



Healing Your Family Tree



*A Destiny-Changing Journey toward Freedom,
Forgiveness, and Healthier Relationships*

BEVERLY HUBBLE
TAUKE



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Healing Your Family Tree is a delightful, easy-to-read book that analyzes the causes of crippling family habits and proposes models for improvement. Not only will it help members of dysfunctional families, the book will equip counselors, psychologists, and others dealing with family issues to identify harmful behavior patterns and develop possible remedies.

BERNADINE CUROE, SVM

LICENSED MENTAL HEALTH COUNSELOR, LORAS COLLEGE, DUBUQUE, IOWA

The richness of this book comes from Beverly Hubble Tauke's experiences with a diverse cross-section of people and cultures, including the men and women at Gospel Rescue Mission. The blending of storytelling and practical applications makes *Healing Your Family Tree* a user-friendly book for caregivers as well as those in search of personal growth.

JUDY ASHBURN, MED, LPC, CAC

DIRECTOR OF WOMEN'S MINISTRY, GOSPEL RESCUE MINISTRIES, WASHINGTON, D.C.

The novelist William Faulkner once wrote: "The past is not dead; it is not even past." With insight, clarity, and sensitivity, Bev Tauke chronicles the truth of that statement. Using personal, contemporary, historic, and biblical examples, she shows how conscious and courageous decisions and actions can alter the predictable consequences born out of dysfunctional family life.

MARK PETERSBURG

SENIOR PASTOR, KNOLLWOOD COMMUNITY CHURCH, BURKE, VIRGINIA

Beverly Hubble Tauke is a gifted and skilled therapist who brings to her work a passion for helping people understand themselves in the context of their families. *Healing Your Family Tree* is filled with the wisdom and insight Bev has gleaned from her life and her work with people who are hurting.

CHRISTINE S. CONWAY, PHD; JEFFREY S. BERRYHILL, PHD

COFOUNDERS, CORNERSTONE FAMILY COUNSELING, FAIRFAX, VIRGINIA

I have greatly benefited from Bev Tauke's extraordinary insight and loving counsel as it relates to God's mercy and the redemption of families. She has made a tremendous difference in my life and I am sure that lives will be changed forever by *Healing Your Family Tree*.

CINDI WILLIAMS

FORMER CHIEF OF STAFF TO ELIZABETH DOLE, CURRENT WOMEN'S RIGHTS ADVOCATE, WASHINGTON, D.C.

If read with openness, trust, and faith, *Healing Your Family Tree* provides a near guarantee that life will be better. Within these pages are reflections and real-life stories that will give those whose past makes it difficult to move forward the power to change.

REV. RICHARD B. MARTIN

PASTOR, CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY, BURKE, VIRGINIA

This author wisely understands that a family is an interconnected system with each member playing some role, either contributing toward family healing or furthering the brokenness. Here is practical insight on how to be an agent of healing, first for one's self and then others who are a part of the family tree. This book explains how by God's grace one can stop the cycle of dysfunction and move toward the wholeness God intended. I found the book to be very helpful in counseling families that are in emotional and spiritual disarray.

DR. ERWIN LUTZER

THE MOODY CHURCH, CHICAGO

For anyone who wants to work on their family issues, this is a must-read book. Bev is a masterful communicator, poignantly weaving biblical truth with behavioral truth in a spirit of mercy and grace. And the best part is she lives what she teaches. This approach could save some people years of therapy.

DAWN ZIMMERMAN, LPC, DIRECTOR

THE COUNSELING CENTER AT MCLEAN BIBLE CHURCH, VIRGINIA

Beverly Tauke has penned a remarkably helpful book, which has become a true lifesaver for many people. Not only is it a helpful personal resource, I have used this book as a gift to those who now show evidence of healing, and who report that destructive family patterns have been shattered.

JOANNE KEMP, BOARD MEMBER

PRISON FELLOWSHIP INTERNATIONAL

Full of helpful information about meeting the pain of the past and transforming it into abundant living for the future for both clinicians or individuals working on their own families. . . . Tauke wants more for her readers than liberation from negative, life-destroying traits; she wants them to experience healing through a "vibrant, authentic, God-driven, metabolized faith."

