

A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

jamie buckingham



Any church which is Sunday oriented and building centered is a dying institution. In our constant effort to make progress by going back to the principles of the New Testament, we are forever having to battle growing traditions, positions of convenience rather than commitment, and an inbred laziness on the part of all who would rather be spectators than participants.

One of the models for the Tabernacle has been the early church in Jerusalem who not only "met together in the Temple courts" but who "broke bread in their homes and ate together with glad and sincere hearts."

It is easy to establish a polished and exciting "temple worship." We've had that for years at the Tabernacle. Our music, teaching and corporate worship have drawn people from all over the area. That is good and we shall continue to hold these weekly services. In fact, beginning the last Sunday in January and continuing on each last Sunday, we are going to hold special

healing and teaching services under the spiritual direction of Jimmy Smith and myself. But these larger services will never provide what must come through the small, home groups. Real pastoral ministry can come only in the small group.

Thus beginning with the new year the leadership at the Tabernacle is making every effort to encourage everyone associated with the Tab to join a small group, a home church. A number of men and women have been designated as leaders. A score of these home churches are already functioning. Many, such as the one Jackie and I belong to, have become as meaningful as our own blood relationships. This is possible for every home group.

Each group is guided by a "pastor" who is in turn given leadership by the church staff. For those not in home groups, there is still ministry through the staff pastors, but the scriptural ideal remains for us to find our place of fellowship and service in a home group, where we can not only minister but also receive ministry.

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I am ever amazed at the number of people who want help--but want it their way, on their terms.

Jamie Carraway, who runs the alcoholic rehab center at the Sebastian hospital, loaned me his copy of Dr. Bob and the Good Oldtimers, the biography of Bob Smith, one of the co-founders of Alcoholics Anonymous. One of Dr. Bob's early "converts" had sobered up but later returned to alcohol. He woke up in the basement ward of a little hospital.

Dr. Bob walked in and said, "What happened, Ed?"

"I don't know, Doc. Somehow I found myself in a bar, and I don't know how I got there."

Dr. Bob exploded. "Now wait a minute. One of the requirements is honesty. And you haven't got any honesty about you at all.

"Nobody pushed you into that bar. You walked in there, and you ordered that drink. You drank it. So don't tell me you don't know how you got there. Now you're taking up my time, and I have better ways to spend it than to talk

to you. If I were you, I'd go out and get drunk and stay drunk until I made up my mind what I wanted to do. As far as I'm concerned, you stink."

Ed was furious and called his wife and told her to get him out of that hospital. It was also the night he had his last drink.

Tough love! Some folks need sympathy. Others need to be slapped in the face.

Recently a tearful young woman came to me, begging to talk to me privately. Fortunately I knew she had already been to one of the pastors at the Tab and did not like what he had told her. Now she hoped to manipulate my mercy gift and receive advice she could agree with.

I refused to talk to her. Her tears turned to anger and she stalked off, muttering about "phony love."

That's not phony love, that is tough love. The kind that speaks truth. The Gos-pill is sometimes hard to swallow, but if taken according to prescription, it will always bring healing.

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For several years it has been apparent our Sunday morning services

have been geared toward that large, indefinable group of people in the area who call the Tabernacle "their church." However, there are hundreds of Spirit-filled believers in South Brevard and neighboring areas who feel God has called them to belong to other churches--both Catholic and Protestant. The need for a monthly meeting, on a Sunday night (which does not conflict with most churches), to provide fellowship was one of the motivating forces behind the plan for "The Gathering."

Our first meeting was January 31. The Tabernacle was almost full. More than half present belonged to other churches. It was a glorious time with the free expression of worship (which involved a good bit of dancing before the Lord), teaching, some of the finest worship music this side of heaven, and the gifts of miracles and healings flowing freely. The meeting began at 7:00 p.m. and the prayer ministry continued until after 10:30 p.m.

Tapes of the last meeting of The Gathering are available by contacting the Tab office. The tape includes my teaching on the supernatural work of God and an explanation of the operation of the Word of Knowledge. It also includes Jimmy Smith's superb music, and you will hear the Word of Knowledge actually coming through him. Best of all, you will hear two outstanding testimonies. One is by Maurice and Judy Shoultes of the healing of Maurice's hands. After years of having to wear band-aids in his woodworking business, his hands cracked and bleeding, he awoke in the night realizing he had been touched by Jesus and was healed. You will also hear Dr. Mike McHenry tell of the instant healing of his son's kidney infection as they sat in the Tab just one week before.

There will be another meeting of The Gathering February 21 at 7:00 p.m. At that time I will share some of my testimony and we will minister to those wishing to receive the baptism in the Holy Spirit, as well as Jimmy Smith's ministry to the sick. Bring a friend.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

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No word is more misunderstood than "missions." Missions is any ministry not directly associated with the growth of the local body.

My trip last week to minister in Panama was missions. I took with me my friend, Fr. Ed Dillon, a Catholic priest from Aiken, S.C. For five days we were missionaries.

