

*jamie buckingham*

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WHAT TO DO WHEN YOUR UNIT (army, church,  
family, business, etc) IS UNDER SIEGE.

1. Cancel all leaves. A unit under siege does not engage in normal peacetime activities. All reserve troops are sent directly to the front lines.
2. Emphasize Loyalty and Discipline. In warfare every man must be under authority. Breaches of loyalty winked at in peace call for severe discipline. Obey all commands.
3. Increase Research and Development. War has benefited mankind by forcing us to develop new techniques later used in peace: ie, atomic power, computers, jet engines.
4. Take the Offensive. A unit on the run is already defeated. We should be attacking the devil, not letting him attack us.
5. Don't be Diverted. Beware of exciting but non-productive and non-essential boondoggles which drain energy and money.
6. Be Careful Who Leads. Siege quickly determines who is in command position and who is a commander. More is required of leaders. Troops may panic, but leaders never break and run. Wounded leaders must be pulled off the lines until healed.
7. Don't Shoot Your Own Troops. Casualties by "friendly fire" are especially tragic. The quick trigger often kills a friend.
8. Intensify Training. Troops must know more than how to use a compass. They must learn to walk north.
9. Keep Your Eyes on the Standard. In siege many good men are shot down. Leave the wounded for the medics. The unit who looks back at a fallen leader will soon be defeated. As Moses lifted the standard over the serpents, look up--not back.
10. Return to Fundamentals and Travel Light. After a freeze trees must be pruned to save sap. Oswald Chambers said:  
"Restate what you believe, then do away with as much of it as possible, and get back to the bedrock of the cross of Christ."



# A NEW PERSPECTIVE.

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01/23/81

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Cotton Mather, 17th century Puritan leader, told the story of the bees. Bees, Mather discovered, swarm in tribes. However, the tribes are constantly battling each other because they smell different. Only when the bees are covered with nectar and pollen do they work together peacefully.

Mather, in typical Puritan fashion, assigned "correct doctrine" as the pollen--stating that Christians would always fight until they were covered with pure doctrine.

Pure doctrine is important. But who among us is qualified to fully define the Scriptures. Even the Catholics, who claim the church's infallibility in this matter, have missed it in many areas. In fact, as I look around, I find no one who totally agrees with my interpretation of Scripture. In fact, I don't even agree with myself, for I keep changing as I receive more revelation.

Jesus' greatest exhortation was not that His followers have pure doctrine. Rather He prayed "that all of them may be one, Father, just as you are in me and I am in you. May they also be in us that the world may

believe that you have sent me."

Thus it seems the anointing of the Holy Spirit, who makes us one, is the true pollen which should cover the battling Christians. Tribal people we are. Tribal people we shall remain. But when the Holy Spirit is sought and received, then as bees among the flowers we fly to the comb to deposit our nectar and pollen that the Kingdom may be blessed with our honey.

Last week I met with a number of divergent Christian leaders in Houston. Most were pastors of large Pentecostal churches --Assembly of God, predominantly. Yet they sensed that God is calling us back to the hive. So they invited men like Don Basham (who taught on demon deliverance --which many denominations call heresy), Kenneth Hagin (who taught on faith--a subject highly divisive these days) and me (who urged them to take off their ministerial masks and become transparent) to speak. Instead of demanding all believe as we do, however, each man sprinkled a little pollen.

The result, praise the Lord, was honey. As we become one, the world will be won.



# A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

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The same week the hostages were released by Iran, a Wycliffe Bible translator

in Colombia was taken hostage by a terrorist group. At this writing, Chet Bitterman is still held by kidnappers who have threatened to kill him if WBT does not withdraw all work from Colombia.

I have been in close touch with WBT headquarters in California and last week was in Panama where I received first hand information. Bernie May, U.S. Director for Wycliffe, has issued a policy statement concerning the organization's position in this kind of crisis. The statement has much broader implications than meeting this crisis at Wycliffe, however. It is the word every family, every church, every individual needs to implement when under attack by the enemy.

1. PRAY. Believing strongly in God's desire to answer prayer, WBT has sent out 130,000 emergency prayer letters. As they enlist the help of Christians all over the world, they testify to the enemy they believe the arm of God is mightier than the power of the enemy.