THE FAMILY AND MARRIAGE COUNSELING DIRECTORY WEB SITE

Full of inspiring wit and inspiring insight. . . . Tauke dramatically illustrates two principles that flow throughout her book:

- It is possible to identify and correct dysfunctional family habits and break the cycle of pain and unhealthy behavior for future generations.
- Psychological, emotional, spiritual and physical functions are intertwined and interdependent.

THE WITNESS

DUBUQUE, IOWA

Although we are each responsible for our own choices, the truth is that the addictions, fears and dysfunctions in our lives often stretch back to our fathers and mothers and their parents and ancestors. That legacy of brokenness can be ended and replaced with healing and joy, according to Tauke. Her purpose: to show the way to remarkable healing.

CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF AMERICA MAGAZINE

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INTRODUCTION

Sixty-year-old Madeleine J. first landed in the world of Oliver Sacks, neurologist extraordinaire, in 1980, when she left the home of her doting and protective family to enter St. Benedict's Hospital near New York City.

Although blind from birth and afflicted by cerebral palsy, Madeleine was a spirited, eloquent woman “of exceptional intelligence and literacy,” reports Sacks in his best-selling *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat*.¹

Mystifying medical experts, Madeleine was also hampered by inexplicably inert hands that she described as “useless godforsaken lumps of dough—they don't even feel part of me.”

Perhaps the cause resided not in her body, mused Sacks, but in a family that had “‘protected,’ ‘looked after,’ ‘babied’ [her] since birth,” thus preventing the development of mind-hand coordination, or even of tactile intelligence. If objects had

never been plopped into her palm or between her fingers, how could blind Madeleine internalize any concept of a fork or a hairbrush or a cup?

Madeleine “had no repertoire of memory, for she had never used her hands—and she felt she *had* no hands—or arms either,” reports Sacks.

Suspecting that Madeleine’s genetic wiring might kick in if stimulated a bit, Sacks directed the staff to solicit, even provoke, impulsive use of Madeleine’s hands. They were to occasionally leave Madeleine’s food nearby but not to feed it to her.

Sure enough, one day the hungry Madeleine lost patience and groped around, grasped a bagel, and put it to her mouth. *At that moment, a sixty-year-old cocoon of imposed helplessness ruptured and a vitalized Madeleine emerged.*

When her mind and spirit were “deprogrammed” from disabling data, Madeleine’s body was set free. With pent-up appetite to explore the tactile world, Madeleine asked for clay to press and mold. Within a year she became famous locally as the Blind Sculptress of St. Benedict’s, producing artwork with “remarkable expressive energy,” says Sacks.

Like Madeleine, clients who come to me for counseling bring achy hearts and unhealthy relationships. They are often products of epidemic divorce or homes where their souls—not their hands—were neglected and untrained. Many describe their heart, as Madeleine described her hands, as *feeling* useless, numb, confusing, and, yes, godforsaken.

Just as insight into Madeleine’s early home environment proved crucial for her physical liberation, so can a study of your family history unleash new psychological and spiritual

freedom. Her story dramatically illustrates two principles flowing through this book:

1. It is possible to identify and correct dysfunctional family habits and break the cycle of pain and unhealthy behavior for future generations.
2. Psychological, emotional, spiritual, and physical functions are intertwined and interdependent. In Madeleine’s case, an emotional jolt (frustration) triggered a mental shift (the idea to “grab some food despite these ‘useless’ hands!”), mobilizing inert limbs and revolutionizing her world. Through Madeleine we can see the transforming power of treating humans as complete mind-body-spirit packages—whether by a doctor, a minister, or a therapist.

Likewise, mounds of data show that *faith-based principles* are an important part of personal, marital, and family healing. Because of this, faith-energized folks have a proven edge in marital satisfaction, cohesion, and emotional and sexual intimacy.²

But on the flip side, Bible-quoting parents who aim authority at children with demoralizing, heart-pulverizing coldness or rage also should know that their behavior actually *increases* the odds that their children will become social deadweight—sexually promiscuous or psychologically and physically abusive.³

The third premise, unrelated to marvelous Madeleine, is this: While coercive, malevolent, or evil behaviors in families

are tolerated at great peril, there *are* ways to disengage the power of family villains.

