

## BRIDGET BOOKWORM

greetings, fans. somethings wrong with the capital key. always there is something wrong. week after week i crawl up here in the middle of the nite and hit my pretty nose against these cold typewriter keys. and always there is something wrong with the machine. i hope you appreciate all the trouble i go to in writing this library column. ill try once more to see if i can get it to work.

GREAT, NOW ITS STUCK DOWN AND I CANT GET IT UP. OH WELL.....

ANYWAY, ITS JANUARY AND EVERYBODY IS STUDYING. IVE NEVER SEEN SO MUCH ACTIVITY AROUND THE LIBRARY. THAT STUDY OF LUKE EVEN MADE SOME FOLKS THINK. I THINK SOME OF THEM HADNT HAD A NEW THOUGHT SINCE THIS TIME LAST YEAR. THEY CHASED ME COMPLETELY OUT OF SMITHS "BIBLE DICTIONARY". BOY, THAT BOOK IS FULL OF ANSWERS. YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD THE ARGUMENT GOING ON OVER THE MEANING OF THAT WORD THE PASTOR KEPT USING--"SYNOPTIC". ONE WOMAN SAID SHE WISHED THE PASTOR WOULDNT USE LANGUAGE LIKE THAT IN FRONT OF THE CHILDREN.

AND ONE OF THE TEACHERS LEFT CHOCOLATE FINGERPRINTS ON THE CATALOG CARDS WHILE HUNTING FOR HELP WITH THIS NEW SERIES OF LESSONS IN HEBREWS. OUR LABORATORY SAYS THEY BELONGED TO SOMEBODY NAMED BROOKS. I RECOMMEND "THE DISTURBING CHRIST" FOR ANYONE WHO LIKES CHOCOLATE.

DICK CRAIN BROUGHT US AN EXTRA COPY OF "THE CHRISTIAN LAYMAN". SEEMS LIKE THE BROTHERHOOD WANTS TO GET EVERYONE INVOLVED IN THIS IDEA OF MINISTRY. THIS IS A GRAND BOOK WRITTEN BY ONE OF THE PASTORS SEMINARY PROFESSORS. IT TASTES LIKE CARAMEL.

MY PAL, PALMETTO PETE, SAYS HIS LITTLE FRIENDS ALL LIKE "INSECTS WE KNOW". THAT GUY IS REALLY BUGGY, ISNT HE?

SEE YOU NEXT WEEK, FANS.

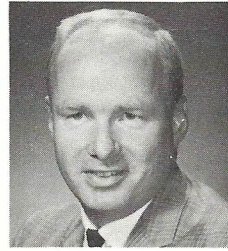
**SEE YOU IN CHURCH**

## "THE TABERNACLE TRUMPET"

Published bi-monthly by the Tabernacle Baptist Church. Box 1406. Eau Gallie, Fla. 32935. Second Class postage paid at Eau Gallie, Fla.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE.....*Jan. 19, 1968*

**THE TANGLED WEB:** In 1965 Marshall Bean finished 6 years in the Air Force. But once back in civilian life he ran into problems.



He was so deep in debt it looked like he was going to jail.

In order to dodge his creditors he simply reversed the spelling of his name and became "Naeb

**J. W. Buckingham** Llahsram." He used his assumed name in applying for driver's license, Social Security card, and even a draft card which he needed to get a job.

Things went well for almost a year. He had successfully dodged all his creditors and was doing well under his new name. But things backfired in September 1966. "Naeb Llahsram" was DRAFTED. He's been fighting to get out of the army for the last year--trying desperately to convince everyone that he really isn't Naeb Llahsram, but is really Marshall Bean.

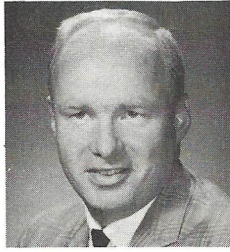
Last week the Army finally admitted that his story checked out and they are sending Marshall Bean home from Germany to be discharged. Creditors from all over the country are flying to New York to meet him when he steps off the plane--a free man.

Sir Walter Scott wrote in "Lochinvar"  
*Oh what a tangled web we weave,*  
*When first we practice to deceive!*

In our emphasis on integrity we need to learn the blessing of being completely truthful with each other. Disagreement is healthy as long as it is done in love. The Biblical term of "hypocrite" means one that is acting a part. He's really one thing but pretending to be something else.

Let us be what we are! In the church you are among friends--where everyone is an admitted sinner. There is no need to put on a false face, act superficially, or try to make an impression. Be yourself. Be honest. And you'll make an amazing discovery. You'll be loved more for what you are than for what you were pretending to be.

The Home Mission Board's recognition of our ministry is encouraging. The Church Administration Department of the Baptist Sunday School Board is also preparing to run an article in Church Administration magazine on our concepts of church membership and annual re-commitment.



J. W. Buckingham

mob formed outside his house and they dragged him into the street, dipped him in tar, and then smeared him with feathers. In the midst of all the jeering and confusion a former friend sneaked up to the tar coated, feather sprouting mass and asked it--"Was it worth it?" And the object answered back, "Well, I didn't make any money--but look at all the free publicity".

Publicity is wonderful. But like an athlete, it can be your downfall if you are content to read the press clippings and don't keep in shape and play to win. And when all the smoke clears, it is still up to us to make things work.

Regardless of the way you look at us, we are a "shoestring ministry". We are living on a week-by-week budget. We are utterly dependent for the success of this pioneer ministry on the way you respond to the Holy Spirit. Regardless of how much publicity we receive, we cannot expect help from the outside. The Home Mission Board is not going to do our witnessing and soulwinning for us. The Sunday School Board is not going to give us money. The actual survival of this church is based on the commitment of each member as you tithe, witness, and serve.

The story was told during WW 2 of a Cathedral in London that was bombed. A large statue of Christ was broken in many pieces. American soldiers went to work and found the scattered pieces of the statue and put them back together. But the outstretched hands, which had been demolished, could not be found. An American GI put a crudely lettered sign under the statue as they left: "Christ has no hands but your hands!"

Selah!

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**HOME MISSION BOARD TO SEND PHOTOGRAPHERS TO TELL "THE TABERNACLE STORY" TO THE CONVENTION.**

Walker Knight, secretary of the Department of Editorial Service for the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, had asked the Pastor to prepare an article for publication in Home Missions magazine on the developments in our new church. The following letter was received from Editor Knight this past week.