Next week Jackie and I leave for Korea. Although my expenses will be paid by the U.S. Army to minister out of the chapel at Yongsan in Seoul, it is still missions. Jackie has gone with me several times in Europe for this kind of outreach, but this is her 1st trip to the Orient.

The mission program at the Tab grew out of trips like this. A number of years ago I began meeting missionaries who needed help. Some had lost financial support because of an experience with the Holy Spirit. We began sending money. Gordon Strongitharm recommended others. The Tab's mission support grew until we are now supporting more than 20 families and several organizations.

Now as the Lord deals with us about accountability on the part of local staff members, we see it must apply to those receiving mission money, too.

Over the next several months we shall re-focus our mission giving. Instead of supporting a number of missionaries, we will limit our support to a few--but support them well. At the same time we will be more involved in overseeing their lives and work. We are expecting them to be as accountable to us as any member of the church staff. Things are getting tough in this world. We are making this change for the protection of those who serve, as well as for increased efficiency.

Herman Riffel leaves in May for mission work in New Zealand and Australia. Dr. Hester travels many weekends for special ministry at home. The church I visit in Macon, Ga., is blooming in maturity. Jim Bauman goes regularly to Dunklin Camp to help in administration. Jimmy Smith travels in constant ministry. All this is missions. Missions with accountability.

Churches--like Christians--must give of their best. It is our purpose for being.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE

jamie buckingham

32905MOORJ29150

02/16/82

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



Shortly before Sandy came home for her spring vacation from Oral Roberts University, I called on the phone. I explained I had scheduled her for two counseling sessions with Dr. Hester.

"Daddy," she squealed, "I'm not crazy. Why do I need to see a psychologist?"

I explained that part of her educational process was to learn who she was and why she did certain things. "I wish," I told her, "I had gone thru therapy as part of my education. Had I learned about myself at an early age I would have been better equipped to handle myself later on."

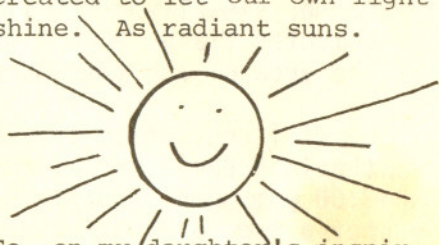
"Will he make me tell him everything I think?"

"He'll probably give you some tests," I laughed. "Maybe he'll ask you to draw a picture of what you think you look like."

She was excited. "If he does I'll draw a bright, yellow sun--shining in all directions."

It was getting late and we finally said goodbye. Afterwards I lay in bed a long time, wondering what kind of picture I would draw to describe me. There are times I feel like an untended fire hose under pressure, spurting in all directions--useful, but dangerous. At other times I'm a flat tire. Some times I'm a blimp, occasionally a locomotive, ideally an eagle.

Then I thought of Sandy. I'm glad she's going through her sessions with Dr. Hester. However, it seems she has a pretty healthy self-image as it is. Fortunate is the person who discovers his freshman year in college he is to be more than a moon---reflecting light from some other source. We are created to let our own light shine. As radiant suns.



So, on my daughter's inspiration, I'm turning up my wick. It's time to shine.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

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I won't use his name for fear of embarrassing him. He's a big man, tough. He drives a heavy truck which is involved in refueling other trucks and doing heavy machinery repair.

Although he lives in Melbourne he works out of Stuart--about 75 miles down the coast. He has to leave home at 4:30 each morning in order to arrive on the job in time to mount his truck and start out on his hard, grueling job.

For the last several months he has been attending a small group meeting on Wednesday nights, led by Gordon Strong-itharm, one of our staff pastors. He doesn't say much, but the reality of Jesus Christ has become very clear to him. Thus when this happened, even though it was not a surprise to him, it left the rest of the folks in the group totally amazed.

It happened on one of those early morning rides down the coast. The sun was just coming up over the ocean when the power of God so filled

the car he could only pull off the side of the road and wait--trembling. Then, picking up a memo pad with a concrete pipe company logo at the top, he wrote these words:

Tho' I am ever mindful that my blessings are as the sands of the sea, I give thanks this day for the gift of Quiet Moments.

Quiet Moments when the sounds of man are still.

Quiet Moments when the mind is free from daily worries--when the heart is lightened from burden.

Quiet Moments when a bird in flight, the beauty of the land, the gentle roll of an ocean wave, the rays of the morning sun that turn the dew into a field of diamonds, give magnitude to your creation.

Quiet Moments when in fellowship with you, my body is at rest and the ears of my spirit are open to the soothing whisper of your love.

Yes, my Lord, I thank you for Quiet Moments.

Amen.

32905BUCKJ29150

03/12/82

JAMIE BUCKINGHAM
2915 HIFLD RD
PALM BAY, FL 32905

A NEW PERSPECTIVE. . .

jamie buckingham



Sometimes we

count," we
"I'm not
wheel like
of the
But as we
at the
of Christ, it's
to tell which
wheel really turns the machine.

Sometimes it is the
smallest wheel which
is connected to the
power source. That
means some of the
big wheels are
freewheeling,
having no
they are

greatest
one who is
wields the greatest

And, behind
machinery stands
power source.