2. STAND FIRM. WBT has a policy

they will pay no ransom. Nor will they give in to the demands of terrorists. Instead, they see this crisis as an opportunity to reemphasize their call to translate the Bible to all languages, regardless of hardships or threat of death.

3. SUBMIT TO GOVERNMENT. God honors those who submit according to His Word. In Colombia, where the government has been hostile to the work of Wycliffe, there is now a great groundswell of governmental support as they fight a common enemy of terrorism. As Wycliffe continues its ministry of translation, the government fights the battle.

4. CHECK ATTITUDES. Crisis always demands we examine ourselves. Is there unforgiveness? Bitterness? Self-righteousness? Through inner purification God brings wholeness and answers prayer.

5. BELIEVE GOD WILL ACCOMPLISH HIS PURPOSE. Whether it is through the death of his saints, or by causing the enemy to flee, God wins. The battle is His, and the victory is already ours in the long run. How He does it is His business. He gets the glory.



A NEW PERSPECTIVE.

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03/18/81



When the prophecies began to come 2 years ago about a shaking in the body, none dreamed it would be among the leaders. Over the last 18 months we have lost 4 men--in whom many had put confidence. We are praying God will restore them, but in the meantime it has been tough.

Despite these blows to the head, the body remains healthy. Not only are statistical things running higher, but our sense of values, our understanding of righteousness, all are maturing. God is working in our midst.

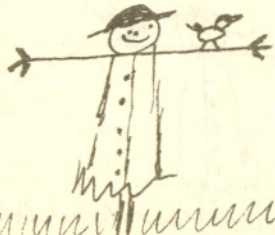
I'm reminded of something Hannah Hunnard once wrote: "A wise bird knows that a scarecrow is simply an advertisement. It announces in the most forceful and picturesque way that in the garden which it does its best to adorn, some very juicy and delicious fruit is to be had for the picking. There are scarecrows in all the best gardens. Every thoughtful bird learns in time to regard a scarecrow as an invitation to a banquet. He feels as a hungry man feels when he hears the dinner bell ring, and swoops down upon the delicacies to which the scarecrow calls him. If I am wise, I too shall treat the scarecrow as though it were a dinner bell."

Every giant in the way which makes me feel like a grasshopper is only a scarecrow beckoning me to God's richest blessings.

"Faith is a bird which loves to perch on scarecrows. She knows there are scarecrows wherever there are strawberries. All our fears are groundless."

The daring church looks upon the scarecrows--fearsome things designed by Satan to scatter the flock--as invitations to a banquet. As far as I am concerned, these shakings have only cleared our collective head of a lot of fuzzy thinking and humanistic concepts. It is one thing, Herman Riffel reminds me, to be a city of refuge for sinners. It is another to be a refuge for sin. The billowing smoke is simply evidence of the purging fire of the Holy Spirit.

In the front of my Bible I have a quote from Amy Carmichael which I often refer to: "All that troubles is only for a moment. Nothing is important but that which is eternal."





## A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

*jamie buckingham*



Even though I am a non-Catholic, I can't escape the fact the world's most authoritarian church has also produced its greatest mystics.

That is not to say I always agree with Catholic order. Any system that is not flexible to the Holy Spirit's "today" word will eventually crucify its true men of God.

Even so, it is this same system which produced men like St. Francis. Recently one of the former Catholics in our Body--who still loves that church, by the way--sent me some quotes from St. Francis on the subject of obedience and conscience. I was deeply impressed.

"Wholly united to God's will through obedience, man becomes totally free and docile." However, he points out "No man can be bound in obedience in a matter where sin or fault is committed. In this case obedience would be deprived of its precise reason for being. Its purpose is that man imitate Christ and place his will in the will of the Father. By chaining his own will he becomes a docile instrument for the accomplishment of God's will. To obey a sinful command would therefore be false obedience."

Francis goes on to say obedience must necessarily be in harmony with the way and the will of God as they are manifested in the conscience.

St. Anthony, an early hermit, said the basic principle of the life of holiness is: "Therefore, whatever you see your soul to desire according to God, do that thing, and you shall keep your heart safe."

