

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

# NO GREATER JOY

Vol. 4 No. 2

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

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## The Reformed School of Alexandria?

We did not raise our children in a classroom environment. I conducted my "classes" in the front seat of the pickup or in the cabinet shop. Deb conducted her classes in the kitchen or sitting at the kitchen table enthusiastically discussing points of interest to the children. They chose projects that were interesting to them. They could be found searching the library, collecting rocks, leaves, and bugs or constructing solar systems with foam balls, wire, and paint. The only tests they took were when someone tried to cheat them at a cash register or when they were dividing up earnings from a corporate entrepreneurial endeavor. Have you ever seen three kids, ages four, six, and eight dividing up \$5.37? Old fashion suspicion will make a mathematician out of them in a hurry. I am often asked, "But aren't schools the best way to learn?" Where did you get a ridiculous idea like that?

H.G. Wells, a noted humanist and historian, wrote concerning the schools of Alexandria, Egypt between the second and seventh centuries AD.

"Wisdom passed away from Alexandria and left pedantry [pretentious display of knowledge] behind. For the use of books was substituted the worship of books. Very speedily the learned became a

specialized queer class with unpleasant characteristics of its own. The Museum had existed for half a dozen generations before Alexandria was familiar with a new type of human being; shy, eccentric, unpracticed, incapable of essentials, strangely fierce upon trivialities of literary detail, as bitterly jealous of the colleague within as of the unlearned without—the Scholarly Man. He was as intolerant as a priest, though he had no cave. For him no method of copying was sufficiently tedious and no rare book sufficiently inaccessible. He was a sort of by-product of the intellectual process of mankind. For many precious generations the new-lit fires of the human intelligence were to be seriously banked down by this by-product."

I have observed the byproduct of America's modern counterpart to the Alexandrian school. Their frail bodies, white with the tan of florescent lights, shoulders humped, eyes squinted, poor complexion from the junk food consumed between lessons, stumble from their

classrooms to stand in line for the next culturally preordained phase of life. Their mentality is that since they have given themselves to the system,



the system owes them a good job, good wages, medical coverage, fair pay, protection, entertainment, a vacation, retirement, old age convalescence, and a proper burial. God save us from being average. I don't want to be a part. I don't want to rear

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children to be a cog in this wheel.

It is obvious that many homeschooling families are nothing more than reformed public educational systems. A system faulty at the very core of its philosophy doesn't need reformation. It needs dismissal. The educational system in America doesn't need a new teacher; it needs a new birth.

Whether in the home, dictated by parents, or in the corporate classroom, John Dewey style education has taken an invasive, destructive course. Intensive, time-consuming mental discipline—out of proportion to working with the hands—is alien to natural humanity and a threat to normal development. It is a perversion to take a five- to twelve-year-old child and enter him in a demanding competition for academic excellence.

We would all find fault with an ambitious adult that put his seven-year-old child through a demanding schedule of football training. Is the seven-year-old any better equipped to handle the emotional demands of professional study? How can we justify raping a child's youth by forced confinement in full time study? Child prodigies are usually abnormal, unfulfilled adults. Head-starters are often late finishers with no desire to continue their education.

Just as the motions of crawling are essential to the development of an infant, and the four-year-old hanging on to his mama's skirts is essential to a child's sense of security, so the ten-year-old following his daddy around is an integral part of his psychological development into manhood. Schooling will fill their brains with

facts, enabling them to pass tests, but it will not teach them to relate to society. When children should be developing confidence, creativity, individuality, strong bodies, and work ethics, instead they are made to cease independent decision making and march (or rather sit) in formation to the drum beat of a lifeless curriculum. If you have wondered where the real men went, they disappeared into textbooks and went through puberty with books in their laps rather than tools in their hands.

Let us not go through another upper class Alexandrian Dark Age. There is no ignorance as great as book ignorance—not ignorance OF books, ignorance IN books. Just so you understand my perspective: I am a college graduate. I write this while sitting in a room with thousands of books lining all available wall space from the floor to ceiling. I have read a meaningful portion of most of them. My children all read for enjoyment and as research to satisfy curiosity or to fill a need. Rebekah, our only child who thus far has found it needful to go to college, earned a four-point average. My present purpose is not to brag on my kids. I am willing enough to do that, but I want you to understand that book education is shallow without a larger education in real life. When book education becomes predominate, the student is no longer living in the real world.

I know that there comes a time when a mature adult may need to immerse himself in studies, shutting out the real world, but this should be the burden of a mature adult who has a goal that can only be realized through the weariness of much study. A child who is yet growing and developing a personality and character should not spend long periods of time withdrawn in study.

What horrors, to see a small

## From the End of the Earth comes a song by Rebekah Pearl.



All alone in a bamboo hut on the top of a mountain, the first white person ever seen by this Kumboi village, Rebekah writes and sings songs about her God. Rebekah accompanies herself on a classical guitar. This is not contemporary music. It is inspired by her walk of faith.

