

Wildwood Story 2 of 2

#1033

Study given by W.D. Frazee—1953

...that we had known in another state years before. The Lord has impressed her to send two hundred dollars. May I interrupt my story just long enough to tell you this friends: It's easy to pick out in 11 years some wonderful experiences of answered prayer and getting money and seeing people healed and workers come, but remember they don't come like this [snaps fingers]. No, they don't come like that. There are desert experiences in between. I was about to say desert wanderings; perhaps that might be all right. You know what they're for, don't you? They're just as important as the *wonderful* answers to prayer. It takes *both* to develop character. And as Brother Martin used to tell us often in our early experience here, what this place does to us is far more important than what we do to this place. I still believe it's true, brethren and sisters. Don't you? Yes.

Well, this check came in for \$200, well it thrilled us; but friends, why \$200? The note was \$500. All right. Brother Brown, Dan Brown, moved by this indication of the Lord's providence, he went to a few friends in the area and some on the place and within a few days the amount was made up to the dollar. And when the Tuesday came the money was on hand to pay that last note. But of course, he had left us with no more money than we *had* before we paid the note. Meanwhile Brother Brown had built the barn, which used to stand here and many of you have seen but which burned two years ago. He had built that barn early in '43, and in the summer of '43 he'd finished that and he said to us, "Well, what should we build next?"

And I want to tell you a story now, of how we got the Sanitarium: where you patients are being treated, and where you nurses are being trained, and where you doctors are seeing patients now. How did that happen? The summer before that we had gotten our workers out under the trees there and had prayer and stuck a shovel in the ground and turned a spade full over and said, "*This* is the beginning of a building." And that's all there was for a while.

And then by-and-by we got the mules out there. And Brother Neil Martin and I, and brother Fouts, other workers, got out there and made an excavation—just a hole in the side of the hill. We didn't have any bulldozer. We didn't have any tractor. We had two mules and our own backs, a scraper, and pick, and shovel. That's the way every bit of that sanitarium excavation was dug, long before we had any tractor or bulldozer.

And all within this week, the brethren found in the want ad's of the newspaper, where some buildings were for sale to be wrecked up here in the mountains about 75 miles from here. We went up and looked at them, and where we had thought perhaps

we might buy one or two small buildings and wreck those and reconstruct them; before the week was over we had bought 14 buildings.

If you want to know what the smallest of them in size were, they are the exact size of those two cottages that now stand just north of the sanitarium. They are reconstructed as they were; that was the size and shape of them up there. But some of them were large, with one of them as big as this hall here. They were barrack-type buildings—nothing fancy. They had been used in a construction camp and they had been up long enough to be well seasoned. And there they were: *thousands* of feet of 2x4's, 2x6, 2x8, 2x10 and sheeting and siding. But where did we get the money to get them? And I don't think I would do wrong to tell you friends, that dear Brother Tounick, whose wife was for so many years a patient here, and who now is our kindly flower gardener up at Lookout Mountain, was the man who (we didn't know he had it at that time) came forward with a few hundred dollars and put that down and said, "Here's the money to buy that lumber." [Elder Frazee is tapping on the podium with his finger for emphasis.] You know it's wonderful how the Lord impresses people who you don't know have any money at all, when the right time comes, to put it down, put it down.

But still, friends, how were we going to *wreck* those buildings and get the lumber down here? Well, we were, in the providence of God at that time, conducting out *first* institute—just a summer institute. That's before we started any regular educational program here. But we felt impressed, that second summer, that we ought to have some educational work. We set out the word to the field with a little newsletter, and some people had come in. That's when Brother Cooper came. He came to take that institute that summer. And Brother Pine came and several others. And when these men heard about this, they said, "If you want those buildings wrecked, we'll go up there and at our own expense, (I mean without being paid for it) we'll help in getting those buildings wrecked." And so I went along and we taught institute classes up there at the construction camp. Part of the time my mother did the cooking for the group (there were six of us men), part of the time my wife came up and did the cooking. We spent a number of weeks up there in the summer of '43, wrecking those buildings and getting them ready to take down here as lumber. My friends, we had nails, and nails, and nails, and nails, and nails that we had pulled out. And the lumber kept rising. Piles of lumber over that place. Thousands of feet of it.

