



## Daniel Jeremy Silver Collection Digitization Project

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### **MS-4850: Daniel Jeremy Silver Papers, 1972-1993.**

Series III: The Temple Tifereth-Israel, 1946-1993, undated.

Sub-series B: Sermons, 1950-1989, undated.

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The Art of Being a Parent, 1959.



## THE ART OF BEING A PARENT

What parents owe their children --  
What children owe their parents.

## THE TEMPLE

May 10, 1959

Rabbi Daniel Jeremy Silver

As you might well have imagined, my library shelves are well supplied with books on pedagogy and child rearing. Yet it was from none of these, but from a small volume, an anthology of short stories, I began to think along the chain of ideas which I should like to share with you this morning. Isaac Loeb Peretz was an important Yiddish chronicler and author of mid-European Jewish life at the turn of the century. A craftsman of no mean ability, a social critic, humanist, his works are now available in competent translation he is winning for himself a circle of friends and admirers that his creative art deserves. I was particularly struck as I was reading through a collection of his short materials by a vignette which he calls "Four Generations -- Four Wills". It appeared to me that this sketch from life was in its own way so compelling and so incisive that it might well provide us a springboard for ideas which we should share this morning. Stylistically "Four Generations -- Four Wills" is somewhat unique in world literature, for it purports to be nothing more than an unadorned, uncommented upon report of the last wills and testaments of four generations in a single family. Its literary quality is superb, and I think that you will agree with me that each of the wills delineates in a few bold strokes the depth and the breadth of the man who wrote it. The senior progenitor of this family was named Elieser. He is an industrious, hardworking craftsman, a man who expected a great deal of himself and of others, a man who knew what was right and what was wrong. And this is the will -- the short will, which he left:



It is my will that my children remain associates in my timber trade. After my death they are to make a new enclosure around the cemetery and repair the roof of the synagogue. All my books I leave to my unmarried son Benjamin. My other sons and sons-in-law have received their share of books when they married. My wife, may she live, should occupy my house by herself, but take in a poor orphan girl to live with her, so as not to be lonely. The ceremonies of Kiddush and Habdallah she is to perform herself. She is to have an equal share in the estate with all the other inheritors.

Benjamin, the son mentioned in this will, was a man who grew into competency as an adult. He had many of the same qualities of industry and of straightforwardness as his father, and yet he was something more than his father had ever been, for he was a man of rare spirit. There was in him a love of learning and a love of people, a hard head conjoined to a soft heart. And this is the will which Benjamin, the son of Eliezer, left:

My time is coming, and I shall soon have the advantage of returning the pledge I have received from Him to whom all pledges belong. Man is afraid of His blessed name and of the judgment awaiting him in the next world, but I am going without any misgivings. I have implicit faith in a merciful God, and I am firmly convinced that God will only mete to me strict justice, and that He will deal with me further in accordance with His great mercy and lovingkindness.

All that was really mine in this world I leave behind only temporarily, and all my possessions which will ~~not~~ follow me have never really been mine. Heaven is my witness that I leave them behind without any pang. With regard to my wealth I leave no will, for I am convinced that the members of my family will either live in peace and unity among themselves or will divide my wealth among themselves justly and with equity. I am convinced that none of them will hide anything or keep it secret from the other. It is furthermore my wish that my family -- that is my wife, may she live, my sons and sons-in-law -- to give ~~the~~ twice, that is to say immediately after my death they should draw up an equitable and just account of my worldly possessions, my estate, furniture and household affairs, and from that amount take off one-tenth part as my personal share and distribute this part among the poor for the welfare of my soul. From the remainder, that is from their real inheritance, they should give tithe a second time on their own account, distributing the money among the poor just as I have always been accustomed to do of my income, my profits, and my revenue. My epitaph should be very short. The inscription on my tombstone should contain only my name, the name of my father, and the day of my death -- nothing more. And I beg of my sons and my sons-in-law, do not be given too much to vanities or be too anxious to grow rich and prosperous, for the bigger the merchant, the smaller the ~~man~~.