Dear Jamie:

Your article, "Curbstone Church--A New Wineskin" is an excellent piece of writing, and even more important, it reveals an exciting application of many of the new or re-discovered concepts that have been tossed about in religious circles these past few years. It is about time that a Southern Baptist pointed the way--we simply will not listen (not many of us anyway) to anyone else.

I have gotten our audio-visuals department to agree to come see you on one of the next two or three weekends for coverage of what you are doing. Jay Durham, secretary of the department will fly his photographer, Don Rutledge, down to see you. I hope that they can get the pictures that we need on Saturday and Sunday.

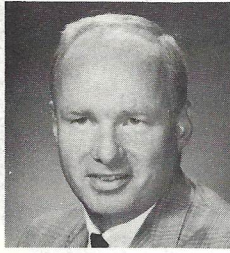
We intend to put the article in our April issue, which will be devoted to "frontiers of renewal". In addition, we plan to staff write three articles on the trend toward a regenerate church membership, and on the new emphasis on the roles of the clergy and laity. You have touched somewhat on each of these, plus the fact that there is an emphasis on new structures. I feel that the issue might encourage others to re-think what they are doing or failing to do.

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**SEE YOU IN CHURCH**



when we first embarked on this new ministry I preached a keynote sermon on "involvement". In it I stated that personal involvement



J. W. Buckingham

demands time. One does not become involved in the life of another individual who has deep problems without giving time. Much time. It means getting to know them. It means sharing with them in their agony and suffering. It means exposing

yourself to their hurts as well as becoming vulnerable to hurt yourself. It may mean taking them into your homes and loving them. And this takes time. And is dangerous. And hard.

No one is going to enter into such an involvement on behalf of another person without a commitment that compels you on in spite of yourself. You may begin this type of ministry because your pastor has suggested it...but you will not continue to the point of depth involvement without a commitment to Jesus Christ which is beyond the norm most of our church members have thus far experienced.

Most people live on a superficial Christian level. Self is first--and if there is time and stimulation--then others. But in an involvement program others always come first, despite the hardships and heartbreaks it may cause.

In recent weeks we have seen some heart-warming examples of families who have involved themselves in the lives of others. Some are paying immediate dividends. In others, the returns are slow.

One of our young deacons recently learned about an older teenager that has been singing at our Coffee House. The boy had a prison record and was in trouble with the local police. He had run away to Maine. This deacon found him, bought him a plane ticket home, and took him into his own home and family circle to try to help him. Things looked good for a while. Then one morning they got up and found a note saying the boy had grown restless and was hitchhiking to California to make a name for himself--carrying nothing but his guitar.

Heartbreak. Discouragement. Financial sacrifice. But if the world is to be won to Christ it will only be done this way--by becoming involved in the lives of others.

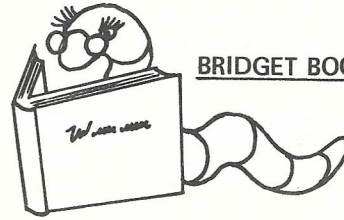
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Feb. 16, 1968

"THE TABERNACLE TRUMPET"

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BRIDGET BOOKWORM

Ahhhhh...Thanks, folks, for easing the squeeze on these crowded shelves. I really didn't mind that silly book sitting on my tail for three days because it felt so good when you took it off. Now that I'm feeling frisky again, I've been sampling some of our new books.

For a good tonic, "A Second Touch" by Keith Miller should make you feel perky. We still have a waiting list for Miller's first book, "A Taste of New Wine". I'd suggest you get in line pronto for this second goodie.

By the way, I keep telling Librarian Laura that nobody reads this stupid column. She insists that my Neilsen Rating is higher than the Pastor's column. (Altho between youme nobody reads that either.) Still, despite my begging, she insisted that I keep writing. And frankly, folks, hitting these keys with my nose is quite a chore. And of all things, I crawled all the way down to the Counseling Center and found out that the Pastor had loaned his typewriter to some blond who is typing his manuscripts for that crazy book he's writing--and now I've had to break into Agnes' house and use her machine. And have you ever tried to sit on the space bar and hit keys with your nose while a big gray cat paces back and forth beneath you licking his lips? Yep, never a dull moment in Wormsville.

By the way, all of us here at the library highly recommend "Strength from Shadows" by Earl Allen, which is an excellent book on how to console those who are grieved. For SS teachers we recommend "Creative Teaching in the Church School", which tells how to involve pupils in the lesson, not just lecture to them. I know of one teacher who needs this badly. Also, Bible Students, we now have a copy of Robertson's "Harmony of the Gospels". And for Juniors--"The Tinker's Armor", the story of John Bunyon.

There you have it. Well, fans, that's all for now. Back to the boondocks. Oh, oh, here comes that cat again.....



PASTOR'S TESTIMONY SHARED WITH THE TABERNACLE BAPTIST CHURCH, EAU GALLIE, FLORIDA  
FEBRUARY 25, 1968

I'm not sure at all how you will receive what I am about to share with you. I have given much prayer to the matter and thank God that this is probably the only church in the Convention that would hear me out and not think that I am completely crazy. (I think that most of you have accepted that as a fact already, anyway.) What I am going to say could be construed as the words of a man gone completely insane--or the words of one who has witnessed and experienced the Power of God at work in an awesome way. I shall leave the evaluation up to you.

This past week I have been in Washington, D.C. doing research for my book Run Baby Run, which is the sequel to The Cross and the Switchblade. I was there on the invitation of my publisher and the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship, a lay organization of Spirit-filled men who are helping sponsor Nicky Cruz, the subject of the book. The FGBMF had a regional convention beginning Wednesday night at the Shoreham Hotel. I had arrived a few days earlier to interview my subject and do some additional research.

Monday night I attended a prayer meeting at a church in Vienna, Virginia, made up of businessmen from all churches who had felt they were going spiritually dry and had been meeting once a week for fellowship and inspiration. That night there were more than 600 present. I was dumbfounded at their enthusiasm and their freedom of worship. They sang with great intensity. They raised their hands when they sang and prayed. There was an electricity quality about the congregation as they said, "Praise God", "Amen", and "Thank you, Jesus" in response to the speaker's remarks.

Tuesday afternoon I went with Nicky and some of the men to the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis where Nicky was to address the brigade of midshipmen. I spoke briefly on the program and then sat back in amazement as these midshipmen and their officers alike gave their Christian testimony. None of this timidity that I notice among our young people. No inhibitions about whom they might offend. They were standing up straight and tall witnessing to the saving power of Jesus Christ. I was impressed especially with the testimony of a young naval aviator, Commander Bob Wright, who was overflowing about the power of God in his life. I kept noticing that all these men used terms such as "Spirit filled" and "Baptized in the Spirit" as the secret of their power.

