Family Covenant Ministries (formerly Christian Home Educators Fellowship) Faithfully honoring God, equipping generations, and serving the homeschooling community for the past 33 years!

www.FamilyCovenantMinistries.com

THERE’S NO PLACE LIKE HOME January 2017 Information

http://www.theresnoplacelikehome-summers.com/

Our Family’s Vision and Mission


Family Covenant Ministries (formerly CHEF) Information and Activities
1. FCM Events

a. FCM Annual Ice Skating, Saturday, January 21

b. FCM Skiing at Hidden Valley, Friday, February 3

c. FCM 33rd Annual Graduation Meetings, Thursday, February 16 and Thursday, March 16

d. FCM 19th Annual Heart to Heart Tea, Thursday, March 16

e. FCM Purina Farms Field Trip

2. FCM Notes

3. Needs and Services

a. Deleted Homeschooling Family’s Contact; Please Call Again
There’s No Place Like Home Articles

1. Notes from Subscribers

2. Important Message: Attempts by Liberals to Eliminate the Electoral College

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4. Covenantal Families

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6. New Homeschoolers Part XIV-Parents’ Second Chance

7. In the Library-Every Living Thing by James Herriot

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9. Summers on the Farm

10. The Joy of Country Living-Mom, Just Say NO! Practice, N-O!

11. The Dismantling and Restoring of America

   a. Trump Convinces Carrier Air Conditioners to Stay in America

   b. This is What You Get by Everett Piper

   c. Soros Bands with Donors to Resist Trump, “Take Back Power”

   d. Destroying America from Inside the Classroom by Tom DeWeese

   e. EPA Chief Urges Staff to Finish Obama’s Agenda Before Trump Takes Over

   f. Trans-Pacific Partnership: A Trojan Horse for Obama’s Climate Change Agenda


If you get a blank email from us (mailto:newsletter@theresnoplacelikehome-summers.com) on your cell phone, please try looking at the email from your computer instead.
FCM EVENTS

FCM Annual Ice Skating, Saturday, January 21, PLEASE NOTE the change in time: 2:00-5:00 p.m. at the outdoor ice rink at Shaw Park, 217 S. Brentwood Blvd., Clayton, MO 63105. Preregistration cost is $5.50 per skater (includes skate rental, hot chocolate, and paper goods); $6.50 per skater at the door. You may either pay online or mail your check payable to FCM, c/o Sonia Summers, P.O. Box 586, Fredericktown, MO 63645 by January 16. If you are unable to pay online, or experience any difficulties, please contact us at fcm@familycovenantministries.com or call 314-920-6135.

To pay online, use this link and choose Annual Ice Skating by clicking on the arrow on the Event List drop-down menu.

Under **Reservation**, make sure the Ticket Type “Family” is selected if more than one person is coming. Then select the appropriate “Number of Attendees” in your family.

To get this deal, we must pay in advance, so please pay online or send your check in by the deadline. However, if you are able to come at the last minute, we will still be able to accommodate your family, but it will cost $1 more per skater. **Do not pay at the ticket window; pay us.** Just make certain that the ticket window knows that you are with the FCM (CHEF) group.
This outdoor rink is a beautiful place to skate. Bring a finger food or plate of cookies to share, as we will set up hot chocolate in the warmed seating area just off the rink.

For those of you who would like to join us following Ice Skating, we will be having a light dinner at Steak ’n Shake, 1525 S. Kirkwood Road, St. Louis, MO 63127, just south of Hwy 44.

**FCM Skiing at Hidden Valley Ski Resort, Friday, February 3, 4:00 p.m.-1:00 a.m.** at 17409 Hidden Valley Drive, Wildwood, MO 63025. Enjoy the best outdoor wintertime sport at a fabulous price. Join us for an Adult moonlight skiing session.
Snow Pass (Lift Ticket) and Ski/Snowboard Equipment Rental

Group rate for ages 13 and above: $53.25 per person

Group rate for ages 7-12: $44.75 per person

[Regular price is $71]

Ski Lesson (Ages 8 and above): Only $5.38

Snowboard Lesson (Ages 8 and above): Only $16.14

Lessons begin promptly at 5:00 and 7:00 p.m.

Send in your check by January 28 payable to FCM, c/o Josiah Summers, P.O. Box 586, Fredericktown, MO 63645.

There is a warm viewing area and food available. Call Josiah with any questions at 314-920-6135. We look forward to seeing you there.
FCM 33rd Annual Graduation  If you have a graduate, please email your graduate’s name, parents’ names, address, phone, and email address to fcm@familycovenantministries.com. Shortly after we receive your information, we will email our Welcome packet. Our meetings will be held on Thursday, February 16 and Thursday, March 16 from 1:00-3:00 p.m. at the beautiful Salem United Methodist Church, 1200 S. Lindbergh Blvd., St. Louis, MO 63131. Conveniently located on the northeast corner of Hwy 40/64 on Lindbergh Blvd., a little north of Frontenac Plaza. To give you an idea of the focus of our graduation you may read the godly and inspiring charge, “Destined to Make a Difference,” which was presented by Bob Wells in 2010 by going to http://www.familycovenantministries.com/. Click on “Services” and scroll to the bottom of the page.

FCM 19th Annual Heart to Heart Mother/Daughter Tea (Mothers without Daughters are Welcome!), Thursday, March 16, 7:00-10:00 p.m. at the Hawken House Hearth Room, 1155 S. Rock Hill Road, St. Louis, MO 63119. Preregistration cost is $11 per person; $12 per person at the door. Teaching topic will be announced shortly. Mothers without daughters are welcome to come. Come and enjoy great fellowship, wonderful teachings, tea and delectable pastries with other homeschooling moms. You may either pay online or mail your check payable to FCM, c/o Sonia Summers, PO Box 586, Fredericktown, MO by March 14 to reserve your place. If you are unable to pay online, or experience any difficulties, please contact us at
To pay online, use this link and choose **19th Annual Heart to Heart Mother/Daughter Tea** by clicking on the arrow on the Event List drop-down menu.


Under **Reservation**, make sure the Ticket Type “Family” is selected if more than one person is coming. Then select the appropriate “Number of Attendees” in your family.

**Directions:** If you take Hwy. 270 south, exit at Big Bend Road. Go east on Big Bend approximately 4 miles to S. Rock Hill Road. Go right on Rock Hill for 2 blocks. The house is just past Hawken Condominiums on the right. Barn is on right in back of Hawken House. There is no Big Bend exit if you are going north on Hwy. 270. Therefore, if you take Hwy. 270 north, go east on Hwy. 44. Exit at Big Bend Road and go east for approximately 1.5 miles to S. Rock Hill Road. Then follow above directions.
FCM Field Trip to Purina Farms in April or May Look for details in upcoming newsletters.

FCM NOTES Each correspondence deeply blesses our hearts. Thank you.

It was so good to see you. It is always such a delight to be around you and your happy family. Jon, I really appreciate your enthusiasm and dedication. If all Christians would stand up and fight for what we know is right, our battle would already be won. You’re doing a great job! I also truly appreciate your commitment to your family and your vision for the future. You are an inspiration to any father to be more of a godly leader in his home as well as in his country. I pray you will never lose sight of the vision God has given you. Candy, you have been such a blessing in my life. You, too, are a role model for all of us. You are always willing to help and encourage those who are in need even though you are extremely busy. You have encouraged me to be “going about my Father’s business.” I’ll never forget the wise words you once said: “Don’t be self-conscious. Be Christ conscious. Everything we do, we should do for God and for His glory.”

