



Reading bedtime devotional stories with Delfina.

time stories with us before bed. (After all, everyone there had colds & we were already exposed to them everywhere.) Delfina, too, was wearing thick slippers for bedtime. Also, because we brought along no potty for night-use in this cold, wintry weather, we put a mop bucket in our room for our night-time potty run. **IF A GISE SUBJECT WE MAY ADD HERE, IS THAT I REMEMBER WHEN IT WAS TIME FOR THE CHILDREN TO GO TO SLEEP,** that they were all put into the adults' bedrooms about 9:30 or 10:00pm, their normal bedtime, with a little night-light on & the door closed for total quietness, & the children were left alone to go to sleep (some even in the bedrooms alone). Perhaps this night may have been different since the big people were planning some adult fellowship after the kids' bedtime, but it flowed like such a "golden opportunity" over-looked when the children, being home from school & with their parents for the weekend, could have had more of a little special time together, or at least had a Scripture tape on to put them to sleep in the name of Jesus, & not have to lie there in the dimness alone & even sad, at what was a burden to us ever for good Children's tape projects in our Family, with Scriptures, Letters or Word Songs on tape, to teach for us. --All a parent has to do is push a button, to at least have the tape offer the child peace, security

& "Light" at bedtime.

18. THE NEXT MORNING WHILE WASHING IN THE BATHROOM, DITO & I NOTICED THREE PAIRS OF CHILDREN'S JAMMIES, WET & SOGGY, SOAKING IN THE BATHTUB. It was obvious that the children not only wet the bed, but wet themselves totally, all of them, & apparently most of the time. I noticed Dito staring into the bathtub with a funny look on his face & it was the same day that I noticed he took such a great interest in the beautiful blonde, 5-year-old Marna. She's a pretty sexy little girl & wanted to be with Dito most of the time. He shared everything with her, spoke with her a lot, wanted to sit next to her at meals, etc. Altogether Dito was quite a good boy, in many ways different than his usual self being around these other children & all, & was also very affectionate towards me, kissing me & patting my hand, real sweet & appreciative for this new experience in life. --Little did we know the future effect it would have on him & for such a long period of time:

19. THAT ONE NIGHT WE SPENT TOGETHER IN THE COLD ROOM HE DITO MET HIS DEATH in spite of our night-time potty run. It didn't bother me too much, although I was surprised he didn't wake when he wet, as he usually would have in the years prior when he used to wet on a few occasions while being night-time potty trained. Dito had been staying dry throughout the night, sometimes having one potty run sometimes all on his own, for half his lifetime, or since the age of about two:



Delfy Wash-up in a portable bidet supported by a metal frame.

20. BUT STRANGELY ENOUGH, A WEEK TO OUR SURPRISE, DITO CONTINUED WETTING HIS BED (right until from this night on). After the fourth or fifth night we of course became quite concerned, but sadly enough, his problem worsened & worsened till he was wetting his bed up to two or even three times a night, totally soaking his entire plastic-covered bed mattress, his pillow & even his own hair! Accompanying this strange problem-bedwetting was a newly-developed rebellious spirit. A definite defiance, stubbornness, whining & mischievous behavior at times that super-concerned all of us. It seemed to creep up so suddenly, yet so "subtly". As you can imagine, we hardly knew what in the world had overcome him! --But thank God for His Word! --

21. ON MOST OF THIS PROBLEM WE IMMEDIATELY BEGAN ENCOURAGING SCRIPTURES OF FAITH & PROMISES, "fighting the good fight of faith", answers to prayer, etc. as well as the many new Grandpa Quotes which we'd compiled from the Daily Nights & Letters. I personally had never been one for speaking a child due to wetting himself or the bed, preferring to give the benefit of the doubt & leaving a spank for the very last resort. Because this problem seemed only to grow worse, I of course brought it to the attention of Dad & Marna right at its beginning stages.

22. BACK HOME AGAIN, THE FAMILY STAFF WAS STILL GETTING SET UP in our new living location, unpacking from the move. Dad was especially looking forward to unpacking his favourite radio cassette player which had been packed securely & carefully in its box while at the Swiss house. My father giving an exhortation on how to attentively care for radios, Daddy cautiously opened the box & tipped it over to slide the radio out carefully, when what should be he surprised to find spilling out of the box, but

23. --A COLOR FRAMED PHOTO OF TIMOTHY'S LITTLE FIVE-YEAR-OLD SIBLING Alfred & David were there helping Daddy unpack & Dito was so happy to see his little new friend's photo that he quickly picked it up, examined & handled it excitedly, then insisted very much on carrying it with him, even placing it by his bed while he slept at night:

24. "WHERE DID THAT THING COME FROM?" DAD ASKED EXCITEDLY. "No one should have ever packaged a delicate radio along with a heavy silver-framed photo! It's a miracle it didn't ruin that radio on the

trip!" Strange! However, no one knew a thing about it or how this photo could have possibly been packed along with the radio! See & I had packaged that radio while still in Switzerland, being very careful to put it in its original box & packing frames & then taping & roping it shut with careful precision:

25. NO THING HAD BEEN MARRIED BY DAD ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS THAT IT WAS JUST SIMPLY NOT A GOOD IDEA TO KEEP PHOTOS OF YOUR LOVED ONES AROUND YOUR ROOM BILLY, WHEN YOU ARE NOT TOGETHER WITH THEM, for it only makes you sad & reminds you of what you don't have, instead of thanking the Lord by keeping your eyes on all the good things the Lord has given you & done for you! Nevertheless, Timothy seemed to prefer doing things his own way & had his wooden bedpost plastered with pictures of his children, as well as his bedroom bureau crowded with framed photos of his own private family. These are the very ones he went back to & sold his birth-right for in the end, as we all know. --What a lesson now on the importance of "suggesting" these little corrections & "suggestions" given by Dad in the utmost of things, & not allowing them to pile up in disobediences & stumbling blocks from disobediences that will lead you your own stumbling stones, that will lead you on the hard road in the end! Yet, no one knew how the photo of that little girl got into the radio box!

26. DAVID'S BEDWETTING BEGAN TO SNOWBALL ALONG WITH HIS BAD BEHAVIOR THAT WAS ALLOWING UP INTO MORE & MORE OF A SERIOUS PROBLEM. Even though he had virtually zero liquid prior to bedtime other than what he rinsed his mouth with after dinner & brushing teeth, & regardless of his going to the potty in a self-conscious manner four or five times in his own room, once he'd late in bed ready for sleep so as to prevent wetting, & even in spite of setting our alarm clock to potty him two, three then even four times in the night, he'd always wake up in the night time he'd always whimper, whispering, whining, begin struggling, & then wet! Sometimes turning & tossing him as he'd start his wet'd just catch him so late. His sleep whimper, but always too late. His sleep was extremely deep. We'd wake him, stand him up, then change his pajamas in the cold bedroom with the heater on so as to prevent him catching cold. Most of the time, his eyes were closed, but even when he'd open them he'd have a distant, glossy stare, like he wasn't even there! He couldn't even hear what we'd say or con-