

To My Dear Friends,
The Autobiography of Elder W. D. Frazee

Forward

(ask Elder Finley if we can modify his testimony for this and maybe he could add just a bit)

I first met W. D. Frazee in the late 1960s. I was a youth pastor in Hartford, Connecticut. Our senior pastor, O. J. Mills, invited Pastor Frazee to come and hold a series of meetings in our church. Elder Frazee preached two series; one titled “The Certainties” and the other titled “Survival.” Those messages deeply moved me. They were spiritual, biblical, and life-changing. I watched as people came forward, gave their hearts to the Lord, and knelt at the altar weeping. I listened as others gave testimonies of what Christ had done in their lives and how He changed them.

Elder Frazee’s preaching was sincere. He was in earnest. He was a man on a mission. And when I listened to him preach, I sensed that his messages came from the almighty throne-room of God. I knew he had been on his knees and that God had impacted his mind. His messages were in contrast to some of the surface, shallow, and superficial messages that we so often hear. These messages were deep. They were biblical, and they were moving. They helped to shape my concept of preaching years ago.

In 1971 I had the opportunity of joining Elder Frazee at the Wildwood Medical Missionary Institute, not far from Chattanooga Tennessee, in Wildwood Georgia. I well remember the Friday night vesper services we had at Wildwood during those years. Our chapel was filled with eager listeners! The memory of those meetings is one of the moving of the Spirit of God. There was a sense of expectation in the meetings—a sense of anticipation, a sense that God was going to do something unique and special.

As I teamed up with Elder Frazee in a number of those meetings, he would preach on some Friday nights, and I would preach on other Friday nights. I well recall one Friday night that Elder Frazee invited me to preach with him to the audience. He suggested that I preach the first part of the sermon for about 20–25 minutes, and he’d pick up the second part where I left off for another 20–25 minutes.

We were going to preach on the 2,300 Days. I was going to do the math and nail down the fact that the Bible teaches, based on Daniel 8:14, that the Judgement began in 1844. Elder Frazee was then going to get up and talk about what the Judgement was and what actually happened in Heaven in 1844. The closer we got to the time of the meeting, the more uncomfortable I became with the topic. For some reason, the Lord was leading me in my mind to preach on a different topic. Now don't misunderstand me. I have complete confidence in 1844 and the 2,300 Days. But I sensed that it wasn't the right topic for *that* evening and *that* audience. And I talked to Elder Frazee about it. He said to me, "Mark, you may be right, maybe we should change topics."

It was late Friday morning by this time, and he said, "This is what I'd like you to do. You take Friday afternoon and go and pray and ask God to put a topic on your heart, and I will do the same, and we'll meet at the chapel at 6:00." The meeting was designed to start at 7:00 pm.

I went out into the woods that Friday afternoon with my Bible and prayed. The Lord directed my attention to Philippians chapter 2, "Let this mind be in you that was also in Christ Jesus." I studied Philippians 2 and went over the passage again and again. Then I came to the chapel at 6:00 pm as Elder Frazee had suggested, and he said, "Mark, did the Lord give you a message?"

I said, "Yes, He directed my attention to Philippians 2 about this Christ Who can transform lives, and this Christ that was highly exalted, but this Christ that bowed low."

Elder Frazee clapped his hands in his characteristic way. Those who knew him remember how he would clap his hands and smile.

He said, "What text did you choose?"

I said, "Philippians 2."

He showed me his notes. He had been out in the woods praying, and God impressed him with Philippians 2. We knew that God had given both of us confirmation! He compared his notes to mine and they were very similar. God led us that night to that topic. We preached a sermon called "Content Without Promotion." As we preached it that night, the Spirit of God came down. I preached for 20 minutes, and he preached for

20 minutes. It was a powerful sermon. He made an appeal and scores of people stood. Many of them made a decision that night to go into service for the Lord.

May this autobiography will be a mighty, powerful influence in your own life. It is our prayer that God does something through you, to you, with you, and for you as you read this book. It is our prayer that although Elder Frazee's voice has been silenced, yet God will speak again through these pages. It's our prayer that Jeremiah's response to God's Word will be your response to these messages. In Jeremiah 15:16, Jeremiah says, regarding the Word of God, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them, and thy Word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart." It is our prayer that as God speaks again through His servant Elder Frazee and as you read your Bible that God's words would be found and for *you* they would be joy and rejoicing to your heart and God would use them to help you be prepared for the soon return of our Lord.—Elder Mark Finley

Introduction

While browsing through a catalog looking for some inspiring books to read, I couldn't help but notice a book with a drawing of a lamb, an image of a knife running through the lamb, and blood dripping from the point of the knife.¹ The name of this book was *Ransom and Reunion*, by W. D. Frazee.

After reading that book, I was convinced that I had struck gold. Years later, I had the privilege of finding out that there were more books by the author. Then I discovered that there were nearly 2,000 recordings of sermons, lectures, and studies. Now I felt that I had struck platinum!

It has been my privilege to spend years working with these priceless materials. I started by helping to improve the sound quality of the recordings. After that project was completed, I felt a burden to pick up a project which had been in the making since before I was born—transcribing all those messages.

Many preachers share bits and pieces of their life stories to illustrate a particular point that they are trying to drive home during their messages. While working on the transcripts, I noticed that there were a large number of these personal stories that maybe

¹ This was the original cover of the book. After we reprinted it, we had to get a new cover because we did not own the copyrights to the old one.

could be used one day to make an autobiography. We already had a book that Elder Frazee wrote on his boyhood, and that could be used to start the narrative. Then, these various anecdotes collected from his messages could be compiled together to create a meaningful and inspiring autobiography.

Of all the various projects I have had the privilege to work on for Medical Missionary Pioneers, Inc., this one has been my favorite and the most rewarding. I felt like I had a great puzzle of thousands of pieces. As I began to put the pieces together, the picture that emerged was more beautiful than I had imagined.

There is something about following a person's life from its beginning, through all its struggles and joys, and then tracing the impact that such a life has had on others, that leaves me with a grand sense of solemnity for my own life. I feel that these stories are not merely interesting history but insights into the heart of someone who wanted to do the most possible for God through ministry.

Due to the fact that this book is composed mostly of anecdotes shared during his sermons, you will notice that its style is mostly evangelistic—he draws out moral lessons from many of these stories. Though I never met Elder Frazee in person, yet I feel that I know a lot about him after listening to hundreds of his messages and reading thousands of his archived documents. As such, I feel that this is just the way he would want a book about himself to be—not focused on himself but on the lessons that his life story could teach.

This book is also very personal—the author talks directly to you. Elder Frazee loved to address his audience personally and that style has been preserved. We have done little book editing to his original messages so that you can get the full feel of his manner of address. He often addressed his audience with a warm and earnest “Oh friends!” As such, you will read this phrase often. We felt that a variation of that phrase would make an appropriate title for this book.

You will notice that Elder Frazee does not say much about his itinerate years after his apprenticeship with John Tindall nor much about his life after the founding of Wildwood. To help fill in the gaps, we have included chapter 12 which gives you little snippets into his personality. There are also several appendixes that attempt to fill in

details not covered by the chapters. Since chapter 8, “An Itinerate Medical Missionary Evangelist” is so sparse, Appendix C is given which is an outline of that period in his life composed from his newsletters and other archived documents. Appendix B gives more details about Elder Frazee’s life after the founding of Wildwood according to the memories of those who knew him personally.

Like me, the vast majority of those who know of and appreciate Elder Frazee are those who did not know him personally. Most who know of him today do so through his sermons and books. Therefore, Appendix A “Things I’ve Said That Have Blessed Others” represents this largest segment in that it lists his most famous and beloved sayings from his sermons and books. Some testimonies from this audience are also included in Appendix B.

It is my prayer and the prayer of the team at Medical Missionary Pioneers, Inc., that whether you knew Elder Frazee personally, only through his recordings, or you are now finding out about him for the first time, that you will be blessed by this autobiography. Elder Frazee was a humble man who was not interested in drawing attention to himself. As such, I hope that you will see in this book just what Elder Frazee would want you to see—that the Hero of this whole story is Jesus.—Jesse Ravencroft, project manager.

Chapter 1 “To Humble Thee”

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

Note that in remembering the way the Lord has led us, we are to remember that He has led us to humble ourselves. If the things we remember and the things we relate tend in any way to glorify man, then we’ll have to have some harder experiences ahead.

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

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

May I repeat, unless our experiences teach us that lesson, we'll have some more ahead of us that are harder.

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

“Our confession of His faithfulness is Heaven’s chosen agency for revealing Christ to the world. We are to acknowledge His grace as made known through the holy men of old; but that which will be most effectual is the testimony of our own experience . . . There is greater encouragement for us in the least blessing we ourselves receive from God than in all the accounts we can read of the faith and experience of others” *Ministry of Healing*, 100.

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

And yet, dear friends, like every other truth that God has given us, there are balancing statements:

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

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

Again, on page 59, the same book:

“But let us be careful now not to exalt men, their sayings, and doings; and let not anyone consider it a grand point to have a startling experience to relate . . .” *Ibid.*, 59.

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

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

a peculiar order, but they will not bear the divine signature. Immorality will come in, and extravagance, and many will make shipwreck of faith” *Ibid.*

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

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

So, while I would share with you some precious experiences, I ask your prayers that God will direct our minds to Jesus.

In a message to D. N. Canright, on page 163 of this book 2 *Selected Messages*, I read: “You have wanted to be too much, and make a show and noise in the world, and as the result your sun will surely set in obscurity” *Ibid.*, 163.

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

God told His people anciently to remember the things He had done for them. It is for our own benefit we are told to keep in mind everything that God has done for us. Because thus, our faith is strengthened and we’re encouraged to ask for more and more.

The truth of the matter is, friends, our Heavenly Father is glad to give us more and more. He never runs out. There is plenty more in the kitchen. We can have a second and third helping. There’s no danger of overeating His blessings.

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.

“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 (*Review and Herald, January 25, 1898*).

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

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

What a wonderful principle! No matter how many years of experience we’ve had in the things of God, this day is a different day from any we’ve ever met before. Therefore, as we face new problems, what we can learn from the past is largely this lesson of how frail and weak man is and how willing God is to give us the right word at the right time. This is the greatest blessing I get from listening to the experiences of others or telling my own experience.

Never think, as you listen to a human experience, “Oh, I wish I could have an experience just like that.”

No. Never think as you look back on an experience you had 20 years ago or a week ago, “Oh, I wish I could have another experience like that.”

No. God has something better for you than any experience anybody else had or could have. And God has a better experience for you today than any experience you ever had in the past. Oh, how wonderful these principles are!

Some have traveled the road over the highway from Kentucky into Illinois and then immediately over another bridge over the Mississippi River. Well, once, I stopped between the two rivers—the Ohio on the east and the Mississippi on the west.

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

I've been meditating on it, friends. That mighty river drains a vast territory. A while ago, I was holding some studies on the sanctuary in the state of Minnesota, just a few miles from what they call the source of the Mississippi River, and in a sense, it is the source. But I know another source. It's the little waterway that runs along the edge of Eden Valley, Colorado, and flows down into a river, and that into a larger river until finally it, too, joins the Mississippi. The waters are as truly a part of the source of the Mississippi River as anything in Minnesota. Do you agree with me?

At Wildwood, we have a little spring. The man who owned it before called it "The Spring of Health and Healing." Well, that little spring feeds a little stream which goes down and joins a branch into Lookout Creek, and that into the Tennessee River, and that into the Ohio, and that into the Mississippi and on its way to the gulf.

As I look at that little spring, I can say, "There is the source of the Mississippi River." There are thousands of other sources. Do you see what I mean, friends? And so, when we come to tell of the work of God in some human experience, we must remember there are hundreds and thousands of little rivulets that go together to make a river of the building up of an institution or any other work for God.

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

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

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

Chapter 2 The Riches of Truth that Bring the Blessings of Poverty

“Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us with benefits . . .” Psalms 68:19.

We are told in that wonderful book *Christ Objects Lessons* in the chapter on “Things New and Old” that God’s servants are to draw from the treasure house of His Word. Then it lists three different ways in which God reveals His word to us—the written Word (the Bible), the book of nature, and then the book of experience in God’s dealings with human lives. The Word of God speaking to us through the Page, the works of God in which His character is revealed, and the ways of God as we see Him working with human lives. It is this latter that we will devote this book—the book of experience in God’s dealings with human lives.

