

The Wildwood Story Given at Eden Valley

#0673

Study given by W.D. Frazee

[Special music.]

Deuteronomy, the eighth chapter, the second verse:

“And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thine heart, whether thou wouldest keep his commandments, or no”
Deuteronomy 8:2.

I’ve been asked to relate some experiences in regard to the beginning of the work at Wildwood in this time this morning. I call your attention to some principles before we go into the narrative.

First, God tells us to remember the way He’s led us. We think of that oft-quoted statement from *Life Sketches*:

“We have nothing to fear for the future, except as we shall forget the way the Lord has led us, and His teaching in our past history” *Life Sketches of Ellen G. White*, page 196.

Note, also, that in remembering the way the Lord has led us, we are to remember that He has led us to humble us. Brethren, if the things we remember and the things we relate tend in any way to glorify man, then we’ll have to have some harder experiences ahead, and I want you to pray this morning, as I relate some experiences, that they will be experiences that will bring glory to God.

The truth of the matter is, friends, if we chose to refer to them, all of us have had enough experiences that would make us look pretty shameful up here this morning. Usually, we don’t relate those, and some of them, it’s just as well that we don’t, but be assured, for we’re told by inspiration, that in every life there are chapters that show how man has failed to reach God’s ideal.

“...thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee...to humble thee...” Deuteronomy 8:2.

May I repeat, unless our experiences teach us that lesson, we’ll have some more ahead of us that are harder. But now, we are to relate our experiences.

We think of that wonderful statement in *Ministry of Healing*, 100:

“Our confession of His faithfulness is Heaven’s chosen agency for revealing Christ to the world. We are to

acknowledge His grace as made known through the holy men of old; but that which will be most effectual is the testimony of our own experience...There is greater encouragement for us in the least blessing we ourselves receive from God than in all the accounts we can read of the faith and experience of others" *Ministry of Healing*, page 100.

With this, *Christ Object Lessons*, 299:

"Far more than we do, we need to speak of the precious chapters in our experience" *Christ Object Lessons*, page 299.

And one of the great blessings of a little meeting like we're having here is the privilege that we have to share with one another the precious experiences that God has given us.

And yet, dear friends, like every other truth that God has given us, there are balancing statements, and I'd like to read one or two of these this morning. *Selected Messages, Book 2*, page 48:

"Satan will work in a most subtle manner to introduce human inventions clothed with angel garments...the Bible will never be superseded by miraculous manifestations...Wonderful illuminations will not be given aside from the Word, or to take the place of it. Cling to the Word...Let nothing divert the mind" *Selected Messages, Book 2*, page 48-49.

There is no miraculous experience which we can relate, no providential working to which we can refer, that is more wonderful than the simple operation of the Holy Spirit in changing hearts, converting lives.

Again, on page 59, the same book:

"But let us be careful now not to exalt men, their sayings, and doings; and let not anyone consider it a grand point to have a startling experience to relate..." *Selected Messages, Book 2*, page 59.

This is an interesting caution, isn't it. It comes to me as I relate to you some wonderful experiences this morning. My confidence must be, not in some experience that I have seen or heard or participated in—my confidence must be in the Word of God.

"...let us be careful...let not anyone consider it a grand point to have a startling experience to relate; for here is a fruitful field where credence will be given to unworthy persons. Young men and women will be lifted up, and will regard themselves as wonderfully favored, called to do some great thing. There will be conversions many, after a peculiar order,

but they will not bear the divine signature. Immorality will come in, and extravagance, and many will make shipwreck of faith" *Selected Messages, Book 2*, page 59.

What terrible fruit is borne on this tree, which has as its root the same thing that was in the heart of Lucifer 6,000 years ago—self-exaltation.

"We must cultivate an abiding sense of our own inefficiency and helplessness and rely wholly on Jesus. This should keep us individually calm and steadfast in words and deportment. Excitement in the speaker is not power but weakness. Earnestness and energy are essential in presenting Bible truth, the gospel...There is need of caution in all our utterances lest some poor souls of ardent temperament shall work themselves up into a zeal not according to knowledge" *Ibid*.

So, while I would share with you some precious experiences this morning, I ask your prayers that God will help us in everything, that our minds, both the speaker and the hearers, shall be directed to Jesus.