Wednesday night I had my first experience with the Full Gospel Business Men's Fellowship. Al Malachuk, Nicky's host during the week and the brother of my publisher, was directing the Convention. He is a printer and machinery salesman from Virginia. There were about 1,200 people present that first night. The meeting was very informal but very orderly. I was amazed that they had no "formal" order of service. They said they were "following the leadership of the Spirit".

I was afraid that the meeting would be filled with a bunch of fanatical Pentecostals, but found that they were all respectable businesspeople from all over the nation. And that they came from all kinds of churches--Methodist, Presbyterians, Baptists, Episcopalians. Al introduced me and I spoke about five minutes promoting the book and the testimony that the book would have. I then took a seat on the front row while the other guests were introduced. I was particularly impressed with an Anglican Priest, David Stiles, from Canada that now has a unique boat ministry in Sarasota, Fla. He had on a clerical collar and I could tell that he was not the regular run of the mill priest. He, too, testified that he had received this "Baptism in the Spirit" and it had transformed his life.

During the service Al Malachuk came down off the platform and whispered in my ear that he felt "led by the Spirit" to ask me to sing. I was flabbergasted. I had no music. I couldn't even think of the words of a single song. I made my way to the organ and asked the organist if she had any music. She was playing by ear. It was time for me to sing. I frantically told her to play "How Great Thou Art", that's all I could think of. I sang the verse and chorus and then asked the congregation to join me on the



chorus the second time around since I couldn't think of the 2nd stanza. They did. They stood and sung. I watched them, many of them singing with arms raised towards the ceiling and with tears running down their face--"How Great Thou Art". I was deeply moved and impressed.

The next afternoon I attended the afternoon service. The people were arriving at the Shoreham Hotel in great numbers. The lobby was filled with respectable people with wide smiles on their faces hugging one another and shaking hands and saying in loud voices, "Praise God". I even noticed a couple of Catholic Priests, in full garb, saying "Praise God". I shook my head in disbelief.

In the service there were more than 2,000 present. I had to leave early to complete an interview so I stood along side the wall. Many were standing and all the seats were long taken. I carefully observed the people present. No "peculiaris". No "fanatics". I noticed a beautiful young woman sitting on the end of a row. She looked like a fashion model. We were singing "Amazing Grace" and as we sang she raised her hand--just one delicately gloved hand--and there was a radiance on her face the likes I had never seen. Directly in front of her was a little stooped man. He must have been 90 years old. He was standing beside a darkskinned woman I later found out was from Pakistan. The little old man was bent and feeble. But as they sang, "When I've been there ten thousand years", he raised his head and that same radiance was on his face. He held up both arms as far as they would go, not much past his chest, and shaking with age, and tears streaming down his face, he sang of the glory of heaven.

I was deeply moved. There was, indeed, something special going on here that I had never before experienced. Where did this freedom come from? Where did they receive the power to loose their earthly inhibitions? I had to find out.

That night I ate supper with David Stiles, the Anglican Priest, and his wife. I told him frankly that I was amazed over this mysterious power that I had witnessed. I didn't want to talk to a Pentecostal because I didn't trust them and because I didn't want to become a tongue speaking, floor rolling fanatic. But I had to have some answers.

He laughed at me and we discussed for an hour and a half the experiences in the Scripture of the "baptism in the Spirit". I had a growing feeling that I was familiar with what he was discussing but had always referred to it in different terms like "total commitment" or "surrender". Only now I understood that it was not something that you did...but something that you received.

He asked me what I thought of Mark 16 and I told him that I simply ignored the last few verses as something that I couldn't understand. He asked me if I didn't believe the whole Bible. I said "yes". Then he said, "Why not these and other passages?" I had no answer. He asked me if I believed that Peter and John and Phillip and the others actually performed miracles. I said "yes". He said, "Do you think God can still perform miracles through his people? I said "yes". He said, "has he ever performed one through you?". I said "no". He asked me why. I had no answer.

After supper we hurried to the main assembly hall. There were more than 6,000 people present. The meeting had already started and the only seat left for me was on the third row directly in front of the preacher.

They had a series of testimonies. A Federal Judge from Atlanta, Ga. A former governor's candidate from North Carolina. A physician. A Roman Catholic Priest from Notre Dame. All testified about the grace of Christ and the marvelous, amazing power of the Holy Spirit that enabled them to witness and praise God without restriction.

All around me people were smiling and clapping and saying, 'Praise God'...outloud.... right out there in public...they were saying in loud voices, "Praise God".



Then, the leader said, "Listen for a word from God". The assembly got unbelievably quiet. It had been noisy before, not bedlam, but a warm, friendly noisiness. Now it was death still.

Suddenly a voice from the far back right began to speak. Clear as a bell. The most beautiful, melodious speaking voice I've ever heard. It was speaking in a foreign language. I knew it was an "unknown" tongue. Yet it wasn't babbling. It wasn't ecstatic. It sounded like an Oriental or an American Indian dialect. The voice spoke in sentences with voice inflections indicating punctuation. The speaker spoke for about a minute and then stopped. I knew, from having read on the subject and from a surface reading of I Cor. 14, that there should be an "interpreter". There was. Immediately a man 4 seats down from me on the same row began to speak in the 1st person with the most authoritative voice I've ever heard. It was as if God were speaking. I do not remember all he said, but it was something like: "I have sent you and anointed you to preach. I shall never leave nor forsake you. I shall be with you always. You will be great in the Kingdom of God because it is my Spirit that leads you. The task is great and many are lost, but in my Spirit you shall overcome".

I was overcome. As he spoke I stood trembling. Tears coursed down my face. I had the awesome feeling that this was God's message to me--alone. That out of all these 6,000 people that He was speaking to me, the skeptic.

Wesat down and I felt that anything else that followed would be anticlimatic. I was embarrassed over my emotional condition but no one else seemed to notice. The experience of having had a "word from God" was so strong that I could hardly contain it. I wanted to stand up and shout, "He spoke to me". But I didn't dare do that. My ancestors would turn over in their graves. Although I had a suspicion that if I did everyone in that room would have shouted "Praise God" or something like that.

