

# J.H.N. Tindall's Testimony

I count it a great privilege, friends, to relate some experiences that I've had in connection with this blessed cause. I'd like to give you a little background of the story that I told to the faculties at Loma Linda and have spoken also to brethren in different places.

It's been 50 years ago that I went to Loma Linda. Fifty-eight years ago, I entered the newspaper field, and went to Seattle, Washington, and while there, I developed the Klondike fever. Now, if you know what the Klondike fever is, then you'll understand why I relate that here tonight. It was a fever for gold. I was very anxious that I could go to the Klondike in Alaska and get gold, and I visualized the future with stacks of gold.

In 1906 (that's 58 years ago) that was 1900. In 1906, I went to San Diego, California, and entered the law school. In 1908, as near as I can remember, just about the first of the year, I developed the Klondike fever again because there was a gold strike up at Del Zura.

And then from there, still with the fever running high, we went near the Mexican border. And it was there, that I found the golden wedge of Ophir. It was there that I lost the fever and thank God I've never had it since. I lost the longing for gold; likewise, ambition or position or to make a name. I lost interest in law and what I might do.

It was in 1908 that I returned from that mining trip, and there I had some very interesting experiences, but shortly afterwards there came a call to me—a divine call. It was 1908. That very year, I was converted. I was converted in February, the last of February. And this was in the spring of 1908—late spring. There was a man that said to me suddenly (the second group) one of these men said, "I know what you ought to do. You ought to go to Loma Linda and be with Elder Owen."

I never heard of Loma Linda, I never heard of Elder Owen, and I had not been interested in going to one of our schools. But the moment that Loma Linda was mentioned, though I knew nothing about it, and Elder Owen, I was all alive with interest. I had an intense longing to know, what is Loma Linda? Loma Linda is a new school that's starting, a Gospel medical evangelistic school where you learn how to live, to treat the body, and to tell the glorious message. I was alive with interest and to be with Elder Owen!

It was sometime later that I learned that the finger of God had been placed upon that wonderful Bible teacher, stating that Loma Linda demanded the best Bible teacher in the denomination, and that Elder Owen was just where God would have him be.

As I sat at the feet of Elder Owen, my soul thrilled with the wonderful message that he bore to us! When I arrived at Loma Linda, (first, the hill beautiful, for that's what the name means) it was beautiful. And it was my Father's place, and I loved it. It belonged to me, for I was a son.

And I used to come out of that old assembly hall and go down the Pepper Drive, as I looked up in the stars in heaven, as I walked down home, the tears would stream down my cheek for verily I lived in the atmosphere of heaven. I knew that there were worlds above with myriads of people and had never fallen; never had known sickness, sorrow, nor death, and would live always, never die, and they were wonderful people. And I longed to go up there and to see them.

And of course, I was told about the throne of God and the angels round about the throne. I was told about the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit—the three members of the deity—the wonderful God, the wonderful Savior, the wonderful Spirit.

And I might say that in my experience in the past, I wondered why people revered the Bible so much, because the writers of the Bible had seen and talked with the Son of God and with the angel Gabriel, and I wondered why nobody in this age had seen the Son of God and the angel Gabriel. I wondered in these days of confusion, why would God withhold those interviews. And I learned that this movement had somebody that had seen and talked with the Son of God and had seen and talked numerous times with the angel Gabriel.

And, my dear people, that individual came on that hill while I was there. She came and talked to us in the class. I heard her out under the pepper trees. I looked at her time and again, and I wondered, "Oh, that I could see what that woman has seen. That I could hear what she has heard." And I had such reverence for God's servant that I never felt worthy to interview her. Although one day I went around to the cottage where she was living, longing to talk to her, but when I got to the door I turned and went away. I didn't feel worthy to talk to a being that had actually seen and talked literally with the Son of God.

But I had the wonderful privilege of Elder Burden: the man of faith, the man God used so mightily in the establishment of Loma Linda, who loved the testimonies (he knew that I loved them) I'd learned to love them dearly and cherish them. He would call me in his office—when the servant of God would write messages to Elder Burden—he'd call me in his office and let me read or read to me those wonderful messages.

I have pictures in my library of Sister White being present there at the dedication, and in those early days when she used to visit Loma Linda. And years later, because I loved the testimonies so and was called by God, as you'll learn tonight, to carry out the plan that God had for that college, I was presented with one of the six copies of the unabridged Loma Linda Messages. There it is, a cherished volume: 1,028 pages. And there are many, many individuals high up in this denomination would love to have a copy of that, I can assure you.

There are many things revealed in that book that has never been published outside of the book itself, and I cherish it. I jealously guard that book. I usually keep

it under lock and key. I set my heart to study that book. I indexed and classified it, and I've studied it like I've studied the Bible in order to know those wonderful messages. Perhaps the last work of Sister White to this movement is embodied in that wonderful book.

In 1909, I was made the assistant to Elder Owen in the Bible department. When I look back at it—when I look back to those early days when I went to Loma Linda, I had never been religious, as you know, and I didn't know how to pray publicly. As regards the leading of public meetings, I had never had any experience.