And now friends I want to tell you a *wonderful* story of how that lumber got down here. The angels didn't put it on their wings and bring it down here, but it's just as definitely the work of God. One evening, Brother Pine, who was acting as a foreman for us, our student, he came to me and said, "Brother Frazee," he said, "I've been wondering how in the world we're going to get that lumber down there to Wildwood," and he said, "I've been investigating and I had a truck take one load down as a sample. "But," he said, "They want 30 dollars for one load to go down to Wildwood and come back." And he said, "We can't—we could never do that, *I know*." And he said, "I've been wondering if perhaps we shouldn't get a truck." And he said, "The man that sold us the lumber has an old truck which he will sell at ceiling price, \$470." And he said, "I had just wondered if there was any money that we might buy that truck with?" He said,

“It seems to me to be the best way out.” Well I said, “Brother Pine, we don’t have a dollar to buy that truck with.” I said we scrapped the bottom of the barrel and even went in debt a little to get the money to buy this lumber; cost just a little more than the donation had been. “Now” I said, “I know it looks foolish to buy this lumber and have it sitting here and no way to get it down to Wildwood.” “But”, I said, “we’re in that sort of a situation all the time.” And that is that when the Lord gives us a wagon then we start praying for a horse to pull it. So I said, “Let’s do this: let’s kneel down here and pray together, that *God* will open the way and provide the transportation of that lumber down there.” And I said “Brother”, I said, “I have no more idea than you do how we’re going to get that truck or how the lumber will get down there, but”, I said “I know that God will make it possible.” And we prayed friends, we prayed.

I think I ought to read you a promise, to help you to see why we *expected* things like this. There’s no used to *expect* something, friends, unless you’ve got a promise. Just *expecting* doesn’t mean anything. You must have a *promise*. Here it is: Gospel Workers, 267:

“Those who are endeavoring to build up the work in new territory will often find themselves in great need of better facilities. Their work will seem to be hindered for lack of these facilities; but let them not lose their faith and courage. Often they are obliged to go to the limit of their resources. At times it may seem as if they could advance no farther. But if they pray and work in faith, God will answer their petitions, sending them means for the advancement of the work. Difficulties will arise; they will wonder how they are going to accomplish what must be done. At times the future will look very dark. But let the workers bring to God the promises He has made, and thank Him for what He has done. Then the way will open before them,…” *Gospel Workers*, page 267.

So we claimed that promise, friends. That was Thursday night. The next day I came down to Wildwood to be over the Sabbath with the church here. And when I came on the grounds driving up the hill, my father met me. He said, “See you mother right away. She has something that will interest you.” And so I went down; she handed me a long envelope. She had been taking care of my mail while I was away. I opened the envelope and there was a letter and a check in there. And it was made out to the Wildwood Sanitarium and the figure was \$500.

It was a gift, my friends, from a woman—not a member of the church—who had never met any of us, but who was a friend of a friend of ours. And this friend of ours had told *this* friend about what was going on here at Wildwood. Invited her to have a part in it. And this friend didn’t know about our need of a truck or the particular project we were in at the moment. And there friends, right out of the clear sky, that check, \$500. What did I tell you that truck was priced at? \$470. And if you want to know what

the other \$30 was for friends, you may be sure it needed some gas and oil. The Lord never overlooks anything. Yes sir.

