

NEWS BELIEVERS NEWS

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RESPONSIBILITY

"God is not going to hold a man responsible for being a sinner, because he was born a sinner. But what God is going to hold a man responsible for is because he remains a sinner. He does not have to remain a sinner, for there is a provision made for his justification through Jesus Christ."

WHY CRY, SPEAK 59-1004e

Now that I'm Grammy...

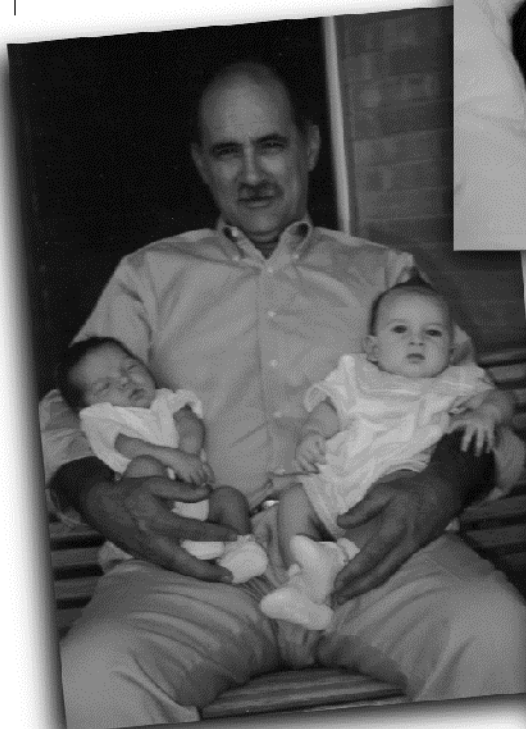
For years, my brother, Billy Paul (a grandfather of five), has been telling me, "When they come up and put their little hands in yours, it just does something for you that you can't describe." And last year when my younger brother, Joseph, achieved the status of grandparenthood, he appeared as though he might explode at any moment from sheer delight. "You just wait and see," he told me. "It's incredible!"

Frankly, I thought they were exaggerating. But then came the Smith babies - two in less than three months - and somewhere along the way (perhaps while I was coaxing a burp from a sleepy little boy, or trying to rock a not-so-sleepy little boy back to sleep at 2 a.m.) something strange took place. I began to call into question many of those notions I'd been formulating for years in anticipation of becoming a grandparent. For instance, I had previously determined that I would *never* be one of those grandmothers that come armed with an ever-present photo album, which is whipped out at the slightest opportunity in order to elicit the expected oohs and aahs! But I must have been blind-sided by those toothless

grins, and now I find myself carrying *two* albums, fully loaded. Furthermore, I was astonished to find that it took a great deal of self-control on my part to keep from filling *every* page of this newsletter with pictures of Grammy's darlings. I no longer have an impartial bone in my body; my grandbabies are the greatest ever born.

I had also decided that I would not indulge in any of that 'baby talk' gibberish around my grandchildren! Surely a clearly articulated sentence would better stimulate those little minds. But yesterday I caught myself trying to coax a stupendous feat of coordination from 10-day-old Noah James with something that sounded like: "*Pweze, tweetie pie, open u wittle eyes and smile weel big so Grammy can take u picture.*" Suddenly, I'm bi-lingual.

My brothers were right, of course. It is indescribably incredible.



by
Rebekah Smith

Even though I have only been a grandmother for a few months, I've noticed that one of the things that happens to you is memories – a veritable flood of memories – from your childhood and from your own parenting experiences. When you see that certain look on the faces of your children as they watch their newborns sleep, you know exactly what is going through their minds. Those very thoughts were yours, not too long ago; and a mere twinkling before that, your parents were looking down at you and feeling that same sense of awe and responsibility.

Most experts today agree that, for the most part, we learn how to parent by example. In other words, the relationship I shared with my own parents, and the impressions and insight I gained first-hand from their parenting methods, helped to shape the kind of parent I was to become. But now the time is near when those memorable lessons of my childhood (sometimes heartbreaking, often hair-raising, but frequently hilarious), are going to impact the lives of my grandchildren! So I've been thinking a lot about those lessons in the past few weeks.

Without question, my father's ministry brought a certain degree of unconventionality to our household. First there were the long periods of separation. Then, the few precious moments we did have together were constantly interrupted by urgent petitions from the sick and needy. But even as a very young child, I remember being aware of the fact that my father's job was the most important work in the world, because he worked for Jesus. As I grew older, I also learned to be aware of, and to behave responsibly towards, the gift that distinguished our father from all others, and our family from the typical, and our responsibilities from those of our peers. And that awareness was not achieved through coercion or rigorous instruction, but by *parental leadership*.

