

*jamie buckingham*JAMIE BUCKINGHAM
2915 HIELD RD
PALM BAY, FL 32905

The fool uses his reserve--and does not replace it.

A friend of mine carries a \$100 bill in a tiny compartment in his billfold. Twice when I have been with him we have needed to use it. Once a group of us went to eat in a small restaurant near Washington, DC. After dinner we discovered the cafe did not honor credit cards. None of us had enough cash to cover the ticket. That is, none of us except my friend who carried his own little savings account with him.

Three months later we were back at the same cafe and the same thing happened. Only this time there was no \$100. He had forgotten to replenish his reserve. We had anxious moments until the proprietor agreed to let us pay later. Which we did.

Reserves are to be used. But only in emergencies. And always promptly replaced.

This last month has accented that lesson for me. I knew I was running low on fuel when I returned from South America. The trip to South Africa on December 28 loomed like an insurmountable mountain. At our December 20 K-group meeting, I confessed I was weary. For the

first time in my 13 years at the Tab I felt stress. Inwardly I wished to stay home and rest. That night when I came home my lower right leg was swollen and inflamed. I spent two days in bed with fever and then hobbled to church on Sunday. After the service the Doctors King took one look at my discolored leg and ordered me to bed with my foot elevated. Thrombophlebitis. South Africa was cancelled. I was to stay down until all danger had passed.

Flat on my back at Christmas, dribbling soup on my shirt as I eat from a prone position... it's not fun. I've give a lot of thought to dying. And while some have wanted to rebuke the problem, I believe it has come from God--as a beneficent warning. Spending Christmas and New Years in bed was His exclamation point to the word.

When I bought my diesel tractor last year, the mechanic warned me not to let it run dry. To get it restarted is a major task involving unhooking fuel lines and the like. I know the feeling. So I begin the new year with a resolve to obey God's earlier word about stewardship of my body and my time --to stop living off my reserves and to keep my main tank full.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE

jamie buckingham



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JAMIE BUCKINGHAM
2915 HIELD RD
PALM BAY, FL 32905

One of the lessons our small group of men learned in our excursion across the Sinai was the common denominator of survival causes you to put aside doctrinal differences. This does not mean you have to compromise your beliefs in order to live. In fact, it is better, in most cases, to die than to compromise. But it does mean you quickly stop trying to change everyone else into your own mold. And in accepting each man as he is, not only live but begin to live abundantly and in peace.

There is a tendency on the part of all to mold others into our own image. We want them to believe--even behave--as we do.

But I cannot think of a more boring family than to have all the children looking, dressing, and acting alike. Nor can I think of a more boring spiritual family than to have a church where everyone believes exactly the same, and where every sermon from the pulpit sounds like Johnny-one-note.

Fortunately, this has not been the case at the Tabernacle. Some of our people venerate Mary in a special way; others would not dare cross themselves, much less repeat an Ave Maria.

Some drink wine at communion; others prefer grape juice. Some dance in the aisles during times of praise; others sit quietly in their seats with heads bowed in deep reverence. Some speak in tongues; others have never felt led to ask God for a prayer language.

This confuses some, especially those coming from a background where they expected the church to tell them what to believe. However, every carpenter knows that plywood is stronger than a single plank of the same size. And in spiritual things it is the diversity of teaching which brings strength to the Body. This is the cross-grain, which contrary to what some may believe, prevents splits--does not cause them.

I'm grateful for a healthy Body where everyone doesn't have to be an evangelist or a missionary but respects those called into these fields and is willing to support without being intimidated to imitate.

In the long run, when all the verbiage is sifted and it is time to face the aspect of survival, we'll discover that we haven't heard different messages--but one message in different clothes: the Lordship of Jesus Christ.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

jamie buckingham



Our K (koinonia) group is something of a spiritual family to Jackie and me. We meet weekly to encourage, correct, and minister. Last Saturday, on the recommendation of Al and Sandra Reed, we met at the church to drive to Daytona for an early evening dinner at a "fabulous" restaurant.

It was a fun evening with the Reeds, Bruce and Trudy Morgan, Gene and Jane Berrey, Brooks and Laura Watson, Frank and Shirley Whigham. Dr. Morgan had borrowed a Pace Arrow motor home from Tom Sawyer. We had a great time, especially driving back home on I-95 in the moonlight. Part of the group gathered in the far back of the motor home while others sat up front and talked.

We smelled occasional gas fumes but didn't think much about it. The big engine next to the driver's seat purred efficiently.

But as we pulled into the parking lot next to the Tabernacle about 10:30 p.m., the engine suddenly cut off. Someone from the rear shouted we had run out of gas just as we got home. Not so, we still had gas in both tanks. We coasted to a stop in the middle of the deserted lot and suddenly the cabin was filled with choking, noxious smoke.

While the men helped the women out the door (next to the burning engine), Bruce and I ran to the nearby church office. He called the fire department 4 blocks away while I grabbed a fire extinguisher.

But the little extinguisher was useless against the gas-fed fire. In less than two minutes the entire vehicle was a roaring inferno.

Ralph Mull later said the fire came from a leaking fuel line which had probably been burning for some time. When it burned up all the oxygen around the carburetor the engine quit and suddenly we were engulfed in flames. Had that happened on the interstate at 55 mph, the toxic fumes would have been fatal. Had it happened once we pulled next to the cars in the parking lot....