But as soon as I arrived there and entered the school, it wasn't but a few days until they asked me to pray in public. I don't know what I said. I couldn't tell you. I prayed and they said, "Amen." But I don't know what I said. Never could remember.

And then I was made, in a very short time, assistant superintendent of Sabbath school, and I didn't know anything about Sabbath school. And the doctor that was superintendent, after about three weeks, somehow or other, he was always called so he couldn't be at the Sabbath school, and I had to conduct the Sabbath school. I couldn't sing, I hesitated to pray. I certainly had no experience, but somehow God helped me. And I say that from actual atheism, in one year somehow God made me assistant to dear Elder Owen, that wonderful Bible teacher.

Now, that was a wonderful privilege, but more marvelous still, what I hold here in my hand—the reference here from this book that God called for a change from past methods of working in the giving of our message. I'm going to read it to you, and I want you to see that here was a call by God, in addition to Sister White, calling for a change from the past methods of giving our message:

"During the night of February 27 (1910), a representation was given me in which the unworked cities were presented before me as a living reality, and I was plainly instructed that there should be a decided change from past methods of working. For months the situation has been impressed on my mind, and I urged that companies be organized and diligently trained to labor in our important cities" *A Call to Medical Evangelism and Health Education*, page 13.

Prior to this, our brethren would take a tent and they would have perhaps two ministers, maybe a Bible worker, and they would go out and hold meetings. And up to that time, that was about the way in which the message went. But when this vision came—and I might say, that there's a background to this, a 40 years' background—where God had gradually been calling for a combination of gospel-medical evangelism.

But it seemed to kind of pass off the minds of the brethren. And the last 20 years it was repeatedly impressed upon the servant of God. But when this vision came, so impressed was the servant of God that she wrote to Dr. Kress, who was the superintendent, as they called him, of the Washington Sanitarium, asking him to go to New York City and connect with Elder G.B. Starr in city evangelism—that God was calling for companies to be organized, which would include ministers and

physicians. God is calling not only upon ministers but also upon physicians, nurses, colporteurs and other consecrated laymen of varied talents, who have a knowledge of the Word of God and who know the power of His grace, to consider the needs of the unworked cities.

God was calling for companies to be organized. That year, so great was the burden of the servant of God after she had that vision, with all those 40 and 20 years' background that she wrote to Dr. Kress these words:

“Dear Dr. Kress, My mind has been burdened in behalf of the large cities of the east. I beg of you to bear in mind the neglected cities. If the Lord spares my life and directs me to the work, I will leave my home and take up the work in some of the neglected cities, even though I'd never see my home again” Unpublished Writing of Ellen G. White.

I want you to think how the woman 82 years of age, five years before she died, so great was the burden of heart, that she wrote Dr. Kress, and she said, “If God spares my life and leads me to the work, I'll leave my home and enter the large cities, though I never see my home again.” That's the fact, my friends. So great was the burden of the servant of God that our people catch the vision of the new plan of evangelism that she was willing to sacrifice the last of her life.

It might be of interest to you, dear people, and to me, I cherish it—deeply cherish it—it was that same year that the old faculty of Loma Linda was stirred to do something about this call, and that Loma Linda was to be the key school for the training of gospel-medical-missionary evangelists.

That year, I was assistant in the Bible department still, and they asked me if I wouldn't head up the first demonstration campaign of the new order: gospel-medical-missionary evangelism.

They asked me what doctor I'd like to have to connect with the work. I'd never held a campaign. That's another thing. They wanted us to go to a little place called Highland. It's just a crossroad, but I'd had an experience in cities in the past—meeting cities—and as I looked over that crossroad with just a handful of people, that was no place to make a demonstration.

And they told us not to go to San Bernardino. That is, they advised us not to go because San Bernardino showed prejudice against Loma Linda, and because earlier they had started a campaign over there with a thousand people, and they had one of our notable evangelists, and they had taken doctors from Loma Linda, but within one week the audience some way dropped until they just closed the meeting.

Now, that's strange. But that year, they asked me to head up that campaign and asked me what doctor I wanted. I told them that I'd prefer not to have a doctor. Why? “Because,” I said, “if I understand what I've read in these wonderful messages, God wants somebody that will go into the homes of the people, and not only lecture on the platform, but will minister to the people without money and without price.”

“And I would like to have the teacher you have of hydrotherapy. He’s a trained nurse, and he’s more than a nurse. He’s had more than a nurse’s training.” He was an RN, but he was a good student, and he was a good teacher, and I asked if he couldn’t go, and his wife was a trained nurse, and of course, she went along.

I must not tarry on this, but in just six weeks there was 16 souls baptized, and one of them was won through the medical missionary work because of his tobacco, and when Loma Linda needed \$10,000 in a crisis, he loaned without interest the \$10,000. That was the first baby campaign, and Loma Linda was thrilled.

