



**NGJ**  
ministries

April Digital 2012

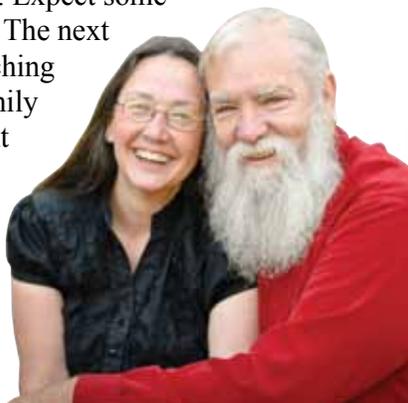
# Spring Has Sprung!

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



# No Greater Joy

1 This is your very LAST bi-monthly digital magazine because we are going WEEKLY. **The Cane Creek Corner** will start the first Friday in May. There are four windows in each edition. The first is, “Sitting on the porch with Mike and Debi”. It is “what’s happening in Cane Creek.” This window will be full of local pictures of happenings during the week. Expect some funny bloopers as it is the usual around here. The next window will feature short video of Mike teaching on child training or marriage. Your entire family will enjoy and learn from these features. Next will be an audio Q & A from our Mail Bag where we answer your questions and lastly an article from our archive. Every Friday there will be a special sale item for our e-mail readers only. Tell all of your friends on Facebook to sign up at [nogreaterjoy.org](http://nogreaterjoy.org).



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Photo: Elizabeth Stewart

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**EDITORS IN CHIEF**  
Michael and Debi Pearl

**STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER**  
Elizabeth Stewart

**COVER PHOTO**  
Elizabeth Stewart

**CONTRIBUTING WRITERS**  
Leah Spina, Rebekah Anast

**ART DIRECTOR**  
Lynne Hopwood



Photo: Elizabeth Stewart

Last issue of NGJ magazine, in print form, you read the article *Be a Door Opener Not a Door Shutter*. This is a follow up, also taken from a book in progress, *Traditional Child Training*.

# Yes Daddies and Amen Mamas

By Michael Pearl

*You cannot be the No Daddy; you must be the Go Daddy. Don't just fence him off from evil influences; open the door to a world that is more exciting and promising than anything the world has to offer.*

In the last print issue of NGJ magazine, you read the article “Be a Door Opener Not a Door Shutter.” This is a follow-up, also taken from a book in progress, *Traditional Child Training*.

Recently a father drove his truck up alongside of me while I was grading the driveway and asked if I had a few minutes to talk. I pulled the tractor over to the side of the lane, and he parked his truck beside me. I sat in the tractor seat and he leaned against the grill of the truck as he began to express his concerns. This is country pastoral counseling at its finest.

This father has two grown girls, now married and having children of their own. They are his beautiful fruit, but his garden is not fully harvested. He has children not yet in their teens. He started out by saying, “I have done well raising girls; it was easy. But I am uncertain about how to relate to a boy



Photo: Elizabeth Stewart

*Young life is a constant process of discovery. The world is filled with wonder. Take your son (and your daughters) into the thrill of learning and doing.*

who will be going through puberty pretty soon.” I could understand his consternation. Raising girls and raising boys are as different as raising fainting rabbits and wolf pups. Girls can become a problem if they are not made to feel loved and secure and protected from the world, but, with rare exception, boys are going to be a problem no matter what—to various degrees. His son is only about seven years old, so now is the time to make course corrections. It could be too late by the time he turns thirteen and turns on to his maleness.

The father asked, “What can I do now to make sure I have his heart?” He understood the issue. There is no

way to impart to a child the wisdom and skills he will need to cope with the world when the lights start flashing and the world’s door swings open to him. He will need continual guidance until he becomes a man. If a father doesn’t have his son’s heart, the boy will pass it around until someone or something locks it up in a dirty place. Father will stand outside weeping, wondering where he went wrong, wishing he had made a course correction when his son was seven years old.

So at this critical moment in this father’s life, I needed to give him a simple answer that would point him in the right direction. I answered, “To keep his heart you must be a door opener and not a door shutter. You must be his most vital source of all things interesting and exciting. He must value a relationship with you because he sees you as an open door to all the good things life has to offer.”

He asked, “How do I protect him from worldliness?”

