



No Greater Joy

Vol. 5 No. 1

The Church At Cane Creek, 1000 Pearl Rd., Pleasantville, TN 37033

December/January 1999

My Little Knuckle-head

A little knuckle-head came to visit me the other day. I call him knuckle-head because he is the type that makes people want to give him a rap on the head with their knuckles. He hadn't been in the house two minutes when he spied my glasses lying on the table. Now I admit I should not have left my glasses lying around, but it turned out to be a great "Garden of Eden" test for the little rascal. He immediately picked up a small rod and started lightly whacking the glasses. I loved it.

His daddy is a fine man that got saved while incarcerated in the prison where Mike ministers. His daddy has become well founded in the Word. Now that he is out of prison, he has had to get to know his son all over again and learn to be a parent.

I could see right off that Knuckle-head needed a cheerful training session (and the Daddy as well). First I looked in the daddy's eyes and asked, "May I play mama for a few minutes?" Since he had no clue what to do, he gave me the go ahead. I miss having little ones and take every chance I get. I then went to the little rascal and, smiling, I leaned across the

table and took the whacking stick from him. He gave me a full toothed grin with the only remaining front tooth. He is six years old, you understand.

I couldn't help but adore the little guy; no doubt he depended upon that. But my brains are bigger than my heart, so I whacked



him once across the offending hand with his whacking stick, while telling him in a pleasant voice not to bother the glasses.

Never losing eye contact, I could tell he seemed to think he had run into a knuckle-head bigger and more interesting than he. I laid the whacker back down beside my glasses and with one last smile walked toward the kitchen. I only got a few steps when he again whacked my glasses. "Haw, haw," I said with a twinkle in my eye, "You are not supposed to touch my glasses." Before he had time to lay the offending tool aside, I had grabbed it up and delivered my next (much less gentle this time) whack.

Now, if the whack had been delivered in a stressful attitude he would have been emotionally and physically wounded. If he had been dragged from the room and given time to become hysterical, all training would have been obscured by the trauma. His little brain can only decipher so much info at one time, and the emotional trauma of being taken into a strange room by a stern adult would make anyone's brain short circuit. Instead, he remained at the scene of his offense, getting smacked by the very implement he had used to commit the offense—and this without any anger or emotional rejection. I could clearly see it was a new experience in the little rascal's life.

When I laid the whacker

(Continued on page 2)

NO GREATER JOY is a bimonthly newsletter written by Michael & Debi Pearl, authors of *To Train Up a Child*.
Published by The Church at Cane Creek, 1000 Pearl Road, Pleasantville, TN 37033.
Subscription is free upon request.

Visit our Website at www.netsite21.com/nogreaterjoy

(Continued from page 1)

down by the glasses, he first stared at it for ten seconds then at me a few moments before jumping up to see what else there was to explore. For the next hour he checked out everything, but when in doubt he would look over to me for the go-ahead. If I smiled, he charged on; if I shook my head, he smiled and backed off. I know his next visit will bring another chance to reaffirm my position as head-honcho, but after a few such encounters he will know what I expect of him, and he will have a keen appreciation for my methods. You would think the little fellow would be so glad to be free of the house where the whacking lady rules, but not so. On his way out the door he was begging his dad to bring him back real soon.

Most parents rear their children by some such method as: "Pretend to not see; it doesn't matter; I can take this kind of behavior; remove the thing that tempts the kids; give the children what they desire, etc." But when the parents reach sufficient frustration they begin loathing the child and their attitude becomes one of "I can't stand it any longer!" Then the default method clicks in—it's called ANGER. "This kid is a brat; he has done the unthinkable, and I'm going to teach him he can't get away with it!" If you start off ignoring the problem, the only thing that will go away is your patience.

Now, most parents seeing a six-year-old destroying a pair of glasses will immediately be angry and respond to the child something like: "What do you think you're doing?" or, "Don't touch those glasses!" Parents then put the glasses in a safe place, and the kid goes on to find some other

way of testing adult resolve. When a further transgression manages to elicit a similar response from the big guys, the child looks somewhat crestfallen before going on to the next test of parental attention. By this time, Mrs. Mom or Mr. Dad is sufficiently stressed to begin showing extreme displeasure in the child. In this way, mom and dad cut strings of fellowship rather than build camaraderie. So the `mistraining process goes around again and again.

Parents convince themselves that the longer they can tolerate the child's misbehavior, the more they express love. Parents fear themselves. They have discovered from past experiences that their tempers are detrimental to the children. Parents waiting until anger provokes them to rebuke the children have seen only ill effects from rebuke and chastisement. They have come to accept the concept that rebuke and chastening is a negative event that must be avoided as long as possible. Parents are aware that their frustrated, and sometimes angry, correction does not work good in the temperament of their children. Confrontation brings hostility on the part of the children as well as the parents. Therefore, parents feel that the more they can tolerate and the longer they can ignore it, the better.

Parents influenced by modern psychology (that is anyone in America exposed to any media or education, including most that is called Christian) take pride in their ability to absorb a vast amount of frustration without letting it boil over into overt hostility. They think they demonstrate their emotional maturity and their

love and kindness by sublimating their anger and letting the "little darlings express themselves."

