

## A NEW PERSPECTIVE.



WHAT'S IN A NAME? The bard said a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. True. And regardless what we "name" our church, we will remain

pilgrims of the Way.

I hope we never settle down and build a "temple". Every time God's people have put down roots and built temples they have also developed attitudes that said God must be worshipped in their little box. It happened to Solomon...in Jesus' time...in Luther's time...and tragically we see it happening again in so many of our denominational churches.

What's in a name? A little and a lot. I remember hearing of a South Texas oil town church. They felt they had an unfair advantage in competing with the bigger "First" Church. So they voted to change their name to "The Friendly Church". Thus when visitors inquired about the church people were forced to ask, "Which Church? The First Church or the Friendly Church." Clever, them Texans.

Several years ago one of

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May 31, 1968

the big newspapers in St. Louis changed its name to "The Truth". When asking for a paper at the newstand the proprietor would have to ask, "Which paper? The Dispatch or the Truth?" Missourians got some smarts too.

We are people of the Covenant--living under the promise of God. Our church is a Community Church, serving not just Ferndale Ave but the entire area. We believe in the Trinity--the love of God the Father, the Person of Christ the Son, and the Baptism and filling of the Holy Spirit. And, we are pilgrims of the Tabernacle.

So, let's pray, then vote. I, too, am thankful to belong to a church that is at least willing to change. But remember, the church, by any other name will still be the church...a fellowship of people who are owned by Jesus Christ.

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I THANK GOD for

your patience during these last few months as I have completed this major book. When you read this I will have returned from my publisher in New York the final time. Yes,

there will be a sequel--but that will come later. But this book is the product of this church. I thank God for a group of people who recognize the evangelistic possibilities in the printed word and who have been willing to share your pastor in this matter. Untold thousands have come to Christ reading "The Cross and the Switchblade." There is every evidence that Run Baby Run will reach many times more, especially in the riot torn inner-cities with their heavy teenage populations.

My special thanks to Patsy Higgins who did all the major critical work, the editing, some of the re-writing and most of the typing....to Agnes Gibson who helped type and loaned her house while she and Pete were on vacation so I could have some seclusion... To Woody and Inez Thompson who did the same thing with their house....to Marge Thomas who typed the final chapter when I was in such a time pinch....to each of you who took on extra duties so I could finish this project....

James W. Buckingham  
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Jan 14, 1968

and to my family who'll be happy to have me rejoin them.

Well, not quite...Jackie and the children will be spending a few weeks in the Carolinas and Virginia on vacation. Bruce will be attending Camp Ridgecrest and I will be here. But the whole gang should be back in time for us to move into our new house in Lakeview Shores at 1149 Sparkman in mid-July.

THIS WEEK we say goodbye to Travis and Minnie Ruth Carr as they return to Texas. They will be hard to replace as they have been active in all phases of the Lord's work. They are loyal, Spirit-filled Christians and we rejoice they will be able to carry the message into some other field.

Gene and Dell Hegi and the children leave for California this week for two months of glorious TDY. But, thank God, they'll be back. We need your support to fill these empty places.

God is blessing with additions each week. Are you witnessing?

## A NEW PERSPECTIVE...



PORTER ROUTH tells the story of George Mason. It happened in Cliff Temple, Dallas, when the Pastor called on Mr. Mason to lead in public prayer.

On that particular Wednesday night Mr. Mason prayed for a man who had been in the hospital a long time. The man was going home the next day and faced desperate financial problems. Mr. Mason prayed that the Lord would put it on the heart of some member to take some groceries to the house. He went on to mention several other objects, and then he suddenly interrupted himself by praying:

"Now, Lord! about those groceries I mentioned earlier. Don't worry about that. I'm taking care of them myself."

That's the way most prayers ought to be answered. To pray that someone will be won to the Lord--and then to pray that God will send someone else to do the job, is almost hypocrisy.

The same is true with our stewardship. I have noticed in recent weeks that

June 28, 1968

those who have been praying God will provide the funds for our building needs... have been doing most of the giving. We have some doubters in our midst. They say it is foolish to pray for \$50,000 when we're just barely making ends meet on a week by week basis. However, close examination of these doubters finds that not only are they not tithing on a week by week basis-- that their real reason for not praying is they are fearful the Lord might touch their hearts and make them a part of the answer.