Well, that old truck was gotten. And, oh friends, you can be sure that our workers were thrilled as they saw the hand of God reaching down in answer to prayer and giving us *exactly* what we had to have. Interesting thing to me is God doesn't give us *more* than we have to have. Why wasn't that check for \$1,000? No, \$500. When I got the brethren to gather, Sunday afternoon, up at the deconstruction camp, we didn't mind calling them off the work pulling nails to hear that story. And I *asked* them why it was that the check was for \$500. I think it was Brother Cooper who spoke up and said that the reason is that was what we had to have. And that's what it was.

You know, if I could tell you all about that truck—that truck itself is an interesting story. It began to go. And you know you couldn't get tires then during the war. There were just several *old* tires mostly worn out that came with the old piece of junk. [Audience laughs.] They'd load that truck up with the lumber and start coming down the mountain. Pretty soon there'd be a flat and they'd have to get out and fix that tire. Well that kept on until finally they'd have to throw one away; they couldn't fix it anymore. And do you know, the last trip that truck made there was no spare. That's right. But it got here and up where Haskell Hall is now, there were piles of lumber; right up there next to this little apple tree. Remember the piles of lumber, Brother Foote?

Well, that's how we got that lumber, but that's only the beginning of *that* story friends. Because that lumber stood there for months and months and months, several of the brethren that helped us to get it felt called to go to other places. We were left here with just a little handful. Brother Cooper cast in his lot with us at that time. And for some time Brother Foote and I, and Brother Cooper, and my father I guess, were the only men that are here *now* that were here then. Am I correct? Nobody else here now that was here then? And we were about *all* the men that were here then! [Light laughter] We had a few men that would have been glad to be here but they were with Uncle Sam.

I wish I had time to tell you the wonderful story of how Brother Foote escaped going into the army. He had *seven* different induction dates. Seven different induction dates. The Lord kept him here friends. And he's been here continuously *all* through these nearly 11 years now.

Well, we thank the Lord for these different providences that made it possible. But as I said, with just a little handful of men we had to keep our farm work going and other things. We weren't able to do any building hardly to speak of. The brethren who helped us to wreck it, helped build the two little cottages before they left. And so the lumber stood there. Finally Brother Brainerd (yes, he was with us at that time, he's now up at Tacoma), a dear man of faith, the Spirit moved him and after many, many months, as he saw that lumber there, he said, "Brethren we must build."

And I'll tell you what kind of a builder Brother Brainerd is. His experience is that of a roofer. And a roof isn't exactly the first thing you need in a building. Brother Cooper was busy with the farm work, of course. Brother Foote and I were largely busy in other lines. Brother Foote and I were both helping on the farm some of that time, and in other ways. Brother Brainerd said, "You brethren are willing, I'd like to start something down there." And so the lines were drawn, the excavation finished, the footings poured. And as far as I know, there wasn't a man on the place that knew how to lay block. And I'm sure that was so, because Brother Brainerd and one of the other brethren were going to Chattanooga to see if they couldn't find somebody that knew how to lay block that would show them how to do it. And do you know what happened? Now this is what happened: right at that time, as God would have it, the Lord sent to this place a young man who was an *expert* brick mason. He was also the leading colporteur for the Conference. With his little family he came here and he *begged* that he might come here and take these classes and get this training. And a plan was worked out that he'd do his colporteur work through the week, take some late afternoon and evening classes, and help us by laying block on Sunday. And taught our men how to! That dear man—and I have two things to tell you about him: one that makes me sorry, and one that makes me glad. After being here with us for some time, he went out, back at his trade to try to earn some money. He lost his way in the world and for some time has been apart from God. But, oh friends, just this last week, two nights before Christmas, what do you suppose happened? The providence of God let my wife and me to his home. And that dear man made a new surrender to Christ. He was out here and had Christmas dinner with us, he and his wife and his four children. And he's keeping his first Sabbath that he's kept for a long time—this very Sabbath. Oh, I thank the Lord for that. Well, he's the man that laid the block in that Sanitarium building.

But he was a brick mason; he wasn't a carpenter, he wasn't a plumber, he wasn't an electrician. How did we get all those different things done? May I tell you friends, there's less than \$15 dollars paid labor in that whole building. That's right, less than \$15 dollars paid labor in the whole building.