Face the fact: your child's goal is to be self-indulging without regard to the rule of law or the needs of others. Children are good psychologists. They quickly learn how to manipulate their parents into permissiveness. They learn that if they can make the act of discipline sufficiently unpleasant on parents, and give the appearance of it being even more unpleasant on them, then parents will back off. For they know two things: One, parents do not want to experience the unpleasantness of conflict; Two, parents do not want to make life unpleasant for their children. Knowing this, they see to it that discipline becomes painful for everyone. Furthermore, knowing that your goal in discipline is to make them cheerfully obedient, all they have to do is make your efforts a failure, and for practical reasons you will cease your interference and seek a more conciliatory approach—one in which there is compromise—allowing the child equal say in his own expressions.

Parents get so involved in their own feelings, whether of anger or compassion, that they forget the good of the children. Then some parents are so short-sighted that they can see no further than the moment. They settle for immediate peace, and the children set the terms for peace. What you must understand is that your children need something very badly that they do not want and will not learn unless you train it into them—self-denial. "The rod and reproof give wisdom: but a child left to himself bringeth his mother

(Continued on page 4)

The Vision

Several years ago a missionary in Ghana Africa distributed gospel literature that contained an appeal to enroll in a Bible correspondence course. The response was overwhelming. Before he could respond to the many requests, circumstances brought him back to the States. Four years later, sitting in a missions conference, we were introduced to a box of dusty, old, faded letters from Ghana. They were unopened and unanswered. No doubt many of those who had been interested in the gospel four years earlier were now dead, possibly some had become devout Muslims, dedicated to the death of all Christians. Oth-

ers would have joined the cults or have gone back to animism.

The requests were in English as was the promised correspondence course. God touched our hearts deeply. We took just 400 of those letters home and sent out an appeal in No Greater Joy to the Christian families on our mailing list to participate in this correspondence work. Forty families volunteered. We sent ten or twenty, now four-and-one-half-year-old, letters to each family, along with the correspondence courses needed. Thank God, hearts were still open. Letters began to pour in from Africa, "Please, send me Bible lessons. I want to learn about this Jesus!" At the end of the first book they were sent a Bible. African pastors, who did not own a Bible, took the correspondence course in anticipation of finally owning one.

Three years later, many have finished four or five courses. The families participating found that their list of 20 grew to 40, then 100, and as much as 500, as others in Africa heard about the correspondence and wrote in requesting to be a part. For some families the task got so time consuming they found it to be a full time job. Many had to turn down requests. Two of the participating families just packed up and went to Ghana as full time missionaries.

Early in this ministry we could see that it was going to demand the full attention of a dedicated individual, so we turned it all over to a young lady in our church. Today Miss Carmen Kennedy continues assisting by mailing the lessons and gospels of John to the families who still carry on as long-distance missionaries.

Carmen provided the booklets, but families wrote the letters, packed and then mailed each one. As individual ministries grew we knew the expense of the postage was great. But testimonies came in of how God was supplying hundreds of dollars to pay the postage. Homeschool children are learning about missions as they pack mail and open the return letters. Small children are exchanging mail with African children on the other side of the world, sharing their understanding of Jesus and his message of forgiveness. Young children are literally growing up into missionaries in these participating homeschool families. ☺

Michael & Debi Pearl published *To Train Up a Child*

in August 1994. By mid 1998, over 200,000 copies were in print. This newsletter came about as a way to answer the many questions received in the mail each day.

The Pearls receive no remuneration from the sale of these books and tapes. This is a ministry operated through The Church At Cane Creek where Michael Pearl is pastor/teacher. The low prices reflect our concern to make these materials available to as many as possible. We give a 38-45% discount on books by the Pearls when purchased in volumes of eight or more. We also make available a limited number of books and videos that we believe will be a great blessing to your family.

We are dedicated to the advancement of the gospel of Jesus Christ in those countries where Christ is least known. Monies received from books and tapes more than pay for their distribution. After operating expenses, all money from the sale of books goes to foreign missions. All gifts go directly to foreign missions, none being retained here in the States, unless otherwise designated by the donor.

All who have ordered materials from us during the past twelve months are automatically put on our mailing list to receive our free monthly newsletter. However, you need not purchase materials to continue receiving this newsletter. We are here to serve you, but we must know that you are interested. If we haven't heard from you in a year, drop us a brief note, or just a card with your name and address. It is our joy to serve you. ☺

Dear Deb,

Thank you so much for your articles "Carnal Husbands, Cranky wives and Cantankerous Kids" and "Bound". Thank you for being straightforward and frank. I am grateful for older women like you who are teaching us younger women how to love our husbands and children the way God wants us to. You don't know how glad and sad I felt when I read them. Glad because I know God is leading me in His good and perfect way, sad because through your articles I saw that I am a critical wife and that I am binding my husband through my words, attitudes and actions. This is hard to admit, because I hate to be wrong. Lately I have been working hard to not get angry at my husband, and I can see that there is a change in him when I am at peace. Not only him, but just the atmosphere of our home.

A grateful wife in Michigan.
T. O.