Rebekah sings the gospel she is sharing with the people. It includes songs in both Kumboi and Pidgin. Several of the songs are a delight to children. They love to sing along.

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CD includes eight page foldout with five color pictures of Rebekah in her tribal setting and all the words to the songs

**CD for a gift of \$8.00**  
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We had this CD and tape professionally produced, so we are requesting a higher donation that we normally do for tapes that we produce.

child quivering under the condemnation of his mother because he can't keep his mind on a dead book lying in front of him! Long hours of boredom and pretended study stunts the intellectual growth of young children. Yes, we want our children to be educationally equipped to enter into any field or discipline they may choose, but mind-set is more important than mind content. It is far more important for a child to grow into personal confidence, creativity and vision than to rush into academic excellence. The reality is that most homeschooling parents are following the current pop philosophy, sacrificing the humanity of their children for the promise of academic security.

There must be a balance. Rather than the imbalance of six hours of study and one hour of recess, for the six- to ten-year-old let there be one hour of study, five hours of recess, and two hours of work. Balance the ten- to fourteen-year-old with two hours of play, one hour of study, and five hours of work. Balance the fifteen- to sixteen-year-old with seven hours of work, one hour of study, and let him find time to play. Following a natural course as I have described, the seventeen- to eighteen-year-old won't need your balancing; he will be a man in every sense of the word. The seventeen-year-old girl will be a lady of poise and confidence, ready to meet whatever challenges await her.

Over the last 40 years I have observed many families who believed the greater the education the greater the success in life. Many of those

college graduates have never provided adequate support for their own families. Opportunity existed, but they were not able to do anything other than sit at a desk on a weekly salary. If the economy were to collapse, they would not know how to survive.

I know that what I have said is radical. A little light in a great darkness is always radical. I have not advocated ignorance. Quite the contrary. It is isolated book learning that is ignorance, ignorance of real life. College professors don't make better spouses and parents than do farmers. Corporate executives can be terribly ignorant in human relationships. Engineers can be insecure wimps who are paralyzed with fear at the



thought of being cast upon their own bare resources. Politicians can negotiate a peace treaty with a foreign power but not have the power to negotiate a peace with their own teenagers. Computer programmers can solve the most complex problems but not be able to deal with the complexities of marital relationships.

The profession with the lowest divorce rate and the lowest suicide rate is that of farmer. Again, I am not

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quest.**

advocating avoidance of the higher trained professions. I am just aware that children and young people should not be pushed by anxious parents who feel that their children's happiness depends on cramming them full of book knowledge as early as possible. When they are old enough to send themselves through college, they can make that decision to become a professional student. The self-confidence and working skills learned in their youth will better equip them for higher education than will the long hours of wimpish study in youth.

In your heart you know that the present public system is anti-human as well as anti-God. Homeschoolers have eliminated the anti-God aspect, but most of them have retained the anti-human elements in their schooling.

Children need a mother who has the time and energy to mother them not a teacher who has neither the time nor the patience to appreciate them as people. Lay down your stern professor's mantle and pick up your apron. Next time you meet eyes with your child make sure it is with approval and not with academic disappointment. I never did like the teachers that gave out achievement tests, nor the ones who handed out the

## Would you like answers to these questions?



108 page paperback book

- ◆ How can I teach my children to share, to give up rights?
- ◆ How do I get my children to sit still in church?
- ◆ How do I stop being angry with my children?
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- ◆ How do I take the frustration out of homeschooling?

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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 S/H for one book.

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scores. In your desire to see your children "educated," don't stop being a mama or a daddy. Relax and give them time to develop emotionally. Allow them to be three years behind the normally accepted standard in academic achievement, and by the time they are sixteen they will be three years ahead. Twelve to fifteen is a very good age for "catching up." The twelve-year-old who has not developed a disposition against schooling will learn more in six months than most kids know when they graduate. A child who is confident and secure will learn with ease. Fear of failure and rejection will

close the mind up worse than retardation. Many children fear learning because they associate it with painful boredom and/or rejection.

Children are all different. The beauty of homeschooling is that we can adapt to the needs of the child. Our oldest daughter Rebekah loved books, writing, music, art, etc. She was reading by the time she was four, but she couldn't add the change in her pocket until she was baking bread. Our next son, Gabriel, could count money before he could speak plainly. At eight-years-old he amused himself and impressed others with his simple calculations. It was

nothing unusual for the average third grader, but with an older sister like he had, he thought he was pretty smart. We assured him that he was. At eight years old he could use a tape measure and help me in the shop, but he couldn't read or write at all. He just had no interest. We didn't push, but after the way Rebekah learned we were beginning to wonder if he would ever learn to read. She was writing poetry at eight years old. At eight he couldn't write his name in the mud he left on the floor.

