



Welcome to
Raising Daughters of the King
Princesses that bring Honor to their Royal Father

This month, I would like to address an epidemic in our society and the pandemic it may possibly become in the generation that is growing up right now. It has become so common that it actually has a name that we all have come to recognize. **Entitlement!**

This problem used to appear as an economic problem, but I think that was merely a symptom of the heart issue that our nation is dealing with. I'm sure it has many technical definitions, but if you will allow me to give my opinion here, it is the crowning state of selfishness that expects and demands benefits from others for oneself without working for or earning them. I believe it is at the root of many difficulties we encounter today from road rage to politics. As moms, we may not be able to change Washington, but we can vote, pray, speak up, and raise children who will respond to the world around them as God prescribed to us in Scripture.

I have always believed that self and will are present from birth and must develop in a child for that child to grow into whomever God has desired for them to be. Leaders must have a stronger self-will. But, they must also learn to control and submit that strength to their parents and authorities in order to be able to submit to the God of the Universe. A willful, self-centered leader is of no good use at all, whereas a strong leader who can submit his will to God can be used to change the world around him.

Thinking back as a child, I can remember the beginning of these public encroachments on God's principles. The first television commercials that echoed in our ears of "you deserve it" began in the '60s. How I can remember my dad's mocking voice as he would repeat those words. I've said it before that I am not proposing an attitude of self-deprecation. Neither self-love nor self-hate are what God designed for us. Christ said, "Love your brother as yourself." Somewhere we messed up. We listened to the self-love within and decided that was the route to success and happiness in this world. What we failed to see was that self-love leads to a life of unhappiness and failure. The world today screams at us constantly that this is the path to take; the way to live our lives and raise our children. I'm afraid we don't realize that the voice we hear and the words we are listening to are from the enemy of our souls and the enemy of our very children.

So what can we do to help our children live in this world without becoming infected with this epidemic known as self-love? What is the vaccine? WOW, that is a huge task – as James Dobson has titled a book, *Parenting Isn't For Cowards*. I want to shout from the rooftops – or at least from this small website – God is able to give us victory over the most daunting of tasks.

So what do YOU do to raise a child that is not eaten up by a craving for more? Tiny steps

towards a goal will get you there. Sometimes we become so enthused and determined to reach a goal that we will sprint with all our strength only to discover that we are trying to sprint a marathon race. Pace is key in this effort. Day by day planting tiny seeds and watering them gently will definitely bring a glorious harvest. I often refer back to that first newsletter which explained how to make discipline a PICNIC. Just remember to start with one trait and with small steps. This can be applied to whatever age child you are working with (even yourself, if you feel infected with self-love).

Our very nature is self-love. We cannot change ourselves any more than a leopard can change its spots. It takes a re-birth to develop a nature that is anything but self. After that, God can empower you and me to become like Him; He gives us power to be children of God, and like our Father. Jesus walked this earth loving others and choosing not to love self more than God's will and the souls of others.

On the next page you'll find some suggestions for helping your child to overcome an entitlement mindset.

Entitlement Neutralizers

- 1) Encourage your child to think how others may feel. (This means a consistent repetition day-after-day of pointing your child outward rather than inward.)
- 2) Encourage your child to examine their actions and attitudes in prayer. Trust God to convict them. (He is faithful.)
- 3) Share prayer requests of others with your child so they have a chance to pray about needs of others rather than just themselves. What a joy to my soul when one of my 4 yr. olds said, without pride, to another child who was several years older, “We will pray for your grandpa. We pray and God answers.”
- 4) Do the Christmas Angel tree or other such projects to allow children to give to others and allow them to experience not getting too many gifts for themselves.
- 5) I recently saw a video that told of a father who had his precious very young children bring some of their toys to give to others. When the children brought their ragged toys, he made them take those back and give their new, best toys. He helped them with their attitudes over this so that it didn’t turn into anger and bitterness. By doing this, he helped them learn to give only their best to Jesus. What a lesson! What rewards these children will have waiting for them in Heaven! Remember, tiny steps – don’t overdo – we don’t want our children to turn away from God by forcing this kind of giving. God loves a cheerful giver.
- 6) A simple prayer before each meal, helps our children gain a deep understanding that God is not required to give us food. He chooses to take care of us because He gave us His word that He would, not because we “deserve it” and certainly not because we can force Him to.
- 7) Hmmm.....a hard one for some: tithe and teach your children to tithe. Don’t expect them to do what you are not willing to do. Recognize that it is a commandment. Train them early and it will not be so hard for them to obey God. Again, it will lay up for them treasures of rewards in Heaven
- 8) Find a missionary or mission cause that they can give a small offering to. Many children are blessed by parent that help them make a lemonade stand and they give all their proceeds to that cause.

