

HORACE BUCKINGHAM



Everything was past due. My newspaper column. Two magazine articles. I had at least 40 "crisis" letters unanswered on my desk. And I was supposed to leave the next morning for a week out of town. I had been up since 5:00 a.m. and was fighting panic as I fell farther and farther behind. Besides this, my good friend Bob Gass was in town and I wanted to have a late breakfast with him before he returned to his home in Bangor, Maine.

Breaking from my typewriter I rushed to pick up Bob and we went over to Aries Restaurant. We were in deep conversation when George Estcourt stopped by our table to say hello. I shook his hand and said to Bob, "I want you to meet my good friend, George Estcourt."

George gave me a funny look, shook Bob's hand and said, "Glad to meet you. My real name is Bill Head."

Horrors! Last year in a similar situation I had introduced Andy Allison to Bruce Morgan when Andy was really Wayne Roberts. I weasled out of that but was not so fortunate when I was frantically autographing books for a long line at the Tabernacle one Sunday and wrote

in one flyleaf, "To my friends Nelson and Wava Snyder." A few minutes later I looked up from my scribbling and there was Wava back in line with her book saying, "Would you mind calling us what other people call us, John and Sue McAllister." I wanted to die.

Bill (aka George) understood when I told him truthfully I had been praying for the Estcourts that morning and George was still on my mind. Besides, that was easier than admitting I have brain damage which surfaces when I am under stress. Stress, you know, along with brain damage, is taboo for men of God.

It was almost as bad as the time I met the Secretary of Defense and said, "Glad to meet you. My name is Demos Shakarian." Fortunate, he didn't know Demos either and I got out of the room before I did anything else to embarrass the FGBMFI.

All went well at Aries until Bob Gass excused himself to go to the bathroom and I said to Bill Head, "I'm glad you got to meet my friend George, he's a great preacher."

Some need to forget things behind. Pray I will remember those who are present.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

jamie buckingham



It's all a bit frightening--this business of growing up. Maybe if we could mature without getting large it would help. But we can't. For maturity attracts others.

Eight years ago things were nice and cozy in the old Tab. We wore Bermuda shorts, started hymns from the back row, and pretty much did our own thing. But you cannot walk close to God without wanting to mature. That meant change. And growth. And discipline.

Many of us had been forced to "sit still" so long that the freedom to clap, dance, raise our hands, and shout came as a mighty breath of fresh air. But all shouting isn't spiritual. There are times God wants us to wait before him in silence and reverence.

Most of us had been forced to "dress up" for church. The new freedom to come in tennis shoes and T-shirts was refreshing. Yet, should there not be times we can dress up before God without having to?

Some are afraid, as we lay our new carpet (as I am) that we might grow religious. My Dad said when the Methodist church

in his home town put carpet on the floor, the barefooted people went to the Baptist church. When the Baptists got sophisticated and laid carpet, the barefooted ones went to the Pentecostal church. Now the Pentecostal church has developed its own "uptown" flavor, the barefooted ones have come to the Tabernacle. Will we drive them away as we grow large? Or, is it the attitude of the heart which attracts (and drives away) rather than the covering of the floor?

"It's sad," a good friend said softly after a service, "to see us move away from all we've held precious." He was talking about tennis shoes.

"I understand," I said. "It's sad to watch my daughter grow up. I wish I could keep her at age six--cuddly, giggly and dependent. Now she's approaching sixteen, and a driver's license. Yet she has to grow, or die."

Growth is frightening because it means going into unfamiliar areas--areas we dread because we've seen what has happened to others. But it doesn't have to be that way. Childlikeness, not childishness, is the key to Kingdom happiness. Let's grow up--but remain young.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

jamie buckingham



Some years ago I was challenged by Quaker scholar Elton Trueblood in "The Company

of the Committed" when he said that unless a church dared to be local, it would die.

This is the day of the non-local church: the mass media, the para-church ministries, the great healing ministries. Yet the fact a church has a great TV ministry, conducts huge healing services, or has a famous writer as a spiritual leader does not meet the deep needs and heart cry for some one to be their shepherd.