The story began before I was born. The story began back in 1844 when our great High Priest entered the Most Holy Place to begin His closing work of making ready a people prepared for the Lord. He sent His angel in that eventful year to restore the gift of prophecy to His remnant church so that a people might be ready to meet the Savior. God brought together those who kept the Sabbath, who were understanding the work of Jesus in the Sanctuary and those to whom the gift of prophecy had been given. And thus, 20 years after 1844, we find a people united on the doctrines of this message and also organized as a church.

In the 14th chapter of the book of Revelation, we have three great messages which unitedly prepare a people for the coming of the Lord. That group of people is pictured in the first five verses. We call them the 144,000. They are perfect when Jesus comes. They’re translated at the appearing of our Lord, and they’re without fault before the throne of God.

That calls for several things. It calls for a revelation of truth which completely unmask error. It calls for a definition of duty which includes everything essential for God’s children to do. It includes power—wonderful, victorious power which enables God’s people to live out all they know.

As a part of both knowing and doing, it calls for a message concerning physical health. For in God’s plan, the spiritual character we develop is dependent to some extent

on how well our minds work. How clearly our brain's function depends to some extent on the condition of our body—our physical health.

Immediately, God sent His angel with a special message dealing with the great subject of health reform and medical missionary work. In those great visions of June 6, 1863, and December 25, 1865, a broad program of healthful living was given to this people. Immediately, our people started to respond, making changes—putting aside tobacco, tea, and coffee, and not only the advantages of a good diet, but of exercise, fresh air, sunshine. They also learned the importance of establishing an institution where the sick might be brought and treated in harmony with these principles and where people might learn how to live by observing these laws of health so that there wouldn't be so much sickness.

Those messages, my friends, have changed the lives of millions of people, most of whom don't know that they came long ago from visions in Otsego, Michigan, and Rochester, New York. The Battle Creek Sanitarium that grew out of these ideas had great influence, as I said, on millions of people. But its principles were rooted in Revelation, as well as in scientific research bringing out the proof for these wonderful principles.

Soon after the turn of the century, in the providence of God, two institutions were started that were destined to have a great influence in further spreading these principles of health reform and medical missionary work in connection with education reform. One of them was at Loma Linda, in Southern California, east of Los Angeles where, because of the revelations of God, our people established not merely a sanitarium but a school to train gospel-medical-missionary evangelists. The year before, 10 miles from Nashville, the Madison school was started. A school to train self-supporting missionaries dealing with educational reform, industrial education, and medical missionary work. Wildwood has been influenced to a great extent by these two schools: Loma Linda and Madison. In fact, ever since the beginning of the work at Wildwood, people trained at Loma Linda and Madison have always been on my staff.

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 a 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 that God was getting me ready for my life's 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 would never have been fitted for my 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.

My mother had been a member of one of the large popular churches. My father had never belonged to any church. But as they studied together about the wonderful prophecies of the Bible, their hearts were impressed. But the thing that settled them on this message and gave them the conviction that this was the truth of God was when they found the evidence that within this movement was the testimony of Jesus which is the spirit of prophecy.

About the time my parents were married, my aunt, Martha Poston, gave them the books *Daniel and Revelation* by Uriah Smith and *The Great Second Advent Movement* by J. N. Loughborough. They learned all about the 1844 Movement, Ellen White, and the gift of prophecy. There the evidence loomed in the Bible and in those books. Thank the Lord, they made a decision and were baptized by Elder F. I. Richardson in one of the canals near Phoenix.

The *Great Second Advent Movement* convinced them and settled them that Ellen G. White and her visions and her work were a fulfillment of Bible prophecy and that these visions in the Seventh-day Adventist church constituted evidence that this is the remnant of Revelation 12:17—which keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ.

As the result of their being settled in this message through the evidence of these visions—the prophetic gift, it was my privilege to be born into and to grow up in a Seventh-day Adventist-Christian home. I thank the Lord for the blessings that He has brought to me. I thank the Lord as I have observed in my own life and the lives of those near me what this gift has meant in, shall I say, just a physical way.

My mother was the oldest in a family of six children. She was born in Shreveport, Louisiana. Her family moved to San Diego, California, when she was public school age.

She had three sisters and two brothers. She outlived all her family. The reason is simply this, my friends, early in her life, she was a health reformer. She took hold of these wonderful principles of health that have come to us by revelation from the skies. It added years to her life and life to her years.

My mother was the only one in her family that had accepted the Seventh-day Adventist message. I heard her say many times that a number of her brothers and her sisters in the Seventh-day Adventist church were much closer to her than her own father, mother, brothers, or sisters. Closer than the ties of flesh and blood when those relatives are outside the church are the ties of Christian fellowship within the remnant church of Christ. I'm sure that there are many others that could testify to the same thing

My mother was a natural-born teacher and started teaching school when she was just out of high school. She used to tell people whom she thought might possibly be interested, "Now, if you want some critical help, I'd be glad to give it to you," but she used to say, "Very few people came more than once or twice."

Of course, I got it all my life. I needed it. She used to sit in the corner of the chapel, and she had a notebook. Sometimes, a day or two after, I'd be passing her room and go in, and she'd say, "Bill, get me my notebook," and she'd open it, and she'd begin to give me an X-ray. She'd tell me some words I'd mispronounced or some mistake in grammar or something else.

My father was the oldest one in his family—a family of five. He has outlived all his brothers and sisters. As I see what this work has done in a practical and tangible way for these I love, do you wonder that I thank the Lord for the working of this gift? I see it working with us in many lives.

My father's family had been in Arizona for many years. In fact, my grandfather, W. D. Frazee II, helped start the Arizona Gazette. My grandmother, Margaret Tucker, was born near the Kings River not far from Fresno, California. My father was born in Safford, Arizona. I happen to be the eldest son of the eldest son of the eldest son—W. D. Frazee IV.

My dad's father was in charge of water at the junction of the Verde and the Salt Rivers, about thirty miles from Phoenix, and had been for many years. My father was the

oldest child, and then came Louise, Helen, and Mary. They lived way out in the desert. There were no school buses—no buses, period. So, they were looking for a teacher to come and teach them there. They got in touch with someone in San Diego, California, that knew my mother, and she went to teach them. So, my father and all my aunts were my mother's students before anyone thought of marriage. Such was the providence that brought them together.

When my father accepted the Sabbath, it meant that he was through with his job because it was a seven-day-a-week job. All he really had to do on Saturday was to go down and read the gauge and record it, but that was working on part of the Sabbath, so he gave up that job. The result was Titus and I grew up in a poor home.

Both my father and mother had become interested in what was called physical culture and became vegetarians before they ever studied the Bible and started keeping the Sabbath.

My father and mother were out on a farm. "Well," you say, "that's wonderful." Yes, it's wonderful if you know how to farm and have had experience. But, you know, when we talk about our people going into living in the country, we must remember, friends, that farming isn't something you fall into and come out successful.

Everything seemed to go against my parents out there on the farm. Sometimes the neighbors stole the water. Out in that western country, water is important to get crops. The blackbirds came and would eat the grain. Our neighbor had a great grove of trees just next door, and I remember that my folks said the blackbirds (they roosted there) stopped in our fields for breakfast going out, and for supper coming in.

Well, my father finally borrowed some money from a neighbor to get some shotgun shells to take care of those blackbirds, but he said that everyone that was killed, there were two came to his funeral. That's right. They kept on eating up the crops.

They had some chickens. One time they had 1100 chickens. Disease got in among them. I've heard my mother tell about how it just made her sick to go out there morning after morning and have to take out the dead chickens.

I think my father thought these trials were permitted because he was having trouble with tobacco. My father had learned to chew tobacco when he was only nine years old.

Even though my father and mother were faithfully keeping the Sabbath, Dad was having a problem with tobacco. He had quit again and again and again and gone back to it. I have heard my mother tell of seeing my father after breakfast take the plug of tobacco from his pocket and throw it into the cornfield just as far as he could. He was through with it! But sometimes, after dinner, she would see him out there going up and down those rows looking for that plug of tobacco. Finally, the Lord helped him quit for the last time. I don't remember that I have ever seen anyone have a harder battle with tobacco than Father did, but the Lord helped him.

One of the most important lessons the Lord taught my father and taught me was about debt. One time, while we were at the ranch, he was all out of money and borrowed about two hundred dollars from a neighbor friend. He was expecting that the crops would provide for repayment. The birds ate the crops. He didn't get out of debt until years later. He had an accident in San Francisco, and the settlement took care of the debt. That experience cured us, I trust, of ever going into debt. Debt is like leprosy—easy to get and hard to get over. The Bible says the borrower is servant to the lender and that we should “owe no man anything, but to love one another” (Romans 13:8). Through all these experiences, the Lord was getting me ready for something. Without these principles of staying out of debt, we would never have been able to accomplish the work we later did. God looks ahead.

Chapter 3 Early Life and the Molding of My Character

I was born on February 15, 1906, near Phoenix, Arizona. My father and mother lived near the Salt River on the Pima Indian Reservation. The doctor came out from Phoenix for the event but arrived too late. However, he did sign my birth certificate. His name was Dr. A. J. Heatherington, and a little over thirty years later was a deacon in my church in Oklahoma City where I pastored and held meetings.

My father hardly knew what to do when I was born. He wanted my mother to wrap me in an old horse blanket. I don't remember, but that's what they tell me. Nearly two years later, my brother Titus was born. I was just learning to talk. When I saw him, I said, “What's that”?

I know my father was just the kind of teacher Titus and I needed. He had an interesting way of teaching. For example, I remember when we were in the tenth grade, Titus and I were doing our lessons at home. When it came time to recite the history lesson, he'd say, "Titus, you get up and recite the lesson for the day." There were no true and false, multiple-choice questions, or just listening while the teacher lectured.

My father had a deep interest in seeing his boys succeed in being able to speak and be heard. Father was naturally quite timid and not used to public speaking. I remember once, when I was seven or eight, we were living in Phoenix and attended the church at Third and Pierce Streets. G. A. Roberts said, "Brother Frazee, will you come forward?" Titus said, "Papa had to be a deacon! Papa had to be a deacon!" That will give you an idea of his timidity in public.

He wanted his boys to be trained in this area. He started me memorizing poems and scriptures and would have us stand at one end of the house and he at the other then we were required to recite so he could hear us. When I was eight, he started me memorizing parts of the book of Daniel. We began with the eleventh chapter. I was quite interested in history even when I was young, and Daniel 11, as you know, is a literal prophecy—no symbols. It is all a literal prophecy of the history of Persia, Greece, Rome, and so on. He explained what we memorized from *Daniel and Revelation* by Uriah Smith. Eventually, he had me learn all the prophetic parts of Daniel—chapters seven to twelve and chapters one and two. Meanwhile, he was having me learn other Bible verses on the second coming, the state of the dead, and the Sabbath.

And by the time I was 12 or 13 years old, I had memorized Daniel 1, 2, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, and 12, the 22 chapters of Revelation, besides hundreds of other Bible texts.

My father was quite ingenious. He would have my brother listen to me quote Daniel and Revelation, and I had to listen to Titus quote Matthew. When I was repeating my chapters, he would sit there with the Bible and see whether I said it correctly, and when he quoted his chapters, then I would sit and compare what he said with the Bible.

As the months went by, I heard my brother repeat Matthew so many times that I learned them all without ever trying.

Of course, the Lord knew that someday I'd be a preacher, but I didn't know it, and my parents didn't either. Do you think those chapters and verses have come in handy? But even if I'd never been a minister, friends, they would have been worth a great deal to me.

My parents read in the writings of the Spirit of Prophecy that learning the Bible would develop the memory of those who learned it. And I know that this has been a great blessing to me. I thank the Lord for a good memory. I owe it, under God, to my parents, who, because they read these books, drilled me in learning the Bible.

I ought to tell you this because some of you are parents, and many of you may get ideas that you'd like to do this with your children. I recommend it, but I must tell you; it isn't just as easy as I'm telling you. Because sometimes while I liked to do it, sometimes I didn't. Sometimes I went through it with all my heart, and sometimes I had to have help. I'll not tell you all the ways I got help, but it was very practical help. I wasn't always thankful for it at the time, but I am now and have been for 50 years. Oh friends, I thank God that my parents read the Spirit of Prophecy and did what they read in it!