In a message to D.N. Canright, page 163 of this book 2 *Selected Messages*, I read:

"You have wanted to be too much, and make a show and noise in the world, and as the result your sun will surely set in obscurity" *Selected Messages, Book 2*, page 163.

And this is exactly what happened:

"You have wanted to be too much, and make a show and noise in the world, and as the result your sun will surely set in obscurity" *Ibid*.

Oh, I thank the Lord for His wonderful love in dealing with us. I thank the Lord for the goodness of God which permits us all to have a part in His work.

Now, there's another principle that I would like to bring in before we start our narrative. Otherwise, we will miss much of the blessing of these experiences.

Ministry of Healing, page 509:

"We are seldom, in all respects, placed in the same position twice. We continually have new scenes and new trials to pass through, where past experience cannot be a sufficient guide" *Ministry of Healing*, page 509.

What a wonderful principle. No matter how many years of experience we've had in the things of God, brethren, this day—this very day—is a different day from any we've ever met before.

And therefore, as we face new problems, what we can learn from the past is largely this lesson of how frail and weak man is, and how willing God is to give us the right word at the right time right now, and this is the greatest blessing I get from listening to the experiences of others or telling my own experience.

Never think, as you listen to a human experience, Oh, I wish I could have an experience just like that. No. Never think, as you look back on an experience you had 20 years ago, or a week ago, Oh, I wish I could have an experience like that. No. God has something better for you than any experience anybody else had could be for you, and God has a better experience for you today than any experience you ever had in the past. Oh, how wonderful these principles are.

The other day, on my way here, I stopped at the state park at the farthest tip of the state of Illinois. Some of you who have traveled the road know that you come over the highway from Kentucky into Illinois and then immediately over another bridge over the Mississippi River. Well, I stopped between the two rivers—the Ohio on the east and the Mississippi on the west.

And I went down to the southernmost point of Illinois and I stood there and I watched those waters of the Mississippi and the waters of the Ohio blend together into the larger river that goes on its way down at last to the gulf and the ocean.

You know, I've been meditating on it, friends. That mighty river drains a vast territory. A few weeks ago, I was holding some studies on the sanctuary in the state of Minnesota just a few miles from what they call the source of the Mississippi River, and in a sense it is the source.

But I know another source of the Mississippi River. It's this little waterway that runs along the edge of Eden Valley here and flows on down into a river, and that into a larger river, until finally it, too, joins the Mississippi.

And the waters that fall as this snow melts this morning—as that water goes into the ground and some of it runs off—these are as truly a part of the source of the Mississippi River as anything in Minnesota. Do you agree with me?

On our property at Wildwood, we have a little spring. The man who owned it before us called it the spring of health and healing. Well, that little spring feeds a little stream which goes on down and joins a branch and that into Lookout Creek and that into the Tennessee River and that into the Ohio and that into the Mississippi and on its way to the gulf.

And as I look at that little spring, I can say, There is the source of the Mississippi River. There are 10,000 other sources. Do you see what I mean, friends? Yes. Why, that water that falls on Oak Haven—you folks from there—where is it going? Do you see what I mean, dear friends?

And so, when we come to tell of the work of God in some human experience, we must remember there are hundreds and thousands of little rivulets that go together to make a river of the building up of an institution or any other work for God.

We're inclined, when we tell a story that we have had a part in, to relate those things in which we participate, and this is very natural and up to a point it is all right. But the longer I live, brethren, the more I realize that usually God's way is to use a team rather than just an individual.

And another thing that is dawning more and more on my soul and that is that the brethren who seem to stand in our way are just as much a part of the total experience as the ones that pat us on the back and urge us forward.

I'd like to emphasize that. If I were writing it, I'd underline it in red. It is too easy for us as we look back on our experience to identify with the enemy those who have opposed us, and to identify with the Savior those who have, as we say, helped us.

But when the books are opened at the final day, we shall find that often the negative attitude of some of our fellow workers was just as vital to the success of the program finally as anything that we considered a green light.

All of this carries us back to the basic doctrine of the providence of God. God is on His throne:

“...the most High ruleth in the kingdom of men...” Daniel 4:17.