They introduced the preacher. He was a Southern Baptist from Houston, Texas, a graduate of Baylor and Southwestern Seminary. It was, without doubt, the greatest sermon I have ever heard--yet all he did was give his testimony. But I identified with everything he said. He told of how he had longed for additional power in his ministry. How he felt that God had intended him for greater things than a denominational box. How he recognized the superficiality and powerlessness of all their church activities. He told of seeking this power, of knowing that the Pentecostals had something yet of being afraid to receive it. He told of how he shied away from them because of some of their obviously false doctrine and because of the few fakers in their midst that blighted out the truth. Then he told of receiving this "Baptism" in the Holy Spirit. Suddenly he was preaching and ministering and witnessing with a new power. He told of going to India and preaching and how in one service he cried out for all the deaf people to hear, and they did. How in another service he put his hand on blind people and demanded in the name of Christ that they see--and they did. It was fantastic. I had heard these claims from those that I had always classified as fanatics, but never from a bonafide minister.

He gave the invitation and about 15 adults came forward. I was impressed because my seminary professors who had preached against this movement told me that the Holy Spirit's one purpose was to glorify Christ--and that these "baptized in the Spirit" people were trying to discount Christ and glorify the Holy Spirit. Small point, perhaps, but this was all definitely Christ centered. And I remembered that Paul said, "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord, but by the Holy Ghost". (I Cor 12:3).

Then he called all those who wanted the "baptism in the Spirit" to come forward. Hundreds did. I found out later that there was a Southern Baptist pastor in the group. I was trapped down front. I wanted out but couldn't get out. I stood and tried to be objective. I kept reminding myself that I was there as a writer and maybe I could make notes or soething. That seemed ridiculous. So for a lack of anything better to



do I sat down. I realized I ought to at least be praying. The mob of people were pressed all around me, many of them with their hands in the air. Many crying and calling out to God for power. I put my head on the chair in front of me and tried to pray. Nothing. I was blank. Cold. Suddenly I felt someone sit down beside me and bump me. I glanced up and it was David Stiles, this Anglican Priest. He put his hand on my shoulder. I began to weep. I could sense that he was praying for me. His lips were moving but no sound. I was racked with sobs. I was holding on to the chair in front of me saying, "no, no, no, no". I wanted to turn loose but was afraid to. I was still bound to this earth and all my conservative inhibitions. Suddenly I felt an arm go around my shoulders from the other side and heard a man praying. I didn't recognize his voice but he was calling me by name, praying that God would fill me with His Spirit. I have never gone through such an intense emotional turmoil. I was crying so hard I was shaking...and out in public...but I had no choice....I was a man possessed with a strange new power.

David moved around in front of me and picked up my head and said, "Now tell me, Jamie. You have your degree in psychology. Do you still tell me that all this is a bunch of cheap, hypocritical emotionalism on a superficial basis. Is all this fraud and fakery?" All I could say was that something was happening in my heart--on the left side of my chest..and I felt I was being washed completely clean and being picked up by an unseen hand.

He put his hand on my head and prayed again. Suddenly I realized he was praying in an unknown tongue--very softly and quietly. I remembered what the Scripture says in Romans 8:26 about praying in the Spirit with groanings that cannot be uttered. It only lasted a minute and it was over. I looked up to see who the man was beside me. It was Commander Bob Wright, in his full dress naval uniform, with a chest full of ribbons. How he had spotted me in all that mob of people I will never know. But these were the only two men in Washington that I respected enough to have reached me--and both of them were beside me at this minute.

I staggered to my feet and out the door. I went to my room like I was walking on air. Many times before, in private, I have shed tears over repentance from sin, but never had I had an experience like this.

I ran into Nicky and he threw his arms around me and told me that he had been praying for me. I found out later that the preacher for that night had just appeared in town that afternoon. He had cancelled out an engagement in California because he felt "compelled by the Spirit" to come to Washington. And when Al Malachuk learned that I was leaving town the next morning, he put Johnny Osteen on to preach that night. It was almost more than I could stand.

The next morning I left the hotel early to catch my plane at National Airport. Going through the almost vacant lobby I heard the bellboys, over to one side, making fun of the people who were there that week. They were laughing and kidding and shouting, "Praise the Lord, Brother Bell Boy, let me carry your Big Bible for you". Before I would have cringed at this. This morning I simply smiled to myself and said, "If they only knew what I know". The fears and inhibitions were gone.

Coming home on the plane I witnessed to a girl sitting beside me. Before I would have talked about the Lord had somebody brought it up. But this morning I brought it up. I felt as if I were riding on a cloud. I've never been as anxious to get back home and go to work. I caught myself praying for various people that I seldom prayed for. I had a feeling that this HAD to happen to me so I could complete the book--which deals with a similar experience in this boy's life.



Yesterday (Saturday) I began to get apprehensive about how much of this to share with you--my church. I felt you would understand and felt that many of you had actually been praying for me to receive an experience like this. But still, I was a bit uneasy. All day I was seeking someone to share the experience with personally. I did, twice, and guess I would have talked all night had I had the chance. But I needed a sign--some sign--that God was at work in my life and not some evil spirit that would seek to disrupt the Christian koinonia.

Last night I had the strongest impulse to call my parents in Vero Beach and ask my dad to set up an appointment with Billy Graham who was supposed to be in Vero for another month recovering from his illness. I had felt while in Washington that I would ask him to write the Foreword for the book. I knew it would take at least one interview, maybe more, before he would consent. I had intended to wait until the first of the week but felt compelled to call last night.

My Dad and Mother both wanted to know all the details. I felt it was unnecessary to share it with them but they demanded to know all the details and so I told them exactly what I would have told Graham. They said they would phone him (they are close personal friends) and see if he would talk to me this afternoon when I drove down.

Later last night they called back. My dad said that Graham had had a change of plans and was leaving early this morning (Sunday) to return to North Carolina. They had caught him just before he went to bed and it was the only possible time that any outsider could have talked to him before he left. He listened as they explained what I wanted and then enthusiastically said that he felt this was of God and that he would be delighted to write the Foreword and would have it ready before he left for Australia the first of May.

This was all the sign I needed that God was at work.

Now you may call this whole experience a neurotic episode or an acute emotional trauma. I don't know. I will simply have to wait and see. I have not "spoken in tongues" and have no desire to do so. However, I suddenly see the validity if others are so led by the Spirit of God. I do know that for the last two days there has been a radiance in my life that I have never had before--a joy--an inner confidence that I want to share this with others and have no hesitation to talk about Christ. Maybe I have been "baptized in the Spirit". I don't know. I only know that something wonderful has happened to me, and I have a deep feeling that from now on things are going to be marvelously different.