One day, Evangelist A. S. Booth came to Phoenix and held meetings in a hall on Washington Street. They had me up on a box behind the pulpit reciting verses on the Second Coming.

Now, you might think that I was quite a good boy, and I wish I had been. As I look back, I needed lots of help. I was strong-willed, stubborn, and inclined to be very willful. It's a good thing I had the father and mother I did, for they were both strong-willed and believed in discipline. Titus and I got hundreds of spankings during our growing-up period.

They tried various things. I remember once when we were seven or eight, Titus and I weren't getting along as we should. Papa decided, "All right, boys, for three days you're not to speak to each other. Titus, you can play on that side of the house, and Bill, you play on this side." Believe me; before the three days were over, we were determined never to quarrel again. But it didn't last for long—we both had dispositions that needed lots of discipline. The Lord was at work through it all. I'm so thankful that my father and

mother were united in their discipline. We could never get sympathy from one against the other, and this is so important.

I remember when the time came for my study of the book *Bible Readings* to learn my verses. Somehow or other, the book had been mislaid. But that didn't excuse me. Dad sent me hunting for it, and I had to hunt until I found it. Another time, I needed discipline in my study, and I had to have a switch applied. The Bible speaks about that, you know. I learned all those verses about child discipline. I had to learn these by heart:

Correct thy son and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give delight unto thy soul.

Proverbs 29:17

Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying. Proverbs 19:18

As I have mentioned, when Father accepted the Sabbath, it meant that he was through with his job because it was a seven-day-a-week job. The result was Titus and I grew up in a poor home.

My earliest recollection is when we lived on the Collins' range east of Phoenix. I remember when I was four years old, I had a little ax. I was trying to cut weeds with it—just a boy's idea.

We lived in an old adobe house, and we were poor—really poor. One time all we had to eat was corn meal mush and milk from a sick cow. But the Lord helped us. Later, after we moved into Phoenix, all we had for a while was wheat: wheat for breakfast, wheat for dinner, nothing but wheat! We were poor. Well, it didn't stunt either my brother or me. I'm of average size, and my brother is six foot five. But we were getting an introduction to the school of hardship. I remember hearing my mother tell afterward how she longed for just a five-cent piece so she could buy a spool of thread for some mending. That is what it meant to my father to stick to the Sabbath.

When I was about five or six, my father moved to Phoenix where he thought he had a job waiting. The job didn't pan out. For weeks he walked the streets of Phoenix looking for work where he could keep the Sabbath. Finally, in desperation, he borrowed thirty-five cents to buy soap so that he and my mother could start a washing business. They would go and gather laundry and bring it home, wash it, iron it, and take it back. Titus

and I thought it great fun to deliver the laundry, but we didn't know how hard it was for our parents. I learned to iron handkerchiefs, towels, and later shirts and other things.

They got a little old washer that you push back and forth, and it was a wonderful help. The plan was I would push it for five minutes, and then Titus would push it for five minutes. So, we supplied the motor because there was no electricity in our house. I was nearly grown before I lived in a house with electricity. Well, Titus and I got the idea of moving the hands of the clock up. I don't tell you this for any of you to copy because it really didn't accomplish anything.

We had precious little time to play. We had some play from time to time. Sometimes my mom and dad would take us on an excursion, but the only way we had to take an excursion was to get on a street car and go as far as the street car would go, and then walk out into the backcountry.

Sometimes we borrowed a horse and buggy from Aunt Pauline—"Aunt Tine" as we called her. She lived two blocks from where we lived, and Dad would bring the horse and buggy for my mother to drive with all these bundles of clothes. Titus and I stayed behind with our feet dangling over the back and a string and stick trailing in the dust—we had a wonderful time.

Chapter 4 A Young Missionary Entrepreneur

God created each life just as special as if it were the only one in the world. God never makes two lives exactly alike. You couldn't live over my life if you tried, and I wouldn't advise you to. The great lesson to learn is not so much what the Lord did for everyone else but what He is doing for you. Each life is fashioned from a separate pattern.

I'm so glad the Lord let me grow up in a very poor home. By the time I was eight years old, I was helping earn the family living. Titus, as he came along, helped too. We both had experience in selling magazines.

When we went to San Diego, California, in 1915, we started selling magazines like *Signs of the Times* from house to house and in the business district. Believe it or not, the Christmas before I was nine, I took orders for books like *Easy Steps in the Bible Story* and *Steps to Christ*. Later, when we went to San Diego, Titus and I sold lots of magazines. We ordered 150 copies, but through some mistake, the order was doubled, and we had

300. Well, we sold the 300 copies for ten cents each. At six cents commission, we earned eighteen dollars a month. I remember sometimes walking home to save the nickel street-car fare

One of the men that took a magazine was a man named W. B. Clawson. He had a print shop in San Diego, and Titus and I both enjoyed going in to watch him print. We had the joy of seeing that man baptized into this message as a result of the magazines we sold. Because of our contact with W. B. Clawson, I became very interested in printing. I obtained a little rubber stamp set and started to do a little printing of my own.

When I was about nine years old, I dreamed up a little organization called the “Flying Squad of Liberty,” which two years later became a little missionary society called the “Faithful Soldiers of the Lord.” We had a little paper report we called the FSL Reporter. I had a short story editorial and reported our efforts in missionary lines named after a poem I wrote. Mother’s brother, Hartfield Stockwell, was a musician and wrote music for it.

“Faithful Soldiers of the Lord
Who go forth to give His Word
Girding on your armor bright
Ever walking in the light.
Praise the Lord, Oh, praise the Lord!
Till He cometh, preach His Word
Then to glory bright, we’ll go,
And be glad we labored so.”

When I was about 14, my dad dreamed up the idea of publishing that song and another one I had written. W. B. Clawson printed them. For three summers (1920, 1921, and 1922), Titus and I sold hundreds of those up and down California. In the summer of 1923, we published more songs. We continued selling them in Portland, Vancouver, and Seattle, as well as California.

At eleven, I saw advertised a printing press called the Kelsey Hand Press. I began to save my money. We were very poor, but we were allowed five cents a month to do

anything we wanted. We were selling vegetables and magazines and used the money to pay the rent and buy groceries. I began to save my nickels. Once in a while, I had a birthday, and sometimes Grandma or Aunt might put a little money in my box. So, by and by, I had a few dollars. When I was about 13 years old, we ran across an advertisement from a man that had a little hand press and type in San Diego for sale. I went over and saw him and closed the deal. I bought it for five dollars. For 50 cents, I hired a man to bring it home in a pickup truck. My mother used to say she never saw a happier boy than I when riding home on that truck with that printing press.

We started as, Frazee Brothers Card Printers. Titus and I learned to set the type and operate the little press. Although we became a “competitor” of his, we could ask our friend, W. B. Clawson, questions. Not long after that, we came across another hand press which was larger. We bought that and then we were really in business. It wasn’t Frazee Brothers Card Printers; it was Frazee Brothers Job Printers. Thus, we remained all through our teens. Eventually, Titus took that printing outfit with him when he went to La Sierra College, and it grew into the print shop of that college.

I’m glad that my father was interested in gardening. Wherever we went, we tried to have a garden. We went to San Diego in 1915. My father and mother went all over trying to find a place to rent. Finally, they found a house for fifteen dollars a month with a little space for a garden. We were there for two years while my mother was teaching church school. She wasn’t hired the third year because she was sympathetic with Dr. Henry Tindall, whom some people thought too strong on the *Testimonies*.

I can remember as a little nine years old fellow when we first met Dr. Tindall. Elder Owen and Elder Warren were holding meetings in a tent on Broadway there in San Diego—15th and Broadway. We came down to the meetings right after we moved to San Diego.

Dr. Tindall met us with that broad smile, held out his hand to us boys, and we knew we had a friend. Well, Dr. Tindall was very friendly and all that, but he was a strict health reformer and a strict reformer on everything, and he taught the testimonies strongly. Some of the things he did in teaching them got him into trouble with some people that didn’t think that he used the best wisdom. I think in after years that he was perfectly willing to admit that he hadn’t used the wisest methods.

But some of the opposition against him was because he was a reformer. Be that as it may, my father and mother were identified with him, and because of that, they didn't want my mother to teach church school anymore. So, they offered her schools in other places to try to move them away from there, but father and mother felt the Lord wanted them to stay right there for some reason and see what the providence of God would open up.

The Lord opened the way for us to get a little place at 2723 A Street, where they had a quarter of an acre of garden and orchard for five-dollars-a-month rent. It was just a two-room house with a little lean-to and a chicken coup in the back that we converted into a bedroom.

That ground made a garden. It had guava trees and some other fruit trees on it. The ground was good ground, but it was just full of Bermuda grass. Of course, we didn't have any tractor; we didn't have any mule. All we had was our hands and a spading fork and tools like that.

My father and mother got out there and grubbed out that grass. We boys we were getting along to an age that we could help some with that. And so, the garden began coming along. People would come to the garden to buy vegetables, and my brother and I would also take the vegetables out.

"Well," you say, "did you have a truck?" Oh, no. In those days, we were so poor that I don't suppose we ever even dreamed that we'd ever *have* an automobile in all our lives. No. I can remember how I used to wish for a bicycle. You can imagine how a boy wants a bicycle, especially when you see other bicycles spinning around the neighborhood.

The nearest I ever got to a bicycle was an old bicycle frame off of a junk heap with some little old wagon wheels stuck in. We could roll down a hill with that.

But we discovered a way that we could transport our vegetables. We made what the children in those days called a go-hickle. Yes, we'd take a one-by-four or a two-by-four, about so long, and we'd take one end of a skate (you know, roller skates), take the skate apart, and put one end, nail it on this end and the other on this end, and then take an apple box and nail it on the top and put a little handle across it. Then you can just get on that and put one foot inside and the other push on the sidewalk, and away you'd go!

In that apple box, we'd pile up bunches of radishes and carrots and other things like that. Then, as we got more things in the garden, we'd put a lug box, that's about a 30-pound box, on top, and we would pile that with vegetables.

I really don't know now how it worked, but I can remember we'd have two and three lug boxes piled one on the other on that, and yet keep it on the sidewalk and go from house to house with those radishes, carrots, beets, turnips, tomatoes, and string beans.

I'm thankful now that my father and mother were very strict with us. We were not allowed to play with the neighborhood boys. My parents had been influenced by reading certain books written by Ellen White, so we were kept busy. You can imagine that was quite a program to be out in the neighborhood selling vegetables, home for school, and then out in the afternoon with the magazines. For two years, we lived there, and the Lord sustained us. We never went into debt. During that time, the only cash income the home had was from the sale of the vegetables and from the sale of the magazines.

It was during World War I, and we went out to army camps. But we soon learned that the only day of the month to go to the army camps was payday. If we went any other day, very few of the soldiers had any money. They'd either spend it all on payday, used it up in gambling, or paid off the debts they had accumulated from borrowing from some more thrifty soldier during the month.

During that time came the great influenza epidemic in 1918 at the close of World War I. My father came down sick with it and nearly died. Everywhere people were dying. There were 20 million people who died over the world from that terrible epidemic of influenza. You couldn't get nurses. Too many nurses were sick, and they had too many sick people to treat. You couldn't get doctors. And we were poor. But, oh friends, we were rich! I have no question that if we'd had money, we couldn't have gotten what we got for love. The Lord sent church members who came and nursed my father and mother. They were both sick, but Father was desperately sick. Dear Doctor Henry Tindall came, again and again, to minister to my father and mother. Brother Miracle and Brother Brainard came, nursed my father, and pulled him through with hydrotherapy and prayer. We thanked the Lord for those dear people who gave of themselves to help us. They did it for love. The Lord was taking care of my father and mother.

When I was 13, we moved up into the country near Escondido, California, where we lived on a farm with the Lindbeck family. They had a number of children, and my mother taught them and us. That was the first time I got to be with other children in a school. I was in the seventh grade, and how I enjoyed the lessons and the recreation! I had an Indian tribe up there. I was the chief—the Little Owlet. I made a tent, and we had quite a time!