Let me tell you how the plumbing got in there. We didn't have any plumber. Plumbers are *expensive*, if you know anything about it. And weeks we didn't even have the money if we could've gotten one. Thanksgiving day came, and in rolls a truck from Tulsa, Oklahoma and out steps two plumbers. And one of them said with a broad grin on his face, he says, "You don't need any plumbers do ya? Then we've come to spend a few days vacation with ya." Now what do you suppose we said? [Audience laughs.] Why, we said just look over here. And there was that foundation with the blocks all up and we were ready to pour the floors, but you have to have the plumbing roughed in before you can pour the cement floors. And my dear friends, those men rolled up their sleeves and got busy.

The very next morning, we went to town Friday morning. It was wartime. They went to the big plumbing supplies, Crane and Mills and Lupton and others, and couldn't get what they needed. The Lord led us down on South Market Street to a little place where there was a Jewish man that had a plumbing supply house. And before we went

out of there that morning, we bought \$600 dollars worth of pipe and plumbing fixtures and they said they got items there that they couldn't even get in Tulsa, Oklahoma. And one of the brethren that came, both of them wonderful plumbers, one of the brethren went into his own pocket and dug up \$50 dollars to help us get that plumbing supply. And those men worked day after day during their vacation to get that in and they drove off in a snowstorm with a little oil heater in the back of the truck to keep 'em warm on the way home. That's how we got the plumbing in.

Well you know friends, it's dangerous to put money or effort into a work like this. You know what happened to brother Chase? Well when he drove off, he was one of those plumbers. Brother Chase said, "Now when you get ready to put the fixtures in the building, he said, let me know and I'll be back. Well the Lord moved on his heart and he came over here and helped us; and finally, friends, it got into his heart so much that he went back and sold out his property in Oklahoma and came here with us. And when it came time to put up *this* building and the shop and Hillside house and a lot of these other buildings here, it was Brother Chase that was foreman and led out in putting these buildings up. I say it's dangerous to put anything into a thing like this, friends. You know what the Lord said in Matthew there, don't you? Matthew 6.

"For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also"
Matthew 6:21.

Well, I could tell you other wonderful stories of the Lord bringing people to help build that Sanitarium. Painters, electricians, and carpenters and others; one after another as we had to have them they came, friends. They came. And I can still remember the night it was getting real dark when about six or eight of us—and I'm so happy I can remember I was up there with them—were putting the last shingles on the roof of that Sanitarium before a rain and snow came on. It took us *four* years, friends, to build that Sanitarium. Four years. And we were living in it in one way or another most of the time. You know why it took us four years? Well I'll tell you. We had to have money—takes time. We had to have workers, and most important, the purpose of *all* this working together of teachers and students is to develop character. What the work does to us is far more important than what we do to the work.

I must tell you the story of how that furnace got in that building. You want to look at something wonderful, a real miracle, go down and look at that furnace. That piece of iron down there is a miracle. As the building came along we had to decide of course about a heating system. The brethren thought that probably a steam heating system would be the best. We went into the Crane Company and by this time the war was over but there was still shortage of materials. And I can remember there in that office of the Crane Company talking to that clerk (there were several of us brethren together) about what we needed. He said there was no use of taking the order, he said, "We can't get a number of those things." But we said, "Now see here. There's a man over here that has *promised* that we can have a boiler and it'll come through you." He knew about it of course. So he said, "We know we can get the boiler and we want to go ahead." And there was a big fellow over in the corner and he says, "It's for a hospital; go ahead and