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.

missions@netease.net

Knuckle-head

(Continued from page 2)

to shame (Prov. 29:15)." Children allowed free expression turn out worse than a cat allowed free expression in the house.

Going back to our example, Knuckle-head had been allowed self-expression; he had not been taught self-denial. A child proficient at exerting his own will is not ready to yield his autonomy without a fight. He will push you beyond your limit to maintain control of his own life. It is not you personally, nor is it the thing over which there is a contest (in this case the glasses); it is the issue of independence, freedom to

live without law—capriciously, selfishly. Only when you have allowed a dispensation wherein you have become subservient to the child's will do you as an adult, a parent, become angry and testy. When you know that you ought to have control, but don't, and you do not know what to do to remedy the situation, the frustration will lead to anger and hostility. Parent, know that from that perspective you will never win. The child will remain in control and never respect your authority until you respect yourself and your position enough to act forcefully and consistently without anger or vacillation.

Children will fight authority, but once you force it upon them, they will be happier than they

have ever been. Great peace and security comes to a child who is put under benevolent authority. They very quickly love the adult that forces them into compliance with their own conscience. Like Paul in Romans chapter 7, children will impulsively do what they know they should not do, all the while fighting to maintain their rebellion, yet crying out for deliverance. As the law and the cross applied in love subdues the sinner so the rod and reproof administered in love will give wisdom to the child (Prov. 29:15). ☺

Corny, ten different ways

When we moved to Cane Creek 11 years ago we went from the haves to the havenots. We weren't exactly affluent but we had what we wanted when we wanted. Moving here changed all that. We sold our four acre estate and bought 77 acres of rough woodland with 8 tillable acres. After paying for the land, we had \$7,000.00 left with which to build a house and barn, and live on while we were doing it. To get lumber for our house Mike and the two boys cut down trees, dragged them to the house with a horse and mule, and then sawed the logs into lumber on a sawmill he had previously built for that purpose.

They had the easy job. I had to learn how to feed the family on \$10 or less each week. Fortunately I had spent the summer canning and had 300 quarts of fruits and vegetables to add to our larder. But when you divide 300 by one or two quarts a day and divide that by 5 fast growing kids and a mom and a dad, you don't have much food. By November I knew we were in for a lean winter. When a man came by and offered to sell 100 pounds of cabbage for 10 cents a pound I decided it was a good idea. He told me if I placed the cabbage under our 12 X 16 foot cabin and covered it with hay it would keep all winter. Another lady sold me 100 pounds of sweet potatoes and Irish potatoes, which we also kept under the cabin covered with hay. Still you divide the pounds of food with the mouths to feed by

the days and you don't have many days to eat.

I guess the old man down the road figured the dumb city folks needed a helping hand. He brought over a small sack of brown looking rough corn meal. He explained to me this was just



field corn, the kind you feed to animals. Any dried corn will do. You can buy it straight from a farmer or from your local farmers co-op. It is cheaper than potting soil. This past year we paid less than \$3.00 per bushel. A bushel will fill up two five gallon buckets. A pick-up truck full would only cost \$50.00. It is easy to store. Some farmers just dump it in an open bin in the barn. You can put it in barrels, buckets, or boxes. It must be kept dry, and in warm weather it must be sealed or the bugs will eat it. There are easy ways to kill the bugs before sealing it in buckets. You could get that information from a library (as long as they remain open). But we planned to eat it before the next summer. A bug or two never hurt anybody anyway.

He told me to roast it lightly in the oven (Indians put the whole

cob in warm ashes until it roasted to a golden brown) and then grind it coarsely with my cheap little flea market grinder. If you didn't have a grinder, you could do as the Indians did—beat it with a piece of wood. For breakfast every morning we would stir it into boiling water to make a delicious hot cereal. Our neighbors call it corn mush. A bushel or two will provide breakfast for the family throughout the winter. The first time we tried it we added a little cream given to us by a neighbor. It was delicious. You will recall that roasted corn was what Boaz offered Ruth when he woke to find her at his feet. The leftover corn mush soon firms up and can be sliced and pan fried to make an evening snack. The snack would never make it to McDonalds as a famous special, but it was almost free, and filling.

A few days later, after telling my neighbor how much we enjoyed the corn mush, she saw my eagerness and told me how to make hominy and corn tortillas. Years before I had watched the Indians do this in Belize, C.A., but now I was to try myself. I took the same dried corn and put about 4 cups in a large pan of water. Then I took the hardwood ashes right out of my wood stove and sifted about one cup of ashes into the corn and water. These ashes contain lye and will make the outside hull of the corn soften and come off. The ashes can also be used for making soap, cleaning bug infested areas, treating certain skin fungi; and they are great for

