

LOOK WHAT'S INSIDE:

THE RISK OF UNCONDITIONAL LOVE

LIVING WITH A DEPRESSED MOM

LAST LAUGH

MENTAL HEALTH NEWS

When Friends Suffer

by Esther Bailey

When tragedy strikes a friend, do you struggle to know what to say? If so, you are not alone. We all want to help in these difficult times but if we aren't careful we can increase their pain rather than relieve it.

Telling someone that everything will be okay, for example, or even that God will make it right, can be taken to mean you think dealing with the problem should be easy. The already devastated person sinks lower because you don't get it.

Saying, "I know how you feel" to someone in crisis can also seem to minimize the severity of the situation. We can never know how someone else is feeling. Even if we have gone through the same type of situation, we don't have complete insight and sensitivity into another's emotions because every experience is different.

And as valuable as Scripture is for dealing with life, it may not always be helpful to quote what seems like an appropriate verse. That truth jumped out at me while I was interviewing a woman for a story. Ruth had suffered

FRIENDS continued on page 4 ►

The Kind of Parents Children and Teenagers Want

by Dr. Clyde M. Narramore

One summer I was speaking at a conference and had an experience that I will never forget. Each morning I held a seminar in the main auditorium for all of the adults. Each afternoon I held a similar session for teenagers. One day in the adult group a mother asked, "What do teenagers really want from us as their parents? It seems like I can't tell from one day to the next." Throughout the auditorium other parents nodded in agreement.

Since I was going to meet with the teenagers later that day I told the parents I would discuss their question with the teens and let them know what they had to say the next day.

About half way through my discussion with teenagers that afternoon, I said "Young people, this morning a

parent asked me a question which I don't exactly know how to answer. So I thought I would pass it on to you and ask you for your answers. Basically, the question boils down to this: What kind of parents would you like to have? What do you value most highly in a mother and a father? If you could have the kind of parents you wanted, what kind would you

PARENTS, continued on page 2 ►





PARENTS, continued from cover

choose?” The entire group quieted right down. Some looked a little surprised while most began to think rather seriously. After a moment, a girl half raised her hand and said, “I would like to have parents who would keep on loving me even when I did wrong.” I waited for a moment, nodded my head and said, “Yes.” And the girl continued. “My folks only like me when I’m doing what they want me to do. This year I really messed up and my parents won’t let me forget it. They have never treated me the same since. You don’t mind it for a few days or even for a few weeks, but finally you just can’t stand it anymore. You are all alone and there is no one you can turn to.”

Surely this girl expressed one of the great longings in the heart of all young people and children. They want to have parents who keep on loving them even when they fall short of their parents’ expectations. The love of some parents is provisional. When a child meets their expectations they love them warmly. But a child needs the love of his parents the most when he has failed. That is the way God loves us. He loves us no matter how well we are performing.

Surely if God can forgive us, the least we can do as parents is forgive our chil-

dren and keep on loving them even when they do wrong. The Bible says, “Brethren, even if anyone is caught in any trespass, you who are spiritual, restore such a one in a spirit of gentleness; each one looking to yourself, so that you too will not be tempted” *Galatians 6:1* (NASB). This attitude is the one God wants us to have with our sons and daughters.

*Surely if God can forgive us,
the least we can do as parents
is forgive our children and
keep on loving them even
when they do wrong.*

Looking out over the crowd of young people I said, “Thank you very much for that suggestion. Are there more?” One boy stood up and began this way: “Yeah, I would like to have parents that understand me and listen and let me do some of the talking.” About that time a girl spoke up and said, “That’s right! You don’t mind your parents telling you what to do part of the time, but you get tired of listening all the time and not getting a chance to say anything yourself.” Spontaneously, another boy said,

“You’re lucky. I would like to have any kind of conversation with my Dad, even if he did all the talking. I don’t think I’ve had a civil conversation with him in my whole life!”

Then a teenager near the back of the room stood up and said, “I would like parents I could trust. Someone I can depend on. Someone who is honest. My parents are always saying things that aren’t true. White lies, they call them. They go to church, but they don’t think anything about being dishonest. I don’t think its right, do you?”

I agreed with the boy. Parents sometimes punish their children for not telling the truth, when in reality they learn to tell falsehoods from the examples of their moms and dads.

Without my asking for any further suggestions, one girl said, “I would like to have parents who are home. I know all these other things are important but I hate coming home and finding there is no one else in the house besides yourself. Sometimes I wonder, what’s the use of coming home at all since there’s no one there?”

