

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



# No Greater Joy

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

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## Preventive Training

*Dear Pearls,*

*Our 9-year-old son (the oldest of 5) wakes up wanting to do only what he wants, no chores. He drags through work and often does an incomplete job. He pouts and throws 'mini' fits, which includes sunken shoulders, stomping off, etc. He craves attention and always wants someone doing something with him. He feels very neglected if doing work or play alone. We homeschool, and I wonder how to tie strings with him while trying to take care of the younger children and doing school. He loves building forts outside but can't do much because of the neighborhood. He gets very bored. How can I help this young boy be happy inside himself?*

*Mama K*

You are not alone. The problems you describe are a symptom of this hedonistic age, far more common today than they were in former generations. We have been conditioned to expect to be entertained during all waking moments. All commercial advertisements assume that pleasure is the final end. The media industry inundates us with sights and sounds for which there is no competition. Everything else, short of massive

fireworks, is boring. During my youth, an entire community would come to the revival meeting to hear someone play the guitar and sing. Today, you can't get them there with a world class orchestra. The food industry has perfected the art



of stimulating the palate with optimum flavors and textures, and modern modes of distribution make it available to all, while the economy makes any form of pleasure within reach of the poorest individuals. Clothing styles are designed to accentuate human sexuality and excite the senses. Children are led to believe that they are deprived if there is

any limitation on what they can wear. Toys, snacks, sights, and sounds are pumped at children until they become bored with the lack of lack. As one can be lonely in a crowd, the modern child is bored in the midst of infinite variety. Modern man has lost his creativity in the avalanche of supply. Malls and stores are not just places

to buy what you need; they are circuses of entertainment, each one competing for your attention. When a child walks away from the computer or the television to sit in front of a teacher, he feels deprived. Students must be amused. Every one must be amused, or they will switch: switch brands, switch channels, switch jobs, switch spouses.

That which any generation inherits without struggle or sacrifice is assumed to be a necessary right. Today, children earn nothing. Everything is given to them, given even before they ask. Modern prosperity and technology have removed all sacrifice, pain, and privation from our lives. Everyone has it "his way." Everyone gets what he wants, when

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he wants it, in the color, flavor, size, and style that he desires. Self-denial is a thing of the past, an uncomfortable disease that has been eradicated. A child is shocked and offended when his parents demand it of him. He assumes it is his right to experience uninterrupted pleasure. Through provision of ease, we have destroyed the opportunity for our children to possess the essential qualities that make mankind something more than a sophisticated talking animal.

In former generations, people just hoped to be able to eat a meal tomorrow—any meal, or improve their dwelling so that it was warmer, or so parents could have a bedroom to themselves. They dreamed of education—in many cases of freedom. But in our generation, with everything well supplied, we want to be entertained. The great fear is not of starvation or plagues or loss of freedom, but of boredom—a quest for amusement.

The will to suffer discomfort and the opportunity to do so is essential to human character. That is what is missing in this nine-year-old boy. Character cannot be built in a storehouse of abundance. When circumstances are such that the basic necessities of life can only be achieved through bearing a daily measure of discomfort, then thankfulness and acceptance of responsibility come naturally to all. But in our day of abundance and ease, your son is an example of what comes naturally to all.

Your son is addicted to indulgence. He is lazy and undisciplined. It takes conscious, preventive training to keep this from developing in any and all children. I said, “preventive,” because if children are left to develop naturally, they will naturally corrupt. Children born into this world are like fresh fruit; they are destined to spoil if you do nothing more than admire them. “A child left to himself will bring his mother to shame.”

Children are born separated from God, empty of the positive, controlling presence of God. All wickedness comes from natural passions, hormones, impulses, instincts, drives, appetites, —in short, uncontrolled cravings for pleasure. The Bible calls it “flesh.”

Training must begin shortly after birth, because that is when the seeds of indulgence first begin to sprout, demonstrated by the child’s unwillingness to accept, “No,” or, “Wait a minute.” Children are not born with



a desire to do something evil; they are not waiting for the first opportunity to break the laws of God. But at the first opportunity they will do something indulgent—not because it is evil, but because it is pleasurable. The undisciplined mind will drift to but one end: the pursuit of pleasure. Your son is angry when you interfere with what he thinks is his right—uninterrupted pleasure.

Mental and physical pleasure come in two forms, active and passive. Most parents are aware of the dangers of active indulgence. They attempt to regulate their children’s exposure to TV and computer corruption. When they see bad eating patterns or temptations to participate in unclean habits, they start drawing lines. But most parents are not aware that passive indulgence begins long before the child is mature enough to participate in active indulgence. And

passive indulgence is the seed of most evil.

We generally think of indulgence as some active pursuit, but most indulgence takes the form of inactivity. It is not based on aggressive consumption, but on a desire to seek the path of least resistance. It is not a thing in which one expends energy to participate, rather an unwillingness to bear discomfort—in short, laziness.

When duty requires expenditure of energy from either mind or body, as when your son must take out the garbage, pick up after himself, or cipher a math problem, he must move from the passive to the active state. If the body were connected to instrumentation, it could be demonstrated that this heightened state of activity causes a rise in the heart rate, generates heat, and burns calories. In other words, it consumes energy, and the generation of energy is never free. Therefore, to move the muscles and focus the powers of the mind in an activity that is not immediately providing a higher level of mental or physical pleasure is uncomfortable, if not painful. That is why we all put off unpleasant tasks. That is why servants are popular with those who can afford them. “Let somebody else do the dirty work.” No one goes out to a restaurant in the evening and spends money so he can serve others and then clean up after them. You go out so you can be served, eat what someone else has cooked, and then let them wash the dishes. That’s pleasure.

The law of entropy seems to apply to human behavior. The inertia of doing nothing is a powerful force. A French philosopher said, “All work is pain.”

