

Wildwood Story (1956)

#0459

Study Given by W. D. Frazee

This is one of the Psalms to which a special attention is called in the Spirit of Prophecy. The reason for calling attention to it is mentioned—we are to remember the good things that God has done.

“O give thanks unto the LORD; call upon His name: make known His deeds among the people. Sing unto Him, sing psalms unto Him: talk ye of all His wondrous works. Glory ye in His holy name: let the heart of them rejoice that seek the LORD. Seek the LORD, and His strength: seek His face evermore. Remember His marvelous works that He hath done; His wonders, and the judgments of His mouth” Psalm 105:1–5.

You notice that we are to remember the wonderful things God has done. We are to talk of them, and we are to praise Him and thank Him for them.

Again, the 107th Psalm:

“O give thanks unto the LORD, for He is good: for His mercy endureth for ever. Let the redeemed of the LORD say so, whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy” Psalm 107:1–2.

There is to be a public expression of the gratitude that fills our hearts as we recount the loving kindness and mercy of our heavenly Father. Through the Spirit of Prophecy, we have been told to speak often of the precious chapters in our experience. So, this evening, it is my privilege to bring you in this vesper hour some of the blessings of God in the building up of this place here at Wildwood.

Two years ago, I did this. And I have been asked to bring you some things tonight, some things that I did not two years ago. The reason some of them were not given two years ago is because they hadn't happened. This is an ever-continuing story.

You know, as I've thought about it, friends, each one of us here tonight could tell the story of Wildwood. And if you personally should tell the story of Wildwood, do you know where you would begin it? You would begin it way back in your life somewhere and trace down the golden thread of the providence of God in leading you here and the part He has given you in it. Isn't that correct?

And I am sure that many of you tonight, as you think of His mercies and the leading of His hand, will with me rejoice that God has led.

Well of course, as I think of it, and as I tell it, I must think of it in *my* experience. I must think of it in *my* relation to it in how God has led *me*. And it's that story that I tell. And that story begins way back a half century ago when God, in His providence, allowed me to be born in the home of parents who were just accepting this message, just beginning to lay hold of the precious truths of the third angel.

I thank God, dear friends, that I was born in a Seventh-day Adventist home. And I thank God for the poverty that came as the result of my parents accepting this message. I do not make that statement carelessly. I mean it exactly, because I think that that was one of the early evidences, as I look at it now, that God was getting me ready for this kind of work.

I am inclined to think that if I had lived in wealth or even in what is called moderate circumstances as I was growing up that I never would have been fitted for this sort of work. Or at least it would have taken some other experiences somewhere along the line to get me ready. Well, I thank God for it.

I thank God that I early had the opportunity to help to earn the family living, and to learn how much a nickel was worth. It still comes back to me again and again that there are five pennies in a nickel and that it only takes twenty nickels to make a dollar. And even with money worth much less today than when I was a boy, I still hate to see money wasted. And I am thankful for every opportunity that there is about us to learn how to do more with little money.

I am especially thankful, as I look back over my life, that God early led me under the influence of men who were strong believers in the Spirit of Prophecy. I think of Elder Luther Warren, one of the great Seventh-day Adventist evangelists 50 years ago. He was a wonderful speaker, tall, erect, and he spoke right to the point, no foolishness, and he upheld the Spirit of Prophecy. I can see him at the camp meetings, at the young people's tent, and the large tent. I can hear his appeals. I thank God for the influence that he made upon us.

I think of Elder John Burden, one of the workers that God used in a special way to lay the foundations of Loma Linda, as well as Paradise Valley and Glendale. I shall never forget this little incident in the life of Elder Burden. He doubtless never thought anything about it. He probably forgot it that day. But I always remember it. I was a little fellow, perhaps 11 or 12 years of age, just a barefoot boy. One Sabbath, I went out to Paradise Valley Sanitarium for Sabbath school and church. We lived in San Diego just a few miles distance. I had enjoyed the Sabbath school and church. My Sabbath school teacher in San Diego had moved out there. She and her husband invited me for dinner. So I had eaten dinner with them. Soon after dinner, I was sitting out on the lawn chair out there, and Elder John Burden, the manager of the Paradise Valley Sanitarium, walked across the lawn from the Sanitarium, and I can still hear his sweet, gentle voice as he said to a little 11 or 12 year-old barefoot boy, "Brother, have you had your dinner?"