After one term of school, my father and mother decided to take us on a camping trip and deliver songs. That came about in an interesting way. Uncle Ike, my father's uncle, lived in an old castle-like building in Moosa Valley, California, near Escondido. One day after we came to Escondido, Father, Titus, and I decided to walk over the mountain and visit. While there, we learned some interesting news. An old aunt in the family had died and left money to different relatives. Dad inherited about three hundred dollars. That was the first time that much money had ever been put in his hands. He decided that he would take the money and make a down payment on a Model T Ford. Then we would go sell these songs and pay for the car, get the experience, and spread the message.

Titus learned to drive before any of us and before there were any driver's licenses. I learned to drive much later. He was only about 13 at the time, but he was driving the car. My dad had rules, one of which was that the car shouldn't be driven more than 22 ½ miles per hour. When we came over the ridge from Los Angeles into the San Joaquin Valley, there was a long, long grade going down into Bakersfield. Dad let Titus put it in neutral and coast. He had the time of his life! I think he went over 40 miles an hour just coasting.

Chapter 4 My Heroes

I wonder if you ever had a hero sometime in your life. I suppose everybody has. When we're little children, although we may not know the word "hero," usually somewhere along the line, father and mother are big heroes in our thinking. Happy is the child that has that experience. Somewhere as our horizon begins to expand, our acquaintance spreads, and other people become a part of our world. For reasons which we may not fully understand, somebody becomes a special someone in our lives. Happy is the young person who has a hero or heroes who are worth emulating.

I was looking up the word “hero” in the dictionary, and one of the definitions gives the idea that a hero is one idealized or held in esteem for superior qualities or deeds of any kind.

The Bible is a gallery of heroes. Hebrews 11 is filled with one name after the other of heroes of faith. Heaven has its hall of fame, not filled with the Alexanders, Julius Caesars, Napoleons, or Hitlers, but with men like Enoch, Noah, Joseph, Moses, Daniel, David, Peter, Paul, Mary of Nazareth and Mary of Bethany, Esther, Deborah, and Miriam and many others. It is in God’s order that as we become acquainted with these narratives of sacred history, there kindles in our breasts a desire to be like this one or like that one or like another one.

In our contemporary lives and with the people around us, we find those who inspire us, but sooner or later, some hero disappoints us. We read about Abraham and his wonderful faith. Then we find him caught in a lie, and down he goes. We read of Moses’ wonderful experiences. Then we see him losing his temper because of the long rebellion of the children of Israel. We think of David and his exploits, and then we see him fall before the tempter. We think of Peter and his wonderful confession of faith in the Messiah. Then we see him move to deny his Master with cursing and swearing by the curious questions of a maidservant. Human nature disappoints us, doesn’t it? We find it likewise so in the lives of those about us.

In about 1914, I heard Elder J. N. Loughborough, an old man with a white beard. He came to Phoenix, Arizona, and lectured on last-day tokens (signs in the heavens), not only the dark day and the moon and the falling of the stars but many other interesting celestial signs.

Another man who influenced us was Elder G. W. Reaser, who was the conference president in California and in Arizona for several years. Elder Reaser was president in Southern California when Sister White reproved him for not cooperating with Elder Burden. Of course, I knew nothing of that as a little boy. Titus would grab one of Elder Reaser’s legs, and I would grab the other, and we would just hug them. We were so fond of him! He wanted my father to be a secretary for the conference, but my father had no interest in being anything like that and didn’t feel he could do it.

We left Phoenix, Arizona, on the ninth day of June 1915, in the evening, and arrived in San Diego the next day. At midnight we passed over the Colorado River. Our folks woke us up so we could know we were passing over the river. We woke up in the morning in the midst of orange groves in Southern California. By noon we were in San Diego, and we looked up at the great tall buildings ten or eleven stories high! We had never seen anything like that. Oh, they were tall!

The Lord certainly used Elder Burden. He had been the manager of St. Helena Sanitarium in the nineties and was a man of great faith. He was in Australia before he came back to help start Glendale Sanitarium and then Loma Linda.

Now Elder Burden was the manager of Paradise Valley Sanitarium. I'll always remember one experience with him that I treasure very much (I must have been about twelve years old at the time). I was at Paradise Valley one Sabbath. We went there very seldom because we had to go on the street car to the end of the line and then walk about a mile to the Sanitarium. On this particular Sabbath, I was visiting some folks who had been my Sabbath school teachers in San Diego. They took me to Sabbath school and then to dinner. After dinner, I was out on the lawn sitting on one of those chairs that rocks back and forth as just a little barefoot boy. Presently the door to the Sanitarium opened, and a man stepped out and came across the lawn. In a sweet voice, he asked, "Brother, have you had your dinner?" It was Elder John Burden, manager of the whole institution. I had already had my dinner, but he wanted to be sure that this little boy had had something to eat. This illustrated the spirit he had. That was years ago, but I remember it well.

Soon we were settled in that little house I was telling you about for which we paid rent at 15 dollars a month. That summer, Elder R. S. Owen and Elder Luther Warren, and others were holding an effort at 15th and Broadway in San Diego, and of course, we attended. I remember the first night we were there, we met Doctor Tindall. He held out his hand and said, "Hello, boys!" he was the chairman of the school board. My mother had been called there to teach the school.

Elder Owen was a very plain, humble man deeply versed in the Bible. He had no degree, although he was sufficiently learned in the Bible, and was one of the best Bible teachers this church ever had. Sister White appreciated his work. When they wanted to

call him from Loma Linda to Union College, she wrote Elder Daniels, the president of the General Conference, and said that Loma Linda “needs the best Bible teacher we can get.” She didn’t want Elder Owen moved. So, he stayed. That summer, he was in San Diego holding this effort. He also pastored the church. That is where I got acquainted with him.

Elder Owen was a great Bible student but a humble man. Just to look at him, you would think he was an older farmer—he never put on any airs. He was listed in the Loma Linda catalog as the professor of Biblical Exegesis and had been the Bible teacher at Healdsburg College. He didn’t have any degrees, but he knew God and the Bible. He had periods of suffering from migraine headaches. The Lord used that to refine him, I’m sure.

Elder Warren had a very sober appearance when he stood at the pulpit. He influenced me more, according to the time I had with him, than any other minister. Many of the illustrations I have used through the years I got from him. In my book, *Ransom and Reunion*, is the illustration of asking a mother why she didn’t kill her baby. I can remember when I first heard that. He was standing there preaching in a tent on Broadway in San Diego. He saw a mother with her baby and said, “Mother, why don’t you kill that child?” Of course, he had made his point because she loved the baby.

Elder Luther Warren was a tall, straight, clear-speaking, strong-voiced evangelist. Elder Burden was soft-spoken. He had memorized, I think just by using them, whole paragraphs of *Ministry of Healing*. He would use these in parlor talks with the patients. Two I can remember were: “The love which Christ diffuses through the whole being is a vitalizing power. Every vital part—the brain, the heart, the nerves—it touches with healing.” And, “Our Saviour’s word, ‘Come unto Me . . . and I will give you rest,’ are a prescription for the healing of physical, mental, and spiritual ills.” (*Ministry of Healing*, 115)

Elder Warren had a profound influence on me. He was really the pioneer in young people’s work. When he had the pulpit, he would stand up, look his audience all over and not say a word. Then he began, and no one had any question but that he had a message from the Lord.

If you want to read something interesting, get the book *Gospel Workers* and look up the chapter “Counsel to an Evangelist.” That was a personal testimony that Sister White wrote to Elder Warren when I was two years old. I never knew it until after I grew up and was in the ministry, and I became acquainted with Elder W. C. White, Sister White’s son. One day up there at the vaults where they have the testimonies, he showed me that testimony, and I copied out some things they didn’t have recorded in the book. The testimony was that he was inclined at times to be severe, hard, and cutting. He was strong in his statements. Sister White instructed him that the Lord told her he needed to be kinder and more loving. Well, by the time I knew him, he certainly had taken the testimony to heart because children just loved him. They would follow him anywhere. He was my hero. Oh, how I thought that if any man was like Jesus, it was Elder Warren!

It was from him that I learned about the prayer band work. Matthew 18:19, 20 encourages two or three to meet together, and *Testimonies*, Volume 7, page 21, says the same thing. He started with a prayer band when he was just fourteen years old in Michigan. The Lord blessed him in inspiring many young people with prayer band work and the importance of prayer. These little prayer bands meant a great deal in my life.

At camp meeting in the young people’s tent, how I loved to listen to Elder Warren! I used to sit on the front seat with my bare feet in the sawdust. I took notes on his sermons and Elder Meade MacGuire’s and other men of God.

I thank the Lord for these contacts with Elder Owen and Elder Warren. The second summer we were in San Diego, Elder Warren and Dr. Truman held a medical evangelistic effort at 22nd and K Streets in a tent. He brought with him a number of medical missionary students. In the tent in the morning, he would study *Ministry of Healing* for the workers. My father, mother, Titus, and I used to go down sometimes and listen to those studies. I’m glad for the influence of those meetings.

In November of 1933, Helen and I, shortly after our marriage, visited Elder Luther Warren at Paradise Valley. It was one hundred years after the falling of the stars. To a little group of his friends one morning he gave us this interesting parable: He said:

“Suppose—of course, it won’t be this way—but suppose we would hear that Jesus was coming soon, and we could all meet Him in Los Angeles. Everyone who wishes can go

down to the station at nine o'clock on a certain morning. We all get on the train and go to Los Angeles. There we would sit on the train with our suitcases packed. About the time the train is ready to go, someone says to the conductor, 'Oh, I just thought of my brother, I wish I could hold this train just a few minutes and see about him. Could you hold the train?

"Yes, but hurry!"

"So off he goes. Then another one thinks of a neighbor, and still, another thinks of some friend . . . Finally, as time goes on, someone says, 'Well, I wonder when the train will leave, I think I'll unpack my suitcase and go on living again.' That is what's happening to too many Seventh-day Adventists."

I have been sharing some early experiences I had in connection with some pioneers. I thank the Lord for the influence of these men. They were quite united at Loma Linda and San Diego, and yet they were so different. I see more and more that God never made another person just like you. Do you know why you are different? You are needed. The thing that makes the key to the car important is that it is different from the other keys. If all keys were alike, what good would they be?

But as I came to know them, some of them more intimately than others, I found that they weren't perfect. I discovered that some of them had human weaknesses. As we look deep into the hearts of men and women, the perfect ideal is found only in Jesus Christ. So, I want to introduce Him to you as my Hero. "His name shall be called wonderful."

In Jesus we find the great Original of light and love and life. All the men and women that have ever lived in this world who are worth knowing, their excellences are but reflections of that wonderful life.

Of Him all the excellences manifest in the earth's greatest and noblest souls were reflections. The purity and beneficence of Joseph, the faith and meekness and long-suffering of Moses, the steadfastness of Elisha, the noble integrity and firmness of Daniel, the ardor and self-sacrifice of Paul, the mental and spiritual power manifest in all these men, and in all others who had ever dwelt on the earth, were but gleams from the shining of His glory. In Him was found the perfect ideal. *Education*, 73

I'd like to have us meditate on Christ as the hero, for He's the only One that we can look to and find transforming power by beholding.

. . . with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord. 2 Corinthians 3:18.

There's another reason why God wants us to look to Jesus as the hero, as the great Pattern. Sooner or later, as I've suggested, we find disappointments in human beings. Some church elder lets us down. Some pastor disappoints us. Some Sabbath School teacher makes a mistake. Some parent fails a child. Some teacher disappoints a student. What is the answer? I'm sorry that sometimes people are so shortsighted that they say, "Well, if that's religion, I don't want any of it." They forget that God has given us only one copy, and that's Jesus. He's the one perfect example.

In His love and pity, God often allows those in whom we place confidence to fail us so that we will learn the folly of trusting in man and making flesh our arm. Looking down the ages, God saw that there were millions who would extol Peter as the rock on which the church was built. He didn't cause Peter to fall, but He did allow the record of it to be put in the Bible so that people might understand that Peter is not the one to build on at all. No, he's not the one on whom to build, and nobody else is.

For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.

1 Corinthians 3:11.

Friends, I mean it—If ever I loved Thee, my Jesus 'tis now. I love Him! He loves me. And I know He likes my love. I point you to my Hero.

Chapter 5 My Education

Jesus secured His education in the home. His mother was His first human teacher. From her lips, and from the scrolls of the prophets, He learned of heavenly things. He lived in a peasant's home and faithfully and cheerfully acted His part in bearing the household burdens. He who had been the commander of heaven was a willing servant, a loving, obedient son. He learned a trade and with His own hands worked in the carpenter's shop with Joseph. In the garb of a common laborer, He walked the streets of the little town, going to and returning from His humble work. *Ministry of Healing* 399–400.

