



# Perspective

By JAMIE BUCKINGHAM

I'm swearing off vacations. They're just not worth it. It takes a week to get ready, two weeks to recover, and six months to pay for it.

This summer we decided to combine our family vacation with some of my speaking tours. The first one was up the east coast of Florida. That wasn't so bad. However, even the economy rates were high.

The second "vacation" was to Oklahoma, Missouri and Kansas. I've always believed that a person had to be suffering from severe maladjustment of the mind to go to Kansas in July. Now I am thoroughly convinced of it. Five thousand miles of motels and five children crowded into a station wagon with enough clothes to last two weeks is ample evidence of a man's insanity. Besides this, each night I was facing a ball room full of expectant people waiting for me to impart gems of wisdom.

Now, as of this writing, we are trying desperately to leave for four days in eastern North Carolina. The fact that I am speaking Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday in different cities, plus a television interview in Raleigh and one of those abominable book autographing parties Saturday at noon is almost incidental. Right now our primary thrust is trying to get out of town. We had hoped to be on our way by 2 p.m. It is now 5:30 p.m. and everything nailed down is coming loose. The telephone is ringing constantly. The house down the street caught fire and our yard is full of fire trucks and about 200 gawkers from the neighborhood. Our missionary friends with their six children are spending the night and will leave early in the morning and the girl from the church just called and said that two of my old alcoholic buddies just walked in at the same time — both drunk.

On top of this I just remembered I had better write this column now or it wouldn't make the deadline. It was this last item — my sitting down at the typewriter while the children were screaming, the dogs barking, and the car still to be loaded with suitcases and haircurlers — which sent my wife into a screaming delirium, accompanied by slamming doors and threats to pull the phone off the hook and throw it through a window.

That last suggestion might become a necessity as soon as I get back from "resting up," because from the racket in the utility room I can tell that the bearings in the air conditioner have just given way and the entire unit is tearing up.

When God told Adam that he was going to have to work the rest of his life I think he was actually doing him a favor. I know. These resting spells are about to wear me out.