

**A NEW PERSPECTIVE.**

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July 11, 1969

"But it's in the Bible..."

"Don't make no difference, we don't go fer it."

It was a small country church far back in the N.C. mountains. I had preached there several times before-- before my experience with the Holy Spirit, that is. When they learned I was vacationing in the area they invited me to preach both Sundays. "We believe the Bible," I was told, "from cover to cover."

I took them at their word and preached from the Book. Monday morning they sent a message. They'd lined up another preacher for the following Sunday. We just don't believe in that healin' stuff."

I remembered in dismay how they sang the year before, "Gimme that old time religion," and "It was good for old St. Peter, it's good enough for me." But when we talked about the Holy Spirit being alive today and capable of doing to us what He did to old St. Peter, they got scared, closed their Bibles, and wanted to hear no more. Preach to us about smoking, drinking and chewin', but don't scare us with a God whose Spirit might invade our bodies and take over the control of our minds."

Strange inconsistencies. However, the following week I gave my testimony before 4,000 laymen in the plush ball room of the Washington Hilton and could tell by their smiles, tears and "Amens" that they actually believed the Bible--not just believed about it.

By the way, this last week I returned for the 3rd time to the First Methodist Church of Melbourne to talk about the movement of the Holy Spirit in today's world. Many of these people don't even claim to be Bible believers, but they're hungry for reality in their faith. How warmly they've welcomed me. Following this last meeting with 100 of their ladies a dear old saint, a retired missionary to India, came up with tears in her eyes and hugged my neck saying, "Praise God. He is a God of miracles."

You bet He is. Not only has He changed my life, but He's touched and healed many of those in our church family. We see His handiwork every hour. So what can you say except, "Praise the Lord!"

A NEW

PERSPECTIVE

Little Chuckie died Monday.  
We now shift our prayers  
toward his parents, Mr.  
and Mrs. Ed Williams.

July 25, 1969

I've even seen Him heal my  
own son.

Question: Why didn't God  
heal him? Only 11, why  
did leukemia win?

But why did Chuckie have to  
die? Especially when we had  
prayed so hard that he might  
live. Does this mean we  
should no longer pray?

Niggi Van Bever met Chuckie  
at the Crippled Children's  
Clinic and laid him on our  
hearts. Time and time  
again we prayed--on Wed-  
nesday night--at the  
Monday morning charis-  
matic meeting--at Tuesday  
Bible Study--at the Sat.  
night charismatic meeting.  
Each time God answered and  
Chuckie bounced back.

I don't have the answers to  
"Why?". And even though it  
may sound trite, God knows  
the answer and we'll just  
have to wait until we're  
with Him to have that  
knowledge.

Thursday afternoon Niggi  
and I stood over his bed,  
laid hands on his gray,  
bloated body and with  
tears pleaded with God  
to make him whole. He  
seemed to rally. But  
Monday he slipped the  
bonds of flesh and pain  
and his Spirit rushed  
joyfully into the presence  
of his Heavenly Father--  
whole at last!

I know this. It is Satan  
who makes us sick and causes  
little boys to have to die.  
It's not God. God wants us  
well and God can and does  
heal. And prayer is the  
key to the healing. We're  
not commanded to heal--  
just to pray...and leave  
the results to a loving  
Father who knows the end  
from the beginning.

But why? Why didn't God  
heal him? Surely He has  
the power. We've seen it  
many times. We've seen  
Him bring victory out of  
chaos in our church--we'-  
ve seen Him stop the rain,  
quench the thirst of al-  
coholics, heal lame backs,  
give sight to bad eyes,

I also know this. Had it  
been me that died, you might  
grieve and your faith falter  
because your prayers were  
seemingly unanswered. But  
I would be rejoicing with  
greater joy than any of us  
can ever imagine. And even  
if you had the power to  
bring me back from Heaven--  
I would not come.

A NEW PERSPECTIVE....

Aug. 8, 1969

BIBLE SCHOOL this year cannot be described in any terms except "success". I say this without my usual inclination to "ministerial exaggeration"; "it was the finest I've ever been associated with." (Even if I did end the sentence on a preposition.)

We had 186 kids enrolled, which is more than twice the number of members of the Tabernacle Church. Our average attendance for the two full weeks was about 150--

Much, much of the credit goes to our gal behind the scenes, Inez Thompson.

However, it wasn't Inez alone...it was every department superintendent, every worker--many of whom don't even belong to our church--who pitched in and got the job done.