keeping bugs off of the corn when you store it in the barn or in any open container. I cooked the corn with the ashes for 30 minutes and then checked it. After several tries the outside of the corn was soft. If your ashes are finely sifted then it is easy to wash the ashes out of the corn; otherwise it takes a while. If you want hominy then put the cleaned corn back on to cook until swollen double in size and tender, which should take about an hour or more. If you want corn tortillas get out your old flea market hand-grinder and let'er go. With a little water the mush dough that comes through the grinder can be made into one-inch balls. The Indians in Belize left their corn soaking in the ash water until they were ready to make a meal, then they took just what they needed. Water was not abundant so they carefully scooped the top floating corn so there was little washing. They didn't have a grinder, so they pounded the softened corn with a large stick to bring it to a dough consistency. The dough can be patted out and cooked in a dry pan (no oil, just sprinkle dry corn meal to keep dough from sticking). Now my horse feed corn was making us breakfast and lunch, but we are not through yet! Being from the south I was raised on corn bread. Everyday I would grind the dried corn into cornmeal and mix salt, baking powder, and sour milk (if we were really rich I'd add an egg) and pour into a hot oiled iron skillet to cook for dinner. Often the next day the left over corn bread was crumbed into a bowl with water, onions, sage, salt, pepper, celery seed, chicken seasoning, chopped cabbage and/or minus or plus anything I

The Fool and Her Flesh

By Rebekah Pearl

The Fool and her Flesh went out in the world to play

Leaving the sheltering Fold and the Family that prayed.

Faith and the Father are weeping at what they foresee.

Family and Friends are wondering how it could be.

Folly and Foolishness carried her soul away.

The Fool and her Flesh will earn a generous wage.

thought might taste OK. This mixture was baked into a dressing. With a little seasoning, corn was feeding us well. So there we sat eating hominy, cornbread, dressing, corn tortillas, dumplings, hot tamales and corn mush patties. With the addition of sweet potatoes, and cabbage we were eating fine. Before the winter was over I was making stuffed everything with anything. That long, cold, lean winter finally ended. We planted the leftover corn that Spring. I learned that in time of famine the humble corn seed can feed a family well. I also learned being poor can make you or break you. Sometimes a family's greatest handicap is having too much too easy. Creativity, work ethics, confidence and emotional balance are often sacrificed in the wake of a parent being successful. Even in the middle of washing our clothes in a large vat over a fire while trying to figure out what I could feed the family next, I was happy, happier than I could ever remember. And when Nanny and Daddy Bill

came to visit and brought peanut butter I was thrilled. We learned how to be resourceful because we had to. We learned how to be thankful because doing without made having a little seem so good. We learned how to work together because we needed each other to survive. Our children weren't told they were needed, they weren't patted on the back when they did their chores, they weren't given positive affirmation by reminding them how important they were, they were living in reality. They saw that what they did mattered. A life like that grows strong kids. They learned to be survivors. Don't regret your struggles; joy in the opportunity to grow. Don't fear tomorrow; make a plan to overcome. And when the lean times come, remember, you can always eat corn. ☺

Something Right

Most of our child-training examples come from our friends (at least they were friends before we published their stories). Since we are always on the lookout for good examples, we have accumulated a good mental and sometimes written history of all the families with whom we associate. It has been interesting to see the different family patterns. Some do what they have always done, be it good or bad. Then there are those that have continued to do the wrong thing and have gone down hill; although, most of those around us here at Cane Creek, with or without our advice, have displayed significant improvement in the training and discipline of their children. The family that once provided our best examples of whining kids has actually made the most remarkable improvements. It is their absolute teachableness that made the difference. Their kids are not perfect, but today their family is a model of good parenting and quality family life.

Just last night three of the children (9, 6, & 2) were visiting in our home. We had a delightfully rambunctious good time. I even got my beard stroked by the little 2-year-old girl. As we were loading everyone into the van for the trip home, the 2-year-old, trying to move from the middle seat to the back seat, had trouble getting around the end of the bench next to the door. The cold, still night suddenly vibrated with the piercing wail that only a 2-year-old can muster. It was a cry of,



“Help me get around this seat!” Immediately, but calmly the nine-year-old boy said, “No, Amy, as long as you are whining and crying I will not help you. If you are going to cry, you will just have to manage by yourself.” The little 6-year-old girl was voicing a similar exhortation, assuring the child that she was out of order with her whining demands. Amy, seeing the futility of her display, without any assistance and without further complaint, negotiated herself around into a sitting position. The older brother encouragingly said, “That’s a good girl, Amy; see, you can do it yourself; now next time don’t cry and I will help you.”

Sitting in the driver’s seat observing this lesson in discipline was quite gratifying. It gives dual meaning to the term child-

training—not just children being trained, but children training children. The beautiful thing about children training children is that the kid trainer is reinforcing his own commitment to order and discipline as he enforces the rule of law upon his younger siblings. The ramifications are astounding. It is the difference between pounding wheat into flour with a wooden mallet and grinding it in a water powered gristmill. Children training each other when you are not present is like the wonder of perpetual motion.

And, talking about sibling harmony, when a 6-year-old is given responsibility to train her 2-year-old sister, she will respond exactly like her parents. I said EXACTLY like her parents. Children learn by emulation. They will mimic your patience, firmness, concern, and repeat the very words in the exact same tone as you have used when disciplining and training them.

One of the marvelous wonders of this is that as they come into the chain of command the children come to appreciate your role as guide and instructor and they more readily accept authority over them. They learn to assume the subordinate role just as they expect the same from those under them. The children all become a part of the cure rather than a part of the problem.

When you have a large family with only one overseer—Mother—every additional kid is an increase in the chaos and turmoil, but where there is a chain of command, having thirteen children is as orderly as a buggy full of Amish on their way to church.