On the following pages, we'll celebrate the numerous courageous souls who have embraced these principles and found great reward. Except in rare cases where permission has been granted to use personal stories, clinical illustrations are composites: a blend of cases with great similarities so as to preserve reality while protecting confidentiality. Thus, except for permission granters, any approximation of private (versus public) personalities is not only coincidental but also consciously avoided.

I often use historic or public figures as examples with my clients and in workshops, and I've included them here in an effort to depersonalize struggles common to us all. Their documented triumphs and tragedies are imbued with powerful credibility.

Adding a personal note, I cite the intuition of my ninety-one-year-old father-in-law, Joe, who concluded that this book project is partly about me. Indeed, it is—as is common among writers—partly autobiographical.

By my calculation, my own family actually launched production of this book in about 1847 when William F. “Billy” Hubble was born. Billy, my great-grandfather, rose among a gifted extended family distinguished by medical doctors, scholars, ministers, and PhDs—including his brilliant distant cousin, astronomer Edwin P. Hubble.

Billy was a gifted horseman and driver of four-horse logging wagons. He was, alas, best known for alcoholism and had serious crashes a century before sobriety checks came into vogue.

“Thank God for *Billy!*” some homeless men have exclaimed in my Washington, D.C., workshops when I’ve revealed my invisible roots. “*Billy* is why you understand *us!*”

Indeed, he is. Sorrow has flowed for generations from Billy, as family roles, communication, and relationships tend to spread in a contagion from an alcoholic patriarch.

Following a mutually gratifying discussion about Billy’s legacy just two days before I wrote this, my eighty-four-year-old mother expressed enthusiasm about this project because “we need concrete help for families” in pain. She *gets* Billy’s long reach from the nineteenth into the twenty-first century—an understanding that is part of healing.

Ironically, I am greatly indebted to Billy. His legacy, I believe, resulted in an inexplicable strength and radar within me.

The product of a deeply religious family sprinkled with generations of ministers, I am also grateful that my parents seeded within me a faith in Jesus Christ as Son of God and Savior. Transformed into my own rudder and anchor, this faith, I am convinced, holds the key to a life that has proven remarkably challenging, gratifying, and wonderfully adventurous.

The faith connection also offers an extra safety net when I fall into some of the very self- and family-wounding traps I explore in these pages. I confess happily (as it eliminates the pressure of any illusion or delusion of perfection) that I write as a fellow seeker, not as one who has arrived.

Finally, a few words about a research-proven secret to a vibrant, resilient, happy life, as documented by the Harvard Study of Adult Development: As it turns out, a *good marriage* surpasses other factors as key to personality advantages,

stability, and happiness throughout life.⁴ This consideration alone is powerful motivation for young or solo members of our families to scrutinize the character and habits of potential partners; for miserably partnered readers to resolve agony and conflict within marriages; and for those who are happily connected to celebrate partners who have proven themselves a safe refuge from the turbulence of life.

My personal, joyful, technicolored proof of the study's point is wrapped up in Thomas Joseph Tauke, father of our two wonderful children, the love of my life, and cherished partner for twenty years.

So, yes, Joe. The book *is* partly my story.

ONE

ALL IN THE FAMILY

Leaving work for the day as a public-relations writer in Chicago, I headed for the subway and home. As I crossed LaSalle Street near the Cabrini Green housing project—notorious for muggings and murder—I was startled by movement toward me from the side.

“Could you help us, please?”

I turned to face two girls who appeared to be about sixteen.

“What do you need?” I inquired.

“Could you point us to a cheap hotel?”

Two years out of college myself, I was barely older than these girls. If they were roaming Chicago streets looking for a cheap hotel, I assumed they were in some sort of trouble. *Runaways*, I thought, noting the sleeping bags in their hands.