And I was asked to follow up the camp meeting with Elder Owen in Los Angeles in a large campaign, but they made no provision for the medical to be connected with the campaign. That was the thing I was called to do—demonstrate the medical with the evangelistic.

I immediately wired to the president of the Indiana conference and told him that I would like to return to my father’s home and preach the message there. I told him about the new plan of evangelism and our campaign that had just closed. He wired right back, “Come on and bring your medical help with you.”

But when we arrived, they received me with open arms and put me on the platform at the camp meeting, but my medical help—the conference committee turned it down, after I’d arrived and after we had arrived. And it was not until the close of the camp meeting that the conference committee reversed that decision and offered to pay \$6 a week for both those trained medical workers for a six-week trial.

I tell you that because it illustrates that the dear brethren had no real conception of the plan that God had in the new evangelism—that companies be organized of a gospel-medical nature.

I told Brother Garnsee, “We’ll go together, and as long as I have anything, you shall have it.” I said, “We’ll go.” And we went down to Hartford City, where my father lived. There they had a few people that met for Sabbath school. I don’t know whether they had an organized Sabbath school, but a little company met.

We had it in a little old church, one room. We put over the door, Gospel-Medical-Missionary Evangelists. We didn’t tell who we were, but we advertised our meetings: health meetings—scientific health meetings, and our subject on evangelism.

And finally, the editor of the paper came to hear one of the scientific lectures, and he was interested, and he came back and heard one of the other talks, and he said, “Here’s my paper. Write for my paper. I’ll print your article.”

We printed 96 articles in that paper, and the articles that I wrote on the message was read in the Church of God about 12 miles way. They didn’t have a resident pastor, and the reading of those articles convinced one-half of the congregation over there of the truth. They came right out, accepted the truth, and the treasurer of that church became the treasurer of our church.

It wasn't but a few weeks, friends. They only gave us a six-week trial, as far as the medical help was concerned. But before the six weeks was up, the conference committee was down there and they had the workers come down to see what was going on.

L.D. Hansen, the medical secretary of the general conference came down to look what was going on in that little campaign (the second campaign) and he wrote in the *Review* about it: "God's plan." The wonderful results that there was several thousand dollars in tithes paid in by new converts, there was something like \$2,000 or \$3,000 in offerings, and there was so much money loaned because the new converts were converts of means, some of them, and the conference needed loans, and those converts furnished the conference all the money they needed in loans.

Well, we baptized 48 people in the second campaign. Third campaign, we were brought right to Indianapolis. There was no question about the medical help now. We pitched a tent, and while we were conducting our meetings, nightly, there was a very distinguished gentleman that passed by, and he would stop out on the sidewalk and listen, and then he'd go on. And night after night, he did this. Finally, came in and sat down on the rear seat.

One day, I got a telephone message. Weeks had gone by. He said, "Would you come down to my office." He told me who he was. "I want to talk to you." I said, "I will."

I went down there. There was a beautiful mahogany office. He was a fine gentleman, he said, "I cannot understand why you are down in that tent giving the wonderful message you have to bear. Why aren't you up here in the public auditorium with all the churches of Indianapolis behind you? Why can't you do that?"

I said, "Mr. Talge, you're a member of one of the churches, aren't you?"

And he said, "Yes. I'm first elder of the New Memorial Presbyterian Church."

"May I offer a suggestion, Mr. Talge?"

"Certainly."

"Would you go to your board and get an invitation for me to come to your church and give this message, and after that, after we have your church with us, we'll go to the public auditorium with all the churches behind us."

"That'll be fine," he said.

Well, he went down to the board, and of course you know what happened. The D.D. pastor and he got into it. The result was that he was very much disappointed. He came back and called me up. He said, "I'd like to have you to come down. I want to talk to you again."

I went down, and he said, "I see why you suggested going to my church first."

“But,” he said, “I have a friend that is a D.D. and he’s a wonderful man. If ever there was an angel in human form, he’s the man. He’ll get behind this. He’ll help us.”

“Now, I would like to have you to come to my home tonight and stay all night. I want to talk to you, and tomorrow morning, I am to pick up the chief justice of the state supreme court and take him to the state house—the courthouse, and then we’ll go on down and we’ll meet my friend. He’s a Baptist preacher.”

The other one was a Presbyterian.

“But,” he says, “This man runs a wonderful mission and, he says, he’s having marked success.”

And so, I stayed all night, and the next morning we drove down and picked up the chief justice and drove down to the courthouse, and left the chief justice and went on down to the mission.

We arrived a little before the pastor did and the minister. And presently, he came in—a very distinguished looking gentleman—large and a striking personality. Of course, he was really not only tall but a large man—very distinguished looking. And Mr. Talge was a large tall man, and Mr. Talge arose and introduced me: “Dr. so and so,” he said, “this is Evangelist Tindall.”

And without any ceremony, this minister said to me,

“You’re a Seventh-day Adventist, aren’t you?”

I said, “Yes, sir.”

“Well,” he said, “I’m not subject to that old law.”

I said, “Aren’t you?”

And he said, “No, sir.”