This wonderful statement presents the education given to Jesus. He's the only one who had the opportunity before He was born to choose His home, His environment, and

His preparation. It's interesting what He chose: A home of poverty, hard work, discipline, and giving up His way so that He could help others.

It's interesting that He got His education in the home. Remember, God never plans two lives exactly alike. God has used great educational institutions, and I believe in them. But I don't believe God ever intended we should be like so many peas in a pod, or worse yet, so many ball-bearings—just one after the other all rounded the same way. God makes each character different.

The home is the greatest educational institution. All schools of whatever grade in God's plan are supplementary to the home. I'm so glad the Lord gave me the home He did. Both my father and mother took a great interest in developing my brother Titus and me. Neither they nor we boys knew for what God was getting us ready. In fact, when we were little fellows, they never expected that we would grow up. Even when I was in my teens, I would never have expected to be an adult and work as I have. I'm glad it was that way. The Lord wants us to be expecting Him right away.

Except for the eighth grade, all the elementary and high school classes I ever had, I received from either my father or mother. They trained and drilled us very carefully.

I must tell you the story of how I got into the Loma Linda medical college. At that time, they also had the medical missionary course to train missionaries both for home and foreign fields. They learned Bible work, how to give treatments, how to cook, and how to teach classes in health. All their classes were for adults. My father and mother planned that Titus and I would finish our high school and then go to Loma Linda and take this medical missionary course. God saw ahead and planned differently from what human beings were able to plan.

In 1923 we had finished the tenth grade, and mother volunteered to come from central California, where we were living, down to La Sierra. She would teach in the elementary school so that Titus and I could finish our high school. Just a few weeks before school was to open, the teacher whom mother was to replace decided to remain, and so that door was closed. In the meantime, a vacancy occurred in the church school in Loma Linda, and Sister Mina Morse Mann, the educational superintendent, said to my

mother, “Since the door is closed to La Sierra, will you accept the invitation to come to Loma Linda?”

That’s how we got to Loma Linda. When we arrived, Titus and I went to register for the medical missionary course. Those who took it were either returned missionaries or people going out. In the fall of 1923, Titus was about to turn sixteen, and I was seventeen. As they studied it, the faculty appointed a committee to talk with our parents and us. The committee was Elder Owen, who had been our pastor in San Diego, Doctor Evans, the president of the school, and doctor Shryock. They were very kind to us, but they pointed out that this was training for adults. They didn’t see how these teenage boys could take the classes in anatomy, physiology, chemistry, and all the rest, and they suggested we should go and finish our high school. Our parents had two problems. In the first place, they were poor—too poor to send us away to school. In the second place, they wouldn’t have done it anyway because they wanted us with them. The committee finally decided to accept us on a trial basis, provided we didn’t get any credit and didn’t hold back the other students. So, it was my privilege to be trained at Loma Linda from 1923 to 1926.

Oh, how I enjoyed those classes! It was like learning a new language—“deviated septum” and “turbinate,” all the names of anatomy and physiology. Doctor Shryock was the teacher of this class. He made things come alive! To the glory of God, let me say when that year was over, I took my examination of his class in physiology and got one hundred percent. We had classes in chemistry, dietetics, nursing, hydrotherapy, and massage. Brother Masher taught the class in hydrotherapy and massage, which we took with the medical students. This class included how to give fomentations, hot foot baths, massage, and much more. Elder Owen gave Bible lectures to us as well as to the medical students. The memory work that he required in class was to write dozens of Bible texts. His examination was just to write out the texts. We learned many, many Bible verses in Hebrews, Revelation, and all through the Bible. He was a wonderful Bible teacher!

Dad had arranged for us to learn some Spanish. We took our first-year Spanish by correspondence. The first year we were at Loma Linda, one of the faculty tutored a

private class in second-year Spanish, which we took. There was a dispensary² at Loma Linda where mostly Spanish folks came.

I shall always remember an experience that one of our teachers at Loma Linda told us. Dr. Alfred Roos was just a young doctor on the faculty at Loma Linda. He was teaching us a class in hygiene. But in that class, he took the time to tell us about his personal experience. He said, “The last year I was in my medical course, I got sick, and I was out for some time.”

It’s a pretty serious thing to get behind in the medical course. Then he said, “When I was convalescing, the result of the sickness was such that I couldn’t use my eyes very much. When I first began to use them, the doctor said I could only use my eyes for reading one hour a day. What should I do? I was behind in my lessons. Graduation was coming with final examinations and after that, state board. I told the Lord that I would give Him the first and best part of that hour. For the first 20 minutes of that hour, I took my Bible and the Spirit of Prophecy books and would read and study. Then for the other 40 minutes, I would dig into my medical books. Then I had to put them aside.”

How did he come out? He told us how the dear Lord helped him know what to study by retaining what he could study. He said that more than once, he had that experience. He was getting better now and was able to go back to class.

He said, “I would go into the little room off from the classroom where we put our coats and our books before we went in to take our examinations. As I was putting down my books, the thought would come to me, ‘Have you looked up so and so?’ No. I had better look it up. And so, standing there where I put my books away, I’d look that up and refreshed my mind. I would put my books down, go on into the exam room, and the very question I had looked up would be on the blackboard.”

He went through his medical course, graduated, went on to the state board, and saw the blessing of the Lord in getting him through that. Most of the time since then, he has been on the faculty of our college of medical evangelists helping to train other young

² In the early part of the 20th century, medical dispensaries were clinics geared primarily to the poor that served their non-emergent-care needs. As these clinics saw a lot of traffic, they were the ideal places for medical students and new physicians to get experience. They were often sponsored by charities and churches.

people. As a boy, that experience made a great impression on me. I bring it to you from years ago. There is something about the Bible that does something for the mind, and God wants you to have it

Another good teacher was Elder G. B. Starr, an evangelist who had been with Sister White in Australia. As I think about G. B. Starr, I remember an interesting experience he told. He said several years before, he had been invited to come to Loma Linda and serve as one of the ministers. They had a Bible teacher and a pastor, and I think he was serving as a chaplain of the Sanitarium. In his characteristic way, he told us this story: “One morning I was on my way up to the Sanitarium to work, and the Lord said to me,

‘Come in here to the orange grove. I want to talk to you.’ “I said, ‘Well, Lord, what’s up?’

“‘Never mind. Come in. I want to talk to you.’ “I went into the orange grove, and the Lord said, ‘Now look here, no man and no set of men can get you out of here unless I want it—unless I’m ready.’

“And I said, ‘Well, Lord, what’s up?’

“‘Never mind. Just remember that.’

He went on to his work and presently was called into the manager’s office. The manager kindly explained that they weren’t able to keep three ministers with their budget, and so one of them needed to go. Maybe he could look for some other place. He remembered his interview in the orange grove, and it didn’t worry him. In a few days, they called him in and said they decided they needed the three men after all, and he didn’t have to move. That was a wonderful experience!

After three months, we were eligible to go to the hospital and help with the treatments if we wished. That was exactly what I wanted! No boy was ever happier than I when called to nursing duty. The first night in my life that I was ever up past midnight was the night I spent nursing in the hospital. My parents were very strict with us, and we were never allowed to be out at night, but for nursing duty, we were.

I spent over two years nursing at Loma Linda. The medical missionary course was a one-year course. At the end of the course, most of the students went here, there, and yonder. They wanted my mother to keep teaching at the school. There were other classes

we could take in the nursing, dietetics, and medical course because by this time, I had done well enough that they let me take anything I wished.

In the second year, I took some general chemistry from Doctor Risley along with dietetics. I also took a class in second-year physiology with dietetics. Among them was a man by the name of John Tindall,³ a minister who had come to Loma Linda in 1908. He had been a law student in San Diego, and his conversion from infidelity led him to train as a medical evangelist.

Around 1919, 1920, and 1921, Elder Tindall was carrying out some very large campaigns in the southwestern union. In 1919, he was in Tulsa, and then he was in Oklahoma City the next year.

Now, the Lord blessed him with many souls. In one campaign in Tulsa, there were over a hundred people baptized. In Oklahoma City, they finally baptized around 200 people, and then he was called down to Dallas.

In Dallas, they made a union conference promotion campaign out of it. They called in delegates from the churches throughout Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, and one or two other states and gave them a three-month schooling in medical missionary work, and they participated in the campaign.

In the providence of God, he came back to Loma Linda to get some additional training in dietetics. He took second-year physiology, and he and I were lab partners. That's the way we got acquainted. Sometimes he would ask me to come up to his house to study with him in the afternoons. Since his mind was weary and he was half sick, he was glad for someone younger to be with him.

One day he overheard a conversation between one of the young doctors and me. The doctor was urging me to take the medical course and become a full-fledged doctor. I was quoting from *Testimonies* Volume 9, page 172: "Workers—gospel medical missionaries—are needed now. You cannot afford to spend years in preparation. Soon doors now open to the truth will be forever closed. Carry the message now."

³ In addition to the information which Elder Frazee gives in this book about Elder Tindall, there are numerous resources including Elder Tindall's personal testimony available at: <https://wdfsermons.org/other-speakers/j-h-n-tindall/>

I don't know whether the doctor that I read that to was impressed or not, but Elder Tindall happened to be standing by and listening. God used that experience to impress him

Friends, don't misunderstand me. I believe in people taking the medical course. I'm so glad we have doctors that have had their training and can pass the test and be legally qualified and all that. But my point is that God didn't call *me* to that particular thing, that's all. God called me to be a medical evangelist without any of that recognition or licensure. God called me to be a health educator and to be a soul-winner. I've had the joy of working *with* doctors and nurses and Bible workers and ministers now for years in the great cities of America and in other places, and I praise God for it.

Another day when I was up at his house, he said, "Bill, what are you going to do when you finish up here?"

By that time, my father and mother were planning to go to Madison, Tennessee. We would finish our high school there, learn some things about building, and go into self-supporting medical missionary work in Mexico or Guatemala, or someplace like that. When I came to Loma Linda, I came up with that idea. Near the end of the second year, Elder Tindall said to me, "Bill, can you lead in singing?"

I said, "No. I've never led in singing."

The Lord was laying on his heart a burden to get me to come with him. Finally, he opened up his heart to me and said, "Bill, I'm going out next year into the field. I don't know whether it will be San Francisco or Kansas City. Either way, I'd like you to come with me."

It all sounded like a dream to me. I had never thought that I would be a minister. I just planned to go down there among the Indians and give treatments and help a little.

He finished his course and went on to San Francisco, where he had been called. The weeks and months went by, and we never heard a word one way or another. The summer and fall went by, and I enrolled for some more classes and continued with our printing work. Finally, in December, Elder Tindall came with Elder Roberts, President of the conference. They said, "Bill, we have come for you."

I hadn't heard a word from him all that time, but I had just left it with the Lord. They talked with my parents. Elder Roberts had known us as boys in Phoenix and had given us the first automobile to ride we ever had. He lived out in the desert northeast of Phoenix. One day when we were little fellows, he invited us all home with him for dinner, and we got to ride in his automobile. I remember on the way home, Elder Roberts looked over at Titus and said, "Well, did you have a good time today, Titus?"

He replied, "I'm still having a good time!"

This was the man who was now the president of the California Conference.

When Elder Tindall told Elder Roberts that he wanted him to call me, he said, "Why, Bill is only a boy. What would you do with him? He isn't a graduate nurse, a graduate doctor, nor a graduate dietitian. He hasn't had ministerial training. What would he do? He is just a boy."

Elder Tindall responded, "He is a man in the making." There are two reasons that God upset all the human plans and put me in Loma Linda in 1923 when I hadn't even finished high school. One was that, that was the last year the medical missionary course was ever given at Loma Linda. No one knew when the course opened in the fall that it would be the final one. Had we waited to finish high school as we'd planned, there would have been no medical missionary course for us to take.

That was only half of it. No one knew that Elder Tindall was even coming that fall when school opened. He came late in the fall and enrolled in the dietetics course. No one knew what that would mean to me. Had I come later, he would have been gone. The Lord was leading us to the right place at the right time. I've praised Him all these years for that.

