



So, Who's Disabled?

Mother, why are you cleaning up this room; isn't this your little girl's room?

“Yes, but she's only three, not big enough to clean up yet.”

Oh! And who took the toys out of the box and scattered them on the floor?

“She did.”

So her ability to transport toys works in only one direction?

Mother, you look so tired. Why are you fretting so over the laundry, the dishes, the house cleaning, etc., when you have three children in there fighting over toys?

“Oh, I will tend to them when I get the time.”

No, I mean, why don't you put them to doing some of these chores? Perhaps then they wouldn't be so bored, fussing and fighting all the time.

“Well, the oldest one is only seven, and it is more trouble trying to get them to work than it is to do it myself.”

When they are two and three years old, it is more trouble to involve them than it is to do it yourself, but if you wait until they are actually big enough to be of real assistance, by then they will have de-

veloped routines and habits that do not include working. If you serve the children until they are three or four—maybe even six or eight—and then try to get them involved, they feel that you are making uncalled-for demands. If, on the other hand, you had involved them in helping themselves and others from the time they were walking, chores would be natural to them. There would be no hassle, no unlearning process, no abrupt change in policy.

Some parents have misconceptions as to children's abilities. Others feel guilty for demanding their children assume responsibility. By the time most parents decide their children are old enough to assist in the work load, they have already instilled in them the assurance that Mother is their servant and they are the deserving recipients. When Mother tries to reverse the “Mama is servant” trend, the kids will raise such a fuss about helping, that Mother retreats, finding it more comfortable to be a complaining servant than to trouble herself teaching them. To fail to teach the young ones responsibility simply because you detest conflict is to surrender to timidity as a vice.

Certainly, we do not want to demand more of our children than they are capable of giving, for that

could be very discouraging to them. But to demand less than their capabilities is to permit a dispensation of irresponsibility and unnecessary dependence, which breeds weakness. Those who expect servitude are always unthankful. Those who receive servitude will come to demand it when it is withheld or delayed. Don't wait until you feel ridiculous serving big kids before you decide to place responsibility upon them. By then they will possess the mentality of “the rich and the famous.”

Have you ever felt that your children failed to appreciate the things you do for them, that they took you for granted? It is your fault, not theirs. You have babied them, made them weak with your giving. You gave them everything but what they needed most: independence, self-sufficiency, skills, discipline, thankfulness, and the ability to serve others. Your generosity has made them into the despised upper-class. If you serve children until you are confident they are fully capable of serving themselves, you have cultivated slothfulness in them. When you become critical of the way they fail to do their chores, it is a sure statement that you have waited too long to involve them. Why are you angry at them? You bent the tree, so it grew

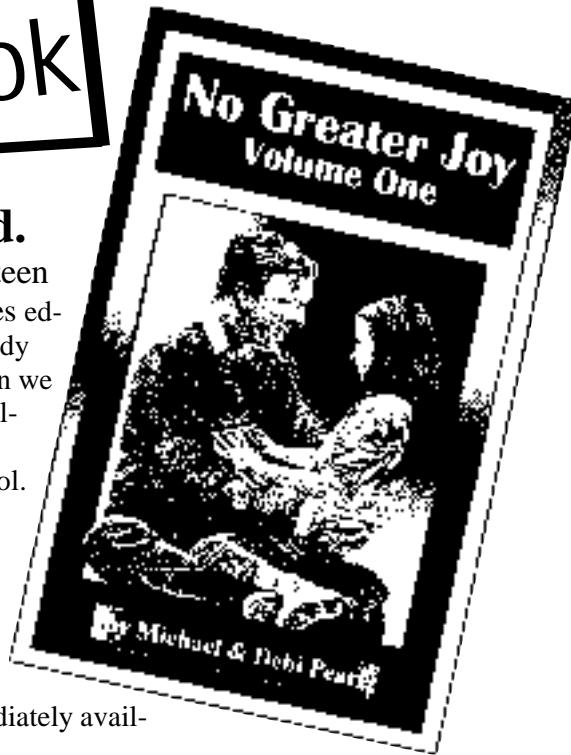
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New Book

Finally completed.

The best of our first eighteen months of newsletter articles edited into a single book for handy reference. Most every question we are asked is covered in this collection of articles.

This is a great ministry tool. Each article stands alone, and can be read while sitting in a waiting room. Each evening, husbands can read one or two articles in less than five minutes. A thorough index makes your choice of subjects immediately avail-



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in the direction you pointed it.