I said, “Would you read Romans 8:7? What does it say?”

“Because the carnal mind is enmity against God: for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be.”  
Romans 8:7

Was there fire in that man’s makeup? He sure displayed it! Oh, he got angry instantly, and he showed his angelic nature. And Mr. Talge arose and he literally walked right out past me and past that man, never bid him good bye. Doubtless, Mr. Talge had given to him much money to help him in his work.

I bid the gentleman good bye and I walked out. Mr. Talge walked a little distance and he turned around and stopped. “How can I keep the Sabbath?” “Why,” he said, “I’m a member of this corporation and that corporation.” “Why,” he said,

“I’ve got hundreds of men down there at my factory. I send men over the world to gather very fine wood for my veneer work. How can I keep the Sabbath?”

I offered a little prayer to God and I said to Mr. Talge: “Mr. Talge, which is more important, your business or your soul?” I looked at him, and he turned and walked from me just a few paces, and stopped and turned and said, “You’ve answered my question. I’m going to that factory. I’m going to call those men together and I’m going to tell them that from this time forth that’s a Seventh-day Adventist factory.”

And he made a proposition to them, he said: “Now, men, I give you a half day on Saturday. If you’ll work an hour more each day, come an hour earlier and work five days, we’ll give you the same salary and we’ll all keep the Sabbath. Well, they voted that they’d work the extra hour, and that was a Seventh-day Adventist factory from that time forth.

I told this to the faculties, among other things. I wish to tell you, friends, that one day Mr. Talge, he was a well-to-do man, he called his family together at the breakfast table, and they revered and loved their father, and Sister Talge did her husband. They always called him father.

Father took his place at this end of the table, and mother here, Gordon over here, and Helen and Irene over here. Mr. Talge said to his wife: “Mother, you know, I fear God, and I want to render an account of my talents to God. What will you take, mother, of our resources, and be satisfied, and let me render an account of our funds to God?”

“Well, father,” she said, “this is rather sudden.”

“Yes, I know it is,” but he said, “I want to make a decision.”

“Well, father, I’ll take \$25,000 and I’ll be satisfied. That will give me security.”

“Gordon, what will you take?”

“I’ll take \$15,000 father.”

“Helen?”

“\$10,000.”

“Irene?”

“\$10,000.”

“All right. We’ll set that aside for you, and now it’s understood that the remainder I can manage for God.”

“Yes.”



He gave outright \$100,000 besides his regular tithes and offerings, to this cause.

Over here at Collegedale, there's a hall there called Talge Hall. He furnished that hall when they had the college at Ooltewah. He sent \$5,000 to Keene, Texas. He sent me a thousand dollars for an automobile in those early days.

After this ('ll just have to jump over some campaigns) I asked the conference to let me organize a gospel-medical company largely on a self-supporting basis. And they told me it was all right. The conference said, "We'll give you three salaries and you can manage the rest." I said, "All right."

So, we went to Terre Haute, Indiana. I made the call, and there was 22 members in that company. There were 19 members who were self-supporting—volunteers. One was a newspaper man, one was a singer, and a fine singer. And one was a businessman, and we had six trained nurses, besides this same medical man that I got again from Loma Linda and his wife. And we advertised our meeting.

We couldn't get a lot in the right location, and we had rented a large house. There was a property in litigation. It was in an estate and hadn't been occupied for two or three years. We went to those in charge, told them our plan and what we wanted, asked permission to use that property. They granted it.

We cleaned it up, cut the weeds, put in a lawn, and started our work. We advertised our meetings. We finally got a lot. The broker gave us his lot. We couldn't get a lot, but he finally said, "You can have my lot."

But his lot was like this. Here came a street, and here was a street, but this lot was not on the corner. It was here and behind some trees—the poorest kind of a lot to hold a public campaign. Well, I was disappointed but it was the best we could do.

We started our meetings, and I had a dream. And in the dream, there was a voice said to me, "Thy light shall rise in obscurity." Three times that was repeated. "Thy light shall rise in obscurity."

One day, after we were going strong with our work, there was a lady came down and introduced herself. She was the editoress of a society paper. That paper covered three states to the very finest class of people.

She said, "We have heard about your work and I would like to know first hand about the work, and I would like to have the privilege of interviewing some of the workers.' I said, "Be perfectly free to do so."

She went around, saw our house, how it was organized, and the company, the classwork we held, the public service. She interviewed the different ones. She went back. She wrote the most beautiful eulogy I have ever read.

She said, "We have heard of Adventists but we have never seen Adventists like these. This is the most beautiful representation of the life of Jesus and his loving ministry that we have ever seen."

That paper went into society groups. Shortly after this, I was out on the front lawn because I believed I ought to do just like the rest of the workers. I had put my check in the till and shared with the workers, and I'd donned old clothes and was out working on the lawn, and there was a distinguished gentleman that came by, and he stopped and introduced himself. He said, I am Judge So and So, United States District Judge.