Ecuador

Dear Friends,

Thank you so much for your prayers for my mission trip to Ecuador! It was wonderful! There are so many special moments that I would love to share with you that occurred during almost a month trip. But, I recognize that words cannot express some moments and readers would grow a little weary of each detail so here will try to write only the most vivid of memories as God guided, protected, and used His clay vessels.

The best part of the trip for me was the company. To be able to travel with my youngest as well as her friends, was truly the most special part of the trip. For so many young adults today, the 21st birthday is seen as a time to party hardy and celebrate oneself with over indulgence. Jenny spent her birthday in a country reaching out to others and celebrating the self-worth of others.

Ecuador is an intriguing and beautiful country. We were blessed to see some of its snow-covered mountain peaks and volcanoes. We have the privilege to hike down to a gorgeous waterfall. Thanks to Amanda and Jenny, I actually reached the waterfall and returned with the group – that was quite a challenge but well worth it. and travel by small motor powered canoe on the Amazon tributary with its piranha and other dangerous inhabitants. The humidity, high altitude, mosquitoes, tarantulas were definitely present during the month of May and most impressive were her precious people. What a lovely, loving people!

The children are beautiful! All of them had a way of stealing our hearts. One darling child was named Doris. We had taken a canoe to a jungle village. The heat and humidity was

harsh, to say the least. But, there in this tiny, insignificant location, our group was met by laughing darling children. I felt the urging of our Lord to plant seeds of hope in their hearts for their futures. Dreams of growing up to become a nurse or doctor or teacher or even a mama are as common as sunshine in Texas for our little American children. For these babies, I felt like I was planting priceless seeds that may never grow into fruition but may have deposited a tiny droplet of self esteem in these hearts. To see their little faces and hear their giggles was worth the hike in and the drain of strength due to the heat.

A few minutes passed as we set up the location as an efficiently operated health clinic. When I turned around, there stood little Doris in a fresh pink shirt and with wet hair. She beamed as she told me that she had washed her hair with champu – then when no one could hear, she whispered that she needed something for lice. Precious baby girl. All we had to offer was a small can of hairspray that might suffocate the unwanted creatures. Before we left, that precious Doris presented me with a sweetly colored picture and all the love that she could squeeze into the picture. This precious group responded to all the college kids soaking in all attention and love they could attract. The ladies of the village had cooked up their best meal for us. It included hearts of palm, yucca root, rice and chicken. We checked to see that all was cooked safely and we found out that the chickens they had killed for us, their honored guests, were part of a project to advance their village. We were so humbled at this huge sacrifice and we forced ourselves to finish ever bite. (Americans have quite a reputation for waste.) Once we had almost finished eating, we were told that at this village, it was

acceptable to share our scraps with the children. It nearly broke our hearts to realize that we could have offered this food back to hungry children as they had offered it to us.

I have thought of you so much and wanted to share how the trip to Ecuador went. Life has been a little busy. A month on a trip is full of events to write about but I will try to touch on the most special moments.

We hadn't been there a full week when my purse was stolen. God is completely sovereign. I know He could have prevented the loss in several ways, but instead, He allowed it. I lost all our trip money, 2 passports, my camera, my phone, credit cards..... I tried really hard to react the way God wanted me to. I tried to be the testimony to the college kids, as well as all the restaurant staff, and the local church members. I was able to praise God with joy. But the next day was Mother's Day, and even though I only lost things, not a life or anything of true value, it was just a little harder to praise with joy. I was talking it over with the Lord and mentioned that "it was costing me some to find joy in my praise." The phrase "costing me"; reminded me of the time when David wanted to buy a threshing floor to offer a sacrifice to God. When the owner found out, he offered to give King David the floor for free. But David rejected it saying that he could never offer to God something that "cost" him nothing. Then I said, "But God, I only brought my old Spanish Bible without a concordance. How will I ever find that verse? You'll have to help me." It's the Bible that I had taken to Argentina in 1979. I needed God to help me find that verse. So I did what I never do, I randomly opened my Bible to wherever it would open expecting a precise word, and it fell open to the verse – underlined from 1979. (2 Samuel 24:24). With God being so clear in His Word to me,

then I determined to take this as an opportunity to praise God with joy over something that cost me something. It was a very special moment.

Now, after that, Jenny and I were able to get our emergency passports with one trip to the embassy. Within about 3 hours, we were set to continue our trip. I've prayed for those people who got the contents of my purse. May they find Christ.

Another special moment was when we visited the home site of Jim Elliot and Nate Saint. What an honor to be in the home of such consecrated missionaries. To read verses on their walls about laying down their lives for Christ, knowing now that they walked their talk even to the end, was very life impacting. Another special realization was that the area around Jim's house was surrounded by believers. When he first built that house, it was a different story. His life's blood made a difference.