take the order," he said, "and see what we can do." So they wrote down the order. And it ran up to several thousand dollars for that boiler and for all the pipes and for all those radiators. Several thousand dollars! And may I tell you friends, when we gave that order we didn't know where a dollar of that was coming from. But it was taking so long to get things that we dared not wait till we had the money and *then* get the materials because it could take no telling how long. So we went ahead and ordered it. Well, you know what happened? One by one they began to get some of these pieces of material. They'd have some pipe and our brethren would go and get the pipe and begin to get it in. And then they'd get some radiators and they'd begin to put those radiators in. Still we didn't have any boiler. We didn't need it yet. It was summer and getting into fall. And during the early part of September, the government *froze* material again—it was after the war, you remember. And this man at the Crane Company saw one of our brethren from Wildwood on the street and he said just a few days before, "You'd better come in and get whatever radiators we have because they're gonna freeze the materials." He went in there, so brother Foote took the trailer in and they began to load up what radiators they had but when they finished they still had *three* short. They're lacking three. And just as he was about to leave with the last load, those three missing, in came a delivery man. And he passed over a slip to the man at the desk, that he had some radiators to deliver—three radiators. He said, "Let me see the sizes." He said, "Just put them on that little trailer right out there." And the man at the desk turned to Brother Foote and said, "I've never seen such a streak of luck." [Audience laughter]

Now there's a sequel to that. Some weeks later that same man called up and said, "I'm very sorry to have to tell you that we're not going to be able to deliver that furnace. There's a strike on. We're not going to be able to make deliver on it."

"Oh," but we said, "We have to have it."

"Well," he says, "we'll be out to talk to you." So he came out and this man that had the agency for the furnace he came out, the two of them together. And they told us the problem. We took them around and showed them over the building; it was partway finished.

And then I said to them, I said, "Now you know that when we gave this order, it looked rather uncertain of getting certain things. But," I said, "God is interested in this thing." I told those businessmen, I said, "You can see we've got to have this. We've got people living in here and winter's coming on." And I told this man, I said, "You know how we got those radiators!" Now I said, "We'll pray and you see what you can do." And do you know that man went back to Chattanooga and got on the long distance telephone and worked at that thing until he found a man way up in Detroit, Michigan that would make a furnace special. I mean make a special order. And get it out for us because he said those people have to have it. That's why you've got a furnace down there in the Sanitarium. It's an answer to prayer my friends.

But where did the money come from? Oh friends, that's another wonderful story. Shall I tell you that? Well, I don't know when to close. But friends, that's a wonderful story! Nothing quite like it ever happened before or since.

A number of months before that, a crying baby in Chattanooga started the story, which gave us the furnace. A crying baby. This Ruby Chapman who is the Superintendent of Nurses at Greenville, came down to Chattanooga to visit her sister and brother-in-law, who was pastor at the Chattanooga Church at that time. So far as I know, Sister Chapman had never heard of Wildwood, never been here. No connection between the two places at all.

But she came there for a little vacation and rest and this new baby, this crying baby, would disturb things that her sister and brother-in-law said, "You'd better find a place where you can get a little more rest. Perhaps you can go out to Wildwood and stay a few days."

So she came. And she listened to the morning worship studies. She caught the spirit of the program. And before she left she said, "Do you suppose it could be arranged for us to have up at Tacoma Hospital some studies like this?"

And we told her that if was desired that it might be. And she went back and talked to Doctor Coolidge, the medial superintendent, about it and pretty soon we got a letter asking us to come up there and host some study. We did. They like them. By and by they asked us to come back and give some more. Some of them visited this place. Now watch something interesting. My friends we had not asked them for a nickel. We hadn't asked them for a nickel. But just about the time we were facing this great problem of our furnace, here came a letter from Doctor Coolidge. I still have it in my files; I think a lot of it. He said, "We have been impressed that you perhaps might need some money in your developing program down there." And he said, "If you do let us know." [Elder Frazee laughs.] And I sat down, my dear friends, and just told him the story frankly of what we were doing and what we needed, and back came a check for \$2,500 dollars.