He was ready to feed me, but I had already been fed.

Well, I thank the Lord for men like Elder Warren, and Elder Burden, and dear Elder Owen (he was pastor of our church in San Diego when I was a little fellow there, later was my Bible teacher at Loma Linda). Such men and others that I might speak of were used of God to pour into my young heart, along with my parents, an appreciation of the Bible and the *Testimonies*.

I thank the Lord that we were taught to sacrifice for the message—to give offerings as well as tithe; it costs something. I thank the Lord for the providence that led me to Loma Linda when I was just 17 years of age. As human beings had planned, I would not have gone to Loma Linda till perhaps two years later to take the medical missionary course, for 12 grades were required to take that course. But in the providence of God, I was led there that particular year—1923. Only God in Heaven knew that it was the last year that course would be given. But it was. If I hadn't gotten it then, I never would have gotten it. I suppose that God might have had a thousand other ways to get me to the place where we are tonight. But as I look back at it, that was an important and eventful turning of the road as far as this life is concerned. And I thank God for it.

It was there that I became acquainted with Elder John Tindall. Two and a half years later, I was called with him into the work in San Francisco to be trained as an apprentice in medical evangelism. For that, I shall always praise our heavenly Father—for the years that I had the privilege of associating with him in a personal way, carrying his brief case, I sometimes put it, and that was a very literal thing—that's exactly what I did for some time.

But, along with it, I learned, I observed, and assisted, and we had a blessed fellowship. It was a time of discipline. I use that in the proper sense of the term, and I thank the Lord for the training that I received in personal work as well as in public evangelism.

Elder Tindall also was a man, as you who know him will agree with me, a man of the deepest faith, *implicit* faith, in the Spirit of Prophecy. To him to read something in the red books, as they were often spoken of, was to believe it, and to believe it was to *do* something about it. He believed that the methods of medical evangelism given in the Spirit of Prophecy were to be carried out. And it was in those methods that I was trained with him.

Shortly after I was called out into holding such efforts, medical evangelistic efforts, myself, the great depression broke in the fall of 1929 and 1930. And I, who had been trained in large-city efforts with a large core of conference workers, was confronted with a situation in which conference budgets were trimmed because conference incomes were down. And I thank the Lord that, right at that time, He led us to a study of the Spirit of Prophecy. And there we found that God never intended that His work should be limited merely to that which could be supported by the tithe—that while God used the tithe to carry on the preaching of the Gospel, that God had also, through the ages, called upon men and women to engage in self-supporting soul-winning work. And fired with the inspiration of those pictures presented in the Bible and the Spirit of Prophecy, Brother Neil and I, for he was associated with me at that time, began to invite other young people to come with us just as the disciples had come with Jesus without any assurance of support, without

any promise of remuneration. And, thank the Lord, He put it into their hearts to come.

Soon, we had a company as large as we would have had, yes larger, had they all been conference paid. God blessed their endeavors. Souls were given us. And from that time to this, I have always had a company of self-supporting helpers.

For 16 years, I was in conference evangelistic work. And during most of that time, my helpers were those who were not paid directly by the conference but who were self-supporting. In those years, we held evangelistic efforts in California, Utah, Oklahoma, and Louisiana. God gave us hundreds of souls.

In those years, it was a great privilege to be under the influence of Elder W. C. White. Elder White, as you know, is the son of Sister E. G. White. From time to time, he visited our company. He told us stories of the leading of God in the life of his mother, the building up of the work in various places. And he always, without exception, encouraged us in the self-supporting features of our program.

In fact, I suppose it was due to his encouragement more than any other one thing that we were led to go right ahead with that program year after year. He used to tell us about the work down here in the south—the work of Madison and the units. He used to wish that some of the more practical features of self-support that the units here had learned could be introduced into our company program in the west. He spoke freely of the fact that he wished that more of the evangelistic influence that was in our company could be connected with this work in the southern field.

I have often wished that he might have known before he fell asleep in Jesus that just such things would come to pass. But they happened after he died.

