

2-19-15 Follow up: Discipline #1

How many of you were frustrated? What did you discover about yourself?

Class member: It was a horrible week. I realized as I am trying to get my 2 year old girl to do something or not destroy something. I keep saying "Please stop!" I either force her or give up and let her do what she wants.

Did you see those options? Force or Give up. Most of us think there are only those 2 options. Have you ever seen a 15 year old boy taller than you and trying to force them.

Class member: I sat all the boys down and I gave them a set of instructions and a consequence and told them to govern themselves and then I stepped back. I had to deal with me not intervening. FHE my 8 year old taught a lesson on service and he dumped the toy bins in the middle of the floor. My 10 year old threw toys and distracted everyone. At the end of FHE I went up to my 10 year old and said did you handle those instructions. He said no. He put himself to bed on his own early that night.

The hardest part is to let it happen.

Class member: I wish I had more of a positive experience. I do daycare during the day. I watched myself and I realized I'm a totally different person with daycare kids rather than my own. I was patient and quiet and could talk to them. I had those expectations with my kids and just expected them to be different. The differences are night and day. I never have to tell them they get dressed before breakfast. With my kids I'm constantly saying the same things over and over (nagging) and my frustration level was higher and higher. I don't know where that line is. I don't know how to cross it over and respond that way with my own kids.

Yelling, nagging, and spanking don't work.

Class member: My baby is 7 now. The rest are older and boys. I was trying to get them to go to bed. They were being extra ornery. I sat them down and told them that I was about to explode. They went to bed better.

Occasionally it's good for kids to know where the line is. When you have little people that are playing and you know one of them cross the line where someone else isn't having fun anymore. It's ok to teach them that you are at the line. That's ok in teaching them that you are not always patient.

Class member: I have 6 kids and we don't have a big house. One just likes to push my buttons. I just go in my room in my closet and close my door and count to 100. No one knows where to find me. They couldn't figure out where I'm going. My freshman is taking a class that they had to do the color code. It was interesting to hear her perspective on what we thought we were.

Class member: I want to track how many time I have to say something. I have to say it 10 times. I stood in front of the TV and just turned it off. I counted. It's frustrating.

Try to do it on the 3rd time. It's not just keeping you at Level 0 they are learning disobedience. If you come on #3 they will start learning obedience. It is iyour action that teaches not your words.

Class member: When you get multi-tasking all your plans and strategies go out the window. I had 12 scouts at my house teaching them. My 4 boys know that when I'm multi tasking they can do whatever they want. All my clear thinking is gone. I could have given them an art class.

You could have pulled in your 10 year old and given him a Jr Cub Leader responsibility. They are feeling value.

Class member: My 9 year old is the toughest. I worry that all the extra attention is too much. He needs to be in control and I have to work hard to give him too much control. I worry the other kids will resent him.

Every child's needs are different. You are going to have some children who are really needy. You will also have a white child that will withdraw instead of expressing those needs. You will have to go to them. If I have a blue child and a white child what can I do?

Class member: You could talk to the blue and say I need to give them a little extra help. You can help them feel good about how they are doing it already.

Good idea, but you need to be careful you don't pit them against each other.

Class member: I've noticed with my kids my older one has a clue. My younger one is 4. If I tell my older one that there are 6 year old rules and 4 year old rules. He needs a little bit more help.

Let me ask you? When do you interact with him? When do you give those opportunities.

Class member: I give him lots of attention when he's good. Lots of physical and verbal attention. I also give him lots of attention when he is in his room kicking down a door.

She gave him lots of attention. She gives lots of physical attention. That builds self esteem. What does a red need? Power and control. In addition to giving you sit down and say, "What jobs do you want to have this week? How are we going to track them? What consequences are you going to have if you don't do it?" You are going to spend time. A red child demands attention. You can choose how you want it to be. In the areas (jobs, getting yourself up, homework) you can turn them over to them. Instead of me telling you (which drives a red crazy and puts them on the defensive) you let them

[Agency & Anger by Lynn G. Robbins](#)

A cunning part of his strategy is to dissociate anger from agency, making us believe that we are victims of an emotion that we cannot control. We hear, "I lost my temper." Losing one's temper is an interesting choice of words that has become a widely used idiom. To "lose something" implies "not meaning to," "accidental," "involuntary," "not responsible"—careless perhaps but "not responsible."