The day finally came when he walked up to Deb and said, "I want to learn to read the Bible like

Daddy.” She sat down with him and opened a King James Bible—since it’s the easiest one to read. Earlier he had refused phonics, seeing it had no immediate practical purpose, so she started him reading by rote from Genesis 1:1. In two weeks, one hour a day, he had learned the basics of reading. Within six months, he could read on his own, with comprehension.

Less than a year from the time he started learning to read, the State of Tennessee forced us to have the children tested. Our children had never taken a test and never been in a classroom. I had to explain to Gabriel how to conduct himself as part of an indoor society. He had to leave his throwing knives at home along with his shotgun. I explained to him that he was supposed to sit in the desks and not wander around the room examining things and asking what they were. And above all, don’t speak unless spoken to. It didn’t make any sense to him, but he was as game as that time he jumped off the diving board with his feet tied together and his hands tied behind his back. This

was a new challenge and he loved challenges.

They arrived at the school to find stern faces greeting them. The teachers were not at all sympathetic with us and made it as hard as possible. I



must say, I was nervous. I stayed home like an expectant father who

didn’t have the guts to go to the hospital. I had no idea how they would do. I was just hoping they could come up to their grade level. Nine-year-old Gabriel scored several years ahead of his supposed level, and eleven-year-old Rebekah scored in the upper High school to college level.

You would expect them to come home weary and emotionally drained. Mama was. But they hurriedly changed clothes and jumped in the pond. All was forgotten. While other children were still laboring through their last hours of confinement, our children were lost in the wonders of tadpoles, frogs, and flips off the diving board into the muddy water.

You can have the computer geeks and the pale faced, thin shouldered, soft bellied, bookworms. Give me a little man who can swing an ax, fix a bicycle or car, build a house, read with comprehension, and compute all the money he is making from the labor of his own strong

hands. ☺

**There are now over 170,000 To Train Up A Child in print**, with distribution rates continuing to increase. Our follow-up book, *No Greater Joy Volume One*, is rapidly gaining. Most of our books are shipped in packages of eight or more. Many people give away books like they were gospel tracks. We have steady customers that order box after box. Grandmothers are big on giving books away. Many write to us and share the joys of their ministry. Some people, who cannot afford to give books away, resell them. Do you know of those who would profit from such a gift? Invest in someone’s children, in a family’s future.

## Young people love it!

**The Diary of Rebekah Pearl, homeschooler, missionary, linguist**

July 17, 1995

*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.*



112 pages - paperback

*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 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. ☺

*From our Mailbox*

Dear Michael

I take issue with you a bit on your sharp distinguishing between training and discipline. Through the years I have understood discipline to include training. In later stages of training it may also need to include punishment.

How are we to understand Hebrews 12:5-11, the chastening of the Lord? Here again I understand that God is training us to appreciate Him, His character, His will, and His sovereign rule over all.

The will of man from infancy does not appreciate any authority over him, so he resists it. Your explanation that this respect for authority can be established early in the infant's mind is well taken. But that submission must be brought about by the parent's faithful training through the various stages of discipline.

Dear P. L.,

Thank you for your fine letter. It was well thought out and well said. I do not disagree with you in the least. All discipline when properly applied is training. Even punishment is training. This is a truth that is well understood and broadly practiced. Many good books have been written on the subject. It would be redundant for me to teach that further.

Where I threw my hat in the ring, so to speak, was in seeing the need for parents to begin training their children before they get old enough to be disciplined. Further, if parents would premeditate training before their children's behavior becomes unacceptable, they would not need to discipline as much. Training is what we do when the atmosphere is not thick with criticism and rejection. There is no threat hanging over training. It is showing and schooling the child before the opportunity to go astray presents itself.

In parallel, the word of God instructs the believer so he might not disobey. "These things write I unto you that you sin not (1 John 2:1)." Chastisement is valuable, but if we would walk by the Spirit of God we would not fulfill the lust of the flesh and would therefore not need chastisement. This is our emphasis. Teach (train) your children to walk after your own spirit until they are old enough to walk after God's.

I make the distinction between training and discipline so as to pinpoint the issue I feel is most overlooked. I am not in contention with others whose terminology may differ. I hope this clarifies our position and that you find it in agreement with yours.

Michael Pearl

## From our readers



Dear Fellow Believers,

Enclosed is a small offering to go towards the ongoing ministry in Papua New Guinea. Our teens had a fundraiser for missions. They divided the funds among the ministries they pray for. We hope and pray all is well for Rebekah. We have also been praying that the doors open for the Noel family.

We have been blessed by the various books and tapes from your church, The tape on Authority Praying has challenged our hearts and we have seen God's Spirit move as we now pray a bit differently. God bless you,

The Church Of Thorne Bay teen Sunday school class  
Teacher Michael & Ann McKim



Dear Michael and Debi,

The two points most powerful in changing my life were: 1) Understanding my position as help meet to my husband and my duty to respect and love and delight in him. I was under the false impression that I had a "ministry." Granted, I felt my 1<sup>st</sup> priority in "my ministry" was to my husband and children, but it was still "my ministry." I am now free to be my husband's private cheerleader, executive secretary, mother to his children, etc. I have always wished that we could be in "ministry" together, and since my change my husband has given me a woman to counsel. She is the wife of one of the men who works for my husband—she is thinking of divorcing her husband! My husband is now the one offering me opportunities to help others come to know, love, and obey Jesus Christ. He has always been a faithful Christian man—honest and hardworking, but I limited him as a minister of the gospel. No more! I am now a HELP-MATE!