I also beg my children to observe the custom of distributing alms, of giving every year on the eve of the new year, one-tenth of their profits to charity. Should it sometimes happen that the business does not show any profit at all, or even a loss, they should still give charity all the same, for their loss may be only a test from God of blessed name. And above all, I beg my children



to study every day, to study at least one page of the Talmud, and to read one column of the book "The Beginning of Wisdom". Even the women-folk should read, on Sundays, on Saturdays, and on the holidays. On the day of the anniversary of my death they should study the holy law all day long, and the women should distribute charity, and above all charity given in secret, the recipients to remain unawares of the names of the givers.

Benjamin's son Maurice outdid his father in wealth, in social position. He became a man of some prominence in the Polish-Jewish community. He amassed a vast fortune. He was considered a respectable citizen and a respected member of his community. But somehow in reading the will of Maurice, we sense that he never became quite the man that his father was. This is his will:

A wire must be sent to Paris, and my funeral must be delayed until my son arrives. I leave in trust ten thousand pounds to be administered by the community, the yearly income to be distributed among the poor. I leave another ten thousand pounds for endowment of a bed in the new hospital. This bed is to be called after me. Charity should be distributed on the day of my funeral. Money gifts should be sent to all the schools, and both teachers and pupils should follow my casket. A Dayan or other learned and pious man should be hired to recite the Kaddush over me. My tombstone after the matter that I am leaving behind should be ordered abroad. A certain sum of money should be deposited with the community and the latter is to undertake the upkeeping of my grave and my tombstone. My business shall be known after the name of Maurice, Jr., my son.

And then there follows a listing of financial advice to his son and to the management of his business which we need not go into this morning.

Of Maurice, Jr., heir of a vast fortune, recipient of the largess of his father, the last of the four generations of whom we have a will, we need read only really the words which he has left us:

I, Maurice, Jr., am leaving this world neither in joy nor in grief, but on account of its emptiness. I can no longer live because I no longer have anything to do here. I am absolutely useless, because I have out-lived my life. I have drunk fully from the goblet of life. I have tasted all the joys and pleasures allotted to me. I have eaten, drunk, and loved my fill. I have been taught many things, but I have never been taught how to live -- only how to swallow up life. I have nothing in the world to keep me here, to tie me to it. I have never wanted for anything that would be of value or worth to me. I have taken everything freely, without care, worry or labor. I have taken it as if from public property -- thus have I taken both things and people. All have willingly met me with a friendly smile and I have never had a real friend. I inherited a vast fortune and it grew and increased without my help, without any effort on my part. It grew and it grew until it had outgrown me. Maurice would understand the really basic lessons which he had sought to teach him, lessons about human relationships, lessons not of finance but of family,



Frequently my heart wept within me. I was desirous of wanting something, of having something to do. The doctors ordered me to take long walks, to travel, play, take up some sport. But this was not life, only a substitute for life. It was an artificial life, artificial work. I have visited many countries but I could call none of them my own. I admired many sights and places but I loved none. I spoke fluently several languages but I cared for none. I have played with words as if they were balls. I have changed nations and languages as one changes gloves. The whole world was mine, but I was too small and insignificant to grasp it and get a hold of it. My arm was too short to embrace it and I could not subdue my world. And whatever I could have subdued and acquired I already found ready and waiting for me. It had been left to me. Everything had been done for me and on my behalf. Everything had been bought for me and on my behalf. My wealth did the rest.

Everything had been bought for me -- the smile of a friend, the kiss of red lips, and even the Kaddish said for the soul of my father. At the utmost I have paid for things but I have never been taught to give and to bestow. The trifles, the small things, were too small for me and the big things were too big, and I had nothing to live for.