When things looked bleak for the Jews in Persia Mordecai went to his cousin, Esther, and said: "God is going to deliver us regardless of what you do. But wouldn't it be wonderful if you were part of His deliverance. And who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Each of you have come to the kingdom for such a time as this. I pray you will be willing to be part of God's wonderful answer.

## A NEW PERSPECTIVE.

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Now that the major league all-star game is over, I'm ready to start looking at football again. This was my sport in high school. And although I won my honors as a dirty lineman, my speciality was kicking. I was gratified last week to see that I could still split the uprites with a place kick.

Talking about kicking, I remember hearing Hayden Fry, coach at SMU say at an alumni luncheon, "I'm the oratorical equivalent of a blocked punt." It sounded like some sermons I've preached.

You see it happen in football. The kicker steps back. The ball is snapped. A 50 yard punt starts downfield--but someone gets a hand on it going up. And instead of an achievement you have a disaster.

I've seen some lives like this. They start off great. But somehow their enthusiasm gets blocked and they wind up on their bottom with a ball in their face.

But this is where being a Christian pays off. For when you have done your best, then it's not whether you win or lose, but how you play the game.

July 12, 1968

Poor consolation, you say, when you wind up a miserable failure. But you know, I've never seen a Christian fail. I've seen some bloodied in the scuffle, but never seen one fail. The only real tragedy is when you see one give up. It's no disgrace to have your punt blocked--but it is a disgrace to turn and run.

So stick with it brother!

### WEDDING BELLS

*Congratulations to Peggy Plyler and Marvin Smith who were married at the Tabernacle last Saturday night.*

*Congratulations also to Eileen Tucci and Duane Webb who will be married Friday, July 12, at 7 p.m. at the Tabernacle.*

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"GOOD NEWS" is the finest Christian folk musical that has been produced. It has met with marvelous success from the beaches at Daytona and Ft. Lauderdale to

the choir lofts in the largest churches in the convention.

Sunday night you will be privileged to hear it in one of the most unique settings imaginable for an evening worship service. It will be presented by the Field St. Singers in "Our Place" local rock 'n roll dance hall.

The Field St. Singers will be performing Friday and Saturday night at our own coffee house, "The Sign of the Fish" and will take part in the Sunday morning worship service. But the climax of the weekend will be the services at the dance hall. It is our hope that many Brevard teenagers will be willing to turn out for this presentation in their own "stamping ground". But we need YOUR support for all services. Be there.

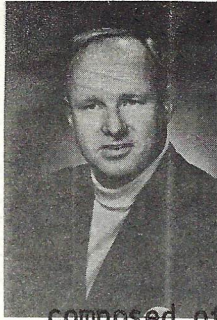
July 26, 1968

THE GOOD PEOPLE AT THE 1st BAPTIST CHURCH OF Indian Harbor Beach are helping us out in this venture. Under the dedicated leadership of the Pastor, Bob Johnson, they have already started a witnessing campaign each Saturday night at "Our Place." Now they have agreed to help house some of the Texas youths and will share in the services. Great things are happening at the Indian Harbor Church as many of the members have received the Baptism in the Holy Spirit. We appreciate their spirit of helpfulness in this current venture.

BILL TAYLOR and his singers from Texas should be welcomed with open arms. They are not a "professional" group. Just a group of kids who love the Lord. Let's give them a warm, Christian welcome and show our appreciation in fellowship and participation in the services

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Perry Tanksley tells the following story.

"I once ministered to a one room church in a national park. My congregation was

composed of vacationers and campers.

"Because there was no regular pianist, I always asked for a volunteer musician. On one occasion, however, no one volunteered.

Finally a teenage girl said, 'My dad can play the piano.' After hesitating a moment, a tall, distinguished gentleman walked down the uncarpeted aisle between the rows of homemade pews. As he began to accompany the hymns, it became apparent that he was playing the piano with only one finger. But he never missed a note and his timing was perfect.

"At the conclusion of the service we learned he was a noted surgeon from a distant city. His action made an impact on us all. What a challenge he must have been to his children who saw the hands of their dad, so skilled at surgery, playing for a worship hour with only one finger."

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Aug 9, 1968

I think of this story ever so often when I hear people say, "Somebody can do it better than I."