As we have seen the emerging of the five-fold ministries here in Melbourne, much attention has been given my role as the apostolic leader, as well as the roles of the public teacher and the prophet. These are exciting ministries and draw crowds, but the cry of the elders to me has been: "When are you going to start giving pastoral leadership?"

Yet I have not been free to do so, because my calling is in other directions. All I have been able to do is weep and pray, asking God to provide that which I am unable to give.

Our pastor/elders: Gordon,

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Ralph, Roger and Ray have done yeoman's service. A number of strong home church pastors have emerged. Yet the need for oversight has become so acute that unless it was met, the entire Tabernacle structure was in danger of toppling. We were top heavy with outreach and the basic foundation stones of healthy sheep in touch with caring shepherds was being buried.

Especially was this true as we expanded our concept of being a "City of Refuge", drawing those wounded and battered by the world (and the church) to our fellowship.

Now God has met our need. Six months ago Bob and Helen Beckett quietly slipped into Melbourne from the great New Covenant Fellowship which Bob had founded in St. Louis. They came for healing, but have wound up giving far more than we have given them. Two weeks ago I announced the Becketts will not be returning to St. Louis, but will stay on, and Bob will gradually take over the pastoral oversight of the local body. He will be working closely with our pastoral/elders, eventually giving pastoral direction to the entire local body. Welcome them joyfully. God has sent them to us for this time.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

jamie buckingham



In my letter asking support for the Missionary Retreat Center, I remarked that returning missionaries need a place to rest before reentering the "American rat race."

As usual, I offended someone. A friend wrote saying my attitude toward this great nation was "scornful, belittling and derogatory." He was incensed that I inferred our nation was run by rats. He closed by saying "by God's mercy your ministry and the ministry of the Tabernacle is supported by the 'American rat race.'"

My friend's letter reflects a dangerous mentality equating the American way of life with the Kingdom of God. After having traveled this world, I am grateful to return to our land of freedom, decency and material prosperity. However, God has blessed America not because of our godliness, but because our forefathers entered into covenant with Him--sealed in their blood.

Yet our current prosperity is probably our greatest liability. True Christianity does not flourish in prosperity--but in persecution and suffering.

"Rat race" is a poor choice of words. Rats are tough and hardy. "Hamster run" better describes most American activity which is dedicated to making money and enjoying "the good life," flavored with decadence as even our major denominations endorse gross immorality as an acceptable life style.

The Tabernacle, although made up of racing people (and a few rats), is not here to depend upon society. We are here to serve society--and depend on God.

The carnal man doesn't comprehend. But the spiritual man understands the difference between the prosperous society and the Kingdom whose King had nowhere to lay His head. "All flesh is grass, and all the godliness thereof is as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever." Even the little piggies know the folly of grass houses.

Roger Wilson says he is building his life and his family so that if the Holy Spirit were ever removed, everything would fall apart.

So is built the Tabernacle.

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I got up early last Thursday. I was to leave town Sunday and

had some impossible deadlines to meet--two newspaper columns and three magazine articles--plus final pages on a book. It was mandatory I get an early start and there be no interruptions. Absolutely none.

But it was March 15, and unfortunately I had no prophet, like Caesar, to whisper, "Beware the Ides of March."

I was at my typewriter before dawn when I heard Sandy, preparing for school in the darkened house, shouting from an upstairs bathroom, "Where's the water?" Then Tim, in the downstairs bathroom, joined in. "The toilet won't flush. No water."

I left the typewriter and dashed outside to the pumphouse. The pressure tank, waterlogged, had kept the pump running all night. It overheated, melted a plastic PVC pipe, and flooded the yard. Frantic, I shut off the pump, told the kids to brush their teeth in orange juice from the refrigerator, and went to work on pipes. I lost my temper when I couldn't find my wrenches, busted my knuckles trying to twist a huge

pipe with a pair of rusted pliers, and finally returned to the house shouting at Jackie to "Call somebody!"