I am dying because I am barren both in body and in soul, physically and mentally. There is nothing in me that can either live or make live. It is already long since that I have been alive, for I take no pleasure in life and now I am quite disgusted with it. I have been treated after the manner in which a peasant treats a pig. I have been stuffed -- stuffed with things since I was a child.

The arsenic is upon my table. It is a last drink which will intoxicate me and from which I shall never awake or grow sober. Have I any instructions to leave with regard to my wealth? What for? My fortune has proved my misfortune. Have I to thank anybody? No. I have paid for everything. I have paid also for this, my last drink.

We can sympathize in each case with the feelings of the parent as he watched his child, the apple of his eye, grow into competent manhood or fail to achieve his father's dreams. We sense the pride of Eliezer, the pride that he had as he watched Benjamin assume the responsibilities of business, accept the responsibilities of family, discharge the responsibilities of the good citizen, and go even beyond that -- begin to evidence traits of mercy and of generosity, of kindness and gentleness which raised the saint above the ordinary human being. We can watch the pride of Benjamin as his son Maurice in his turn entered the business, developed it, showed himself to be persevering, determined, diligent, understanding, capable, and yet we can also see the growing seed of doubt, the doubt in Benjamin's mind, and Maurice would understand the really basic lessons which he had sought to teach him, lessons about human relationships, lessons not of finance but of family,



lessons not of aggrandisement but of giving. We can sense also the torture, the confusion, the trouble, the disbelief, the doubt in the mind of Maurice, Sr., as he watched his son, the son to whom he gave so much, grow each day more confused by life, become each hour more overwhelmed by life, less capable even of continuing to live. And as we judge each of these relationships, I wonder if we are not moved to make an observation or two about parenthood in general and its obligations and its opportunities.

We are moved most of all by the tragedy of Maurice, Jr. I think each of us could read the mind of his father, could see there the self-justification born of absolute, utter frustration: "But I gave the boy everything. I moved to Warsaw that he might go to the best schools and meet the finest friends. I hired for him a tutor to cultivate him, to travel throughout Europe, to expose him to the finest in European culture. I bought him the best clothes, I fed him with the best food, I provided him with the best medical care. I opened every door of advancement that was possible to open for him, every opportunity which a human being can enjoy in life I gave him. Why? Why?" And as we read the mind of Maurice, Sr., as I read it I was reminded of a scene which took place in my office as a Naval Chaplain some years ago. The seventeen year old son of a well-to-do San Francisco family had enlisted in the Navy by falsifying his age. He had been sent to San Diego to the Recruit Training Depot there and was engaged in that training when his parents finally discovered his whereabouts. I was asked to arrange an interview, and if possible, a reconciliation. I shall never forget that interview. The boy stood in my office, silent, crestfallen; pain was in his eyes. The mother wept silently. The father mumbled a greeting under his breath and then his face began to suffuse with livid red -- with anger. He almost shouted as he called his son an "ingrate", and then in exculpation he turned to me and he said, "We gave this boy everything. We sacrificed our vacations so that I could work and make more money to buy him a car, to put him in the best schools, so that we could buy



a home in the right suburb. We sent him to the best camps. I joined a country club so that he would have the advantage of its athletic facilities and so he could meet there friends who would be useful to him in life. We gave this boy everything -- the best of shelter, the best of care -- everything. How could he do this to me? How could he do this to us?" The boy, I remember, slowly raised his eyes from the ground and looked painfully and sorrowfully at his father, and in a whisper that spoke volumes said to his father, "Yes, you gave me everything, but you never paid any attention to me." I'll never forget those words. They reminded me that some parents are "check-book" parents. They give their children everything -- everything the child might want and many of the things a child might not need -- everything, except themselves. Maurice, Sr. was a "check-book" parent. His child was beautifully, largely provided for. And these "check-book" parents are right in one respect. They are right in that they know that a child demands a large investment. But not of cash, but of care, not of pelf, but of self. The things that we can provide for our children, the wonderful things, the opportunities, these are the dessert, but a child needs the milk of love and the meat of attention if he is to have a healthy diet, a diet which will permit him to grow. And if his diet lacks that substantial food, that spirit-building food, the dessert -- , gifts, presents -- these will only make him sickly. They will not help him to grow.