Elder Mead McGuire was also, and still is, for in the providence of God that dear servant of God is still living. Elder Mead McGuire has been through the years a great encouragement to us in this work and to me personally. Year after year, he has written us letters of encouragement specifically commending us for the stand we have taken in supporting the *Testimonies* and pushing forward in medical evangelism and in encouraging other young people to have a part in this work.

There are those sitting here in this chapel tonight having a part in this work because of the personal encouragement of Elder Mead McGuire. And so, we thank God for these leaders who have, in God's providence, put their influence in the direction that God has tried to lead us in this work.

One of the things that Elder White used to talk to us about was the importance of having a country base from which to carry on city evangelism. He called our attention to this testimony that is now found in *Medical Ministry* page 308. He gave us this before it was published in book form. The first copy of this book we had was a personal gift from him from the Ellen G. White library.

On page 308, I read this statement. And I may say that this statement, more than any one other, is the one that has led us here to Wildwood.

“It would be well to secure a place as a home for our mission workers outside of the city. It is of great importance that they have the advantages of pure water, free from all contamination. For this reason, it is often well to consider the advantages of locations among the hills. And there should be some land, where fruit and vegetables might be raised for the benefit of the workers. Let it be a mission in as healthful a place as possible, and let there be connected with it a small sanitarium. A place in the city should also be secured where simple treatments might be administered. Such a home would be a welcome retreat for our workers, where they may be away from the bustle and confusion of the city. 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. Let such homes be secured in the neighborhood of several cities, and earnest, determined efforts be put forth by capable men to give in these cities the warning message that is to go to all the world... 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 a gift from the owners, or purchased at a reasonable price by the gifts of our people” *Medical Ministry*, pages 308–309.

As I say, through the years our attention was directed to this and similar passages. In the providence of God, we were finally led from Oklahoma to Louisiana. While there, we were invited to come up and join in the annual convention of self-supporting workers at Madison where I was asked to speak and tell of our experiences. Also while there, we heard the experiences of other workers—such men as Neil Martin from Alabama, George McClure from Chunky, Mississippi, and others from other sections of the southern field.

Brother Martin and Brother McClure and I were especially led together. Brother McClure joined us in our evangelistic work in Louisiana a few months later. He had part in a large effort in Baton Rouge with us there. Brother Martin visited us from time to time. Brother Martin was much impressed with this reference. He himself had read it many times and felt impressed of the Lord to do just what this said, to go out and search for such properties.

In the providence of God, he was led to this place. It was through a blown gasket in his automobile engine that he happened to stop in Chattanooga and there met Dr. Hayward whom he had known in former years. Dr. Hayward asked him what he was doing in Chattanooga, and he told him his errand. Dr. Hayward invited him to see this place.

In the providence of God, Dr. Hayward was led to donate most of the investment of this place for the carrying on of this work. He had been working here

for a number of years to build up both a city work and to make a country base here at Wildwood. When he turned this over to us finally, it was without signing notes for \$3,000—only a small part, of course, of the total investment here, the rest was entirely a gift to the nonprofit corporation to which the deed was given and which has held it since that time.

But when, in the providence of God, we were led here with Brother Martin and Brother McClure and others in January of 1942, we had nothing except our hands and our faith in the promises of God with which to meet the obligations of \$3,000 that we had assumed as well as the far more formidable task of building an institution here and carrying on the work in this area.

I hold in my hand here a little piece of paper that I like to look at. This is the last one of the six notes. It was due July 12, 1943. I see that it is signed “paid” July 13, 1943. The only reason it wasn’t paid the day before was because they weren’t going into town until the next day. The money was in hand the day it was due. Three days before this, not a dollar of it was in hand. But God, in answer to prayer, supplied, through four different channels, the last \$500 that it took to pay that last note on the initial payments for this place.

I like to look at that because its one chapter in a large volume of providences that have made it possible for this work to go forward.

I like to think of the sanitarium down there. That sanitarium, in a special sense, is a house of prayer. Not only a house where prayer is offered now from day to day—a place where, in the halls and in the rooms, prayer is offered for the recovery of the sick and the healing of the soul, but that house was built, literally, through prayer. A few months after we came here, we went out one morning without any resources whatsoever, but we believed God wanted a little building there, and we put a shovel down and turned over a spade of earth and took a picture of the little group standing there—only about fifteen or twenty of us. That was all that was done for some time.