Parents keep serving the little ones, putting off the day of placing demands on them. What is it that usually triggers in parents a decision to demand more of their children? Selfish frustration. Frustration born of criticism. An unavoidable sense that the children are domestic parasites. Why do parents wait until their children's slothfulness is pervasive? Most parents are ruled by their own feelings. They don't have a preconceived plan for training their kids; they just wait until pressured and then REACT. When they grow tired of serving the children, or become irritated at their ineptitude, they are then provoked to demand participation. The motivation to demand responsible participation from their children did not come about as the result of a conscious decision to train the children for their own welfare,

but as a result of the parents' involuntary irritation.

You can know that you have waited too long to turn over responsibility when doing so causes the children to rebel and feel mistreated. At this point of frustration, the children are resisting the new, invasive order. A confrontational spirit then arises between parents and children. The anxiousness and criticism of parents prevents them from being trainers. They are antagonists. At this late date in the child's life (five or six years old), parents are trying to fix something that is broken, rather than mold something that is growing.

If you unexpectedly gave your neighbor \$1,000.00, he would be embarrassed to take it. After your urging, explaining that you are just making more than you need and thought that it would be a blessing, he would finally receive it with a profusion of thanks. When you again gave \$1,000.00 the following week,

he would receive it with less reluctance. After one year of receiving his weekly gift, he would receive it with a quick nod and a formal thanks. Then when you suddenly stop giving money to him, but instead give it to the man across the street, your original recipient would have his feelings hurt. He might even be angry. He would want an explanation. You see, after a year he would have adjusted his lifestyle to your gifts. He may be so dependent on your gift that he would be financially damaged when you stop giving. He has become your expectant dependent. Your gifts have weakened him.

Parents weaken their children by doing everything for them, by serving them, treating them as if they were handicapped. But then even handicapped children are not always treated so. I recently read an article in a little periodical called Nathan News. It is a monthly publication dedicated to parents with special needs children. By permission, we reprint a condensed version of an article written by Tom and Sherry Bushnell, parents of 9 children, (3 adopted, 5 birth, and one about to be birthed). Three of their children have various physical and mental disorders. I believe they are greater experts in the field of dealing with handicapped children than any expert with initials after his name. We submit to you their years of experience and their success. If a parent can raise a happy, obedient, hard working, emotionally well adjusted, Down syndrome teenage son, then we parents with average children have no excuse.

TRAINING UP DISABLED CHILDREN

Written by Tom and Sherry Bushnell

Along with the knowledge of how to please God, we must teach our-

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selves and our children to be self-controlled. Here are some positive ways self-control will benefit our special needs children.

- * Learning to obey quickly, regardless of whether they understand totally "why," will assure them more safety.
- * Not pouting or whining when asked to do something adds to their capabilities. Practicing self-control helps our children avoid the habits of laziness, self-centeredness, and stubbornness.
- * If we are diligent to teach our children self-control while they are young, when they are teens they will reap the positive benefit of being morally pure. Looking lustfully at the opposite gender, masturbation, or feeling sorry for one's self can be real difficulties with older special needs children.

Sometimes the things we ask our children to learn are very hard, physically or mentally. When our children are disabled, it takes much more effort not only to do tasks, but to have a good attitude while trying. Do you know that a child's habit of giving up when frustrated may be encouraged by us parents?

To pity our children because we feel guilty or sorry for them is a mistake. It may be almost as painful for us to watch our children fail again and again as it is for them to keep trying. For instance, our daughter with cerebral palsy and autism, age 5, has the use of one hand; that's it. Her feet stick straight out and her left arm is tucked into her chest. A while ago, she was really getting frustrated because she was the last one to be helped to get dressed. Every morning she would come down the stairs fuming, ready for a fight. Tired of her pouting, we decided that she needed to learn to get dressed herself. She was horrified. She spent the first 2 weeks getting to the breakfast table with only one arm in the same leg hole in her sweat pants.

Except for verbal encourage-

ment and the initial lessons, we did not help her or allow her brothers or sisters to help her. After breakfast, she spent the rest of the morning on the living room carpet, finishing dressing. **We consistently disciplined her for anger and pouting, and strongly encouraged her to try harder, not allowing her to give up.**

In reality, it was a lot of work for all of us. She knows just how to look totally helpless. She puts on her "I'm so sad" expression, aimlessly making half-hearted attempts at finding the right arm hole. From past observation, we knew she was simply waiting to see if there wasn't someone who would rescue her.

It was hard for her siblings to watch her try and not accomplish much. They pitied her. One of her brothers felt so sorry for her that when he knew we weren't looking he put her arm in the right hole. She was very grateful, but it didn't help her the next day when he wasn't around and she still had to find a way to accomplish the task herself. After 4 weeks, she was able to get dressed in about 4 minutes. Boy, is she excited! So are we.