The girl said no more. I don’t know exactly what she had in mind. But my thoughts flashed to the many boys and girls who come home from school each day and whose parents are both working. Or perhaps mother is not working but she does not think it is important to be home when the children arrive. Since so many mothers have to work these days I realize it is not realistic for a parent to always be at home when the kids return from school. And yet, I believe this girl voiced the opinion of many other young people.

A child can have many friends and companions but they just don’t take the place of mom and dad. The best way to show a child you love him is to spend focused time with him. We want to be near those we love. The greatest damage done to a child when we fail to spend time is actually not his being alone. It is our telling him, by our absence, that other people and other things are more important to us.

When it is impossible for a parent to be home when our children return from school, we need to make sure that our children and teens either connect with us by phone or texting, or that grandma

or granddad are home to welcome them and provide an adult presence. If none of these are possible, arrange for them to go to a nearby home where there is other adult contact and supervision.

As I looked around the room, I asked, "Do you have any other suggestions?" One boy broke in saying, "Another thing I think is important for a parent to do is encourage us. I don't mind being nagged sometimes but I also need encouragement. It's rough when you get all of one and none of the other."

How right he was. One of the most important things a parent can do for a child is to encourage him. Age makes little difference. Everyone likes to feel appreciated. We may be limited in finances. We may not have a beautiful home. And we may not have a college degree or some other outward credential. But one thing we can always give our children is encouragement. Sometimes just a few words of praise and encouragement will help a child or teen over a difficult time and boost him well on the way to success. In fact, nearly all highly successful people I know can point to a few people who, at

the right time, encouraged them to do something they had never considered before or deemed impossible. Try to never let one day go by without encouraging your children.

Our session closed that day with one final desire. A young man around 18 or 19 said, "I wasn't raised in a Christian home, but last Christmas I spent the holidays with a friend of mine. His parents are Christians. I was there for almost a week and it was my first time in a Christian home. I had a terrific time. Every morning we read the Bible and prayed. They prayed about different things and for each other and then we sang a chorus. I had never realized how much my family was missing. I think the most important thing parents can do is to pray with their children." Another young man immediately stood up and said, "Yes, if they pray *with* us, and not *at* us."

As I left the auditorium I felt confident about my next day's meeting with the adults. There was at least one question I had an excellent answer for. I knew the kind of parents boys and girls wanted. †

Dear Dr. Narramore:

I read the article on co-dependency on your website yesterday and wish to thank your organization for posting this information.

I have suffered from discombobulated beliefs surrounding co-dependency, and as a result my life has been a living hell from years of being used and emotionally blamed and abused.

Your article is the most comprehensive in helping co-dependents understand and identify with the issues they face. Thank you for bringing clarity to my co-dependency.

I am finally learning to emotionally detach from those people who wish to keep me bound in unhealthy relationships.

I am able to offer forgiveness and walk away free. †

— RL, New Jersey

LAST LAUGH



"Wireless communication is nothing new. I've been praying for 75 years!"

Copyright 2009 by Randy Glasbergen — www.glasbergen.com

PSYCHOLOGY FOR LIVING

Spring 2010 Vol. 52 No. 1

Published three times a year by the Narramore Christian Foundation, 250 W. Colorado Blvd., Suite 200, Arcadia, California 91007.

President: Dr. Bruce Narramore

Founder: Dr. Clyde M. Narramore

Editors: Robert and Melanie Whitcomb

Art Director: Richard W. McDill

All material in this issue is subject to United States and international copyright laws. Change of Address: When ordering a change, please send your OLD address along with the NEW, enclosing the label, if possible. Manuscripts featuring a Christian perspective on family, relational and emotional adjustment are welcome if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

How to get *PSYCHOLOGY FOR LIVING* on a regular basis: This helpful publication is not sold by subscription but is sent to supporters of the NCF ministries. Your donation of \$20 or more will bring each issue of *LIVING* magazine to your home, along with other beneficial literature on everyday problems. Write to NCF, P. O. Box 661900, Arcadia, CA 91066-1900, or phone (626) 821-8400.

from depression and low self-esteem because of her inability to have a child. Healing eventually took place through the adoptive process that brought about a happy ending to her story. But that took time.

“What was the hardest part of what you went through?” I asked.

“People who said, ‘Just trust the Lord,’” Ruth replied.

