



NO GREATER JOY

Vol. 3 No. 10

The Church At Cane Creek, 1000 Pearl Rd., Pleasantville, TN 37147

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Child Training Marathon

Debi and I were teaching several seminars in a one-hundred-mile radius. One family requested that we stay with them the entire week and critique their child training. It was a busy, trying time for them, preparing meals and hauling us around from town to town, with meetings every night and sometimes all day. On top of all that, they assured us of their desire that we be diligent to tell them any and every thing we saw in them or their children that could be improved. If an occasion arose and we didn't speak out, they brought it to our attention and asked how and what should be done. This family meant business.

When we arrived, we assumed they must be having problems with their teenagers, since parents usually don't panic until they have a teenager making their lives miserable, but that was not the case. By today's Christian standards, they had a well ordered home. Their oldest child, a boy of about seventeen, was a real joy to his parents. But as the children got younger, there was a definite deterioration in their attitude and self-control.

I am not sure why this is sometimes the case. Often parents seem to tire of the rigors of teaching and discipline and begin to slack off with their younger ones. Or perhaps when the older children are turning out all right,

parents ease up on their vigilance, taking their success for granted. And then, family values often change as economic success interrupts family unity. And of course, when a marriage slowly erodes, the younger children will not be rooted in the same loving, secure environment, as were the first ones.

This family had applied the



teaching of our first book, and saw great improvement. But their six-year-old boy occasionally went into a rage when things didn't go his way. He was a very good psychologist. When angry, he would express his hurt feelings in a way that caused the parents to feel guilt, evoking just enough doubt and insecurity to keep them from being tough. Being cautious to deal with his "touchy" emotional state, they resorted to pleading and reason, explaining how "they really did love him" and how "he was not a bad person."

I watched the boy commit an offense, throw a fit when corrected, and then end up lecturing his parents on how mistreated he was. "You don't love me

like the others. You think I am dumb. Why am I always the one to blame?" It all settled down with the parents apologizing and the kid stomping off to brood until the parents expressed proper contrition. Amazing! Brilliant—in a wicked sort of way.

Now I am well aware of the many things parents can do to cause children insecurity and hurt. But I will save that for another day. We still have a selfish manipulative brat ruling the house and pushing his parents around by means of a festering guilt trip.

This little boy had found his parents' weakness and capitalized on it. Mom and Dad occasionally expressed just enough anger and resentment to cause them self-doubt.

Sensing their lack of confidence, the boy found ways to further deepen their guilt. He knew just what to say to cause them pain. Did he have a legitimate basis for accusing his parents of being unworthy to be his head? In some cases, as is probably true with nearly all parents, yes. The parents sensed their moral inadequacy. Granted, if they had maintained clear consciences, his manipulations would have fallen flat. It was their humble sensitiveness to their own failures that caused them to relinquish the moral authority of the family to this six-year-old tyrant. It reminds us of how the coming of the law increases sin (Rom. 7). Now the obvious solution is to tell

(Continued on page 2)

Rebekah Pearl and her brother Nathan

will be back in Papua New Guinea by the time you receive this newsletter. They were hoping to have the Noel family travel with them, but their visa has just not come in. You can pray that God will move in the hearts of PNG officials to grant a visa to Dewayne Noel.

Rebekah is taking back several hundred pounds of literature and teaching aids.

We have received over \$5,000.00 for the printing and shipping of Pidgin Bibles for PNG. We will be needing an additional \$15,000.00. It is a recently translated text based on the King James family of manuscripts.



Marathon

(Continued from page 1)

parents to instantly become wise and discerning. If all parents were ideal Christians, no shortcomings, no hang-ups, nothing to cause guilt, then they would always have the moral strength to withstand manipulation. Christian maturity is normal, but the fact is that in most cases it doesn't come until the children are grown. Should parents wait until they are sufficiently mature and worthy before assuming command. If so, it may then be too late for the child.

"So, if I am not the perfect parent, am I going to abdicate the throne to my imperfect child?" If your child is smart enough to touch your weak spots and make you feel guilt, is he thereby more righteous, more wise? Remember, he is using his parent's weaknesses to silence them and eliminate their interference so he can act in selfish and unruly ways. I will remind you that parenthood is not an appointed office; it is not by the consent of the child. Parents hold an office (parenthood) that carries with it certain obligations and authority, apart from their worthiness. For the sake of your children, you must act now. You

must rise above feelings of inferiority or unworthiness. By "rise above," I mean you must act for the child's benefit, whether you feel up to the task or not.