I asked them a few questions, mostly stalling for time and for a sense of inner direction. Really, I knew of no cheap lodging in a city that seemed very expensive on my starter-job budget. So what were my options, other than leaving them to manage on their own?

“Well, I don’t really know of any cheap hotels, but I could try to help you find one.”

Two blondish heads nodded.

“Or,” I added slowly, calculating risks, “I could take you home with me. Free.”

“Really?” they asked, small smiles creeping up their cheeks.

“Look, it’s not much. A tiny little apartment. No extra beds. But you can have dinner and a warm bath. You can stretch those sleeping bags out on the rug. But you’ll have to leave with me for work early in the morning.”

“Sure,” they agreed in obvious delight.

As we settled into our subway seats, I looked at the girls and stated the obvious: “This is risky, you know. I don’t know you. You don’t know me. So we have to trust each other in a bit of an adventure here.”

You’re totally nuts! is what I was really saying to myself by then—perhaps quite accurately, I conclude years later. I *was* smart enough, however, to shoot up a few prayers for wisdom and protection.

At any rate, we aimed for the Chicago neighborhood where I rented a minuscule attic apartment from an elderly landlord. I pointed the girls to the claw-foot tub so they could take hot baths while I made dinner—chicken, as I recall, as that was the limit of my culinary expertise.

“So, where are you from?” I inquired as we munched dessert—cookies from a box.

They looked at each other tensely and responded that they came from outside Illinois but that was all they would say.

However, before we all drifted off to sleep in the wee hours of the morning, they did tell me about their families.

Train a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not turn from it. PROVERBS 22:6

Joanna had fled brutal beatings from her alcoholic dad. The risk of hitting the road with no money and no place to go had finally been eclipsed by the terror of facing her father after school each day. She was more sad than angry and more determined than scared.

Alcohol was no excuse for Bonnie's father, a teetotaler and Bible-quoting church deacon. She wept as she described the beatings he delivered daily, bruises and bloody gashes left not only on five children but on their mother as well.

"What's this?" I inquired, taking her hand and gently touching marks on her wrist.

She turned her head away, silent. Then quietly she murmured, "I did that last year."

"With what?"

"A razor blade."

Failing to leave her tormentor through death, Bonnie had finally summoned the courage to hit the highway. She predicted that one or more of her siblings would soon follow.

"Bonnie, I'm so sorry," I said quietly. "I'm especially sorry that God has been used as a cover for abuse. If you ever needed him you need him now. Please don't let your Bible-quoting, brutalizing father poison your heart against God."

A very strong faith was by then my rudder for life and had

been much of the motivation for giving brief refuge to these desperate young women. To me, it was blasphemy that a father would claim to speak with the voice of God while brutalizing a precious child entrusted to his care.

True to our agreement, Joanna and Bonnie rose for an early subway ride into the heart of Chicago. I celebrated that my bed-and-breakfast offer had comforted two young girls and turned out well. I also felt fear for them as they headed into the unknown, and sorrow for the violence to their bodies and souls that had led them to take such a risk.

Tears filled three sets of eyes as I rose to exit the subway before their chosen stop. "We're very grateful," said Joanna. Bonnie nodded, reaching out for a big hug.

Months drifted by and I nearly forgot the two young strangers who had shared that evening with me. Then a letter arrived from Bonnie. Mostly she wanted to alert me that her older brother was headed to Chicago. Could he call?

Sure, he could call, I told her, but not for bed and breakfast. My place wasn't coed.

Seventeen-year-old Bryan called soon afterward. He wondered if we could meet for lunch.

We talked over steak and eggs in a low-budget diner near the office where I worked at the time. Bryan's story was similar to Bonnie's. So were the marks on his arm.

"Bryan, I have to ask . . .," I said, touching the scar on his wrist.

This was a one-plot family. Just as Bonnie had lurched for death as relief from the family sadist, so had Bryan. Also like Bonnie, he was grateful to be alive and determined to be free.

A third sibling, Bobby, also connected with me through phone discussions scattered over the next several years. Unlike Bonnie and Bryan, the younger Bobby stuck it out at home with Dad. Recoiling from family violence, he used humor and appeasement, not suicide attempts, to deflect his father's rage. He also tried desperately to win acceptance by stuffing himself into a mold demanded by his father.