God never leads his children otherwise than they would choose to be led, if they could see the end from the beginning, and discern the glory of the purpose which they are fulfilling as coworkers with him *Desire of Ages*, 224

God is preparing you for something special. You won't be like anybody else. You are very precious to the Lord.

Chapter 6 A Medical Missionary Apprentice

Elder Tindall told me, when he left Loma Linda, that he was going to arrange for me to come up and help him in San Francisco. I was just turning 20 at the time.

Well, it seemed far beyond anything that I could ever do or ever fit into. It seemed too wonderful. I didn't know whether it would ever happen or not. I just prayed that if that was what God wanted, He would arrange it.

And months went by. But you know, friends, I remember that one morning I was sitting out on the lawn with a friend of mine, a medical student, and a bellboy came over from the office, and handed me a telegram. I shall never forget the thrill that came to my soul as I read there: "Committee calls. Labor with Tindall in San Francisco." It was signed by the California Conference in Oakland.

You know, friends, I was already there, but all I had was a piece of paper. But I *believed* that telegram, and believing it, I experienced the joy of it and the thrill of it *at once*. If you believe the "telegram," friends, you can enter into Heaven now.

In San Francisco, I accompanied him in his health lectures to clubs, schools, and churches. I carried his briefcase and ran his stereopticon⁴ machine, and answered questions of interested people after his lectures. Later, I learned to speak in meetings and so forth and follow up the interests with Bible work. I was with him for a number of years.

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

I remember the first series of meetings as a young man; it was my privilege to assist him in San Francisco. I remember a dear man and his wife, whose last name was Smith, who came night after night to those tent meetings and the great test that came to him. He had been a baggage master for years at a big steamship company on one of the docks down in San Francisco harbor.

⁴ The stereopticon was fancy technology for its day. It was a two-lense projector that gave images a three-dimensional effect.

As he heard this message night after night, he was brought face to face with the test—what would he do about keeping the Sabbath. I remember the night that Elder Tindall and I went over to see this dear man and his wife. There was quite a struggle that dear man and his wife went through. But Elder Tindall helped him to see that the thing to do was not to wait until the job question got settled. The thing to do was to believe in Jesus and believe that God would help him one way or another to obey the commandments of God.

My dear friends, that man had several problems on his hands. He began to tell us what some of them were. He had quite a battle with liquor. Every once in a while, he would get on a drunken spree. Besides that, he had a terrible cigarette habit. He just smoked one package after the other. Besides that, he had a terrible temper. He would curse and swear, and the children were afraid of him. Besides that, he had a problem keeping the Sabbath. He worked for one of the newspapers in San Francisco. That newspaper came out on Saturday the same as it did on Monday and Wednesday. He was sure that he would lose his job. He had a number of obligations. He had a wife and several children.

Now, you look at the picture, friends. What would you say? What could he do? Terrible temper, terrible tobacco habit, liquor habit that got him down every now, and then this matter of his job—what could he do? Shall we say to him, “Well, friend, try to do a little better. Try to cut down those cigarettes, so you don’t smoke as many as you used to. Begin to ease off those things. See if you can’t be a little nicer to the family. Go to your boss and see if he couldn’t arrange to let you off on Sabbath sometimes so you can go to church”?

Do you suppose that we talked to him like that? Why no, friends. Jesus says, “Without Me, ye can do nothing.”

Well, we talked with him, and we were there for quite a while. Finally, he said, “I’ll try.”

Ah, but we said, “Dear friend, that won’t do it. There is only one thing in this world that will do it. That’s for Jesus to come into your heart.”

We read together John 1:12:

As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name. John 1:12

We said to him, “Do you believe Jesus has power to deliver you from liquor? Do you believe He has power to deliver you from tobacco? Do you believe He has the power?”

Almost everyone will agree that He has the power. But now, the question is, “Will *you* receive Him? Will you let that divine hand reach down and take hold of *you*? Will you open the door of your heart and let Jesus in?”

We got down and prayed together. I shall never forget what happened, although it happened many years ago. As we were all kneeling there and Elder Tindall made a final appeal to that man, he literally clenched his fist and said, “I will!”

So that night, thank God, instead of putting the “if” up to God, that dear man gave his heart fully to God.

Well, he went down and told his employer. Now, notice, he didn’t go down and *ask* them whether or not he could keep the Sabbath. Oh, no. You don’t go ask *men* whether or not you can obey God. Why, the very idea!

You folks that have children, you tell your little girl or little boy to do something. Wouldn’t you think it strange if they’d run next door and ask the neighbor whether or not they could do what you said? No.

He didn’t ask his employer if he could keep the Sabbath. In a kind but definite way, he explained to his employer that he had heard a message, and he knew now that the seventh day was the Sabbath and that he must keep it. He had to keep it.

Now you know there are some stories I could tell you about how people keep their jobs and get a raise afterward. And those stories are true, and they happen, but this one didn’t happen that way. No, his employer said, “Well, listen, we have ships that unload here every day of the week, every hour of the day. And if you can’t be here when we need you, we’ll have to get a man who can.” So, he lost his job.

And that dear man, he walked the streets of San Francisco for days and weeks, hunting for work where he could keep the Sabbath. But thank the Lord, he was faithful. He and his wife were baptized. And he finally got into health food work—baking whole wheat bread and taking it from house to house.

Several years later, when I came back there to San Francisco on a visit at the time of the General Conference, that dear man was one of the deacons in the church there. In fact, I think he was the chairman of the board of deacons. God had blessed him. He never got rich, but he was able to make a living for himself and his family.

On another occasion, as I was speaking one Friday night, way in the back of the meeting place sat two marines. One was a big, tall fellow, the other not so tall. I noticed that they were attentive.

Sunday night, they were there again and heard Elder Tindall. Tuesday night, they were there again, and after the Tuesday night meeting, a young man that was assisting me said, "Brother Frazee, that young marine would like to talk with you."

I said, "All right."

He brought him in, and we sat down in a little side room, and he got right to the point.

He said, "Brother Frazee, it's this Sabbath question."

"Well," I said, "what about it? Do you see it?"

"Oh yes," he said, "I see it."

And I found afterward that he had studied the Adventist message in the naval library over in Virginia. He'd found a copy of the book, *Great Controversy*, and he'd read about the sanctuary in Heaven and the true Sabbath and how it was changed and how God was bringing it back to the attention of His people so he knew the Bible prophecies.

"Yes," he said, "I see it. But my problem is how can *I* keep the Sabbath? Why, I am a personal orderly to the captain of the largest ship in the United States Navy. I'm his personal attendant. If I should go to the captain and tell him that I wanted to keep the Sabbath, he wouldn't let me do it. In the marine corps, you know, that's a pretty strict service. You obey orders."

Well, that was his problem. What would you have told him, friends? Well, I didn't try to tell him. I just let him turn to the Word of God.

" . . . We ought to obey God rather than men" Acts 5:29.

And then, I said this to him, “Friend, look here. You’ve studied the prophecies, have you?”

“Yes.”

I said, “You know, then, according to the book of Revelation that there’s coming a time soon when you can’t buy or sell if you keep the Sabbath.”

“Yes,” he said, “I understand that.”

I said, “And do you understand that they’re going to put people in prison and finally even pass a death decree?”

So, I put the question to him, “Look here, young man, what do you think we will do when that time comes?”

“Well,” he said, “I believe the Lord will help us. He’ll take us through.” I said, “That’s right.”

Now, I said, “Look here. If you have faith that God can take you through down there, don’t you think He could take you through now? If you don’t have faith that God can take you through now, how in the world do you ever expect to go through that awful time ahead?”

He saw it, and we knelt down and prayed together, and he made his decision to obey God through faith in Jesus. He went on down to the pier and got into the little boat and off across the waters of San Francisco Bay to that great battleship. He climbed up the ladder and got into his hammock, and there he tossed about, he told me later, for some time.

Finally, he got down, and there in the stillness of the night, with the sailors around him all asleep, he poured out his heart to God in prayer. Finally, as he told me, “A peace came into my heart.”

The next day, he went to the captain and told him what he’d decided. Do you know what the captain did? The captain sent him to the chaplain on the ship to try to give him all the arguments that he didn’t need to keep the Sabbath.

But that boy knew his Bible, and so he just answered him with scripture, and pretty soon, the chaplain sent him back to the captain. He couldn’t do anything with him.

Then do you know what the captain did? The captain sent him to the doctor on the ship to examine him. That's right. And of course, the doctor couldn't move him any, either, and maybe the doctor really thought that he was off. I don't know. At any rate, within just a few hours, they had him bundled up and off to the Mare Island Naval Hospital, and there he spent weeks in confinement with the insane.

He wrote us from down there. "Well, I was all prepared to go to prison. But this kind of got under my skin. I wasn't expecting this."

Yes, sir, that surprised him, but friends, thank God, he proved true.

And finally, after weeks of those sort of tests—I don't know, maybe they were just testing him out to see whether he'd stick—they finally decided, "Well, if that fellow is going to stick to his religion like that, we'll just give him an honorable discharge." And so, he was discharged and went away to one of our schools to prepare for the Lord's work.

That isn't always the way it works out. God has a thousand different ways. I've seen people meet this test and keep their jobs through miracles. I've seen them lose their jobs and get other jobs. I've seen God work in this way, that way, another way. Faith says, "I will do what God says because I love Jesus. It's up to God."

Chapter 7 The First Campaigns on My Own

Dr. David Livingston, the great pioneer missionary to Africa, once said that God had only one Son, and He made Him a medical missionary. And we're trying, with footsteps that sometimes falter, to walk in the path that He opened up.

The day finally came when Elder Tindall said, "Well, Bill, perhaps this fall, as we finish the large campaign, you'd like to go over here to another section of the city and organize and hold a little effort of your own."

That appealed to me. There was another young man going to assist me. So, we laid our plans together. I even took part of my vacation to get my subjects all laid out and arrange my advertising, and I was looking forward to a wonderful time that fall.

The time drew near. It was just a few days before the meetings were to open. This certain Friday afternoon, I happened to be in the church office, and the telephone rang, and Elder Tindall was on the other end of the line.

“Well, Bill,” he said, “the conference president and I have been talking, and it’s been decided that you won’t hold that effort.”

He went ahead to tell me some of the reasons. Harvest ingathering was coming along, and they wanted some good earnest work done in that, and there were other things that needed to be done. The brethren thought that I would be needed for those projects so that there wouldn’t be time to do those and the effort both.

Right then, I was at war with God through His providence. I began to argue about it on the telephone, and finally, I began to cry right there on the telephone. I couldn’t see why the thing that I had planned to do wasn’t the most important thing in the world. It was a *good* thing; it needed to be done. Souls were at stake.

The conversation finally came to an end, and Elder Tindall tried to quiet me and reassure me, but I finally hung up feeling quite moved. I got down and prayed. I was all alone there in the office.

Then, I reached up on the mantle, and I got down the *Ministry of Healing*, and I read this:

Our plans are not always God’s plans. He may see that it is best for us and for His cause to refuse our very best intentions . . . In His loving care and interest for us, often He who understands us better than we understand ourselves refuses to permit us selfishly to seek the gratification of our own ambition. He does not permit us to pass by the homely but sacred duties that lie next to us. Often these duties afford the very training essential to prepare us for a higher work. Often our plans fail that God’s plans for us may succeed.

Ministry of Healing, 473

Before I got through that time of communion with the Lord all there alone in the little office, I’d made a full surrender of the whole thing to the Lord. After all, it was His work, friends. The next morning, I called Elder Tindall on the telephone and apologized to him for what I’d said and the way I’d said it and left it with the Lord.

Dear friends, I should probably tell you about the sequel of it. It finally worked out that we were able to carry out the plans that had been laid and still hold the campaign with the full understanding and cooperation of all. And the Lord gave us 25 souls baptized from that little campaign.

My point is this, why did God let that barrier, which seemed there was no way to solve, to come up? Ah, because I needed to learn a lesson. Who knows? If that hadn't come up, perhaps we might have held a campaign, and perhaps nobody would have been baptized.

God wants to lay the glory of man low in the dust, friends. He wants us to give up our selfish striving to carry out *our* way and *our* plans, even in the work of God. He wants us to have trust in Him so that we know that God is working out His will and a love for Him that we want His will more than we want anything that we ever wanted for ourselves.