But we kept praying about it. Meanwhile, we worked with our prayers. We got the mules out. We didn’t have any bulldozer. We didn’t have a tractor. Not even a cub. We had two mules and a little scraper. With the plow, the mules plowing it up, and then coming in with the scraper, and then our doing by hand with pick and shovel the corners that the mules couldn’t get to, we finally had an excavation there.

But we had no lumber, and we had no money to buy any. Some months passed, and in the providence of God the Lord gave us a good carpenter. He built a barn for us up here near Locust cottage. And he said he was ready to do something more. He thought we ought to have a building where that excavation was down there. He went into town to see about lumber, but it was wartime, and no lumber was available. But when he came back that noon and reported to us, we knelt down out there under the pine trees where the parking lot is now. I was thinking of it just the other day as I passed there and looked at those pine trees. Right there, we knelt down and told the Lord all about it.

Before the week was over, this is what happened, dear brethren and sisters. Some of the men noticed in the "Want Ads" section of the newspaper an advertisement where a man had some buildings to wreck for sale. We went up and investigated them, hoping that we might buy one or two and get lumber enough for a small building. But in the providence of God, 14 buildings, some of them as small as the little cottages north of the sanitarium, some of them large enough to hold several hundred men, 14 buildings were offered us at a price below a thousand dollars. It just seemed to us that we couldn't afford not to take the whole lot.

But we didn't have the money.

Just at that time, dear Brother Coney came forward and offered us several hundred dollars. It wasn't enough to completely pay for the lot, but it was a large share of it, enough to encourage us. So we scraped the barrel a little and got enough to get those buildings.

But they were simply standing up there, 75 miles away up here in the mountains on the Ocoee River. How would we get them down here?

That was the second summer we were here. We were holding a little institute that summer. The conference had loaned us some tents, and over there in the trees on the edge of where the parking lot is now, we had some tents pitched. Some of the men who were attending the institute that summer, we just had a little handful of students, they said, "We will volunteer to go up there and help wreck those buildings." So we went up there. And in the hot July and August sun, we pulled nails and pulled nails and pulled nails and held classes in the middle of the day until finally we had piles of lumber rising: 2x4, 2x6, 2x8, 2x10, 2x12, and sheeting and siding. And as the piles of lumber rose, kegs of nails began to appear too. Used nails, we had pound after pound of them. But the problem was how to get all that lumber down here.

One night, Brother Pine who was acting as foreman of our little group came to me. "Brother Frazee," he said, "I wonder how to get the lumber down. I have been trying every way I know to find a way." And he said, "I have finally found that the man who has sold us this lumber will sell us a truck that he has for \$470. And that's ceiling price." And he said, "When I got one trucker to move a load down, it cost \$30 for just one load, and I knew we would soon run out of money."

Well, I said, "Brother, I am sure we could never pay \$30 a load." But I said, "On the other hand, we simply don't have \$470. In fact, we don't even have a dollar to buy a truck. We scraped the barrel and went beyond ourselves a little to pay for this lumber." I said, "I do not know where the money will come from to move this or whether we will get that truck. All I know is that we can kneel down here and pray to God. God has promised to furnish means and send helpers if we will do His work."

Brother Brainerd and I and Brother and Sister Pine knelt down in the little cabin up there in the mountains, and we prayed that Thursday night that God would open the way for us to move that lumber. The next day, when I came back home to be with the church over the weekend, there was a check waiting in the mail for \$500. The lady who sent the check, not a member of the church, I had never met. She

knew none of our workers. She was a friend of a friend of ours. It's a nice thing to have friends; it's a nice thing for your friends to have friends, especially if they have hearts that are open to the impressions of the Holy Spirit.

My point is: God has a thousand ways of which we know nothing. That particular thing happened just that once; it's never happened just exactly like that before or since. But you may be sure that we were very happy because, right at the day we needed it, the amount of money that we needed was supplied. That old truck was bought, and trip after trip it took, wearing out its old tires, and having the old spares that came with it repaired and used in their place until finally the last trip was made without a spare. But the truck rolled up the hill and right out here by the side of this old apple tree that grows by this road around Haskell Hall.