Your son may interpret your protection as shutting doors. It is a negative response. You cannot be the No Daddy; you must be the Go Daddy. Don’t just fence him off from evil influences; open the door to a world that is more exciting and promising than anything the world has to offer. If you give your son a life of promise you need not be concerned that someone peddling a lesser product will steal his heart.

Young life is a constant process of discovery. The world is filled with wonder. Take your son (and your daughters) into the thrill of learning and doing. Kids love to be good at something—anything. They feel good about themselves when they are succeeding, when they are winning, mastering, developing skills, and conquering. A happy child will climb to the top of any dirt pile and think himself the better for it. A group of kids will play “king on the mountain” seeing who can stay on top and push everyone else off. If you are the parent always saying, “Don’t get your clothes dirty...play nice...get down from there you might get hurt...” you will be the door shutter and they will not enjoy your presence. But if you laugh yourself silly over their antics and brag on the way your little man tumbled from the top of the dirt pile with minimal scrapes and bruises, encouraging him to try again, he will always want his number-one fan around.

If they are taking piano or violin, they will expect you to arrange for company to sit down while they perform. They want the applause. If

*You must be his most vital source of all things interesting and exciting. He must value a relationship with you because he sees you as an open door to all the good things life has to offer.*

there is no applause in your home, you are in danger of losing the hearts of your children.

When my two youngest daughters, Shalom and Shoshanna, were about nine and eleven years old they decided to investigate an idea we had entertained for several years. We live in Middle Tennessee in an area of limestone ridges. Our 12-acre bottomland pasture is bordered by a ridge about 100 feet tall. During the cold winters, we observed that the area around a gopher hole would be covered with ice crystals. I had often commented that it indicated a deep hole, perhaps a cave. So on a fine summer day the girls decided to take shovel and pick and discover their very own—never before seen by human eyes—cave. After about four hours of digging nearly straight down, they encountered solid limestone rock, but the gopher hole continued through a large crack. I went out to check on their progress and was amazed that they had moved about two yards of dirt. They had made a hole three feet by three feet wide and six feet deep—big enough to bury three cows. They were about ready to give up, so I showed excitement over their progress and stayed to help them by hauling the dirt out of the hole with a bucket. The next day I stopped to check on their progress several times and found them tunneling under the big rock. They got so deep it became difficult to remove the dirt, so they

gave up. About a week later I had a backhoe on the property for another purpose and directed the operator to dig out the dirt that blocked their progress. He cleared the way about ten feet deep, moving some big rocks the size of small cars that had slid off the ridge during Noah's flood. They now had direct, horizontal access to the gopher hole under the rock and continued digging. But as they dug further back under the rock they had to go deeper as well. After about a week of further excavation, gaining about fifteen feet with shovel and pick, they discovered a stalactite hanging from the rock above. They were thrilled and I was too. Now they were digging straight back in a narrow, well weathered corridor that showed signs of long exposure to running water.

They were having trouble in the confined space, so I made some short-handled tools and a sliding pan on which to place the dirt they dug. Taking turns, they crawled into the narrow hole and filled the pan with dirt. I would drag it out and empty it, and they would pull it back in with a second rope tied to it. They were now about 20 feet deep into the rock and discovered a stalactite and stalagmite blocking their path—proof of a cave of some sort.

We were over-the-top excited, but we conspired to keep it a secret because the boys had been making fun of the girls—and of me for helping them. They would say things like, “The only cave is the one the girls are digging.” It was hard to keep from telling them, but the mystery made it all the more adventuresome.

We hated to do it, but we broke the stalactite so progress could continue. They eventually moved

enough dirt to allow both of them into the tunnel at the same time. By then I was dedicating several hours a day to helping them because I was confident there was a cave concealed behind all that dirt.

*Become your child's partner in wonder and you will not be left wondering why they departed.*

Then one afternoon both girls were deep in the tunnel, flashlights visible, the sound of shovel and pick, and I heard one of the girls excitedly exclaim, “The dirt is falling the other way!” I screamed, “Be careful!” And then their lights disappeared and their excited voices were muffled. I admit, I about panicked. I thought they might have fallen in a hole. After about a minute a light reappeared in the dark tunnel and I could see Shalom's face about 25 feet away. She was beside herself with joy. “It is a big cave full of stalagmites and stalactites, and what looks like a frozen waterfall!”