No one was hurt. We salvaged all our personal belongings except Sandra's cinnamon rolls (unneeded) and Bruce's wig (unwanted). All 12 of us came away deeply impressed with the severity of the spiritual battle being waged. And more convinced than ever that greater is He who is in us than he which lurks in engine compartments.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

jamie buckingham



During our early days at the Tab, the body--wounded by the bondage of tradition and sin --gathered as a family. We were held together by love and trust.

As we grew, however, there was a cry to formalize the relationship. "This is our church home," a number of people said.

Recognizing this as valid, the elders began to talk of "covenant relationship." Those so inclined were invited to become part of a Committed Body. These were folks who had committed themselves to the Lordship of Christ, to the Tabernacle as their spiritual home, and to the elders as spiritual leaders.

Recently there has been a cry for a formalized covenant. "Tell us what we believe," some have said. I have struggled with this, especially since I love to see things written out. However, the Lord keeps reminding me of 1 Samuel 8. There the people of Israel begged for a king so they could be "like the other nations." God finally allowed it, but His higher purpose was for them to follow Him, not an earthly king.

Thus, as the elders have considered a written covenant, the

Lord has said: You can have a rule for behavior and belief if you want. But I have a higher purpose for this body. You are not to be like other churches who chisel their creeds in stone and write out rules which are unenforceable. You are to be led by the Holy Spirit who will write His law on your heart. As you walk in perfect harmony with Him, so you will walk in harmony with each other. The covenant must be individual--and vertical. Then the Love of God, shed abroad by the Holy Spirit, will bind us together.

Written covenants were popular in the Old Testament. But in the New Testament Jesus says His blood forms a "new covenant." In fact, the only time the early church wrote out a creed was in Acts 15:20. Later in 1 Cor. 8, Paul nullifies that same creed by pointing to a higher law.

Guidelines are necessary. Some are given in this issue of the Trumpet. These are but reminders of our commitment to God and our obligations to each other. But it is to the higher law God calls us, to a covenant of the heart. It won't be easy, and many will be confused; but those who stay will be --in the true sense of the word--"family."

GUIDELINES FOR RELATIONSHIPS

Having been led by the Holy Spirit to recognize Jesus Christ as the Son of God, having surrendered my life and possessions to His lordship, having sealed this by baptism, I now believe I am to submit to the visible body as expressed in the church universal and the Tabernacle Church.

I commit myself to an irrevocable relationship with God as my Lord and promise to seek Him with all my heart. I shall never be satisfied in my spiritual quest until I have been conformed to the image of Jesus Christ.

I recognize I belong to the Kingdom of God as opposed to the systems of this world, and I vow that Kingdom shall always have preference in my decisions, my behavior, and my life style.

I shall love God with all my heart, soul, mind, and strength. I shall view worship as my principle activity and vocation. I will allow the Holy Spirit to fill me and use me in every circumstance of life.

I recognize God is the rightful owner of all I possess. Therefore I will use all my material possessions for His glory. I will follow the leadership of the Holy Spirit and give unselfishly as He directs. I shall return to God, on a regular basis, at least a tithe of my income.

As the temple of the Holy Spirit, I will treat my body with care, honor, and purity. I will exercise regularly, plan constructive times of leisure, and eat and drink only that which will strengthen my body and glorify God.

I will deepen my understanding of God by expanding my knowledge of His creation and studying His works in history. I will allow the Holy Spirit to create through me in my gifted areas. I will freely share my knowledge, gifts, and skills with the Body of Christ.

I will learn of God and His ways through Bible study, daily prayers, and meditation.

I will do all in my power to make my home truly Christian, exemplifying the Spirit of Christ in all my relationships.

With joy I have taken my place in the family of God. I accept my responsibility in the Tabernacle Church by making available my material resources, my home, my job, my skills and abilities, my reputation, my friendships, my family, my time. I will also seek God's ministry for my life and with the elders' blessing give myself to that task.

I will walk in a spirit of forgiveness toward my brothers and sisters. I refuse to harbor malice, anger, resentment, or bitterness toward others. I will not let a day end before I have permitted God to correct any wrong attitude toward another. When I feel I have been wronged, I will take the initiative and seek restoration.

I will faithfully assemble with the believers as I am able, entering into corporate worship with joy. I will commit myself to a small group where I may receive and give personal ministry. I will separate myself from this body only as the Lord directs and with the blessing of the elders.

I will love and obey Christ through my behavior, my influence, my example, and my decisions in every relationship in the world: personal, social, business, political, academic, cultural. I will love my neighbor as myself and look upon each one as better than myself. I will seek first His Kingdom, avoid being ensnared by the standards and values of this world, accept the joyful privilege of witnessing to others, and refrain from anything which would mar the witness of my life and lips.

I will submit myself to the spiritual authority of the elders.

I will seek not so much to be ministered unto, but to minister; not to receive, but to give; not to be helped, but to help; not to be loved; but to love; not to be served, but to serve.

Realizing my own inadequacy, I will earnestly seek the help of the Holy Spirit and the fellowship of the church in accomplishment of these purposes, to the glory of God the Father through His Son, Jesus Christ.