"From
whole body,
together
supporting
cogwheel,
builds

love as each part

think we're
not worth
much.

"I don't
say.
a big
some
others."
look
body
hard

power unless
connected to the
so-called little

wheels.

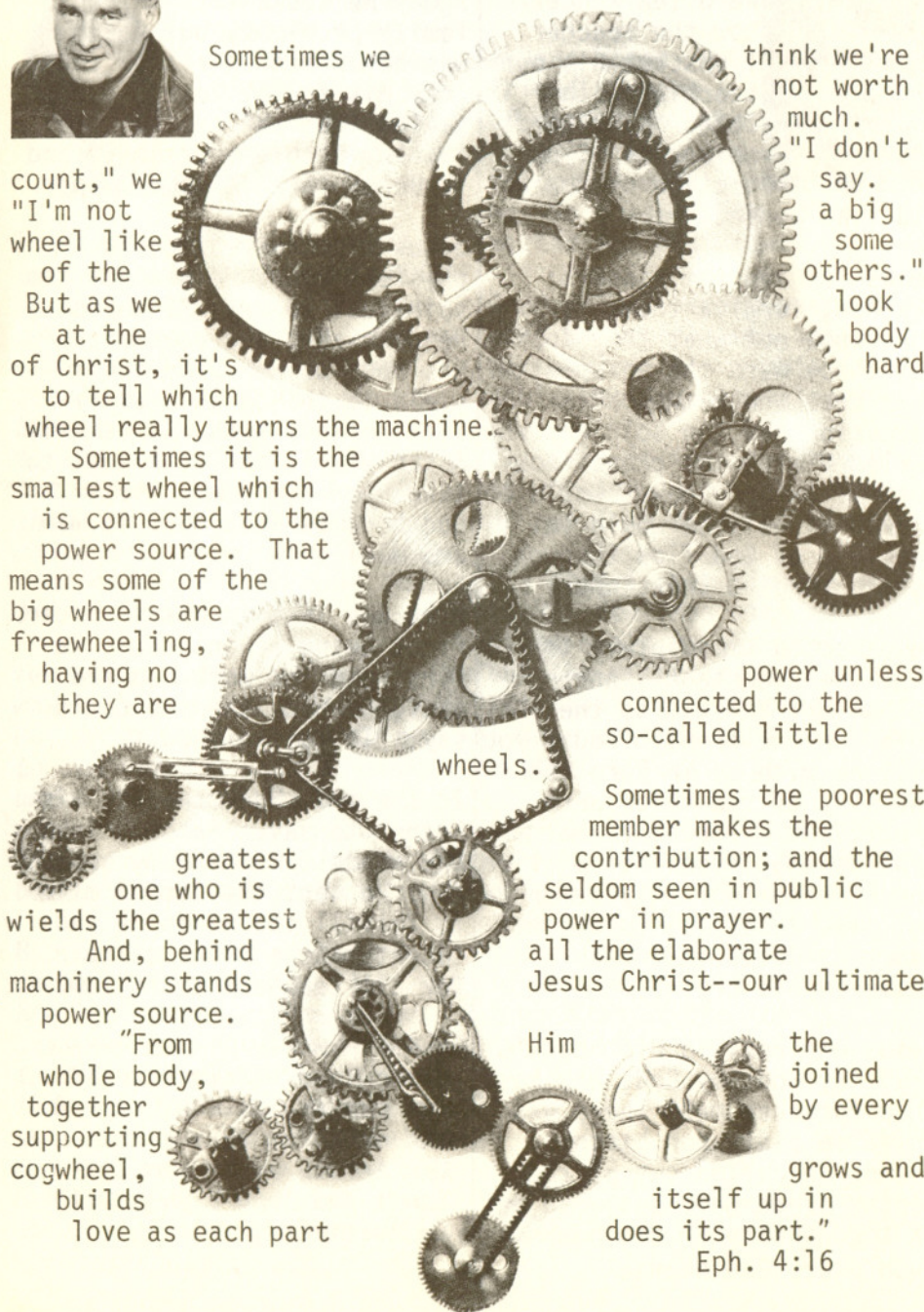
Sometimes the poorest
member makes the
contribution; and the
seldom seen in public
power in prayer.
all the elaborate
Jesus Christ--our ultimate

Him

the
joined
by every

grows and
itself up in
does its part."

Eph. 4:16



A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

jamie buckingham



There are many different concepts of what a church ought to be. Some churches have an evangelistic thrust. They buy busses, hold neighborhood evangelism classes, and put their full energy behind winning souls to the Kingdom.

Other churches major on missions, worship, social action in the community, or education. In fact, most churches emphasize some facet of the Christian life.

However, as I have tried to discern the Lord's purpose for the Tabernacle, I have felt we should be "all of the above." In my mind I see us as a greenhouse--where many plants grow. There are roses next to the bamboo, lima beans under the oak tree, blackberries beside the tulips and radishes and onions mixed in with the apple trees.