New Book

Michael Pearl discusses questions that trouble many but few dare to ask.

- “How can I believe and trust a ‘sovereign God’ who allows so much evil? Is God impotent? If not, then does He care?”
- “Why did God even make us capable of sinning? If He knows all and is all powerful, couldn’t He have created a world without sin and death?”
- “Why? Why did God create Lucifer if He knew it would result in sin?”
- “Why did God put the *tree of knowledge of good and evil* in the garden if He did not want Adam and Eve to sin?”
- “If I could help it, I would not allow my children to be subject to pain and suffering. Why would the Creator let souls live forever in Hell? Why would He not just destroy them so they would not continue to suffer?”
- “Couldn’t an all-wise God develop a plan that didn’t involve suffering for so many?”



This book took four years to write—not to produce 100 pages, but to sift 500 pages to its small size.

It is not about child training or the family. It is about man as a creation of God. Some call it *Christian philosophy*. Others call it *theology*. It has been called a *defense of the faith*. Early in the writing I called it *The Ultimate Intention*, finally settling on *By Divine Design*.

Dear Friends at Cane Creek,

Thank you for your book . It turned my 5 year old from a sullen, angry, joyless child who kicked me and even hit me once to a joyful, childlike, happy boy who continually tells me he loves me. We are still working on obedience—he had his way a long time—but it's getting much better....

B.S. of CA

Dear Michael and Debi

We have enjoyed your books. Thank you for your insight. I wish you could visit a few days for a critique. We are making changes in our lifestyle and attitudes towards parenting and marriage roles (Me, obey Him????!).

I began listening to the "For Men Only" tape that I ordered for my husband-sorry. My seven-old-son was in the room and heard the warning that a wife could ruin her marriage by listening to the tape. I promptly turned off the tape (rewound it and wiped off my grungy fingerprints). My son was very concerned and said, "Boy, I sure am glad you turned that off. You could have ruined your marriage!" Winnie

PROJECT WHOLE WORD



Abel offers an acceptable sacrifice to God

where the gospel has never been preached.

The church has been lax, to put it mildly, in availing itself of the mass media as a means of reaching everyone with the message. Radio, TV, and the printed page are beating us to the people with a seducing message of prosperity and pleasure. If fifteen million missionaries would go, we could reach the masses at about the same rate as they are being born, yet we know it will never happen. But we can send 15,000,000 or 200,000,000 illustrated gospel Bibles to people of every written language. We, the church in America, have the money. The churches of

America spend more in one day than it would take to place gospel literature in the hands of every soul on this planet.

Asians, including adults, read comic books at about 100 times the rate of Americans. We have employed an Asian artist, one of the best in this country, to illustrate the gospel message as written by Michael Pearl. We are not trying to cover all the Bible narrative. We are just dealing with those stories necessary to communicate an understanding of the major themes of the Bible. This is an evangelistic tool, a gospel sermon, easy to be understood, even by those that are semi-literate. It will

be attractive and appealing. Even those who have actively resisted Christ will be driven to read this 300 page picture book.

We are not using religious looking art. It is dynamic, in keeping with the media familiar to the masses. Some of you have written to complain about the sissy picture of Christ that we previously published as a sample of the art. That sample was the initial drawing sent to us by the artist to illustrate his abilities. You will be glad to know that we do not intend to have Christ looking like a choir boy. He will not have long, permed hair and a frail body. He will look Eastern and rugged. I should not have used a sample that we did not intend to use as part of the finished product, but I had no idea that there were that many of you who felt the same repulsion as I for medieval representations of Christ, and it was all we had at the time.

Many of you have sent in gifts to help in this ministry. Unless otherwise designated, anything that comes in is going to this project. Pray for our Artist. This will continue to be his full time job for the next two years. Pray for his health and safety.

The finished product will be black and white with gray scale. We are going to need a top quality, professional, graphic artist to add gray tones to the ink drawings. Knowing this will take time, we are not asking for free services. If you are a professional, already working in this field and you think you might be interested, send us some samples of your work. The finished product will be approximately 300 pages. ☺

Our chronological gospel picture Bible is on schedule. Our artist has now completed about fifty of the projected 300 pages. We are already lining up translators for foreign languages. If you know of someone that would volunteer to translate it into another language, have them write us.

God has led us to fill a gap that is not a vacuum, for third world countries, as well as countries like Russia and China, are having their curiosity about the outside world met with movies and books that only darken their souls. People are drinking Coca-Colas and reading comic books about super heroes in villages

Shabbat

"It is Saturday here and the hostel is quiet. I am on duty so I have to stay here to answer the phone and the bell. Tuesday night, I went to bed with a stiff neck, discouraged with it and thinking I'd be stuck that way the rest of my life. Somebody must have prayed for me. Wednesday morning it was completely gone, as if it had never happened. So that was a tremendous relief to say the least. Now I have staph infection. Grin. One thing after another. I am out of Echinacea and Vitamin C but I can buy fresh garlic. Frown. Nobody is going to want to talk to me. I have a swollen and infected finger—a small boil. I have the same thing up inside my nose too and that's painful!!! Ouch. Why do I get all these weird things?