Can you imagine how that *thrilled* our workers? That was like the \$500 thrill of a few years before, you understand? Sometimes it takes a little larger check to meet the need, as the need gets bigger. Oh, friends, when I think of experiences like those I'm telling you tonight, and there're many more; I'm not scrapping the bottom of the barrel to tell you these stories tonight. I could tell you some more just as wonderful. Of financial blessings, of healing of the sick, of the bringing of workers, of the conversion of souls, the baptism of converts, but I suppose I must stop.

I'd love to tell you the story of how Tacoma and Wildwood joined together in a training program. I'd love to tell you the story of the coming of our different doctors in answer to prayer, and other workers. But I think I shall close now at this time. Perhaps another time you'd like some more stories. But probably this is as many as we can digest tonight any way. Just these few words friends, personally, while I took a number

of weeks to make the decision which brought me here, and others with me, there were times I hardly knew how to decide. I can *truthfully* say this: that from the moment the decision was made to this present hour, I've never had the slightest doubt or slightest regret. And I don't mean by that, that there haven't been problems. I hadn't told you many of the problems tonight, only as I had to tell you the problems so that you could enjoy the miracles. But there have been many, many problems as you can imagine. But through them all the Lord has given us the sustained evidence of His leading and guiding. And I thank the Lord for the buildings that stand on these hills tonight. For our student mission home in St. Elmo, there's a wonderful story to tell about that if I had the time. For the little branch up on Lookout Mountain, that's another series of wonderful providences. But I want to tell you something friends: the most *wonderful* days of Wildwood are not in '42 or '43 or '44 or '45 or '46; they are in 1953. That's right. [1953 was the year this sermon was given.]

Do you want to see some things happen like some of these I've been telling you tonight? There're two things it depends upon. One is that our hearts shall be *consecrated* to work together. God blesses unity, not disorganization. He blesses united efforts, not scatterbrained, here-and-there running around. We're told *plainly* that the angels are not authorized to bless confusion and disorganization. And I know dear friends that one of the *great* reasons that God blessed us in the experiences that I've been telling you about tonight, was that workers were united in praying about these things.

But there's another point. And this is just as important as the first. There must be in your heart and mind a willingness to sacrifice beyond the ordinary if we are to expect miracles beyond the ordinary. Why should we expect God, may I say it reverently, to go out of *His* way to do something special unless you and I personally, are willing to go out of *our* way to do something special? If we ask God to make a special move, *we* must make a special move. And my experience here at Wildwood teaches me what all sacred history teaches me: that the only time you can expect a miracle is when you've ventured out so far with God in an effort to do something for Him, that unless He steps in and works a miracle, you're sunk, you'd drown.

Have you ever thought what would have happened to Moses if the Red Sea hadn't opened? It was *wonderful* when that Red Sea opened and they all went over on dry land. But what would have happened to Moses if it *hadn't* opened? That would have been the end of Moses. And there's more than once here at Wildwood, my friends, that unless God had stepped in and helped us, we would have been sunk. It's right at that point you could expect a miracle and *not* before, *not* before. It's not when the cupboards are *full* that the Manna falls. It's not when the barrel is filled with meal and the cruz with oil, that the prophets word multiplied the meal and oil. It's man's extremity that is God's opportunity. And if you *personally* want miracles like the kind we've been telling about tonight, you must venture out with God, but be sure friends it's with God. Be sure you have a *command* of God that calls you and a *promise* of God that entices you. And *faith* that answers. By faith the children of Israel went through the Red Sea as by dry land which the Egyptians assaying to do were drowned. The

Egyptians got drowned *trying* to do the very thing that Israel did. And people can get drowned trying to do the kind of thing we've been talking about tonight, friends. We must have a consecration of unity and a *sacrifice* that will venture out with God in obedience to His commands with the encouragement of His promises. It hasn't been because any of us were wise or good that these things have happened. As I look back over the way, one of the things I thank God for most is keeping us from the result of our lack of wisdom, our ignorance. More than one place, as I look back over the road, I can see places where *our* wisdom would have led us into *certain* defeat. But the hand of God took us and led us unbeknownst to ourselves at the time, in ways of *His* choosing and *out* of the path of our own wisdom. I still want that Divine guidance to keep us from our poor, foolish hearts. Don't you friends?