The task of the church is not to weed out the onions and turn us into a cabbage patch church. A church made up of all cabbages, or date palms, or even sequoia trees would be boring. Rather, I feel the Lord is saying our task is to provide the right atmosphere

in the greenhouse--heat and humidity--so all the plants can grow, so all the gifts budding in each of our people may come to blossom and fruition.

Clare Toy is one of those beautiful plants which is in full bloom--producing fruit of a special nature. When Clare and her dad, Claude Capers, came by the house to play and sing her new cantata, I sensed from the moment I touched the sheets of musical score this was something very special - anointed by God in an extraordinary way. She sat at our piano, playing and singing, and I had to fight to hold back the tears--so beautiful is the music, so inspired the words.

The cantata was presented at First United Methodist Church on April 4 and is being given to us on Easter night at 7:00 p.m. I will narrate, and our choir will sing. But it is the music, hauntingly beautiful and profoundly moving, which will touch your spirit.

Many in our church are beginning to bloom. Clare is producing fruit.

jamie buckingham

JAMIE BUCKINGHAM
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In February when Jackie and I were in Korea, our good friend Ed Gillespie invited us out to the air base where he is in charge of the helicopter simulators. It was like walking into Star Wars. The big Link simulators, which are outfitted exactly like the cockpit of a helicopter, were going up and down on their stilted legs--while Ed was monitoring each movement on the computer from his central control panel.

Chaplain Curry Vaughan, our host, and I climbed into one of the units, fastened our seat belts and plugged in our radio. Once we closed the doors, we were on instruments--our only contact with the outside world was by radio.

I "started" the engine, eased back on the torque stick and suddenly we were "airborne." Someone once told me flying a helicopter on instruments was like being in the middle of a field with all four fences attacking. I believe it. My hands were sweating as I fought to keep the ship straight and level--my eyes glued to the artificial horizon on the instrument panel.

I have a private license for fixed wing aircraft, but the only way to compare that with "flying" this machine is to compare driving an automobile with SCUBA diving through a tank full of hungry sharks.

I finally pressed my mike button. "Ed, I'm going to land and let Curry take the controls."

Ed's voice came back through the earphones. "I didn't have the heart to tell you," he said, "but you ran into a tree on takeoff and haven't been doing anything but flopping around on the ground ever since."

I learned a lesson that day. Keeping your eyes fixed on any one instrument can be fatal. I should have known to check my altimeter. But I was too busy with the artificial horizon. It's possible to fly a doctrinally straight path, never rock the ship, even keep your RPMs in the green, yet never get off the ground.

All the instruments in our spiritual life are important. But staying aloft in the Spirit is of primary importance.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE. . .

jamie buckingham

may 1982



This is purely personal. But since I believe the ministry is really an extension of the leader and his family, I need, on rare occasions, to bring you up to date on what is going on in the Buckingham family. If you're not interested, read no further--then you'll not be offended. If you are, then this is simply to bring you up to date.

Our oldest son, Bruce, who finished ORU four years ago, recently moved to Washington, D.C. where he is a special assistant to our Congressman, Bill Nelson. Bill is part of the Tabernacle family and Bruce has worked for him since he was elected to Congress. At 26, Bruce remains unmarried--and eligible.

Robin and her husband, Jon Moore, live in a cottage behind our house in Palm Bay. Both are ORU graduates and Jon is recreation director for the city of West Melbourne. Their two children, April (2) and Kristin (9 mo) give great joy to their grandparents.

Bonnie and her husband, Marion Ranzino, live in Tulsa. Both are ORU graduates. Bonnie is an artist for the Oral Roberts Evangelistic Association and Marion works at the university while taking some graduate courses in accounting.

Tim and his wife, Kathy, and little TJ (1½) also live in a cottage behind our house at Hebron. While Tim is working for the Harris corporation, his big love is his four cows in the pasture. He is currently entertaining hopes for agriculture college this fall. Details are not firm on this, but in the meantime watching little TJ, dressed in bib overalls and cowboy boots, playing with his cousins April and Kristin--and running in and out of the house--makes it all worth while.

Our youngest, Sandy, is a freshman at ORU. Her future plans include replacing Barbara Walters on TV and maybe being elected vice-president of the USA. She will be home this summer to bring life to a household which is already overflowing with God's blessings.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE. . .

jamie buckingham



A recent AP release told the story of an exhibit at the World's Fair sponsored by the Southern Baptists and the United Methodists. It features an 18-foot Jesus/robot that conducts tours thru the complex saying, "Follow Me."

When I wrote JESUS WORLD last year I did not realize just how close we are to "automated Christianity." My desire was simple: To call people back to the methods of Jesus --faith communicated through the lives of friends. The dangers of using robots was remote, even to me.

My oldest brother, Walter Jr, who died at the age of 42, was head of the Department of Industrial Management at Ga. Tech. He wrote the nation's first definitive book on automation--almost 25 years ago. I remember him saying to me then, "In some areas automation will be the salvation of our society, but beware, for impersonalization also destroys life."