Tomorrow I go to the Department of Interior to get my visa renewed. I've been here three months already. Nine more to go. I have to admit I'll be ready for a break by the time it's over. It's not so much the work as the community living that wears me out. There is no where on the whole property where you can go and pray out loud or study without someone eventually calling your name or simply walking in unannounced. It must be especially hard on Paul and Tracy who live here permanently and are trying to raise a family in the midst of it.

The Bahai capital temple of the world is nearly opposite the hostel. It is huge and quite impressive and a good number of the people that stay here are on

their pilgrimage—9 days. They come from all walks of life, but they all have one thing in common: a reprobate mind. Bahai teaches that all religions are true and all roads lead to God, or peace or whatever you're seeking for. They teach that Jesus was a prophet of Bahai for his day and age, then there was Mohammed for his day and age, Hare Krishna too, any religion that meets your need is legitimate. Arrival in this religion is being so open minded



Rebekah Pearl (right) with Paul and Tracy Valerio in Israel

that you accept all beliefs equally, agreeing with everyone, being at peace with everyone and judging no one for their actions. Total mindlessness. Belief in antibelief—the ultimate lie about Truth.

They say there is no Truth, and there are no absolutes. They say man is as insignificant as the lowliest of creatures; his life and death are nothing and will eventually absorb back into the nothingness from which he came.

God is equally a nothingness that man has created to aid his journey from nothing to nothing. And when you try to talk to one that is really deep into this, you get the creepy feeling that there is no intelligent life form inside the body you are talking to, as if the

soul had already departed. There is one staying here now that is Bahai because his mother is Bahai and she sent him out here to do his pilgrimage. He doesn't know much about it and still seems to be reachable. We are praying for him and talk to him all the time. He agrees with everything; they always do.

~~It is a fast growing religion~~—a one world religion."

Rebekah sounds rather down in this recent E-mail from Bethel in Haifa, Israel. This is not her general state of mind. We have received many encouraging letters from her, but I thought it good for you to read the down side of missionary life. It is not all romantic and thrilling.

They are seeing Jews and Gentiles come to know Christ as Savior. You can imagine how difficult it must be for Rebekah to go from the quiet jungles of Papua New

Guinea to the bustle of a youth Hostel in Haifa, Israel.

Rebekah told us to use all of her money to purchase and ship Bibles to their ministry there in Israel. They receive guests from nearly every language in the world. Many of them thankfully receive and read a Bible in their own language—some having never seen a Bible before.

Right now we are actively seeking to procure Bibles in any and all languages that might be found touring Israel. If you have contacts or information that might help us locate Bibles, please write or E-mail us. If you are traveling to Israel and could carry a few extra Bibles in your luggage, it would save us a fortune on postage. If

Conformity

By Rebekah Pearl

A beautiful horse went to town one day to see what went on there. He traipsed through the mall and was dazzled by the fashions and advertisements all around him. As he passed by a shop the man inside cried out, "Oh, those ears! I haven't seen anyone wear such conservative ears in twenty years - where did you get those ridiculous ears?" The poor horse felt quite ashamed at his out of date ears and hung his head in embarrassment. But the shop keeper had the perfect solution; he whipped out a pair of up-to-date, long, fuzzy ears and fit them carefully on the horse's head. So the horse lifted his head in pride and pranced on down the mall. As he passed the beauty salon however, the barber started to laugh so loud that the horse paused to look in at him. "My goodness, what a messy lot of hair! How long has it been since you had it cut? Don't you know the natural look has been out for ages? Come, come sit down. For half price I will cut your hair and dye that garish colored coat you have." The confused horse looked down at his beautiful red coat and back at the bushy flowing tail that hung down his flanks and thought, "I really do stand out don't I? Probably everyone looks at me and laughs at my old-fashioned ideas." So he sat down and the barber went to work. Soon the red coat was a dull gray color and the flowing main and tail were reduced to chic wisps of hair. So the silly horse pranced home with thoughts of pride and world acceptance, never guessing that the world he was emulating had made an ass out of him. ☹

Read the rest of the story. Now you can read the daily chronicle of Rebekah Pearl, the



daughter of Michael and Debi Pearl, as she sought to adapt to missionary life among the Kumboi people, a primitive tribe in the highlands of Papua New Guinea. This 112 page book tells the awesome story of God's guidance and protection of a 22-year-old girl, all alone where no white person had ever been. Several pages of photographs document Rebekah in her village setting.

Noels.

T. J. Slayman, a young man from our church, continues in Laos—a country where missionary activity is prohibited. Nationals are sometimes killed and often imprisoned for participating in Bible studies or worship of Jesus Christ; foreigners are imprisoned and kicked out of the country. T. J. has finished his studies in the Laotian language. He is now proficient enough that with language helpers, he has begun translating the gospel of John and the book of Romans. He doesn't have to start from scratch, just from error. He has available an erroneous Alexandrian translation that must be brought into line with the "oldest and best" manuscripts of the T. R. lineage—if you know what I mean. He continues to carry on other work that we cannot mention here. He hopes to come home in the Spring for a brief visit. If you would like to have him minister to your church when he is in the States, drop us a line. We will notify you when we know he will be available.

