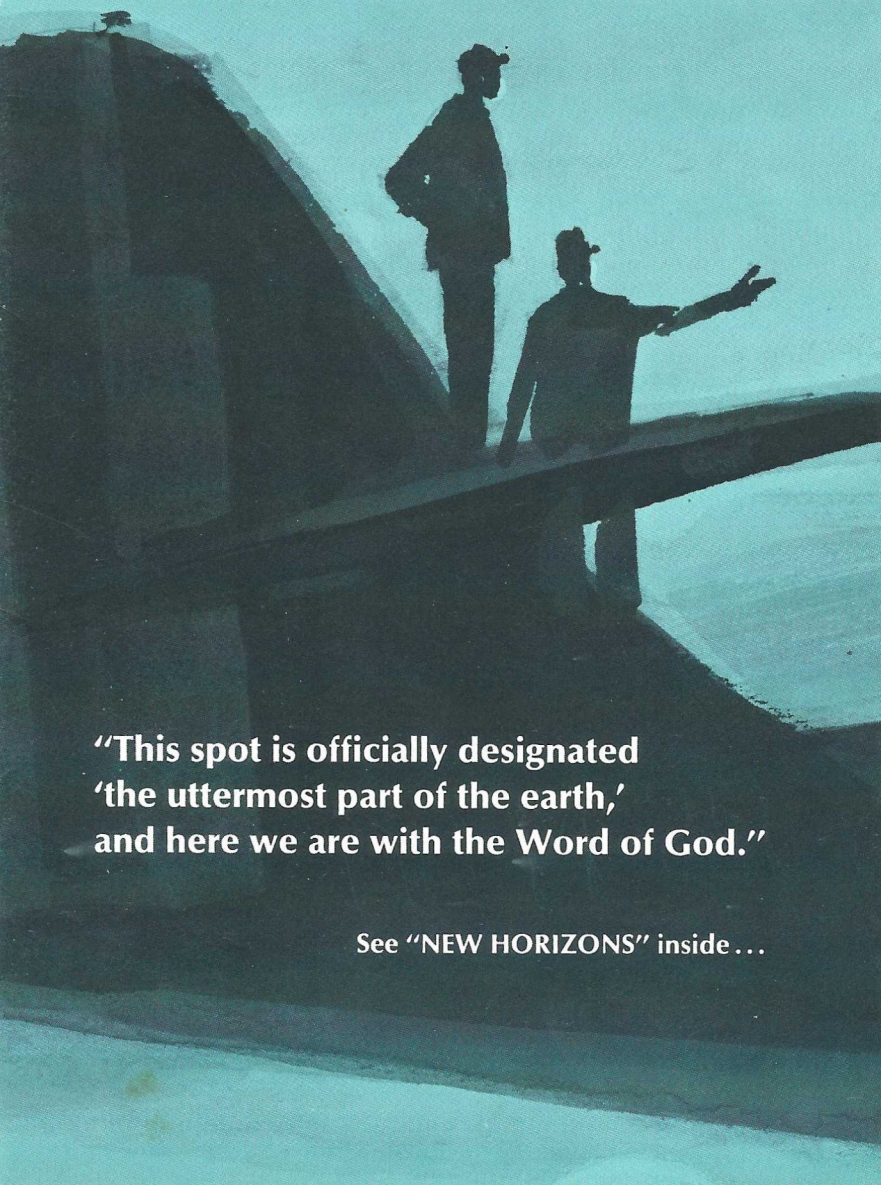


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beyond

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**"This spot is officially designated
'the uttermost part of the earth,'
and here we are with the Word of God."**

See "NEW HORIZONS" inside...

The time was ten years ago. My wife and I were vacationing in my home town of Vero Beach, Florida. We didn't travel much and my circle of friends was limited mostly to those in the Baptist church I pastored. Therefore we decided to extend our vacation through Sunday so we could attend services at my old home church.

Following the morning service, as we were greeting friends, a man in a bright red shirt made his way through the crowd toward me. "I'm Tom Smoak from Richmond, Virginia," he said. "I know you." It turned out that Tom was a former college classmate of my minister of music. I liked him instantly. As we talked I gradually realized this was no ordinary man.

NEW HORIZONS

By Jamie Buckingham



Tom was a former Air Force pilot who had narrowly escaped death when his B-47 exploded over Little Rock three years before. Now he had applied to Wycliffe Bible Translators for service with JAARS and had just finished mechanics' (A & P) school in Miami. The day before, Saturday, he and his wife Betsy had shipped all their clothes back to Richmond in a van. Then Tom and Betsy had taken off in a battered old Luscombe to fly north. During a refueling stop in Vero Beach a freak crosswind had spun them into a ground loop. There they sat with a clobbered wing and damaged landing gear and no clothes except what they were wearing. Their last funds had gone for the motel room. Sunday they had walked to the nearest church.