She remembered George Estcourt had said, "If you ever need me..." He spent all day and two hours past sundown putting our plumbing back together. Part of that time was spent removing our big galvanized tank, taking it home, drilling out a frozen plug, and installing an air valve.

After it was all together, he got in his truck and the headlights wouldn't work. That was fortunate, for while he was fixing them the pipes broke again. Water squirted everywhere. I held while he screwed. When it was done he grabbed my hands saying, "Let's pray. Thank you, God, I've gone all day and not lost my temper." I mumbled, "Amen." Because George took a day off to serve me, I was able to write all my stuff and get it in the mail. I should have signed his name to it.

But George is not the only servant in the Body. He's just the only one I can fit in this column. So many of you serve God by serving one another. And the Body of Christ gets the credit, regardless of whose name goes on the byline.

A NEW PERSPECTIV

jamie buckingham



By the time you read this I will have returned from a 2-week camping/research

trek through the Sinai--my 3rd. The stated purpose was to collect final data and photos for an upcoming book which follows the footsteps of Moses. However, when a 47-year-old man, who spends the majority of his time behind a typewriter or sitting in comfortable living rooms talking with overfed Americans, starts making out bivouac equipment lists and then heads off into one of the world's most desolate and remote areas, you can assume that book research is only an excuse. The real reason is to fulfill that God-given sense of adventure which is common to all men--especially those controlled by the Holy Spirit.

Yet there is more. When God descended upon Mt. Sinai, He was accompanied by thousands of angels--some of whom are still resident in that place. Moses, the lone figure, clung to the craggy sides of the mountain overcome by what was taking place before him. Even the mountains around were illuminated by the divine glory. Despite the passage of 3,200 years and the constant shift of political power, that glory remains.

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Last year, dressed in shorts and Arab headdress, the *kaf-fiyeh*, sitting crosslegged in the sand of Wadi Feiran and sifting small pebbles through my fingers, I realized I was "home." My dad used to sing "Away Back Home in Indiana," and my mother crooned "My Old Kentucky Home"--but my roots extend in other directions. From the time I surrendered to Christ, my heritage takes another tack, not back to England and Wales, but to Calvary, to Bethlehem, and eventually to that place where God first encountered His chosen people--Mt. Sinai.

Accompanying me: a special group fo men. John Zentmeyer, Tampa; Dr. Jim Gills, New Port Richey; Dick Love, Pompano Beach; Peter Marshall, Boynton Beach; Steve Strang, Orlando; Mickey Evans, Indiantown; Dick Bolen, Carrollton, Ga.; Dick Blackwell, Harrisonburg, Va.; Judge Francis Nicholson, Greenwood, S.C.; Stan Elrod, Charlotte, N.C.; John Sherrill, Chappaqua, N.Y.; Dr. Willie Malone, Elizabethton, Tenn.; and Dr. Angus Sargeant, High Point, N.C.

God willing I'll be at the Tabernacle for Mother's Day services May 13. It will be a time of great blessings.



Two days before I left for the Sinai the surgeon said the lumps in Jackie's breast had to be removed. He scheduled her for a possible radical mastectomy two days after I returned.

Jackie's faith was strong. She believed the biopsy during surgery would be negative. Only a few people knew--and were praying.

I returned, two weeks later, to preach at both Sunday morning services. Battling jet lag and a slight fever, I opted to skip the evening service to be with Jackie.

But there was no time. Despite my resolution to keep away from the pile of mail on my desk, I kept sorting to see if there were any "emergency" messages. More "emergencies" kept me on the phone till midnight. When I finally crawled into bed I was exhausted.

Jackie needed to talk. For the first time she was facing she could wake the next day from surgery not only radically disfigured, but under the sentence of death. I wanted to listen, but like the disciples in Gethsemane, during her hour of

greatest need, I drifted off to sleep.

When I shook myself awake she was crying. "You didn't go to sleep during your phone conversations. I guess I'm not as important as they."

There was a lot more said--far more than I can (or should) reveal here. But in the end I realized I had made my "ministry" more important than my wife--rather than making my wife my ministry. Tied up with emergency messages, I didn't recognize the emergency in bed with me. I had failed as a husband.