The pile of lumber was from that apple tree clear across beyond where this building is. Just piles and piles of lumber—over 50,000 feet of lumber.

The brethren quickly put up the two little white cottages north of the present sanitarium. Some of them were leaving then. And month after month went by, and still we had our excavation down there and the two little cottages and these piles and piles of lumber up here on the hill. I used to look at those piles of lumber and wonder when, in the providence of God, something was going to happen.

But it was wartime and men were hard to get. The army had taken men that might have helped us. Those of us who were here were struggling to carry on what we had here. But finally dear Brother Brainerd said, "Brethren, I think we ought to start." So, down there in the excavation, we cleared it off and made the forms for the footings, and the footings were poured.

But we had nobody that knew how to lay blocks. What did God do in answer to prayer? He sent an expert mason here. Not a third-rate, or a second-rate man, but a *first-rate* man—Brother Hagan.

Brother Hagan wanted to do colporteur work during the week, attend classes in the evening, and lay blocks for us on Sunday. That's the way the blocks got put in that building down there. Every room in there is an answer to prayer.

The time came when the plumbing had to be put in before the concrete floor was poured. We had no plumber. We had no one that knew how to put in plumbing. We had no money to go to Chattanooga and hire somebody.

What did we do? We prayed.

Thanksgiving day came, and a little pickup truck drove in from Tulsa, Oklahoma, and out stepped two men with smiles on their faces, and the younger of them said to me, "You don't need any plumbers do you?" He didn't know that we needed plumbers. He had come to spend his vacation with us—a dear man that I had baptized several years before.

But I answered his question seriously, I said, "We sure do." And I took him over to that excavation where the concrete blocks were up, where we were ready to pour the floors but there was no plumbing. He said, "We'll do it."

The next day we went into Chattanooga. You couldn't buy plumbing supplies in any of the great supply houses. The war was on. Things were hard to get. Down on South Market Street, we finally found a little place. And before we left that morning, we had bought \$600 worth of plumbing supplies and fixtures. And one of those dear brethren had gone down in his pocket and brought out some money to help pay for it.

Those men worked day after day during their vacation to put that plumbing all in. A week later, they drove off in a snowstorm with a little oil heater in the back of the pickup truck to keep them warm on the way back to Oklahoma. That's the way we got that plumbing in the basement.

Well friends, I could go on if time permitted and tell you story after story. Every floor of that sanitarium has a story of providence, a story of answered prayer. I haven't time to tell you the wonderful story of how that heating system got in there. It's just as wonderful as anything else I have told you.

I haven't time to tell you the marvelous story of how that heating system was paid for—a marvelous providence. But each one of those is another chapter in this volume of the providence of God.

While we were building that sanitarium, something else happened that in God's providence was destined to have great results. Two hundred miles from here at Greenville, Tennessee, is the Tacoma Hospital and Sanitarium. Sister Ruby Chapman has been the superintendent of that place for a number of years. She is a quiet woman, but a woman of large faith, great love for God, and a great love for God's *Testimonies*.

We had never had any contact with the good people up there; it was early in our work. It was just a little place here. But in the providence of God, Sister Chapman came to make a visit to her sister and brother-in-law. Elder Stanley Harris was, at that time, the pastor of the Chattanooga church.

Sister Chapman was there visiting to take a little rest. But their new baby cried quite a bit. Finally, the parents said, "You probably won't get much rest around here. Maybe you ought to have a more quiet place. There is a little place out here at Wildwood. You might go out there and spend a few days." And she did.

She attended the morning worships and the other studies we were having. At that time, we were just one little group meeting down in the parlor of Evangelid. That one room held all of us for worship, for meals, and for study, for just about everything else that we did when we got together as a group.

Sister Chapman was very much impressed with the studies that were being given here, and with the line of thought that our students were spending their time in

studying. Before she left, she said to me, "Brother Frazee, do you suppose that it would be possible for some studies like this to be given up at Tacoma?"

Well, I said, "If that's what God wants to do, we will be glad to arrange it."

