "Daddy's chair." Mike would come in after a long day at work and park his big body in the recliner to wait for supper. The children took that opportunity to minister to Daddy. One child would scratch his head while the other would take his shoes off and rub his feet. The youngest child would have the honored position in daddy's lap, brushing his beard. It usually took Daddy only 2 minutes to fall asleep. The kids didn't mind; having daddy asleep or awake was fine play.

It is amazing how creative children can be. By the time Daddy came to supper, he was either combed down slick, looking like an old tintype picture, or sticking out in all directions, looking like a wild pirate. Of course, he never knew nor cared how he looked after one of those sessions. He just enjoyed the time of being scratched, rubbed, combed, and adored.

Now to understand and appreciate this story you need to know just a few more facts. Mike is a big man, reaching in his salad days to about 6'5" tall. His normal weight was about 220 or 230lbs. His hair was

full and dark, almost black, and his beard was full, bushy, long, and black. In my youthful over-zeal, I prided myself as being very frugal. Therefore his tee shirts were always one or two inches too short, due to the local Dollar store not carrying X-large-X-tall sizes. I bought black tee shirts because they didn't show stains and could be worn as a shirt, thus further saving money spent on clothes. So now you have a clear picture of Mike while the children were growing up. A huge man with a big black beard, with an inch of his mid-driff showing every time he moved. He had a habit of always pulling down his shirt. Now that he is an older, more distinguish man, I make myself pay extra for tee shirts that fit. But back then he was not yet so distinguished and I was very frugal. Anyway, you get the picture.

One Saturday he had been working in the heat of the day. When he walked in the door he collapsed in his chair and the kids rushed to minister to him. They brushed, combed, styled, rubbed and scratched; yet he continued to snore. In the midst of all this styling, creativity was born. Nanny had given the youngest girl a whole package of pink, yellow, and red plastic barrettes just a couple of days earlier. While daddy peacefully slept, the kids transformed their strong macho daddy into a cute braided, dolled up fellow. Still Daddy slept, so the children got tired of waiting for him to awaken and

*(Continued on page 6)*

## NOTICE

### Coming meeting

August 5-8 we will be in Fort Worth, Tx. at the James Ave. Bap. Church for 4 days of meetings with the focus being on husband/wife relationships and the home. For more info call: (817) 293-5050 or fax (817) 293-9209.

## Radio

You may have recently heard us being interviewed on the radio. For several weeks after a national radio commentator recommended our book over the air, our orders doubled. We have been able to keep the price of our books well below the market value for several reasons. One is that this is a not-for-profit ministry. Another reason is that we do not spend much on advertisement. Our books sell mostly by word of mouth. After two years and eight printings, there are now over 100,000 books in print. Any profit we make above operating expenses goes to missions.

If you know of a Christian radio station that does interviews, contact them and recommend that they interview us or you concerning our book. It is a very good way of introducing this ministry to needy parents. ☺



# Tying Bows

(Continued from page 5)

went to comb the dog. When he awoke I called out from the kitchen and asked him to go to the store for a few items. So off he went. Yes, you guessed it, with pink, red, yellow, and purple bows and ribbons decorating his beard and hair. About an hour later he came walking in the door a humble man, still in complete ignorance of why people were staring and snickering at him. He had spent an embarrassing hour trying to figure out what was so funny. He had checked his pants first, they were zipped. After a few more laughs he checked the backside—no problem there. He then decided just to hold down his shirt, but still the giggles. Now, you must understand, people usually don't go around laughing at a man that big and hairy. Like I say, I hardly noticed the bows when he walked in, because he looked soooo humble. It is incredible how different a person looks who has just had a good humbling. Of course, then I noticed the rainbow of plastic girly barrettes. When I couldn't control my laughter he knew he had problems and headed for the bathroom to discover how he, the great Mike, could suddenly become a laughingstock. The mirror revealed the truth. Always a good sport, he had a good laugh as well.

For months he always headed to the mirror when the kids were through with him. Time passed and the children grew, his dignity returned. Ten years ago when we moved up here to the country, our youngest was 3 years old. Now there were only 2 little girls to groom Daddy, and with the passing of time, he forgot to check the mirror. When a man is young, people are not so

surprised when he acts or dresses in a strange manner. Also, city people are generally a weirder lot, thus, are not totally surprised when they see strange things. But here in our fine area, people are generally good, clean and wholesome. So when this large, middle-aged, plain looking man entered the grocery store with bows and barrettes of every color and shape holding his beard into a several braids and his graying hair into standing knots, he was a spectacle so strange, so bizarre, and so ridiculous that the open mouthed stares and uncontrolled laughter immediately alerted him to a problem. Without even bothering to check his pants or hold down his shirt, he quickly left his grocery cart in the aisle and headed out the door. The car mirror confirmed his worse fears. He was indeed one of those "kind."