There is a fine line between serving self and serving God, between self-fulfillment and fulfilling the will of God. Humanism--and God knows we've had our share of it taught around here--says "Do as you please and thus become free." True freedom in Christ says "Love God and do as you please. For if you truly love God, you will do only as He pleases."

Thus there is a wonderful balance between authority--under God, under man--and true mysticism (which is knowing God). In fact, I am not certain a man can really know God unless he is under authority.

In the Body of Christ, every organ is dependent upon the other--that there might be life.

## A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

*jamie buckingham*



They've torn down the Carlton House in Pittsburgh.

I saw it happen the other night on TV--right before my eyes. A demolition team had just finished setting the charges. Then, with the streets of downtown Pittsburgh blockaded for several blocks, the technician pushed the plunger. Carefully planted charges of dynamite went off in sequence and the huge hotel was reduced to a pile of rubble in seconds.

The Carlton House was special. Not just because I had spent many nights there, but because for more than 20 years it was the headquarters of the Kathryn Kuhlman Foundation. From her plush offices on the 6th floor came her radio broadcasts, the design for her TV ministry, the plans and prayers for her miracle services.

So many times I sat in her office listening intently as she talked machine-gun style: to me, to her staff, to God. I could not escape the fact she was God's special servant --a John the Baptist to introduce the Holy Spirit to this generation, this century.

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Yet not only is she gone, but the hotel is gone, too. It is symbolic of all that happens around us--and to us.

Her staff said she would not die. And even after she died, some of them had a hard time accepting it. They tried to keep the ministry alive --and took legal action to try to stop publication of my biography of Miss Kuhlman, Daughter of Destiny, because it spelled out not only her frailties but her finality. She was dead.

Mortality is hard to admit. We do not want to think about death, and we refuse to think what it will be like four years after we have died--when the final monuments are destroyed and only the aged remember.

Easter comes to remind us we do not need to fear death--nor the destruction of things. It is not even important we be remembered. In Christ we live. Nothing else really matters.





# A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

*jamie buckingham*



I grew up rebellious. Authority was always something to get around--or get away from.

I learned early in life, for instance, that I could manipulate my mother.

If she asked me to shake the throw rugs over the balcony of our little summer cabin in North Carolina, I would figure out some way to give the appearance of obeying--but never take the rugs out to the balcony.

When I was told during my teen years to drive the car only to the ballgame and back, I quickly learned how to disconnect the speedometer cable to give the appearance of obedience.

Now at age 49, that same rebellious spirit continues to strive, trying to convince me to manipulate the laws of God. God tells me to love, for instance--and specifically describes what a loving person does. But I still go to great lengths to keep from loving, all the while trying to give the appearance I am obeying. The same is true with my response to His command to be patient, kind, joyful and gentle. What lengths I go to,

even quoting Scripture, trying to manipulate God.

So it is with all pharisees.

I was taught in graduate school that anger is a psychological problem. But the Bible talks of an angry spirit. Anger and rebellion (and they are hatched from the same egg) are merely indicators of deep spiritual problems.

Anger is not one of the fruit of the Spirit--even when we call it "righteous indignation." For anger and rebellion come from violation of the same Biblical principles.

There are nine qualities God wants to build into our lives. None are optional. We can try to manipulate if we want, try to feign their appearance. But God is not like Mother; He is not fooled.

Search your heart for the fruit of the Spirit: love--joy--peace--patience--kindness--goodness--fidelity--gentleness--self-control. When they are present it is evidence the Holy Spirit is living in you as He lived in Jesus Christ while He was on earth.





# A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

May 1981

*jamie buckingham*



Last weekend Jackie and I attended our daughter Bonnie's graduation from

Oral Roberts University. Bonnie is the third of our children to finish ORU.

This was a special graduation since her fiance, Marion Ranzino, was also graduating.

We have grown to know and love Marion even as we love our daughter Robin's husband, Jon, whom she met at ORU, and our son Tim's pretty wife, Kathy, who was his high school sweetheart. We welcome them all to the expanding Buckingham tribe.

One day last summer while Marion was staying with us, he came back to my study. He wanted to ask my permission to ask Bonnie to marry him. I was touched and thrilled by his deep respect for Bonnie's parents. It spoke volumes to me about how I could expect him to treat my daughter if they married.