This past week we've seen examples of some of our adults who have been willing to dedicate their "one talents" to the Lord. It has been inspiring to see them at work in Bible school. It has been almost unbearably hot. We've had to put kids in cars and haul them all over town. Our building facilities are certainly less than adequate. Yet at this writing--I HAVE NOT HEARD A SINGLE WORD OF COMPLAINT. We've even had parents who are not members of the church coming and volunteering their services.

There are those who are a bit concerned because our church has not "grown" to be a great big church. This past week, however, I have been re-convinced that our emphasis has been correct. WE HAVE GROWN. Yes, this is the BIGGEST church I've ever belonged to. For this is the measure of real bigness.

## A NEW PERSPECTIVE...

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Eau Gallie, Florida 32935



weak "Hello".

The ringing phone rudely interrupted my sleep. I fumbled for the receiver and finally cleared my throat enough to stammer a

I recognized the voice of one of our teenage girls. She was bubbling over with excitement. "Mr. B. We're still down here at the coffee House in a prayer meeting. This boy has come in off the street and we're trying to explain to him about Jesus. Could you come down and help us?"

I glanced at the bedside clock. One a.m. I was on the verge of saying, "Julie, could it wait until tomorrow?", but she continued on.

"You know that Robert and Bill and Margie all received the Holy Spirit last night don't you? I knew. Duane had scheduled Monday, Tuesday and Saturday night prayer meetings and after the Monday night meeting had excitedly called me to tell me about the transformation in the lives of these young people.

Julie continued. "Tonight

Aug. 23, 1968

I was baptized in the Spirit also." She almost shouted, "It's Wonderful!"

That did it. I was out of bed and drove to the Coffee House. We've been praying for months that our young people would "come alive." Brother, they have. God's Spirit has activated them.

When I arrived they were all sitting in the back room in a circle holding hands and praying. One boy had already accepted Christ and was joining in the prayers. One of our boys pulled the other aside and I listened as he shared his own testimony. I almost shouted myself, "Praise God!"

I talked to the seeker for another hour while our young people, along with Duane and Eileen, sat in the other room praying and singing. It was almost 3:00 a.m. when we left.

Now they don't want to wait until Saturday. They're going to meet Wednesday night too. Driving home in those early dawn hours I thought of God's command to David to wait before battle until he heard the sound of marching in the tops of the mulberry trees. Tuesday night, I, too, heard the sound.



SHERYL WOOD was 12 when she had her 1st seizure in a school class room. Her father, Charles, an accountant in Berea, Ohio, took her to the finest specialists in the state. Finally

an authority in the Cleveland Clinic diagnosed her condition with the dread word, "epilepsy" In fact, the child was the victim of the most serious type, known medically as grand mal.

The seizures grew worse, with as many as 4 in one day lasting 2 hours each. The motor reflexes in her brain had been permanently damaged, the doctor said, and she had lost all feeling on her right side.

Her father, a Baptist deacon and supt. of a Jr. department, was lost and frustrated for there was no room in his theology for 20th century healing miracles.

Finally, in the Spring of 1963, in complete desperation, he took his 13 year old girl to a "healing service" in Pittsburg, Pa.--conducted by a woman, Kathryn Kuhlman. During the service, while sitting in the audience in Carnegie Hall, Sheryl suddenly turned to her father and exclaimed, "Daddy, I'm healed."

Sept. 6, 1968

And it was so. Charles Wood wanted to continue the medicine without which Sheryl would have died. But the little girl persisted and from that day to this there has not been another seizure. All reflexes have been restored and Sheryl has won some of the states top athletic awards.

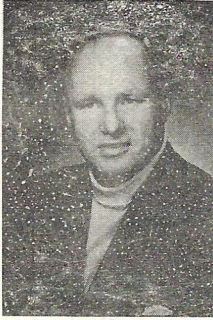
*I talked to Sheryl and her father this last week in Pittsburg. One of the most beautiful girls I ever seen, she's now a student at Houghton College in N.Y.*

Charles Wood is no longer in the Baptist church, however. He insisted on testifying concerning Sheryl's healing and as a result was "cold shouldered" out of the church. Now he drives 160 miles twice a week to services in Youngstown, Ohio, to a church where he can praise the Lord for His greatness. One of these trips is to attend choir practice. But once you've had an experience--noting can stop you from worshiping



**A NEW PERSPECTIVE. . .**

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**YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS,** but let me tell you about a church that had problems and yet was able to reach thousands for Christ.