Over the last several weeks I've had intense interviews on both the 700 Club and the Canadian TV network, 100

Huntley Street. Both hosts were genuinely concerned about the dangers of an impersonal faith. That's interesting, since TV can be either ogre or angel when it comes to evangelism and discipleship.

The problem, as always: "Does the end justify the means." Or, as a modern communicator asked, "Is the medium the message?" When it comes to our faith in God the two--means and end, medium and message--are inseparable.

Back in 1917 Oswald Chambers wrote with prophetic insight: "The abominable 'show business' is creeping into the very ranks of the saved and sanctified. 'We must get the crowds.' We must not; we must keep true to the Cross; let folks come and go as they will, let movements come and go, let ourselves be swept along or not, the one main thing is--true to the yoke of Christ--His Cross."

Nothing can, or should, ever replace the method of Jesus--one man sharing his life with a small group, discipling them to become disciplemakers. We can't do much about robots at the World's Fair, but we can make certain we stay pure.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

jamie buckingham



The problem with change is not just the new things we put on, but the old things which often get left behind. Many of the old things are like the grave clothes of Lazarus, and need to be shucked off so we can have life. They are the dead traditions of yesterday, the strangling laws of legalism, the old wives tales which often creep into our theology, and the "we've-never-done-it-that-way-before" mentality which causes us to snarl, "I don't care if it is in the Bible, it's not (choose your favorite group) (a) Baptist, (b) Pentecostal (c) Catholic (d) Christian (e) My Way.

But some of the things which get left behind in change are things we need to go back and pick up--after we've adjusted to the feel of the new wineskin. One of these things is the traditional music of the church.

When we began moving in the power of the Holy Spirit the Bible came alive for many of us. At the same time there was a new enthusiasm (which is a combination of Greek

words meaning "in God"). Not only did we begin singing the Scriptures, but we began clapping and holding up our hands in praise at the same time. (And sometimes dancing around a bit also.) What a joy to be free from the old hymn books which had bound us down. (You can't clap and hold a hymn book at the same time.)

But deep in my heart was a love for the old hymns. I missed them and was concerned that we were raising a generation of children who had never sung the grand old hymns of the faith. True, we had memorized hundreds of verses of Scripture now set to music--and that was excellent. But why couldn't we have both?

Now it's possible. Our church treasurer said she had gotten tired of hearing me yearn for the old hymns. So on my 51st birthday there showed up at the Tab brand new hymnals. And we've been singing--my, we've been singing. It has added a wonderful dimension to worship. come, join us!

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jamie buckingham



/32905BUCKJ29150

06/14/82

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Back in February, flying home from Tulsa where I had spoken at a National Conference for Single Christians, the Lord said it was time for the Tabernacle to establish such a ministry.

We've been struggling with this for years. Rolf Fischer and Mary Wiley headed it up. But when they married each other they had other responsibilities which demanded their time. Others have worked at it. Jim Byrd. Lynn Bazemore. LaVerne Hoffmann. All have worked to keep the flame lit. But with so many single adults in this area, we needed an expert.

I looked around. Who, Lord? He quickly reminded me we have one of the nation's top experts on singles' ministry right in our midst. Perhaps it is because Dr. Harvey Hester is such a close friend. Maybe because I kept considering him for some other role in leadership. All that is behind us, for when I talked with him last week, he eagerly agreed--after first receiving the confirmation of his home church. After all, why should Harvey be flying all over the nation to minister to singles

and not be involved here?

Harvey will continue with his practice as a psychotherapist and Director of the Melbourne Counseling Center. (The Counseling Center, by the way, is not organically connected to the Tabernacle Church.) At the same time, he has begun work part time on the church staff as Director of the Singles Ministry. In that capacity he will choose and give oversight to the leaders who will have direct pastoral oversight of the various singles groups. He will also, on occasion, meet with the groups themselves. My only request is the singles give him a chance to appoint his leaders and then work through them, rather than everyone flocking to Harvey at the onset.

I predict the Singles Ministry will soon become the largest and strongest of all the ministries in the Tab. I am excited about Dr. Hester's involvement.

Harvey would appreciate hearing from others involved in singles' ministries around the nation. Write him in care of the Tabernacle.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

jamie buckingham



A letter from a serious young seminarian asked if I thought it possible for him to know God's

highest plan for church government early in life--so he wouldn't have to keep changing it as we do at the Tabernacle.

It was an honest question--and a piercing accusation. He knew what I have been through in my spiritual evolution. I began my ministry as a Baptist, believing in congregational government. Later, moving into the charismatic realm, I discovered a truth the Presbyterians had known for a long time--the place of elders. Still later, I received additional insight on the role of apostolic authority, a truth the Catholics have known for centuries. It's no wonder my young seminary friend wanted to get things right to start with, for each of these changes in my life--and the life of this church--has been accompanied by pain and confusion.

In a meeting with our new missions committee last week, the subject of change was on everyone's heart. Several mentioned how, despite all

efforts to inform the church, old traditions (even if they are only a few years old) have a way of sticking--like bubble gum to the sole of a shoe on a hot afternoon.