In Oakland

In the fall of 1929, I was asked to go over to Oakland and carry on a campaign in the Masonic Temple, and I had a group of helpers: some conference Bible workers, a singer, and a campaign manager, (all paid by the conference) and then, the pastors of the East Bay churches and also some of the students from our field training school. Elder J. Lee Neil was one of these, as a young self-supporting student, and several others who later became conference workers.

I was standing in the young people's tent in the Oakland Campground, and we had a revival service. God was blessing and our young people that knew God was going to this one and that one and inviting them forward.

In the back was a young woman that had no more intention of coming to the Lord than she had for taking a trip to the moon. She had come to the meeting, I think, just to please her mother. Her mother knew the message. This girl knew the message, but she wasn't living it or accepting it.

She was engaged to a young man who was a Roman Catholic. They were soon to be married, and she was going on a trip to Europe. She was of the world. Every feature of her face, everything about her: her dress, appearance, and attitude showed she was.

Some people had been praying for her. Her mother had been praying for her, and some of the young people had been praying for her. That afternoon in that tent, as she sat there on the back seat, the Spirit of God got hold of her heart, and as the last call was

given, that girl with the tears streaming down her face, came forward and knelt at the altar.

God did something for her *soul*, my friends. It changed her *whole* life. She went home, and nobody had to tell her what to do. She took some makeup things out of her dresser drawer and threw them in the garbage can. She took a lot of phonograph records she had and threw them away.

She told her fiancé, “Bill, I’m going to Heaven now, and I’m going the road of the truth. I can’t—unless God should move upon your heart to turn to this blessed truth—go with you. My plans have changed, so our plans will have to change.”

She gave up that entire trip to Europe and all that worldly wealth and all that. I tell you, that girl looked different in a few days, friends. She had the joy of God in her soul, and thank God that it stuck and lasted. That girl became a soul winner, and she finally went as a missionary. She’s teaching in one of our schools, and it all happened there in a moment. Remember, friends, she had no more intention of doing anything like that than anything. The Spirit of God spoke to her soul, and she yielded, and God changed her life

In San Jose

Just about this time, the famous stock market crash of October 1929 took place, and by the time that campaign was finished in the summer of 1930, the depression was already upon the country.

The conference had asked us to go down to San Jose, about 50 miles away, and hold a series of meetings down there, and they had planned a fair-sized evangelistic company to be with me and a good budget for all rent and advertising and so forth.

But as the depression gripped the country, the tithe began to decrease. So, when we finally moved down there, why, all the conference could give us in the way of an evangelistic company was young Brother Neil and his wife. They had just been married, and they were interns. That’s all I had in contrast to that big company I had in Oakland. We’d baptized 125 people up there, and I was used to working with a company.

Well, as we studied the books of the Spirit of Prophecy, we couldn’t see anything else but having a company. That’s the way it looked to us—reference after reference on working the cities with gospel medical companies. You need a company if you’re going to

carry all the lines of work. If you're going to have cooking classes and treatment classes and Bible work and literature work and singing and the preaching and all the different things that go to make up a full round campaign.

If you're going to have much of an audience, you have to have quite a group of workers to follow up that interest and go out in the homes and hold the Bible studies and cottage meetings.

As Brother Neil and I studied in preparation for the San Jose work, we came to this conclusion—that the Lord wanted those companies and that the Lord could do it whether there was a depression on or not.

As we read in the Bible and the Spirit of Prophecy, we saw that in a number of cases the people that were in this kind of work were not given any assurance, salary, or wages, and we were just young fellows, and we were foolish enough to dream that some of these things could be carried out again.

As we read about Jesus talking to Peter and John to leave their nets and Matthew to leave his tax collecting, we began to feel that perhaps we could invite people to leave their work even in a time of depression and come and join us in that work.

So, we began to talk to people. There was a young man who had accepted the truth in our campaign there in Oakland, and he was a graduate of the University of California. His name was Donald Munsey. He was connected with the Better Business Bureau of San Francisco and just about ready to be put out as a branch manager.

But he accepted the truth, and we talked to him about coming and joining our evangelistic work, without any salary, without any assurance of support or anything of that kind. There were some chapters that we had people read when giving them a call. One was the “Call by the Sea” in *Desire of Ages*. Another was “The Call of Elisha” in *Prophets and Kings*, and we had him read those chapters. Pretty soon, he said, “All right. I'll go with you.”

Then, there was a nurse named Ruth Larsen (her later married name was Pete) up at St. Helena sanitarium. She was the supervisor of hydrotherapy, and she had two children in school. She had a friend that had been a student in our field training school in San Francisco, and this friend had learned to be a Bible worker.

But at that time, I didn't know a thing about what God's providence was ahead on that. Within a few months, we had gathered together for San Jose, a company of about 15 workers.⁵ Six of them were graduate nurses, and the only salaries coming into the company were the little salary that Elder Neil and his wife were getting as interns and my salary.

It was interesting the way the Lord led us step by step into these things. We didn't have it all planned out ahead of us. Nobody came and laid out the blueprint and said, "Now, this is it, and this, and this, and this," but providences and studies together kept moving us into it.

When I went to San Jose, I was living with my father and mother, and they were living with me. We were together in a home there, and we had a pretty good-sized home. This young man, Donald Munsey, I invited to move in with us. To start with, he went out from house to house selling cookies. There was an Adventist cookie maker there in San Jose.

And after a while, I got to thinking, "Well, if that man can sell cookies, he ought to be able to sell books, too."

So, I said, "Donald, how about trying this?"

So, I went out with him and showed him how to go from door to door with a little 25-cent book.

He never made a lot of money at that, but he found in some of his house-to-house work a backslidden Adventist and got her coming back to church, and she was one of the first ones baptized in our work. She was baptized within a year of the time that this man himself had been baptized.

I've got some stories that W. C. White had the workers themselves write out. W. C. White, Sister White's son, got very interested in it. He made trip after trip down there from St. Helena, which was about a hundred miles away, and he used to visit at our mission home.

⁵ Eventually, this group grew to be 18 company workers in addition to 60 church members were trained to give Bible studies. This effort resulted in 50 baptisms in its first year. J. Lee Neil continued to lead the San Jose Company while W.D. Frazee led an expansion of the group to Ogden, Utah.

Chapter 8 An Itinerate Medical Missionary Evangelist⁶ Utah

I spent a number of years among the Mormons out west. That's what made me find it necessary to dig into the Sanctuary subject because they have a counterfeit priesthood, a counterfeit temple service, and so forth.

When I was holding evangelistic efforts in Utah, I wanted a doctor to be with me in that work. And I went down to a man who was on the staff of the Los Angeles County General Hospital. He was a graduate of our Loma Linda Medical College. I went in, and I asked him to leave that work he was doing on a good salary and come up there and work with me without pay as a medical evangelist.

That which I put before him as an inducement was simply this. He was invited to come with us and learn the trade of soul winning. I said, "Doctor, now how do you learn surgery? If I understand it, you go to a place where surgery is being done, and you associate yourself with a surgeon there and personally observe, and then you assist, and then you operate, is that right?"

"Yes."

"Now, I said, that's the way you learn soul-winning." Well, he left his work for the Los Angeles County General Hospital and came up, and he learned to pray with people, he learned to give Bible studies, he learned to do house-to-house work, he learned to give health lectures on the public platform. He learned to be a medical evangelist, and I'm glad to say he's been doing it ever since.

Oklahoma and Abroad

Sapulpa, OK

I remember when I was holding meetings in Sapulpa, Oklahoma, in 1936, there was a young man who came to the meetings night after night, and he was convicted that this was God's truth. Do you know what his wife said to him? She said, "Husband, if you keep going to those meetings and keep that unpopular Sabbath, I'm going to leave you. I'll get a divorce."

⁶ This chapter covers a very interesting period of Elder Frazee's life. However, it is a period that he doesn't speak of much other than relating a few personal experiences in witnessing which are all we have for this chapter. Elder Frazee did leave behind many documents from this period that we have used them to composed Appendix C which gives an documented outline of these medical-evangelistic tours.

Do you know what the man did? He sold his soul for his wife's approval. He stifled his conviction, and he did what his wife wanted him to do instead of what he knew God wanted him to do. He was more conscious of the visible than the invisible. He did not sufficiently feel this fact—that while he pleased his wife, he disappointed Jesus. In the effort to please *her*, he broke the heart of the Son of God.

And the sequel of it is that having sold his soul for his wife's approval, having given up his faith in order to hold his home together, that home held together for exactly six months. In spite of his stifling his conscience, his wife turned around and got a divorce anyway and left him. Now, what did he have? Lost his soul trying to save his home and ended up losing his home and his soul both.

Oh, my dear friends, which will you displease—who will you displease? You have to displease somebody. “Ah, but,” somebody says, “I don't like that.” Neither do I, friends, but it's a fact. And a man can go and butt his head against a brick wall till the blood runs, but the brick wall is still there.

Oklahoma City, OK

I remember when I was in Oklahoma City, the district manager of the Singer Sewing Machine Company came to my meetings. His wife was a follower of the Lord, but Brother Martin had never made his surrender. He was a great big fellow and a fine, successful businessman. His wife had been praying for him for 20 years. Thank God, he came to our meetings. One night as we sat in his home, he made his surrender to Jesus. I had the joy of baptizing him into Christ and into the church.

I knew him through the years. He later became a colporteur and sowed the seed of truth in many homes. He and his wife were with me at the beginning of the work right in St. Elmo.⁷ They did house-to-house work up and down these streets.

Later, Brother Martin became the manager of the Azusa Valley Sanitarium out in California. He's sleeping now, but a few years before he died, he visited Wildwood. Up there on the hill by Haskell Hall, I met him. He threw his arms around me (he's a great big fellow) and gave me a bear hug.

⁷ A suburb of Chattanooga, TN. This was one of the early areas that Frazee and his company evangelized when they moved to the Wildwood campus. There is still an Adventist church in St. Elmo as a monument to these early evangelistic efforts.

I said, "I'm so glad to see you. You're my boy. You're older than I am, but you're my boy." Was he? Oh yes! He acknowledged it.

One morning, I was talking with a dear woman who was getting ready for baptism, and I was examining her, going over the various points of faith. I said to her, "Have you confessed all your sins to Jesus?"

"Yes," she said, "Many times."

I said, "Has He forgiven them?"

She said, "Oh, I wish I knew."

The dear woman had been a Roman Catholic. She was coming out of that experience into the light of this glorious Gospel message. She hadn't gotten quite clear out yet, you see. As we talked together, we came to 1 John 1:9. I said, "Now, let's look at it. What are you to do?"

"Confess."

"Have you done that?"

"Yes."

"What will God do? What does God say He will do?" "He is faithful and just to forgive us *our* sins." "Have you confessed?"

"Yes."

"What does He do then?"

Why, the light began to break in on her soul, and for the first time in her life, she could get down and thank Jesus that He had done it! That is the beautiful way. Isn't it, friends? Oh yes!

May I tell you about two men in a city where I was holding a series of evangelistic meetings? Both gave up tobacco. One of them, when I prayed with and for him, that cigar in his vest pocket was never smoked. He gave up the tobacco, and he never even wanted it again.

The other man (they were both employees of the Union Pacific Railroad) had the cravings again and again, but he fought his way through and prayed through.

That second man was faithful all the years since, and that's been nearly 40 years ago. He died in this message. I'll see him when Jesus comes. The first man (the man that I prayed for, and he had the miraculous experience of not wanting it again), after a number of years of keeping the Sabbath and being faithful in the message, he gave up the truth and went back to tobacco and all the rest.

You see, friends, it isn't enough to have a miraculous experience in which we don't want a particular sin again. The Devil has many ways of getting at us. It isn't just to those who begin the race that the promise is given.

... we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast
... Hebrews 3:14.

How long?

... unto the end Hebrews 3:14.

We were doing a great deal of personal work in connection with the meetings, and I went one day out to see a young couple that were going to the meetings. As I talked with those young people, I found that they were struggling with the decision of accepting God's truth, God's message for today, the Sabbath.

I led them into an understanding of the fact that Jesus was the only one that could help them and that they would need to open up their hearts to Him, and I explained how He comes in. If we open the door, He will come in and give us the power to obey, to keep His commandments—all of them.