I introduced myself to him as Evangelist Tindall. Well, he said, "You're just the man I'd like to ask a question. Is it true, he said, that you have trained medical personnel that goes into the homes of the people and treats the people without money and without price?"

I said, "Yes, sir."

He pointed to his grey hairs. He said, "Do you see these gray hairs?"

And I said, "Yes, sir."

He said, "You see I have lived quite a few years."

"Yes, sir."

He said, "I know that you're not doing this for nothing. I know there's a bug under the chip somewhere."

I modulated my voice and I said, "Your Honor, you're right. There is a bug under the chip, but it isn't the selfish bug you think it is. It's an unselfish bug, and it will move that chip".

"Well," he said, "I'm going to keep my eye on that chip."

And I said, "Your Honor, that's exactly what we want you to do."

And, my dear friends, when we finished our campaign there, we had 60 souls. We had the most beautiful treatment room—businessmen helped us to establish the most beautiful treatment rooms—modern, up to date. We established our church right in the heart of that city.

And an unbelievable thing happened. So impressed was the Jewish rabbi who, as you know, does not believe in Christ, but he did believe in *that* kind of religion, and he put his signature down and gave a check. He was the first to put his signature down on the list to help us to establish our church in that city.

And Donn M. Roberts, who afterwards went to the penitentiary, was the mayor of the city, and he opposed our entering that city with a tent, but we finally got

consent if we got the consent of the property owners. When we started to establish our church, this mayor, pulled out of his pocket a roll of bills and counted us out a substantial donation. "Yes," he said "I'll help support that kind of religion".

I went to Indianapolis (and I must hasten now) and there, Dr. Truman joined us. And I said to Dr. Truman—he asked me—well, I'm a little ahead of my story. I went beforehand to Indianapolis from Terre Haute, and I preached in the new church that Mr. Talge had donated and he wanted me to come. And one sermon I preached on God's plan of gospel-medical evangelism and Mrs. Talge was not yet in the truth. She had her diamond earrings and other diamonds, and a tear came in her eye, and she pulled off her diamonds and said, "Father, give this to the church to put treatment rooms in the church." And they did, and there was money there to put beautiful treatment rooms in the church.

And Dr. Truman came, and he said, "Shall we charge just a nominal fee, just a little, as people come to the treatment rooms?"

I said, "Doctor, I don't think I would, because this is a church matter." And I said, "We want them to know that this is religion, this is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. We want to treat them without money and without price."

And friends, I wish I had time to tell you more of the story, but we baptized 132 people there.

And my next campaign was Milwaukee, Wisconsin. And dear friends, I baptized identically the same number—132. And on this trip, before we went to the general conference, as I told you, the members there asked us to come by Milwaukee, and we did. And between 30 and 40 of our converts were still members of the church in good and regular standing after 40 years. And of course, many had moved away and many had died.

They gave us a wonderful reception with a dinner out overlooking Lake Michigan. And they made up a purse (I think I told you) of \$167 to help us on our expenses. One of my converts there is worth a half a million dollars right now, the pastor told me.

We went from there to Tulsa, Oklahoma and baptized 110. From there to Oklahoma City. I have pictures here, of which I could show you. In that campaign we had 203 converts. And there Dr. Lenore Campbell, from the medical college, came to join that campaign. We baptized 203.

The union conference—I was union evangelist—they made a union policy and they asked us to go to Dallas, Texas. And in Dallas, Texas, they asked us to run a training school for delegates from the churches of the union there in connection with the campaign.

We conducted a three-month gospel-medical-training school. We had 56 delegates, which we graduated at the end and gave certificates at the end of the three months.

When we went there, we had a little church off at the edge of the city. No members that really could help us financially to amount to anything—perhaps there was one or two.

We immediately engaged and we learned of the Presbyterians that had combined two congregations. And this church—beautiful church with its pipe organ and its pews—we got an auction on it for \$23,000. When the conference was poor, the church was poor, and how could we do it? Well, we did it on faith. Let me tell you a little of the story because there's an object in telling the faculty this, as well as you.

We started our campaign. We moved over into this church, got an auction on it, and we had a beautiful classroom. We had beautiful treatment rooms in the rear of the church. We had our pipe organ and our pews. Everything was lovely. Oh, it was wonderful.

We rented a public auditorium for my public lectures and another auditorium for our health lectures. There, Dr. Mary McReynolds came from the medical college and joined that campaign company. I was disappointed at the class of people that was coming into the truth. While all souls are precious, we needed some people of means to help us to pay for this church.

And, well, I had a dream one night, another dream. I was down at the lake and I put my hook in right close to a little neck of water that protruded out into the land, which we called a bio. Something took my hook right to the bottom—this is in the dream—and I pulled and I saw it break my line.

And a voice said to me—in the—"Hold a tight line and run around and pull on the other side of that bio." I did, and when that fish came up, oh, it was a big one, friends. I grabbed it in my arms and I ran and I never stopped until I got it home.