Jamie Buckingham  
Eau Gallie, Florida  
February 25, 1968

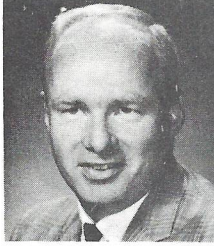


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march 1, 1968

### A NEW PERSPECTIVE

There is no logical, reasonable explanation for what took place at the invitation Sunday morning.



I had been apprehensive about my Washington experiences with you. But the "baptism in the Spirit" was too real for me to keep silent about. I think that I preached with a greater freedom and authority than I have ever preached before.

And the church's reaction at the altar call was all the sign I needed that God approved.

I knew I was risking being called a "kook." I knew that most of my fellow ministers are looking on this "Spirit-filled movement" as "Heresy." (I, too, had called it that before I personally investigated and found that the Holy Spirit is sweeping this nation despite what some of us preachers have done to hold Him back.) It is significant that the movement is a lay-movement triggered by a group known as the Full Gospel Business Men.

I know all the arguments against Spirit-filled movement — most of them given by the uninformed or by sour grapes ministers who envy the freedom and power but are too bound in tradition to receive it themselves. I have read and studied all the arguments against "glossolalia." I agree with many of them. But what I experienced in Washington was not disorder, confusion, or babblings in wild tongues. It was freedom. It was joy. It was the Power of God and it cannot be discounted.

My spiritual eyes have been opened to some of the great passages of the Bible that I had heretofore glossed over as either "unbelievable" or "irrelevant to our modern age." I am witnessing with a new power that I never had before. And last week in our nation's capitol I saw evidences of even greater things.

I spoke on program at the U.S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. I witnessed in amazement midshipmen and officers alike who were giving unashamed testimony of the grace of God and

worshiping with a freedom I have never experienced before.

### "THE TABERNACLE TRUMPET"

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I heard two Roman Catholic priests testify at the layman's meeting. One told how the Spirit of God is sweeping thru the campus at Notre Dame. The other told how he had personally received the "baptism in the Spirit" and later his Arch-bishop had asked him to begin a prayer meeting and Bible study in the Cathedral in Brooklyn. And when he gave an altar call, the Arch-bishop was the first to come forward and kneel and ask for this new power from God.

I fellowshipped with Methodist, Presbyterian, and Episcopal laymen who said they were drying up in their churches, but had found a new experience in joint fellowships and received a new power in the Spirit. I met with them — 6000 of them — in the giant assembly hall at the Shoreham Hotel and saw them with hands raised high singing praises to Almighty God.

I heard a Southern Baptist pastor from Houston, a graduate of Southern Seminary, testify what the Holy Spirit had done through him. He told of being used to actually cause blind people to see and crippled people to walk.

I found a brother in Christ in an Anglican Priest who unfolded the Scriptures to me and put his hands on me and prayed that I might receive this new (for me) power from God.

I thought of our church. God has blessed us with the framework of a genuine New Testament church. We emphasize a lay ministry. We're promoting ministry rather than building programs. Yet we've lacked one thing. The power. The "baptism" of God's Spirit.

We have been like a giant factory with wheels and levers and machinery. But we've had no power — no fire in the boiler. But not any longer!!

I challenge each of you to seek and receive what God wants to give you through His Holy Spirit.

*(a Transcript of the pastor's testimony last Sunday has been mimeographed and is available for the asking.)*



TO: THE PASTOR, ....

march 8, 1968

-2-

The Tremendous upsurge of interest and enthusiasm has been evidence of the Spirit's working in our midst. There is, indeed, a new power present in our church. I hope and pray that all of us will "resist the wiles of Satan" so that God's Spirit can fill us and use us to the fullest extent. I'm hoping that EVERY MEMBER will be present this coming Sunday as we seek an additional infilling of the power of God.

I shall be preaching from Acts 9 on the conversion and baptism in the Spirit of Saul. I hope that each of you will read through this passage before you come to services Sunday a.m.

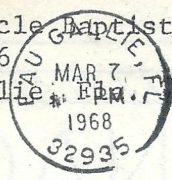
We mimeographed 100 copies of the message of Feb. 25. They are all gone and we are having to prepare some more. I'm flabbergasted over the fact that people are hungry to hear of God's present day power. But I'm grateful also. I received a call from Virginia Wed. night from a man saying that the message had been widely circulated in the Washington area and had been read in toto at their prayer meeting that night and portions had been read at the Congressional prayer breakfast Monday morning. He wanted permission to duplicate it for mass distribution. My only answer has been that this is just a simple, honest testimony and it was of none of my doing. So if God can be glorified, AMEN!

We're in the market for a used off-set printing machine. If anyone has a connection please let us know.

Sunday school superintendent, Pete Gibson, has appointed Inez Thompson to serve as V.B.S. Principal. She will be contacting many of you for help in the coming weeks. The dates have not been set--so if you have suggestions, fire away. An associational clinic has been set on April 2 at 9:00 a.m. at 1st Baptist Merritt Island.

I've always wondered what went through people's minds while I was preaching. The illustration in the next column was copied from a "doodle" that appeared on a Sunday bulletin picked up after the services. I've been trying to convince myself that it represents an usher. However, personal integrity demands that I open my mind to other possibilities as well. It may be that the chill in the air suggested that even the abominable snowman would feel welcome in our services. However, with the new Spirit present I have a feeling that things are beginning to warm up. A young preacher once asked Moody how to get folks to hear him preach. Moody replied: "Catch on fire. They'll come to see you burn."