However, as we prayed together I felt a check. I asked him to wait a while. He was disappointed but consented without a flinch. Later in the summer, when it was obvious this was God's time, permission was granted, and Marion gave Bonnie

the ring he had already selected but was willing to hold until permission was granted.

Marion's parents, Cosmo and Nancy Ranzino, have visited with us from Baton Rouge. We are honored to join our lives with them as we have with the other two families whose children have married our children.

Bonnie and Marion will be married on our 27th wedding anniversary, June 13, at 2:30 p.m. at the Tabernacle. They will then return to Tulsa to live and work for at least a year. We invite you, all our friends, to take part in this festive celebration.





## A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

*jamie buckingham*



Across the years there have been a few really profound statements from the Tabernacle pulpit.

One came from Major General Jerry Curry, who reminded us "The perfect is the enemy of the good."

General Curry was at that time commanding officer at Aberdeen Proving Ground in Maryland, the army's primary research and development center. He related how all those engineers up there were always trying to perfect systems--and products. But, he said, he discovered that too much research leads to nonproductivity.

For instance, an order could come in for a new type of combat boot which would resist water, gasoline, and still hold a shine. While the engineers were working to produce the perfect boot, however, the men in the field might be going barefoot.

It is possible for an army to go without weapons because the R & D boys are still looking for the ultimate weapon. That means we could lose the war waiting for the perfect to appear.

This morning I went through my

files, throwing away old papers I ran across some of the first articles I had written for publication. These were articles, thank God, some editor had rejected and returned. I had put them in my files thinking I might resubmit them someday.

I felt my face turning red as I looked at them. They were horribly written. Some were utterly nonsensical. I could hardly believe I had submitted such garbage for publication. I remember the horrible feelings of rejection when the articles were returned stamped "unworthy."

Yet had I never written those first stories, I would have not come to where I am now.

I enjoy telling aspiring writers, "If a thing is worth writing, it is worth writing poorly." In other words, if you wait until you are a great writer, you'll never put anything on paper.

So it is in ministry. Dare to do a thing poorly. Don't be satisfied, but at least step out in faith--asking God to use your poor effort.

Only then will God improve it also.



# A NEW PERSPECTIVE.

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The newest "in" thing is to find a Christian who has made a mistake (or even better, one who hasn't made a mistake) and sue him.

Larry Tomczak, Jimmy Moore, Bob Mumford and others are being sued for \$19 million because they repeated a rumor about the author of I'm Okay, You're Okay. Thomas Harris, the author, who claims to be a Christian, is also suing the little tape ministry who recorded the sermon as well as the Christian radio station which played the tape.

Now comes Peter Gilquist who wrote a book calling the followers of Witness Lee a cult. The Lee group (called The Local Church) says they are Christians--and to prove it they are suing Gilquist and his publisher for \$40 million. They have also sued Eternity and Moody Monthly who ran book reviews.

Even in our own backyard Christians have sued other Christians in secular court--causing great damage to the Kingdom.

Who benefits? Lawyers surely. They get the money. And Satan primarily. He gets the victory.

Recently a friend in another state was accused by a brother

and threatened with a libel suit. My friend countered, saying he was willing to stand trial--but only before a court convened by the church and devoid of publicity. He agreed to abide by whatever decision the church court reached--even if it meant financial settlement. The accusing brother refused. He didn't want justice, he wanted vengeance. So the matter will wind up in secular court--and newspapers.

If my older son disagrees with my younger son, I don't take them down to the courthouse. Instead we have "court" around our dinner table. I'm the judge, the other children make up the jury. That's because we are family.

In our Christian community if a brother's dog is digging up my yard I don't call the dog-catcher. I go to him personally. If that fails I take a brother as an arbitrator. If that fails I convene a church court (or community court) and that decision is binding.

We are moving rapidly into an age of persecution. Let's not be numbered among the persecutors as well. The Bible gives guidelines on how to handle disputes. If they are followed, we will all--accuser, defendant and church--be blessed.



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Last summer the family and I spent some time with our friends Larry and Devi Titus in Washington state. While we were there Larry took me through one of those big dams on the Columbia River where so much of the electric power for the northwest is produced.