In our observation of this family, we detected that the mother was a very "sensitive" person. She was the first to feel the child's "emotional pain." She shied away from confrontation until suppressed frustration provoked her to act. She never spoke with authority or conviction—frustration, yes, but not with dignity and authority. She ASKED the children to comply. She "patiently" coaxed and compassionately pleaded with them. When they ignored her suggestions, she would then become exasperated and reach an impasse, where she felt overwhelmed, defeated.

As is often the case in similar situations, this mother was abused when a child. She was always fearful of not being sensitive and patient enough. She didn't trust herself. She didn't trust her husband—though she would say she did. She was fearful of failure. Her six-year-old boy was none of this. He was not broken in spirit, as he often portrayed. He just knew how to hurt his mother and short-circuit her interference with his

indulgence. He was emotionally stronger than she was.

What of the father? As is the normal industrialized curse, he was away from home most of every day. Feeling out of touch, in most cases he naturally deferred to his wife's judgment. He did have more control over the children, but the pattern was set and habits formed during the two-thirds of the day when the kids were under her tutelage. He too stood back with insecurity when he saw the "deep hurt" of his son. He felt guilty for not being there more of the time, for dumping the load on his wife. The parents had good hearts. They were just blinded by their own fear and sense of helplessness.

One day we were sitting in the living room discussing an event that had just occurred, when their oversized dog attempted to interrupt. The father, hardly looking at the dog, commanded him to go down stairs. He didn't raise his voice, and there was no anger. He spoke with authority, expecting the dog to obey without further word or attention. The dog took off downstairs like he just heard a call to chow. I realized that in

(Continued on page 3)

In the beginning when there was a Theos but no theologian.
 When the Logos had not yet spoken that which came to be written.
 Before the papari were brought forth or the ancient scrolls unrolled.
 God yet existed in a state that for deity was befitting.

**Without the help of a Scholar or a man of clerical collar,
 He spoke and it was done, He commanded and it stood fast.
 He called no committee nor asked any advice,
 Yet His word alone was able to suffice.**

by Michael Pearl

Marathon

(Continued from page 2)

this quiet-spoken home, I had never heard either parent speak with confident authority.

What solution did we offer this couple? We told the mother particularly, *“Get tough; you are thinking more of your own feelings than you are the needs of your children. Don’t let your past hurts come into the present to continue hurting your children. You are allowing your abusing father to abuse your children through your continuing reaction.”*

Right in the middle of confrontations, we guided the parents through responses to their children. *“Quit asking,”* we would say, *“Tell him what to do, and put a little toughness in your voice.”* Then we would tell her, *“Don’t tell him again; respect your own word; get your switch and apply it right where he stubbornly sits; ignore his self-pity. Don’t assure him of your love; assure him of your authority. You are in the right; put your shoulders back and act like a commanding officer whose word is final. Do not negotiate or explain. Mother, take the whine out of your voice, and put some steel in your posture. Stay calm, but unmoving.”*

The kid was amazed to discover that no one cared for his manipulating pity shows. One word from a parent was the last word—no repeat, no appeal, and no regret. It took three days, but when

the child realized he had no recourse, he obeyed the first time and kept his mouth shut. By the end of the week, he was expressing more love and appreciation for his mother than he had ever shown. He began to admire her rather than see her as a weakling whom he could control. It was a joy to see and share in their victory.

Their youngest boy, age two or three, had a tough hide that at times absolutely resisted all control. He would whine, and whine, and cry, and plead, and demand. He was a tough nut to break, but it was a simple procedure that didn’t hurt anyone but the parents.

Again, it was the lack of resolute authority that cultivated whining in this two-year-old. Since the parents were seldom decisive, the child had learned that begging and pleading often caused them to capitulate to his will. When they said, “No,” it was just the starting point in negotiations. After reading our book, on several occasions the parents had attempted to exert their authority and hold out against his demands, but this tough little campaigner had always endured.

Late one night we were riding back from a seminar when the little fellow noticed that he was on the other end of the seat from his mother. He was riding in a restraining seat, and so whined to sit in his mother’s lap. The father SUGGESTED that it would be best if he stayed strapped into his restraining seat. The mother began to

sympathetically explain why she couldn’t hold him. Based on past experiences, he knew that this was just the opening round. Their rejection of his proposal was only tentative. They were just testing the waters to see if he would yield. If by continual insistence he should demonstrate how very important this issue was to him, they would eventually come around to seeing it his way. As he pleaded further, asking for water, I could see that the mother was feeling guilty for not being close to HER BABY. Didn’t his tears demonstrate how important this was to his emotional well-being? After six or eight rounds, it finally reached the brokenhearted crying stage.