This is the first Bible School I've ever been in where I didn't hear a single word of complaint from any of the workers. I'm sure there were some, but I didn't hear them... nor did anyone get mad (as usually happens.)

Most of the children who attended do not have any regular church home.

All this says something to me. We're growing up as a church. One of the signs of maturity is the ability to get along together. Here in Brevard County this has been next to impossible among Baptists in particular. I thank God for the sense of unity that is binding us together in our common task.

There's something else that indicates we're growing up as Christians. We had about fifteen Negro children attending this week. Not only that, but on our invitation their parents came to our Wednesday evening picnic and then were back for the Sunday evening commencement service. Again, the only comment I've heard has been "Praise the Lord".

One of our Sunday school teachers has asked me, "Do we try to enlist these kids in Sunday school and T.U.?" My answer, in case anyone is interested, was: "For God's sake, yes! And their parents too!"

In Ephesians Paul speaks of "growing up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ." I thank God we're moving out of the milk stage and into the meat-eating stages.

In the last issue of the Trumpet we printed a poem on the front page called: "The Man I might Have Been".

In it we envisioned a poor man sitting on the attic steps being visited by a little lad of yesteryear.

One of our former members, Jorunn Ricketts, now living in Melbourne Beach, read the poem and replied.

"I saw another visitor come to that poor burdened soul and so I added another stanza to the little poem."

*Across the fields from  
yesterday  
He sometimes comes to me.  
A little lad just back  
from play,  
The lad I used to be.  
And yet he smiles so  
wistfully  
When once he's crept within  
I wonder if he hopes to see  
The man I might have been.*

\*\*\*\*\*

*'Cross broken dreams of  
yesterday  
He now has come to me.  
He's crept within my heart  
to stay  
And made mine eyes to see.  
He's Christ my Saviour,  
friend and king  
...and sacrificial lamb.  
He died for what I might  
have been  
And loves the man I am.*

Aug. 22, 1969

PREVUE: Sunday, August 31, Don Basham, author of Face Up with a Miracle, will preach at the morning service. Don is a native of Wichita Falls, Texas and is an ordained minister in the Christian Church (Disciples of Christ). He has pastored Christian Churches in Washington, D.C., Toronto, Canada, and a Baptist/Disciples of Christ Church in Sharon, Penn.

As a Spirit-filled minister he has been active in the Charismatic renewal movement and is now working with the Committee of 40, an active lay-movement, in Ft. Lauderdale.

Plans are underway for an inter-denominational rally to be held Saturday night at the Tabernacle, with Mr. Basham ministering. Sunday night he will conduct a healing service at Eastminister Presbyterian Church in Indialantic.

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A NEW PERSPECTIVE....

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Oct. 3, 1969

I've got a ministerial friend who divides miracles into two categories: believable and unbelievable. Believable miracles are the kind he can figure out scientifically. The unbelievable variety are the kind that defy scientific explanation--and therefore he refuses to believe them. Sound familiar?

Last year we realized there was something wrong with our 2nd grade son. He had failed the 1st grade and was now failing the 2nd grade. We took him out of public school and enrolled him in a private Christian school hoping the smaller classes would help. Nothing helped.

We took him to a clinical psychologist where he was submitted to a four hour battery of tests. Following the examination the doctor told us he found manifest evidence of a condition known as dyslexia. This is a condition, possibly caused by brain damage, which affects the fine motor nerves and muscles in the eyes and brain to the extent a child cannot perceive what his eyes see--and therefore cannot read.

We submitted him to various therapy, none of which helped. The condition remained.

Last July, surrounded by the prayers of this church, we took Timmy to a Kathryn Kuhlman service in Washington, D.C. I came away with an overpowering feeling he had been healed.

My feeling was substantiated by his immediate behavioral change, but we still had no actual "proof".

We enrolled him in public school this year and had him submitted to a battery of tests by the school psychologist--who did not know of his previous diagnosis.

Monday we received the results. "He's a year behind in his reading but other than that he's perfectly normal." "Did you notice any evidence of dyslexia, doctor?" Slightly agitated he answered, "No, why do you ask?" We told him of the previous problem and diagnosis. And then told him we felt God had healed him.

The psychologist gave me a irritated look and said, "I don't know what you people had convinced yourselves your son had, but he's perfectly normal now except for being slightly behind in his reading." I praise God for having my intelligence insulted. Unbelievable? yep!