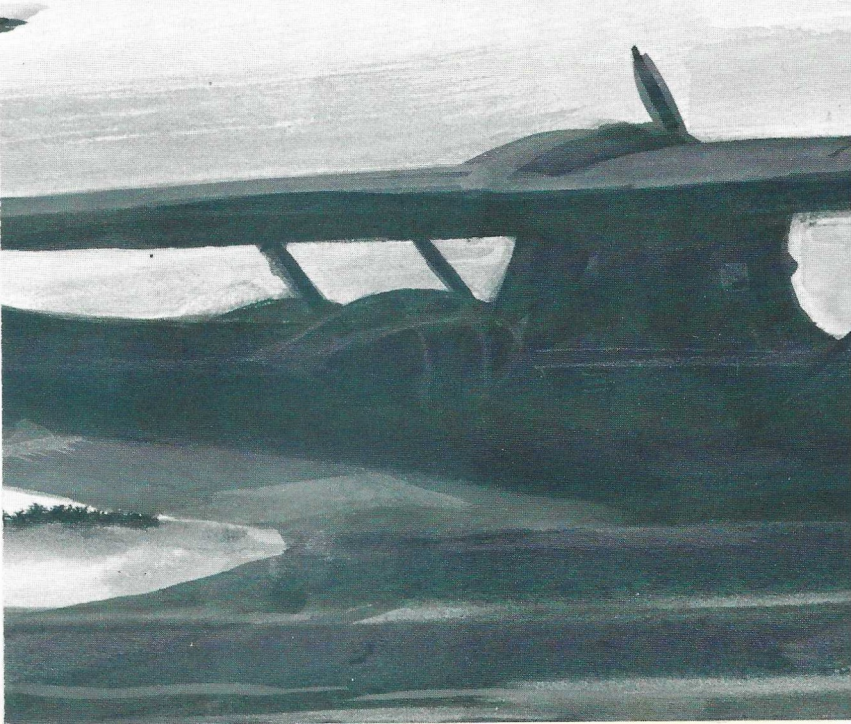
I made a few contacts and God's people responded. My parents offered them the use of their "prophet's chamber." A woman in the church loaned them a car. Friendly mechanics provided tools and space to work. Tom made his own repairs and before long they were on their way, eventually winding up in Lomalinda, Colombia, where Tom is now in his second term as a JAARS pilot.

But there's more to the story. Several years later when I was desperately searching for God's will, I wrote Tom, asking permission to write up the story of his miraculous escape over Little Rock. *Guideposts* magazine not only accepted the story, but gave me a free trip to New York to attend their first writers' conference.

Suddenly all the pieces fell together in my life. While in New York, Logos International asked me to write a book about the life of Nicky Cruz, a Brooklyn gang leader turned preacher. The result was *Run Baby Run* which has sold almost four million copies.

Then last year I got a call from Bernie May. "Would you be interested in writing a book about JAARS?" he asked.

My mind flashed back to Tom in his red shirt. We were standing in a hangar at the airport in Vero Beach, looking at his wrecked plane. "You're needed on the mission field," I



complained, "yet here you are stranded in this little town. Why would God let this happen?"

Tom's faith was childlike. "I can't answer that question now," he said. "Ask it again in ten years."

Well, ~~ten years have~~ ^{ten years} passed. During the last 12 months Logos International has sent me all over the world collecting stories about JAARS. Now I am back in Florida, sitting in my writing studio, staring at a huge cardboard box full of dreams, tears, miracles and victories—the stories of the men and women of JAARS. Soon it will be a book.*

The box is also filled with memories . . .

. . . A midnight in the Philippines when I stood in an open field and saw both the Big Dipper and the Southern Cross in the same sky.

. . . Two weeks at Yarinacocha in Peru when I found myself in the middle of a surging revival.

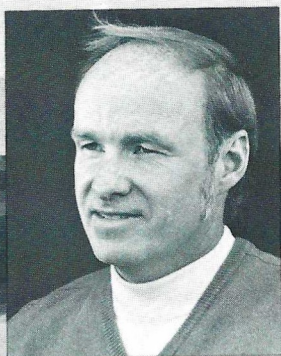
. . . A long flight with Orville Rogers in a *Helio Courier* from Miami, over Cuba, across the Caribbean all the way to Bogota.

. . . Three days, trapped by weather, in an isolated jungle outpost at the base of the Andes. Five of us—pilots George Woodward and Ralph Borthwick, mechanic Paul Bartholomew, Dr. Larry Dodds and I—spent our nights in a small cabin beside a roaring river that cascaded down the mountain, directly beneath our window.

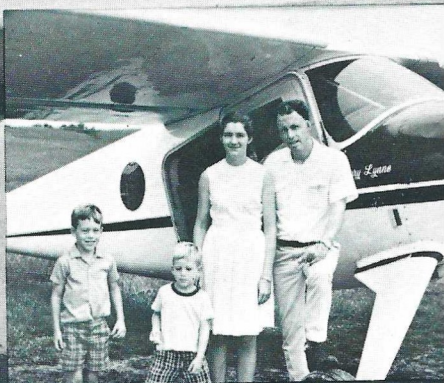
. . . Then there was a quiet evening at a place called Puerto Esperanza on the Rio Purus near the Brazilian border. As night fell over the Amazon jungle I climbed up on the tail assembly of the JAARS *Catalina* to feast my eyes on a magnificent sunset. Jerry Hamill, a Wycliffe translator who works with the Machiguenga Indians, crawled up beside me. "This spot is officially designated 'the uttermost part of the earth,' " he said quietly. "And here we are with the Word of God."

I remembered Tom's statement. "Wait ten years and then ask." I don't need to ask now. My horizons, like those of JAARS, have been broadened by the Spirit to include the world.

**Watch Beyond for an announcement of the book on JAARS by Jamie Buckingham, to be published in the spring of 1974. Rev. Buckingham is pastor of the Tabernacle Church in Melbourne, Florida.*



Jamie Buckingham, left, and the Tom Smoaks, below, met again this year in Colombia where Smoak is a JAARS pilot. Tom and Betsy and two of their sons stand beside a Helio Courier on Lomalinda base.



Dempster Evans