Mother was reaching for her baby when the father turned to me and asked, “What should I do?” Again I explained the principle—By allowing the child to dictate terms through his whining and crying, you are confirming his habit of whining and consenting to his technique of control. So I told the daddy to tell the boy that he would not be allowed to sit in his mother’s lap, and that he was to stop crying. Of course, according to former protocol, he intensified his crying to express the sincerity of his desires. The mother was ready to come up with a compromise. “He was hungry. He was sleepy. He was cold.” Actually, he was a brat, molded and confirmed by parental responses. I told the Father to stop the car and without recourse give him three to five licks with a switch. After doing so the child only screamed a louder protest. This is not the time to give in to demand. After two or three minutes, driving down the road listening to his background wails, I told the father to COMMAND the child to stop crying. He only cried more loudly. At my instruction, without further rebuke, the father again stopped the car and spanked the child. Still screaming, we continued for two minutes until the father again commanded the child to be quiet. Again, no response, so the car was again stopped and the child spanked. This was repeated for about twenty miles down a lonesome highway at 11:00 on a winter night.

When the situation began to look like a stalemate, the mother suggested that the little fellow didn’t understand. I told

(Continued on page 6)

THE DOER OF THE WORD

Although the man was old and stooped, he walked with the urgency of driven youth. I wonder, is it altogether a tiring body that makes an old person amble along, or is it that the man of age has reached a point of knowing that the demanding things of youth are not important after all, certainly not so important so as to hurry? But this old man had either not come to such a wise state, or he had discovered something that still mattered. As he walked up that rough path strewn with rock the morning sun was beginning to break over the mountains revealing the tiny hut the old man had just left. The freshness of the morning sun streamed through his white, downy hair, giving him a halo effect. His skin, although burned bronzed, was not that of a Mexican or Indian. Except for the few things he carried in a small native, handmade net bag he had strung over his shoulder, he had nothing with him. The path into the mountains where he walked led only to remote villages, the closest, still a day's walk. This village is what is referred to as a "nothing village"—no store, no fresh water, and only the poorest of people scratching the barren rock for substance. Why a gringo would be going that way without any provisions was a mystery to those watching him disappear up the steep trail.

"Ha! They wonder about me yet. How many years, Lord, have we been walking these trails? We first walked this very trail over 35 years ago. Those people living in the mountains are nothing people to the villages below, but I know,

and You know Lord, they belong to You. How I thank you for giving to me the opportunity to be the first to tell them the sweet, sweet story. Oh, yes, I remember that day as if it were yesterday, the looks of joy on their faces as they heard the good news of salvation.



Yes Lord, thank you for that wonderful harvest. Oh, it has been good to watch them grow and spread the gospel to their own people all over these mountains.

Let's see, I guess there are over two hundred churches established in these mountains now. What a harvest; how I praise you! Oh, the riches of your mercy are past finding out. Lord, I'm

getting old, I don't guess I'll ever get to visit the last twenty-five churches; they are so far in the mountains. I do wish there was a place for a small airstrip. Oh, well they really don't need me, it's just that I would like to see with my own eyes what you've done.

I tell you Lord, every time I think of cutting a new airstrip I think of that time I dropped my little boy off in the middle of the mountains down south. I have to say Lord, I smile every time I remember that, but I sure wasn't smiling then. I was scared to death of having to tell his mother, 'I lost our 10 year-old-son in the mountains somewhere.' 'How,' she would say, 'could you lose a 10 year-old-boy out of an airplane?' She has been a good woman, Lord, mighty good woman. Man never had a helpmate that helped as much as mine has, and her with polio all these years. Having all those kids, schooling them, living in some of the roughest conditions, having people in her home day

in and day out, she has been a good one. Bless her Lord, give her strength to finish her course. And thank you again Lord, she sure has been a sweet lady. You are a good God. But I'm telling you Lord, I was sweating having to tell her I left our boy behind to show the gospel film and when I came back to that remote Indian village a week later, the locals had taken him to the

(Continued on page 7)

A Stinking Situation

From time to time, here at the church at Cane Creek, among our young people and children, incidents develop that reflect upon their personalities and characters. One such recent episode bears repeating, in hopes that you will be forewarned and therefore guard against a similar crisis in your community. I will admit that the children involved were too young to realize the dire consequences of their misdeed, but at what age does accountability begin?