This lack of covering had opened the door for Satan to bring his "death wish" on her. "I'm just in your way. It'd be better if I were gone." We battled for long hours.

The curse was not broken until I sat on the side of the bed, dead to my masculine pride, and confessed I had been wrong. Suddenly she was free. Alive. We prayed. And slept.

The lumps were benign. She went home the next day. Husband can kill, or bring life. It's a frightening, yet a glorious responsibility.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE

jamie buckingham



Speaking from experience, Jim Underwood shared with the elders lessons from the

life of Joseph. Although Joseph had a dream of ministering to the nation (remember how the stars as well as the sun and moon bowed before him), it was impossible for that to come true as long as he lived at home. Leadership, by tradition, was passed to the eldest son--not the youngest. Thus God allowed Joseph to be sold into slavery to start the process.

It began with Joseph being the ruler of a household, recognized by Potiphar as a man of exceptional quality. From there it would seem the natural progression would take him to a ruler of armies and finally a ruler of nations. But God had an intermediate step--one which many of us try to leap over. Before we can achieve God's best plan for our lives, we must learn to work inside the guidelines and boundaries of an institution.

In Joseph's case, it was a prison. But whatever the place, there is a need to learn discipline, to desire to submit, to learn to operate with joy under authority.

One of the points in my teaching last Sunday on PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION ON SPIRITUAL WARFARE was the need to come under authority. That means some kind of institutional structure is necessary to hold us accountable.

Those who refuse to submit to authority, who pride themselves on their independence, who will not be checked, who for reasons of pride or fear determine to "go it alone" are nearly always the ones who get shot down first. The lone wolf soldier is invariably the target for the sniper, or the one who steps on a land mine.

Thus the call to come under authority. To submit yourselves to small groups. Spiritual health is hard to come by. As in the doctor's office, it comes only when you are willing to be exposed --and examined. That is best done when your friends, rather than your enemies, are holding the mirror and operating the X-ray.

All God's people do not have to go to prison. But all must come under authority, for the battle in the end time will be fought under the Lordship of Jesus. That starts here.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE

jamie buckingham



After Dr. Alice King received the baptism in the Holy Spirit at Jesus '79 in

Orlando, she returned to her home in Sebring and persuaded her husband, Dr. Nelson King, to visit the Tabernacle--where he received the Holy Spirit. Now both physicians, with long experience in medical, church and charitable work, are driving each week from Sebring, where they have their own pediatrics clinic, to attend the Sunday services at the Tab.

Several weeks ago the Doctors King called and said they wanted to give--since they had received so much. The result was a meeting with the elders. And this announcement.

Beginning July 5, the Doctors King will be spending each Thursday, Friday, and Saturday during July operating a free pediatrics clinic out of the old Tabernacle building. They will examine and treat not only children from the Tabernacle, but from the community, as their offering unto the Lord. Office hours will be established and there will be no charge except for school immunization shots--which will be nominal.

Both doctors are eager to treat more than the body, and they will be involved in counseling to children and parents alike. Since they will be taking children up to the age of 20, Dr. Alice will spend considerable time counseling with teenage girls in particular. They will be building a file on each Tabernacle child so they may do emergency treatment on Sunday afternoons in the future in case you cannot reach your regular pediatrician.

They are also eager to minister to the black community and will be giving special emphasis there. Full details may be obtained by calling the church office.

SUMMER SUNDAY MORNING SERVICES

Beginning July 8 and running through Labor Day weekend, there will be only one Sunday morning service at the Tabernacle, at 9 A.M. Jimmy Smith will lead worship and music and except August 5, Jamie Buckingham will be teaching. On August 5, Merv and Merla Watson, singers of Jewish music, will be ministering.

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After he received word of Jackie's recent surgery, my friend Costa Deir wrote her a

note. He was on his way to Colombia, but even in his haste grasped the heart of the moment of anxiety and gave her a first class handle on how to handle crisis.

I was especially intrigued, not only because my next book will be on the subject of crisis, but because a number of people in the local body (including several of our elders) are struggling with personal crisis.