2) Training myself to train our children has brought great peace and teamwork in our home. This barely scratches the surface of this topic. My husband read *To Train Up a Child* and has

Dear Mike and Debi,

Our pastor and his wife gave us a copy of your book and we can't describe the amount of peace it has brought into our home. We now have quick obedient children, and we now switch only about once a day. It's amazing that no matter who gets it, the others are careful in their actions also. We have used a rod (wooden spoon or switching stick) for a few years now, but never realized how much training we missed out on. Our love and fellowship with them has greatly increased. The anger and frustration that was once in our home is gone now. Our marriage has started improving also. We have gone through some struggles with self-denial and self-discipline, and the book has helped immensely on convictions in this area to be better examples to our children.

## A Mother Asks

Dear Michael and Debi,

Our son is seven years old. As soon as church lets out, the boys, young and old, are running around on the deck, out in the street, jumping on each other, and many times the "play" gets out of hand. In recent weeks things have escalated into what can almost be described as full-fledged gang war between the older and the younger boys. The older boys taunt the younger ones; the younger ones start chasing and jumping on the older ones, and someone gets hurt. We seem to be the only ones at our church that show any concern over this situation.

Many times we find ourselves intervening. Two weeks ago after an evening meeting I came around the side of the church building to find a group of five 10-13 year old boys around our son with one of them holding my son's neck from behind and smashing his face into the wall. The "mama bear" definitely came out in me and I jumped in. The older boys stated that our son had been jumping on them, etc. (which our son did confess to) but in retaliation our son had been ruffed up pretty badly.

I read with much interest "Sorry, I'm tied up at the moment." Both my husband and I were raised with certain expectations of decorum around "grown ups." Although in an informal setting such as camping I understand that it can be great fun where these lines become relaxed. We were a bit undone one night when we had our pastor and his wife over for a visit, and our son ran in the room, jumped in the pastor's lap and started tickling him. We realized this is an area that we need to do some training, but with the situation at our church where younger boys are dukeing it out in the street after church with man-size older boys, it's hard for our son to distinguish where to draw the line.

I'm sorry to have been so long-winded about this, but our situation seems so different from what you described in either "A whole Boy" or "Rowdy Boys." Our son is a boy that can sit still for hours. One of his favorite things to do is sit and have me read to him. He often begs for me to read "just one more chapter" long after my voice begins to wear out. We live on two and a half acres where he has all sorts of room to run, we have



## In Answer

*Dear Mama Bear,*

It is difficult to prescribe a singular solution. Based on assumptions I make from reading your letter, I will make some suggestions that may help you make some adjustments.

The way I understand it, there are several layers to this issue, making it complex. The situation you described after church is definitely an incubator for trouble. The church leadership should take steps to eliminate the marauding herds of developing male humans. You have no control over the church. If others are not bothered, there is nothing you can do to

change the overall situation. Be careful not to become a meddling nag. As to your own part, leave immediately after the service and do not allow your son to roam. If you must stay, appoint a place for him to sit until you are ready to leave.

In this area your concerns are natural and justifiable, but, if I am reading you correctly, you have complicated the problems of male youth with a common feminine oversensitivity.

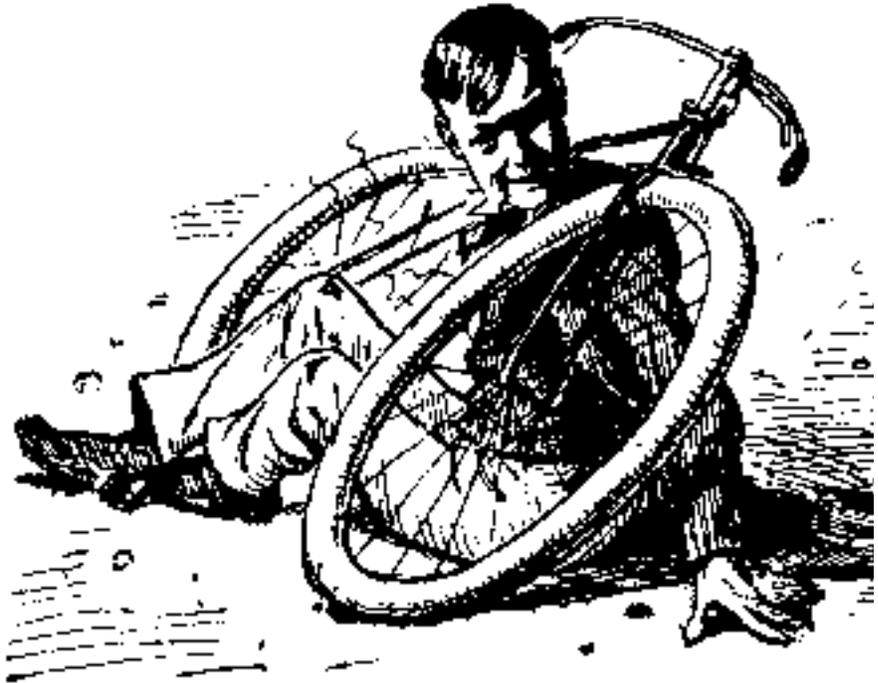
If mama bears had their way baby bears would always be little biting bullies with no understanding of social give and take. Puppies, bears, and kids learn not to bite by getting bit in return. Mamas who run interference for their little boys do two things: 1) they make weak sons, 2) they cause the other kids to continue picking on the 'bratty' little boy with the 'meddling' mama.