When my boys were about eight and ten years old, after spending half of the day logging with a mule, I could see they had reached the end of their endurance. They were just barely dragging, so I gave them the

*(Continued on page 4)*

# East Timor—open door

In our day there is need for a new kind of missionary. A missionary must be a man of prayer and faith, and he must be a man of vision and energy. But in our unique times, we need men who can go anywhere in the world and communicate with the whole world in an organizational capacity. We support such a man, Tom Gaudet. He receives his personal support from many others, but we stand behind the extras, like Bible printing and literature purchases. We do not give money to nationals, and we do not contribute to the construction of church buildings. Every dime goes to getting the Bible and Bible literature into the hands of nationals. Tom is the one who went to a remote part of the Philippines and found a

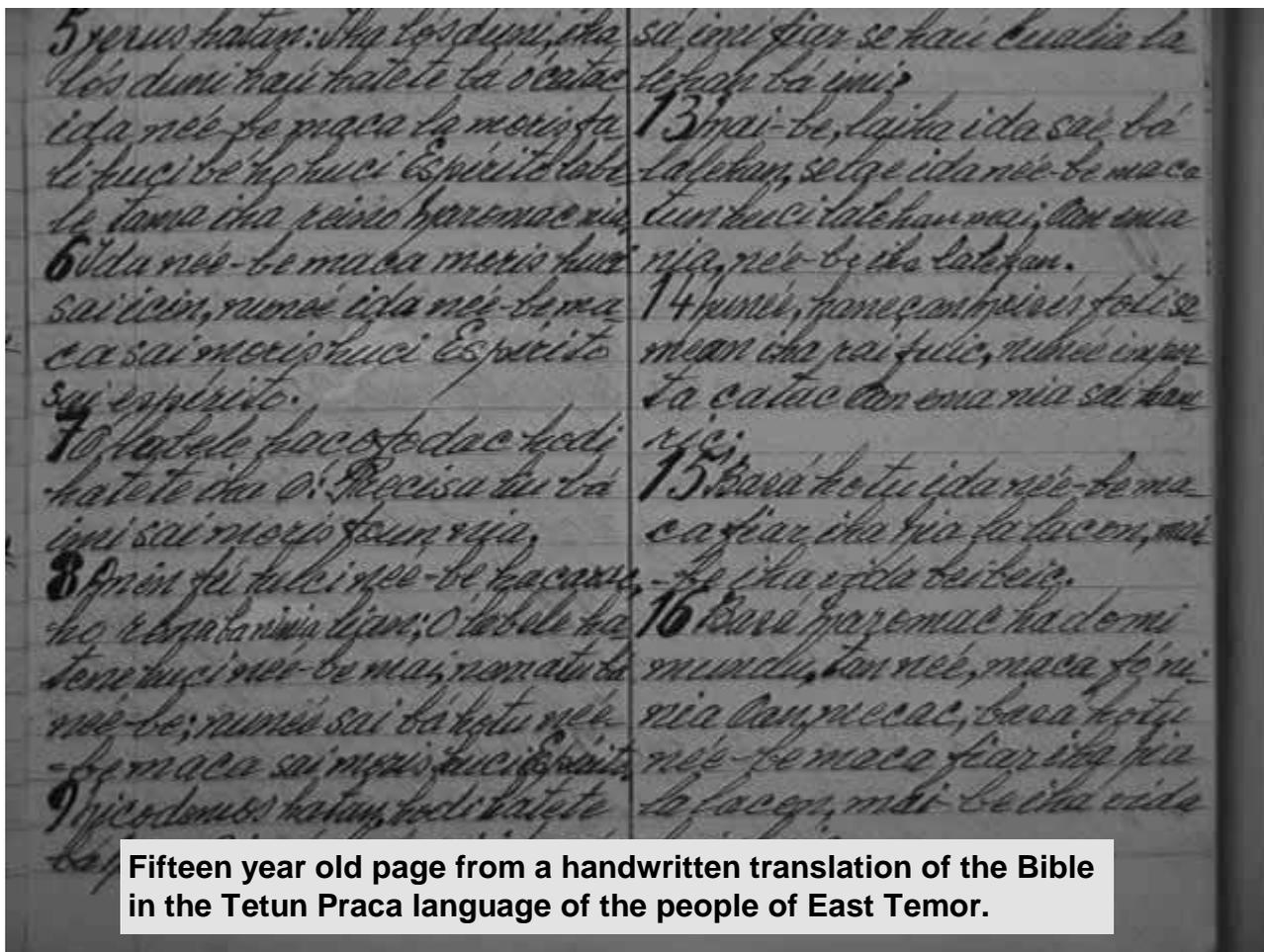
translation of the Bible that was stalled for want of knowledge and experience. There in the jungles, he committed the translation to his laptop computer and sent it back to the States where it was typeset and then on to the printer, all within days. Tom made arrangements to get it back into the hands of the national believers who then distributed it as needed. Our son Gabriel was with him on that trip.

Tom is organizing the distribution of Bible literature to the Sydney Olympics this coming September. He is securing good literature in over 60 languages. It takes extensive organization to secure, ship, receive at the other end, get it through customs,

store it, and then secure places for 40 volunteers to stay during the Olympic games. As you have purchased books from us and sent extra gifts, we have contributed over \$15,000.00 to this project. We expect to contribute much more by next September.

The most recent project Tom has gotten involved in is most exciting. While in Australia, making arrangements for the Olympics, during the first news about the refugees from East Timor, Tom detoured to Darwin to visit their camps. I won't take time to describe the conditions, but you can imagine. He searched until he found one who spoke English. When he determined their language, he rushed back to town and tied his laptop into the web. He located a gospel tract in that language, and within minutes had it to a printer. He was soon back in the camp distribut-

*(Continued on page 7)*



**Fifteen year old page from a handwritten translation of the Bible in the Tetun Praca language of the people of East Temor.**

rest of the day off. I expected to see them collapse on the sofa, but instead they grabbed pick and shovel and headed for a nearby hill of rock and chert. During the next four hours they dug a hole big enough to bury a car. They intended to make something of it, cover it over with boards, build a door, or fulfill some imagined fantasy. Thirteen years later, the hole is still there. I don't think they ever went back to it after that day.