Nothing happens without His permission. To those who love Him, He is working all things together for good.

When I think of our work at Wildwood, I think of two great sources—Loma Linda and Madison. From the beginning of our work there, there have always been on our staff and faculty some who had been trained at Loma Linda and some who had been trained at Madison.

So, as I watched those two great rivers merge together the other day, so as I think of the source of the work at Wildwood, I trace it back to those two fountainheads—the school at Madison and the school at Loma Linda.

These two institutions were established at about the same time—Madison in 1904, Loma Linda in 1905. Both had a very direct connection with the Lord's messenger. In fact, both were selected by the prophet of God. She was on the ground and selected the place at Madison. The place at Loma Linda she saw in vision and told Elder Burden where to look for it—between Redlands and Riverside—when with her natural eyes she had never looked upon it.

Both of these places were established to train missionaries for the closing work—Madison giving special emphasis to the self-supporting work; Loma Linda giving special emphasis to the medical evangelistic work.

I believe more and more in the closing work, we are going to see all these streams blend together in a mighty river that Ezekiel saw, which at last covers the earth.

In the providence of God, I was brought to Loma Linda as a young man to receive some training along medical missionary lines. While there, I became acquainted with Elder John Tindall, who had already been out in the field for a number of years in medical evangelism, and he invited me to go with him as an apprentice, which I did.

In San Francisco and the bay area, I was his helper, doing at first little things that a boy might do in carrying his briefcase and running his stereopticon machine and answering questions of interested people after his lectures.

As time went on, the Lord made it possible for me to assist him in other ways, and I learned from him the principles of gospel medical company work, operating as a team—doctors and nurses, ministers and Bible workers, dieticians and cooks, working together to present a full message to the people.

For a number of years, it was my privilege to serve as a conference evangelist and pastor in a number of the conferences in North America, working particularly in the big cities.

As providence would arrange it, early in this work, the depression came and it was not possible for the conferences to support as many workers as I needed to carry out this team idea, which of course, we had found in the books.

But we also found in these inspired volumes, counsels leading us to invite people to come and help us on a self-supporting basis, and so, in various places in California, Utah, and Oklahoma and Louisiana, we had associated with us anywhere from a half dozen to as many as 20 or 25 self-supporting helpers—nurses, physicians, colporteurs, health food workers, and workers in other lines.

We had some wonderful experiences in seeing the Lord answer prayer in sending us the type of workers that we needed. We also had some precious experiences in association with Elder W.C. White. Elder White was the son of Sister White, the Lord's messenger, and he took a great interest in the self-supporting work in the south. He received this as a legacy from his mother.

Sister White was on the Madison board from the time of its beginning. Near her death, she resigned and her son, Elder W.C. White, took her place and was a member of that board throughout his lifetime.

Elder White, living not far away from the San Francisco area, often visited Elder Tindall and the field training school that he was conducting in San Francisco, and it was my privilege to become acquainted with him and to share the counsels that he gave us encouraging the medical missionary work, and when, a little later, we were associating with us a number of self-supporting helpers, he took a very special interest in this.

I remember him standing at the head of our long table in Ogden, Utah, with over 20 workers seated around that table, as he said, Sister White would have loved to see this group. This is the type of work that she believed in. You can imagine this gave us courage and cheer.

He also gave us practical counsel, some of which I've already echoed to you this morning. He realized that we had had criticism and that we would have more in the future, and he said, Learn from your critics. This is still good counsel, friends.

We should not brush aside the questions or the suggestions or the criticisms either of our friends or our opponents. All of them should be carefully considered, weighed in the balances of the sanctuary. God has made no man a complete whole.

Elder W.C. White not only encouraged the work we were doing as a company of gospel medical missionaries going from city to city. He talked to us and called our attention to the counsels in the Spirit of Prophecy about getting out into the country and establishing rural bases.

We endeavored to do this, but this was difficult going from city to city, but this was always in our minds. He called our attention to the wonderful testimony that you will find in the book *Medical Ministry*, page 308 and 9, calling for working the cities from outpost centers. He gave me a copy of this testimony before it was ever printed in the book, *Medical Ministry*, and he gave us personally a copy of this book *Medical Ministry*, when it came out, with the Ellen G. White Library stamp on the inside. We value that.