I had heard of such things as turbines, power plants and generators. But for some reason I had always thought the power from those dams was provided by the water which roared over the spillway. It never occurred to me--a flatlander from Florida--that the real power was not in the froth which splattered over the top, but was produced in the hidden machines far below.

We took an elevator deep into the mysterious interior of the dam. Stepping out into a huge room, as long as the dam was wide, I was suddenly in the middle of more power than I had ever imagined possible. The spotless room, with the huge cranes overhead on their tracks, was filled with a deep "hummm." The very air was vibrating with power. Deep in the floor, with only the tip of the spindle showing, were the turbines. That afternoon only five of the

nine turbines were in operation. But that was enough to provide power for half the state of Washington and part of Oregon.

Overhead the water from the spillway splashed in a spectacular waterfall from the top of the dam. It, too, was part of the process. But the real power was in those silent, hidden turbines which were being turned ever so slowly by millions of pounds of pressure from the lake above.

It is easy to get enchanted by the spectacular--the outer manifestations of the Holy Spirit. I thank God for continued Pentecost: tongues, prophecies, healings and miracles. But I am convinced we must never be satisfied with spillway Christianity. That water plays a vital purpose, but only on rare occasions does God do something spectacular. The power which runs the Kingdom is found in the dynamos of love, service, prayer, giving. I thank God for spillway Christians--those who make a big splash. But those who provide the real power are often hidden, seldom noticed. On such does the Kingdom depend.



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Recently Jackie and I met with the Emmanuel Church of Macon, Georgia for a

weekend retreat on St. Simon's Island. The entire church (only 6 adults were unable to come) gathered for 3 days of teaching and fellowship. At the invitation of Emmanuel, Helen Beckett accompanied us as a special guest.

At the specific direction of the Lord, I have been giving apostolic leadership to this body for a number of months. They are functioning with 5 elders, have rented the auditorium at Wesleyan College in Macon for their Sunday services, have small groups, and are waiting for a pastor.

This was a special weekend, for I enjoy preaching in cutoffs and tennis shoes.

Such a ministry is a joy for me rather than a drain. I love the small group. I praise the Lord for our huge family at the Tab, but there are times when I long to return to those early days when there were only a couple hundred of us packed into our little building, sitting on the floor, crowded around the platform, singing and ministering long into the night.

We did that on St. Simon's

Island. No one was "clock conscious." Even after our 3-hour meetings the people stayed, wanting the musicians to lead them in more singing and praise. Testifying. Praying.

I didn't realize how much I missed that at the Tab until I got away and saw a group that is so much like we were 10 years ago.

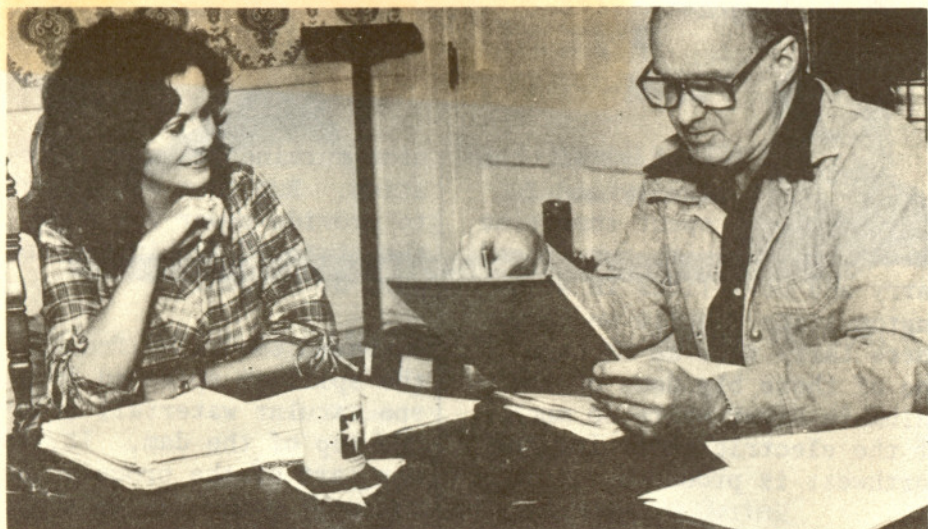
But bigness doesn't mean we have to slip into bondage. Just because we have 1,000 people at a meeting rather than 200 does not mean we have to empty the building when the hands of the clock reach certain numerals.