Costa's concept is: "Going through--with God--results in our maturing always, though we may not realize it at the time."

Such a word always brings a feeling of gladness to spiritual people. It encourages them to realize God is at work in all events. And when it comes to those known as "the called", all these things work together for good. This is true even of the crisis experiences which seem to emerge from the clouds of darkness rather than coming down from the father of lights.

According to Costa, any difficult situation, especially the crisis situations, offers three things to us:

- (1) A lesson to be learned
- (2) A divine purpose to be realized
- (3) A fresh revelation of God to us.

Recently Bruce Morgan was talking about Augustine's concept of the felix culpa, which loosely translated means "the happy sin." He was talking about those sins which we commit (or "fall into" if you are looking for a more passive phrase to ease your guilt) which seem to be allowed by God in order to stimulate the crisis experiences necessary to bring us to maturity.

Does God allow a man to sin? Even more radical, does God order a sinful situation for the purpose of increasing the shaking and hasten maturity? Does God actually arrange circumstances to precipitate crisis which forces us to change? Although my theology does not make room for this, it sure seems like it. And if so, it is certainly for one reason--to cause us to quickly repent and move on with God. Take heart, God has good things in store.

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It is well, on occasion, to give testimony to the provision of God.

When the invitation came, last November, for me to speak at the Christian Booksellers Convention in Brisbane, Australia, I asked Jackie to go along. This is our 25th wedding year and since she had never been to the south Pacific, it seemed like a good trip. She quickly took down our big wall calendar which hangs by the phone in the kitchen and circled Sept. 2--the day of our departure. She wrote: "Australia. Jackie gets to go." She made me initial it.

This has not been one of our better financial years. In fact, my major publisher has been unable to pay royalties in more than a year, so we have no excess. However, the CBAA would pay my expenses and I figured we could save enough to buy an Apex fare for Jackie from LA to Sydney--a half fare price on Qantas Airlines.

However, three months ago when we put in for our reservations we discovered all Apex fares to Australia were gone. We would have to fly regular fare which would cost about \$1000 more than we had figured.

Despite my "We'll find the money somewhere," Jackie considered staying home. Unknown to me, she took it to God in definite prayer. On July 12 she prayed, "Lord, if you want me to go, send the money in an unusual way."

July 16 a letter arrived addressed to Jackie. It was from a distant acquaintance in Arlington, Va--a small businessman. He wrote her he had been reading my column in Logos Journal when God spoke to him and said, "Send Jackie Buckingham \$1,000." He dismissed it, wondering, "Why her?" He barely knew her. But deep in his heart God repeated the command--and said the money should be "used for her own personal need."

His letter arrived on Monday. It contained a check for \$1000 --made out to Jackie.

People seldom send us money. And no one has ever sent her a check. But because of an obedient servant in Virginia, she is with me in Australia. For a fleeting moment, when the money came, we considered giving it to the poor. But some things, like perfume from broken alabaster boxes, are meant to be enjoyed. This trip--with all its accompanying ministry--seems to be such.

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seems to be giving the Tabernacle. These include the need to (1) Acquire additional property, (2) Provide housing for widows and the elderly, (3) Build a children's building and educational space, (4) Complete the Missionary Retreat Center, (5) Start to work on the Healing Arts Center. Determined to move only on God's command, yet equally determined not to drag our feet, it is critical we hear from God in all points.

During our discussion last week I went to the blackboard and asked the men to list the primary ways God's leaders hear

and confirm God's guidance.

- (1) INTUITION: What is the ongoing "desire of the heart?"
- (2) CIRCUMSTANCES: Are the doors open for us to move ahead?
- (3) THE BIBLE: Has God given direction (or warning) from the Word?
- (4) LIFE STYLE: Does the guidance fit in with our life style? (For instance, I cannot picture God directing us to spend millions on a cathedral.)
- (5) CONSENSUS: Although the elders will never be of the exact same opinion, we will not move until the direction is at least agreeable to all.
- (6) PROPHECY: Not to be taken by itself, yet the spoken word will confirm and correct.