I know that Benjamin, the father of Maurice, Sr., understood that a parent must invest in his child attention, counsel, guidance, love, as well as provide him with a good education and many of the finer opportunities of life. Benjamin was a good parent. He was a good man, and it almost inevitably follows that a good man makes a good parent. He was an understanding man. He knew the value of people. He respected people. He knew the value of learning and of understanding and he respected learning and he showed that in every aspect of his life. And perhaps the most troubling question which ~~peretz's little story~~ Peretz' little story raises is this: if Benjamin was such a capable human being and such a fine parent, why did he



fail in part? Why was he unable to transmit that fineness of character, that nobility of person which was his, why was he incapable of transmitting that extra something, that spark which ~~maked~~ a truly fine human being to his son? Why did his son learn only the financial responsibilities of life and was unable to develop that moral sensitivity which is the mark of a great man? Why did this parent fail? And search as we might we can find no answer. The answer is simply that the question is misdirected. The failure is not in the parent but in the child. The failure is not in the emotional moral make up of the father, but in the emotional moral make up of the son, of Maurice, Sr., who <sup>was</sup> simply unable or unwilling or incapable or indifferent to these lessons by example which his father set for him. Sometimes we forget that ~~it is not~~ the parent only is not responsible for the fate of his child. Trace any family tree. You will find in the same generation often enough saints and sinners, rogues and righteous men, knights and knaves coming from the same roof, coming from the same table, raised by the same parents, given the same opportunities in life.

Our age has tended to forget the responsibilities which rest upon the child. Unfortunately we have forgotten that most of the way which leads to adulthood the child must walk alone. We have sheltered our children from their own obligations, from a responsibility for their own actions, and in this shelter, in this over-protection we have weakened their will and we have weakened their character. We are a sophisticated age, an age which has learned the importance of the social sciences, psychology and of psychiatry and sociology, and we have learned that one can rationalize and find causes within causes for almost every action and for almost every occasion. But we have forgotten that ultimately the responsibility for a person's moral actions rests on the person's will or lack of will, character or lack of character, at that moment and at that occasion. Principals will tell you that many of the parents who come into their offices for consultation about the deportment and the disciplining of a child do not come to develop with the



school, as partners, some program which will enable the child to learn and to grow, which will teach the child through his mistakes, but they will sit in that office and defend the child and find a thousand and one excuses and rationalizations for the actions of the child. The child is never guilty. It is the school that is too strict. It is a teacher who has prejudices. It is the other people in the group, the gang, who are guilty, not that child. And they provide the child a hundred and one opportunities to lay the blame for the child's own weaknesses in their own laps, and it is not there that it belongs. It belongs on the shoulders of the child. A child knows what is right and what is wrong, what is expected of him, what he is expected not to do, and it is folly for parents to find excuses for their child, to seek his happiness and to forget that his happiness in life will depend upon his growth as a person, his understanding of his responsibilities as a social human being. Eliezer, father of Benjamin, knew this lesson well. Jewish homes in early nineteenth century mid-Europe were homes of straight-forward simple discipline and straight-forward simple love. A child knew what was right. He knew what was wrong. He knew when he had done wrong. He knew he was to be punished and he ~~knew~~ never dreamt that that punishment meant that that punishment meant that the parents withdrew their love from him. There was a simplicity about these homes which permitted a child to understand what was expected of him and to grow without becoming tortured and confused and without beginning that torture and that confusion which leads to the couch of the psychiatrist.