I tell you this to help you to see some of the reasons that caused us to go to Wildwood later on, after Elder White's death. Elder White often talked to us, when he was alive and we were working in the west, about the wonderful self-supporting work that was going on in Madison in the units.

I learned afterwards that he sometimes told the work there in the south about the work we were doing in the west, and expressed the wish that the practical self-supporting experiences that the people in the south were having could be brought into the work we were doing, and that more of the evangelistic spirit which we were fostering might be connected with this rural, southern self-supporting work.

He planted such seeds in our hearts, and when in the providence of God we came into the southwestern union and were located in various cities there, this brought us close enough to Madison so that we were invited to come and share in the annual southern self-supporting conventions.

It was there that I met Brother Neil Martin, Ralph's older brother, and there began a friendship which has meant a great deal to me. Brother Neil Martin was the chairman of the convention that year, and its keynote was "Back to First Principles," and as I sat in the meeting the Thursday night of the opening and listened to that man as he presented the testimonies and the Lord's instructions as to how his work was to be carried forward, I knew that I was listening to a kindred spirit.

Brother George McClure, who at that time was leading out in a little self-supporting institution in Mississippi, was also a speaker there, and I recognized again, a man who was reading the testimonies.

On Sabbath afternoon, they had asked me to relate some of our experiences in gospel-medical evangelism, and as these experiences were related, the hearts of some of these brethren were drawn to us and we toward them.

Brother Neil Martin began to visit our work which we were doing in Louisiana, and I think that later he spoke of it as a courtship, and that was probably a pretty good name for what he did. He very nicely and systematically kept in touch with us, visiting us and inviting us to visit his sanitarium, the El Reposo Sanitarium in Florence, Alabama, and talked with us about the need for country bases to foster the kind of work we were doing, and read us testimonies. These were some of the same testimonies that Elder W.C. White had read us, so we recognized the language.

And finally, after we'd become better acquainted, he asked me one day—he said, Brother Frazee, if the opportunity should come to establish a place in the country for the training of gospel medical missionaries, would you be interested in having a part in it.

And I said, Well, Brother Martin, I want to be wherever the Lord wants me, and that is of deep interest to me and I would certainly consider it—the providence of God in it. He had been reading *Medical Ministry*, page 308 and 9, in which a plan is outlined for the evangelizing of New York City through establishing a country base—a home for our mission workers outside of the city. Farther down the page, it says that this same work is to be done in the neighborhood of several cities.

This, in quite detail, outlines a plan for a home for mission workers near a city but outside of it. It calls attention to the need for a small sanitarium in connection with that country base, a small training school for workers, land for cultivation where fruit and vegetables may be raised for the benefit of the workers. It even mentions the advantages of hills because it says:

“The exercise called for in climbing hills is often a great benefit to our ministers, physicians, or other workers who are in danger of failing to take sufficient exercise” *Medical Ministry*, page 308.

And so, while we were busy—engaged in medical evangelism in Louisiana—Brother Neil Martin, urged on by this statement:

“Let men of sound judgment be appointed, not to publish abroad their intentions, but to search for such properties in the rural districts, in easy access to the cities, suitable for small training schools for workers, and where facilities may also be provided for treating the sick and weary souls who know not the truth. Look for such places just out from the large cities, where suitable buildings may be secured, either as gift from the owners, or purchased at a reasonable price by the gifts of our people” *Ibid*.

Urged on by this statement, which burned as a fire in his bones, he ranged over many areas of the southern states, looking for a place that would answer to these specifications.

One day, as God's providence would arrange it, his car had to have some attention. A gasket had to be replaced. Some of us know something about the providences of automobile trouble, don't we.

And at Chattanooga he was having this repaired, and just across the street from the garage where this was being done was the office of dear old Dr. Hayward, who at the turn of the century had been the medical secondary of the southern union, and he was now in practice in Chattanooga, a white-haired, fatherly gentleman—a graduate of the early medical school in Battle Creek.

Dr. Hayward had pioneered a number of medical institutions in the south, and as Brother Martin visited with him—they'd known each other before—Dr. Hayward inquired about what errand he was on there in Chattanooga, and Brother Neil Martin told him just what he had in mind.

