



Perspective

By JAMIE BUCKINGHAM

Vile Remarks

I hate to take these few inches of newspaper space so grudgingly allowed me by the editor to fight personal battles. I much prefer to write about profound spiritual truths and occasionally to expose sin whenever it rears its ugly head in the composing room. But once again I am forced — because of the vile remarks of the editor in last week's paper — to pick up my sword and quickly deal with these matters.

Others, far greater than I, have been forced to turn aside from their chosen task to fight personal battles. St. Paul went to Greece to preach the Gospel and was side-tracked into having to deal with a demon-possessed girl who, like a certain editor I know, followed him through the streets of Philippi shouting lies and threats. Earlier the editor of the paper in Lystra had infuriated the rabble and the people had dragged Paul outside the city and stoned him.

And, even though I hate to remind you of their dastardly tradition, it was the newspaper editors in Jerusalem who tried to keep people away from Jesus. In Mark 2:4 friends tried to bring a man sick of palsy to Jesus for healing and it says, "And when they could not come nigh him for the PRESS. . . ." And again, when poor Zacchaeus, the repentant tax collector, wanted to see Jesus it was the newspaper editor who stood in his way. In Luke

19:3 it says, "And he sought to see Jesus who he was, and could not for the PRESS. . . ."

Therefore, I am not surprised when the press turns against me also.

But the readers of this column have a right to the truth. I would have never brought up that incident about the dormitory being flooded 28 years ago except the editor referred to it in his feeble attempt to discredit me in the eyes of my readers. But now that it is out you need to know the whole truth.

Three of us from Vero Beach (John Schumann, Jim Thompson and myself) were rooming together at Mercer University. Schumann later went bad and became a newspaper editor. Thompson is now running for county commissioner, which will probably cause him to go bad in the future. (Right now he's still a good guy and I'm going to vote for him in hopes we can get some legislation to stop newspaper editors from slandering folks like me.) Actually, dear reader, it was the editor who suggested I flush those rags down the toilet on the third floor of Sherwood Hall. And when all that water seeped through people's closets on the second floor and ruined the ceiling in the dining hall and made a bunch of people mad and caused the dean to put the entire freshman class on campus restriction, my roommates tried to put the blame on me.

And so it remains. But my head, although bloody from last week's slanderous editorial remarks, remains unbowed. For I stand in a long line of writers who have counted the cost and opted to write truth — not editorials.

Those who saw last week's column realize the editor took unfair advantage. Because he has the power to fire people in the composing room he forced them to run my column upside down — inadvertantly forcing thousands of people to turn the newspaper upside down in order to read the truth. But again, I refer back to St. Paul who experienced a similar attack. In Acts 17 it says that "certain lewd fellows of the baser sort (Amen! Sound familiar, Mr. Editor?) set all the city in an uproar." The accusation was: "These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also."

I'm not there yet. But I'm on my way. Today the newspaper. Tomorrow the world.

(Editor's Note: It seems that the Rev. Mr. Buckingham has taken refuge in the Bible and I shall not be able to let fly any more arrows of truth in his direction. But that reminds me, did I ever tell you about the vandals who chained Tom Holman's war surplus armored car to a cabbage palm tree outside Vero Beach High School and then set the tree on fire?)