Bobby attended a Christian college and returned to his dad's church as youth pastor. The battering deacon finally had a child he found a bit worthy of himself.

Twenty-five years after that first overnight visit, after a decade of silence, I received a call from Bobby. He found me at a Virginia counseling center where I had been working for several years.

The small talk was brief. "I didn't know who else to call. I have to tell someone," said Bobby from his home two thousand miles away.

"I have time. What's on your mind?" I asked.

"I'm gay," said Bobby.

Silence at my end. I was trying to wrap my mind around disjointed images of fundamentalist youth pastor Bobby and gay Bobby.

But I got it. Immediately. *Of course he called me. He would have instantly become a pariah had he confided in his fundamentalist community.*

Not only was Bobby gay, he was also highly promiscuous. Not with a few favorite sexual companions. With strangers. And not just strangers who attracted him with charm, personality, intelligence, or physical appeal. Bobby hung out in

sex clubs where faces were hidden and identities protected, places where actions transpired anonymously between rented booths separated by curtains.

And, yes, he was still a fundamentalist youth pastor. No, he was not attracted to young boys nor had he ever had sexual relations with anyone much younger than himself. Yes, his relationship with his father had improved. In fact, he got along better with his father than did any of his four siblings.

No wonder. The deacon was a Christian-community variation of Romans 1:25 (KJV). He had clearly “changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator.” This father was an idolater who worshipped himself and demanded child sacrifice—the wrenching emotional evisceration of his own children—in his self-centered religion. *Bobby was the one child who agreed to what the idolatry demanded.*

Willing to pay any price in order to win his father’s love, Bobby had built his life around a faith of his father’s design, but one that could hardly be more alien to his inner world. His religion was merely a concoction of his father’s, lacking any independent struggle to know or understand God on his own. *But a relationship with the Creator requires connection between one’s soul and God, not between oneself and a god impostor.*

SOUL MURDER

Bobby was an extreme example of many cases that have drifted into the counseling center where I work. As counselors, we strive to combine academic and professional training

in mental health with a strong commitment to Christ and to biblical principles. Most of our clients come from a broad range of local churches, usually fundamentalist or evangelical, but often Coptic or Catholic as well. Clients need help with mild to extreme emotional problems. Some ache from the inevitable grief of life—lost jobs, lost loves, marital crises, bereavement, loneliness, guilt, depression, or dull aches persisting from childhood.

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Others, like Bobby, are walking wounds. Victims of “soul murder,” as graphically described by Morton Schatzman in a book of that title, some seem to be the drifting dead, numb to emotions, to a sense of self, to hope for the future, or to any experience of reliable love—*ever*.

Loveless vs. cherished hearts

Bobby’s story is not unique. In fact, his life echoes the tragic outcomes of Harvard’s Study of Adult Development, the world’s longest prospective study of physical and mental health. The study followed Harvard graduates born about 1920, tracking their physical, emotional, mental, and social well-being for more than sixty years. The study also assessed the childhood environment of each subject, producing categories ranging from “loveless” children at one end of the spectrum to “cherished” children at the opposite extreme.

Despite superior minds and elite academic credentials, the

loveless Harvard men were five times as likely as their cherished counterparts to struggle with mental-health crises, including depression or addiction to alcohol or drugs. The loveless tended to navigate life as loners, isolated from close friendships.¹

The loveless were also three times as likely as the cherished to die before age seventy-five from unnatural deaths, often self-inflicted by unhealthy behaviors (related to lung cancer, cirrhosis, emphysema, and suicide).

Bobby was no Harvard man, but his physically, emotionally, and spiritually treacherous childhood produced consequences matching the research. His sex addiction, which he at times loathed but used habitually to soothe a barren inner world, reflected various types of emotional trauma much more typical of Harvard's loveless than cherished subjects. So far, Bobby had sustained physical health. But in an age of AIDS, his frequent forays into cavalier, indiscriminate, often unprotected sex put him at the same risk faced by Harvard's loveless research subjects.