Here is something I learned from a man at our church. I am sure you know that when geese fly, they fly in a V formation with different geese taking turns being the leader. Being the leader,
the one at the point, is the most difficult position to be in. The lead goose has to flap harder than those that follow because he is cutting through the wind. The other geese get a free ride or an easier ride on the air currents produced by the leader. Did you know that followers “honk” when they are in formation and that when they honk, it is to be an encouragement to the lead goose to “Keep going!” to tell him “You can do it!” and “You’re doing great!” Well, Jon and Candy, I am honking for you. You’re doing a great job! I know you don’t seek the praise of men, but you are a blessing. You work so hard for so many people, and I know I speak for others when I say, “Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!” God bless you as you serve Him! –Hillsboro, MO

THERE’S NO PLACE LIKE HOME Celebrating 31 years of inspiration, encouragement, and biblical instruction www.theresnoplacelikehome-summers.com

NOTES FROM SUBSCRIBERS Each correspondence deeply blesses our hearts. Thank you!
January 14th, 2017

I want to thank you for these homeschool newsletters. I can’t even imagine how you put together so much information so often. I don’t think I have read one all the way through yet, but I forwarded the last one to my wife. She did read it all the way through, and she learned a lot of what I had learned earlier… about homeschooling. This tended to bring us into even greater agreement regarding our homeschooling. –Cedar Creek, TX

REMARKS

ATTEMPTS BY LIBERALS TO ELIMINATE THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE

Attempts by liberals to eliminate the Electoral College have been underway for many years. Most recently it has gained tremendous support from Americans who do not understand why our founders created a Christian Republic instead of a Democracy—in more definitive words—mob rule, thus the reason for an Electoral College. It is vastly important that you and your children understand this critical issue! Please go to the link below and read the article by Tom DeWeese. Then go to our Essential Book List:

http://theresnoplacelikehome-summers.com/index.php?option=com_content&view=article&id=775:updated-2009-essential-booklist&catid=62:in-the-library&Itemid=56 and begin reading the books that will ensure your children’s understanding of God’s design for government, our Founders, and the Christian Republic they created. There isn’t a better list of books and resources anywhere. You have the time and opportunity to make a difference in your children’s lives and in our nation. Make your time count!

REMARKS
The Anti-Trump Riots Are a Smoke Screen: The Real Goal-Eliminate the Electoral College  by Tom DeWeese

I’ve actually heard it said by residents of California, San Francisco, in particular, “Why do we even let people in Ohio and Iowa vote?” Such elitism is behind the “National Popular Vote” movement, which apparently believes that only the East and West Coasts count. The rest is just flyover country.

http://americanpolicy.org/2016/11/21/the-anti-trump-riots-are-a-smoke-screen-the-real-goal-eliminate-the-electoral-college/?mc_cid=fd357d0fbb&mc_eid=c997d162a8

HEART TO HEART

Remembering 30 Years

Home Sweet Home

[I wrote this article 24 years ago. Thankfully our grown children still dislike being separated]
and prefer our family’s company.]

An hour ago, I returned home from a women’s fellowship. Before I reached the back door, Heather ran out to greet me with a hug, a kiss, and, “Mom, you stayed a lot longer than we expected.” (I was gone four hours.) “I’m so glad you’re home!” Sonia and Jedidiah grabbed me at the door, showered me with hugs and kisses, all while continuously repeating loving adorations—“Mama, Mama, Mama!” There couldn’t possibly be a dearer greeting. Jon, in the meantime, waded through the pool of rejoicing and managed a warm embrace and kiss, further affirming a welcomed return. Wow, it was great to be back home!

Shortly after this joyous homecoming, while putting Sonia and Jedidiah down for a nap, Sonia said, “Mama, we sure missed you!” Jedidiah stopped nursing long enough to agree with his adorable, “Me, me!”

Mama: I missed you all a lot, too.

Sonia: Did you cry for us?

Mama: My heart ached to be home with you.

Sonia: Mama, I cry when you’re gone.
Jedidiah: Me, me.

Sonia: I really miss you when you’re gone.

Jedidiah: Me, me.

Sonia: Mama, I really love you.

Jedidiah: Me, me.

Mama: And I really love the both of you.

My absences from my family are as frequent as Halley’s comet. On these few occasions, I have tried to enjoy the break away. Unfortunately, no matter how great the fellowship, I feel as if my heart shall break, and the family ties that bind us together immediately start tugging for me to return. Our world labels this neurotic, unhealthy affection, but I believe it perfectly natural.

Haven’t you heard moms say that they send their kids to preschool because the family appreciated each other more? What a ridiculous and sad excuse. Homeschoolers are living testimonies that the families that stay together appreciate each other all the more. The most delightful part of each day is the time I spend playing with Sonia and Jedidiah. No matter what I suggest or have planned, their bodies wiggle with excitement from head to toe. Today I had planned a scavenger hunt, relay races, finger plays, singing,
dancing, and reading. It was during the scavenger hunt that my soaring spirit was temporarily tormented by a dreadful memory of yesteryear.

I was sitting in the center of our living room watching Sonia and Jedidiah bubbling over with excitement as they searched for hidden treasures. Nothing is more enjoyable for me than listening to my babies' delightful giggles and seeing their sweet little faces twinkling with excitement! I too wiggled and giggled as I basked in that glorious blessing. Suddenly though, the warmth turned to a chill as I remembered sitting in the middle of children at a day care center.

As part of my training, I was required to spend a semester in the University’s day care facility. Day after day, I watched screaming, clinging children pried from their mothers. Neglected babies cried themselves to sleep. Dry cereal dumped on the table was considered breakfast. Naps were taken on cots lined up against the wall like bunks in a dormitory. It was ghastly! Oh, I had fine scavenger hunts, relay races, finger plays, dancing, singing, and reading activities planned throughout my stay, but their eyes were rather dull compared to my children's twinkling stars, and their laughter never sounded as happy as my children’s giggles. Every wretched day, my heart ached for these little children. It seemed so absurd leaving one's baby with strangers. What was wrong with all these mothers? How could they be so heartless and cold-blooded? And Lord, what would these children be like when they grew up?

Fourteen years later, I still hate day care centers and preschools. Next to abortion, I believe they are Satan's most ghastly evil. I never pass one that my heart doesn't break all over again.

Giggles and hugs brought me back to the center of my living room once again to the reality of God’s greatest gift to mothers. How thankful I felt that I was right there with my very own
children. Truly, there’s no place like home!

COVENANTAL FAMILIES

Remembering 30 Years-One of the articles we have written over the years

Preserving the Heart of Home Through Spending Each Evening Over Delicious Meals and Fun Games

It seems appropriate at this time of preserving the heart of homeschooling, that we reiterate the importance of the heart of home, namely, the gathering together as a family around the dining room table. Throughout the last 23 years, I have taught and written on the vast importance of this daily ritual, emphasizing the importance of this time spent together sharing meals, books, and games.
What makes comfort foods, well, so comfortable? I think that it is a combination of the smells that evoke childhood memories, the rich texture of heartier substance, and the delectable taste of the foods that warm our stomachs as well as our souls. The old saying that a way to a man’s heart is through his stomach is not so far off as we may like to think, for truly food does move the emotions. So comfort food is indeed comfortable. Beef roasts, pot roasts, rib roasts, round steak with gravy, mashed potatoes, roasted chicken, chicken and dumplings, pork tenderloin with caramelized onions and fruit compote, stew, vegetable soup, breads, bread pudding, chocolate cake, and cinnamon rolls—just the mention of these lovely meals warms my family’s hearts, making the answer to “what’s for dinner?” a real treat each night.

Gathering around the family dining table is certainly the most pleasurable defining moment of the day. How blessed we are as mothers to have the opportunity to warm our family’s hearts and their stomachs each and every day. Being a part of God’s great design to bring families together over and over again for feeding minds, hearts and bodies, we have the perfect opportunity to shape the tastes and minds of each gathered member.

To pass on your love for fine dining, copy all your signature dishes and place in a beautiful recipe binder for your daughter as part of her rich inheritance.

How many times will our favorite recipes be passed around the family, and through how many generations will they travel to delight our loved ones? My favorites are signed with thumbprint smudges that tell a story of my love and care for my family.
For my family, any excuse was reason enough to gather together around the table and feast. As a matter of fact, each evening meal was a great celebration. “What’s for dinner?” wasn’t idle conversation, but a question we took seriously. If food was cooking, we all lifted lids and stuck our noses right in the delicious perfumes that wafted upward from the heavenly creations. After prayers were said and the feasting commenced, “ooo eee’s,” “mmm um um um’s,” and “yum mies” passed around faster than the salt and peppershakers. We savored each delectable mouthful and ate until our empty tummies were filled.