I have hesitated to make this known publicly lest I provide further material for those who need very little to concoct juicy stories designed to cast a shadow upon our ministry. But, knowing that the story will likely leak out and cause a stink, I have decided to give you the uncensored facts before you hear a garnished version from one of our self-installed enemies. There are ample witnesses to testify to the truth of what I here write.

Recently, during a workday on a certain homestead, while the adults were preoccupied, the younger children were playing down by the stream away from the house. It was a mixture of boys and girls, all under ten years old. You know how boys and girls often compete. The boys had made a bridge across the stream and would not let the girls cross over unless they could guess the password—which they were unable to do. On the other side of the stream was a wonderful mud slide about six feet tall and very steep. I am sure it was nothing like what they have at Six Flags, but the girls thought they should share in the boy's fun. Eventually, the girls constructed their own bridge and established a password (as the eagle flies south to Australia) which the boys were unable to break. But, even though the girls now had their own access to the other side of the stream, the boys, led by Joseph, seven years old, continued to deny the girls access to the wonderful mud slide.

As the adults later gathered to consider the events that led up to the crises, it is clear that if this kind of be-

havior is allowed to continue, it could lead to a bloated male ego, not to mention the female's diminished sense of self-assertion.

As events developed, Joseph, the main culprit, felt the call of nature and departed for the outhouse (for you city-slickers that's an outside toilet). Emily, cute as a button and small for her four years, and otherwise normally quite passive, had endured all of Joseph's bossing she could stand. So at a discreet distance, she followed him to the outhouse. When he was securely seated inside, she slipped up and locked the door. When he got ready to leave, she was already across his bridge and sliding down his exclusive mudslide. His cries of distress, occasionally punctuated with gagging sounds, surely reached her across the field and over the creek. But I suppose her heart had been hardened by the many times of humiliation she had suffered at his uncaring hands. She continued to enjoy the slide until someone else heard the choking, pleading Joseph and released him from his steamy, fly pestering prison.

When you must avail yourself of an outhouse, you normally hold your breath the whole time. When Joseph bolted for the door and found it locked, it must have been a rather horrible experience. I am sure he will be traumatized for life. It will probably call for an entirely new field of psychiatry to treat his putrophobia.

To top it all off, the parents involved only stopped working long enough to laugh. Emily escaped with a mild reprimand that in my estimation will only encourage her in her feminist agenda.

Well, you have the whole story, as embellished as I know how. I can't imagine how this story will sound by the time it gets around. But, let no more be said; this is a shut and open case of good country fun. ☺

Rats Revisited

Our article "Rats" first printed in the May 97 issue, has been by far our most popular article. We have received hundreds of letters expressing thanks and telling of changed lives. We also received eight or ten negative replies. It has been reprinted in several magazines and newsletters.

The family that inspired the article lives near by. We are thankful to report that since the article was written one of the rats has become a Saint. Printed here in his own words, without editing, is his testimony.

"Now I have a story for you today. I call it "Rat to Righteous". It is safe for me to say, I was born a rat, raised a rat in a rat's den. Therefore, I've done things that rats naturally do and I have for a long time, more than I care to remember. I grew tired of being a rat. I longed to be something greater and then I found my inspiration, my wife. I thought I had something to strive for. It was the wrong reason and cost me dearly. Five years later we're in separation with a 2 year-old son right in the middle of it. This separation caused me to fall and I fell hard, but thank God I fell on the Rock, the Lord Jesus Christ. There is none Holy as the Lord: for there is none beside thee nor is there any rock like our God. That rock changed my life and now I have peace, compassion, sobriety and faith. Faith gives us confidence, which gives us strength so we can walk closer to God. That is how I went from "Rat to Righteousness." Eph. 5:8 says, "For ye were sometimes in darkness, but now are ye children of the light." Amen. ☺

Dear reader, pray right now for this man's wife. He desires her salvation and the reunion of their family. ☺

July 17, 1995

New Book

I'm here! We took a small plane, 5 seater, single prop, turbo, for 35 minutes inland. We flew past the highest mountain in P.N.G., snow covered, Mount Wilhelm. Then we landed on a small grass airstrip where about 150 natives were waiting. They loaded up our backpacks, put the food in their bilams, and we started up the mountains. And climbed up and up and up until I was sure we must have passed the moon and sun too. The villagers were



1112 pages - paperback

peeking through the brush and climbing trees to see us. The girls would run their hands up and down my arms and feel my hair. I said to them, "Mi narapela kain meri, eh?" ("I'm a different kind of girl, eh?"), and they all busted out laughing. I was indeed another kind of girl than they had ever seen. The children hang back and stare with big eyes. We met a lapun meri (old woman) who screeched and crooned with toothless delight at our arrival. Another old man went off into an enraptured speech in Kumboi, "In 1975 we gained independence as a country. That year was the last time I saw a white man. Now I am happy to see white brothers and sisters."