Later, I asked, “What Scripture did you lean on during your times of trauma?”

“Trust in the Lord with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding” *Prov. 3:5* (NIV).

The two messages are exactly the same; so what’s the difference? Why was the message coming from people so painful yet the Scripture verse she found herself so helpful? “Just trust the Lord” sounded easy—as though the speaker was an authority who had just

Timing can also be a problem. The Bible tells us “There is a time for everything,...a time to be silent and a time to speak” *Ecclesiastes 3:1,7* (NIV). There is a somewhat predictable process in coming to grips with tragedy and loss. The first step is being able to share our pain with others. We need to release our painful emotions to someone who listens and understands. We may need to mourn or grieve for a period. Advice to trust usually needs to come much later, and even then it’s generally better if the person can come to that herself, rather than being told she should.

With so many warnings about what doesn’t work to comfort, should we back off from even trying to help? Rather than saying or doing the wrong thing, would it be better to stay clear of the situation altogether? No. Not at all! **We need to be there for friends in crisis. But we need to be sure our**

place to start.

Tears, touch, or caring silence can speak much louder than words. At church, Stephanie learned the terrible news that Amber’s cancer had returned. After the service, Stephanie rushed to Amber’s side and threw her arms around the distraught woman. In silence, they cried together and the bond between them grew stronger with each tear.

Later, the pastor had special prayer for Amber. With the pastor holding both of her hands, Amber was unable to wipe away the tears that streamed down her face. So Stephanie retrieved a facial tissue and tenderly dried her friend’s tears.

Sharing her tears was all Stephanie could do for her friend at the moment. Later, she kept Amber company during her infusions of chemotherapy while homemade soup simmered in a slow cooker at home. Afterward, the two women enjoyed a simple meal together.

Sincerely saying you’re sorry is another effective way to show that you care. After years of hard work, Alex had just signed on as an NFL player when he had a terrible accident. The extent of his injuries meant he would never again play football. On the way to the hospital, his friend Barry wondered what he could do or say for Alex. Still groggy from pain medication, Alex barely acknowledged Barry’s presence. But Barry took hold of Alex’s hand and said, “I’m sorry, Alex—so, so sorry.”

“Thank you,” Alex whispered as he closed his eyes. The strained expression on his face seemed to soften.

Later, Barry will help Alex explore the possibility of another career—perhaps one that relates to his beloved game.

Those plagued by guilt or low self-esteem need to know that God loves them and offers forgiveness. After a powerful sermon on sin, Nicky went forward for prayer. Later, to Jessica, Nicky confessed that she had had an abortion. “I can never forgive myself,” Nicky said.

presence and words are helpful. Check out the biblical example of Job’s friends.

Much has been said about their insensitivity, but before they tried to send Job on a guilt trip, they started right. “Then they sat on the ground with him for seven days and seven nights. No one said a word to him, because they saw how great his suffering was,” *Job 2:13* (NIV). Simply listening and “being there” is nearly always the

solved the problem. Trusting the Lord is easy to say but it’s hard to do. Giving advice to “trust God” can imply that we think the other person is not trusting. Urging someone to pray can even have the same effect. After a well-meaning Christian told Barbara “You just have to pray more,” Barbara told her audience, “While *she* was sleeping, *I* had been wide awake all night, praying.”



Taking the Risk of Unconditional Love

by Gordon T. Smith

Every year during the Christmas season we do our mall shopping and are forced to listen to the piped-in Muzak that filters through the stores. We hear winter songs and Christmas carols, and invariably we hear “Santa Claus Is Comin’ to Town.” This is a particularly insidious piece of music, since it cuts at the heart of the gospel. It may sound like an innocent song that we can teach children, but consider the words.

*You better watch out, you better not cry,
Better not pout, I’m telling you why:
Santa Claus is comin’ to town.
He sees you when you’re sleepin’,
He knows when you’re awake,
He knows if you’ve been bad or good,
So be good for goodness sake.*

What is the message? The song tells us that if we want to receive the benefits of Christmas, then we had better be good. If we are not good, then Santa Claus will know, and if he knows, there will be negative consequences.

That message is the very opposite of the message of Christmas. The glory of Christmas is that Christ loved us while we were yet sinners. That is the whole point of Christmas; we celebrate the love of God. But “Santa Claus Is Comin’ to Town” turns this on its head and thereby undermines the gospel.