Max Lerner has observed that no culture in all history is so anxious over its parental responsibilities as our own. The University of Chicago conducted an interesting study. They found that one-third of all conversation between adults under the age of sixty and after business hours had to do with children and the problems of child rearing, the questions of philosophy and practice and so on. It found further that one-half of all conversation between husband and wife had to do with the children. Now it is good that we have a great deal of new information in



child rearing, but preoccupation with the rearing of our child destroys our own effectiveness. Today we are neo-Freudians, tomorrow we are following the school of DEWEY, the next day we are following the school of Spock, the next day Dr. Spock revises his book. And our child -- where does our child stand? How does he learn what is expected of him and what is not expected of him? Common sense ever bathed in love -- that is still the best rule any parent will discover through raising his child. It is still true, if you look around you. But all too often those who are most sophisticated in the new knowledge are those who make the worst mistakes in the raising of their own. There is no theory which will ever be devised which will be right for every parent and for every child. Of that we can be certain. Every parent is different, every family is different, every child is different. There is no theory which should stand between the child and his parent. We should stop seeing our children only through bizarre colored glasses and see them as they truly are -- individuals, individual human beings who need something from us as we need something from them and must give something to them.

Our age needs to relax, relax in its child-rearing, not take it so seriously. Some pretty good children were raised long before books were ever written, long before there was a discipline called psychology, long before there were medical people called psychiatrists. I do not disparage this new learning. It is important. But I do feel, here in the innermost part of my being, one needs to be free, to feel at ease with one's children. One needs to feel no obligation to overwhelm them with financial things simply because other children have these financial advantages. And equally one should feel free, unburdened, to provide them with a discipline in the home attuned to the latest subtlety of some modern theory.

Peretz' story tells us that raising a child does not give us any guarantee, however well-intentioned we may be. No guarantee of the success of our efforts. No guarantee that the sacrifices that we make may not be condemned or prove of little use. And yet I am sure that none of us who have been granted the privilege



of parenthood would turn aside from that privilege for a single instant, whatever its obligations, whatever its responsibilities, whatever its dangers. It is still the richest, finest, and most blessed privilege which a kind God can dower upon any man and upon any woman.

Amen.





<sup>little</sup> My children are well supplied with a great stock in the field of  
child rearing and psychology - yet it was for none of these but from an  
anthology of short stories that I began to read along the line of thought  
that I should like to have recited you this morning.

Once last Party was an able Yiddish language scholar of  
mid European Jewish life at the turn of the century, a scholar, a social critic,  
humanist his words, now for the most part in acceptable translation,  
are winning a wide circle of friends and admirers.

A short while ago I was browsing through a new compilation of some  
of Parley's shorter material when my eye fell on a novel which I was  
by a regrettable - so powerful in its own way and so suggestive - that I  
should like to share it with you this morning.

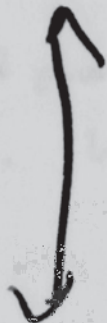
It is titled Y Generation - 4 vols. Stylistically, Y Generation - 4 vols.,  
is as far as I know unique in Jewish lit. for it purports to be <sup>nothing more</sup> an unadorned  
copy of the records of 1 generation of a single family. As a record of conditions  
and I think you will agree with me that it is not only unique but  
highly interesting, compelling and instructive.

Eliezer Haked is the senior progenitor of a Jewish unknown any  
knowledge. His record is brief. It shows an industrious, forthright,  
impractical man - a man well aware of his responsibilities - a man  
who expects a great deal of himself and of others.

Eliezer's son Benjamin is better known to us. Industrious and stable  
like his father, he possessed a rare spirit. He combined <sup>intrinsic</sup> intelligence with  
a pleasant heart; a lover of people with a love of learning; a humble  
intelligence with a profoundly sensitive sensitivity. He was a peace,  
charitable, able, kindly, a good provider, a loving father - in short  
a man of many parts and commendable and praiseworthy



Bergman's son Maurice Benedict Dr. became a man of substance and some prominence. Indefatigable in business he advanced his family socially, provided for their every need, and in every way played the role of father figure and responsible citizen. Yet we saw that in many ways Maurice Benedict Dr. was more calculating than compassionate - certainly he was taken up much more with the problems of finance than with the problems of family.