Read the rest of the story. Rebekah Pearl, the daughter of Michael and Debi Pearl is a missionary to a primitive tribe in the highlands of Papua New Guinea. Now you can read the daily chronicle of her first year among the Kumboi people. This 112 page book tells the awesome story of God's guidance and protection as a 22 year old girl, all alone where no white person had ever been, sought to adapt to a primitive culture, learn two languages, and translate Scripture. See Rebekah in her village setting through several pages of photographs .

Send a gift of \$4.00 plus \$2.00 S.H. and you will receive your copy right away. You will also want to hear her story in her own words, now available on audio tape for a gift of \$3.00. Ask for the Gami Akiz story. ☺

Marathon

(Continued from page 3)

the father to command the boy to stop crying immediately or he would again be spanked. The boy ignored him until Father took his foot off the gas, preparatory to stopping. In all his crying, he understood the issues well enough to immediately sense the slowing of the car and understand that it was a response to his crying. The family was relieved to have him stop and the father started to resume his drive. I said "No, you told

him he was to stop crying immediately or you would spank him; he waited until you began stopping. He has not obeyed; he is just beginning to show confidence in your resolve. Spank him again and tell him that you will continue to stop and continue to spank until you get instant compliance. The boy was smart. He may not have feared mama. His respect for Daddy was growing, but that big hairy fellow in the front seat seemed to be more stubborn than he was, and with no guilt at all. This time when Daddy gave his command, the boy dried it up like a paper towel. The parents had won and

the boy was the beneficiary.

Now you may wonder why I did not tell the father to tell the boy that he was going to spank him until he stopped crying, and so, not resume driving until he had stopped. Never put yourself in the place where you may lose the contest. What if the boy didn't stop? Would you spank him forever, or would you stop when it bordered on the abusive, in which case the child would win? Your word would fall to the ground; you gave-in before he did. You would have

(Continued on page 9)

Doer of the Word

(Continued from page 4)

next village over. When I got to that village he had moved on to the next. I tell you Lord, I didn't think my old rickety airplane or my fuel, not to mention my heart, was going to last through that one. Excuse me for laughing Lord, every time I remember finding him in that new village, where no missionary had ever gone, I just have this uncontrollable urge to throw my hands in the air and laugh with thanksgiving and praise. To think, my young 10-year-old son started a new work all by himself. Yes, Lord, thank you for giving me back my boy that day. He has been a blessing.

You know Lord, I think he told me the other day he has over 80 thousand people enrolled in correspondence in Guatemala now. What a ministry! He has been like Elisha, with a double portion. Thank you Lord for a son like that. Yes Lord, thank you for all 5 of my kids. Hard to believe they are all over 30 years old now. I tell you Lord, if I can't do all the ministry I had my heart set on, it is mighty satisfying seeing my own sons and daughters doing it. Such a blessing Lord—such a blessing. Thank you Lord, for using every one of my children to your honor and grace. Yes, you have been so good.

Oh Lord, help me to remember to read that book that man's been after me to read, that deeper life book by that China man. I guess I need to do that Lord, but I'm getting old and there is so little time left to reach this last people group over in the far

southwest. Now Lord, I got an idea to air drop a bunch of tracts; say about ten thousand or so over eight of their villages. I know no one has written their language yet, but I heard some of those folks come out of the mountains to trade, and they have to know some Spanish. So the way I figure it, if the people find a strange piece of paper they will take it to someone that might know how to read Spanish. It's an idea, Lord. You let me know if it is from you. I'm running out of time and there are still so many who have never heard. Lord, right now raise up someone to go to those tribes, you told us to pray for laborers and I want to go on record again Lord, we need some hard working, hard walking man to finish these mountains. I'll tell them at this next meeting and maybe someone will decide to stop waiting for a lightning bolt and just obey your last command.

You know Lord I hate to have to go back to the States to another one of those meetings. They bore me to tears, spending half the night fussing about little differences. They are almost as bad as those seeking the mind of God about fasting meetings and never just open the Book. Excuse me, Lord I'm laughing again. Those folks don't know what fasting is, do they Lord. You remember that time I was up in—now I can't even remember where we were that time Lord—but anyway, I'd been without food so long, I was tempted to try the stones for bread. I sure was glad that Indian family showed up with tortillas. Best tasting stuff I ever ate. Yes,

Lord we have had some mighty lean times. I tell you, I've eaten all kinds of dogs, snakes, lizards, and other critters in my day—talking about unclean meat, but I guess its best not tell those folks that kinda stuff. Might scare them off from going. Of course, not many folks are doing any going anyway. Too busy preaching about going deeper or fussing about some doctrine.