Teaching our special needs children to hang in there and keep trying whole-heartedly will make them useful servants for Our Lord. Children that force others to wait on them are more disabled for their vice.

It is a crippled heart that will render them morally and even physically unfruitful for the Lord, not a delayed mind, missing eyesight or hearing, short attention span, or poor memory.

Doing more for our children than we should creates tyrants. It takes a lot of work to teach our children self-help skills, but if they are at all bodily able (even if it takes them a long time) they should. **As adults, our special needs children will not be a social menace by constantly manipulating and imposing on others if we teach them perseverance and self-control now.**

We will now answer the title of this article: *So, Who's Disabled?* Parents, of course. Through their own weaknesses they have established lazy habits that their selfish kids will not allow them to break. You may say, "So, I know I messed up when they were young; is my fourteen-year-old too old to train into taking responsibility?" The question is: "Are they too old for you to have the courage to stand firm in demanding they be responsible?" It is the parents that need training.

The military inducts eighteen-year-old men, most with slothful habits. Can you imagine being responsible for fifty teenagers? No doubt, most of them walked out of a messy room when they left home. Mama will miss them but not the extra work they caused her. But in just a few days, one man has turned all fifty boys into very disciplined, neat, punctual, respectful men. How did he do it? Fear. He is bigger, tougher, and means every word he says. He is even serious when he lowers his eyebrows. He doesn't speak twice—may not speak once. You'd better guess what he expects, and make sure it is done in record time.

Now, Mother, you may not be tough enough to bring discipline into the life of your eighteen-year-old, but if you would take a double dose of a supplement known as *backbone iron*, you could. What about your ten-year-old? You can still strike fear in his heart, can't you? He doesn't have to be afraid of you beating him, just know you are standing firm on your word when you proclaim denials, added labor, etc.

Let's hear it one more time: "I work my hands to the bone and no one even cares. They lie around and let me do all the work." You did a

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Renee Stoll (left), and Carolyn Beachy giving attention during Sunday school at Cane Creek

Carolyn is the one who interrupted the meeting with a cry of "Heretic, heretic."

The Challenge of Teaching

By Greg Stablein, coordinator of Gateway Christian Schools.

I had a good opportunity to teach my sons a relevant lesson about locks as I replaced the one in our front door. With an enthusiastic voice I said, "Boys, look here. Do you want to see how a lock works?" A nod or word of acknowledgement was their unenthusiastic reaction. What was wrong? There couldn't be a more practical, real, relevant opportunity to learn. When plan A didn't work, I didn't give the boys an F. I realized that the lesson hadn't been adequately presented. Instead of giving up, I groped for a better approach. After asking the LORD for help, I challenged them, "Which of you could take this lock assembly apart (including the tumblers and springs) and then reassemble it so that the same key would unlock? The change was dramatic. ☺"

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good job of training them. It is the fault of your own cowardliness. When they were three or four, you took the easy road when it was not so humiliating serving them, and now you have a habit that you can't break. You depend on them to depend on you. They do their part, which is to consume without giving and without being thankful. And you do your part, which is to complain, gripe and serve.

Have you got the guts to go on strike? To quit? Mother, stand up and proclaim, "***Do it yourself or it won't get done. It won't get cooked, washed, picked up, cleaned, purchased. You won't go, eat, sleep here, or have a moment's peace until it is done right and on time. I will say no more. It's your move, kid.***" Then smile and walk off with confidence, knowing you have gone as far as you are going to go. There is a new order, now and forever, come what may. Then the most important last step is absolute consistency on your part.

It's your move parent. If you are tough, your home will become a more cheerful place.

We would like to give special thanks to Nathhan News, 5393 Alpine Rd. S.E., Olalla, WA 98359 and for allowing us to edit and reprint portions of this article found in their wonderful publication. If you are looking for good reading, order this periodical.☺



Dear Mr. Pearl

*In the July issue of "No Greater Joy," you answered someone's question concerning curing rowdy boys during school. Your answer seemed to be basically not to try to discourage it, but rather channel it. I homeschool my eight-year-old and I agree with your advice in this situation. However, your answer left me a bit confused, because your advice in *To Train Up A Child* is to expect completed compliance from children. One example in particular I remember being given is that of behavior during worship. You were comparing a mother who was continually having to stop and correct misbehavior to a mother who had trained her children to sit attentively at home. I have been trying to follow this advice, but the article on rowdy boys caused some doubt in my mind. Can you help clear this up?*

Thank you,
CC

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In Defense of Boys—Again

You are not alone. We have received several letters from confused readers. However, for every confused reader there were ten who found solace in knowing their boys didn't have a Hyper Horrible disorder.