I always smile when I hear Dad speaking on tape about how he intended to be a 'barrel slat' type of disciplinarian. I can smile because I know from first-hand experience that, in fact, his method of discipline made a far more lasting impression than a barrel slat ever could. Although he whole-heartedly endorsed spanking (from a single swat to several swats in a row on the posterior or legs) as a form of punishment for deliberate disobedience and/or defiance, he was seldom the one who administered the actual smack! The boys can probably recall a few occasions when they felt the rod of discipline from his hand, but rarely could he bring himself

to spank us girls. (Actually, Mother told me that he gave me a single smack when I was three years old, and I cried for two days just from hurt feelings!). But, preferring to elicit tears of repentance rather than tears of pain, Dad's way was to give us a good 'talking to,' which was always worse than a spanking to me, because it stayed there in my mind for days, making me feel really miserable about what I'd done.

Looking back, I can see that when it came to handling their responsibilities as parents, Dad and Mother were definitely a team. I would best describe their parenting technique as the 'Rod and Staff Leadership' method. Here is how it worked:

Dad was the staff – the provider, guide, counselor and final authority. He knew he was in charge, so

therefore we knew he was in charge. It was not a tyranny (authority carried to extreme), and neither was it a democracy (there was no voting when it came to who was to set the standards of behavior). It was guidance by example, which (I have learned as an adult) is true leadership.

Mother was, of necessity, the rod half of the team. She nurtured, comforted, and disciplined us, and from her we learned determination and consistency. Whereas Dad's grueling schedule kept him away from home for weeks (and

Here are three pieces of wisdom learned from my mother that have helped me as a parent:

1. Be consistent from that first defiant, "No!" that is uttered (or the first time that a little foot is stomped in anger). In love, establish the fact that you are the leader and the child is the learner. If you aren't firmly in charge, they will be!

2. You can't teach responsibility, but if you show responsibility, children will learn by seeing it in action. Then, don't be afraid to give responsibility, so they can practice and understand how to handle it before they become adults.

3. Mother taught me the difference between praise and flattery, and it has been a lesson that I have remembered and appreciated every day of my adult life. Praise has value and should be earned; flattery is ruinous (Proverbs 26:28). Sincerely praise your children; they need to know that your praise is worth earning. It promotes character.

sometimes months) at a time, she was always there. I can remember on several occasions when he was home and I would seize the opportunity to try and avoid the consequences of my bad behavior. When I knew the law (Mother) had caught up with me, and justice was at hand, I would run to Dad, yelling as loudly as I could along the way, "I repent!"

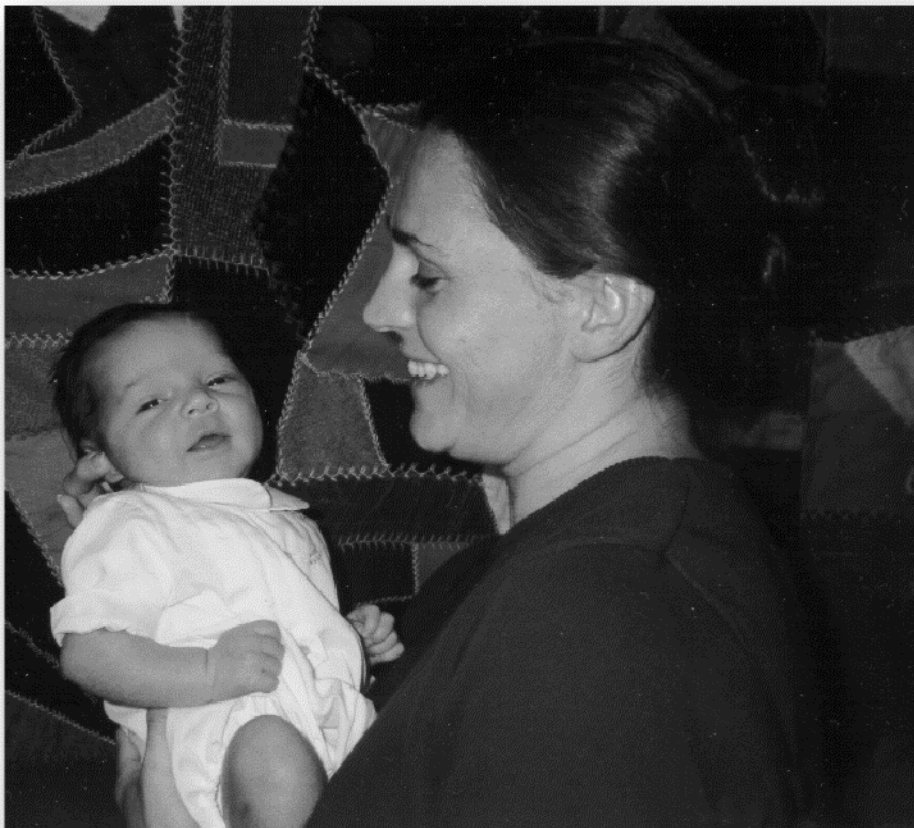
But even if I managed to obtain a reprieve, the look in her eyes said loud and clear, "We'll soon find out how sincere that repentance is, young lady." Once I remember that she whipped me twice, because she said that my subsequent misbehavior was proof that my loudly proclaimed 'repentance' was not genuine!