Besides being holy, God is also Spirit. He moves. He does not perch on mountains like a guru. Our task is to find where God is moving--and stay with Him. The man who remains stationary misses the anointing.

The older our church grows--and the larger it grows--the more difficult it is to change. Young, small groups can switch around week by week. But larger, more settled groups take time to change.

It's one thing to turn a corner on a bicycle. But to turn an 18-wheeler--especially if it is going downhill rapidly, takes a lot of skill and ability.

The Tabernacle Church is moving. But we're no longer a bicycle. I hope all of you on the back of the truck are holding on, for we're making some turns. We've changed our elders. We've changed our mission policy. But we're staying under the cloud.

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Last week I flew to Washington to attend the General Officer Retirement review for my

brother, Major General Clay Buckingham. Retiring after 37 years in the army, he continues in active ministry as president of the Officers Christian Fellowship.

The full dress parade at Ft. Meyer was impressive. It featured the U.S. Army Band, troops passing in review with fixed bayonets, the "Old Guard" dressed in colonial uniforms with powdered wigs and muskets, and a thumping 13-gun salute by the big howitzers.

Earlier my old friend, Major General Jerry Curry, who was the ceremony host, had introduced me to some friends as Clay's "unstructured" brother. We laughed, but the words stuck as I watched the troops pass in review. Although I stepped back from the spit 'n' polish a number of years ago, opting for the informal approach to life, there is still something in me that snaps to attention when I am around disciplined people.

July 16, 1982

That afternoon as the flags passed, I wanted to cry, because it was so beautiful. It was symmetry. Had those men, even in their brilliant uniforms, just milled around the parade ground, it would have been bedlam. But because they were under authority, trained and disciplined, their presentation touched my spirit. Seeing the Old Guard pass in slow review as the fifes and drums played was deeply moving. Every move had been rehearsed and measured. The fixing of the bayonets, the sheathing of the swords, the firing of the cannons--it all spoke of precision, balance and order. It was perfect in form and thus a thing of profound beauty.

As I viewed the ceremony, the Lord whispered: "Do not be afraid of structure. I am a God of order." I received His word. I must be careful that I do not make order my god. And I realize wineskins must remain flexible. But as we return order to the Tabernacle Church, I predict it will bring with it beauty, truth, and a deep stirring of the Spirit.

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At the elders' ordination two weeks ago, eight men knelt on the platform. The last man I laid hands on has now been called to minister full time.

The day before the elders had prayed and listened for two hours as Jim Maher told of his call to Dunklin Memorial Camp (near Okeechobee). He will work with Mickey Evans in the drug and alcohol rehab program. Not only will he teach the advanced class, but he will oversee a discipleship program in carpentry and will lead the worship and do some teaching at the Sunday church time.

The elders confirmed Jim's call and released him--"as a father releases a daughter in marriage"--to move to Dunklin Memorial Camp.

As at Antioch they heard God say, "Set apart for me Jim and Elizabeth for the work to which I have called them." (cf Acts 13:3)

Jim's training began many years ago under John Gimenez at Rock Church in Virginia Beach. It has continued as

he has been found faithful in all things in his ministry as a home church pastor and overseer at the Tabernacle.

For a number of months the Lord has been saying He wanted the Tab to have a closer relationship with Dunklin Memorial Camp. Jim and Elizabeth's move to DMC now ties us together much as families are joined when their children marry. DMC now becomes an "in-law" to the Tab, so to speak, for we are giving them our finest son and daughter.

On August 29, at the morning service, we will formally set apart our youngest elder for this special ministry. Mickey Evans will be present to receive the Mahers as we pass authority into his hands. At the same time, we proclaim the Mahers will always be part of the Tabernacle family--a family which now reaches out to include DMC.

This will be followed by a reception. An offering will be received for the Mahers and some are bringing gifts. The Tab is honored because the Lord has chosen our best to be thrust forth into ministry.

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Back in '78 I allowed my name to be used by well-meaning opportunists who wanted to promote a "teaching cruise"

to the Caribbean. The excursion featured several well-known teachers who were to be aboard the luxury ship carrying the Word to the rich.

Allowing my name to be used was one of my poorer judgment decisions. Fortunately the cruise fell through, but not before I heard from God. The clearest word was from a friend who heads a ministry in the inner city of Philadelphia. "I received the publicity for your tour to the Caribbean. For \$997 I can 'fly/cruise to the islands of the sun' and have seven powerful charismatic leaders on board to see I am spiritually pampered.

"If this is an apostolic cruise, things sure have improved since the apostolic cruises I read about in Acts.

"Just this month we're sending a young man into the inner city on a \$400 monthly salary. I was just thinking that six people on the cruise could, with the money spent, keep him going for over a year. Maybe

on the cruise you can all think about this."

Not only did I cancel my part on the cruise, but, as you can see, I kept the letter and refer to it occasionally --just to remember.

The question is perennial: how can I justify my Cadillac existence while there remain those who have no place to live?