Oct. 17, 1969



A WORD about sex education. Actress Mia Farrow, former Mrs. Frank Sinatra, announces that is is expecting a baby. HEADLINES! Of course Miss Farrow is not married. The

proud father-to-be is Andre Previn, conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra and husband of one wife...who happens not to be Mia Farrow.

I had to do some mighty tall explaining when my 7th grade girl asked me about that one.

UF statistics indicate that more than 1,000 illegitimate babies were born in Brevard County last year--most of these to younger teenagers (And these were just the births that were DECLARED illegitimate!)

A person is a fool if he thinks we don't need an adequate program of sex education. QUESTION: Who is to administer the program? Home? Church? School? Obviously Home and Church are not doing a very good job of it--so the school board grinds its teeth and says "it must be up to us then."

But tragically, there can be no adequate sex education without a moral premise to work on. You're not just dealing with facts, mam,

you're also dealing with emotions. And emotions often explode when fused with salient facts. Yet because of Supreme Court edicts, one cannot teach even basic "morality" in public schools any more--much less Christian ethics. Therefore the proposals that the public schools handle sex education from an a-moral premise raise more problems than they answer.

What's the answer? A lot of people are doing a lot of shouting and name calling. Maybe this is necessary to keep addid demons from entering in to our already troubled school system. But who's suggesting any thing positive? If we don't use the SEICUS material, what do we use? I have decided to stop being negative and instead of attending the protest meetings I've been home working at the typewriter. God willing within a couple of months Legos Publishers will be coming out with a whole set of sex-education booklets written from a Christ-centered viewpoint. Then it's up to you!



WHEN WE FIRST  
ORGANIZED as a church we determined we would not have any particular forms or organizations unless they were needed. Thus when the WMU

*Oct. 31, 1969*

died a year ago and no one even came to the funeral, we decided we should simply let it Rest In Peace.

Now, however, there seems to be some definite need for some kind of permanent structure for the purpose of teaching missions not only to the girls of CA age, but to the many new persons who are coming into our membership from other denominational backgrounds.

I AM SOLD on the mission structure of the Southern Baptist Convention--and I think we need to be involved in a teaching program concerning it. To this end I think it's time we re-organized some form of a WMU (maybe with men included), using the basic literature provided by the SBC and augmenting it with Spirit-filled material as well.

We are in desperate need of CA workers for a gang of girls who want to meet. We are in equal need for RA workers--but our adults need it too. Who'll do it?

**SIX BAPTIZED IN BEAUTIFUL OUTDOOR SERVICE.**

Six candidates for believers baptism were immersed at Wickham Lake last Wednesday night as the Lord held off hurricane rains until the last candidate had emerged from the waters. Then the bottom fell out as everyone shouted "Amen" and dashed for nearby cars.

The group consisted of 5 adults and 1 child. Rene Maxey, Dr. and Mrs. Frank Crider, Mrs. Bonnie Grimes, Jack Brod-rick and W.S. Gibson.

Deacon Bill Gordinier assisted the Pastor in the service. Other candidates will be baptized in the near future.

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Nov. 14, 1969

Several out-of-town friends have written and asked, "What is going on at the Tabernacle Sunday night?" I can answer by telling you a little bit about last Sunday night.

After I led the song service I stepped out to check on the Primary Department kids. When I returned Inez Thompson was just finishing her testimony of how the Lord had impressed her to come to the altar Sunday morning to pray for healing. I sat in the rear of the auditorium and listened as person after person stood to testify.

Jim Wallace, a member of the Covenant Church in Vero Beach shared a prophecy the Lord had given him concerning the ministry of our church. Rita Miller, a young Lutheran housewife from Satellite Beach came forward and shared some pointed prophetic messages to some of the people in the congregation. Before I knew it she had given an altar call. I looked up and saw the altar filled with kneeling men and women. Others were kneeling on the floor because the rail was filled and overflowing.

Rita then revealed that the Lord had called her to the Scriptural office of prophetess and asked Elbert and Glenda to confirm this call with the laying on of hands. As she knelt at the altar there was a beautiful message in tongues and an interpretation that was given in the form of a charge.

More testimonies. Del Likens, an elder in the Presbyterian Church in Indialantic, testified of two personal instances of physical healing. There was a time of prayer as we all joined hands--almost 150 present--as person after person led in spontaneous prayer. Suddenly we broke into the Doxology, accompanied by the lifting of hands in praise, "Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost..."