Several Sundays ago there was a special move of God at the close of the service. Some of the more spiritually perceptive noticed it. But, into a rut, I glanced at the clock and said "Enough!"

I repent of that. If God will give us another chance (and I am sure He will), I'll try to be open to the leading of the Holy Spirit and not be bound by the clock--or because some disinterested person is yawning. If some have to go, find. But if God is moving, then I'll stay as long as the Spirit says to remain. It may be that Heaven comes down only when folks are willing to wait on the Lord.



## FROM HARPER VALLEY TO THE MOUNTAINTOP



*Jamie and Jeannie C. Riley go over final notes in the Riley home in Nashville, Tennessee before publication of the book.*

Jamie Buckingham's latest book was introduced recently at the Christian Booksellers convention in Anaheim, California. Co-authored with country western singer Jeannie C. Riley, it is titled: FROM HARPER VALLEY TO THE MOUNTAINTOP.

Johnny Cash, who wrote the foreword, calls it a "tender and unforgettable love story." Tom T. Hall, who wrote the original song "Harper Valley PTA" which made Jeannie famous, says, "While tastefully written, it pulls no punches. It is honest and straight from the shoulder..."

Throughout the book the theme that "love is something you do" keeps reappearing. So many in today's society believe love is a feeling. Jeannie's life, however--first divorcing her husband, then a conversion experience followed by the baptism in the Holy Spirit--led her to remarry the same man. She makes it clear that love calls on doing it God's way--regardless of feelings.

The book is published in hardcover by Chosen Books and is available at all Christian bookstores and most secular stores.



## A NEW PERSPECTIVE

*jamie buckingham*



Early next year the Tabernacle will celebrate its 15th birthday. Like any

adolescent, we have taken on the appearance of an adult-- but often act as a child.

This last year has been a year of maturing. A time of testing. During this time I have learned a valuable lesson: heroes are not made in crisis, they are revealed in crisis.

For 14 years I have felt my primary contribution to this body was to impart an attitude to the people. Not doctrine, for my doctrine is constantly changing as I grow in the Lord. Not behavior, for that too changes as I grow. Thus I have spent my ministry imparting through teaching and example what I feel are the attitudes of God: love, acceptance and forgiveness.

I can testify the Tabernacle is built on a solid foundation. The crisis did not make men-- it revealed them. A few have been shaken away, but the majority have remained unshakeable. The Tabernacle is well on its way to growing up.

For years we have been simply a "feeding station" for new

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Christians (or old Christians who have had a new experience). We have been, as someone described us, "an on-going rally."

But all that is changing. The shaking has cleared the air, and recently I have heard God tell me that I am no longer to fear what might happen if the Tabernacle becomes a "church."

I had feared this. I feared I might be thrust back into a ministerial rut which would keep me from doing the other work I feel God has commissioned me to do. I feared the Tab might become religious, going through rites and symbols rather than living the life of Christ on a daily basis. I feared the establishment of a clergy. But as I have prayed, I have realized it is not institutions which quench the Spirit but institutional thinking--thinking which is rutted in routine and tradition rather than hearing daily from the Holy Spirit.

I approach the fall with a sense of excitement. I feel better about the Tabernacle Church than I have in 14 years. We're growing up.



## A NEW PERSPECTIVE..

*jamie buckingham*



The news this week, that Logos publishers has been forced to sell to escape certain bankruptcy, marks the end of an era in the charismatic movement.

It is also symbolic of things that grow up so rapidly they don't have time to put down adequate roots.

I wrote a column last summer for Logos Journal in which I talked about a "miracle plant" that grew up almost overnight near our pasture fence. By the end of August, it was more than six feet tall. If ever a plant had an "anointing," this one did.

But a few days later when I was helping my son Tim string some barbed wire, I bumped into the miracle plant and it fell over. The outside looked strong, but inside it was full of air and fluffy fiber. No substance.

Besides, it had no root system. It just went down in the ground about two inches. With the smallest stress, it fell.