She went home and talked to Dr. Coolidge, and before long we were invited to give some studies up there, and some more studies, and some more. I haven't time to trace all the leadings of God in that, but as the result of those simple studies in the Spirit of Prophecy, the hearts of the dear workers at Tacoma were led first of all without any request on our part to put thousands of dollars into this work here. And second, they were led to join with us in a plan for the training of missionary nurses.

This building that we worship in here and study in, Haskell Hall, the finances of it came from the Tacoma Hospital and Sanitarium, and so with the shop and the warehouse and Hillside and several others of the buildings on this place. And much equipment in these buildings made possible through the providence of God.

In all these experiences that I am telling, I want you to note that God uses first one channel and then another. But again and again, it is evident that what God is impressing people with is a simple program of trying to carry out what the *Testimonies* have called for. We thank God for the leading of His providence.

For a number of years here, we had no doctor. We carried on a small sanitarium, first in Evangelid. You might wonder how you could carry on a sanitarium in Evangelid when you are using it as the place where the workers and students met and where the meals were prepared and served and all the rest.

You know, it's worth emphasizing some of these things. Some of you, one of these days, will be starting an institution. Remember, "the oak is acorn," but it's pretty well folded up in the acorn. And if you should try to find all the leaves or even all the branches in the acorn, you might find it difficult. God knows where they are, but you don't.

And when an institution is starting, do not think that you are going to have all the different buildings and all the different facilities, and do not be afraid to take one building and use it for everything.

God blessed us in that little building. Oh, how many prayers we had answered in that little building. But as I say, we were without any doctor. For eight years, we were without any doctor. We prayed that God would give us a doctor when God saw that we were ready, and when God had a doctor that was ready. And finally, eight years after we had been here, the Lord gave us Dr. Allen Harmer.

You know at the time that Dr. Harmer joined us, or was *considering* joining us, he had some very large financial problems. That wasn't the only thing he had to consider in coming here. That was *one* thing. I picked out of my file in my study a file on prayer where I keep some answers to prayer (they are not all in that particular one), but I picked out this little card this evening.

This is a list of the different things that had to be met in just within a few weeks or a few months of August 17, 1949, when Dr. Harmer and I were talking over the matter of his coming here. It totaled \$2,000 and it all needed to be met within about five months. He didn't know where a dollar was coming from, and neither did I.

But I said to him, "Brother, if God wants you here, God has ways of arranging that." I said, "I have seen my Heavenly Father help us too many times to doubt now." But I said, "God wants you to get your feet in the water. Get your feet in the water." And I said, "We are willing to put our feet in the water with you."

Do you know what I mean by putting your feet in the water? That's what the children of Israel had to do; they had to start putting their feet right down in the water. Now they didn't get wet, but they had to do just the same as if they were going to get wet, didn't they? They went through on dry land, but it only opened as they advanced.

So I said to Dr. Harmer, "You pray and see what God wants you to do." And do you know friends, all those, yes, a good deal more than that, was handled by the Lord in ways that did not cost this company a nickel, in ways that solved that whole financial problem, and in ways that, to eternity, will show that God can give us the answers to prayer when we seek Him with earnest hearts.

We had a doctor. We *still* have him. Of course, the Devil didn't like that, and so, by and by, after he had been here a while, Dr. Harmer got sick with tuberculosis. It has been a long pull. And I am telling providences here tonight, and the story of God's providences is not all written, my friends, as men would write it. The picture is not all in gold and silver and brilliant stones. There are dark shadows, heavy curtains, in the picture of God's providences. But the picture is nonetheless precious because of that.

I remember standing and kneeling by the bedside of Dr. Harmer when, from a human standpoint, it seemed very easy to believe that he had, shall I say, not *one* foot in the grave but *both* feet in the grave—in fact, when, from the human standpoint, it seemed that there was very little to hope for. But I count as one of the most precious chapters in the blessing of God in my own life the experiences that Allen Harmer and I have shared together in seeking the Lord in prayer and seeing God *answer* prayer.

And I have heard him say this more than once with a serious smile over his face, "You know if I should be healed suddenly today I would say that it has been worth every day of the sickness because of the experience that God has given me in it." Then he added, which means even more, "If I were to die today, I would still say that it has been worth it all for the lessons that God has taught me in this experience."