Well, Lord, I was going to ask you about this problem I've run into about the translation of these people's Bible. I need some wisdom here Lord, you know I really want these people to know your Word. Ouch! I wish I had my young legs back; and Lord about the village over in the south.....

This story is based on fact, though the conversation with God is imagination. He and his wife are still behind the plough, being “doers of the word, and not hearers only.” ☺

Subscription
to this news-
letter is free
upon re-
quest.

Man and Wife

There is a young couple in our church who just had their first baby. They recently bought several acres of timberland, about a mile off the road. Determined to not borrow money, they built a twelve-foot by twelve-foot house until they can save enough to build a larger one. Their “house” is without running water, except that which runs off the tin roof. It is without electricity, refrigerator, washing machine, sink, toilet, tub, furniture, etc. You say, “What does it have? Four walls, two windows (of a very used variety), one door, a cute little roof, a porch, a cozy loft for sleeping, and two young people just getting started in life, who hardly ever appear in public for the joy they have of just being together in their little castle.

The little lady carried her new baby to an auction last week and stayed all day, buying a refrigerator for \$1.00 and a gas stove—a Proverbs 31 woman. The refrigerator is in anticipation of the day they get electricity. The stove will work off of a propane bottle. Can you imagine the joy on the face of a new bride meeting her husband coming home from work with the news that for \$1.00 she has just furnished their would-be kitchen?

Before they got married the young man was extremely visible and active, always on the volleyball court or going somewhere with the fellows. Now, when he comes home from his construction job, he greets his wife and picks up his little baby girl. His big, rough hands completely encompass the tiny infant. The way he carries on, you would think that he is the one who gave birth. I have never seen a more intense case of male bonding with his new infant.

When she was large with child, they came over one night for us to drill them on natural home delivery. There are several midwives in the community, all work free, but they had studied and were determined to have their baby alone, just the two of them, in their little cabin. They received a lot of criticism, but they didn’t notice. They continued in

faith and sobriety, believing they “*would be saved in child bearing*,” just like God said.

Three days after our little child birthing class, they drove up and he jumped out with a bundle in his hands. She followed him in, and they told us of her easy delivery just a few hours earlier. They stayed with us for one day and night to shower and recover, and then returned to their homestead.

It has been several weeks now. Just the other night, the sleeping baby stopped breathing. They artificially restored respiration. It took an hour for the baby to begin breathing normally and without assistance. They didn’t panic. They prayed and applied the emergency treatment he had learned in a class taken years earlier.

The joys, pains, highs and lows, the fear, the faith. Each new life, each new couple is a fresh creation, unexplored territory, mystery waiting to be discovered anew. Each life is an original creation, each couple a new Adam and Eve, each home another garden of Eden, children of God destined to be conformed into the image of God’s son. God made Adam incomplete and then brought to him the woman that could cause him to grow into all that he was designed to be. She was his helper, the other half of humanity, two pieces of a whole that would bear fruit to reproduce itself and multiply the sons and daughters of God.

A book is being written. It is a great sweeping epic that carries across the centuries, covering every culture and language. Each couple is part of the cast, each event part of the script. How they play their roles will form the pages of history and define eternity. If it has been a long time since you were innocent and gullible, if bitterness and discouragement have taken the seats where hope and joy once sat, know that as long as there is life there is hope. Circumstances

don’t rule, attitudes do. There is no ground in which faith cannot grow. Hope doesn’t need to see.

This little mother told of a lesson she learned early in marriage. They are both athletic and decided to take a cross-country bicycle trip for their honeymoon. I must admit, such a thought never occurred to me. She related how they immediately began arguing. The husband is very stubborn, especially when it comes to reading a map. He was always taking the wrong road—with the utmost confidence. She would

say, “No this is the right direction,” and so they would argue about it. No, it is no big deal to take the wrong road when driving; you can just go twenty miles down the road and then turn around. But if you are peddling up all the hills—well.

She tells how she finally learned her role as helper. She decided that her husband couldn’t read a map half as good as she could, but if he read the map incorrectly and they went in a different direction than intended, then it was God’s will for her to joyously follow, lending all assistance. If he read the map incorrectly, then God would work it for their good. When she followed her husband, she always went in the right direction and always ended up where she ought to be,

whether he did or not. They are growing. She is learning to be a good helper and he is learning to be a more considerate leader.