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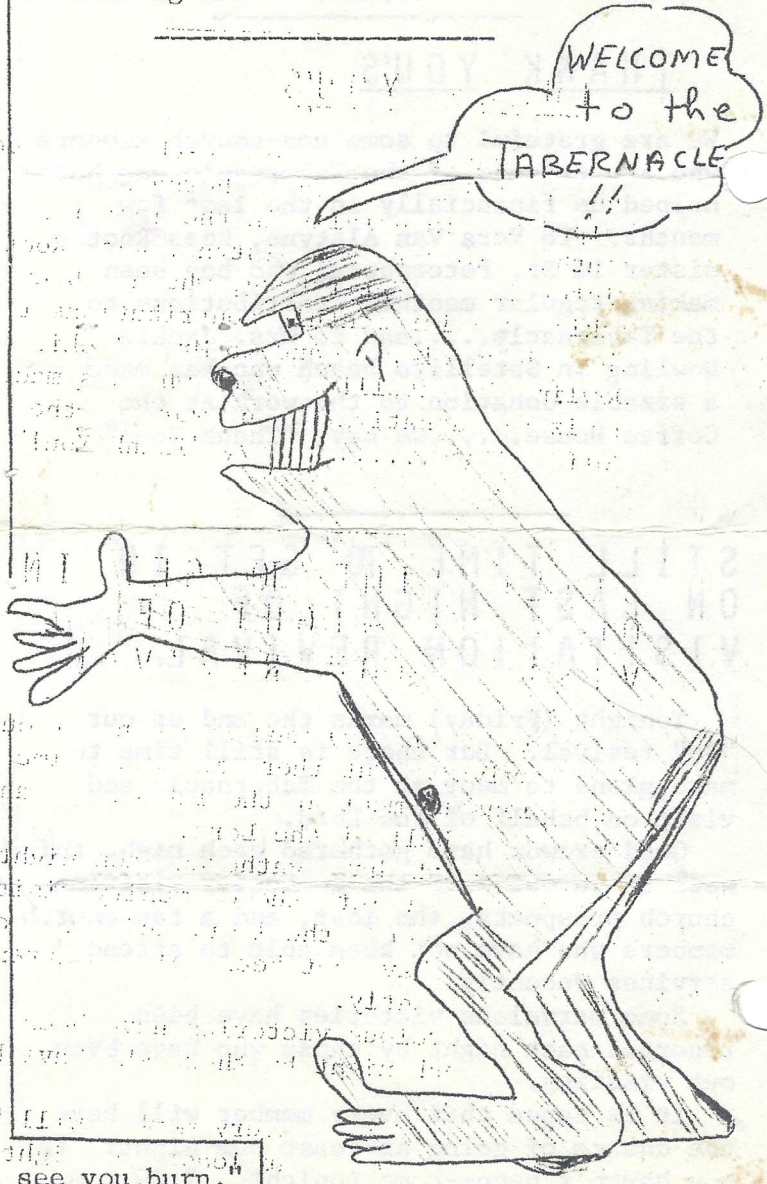


TO:

MR. & MRS. W. B. THOMPSON  
1104 AURORA ROAD  
EAU GALLIE, FLA. 32935

### FOREIGN MISSIONARY TO SPEAK MARCH 17.

Miss Antonina Canzoneri, SBC missionary to Nigeria, will be visiting with the Roses on the weekend of March 17 and will share her testimony with the church at the evening service. Antonia is a missionary nurse and her father was a classmate with Dr. Hodge at Mississippi College. She is a very sensitive and spiritual speaker and will be a blessing to our church.





FEBRUARY FINANCIAL REPORT

FROM THE PASTOR.....      *march 15, 1968*

Money on Hand Jan. 31      \$1,358.54

Money received February

Undesignated: \$1861.17

Designated:

Youth Sings books--\$5.00

Home Mission Mag-- 25.00

Library Fines      1.90

Total Received February \$1,893.07

Total disbursements:      \$1,834.20

Balance on hand Feb. 29 \$1,417.41  
(checking act.)

\* \$186.12 was sent to the Cooperative Program during February (10% of all undesignated receipts).

\*\* Balance in Building Fund as of March 14 is \$3,746.33.

\*\*\* The treasurer reports that we have experienced two of our best Sundays from a financial (and spiritual) perspective. Receipts for March 3 were \$646 and for March 10 \$584. Praise God!

-----  
*The marriage counselor began to ask a woman some questions concerning her disposition: "Did you wake up grumpy this morning?" "No", she replied, "I let him sleep."*

CONTROVERSIAL SCRIPTURE PASSAGES TO BE TRAINING UNION SUBJECT FOR NEXT QUARTER

The Pastor will be leading a session each Sunday night, beginning April 14, in the explanation of controversial Scripture passages.

The class will take the place of the regular adult and young people's Training Union at 7:00 p.m.

If church members are concerned about particular difficult passages they may request the pastor to include them in his study.

The Bible is the basis of all our work and belief. Many of our older denominations and larger churches are shying away from the Bible as the Word of God. In their pseudo-sophistication they are substituting the thoughts of men for the thoughts of God. It all sounds good on the surface--but it is the cause of the great powerlessness that we see in so many of these 20th century shrines and temples.

I was impressed in reading the biography of Billy Graham this last week concerning two definite turning points in his life. One came in his early ministry when he heard Stephen Olford preach on the subject--"Be not drunk with wine--but be filled with the Spirit". Graham walked up to Olford after the meeting and said, "I must know more on this subject." He later said that he felt that Olford had something in his life that he wanted to capture--a dynamic--a thrill--an exhilaration about him.

For two full days Graham and Olford locked themselves in a hotel room with their Bible's open turning the pages as they studied. Olford expounded the "fullness of the Holy Spirit in the life of a believer who is willing to bow daily and hourly to the sovereignty of Christ and the authority of the Word.

At the end of the 2nd day they lay prostrate on the floor and prayed crying out to God to fill them with his Spirit. Graham says: "This was a turning point in my life that revolutionized my ministry."

The other turning point came when his old friend and fellow evangelist, Chuck Templeton, began to chide Graham for preaching a literal Bible. Graham said he wandered through a forest one night crying out to God for an answer. Finally, he said, "I got to a stump and put the Bible on the stump and knelt down in the moonlight and said, 'Oh, God; I cannot prove certain things. I cannot answer some of the questions Chuck is raising and some of the other people are raising, but I accept this Book by faith as the Word of God.'"

Chuck Templeton later left the ministry entirely. You know what happened to Billy Graham.



In a small village in Southern France an old doctor was about to retire. He had been on call day and night for 40 years. The poor people had not been able to pay him much, but that mattered little, he practiced medicine because he loved to help.

On the day of his retirement the people decided that this was the time to make a specific and tangible expression of their gratitude and affection. So on a given day each citizen was to bring a pitcher of wine from his own supply and pour it in a large container which in turn would be presented to the doctor with their love.