Most important was the fact that we children grew up knowing with every fiber of our beings that we were loved, and that when we were disobedient, Dad and Mother were not so much angry as they were disappointed in us. In spite of the extraordinary circumstances and events that were a part of their daily lives, the rod and staff team of William and Meda Branham brought a sense of comfort and

security to their household.

I am sure that if Dad and Mom were questioned concerning their parenting methods they would say, "We just applied what we read in the Scriptures, and asked the Lord to help us do and say what was needed at the right time." And as simple as it sounds, experience has taught me that their strategy is the only one that really works.

I would like to remind my own children, who now have new responsibilities named William and Noah, that one of the greatest privileges we have in this life is that of being a parent and raising little ones to serve the Lord. I can promise you that there will be times ahead when you won't feel that you are adequately prepared for the position, but rest assured that the Lord has equipped you (through His Word) for the task. It may a struggle at times; and when they are a little older they may test you daily. But don't ever let Satan tell you that you aren't up to the job. You are; it is a part of your inheritance. □



Noah, and his mother, Rebekah

"For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of Him."

I Samuel 1:27

Noah James Smith
born June 2, 1998
8 lbs. 3 oz.

PLEASE DON'T MOVE

...!
without telling us first, that is. Every time we mail a new edition of the Compendium and newsletter, we receive dozens of returns, because many of you move and forget to notify us. Until now, it has been our policy to re-send the material to you, if the post office is able to supply us with a corrected address. However, from now on we will not be sending any more material to you until we have heard from you personally, stating that you wish to continue to receive the Compendium and/or Believers News.

"...let Jerusalem come into your mind." Jeremiah 51:50

Would you like to climb the very steps that Jesus walked on when He entered the Temple in Jerusalem, and drove out the moneychangers?

Would you like to sit beneath the olive trees on the Mount of Olives where Jesus prayed as His disciples slept nearby?

Would you like to stand in the chamber where they laid His body after the crucifixion, and walk the paths at the garden site where a grief-stricken Mary Magdalene heard the risen Jesus call her name?

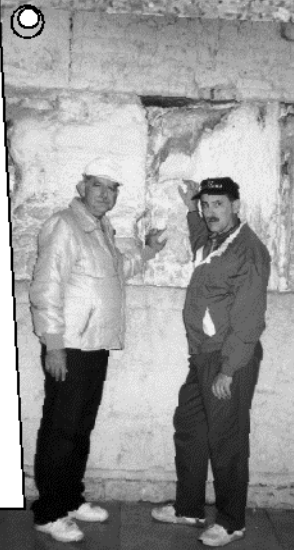
Come with us to Israel in December and together we will follow in His footsteps, from Galilee to Jericho.

For an unforgettable experience that you will relive every time you open the pages of your Bible.
December 1 - 11

For additional information, call
1-520-297-9765
email george@onlybelieve.com

Prayer Requests

- Sister June Swanson, of Twin Falls, Idaho, is claiming her healing for cancer, and asks the saints to pray with her.
- Sister Addie Kiziah, from Charlotte, North Carolina, requests prayer for her family to be saved.
- Brother Don-al Brown, from Kershaw, South Carolina, requests prayer for Danny Bishop, who has lost someone close to him. Also pray for Brother Brown, for a personal matter in his life.
- Sister Sarah Louise Tipping is suffering from Lupus and rheumatoid arthritis, and her step grandfather asks that the saints pray with him for her deliverance.
- Please pray for Sister Shawana Stanford, of Winterville, Georgia, who has a serious medical condition.



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All Things Are Possible, Only Believe