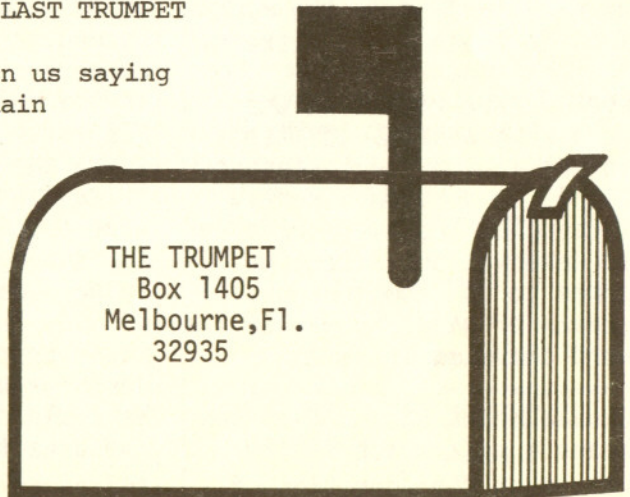
Pray your leaders will hear.

THIS WILL BE YOUR LAST TRUMPET

UNLESS

You have written us saying you want to remain on the mailing list. Only those who have dropped us a card asking to be left on the list will receive the next issues of the Trumpet.

Do it
write now!!



A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

jamie buckingham



Christian community, true koinonia, is not limited by geography but is based on

relationships. This is one of the truths heard many times during our visit with the Redeemer Church in Sydney. We were deeply impressed with this healthy expression of families in covenant relationship during our stay in Australia.

Something of the same thing is happening here, of course. But like the Australian community, we have learned that many of those who enter into covenant relationship also want to move closer geographically. While we quickly point out that not all are supposed to build their homes in a Christian development, it is exciting to watch those who are.

MASTER'S ROAD: The Master's Road community which is located on the other side of Hield Road from our "Hebron" is making rapid progress. Despite the tragic fire which destroyed Randy Ostrander's house several weeks ago, other homes will soon be ready for occupancy. (Randy, who is pastor of The Church on the Way, was the first to occupy his house and is now ready to rebuild.)

Using the "barn raising" concepts of early American history, houses being built by Paul Boutin, Leon Parisoe and Jim Richardson are almost ready. Ten other homes will be going up soon.

EMMAUS ROAD: The Emmaus Road community, one mile east on Hield Road, is humming with similar activity. The Nelson Snyders and Russ Burnses have already occupied their new homes. The Al Reeds, Joe Auclairs, Doug Armstrongs, Richard Levys and Del Likenses will be moving in soon. Others will be building shortly.

While these community/developments are built around a serving-sharing theme, it is important to note that all are maintaining the autonomy of the individual home. Thus the idea is "community" rather than "commune", although a few singles may live in some of the houses.

At the same time, there are many in covenant relationship who have felt led to remain in the secular community, acting as leaven for their neighborhoods. All are "in community," whether they live in a development or scattered throughout the area. For relationship is a matter of the heart--not the house.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

jamie buckingham



In July I was one of the speakers at the American Baptist assembly grounds at Green Lake, Wisconsin. It was the first time, since our church had been dismissed as a Baptist church in 1970, that I had been invited to speak at a Baptist denominational meeting. (Although I have been welcomed in a number of individual Baptist churches.)

Two weeks before, I had spoken at the Presbyterian Charismatic Communion in Granby, Colorado. Despite the fact the Presbyterians treated me warmly, I still realized I was not of their tradition. Friday night, after I had spoken the night before, Louis Evans, Jr., pastor of National Presbyterian Church in Washington, singled me out during his tremendous sermon and said, "Jamie, you might as well admit you're still a Baptist at heart."

I blushed. And nodded. That is why my time with the ABC in Wisconsin was so special. There I did not have to apologize for my immersion theology, my strong belief in the autonomy of the local church, nor my insistence on the priesthood of all believers. I was among people who knew.