Dr. Hayward said, Well, you must see my place. I have a place 10 miles out here at Wildwood, Georgia. Well, Brother Martin said, no, he said, I won't go out and see your place. You're doing a work there, and we're looking for a new place where we can develop the work.

But Dr. Hayward insisted and wouldn't take, No, for an answer, and so Brother Martin went out, and as Brother Martin looked over the place and noted how fully it met the specifications of these pages, and as Dr. Hayward was looking for workers to carry on something similar there, they visited together back and forth, and Brother Martin came down to Baton Rouge where we were holding meetings and told us about the work.

Dr. Hayward came down and visited us. Finally, Brother McClure, who some months before had joined me in Baton Rouge—he and I went with Brother Neil Martin and made a trip—visited Wildwood, visited Dr. Sutherland at Madison, went to Atlanta and visited with the president of the Georgia-Cumberland Conference, Elder Keith, and with the president of the southern union, Elder J.K. Jones.

Over a number of weeks, study was given to just what the Lord's will might be in this matter, but finally, we moved to Wildwood in the latter part of January in 1942. I had been for many years reading to other people statements about how God would sustain them if they would step out. I had personally seen His providence in making it possible for scores of people over a period of time to be with me on a self-supporting basis when I was in conference evangelism, and so it was merely another step in believing those promises to step out into what seemed a providence of God.

In counseling with our conference brethren in the southern union and in the Georgia-Cumberland Conference, we did what we believed was the wise and proper thing, and I'm glad that we did, and while they did not feel to issue us an official call to enter into self-supporting work, we were glad to have their friendship, and through the years, we've had the privilege of some very precious experiences in working with our conference brethren, both in the local and the union conference.

Now, when we went to Wildwood, we were a little company at this time of about 15. Brother Neil Martin and a few workers from El Reposo and those of our little group in Baton Rouge who chose to go with us in this new venture.

And what did we have when we arrived there? Well, a place of some 500 acres, mostly mountain land, a few buildings, and a vision of seeing a sanitarium and training school established there.

At first, some of our nurses went out into the homes of the people and nursed in order that they might make contacts and also that means might be supplied to carry on our work. We began missionary work in the surrounding communities at once, teaching in Sunday schools, finding opening for Bible studies, health lectures and other ways.

But we had an institution to build, and how was this to be done? Among all the group of us, there wasn't money enough to put up a building. We lived in the few buildings that were there and in some tents and were praying that God would open the way, and He did begin to open the way.

Let me tell you how our present sanitarium building was built. The second summer that we were there we borrowed some tents from the Georgia-Cumberland Conference and held a summer's institute in medical missionary work. Among those who came as students were two or three men that had had experience in construction, and as we were hoping to build a small building temporarily to use as a sanitarium until we could build a larger building, we were looking for the providence of God to supply the money, the materials, the men.

It was war time, and practically impossible to get materials, but as several of us knelt down under the pines there in front of where the sanitarium building is now, we sought the Lord in a special way that He would provide material. Just two days later, I think it was, one of the men noticed in the want ads of the newspaper a place where there were several buildings to be wrecked, where lumber might be secured.

They went and investigated this, and as the result, they bought far more than they intended. For something under a thousand dollars, we bought about a dozen barracks-like buildings, but they had to be wrecked.

The way the Lord supplied the money for this was interesting. One man who was living there on the place with us and who we didn't know had any money—he found a few hundred dollars, others supplied some, and so we bought it, but it took all that we had to pay for those buildings up there.

One of the men who was a student with us that year offered to help us as he'd had some experience as a foreman with gangs of men, and several of our students volunteered to help, and so, we held classes sometimes down at Wildwood and sometimes up in the canyon where these buildings were 75 miles from Wildwood.

And as the weeks went by, the buildings were coming down and piles of lumber going up. The question was now, how to get them down to Wildwood for the building. This man who was looking after the foreman's work found that the man who had sold us the buildings also had an old truck which he was willing to sell us for what was called ceiling price in those war-restricted days—\$475—and Brother Pine told me—he said, Now, I've looked into the cost of hiring this haul down there and the cost is prohibitive. If we could get this truck, I think we could do it.