Destiny-changing habits

What if Bobby's life had been shaped by a loving rather than a battering environment?

Harvard's remarkable research provides some clues. The study's cherished children seemed to be protected against adult depression, addictions, and other forms of mental crises; from chronic illnesses; and from premature death. By age eighty, the cherished death rate was two-thirds lower than the average for their age group.

Harvard's cherished have lived not just longer lives than the loveless, but lives filled with more relationships and enjoyment. The cherished were five times more likely to play competitive sports, to play games with friends, and to take enjoyable vacations. More so than the loveless, they were able to balance duty and obligation with stress-relieving recreation.

While the loveless often reported friendless lives, the cherished had formed nurturing relationships and seemed to have been strengthened and energized by such connections.

An intriguing insight emerges here that goes back to the ancient parenting guidance to "train a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not turn from it" (Proverbs 22:6). When early training is paired with loving relationships, a child is more likely to thrive throughout life due to stable emotions, secure social connections, and physical well-being.

Sadly, Harvard's cherished children pose a stark contrast to the quiet desperation of Bonnie, Bryan, and Bobby. As I listened to Bobby share his secret, I wondered, *How can such crippled lives be products of "Christian" homes?* It was the same question that had haunted me since college days.

I thought about the many traumatized clients who came to see me each week. Many of these people personally struggled

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to know God and live by biblical principles, yet seemed to drift through life in personality-shriveling, relationship-crippling, spirit-stifling emotional pain. Where was the abundant life assured by Christ? Surely their tormented

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journey was *not* the vibrant life the Scriptures promise.

I could see that many of the wounded were suffering directly from sins of the fathers (or mothers), or even the toxic choices of grandparents or great-grandparents. As clients recounted their family

history, the evidence clearly mounted, proving that destructive ancestral choices often became habits of life. I could see how these habits then became the environment that shaped the personality and character of the next generation. And children whose personalities were distorted by their parents' destructive habits became a new parent generation, doing what now came naturally: poisoning the family tree.

If the poor apples in each successive batch of children seemed shriveled and bruised—no wonder! Was there hope for them? Could they break this multigenerational crash-and-burn cycle?

As I thought about Bobby and others like him, more questions followed:

- Can the loveless learn to live cherished lives?
- What are the family habits that produce cherished lives in the first place?

- Is it possible to transform personal and family destiny by importing those habits?

Such is the focus of this book.

If there were no hope for healing, I would not remain in the counseling profession.

If I had not experienced my own personal healing, I would not find the hope so compelling.

If a vibrant, authentic, God-driven, metabolized faith were not a major key, I would not be awed at the ability of some spiritually empowered clients to pry light from darkness and wring hope from despair.

And if true stories of tragedy transformed into triumph could not dance through these pages, there would be no book.

APPENDIX

TEST YOUR FAMILY TRANSFORMATION IQ

WHICH RESPONSE WOULD YOU CHOOSE?

Situations in the cases described below often have several possible solutions. Plans that work with some personalities and families would produce disaster in others. Options are explored here to clarify difficulties and describe how some solutions have produced relief for family pain. Consider how the following choices might work for you, or what improvements you might make for success in your own situation.



Case 1: Intrusive Mother/Mother-in-Law

We'll start with a true personal story. I asked my son when he was about fourteen, "When you're say, thirty-five, suppose I come to visit your home. Maybe by then you will have a wife and children. I watch awhile, then say, 'Here are some

behaviors you should change with your wife and children and better ways to run your home.’ How should you respond?”

His response was one of the following choices. Which would you choose—or would you give a completely different response?

- A. Reply, “Thanks, Mom, but I’m able to manage my own home my way.”
- B. Tell your mother, “Your bossy days are over, Mom. Just knock it off!”
- C. Nod and agree to keep peace, then do as you please.

Seeing so much pain among clients whose extended families show no respect for boundaries, I wanted to give my son an edge just in case a more crotchety me someday makes a similar mistake. He immediately—and very respectfully—responded, unprompted, with option A: “Thanks, Mom, but I’m able to manage my own home my way!”