"He made me mad." This is another phrase we hear, also implying lack of control or agency. This is a myth that must be debunked. No one makes us mad. Others don't make us angry. There is no force involved. Becoming angry is a conscious choice, a decision; therefore, we can make the choice not to become angry. *We choose!*

To those who say, "But I can't help myself," author William Wilbanks responds: "Nonsense."

"Aggression, ... suppressing the anger, talking about it, screaming and yelling," are all learned strategies in dealing with anger. "*We choose* the one that has proved effective for us in the past. Ever notice how seldom we lose control when frustrated by our boss, but how often we do when annoyed by friends or family?" ("The New Obscenity," *Reader's Digest*, Dec. 1988, 24; emphasis added).

In his sophomore year Wilbanks tried out for the high school basketball team and made it. On the first day of practice his coach had him play one-on-one while the team observed. When he missed an easy shot, he became angry and stomped

and whined. The coach walked over to him and said, "You pull a stunt like that again and you'll never play for my team" (23). For the next three years he never lost control again. Years later, as he reflected back on this incident, he realized that the coach had taught him a life-changing principle that day: anger can be controlled.

You have to teach the 9 year old tools of anger management. You have to teach them options. What do you do when you get mad...take a deep breath, sing a song. You teach them when you are not mad. When you are talking to a red they are in a power struggle and you can't teach them anything. A red won't care. They only want their own way. When they are not angry that is when you teach the red. You try to help them have as much power over their life as possible.

Go to the diagram in your syllabus of the triangles.



First triangle (how most of us parent)...Most of us parent little people with a great deal of leeway because they are so cute. They crawl all over the home teacher, jump up and down and sing in sacrament meeting, run out naked. You say..."They are so cute." I agree they are cute. They don't want to go to bed....that's ok. You want to get into my bed? Come on. We do it. When that child is 6 it's not so funny and not so fun. We wait until they are old enough that the behavior isn't becoming. That behavior is pretty sold. As they get older we start pulling in the reins and get them to have better manners, to be better controlled...we get resistance. That is the way most of us do it and have problems.

Second triangle (how the Lord parents)...He gives us very few privileges in the beginning. When you are 4-5 you have a learning curve, but you don't have the priesthood. At 12 you get the priesthood. At 3 you get the nursery. It's a privilege. At 8 you get baptized. There are privileges and blessings you earn as they get older.

If you are going to make an error then err to the side of being more firm. At the age of 13 you shouldn't be giving them the 'hang out with friends to watch a movie'. That is

something they should be doing at 16. If you have nothing else to give they will find something else to take.

[Parable of the Locust Tree](#) (Gordon B. Hinckley)

Not long after we were married, we built our first home. We had very little money. I did much of the work myself. It would be called “sweat equity” today. The landscaping was entirely my responsibility. The first of many trees that I planted was a thornless honey locust. Envisioning the day when its filtered shade would assist in cooling the house in the summertime, I put it in a place at the corner where the wind from the canyon to the east blew the hardest. I dug a hole, put in the bare root, put soil around it, poured on water, and largely forgot it. It was only a wisp of a tree, perhaps three-quarters of an inch in diameter. It was so supple that I could bend it with ease in any direction. I paid little attention to it as the years passed.

Then one winter day, when the tree was barren of leaves, I chanced to look out the window at it. I noticed that it was leaning to the west, misshapen and out of balance. I could scarcely believe it. I went out and braced myself against it as if to push it upright. But the trunk was now nearly a foot in diameter. My strength was as nothing against it. I took from my toolshed a block and tackle. Attaching one end to the tree and another to a well-set post, I pulled the rope. The pulleys moved a little, and the trunk of the tree trembled slightly. But that was all. It seemed to say, “You can’t straighten me. It’s too late. I’ve grown this way because of your neglect, and I will not bend.”

Finally in desperation I took my saw and cut off the great heavy branch on the west side. The saw left an ugly scar, more than eight inches across. I stepped back and surveyed what I had done. I had cut off the major part of the tree, leaving only one branch growing skyward.

More than half a century has passed since I planted that tree. My daughter and her family live there now. The other day I looked again at the tree. It is large. Its shape is better. It is a great asset to the home. But how serious was the trauma of its youth and how brutal the treatment I used to straighten it.

When it was first planted, a piece of string would have held it in place against the forces of the wind. I could have and should have supplied that string with ever so little effort. But I did not, and it bent to the forces that came against it.

I have seen a similar thing, many times, in children whose lives I have observed. The parents who brought them into the world seem almost to have abdicated their responsibility. The results have been tragic. A few simple anchors would have given them the strength to withstand the forces that have shaped their lives. Now it appears it is too late.