And then of course, there was always splendiferous dessert, so we just released our belts a notch or two and enjoyed some more. You know how it is; you start out with one piece and a glass of milk. You finish the glass of milk before your piece of dessert is finished, so you pour some more; then you finish your dessert but have half a glass of milk left, so instead of wasting the milk, you have another piece of dessert. It’s hard to finish both dessert and milk at the same time, which makes the joyful journey last longer. I’ve always been somewhat suspicious of people who don’t like desserts. It’s just not natural to refuse creations made from butter, sugar, eggs, cream and such. How could anyone refuse Deep Dish Buttermilk Pie, Piña Colada Cheesecake, Chocolate Cake, Cinnamon Rolls, Baklava, or Gooey Butter Cake?

A penchant for cooking and feasting is a family legacy as my grandmother owned a restaurant, aunts and uncles owned bakeries, another set owned a grocery store, one uncle was a hotel chef, while another was president of the Meat Cutters union. Their plump, jolly faces are just faded images from my past, but I inherited their passion for cooking. However, it is my mother to whom I truly owe my great love for preparing meals for my family. It was out of her deep love for us and her inherited appreciation for delicious meals that she took great care in ministering to us through God’s gracious gifts.
My dad, too, deserves recognition for his appreciation of mom’s cooking and also his passion for growing beautiful vegetables and fruit. I, in turn, learned to love all the wonderful foods God created for our enjoyment—their beautiful colors, interesting shapes and textures, heady aromas, and rich flavors. I love to walk into Schnucks’ European market and choose from God’s splendid banquet table of culinary delights—beautiful red and yellow peppers, carrots with their fine greenery attached, fragrant pineapples, furry kiwis, interestingly shaped squash, shiny rainbow trout, bright orange salmon, lovely edible flowers for garnishing, beautiful rump roasts, thick chops, colorful peppercorns, fragrant cloves, pearled barley, long loaves, round loaves, and individual loaves of wheat, rye and pumpernickel. Wow, what a treat! Even the chosen words for which we prepare these delectable goodies are rich and delightful—simmer, sauté, ladle, stuff, mince, knead, purée, roll, blend, melt, sprinkle, pinch, grate, toss, toast, roast, braise, sift, thicken, slice, pare, and crown.

To minister to my own family by preparing meals for them that not only appeal to their senses but also satisfy their hunger and strengthen their bodies is so rewarding, but even beyond these, to have Dad home, gathering together at the end of each day to pray and give thanks to our Lord, to sup one with another, looking into each other’s eyes, to share the same food and the news of each person’s experiences that day binds us together and nourishes our souls. It is the highlight of each day when we linger together enjoying each other’s company sharing “mmm goods.”

When I was a child, nothing gave me greater pleasure than listening to my mom and dad talk as we sat around our dinner table. I loved to hear their interesting stories, their thoughts and feelings, their laughter and joy. Feasting on every word, I would sit for hours as they filled my little soul with the rich cream of life.
It is still the highlight of each day when we gather together around our table, as we join hands and hearts, to give thanks to our Lord, to sup one with another, to look into each other’s eyes while we share each other’s experiences and bare our souls. Lingering there, well after all is eaten, we continue to nourish our souls knowing full well that it is truly the most important sustenance that continually draws us closer into a never-ending circle of love. It is around this table that we learn to develop authentic, intimate relationships that will not only transcend the miles in later years, but will also set a pattern for all future relationships. In essence, it is the gathering place where we learn and practice the art of friendship.

When just babes, we begin learning the most basic and foremost lesson—that of listening. At first, we can do nothing but listen, which is good, so by the time we find our way to express our own thoughts, we’ve had plenty of time listening to endless conversations—where those we love have shared interesting discoveries, intimate thoughts, frequent reminiscences, laughter and joy—and we begin to understand the blessings of sharing one with another. We learn to reach beyond ourselves and dip deep into the well of another’s soul. In this depth of our knowledge of the other’s soul, we learn the basis for rich and meaningful relationships.

From watching and listening to our parents, and with practice, we learn to concentrate, with genuine interest and concern, listening with eyes and heart as well as ears, and to respond with questions and appropriate comments of understanding and encouragement. Out of all this sharing naturally flows our own thoughts, and in such a safe sanctuary, we in turn learn to share honestly from the depth of our own souls.
To truly know the pleasures, needs, and desires of others, and to share from the depth of our hearts is a precious gift from God. Come, gather around your table and experience that fullness of life and impart to your children an inheritance that will richly bless them all the rest of their lives.

Games

I have played games with my children most every day of their lives, and continue to do so, even though my children are now in their twenties. Instead of going off and doing our own thing, coming together to play games (and reading out loud) keeps us focused on one another to enjoy each other’s company. It is a tightly held tradition, which I am proud to have begun, and one the children love. Games and book reading have always been eagerly anticipated and greatly enjoyed.

Our Favorite Family Games include Dutch Blitz, Ticket to Ride, Genoa, Pinochle, Parcheesi, Sequence, Rummikub, Around the World in 80 Days, King’s Oltre Mare, Cribbage, Mystery Express, Risk, Scotland Yard, Scrabble, Scattergories, Taboo...

For a complete list go to:
More games will be added to this shortly as we learn to play the six new games we purchased for Christmas.

CASTING A VISION FOR MULTIGENERATIONAL FAMILY BUSINESS

Instead of popping popcorn to have with our movie, Sonia surprised the boys with G. H. Cretors Chicago Mix of buttery caramel corn and rich cheddar cheese corn. Renee Yeo had brought some with her when she and her family came for an extended stay. The boys liked it so much that Sonia decided to surprise them with some more. Jedidiah noticed it was a multigenerational family business and read their story to us from the back of the bag.
It all began in 1885 when Great Grandpa Cretors invented the popcorn machine and our family began perfecting the art of popping corn. His “modern machine” appeared at the Chicago Columbian Exposition in 1893, and for five generations we’ve followed in his corn-popping footsteps, taste-testing recipes around our kitchen table. Today we make our Caramel Corn just like Great Grandpa did—in old-fashioned copper kettles, one batch at a time. Then we mix it up the Chicago way, with our rich, creamy, Aged Cheddar Cheese Corn to create the perfect combination of Sweet and Salty. You don’t even have to come to Chicago to try this special treat. From our kitchen to yours, enjoy!

http://www.ghcretors.com/

(Remembering 30 Years-I have actually been presenting the New Homeschoolers workshop for 31 years. This presentation has changed very little through the years.)

NEW HOMESCHOOLERS-Part XIV as presented at the Conference
Parents' Second Chance

Without Direction, Time, and Materials, I Felt Woefully Lacking

As with most children, when I was young, my parents were the most important people in the world to me. I valued their company above everyone else, as my greatest pleasure came from being with them and pleasing them. My feelings for my heavenly Father were identical, as I desired to know Him fully and please Him in all my ways. I took my Bible with me to school and read it whenever I had a free moment. Sadly, those moments were few and far between, as I spent the majority of my days at an institution that not only kept me far from my heavenly Father and earthly parents, but also continually undermined my relationship with them.

Even my church failed to teach me the depth of God's wisdom and, in many ways, also worked to undermine the bond we shared. When I got older, I tried to get my hands on deep theological books, but there was little available to the layman. Without direction, time, and materials, I felt woefully lacking. But then God did a wonderful thing for me by giving me a second chance to truly know Him and keep my children close by calling me to homeschool.

At first there were not many materials available at our homeschool conference, but then God did another marvelous work by calling my husband and I to become leaders of our state organization and thus the hosts of our state conference. As voracious readers and seekers of meaty information, Jon and I immediately began searching for the godliest speakers and the
best materials available so that our families had access to the finest teaching tools.