You mentioned his wild response when other boys come around. You are shocked at the recent change. Perhaps the change is shocking because a change that should have occurred gradually was suppressed until it burst forth suddenly. It sounds to me as if he is a late bloomer. My sons were delightfully wild by the time they were four. The only way you could get them to sit in your lap after they were five is to make them take off their knives (real knives), lay their BB guns down, and then forcibly wrestle them into your lap. Keeping them indoors was like trying to keep a dog up a tree.

If his boyhood has been subdued and is then suddenly released, it may be that neither of you knows how to handle it. Out of camaraderie, young boys will pick on older boys. The youngsters are honored when the older boys notice them. And then, it is such a challenge to test one's mettle against a stronger opponent. It

really makes a little kid feel big to bop a big guy and get away with it. If you will observe them, it is all done with laughter and great fun. But eventually the little attackers become a nuisance or maybe go too far with their 'attacks' and the big guys de-

this built in hormonal rush that makes them want to fly through the air, defy danger, go the limit. Kids can't just lazily swing; they have to go as high as they can and then jump out. No boy is ever satisfied with the lowest branch on a tree or the first



cide to teach them their place. The little guy may end up crying and tattling. If you are the parent of the big guy, you should rebuke him—lightly. If you are the parent of the little nuisance you should show no sympathy with his plight. Say something like, "Well, if you don't want to get hurt, don't play with the big guys." If you sympathize with him, or if you become the head of his attack team by going on the attack yourself, you will encourage his uncontrolled behavior and you will make your son less popular, thus increasing the probability of his being the target of future attacks.

Kids and young people, especially those of the male variety, have

gear on a bicycle. Skate boards and roller blades are made to be hormone burners. Where there are two boys they will find two sticks and swing them at each other in some sort of imaginary contest.

When my boys were big enough to run, they would take their metal Tonka trucks, and holding them by the sides of the truck-bed they would run down the gravel driveway at full speed. And as if the loud noise of the rattling truck was not enough, they would imitate the sound of a jet airplane. Many a time I had to catch up to them and block their raceway in order to get their attention so I could demand a moment of conversation with someone standing in the

yard. When I gave the all-clear signal, they would blast off down the driveway racing each other and banging their trucks together. They learned not to come to me with their bloody hands, elbows, and, occasionally, heads. I showed no sympathy with self-induced wounds. I made them to understand that it was part of the price that must be stoically bore by little boys who chose racing gravel trucks for sport or profit.

I love boys. I like them dirty, rambunctious, grinning, and spontaneous. Although little boys need to learn when and where their exuberance is appreciated. As a pastor, if I were visiting in a home and a little seven-year-old jumped on me to tickle me, I would appreciate the fact that the child liked me enough to be spontaneous. I would also appreciate the mother's embarrassment of her son's wild behavior. Pastors are big enough to take care of themselves.

If his spontaneous exuberance lacks discrimination, train him to properly channel it, but do not turn him into a girl. Invite other boys over and go out to watch them wrestle. I always rooted for the one on the bottom, whether it was my boy or another.

When other boys visited, our boys would yell and run out of the house to get something exciting going. I expected them to climb, jump, wrestle, push, fall, get hurt, and get up to try it all again. Children establish their own social rules. If one goes outside the limits of acceptable push-and-shove the others will respond with discipline.

Your son would have been better left alone. He admitted attacking the bigger fellow. A little thrashing from the big boys would teach him the

limits. I would only intervene if I felt that the fight was going to cause serious damage to one of them.

Where do we draw the line in this matter of kids roughing each other? Teach your boys to be kind and loving toward their neighbor. A rule I often repeated was, "Fun is fun



as long as everyone is having fun, if not then your are being a bully." Understand, roughhousing by mutual consent is kind and loving, as far as little boys are concerned.