THE TRUMPET (UPS 642-700)

jamie buckingham

JAMIE BUCKINGHAM
2915 HIELD RD
PALM BAY, FL 32905



Bruce Morgan once referred to the Tabernacle ministry as avant-garde Christianity. To

many it is. But as you examine what is happening here, you suspect that avant-garde (which means the development of new or experimental concepts) is not entirely accurate. What we are doing is seeking to return to the norm of relations as purposed by God before the foundations of the earth and practiced (to some degree) by the New Testament church. Call it radical, but it is experimental only if you see it as designed by God

As the charismatic movement has progressed, the emphasis has shifted. Now the new wineskins are as important as the new wine. As radical as the injection of the Holy Spirit into the slumbering church was, the shift to new structures will be even more shaking. In one area we had to adjust our theology. Now we are having to adjust our methods. And that's plumb dangerous. As one old Baptist deacon once told me: "It's okay with me if you want to sing new songs, but you sure better not move the piano."

That's the difference between preaching and meddling.

One of the areas of change the

leadership has struggled with is the definition and purpose of eldership. More and more we understand that elders are "overseers" of the local flock. Simply because a man has a ministry does not mean he is necessarily anointed as an elder. This demands we move the piano.

One change involves the ministry of Bruce Morgan. I recognize a prophetic call on Bruce's life. But we have been wrong to try to hitch our stallion to a plow. Bruce agrees and has asked to be relieved as an elder. He will continue to make a vital contribution to this body as a teacher, prophet and friend, but will not be asked to carry a shepherd's crook among us. I refer you to his excellent statement on page 3 and urge you to support him in his expanding ministry.

Another change has led Ralph Mull, who has drawn full support as a pastor since leaving his post as fire chief, to begin a return to secular work. He joins Roger Wilson who has been earning his living in the secular field for almost a year. Other active elders are: Jim Bauman, Bob Beckett, Gordon Strongitharm, and Herman Riffel--all of whom draw full support from the Tab.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

jamie buckingham



Nobody likes to be around (for very long, that is) a doting grandparent who

is always flashing pictures of the newest grandbaby, and bragging about the child's superior abilities, looks, *et cetera*, *ad nauseum*.

Thus as we approached the time for our daughter Robin's baby to be born, I began to steel myself against such a mentality. Jackie was already collecting camera film, scrap books, and cassette tapes to record the baby's first sounds--realizing that one day the whole world probably would rush to our door to see them. On the other hand, I continued to answer questions such as "How do you think it will feel to be a grandpa?" with smart answers like, "That's not the question. The question is: "What's it going to be like to sleep with a grandma?"

Then the call came from Tulsa. The baby had arrived. Her name is April Michele (which took some explaining to my mother since she was born in March). Grandma had had her bag packed for several weeks and as soon as the word came from Tulsa, she was on her way--promising she would not involve herself in child-raising, but would limit her activities to house-

keeping, cooking and bragging. Meanwhile, back at the ranch, I tried to keep the news as quiet as possible.

Unfortunately, a number of grandma (and grandpa) types found out about the event. And, as evidenced by the bumper stickers at church next Sunday stating "Jamie is a Grandpa," I am convinced they weren't nearly as thrilled for Robin and Jon as they were I had joined the ranks of millions of others who lean on canes, sit in rocking chairs, and carry picture albums to church.

But in spite of those green bumper stickers which were everywhere--including one on the front of the pulpit--I resolved not to brag about "our" baby's superiority.

However, all that went out the window this week. I was talking to Robin on the phone and she had the baby in bed with her. "Want to speak to April?" she said. So I said a few little "goo-goo" nothings and suddenly the baby was talking back. Guess what? She IS superior.

Now that's different. So if you'd like to stop by sometime Jackie and I have a few pictures we'd like to show you.



Anton Chekhov told the story of the old Russian cabby whose son died.

All day long the old man drove his sleigh through the snow-covered streets of Petersburg. When a stranger entered the cab he tried to share his grief. But all were too busy or too preoccupied to listen.

When he did find someone, the person would listen for a moment, then break into the conversation to talk about his own problems. Others just shook their heads and walked away, leaving the grieving old man alone in the snow.

At the end of the day the burden was almost more than he could bear. He went to his empty hovel, but everything reminded him of his son. He finally could stand it no longer. Putting on his tattered coat he went out to the stable where the little mare who had pulled his sleigh all day was munching her oats. Reaching out, he touched the horse's nose, stroking, rubbing her ears. Tears rolled down his lined face in silent grief. Then, taking the horse's head in both hands, he looked her in the face.

"Now suppose you had a little

colt," he said softly. "And you were the mother of that little colt. And you loved her very much. And all at once that same little colt went and died. . . You'd be sorry, wouldn't you?"

We all need someone to talk to, even if it is only a mare munching oats. We need someone with whom we can share our griefs, sorrows, joys and triumphs.

The problem lies not in the lack of such people, but in our unwillingness to become such a person to others. In our emphasis to find the right person to meet our needs, we forget the equal or even greater needs of others to talk.

Last week I had a great burden for a loved one. My wife, although suffering from a deep hurt on her own part, sublimated her hurts so she could listen to me. In her listening ear, and symphathetic tear, not only was I helped--but she was healed of her own hurt.