One may think the song is innocent and meaningless, except for this: the perspective of this song resides deep in the heart of each person who has not learned to accept God’s love. God loves us, and there is nothing we can do to make God love us more. All we can do is accept, as a principle of faith, the fact that we are loved by God. We believe this because Christ, the Son of God, died for us while we were yet his enemies.

For many of us, our experience while growing up was just the opposite of unconditional love. Our homes were settings in which the fundamental assumption was that we would be loved more if we behaved appropriately. How many children have assumed that if they wanted the love and blessing of their parents, then they had to behave according to their parents’ expectations?

As a parent, I know how difficult it is to love unconditionally—to love and accept my children and not demand that they

change before they know my love and blessing. It is easy, if either of my sons fails to fulfill some expectation of mine, to show my displeasure by standing aloof, withholding my blessing, making him feel as badly as I possibly can. But my call as a father must be to love unconditionally, that is, to express sorrow and perhaps even anger when something wrong is done, but to do so in a manner that never violates my first call to love my children. And knowing how difficult it is to do this only highlights for me the wonder of God’s love. The bottom line remains: I must strive to love my sons unconditionally and to assure them of this love regardless of their behavior, for this is how God loves each one of us.

Some Christians believe this is dangerous teaching. They are inclined to think that if people know God will love them even if they are bad, then nothing will motivate them to be good. However, this is faulty theology when placed beside the clear message of Scripture. It is not for us to decide the terms or conditions of God’s love, and the Word of God clearly states that God loved us while we were yet sinners.

But more to the point, what this perspective fails to see is that the only possible basis for growing in faith is the love of God—a love that we are sure and certain of. However much we may want people to be holy, the way to encourage them to grow and mature in their faith is not by hanging a

carrot (the love of God) just out of their grasp. We can find the wholeness for which we long only if we know, first, that we are loved. If this is taking a risk, it is a risk that God will take. And there is no other foundation for spiritual growth and vitality than the confidence that we are loved. This is the gospel: God loves us. Nothing can shake this or undermine this reality. God loves us, delights in us, takes pleasure and joy in each life. God calls each one by name and as Creator celebrates what he has made. This love is never utilitarian; God does not love us for what we accomplish or do. We are, quite simply, loved.

Our greatest need is to know this truth and to anchor our lives to it, living in a profound inner confidence of God’s love. This is truth. This is freedom. This is our point of departure for everything we are and hope to be. In some form or another, we all probably wish that others would love us, indeed that everyone would love us. But obviously this will not happen. Nevertheless, we can be confident of this: the Creator of the universe loves us. Each of us. †

Taken from *The Voice of Jesus: Discernment, Prayer and the Witness of the Spirit* by Gordon T. Smith. Copyright(c) 2003 by Gordon T. Smith. Used by permission of InterVarsity Press PO Box 1400 Downers Grove, IL 60515. www.ivpress.com.



Living With A Depressed Mom

by Trudy Den Hoed

“That’s where all the crazy people go!” blurted one of my fellow grade-school students as our bus drove past the Mental Health Institute on our way to a field trip of a museum and planetarium in Cherokee, Iowa. False shame reached out its grubby hands and strangled me as I stared out the window at that unfriendly brick building, my enemy. The razor-edged words sliced into my heart, slashing the scream begging to give voice, “My mom is NOT crazy!”

My mom often battled bouts of depression when I was growing up. She wanted to be there for us kids, but she couldn’t. Several times throughout my childhood she would have stays in Cherokee and later in a Sioux Falls hospital or in Yankton when we lived in South Dakota.

Sadly, shock treatments and pills were the norm in those days. My mom didn’t receive quality counseling to enable her to work through the deep-seated childhood rejection and emotional abuse that caused her depression. Counseling was not widely available in the 1960s. Inevitably her pain kept festering inside, ready to shove her into debilitating illness time and again.

Unfortunately our pastor and church elders didn’t understand mental illness. They largely scolded people suffering mental and emotional problems and further stoked the fire of shame and undermined self-worth. We perceived God as a distant Judge ready to punish us. We didn’t hear how the love of Jesus offers hope, how Jesus hurts when we hurt.

In spite of her periodical battles with depression, I still knew my mom loved us. But when she disappeared, emotionally and sometimes physically, it was so difficult to convince my child’s heart. And I suffered from living with her depression. I’d see her crying or in hysterics, and it tore me up. Like many children, I somehow felt guilty for her illness. Why couldn’t I make Mom happy? What did I do wrong? When she was suicidal, it devastated me. Weren’t we worth living for? When Mom was again taken to a hospital, I was lonely and afraid.