It is not too late to try it again. Life still has some romance for those who will trust God and believe. ☺





T. J. Slayman is back in Laos after receiving a certificate to teach English in foreign countries to peoples of a different language. He loves the Laotian people and plans to spend the rest of his life there in service.

Laos is closed to missionaries. The native pastors are sometimes shot while preaching to their congregations. But they do welcome English teachers. T.J. has an old book that is the finest example of English literature. His students will be reading the K.J.B. ☺☺☺

Marathon

(Continued from page 6)

actually hardened his resolve to rebel. Furthermore, when a child is being spanked and shortly thereafter, he may be too emotionally wrought to make responsible decisions. Our concern is not just to silence the child, but to gain voluntary submission of his will through respect for our command.

Father tells the boy to stop crying or he will stop the vehicle and spank. Father stops, spanks, the child cries, and the father resumes the drive, waits three to five minutes, ignores the crying and continues to talk as if all is well. Five minutes later, the father again commands the child to stop crying. By this time there is no lingering pain and he has had time to quiet in his emotions and reflect on the parental mandate—“Stop crying or get a spanking.” Again, the father commands the child to stop crying or he will receive a spanking. The child continues crying only because he assumes that the status quo continues. That is, he is not at all convinced that the father means what he says. Judging from past experiences, he is sure that he will win this contest eventually. By breaking it up into several sessions, the father is reprogramming the child—Father commands with a threat; child disobeys;

Father carries out threat; child loses and suffers the consequences; it is an unpleasant experience; repeat all of above five to ten times. The child concludes: There is a new order; Father is consistent; he always means what he says; boy cannot win; there is no alternative to instant obedience. Get smart, be a survivor, just say no to self-will.

The beauty of this kind of contest is that when the parents conquer, it applies across the board. The child is not just yielding to the circumstances; he is yielding to his parents. The rebel in him is dying. This submission will translate into every aspect of their relationship. The child has learned that the parents have more resolve than he does. They are not liars. When they say stop or else, they mean it. There is no way to bend the parents; their word is final.

The next day we were sitting in the living room when the mother gave the little fellow a command. Out of habit, he commenced his whine, which turned to a cry. Mother looked discouraged and turned to me asking, “What should I do now?” I said, “Tell him to dry it up instantly and to start smiling.” When she commanded him, he immediately stopped crying and gave a faked smile that quickly turned to a sincere one in reflection to the delight on his mother’s face. I never will forget. She started laughing with absolute abandonment. She was overjoyed. “He has never

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obeyed me like that,” she said. For the few days that remained, he obeyed her instantly and the household was a very peaceful place. The battle was won. Whether or not the victory continued depends on how consistent the parents were. The hard part was over. If the parents didn’t revert to their old responses, the child wouldn’t revert to his.

There are those of you who will think that the twenty miles of spanking was cruel. Remember, this was not a daily event; it was a war to end all wars. The spankings were not wild, violent affairs. They were not greatly painful. They were done in quiet calm and dignity. It is not the severity of the spanking but the certainty of it that gives it persuasive power. Our object in spanking is not to cause the child to so fear the pain that he obeys. It is to gain the child’s attention and give him respect for the parent’s word. I know that there are abusive, angry parents out there who, through their own inconsistency, find themselves in a position where they

(Continued on page 10)

Young Men's Bible Workshop

Dec. 8-19

Young man, come study the Scripture with Michael Pearl. December 8th – 19th Cane Creek will be hosting a marathon Bible study for men only. We are limiting the number to fifteen. This is not a time of inspiration and social life. Men only will bring their sleeping bags and prepare to rough it. We will provide an indoor floor for you to sleep on and kill a deer for the stew pot.

This is not for the faint hearted or one who needs coddling. You will cut your own firewood and wash your own dishes and clothes. All we promise you is that you will learn more Bible in this two weeks than most people do in two years of Bible college. Our method is not to tell you what the bible says but to guide you in the tried and proved Biblical Methods of study. You will develop confidence and skill as a Bible student. Rather than sit and listen, you will



study and participate. We will cover the books of Romans, Galatians and Genesis.

No professional Bible conference attenders please. This is just for serious, sober young men who have already made and followed up on a commitment to grow and minister in the Faith. There are no accommodations for families or spouses. Men only. If you would like to know more, send me your address and telephone number. Tell me a little about yourself and I will get in touch with you to discuss it further. Address your envelope to: Men in Training, The Church at Cane Creek, 1000 Pearl Rd., Pleasantville, TN, 37147

During the week of April 8th through April 14th the Pearls will be touring in seminars in the area of Columbus and Atlanta, Georgia. If you are interested in having them in your church or homeschool meeting please write address your envelope to Carolayne Chambers.