God blesses those who sacrifice to give to others who have greater needs. Our church needs an office building. But recently our new elders felt the money should be used to rebuild the house of a young mother with small children and no husband. (One of the home churches is doing the labor.)

The call of God to give money to missions is equally strong. "The greater need" always takes priority over things strictly for pleasure.

I'm glad I cancelled the Caribbean cruise. I'm glad I'm part of a church which puts others first. Whether it's building a house for a widow or supporting a missionary in the jungle--it's all fulfilling God's command to give.

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A NEW PERSPECTIVE

by Jamie Buckingham



In May, before the war in Lebanon broke out, I turned down a request from Yassar Arafat's PLO to fly to

Lebanon at their expense. It was an obvious propaganda ploy and I felt uncomfortable with the invitation.

Later this summer I turned down a similar request from the Israeli government to go with a group of Christians to see the war from their perspective. Again my guidance was to wait.

Now, on September 29, I will fly out of Miami for Tel Aviv and then drive north to the Lebanese border for a 3-day conference with the leadership of Art Carlson's Project Kibbutz. Sunday, October 3, we will cross into Lebanon to spend time with the team from Project Kibbutz which is cooperating with a group from Youth With a Mission and the Voice of Hope radio station in evangelism and relief work.

I will spend three days in Lebanon ministering to those who are serving the Lord in that war-torn nation. I will then return to Jerusalem where I will speak at the

Jewish Feast of Tabernacles sponsored by the International Christian Embassy.

October 11 I will take a group of ten Americans and three Israelis, and we will enter the Sinai. Included in this group is a camera crew from the 700 Club. I will be finishing research on my book on the exodus and will be teaching before the cameras "on location" on the same subject. Both film and book are due for late spring 1983 release.

Due to a wonderful gift from friends in Arizona, Jackie will be going to Israel at the same time. However, we will be traveling separately. She leaves a day after I leave and will be touring with a group sponsored by Charisma magazine. She will wait over for me in Jerusalem while I am in the Sinai, and we will return together (Lord willing), arriving home late October 20.

This is a critical trip, and I need your prayers as I minister in Christian Lebanon, Jewish Israel and Moslem Egypt.

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A NEW PERSPECTIVE

...jamie buckingham



Last Sunday when I came into the Tab for the morning service, Eloise Lyle stopped me at the door. She wanted to tell me about the healing of her lungs which had taken place the week before. A word of knowledge had come during the service of a woman being healed of respiratory problems. Immediately, she said, she felt a great warmth in her chest. Her lungs, which had been congested for a long period of time, suddenly opened. She went back to the doctor the following week for X-rays. He confirmed the healing--comparing the X-rays with those taken earlier. She could hardly wait to get back to her friends and share the good news.

That same Sunday there was another word of knowledge of a man who was being healed of a severe knee problem. The next Monday night, in our home church, Gene Berrey told our group how the Lord had touched his knee--a knee which had been giving him problems for years--and it was gradually returning to normal.

There is a great need to tell what God is doing. Those who have been "redeemed of the Lord" should "say so," the Bible says. We need to confess the goodness of God to all around us--Christian and non-Christian alike.

While I reject the concept that if you don't confess and keep on confessing your healing, you might lose it--it is right to broadcast the good things God has done. God is not an "Indian giver." He does not give gifts and take them away. Nor does He give healings and allow sickness to return if we don't act on it. That places our healing in the category of works rather than grace.

But all gifts--including the gift of healing--are given to be used. Thus we confess our healings--not out of fear that we might lose what God has given us, but because the gift of healing is given that we might use it to glorify God.

Some of these confessions should be public, some should be to your business associates and non-Christians, some are to be shared only with family. But don't keep quiet when God touches you.

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A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

jamie buckingham



It's interesting how clearly you can hear God once you stop talking and decide to listen.

During our morning session at the prayer retreat, we spent the time in silence, asking God to reveal the areas of our lives not in sync with the fruit of the Spirit. We emphasized we were not to pray concerning anything else, nor were we to give thought on how the fruit of the Spirit should apply to anyone else's life--only to our own.

I did pretty well with love, joy, peace and even patience. Kindness, faithfulness and gentleness are favorites also. Recently I've even made some strides in self-control--at least in the area of food. But I had a real hang-up on goodness and spent most of the time struggling with all that meant in my life--especially as it related to its counterpart: badness.

At the appointed time Jackie and I came together to discuss what God was saying to each of us. She had written down much of what the Lord had said and read it to me as we sat alone on the edge of a little lake. She admitted

(she's more honest than I) that she was struggling with some of the fruit of the Spirit. But, she said, her biggest problem came in the area of goodness--especially as it related to badness.

At that point the sun broke through the clouds as I began to understand some things about her which had always bothered me. She sees goodness one way--I see it another. To Jackie most of life is composed of absolutes. While I have my own set of absolutes, I see many things from a relative perspective.

We talked long about why she feels uncomfortable with my liberal interpretations and why I am constantly accusing her of being a legalist. It's the old problem of what takes place when a man of mercy marries a prophetess.