Through these resources, God graciously opened up a veritable treasure chest of the riches of His wisdom to us as we began consuming excellent theological and providential history books, which I read to my children during the day, and to Jon and the children at night. Studying chronologically, line upon line, God’s plan for creation finally became crystal clear as we all came to realize why God raised up particular individuals and orchestrated events in history to bring about His will. And we began to understand that God blessed nations according to their obedience and destroyed them for their rebellion.

Taking us by the hand, God led us to His plenteous banquet table and allowed us to dine with Him. Realizing the enormity of this marvelous blessing caused me to cry tears of overwhelming appreciation for His mercy and generosity in divulging His providence to us—His wisdom, forethought, prudence, and provision. Consequently, I consider homeschooling a precious gift from God because I now feast with my family at the King’s table every day. If, however, I had given my children their books and told them to go, do, and come back to be graded, I would have missed the most extraordinary gift of learning with my children!

Our Days Were Mostly Spent Reading, Reasoning, Relating, and Recounting

Unlike the typical schooling paradigm, our days were mostly spent reading, reasoning, relating, and recounting with me reading out loud to the children and stopping along the way to
define and diagram words; examine and discuss fundamental principles; analyze events and people; ask thought provoking questions that delved into events, people’s motives, and the righteousness and unrighteousness of thoughts, attitudes, and actions evaluated according to God’s Word; and consider the consequences and impact on the culture, and history, at large.

In addition to all our books, we used other valuable tools of the trade such as our 1828 dictionary, timelines, maps, travelogues, CDs, DVDs, cookbooks, art supplies, and family excursions. Each of these further enriched our lessons about the religion, philosophy, family life, church life, government, history, authors, historians, theologians, scientists, mathematicians, artists, musicians, architecture, geography, landscape, climate, vegetation, and wildlife of each time period of history. From these resources, I had the children write notes in their His Story notebooks, along with vocabulary words and definitions, maps and diagrams, pictures and reports. In short, we lived each time period.

By failing to comprehend the significance of discipleship, so many homeschoolers miss the marvelous opportunity God offers to them by learning together as a family. Homeschooling is not about bringing school home, as we knew it, with all its modern socialistic methods of instruction. All things considered, taking our children out of the school system and placing a Christian curriculum in their hands is not what God requires of us.

When He commands that we disciple our children when we rise up, when we walk along the way, when we sit down, and when we lie down, He means that we keep them alongside us all the time—to learn with them and to develop those deep bonds of familial love that are so important to our posterity and the whole of society. Thus, if we say to them, go, do, and then come back to be graded, we miss the greatest opportunity God offers us in learning together as a family.
The Absurdity of the Common Approach to Instruction

To better understand the absurdity of the common approach to instruction, allow me to illustrate the instructional methodology practiced by both schools and parents at home. Pretend you are my students as I read aloud about the Walla Wallas. I am going to ask questions afterwards, so pay attention.

Okay, class, open up your history books to page one hundred and follow along as I read. In 400 A.D. the Walla Wallas lived in the land of Zor between the Tritans and the Ombees. The ancient Walla Wallas lived on the Golumpulus Peninsula between the Rizorius Sea and Ottoompus Sea. The Walla Wallas were descendants of Jubuhubuda, son of Reclesia, the first Walla Wallas were the Tritorians who lived in the
Zoraborous and Futoboozoo who developed the magnificent city of Luz. The Walla Wallas took the alphabet from the Phopians and added more consonants. They then created beautiful pieces of literature still read today. Maybe you have read the books of Milliad, Nickapoosia, and Fioridum? These three writers compiled over 3,869,752 resbians known as books today.

Now who can tell me where the Walla Wallas lived? Weren't you paying attention? The Golumpulous Peninsula is between what two seas? You obviously were not listening! The Walla Wallas were descendants of whom? I am so disappointed! Well, this will be your homework tonight to reread so you can answer these questions tomorrow.

Is that scenario any different from handing your child a book and telling him or her to read page 100 and then answer the questions at the end of the chapter? Ponder this situation by taking the place of the student, once again, and begin reading: Greece is located on the Balkan Peninsula between the Aegean Sea and the Ionian Sea. The Greeks were descendants of Japheth’s son Javan. The first Greeks were the Minoans who lived on the island of Crete. In 700 B.C., the Greeks took the alphabet from the Phoenicians and added vowels. The blind bard, Homer, turned old Greek stories into poems.
January 14th, 2017

called the
Iliad
and
Odyssey.

What does this information really mean to a child? Absolutely nothing! If children have never heard, or read, anything about the Greeks, new information such as this is like reading a foreign language for the first time. If it is not studied in conjunction with other materials, it holds no meaning and relates to nothing familiar, so is not of interest except to memorize for passing quizzes and tests. After those are completed, invariably the information is forgotten.

The Importance of Logical Order

To further demonstrate this point, let us consider another example. If we put A over here on the board, and C down here, and T up here, we have nothing but letters. But if we take those three letters and order them in such a manner to spell CAT, we immediately visualize a cat.

One day as I was incorporating ingredients together for a cake, I inadvertently added a tablespoon of onion juice instead of vanilla creating a repulsive odor that prompted me to pitch the batter. Onion juice just does not belong in cake. Serving barbeque pork steaks with a bowl of oatmeal, chocolate cake and orange juice for dinner is distasteful. Yet by integrating the right
ingredients such as flour, butter, eggs, sugar, and vanilla, we create a nourishing, delicious, masterpiece that is both appetizing and nutritious.

Consider for a moment the illogical, incongruous mental meals children consume each day of school. They might begin reading a story about the Chinese Red Plum tree, write a story about being an astronaut, look over a grouping of spelling words that have nothing in common, explore the battles of the Civil War, study dinosaurs, examine Bach’s life, and then create a mosaic ocean scene for art class. Do you find this absurd? Created in the image of an orderly, logical, reasonable God makes this method of education absurd.

Our society is so age segregated, grade segregated and subject segregated that the so-called experts have distorted the logical natural process of learning. As parents, we want to form lasting whole impressions upon our children’s minds, not fragmented passing thoughts. How do we accomplish this?

First by studying together as a family with each member laboring together to build the family’s educational foundation. Secondly by making history, or in other words, His Story, the focal point. Thirdly, by studying history in chronological order with each time period serving as an interlocking building block. And finally by cementing the building blocks together by interweaving the other subjects, we create a solid, secure structure of lasting impressions that each family member relates to, understands, and remembers.
God’s Plan Revealed in the Chronological Study of History

Rather than studying historical people and events in isolation, if we relate our subjects together, we view history as interrelated and superintended by the Creator of all things. To understand God’s nature, and His plan for mankind, history must be studied in chronological order from Creation to the Egyptian Empire, Babylonian Empire, Persian, Greek, Roman, Renaissance, Reformation, American history and so forth. With this we can see the rise and fall of nations according to their sins and why God raised up people in every time period to bring about His plan for His glory. It is essential to our lives as Christians and makes all the difference in our capability of taking dominion of this earth for His glory.

Our Bibles should be read as history. We should also be diligent in studying the history of the church throughout the ages. The book, Sketches of Church History, and the DVD series, From Terror to Triumph, are both essential resources for understanding God’s plan through the ages.

After children have a thorough phonetic foundation, instead of continuing with graded readers, they should read books about the time period you are studying or by authors that lived at that time. For language they can study and copy literature of that time and do research papers about that time period.

Science is the study of the scientists of that time and their field of study. For music and art,
study the artists, art, composers and music of the time period, so everything is integrated and working together to make sense while forming lasting impressions.