There were some concrete stairs that led down a fairly steep walk to a beautiful beach by the river he used frequently to reach the locals. However, the steps were known to be very slippery because of the moss that grew in that rainy area. The nurse, Connie, who had seen how slippery it was the year before, and I decided not to risk a fall that had the potential of ruining our trip there. I was feeling a little old and frustrated that I wasn't up to the walk down the stairs, when a lady we had talked with before came over and invited us to walk across the path to her house and look at her crafts that she was trying to sell, so we did. In our conversation, we discovered that her niece was in active labor with her first baby and they were trying to sell enough crafts to get her to the hospital. Connie offered to go inside her little house and check her precious niece. The beautiful eighteen year old named Flor,

“Flower”, was very frightened. Her mother-in-law and aunt were still grieving the recent loss of another son so their fears and sadness were being added to the fears of this precious mother-to-be. What a special moment we experienced there. God was able to work through Connie’s medical expertise to give this sweet girl some exercises to do to help her transverse baby turn head down, and I was able to translate and share words of God with this young believer.

By the time our time at that village was over, the baby was head down, the little mama was smiling and believing God that she would be a good mother, and the older ladies heard God’s comforting Word to their grieving hearts. I can’t imagine how that sweet child will feel when he is older and his mama tells him how he was in distress and people from far away came right at the exact moment of need to allow him to enter this world safely.

On this trip to Ecuador, I was able to ride a canoe on a tributary of the Amazon, see incredible sights and places, including the Middle of the Earth. We stayed in a lodge in the jungle where tarantulas were in our rooms and mosquitoes were everywhere. There we were able to examine and prescribe antibiotics for ear infections and distribute vitamins and refer others to clinics. Parasite medicine was given to each patient. Words of hope and seeds of dreams were given to children and parents. Heat, humidity, bugs.....and the love of Christ were everywhere.

Two more children, I must tell you about. Besides the fact that their stories are precious, I request that you take just a moment to pray for these two. I will go ahead and change their names so they never feel embarrassment or shame over this. First, there is a sweet fourteen year old girl that

we will call Guadalupe. She, like many little girls in America, has a bully as a boyfriend. She shared her story with us and we were able to get her local help. In the time of sharing, we were able to tell her that she is a child of the King and that no one has a right to treat one of His children like she was being treated. The next day we saw that her facebook status had changed to “I too am a child of the King.”

Another precious child is Pedro, who is twelve but looks to be the size of some eight year olds. His mother and aunt were desperate to get him some vitamins and advice to help him grow. Once more, we were empty handed to fill this need. But as this young man allowed tears to flow down his cheeks, we offered him words of life. I was able to share with him that Christ had created him exactly as he is for a specific purpose and offered him the salvation bracelet. Please pray for Guadalupe and Pedro that God would help them as they face their struggles over self-identity – Guadalupe about allowing bullies to control and define her and Pedro that he would experience a growth spurt and that his self-identity would be in Christ and not in his height.

Finally, we went up to the mountains. There we were honored to worship in a church and with a congregation of Kichwa indigenous people who had come to know Jesus and whose church had been born out of intense persecution. Where at first there were only 11 believers, now there are 200. There is nothing but genuine faith and consecration in that congregation. Their health issues were fairly intense, but their walk with God was the purest of pure. The health clinic we held at this location involved 2 translators for each patient. First the patient spoke in Kichwa to her translator who translated into Spanish to the next translator (sometimes,

that was me) who translated back to English to the nursing students and then back through the two translators to the patient.

The missionary who allowed us to serve with him on this brief trip, told us a story of his. I will share it here. After years of work with the Waorani Indians who killed Jim Elliot, Nate Saint and their friends, there were still pockets of tribes that had not learned of the love of Christ nor put aside their violence. Through a lengthy process of relationship building, our friend was taken to the area by jeep then canoe and finally by hiking for more than 8 hours. After presenting the Gospel and discipling this particular tribe for weeks, it came time for him to leave. The people had been so touched by Christ through him that they wanted to make him an honorary member of their tribe and write his name in their special book of members. They gave him the name of their great-great-grandfather of their tribe, "Nemunca". When they explained to him the meaning it was especially touching. It seems that no one had been given this honored name since their founder. It was from the name of a beautiful jungle butterfly that was brown and camouflaged on the

back side with iridescent blue on the tops of the wings. So as it flies through the jungle, only flashes of blue light appear and disappear. Its name means "reflector of light". How honored our missionary was that these people would call him such a meaningful name, "Reflector of the Light." How honored he was to be written in their book under that name! Then he explained how God has written our names in His Book of Life long before we were born. How honored these people were to hear that and how honored and blessed we are as well. May we all be reflectors of His Light wherever we go and reside.

Thank you for the gifts you sent. We took vitamins (gave them out to over 500 children and sick adults) and crafts for the children to work on that went along with the Bible stories that were shared. And we treated hundreds for parasites they get from their water supply. It was almost a month of not easy work, but it was an amazing trip. Thanks also for your prayers!

In His love,

Janice