Well, I said, Brother, we don't have \$475, we don't have any—we don't have a dollar to buy that truck. I said, I know that it looks like a foolish thing to buy these houses—these buildings—and wreck them and get the lumber here and have no way to move it down, but I said, that's the way we have to move in this work. If the Lord gives us a wagon, then we have to pray for a horse to pull it.

So, he and his wife and one of the brethren and I knelt down in the little cabin up there in the canyon and asked God to find some way to move that lumber. That was Thursday night. Friday afternoon I came down to Wildwood to be with the little church there over the Sabbath, and as I drove on the grounds my father saw me and he said, See your mother. She has a letter you'll be interested in. Mother was looking after my mail while I was away.

So, she handed an envelope to me and in it was a check for \$500. This was from a woman who was not a member of the church but who had heard of the work we were doing through another party. This other party didn't know our need at this particular time.

Five hundred dollars, and what did I tell you the truck was going to cost? Yes. Well, you know, it would take a little money for gas. But you can imagine, there was great rejoicing, and may I tell you, dear friends, \$500 at that particular time meant a great deal more than an amount far larger this morning. I'll put it this way. It would take a much larger check to give me the thrill that that one did. But the needs increase as time goes on.

Well, finally, that lumber got down there. There were many providences in connection with that. And two of these brethren built a couple of little cottages from the lumber—those cottages just north of the sanitarium now. But they had other plans and went on. They had only been there for the summer institute.

And so, we were left with a few men whom the army wouldn't accept for physical reasons, and some women, and the war was on good and hard. But as our group continued to pray, one of our men said, Let's stake out the place for the sanitarium and pour the footings. They knew enough to do that, but they didn't know how to lay blocks. We didn't have a block layer in the little group there.

And so, we were praying that God would send us somebody for that, and sure enough, the Lord sent us a young man, a new convert, a colporteur, who was an expert mason, and as he heard about the work there, he was anxious to come and take some of our classes, and it was arranged that he would continue with his colporteur during the week, attend classes in the evening, and on Sunday, lay the blocks for the basement floor of our new sanitarium and teach our men how to do it. That's how those blocks were laid.

But as soon as those walls were up, we needed to pour the floor, and that meant all the plumbing had to be roughed in, and we didn't have a plumber, and plumbers cost money and we didn't have money, and we were praying for it.

Thanksgiving Day came, and in drove a little pickup truck, and a man with a big smile on his face stepped out and he said, You don't need any plumbers, do you? He

was a dear friend that I had baptized a few years before in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and he had with him another friend, and they were both plumbers.

And when he asked that question—I don't know whether he was asking it just, you know—just to say something or what—but I simply took him down around and took him into the basement where we had the walls up and no plumbing roughed in.

And those two dear men—they took right hold, and the next day they went into town and found a place where we could get some plumbing supplies, and one of them helped to pay for the plumbing supplies, and they spent their vacation roughing in all the plumbing in that basement. More than that, he said, When you get the building built and want to plumb the building, he said, We'll come back and see to that, too.

But you know, friends, it's dangerous to do anything like that—flies get caught in the sticky paper—and do you know, that man got so caught in what he was investing in that later he went back and sold his place and came and helped us finish the building of that building, and built Haskell Hall and several other buildings on that place. It's dangerous to help in a work like this.

Well, the finishing of the building from step to step was one chapter after another of answered prayer—God sending carpenters when we had to have carpenters, and the last man that came was a painter, and generally that's one of the last things you need. And so, the building was built step by step, God supplying only a step at a time the money.

I remember when we had to have the furnace and the wonderful way that God provided that furnace. There was a strike on up north where they were building things like that, but as the man in Chattanooga through whom we were ordering, heard the story of our work, he got on the telephone and arranged with another company to build this boiler for us specially. He said, These folks are building a hospital and there's going to be patients in that building this winter, and they're going to need to be warm.

But we didn't have the money for it when we ordered it, and then, through a most wonderful providence, a man standing at the head of another self-supporting institution that God had blessed with means wrote us a letter and he asked us if they could help some, and we told him our needs, and back came a check for \$2,500 that paid for putting in that heating system.