As my wife and I visited the excavation site that afternoon and observed the almost frantic digging, I remember commenting that if I had given them the job of digging an outhouse hole that same size, it would have taken them a least six miserable days. The stimulation of their imaginations was of such pleasure that it overrode the pain of work. But if they were forced to dig the same hole out of duty, it would have been excruciatingly painful for them.

**You said your "9-year-old son wakes up wanting to do only what he wants, no chores. He drags through work and often does an incomplete job. He pouts and throws 'mini' fits, which includes sunken shoulders, stomping off, etc. He craves attention and always wants someone doing something with him. He feels very neglected if doing work or play alone. He loves building forts outside, but can't do much because of the neighborhood. He gets very bored."**

Then you asked, "How can I help this young boy be happy inside himself?" He is unhappy inside because he is experiencing the same struggle as Paul did in Romans chapter seven—"The good that I would do, that do I not...O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death?" You must understand that the child is in a losing battle. His mind tells him, and so do you, to rise to duty, but his body is trained to indulge in leisure. He has

had nine years to be conditioned to see life as an uninterrupted stream of pleasure. He has no will to bear discomfort. On the contrary, he has a will to avoid any and all mental or physical exercise that is not to his immediate liking. He is spoiled, selfish, and thinks his family and the world exist to satisfy his wants.

His attitude is inevitable in a society where everything is available and provided. They say, "No pain, no gain." He says, "No pain, all gain."

How can you help him be happy inside? Understand, happiness is a byproduct, not an end to be sought. You are happy when you are successful in accomplishing your duty. When you know that you have done what you ought, that you have paid the price in suffering, you will automatically respect yourself. You will bestow honor upon yourself as you would upon another that paid the price to do his duty successfully.

Your child is unhappy for two reasons. The one we have discussed; he seeks indulgence and is unhappy when it is denied him. And two, he is unhappy because he does not like himself. He feels guilty and isolated in his sense of failure to be the "man" that he knows he ought to be—the man you want him to be. You criticize him; you find fault, and he knows he deserves it. He is angry with everything that is without and within.

You might say, "Well why doesn't he just do what he knows he ought to do and make himself happy?"

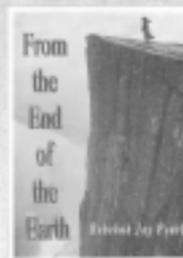
For the same reason that an obese person knows that he ought to change his diet, hates himself for not doing so, is angry at you for noticing, has tried to diet on many occasions, but still eats like a pig. He has no self-control. The bodily

drives rule his soul. His moral will is not as strong as his addiction to the pleasure of eating. He is a slave to immediate pleasure and does not have the will to suffer the discomfort of abstinence. He is miserable and angry in his enslavement; the anger directed within as much as without.

So how do we fix what is broken? I would like to suggest that we turn the clock back and arrange our lifestyles so that once again struggle and deprivation are naturally part of the system. If such were the case, parents would not have the kind of problems this mother expresses. Children would come up in an environment more suited to a work ethic and to good attitudes, which would relieve the parents of the high demand for constant oversight. In former generations children required attention, but only the children of royalty suffered from the symptoms your son now manifests.

How do you get a child to be content with less when more is available? Do you pretend there is a struggle? If he is bored and there is a TV available, how do you keep him from thinking you are mean when you don't let him watch it? If there is unlimited delicacies for the palate, and you require austerity in hopes of creating toughness, is the child going to see his deprivation as an unavoidable part of the world's challenges or as a cruel game his parents are playing, and that for no apparent reason

### 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 contem-

other than to deprive him of that which other kids are allowed to partake?

Can you teach a child to accept pain when it is unnecessary, to include it in his daily routine because it is an essential part of building character? Do you see why I would like to suggest a return to a former age when less was better?

Some have turned the clock back, or maybe never quite caught up with the affluence—farmers, or children of common laborers living in poor communities, struggling to catch up with everyone else, or the homestead family that started before the kids got addicted. These may live outside the avalanche of abundance. The kids are an essential part of the family's survival. There is no time for pity parties or for useless indulgence. There are chores to be done, chores which provide the next meal or that will keep the house warm tonight. Daddy is working hard doing his part. Mother labors from before daylight to after dark. The kids do their part without complaining. They are needed. They are appreciated, though no one ever mentions it. They are valued, though they have never thought about it. It is when you feel useless, like the greenhouse kids of today, that it becomes a consideration. When a life is filled with real challenges and victories, you may be tired at the end of the day and dream of leisure, but your soul is never hollow, never bored, and never lonely.

So what can you do in your circumstances to help your child? Other than completely rearranging your entire lifestyle and environment, there is but one alternative; run your home like a Chinese collective. By setting up a routine, even if it appears arbitrary, as in the military, the child can be convinced of the inevitability of the demands placed upon him. It takes constant oversight to capture the will of a child and subdue his inclination to drift in indulgence.

The key is to place him under an authority that is not subject to negotiation. He must fear his authority, not be scared of, but fear as an army private fears his sergeant, fear as a man fears his boss at work, the one who can fire him or burden him with extra responsibility. You have given your son veto rights over your commands. As long as he sees the possibility of a way out of the suffering that comes with responsibility, he will employ every means at his disposal to avoid discomfort.

As a child, he will never take possession of his own soul and voluntarily enjoy doing his chores. He will never say no to his own drive to indulge. You must convince him that your word is final and absolute. You are his sovereign head, unmoved by pity. You shouldn't show concern as to whether or not he is happy, whether he is having fun, or whether he is bored. It is of no consequence. He must do his job, do it now, and do it on time, or suffer for it. No negotiations, no exceptions, no complaints. "Do it timely or I will double the load. You will work every waking moment if that is what it takes. You will be thankful just to stop at bedtime."