Elbert Jones' message was dynamic, Spirit-filled, Christ-centered and grounded on the Bible. His remarks were interrupted only by the audible sounds of "Amen" and "Praise the Lord"--as well as the rustling of pages of Bibles as the people followed his references.

We moved rapidly from one Scripture to another. John 3:34 "God giveth not the Spirit by measure"...Matt. 5:48, "be ye therefore perfect (mature)"...Romans 8:19, "for the



earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestations of the Sons of God"...Eph. 3:15-19, "that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God"...Eph. 4:11-13, "till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ"...Gal. 5:14 "for all the Law is fulfilled in one word, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

There was a time of personal inventory. But the meeting still didn't close. The crew of the good ship Morning Star had walked in, fresh from two months at sea. We stayed to hear Roger Wilson, 2nd officer, share with us the movement of the Holy Spirit aboard this unique cargo ship skippered by a Spirit-filled Episcopalian priest, David Stiles.

It was almost 10:00 p.m. and we had started at 6:30 p.m. No one wanted to go home. We all felt as Pete Gibson had so beautifully expressed it when he stood up in the middle of the service and with tears said, "Some of us traveled all the way to Charlotte to attend a Spirit-filled service, and now we've found that we can have them right here in our own church."

There is in these days a growing momentum of the Spirit of God whereby we may receive a holy empowering of God. Things are NOT the same as they were even 5 years ago. This is a new breakthrough of the power of God that cuts across denominational lines and is drawing people of all walks and cultures into the ministry. We are not "holy rollers", for all things are handled under the leadership of the Spirit "decently and in order"... but we do have some saints who are willing to be "fools for Christ's sake." Those who deny the move of God's Spirit are going to get left behind. Our GOD IS MARCHING ON!!

There is an authority (brought about by the Baptism of the Holy Spirit) that is bringing us all to the place of unity where God shall work great and mighty miracles through us. The day is here when we shall go forth, commissioned by Christ, to perform miracles in His name.

You asked, "What's going on in the seminars on Sunday night?" This is part of it. If you're afraid of a service without a printed order-of-service that can begin with the invitation and close with the Doxology--and last 3 hours--then don't come. If you're fearful of being touched by the Spirit of God and become so "out of control" that He takes total control--then don't come. But if you're hungry for all God promises...well, go back and read Luke 11:13 and John 14:12...and report for duty.

FROM THE PASTOR...

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Seldom anymore do we have a service of any kind that there is not at least one open (and usually verbal declaration) profession of faith in Jesus Christ. Most of these new Christians are coming into the membership of the Tabernacle. Nothing is more stirring, however, than to witness (as we did last Sunday night and last Wednesday night) some man stand to his feet and say "Tonight I take Jesus Christ as my Saviour."  
PRAISE GOD!!

Among those applying for membership are:

Jack Broderick, 1052  
Tanglewood Lane (accepting  
Christ as his Saviour)

Mr. and Mrs. Dave Holbrook  
2645 Boyd Ave. (Mrs. Holbrook comes on profession of faith)

Mr. and Mrs. Richard E. Helling (Lefty and Baba)  
2462 Apache Dr. (Both claiming Christ as Saviour)

Mr. and Mrs. Dan McNew  
36 Emerald St.

And if all this isn't evidence of the fact that the Holy Spirit is moving in a mighty way, you should hear the testimonies of those who have been delivered, Baptized in the Spirit, or healed physically.

Dec. 5, 1969

MR. AND MRS. JAMES L. LONG  
request the honour of your  
presence at the marriage of  
their daughter  
LINDA CAROLYN

to

MR. JAMES H. McCELLAN  
Saturday, the twentieth day  
of December 1969  
at two o'clock  
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH  
Indialantic, Florida

Reception follows  
Church Social Hall

If you still doubt, you should attend one of these blessed baptismal services. Several weeks ago the Lord stopped the rain just long enough for 7 adults to be baptized in the lake.

Nothing can match the beauty of seeing a deacon, saved from alcoholism, baptizing another man just saved from the same demon. Or like the service last Sunday afternoon when a former Church of God minister and your pastor waded waist deep into a chilly Methodist lake and baptized two Lutherans and two Methodists and the Chairman of the Deacons at the Tabernacle.

Some of my friends shake their heads and say, "They've gone crazy over there. They're actually taking God seriously." HALLELUJAH!