One of the great mysteries of the Christian life is as we sacrifice our own need to minister to others, our needs are miraculously met.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

jamie buckingham

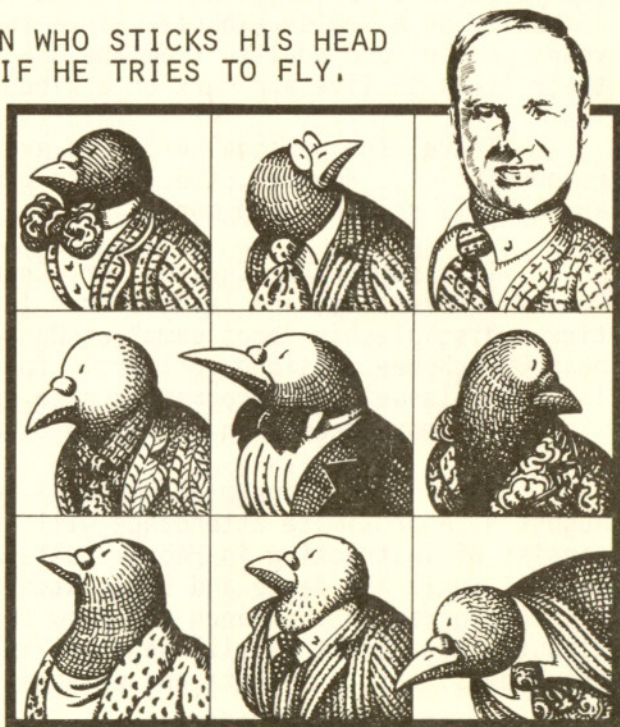
RELIGIOUS PIGEON HOLES

WE LIVE IN A WORLD OF PIGEON HOLES; TIDY LITTLE RELIGIOUS BOXES WITH LABELS THAT NEATLY DEFINE EVERYTHING FROM SIN TO PROPER BAPTISM.

IN FACT, NOT ONLY DO WE LIVE IN THESE DINGY HOLES, WE DEMAND EVERYONE ELSE CRAWL INTO ONE ALSO.

WOE BE THE MAN WHO STICKS HIS HEAD OUT. DOUBLE WOE IF HE TRIES TO FLY.

HERE IS A PRESBYTERIAN, SEE HOW HE FROWNS. THERE IS A ROMAN CATHOLIC, COUNTING HER BEADS, DOWN THERE WITH THE GLASSY LOOK AND HAIR PILED NINE FEET TALL IS A PENTECOSTAL, TO ONE SIDE WITH A BIBLE IN HIS FIST AND THE INTENSE LOOK IN HIS EYE IS THE CHURCH OF CHRIST FELLOW, AND WHAT ABOUT THE CHARISMATIC, WITH SEERSUCKER TROUSERS, CHECKERED SPORTS COAT AND TAMBOURINE. QUICK, PUT HIM IN A BOX, TOO, SO HE WON'T INFECT US.



HOW CONVENIENT! HOW UTTERLY UNSCRIPTURAL!

WHO IS THE CHRISTIAN? HE'S PART INTELLECTUAL, PART CHILD. HE IS A FUNDAMENTALIST WHO PLUCKS CORN ON THE SABBATH. HE IS HAWK, DOVE, AND SOMETIMES SOARS LIKE THE EAGLE. BUT HE IS DEFINITELY NOT A PIGEON.

jamie buckingham



When it comes to spending money on formalities--especially weddings--I take on the spirit of Scrooge.

Such was the case with our son Tim's wedding last Sunday. Since Tim and Kathy are both "outdoors" folks, we opted for a front yard wedding at the house. This way we could keep expenses down. The only time I acted stingy was when Tim wanted to rent a \$45 tuxedo. I didn't think it would go with his cowboy boots.

I was out of town the week before the wedding. When I returned Friday night, Jackie said she had reserved a banquet room at the Sea Room on Saturday night for the wedding party. All 19 of us.

When I complained that we were almost out of money, she brought a gentle faith reminder: Jesus loved wedding celebrations and the money was "on the way."

The bill Saturday night was \$166. I paid the check and tried to smile. I wanted to do it for the kids, but the money which was on the way must have been derailed by a prince of Persia. I wondered if the bank would understand.

Sunday evening, after the mob of happy folks had gone home and Tim and Kathy had left in Tim's gaily decorated pickup truck on their honeymoon, Jackie and I walked out in the front yard. The chairs, tables and decorations were all gone. We were back to normal. We sat in the grass watching the brilliant sunset fading behind the pine trees.

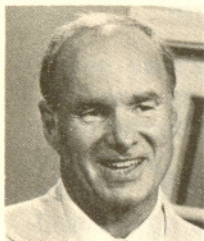
A dove cooed in the woods and a whippoorwill began his nightly song. It was a time of recollection and prayer for our children setting out in life.

"Did anyone pick up the mail from the mailbox yesterday?" Jackie asked. In our activity we had forgotten. We walked down the winding drive to the road. Sure enough, yesterday's mail was still in the box.

On top was a letter from my agent in New York. She had sold publishing rights to a book I had written 12 years ago to a publishing house in Iceland. The first royalty check was enclosed. My share, after deductions, was \$168. Not only was the money on the way, it was already here. All I needed to do was to look in my mailbox.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

jamie buckingham



Few doubt our nation--indeed, our world--is approaching the most perilous time of history.

For a generation the super powers have been developing weapons capable of destroying great portions of the globe. What fools we are to naively believe that some madman won't one day trigger a nuclear holocaust. What fools we are not to get ready.

Dr. Ernest Winter of Austria, one of the world's leading ecologists, shocked us last week at the Tabernacle by pointing out that within 20 years all the oil will be gone. Transference to coal will quickly destroy the atmosphere. Nuclear fallout will sterilize all soil treated with coal tar or oil based sprays. Our globe is a ticking timebomb. When it explodes is God's business. But as surely as apples fall from the branch, so will the laws of nature eventuate the coming catastrophe.