Children need leisure and they need love, but you the parent must be in control of both. Don't let the child dictate how you are supposed to express your love. If you do, he will define it in a manner that is promiscuous. The child will manipulate you, making you feel guilty for being tough.

Children need leisure, but not in the midst of an unfinished chore. My grown son said that he remembers well the two or three hours of leisure that I gave them after lunch each day. When we finished working in the shop or the fields, they were free to do as they pleased. Nathan said that the hard mornings were made bearable knowing that their time of play was coming. They knew that it was vain to try to manipulate me into

backing off during the morning hours. They had duties that they must meet everyday. There was no place for discussion. Whining or dragging would only make more work. It served no purpose to complain, because I was unaffected, and the workload was unaffected by complaints. I did not rule according to polls. If you lead the children to think that their reactions can diminish their workload, there will be no end to their complaints. They will break your heart with the great suffering they are being made to endure—but not mine, I know better.

Your son's flesh is strong, and his soul is weak. By doing nothing to abort this steady yielding to the flesh,

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you are confirming his soul in carnality. Most adults that have problems can trace it to this very beginning. A Christian adult has the power to overcome his flesh, but the child is not capable of making that choice consistently. You must provide the strength of will. If you do not dedicate yourself to setting up a schedule that he must honor, he will only get worse in the ways you have described. You cannot help the adult who will not pay the price. It is a matter for his choosing alone. But a parent has power over a child that will enable him to bring discipline whether the kid likes it or not.

You cannot train the child to exercise self-control, but you can exercise it for him. You can be his will and the enforcer that subdues his flesh. At first he will not be happy. But happiness is not our goal. Let the child know that you don't care if he is miserable; you just expect immediate and complete compliance.

Decide what you can reasonably expect from each child, according to his age. Create a schedule that includes a generous, but not excessive, timeframe in which the job is to be done. Be ever present and consistent in overseeing their compliance. Never listen to excuses, NEVER discuss it. You are lord and sovereign. Treat your commandments like God did his when he thundered from Mount Sinai. This is not a cooperative or a democracy.

Get up at 7:00.

Have your room cleaned up and be ready for breakfast at 7:30. If it is not clean at 7:30 sharp, there will be no breakfast and nothing else to eat until the next regularly scheduled snack or meal. No nagging, no threatening, no warnings. It is their responsibility.

7:30 Eat breakfast, only what is placed in front of you, or do without. It is of no concern to anyone.

8:00 Breakfast concludes and everyone cleans up after himself.

8:05 Consult the chart to see

whose turn it is to wash the dishes. There is no argument, "I did it last night, it is his turn." "Why do I always have to do the dishes?" If your name is on the chart, it is your turn. It doesn't matter that we ate out last night and that Suzy missed her turn. "Whose name is on the schedule? Don't bother me with it. There is nothing to discuss. You have until 8:30, or you will have to do extra work when the others are playing. Suit yourself. Time's a wasting."

The other chores are also divided up according to a schedule. Everyone to his respective job.

When an argument breaks out because one feels like he is carrying the bulk of the load, give the slacker the job all by himself and give the other one another job that is just as demanding, if not more so. Make sure each child is held accountable and is made to bear his load in a timely fashion. If the job is not well done, let them come back during playtime and do it again.

9:30 School time.

10:30 One half hour of leisure and snacks.

11:00 School time until lunch.

Continue your schedule as you think proper. It is not important that they accomplish great tasks or that they do a lot of work. It is important that they are brought under the discipline of the rule of law. It is important that they learn to accept responsibility and bear the consequences.

Your children will be happy once they accept the fact that they must comply with the new management.

When they are doing what they are required to do, you will like them better and they will feel it. They will like themselves and be secure in the stability that this new order brings to the home.

As in all child training, CONSIS-

TENCY and AUTHORITY is the rule. Consistent authority with dignity is the foundation of good parenting. Some people say, "But isn't love first?" If you see the above as in conflict with, or in contrast to, love, then you do not understand love.

Mother, take charge of your home. Become the Commander in Chief. Don't share your power. Get some steel in your backbone.

Finally, as always and above all, you the parent must manifest a good attitude at all times. See that you are never angry, always in control of your own feelings. You have the child's good at the center of your efforts. You look into the eyes of your children and they look back into the eyes of someone who thinks they are very special and very valuable. Your attitude is the life source of the family. Maintain it with authority, grace, and dignity. ☺

## Great Book

**Me? Obey Him?** Debi Pearl says, "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."

\$2.00, as a ministry to  
you





## To Train Up A Child

is being printed in the Philippines by Bob and Sharon Ballou and their many helpers in the ministry. Bob says, "We pray that it will have a strong influence amongst the Filipinos, especially since child training is an area that even some missionaries have despaired of trying to teach them."

On a case by case basis, we grant permission, royalty free, for missionaries or Christian organizations to print and sell our books in foreign countries and languages. We have a few copies available in German. ☺

## East Timor

*(Continued from page 3)*

ing gospel literature in the language of those Muslims who had existed in a country closed to the gospel.

Tom was impressed of the Lord to do something more, so he went to East Timor itself. By then, the Multi National Troops had occupied the country. Tom found a country in total ruins, far worse than the news led us to believe. Nearly every building was damaged or destroyed, no water, electricity, phones, no food being sold, no stores, no police, no government, no infrastructure at all. He had to carry with him everything that he ate or drank.

To shorten the story—it would make a good novel—he located a man who had a handwritten translation of the New Testament in the native language of the people. It was made fifteen years ago and had been stored and protected in hopes of someday finding a way to get it printed. The language is Tetun Praca, which is spoken by about 600,000 people in a country that numbers about 800,000, before the killings.

These Muslim people have been without the Bible in their own language, even though a translation had been done 15 years ago. You ask why

didn't they print it? The cost would be prohibitive, equal to a lifetime of wages, and the country was closed to the gospel. Here was a lone, poor Christian behind a Muslim curtain, who held a belief and a book that could get him killed in short notice, but he protected his translation and waited his time.