I thank God for faith like that. Don't you, brethren and sisters? I have seen God heal people instantly, but one of the most wonderful things to me has been the way God has blessed Dr. Harmer with a heart of faith, *increasing* faith, through these experiences. I am no prophet, and so I have no way to predict the future, but I tell you what I believe, friends. I believe that God is getting Dr. Harmer ready, as well as

some of the rest of us, may it please our heavenly Father, to accomplish some things under His blessing that we never could have done if we had not been taught some lessons in the school of adversity—the school of sorrow, the school of pain and disappointment.

No, I repeat, friends, the picture of God's providence is not all one of gold and glory. The shadows of Gethsemane and the darkness of Calvary must come before the resurrection glory. And if you and I are to share in the experiences of the Latter Rain and the Loud Cry, we must be willing to go by way of Gethsemane and Calvary as the disciples did on their way to the upper room at Pentecost.

You know another experience that I thank the Lord for? I've just picked out a few here tonight, and I probably won't get over all of those few. I picked up our southern union paper here not long ago, and I read about a fine young man who has baptized over 40 souls this year. One of the most successful soul winners in the conference in which he's located. Some of you read the story. And I said in my heart, "Thank God we know something about that."

Just about the time that Dr. Harmer came here, this young man was brought as a patient here. He had been in an institution where he had received over 75 shock treatments with no lasting results. And in a desperate hope that God in His mercy might do something for him, his friends and relatives brought him here.

And I want to say this, friends, I would not leave the impression for a moment (I would be misunderstood if any should so think), I would not leave the impression for a moment that I think that everybody who comes to Wildwood gets well or *should* get well. Neither would I leave the impression for a moment that this is the only place where various ones can find help. Not at all.

I have often said that if God wanted very many people to come here He would have made this place bigger. I am only telling you some of the wonderful providences of God, as God has brought certain people here, students, workers, patients, and others from time to time. I think God knows where people can get help, don't you? And there are a thousand, yes, ten thousand places over this world, yes, more than that that God is using to bless and help and save people. You know that.

But oh, I thank God that, in His providence, He led *me* here. And I thank God that, from year to year, He has led others here to get a blessing helping in the work, studying in the institute, or sharing in the blessings of healing and learning how to be well at the sanitarium.

This young man was one of the latter class. He came here, my friends, knocked out, as far as having any part of the work of God was concerned. But when he left here, bless God, he was able after a period to resume his ministry, and he has never failed from that day to this. He has baptized dozens and scores of souls. I am sure that Dr. Harmer, as well as some of the rest of us, was cheered with joy as he looked at this little report in the recent *Tidings*. Thank God, friends, we share in those souls that have been baptized by our dear brother this year.

Well, you know one of the most wonderful things that has happened this year—this year 1956? It is the revival and the building up of the little school up on the mountain. That's a wonderful story of God's providence.

You know, several years ago when our work here was young, Sister Tarey who had pioneered the work up there and the Georgia-Cumberland conference united in urging us here at Wildwood to take over the operation of that little place. Finally, in God's providence, we were led to do it. We bought some additional land and a building nearby. Brother McClure and others went up to carry on the work. Later, Brother and Sister Risch gave strong leadership up there. Recently, Brother and Sister Cooper have been holding the fort and strengthening the work. And now this summer and fall, Brother and Sister Starrett, with a burden laid upon them by the Holy Spirit, have gone up there, and a nucleus of students has been led together.

There hasn't been any fanfare. There hasn't been any special publicity or special effort to gather students. But the Spirit of God has impressed young people and parents that there was a little school like the school of the prophets to try to carry out the *Testimonies* in a simple way in a preparatory school.

Some of you know I was up there just a few weeks ago holding some Week of Prayer meetings. I have held dozens of Weeks of Prayer, friends. I have been in many, many institutions, but I don't know that I was ever in just the setting that I was on that occasion. As I saw that that little band of students and teachers were already devoted and ready for advanced steps in the Christian life, and how God blessed as we studied the work of Jesus in the Most Holy Place, and the steps that God wants us to take in getting ready for the seal of God and translation.