The question is not survival. That is for the world to worry about. The question is: what is God saying to His church?

With Russia at our doorstep--and the USA seemingly defenseless unless we use nuclear weapons--with the economic system crumbling, with the institutional church turned humanist, with demon activity more blatant and bold than ever before, what is God calling us to do?

The clear word from the National Leadership Conference at Ridgecrest, NC last week was that God was calling His church into a fast. The fast is to show public repentance. Thus when the businessman turns his plate upside down at the Rotary luncheon, it will provide opportunity to say why. We are believing if enough people repent, God will stay for a season His hand of judgment against this nation.

The fast is also for preparation. The 80s will be the greatest decade of evangelism the world has ever known. For with the tribulation will come a mighty outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Let the world prepare for holocaust. The church must prepare for another Pentecost.

The fast is to last for one year. Every Wednesday and Friday through 3 p.m. The rest is up to God.

jamie buckingham

JAMIE BUCKINGHAM
2915 HIELD RD
PALM BAY, FL 32905



Last week several Christian leaders from Florida met at Dunklin Camp near Okeechobee.

Our purpose was to seek the mind of the Lord concerning what we all sense is a coming crisis in our nation--and persecution upon the church.

All of us agreed we had spread ourselves out too thin, and need to limit our ministry to the priority needs. Over and over the word has been coming that as we put into practice what God has been saying, the world will "come and see" and we will not have to "go and tell" nearly as much.

We agreed on several basics.

(1) Leaders must come together in some kind of covenant relationship, recognizing each other's worth to the Body. We cannot hear the whole counsel of God until we hear the whole counsel of the brethren.

Although the covenant is between leaders, it will involve each church as well.

(2) The days of duplication of ministry are over. Churches need to major on their gifted areas and share these gifts with other churches across the state. The Tabernacle, for

instance, is recognized as a place of refuge, a retreat center for missionaries, a center for counseling and healing. We will be sharing these gifts with other churches. They, in turn, will share their gifts with us. Already we are sending those with severe alcohol problems to Dunklin Camp, and those with great need for deliverance to Park Avenue Baptist in Titusville.

(3) One area of cooperation will be the corporate purchase of food to be stored. Not just for survival, but to teach us how to work together. We are recommending each family have at least 6 months supply of emergency food. By ordering with the other churches we save considerable money. Dunklin Camp will host a seminar (to be videotaped on equipment our church helped buy) for those charged with teaching our ladies to prepare the food.

(4) Believing we are coming into a new Pentecost, the leaders have agreed to limit their teaching ministry to the geographical boundaries of Florida for the year 1981. We will focus on our local groups and share with other churches in the state where leaders are in covenant.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

jamie buckingham



Rarely have I used someone's letter in this space. But this one said so much

I share it with you. With all the attacks on marriage and the home, I am grateful for at least one wife who has learned what it's all about. I've withheld her name for obvious reasons.

...Having been married for six years to the same man I was shocked to wake up and find the magic gone.

I was no longer washing the sheets and underwear with joy and tenderness. What a drag planning 21 meals a week--or in my short married span 7,142 culinary delights. The thought of a possible 50 years of keeping the same man awake, fed, clothed, and entertained is frightening enough, but absolutely terrifying when the "magic" is gone.

I found myself imagining what it would be like to be married to someone more exciting, a little more stimulating, a little thinner, a little wittier, a little hairier (no offense intended). To make matters more uncomfortable, I couldn't understand how I could wake up alongside a man I'd been happy with for six years

and not love him anymore.

It wasn't until I read your book, The Last Word, that I realized the truth. And the truth has set me free.

Love is an act of the will, you said.

The infatuation I felt has worn off in six long years of reality. Perhaps the feelings were more intense for me because we have had few masks between us, and perhaps because my husband has not yet made Jesus lord of his life.

I never realized you will to love. That love is an act we control.

How many marrieds have scrapped the plan as soon as the heart stopped beating wildly the minute the spouse walks through the door.

I've also learned how to love others...and am now determined to love my husband.

Thank you. I know now I'm not losing my grip and I'm sure not losing my man. I only pray when he wakes up and realizes I'm not the wonderful person he thinks I am that he'll believe me when I tell him there is a way to cross that valley.

jamie buckingham



No matter how we try, we can't help developing a certain language among Christians.

Especially in the same church.

The problem, of course, is not limited to Christians. Editors blue-pencil what they call "shop talk"--words familiar to select groups but foreign out of shop.

Families have "shop talk," too. Sometimes it is pet names.

We call Jackie's mother "PePe." Everyone in our family understands. The name appeared when she started calling our first son, Bruce, "Precious." She would tweak his cheek and in baby talk tell him to "Say 'Precious.'" The best the little guy could do was gurgle "PePe." So Mrs. Law became PePe.

But if a stranger sits at our dinner table and we talk about PePe, he gets a funny look. It usually falls on me, seeing the puzzled expression, to break into the conversation and say "We are talking about Jackie's mother, Daisy Law, who lives in Vero."

Once that's said, things are back to normal. No one is threatened and unity is restored. Now all our family friends call her PePe, too.

The same problem exists in the Tabernacle. Several years ago, in an effort to break folks from conventional thinking, we began using new terms for old ideas. Instead of talking about the "church," which often conjured up a picture of a steepled building on the corner, we talked about the "body"--which meant relationships, not buildings.