As the two girls came scurrying out of the cave, their faces shined with a joy and exhilaration that I will never forget. I calmed them down and we discussed how to break the news to the world. The two boys and their mocking friends were our primary targets. How to make the most out of it was our concern. So we waited until dinner time, when everyone was sitting around the table and one of the boys condescendingly asked, “So, how's the cave digging going? You guys get to China yet?” One of the girls, continuing to eat, answered without looking up, “No, we are now exploring deeper; we

think it is a about a mile deep but stalactites are blocking our path. We are searching for a way around them now.” The boys laughed like it was a good joke designed to cover up their failure, but the other girl offered additional comment, and I coolly agreed with their assessment.

We had them. The boys were suspended between belief and doubt. We milked it for all we could get, causing them to commit to their unbelief while we matter-of-factly, like it was a routine discovery, one we never doubted, continued to give the details. Like Peter and John running to the tomb to confirm their unbelief, the boys ran down the lane to prove the girls wrong, and the girls and I ran right behind them, carrying the flashlights and lanterns. The boys hastily crawled down the long confining entrance to emerge into a beautiful world of ivory-colored formations branching out in six or eight directions, winding and twisting, sometimes rising above and then dipping down to the former level. It was labyrinth of delightful discovery. How sweet it was! Now the girls burst into exciting recounts of all their experiences.

It was their cave. They guarded it, making sure no one broke any of the formations; nothing could be removed. It was the first time human eyes had ever beheld these wonders of God’s creation.

Now, as I reflect back on this event in our family, I realize that I

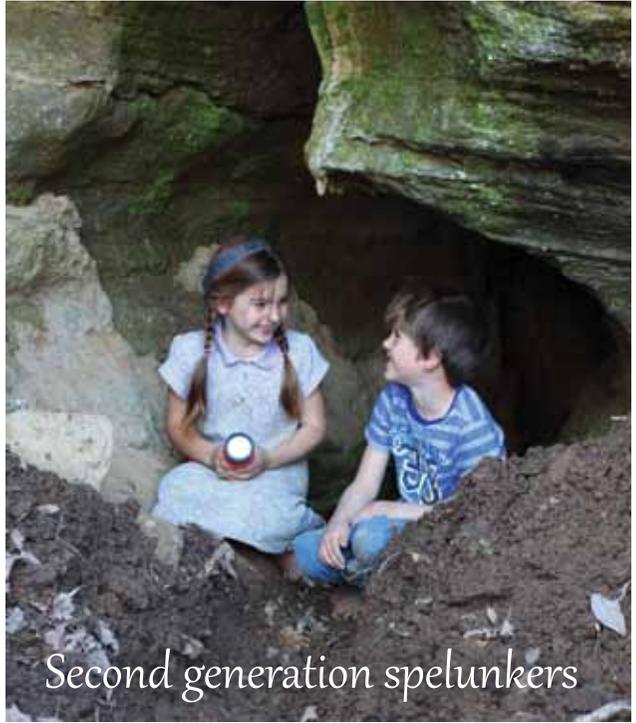


Photo: Elizabeth Stewart

## *Second generation spelunkers*

was not following some principle of child training. I was their door opener, their partner in discovery, the instigator of a journey into wonder, but it was part of my soul to want to delight my daughters, to stimulate them in an adventure. I enjoyed their pleasure better than any pleasure I could instigate for myself.

Now, it is unlikely that any of you will ever have the opportunity to discover a cave. I know that was a unique experience. But understand, there were a thousand other common experiences that produced that same camaraderie of discovery, that walk in wonderland, resulting in a bond between parent and child. Taking time out to build a swing, to set up a swimming pool, to teach them to dive or turn a flip, to laugh at their antics and brag on their accomplishments—all these things make you a door opener in the child’s life. Become your child’s partner in wonder and you will not be left wondering why he departed. ☺

# NEW! Cane Creek Corner \*Weekly\* Digital Magazine



Starting May 4, get our Digital Magazine weekly!  
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A Laugh for the Pearls.