When Tom discovered the translation, he photographed each page with his digital camera, storing the images in the computer. Within hours he had transmitted the images by phone lines to his staff in the Philippines. They immediately commenced typesetting the gospels of John and Romans. It is a time consuming, laborious task, as you can imagine when you try to decipher the page I have included.

As I write this, Tom is back in Australia purchasing two large shipping containers (the size of a Semi trailer, like you see going down the highway). He is also purchasing an entire printing business to be placed in one container, along with paper and any other supplies that will be needed. The second container is being supplied with all the necessities to support two missionary families and additional helpers. The churches in Australia are helping. Tom found one church in Australia that will be sending two families within two weeks. The families will

be fully supported by their sending church in Australia.

We are preparing to send several single men to East Timor and assist in building, as soon as Tom secures property. We are not building a church; we are building a Bible and gospel literature factory—and a place for the missionaries to live.

Bible believers are usually the last with the least when it comes to getting into a country that has just opened up. The cults have usually combed the country by the time we arrive with the truth, but this time we are going to be the first with the most, for the sake of 800,000 souls who have been fenced into darkness. We are prepared to stand behind this project at all cost. All profits from the sales of our material, and all gifts, go to foreign missions. We just sent \$12,000.00 of your money to purchase the printing business to be sent to East Timor.

Your prayers are a weapon in this battle. Why don't you get the kids together right now, read this article to them, and then pray for this outreach.

If you will visit our website we will keep you informed of the progress. ☺

Dear Pearls

I am excited to tell you that after only 2 days of applying the principles in your book, our rebellious, miserable, 8 year-old daughter suddenly transformed into a peaceful, cheerful child. And I feel such enormous release from the bondage of anger! For the first time in our twelve years of parenting (4 children) I can relate to the mother who looks "rested, and her children honor her and bring her joy." Thank you for your godly insights and for the motivation it has brought me to be 100% consistent.

Sincerely, B

P.S. I also learned from you books that I need to take time to have fun with my children.

## *From our Mailbox*

Dear Michael and Debi and all church helpers,

I feel very good about sending you a little money every week. Please use it where you feel it's best or most needed. I read Michael's new book, *By Divine Design*. I am trying to get my husband to read it to see his reaction. You addressed one of my biggest confusions about God. I couldn't figure out why Jesus had to die. I heard all of the worn out verses about Jesus' death but I could never relate to it. My Mom was brought up Jewish, so I always heard that Jesus was just a good man. Then one day I realized He was more than that and I came to God in submission to show Him my faith in His ways. But until I read the story about the king that was blinded, I didn't get it! What a story. The picture was so real and so touching. It actually caught me off guard because (being a mother of 5) I recognize that you have to be consistent, or law and order vanishes. When the king had on the hood, I thought that was so he could remove himself from the emotion of the problem at hand. When he took off the hood to expose his blindness, I was just as shocked as the rest of the courtroom. I finally understood. I don't know why I am so "blind" myself when I feel so willing to learn, but I am thankful that God pointed it out through your book. Thank you is the wrong word because I know you are doing and fulfilling God's plan for you. So I'll say God bless you for carrying out His will so willingly.

J.K.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Pearl,

I ordered "Me? Obey him?" several months ago, but could never seem to make myself read it. Finally, in despair last week, I read it in one day. That night I went to my husband and asked his forgiveness for not truly submitting to him in our 17 years of marriage. He responded with his own apologies and we are trying to start over. The Holy Spirit used this book (along with Romans 12 and 13) to break my stubborn pride. Thank you. Here's my order for 7 books for my family.

God's Blessings, B

Dear Mike and Debi,

I have a wonderful friend who gave me *To Train Up A Child* about a year ago. I had no idea what a treasure I had received and didn't read it at the time, and so remained under the misguided impression that spanking was inappropriate for my 1-year-old.

My eyes were opened the day I finally opened your book. The little Japanese maple in front of the house has served us well the past few weeks! There have actually been a couple of times when my daughter threw a fit or threw food on the floor, and I was about to let her get by with it, but when she looked up at me and inquired, "Switchin'?" I knew it would be a big mistake to be inconsistent with the training! It's at times like those that the words in your book ring true... when an almost two-year-old knows her behavior is cause for a switching and reminds her mother, who is about to be foolishly lenient.

Thanks for helping put our lives on the right track.

Yours truly, S.G.

Dear Pearl-team,

I would like to ask advice for what has been an unusual behavior in our home. We have several children ages 15 years to 7 months. Our just turned three-year-old son has been presenting us with an uncommon toddler behavior. Since he was weaned at one year old, he has shown a strong appetite for food. At one year of age, he could and would eat as much as the school age children (if we let him). He talks about food quite commonly, marks his daily events by meals, ("after school, we are going to eat lunch?" "After I sleep, we'll eat breakfast?" etc.) He sits and watches people eat, like a dog would, will often eat off the floor, table, dishes, and sneaks into the refrigerator and pantry and takes food he wants. At meals, he eats every particle and will lick the plate and even his bib! At church, he will ask in Bible class, "Are we having a snack?" We have been spanking him consistently for the stealing of food, eating off the floor, table, or dishes. He is not allowed to demand or choose what he eats. We do not have a junk food diet at home, but he gets an occasional sweet with the rest of the family. We also have been trying to keep him busy with activities. We have been dealing with this for several months, yet he stubbornly continues his behavior. His need is self-control, obviously.

Question: What would you advise us to do? Is it possible to "extinguish" this indulgent appetite? Our 2 oldest daughters struggle with weight control, yet this issue did not appear in their lives until they hit puberty. My husband and I have had to confront this issue in our lives, and both of us have mostly maintained the proper weight for the past 18 years. My husband honestly claims he personally has had weight problems because he just "likes food." This boy is very like his Daddy physically. Thanks if you have time to address this. We trust God will lead us in helping our son and in our personal example to our children.