Some Examples from Our Study of the Middle Ages

Let me take a moment now to contemplate the possibilities as I present examples of things our family did when we studied the Middle Ages. We kept a notebook of pictures, diagrams, maps, and reports. Read *The Gift of Music* and listened to Gregorian chants while recreating lovely manuscripts of Holy Writ. Studied knights, chivalry, and horses. Read *The Red Keep*, *The Door in the Wall*, *Medallion*, *Ivanhoe*, *Robin Hood*, and *The Blood of the Moon*. Played backgammon, blind man’s bluff, checkers and chess—all games of the time period. Watched a video on castles. Constructed a castle with sugar cubes. Played with our Playmobil castle. Watched a hawking demonstration. Visited the art museum to see tapestries and other medieval art. Wove our own tapestry. Created our own coat of arms. Fenced and visited an archery range. Studied Gothic art and watched a video on castles. Visited cathedrals and sat in on a Latin service. Had a market day at Soulard market. Hosted a medieval banquet. Studied about Henry the VIII and Queen Elizabeth. Watched a travelogue on England.
Took the children to the Cheshire Inn, dressed in medieval costumes, read English poetry and parts of *Henry the Fifth*; sat in front of the fire at the Fox and Hound Pub, nibbled on cheeses and crackers while we played checkers and chess; dined in their medieval banquet hall surrounded by casement windows, armor, coat of arms and medieval flags, and stuffed game. Then we returned to the Inn's medieval lounge and played King’s Cribbage and Royal Queen of Hearts before we retired to our medieval themed room.

Studied the Magna Charta, the scientist Roger Bacon, the travels of Marco Polo, and the bravery of William Wallace. Learned about Scotland. Read about God’s judgment in *The Black Death*. Read *The Hundred Year War*, *Wycliffe: The Morning Star of the Reformation*, Chaucer’s *Canterbury Tales*, and *Henry the Navigator of Portugal*. The latter began a study on ships, navigation, and astronomy. Learned to tie knots and played with our Playmobil ship. Enjoyed a seafood buffet. Studied the impact of John Hus, Henry V, Joan of Arc, Gutenberg’s printing press and Isabella and Ferdinand of Spain. Began a study of Spain. Learned about Columbus, Cabot, Vasco da Gama, and Amerigo Vespucci. Learned about mapmaking and made our own maps.
Studied the Renaissance—the rebirth of paganism, which created a spiritual decline for 300 years. Since the Renaissance began in Italy, we studied Italy: the land, the people, the language, the religion, their art, music, food, literature, and climate. We watched a travelogue of Italy, visited Italian restaurants, made Italian food, studied Italian words, and delved into the art of Donatello, Botticelli, Leonardo da Vinci, Albrecht Durer, and Michelangelo.


Read *Pyke and Dyke* and then studied Holland. Watched a travelogue on Holland and then took the children to Pella, Iowa for their Tulip Festival where everyone was dressed in Dutch costume. We toured their Dutch town, participated in a Dutch Reformation service, and watched a parade of the history of the Dutch. Then we studied American history and have been studying that for the last eight years.
Unlike how you and I learned history, we didn’t study early American history one year, Old World history the next, the Civil War, then the Babylonian conquests, World War II, and back to American history. We studied history in chronological order, thoroughly immersing ourselves in each age of God’s plan. Living history ensured that our children understood and remembered, making repetition unnecessary.

Leaders Are Readers!

After reading hundreds upon hundreds of books to our children, we compiled a list of the most essential volumes under Our Essential Booklist. You may access this list here:


Studying these books will ensure that your children come to know God intimately, understand His providential plan for mankind, deeply appreciate their Christian heritage, greatly value their country’s Christian heritage, and in general, produce intellectual giants among men.

Our Greatest Gift to Our Children is a Library of Their Own
To safeguard truth for their posterity, Christians throughout history diligently discipled their children and sacrificed present consumption for long-term investments that would one day pay off in the success of future generations. This is particularly true of the reformers who shaped our country’s founding fathers, who, in turn, produced the greatest Christian civilization known to man. Their future oriented vision, and subsequent sacrificial living, led to the tremendous liberty and vast success Americans enjoyed in each century that followed.

Understanding this biblical and historical truth sheds light on the immensity of our influence that will ultimately impact future generations for centuries to come. Realizing that homeschooling is not just for our children, but also for our future posterity, the nation, and the world at large, should prompt sober circumspection of our gigantic responsibility.

When it comes to the importance of safeguarding our posterity’s liberty by developing a biblical worldview through divine scholarly works, there is nothing more important than building our children’s personal libraries. Therefore, it is not just about reading these excellent books to our children, but purchasing these books for each of them so that they are able to pass on this awe-inspiring wisdom to their posterity.

There is no inheritance more valuable than a vast accumulation of excellent books that have provided centuries of reading, reasoning, relating, and recounting. A library of their own of these volumes is the greatest gift we could ever give to our children!
IN THE LIBRARY

Every Living Thing by James Herriot

Each winter we bring out the Best of James Herriot to reread our favorite stories about a country vet’s life in the charming idyllic countryside of Yorkshire, England. Now, thanks to the Keithly family, we have another work of Herriot’s entitled Every Living Thing. Offering more heart-warming stories of James Herriot’s relationships with the people and animals he served, this copy rates a treasured addition to our library.

Once I began reading this book to the children, they continued to ask for more of Herriot’s endearing stories until they were all read. Saddened that they came to an end, we now look forward to the rereading of them very soon. Really, we never get tired of reliving this author’s adventures, over and over again. We are not the only ones who think so, as this book is
renowned as a #1 International Bestseller.

The Chicago Sun-Times underscores its renown by stating, “Like its predecessors, this graceful collection of essays about the hardy dalesmen and women of Yorkshire and their animals is like a cup of hot sugared tea by the fire. Funny and poignant, it’s the work of a mature memorist who has learned to polish his reminiscences to a mellow gleam.”

But perhaps the Book-of-the-Month Club News says it best when they wrote: “Herriot’s love for animals radiates from every page…there is a deep sense of reassurance in these tales, a sense that the world is essentially a place where patience and kindness make a difference and where laughter can defuse a crisis. Every Living Thing is a book to treasure and to share with family and friends.”

My sentiments exactly! Since Herriot begins this book with the scripture, Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth on the earth, followed by a story set in Spring, I believe that this book would make the perfect gift for celebrating Spring in your household. So plan ahead and purchase one now to bring out on March 20th as a “spring has sprung” gift.
FAMILY OUTINGS

Ark Encounter by Joye Hengst

Answers in Genesis opened the Ark Encounter in July 2016 in Williamstown, Kentucky, halfway between Cincinnati and Lexington. Spanning 510 feet long, 85 feet wide, and 51 feet high, the replica of Noah’s Ark took my breath away when I saw it from a distance for the first time in July (just like when I saw St. Peter’s Basilica in Rome in 2015). The Ark is the largest timber frame structure in the world and is beautiful inside and out.

The exhibits present depictions of the global Flood and how Noah and his family could have taken care of all those animals. I enjoyed seeing all the realistic replicas of modern and extinct animals on the Ark. Other attractions at the theme park are the Ararat Ridge Zoo, a restaurant, and zip lines. Future attractions include a movie theater and a walled city.
You can purchase Ark tickets separately or Creation Museum + Ark combo tickets. The Creation Museum opened in 2007 in Petersburg, Kentucky (45 minutes from the Ark Encounter).

The real purpose of the Ark is a reminder of the message of salvation. Noah had to place one door in the Ark—and only those who went through that one door were saved from the judgment of the Flood, just as Jesus Christ is the one way to salvation, as He said, “I am the way, the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through Me” (John 14:6).

For more information, see https://arkencounter.com/. If you visit the Ark, I hope you enjoy it as much as my husband and I did!

SUMMERS ON THE FARM Everything we do is being recorded for our posterity to know and understand the loving sacrifices we made to ensure their prosperity!

-I sat down with the boys to discuss converting the old farmhouse into a butcher shop and
commercial kitchen. After determining the configuration, Josiah drew up plans to scale and then I filled in the purpose of each room. Jedidiah and I wrote up a list of pertinent questions to ask the contractor.