The interesting thing to me, friends—and we could tell you many more experiences like these—but the interesting thing to me is that there—I was going to say never—I'll be conservative and say seldom—two of these experiences alike, and for once, when you open an envelope and get a check, there are many times you open an envelope and get a bill. You know about that, don't you.

And for once, when the answer seems to come just in the nick of time, there are other times when God delays. God answers prayer.

Sometimes when hearts are weak,
He gives the very gifts believers seek,
But often faith must learn a deeper trust,

And trust God's silence when He does not speak.

As I think back of the experiences that have come to us these 27 years there at Wildwood, I think of many delays, but precious answers at the right time. I think of precious experiences in the healing of the sick when God led us through battles with the enemy over the health and lives of our workers—precious experiences. Miraculous, some of them, indeed, yes, but usually associated with the natural remedies that God has given us and usually gradual rather than sudden.

But I have seen people literally snatched from the jaws of death, my friends. I've seen people that the doctor expected to die within a few hours brought up, as you might say, out of the grave, to God be glory. But I've also seen times when those we love were laid to rest, and await in the little cemetery up on the hill the coming of the Lifegiver.

No, dear friends, none of these experiences are to exalt self or to lead us to feel that if we touch the right computer button, some marvelous thing is going to happen.

The greatest miracle that I've seen at Wildwood is the Lord's blessing in working with human hearts, changing characters and making them like Jesus. It's a wonderful thing to see men and women who have had professional training—doctors, nurses, ministers, teachers—come there to Wildwood to get a training and an experience in simple self-supporting gospel medical missionary work.

Just last month, it was my privilege to spend three weeks there teaching a class in orientation, as we call it, for our new students—25 new students this fall—the largest group of incoming students we've ever had.

Among them is a young man who just graduated from one of our universities, but the Lord has gotten hold of his heart, and he sees in that simple program something that God has called him into. That's more of a miracle, friends, than a check for \$2,500—takes more of the grace of God.

We have, as another student, a young man, whose father is a pastor of a large church on the Atlantic seaboard. This young man has heard the call to soul winning, and having listened to our tapes over a period of years, he's heard the Lord calling him to this type of training, and we're glad that it's there for him.

We have a number of other students. **Brother Dull** may be telling you more about that part of the work before we get through this workshop. Brother Atherton may be telling you about some of the wonderful experiences in the building of our new sanitarium, which is now under construction and about one third through.

When this building—this new building—was contemplated, I told the present staff there—I said, Very few of you had any experience in the early days at Wildwood. Some of them have heard me tell some of the stories that I've shared with you this morning, but they know them only as narrative.

I said to the staff, Brothers and sisters, God is waiting to give you here at this time some wonderful experiences in answered prayer that are current, up to date, and

that's what they're having, for in this new undertaking, Wildwood has bitten off more than it can chew.

The expense and the time and material involved in this new building are probably as much as all the building we've done through the years there put together, and to have this all compressed into a number of months, a few years at the most, and this was undertaken, brethren, just as the first sanitarium was undertaken—through faith and prayer.

Brother Quarry quoted me last night in something that I had forgotten, but I thank him for bringing it to my attention, and I'm going to close my little story this morning with what he said last night, the best I remember it.

These are the facts. A true vision must lead to a burden. A burden must lead to prayer. A prayer—a true prayer experience—must lead to effort—doing something about the vision and the burden and what we're praying about. And all of that, in turn, must lead to sacrifice. And all of this opens the way for God to work miracles.

We have no right to expect miracles unless all those preliminary steps have been taken. Unless we've given ourselves to prayer and gotten up from our knees to work hard, and then taken the results of the effort and used them, not to line our pockets or feather our nests, but to further the work, then, my friends, as prayer, hard work and sacrifice combine, God will multiply by His miraculous power. We've seen it again and again, and we praise Him with all our hearts.

I'll turn the meeting back to whoever is supposed to take charge at this time... May we sing All the Way My Savior Leads Me—259.

Copyright 2019. All rights reserved.

W.D. Frazee Sermons
PO Box 129, Wildwood, GA 30757
1-800-WDF-1840 / 706-820-9755
www.WDFsermons.org
support@WDFsermons.org