Sincerely, B & C

## Debi Pearl Answers



Dear B & C

I would suggest you change the diet of the entire family by buying differently and stocking the kitchen with different foods. Get rid of **All** sugars, oils, margarines, and condiments made with sugar and oil, except olive oil. Buy lots of fresh vegetables and always have plastic containers with cut up vegetables in them available to all the kids at any time. Tell your whole family they can eat as much as they want from the container between meals, but nothing else.

Don't have anything in the refrigerator that you wouldn't want him to eat. At every meal have raw and steamed vegetables, whole wheat bread, beans, rice, etc, nothing fried and nothing sweet. You can make a great, low calorie, high protein, dip in the blender with tofu and premix onion dip package or a bunch of parsley and garlic. Cut down on meat, steam or oven-cook your vegetables and do not fry anything. Once a week is enough sweets. Keeping prepackaged sweets on hand is asking for trouble.

Often, the lack of vitamins and minerals makes a person overeat. Again, low sugar levels will cause a person to think only of food. Make or buy a liquid mineral and vitamin. If you can't find a liquid mineral and vitamin mix, then use Barley Green. Make sure everyone is getting a complete nutritional profile. You will be surprised at how "unhungry" you feel when all your nutritional needs are met.

Make it a habit never to stop by the store and get a "whatever" to snack on. Avoid eating out. Take the container of fresh vegetables and fruits with you when you go out. You will have 3 weeks of misery, wanting junk; after that it gets to be natural and then preferred. Don't live under law. If everyone is craving pizza, then have pizza. But let that be the exception rather than the rule. It is OK to junk-out once a week. Buy ice-cream and bake a cake, drink soda pop. Just don't keep junk in the house where it can be a source of daily lust.

Let me know if it works.

Debi



# Garlic

If I had to choose just one herb or medication to take on a journey to a faraway land, it would be garlic. If you know how to use garlic, you will find it more beneficial than any other herb and most drugs.

At the present, Garlic is best known for its amazing ability to lower cholesterol levels. Many middle aged and elderly Americans are taking daily doses of garlic to help control high blood pressure and heart disease.

Garlic is an antifungal. Applied topically, it kills a wide range of fungal skin diseases. It has been shown to kill common intestinal parasites such as roundworms and hookworms. Garlic's antibiotic and anti-bacteria properties have proven to be equal, and in many cases, superior to commonly used antibiotics.

Medical science has little to offer when we suffer from a virus, but garlic has demonstrated strong antiviral properties. It has proven to boost one's resistance to contracting flu, and to be effective in fighting the infections if one has already succumbed to a virus.

Everyone nose' that garlic is popular at the Pearl house. [No that was not a typo.] We are constantly being fanned away. Garlic is at its finest when used fresh. When garlic is crushed, the different chemicals within the garlic mix, creating a new chemical. This new chemical is not stable and begins to break down within a few minutes, therefore commercially prepared garlic is just a shadow of the real healer, fresh garlic. So if I were going to a jungle somewhere, I would not take a bottle of garlic capsules. But I would take a bag of fresh garlic and plant most of it when I got to my destination. The other half would have a variety of

uses. Here are a few of the ways I use garlic. There are many other ways to use garlic in healing the body. You can find these other ways in herb books at your local library.

To make a topical ointment, soak crushed garlic cloves in warm olive oil for a few minutes. This oil can be used to sooth and heal an earache. It can be applied to fungus or rash, sores or bumps. It can be rubbed into the skin over swollen glands or sinus cavities. It brings healing as it penetrates the skin and reaches the infected area.

Treating serious infections, viruses, flu, bad coughs, etc., I crush 1 or 2 pieces of garlic and add it to 2 cups of warm water. After letting it sit for 5 minutes, I strain it, and use it as an enema. During extreme sickness, three small garlic enemas, done 30 minutes



apart, floods the body with antibiotic properties and often breaks the illness.

Garlic water can be used to bathe infected skin or athletes' foot, which is caused by fungus.

Once, when we were having a big three-day meeting, an especially strong stomach flu started making its rounds. I had to help several of the victims and was around the sick people more than anyone else there.

During the last night, I woke up from an exhausted sleep with extreme stomach pains and nausea. I knew some of the people had tried charcoal with little or no relief. I decided to try garlic. Because I was both sleepy and sick, I did the fastest, easiest thing I could. I got 3 garlic pieces out of the cabinet, put them in the crusher, mixed it with a little honey, and swallowed it down. It hit my tender, upset stomach like a fire bomb. I could hear my heart pounding in a dozen places when I went to lie back down to sleep. But it worked. I woke the next morning feeling fine but smelling like old garlic. I took another dose (just in case) and went to the meeting smelling like old and fresh garlic, but I was there enjoying the preaching instead of having my head hanging over a toilet. Mike stood and warned everyone to avoid saying goodbye to me, not because of the chance of sickness but due to the extraordinary stink. I was really proud of my garlic.

The one thing you must remember about garlic is that it is really powerful. Once when I had a sinus infection, I crushed fresh garlic, put it in two small, thin cloths and laid one on each cheek over my sinus cavities. I woke up two hours later. One cloth had slipped off; the other stayed on my cheek the entire two hours. I did feel so much better, but I had a large blister on my left cheek for several days, and a large red spot for weeks. It didn't hurt, but it sure looked bad. Garlic will burn or irritate skin or membranes, so use it with caution and good sense, whether taken internally or externally.

I buy empty capsules and fill them with fresh garlic on one side and powered parsley on the other side. They are easy to fill, and about the only way to get sissies to take the raw garlic. To a great degree the parsley absorbs the smell, which makes my family willing to use garlic.

There is more information on garlic, how it works and how to use it, than any other herb. It is inexpensive, easy to grow (comes back year after year), brings healing in so many ways, and research proves it is more effective than many of our most powerful drugs. And if all of us smelled of garlic, who would notice? ☺

# Infant Maniwhatso?

## *Answer to Infant Manifesto*

I am not old enough to read, but I heard my parents reading that article called *Infant Manifesto*. I wanted to respond, but I can't write yet, so I dictated this to my older sister—she is three years old—and she wrote it down on our new computer. If it weren't for that grammar and spell check, I don't believe she could have done it.