Recently my son discovered that he forgot to take a toy phone out of his pocket while standing in the Walmart checkout and playing with his brother. He made it home with it and the shock on his face when he discovered it was still in his pocket was convincing enough he did not intend to steal it. I corrected him for having placed it in his

pocket in the first place and asked him what he thinks he should do. He answered correctly. The conversation in the car while heading to Walmart was priceless.

He proceeds to talk how grateful he is that the police did not come and get him. LUKE (8): "If they did, I would have had to go to juvi for a day or two" JOSHUA (5-brother): "What's juvi?", "Oh, yeah, kid jail" LUKE: "Well, at least Michael Pearl might come visit me" I still crack up at this memory which happened about a week ago. Lukas proceeded to return the toy to customer service explaining all he did on his own. He later confessed he thought maybe they might call the police after he turned it in. He was really brave. - Thank you for everything!!  
- Wendy O.

Photo: Leah Spina



# Training Toddlers

By Leah Spina

*Training toddlers can be exhausting, but the present and future rewards are worth it!*



**M** My white-haired son Samson is 18 months old. We have entered the world of toddler conflict. All day long I make him do things he doesn't want to do. He doesn't want to get in the car seat, come inside, or get his diaper changed. He can't talk, so he can't understand. He doesn't understand why he can't run in the street, eat five lollipops, or go around in a wet diaper. All he knows is that I am the bad guy. Crying, whining, fits, and a firm mama. Day in and day out.

I'm a pretty good parent. I'm consistent, levelheaded, and fun. But there are still big battles each day. That's why I decided to write this article. I want to encourage toddler parents that even though it seems like you are battling each day, those

battles are the breeding ground for success. What you are doing counts. Don't give up and don't lose heart! Whining, crying, and fits are natural responses to good parenting.

## **The Big Picture**

The thing that helps me continue to train consistently—even if I'm bracing myself for a big wail when I say "no" for the millionth time—is this thought: It is much easier to train a one-year-old than a five-year-old. Yes, whining, crying, and fits create tension. Training is stressful. I am often tempted to give in just to stop the screaming. You try cooking when he is pulling at your leg for one piece of forbidden food. I am tempted to just give him a bite! But I must remember that I'm teaching him

obedience, self-control, and patience. Toddler training is conflict-ridden, but it is much easier than waiting to train a willful, unbridled, selfish five-year-old; you can't even physically restrain them at that age.



*The earliest training was training him be still when I changed his diaper. It was then easier to train him to be still for other things*

### **Creating More Conflict on Purpose**

I often watch mothers train toddlers at birthday parties or parks, because we are all training them each day whether we think about it or not. We are rewarding their behavior each day. Does crying merit a reward that encourages them to whine more? Or is whining ignored and thus subsides because there is no reward? A toddler sitting on Mother's lap sees something fun and starts thrashing wildly about, so Mother plops him down on the ground so he can gleefully run away. It takes a lot more training (and produces more conflict) for you to ask your toddler to sign "please" first or ask permission to get down, pointing to the object he wants to explore. What about the toddler who starts banging a plastic golf club on other children, and Mother runs over and grabs it away instead of training her not to hit? Or the mother who runs after her toddler instead of training him to come on command? I think how much easier it would be to just manage my toddler instead of proactively training him. I wish I could just grab the golf club away instead of spending time training him not to hit. But then Samson and I would both be exhausted, angry, and frustrated.

I am starting to enjoy the fruit of toddler training. Even though he doesn't understand why, Samson knows there are consequences and often obeys even in new things. When I point to a "no, no" object, he often walks away. That is much easier than guarding the fireplace or standing by forbidden breakables all night long at a party. So, yes, even though you are down on your knees explaining precisely what is a "no, no" and then waiting to train if there is disobedience, you are making your life and your child's life easier in the long run! You will have more conflict initially, but eventually less!