Chuckling with delight at my son’s healthy independence, I responded: “Yes! You’d owe it to your wife and kids not to allow such intrusion. But just remember,” I added quietly, “I *am* your mother. So be gentle!”

A family-functioning issue to consider: a confused hierarchy is created when parents abdicate proper authority in their own home or when their executive functions are eroded by outsiders, as I could do in the scenario described with my son.

DISCUSSION GUIDE

Chapter 1: All in the Family

1. Based on Harvard's Study of Adult Development, how do you think the *loveless* home of Bonnie and Bobby helps explain their tormented journey as young adults?
2. If they had been *cherished* children, how might their adult relationships and quality of life have been different?
3. If your family features a Jekyll and Hyde character—publicly harmless but privately destructive—how have you been affected emotionally, socially, and spiritually by that relationship?
4. “If anyone says, ‘I love God,’ yet hates his brother, he is a liar,” says 1 John 4:20 (NIV). If a family member talks religiously one moment but the next shows contempt for his or her spouse, children, or others, what does such behavior reveal about that person's core nature? How is the next generation affected emotionally, socially, and spiritually?
5. Consider Ephesians 6:4 (NIV), “Fathers, do not exasperate your children; instead, bring them up in the training and instruction of the Lord.” How have adults in your parents' or your own generation aggravated children into angry or rebellious behaviors?

Chapter 2: Wired for Warmth

Transforming Habit: Warm your heart through nurturing relationships.

1. What childhood experiences may explain why Thomas Lincoln became a harsh and punishing father to his son—future U.S. president Abraham Lincoln? In what ways did suffering in Abe's early life perhaps shape him as a giant force for good?
2. In what four ways did Bonnie transform her battered heart into a safe refuge for her husband and children?
3. During the past week, in what specific ways have you demonstrated the four family warmth factors cited in this chapter? During the next week, how can you measure your own progress on each factor?
4. Considering the following as examples of surrogate family, in what ways do you think these connected personalities were mutual sources of warmth or empowerment?
 - David and Jonathan (1 Samuel 18:1-4; 19-20)
 - Esther and her maidservants (Esther 4:15-16)
 - Ruth and her mother-in-law, Naomi (Ruth 1:3-19)
 - Jesus and the three siblings, Mary, Martha, and Lazarus (John 11:1-44)
5. Name and briefly describe a surrogate relationship—substitute family—that has given you emotional warmth, hope, strength, courage, or safe refuge. How would your life have been different without that relationship?

Chapter 3: Mourning Losses

Transforming Habit: Explore and resolve wounds from family history.

1. What destructive family behaviors could Micah trace back many generations to the American slave era, when wounds were inflicted from outside the family? How did Micah seek to reverse painful multigenerational patterns?

ENDNOTES

INTRODUCTION

1. Oliver Sacks, *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat* (New York: Summit Books, 1985).
2. Patricia D. Roth, "Spiritual Well-Being and Marital Adjustment," *Journal of Psychology and Theology* 16, no. 2 (1988): 153–158.
3. John G. Gunderson and Alex N. Sabo, "The Phenomenological and Conceptual Interface between Borderline Personality Disorder and PTSD," *American Journal of Psychiatry* 150, no. 1 (1993): 19–27.
4. George Vaillant, *Aging Well: Surprising Guideposts to a Happier Life from the Landmark Harvard Study of Adult Development* (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 2002).

CHAPTER 1: All in the Family

1. George Vaillant, *Aging Well: Surprising Guideposts to a Happier Life from the Landmark Harvard Study of Adult Development* (Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 2002), 94–100.

CHAPTER 2: Wired for Warmth

1. This and preceding quotes on Lincoln come from William E. Gienapp, *Abraham Lincoln and Civil War America: A Biography* (New York: Oxford Press, 2002), 4.
2. Sharon Begley, "How to Build a Baby's Brain," *Newsweek* special edition, (Spring/Summer 1997): 28–32.
3. Daniel Goleman, *Emotional Intelligence* (New York: Bantam, 1995), 96–110.