Anyway, I just want to say that I disagree with the other kid that is trying to get us to exercise unlimited indulgence. Don't get me wrong, I know he was right when he said that all us little guys just want our own way, that we seek to dominate our parents and to make them accomplices to our self-gratification. Like any other kid, I was born with a will to dominate, a will to have no authority higher than my own appetites, but I also know from experience that it's not the best way.

I don't understand all that theology stuff, but I know that something is not quite right about the way we little ones come into the world. Now I don't know if it is something in us that is broken or missing, or if it is something in the world, or our parents, or just what, but I know that something is not the way it should be. Surely our Creator didn't intend for us to all go astray as soon as we are born, but we do.

I started lying from day one. I am ashamed of it now, but I made my sweet mother think that I was hurting or cold, when all I wanted was to be held close. I soon learned that I could make her believe that I was hungry when I was not. By the time I was six months old—it hurts me to say it now—but I was displaying anger against the one who gave me life. Anytime she failed to immediately meet my wants, I would blow up. At first it was just a little whim-

pering, but then it got worse, until I found myself kicking and bucking in violent anger. Sometimes I would scream until I was blue in the face. Now that I look back on it, the looks on my parents' faces were horrible, but I was not sensitive to anyone's feelings but my own. It became an obsession to get my own way and to



get it now.

Oh, I don't blame my parents, I know that I intimidated them, not through strength, but through my weakness. They felt so helpless and inadequate, and I used that to gain even more control. The magazines in the doctor's office helped me in my conquest toward autonomy. The "professionals" are just little rebellious kids in disguise. I know; I met some of them when I attended counseling with my parents. They have learned to say things with those big words, giving a name to every form of stupid behavior, but they are just big selfish kids trying to justify their own indulgence. They make our

patterns of rebellion sound like legitimate childhood stages.

I tell you this at my own risk. It is too late to have me aborted, at least I think it is. They don't abort two-year-olds do they? Not yet anyhow? But if they find out I am telling you this they might decide to turn my brain into gravy with some of their drugs. I guess I am just paranoid, with Janet Reno still running around loose. My big brother, four-years-old, just informed me that I am getting off the subject, but what do you expect from a two-year-old with a three-year-old secretary?

Oh yes, I was telling you how I disagree with that guy that tried to get all us kids to rise up against authority. Before you take the path I did, you need to hear what happened to me. It was just about three months ago on my second birthday. I was opening my presents, and my obnoxious cousin was there. After I unwrapped the third doll, I tossed it aside because it was not as pretty as the first two. When he picked it up, I screamed, "No, it is mine." But he wouldn't turn loose, so I jerked harder and screamed louder. I bared my teeth and made threatening sounds. I kept screaming, "It's

mine, give it to me." The adults rushed over and separated us just as we started hitting each other. My mother told me something about sharing and being kind, but none of it made any sense to me. All I could tell was that they all acted like I was bad. I pulled all my toys in close and tried to keep anyone else from stealing my beautiful things.

And then it came time to cut the cake. Mother wouldn't let me cut it, so I slammed my hand down on top of the little flowers. It splattered gooey icing everywhere. It seemed to upset everybody, but I was already mad and didn't care. Mother said she was very disappointed and asked very

sweetly—but I could tell that she was mad—“Wouldn’t you like to say you are sorry?” “No, it’s my cake,” I screamed, and ran from the room. Grandmother made it all right by explaining to Mother that I “didn’t understand,” and that I “was just upset.” She told Mom that this was a “special day” and that I should be allowed to cut my own cake.” Mother was embarrassed, and that’s right, I won.

Then while we were eating our cake and I was guarding my presents, I saw another Mom talking to my Mom in a very serious way. They both looked at me like they were plotting something really bad, and then Mom nodded her head yes. The woman opened her purse and handed Mother a plain little book with no color on the cover. I saw that her purse was full of them. She must have been some kind of missionary or something. It didn’t look like much, but mother thanked her and said something like, “We have tried everything....I don’t know what I.....are about to our wits’ end....ready for anything....yes, I will read it.” That was the fateful day that was to change our lives forever.

It had not been a happy two years. I thought my mother and father were my enemies. In fact, it was me against the whole world. Everybody and everything seemed to stand in the way of my happiness—happiness being unrestrained indulgence. I never seemed to get enough, and was always peeved. Mother and I were growing further and further apart. I didn’t want that. I really needed her love, but it just seemed that I couldn’t help myself. I couldn’t seem to draw a line and then force myself to exercise self-restraint. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn’t think of others. I was all that mattered to me. I know it sounds bad, but when I stay in the nursery, I realize that I am not alone.

Well, Mother got real intent when she started reading that book. Sometimes she would laugh, and

sometimes she would cry, but she kept looking over at me like she had something very serious on her mind. When there was no one around, she would put her head down and talk to somebody she called Jesus, but I never saw him, and she didn’t use the phone. I don’t know what that is all about. I never saw anything like it on television.

When she finished the book, she showed it to Daddy, and I heard them reading it again in the bedroom at night. And they talked about it a lot. I heard Daddy say, “OK, we will try it.” And the next day is when it all started.

I got up grumpy as usual and was unhappy with my breakfast. Mother tried to serve that mush the Quakers used to eat. I pushed it aside and demanded the sweet cereal I am so fond of. We started our little tug of war. She said, “No,” and I started my whining and protesting. I don’t always win everything, but I knew that I could at least get extra sugar in the mush. Besides, like the fellow said in the other article, it was not so important what I ate as it was that I start the day off establishing my autonomy. If you win the first battle of the morning, you have won the day.