So many fast-growing things are like that. I've just finished reading Charles Blair's

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outstanding book, The Man Who Could Do No Wrong, written with John and Elizabeth Sherrill. It is the story of how the pastor of the largest church in Denver led his people into schemes--all in the name of ministry--which cost his naive investors \$10 million, put the church into receivership, and wound up with Dr. Blair and his administrator convicted in court and sentenced to prison.

I thank God for Charles Blair's honesty. I pray this book will keep others from repeating the same mistakes.

At the same time, I remain deeply grieved over the Logos situation. Before resigning three years ago, I was closely associated with all facets of this company which grew up so rapidly. Millions of people have been blessed by the books, conferences and other ministries. But the day came when they couldn't repay money they had borrowed--almost \$5 million--nor could they pay their printers or authors' royalties. They had no choice but to sell to an outside firm.

May we learn, as we grow upward, to make sure our roots are down--and secure.



## A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

*jamie buckingham*



The early Greek philosopher, Plato, said that writing subverts learning. He felt we do not keep in our minds what we put on paper because we assume we can always refer to the paper.

However, a recent experiment at Stanford University indicates that committing something to paper at the very least reinforces our belief in it.

I have taught for some time that the people who make notes during a sermon or teaching, even if they never refer to those notes again, are miles ahead of those who simply sit and listen. Most learning, of course, is in the subconscious. And even though you may make notes and rapidly move on to make more notes, seemingly not remembering what you have just written, there is another pencil writing in your subconscious, subscribing what you put on paper on the back part of your mind. Thus I strongly recommend making notes. In the margin of your Bible, on the fly leaf, in a notebook, on scraps of chewing gum paper,

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wherever you can. Whether you ever refer to those notes again is not the point. (I would hope you would in your own personal devotions.) The point is that you have responded to what you have heard--and that response has moved you much, much closer to the goal of actual belief.

My wife has, beneath her nightstand, a horrible clutter of magazines, cassette tapes, half-read books and countless notepads filled with ancient notes taken during Derek Prince teachings, Herman Riffel teachings, and even some made during my teachings. She never reads them--indeed, most of them make no sense anyway once they get cold. But she is far ahead of most of the others who sat through those same sessions simply because she made notes--notes which were at the same time etched on the slate of her subconscious where they can be recalled by the Holy Spirit in times of need.

Thus, when you gather together bring your Bible and your notepad. In case God speaks, it will be good to have something on which to record it.



# A NEW PERSPECTIVE

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I was overwhelmed by the response to the leadership training program. More than 180 signed up, saying they would attend all the Wednesday night sessions into December. It is an indication of the desire to lead--and serve. It is also an indication of the health and strength of this body.

us that night and fortified that view by talking about finding our place in body ministry. We are not all called to be apostles, nor prophets, nor evangelists, not even pastors and teachers. But all are called to minister. Then, in a surprise move, Mickey took authority as an apostle in his own right and "ordained" everyone present into the "ministry."

At the opening session of the leadership training course, I talked about the Sinai sheep, their shepherds, and the patriarchs of the Bedouin tribes who give direction and authority to the shepherd girls.

I pointed out the role of the apostle in the local body and how he relates to the pastors who actually serve the needs of the sheep. The institutional church has for centuries fostered the concept of "a pastor." But this is not the Biblical concept at all. There should be one apostle, but a number of pastors (shepherds) tending the many flocks that belong to the same tribe.

Mickey Evans, the director of Dunklin Memorial Camp near Indiantown, was visiting with

If that was not surprise enough, I followed through by challenging all those present to "enter into the ministry." I used Jesus' words as the commission: "As ye go, preach, saying is at hand. Kingdom of Heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, raise the dead, cast out devils" (Matt. 10:7,8).

Does that mean we are all free to do our own thing--to start our own ministry? Yes and no. Yes, in that you must fulfill the commission of Jesus. No, in that no shepherd, no ministry, should function apart from the apostolic leadership of the church. What you do should be in concert with the rest of the tribe. Only then will the sheep be properly fed.



## A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

*jamie buckingham*



I've noticed, in the animal kingdom, that the more domesticated animals are the ones who seem to understand thanksgiving. Savage beasts snarl and tear, literally biting the hand that feeds them. But my big, gentle bulldog will often lick my hand in appreciation as I am feeding him.

I once asked my father: Apart from God and your family, for what are you most thankful.