Well, I called my company together, and I said, "God has shown me that we're going to get a big fish." Well, the next Tuesday night, we had our medical meeting, and there was a member of our church that had a husband who was a meatpacker, and he was a *man*. And I don't think I'm exaggerating when I say that he was a 300-pounder. He was a *large* man—big boned, heavy—but never would come to our meetings. But this night he came.

We had a health lecture. We had organized so that the congregation could pass by the cooking booth and they were served food. Then they were to go back to their seats. We would ask the blessing of God upon the food. Then we would eat the food that was served. Then we'd have a sort of a social meeting.

Well, he came this night. When he stepped in the door, I looked at him and I wondered. And well, I went down and I met this gentleman and I wondered. And he came back to hear *me*, and well—I just must make this story short.

After a number of weeks, one day I was sitting at my desk, and this man, before he was ever baptized, friends, came in and placed a check in front of me for \$6,000 in tithes. This was before he was ever baptized.

That campaign—now, mark you—one single campaign, besides graduating 56 of those delegates in that three-month training school, and besides giving to the conference 100 souls, we raised \$18,000. And traded the little church for \$5,000 on this property, and gave to the conference this new church and \$10,500 in tithes from new converts before the campaign closed.

I'm not telling you this to exalt myself. I hope you'll understand. I'm telling you this to tell you some of the fruitage of God's plan of Gospel-medical-missionary evangelism.

I went to Loma Linda the second time. The college and the conference had joined and asked me if I would not promote the joint campaign for the college (that's the college of medical evangelists) and the conference, in Redlands—the University Center. We did. Here is a book that just simply contains a bit of history of the plan of work and the press reports and the advertising of the lectures and the sermons.

And we had the faculty of Loma Linda—the leading members of the faculty—on the platform. The mayor of the city was present at the opening. Dr. Newton Evans, the president of the college, gave response from Loma Linda. Dr. Magan, from Los Angeles, dean of the college, gave the opening address. This is a very interesting occasion.

That was the kind of advertising—gospel-medical evangelism. I haven't time to tell you more of this, but while I was there, I met a young lad who was taking some work at Loma Linda. And I said to him, "Someday I'm going to call you to help me in my work." And he bowed his head humbly and smiled. I said, "Yes, Bill, I'm coming to get you someday."

I had three calls: one from the Lake Union, one from the Central California Conference, and one from the old California conference. The old California conference—Elder Roberts was the president of the conference—they had been studying the testimonies on San Francisco. There is more written by the Spirit of Prophecy on San Francisco as a city than any other city in the world. I say that understandingly.

Well, Elder Roberts said—and I do refer to this humbly—he said, "We have studied the testimonies and what it calls for." He said, "We've looked the world over and we can find but one man that we believe that has the experience and the training to fulfill that vision for San Francisco. We want you to come and carry out that gospel-medical-missionary evangelistic city program."

Well, friends, I told you when I talked to you last vespers—I quoted you something, I believe:

"All who in this world render true service to God or man receive a preparatory training in the school of sorrow. The weightier the trust and the higher the service, the closer is the test and the more severe the discipline" *Education*, page 151.

Well, if ever a man went through suffering and struggle and trial, I know I did. And I'll tell you the truth, that when I went up there and spoke at the conference headquarters in Oakland, I got up at the pulpit (and tell you the truth friends) if I hadn't have held onto the pulpit, I would have keeled over. I couldn't have stood. That's how weak I was to start that work, but it's a long story of which I cannot relate here tonight.

But there, we organized our field training school. This is the calendar of the field training school. It was written up in *The Medical Evangelist*, it was written up in *The Lifeboat*, it was written up in the *Review and Herald*, illustrating it, so forth.

I wish I had time to tell you, as I told the faculty, about the plan of work there. I have here in my possession—I have a book of letters, of which I wish I had time to read to you what God did. I must just tell you just a little cross section of the lecture plan, and you'll see why I'm telling you this presently.

I spoke at the Masonic club in the Palace Hotel to 400 leading citizens, and we had present Paul Shoup, vice president and general manager of the Southern Pacific Railroad, the entire staff of the Mount Moriah Hospital, leading financial professional and businessmen—400. Evidently, Admiral Barber—the late Admiral Barber—was present, as I will relate to you presently.

I lectured there to that class of people. They wanted me to come back and lecture, and I did. After that lecture, I received a call from Admiral Barber to give a talk to the staff at Mare Island. That's the medical staff of the navy.

I felt very incapacitated to talk to that group because they were highly trained medically, from the best schools of America. However, I trusted the Lord to help me, and upon arrival, I asked Captain Kindleberger, who had charge of the yards, if I could not observe the mess, and I did, after which I said, I'm ready to talk to the staff.

At one o'clock, the hour was appointed. I went in before the staff, and this is all I said, Doctors [tape skipped] ...Admiral Barber said, "That lecture should be in every battle ship in the United States Navy." Captain Kindleberger wrote to the president of the medical college on that lecture. Now, you know, as well as I do, that was not simply me. It was God that inspired that situation, as He did so often, dear friends.