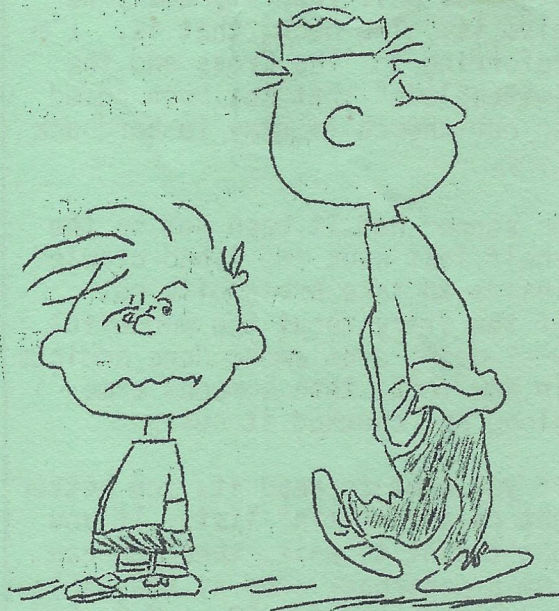
The day arrived and all day long the people lined up and poured their offering into the urn on the city square. That evening, the urn was taken to the doctor's humble home and with appropriate speeches, presented to him as a love offering from the town he had served.

That night as he sat alone in front of his fire, he went to the container and drew off the first bit of wine. Settling himself in his chair he took a sip. To his surprise, it tasted not like wine--but water. Going back he drew off some more, thinking his taste buds were tricking him. But no, the vessel was filled with water.

The doctor called the mayor. The mayor called the assemblymen and there were hurried consultations. Then the truth was revealed.

First it came from the mayor himself...then the embarrassed assemblymen and finally from the people. Everyone in town had reasoned, "My little wine won't be missed. I have so little for myself. The little water I pour in won't be noticed at all." And what had started out to be a service of gratitude--turned into a demonstration of selfishness and greed.

*Remember that this coming Sunday when you are thinking that you won't be missed in Sunday school.. or the worship service. Remember that when you fail to give your tithe as the Lord asks of His faithful. Remember...HE WILL MISS IT!*



"How could a loving God ever have made big brothers?"



A NEW PERSPECTIVE,..... *march 1968*

Five years ago Father David H. K. Stiles was rector of a quiet Anglican (Episcopalian) parish in Toronto, Canada. Before studying for the priesthood he served in the engineering department of a Canadian aircraft manufacturing firm. But in 1963 he and his wife, Beverly, received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit and suddenly his parish came alive. For three years they witnessed many conversions, healings, and miracles.

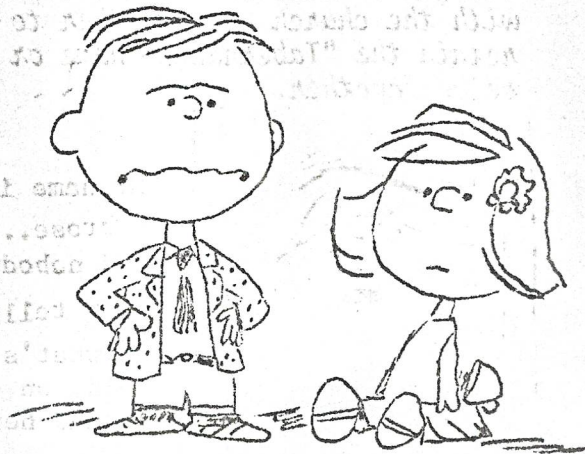
In 1966 Father Stiles resigned his parish and purchased a 100 ton yacht, "The Agape" and sailed for Florida on a marine mission. The ship is currently moored in Bradenton where he and Beverly and their 3 children live aboard.

As might be expected, David Stiles is something of an enigma among Episcopalians. His staunch refusal to take orders from any Bishop, stating that he answers only to the Holy Spirit, has caused something of a popularity decline among the clergy. However he still holds the rank of priest although most of his preaching is outside the institutional church.

"The Agape" sails on missionary voyages in the Gulf and the Caribbean with Christian lay people aboard as crew-missionaries.

I have invited Father Stiles to spend the weekend with us on APRIL 28. He will be preaching that Sunday morning on his unique experiences with the Holy Spirit. During the Training Union hour he will meet with the adults and Y.P. to answer questions concerning the Baptism in the Spirit. Then Sunday night I have asked him to tell us something of the miracle of the Agape Mission.

David Stiles is a true evangelical who loves the Lord Jesus Christ and is filled with the Holy Spirit. His message will stir our hearts and reveal to us many of the hidden secrets of God's wonderful Spirit. There is a distinct possibility the Holy Spirit may be leading him to unite his ministry with ours here in our church. I urge you to be praying as the time approaches for his visit.



"The more mature I get, the more childish the rest of the world is."



April 5  
1968

IN MY FIRST PASTORATE I remember trying to convince the budget committee that we needed to have "printed" bulletins for Sunday rather than the old mimeographed ones. Yes, it was going to cost about 5 times more, but I argued, "they look more dignified."

There was a certain thorn in the flesh on the committee named Paul Carter. He went along with the idea but made a crack, "That's a mighty high price to pay for dignity." I overlooked his dissatisfaction because back then I was always right and anyone who disagreed with me was always wrong.

But when you look at money from the "poor man's viewpoint" you suddenly see that the Lord's money can go for a lot more important things than "printed" bulletins. (and cushioned pews, tall steeples, stained glass windows for that matter).

The people I have talked to who have found Christ have, for the most part, found Him either in spite of or separate from the fancy things that we put in churches. He's usually found in poor and humble surroundings. Frankly, it's hard to find Him elsewhere. Maybe that's because when He was here He was poor and humble and had very little to do with steepled sanctuaries and "printed" bulletins.

So, the new look of the "Trumpet" is simply in line with our church

policy of priorities. And if the time ever comes when we have no more pressing needs than "printed" bulletins--then we'll switch back. Until then, all we have to do is "lift up our eyes" to see the need.

SUNDAY WILL BE A MARVELOUS DAY.

Just one year ago this group joined hands and hearts to plow up the fallow ground and build a New Testament Church. It's been a difficult but glorious year.

When I was pastor of a 1600 member 'county seat' church I thought I had reached the "top" as far as "arriving" was concerned. But I have had more fun--and felt closer to God--and learned to love deeper--and felt I was being useful as a minister--than in all those years when I was serving as the curator of a Temple.

I thank my God for the love that we have experienced together... for every remembrance of you. We have grown in ways we never knew we could grow--spiritually. And we have done things other churches and pastors only get to dream about. The way has been difficult and many times I was fearful that we would just "fold up". But isn't it marvelous to be out here on the cutting edge of God's frontier. We're blazing a trail, brethren, have courage.

Sunday we'll partake of the Lord's Supper and repeat our covenant vows together as we begin a new year. It will be a marvelous day as we worship and then fellowship in the same place that we had our first meeting. See you!



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## A NEW PERSPECTIVE . . .



THE LATE ENGLISH PLAY-WRITE, GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, made one of his characters say, "The more I think about it, the more I am convinced that other planets are using earth as a lunatic asylum."