O Maurice Benedict Dr., rich & full of success and fortune, no description beyond the fact of his wealth is needed.



A few lines of prose, yet they reveal us as most of each man. We can sense the unspoken pride of those as he watched Benjamin grow into a competent manhood. We can sense the pride of Benjamin as he watched his son in turn capably assume responsibility - yet we sense also - do we not - a troubling sense of doubt in the mind of the father - and his son has not grown in spirit as <sup>much</sup> as in strength. Certainly we appreciate the discipline, the hard work of Maurice Dr. as he watches Maurice Jr. become ever more confused by life - increasingly far removed from the simple life - less and less prepared to handle the world.

Fading away the emotions of each of these fathers I begin to speculate as to the nature of our relationship to these men & as to the reasons for their success or their failures. ~~Perhaps their appreciation for help or better to understand~~ <sup>dislike</sup> ~~obligation to them~~.



M. Bandelmann's life, tragically as the most troubling of all the stories  
this day. That one can almost hear his <sup>but mostly self</sup> justifications which  
is born of absolute frustration. "But I gave him everything, I moved  
to Warsaw so that he could matriculate at the best school. I lived on  
tutor to tutor over Europe with him and acquaintances until the last  
of Western culture. I dressed him in the finest clothes, had him cared  
for by the best doctors, I gave him everything that he had any opportunity for  
advancement. I made it possible for him to look forward to a life  
free of all financial care. Why, why, why - <sup>Didn't I do</sup> Everything that could be done  
for the boy?"

Listening in on Maurice's sad, unspoken explanation, I even  
remembered of a scene which took place in my office on May 1941, a  
12 year old son of a Jewish mother who had emigrated from France had enlisted  
in July 1941, his age and under he was called up, he had run away  
from home without permission or permission. He was a serious  
his indoctrination at the Reich Training <sup>where he found his</sup> boys' camp and he was  
called to arrange an interview of possible a visitation.

I shall never forget the scene at that meeting. The boy stood  
silent. The mother wept silently. The father stumbled through a  
greeting and then gave him a small gift. His voice was almost to a  
shout as he berated his son as ingrate. Then as if an <sup>apology</sup> ~~apology~~ <sup>justification</sup> he  
turned to me with his explanation. "We've given him everything,  
I gave him the best of care - a car. We bought our house so that he  
could go to a good school. We joined a club so that he could  
make the right friends. We made it possible for him to be invited to  
all the parties. His mother and I have worked hard during the  
war - and look how he repays us - 'We gave him everything'."

As the father shook his head in disgust, disbelief and repetition  
again & again "I just don't know - we've given him everything" - the  
boy heretofore silent looked at his parent through eyes brimming  
with pain & said simply almost in a whisper - Yes, I gave him everything  
for me, but you never paid any attention to me!



Maurice Randall Jr. was raised by a one class parent. What he needed was brought. His father swung out at his desk and dumped out the amount. The young sailor's parents had also made a large and earnest attempt to see son back had invested little of themselves in his case.

Unfortunately, no one can write out a child sufficient in sum to successfully raise a child. To grow a child must be fed a balanced diet of love and patience and tenderness and understanding. The thing that many can say in the desert - a welcome treat after a balanced meal - but of course in place of the meal of attention and the <sup>made</sup> ~~genuine~~ of gentleness consideration.

Maurice B. Jr. father raised his son carefully. He provided him with a good deal of help but he was careful to <sup>balance</sup> ~~balance~~ his child with a good measure of love & understanding.

Berger enjoyed a measure of success in raising his son, Maurice Jr. gave him a responsible, hardworking, and capable businessman - well mannered, cultured, and not inclined to commercial responsibility - but one sense that the son is less a man than his father - The son comes as a calculating mind - a hard head mind - is not joined as it were with his father to a soft heart.