I thank God for the little school on Lookout Mountain. And as I look back over the providences of God this year, I thank Him in a special way for that little light that is shining brighter and brighter up there at Lookout Mountain.

Another thing that I rejoice in this year is the student effort that was launched down at New England. That to me is an omen, and omen of things to come. We have had missionary work here through the years, and God has given us souls. We have had branches raised up in various directions. But this is the first year that we have had an actual public effort carried on, led out in by students, counseled by older workers, sponsored, and helped by older workers true, but led out in and carried on by our student workers.

I rejoice in that, friends. That to me is just as wonderful and something just as much to thank God for as these checks in the mail, yea, *more* so. The thing that I rejoice in tonight, especially as we close this year, is the band of young men and young women whose hearts God has touched, that He has brought together here in this place at this time. And those of us who are older are happy to be associated in labor with this group.

Another thing that I thank God for that has developed in the more recent history of our work here is the starting and growth of the little work down in southern Mexico. Brother and sister Comstock, as you know, are being blessed of God in that work up there in the wilds of Chiapas, surrounded as they are by thousands of

Indians, many of whom know practically nothing about the elementary measures of sanitation and health. They need this simple, practical program of medical missionary work. God is blessing them. We thank the Lord for the inspiration that they got here that caused them to go down there and open up that work.

Well friends, as I say, I have told you just a few things tonight. And for every story that I have told you, there are 10, yes, 20 more tucked away in my memory, and probably a hundred more for each one in the volumes that the angels keep. Won't it be wonderful soon to look over them together?

But in closing tonight, I'd like to have you think of this. You know I like to put words on the blackboard. Here is something that I would like to have you think of tonight. I would like to have you think first of all of vision that leads to a burden. I would like to have you think of a burden that leads to prayer. I would like to have you think of prayer that leads to effort. I would like to have you think of effort that leads to sacrifice. And I would like to have you think of sacrifice that leads to a miracle of God.

You know, my dear friends, I am suspicious of any vision that doesn't develop a burden; it isn't worth much. And any burden that doesn't lead us to earnest prayer will soon be lost. And any prayer experience that doesn't lead us to roll up our sleeves and use our muscles in active aggressive work, there is something wrong. And even with all the prayer and all the effort, unless with it we will put sacrifice, we will never reach the glorious miracles that thrill the heart. These are the steps in the experience. Not *downward* steps. They lead from one point to another.

My point is: Are you looking for that pot of gold at the rainbow's end? Are you looking for the miracles, the interposition of God in your own experience or in building up God's work? You must have a vision that leads you to a burden—a burden that leads you to your knees, and then from your knees to work and work hard. But that's not enough. With it must be sacrifice. We must not be content to settle down and merely reap the results of our earnest work. Sacrifice must lead us to attempt more, and as we do it, God will work miracles. As we add, God will multiply.

Oh that God may lead us to dedicate our lives to that tonight.

Now with that, I want to read you something from the *Review and Herald* that just came today. I want to read you a statement from the vice-president of the General Conference, Elder L. K. Dickson. I hope you will read the whole article, *The Danger of Losing God's Outline*. He is speaking here about the great danger that we as a people face today of losing the spirit of sacrifice.

"We must ever be afraid to compromise the well-established ideals of sacrifice and service that form the groundwork of this great cause and that have made this work great. We must be afraid to lend a finger to alter in any degree the great principles that have made this people what they are for God today. Compromise is in the very air we breathe. The times are too late and too tragic, God's interests are too

great, man's night is too dark, Christ's great sacrifice is too glorious for us to allow for one moment the spirit of sacrifice to dwindle away in any part of the work of God whether medical, educational, evangelistic, or publishing. To prevent this, some of us will have to enter into a new vow of renunciation of man's outlook and a new dedication to God's outlook in our service and leadership. We need now to seek out the evil things, those things that are offensive to God and eliminate them from our lives and from our service in His name... We need to guard carefully the inroads of those who are no longer willing to sacrifice with their brethren in doing the service of God. This cause does not need the service of those who will not bear the cross for Him. Shall we continue to depart from our hard-earned ideals of sacrifice in this late hour and allow man's outlook to have a greater and still greater hold upon us? If the parting of the ways has come let us meet it."

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