Attitude is the line. Never permit anger, jealousy, hostility, wrath, or violence. I taught my boys that if someone becomes angry and wants to fight, you should walk off. Never stay to prove that you are not scared or to settle an argument with a fight. Hostile fighting was always wrong, even when the other guy started it. I taught them to be pacifists in their own defense unless their life or limb was in eminent danger, in which case they could use sufficient force to evade their enemy. Never allow pride to draw you into a confrontation or to keep you in one if it unexpectedly develops.

Boys can be rough and still have big hearts and be kind. If their energy is expended in work and good clean active tumbling, they will not be as prone to sudden uncontrolled displays of hyperness.

Again I emphasize, focus on attitude. Come down hard and quick on selfish, mean spirits, but back off and give them room to explode—as long as they are grinning.

Mama, close your eyes. Go back in the house. It is likely to be too much for your sensitive nature. Those boys out there need to get it out of their systems before one of them grows up to become head of the War Department ☺

Dear Mike and Debi,

A friend of mine gave me a copy of your book "To Train Up a Child" and I enjoyed it so much that I ordered 8 more of them to give to each family at Christmas. My Husband's brother called last week and he had read the book. He was so overjoyed that he nearly began to cry on the phone as he told me it was the greatest gift his family could have ever received.

You may copy this newsletter and give out as many copies as you please.

Dear Mike and Debi,

I always thought my kids were pretty good. All three slept though the night at 6-8 weeks, all went to bed easily, all took naps; all ate what I made and ate whether or not they liked it, all basically obeyed and never threw tantrums and are very easy to handle. The reason they were this way was because on many things I was consistent and made them tow the line. I didn't even know I was doing it, but God was already giving me His wisdom in some of these areas. But in many areas I was not consistent and they were rebellious. I was not dealing with their hearts, just their actions.

Not any more! Two weeks after I began to apply what I learned in your books my ten-year-old came to me and said, "I wish you would have been doing these things with me starting when I was little." She has seen how her two younger sisters, 6 years and 21 months, have been responding, and she saw the wisdom in it. I feel so much closer to her since I have been able to deal with her heart, and she sees the value in it as well. We have really begun to tie heart strings.

The Lord has shown me many parallels between training my kids and my own Christian walk with Him. I am His child. I see how He deals with me in many of the same ways and how he expects the same cheerful willing obedience from me. I've shared what the Lord and your books have done in my life and now friends of mine have copies and their lives have begun to change.

I also ordered your homeschooling tape and changed how I school. My girls are thrilled. Mom is no longer a bully and slave



## You can help

spread the message. There are parents out there who need this message of child training. When we do live interviews on the radio it increases our orders significantly. Call your local Christian radio station and tell them you would like to hear a live interview of Michael Pearl and a review of the book *To Train Up A Child*. Send them a book along with your letter. Follow your letter with a phone call.

Dear Mr. And Mrs. Pearl,

I am a homeschooling mom of 5 children. The oldest is 15, the youngest 1 year. My home has always been orderly and my children well behaved. Even so, there was not a "Joy of the Lord" in our home.

This summer our family was at a conference in Knoxville, TN. And it was at this conference that the Lord did a work in my heart. On one of the mornings that article "Carnal Husbands" was read. It was like a physical blow. I could not believe how self-righteous I was towards my husband. I knew that I was the one in my family without the "Joy of the Lord." My revelation was no revelation to my family. I purposed then and there to make honoring my husband and teaching my children to honor their father my #1 priority. The results have been dramatic. First, my husband is free to be the man God wants him to be. He has become so sweet to me that I cannot believe I ever wanted to be in control of him (not that I don't still struggle). Second, there is a new respect for me in the eyes of my children, especially my 2 older girls.

It was also at this same conference that another mom gave me a copy of *To Train Up A Child*. Again it was a revelation to me. I saw that I had been disciplining but not training. As in golf, you don't just hit the ball, you have to "follow-through." With training children you have to "follow through." My husband read the book and has since ordered about 60 copies that we have distributed to anyone who will accept one. Because of these changes in our family, the Lord has given us a ministry of teaching to other families. Again, the results have been dramatic. Thank

## Finally to press

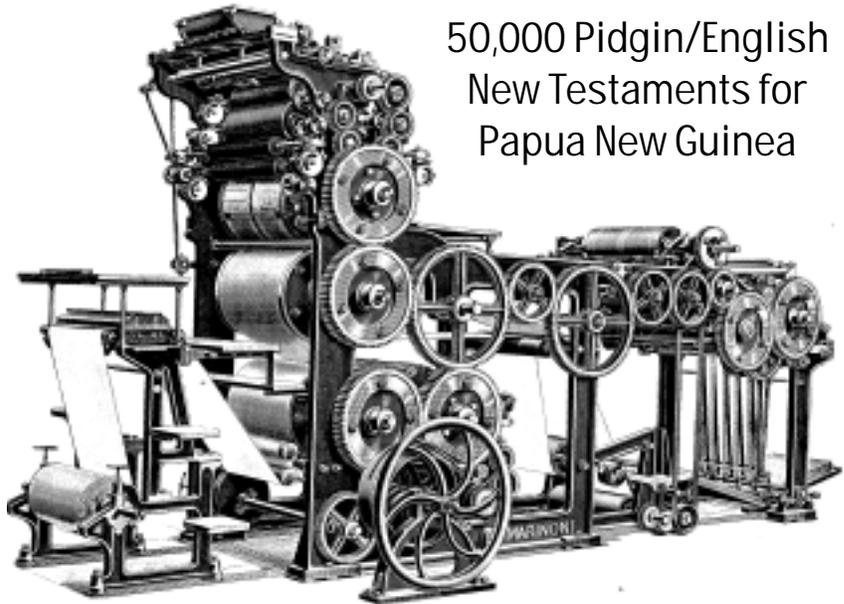
50,000 Bibles for Papua New Guinea!