Yet it is exactly this balance of conflict which will bring change in both our lives. We determined that morning that neither of us had a corner on the truth, that we both had a right to our feelings, and we would seek to respect that right in each other. Thus, while we sought the face of God, we took a step closer to each other--and to ourselves. Such is the result of prayer.

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A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

jamie buckingham



Extremists burned the Baptist church in Jerusalem the night before I was to speak there.

I called Pastor Bob Lindsey when I heard the news. Bob insisted God knew what was going on and I should obey Him and speak what was on my heart.

It was a remarkable service, with 2,000 people standing in the parking lot. A number of Jewish sympathizers--who had never attended a Christian service--were present. Scores of neighbors hung from apartment windows overlooking the street to listen in.

Standing in front of the gutted chapel, using a sound system with speakers attached to tree branches, we had "church" that Sabbath morning.

"Israelis thought the church burned last night," I told them. "Now, perhaps for the first time, they can see the true church once the building is gone. Now we have the opportunity to 'be' Jesus by forgiving our enemies."

It was a simple message on the nature of the church--and the necessity of forgiveness.

The moment I finished speaking and stepped back from the mike, a red-faced man with a large cross dangling from his neck pushed up to me. "You should have presented Jesus as Messiah and given an invitation for these Jews to accept Christ."

I was too stunned to reply. He snorted and walked away.

Moments later a tough-looking Israeli put a hand on my shoulder. "I'm a third-generation Sabra," he said. "I'll remain a Jew until Messiah comes. But this morning, for the first time in my life, I understand who Jesus really is."

There were tears in his eyes as he fished in his billfold for money to put in the offering to help rebuild the building.

I stood quietly, thinking of Jesus' story of the two men--one a religious hypocrite and one an admitted sinner--who went up to the Temple to pray.

God does not need our help. All He wants is our obedience. The work is done by the Holy Spirit.

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A NEW PERSPECTIVE. . .

jamie buckingham



Providence Home is a Catholic childrens' home in Sidon, Lebanon. They have 350 students who are learning trades such as mechanics, carpentry and TV repair.

When the Israeli army moved into Sidon the PLO set up their big guns in the playground at Providence. When the priest ran out to protest the PLO said the Israelis would not fire back on the childrens' home. However, if the priest continued to protest the terrorists would shoot him in front of the children.

This was typical of the many stories we heard during our five day ministry period in Lebanon. Although the shelling has stopped for now, the nation is still not free. Many PLO remain, and the Syrians are still entrenched in the Becca Valley.

The Israeli government has specifically requested Project Kibbutz to send in two teams of young people--about 30 all told--to help the Lebanese rebuild their homes and to witness to them about Jesus Christ. It is one of the great open doors for the

Gospel in the Middle East--and much depends on these young people as they go from village to village with the Good News of Jesus.

We spent five days there, ministering primarily to the leadership of Project Kibbutz. I was accompanied by Mickey Evans, Dallas Albritton from Tampa, Stan Elrod from Charlotte and Rick Foster from Boone, N.C.

A week after we left, the old Ford van (which is the only vehicle owned by Project Kibbutz) rolled off the side of the mountain and turned over in a deep ravine. It was filled with young people but none were hurt.

I came back to Melbourne and shared the story with the Tab at a morning service. We took up an offering for almost \$12,000 to replace the van. It will take another \$8,000 to pay the duty on the vehicle, but I am proud of our people for rising to the occasion and realizing that the door to Lebanon may soon close--and now is the time to give it our best shot.

Thank you, Kingdom folks, for your generous response to this great ministry.

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A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

jamie buckingham



I'm an idealist when it comes to giving gifts at Christmas. Even as a boy I rebelled at the excesses of

commercialization. In fact, the most memorable Christmas of my youth was my freshman year in college. That was the year I decided against giving gifts to family members (my fiance not included, of course). The only money I had was money given me by my parents, and it seemed foolish to go out and spend it on gifts for them.

So I took all the money I would have spent on my family, put it in an envelope and slipped it under the door of the church. I had marked it "missions" since that was the purest ministry I could think of. I still remember the good, clean feeling it gave me.

Last week in our home church meeting, I tried to pass along my idealism to the other four couples in our covenant group. I knew, even as I was exhorting the group about the virtues of giving to the poor rather than giving among ourselves, that my little sermon was being

rejected by all the others in the group--including my wife. I shrugged it off as I do most rejection, that the others were not as spiritual as I. I would just have to tolerate their materialism until they attained my level of spiritual maturity.

Then one of the women spoke up. "I understand what Jamie is saying, but you are the only family I have. I want to give to those I love best. Please don't deny me the privilege of expressing my love."

The next day I talked to another who said essentially the same thing. She had, she said, been working on personalized gifts for each of us for a number of weeks. I could be idealistic if I wanted, but she was going to express her love just the same.

My idealism has cost me, as usual. The group did decide to help a needy family (we took up \$500 that night to buy food and clothes) and to give to each other as well. Besides that, we're going to give gifts to all the children of the group. Ah, idealism! Merry Christmas!

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