But to my utter amazement, it didn’t go at all like it was supposed to—like it usually did. When it was time for Mother to get red in the face and start jerking everything around,

including me, she just smiled and said, “You can eat what is on the table or you can do without.” I knew this was just round one, and that if I looked pitiful enough she would come around, but before I knew what was happening she had lifted me out of the highchair and was cleaning the table. I stood in the floor and let out a blood-curdling scream, and then I felt this awful sting on my bare legs. I didn’t think she was mad enough yet to spank me. She usually waits until she totally loses patience and then strikes out in anger, but this time it almost looked as if she was smiling. She commanded, “Stop crying and go change your clothes.” I let out another scream and “Bam,” another lick with that switch of hers. This was war! I couldn’t let her get away with this; didn’t she know I had control attachment disorder? I turned red in the face and screamed like I have never screamed before. This usually brought compromise, but instead, without another word of warning or threatening, “bam, bam, bam”—about ten times. I was shocked. My timid mother, whom I had such control over, was suddenly heartless. But after several more futile attempts that all ended at the end of a switch, I jumped up and ran to change my clothes. I never realized that she was so big.

When I came back and demanded something to eat, she told

## Wise advice from kids

Never trust a dog to watch your food. Patrick, age 10

When your dad is mad and asks you, “Do I look stupid?” don’t answer him. Michael, age 14

Never tell your mom her diet’s not working. Michael, age 14

Stay away from prunes. Randy, age 9

Don’t pull Dad’s finger when he tells you to. Emily, age 10

When your mom is mad at your dad, don’t let her brush your hair. Taylia, age 11

Never hold a dust buster and a cat at the same time. Kyoyo, age 9

You can’t hide a piece of broccoli in a glass of milk. Lauren, age 9

Never try to baptize a cat. Eileen, age 8

me that in two hours I would be allowed to eat the Quaker mush, without sugar. I would like to say that I had learned my lesson and that in two hours I ate the stuff, but I didn't. I had trouble at lunch and again at supper. It was three days before I learned that Mother had taken my place as head of the house. I had to eat what she placed in front of me or starve. This was a different Mom from the one that I had been raising for two years. I couldn't make her mad, and it seemed that she had made up her mind to never let me win a single contest, for no matter what the issue, she quietly stuck by her word. She never let me overrule her. She was awesome!

It became a thing of certainty that if I whined, I would be denied all pleasure. You will find this hard to believe, but I learned that the only way to manipulate Mom was with a sweet smile and a carefully worded request. Anything else turned her into a broken vending machine—you couldn't get a thing out of her.

I had been used to her working herself up. All that disappeared. When she gave a command, she just gave it once. My hearing improved. I got to where I could hear a whispered command the first time. My survival depended on it. It was no longer a democracy. She stopped sharing power with me. I was made totally subject to her will.

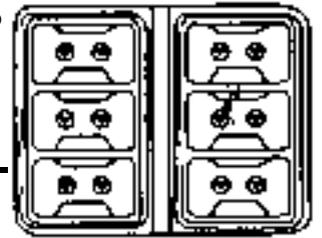
Now I noticed something right away. Mother seemed to like to read to me more. In fact, she started looking at me and smiling. I found it was wonderful. I really liked it. She looked at me like she really liked me. It had been a year since I had seen that beautiful smile that I loved so much. It made me feel better about myself. Whereas we had once been enemies, we could now be friends. Mother seemed to enjoy me when I was obedient. Of course, it was not my doing. She didn't leave me any choice but to obey. But it still felt good to be in fellowship with my Mom. She would take me in her lap

and we would just love each other like we used to do when I was just two months old. It was wonderful.

Oh, I found that in my weakness I still tried to dominate. It must be that theology thing again. I don't understand that yet, but I will let you know when I get it figured out. Until I do, it seems as if Mother and Father are not going to give me a chance to indulge my flesh—whatever that is. They talk about self-control. Between the switch and Mother's smile I have

### Eight hours of listening.

Michael Pearl reads both books (*To Train Up A Child & No Greater Joy Volume 1*). Six tapes in a vinyl album for a gift of \$18.00.



gotten pretty good at that self-control. By the way, have you tried Allfruit? It's pretty good in oatmeal. ☺

**Michael & Debi Pearl published *To Train Up a Child* in August 1994. By mid 1999, over 250,000 copies were in print. This newsletter came about as a way to answer the many questions received in the mail each day. Other books have followed which answer the many questions.**

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. ☺



# HELP

We would like to send our free newsletter to more families.

This mailing will go out to over 30,000 homes. But there are many out there to whom we have never ministered. We will send extra copies to anyone that is head of any homeschooling organization and will promise to distribute them. Just write and make your request, specifying where they are going to be distributed and how many you can use, so we don't have several people distributing them at the same location. If you are going to need large numbers, as in a homeschooling convention, you should let us know well in advance, so we can make sure that we have enough copies printed. We are not interested in giving copies to the congregations of churches—unless they are predominantly homeschoolers. We couldn't afford to supply all the churches. ☺

Dear Mike and Debbie,

I shared *To Train Up A Child* with my pastor's wife and another dear friend who was asking me to home school her children along with our four. I had prayed for the Lord's timing to do this, but still did it with quaking knees. Wow! I have not seen my books since. Both of these women are now homeschooling and one bought eight more copies to share with friends. It is taking our church by storm and God is blessing...

When my husband read *To Train Up A Child*, a healing work began in his heart. He wept because he had struggled under the self-loathing that you describe (due to lack of discipline and training) all his life. He realized he could not ever remember his father disciplining him for anything – he was a compliant, guilt-ridden child. He invited God to train and discipline him – no cried out to do so with weeping. God is raising him up as head and priest of our home. God is healing our wounds as we are faithful to lovingly train and discipline our children.

B.M.

Written over a period of two years, the questions the Pearls 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.



- ◆ 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?
- ◆ What can I do about sibling rivalry?
- ◆ Is it too late for my teenagers?
- ◆ How do I take the frustration out of homeschooling?

**New Website Address:**

**<http://NoGreaterJoy.org>**

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*January—February 2000*