After I returned to Florida, I received a letter from one of the American Baptist officials inviting me to affiliate with the ABC/USA. Not only that, but there was a strong invitation for our entire church to align itself with the ABC/USA.

It was a great honor--just to receive the invitation. But, as I wrote my friend back, I have run free too long. The thought of returning to a barn--even if the top half of the door does remain open--is no longer appealing. I have stood in the rain and found it does not hurt--only cleans. There are times I like to come in and snuggle up with the other horses. But not to live; only to visit. Right now the feel of the wind in my face and the freedom to pioneer--and to make our own mistakes--is too exciting.

My daddy said when his mother grew old that he invited her to leave the old Indiana home place and come live with them in Florida. She refused. But, he said, she told him: "Please don't ever stop asking."

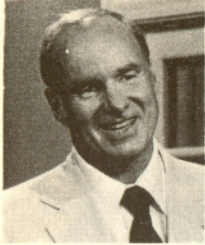
I guess I feel the same way. Despite our independence, it feels good to be wanted.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE..

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During World War II a lot of things were in short supply. Things like butter, tires, and soap were hard to come by.

My enterprising mother solved the scarcity of soap by saving all the used soap bars in the house to melt for re-use. There was a container in the kitchen and each bathroom for used bars of soap. If we took a trip, we always brought home used soap from the hotel--or relatives.

When she had enough, she would put the slivers and bars in a large mold, then melt a few other bars--Ivory melted best, as well as some horrible translucent green soap, smelling like weeds, that my brother brought home from the Navy--and pour the melted soap over the loose bars. This hardening, she sliced it into squares for the children to use in the bathtub.

It was always interesting to take a bath using this soap. It was fun to spot the various other bars. The pink Lifebuoy stood out in particular. So did the black Lava soap. We used a lot of Octagon in our house--a very strong, yellow soap good for softening scabs, curing poison ivy, and removing pimp-

les. You could always spot--and smell--the Octagon soap.

Even though these home made bars of soap were exciting to use in the tub, they never did have the cleaning power of a single bar of soap. Something seemed to get lost when you mixed it all together. It lacked the perfume of Lux, the scouring strength of Lava, and the alkalinity of Octagon. It wouldn't float like Ivory, nor did it attack B.O. like Lifebuoy. But it was better than nothing and got us through the war relatively clean.

Recently I've become aware my life is much like that molded soap. The problem comes in mixing priorities. As I have put more items into my life, I have begun to lose the distinctive qualities of my unique giftedness. That means some things are going to have to go, for I can no longer mix Lava and Ivory.

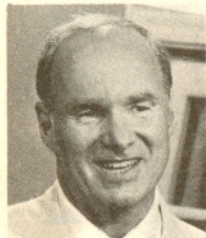
Most of us are like this. But the wise man knows the only way to get on with the things God has told him to do is by laying aside the things which are not absolutely essential. It's going to be interesting --as I start gouging--to see what falls away.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE.

jamie buckingham

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I have learned much from my last two trips. With DeVern Fromke in a pastors conference in Indiana I realized much more can be accomplished meeting with a few leaders than with masses. From Larry Titus and that incredible group of people at Bethesda Christian Center in Wenatchee, Washington, I once again caught the vision of the local body as God's highest form of expression.

I came home asking myself two questions: (1) If I had but one more year to live, would I continue with the same life style I now have? (2) Would I leave my 1980 plans as they are?

I answered no to both questions. As a result I have radically altered my plans for next year and am in the process of changing my life style to escape the constant deadlines I have put on myself.

It meant reevaluating the difference between religious activity and reality. When God is absent, religious activity often increases--but reality is missing. It is possible, you know, to have a religious spasm without the Holy Spirit.

Much of what I have been doing

has been for the wrong motive. It takes "exposure" to sell books, my publisher told me. So I accepted many speaking engagements. Then I learned it is a heady experience to have thousands of people shout "Amen!" to your words. But is that reality?

There is a place for the large meeting. My question: is this where I make my best contribution? So I have kept only 3 invitations for next year.

