



# Perspective

By Jamie Buckingham

"I just ran out of gas—that's all there was to it."

He wasn't talking about his automobile, but about his body. His mental, emotional, physical and spiritual makeup.

Lying on his hospital bed, he was a physical and emotional wreck. He had fought the pressures and tensions of life as long as he could. He had tried to go it alone. But then, day before yesterday, his emotional supports cracked, and the roof caved in.

His physical body was a mass of quivering pain. His nerves were shattered. He looked up through eyes bleary with tranquilizers and said, "I just ran out of gas—that's all there was to it." He's just one of hundreds of those along the fabulous east coast of Florida who have run out of power.

The sign over the public service company says, "Light and Power." That's what we all need. Light on the mystery of life and power for the mastery of life.

The phone rang in our counseling center. It was a good friend. His voice was shaking and quivering as he said, "It's Martha. They've just called from the house. A neighbor found her on the floor of the kitchen—unconscious. She took pills. I'm on my way to the hospital. . . ."

I interrupted. "What about you, Bill? Do you think you can make it?"

"I don't know," he said, and I could hear him sobbing audibly over the phone. "I don't know. It's as much my fault as hers. Is there any strength for me."

Suppose I said to him, "Sure, Bill, there's strength for you. Just reach in close to your heart—or wherever it is that you keep that thing called your soul—and twist it until it snaps out. Then walk over to the wall and take the electric bulb out of the socket. Screw your soul into the socket. Then walk to the switch and push the button—and you'll get all the power you need."

But that's foolish. The electric company doesn't supply this kind of power. But there is a power available. Power unlimited. And it's found in God's Spirit.

Too often we leave that out. We become so preoccupied with Left and Right that we forget there is an Above and Below. Living so constantly on the horizontal we forget about the vertical. And we try to make the grade under our own steam—and we run out of gas.

My buddy in the hospital ran out because he was looking within for his strength. And all the time it comes from above.

A character in a novel says to his friend, "I'm not an eight-day clock. I run down within 24 hours. Wind me up, won't you please?"

That's me. Sometimes I run down in less than 24 hours. That was until I learned to plug myself into the source of power of the universe. It's a sure-fire way to keep perfect time.