### **Home Training Is Crucial to Public Success**

One of the easiest places to relax on training is in your own home. It's much easier to relax on the couch than to get up and train him not to touch the TV volume control (which isn't even on) again. But remember, your child will only obey in public if she has been taught to obey at home. If whining at home means she gets what she wants, she will whine in public. All day long, Samson wants things, asks me to hold him, wants to get down from his high chair, etc. I try to remember it's okay if he is whining when he doesn't get what he wants! If I think it is stressful hearing him whine now, I think about him whining at a restaurant or grocery store! That makes me "stick to my guns" and stay consistent in letting him cry if he is pouting rather than rewarding him with a distraction or something else (e.g., keep asking what other food he wants or if he would like to do another activity). When I catch myself saying, "Do you want this? This? This?" I must stop! The home is a crucial, special



Photo: Laura Newman

place to train your children. Get all the whining, pouting, and fit testing out at home.

### **Consistent Training Yields Rewards**

Every child and every parent is different, but there are some areas in which I am so grateful I took the time to train Samson. I trained him from his crawling days to not open and explore cabinets, and he never does. I trained him to know the street is a big “no, no.” Every time we go in the front yard to play, he points at the street and yells “No, no!” He has never one time gone into the street. However, it took weeks of consistent training for Samson to come when I called—often five training sessions in a row each time I asked him to come inside. I frequently wished I could just swipe him in. I am bigger than he is. It would take two seconds instead of becoming a five-minute battle. But I knew if I could train him at home, he would come in dangerous public places as well. Now he usually comes immediately. If he doesn’t, there are immediate consequences.

Other war zones include climbing up the stairs or throwing food from his high chair to our dog. These were long, hard battles! Sometimes we took breaks, but we never stopped training. The earliest training was training him be still when I changed his diaper. It was then easier to train him to be still for other things: when standing to put on his jacket (instead of running away or pulling away) or when he has a band-aid applied. At restaurants we don’t have to move every object away from him; we train him not to touch. This is heaven because now he points at food he wants, waiting for permission, whether it’s food on our home table, the park bench, or the grandparent’s coffee table.

### **No Means No**

I have really tried to follow up with consequences if I say “no” the first time and Samson disregards it. I do not repeat it or speak louder or threaten. The benefit: he listens the first time I say “no” and it is no surprise to him if he is trained for dis-

obedience. This is so helpful in new places where there are a lot of foreign “no” objects or areas. I can ask him to stay on the carpet or not touch a TV remote, and he listens because he has had mounds of “no” training at home. Yes, he will throw fits sometimes, but usually he will obey, even if he is protesting. Of course, sometimes toddlers are just overtired, hungry, or sick. That’s when you pray to the Lord for wisdom as you decide whether to make something a big deal or move on.

*If you want a sweet child,  
train your toddler. Be  
consistent and keep a long-  
term perspective.*

### **Good Behavior Starts a Good Cycle**

Several of my friends and I were laughing over the table the other day when we started talking about obedient, well-behaved children. “What parents don’t realize,” said one former nanny, “is that they are setting their children up for social success when

they take the time to train them. If we friends/family/strangers see a well-behaved child, we publicly applaud the child, which reinforces the good behavior the parents have instilled.” The cycle grows stronger and stronger: good behavior reinforced by compliments everywhere you go. Well-behaved, well-mannered children are not only liked, but they will also easily win friends as they grow older because they know the universe does not revolve around them. Have you ever met a selfish 18-year-old who has grown up without restraints? Trained children will grow up to be well-adjusted, mature adults who will succeed in life because they were trained not to be selfish, willful creatures.

Samson is my little buddy all day long. We laugh, read books, swim, run, wrestle, and explore together. These are sweet, fleeting years, and training him makes them sweeter. If you want a sweet child, train your toddler. Be consistent and keep a long-term perspective. ☺

## *Amazon Readers Say:*

“After ministering for several decades, and living on the earth 66 or so years, Mike is worth listening to. He receives hundreds of letters each month, and “gets” what people are asking and what they are going through. I recently purchased this book, and am thrilled I did. What a great read for husbands, and anyone who has boys. It is the kind of wisdom that people used to have...” D & J

“We are considering purchasing copies of this book to give as a gift to every husband in our church. Thank you to the No Greater Joy ministries for enriching our lives in God’s Word through this very much needed book!” - A

“This book was top notch!! Buy this book you won’t regret it!!” - J

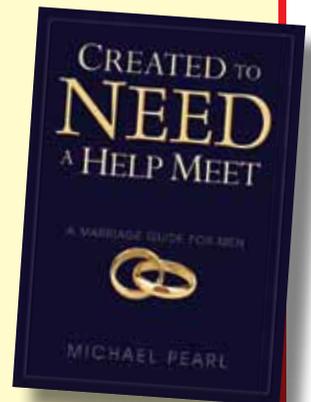


Photo: Rebekah Anast



# Blooming Where We're Planted

By Rebekah Anast

*If a soulless flower can give God glory by blooming regardless of circumstance, what might I do—what must I do—as a child of God?*

**I**f a soulless flower can give God glory by blooming regardless of circumstance, what might I do—what must I do—as a child of God?