And so tonight, friends, I invite you to share with me, and I want to share with you, into the more wonderful experiences of the year ahead. This year ahead is the greatest year of problems that we've ever had. We have financial problems ahead of us that are greater than any that lie back of us. I say, friends, without the *slightest* apology, if there's any brother or sister here that *God* impresses to put money into this program we need every dollar that God can impress you to put in it. But we don't need any that He doesn't impress you to give. God is going to pour into this program during the next twelve months thousands of dollars, if I know anything about the needs and opportunity.

But more than money, friends, we need workers. Men and women whose hearts God has touched and who are willing to devote their lives to the training of students, the caring for patients, and the evangelizing of human souls. And so in closing tonight, I give you the promise, which has led us all this way. You'll find it in this book, *Desire of Ages*, page 370. *This* is the *check*, which has brought us the money. *This* is the *promise*, which has brought us the workers. *This* very page; *this* very promise. *This* is the thing we've cashed in on for means and for people to do the work and to train the students. Listen, the work of building up the Kingdom of Christ will go forward. Though it will all appear to move slowly and impossibilities seem to testify against advance. The work is of God and He *will* furnish means and *will* send helpers. True, earnest disciples whose hands will also be *filled* with food for the starving multitudes.

Let us arise, [Congregation stands], and sing the doxology, *Oh Lord We Will*. But I've got a treat for you. Sit down. [Congregation laughs.]

Brother and Sister Foote are going to sing for us. I asked them to sing a special song. I don't mean special song in the way that term is usually meant. I mean it's special because I picked it out especially for this night's story. *Hark! I Here Him Call My Name*. I want every one of you to feel that Jesus is calling *you* to put your life, and your time, and your effort into the finishing of God's work in the world. God needs you. We need you. This program needs you. Dedicate your life fully. Cut apart from all hindering ties and let the Spirit of God move upon you friends, to launch fully in to a fellowship with Christ in service.

[Special music played.]

Oh friends, the thing that gives me courage this year tonight, the hold up everyone the invitation to link up with Jesus in service is this: I know if He's been willing to use me (and my brethren and sisters that have been associated with me in these early attempts here, with all our weakness, lack of experience and lack of wisdom), I know that if He's been willing to use us even to some degree, He's willing to use everybody else. We've been weak and unworthy. We've dragged our feet many a time when we should have been running, but God has gotten something done in spite of all our weaknesses and unworthiness. He'll do the same for *everyone*, dear friends. Did you hear this call tonight: "Hark! Jesus calls your name"? I would like to ask friends, not just as a general invitation, but does Jesus call you? Not necessarily at this particular place, but does He call *you* to service. Does your heart, tonight, catch the vision of going farther in the adventure in faith, farther in sacrifice, farther in consecration? And would you like tonight, because you hear *Jesus* calling, to say, "Yes, Lord. All the way." This is the last vespers service of the old year. Who would like to stand in response to that call?

Our Heavenly Father, we give thee praise and glory and honor for thy wonderful works. We are little, but Thou art so great. We are unworthy, but Thou dost deserve everything. We have failed and blundered so many times, but Thy loving providences guided us on. The pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night has been over the encampment and we praise Thee with all our hearts. Now forgive our mistakes. Help us quickly to learn the lessons, that we may run where we have walked before. Oh, Jesus, make this coming year the brightest and the best. And yet we know that if it is to be so, there must be a deeper consecration, a greater sacrifice, an emptying of ourselves, that Thou mayest fill us with Thyself. As far as we know *how* tonight, we answer that call. And we *thank* Thee for it. In Jesus' blessed name, Amen.

[Congregation sings the doxology.]

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