Well, now I want to tell you, dear friends, this plan was destined by God to revive our churches and to bring the power of God to this movement. And I want to read you something here. If my cards are not all mixed up here with these pictures, I want to read you something. Here it is.

That same year that the vision came (1910) that the servant of God wrote to Dr. Kress with such a burden upon her heart—that same year that we held our little baby campaign demonstrating the plan—*that* year, here came this wonderful testimony. This is to Elder Burden:

“When the cities are worked as God would have them, the result will be the setting in operation of a mighty movement such as we have not yet witnessed” *Medical Ministry*, page 304.

That was the mighty movement, my friends, that was to be set in motion.

Now, as I told these faculties, there was to be two classes of doctors at Loma Linda training. And, friends, I’ve got the information right here. Those doctors were *all* to be evangelistic doctors. I have the information right here. They were *not* to commercialize the medical-missionary work, but they were to connect with sanitariums and the doctors. There was two classes: the class (the limited number: “some,” “few,”) who would take state board examinations, be fully accredited physicians, were to be medical superintendents of our sanitariums—at the head of our sanitariums, and were to be evangelistic doctors. They were to be able, not only to give scientific lectures, but they were to be able to give the message from a doctor physician’s standpoint, and to link up in the city work. Then, there were to be the large class and I’ll read it to you. This was when the school was first started in 1905 when the property was purchased. Here came this testimony:

“Make the school especially strong for nurses and physicians. Thousands of workers are to be qualified with all the ability of physicians, to labor not as physicians, but as medical missionary evangelists” *Loma Linda Messages*, page 164.

These thousands were to be public educators. I’m sorry I don’t have time to outline for you from the work we did in demonstrating. That class were to link up with our evangelistic work and were to be outstanding public speakers, who were to make known the principles of health reform to the public generally. And were destined by God to pass over the cities of America and give health lectures, such as some of the so-called nutritionists are trying to do, with their admixture of some error with many good things. What a vision God gave this college and of this class of people.

Then, too, I have here the information that sanitariums were to be evangelistic. A sanitarium, not a hospital. Well a hospital in certain key sanitariums. While they were to have a hospital unit, the emphasis was not on hospital, not on surgery, it was on preventive medicine, educational work—educate, educate, educate—teaching the people how to live. And as a Gospel work, Gospel medical work.

These medical missionary workers with these evangelistic sanitariums out in the country, with schools (little training schools) with these sanitariums, were to work the cities from the outposts. And those sanitariums with the medical missionary 1:13:35 workers were the means whereby God planned to reach the higher classes and to open the doors of the cities. And out of every principle city was to be a small sanitarium with a training school, and work the cities from the outposts, and scores were to be set to work. It says, But the perplexing question was yet unsolved. How would the scores be supported—sustained, it says. (MM 300.5)

There, as I told the faculty up at Madison, *there* is where Madison came in with its training program, and these schools in the south land. They were to train the

self-supporting workers that would join with the evangelistic forces, and these sanitariums (largely conference owned in the beginning, but as God planned, self-supporting, too) would join in this program, in this mighty movement, to work the cities, to reach the higher classes.

Now, dear friends, I stated a little while ago that this plan was to bring the power of God to the movement. If you will go back in the life of Christ, it was largely through His healing work and the power manifested there that allayed prejudice and won public sentiment, kept back early persecution. It was through that means.

Here I have information, through this plan, God intended to hold back the early persecution, to win public sentiment, to reveal the righteousness of Christ in sacrificial lives, ministering and revealing the benevolent, unselfish, sacrificial nature of God and His Son, who when He came to this world said:

“...foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head” Matthew 8:20.

So wonderful was His life as the Pattern Man, and Sister White in writing on that, in the divine plan, registered in *Medical Ministry* 19, 20 and 21, said, speaking of this kind of medical missionary work, Will it ever be done? Will it ever be done?

Not only was the power of God to be with the movement, but the churches were to be revived. It said that, if this work was done:

“See if the breath of life would not then come into our churches”  
*Medical Ministry*, page 320.

It would have brought the breath of life to our churches. And Loma Linda was to be the key school. And the instructions came to Loma Linda that which was of most importance was that the teachers and students were to be true to the principles of health reform. And that the sanitariums—our leading sanitariums—and our training schools for the ministry, were to be closely associated, so that the medical personnel, true to the principles of health reform, would teach in our colleges to our ministerial students. And it was the plan of God that the ministry would also become medical missionary evangelists. And that the ministry were to receive a good medical training. They were to know disease, prevention and cure, and how to treat it. And it was to be that training in *all* our schools. And that, therefore, they were to be true to the principles of health reform. And if these two, converging in our churches and in our campaigns, would have carried out the plan of making known natural law and urging obedience to it, the principles of health reform, we would have had a reformation in our churches, and the power of God would have come and the sick would have been healed by divine power working with the physicians and the workers.

Now, as I draw near to the close of my little talk for you, I wish to present a tragedy that's approaching to this movement, and oh—oh, that our brethren would understand and would really reread this instruction, and quickly put into practice the plan that God had.