"Friends," he answered.

A man with lesser spiritual understanding might have said good health, money, a keen mind or even a toilet that flushes. But all these are incidental to having friends.

Some who are new to the Tab sometimes think I play favorites when it comes to friends. They have been taught that pastors and other leaders should not have close friends.

I cannot do that. I have some friends without whom I would have died--or taken my life--in the early days of this church. I will remain loyal to them as long as I breathe.

I belong to an "extended family"--a small home church made up of six families in deep covenant relationship. We take our vacations together (as we are doing this week in North Carolina). We confess to each other and hold things in confidence. They are my friends.

I am loyal to the men and women in this church who have stuck with me and not fled when the lions--both the lions in me and those around me--roared. I have friends living in the "community" around us who are more than friends, they are family.

My friends call me by my first name--not some artificial title. They care about me and my children. They love me as a man, not as an officer in an organization.

I am constantly expanding that circle of friends. It includes men and women all over the world--some of whom are as dear to me as those close by.

I have seen good men fall, not because they sinned, but because when they did sin they had no friends. Thankful? Yes! For my friends.



## A NEW PERSPECTIVE

32905BUCKJ29150

10/05/81

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Providing space for the church to meet is one of those mandatory curses of modern times.

The early church met in homes, in borrowed or rented halls, and sometimes on the mountainsides or in the sewer pipes beneath the cities.

Those were days of great persecution. But they were also days of great power. The secret was faith. They believed in a Great God who had not only commissioned them, but had promised to provide for them.

Times have changed. Now there is a need, it seems, for meeting halls actually owned by churches. But the principle of faith has not changed. Just as the early church saw itself separated and out-of-synch with the world's system, the same should be true today.

Several years ago we realized we had too many people to fit in our little meeting hall. We moved to a school. We soon outgrew that and realized it was necessary to build an auditorium. As that became obvious the Lord

spoke to the body, after much fasting and prayer, to go ahead and build—but to build by faith. We had been teaching this principle for years. We had been encouraging Christians to get out of debt, to refrain from unequally yoking themselves with worldly lending institutions. It was all right to borrow money, but only if you could control the loan—not if the loan controlled you. Thus the word of the Lord was for the church itself to set the example by paying cash for the building.

That same word has come again. Last week the church trustees met to consider an offer from a local bank to loan us up to \$80,000 on an unsecured loan (at 20% interest) to complete our building. The trustees rejected the proposal, even though by today's standards it is most generous, stating we should move ahead on faith—and trust God for the cash.

It was an honorable decision. One I am certain God will bless. We have exhausted our current financial resources, but we believe God will supply. We ask you to stand with us in prayer.



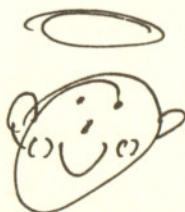
## A NEW PERSPEC

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32905BUCKJ29150

12/03/81

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The other missionaries at the jungle base in Colombia said they never heard of a church doing what we did.

Churches often "send out" missionaries. And they receive them when they return on furlough. But it's rare for a church to be so sensitive to a missionary's need to call him home in the middle of a term--just for rest and restoration.

Not only that, but to send a church couple down to the Amazon to babysit their children while the missionaries are resting in a beachfront condo with no obligations...well, that is kinda unusual.

But it was good in the sight of the Lord, what this church did. Ever since one of the Wycliffe Bible translators was murdered by terrorists early this year, the other Wycliffe missionaries in Colombia have been under incredible stress. Especially the pilots, who never know when landing on some forlorn jungle airstrip whether a sniper's bullet will end their life.

So here we are, trying to raise a balance of \$50,000 to finish our building for our own folks, yet stopping in the midst to raise several thousand dollars to send babysitters to the jungle and fly missionaries to the States to spend a three-week honeymoon on the ocean.

That's the way it should be--giving out of our need.

When the word came several weeks ago that a neighboring black church needed a new roof, we took part of the money designated to put a roof on our own building--and presented it to our neighbors at a Sunday morning service. Those who attended that service are still talking of the blessing they received as they blessed those in need.

God blesses those who bless His servants--on the mission field or in the black community. Giving is the greatest gift--for it always brings blessings, not only to those who receive, but to those who give.