The word "church" had been misused so often we needed to find a new word to express the Biblical meaning.

Now, unfortunately, we have formed another set of semantic ruts--a new "language of Zion" which is just as confusing as before. We toss around terms just as if everyone who wanders in understands what they mean. We talk about a "committed body" meeting, about entering into "covenant relationship," about joining a "K-group" or belonging to a "home church."

Then last week someone asked if Arrowhead Mills, where we are ordering food, is a shirt factory. Hmmm.

As I look around the table, I see puzzled looks. Turn to the glossary inside. We not only want you comfortable, but part of the family.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE. . .

jamie buckingham



On January 1 I was to have been in South Africa as part of the American team at the renewal conference. Instead I was on my back in bed, listening to God. The word came distinctly that the 1980s would be a decade of hard times. It would also be a time of great evangelism.

The church was to become a community of love and miracles. As this happened, the world would come rushing to us. It would be a time of "come and see". For several months I have been sharing this message with the Body of Christ.

Today I received copies of the messages preached at the South African conference. Here is a portion of the remarkable confirming message preached by Loren Cunningham, the founder and director of Youth With a Mission (YWAM). True prophecy will never be isolated in one area, or confined to one voice. Many are hearing these same words--in every quarter of the Kingdom. It is time to heed.

'There are new winds that are blowing worldwide. No nation, no individual will escape these winds. In the decade of the 1980's it is really a decade of destiny for us. It is a decade of decadence as well. But I believe that it is going to be a decade of evangelism like the world has never known. More people will be saved during this next decade -- I believe -- than all the other decades put together. I also believe that it is going to be a decade of persecution and martyrdom. I believe we will have more persecutions and more martyrdoms than we have known since the time of Christ up until this decade.

'It will be a decade of war, a decade of famine, of disease, of natural catastrophes; it will be a decade of refugees. As we have had millions of refugees we will know tens of millions of refugees, but this is going to be the church's finest hour. As we begin to move out to those who are the multitudes in the valley of decision that Joel speaks about and the harvest is ripe, we are to put in the sickle and we will see the millions come to the Lord Jesus Christ. I believe that Isaiah 58:6-9 will become known to the body of Christ in the '80's (as we have come to know II Chronicles 7:14 in the '70's). It is going to become a theme Scripture in the body of Christ. Mercy ministries are going to be released by the body of Christ to the needy of the world; and this is going to be the very trigger that explodes evangelism in a way that we've never known before.

jamie buckingham

JAMIE BUCKINGHAM
2915 HIELD RD
PALM BAY, FL 32905



Something odd has been happening here in Florida. There has been less and less rain.

The Everglades, nature's way of supplying our state with water, are slowly drying up. The water table has dropped and the soil is literally burning--down to the depth of 10 feet.

Not only that, but many of our wells, not only those on the beach side but on the mainland as well, are beginning to pump salt water. As the water table lowers, water from the sea infuses the underground honeycomb. Much of our drinking water is undrinkable.

The ecologists say this is caused by two factors. For one, the Corps of Engineers has dug canals and built a number of dams to regulate the water for agriculture and for flood control.

Also, the government, in an effort to protect our densely populated coast from the devastating hurricanes, has been "seeding" the storms. By dropping chemicals into the eye of the storm from high-flying aircraft, the Air Force has sometimes been successful in causing the storms to dump their water at sea--rather

than over the mainland.

Now we are discovering the penalties of tampering with God's world.

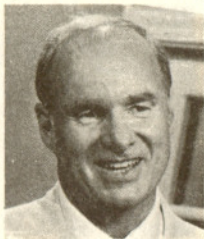
I realize how unpopular it is to say ANYTHING good about hurricanes. I, too, look upon them as the enemy. None of us like to look upon evil and recognize that good can come from it. It's far easier to rebuke the spiritual hurricanes which blow through our lives than to ferret out the good in them.

However, just as these storms--despite the horrible damage done by hurricane Allen and his predecessors--seem to be nature's way of providing the necessary torrential rains to replenish water in the Everglades, so Jesus did not shrink from the cross. He did not call ten thousand angels to "seed" the storm. He went willingly, realizing that by His blood He would redeem the earth.

Could these storms be our friends?

QUOTE OF THE WEEK: "Education without Jesus is ignorance multiplied by the speed of foolishness squared."

jamie buckingham



MR. & MRS. JON MOORE
2915 HIELD RD
C/O J BUCKINGHAM
PALM BAY, FL 32905

Since the 19th century there has been a rumor concerning an event called "the rapture." Seek the word in the Bible and you will be disappointed, for it is not there. It appears primarily in books of prophecy and on bumper stickers. ("Caution: in case of rapture this car will self-destruct.")

Despite the fact this is a relatively new doctrine, many people for various reasons believe it. They believe there will come a trumpet sound when all Christians will be "raptured" into heaven--leaving the world behind until they return with the King and set up a new Jerusalem.

There is clear Biblical teaching concerning the return of Christ. It will be a victorious time with a triumphal meeting of the saints who have gone before and those still on earth. But there is no Biblical evidence to believe there will be a time when all Christians are removed from this earth in order to escape the coming tribulation.

Thus I urge you to be careful about this greatest of all mysteries--the second coming of our Lord.

More important is our present walk in the Kingdom, living godly lives with an emphasis on character. Too much emphasis on "end times" often results in lack of emphasis on godly living today.