Steve and Margaret Schnell and their three children, sent out by our church, are in Cambodia busily engaged in holding Bible classes four days each week. Steve is training nationals the Word of God that they might train others. This is called indigenous church planting. If you would like to know more about them, write and we will send information.

Gary Hill, a very gifted and skilled individual, has responded to God's call and has come on

(Continued on page 14)

Special Friends

Dewayne Noel with his wife Deanna and their four children—one just recently born there in

the village—are doing great upon the mountains of Papua New Guinea. Dewayne continues to teach the Word of God chronologically to a large class of preachers and would-be preachers. He says they are already taking the things they are learning and teaching others. When Braband goes to P. N. G. he intends to use the Kumboi village where Dewayne ministers as his jumping off point to reach deeper into the Highlands and swamps. If you have read Rebekah's Diary, you have a little idea of the hardships they face. Pray for the

My Brother is a Brat



From a reader

"My 18 year old daughter calls her younger siblings brats. My son hardly acknowledges he has a sister. Among the younger children there is a lot of anger and they avoid being with each other. The only child any of the siblings like is the baby, and I wonder how long that will last. I teach them, pray with them, and remind them how important it is to love their own family. Somehow what started as the children not getting along are now older children that simply do not like each other. We have a rotten family life. What can I do? What did I do wrong? Help me."

Kay

Answer:

Just like adults, kids find it very difficult to like someone for whom they have no respect. You can't shame them into liking each other, and you can't preach them into it either. Duty, like the duty to love your own family, grows mighty thin when you are part of a family where each one is selfish and spoiled. The only thing you can do is to make sure you raise likeable kids that provoke respect and honor from others.

It takes a very mature adult, willing to "die to himself" and be a martyr, to demonstrate even a neutral attitude toward those that are repulsively unlikable. Mature adults can steel themselves for the emotional suffering and sacrifice it takes to go out into this sick world. For a little while each day you can leave the sanctuary of a secure home to go into the den of

the world and express love toward the decidedly unlovely. But you come home tired and ready to relax around family members whose company you enjoy. But if the family members are more like the selfish, dog eat dog world, then where does one go to let down his guard, to talk and find sympathy, to relax?

You are fighting a losing battle seeking to establish one virtue (the virtue of tolerance) among a tightly pressed group of selfish, unhappy individuals. You said all the kids liked the baby. Of course they do. The baby has not yet matured to the point of being able to compete with them, to be moody and selfish. When the baby gets old enough to exert his own selfishness they will turn on him as well.

To live in a social order there must be boundaries observed by

all and enforced by all. If your older children do not like their younger sister there is good reason. Honestly ask yourself—this may be hard to do—"Do I like the little girl?" Yes, you love her. You are her mother. You tolerate more than do the older children, but do you like that little one that the other kids find so hard to tolerate? What is it that they so dislike? There are people that you do not like and you avoid them. Why? Would you—could you like them if you were placed in daily contact and they continued to manifest the same undesirable traits? Would it help if your pastor told you to like them? What if it was your duty to like them, would that make it easier? What would it take for you to like those individuals? You answer, "A few changes in the way they..." You share the same viewpoint as your children.

I will give you a solution that will work, considering all is well in other areas. Sit your older kids down and ask them what it is about the younger one that they do not like. Do not do this with a critical or defensive spirit or they will not be honest. Come to them with a learner's heart. Ask this simple question, "Children, if you could change five things about your little sister, what would they be?" The things they tell you will be things that need changing. Don't argue with them. Ask them to help you bring about the changes in the little one. Discuss all the ramifications and arrive at a consensus as to how to go about this. The hardest part for you will be something I know you have not done before; you will have to allow the older children full authority to discipline and instruct the

(Continued on page 13)

Mr. and Mrs. Pearl

I wanted to just write a "quick" note thanking you for your obedience to the Lord in training up godly families.Oh, yes, I must tell you my boys too are changing dramatically from their training. It is so nice not to have to use the rod for every little thing. I can see the fear is melting away from their eyes. For instance, our 7-year-old son is always "sick" or "injured." So we whipped up some "Cure All" from vinegar, cinnamon, garlic, curry, and hot sauce. The first day he was given a dose of "Cure All" every time he complained about a scratch, not feeling good, headache... He stopped real quick. The next day we took it further. He is quite dramatic, so he progressed from verbal statements to body language. He walked through the kitchen with his shoulders drooping, so I said, "Caleb, you look as if you don't feel good. Have some 'cure all,' it will help." He took it and shuddered as it went down. That was the end of ANY complaints!!! It's been 4 days or so and he is smiling, happy and enjoying life. What a miracle!! And not one spanking!!!