I didn't say that boys should be allowed to be disruptive or disrespectful in the classroom setting, but that due to their aggressive natures, they should not be made to endure long periods of inactivity. I quote my article *Rowdy Boys*: "Provide release and expression for their boyishness, and do so with sufficient frequency and intensity so as to "decompress" them. That is, keep the classroom down to fifteen minutes, with work or hard play between times." I did not mean to imply that boys should be allowed special dispensations of

disobedience, that we should permit them to violate the rules. Rather, by understanding that they are different from girls, from men even, as teachers we should parcel out the times of concentration with intermittent periods of more physical expression.

Boys can be made to sit still for eight hours without squirming. But who wants to be the minister of suffering? Their learning curve goes down in proportion to the time they are made to be inactive. Our goal is not to test the strength of our discipline or the perseverance of your boys. We just want to educate them with the least amount of intrusion. Crushing and subduing childhood is not our goal. We want to channel their impulses and direct them to the most balanced and creative personal expressions.

I had sufficient control of my boys

that I could have made them sit quietly in one spot until they dropped from exhaustion, but I never had anything to prove. When they stopped having fun, we did something else, we did it a different way, or we did it later.

The Chinese classroom is a noisy place. The children all read out loud together. If you will keep the home a fun place instead of a morgue or a concentration camp, the children's souls will be growing while their minds retain a few necessary facts.

So I repeat, we are not suggesting that boys go unrestrained, but that we make allowances for their penned up drives to explode occasionally. Provide the time and the place, and you won't have to try to continually cap Old Faithful. ☺

The Work of the Ministry

It has been a very active summer. We have all been running at high speed continuously. Our daughter Rebekah has been home helping the Noel family prepare for New Guinea. She has also been working on the production of literature in the Pidgin language. With the help of Tom Gaudey, we have made plans to print 20,000 Bibles in Pidgin—based on the Majority text.

We held daily Bible training for two months straight, preparing several young men for the mission field. Two young men from our church, Paul Warner and Grady Mange, went to Mexico this week. Paul plans to stay on permanently. He left without a single dime of support. That's called: stepping out by faith.

Homeschooler Mary Slayman, 16 years old, T. J.'s little sister, also from our church, is now in the Ukraine with Jessie Beale for a six month stay to assist the churches there in evangelism and church planting. She worked and saved for a year to pay her own way.

T. J. Slayman, a young man from our church here at Cane Creek, came home from Laos to attend an English teacher training school in New York. With a certificate from that school, he will be able to teach English overseas. Foreigners must have legitimate reasons to remain in communist countries. Missionaries are strictly prohibited. Native Christians who try to openly minister are often imprisoned or shot. We have enjoyed having T. J. home, but he didn't want to leave Laos, and is anxious to return in October.

Raymond and Susanna Beachy, with their three children, also from the church here at Cane Creek, will soon be returning from New Guinea where they went for nine months to

aid the Lindseys in Port Moresby.

Our son Nathan is preparing to return to New Guinea with Rebekah and the Noels in September. He will stay three months and help get them settled.

Steve and Margaret Schnell,



Roseanna, age 2, in New Guinea with her missionary parents Raymond and Susanna Beachy. She is the one who was potty trained at four months. Looks as if she is proud of the fact.

Subscription to this newsletter is free upon request.

with their three children, also from our church, are preparing to leave for Cambodia in January as full time missionaries.

You may remember our correspondence work with Ghana Africa, carried out by Carmen Kennedy, a young lady from our church. Hundreds have completed their Bible courses and received a Bible from homeschooling families here in the States. One of the families who participated in the correspondence was led to become more deeply involved. They have now gone to Ghana as full time missionaries. Another participating family is going to Mexico full time.

The Noels have stayed with us for four months, going through Bible training and missions orientation—doing my yard work. They are not from our church, but we have adopted them and will be standing behind them fully.

Deb and I have been busy teaching, speaking, preaching in prison, writing, speaking in seminars, counseling, getting a tape ministry started, completing another book, organizing the office, preparing for our missions camp, and growing potatoes, tomatoes, and kids.

It may look as if The Church At Cane Creek is disbanding for the regions beyond. It would be a great blessing to see the whole church take the gospel to those who have yet to hear, but half of us will probably stay behind to support the other half on the field.

Those of you who have prayed have been on the cutting edge of God's work through these people. Those of you who have given your money will receive your reward multiplied many times over in the world to come. ☺

Audio Tapes

The three most requested audio tapes from our Missions Camp 97 are now available.