I wish to read you a statement here in regard to the great final test. Speaking of the great final test:

“This test must come to the churches in connection with the true medical missionary work...” *Loma Linda Messages*, page 336.

Now, there’s a test coming to our people, and God said that test must come to the churches in connection with true medical missionary work. Listen. Ministers who, sad to say, have never received the training in medical lines that God planned—listen. This is found in *Counsels on Health*, 533:

“I wish to tell you that soon there will be no work done in ministerial lines but medical missionary work” *Counsels on Health*, page 533.

The minister that does not understand disease, its cause, prevention and cure, and how to treat it—what will he do? And listen to this statement on page 530:

“As religious aggression subverts the liberties of our nation...” *Counsels on Health*, page 530.

And by the way, that’s just around the corner. This little ripple of popularity will soon pass, and let me tell you, friends, there’s coming suddenly an avalanche of resistance to this movement. We have preached our doctrines and they’ve been antagonistic. Now, labor and Catholics have joined Protestants for the first time to put over the Sunday law, and if I’m any judge, that means it will not be long till the Sunday law will be here.

Listen to this. Not only ministers but laymen—listen to it—as I talked to the faculties at Madison College:

“As religious aggression subverts the liberties of our nation, those who would stand for freedom of conscience will be placed in unfavorable positions. For their own sake, they should, while they have the opportunity, become intelligent in regard to disease, its causes, prevention, and cure. All those who do this will find a field of labor anywhere” *Counsels on Health*, page 506.

Listen brother, sister, it will pay you to meet that specification, even as a layman, for in a little while Seventh-day Adventists will have a hard time to make a living. And God planned that out of every principal city there was to be a place of refuge—a little sanitarium, a training school, on the land. And in the exodus, which is now close at hand, when our brethren are thrown out of employment, and they’re now clinging to the cities, where will they go?

I see a picture before my mind. I see a dear Seventh-day Adventist brother—strong man, with furrowed brow, troubled face. I see his wife by his side weeping. I see her clinging to her little children ill and going... where? Where? Where will they go? No job. Where will they go?

Oh, that we had had, out of every principal city, a place of refuge on the land. A little sanitarium that could treat the children when they're sick, or the workers. A little training school where, not only could they learn evangelism, but they could learn to make a living from the soil so that they could tarry for a night, for just a little while, and learn how to make a living, and then pass on into the hills, taking their little families along with them.

Oh, friends, I see the picture in all of its solemnity. What can we do about it? As I pled with the College of Medical Evangelists—the faculties and they stood in groups after that talk for a half hour. As I talked to the faculties at Madison and they voted, as you heard read last vespers, that they *will* get back to this plan. Madison Farm was to be a place of refuge for many—a training center to train them how to make a living from the soil and to pass on with their little families.

Oh, my friends, what might have been? What might have been? A lost vision? Yes. No vision to some. But *not* a lost vision to some, thank God.

I want to talk to this conference committee. I spoke to the president up at Madison College. He said, "I think we can arrange it, Brother Tindall." I want you to pray that I can talk humbly, but appealingly, to this conference on this plan.

And oh, that we could see little Wildwood—not but what we've made mistakes. It wouldn't be human if we hadn't. I don't deify Wildwood. I don't say that we haven't made some mistakes, but oh, that we could take the potential that we have here, and oh, that we could make the demonstration in Chattanooga. Oh, that Madison College could catch the vision in all its beauty, importance and solemnity, and oh, that there could be training centers where are people, as we move down now to the final crisis.

My God bless you, dear ones.

I am going back to Loma Linda and, if I understand it right, they say they want me to talk again to the faculties there. I want again to go over a portion of this and plead that something be done. I want to tell you, I did say that those professors said something should be done, and Elder Calkinson, the president of Loma Linda CME, said something should be done. We need to get the president, secretary and treasurer of the general conference out here long enough to go into these things. Something ought to be done.

I had the privilege to talk to dear Elder Figuhr. He's a fine man and a great leader. He seemed pleased when I told him what I did about my talk to the faculties at Loma Linda. Elder Figuhr seemed pleased. And I had talks with the educators in Washington and with leading men there.

Oh, friends, one educator said, "Who knows but what God is using you to stir up something, who knows? You are sowing seed," said one of the leading educators of the denomination.

Friends, pardon me for saying this. I thank God that I still live and can witness, and I'll have a birthday now in a few days. And do you know, I pray God that He'll let me live, and I believe He will, that I can tell this story and plead with this. And let me tell you, soon there's going to be something out of the ordinary happen, and I can prove it to you. Soon the mighty power of God is going to be turned on in connection with simple people and simple things.

“...angels will do a work which men might have had the blessing of accomplishing, had they not neglected to answer the claims of God” *Review and Herald*, December 15, 1885.

That's a statement from the Lord. Oh, my friends, though that would be misunderstood, it will grow and succeed and finish gloriously with the plan in this denomination. Now that, I believe I can prove. And my friends, we are in a winning battle. Praise God.

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