It was located in the wrong place and most of the people in the city looked on the members with scorn and ridicule.

They didn't have a building in which to meet.

They were limited financially--most of the members were poor and the church was constantly on the verge of poverty.

The members of the church were not trained for the jobs they were having to do.

Their membership was small--only 120.

The treasurer had just run off with the money and sold out to the devil.

Their new leader had a way of putting his foot in his mouth and was constantly making people mad with him. Besides this, he could "cuss like a sailor".

*Sept. 27, 1968*

One of their leaders was a constant troublemaker, always having to be shown.

Two of the leaders (brothers no less) had no spiritual depth--only enthusiasm.

People in the city looked at the church in scorn and called them a bunch of radicals--fanatics--holy rollers.

There were divisions among the members and several members were forced to leave and move elsewhere.

The one thing the church did have was THE POWER OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

It was the First Church of Jerusalem. It's history is recorded in the Book of Acts.

Oh yes, with all these problems this church still baptized 3,000 after its first revival service.

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**A NEW PERSPECTIVE.**

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I JUST WASN'T PREPARED for the reaction I received last Wednesday night when I shared my personal plans with the church.

Several of you have known that we have been diligently seeking God's Will for our life. The writing ministry has seemingly opened all its doors to us. Yet I have this profound feeling that God would have me remain here and pastor this flock.

It now seems, as we ferret out His Plan for us, that it could in all probability include both. Thus, my requests concerning my salary last Wednesday night.

The reaction I didn't expect came in the form of spontaneous stewardship testimonies. We had not "planned" to have a stewardship emphasis this fall. But it seems that we're going to have one anyway...simply under the stimulation of the Holy Spirit.

One point I was trying to make at that particular meeting is that it's

*Oct. 25, 1968*  
no sacrifice to serve Jesus. To live a life of faith is the most adventurous, romantic, and fun-filled life imaginable.

Others seemed to agree, for the meeting lasted on and on with first one and then the other sharing the joy and peace that comes in giving--and especially in tithing.

I don't preach much on the legalistic concept of the tithe (although I feel it is definitely taught in the Bible as a MUST for spiritual prosperity). However, I have found that when folks are right with G they can't help but want to give away all they have. And the tithe (or 10% of your total income) is only the beginning.

If you have questions about this ask any of our deacons, of members of the Exec. Committee. Or ask me. I'll tell you.

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**A NEW PERSPECTIVE...**



I DETERMINED  
I wasn't going  
to sell books  
from the pul-  
pit. And from  
the first re-  
views and res-  
ponse of the  
readers, it's  
not going to

be necessary anyway. I hope you won't be too shocked by the realism (blood and sex), but our teenagers know that this is the way it is...and there's no sense playing patty-cake when the world is going to hell. Jewel Crain asked me if I'd autograph her book in blood. I checked but I'm drained. But there are autographed copies at the Bible and Book Store. And that's all I'm going to say about RUN BABY RUN.

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In our emphasis on a week-day Christianity we sometimes leave the impression that Sunday school and worship services (and Training Union) are not as important as what we do the rest of the week. They are VITALLY important. Those who habitually miss the Sunday services are the ones who begin to fall apart at the seams morally, physically, and emotionally. It is of utmost necessity that you attend.

Nov. 8, 1968

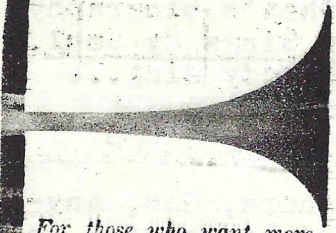
We have been having some stirring and thrilling testimonies from some of our families that have decided to tithe their income. One man said recently, "We had always given a dollar or two, but never seriously considered giving more. We just didn't have it."

"Now," he says, "we still don't have it--but we've decided to put God to the test to provide it and we're trusting in Him for the first time in our lives. It's wonderful."

+++++

A certain Texan was noted for sleeping very soundly. One night his friends played a joke on him. After he fell asleep they picked him up and carried him to the cemetery where they put him gently in an open grave. He slumbered on till dawn. When he awoke, he stood up in the grave, looked around at the tombstones and shouted: "Hallelujah! It's resurrection morning and a Texan is the first one up."

