1. **Have a plan.**
2. **Work the plan.**
3. **Be consistent with the plan.**

We are to be in authority over our children but not to be authoritarian.

To be in authority means a parent is the one in charge.
To be authoritarian means that a parent believes that they always know best and thus, makes all decisions for their child.

**Proverbs 22:6 (Amplified Bible):** "Train up a child in the way he should go [and in keeping with his individual gift or bent], and when he is old he will not depart from it."

**Punishment versus Training**

“Reality Discipline is a consistent, decisive and respectful way for parents to love and discipline their children.” – Dr. Kevin Leman

Punishment breaks a child’s spirit because the goal is: to CONTROL.  
Training breaks a child’s rebellious will because the goal is: to NURTURE.

Webster’s definitions:  
*train* = to develop or form the habits, thoughts, or behavior of (a child or other person) by discipline and instruction
**Five ACTIONS**
that will support parents in their endeavor to discipline their children:

- **SPANKING** hastens training
- **A FULL LOVE TANK** maximizes training
- **FOCUSED EYES** enhance training
- **SPIRIT FORMED WORDS** guide training
- **CONSISTENCY** seals training

**SPANKING hastens training**
*Proverbs 13:24*

*Proverbs 23:13, 14 (NLB) “Don’t fail to discipline your children. They won’t die if you spank them. Physical discipline may well save them from death.”*

*Proverbs 29:15, 17*

*Proverbs 19:18*

*Proverbs 13:4 (KJV) “Spare the rod, spoil the child ...”*

**When it comes to spanking...**
How old should a child be to start spanking?

What age should a child be when spanking is no longer an appropriate action of discipline?

For what infractions should a child be spanked?

How should a parent spank?

**A FULL LOVE TANK maximizes training**
*Ephesians 6:1-4 (read in the New Living Bible); Colossians 3:21*

**FOCUSED EYES enhance training**
*Psalm 32:8, 9*

**SPIRIT FORMED WORDS guide training**
*Proverbs 18:21; Romans 8:5,6*

**CONSISTENCY seals training**
*Ephesians 6:4 (NLB)*
A Child’s Ten Commandments to Parents

By Pastor Jim Higgs

1. My hands are small; please don’t expect perfection whenever I make a bed, draw a picture, or throw a ball. My legs are short; please slow down so that I can keep up with you.

2. My eyes have not seen the world as yours have; please let me explore safely: don’t restrict me unnecessarily.

3. Housework will always be there. I’m only little for such a short time – please take time to explain things to me about this wonderful world, and do so willingly.

4. My feelings are tender; please be sensitive to my needs; don’t nag me all day long. (You wouldn’t want to be nagged for your inquisitiveness.) Treat me as you would like to be treated.

5. I am a special gift from God; please treasure me as God intended you to do, holding me accountable for my actions, giving me guidelines to live by, and disciplining me in a loving manner.

6. I need your encouragement to grow. Please go easy on the criticism; remember, you can criticize the things I do without criticizing me.

7. Please give me the freedom to make decisions concerning myself. Permit me to fail, so that I can learn from my mistakes. Then someday I’ll be prepared to make the kind of decisions life requires of me.

8. Please don’t do things over for me. Somehow that makes me feel that my efforts didn’t quiet measure up to your expectations. I know it’s hard, but please don’t try to compare me with my brother or my sister.

9. Please don’t be afraid to leave for a weekend together. Kids need vacations from parents, just as parents need vacations from kids. Besides, it’s a great way to show us kids that your marriage is important.

10. Please take me to church regularly, setting a good example for me to follow. I enjoy learning more about God. And don’t forget to talk to me about God at home during the week.
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What is Responsibility?

\[ R = C + C \]

Responsibility = Choice + Consequence

Why do we avoid responsibility?
Making Sarah Cry

He stood among his friends from school,
He played their childhood games
Laughing as they played kickball
And when they called poor Sarah names.

Sarah was unlike the rest;
She was slow and not as smart.
And it would seem to all his friends
She was born without a heart.

And so he gladly joined their fun
Of making Sarah cry.
But somewhere deep within his heart,
He never knew just why.

For he could hear his mother's voice,
Her lessons of right and wrong
Playing over and over inside his head
Just like a favorite song.

"Treat others with respect, son,
The way you'd want them treating you,
And remember, when you hurt others,
Someday, someone might hurt you."

He knew his mother wouldn't understand
The purpose of their game
Of teasing Sarah, who made them laugh
As her own tears fell like rain.

The funny faces that she made
And the way she'd stomp her feet
Whenever they mocked the way she walked
Or the stutter when she'd speak.

To him she must deserve it
Because she never tried to hide.
And if she truly wanted to be left alone,
Then she should stay inside.
But every day she'd do the same.
She'd come outside to play,
And stand there, tears upon her face,
Too upset to run away.

The game would soon be over.
As tears dropped from her eyes,
For the purpose of their fun
Was making Sarah cry.

It was nearly two whole months
He hadn't seen his friends.
He was certain they all must wonder
What happened and where he'd been

So he felt a little nervous
As he limped his way to class.
He hoped no one would notice,
He prayed no one would ask

About that awful day:
The day his bike met with a car,
Leaving him with a dreadful limp
And a jagged-looking scar.

So he held his breath a little
As he hobbled into the room,
Where inside he saw a "Welcome Back" banner
And lots of red balloons.

He felt a smile cross his face
As his friends all smiled, too
And he couldn't wait to play outside—
His favorite thing to do.

So the second that he stepped outdoors
And saw his friends all waiting there,
He expected a few pats on the back—
Instead, they all stood back and stared.

He felt his face grow hotter
As he limped to join their side
To play a game of kickball
And of making Sarah cry.

An awkward smile crossed his face
When he heard somebody laugh.
And heard the words, "Hey freak,
Where'd you get that ugly mask?"

He turned expecting Sarah,
But Sarah could not be seen.
It was the scar upon his own face
That caused such words so mean.

He joined in their growing laughter,
Trying hard to not give in
To the awful urge inside to cry
Or the quivering of his chin.
They are only teasing
He made himself believe.
They are still my friends;
They'd never think of hurting me.

But the cruel remarks continued
About the scar and then his limp.
And he knew if he shed a single tear
They'd label him a wimp.

And so the hurtful words went on,
And in his heart he wondered why.
But he knew without a doubt
The game would never end, until they made him cry.

And just when a tear had formed,
He heard a voice speak out from behind.
"Leave him alone you bullies,
Because he's a friend of mine".

He turned to see poor Sarah,
Determination on her face,
Sticking up for one of her own tormentors
And willing to take his place.

And when his friends did just that,
Trying their best to make poor Sarah cry,
This time he didn't join in,
And at last understood exactly why.

"Treat others with respect, son,
The way you'd want them treating you.
And remember, when you hurt others,
Someday, someone might hurt you."

It took a lot of courage
But he knew he must be strong.
For at last he saw the difference
Between what's right and wrong.

And Sarah didn't seem so weird.
Through his understanding eyes.
Now he knew he'd never play again
The game of making Sarah cry.

It took several days of teasing
And razzing from his friends.
But when they saw his strength,
They chose to be like him.

And now out on the playground,
A group of kids meets every day
For a game of kickball and laughter
And teaching their new friend, Sarah, how to play.

by Cheryl L. Costello-Foxley from Chicken Soup for the Teen's Soul II
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