

# ONE MAN'S PERSPECTIVE

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*Dr. Buckingham has joined the growing editorial team of HIS PAPER, and will be writing for us in each issue from now on. He is also a contributing editor of LOGOS JOURNAL, which is published monthly in the USA.*

In all of Lima, Peru, there seem to be only a dozen traffic lights --- and most of them are out of order. Cars speed down the twisting streets, dart in and out of the heavy traffic and jockey for position while travelling bumper to bumper at high speeds. There seems to be no order at all.

I was in Peru to interview a group of jungle pilots who fly missionaries into the remote sections of the Amazon jungle. My pilot friends tell me that their job is 40 hours of boredom and 2 minutes of sheer terror.

But driving in Lima is just the opposite. It seems the entire city goes mad when they get in their cars. And fighting the battle between battered old automobiles, donkey carts, bicycles and jitney buses that break down every block or so is enough to test the faith of even an Abraham.

However, after being in the city a while I began to sense a certain pattern about the traffic, a pattern that is uniquely Latin American.

Despite all the jostling, horn blowing and changing lanes, no one seems to really get angry. They give and take with a blast of the horn and a tip of the hat.

My last day in Lima I was on my way back to the airport in a VW bus. We were

caught in the inevitable surge of traffic, roaring five abreast down a cobblestone street with horn blowing.

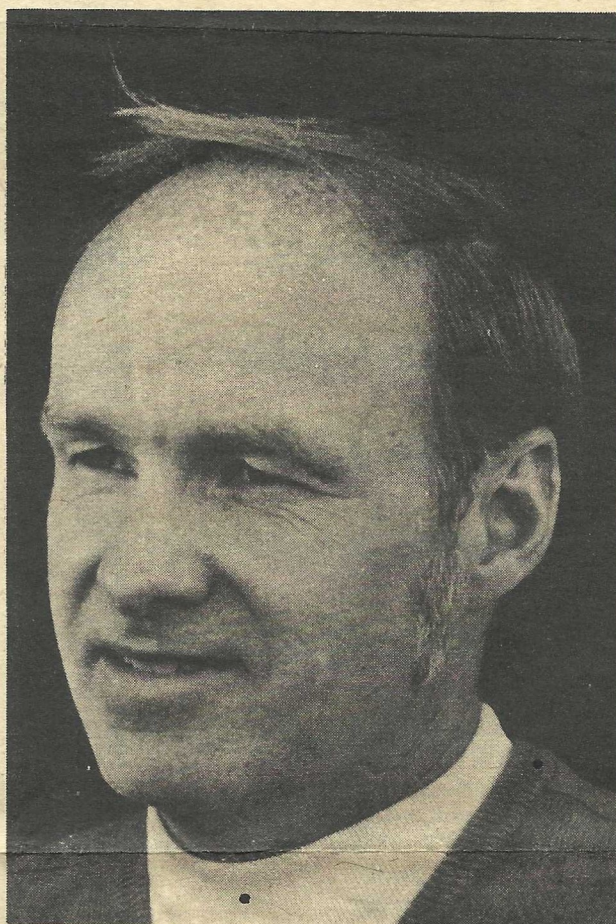
Then, in front of us, we saw an old beat-up car, driven by a brown-skinned Peruvian, weaving his way toward us --- going the wrong way on a one way street. Unbelievable!

But somehow all the cars managed to squeeze aside and let him through. No one cursed. They respected his personhood. If that old man wanted to go the wrong way on a one way street, that was his business. They just figured he had a good reason and let him do his thing.

That's refreshing. I'm sure that many of the staid, institutional Christians who have come into some of the 'free' Believers' Meetings conducted by Spirit-baptized Christians often feel the same way I did when I first stepped out into the Lima traffic.

One Roman Catholic Priest who attended one of our Believers' Meetings sat awe-struck and speechless as the people clapped their hands during the singing, lifted their hands during praise, spoke in tongues, prophesied, and sang in the Spirit. I am sure he thought we were mad (or drunk).

Yet he returned for more and after three meetings confided in me that he was



beginning to see a certain decency and order in the meetings that convinced him they were Spirit-directed.

I can't help but feel a tinge of excitement when I see people of different races, denominations and cultural backgrounds worshipping together. Some have their hands raised. Others are sitting on their

hands. Some are dressed in mink, others are bearded and barefooted. But all love the Lord Jesus Christ.

And when I stop and evaluate it, I think I prefer the free Lima way of driving to the legalized do's and don'ts of stop lights. Such things are possible when we love one another and respect each one's personhood.