At the same time, I do not feel we are in or ready to enter "The Tribulation." This too is a great mystery. I personally believe much Bible language is allegorical and will not make sense until the various events take place. Thus our main concern is not survival, but seeking the Kingdom's best in character and love.

I believe--not from reading my Bible but from reading the newspapers--that our nation is heading into very hard times. I think God is calling Christians to a state of preparedness. We must be cautious, though, that the ministry of preparedness doesn't become another kingdom. Beware of fads: overemphasis on health foods, caves, bomb shelters, ecology, financial preparation. Lay up treasure in heaven, not on earth, and don't give priority to temporal things.

Instead of preserving our earth, let's be busy redeeming it. Let's prepare: not for the sake of survival, but for the sake of service.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE.*jamie buckingham*JAMIE BUCKINGHAM
2915 HIELD RD
PALM BAY, FL 32905

Last January in an article in Charisma magazine I wrote of the warning given by

the secular prophet, George Orwell. In Animal Farm and 1984, Orwell warns of the dangers of gradual surrender of individual rights to a totalitarian system. He invented the phrase "big brother is watching" to illustrate the devastating and anesthetizing effect of capitulation to a system--political or religious--which takes over the will, castrates individualism, strangles creativity and tries to get all the sheep facing in the same doctrinal and behavioral direction.

I still believe that. If Life is to remain in the church, if there is any hope against the powerful forces which would form us once again into dead structures and unyielding wineskins, it will come as we defend the right of each man to hear from God as an individual.

Bruce Morgan recently quoted Jess Lair saying that real friends are those who "do not have an agenda for your improvement." A lot of people feel that way. If you have been cruelly attacked by religious people, you aren't too excited when someone shows up on your doorstep with a list of things

for you to stop doing. I understand that. Real friends are those who love me just as I am.

But the flip side of the coin of individualism is submission. God has not created us to live apart from His Body. An amputated finger, arrogantly standing alone--even if it is pointing upward--is grotesque. Only as the parts of the Body are fitly joined together are they safe to follow

I need people around me who will correct me, adjust me, and if I bull my neck, not desert me. I do not want them to try to fit me into their mold, but to love me enough to hold me to the things I submit to them as goals for my life. For if my faults are not dealt with by the Body, then I will develop spiritual gangrene and die.

The Body of Christ is constructed so each member must submit not only to the head but to that portion of the Body directly over him. The true individual will use his individualism and choose to submit. And, in the presence of those who love enough to speak truth, will grow into the kind of person God wants him to be.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

jamie bucking

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09/30/80



JAMIE BUCKINGHAM
2915 HIELD RD
PALM BAY, FL 32905

Bob Schuller dedicated his \$18 million Crystal Cathedral last week. Longer than a football field and 120 feet high, it contains 10,661 different panels of glass, has a seating capacity of 3,000, and has been called "one of the most spectacular religious edifices in the world."

I am going to bypass the temptation to comment on the rightness or wrongness of spending that much money for a glass house in California. That really isn't my business. What is interesting, however, is what Schuller said when quizzed by Newsweek magazine as to the reason behind this expenditure. The famous TV preacher said: "Doctrinaire architecture is probably a major cause for Protestantism's decline."

It is there I disagree. Architecture has very little to do with the power of the Holy Spirit. He works equally well in upper rooms, catacombs, and stone cathedrals. What He is looking for is not a building, but a Body.

Schuller's nationwide TV program is called "Hour of Power." But the church's

greatest hour of power was not when it had cathedrals, or even a building--much less a TV camera to get into people's homes. But when it was functioning under the unction of the Holy Spirit in the houses or the saints in Jerusalem. There we find the Holy Spirit doing equally well in the Philippian jail as in the Temple in Jerusalem. It is not buildings which brings God to man, it is the Holy Spirit.

Buildings are not monuments to God. Most of them, sadly, are monuments to men's egos.

That is not to say buildings are not needed. They are. But it is those of us who occupy the buildings who are the temple of the Holy Spirit. The building is merely a shed for the sheep to gather.

As the Tabernacle family grows, we add on to our building. We are going to do that in the next few months. We'll pay cash, as usual, and use our own people where possible. The workers will be under the supervision of our administrator, Jim Bauman. We will receive our first offering Nov. 2 and build as the money comes in. Check the inside pages for sketches.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

jamie buckingham



This year has been a time of change. For the first time in the history of the Tabernacle several groups of people have broken from the fellowship. These number only a few, but among them are dear friends who are disenchanted.

Some are upset that the Tab is too legalistic. Others feel we are too liberal. Some have left because we insist the Bible is our basis of faith and conduct. Others feel we depend too much on the Holy Spirit and are not Bible-centered enough. There have been some changes in leadership and the old "I am of Paul, I am of Apollos, I am of Cephas" spirit has once again raised its head. However, the main body of believers has held steady and the ministry is much stronger than ever.

None of this has caught us by surprise. For more than two years the prophecies have foretold a falling away. The same prophecies, however, have told of a strengthened remnant, an establishing of solid leadership (including a number of men who would be raised up from the local body) and an effective outreach into the community and the world.

The Lord has said He would make this body a church of love and miracles. The world will "come and see" He said. Already that has begun to happen.

Almost 2 years ago prophecy came at an elders retreat and was later shared with the body that as the Lord reduced the army of Gideon from 10,000 to 300, so there would be a reduction at the Tabernacle. However, the prophecy was strong in reminding us that the purpose of the 300 was to defend the 9,700 who left, even to die for them, not accuse them. The real enemy remains the Midianites, not those who expose their hindquarters by kneeling to drink without regard to the safety of others.