Subconsciously I began to believe it was my job to make everyone happy. I became a people pleaser to try to quiet my long-standing belief that I helped cause my mother’s depression. If anyone around me was unhappy or upset, I would try to “fix” it. If I couldn’t make someone feel better, my load of guilt became heavier. What is wrong with me that I always mess up people’s lives?

It took years before I worked through the guilt and feelings of desertion that I had felt as a child. But when I did, I realized what a wonderful mom I really had. Although depression sometimes snatched her away from us or plunged her into inescapable self-centeredness, she loved us deeply. There was nothing she enjoyed more than to be surrounded by her family, and I believe she would have sacrificed her own life to save ours. In fact, she nearly did.

One day I was contentedly curled up with a book on the living room couch. My little brother was in the playpen on the north wall of the kitchen next to the door leading to the living room. Mom was in the kitchen preparing supper and heating oil for french fries in an aluminum pan on the gas stove burner. When she lowered the basket of

frozen fries into the hot oil an explosion of light and a bone-chilling shriek shattered my serenity. I snapped out of my frozen-in-fear moment and raced to the kitchen to see fire climbing up the curtains next to the stove. Oblivious to the burning flesh on her hands, Mom screamed, “Get the baby out! Get the baby out! Get Dad!”

I grabbed my little brother, heaved him onto my hip, and rushed out to the barn. Meanwhile, my mom worked feverishly to get the fire out; and if my memory serves me correctly, she succeeded before Dad arrived. But then the pain took over and consumed her, and Dad rushed her to the doctor.

The 2nd and 3rd degree burns on my mom’s hands took time to heal. But those gauze-wraps were loving hands of a mother who cared more for our safety than for her own. That same hand, scarred with love, soothed my fevered brow when I was sick and brought me tea and toast and patted my back with encouragement to pursue interests I enjoyed.

That loving hand carried an automatic switch whenever I traveled with her. A sudden step on the brakes would spring her

hand out to my side of the front seat in the car, and her arm became my safety belt. That switch could always be depended on, even later when I was an adult and we had seatbelts. I didn't mind though, and we had some special moments over it. Later, as my mom became older and rode along with me, we chuckled when one day my hand sprang out.

How I loved my "crazy" mom! I'm so proud of how she broke the abuse cycle of possibly generations of moms. She had to battle the monster of depression and she couldn't always protect us from harm, but she still managed to model what a mother's love should be.

I am so grateful that in the later years of her life, Mom was finally able to experience Jesus' love of her and know she had priceless value in His eyes. Her faith in a Savior who sacrificed His life for her grew and blossomed like a rose. Deep-seated thorns of insecurity and depression still tried to inhibit her from full bloom, but she was still, oh, so beautiful. Yes, depression periodically dominated her life, especially when we were growing up, but I still picture the deeper scars on one of her hands. Scars of love. Sacrificial love. Even when a stroke paralyzed her and took away her freedom to hug us, she still wanted us to know we were loved. Fighting for breath, some of her last words were whispered in succession, "I love you, I love you, I love you."

I wish I could go back in time to those kids on that school bus. I would stand up to them and proudly tell them how much my "crazy" mom loved us and how blessed I am that she was my mother. I am a better, more caring person today because of her. And I know she is now with Jesus where she can forever bloom perfectly. There is no more depression and no more pain. †

Trudy Den Hoed is a freelance writer who is blessed with a caring husband, children, and grandchildren. She is passionate about her God and spreading hope to hurting souls. She has had articles and devotions published in both children and adult markets. She can be contacted at hoperose84@gmail.com.

Surprised by the confession, Jessica wondered how to respond. One of the Ten Commandments came to mind, but Nicky already knew the seriousness of her sin. Now she needed to know that God still loved her and that He would forgive her. "Though your sins are like scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they are red as crimson, they shall be like wool" *Isa. 1:18* (NIV), Jessica offered.

When Nicky did not respond, Jessica continued, "Remember that Jesus loved you so much, He died for you. Wasn't that sacrifice great enough to take away all of your guilt—even from yourself?" Nicky's eyes registered a ray of hope. It would take time for her to heal, but Jessica would stay by her side.

Prayer is in order for any situation. Jeremy knew something was terribly wrong when Keith turned down an invitation to go for a chocolate shake. "Okay, Keith. Out with it. What's got you?"