After years of translation and months of preparation, the Pidgin/English Bibles have finally gone to print. Bearing Precious Seeds in Milford, Ohio is doing the printing as a ministry. However we had to pay for the paper and for binding. We committed ourselves to pay for the material cost of 20,000 Bibles, which was estimated to be \$20,000.00. It turned out that we only needed \$19,100.00. You, our readers, responded to an appeal we made here in this newsletter and sent in your gifts for this great project. To date you have sent in \$17,000.00. Many of the gifts were designated to Pidgin Bibles. For several months, when we received an offering that wasn't designated we allocated it to our Bible fund.

Not one cent of the gifts you maintains our ministry. Your gifts all go, in their entirety, to missionaries or to projects like the printing of these Bibles.

After the New Testaments are printed we will need to ship them to P.N.G. It will cost about \$5,000.00 to ship our share of the books.

When the Bibles arrive in P.N.G. we will not be able to distribute all of them. If you know a missionary in P.N.G. who could use some of them, drop us a line. If you are a missionary or a retired missionary to P.N.G., we will send you a sample copy free of charge. ☺



50,000 Pidgin/English  
New Testaments for  
Papua New Guinea

send in is used for administration. The distribution of books

## Missionaries

**Rebekah Pearl**, daughter of Michael and Debi is a missionary to Papua New Guinea. You can read the story of her first year on the mountain, living in a primitive village, learning the language, and trying to adapt to the culture. The tape Gami Akaj is the story of the Kumboi people told by Rebekah

**Nathan Pearl** is with Rebekah as her assistant and protector.

This year the **Dewayne Noel** family with their three children joined Rebekah to begin teaching the Kumboi leaders the word of God. At present, he is doing limited speaking

through an interpreter. Within a year, he will be speaking well enough to teach in the Pidgin language, employing some Kumboi words. If you would like to know more about this young couple and their ministry we will send you their letters.

**Gabriel Pearl** will soon be returning from Albania where he assisted Kirk King in returning to Albania to continue his missionary work.

**Paul Warner**, also from our church, is now in Albania helping the King family as they continue this new ministry in Durres, Albania. As far as they can tell, this city of 300,000 has no gospel witness of any kind.

They are looking to sow the city

down with gospel literature and to begin a correspondence ministry. Pray for this desperate country. Paul wrote to us and said, "As I walk and pass hundreds of people a day, I am impressed with the faces of a hopeless, godless, darkened people. No hope of anything, deceived about most things. There lingers a heavy spirit of ignorance, spiritual blindness and just a general lostness. It's overwhelming. I've never sensed anything quite like it."

**T. J. Slayman**, also from our church, is still in Laos. This country does not allow missionaries. Just recently, the military arrested several American Christians and detained them for preaching the gospel. After a time they were kicked out of the

country. National Christians that are arrested are often jailed indefinitely. Sometimes they are shot on the spot, with their Bibles in their hands. T. J. is there as a student, studying the Lao language in their university. He is already quite proficient and is doing some translating. I cannot tell you more about his work there. It is front line. If you are interested, send me your address.

**The Schnell family**, also from our church, is preparing to leave for Cambodia. Margaret will deliver their third child in May (I think) and they will fly over on a one way ticket in July. Steve received a degree in linguistics and translation from Bible Baptist Translators in Bowie, Texas. If you would like to have Steve speak in your church sometime before July, drop us a line.

Next month we are sending [a young man] to New Guinea on a survey trip. For one month, he will visit the primitive areas to seek God's

### Schnell Family



leading in his life. He was one of our students in the recent Men's Marathon Bible Study.

Our church is too small to support all these foreign mission activities. The distribution of books and tapes and your gifts make all this possible.

☺

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## Dewayne & Deanna Noel

And all the little kids

Letters home from Papua New Guinea

#### 12-29-97 Deanna writes:

Well, here's your first letter from PNG! We got here yesterday morning. We fell instantly in love with the place. Nathan met us at the airport and took us to the Nazarene Guest House. We struggle to stay awake so that we could get adjusted to the time difference.