I found this calendula blossom one morning in November. It stood shining like a beacon in the middle of a very dead garden. All the other flowers had bloomed in the golden days of summer, tossing their smiles at us every lovely day from June to September. But I cannot remember

the individual glow of a single summer-day flower. They bloomed when they were supposed to, faded when expected, and died under duress like every ordinary flower in my garden.

But this blossom! This blossom is immortalized in my memory, on my screen-saver, in my photo album, on my website, and now I share its glory with tens of thousands of readers. Because it bloomed regardless of circumstances. Because it smiled

at the frost like the others smiled at the sun. Because it died beautiful, its smile frozen in that last daring cheer for the God who made it.

True, the Calendula was just a flower. It had no soul on which to hang character for laud and acclaim. But if a soulless flower can give God glory by blooming regardless of circumstance, what might I do—what must I do—as a child of God?

*“For this is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully. For what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God. For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps:”*

- I Peter 2:19-21

I have a few friends in bad marriage situations, and a few friends with unreasonable and abusive parents. They are fast wilting like the summer flowers. What can I tell them? What truth can comfort in the cold days of life? You are expected to bloom when the sun shines, and die when the snows come. But if you want to be immortalized, you will bloom for God, not the weather.

My life is good—I have had very few winter days to discourage my blooming. But I remember one time... 106 degree fever from malar-

ia, in college in the state of Wisconsin. My roommate drove me to the emergency room in the middle of the night because I started babbling incoherently. I was 18 years old and had been on one mission-trip to Papua New Guinea, and was now in Bible college with the hope of being a “real” missionary someday. The doctors on the red-eye shift were confused by my insistence that I had malaria. They kept telling me that it was “November in Wisconsin.” My roommate managed to convince them that I had been overseas three months earlier and that I had been having fevers every 12 hours for ten days. What else could it be? However, they had never seen malaria before and had no idea how to identify it or how to treat it.

I laid in the ER bed, hazing in and out of the situation, wondering if I was going to die before I’d even gotten the chance to be a missionary. I couldn’t believe my lame luck. Dying of malaria on the mission field would have been glorious enough, but dying of malaria in a Wisconsin hospital didn’t appeal to me. My eyeballs felt like they were on fire and I couldn’t see clearly. My roommate kept waving two fingers in front of my face and demanding that I tell her how many I saw, and what was my name, how old was I. She’d seen too many movies.

A young intern came in and out of the room occasionally. He took my blood pressure and temperature repeatedly and finally asked me what I had been doing in Papua New Guinea. I noticed him for the first time, and laughed because he looked like he had two heads. Then my vision cleared, and suddenly I thought, “If I die tonight, I’ll never get to be a

missionary!” I started to cry and then realized that I had at least one ‘native’ to talk to during my final hour on earth.

“Do you know Jesus?” I asked the intern abruptly. My roommate giggled nervously and explained to him that I had a high fever (he had just taken my temperature). The intern slowly removed his stethoscope and looked at me with a startled expression.

“Do you?” He asked with excited wonder.

“Yes, I’m a Christian. I love Jesus. He died for me. Are you a Christian?” I noticed the room was blurry between us and I couldn’t tell if he or I was crying. He kept nodding and swallowing.

“That’s what happened to me,” he said eagerly, “That’s what happened to me last week!” My roommate was looking at us like we’d both gone mad. I smiled and nodded at the guy. I sensed exactly what he was trying to say.

“You heard about Jesus and believed it, didn’t you?” I said. He was practically laughing aloud, he was so excited.