Now I let you look inside my life, hoping as you see what God is saying to me, you, too, will hear His voice. He has told me that, aside from my relationship with Him and my family--which is basic--I have three major tasks for 1980.

- (1) Give apostolic oversight to this local body--which means imparting my spirit to the other leaders and teaching regularly in the open meetings.
- (2) Focus on writing books as my basic outreach to the world.
- (3) Work, on a limited basis, with groups and individuals in leadership across the nation.

1980 will not be a "business as usual" year. Each of us must change, for the new wine is bubbling and needs another wineskin. What are your priorities?

A NEW PERSPECTIVE

32905 BUCK2915J

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I told the folks meeting at the Woman's Club in Ft. Pierce last Sunday morning

that one of the reasons that church had not grown larger was their shepherd, George Sowerby, was a no-nonsense man.

I respected George for that. We were as different in personality and approach to ministry as any two men could be. Yet when he came to me some years ago and said God told him to submit to me, I never doubted it.

In areas of spiritual obedience he was a giant. If God told him to do a thing, or say a thing, he seldom questioned, despite the fact others often misunderstood. It made him seem hard at times, but he gathered around him a church of people who knew better than to drink brook water with their rear ends raised like targets for enemy spears. That Gideon's bunch down there are made of stern stuff.

The five-foot hickory staff George carried to the Sinai two years ago symbolized his ability to take spiritual authority. I admired that, too.

It was a year later when George walked into the Tabernacle on a Sunday, came to the platform

with his staff, and said God had sent him up from Ft. Pierce to give it to me.

I took the staff with me last Sunday morning when I met with the church in Ft. Pierce to celebrate his call to Heaven. On Wednesday the tree he was cutting fell differently than he had planned. It struck a power line and he was gone. That's not unusual. George was used to instant changes in direction. Besides, he had made all needed preparations.

There was a small open circle in the middle of the crowded room Sunday morning. On the third song of praise, with the instruments in grand harmony, the Spirit of God descended on George's wife, Velma. She moved away from her three grown sons on the edge of the circle and was suddenly out in the open circle, dancing before the Lord. In one of the most tender and holy moments of my life, she took my hand and I joined her, dancing as David must have danced up Mt. Zion, only steps in front of the Ark of the Covenant.

To some it may have seemed strange. But the ways of the Lord are always contrary to the world. They are ways to life--even in the midst of death.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE.

jamie buckingham



The message Nov. 25 was: "What to do when a Christian takes advantage of you." It sounded hard, I realize, since I had to mention two national ministries who've recently sent out letters saying they cannot fulfill their promises to repay their debts.

Yet in the message I dealt with the principles found in the story of Jacob's relationship with Laban in Gen. 29 ff. When you are disappointed by someone you trusted, what should you do?

1. Be careful not to fall into the trap of judging another man's motives.
2. Take a long look at your own motives. God did not call us to lend to ministries--only to give.
3. Trust no man--only God. Then there will be no hate or bitterness when man lets you down.
4. Disappointments and financial loss are God's way of shaping those of us not yet conformed to His image. Thus they are really blessings.
5. Do not let emotion rule over common sense. (In other words, don't get so spiritual you do business without a contract or make investments without collateral.)

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In reference to Logos International Fellowship, the toughest decision of my adult life was to resign from the Board of Trustees in the summer of 1978. Since then I have become involved with another publishing house, but I share the hurt of hundreds who are pinched because Logos cannot repay loans on schedule.

Yet I believe God has raised up this, and other ministries. I also believe He wants to salvage them for even greater service--but only after they pass through the fire. (PTL weathered their financial crisis only to be hit by an investigation from the FCC.)

I urge my friends to pray for ministries in trouble. If you are one of those who stands to lose money (as I am), be patient. Consider giving, rather than grasping. Examine yourself, not others. Do not bind others, or yourself, through unforgiveness. The Kingdom is being shaken. Only the unshakable will remain. Do not be among those who spill out on the floor.

Jamie's message of Nov. 25 is available on tape cassette. Write Tabernacle Tapes, Box 1405, Melbourne, FL 32935. Enclose \$2.00.