-We had five Jersey heifers delivered today. (Five instead of the seven my family picked out because just a month ago, we purchased two of their milk cows that needed homes.) They are very pretty, calm, and inquisitive. I really like their personalities. Jedidiah has already begun working with them to get them used to human contact. When they calve in February, Jedidiah and Sonia will be milking 10 cows. I put in our Christmas letter that we would have 150 gallons of milk a week by then, but when I refigured, I realized that it is an average of 420 gallons of milk a week. Wow! I do hope that God provides enough customers for that amount of milk.

-The boys separated the sows from the gilts to get ready for breeding.

-The boar that bred our sows last time was delivered today. He will stay with us for a couple of months to breed the sows in anticipation for two more spring litters. He is quite at home here and knows the lay of the property as he roams with the girls.

-We met with the contractor to discuss the conversion of the old farmhouse into a butcher shop and commercial kitchen. He went into the attic, looked at the walls and floors of each room, investigated the exterior of the building, looked into the crawl space, and walked into the cellar while we talked to him about what we wanted to do with each room. After looking at the foundation, he said it was better than new construction today and that whoever built the house did an excellent job. (Five generations ago, the original owner built the house with timber and stone from the farm.) He told us that the floors could be dropped for pouring concrete flooring, and with the addition of headers, the walls could be moved. He will return in a week to do some figuring to let us know the estimated cost of materials and the labor that his men will do—with our boys doing most of the work.

-Since the weather is ready to drop into the teens, Josiah put all the fowl back into the chicken house and surrounding yard.
- Jon and a friend continue to run more electric in the barn for more lights. I am so thankful for Henry, who drives two hours to get here each evening after work and on Saturdays, just to help us out! Since most barn fires are caused by rodents chewing through electrical wiring, Jon and his friend are encasing the wiring in pipe.

- Increased our insurance on the old barn, as our contractor told us that it would cost nearly $100,000 to rebuild.

- The plumber returned to install a natural water softener on the dairy barn to keep our equipment from getting corroded. Although the highly-concentrated minerals are tough on things like dishwashers and washing machines, they are so healthy for our family and animals. While he was there, we had him look at the old farmhouse and consider the plumbing he would be doing. After he heard that the boys would be gutting the building, adding headers, moving walls, tearing the concrete out on the back porch, filling in the cellar, and then replacing the roof, he strongly encouraged us to consider building instead of remodeling. We appreciated his thoughtful consideration. It confirmed our friend, Owen Brown's concerns, as well.

- The boys continue to work on the electric in the shed.

- Sonia selected and ordered our garden seeds.

- Jon and Josiah hung our new windows in the chicken house. To maintain the integrity of the wonderful old building, we had a local woodworker construct the windows for the wide openings on either side of the main door.

- Even though Sonia has been resting as the doctor ordered, she continues to take care of phone calls, emails, FCM activities, ordering and returning winter clothing for each of us, and taking care of all our bookwork. Yesterday was the first day she has worked on her feet all day, making Christmas goodies for the bank, hardware, and feed store owners and workers who have been so kind and helpful to our family and also for some of our friends and neighbors. It was too much for her, as she is back in bed today feeling very poorly.
Josiah continues to pull logs out of our woods for Jedidiah to saw into boards for construction of our barn’s addition.

Josiah continues to split wood each evening for the fireplace that heats most of our home.

A dairyman hauled off our Jersey bull for breeding his milk cows. He was a handsome fellow and had been quite docile for a long time, but just recently began lowering his head and bellowing at the boys. We have heard from many farmers (including the one who just picked up Sy) that Jersey bulls typically become aggressively dangerous. It was a bittersweet moment. We received much less for him than his purchase price, as the value of cattle has really dropped. However, this dairyman has been in the business for many years and has a lot of milk cows, so hopefully he will get many nice calves out of him before he goes to the sale barn.

Jedidiah spent Christmas Day in the barn with a calf that was sick with fever. It was so weak and had so much trouble breathing that Jedidiah resuscitated it seven times. Jon picked up antibiotics. That night, the calf finally was able to breathe easier and nurse.

After several afternoons of washing the ceiling, walls, windows, doors, and flooring of the dairy barn, I now have it squeaky clean.

The plumber just installed our sink, icemaker, and dishwasher.

For Christmas, Jon surprised me with a large gift bag filled with soft washcloths trimmed in “Jersey Downs.” The Obenhaus family’s embroidery was superb! We will enjoy using the beautiful signature cloths, while the cows will appreciate the soft texture on their udders.

Ã—After Owen Brown saw Bluebell’s otherwise healthy looking calf, he suggested we have the vet out to ascertain if the calf could possibly have an obstruction.
-Our friends surprised us by bringing their ram to our farm. I had admired their ram last time we visited them on their farm. My friend, Rose, gave him to me as a Christmas present. I am thrilled, as he is a beautiful Katahdin/Dorper cross that should produce lovely lambs by next May. He immediately assimilated with our flock.

-The vet told us that it would cost hundreds of dollars to have a scope placed down the calf’s throat. We would pay that if it could save this healthy calf, but we need to take her to Columbia to have it done and that is out of the question. Instead, the vet gave us some steroids to see if that decreases any inflammation that might be restricting the calf’s breathing as she labors for each breath.

-Friends, neighbors, and workmen continue to drop by to see our dairy.

-Jon is still working on installing 220 volt wiring for our commercial dishwasher.

-Sonia suggested that the boys take January off to read, play games, and rest. I gently explained to her the impossibility of that proposal with all we had to do, but that we would work towards them taking off three days a week. On the farm, taking off does not mean the whole day, as all the animals still need to be fed and watered, moved, taken out, brought in, and bedded down. Cows still need to be milked, eggs collected, and a host of other daily responsibilities. In farm talk it really means working only 5-6 hours instead of 14-16 hours a day. So far it has not worked out at all, but we will keep trying.

-A local young man came out to repair our sawmill.

-Jedidiah is now cutting boards again for our barn’s addition.

-The vet has prescribed one more drug to see if it helps our lovely calf. We are praying that God will heal this darling calf.
-After investigating items for our dairy barn, the children and I came home with shelving units for our storage closet, pantry, and cooler; a washing machine for our udder cloths; and bi-fold doors for our closet. The dairy barn will soon be complete.

-Our ten gilts continue to knock Josiah down as they run to the trough for goodies, which gives a whole new meaning to “Don’t be a pig at the table.” They don’t mean to hurt him. When he falls, they jump back in utter shock, sniff him to see if he is hurt, and then nudge him to get up, as they truly enjoy his care and daily scratchings. With that said, ten 200-plus pound gilts coming at you at breakneck speed (well, breakneck for fat little piggies) is no laughing matter, prompting us to consider finding a different approach to feeding.

-After draining the diesel fuel from the sawmill, Jedidiah realized that one of our cows had gotten into the fuel. To the vet’s office and back, he is now administering a large dose of charcoal in hopes of saving the cow. A painful lesson, indeed! We are so attached to all of our animals; I wonder if we will ever make it through the stress, pain, and suffering that comes with caring for so many.

-Josiah is ill today. Sonia is still not able to do hard labor on the farm because of her accident, while I am diligently working on TNPLH’s new website and the January newsletter. Therefore, Jedidiah is putting up the rafters for the barn’s addition by himself.

-Our little calf is running a fever again and struggling for every breath. Our milk lady said that it has been a very hard year on calves, especially a lot of upper respiratory problems. Jedidiah dropped by to pick up some Colloidal silver that we have begun administering, along with Vitamin C.

-The boys have been saving all of our feedbags to refill at a co-op where we hope to begin purchasing organic feed. I began gathering them up, folding them into smaller packages, and shoving them into the appropriate bag.
-The white Hereford that has eye cancer (vet says white faced cows are more prone to this) is not doing very well. The ear on the side of the cancer now droops all the time. Her calf is only one month old. We are watching to make certain the calf is getting her fair share of milk and praying that Buttercup lives long enough to give her offspring a good start. It is so hard to see her ailing. She came with the farm and has always come up to us for petting and scratching. I don’t understand why God continues to take my favorite animals.