A word of explanation:

You may have wondered where your September newsletter disappeared. Deb and I have been too busy with Rebekah to write one. We spent two weeks in the recording studio making and then mixing a singing tape of Rebekah. It should be ready for distribution by the middle of November. We spent a month proofing and formatting her diary. It is now back from the printer and ready for distribution. It was quite a project. We finally got through with her preparations for leaving. This newsletter is larger to make up for the missing month.

Marathon

(Continued from page 9)
excessively spank every day. Spanking should just be part of a training program. It is our consistency that trains. The rod just gives credibility to our word. If your word is not credible, no amount of the rod will ever be effective. You will become abusive. If you feel abusive, you probably are. Get counsel and advice from a close friend who has a Biblical perspective on child training.

In reflecting on our one-week stay with this fine family, I am amazed at their humility and grace. Giving us full license in the home must have been like the Judgment Seat of Christ. Well,

not quite, but about as close to it as can be had down here in the flesh. One word of warning: Don't invite us to come stay with you for a week; this old man has had all the crying and whining he can stand for the next five years. We're retired.

"Honey, I'll put some wood on the fire and you put the tea on. We'll have another quiet evening writing." ☺

Audio Tapes

Gami Akiz: We highly recommended this tape for all young people, as well as adults. Children love it.

Miracles are not all in the past. The story of God's grace among an ancient peoples, and how their path crossed that of one lone American girl obeying God. Told by Rebekah Pearl.

•**Five Helpers:** A Panel of five women, all wives of men of far reaching ministries, discuss how they help their husbands be used of God.

•**Authority of the believer in prayer:** The last message of the missions camp, preached by Michael Pearl. Hear how prayer changes God, moves heaven, and determines the course of

Great Book

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*

We highly recommend this video, **EE Taow!** Rejoice as you see live footage of an entire village becoming believers in Jesus—all in one day.

"Can you believe this, my children love to listen to your tapes of No Greater Joy Vol. 1 and To Train Up A Child. We listen as we drive along in the car and when we get where we are going they want to stay in the car to finish the story. In the evenings the children beg to listen to the tapes while they sit coloring pictures. The tapes are transforming the way my children think about themselves. Even our teens are loving the tapes."



When we started getting these letters, we decided to buy a vinyl album to hold both set of tapes—all six 90 minute tapes, both books, read by Michael Pearl. For a gift of \$18.00

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, as the Lord provides, we send them out free of charge. When you pay for books, you are making a donation to this ministry.

Order Form

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		BK 1S	No Greater Joy Volume One 1-7 books	4.00	
		BK 1X	No Greater Joy Volume One 8-99 books	2.50	
		BK 1C	No Greater Joy Volume One Box of 100	2.20	
		BK 4	Me? Obey Him? pbk. 95 pg. (Christian wives)	2.00	
		BK 1M	Brucho, pbk. 202 pg. (missionary)	9.00	
		BK 2M	Lords of the Earth, pbk. 368 pg. (missionary)	10.00	
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		AD 1	No Greater Joy Vol. 1 (3 tapes read by Michael Pearl)	9.00	
		AD 10	Vinyl album of both books, To Train up a Child & No Greater Joy V. 1 (six tapes in album)	18.00	
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		AD 13	A Panel of Five (for women only)	3.00	
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Would you like answers to these questions?



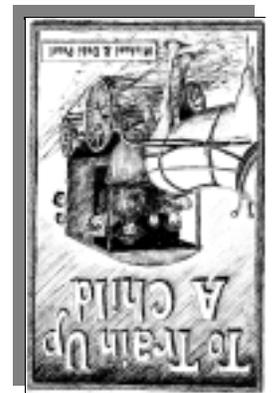
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And much more: Potty training, lying, fighting, pouting, whining, how to use the rod, problems at puberty, teenage boys, teaching them to work, fairness, bad attitudes, husband and wife relationships, and more.

Written over a period of two years, the questions the Pearl's were most asked are answered in this 104 page book. It contains 48 individual articles, each on a separate subject. It's full of real life humorous stories illustrating the Biblical approach to training children. This exciting new book is being placed in Doctor's offices and waiting rooms. Order eight at a 40% savings and share them with your friends. Send a gift of \$4.00 + \$2.00 SH for one book.

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