Perhaps the most perplexing question raised by Paul's story is our need to explain Berger's partial failure to a parent - his inability to transmit ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~any~~ <sup>any</sup> to his one witness in world - the business witness. To this question there is no answer. All that we can do for his child - all of the love & understanding and a parent should give to his child - Berger's gave.

I suspect that we are definitely less than humanly asked the wrong question. In Berger's case it is not the father but the son who has been faulted. Maurice simply lacked the capacity or the desire to provide the fine example of his father's character.

Trace any family tree - you will find it and you will find successful children and useful sisters; brothers & sisters, when personally and character may differ - saint and sinner sometimes sharing the same roof, the same paternal maternal



solicitude.

Every child is unique - a world unto himself - possessed and free from inception of certain capacities and emotional characteristics - to parent - or parent - can go only so far with a child - mostly the way to adulthood the child must - should walk alone.

We live in an age which has unfortunately minimized the child's responsibility. Into none of our applied science we allow children walk into the world to be the burden of their mother, in the laps of their parents - when the fatherly love - the mother of love even their & their alone.

Children need to be called down for their mistakes, if they are to grow as people. They must be made to feel guilt, when they have been guilty. It is precisely such occasion of discipline - when a parent is called a rap - that make a child parent & (the) stock & laborer to grow.

The principal report that it is the rare parent who does not to-day need to shield his child from discipline. How often do we see the sorry spectacle of parent providing their twisted offspring with all manner of ready excuses & justifications "The teacher is prejudiced" "The school is too strict" "Johnny didn't do it & I am so small a child!"

That they be shield from the responsibility for his & their - under his moral fiber - strike his character - destroy in the long run the very happiness & security which the parent is seeking to protect.

It is time perhaps past time - that American parents cease protecting their children from themselves & allow them to grow in character as well as in physique.



I doubt that Eliezer wanted Benjamin's post-graduate studies or  
neighbors. I suspected that his success as a parent was at least in  
part due to his intelligence - his wisdom - that Benjamin never  
willing assume entire responsibility in the home & perform entire  
chores, already the home. In the mid European Jewish home (as we have seen)  
doubt in a child's mind as to what was right, what was wrong, what  
permitted could be expected, and what should have to be performed.

Eliezer's discipline came in a simple and straightforward manner. After  
all he lived before the day of Freud - before there was such  
an exaggerated & vulgarized Freudian psychology - his method  
promoted a rationalized way of self-analysis.

There should not be a reward and no punishment. To-day's behavior  
and the parents must be seen as a child and the punishment  
is for the child's benefit and not a manifestation of some latent hostility  
or repressed guilt complex.

Then there was a right & a wrong. To-day many have known of  
the tactics of an endless debate between parents & disciplinarian (as  
of child rearing) - a debate which results only in transferring the intellectual  
burden of the parent into a chaotic confusion of the child.

<sup>if any</sup>  
To-day's <sup>if any</sup> is too much wrong & discussion about our children.

A recent W. J. Chubb - long showed that  $\frac{1}{3}$  of all conversations between  
adults under 40 in office conversations hours &  $\frac{1}{2}$  of all conversations between  
husbands & wives dealt with children & their problems. Knowledge is  
undoubtedly on, of course, important - but preoccupies & distracts  
to rely definitely. ~~on the child's behavior, as the child's behavior~~  
~~to the child's behavior~~

This is not true that many children's parents in the modern part  
of the country do a far better job of child rearing than some of the most  
advanced & sophisticated experts in that field.

~~Let us not let the child's behavior be the only guide~~



I am not an observer - rather I do make large notes  
child psychology & its insight - but this I do not - the best of part, have  
had to review each friend or so over time - the best rule yet  
to love & common sense & understanding - ~~the best rule yet~~  
~~the best rule yet~~

As Purity's old friends & family are demanding of her & help & understanding & are unable to provide it without any guarantee or assurance - just what she needs I know she that no one else in the community would take the burden of her responsibility - for the sake of love & her growth,