#### 1-4-98

Wednesday morning we got to the airport early. It was clear, so the pilot flew over the village so we could see it and they would know we were coming. We landed roughly and when we got out, Rebekah and Pastor Allen came driving up on the 4-wheeler. Nathan took up us girls to a spot on the mountain and went

back for the men and stuff. We waited until some men from the village got there, then started down the trail. The kids wanted to walk, but soon found that it was very muddy and downhill mostly, so they got to ride on the shoulders of some of the men. They didn't like it at first, but Beka told the men that if they got far ahead and lost sight of me the kids would get scared so they stayed close.

When we got to the village, I was swarmed. Handshakes from the men and hugs from the women. I got choked up—I couldn't believe I was actually there!

After things settled down Beka told them we were going inside to rest and would visit later. So then I walked into my new

(Continued on page 16)

Dear Pearls,

Thank you ! Thank you for your publication! What a blessing to us! Your Philosophy and God-given principles have saved our marriage in the stress of raising four children. What a help! It seems every issue addresses problems we are currently going through with discipline. God is using you to answer our prayers for guidance with raising our kids. Amen. Please add my dearest friend to your mailing list.

# Audio Tapes

**Gami Akiz:** We highly recommend 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 people, 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 men. *Suggested gift: \$3.00 each + S/H*

**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*

# Order Form

	Quan.	Code	Description	Suggested gift	Total
<b>BOOKS</b>		BK 9S	To Train Up A Child 1-7 books	EACH 4.00	
		BK 9X	To Train Up A Child 8-99 books	2.50	
		BK 9C	To Train Up A Child Box of 100	2.20	
		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 2M	Lords of the Earth, pbk. 368 pg. (missionary)	10.00	
		BK R1	Rebekah's Diary, pbk. 108 pg. Read the true diary of a 21-year-old girl living alone in a primitive tribe.	4.00	
<b>AUDIO</b>		AD 9	To Train up a Child (3 tapes read by Michael Pearl)	9.00	
		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	
		AD 11	Best Homeschooling Ideas (by Debi Pearl)	3.00	
		AD 12	Gami Akiz true story told by Rebekah Pearl	3.00	
		AD 13	A Panel of Five (for women only)	3.00	
		AD 14	Authority and Prayer sermon by Michael Pearl	3.00	
		AD 15	Only Men (for men only by Michael Pearl)	3.00	
		CD 01	From the End of the Earth CD MUSIC	8.00	
		RB 02	From the End of the Earth Cassette MUSIC	5.00	
<b>VIDEOS</b>		VI 11	EE-Taow This video by New Tribes Mission is the best I have ever seen. It will change your life forever.	20.00	

"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

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Sub Total \_\_\_\_\_  
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	\$25.01 - \$50.00 ....	add \$4.50 S/H	
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	\$100.01 or more ...	add 6%	

The Church at Cane Creek, 1000 Pearl Road, Pleasantville TN 37147

## Dewayne & Deanna

*(Continued from page 14)*

house. More emotion! I like it very much, and all the furniture Nathan built has made it into a home.

When Dewayne got here everyone ran to greet him. He was beet red—he had pushed too hard. He managed to say, “Mi amamas long lookim yu!” and everyone burst into laughter.

### 1-5-98

We wake up every morning to singing. The ladies start their day in one of the houses singing hymns. They sing Pidgin, of course, but we can recognize the tune to most of them. It is so beautiful. Nathan said they sound wonderful—from far away.

Yesterday was church. The men sit on one side and the women on the other. We had fun trying to sing along with them.

### Note from Dewayne

Greetings from PNG! Yes, we made it to the village by New Year’s Eve. God has been good. We attempted to fly to the village on Tuesday, but Island Airways kept putting us off. Beka and Pastor Allen were there to greet us. We loaded the 4-wheeler with 6 plastic totes, one large suitcase, 2 duffelbags, a backpack, and a half dozen carry-on type bags. Who says you need shipping container full of junk! Most household goods we would need were already at the village waiting for us, courtesy of God, The Church at Cane Creek, and Beka Pearl. The road up the mountain is steep and rough in places, so we lost a couple bags and had to stop to retrieve them. Only 2 crates of books remain to be picked up.

Friday, Nathan and I went to the spring to fetch water. It did not rain Thursday, and this many people use a lot of water. Normally 2 large buckets setting under the eaves of the roof provide enough rain water for our use.

### Sunday, 1-17-98

Pastor Allen asked me to preach. The message was very simple. God led me to share with them 1Cor. 12, how the body of Christ is made up of many members, and the women, children, and old people had no excuse for leaving all of the work of God up to the preacher-boys. What then would they do?

There is great excitement over the proposed school, and plans are being made for it while everyone waits for me to learn Pidgin. I can very clearly see the hand of God at work here, and we can all feel the anticipation building of what God is doing. What a sweet way to live!

Because He said so,  
Dewayne Noel

The Noel’s full newsletter can be sent to you if you request it. Write to:

Missionary Dewayne Noel, 1102 S. 51<sup>st</sup> St., Temple, TX 76504.

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