So I call on the Tab to bless those who feel they must walk to the sound of a different drummer. Let us remember it wasn't too many years ago that many churches in this town were hurling curses at us on similar charges. God is not confined to the institutional church nor is His Spirit confined to the ministry at the Tabernacle. Let us join hands, even across fences of separation if necessary, and bless all those who call Jesus Lord.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE

32905BUCKJ29150

11/20/80

jamie buckingham

JAMIE BUCKINGHAM
2915 HIELD RD
PALM BAY, FL 32905



Where you invest your life is more important than where you invest your money. The wise investor neither puts all his money in one place, nor does he spread it out too thin. A few large investments often mean more dividends than many small ones.

As I have considered my own life, I am convinced more than ever that it is to be lived out here in Melbourne. Jackie and I have developed deep and lasting relationships in our K-group as well as in the community in which we live. That is satisfying to us.

Having backed away (finally) from a heavy teaching schedule across the nation, I am excited about meeting with the Tabernacle body on a regular basis. Even more rewarding is meeting with those being placed in leadership in this body. That is beginning to produce some healthy dividends.

I have also committed myself to a program of personal outreach. For years I have been praying the Lord would open the "right" door in my home town, Vero Beach. I am now convinced of the Lord's anointing on Central Assembly in

Vero, and the young pastor, Buddy Tipton. Despite rumors that I am leaving Melbourne, or planning a "takeover" in that church, my only desire is to accept their gracious invitation to speak there at least once a month (usually on a Sunday night) and to endorse that ministry to our friends in Vero Beach.

I have also accepted the invitation of my good friend, Bernie May, the new U.S. Director of Wycliffe Bible Translators, to spend a few days every other month in California serving as a consultant to the leaders at Wycliffe. The Tab has long been supportive of WBT, which is the largest missionary organization in the world, and now it seems appropriate that I invest a portion of my own life in that ministry.

Each of us needs to find where our lives can best be invested. Inflation, moth and rust have a way of eating away at our financial investments, regardless of where we do our banking. But lives invested in eternity go right on earning dividends. Find your place--then take the plunge.

A NEW PERSPECTIV

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12/10/80

jamie buckingham

MR. & MRS. JON MOORE
2915 HIELD RD
C/O J BUCKINGHAM
PALM BAY, FL 32905



This week Jackie and I have spent time with a young minister and his wife who were our houseguests. They are from another state, but his superiors have suspended him from all ministry and forced him to leave the church he loves. They had read Where Eagles Soar and, looking for a place of refuge, came to us. Through contacts in the Tab, he found a place to live, a manual labor job and has now returned to get his children and furniture.

It is not an unusual story any more. A growing number of wounded shepherds, mauled by the world (or the church), need a place where they can find not only refuge but healing, too. Almost every week there are inquiries. Is there a place where we can find help? Healing? Where one day we might be restored to ministry?

It's a risky business, running a hospital for wounded healers. Part of the risk is those who come will be so sick they will infect others. We've seen this happen recently. And of course healers always want to give instruction, not submit to it.

Others may seem healthy but may revert with devastating results --and disappoint us deeply. All

demand much time and relationships with healthy people. Most are too hurt to diagnose their own illness, much less heal themselves. So we count on professionals like Dr. Hester at the counseling center, who spends much of his time in this ministry.

But the Lord has indicated this is to be a place of refuge, a cleft in the rock that gives shadow in a dry, thirsty land. Our own home has a sign in front: "Hebron." It was one of the cities of refuge.

The other night as the community on Emmaus Road prayed for this former priest and his wife, the Lord reminded of the good thing that came when Jesus left His loved ones and came to earth to be born in a manger. Out of His willingness to come to an unlikely place came the salvation of mankind. We prayed, gathering around and laying on hands, that Melbourne would be a manger-place to our new friends. That out of this manger would be birthed new men and women who would one day shed their swaddling clothes and go forth to bless the hands who so faithfully ministered--indeed, to bless the world.

Like Jesus, let us be about the task of saving the lost, even the lost shepherds.

jamie buckingham

MR. & MRS. JON MOORE
2915 HIELD RD
C/O J BUCKINGHAM
PALM BAY, FL 32905

And he spake a parable unto them, saying:

Behold, a certain chicken farmer grew angry over the time it was taking his chickens to hatch their eggs. He felt they were withholding from him what was rightfully his. Having studied many books on the ratio of heat and hatching, he took matters into his own hands. Great was his zeal thereof.

He went forth mightily with a blowtorch. Removing the hens from their nests, he put them aside as he applied the flame to the eggs--demanding the eggs hatch, immediately.

The eggs became black from the flame, but nothing happened. This enraged the chicken farmer even more. He turned up the blowtorch and applied hotter flame.

Alas! The barn caught fire and made a great impression on the neighborhood. The chicken farmer angrily blamed the hens and stalked away. But the eggs did not hatch, and the chickens were lost in the fire.

Such is the result of anger based on self-righteousness and greed. The wise man waits patiently on the Lord, believing God may have a purpose for the farmer as well as for the eggs.

*Know this, my beloved brethren.
Let every man be quick to hear,
slow to speak, slow to anger, for
the anger of man does not work
the righteousness of God.*

James 1:19-20



OUR LIFE TOGETHER
Graphic Design: Gary Bell