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THE TABERNACLE  
**TRUMPET**  
*Ezekiel 33:6*  
 TABERNACLE BAPTIST CHURCH  
 Eau Gallie, Florida

*For those who want more than a Sunday religion...*

*James W. Buckingham, Pastor*

VOLUME II, NUMBER 26

NOVEMBER 22, 1968

**"THANKFUL FOR ALL THINGS"**

*"Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." Eph. 5:20*

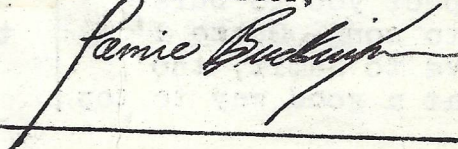
God's people have always been thankful people. Wherever the Hebrew people went they were noted for two things--digging a well and building an altar. The giving of thanks upon an altar has become the trademark of the faithful Christian. The "Lord's Supper", called by the Greeks the "Eucharist", is a thanksgiving supper.

But when we get down to bed-rock, we often find that giving thanks for ALL things is the most difficult task of life.

Are you thankful for disappointment...disease...even death? We find it easy to thank God for prosperity, health, and life. But the Scriptures remind us that the other is just as much a part of life.

And so this Thanksgiving season let us stop and give thanks for the sobs as well as the songs...the tears as well as the triumphs. Let it ever be to our shame that we have grumbled and complained. May God deliver us from the thankless spirit.

Your Pastor,



Dec. 6, 1968

**A NEW PERSPECTIVE**  
*God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform*" So wrote Cowper.

It's true. About a year and a half ago Bill Gordnier (who has since joined our church and been ordained a deacon) called me and asked me to speak at the weekly meeting of the Christian Alcoholic Fellowship.

We met at Jim Riddle's house in Melbourne. Jim was just completing his term as deacon chairman at Central Baptist Church.

Present that night were Jack and Edith Jones. Jack sat across the room listening to every word I said. It was obvious he was seeking an answer out of his bondage.

During the fellowship period that followed I sat in Jim's kitchen and talked extensively with Jack and his wife. Both were cultured, educated people. But liquor had wrapped its tentacles around Jack's brilliant career until it had become a shambles.

The next day Edith drove Jack up to Victory Home in north Georgia for an eight week experience that literally changed his life.

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Since that time both have been used in marvelous ways in God's lay ministry.

The latest chapter was written last week when I called Edith at the music store they own and operate in Cocoa and told them we were looking for an organ. The results of that conversation are recorded on the first page of today's Trumpet.

Jack keeps saying that as soon as they can sell the store they're moving to Eau Gallie so they can be a part of our church fellowship. If you know a prospective buyer, send them up to Byrd Plaza.

+++++

IN YOUR OFFERING ENVELOPE PACKET you'll find a pink enveloped marked "Lottie Moon Christmas Offering for Foreign Missions".

Our church goal this year is \$300.00. If you'll put Christ on the top of your Christmas list--we'll make it.

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Dec 20, 1968

SOMETHING IS HAPPENING AMONG GOD'S PEOPLE. The world is changing. It's not the same as it was even 20 years ago. History is definitely moving toward its climax. And as the prophet Joel predicted, in these latter days God is pouring out His Spirit upon all flesh.

A letter this past week from a dear friend in Seattle, Washington. She's a Roman Catholic, mother of nine children (one of whom is a three year old Negro foster child). For several months I've been praying for Pat. Now she writes to say that in her own quiet way she's received the "baptism" in the Holy Spirit.

The same day I received a letter from another Pat. This one a former seminary classmate of mine who is now president of our S. Baptist seminary in Torreon Mexico. He was writing telling of the blessings of the Lottie Moon offering to their work on the foreign field. He closed out by saying... but I'll let Dr. Pat Carter say it himself.

"...God is beginning to do some marvelous things here. I experienced a

"filling" or "baptism" or "outpouring" of the Spirit (I'm still confused and somewhat unimpressed by the semantic of this experience) in my private devotions the morning of October 24. Since then, there has been a great change in my life, and I have begun to experience the leadership and power of the Spirit such as I've always longed for. Last Friday it broke here in the seminary as the students spent nearly two hours in chapel confessing sins. Please pray for us as we try to follow the Lord's leadership in these exciting days."

So to those of you who are experiencing these strange (but wonderful) charismatic experiences week by week, I say "Rejoice!" It's happening everywhere to God's people who are yielding themselves to the power of His Spirit.

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