"Marla and I are splitting up." Keith's shoulders drooped even lower.

"For sure?"

"Yeah. Her attorney is drawing up the divorce papers as we speak."

"Man, that's tough."

As they talked, the situation sounded more and more hopeless. Jeremy could think of nothing to say to ease Keith's pain. Yet he desperately wanted to help. Jeremy's pastor often said to pray with people instead of promising to pray for them. Jeremy had never done that but decided now was the time to start.

Jeremy's prayer was awkward but it came from his heart. Marla might still go through with the divorce because God will not interfere with her free will. Nevertheless, placing the matter in God's hands helped to lift Keith's burden. "I could go for that chocolate shake now," he said.

There is no magic formula for dealing with another's pain. Each situation is different. With prayer and practice, though, we can all bring comfort to those who hurt and we will have a sense of fulfillment because we have helped bear a friend's burden (*Galatians 6:2*). †

Esther M. Bailey is a freelance writer, living in Scottsdale, Arizona. She attends McDowell Mountain Community Church. In her leisure time, she enjoys Internet shopping, entertaining friends, and dining out.

Continuing Education In
Counseling
and
Member
Care

An Intensive
Counseling Seminar
for Missionaries, Pastors,
and
Other Christian Workers

October
10 – 22, 2010
Chiang Mai, Thailand

Sponsored by the
Narramore Christian Foundation

TRIBUTES AND
 GIFTS
 IN MEMORY OF

Gifts In Memory of:	Presented by:
Clifford Chapman	Frank A Lane, Stover and Associates, Inc.

Would you like us to join you in honoring your loved one? You can send a Tribute Gift or Living Memorial Gift to the ministries of the Narramore Christian Foundation.

Please include the following: In Honor or Memory of, Amount, Given by, Name, Address. Return to Narramore Christian Foundation P.O. Box 661900 Arcadia, CA 91066-1900.



Narramore Christian Foundation
P.O. Box 661900
Arcadia, CA 91066-1900

Moving? Change of address? Send this label or a copy of it to the above address six weeks prior to moving.

NON-PROFIT ORGAN.
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
THE NARRAMORE
CHRISTIAN FOUNDATION
91066-1900

MENTAL
HEALTH NEWS

Too Much Facebook?

With the proliferation of electronic gadgets one does not have to look far to see the frenzied activities of people using media as a primary outlet for social connection. From Facebook™ to Twitter™, from PDAs to iPhone™,

and online individuals. The sample was distributed across gender, age, income and location in the United States. The following results certainly raise the possibility that some individuals may be risking an addiction to social media. 1) 48% of people check or update Facebook and/or Twitter after they go to bed. In case you are unfamiliar, Facebook is a social utility that connects people with others through message posting, instant text messaging, and uploading of pictures. Twitter is a much more simple, text-driven, real-time information network consisting of messages of 160 characters or less. People use Twitter to send tiny bits of information or news that they think others might find humorous, newsy or useful. 2) 61% of people under 25 years old and 55% of people over 25 years old check Facebook at least once a day. 3) 49% of people under 25 years old can be interrupted by an electronic message during a meal. 4) 28% of iPhone users check or update Twitter before they get out of bed.

people are relying more and more on electronic media. Go to any coffee shop and you will find laptops, iPhones and cell phones and everyone busy tapping out messages to their “friends.” Modern electronics can be wonderfully helpful devices, but is there a potential downside? Are we in danger of substituting electronic relationships for real ones? And worse yet, are we becoming addicted to our electronic connections?

A recent study conducted by Retrevo (2010)¹ provides some telling data worth considering. Retrevo is a consumer electronics shopping site that is visited by over four million people each month. While we might not consider them a serious academic source of research, their study is compelling. Data was collected from over a thou-

The data does not prove addiction, but it should certainly raise concerns about our reliance or dependence upon it. The internet has hastened and increased pornography addiction and perhaps social media will foster an addiction of a different kind. *Proverbs 25:28* reminds us, “Like a city whose walls are broken down is a man who lacks self control.” (NIV). †

¹Is Social Media a New Addiction? 03/16/2010 Retrevo Blog. <http://www.retrevo.com/content/blog/2010/03/social-media-new-addiction%3F>



MKS reentry



A Dynamic
and Practical
Seminar for the
Sons & Daughters
of Missionaries

July 11 - 23, 2010