Thank You so much.
Roxanna

Dear Roxanna, You should
bottle it and sell it. I know a lot of
adults that could use it daily.
Deb

Dear Pearls,

We have very much enjoyed your book, *To Train Up A Child*. We have 6 kids 2-15 years old and wish we would have had your book all along the way. We always tried to train instead of punish, but it is nice to have it in book form and to know we did a little bit right. People make comments to us to the tune of "if you had Our kids to deal with....," like ours were born obeying and we just dressed and fed our naturally adjusted, obedient kids. Your book has helped us to see how much we give in to a 3-year-old. We have 1. Indifferent, 2. No emotions, 3. Affectionate, 4. Live wire, 5. Prissy, 6. Talker, type of kids. They all need different care, but they all need the same switch. The Lord literally planted a mulberry tree in my flower garden and we are supplied with switches most of the year. It is great how the Lord teaches us to train and discipline. Spank them and go on. We don't ground for 394 days or hold something over the kids for months. But I could probably write a book on the mistakes we've made. I have had 2 of your books--one I loaned out and will probably never see again. The other I gave to some friends expecting their first baby. Now I have none and could never be able to buy all that I could use. My husband is the pastor of our Baptist Church here and there is a great need for your books. An order is enclosed.

Thanks, Michele



Answer

(Continued from page 12)

younger children. Have them read our book first. Discuss it with them often. Get progress reports. Stand behind their decisions, unless through discussion (not in the presence of the young child) you come to a modified consensus.

One warning: When the kids tell you what they would like to change in their younger sister, it will reflect upon you. Their reluctance to enter into dialogue on this issue will stem from the fact that

to criticize the child is to criticize the way you have handled situations. They resent her like the neighborhood kids resent the son of a policeman that can get away with murder while they are accosted by the law for the least infraction. So, if you are brave enough, and humble enough, and you want a satisfactory conclusion to this matter, then ask the kids to tell you what you need to change in your methods in order to change the child. The kids are more objective than you; if you can get them to be honest it will be quite a revelation. If you doubt the answers you receive and you need further assurances, invite a

third party (not someone like yourself, someone who has always supported you), but someone with great kids and a good home life. Let that person arbitrate in your discussion with your older children.

You will find that when the older kids are not constrained to be victimized by the selfish little sister, when they can take charge and effect a change, they will suddenly "grow up" in their responses. Your children need to be educated in child training just as you, so provide the material and atmosphere for them to grow with you and learn as you do. ☺

Friends

(Continued from page 11)

staff here in the missions arm of No Greater Joy ministries. He quit a good paying job where he has worked for many years to assist us in the production of our picture Bible and other missions activities. He is now gathering information on the availability of Bibles in some 70 languages. If you have any information on how we can secure foreign language Bibles, contact Gary Hill at our address, or you can E-mail him at missions@netease.net

Michael Braband

just returned from Central America

where as a volunteer for the last several weeks he has been on staff in a medical clinic ministering to the flood victims. God has called him to Papua New Guinea, and he is ready to go, but he has not yet been able to obtain a visa.



Michael Braband

Dewayne Noel, now ministering in P. N. G., is working on it from that end. Michael Braband has gone through Bible and Mission training with us here at Cane Creek. He is a serious and sober minded Bible believer ready to brave the wilds of the most remote jungles on the face of the

earth. His intentions are to take the gospel into the interior where no one has gone before. He is being sent out by his local Baptist Church in St. Louis, Missouri. He is going by faith with no certain support. If you would like to

invest in the tribes of Papua New Guinea, Michael Braband is a worthy steward. ☺

Your Turn

If you are interested in participating in mission activities, I will give you two very good opportunities. **Shad Williams** goes overseas to India, Africa, the Philippines, and other countries to hold outdoor evangelistic meetings. He goes several times a year and is willing to take along others who can pay their own way. It is a grueling two weeks of heat, bouncing vehicles, cramped quarters, exotic foods, staring faces, extended hands, loud speakers, tract distribution, gospel preaching, testifying: an exhausting, wonderful good time. Contact Shad at: WeGoToThem@aol.com or you can call 901-632-4208 or 901-926-6583. He will give you the details.

Another opportunity that is closer to home but almost as wild will occur in Memphis, TN. in May. A close friend, **Ken Lansing**, saved under our ministry 30 years ago, conducts street evangelism every week and has done so for 30 years. During the "Memphis in May" activities, thousands of people crowd the streets of downtown Memphis, on famous Beale Street and the River Front park, to give the flesh a fling. Ken is there to give out gospel tracts and minister a message of hope and forgiveness. If you would like to join him May 6-9 and you have a King James Bible, contact him and he will give you the details. The mornings will be dedicated to classes where you learn the basics, and in the afternoon you will be paired with an experienced person and hit the streets. No sissies please.

You can contact Ken at:

Ken Lansing
3060 Woodhills
Memphis, TN. 38128

If you are a pastor or missionary, I have two very good books that I will send you free of charge. Anyone in Christian service or those who support any ministry should read these two books. I use them when teaching missions.

The Indigenous Church, by Melvin L. Hodges, is concise and well written. It overflows with wisdom and understanding of the practical side of Biblical Church planting.

Discipleship Within The Context Of The Local Church is another well written manual on Church planting. It is written from the viewpoint of a tribal setting, but its application is overdue in America.

If you are preparing to be a missionary, or you play any part in the organization and structure of a church here in America, you need to read these two books.

If you are a pastor/elder or missionary, just send a note requesting these two books along with a statement as to where you minister, and we will send them to you free of charge. This offer is good as long as our small inventory lasts.