Pick up a copy of any newspaper and it reads like the one that might be published at the state asylum.

On the editorial page you read copy of the current "war on poverty" and of the Presidential candidates promises to give everyone a full belly even if they have an empty head.

In the feature pages you read copy of local teenagers who for some reason think that the smart thing to do is split their genes and smash their chromosomes by taking LSD -- knowing full well that any children they might produce from now on could be mutations.

A CHINAMAN ONCE REMARKED he could write the biography of the average American in three chapters. HURRY. WORRY. And BURY. We have mounted our gadgets and are riding off madly in every direction at the same time.

We are like the old Negro Mammy who was left with the responsibility of caring for the children at the fair.

April 19, 1968

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Standing beside the tooting, screaming merry-go-round, she said, "You have spent all your money. You got off where you got on, and you got on where you got off, and I ask you all one question--where you been?"

Many of us identify with this circular movement of life. To so many life is nothing more than one big crazy, vicious circle--starting at no beginning and going nowhere.

There is a Spirit breathing through this crazy world of ours which would breathe into us the fresh breath of life, power, joy and peace. God's Spirit is alive! He is touching the hearts of men and women all over this nation in an extraordinary way. You do not "conjure Him up" like an ancient geni...nor do you work yourself into a state of righteousness and holiness in order to be able to be "worthy" of Him. You simply receive Him.

I challenge you to come this Sunday and hear this Spirit-filled Priest break to us the Bread of Life. You will be richer for the experience.





May 3, 1968

20TH CENTURY PENTECOST !!

Several weeks ago I was in Dallas interviewing Dr. Criswell. We got on the subject of what the Holy Spirit had done in my life and what was happening in

our church. His eyes glowed with excitement as he got up and marched around the room saying, "Write a book, my friend. The world is hungry to hear what the Holy Spirit can do in the 20th century."

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Just as in Acts, the 2nd chapter of that book was written last Sunday. I make no apology that the morning service lasted until 1:00 p.m....nor the fact that by Sunday evening some of you had trouble finding a place to sit. By Sunday night the word had gotten around as to what had happened Sunday morning and we had the biggest crowd in history....and no one wanted to go home.

I had no idea what was going to happen Sunday morning  
Father Stiles and I gave the invitation. I did not know that more than half the people were going to come forward and kneel on that hard tile and receive the Holy Spirit. But I do know that God was in that service.

I also know that something wonderful has happened. I have talked with many who have testified of great changes in their lives since the laying on of hands. Freedom.... joy....peace....love....understanding....patience....in some cases miracles and in others obvious healings.

I also know it was Scriptural and wholesome. Different? Yes. But thank God at last we're learning that God does not always work by the clock, calendar, and 6 point record system.

Let's study God's word (and we'll be doing this on Wed. nites in particular to find out what has happened to us) and let's expect anything. I'm ready to write Chapter 3.





may 17, 1968

The invitation to go to work with David Wilkerson in New York was exciting and challenging. As you know it included not only the opportunity to do his writing and scripts, but to travel to

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the college campuses of America to enlist young people in the ghetto ministry.

Like most men I am stimulated by the possibility of financial security and the chance to take the "big step". However, my decision to remain here was based on the fact that this is where God wants me right now--and the fact that you are responding to this local ministry and can be counted on to continue to do so.

*One of the deciding factors in my decision was a Scripture my mother sent. "Do not despise this small beginning, for the eyes of the Lord rejoice to see the work begin, to see the plumbline in the hand of Zerubbabel." Zech 4:10). God is at work in the "small things" in our church, and the plumbline is in the hand of the builder.*

I had also "laid out a fleece" waiting to see how much criticism we were in for since many of our people had received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit. Would you believe that even the Baptist pastors in our last Associational meeting were praising God over what is taking place and testifying that similar things were taking place in their own lives and churches? God is doing a wonderful thing here, and if you don't get in the main stream I'm afraid you're going to get left behind completely.

*We need your loyalty--your attendance--your prayers--and your tithes. Don't find yourself left on the sideline as the Wind of God's Spirit moves the rest ahead to the deeper things of life and reality. Set your sails--and stand ready to be blown ahead. Don't get left behind simply because your pride is showing.*



**THE BAPTIST  
TABERNACLE**

JAMES W. BUCKINGHAM  
PASTOR

23 May 1968

Personal

Dear Friends:

We're experiencing some marvelous victories of answered prayer. Last week we had an "impossible" situation in one of our church families. We prayed - and the next Wednesday night the husband was in prayer meeting and made a public statement of his alcoholic condition and asked the church to pray for him.

The next day we were praying for another alcoholic family. Sunday night they presented themselves to the church for rededication and church membership.

That same weekend we began praying for a home situation that had exploded beyond the seeming reach of help. Tuesday the Holy Spirit used one of our members to inject herself into the middle of this tense family situation to bring a reconciliation. The final result was the young husband made a confession of faith and accepted Christ as his personal Savior.

Yet Satan is still busy - many are confused, not knowing what to believe - some doubt - some are discouraged. I want to encourage you to "get busy" for God. Satan cannot enter the "prayer-filled"



life. Think positively!! Praise God anyway!! These young Christians are coming to prayer meeting and Training union. What is those of you who are supposed to be mature Christians don't set the example?

Let me list several important upcoming events —

- (1) Sunday morning — Adult & Y.P. Sunday School at the Coffee House — 9:30 A.M.
- (2) Sunday morning <sup>(June 2)</sup> — during the worship service we'll vote on the new name for the church. Be there to vote!!
- (3) Sunday night — Baptismal Service at Wickham Park, North Lake, 7:00 p.m. Nursery open at the Tabernacle. Please be present to support those who have taken Christ and are following Him in believer's baptism.
- (4) Saturday night — A group from Central Baptist will be in charge of the program at "The Sign of the Fish". Why not drop by & support our youth with your presence.
- (5) June 1 - Saturday — big family outing. For Adults and young people. Meet at Tabernacle at 2:00 p.m. — car pool to Vero Beach to tour the Baptist Retirement Center — picnic at the beach & return by dark.

One final point: A man once approached his pastor with a terrible financial problem. He was about to go under financially. His pastor advised him to tithe. "Tithe," the man screamed, "I'm broke now!" But his pastor said it was a matter of Faith. Believing God was not lying when He said He'd bless those who tithed. Think it over —

I'll be looking for you Sunday — it will be a great day!!

Your pastor,  
Jemie Brubingham