-One of our Anatolian Pyrenees slid off the hay bale she was using for a bed. With her backside down and feet straight up in the air, she became wedged between the bale and fence. I am so thankful I saw it so Jedidiah could get her out of such a tight spot.

THE JOY OF COUNTRY LIVING

Mom, Just Say NO! Practice, N-O!

It began as all other days. I bounced out of bed, well maybe more like a roll, and opened my drapes to a beautifully clear, crisp November day. I squealed with delight—yes, really! I have done this since we have moved here. I still sometimes think I am living in a dream and am so excited every morning when I realize that it is not a dream that I finally live in the country.
Anyway, after getting dressed I gazed at my list of tasks that lay on my bedside table. A list like all other lists that grows and grows at night because I continually turn on the light and add more and more jobs to it before I slip off to sleep. It is amazing to me how many things I can think of in those last few minutes of consciousness right before my eyes close for the last time, and that is after I have made out a fairly extensive list before I actually go to bed.

Coming down the stairs, I heard the phone ring and then a voice on our answering machine said, “Candy, are you there?” It was my milk lady, calling to see if I would like to accompany her to a friend’s farm that had Jersey heifers for sale. I was not looking for another Jersey at the time, but my friend assured me that when Jerseys come up for sale, they need to be grabbed up because Jersey heifers are hard to find. Well, I love my friend and trust in the vast wisdom she has accumulated over the many years of milking, so I quickly gathered my jacket, checkbook, purse, and keys and ran out the door. My daughter followed fast after me to advise me. “Now, Mom,” she said, “Just say no! Practice, Mom, N-O!”

Now why would she do that, I wondered? Besides being endowed with a strong inner resolve, my father further solidified my naturally resolute spirit into one of significant girth. One of the side benefits of this is that I am not an impulse buyer. Furthermore, I knew that we were not looking for more cows at present, realized that we did not have a dairy barn yet, not even a foundation for a dairy barn, and that our three dairy cows were serving us quite well. So I responded, “No, I know.” Then added, “But Sonia, I was just informed that heifers don’t come along every day. In fact, according to Mary, they rarely come along at all. We need to prepare for the future of our dairy herd, don’t you think?”
Her “Mom!” that followed said it all.

Okay, maybe when it comes to purchasing animals for the farm, I have displayed a less than stalwart reason, at least to some members’ point of view—well maybe most, if not all the other members of the family. What can I say? I love the farm! I love animals! I love working! I love new businesses! Truly exhilarating, that is what it is! To make new acquisitions for the farm’s future businesses is just exhilarating. I believe that is why my farm girlfriends are constantly purchasing and trading animals.

You cannot really say that I don’t have any willpower. I think it is more that I realize what can be done with enough resources at hand. Just think how much milk we could collect with more cows. Besides, I come by it naturally. Fresh cream runs through my veins, so to speak, as my grandfather had a large dairy, and my parents owned land that had been a dairy at one time. Written in the stars, one would think!

Taking a deep breath, though, I tried to calm my exuberance, in accordance with the counsel given by my “mini-me,” who on occasion differs in opinion, which I never fully understand, but love her nonetheless.

“Yes, Sonia, N-O. I get it.” In truth, though, I must admit, that as I drove away from home,
although my mouth was practicing “No,” my heart was telling me it was going to be a great day for acquisitions. Up and down the rolling hills I drove thanking God for the gorgeous countryside and for Jersey heifers, of all things.

Could this be equated with “the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak” when it comes to animals? On second thought, not really, because in my case, the spirit and flesh work together in harmony to give all creatures, both great and small, a wonderful home with us.

When I arrived at my friend’s farm, she and her husband were waiting to take off on a purchasing trip with trailer in tow. A trailer, I might add, that could hold several heifers. Off we went, east of town, up and down hills, around curves, on this road and that road and then another. I knew I could never find this place again even if I really wanted to. It would not have been any more difficult if they had blindfolded me, so it was good that we had a large enough trailer for the “To Go” milkshakes on hooves.

It was a lovely day for enjoying the scenery of such exceptionally beautiful spacious farms. Sprawling over gently rolling hills, these pleasant farms were dotted with herds of stately cattle and punctuated with well-situated ponds. On one particularly steep tree-crested knoll, we turned onto Jersey Lane, a fitting passage for a milking operation that milked over 50 cows, morning and night.

Run by only two people, a husband and wife around our age, no children, just them, just
two—this 150-acre farm was immaculate. Over 100 cattle and that many sheep, or so it seemed to me, with chickens, dogs, and cats meandering around all the outbuildings, this place was as neat as a pin and obviously very productive. I was impressed! I found out later that the husband had grown up on a dairy farm, while the wife had always dreamed of marrying a dairyman, and so she did. From that point forward, they labored together to bring their life’s dream to fruition.

Instead of a heifer, my friend needed a cow that was ready to milk, so we began our purchasing trip by walking in amongst the massive herd of beautiful Jerseys. After looking the cows over, she selected Rhonda. Then we were driven up to the pasture that contained the heifers. I was asked if I wanted a heifer. Well, I wanted one. I always want animals. And now that I have a farm, it just seemed natural to add another one. But my goodness, I did not know what I was looking for other than pretty, so I asked my friend to make suggestions.

I considered and considered until the owners said that they were busy and needed to get back to work, so I had better make up my mind. It was between two girls: one all strawberry red, the other tan and black. Mary had emphasized the red one for me. Yes, I thought I ought to take her, but I had never seen a tan and black Jersey. The couple pushed again, rather rudely I thought at the time, but then there were only two of them to take care of all the farm chores.

How could I possibly pick one on such short notice, I thought. When it came to choosing team players, friends, animals, and even furniture, as a little girl, I always agonized over the feelings of those left behind. Even when my parents went shopping for furniture, if they made negative comments about one piece of furniture over the others, I would go back and pat those left behind, and tell them that they were pretty, too. Ridiculous, but true!
This is why my principal, kindergarten, first and second grade teachers met with my parents to tell them that although I was an excellent student, I spent most of my time in class, and on the playground, helping the impoverished children. I helped them with their schoolwork, wiped their runny noses, tied their shoes, encouraged their efforts, and hugged them all the time. To reach my potential, the staff strongly encouraged my parents to move me to a better school district where there would be fewer poor and needy children to distract my attention away from academic pursuits. We promptly moved that summer, but it did not keep me from continuing this pattern of compassion that ran deep within my soul.

After realizing the extraordinary compassion and love I exhibited for people of all ages, when I entered my teens, my pastor suggested I work for the deaf at the school for the deaf, the elderly in nursing homes, and at the local orphanage. Little did he realize how inept I was for any of these positions, as my feelings for each student, resident, and orphan created such a wellspring of emotions that I ended up crying for those who had no homes.

Now you know why I cry in grocery stores when I hear a baby crying or a mother speaking rudely to her child, and why pounds are out of the question, for I could never choose just one cat or dog over all the others needing families, too.

Being such a hopeless case, how in the world was I going to choose one heifer over the next? Resolving the dilemma, I heard myself say, “I will take them both.” The couple seemed surprised, and so did my friend. I was surprised at their surprise. After all the owners had them for sale, and my friend had said I better grab up the heifers while they were available. Heifers—plural—meaning more than one. What was so surprising about my taking two?
On the way home I was wondering how the rest of the family would take another unexpected acquisition. Oops, I mean two acquisitions. Yet I was spending my own money, so it wasn’t as if I was taking food out of my children’s mouths, nor was I spending my husband’s retirement. Nonetheless, fear and trepidation could have filled my soul, at this point, as I reflected on our bookkeeper’s last words of *Just say “NO,” Mom* along with Jon’s continual consternation over all our acquisitions and new businesses because we were moving way too fast for him.

Instead I felt nothing but euphoria. Two new heifers! Not exactly like bringing twins home from the hospital, but similar in many ways, mostly in the way I felt just then. When you get past childbearing age, animals do, in some sense, fill the void from the lack of little ones running around. See, I understand women who carry around those little dogs in their purses. Needless to say, I traveled home with the overwhelming feeling of great joy that comes with a double blessing.

