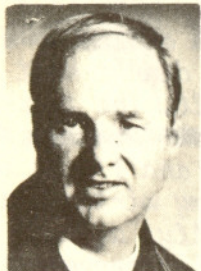


A NEW PERSPECTIVE.

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As far back as I can remember, I have been afraid of the unknown, the strange. When I was a boy we used to take long trips to visit uncles and aunts in Kentucky and Indiana, or to drive to North Carolina for the summers. Motels were non-existent in those days, and we spent our nights on the road in tourist homes--big houses in small towns where a widow or a retired couple would rent out rooms for the night. It was always a terrifying experience for me--to have to go into someone else's home and sleep in a strange bed.

Equally frightening was driving into a strange city at night with the rain peppering the windshield and glimmering on the road ahead. I would huddle close to my dad and wish to be back in our little town in Florida, surrounded by the familiarity called HOME.

That fear stayed with me as I grew older. When Jackie and I were first married, we moved to Texas where I found a job driving a city bus in Ft. Worth. I would get up before dawn and drive into the city--scared to death. Everything was new. I was on my own, and responsible for a wife who was as frightened as I was. Except for

working for my dad in the orange groves and washing dishes at college, it was my first job--in a strange city doing something I had never done before. I always felt like I wanted to cry, but adults weren't supposed to, especially out of fear.

I looked around at all the other people in the city, busy with their jobs. What I didn't know was they were mostly like me--afraid, always on the brink of panic.

Everything in me cried out to go home, where people loved me and things were warm and familiar.

Across the years, though, things have changed for me. I have found, in the Kingdom of God, a peace which passes understanding. A perfect security. It started with a relationship with the Father made possible through Jesus. It continued with the joy of being filled with the Holy Spirit. It is being completed as the church, the visible expression of the Body of Christ on earth, gathers around me in a community of brothers and sisters. It is this kind of perfect love which has cast out my fear.

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Last week I drove to Titusville for lunch with Leonard Ravenhill who was speaking at Park Ave. Baptist Church. Pastor Peter Lord was with us but

had to leave early. At the door he paused and looked directly at me. "I love you and want you to know I pray for you by name every Wednesday morning."

I felt my pulse quicken and a lump form in my throat. That a busy man would take time to pray regularly for me, by name, was more than I could comprehend.

Later, our time over, Dr. Ravenhill reached out and grabbed my arm. "I say this before God, that not a day shall pass for the rest of my life that I shall not pray for you." I felt the tears welling up. Here was one of the few men in the Kingdom who wears the mantle of a prophet, committing himself to a way of life in my behalf. Staggering!

All the way back to Melbourne, I kept asking, "Lord, am I this precious to You?"

The next day there was a letter in my postbox from a woman in Norfolk, Va. Her name is Mary Enniss. She wrote: "After my husband passed away I called on the Lord and said, 'What now, Lord?' He has called me to a ministry of fasting and prayer

and has put it on my heart to pray for you by name."

I have known that there are some rare people in the Melbourne body who pray for me daily. I know, when I am out of town, that my wife and children gather around the table or kneel beside their beds and call my name in prayer. My daddy and mother, my brothers and sister, and some precious relatives have prayed for me for years.

There are some special people, living far from here, that I see only on occasion, who love me so much that they never put their heads on their pillows without calling my name in prayer. As a result, I am just beginning to understand what Tennyson meant in *Morte d'Arthur* when he cried out: "Pray for my soul. More things are wrought in prayer than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice rise like a fountain for me night and day."

Here in Melbourne we have an intercessory prayer chain, managed 24 hours a day. People are prayed for by name and the answers are often dramatic. What a privilege--to pray for another by name. What a responsibility--to be on the receiving end of such a prayer.

J O Y . . .

For if you praise me, my people, if you praise me, I will bless your lives. I will bless you, yea, I will bring a freshness to your spiritual growth like the newness of the spring green upon the trees, the lovely flowers that burst forth. And this life within you shall lift up my Son, Jesus. And yea, all people will admire and be drawn unto Him. Praise my name, worship me, and ye shall be joyful in spite of circumstances, thus saith the Lord.

...ray baker

There is a joy that you cannot know, says the Lord, which is known in part only by those of you who live here, but which I know in fullness. There is a joy that you can only taste of, but which I know in its entirety. There is a joy that seems to you but a bit of mirth, but which to me is deep laughter within my own soul, experienced only when I hear you praise me. And you know not of that, for you receive praises one of another, and it comes and it goes. But I receive praise of you, and it comes and never leaves, for it is eternal and rings forever in the heavens. For your praise is never lost, it is there with me always. And that gives me joy--a joy which you cannot know, but which one day you surely shall partake of also. So do not hesitate to give praise unto me, for it is never lost and abides with me always. And one day that which you have experienced in part you shall experience in whole as you reside with me, and that praise also shall once again ring in your ears and you shall know the joy that I know even now.

...jamie buckingham

These words of prophecy came to the Tabernacle body on Sunday, April 25. We share them with you in love and rejoicing.