

Janet's Book

I was born in New England on August 25th, 1933.

My formal education spanned kindergarten to my senior year in high school.

I didn't get a class ring. First, because I couldn't afford one, and second, because I left school before the year was over.

My appearance?

People refer to me as "The lady with the fuzzy red hair and all the purple rings." (At least they call me a lady!)

At the insistence of my youngest daughter, I earned my GED in 1998 at the age of sixty-five.

I've never qualified for letters after my name from any institution, so, I made up my own.

C for cleaning person, P for poetry writer, S for singer, D for drawing, M for mother, another D for decorator, V for Vitamin store owner, T for thinker, F for friend, and W for whatever.

That's who I am, Janet Barré, C.P.S.D.M.D.V.T.F.W.

I began my family at age 18, a child having a child.

Enough said. After much searching, I found a faith that satisfied my spiritual curiosity.

Along with caring for my home and children, the ministry became an integral part of my life.

In my thirties, I came to understand that hypoglycemia was at the root of my health problems, (which I will address in my forthcoming book, Look At Me, You Might See You).

I became involved in the health food industry and now own and operate a health food store in Newington, Connecticut.

In my sixties, again my youngest daughter nagged me... this time to write a book.

She would say, "You love to write; why don't you write a book?" Looking back over the traumatic events of my life I knew that I had something to say.

Although it certainly incorporates these issues, this book is not just an exposé or a story of survival.

I had an extended agenda: to increase society's awareness of the connection between sugar, alcohol, and drug abuse and the resulting mental, physical, and emotional devastation.

For the past thirty-five years, I have been involved in intensive research concerning the application of nutritional solutions to the aforementioned problems.

The recollections of my childhood coupled with my acquired knowledge, has intensified my focus.

Do I believe that there was more amiss with my family than the abuse of sugar and alcohol? Of course.

However, I have learned from personal experience and in my dealings with others that these substances definitely produce a chemical imbalance that exacerbates already existing problems.

WE ARE WHAT WE EAT!

My evidence is further supported by the thousands of people whom I have personally helped over the years by sharing this information.

I am not a doctor. I'm not recommending medical treatment.

I'm offering a view of my life and how I dealt with it. More than that, I passionately encourage people to look at me..

I can't help but wonder if the lives of my family and myself would have been favorably altered if we had been aware of the connection between sugar and alcohol abuse

and the resulting, otherwise unexplainable, exhaustion, violence, depression, and sundry symptoms.

I'm convinced that it would have, which is why I've been educating people for decades on this issue and will continue to do so in the future.

Choice books and verbal communication are a lifeline to be treasured.

Looking back on our lives is like watching a video that we've seen many times before. Hopefully, each time we view it, we learn something new.

I have. I'm inviting you to relive this journey with me. Hopefully we'll both benefit from the trip.

Thank you for your company.

YOU BETTER NOT CRY by Janet Barre' ISBN# 1-58584-555-8

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The true story of Barré's life during the 1930's and 40's, fraught with so much humor you'll find yourself laughing through your tears.

A tale that reveals the magnificent use of the mind as a tool for combatting such seemingly insurmountable challenges as abuse, neglect, fear, and abject poverty.

A psychological masterpiece... one that you won't be able to put down and one that you're not soon to forget.

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An extraordinary book written by an extraordinary woman, celebrating resiliency and the power of the human spirit to not only survive, but to survive with grace and and nobility.

— Francesca Cavalier, SFCC

Cheering for Claudette as she fights to survive, crying for her when she is berated and beaten down, wishing that the adults would help this girl out, you are finally amazed in the end

by the gifts of love, sympathy, and empathy, and a passion for truth, fairness and justice that Barré has bestowed upon her readers. — Susan Parent, Teacher

Fast-paced and very insightful. The pathos and courage that marks the author's childhood proves to be riveting. — William McMahan, Author

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EXCERPT

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My daddy has the most beautiful handwriting in the whole world. I don't like to be absent from school; however, there is one good thing about it, I get to watch Daddy write my excuse for me. He signs his name like he's drawing a picture. He puts a little wavy line under his name with two other little lines through it. When I get bigger I'm going to do the same thing.

Daddy also prints signs for people. Actually, he does a lot of things. He works in a restaurant, and he works in a factory, and he paints the outside of houses when it's warm, and he paints signs. If you had a store or a business and you needed a sign, my dad could do it for you. I enjoy watching him rule off the paper and then get to work. How does he make each letter so perfect?

I wish Daddy would be home all the time so that Uncle Jack wouldn't come here. Uncle Jack only comes in after daddy goes out. I don't think that SHE should be sitting there in just her slip when he's here. You can see her brassier and her girdle through her slip. She loosens her stockings from the garters and rolls them down under her knees. I've never seen Janice's mother or Bobby's mother dressed like that in the house. Actually I don't think that my mother should dress like that. Please don't let anybody come to the door, because it won't make a difference; SHE'll stay just as she is no matter who comes in. Maybe Daddy can make a sign for our front door that says, "Stay Away." We did have a sign on our door from the Health Department when we all had the measles. They did it again when we all had the chicken pox. The sign said that nobody could come to our house until the Health Department said it was safe. I guess Uncle Jack never read those signs. One time Daddy made a sign for the teachers at our school. It made me very, very proud.

Miss Symms says that we're going to learn the Palmer method of writing. Would I pass the papers? I'd be thrilled to do that. "Yes, Miss Symms. " She asked me to pass the papers. What could make me happier? How I love school!

The school nurse is coming in today. I don't really want to show her my hands when she tells us to, because I bite my fingernails. It's the only way I can keep them clean.

I can't take a bath every day as Janice does.  
What is she looking for in our hair?  
What are "knits?" I'm glad that's over.

Franklin is just the cutest boy I've ever seen.  
I think I love him. I've made up my mind that I'm going to do it today,  
I'm going to do it when I pass the papers.  
Please, please ask me to pass the papers.

"Claudette, would you pass the papers, please?"

Prayers really work! Don't rush, Claudette; just take your time.  
This is it. I did it.  
I kissed him on the cheek!  
Why is he yelling at me that he hates me?  
That's not the way to treat somebody when they show you that they love  
you.  
He's acting as though I did something wrong. This is too embarrassing.  
I'll never kiss a boy again!