While on the road, Sonia called me on the cell phone.

“Mom, how did you do?” she inquired.
“Great,” I said.

“Did you say no?” she probed.

“No, not exactly,” I responded.

Incredulous, she asked, “You bought another cow?”

“No,” I said, “I bought two.”

Silence followed, but in her heart, she knew that would be the outcome. And now, on the other side of that day, Sonia sees the wisdom of my forethought in preparing for her future.
All visionaries have their plans met with some hesitation, reluctance, and resistance, but in the end, when all works out, others see the wisdom in the move that seemed impulsive, risky, or bold at the time.

A Year Later

A year later, I was the one calling the couple to see if they were ready to sell some Jersey heifers. They were, and we made a date. It happened that a friend from St. Louis was down for some relaxation, so she came along. Up and down the hills we went, around the bend, to the left and to the right, laughing at all the funny stories each of us was conveying. This time, though, the trip was not as mysteriously confusing as the first, as we had traveled this labyrinth of country roads on several other occasions since my first expedition to the land of Jerseys. When we finally arrived at that impeccably kept farm, we dug in and helped the couple milk. After milking, we helped them move cows, and then went out into the field with the heifers.

While I was busy looking for my pad of paper and pen, the owner was calling in the heifers. When I turned around, the herd was inquisitively looking at us as we were looking at them.

Jedidiah called out “245.”
Sonia said, “I really like 244 and 257.”

Josiah said, “248 and 253 look good.”

Jon said, “Have you considered 250 and 254?”

They were talking back and forth about those particular girls as they inspected them for confirmation, udder, and overall disposition—an eye we had acquired with more experience.

Calling out those numbers again, “244, 245, 248, 250, 253, 254, 257,” they asked, “Mom, did you get those?”
“Uh, huh,” I said. “244, 245, 248, 250, 253, 254, and 257. Is that right?”

“Yes,” they responded.

As I put the notebook back into my purse, I could hear the others talk about the land, the newly planted grasses, and their rotational grazing. Then we looked at their pasture of Sudan grass, the bulls they had pulled out for breeding, and their old barn—Jim’s grandmother’s barn. We talked about the price of kelp and how we thought we could get it cheaper for them. Commented on how the barn cats looked like they were wearing tuxedos. Walked up into the loft to see their hay storage. Praised Jim for his lovely chicken tractors. And then asked Rose to show us the beautiful new ram she just purchased.

After commenting on the lovely herd, Jim kiddingly asked Rose if she was going to put up the ram for the night.

She said she could.
Incredulous, he asked, “You are going to get in with that ram, Rose?”

For we all knew that Rose never got in with her ram, or in any area that contained rams or bulls. A wise habit that many farmers have impressed upon us.

She said she was just going to pray that God would get him in the pen so she could close it in the morning. We all laughed and then Rose said we better go if we wanted to make it to the fish fry in time. Wow, none of us knew how late it had gotten, so off we went to enjoy a meal together.

Did you notice that I said nothing about the Jersey heifers? I was just the silent recorder of “244, 245, 248, 250, 253, 254, and 257.” Just in case you did not take into account the total of heifers my family picked, let me tell you that they picked out seven heifers. Seven! Not one, or even two, but seven. I tell you, it is contagious!

Who needs birthdays or Christmas with farm animals coming and coming! Ah, country living is the life for me!
THE DISMANTLING and RESTORING OF AMERICA Every hour our government spends 200 million dollars it does not have!

Freedom is never more than one generation away from extinction. We didn’t pass it on to our children in the bloodstream. It must be fought for, protected, and handed on for them to do the same, or one day we will spend our sunset years telling our children and our children’s children what it was once like in the United States where men were free. –President Ronald Reagan, 1961

Trump Convinces Carrier Air Conditioners to Stay in America

Carol Weiland shares: This is What You Get

by Everett Piper, President Oklahoma Wesleyan University

November 14, 2016

As the university president who wrote the op-ed “This is Not a Day Care, It’s a University” that went viral a few months ago, I was asked to comment on the post-election protests now sweeping our college campuses. More specifically, I was asked to explain the Millennial Generation’s cry for “safe spaces,” their demands for “trigger warnings,” their repudiation of “micro-aggressions,” and now even their insistence that the results of this country’s presidential election be reversed, because they, our privileged progeny, don’t like it.

My response in brief: Why would you expect anything different? This is what you get when you send your kids off to colleges and universities that teach politically correct pabulum rather than the time-tested truths of a free people and civil society. This is what you get when you entrust your sons and daughters to sit under the tutelage of faculty who proudly pan a Judeo-Christian ethic and praise its antithesis. This is what you get after years of teaching our next generation “it doesn’t matter what you believe as long as it works for you.” This is what you get when you tell our youth that there is a “moral equivalency” between America and its enemies, and imply our nation is bad and the rest of the world is right to hate us.

This is what you get after years of instructing our students to laugh at those who warn of the loss of individual freedom and the rise of government largesse. This is what you get after instructing an entire generation that Marxism has its merits and that liberation theology is the only “good religion,” that socialism is better than free enterprise and that capitalism is the cause of crime. This is what you get when you foment class resentment and racial animus. This is what you get when you diminish excellence while extolling entitlement.
This is what you get when you trust your sons and daughters to professors who tell them their pastors and priests are stupid and that it’s more important to learn how to use a condom than it is to obey God’s commandments. This is what you get when you spend tens of thousands of dollars a year to enroll your kids in institutions that vaunt moral nihilism while vilifying their parents’ morals. In 1948, Richard Weaver told us in his seminal publication that Ideas Have Consequences. A few short years earlier, Hitler said, “Let me control the textbooks and I will control the State.” Huxley and Orwell followed and warned of dystopias where education would be used as a means to total power and total control. Education does matter. Ideas do have consequences and the lousy ideas we have been teaching in our universities for the past several decades are bearing themselves out daily before our eyes. Why are we surprised by what we see in today’s news? When colleges lose their conscience, kids lose their character, and culture loses its soul. Why did you expect anything different? This is what you get.

Soros Bands with Donors to Resist Trump, “Take Back Power”

Destroying America From Inside the Classroom by Tom DeWeese

http://deweesereport.com/2010/02/22/destroying-america-from-inside-the-classroom/?mc_cid=43454c28a3&mc_eid=c997d162a8

EPA Chief Urges Staff to Finish Obama’s Agenda Before Trump Takes Over

The head of the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) urged employees to finish out the last weeks of the Obama administration “running” to finish implementing what they can of the president’s environmental agenda. “As I’ve mentioned to you before, we’re running — not walking — through the finish line of President Obama’s presidency,” EPA Administrator Gina McCarthy

Trans-Pacific Partnership: A Trojan Horse for Obama’s Climate Change Agenda
Another venue for destroying American free-trade is the TPP. In early November, the Republicans were bragging that they had the votes to help Obama push it through. The big questions now are, did they hear the message from the people and are they going to listen? If so, they will back off a vote for the TPP, and maybe live (politically) to see another election.

The TPP’s Commission trumps Congress.

“And what exactly is the TPP’s Commission? It is modeled after the European Commission, an unaccountable and unelected body that has spewed a torrent of regulations and mandates on the EU’s struggling economies. Once the TPP goes into force, its Commission will have the power to modify or amend the trade agreement “or take such other action that the Parties may agree…” Should any disputes arise over a signatory’s compliance with the TPP, they will be handled by “Arbitration Tribunals,” which will have the power to hand down multi-billion dollar judgments against any member government that violates its decisions. In this way, the TPP’s Commission and its Arbitration Tribunals can punish the U.S or any other signatory for violating the terms of the trade pact, including failure to comply with the Paris climate agreement.”

http://deweesereport.com/2016/11/14/the-big-picture-recent-globalist-actions-with-huge-implications-for-a-free-america/?mc_cid=43454c28a3&mc_eid=c997d162a8