“Yes. Yes! It’s true isn’t it? I believed it. Something changed inside me. I feel like... I feel like... God has been talking to me... Is that weird? Does that happen to you? Is it going to stay like this? I hope so. I never knew life could be like this. I didn’t know God was so real. I’ve been so happy. I didn’t know what happened to me. I just believed it. I just believed it was true. I guess that means I became a Christian... I don’t know what to do next. What should I do next?”

My fever was so high I never could remember the conversation

*“I didn’t know God was so real. I’ve been so happy. I didn’t know what happened to me. I just believed it.”*

from that point on. My roommate told me later that we babbled on and on like two little kids about how great God is. I told the intern that he should buy a Bible and read it, and tell his friends and family about what happened to him.

It turned out that there was an old retired doctor who had worked overseas at some point in his life who came to the hospital that night (because the intern called him) and he was able to diagnose me with malaria, and prescribe the right meds. So I lived after all, and went to New Guinea to be a “real” missionary – and even lived through that experience as well. But I never bloomed as brightly as I did that night with 106 degree fever in the Wisconsin hospital. It never got that cold again.

As I sit here looking at the frosty blossom on my screen saver, I almost wish for another opportunity to give God glory when it hurts. I think of James 1:2, *“count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations,”* and I realize there really is a joy in suffering, pain, hardship, and even death.

I don’t envy those of you who find yourselves in winter days, but I don’t pity you either. There is an opportunity lying in that bitter snow around you.

Be a hero; bloom for God regardless of your circumstances. ❄️



# Felix Carey

A White Unto Harvest Production

*Felix Carey saw the need for literature and the Lord used him in great and mighty ways.*

**M**The year was 1814. The boat was bound for Ava, the capital of Burma. Felix Carey, along with his wife and two children, were anxious to reach their destination. They never made it. The boat capsized and Felix alone survived.

Twelve years earlier, at the age of 8, Felix Carey traveled to India with his father, the renowned missionary William Carey, who helped start the Serampore Mission. While living in India Felix became a scholar in the languages of Bengali, Pali and Sanskrit. Missionary printer William Ward came to India, and under his ministry Felix was saved. Ward taught him how to operate the printing press at the Serampore

Mission. It was there that Felix printed portions of the newly translated Bengali New Testament.

In 1807 Felix traveled to Burma and mastered the Burmese language. Realizing the need for literature in many languages, Felix began preparing and translating many materials, including the Gospel of Matthew, the first dictionary in the Burmese language, a Bengal-English dictionary, a Pali grammar book, and many others.

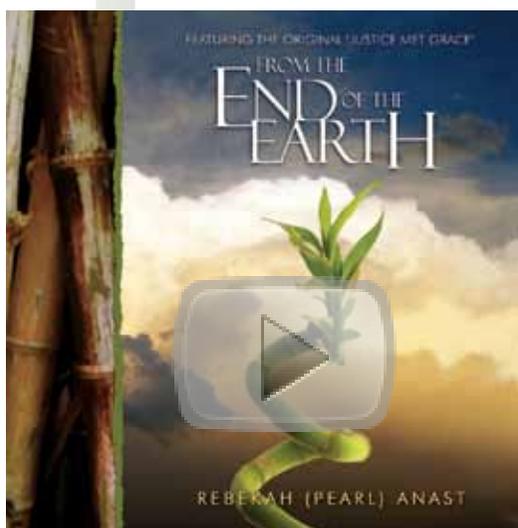
In 1814 Felix was requested to begin a mission work in Ava, Burma. While en route the boat sank and Felix lost everything, including his family, a printing press and a translated manuscript of the Gospel

of Matthew. Distaught from losing his wife and children, he resigned from all mission work and translation and became an ambassador to Calcutta. He soon accumulated much debt, began drinking heavily, and eventually lost his ambassadorship. For three years Felix wandered aimlessly until longtime friend William Ward persuaded him to return to the Serampore Mission. Back in India and once again under

the influence of Ward, Felix returned to mission work and translation.

On November 10, 1822, at the young age of 37, Felix died of cholera. He was among the first to work in translation and printing, and his work spanned three countries. He paved the way for others, such as Adoniram Judson and Henry Martin. Felix Carey saw the need for literature and the Lord used him in great and mighty ways. 🌿

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## Happy Birthday Eva!

**Eva Fehr, from Canada,  
age 12 in April!**