He has never completely recovered. Now when you invite him to do seminars, this dignified gray-haired man will stand before you with a habit born of sheer survival. With a distracted air he will run his hands over his hair a couple of times before he begins smoothing down his beard. We meet eyes and grin. He silently communicates, "Just checking, just checking." And I smile, silently communicating back, "Just you wait, before too many years there will be grandchildren and you've still got some hair." ☺

**Subscription to this  
newsletter is free  
upon request.**

## From our Mailbox

"Just read Rats. So glad I heard your story and knew you before reading it. You've told the truth and it's so obviously done in love, I don't know how anyone could finish it w/o examining their own lives in this brilliant mirror. May the Lord bless each reader with a contrite heart, may each word hit a nerve to the praise of His glory and to the turning toward what is right in His sight...me first. Love Penny"

Dear Pearls

Your "Rats" article was excellent. I know exactly what you mean and I have been trying to teach the same basic message (like Keith Green said, just because you go to McDonalds doesn't make you a hamburger) to home schoolers. In addition, you hit home (my heart) with a personal challenge when you wrote, "But more than that, you must be living before your children a life so wonderfully different that they can only think of it as the presence and blessing of God."

By the way, please put by-lines on your articles so we know who wrote them. B.R., Ph.D, NHE Reasearch Institute"

### **INTERESTING IDEA**

"I ordered 8 To Train Up A Child books for the express purpose of passing the books out to my married friends, as I am still single.

I 'loaned' the books to my friends with the instructions to sign the inside front cover and then pass the book on to another of their friends with the same instructions.

Those books are slowly making their way through Georgia, Florida and Alabama." From Hank

## Now it is your turn to minister.

You can do what hundreds of others have done. Be a very special friend to someone by giving them a copy of TO TRAIN UP A CHILD. By purchasing eight or more books, you can receive a 40% discount. You can purchase eight books for \$18.64 + \$4.50 S/H. That is just \$2.33 each, for a total of \$23.14. If you cannot afford to give the books, you can do what others are doing and sell them at your cost or at retail price.

Sorry, we have been forced to up the suggested price of our books just a little to compensate for price rises at the printer. We want to keep our books accessible so you can order many copies and give them to your friends. When we receive request for books from those who cannot afford to buy, we sent them out free of charge. When you pay for books, you are making a donation to this ministry.

### Other Good Books

Read **Bruchko** and discover what it is like for a nineteen-year-old boy to walk alone and unprepared into the dense jungles of the Andes mountains in search of a primitive, savage tribe. He first knew he had found them when he felt their arrows tearing his flesh. This man is still alive and still ministering to the Indians of Colombia.

Read **Lords of the Earth** and see what it is like to stand between two warring tribes with a message of love and peace. They thought he was a god when their arrows wouldn't kill him.

**Me? Obey Him?** When I was a young bride I read *Me? Obey Him?* By Mrs. Elizabeth Rice Hanford. I can still remember the surprise and joy I experienced in "trying out" what I had read. I know God used this book to help make my marriage, thus my ministry, what it is today. May God bless you thus as you read it. Debi Pearl

See the video **EE Taow!** and weep as you see live footage of a whole village becoming believers in Jesus—all in one day.

**Commandos For Christ**, a great book. The true story of the author's experiences as he and fellow missionaries contacted and evangelized primitive tribal people in the remote jungles of Bolivia. It is as exciting and thrilling as it sounds. It keeps you on the edge of your seat.

# Order Form

This is a non-profit ministry. We are not in the business of selling books and tapes. As a ministry to families, we make available as a gift selected books and tapes that we think will be a blessing and encouragement. If you wish to contribute to this ministry, this order form gives the suggested donation to cover our expenses. If you cannot afford to help with the expenses, we will be glad to send books and tapes free of charge as the Lord provides. Simply send us your request.

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# Who wrote what?

As to by-lines, the way we write often makes it difficult to decide just who wrote what. Debi sits down at the computer and writes down a few questions that have come in the mail. I come in behind her and write my thoughts. Debi comes back to add her two cents, then I follow with the conclusion. Sometimes during the night one or the other wakes up with a strong idea and jots it down. That spouse will work on it the next day and then give it to the other. Together we decide if it is good or not. If it is, we work it down until we like it. We are two people working as one. Some things like herbs are mostly Debi's, the theology is mine, but most of the articles are ours. ☺

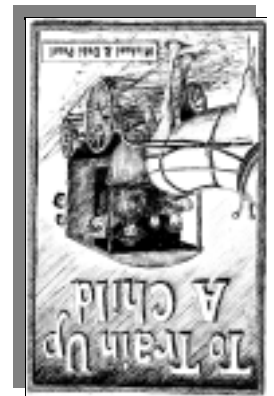
# All tied up



*Continued from page 4*

about his boy. He thinks his kids are the greatest. They all know it, and are intolerably proud, secure, and happy. He doesn't try to subdue them. He builds hurdles and teaches them to jump.

Our kids ought to be our favorite comedians, our most frequent pas-time, our main hobby, our primary project, our best friends, our consuming passions, and the center around which all future plans revolve. That's child training. ☺



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