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

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

•**Authority of the believer in prayer:** The last message of the missions camp, preached by Michael Pearl. Hear how prayer changes God, moves heaven, and determines the course of man. *Suggested gift: \$3.00 each + S/H*

Other Good Books

Me? Obey Him? When I was a young bride I read *Me? Obey Him?* By Mrs. Elizabeth Rice Hanford. I can still remember the surprise and joy I experienced in "trying out" what I had read. I know God used this book to help make my marriage, thus my ministry, what it is today. May God bless you thus as you read it. Debi Pearl

Read **Bruchko** and discover what it is like for a nineteen-year-old boy to walk alone and unprepared into the dense jungles of the Andes mountains in search of a primitive, savage tribe. He first knew he had found them when he felt their arrows tearing his flesh. This man is still alive and still ministering to the Indians of Colombia.

Read **Lords of the Earth** and see what it is like to stand between two warring tribes with a message of love and peace. They thought he was a god when their arrows wouldn't kill him.

See the video **EE Taow!** and weep as you see live footage of a whole village becoming believers in Jesus—all in one day.

Commandos For Christ, a great book. The true story of the author's experiences as he and fellow missionaries contacted and evangelized primitive tribal people in the remote jungles of Bolivia. It is as exciting and thrilling as it sounds. It keeps you on the edge of your seat.

Sorry, we have been forced to up the suggested price of our books just a little to compensate for price rises at the printer. We want to keep our books accessible so you can order many copies and give them to your friends. When we receive request for books from those who cannot afford to buy, as the Lord provides, we sent them out free of charge. When you pay for books, you are making a donation to this ministry.

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Mary Slayman, 16 years old, from the Ukraine.

To my little home church at Cane Creek.

Greetings in the name of our prayer answering Savior. I thank God daily for allowing me to come here. There have been so very many experiences and I will remember them for the rest of my days here on earth and throughout eternity.

I've adapted well to most of the Ukrainian culture. I have yet to completely understand how any human race could be so dirty and unkempt. There must be as much filth and disease on the sidewalk in front of our house as we have in our whole beautiful state of Tennessee. It aches my heart to see all the starving and homeless people dying on the streets. I was on my way to the market a few days ago and spotted a girl, three or four years old, with outstretched arms and open hands wanting help. Her clothes were torn and filthy, her face shadowed with dirt. Her once curly black hair was now dull and matted. Her feet were bare and bruised. My team leader told us not to give money to any beggars. I longed to take her in my arms and raise her for the Lord. I wanted to tell her the story of Jesus. How she could have eter-

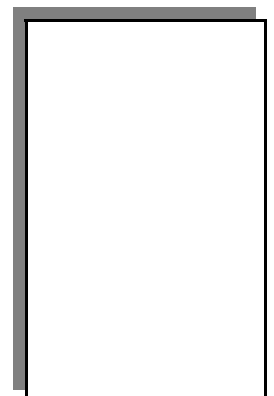
nal life in the warm, loving arms of the God of living bread and water. But I couldn't. We speak two different languages. She was too young to read, so I couldn't give her a tract. As we continued to walk, I looked back one last time and caught her eyes. They had to have been the hungriest eyes I've ever seen—big and brown, reading my soul. They were begging for T.L.C. I couldn't just walk away. I had to do something. So I got permission from the leader and then rushed to the nearest ice cream stand. I picked up vanilla on a stick and hurried back to her. As I approached, she didn't lift her head, but looked sheepishly out of the corner of her eye. I knelt down beside her and said "Edta Voam" meaning "for you." She looked up slowly and accepted the gift. I waited but a moment to see her reaction. She took a bite and her face lit up like an October firefly. I wondered how long it had been since she last ate a real meal. As I walked away, she smiled a smile of true thankfulness and happiness that doesn't come her way often. I wish I could have helped her spiritually, but I just said a prayer and gave it to God. She is in His hands now.

At that moment I felt a real burning

within for the sake of the hearts and souls of man. The human soul is truly priceless. I pray daily, asking God to train me to redeem the time. Eph 5:15-17. I want to live for Him and in Him for the sake of His glory. Does that make sense to you? It would be such a sin to squander the time the Lord has given us. Even though I am young, I want to do my part. Where He leads I will go. And being so young and fresh in this area of the ministry, I pray to God that I might not grow old and stale, being callused to the soft spirit of God. Being able to work with and for God has been one of the biggest blessings of my life.

And I thank you all for bringing me daily before the throne of our God, who not only died and saved us, but answers our prayers and keeps count of the hairs on my head!!! If it wasn't for my loved ones who daily intercede on my behalf, God knows where I'd be today. Your prayers are truly priceless and I just want to thank you for them all.

Mary Kathryn Slayman



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