I explained how we could kneel and pray. Apparently, those young people had never prayed in their lives. There they were, young married people. They didn't know how to talk to God. They knew how to talk to men, talk to each other, and carry on business, but they didn't know how to pray. So, I had the privilege, as I have had with many, to kneel down with them and help them to frame their first, shall I say, baby cries. Oh, it is always a joy, when people really mean it, to see them reaching out for God and opening their hearts to Him!

But as we helped them, they made their surrender and opened their hearts to the Lord. When we got up from our knees, I shall never forget how the young man looked into my eyes and said, "Do you think He heard us?"

It wasn't a question of doubt. But I suppose it was just too good to be true that God, the King of the universe, would listen to them. Well, what do you suppose I said?

"Of course, He did. Of course, He did."

Thank the Lord, we had the joy a few weeks later of seeing them baptized into the faith of Jesus and the third angel's message.

Chapter 9 How We Found a Permanent Location

When I think of the work at Wildwood, I think of two great sources: Loma Linda and Madison. There have always been on our staff and faculty, some of whom have been trained at Loma Linda or Madison.

So, as I watched two great rivers merge together the other day, I think of the source of the work at Wildwood—the schools at Madison and Loma Linda.

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

What was the purpose of God in establishing Madison and Loma Linda? It was to seek to develop a pattern of training in education that would fit students to finish this work. It was an endeavor to correct certain mistakes, educationally and medically, which crept into the program at Battle Creek years before.

In a word, in each place, there was to be an endeavor to blaze a trail in carrying out the instruction of the Spirit of Prophecy without regard to what the world was doing educationally, medically, or in any other way. The smile of God rested upon those institutions. Both Madison and Loma Linda, for years, were the centers of struggle, opposition, and crisis. I think "battle" would not be too strong a word.

You might wonder why battles were necessary on behalf of a work of that kind. My dear friend, if you do not already know, if you follow this program very long, you will find out the war is not over, and it never will be till probation closes.

The reasons were largely the principles for which those institutions stood. The principles of following the instruction of the Spirit of Prophecy in contrast with following the ways of the world.

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

I believe more and more in the closing work, we are going to see all these streams blend together in a mighty river that Ezekiel saw (Ezekiel 47:1–12), which at last covers the earth.

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

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

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

You can imagine this gave us courage and cheer. In fact, I suppose it was due to his encouragement more than any other thing that we were led to go right ahead with that program year after year.

He also gave us practical counsel. He realized that we had had criticism and that we would have more in the future. He told us, “Learn from your critics.”

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

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

We endeavored to do this, but this was difficult going from city to city, but this was always in our minds. He called our attention to the wonderful testimony that you will find in the book *Medical Ministry*, pages 308–309, calling for working the cities from outpost centers. He gave me a copy of this testimony before it was ever printed in the book *Medical Ministry*. He personally gave us a copy of that book when it came out with the Ellen G. White library stamp on the inside. We value that.

It would be well to secure a place as a home for our mission workers outside of the city . . . 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 . . . Such a home would be a welcome retreat for our workers . . . 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 . . . search for such properties in the rural districts, in easy access to the cities, suitable for small training schools for workers, and where facilities may also be provided for treating the sick and weary souls who know not the truth. Look for such places just out from the large cities, where suitable buildings may be secured, either as gift from the owners, or purchased at a reasonable price by the gifts of our people *Medical Ministry*, page 308.

We read this from year to year. We went from city to city and looked. It's quite hard, dear friends, to establish anything as a permanent base when you are moving from one city to another and one state to another.

I would not suggest for a moment that any man, or any group, or any combination of groups can carry out everything that's written. It was not intended. We can't all be everything, but everyone can be something. So, when I read to you certain statements from the divine blueprint, it in no way reflects on those who are carrying out other phases of the blueprint. Everything in a building is not windows, but we need some windows,

right? And so, I'm glad that we can make our contribution to the total buildings of the temple of God on earth

And I'm thankful, dear friends, that the vision of training in medical missionary work, which was held before us by these references at that time, is still held before us. This is the trail of the vision that we're following. It's a wonderful thing to be following the trail of a vision. That's what the colporteur follows when he goes out with our truth-filled books in obedience to the invitation of the Spirit of Prophecy. That is the trail that every worker in this message follows when his service is because he has met these inspired writings and is doing what they say.

The particular branch of the work in which I was called is also following the trail of the vision. And therefore, we need to read the vision, we need to study the vision, we need to meditate upon the vision, and continue to follow it, for we have not yet arrived. There remains yet very much to be done.

During the time we were in Utah, we organized and started a little country base which did a good work while it lasted. But there is something about this program, friends, that needs encouragement. Most programs do. As a rule, the people who have enough interest in children to conceive and bear them are the ones to care for, nurse, and rear them.

Quite often, it's true that unless that is provided, the little ones die. We recognized as time went on that if we were to carry out this instruction, it would doubtless be necessary for us to establish something a bit more permanent than an itinerant gospel-medical-evangelistic company.

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

I learned afterward that he sometimes told the workers in the South about the work we were doing in the West. He had laid the foundation for a friendship and an understanding. He expressed the wish that the practical self-supporting experiences that the people in the South were having could be brought into the work we were doing, and

that more of the evangelistic spirit that we were fostering might be connected with this rural, southern self-supporting work.

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

It was there that I met Brother Neil Martin (Ralph Martin's older brother), and there began a friendship that has meant a great deal to me. Brother Neil Martin was the chairman of the convention that year, and his keynote was "Back to First Principles." In that convention, he was issuing a trumpet call to the self-supporting work to come back to its original principles in following the Spirit of Prophecy. To conduct medical, educational, and the other features of the work on the basis of thus saith the Lord. You can know how that sounded to my heart. As I sat in the meeting that Thursday night of the opening session and listened to that man as he presented the testimonies and the Lord's instructions as to how His work was to be carried forward, I knew that I was listening to a kindred spirit.

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

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

Brother Neil Martin began to visit our work which we were doing in Louisiana, and I think later that he spoke of it as a courtship. That was probably a good name for what he did. He very nicely and systematically kept in touch with us—visiting us and inviting us to visit his sanitarium, the El Reposo Sanitarium in Florence, Alabama.⁸ He talked with us about the need for country bases to foster the kind of work we were doing and read us testimonies. He was reading this same page 308 of *Medical Ministry* that Elder W. C.

⁸ Wildwood would later take responsibility for this sanitarium on October 31, 1942.

White had read to us and that we had been reading through the years. So, we recognized the language.

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

I said, "Well, Brother Martin, I want to be wherever the Lord wants me, and that is of deep interest to me. I would certainly consider the providence of God in it."

That passage from *Medical Ministry*, pages 308–309, is a plan outlined for the evangelizing of New York City through establishing a country base:

. . . A home for our mission workers outside of the city. *Medical Ministry*, 308.

Farther down the page, it says that this same work is to be done:

" . . . In the neighborhood of several cities . . . " *Ibid.*

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

"The exercise called for in climbing hills is often a great benefit to our ministers, physicians, or other workers who are in danger of failing to take sufficient exercise" *Ibid.*

So, while we were busily engaged in medical evangelism in Louisiana, Brother Neil Martin was urged on by this statement:

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

There was a bit of visiting back and forth and studies given by us at El Reposo and by Brother Martin at Baton Rouge; not a great many, but just enough to lay a foundation of mutual understanding of the blueprint. Meanwhile, Brother Martin was reading this book, and he was reading this same page that we, through the years, had been reading—

page 308. One day he said to one of his helpers, "Well Brother, it says to search for such places. I'm either going out to do it or quit reading."

He got in his car and began to go in various directions. There are certain specific things that are mentioned here if you notice what to look for. So, he studied the map. He knew the south pretty well. He came around this area, and the car he was driving blew a head gasket in Chattanooga, and he stopped to have it repaired.

While it was being repaired, he went across the street to see a man that he had known in former years, Dr. Hayward, who had an office on Georgia Avenue. In the course of the conversation, he found out what Brother Martin was doing. "Well," he said, "Brother Martin, I have got just the place that you should see."

"Where is it?"

"Why," he said, "it is out at Wildwood. Just ten miles from here." And he told Brother Martin what he had been doing here.

Dr. Hayward was medical missionary secretary of the Southern Union a long time ago. So, he was not a young man anymore. He was one of the early medical students who trained under Dr. Kellogg's direction. And much of his life has been given to building up various enterprises in the south.

In 1935, he had come here to Wildwood and had secured the property, was paying for it over a period of time, hoping to build up a strong medical missionary work here. He was the one who built a house we call Evangelid and the little white cottage. And he was the one who built Oak Cabin and the barn over on the Tennessee side.

As Brother Martin visited with him (they'd known each other before), he said, "No, I won't go out and see your place. You're doing a work there, and we're looking for a new place where we can develop the work."

But Dr. Hayward insisted and wouldn't take "no" for an answer. So, Brother Martin went out. Brother Martin looked over the place and noted how fully it met the specifications of these pages. Dr. Hayward was looking for workers to carry on something similar there, and so they visited together back and forth.

But finally, after Brother Martin felt impressed that the Lord was guiding Dr. Hayward in offering an opportunity there, he came down to Baton Rouge and told us the story. We sat and listened. The question was, would we come?

Dr. Hayward came down and visited us. Finally, Brother McClure, who some months before had joined me in Baton Rouge, went with Brother Neil Martin and me on a trip to visit Wildwood.

Well, there were many things to be considered. We had just finished one of the most successful city evangelistic efforts that we had held. We had the strong support and appreciation of the Arkansas-Louisiana Conference with which we were connected. We had just been called to go to the capital of Arkansas, Little Rock, and hold a large city evangelistic effort there the next year.

You know, sometimes it is when the nets are full that the Master orders a change. Our nets were full of fish, and we were thankful for the way that God had blessed there and for the opportunities of blessing ahead. Nevertheless, when we saw this opening develop, all we could say was, "If God leads, then we must go."

We made no hasty moves. We gave weeks of earnest study, prayer, and counsel to this. Just as one sample of how the providence of God directs, a few weeks after our understanding of the opportunity at Wildwood, but before we had made any decision, I had the only opportunity I have ever had in all my life to have several hours of uninterrupted counsel with a Union Conference president—my Union Conference president in the Southwestern Union.

It came about on this wise unplanned by anybody. He happened to be in that section of the conference, and it happened to be that he needed to be taken several miles to a train. It happened to be that there were several hours between the time when we arrived at the station and when the train came. He had nothing to do but to talk to me, and I had nothing to do but to talk to him about the thing that was on my heart.

Now that's the only time in my life I ever had that experience, friends. Union Conference Presidents are busy men, as you may imagine. Do you think that that just happened?

Oh friends, it's a wonderful thing for us little fellows, again and again, to recognize that guiding hand of God in getting us at the right place, at the right time, with the right person.

After there had been some correspondence, it seemed very clear to me that the next thing for us to do would be to come over to the self-supporting side of the field and counsel with the brethren over there. So, Brother McClure and I came up to El Reposo Sanitarium in Florence, Alabama, and with Brother Martin, we went to Madison and counseled with Dr. Sutherland. He had already written us, strongly urging us to consider this.

I think it might not be improper for me to read to you from a letter that Brother Neil Martin wrote on the seventh of December in 1941. This was the first letter that he wrote to me on this subject, but it was after his visit to us describing Wildwood. I would like to read these few statements from Brother Martin concerning the attitude of Madison's Dr. Sutherland. Brother Martin was very close to Dr. Sutherland. He was a child of Madison. He's been associated with Dr. Sutherland for years.

"I had a long talk with Dr. Sutherland and Mrs. Scott. They are more than favorable. They are behind it to help us. Dr. Sutherland even feels that we may be able to do what Loma Linda and Madison failed to do in medical evangelistic lines. He told me that Madison could never do it with their setup."⁹

I mention this and read it merely to help you to see the things that were put before us as objectives here at Wildwood. This wasn't to be just one more sanitarium. If it was, I never would have come here. There was something about this, friends, that was to be a center for the training of gospel-medical missionaries. Not that we had any idea that it would be large, but oh, friends, we did earnestly desire that however small it was, it should be according to the blueprint of the inspired Spirit of Prophecy counsels for the training of medical evangelists.

In the latter part of December, Brothers Martin, McClure, and I spent some days in counsel with Elder Keith, the president of the Georgia-Cumberland Conference in Atlanta, with Elder J. K. Jones, president of the Southern Union Conference in Decatur,

⁹ In addition to this quote, Dr. Sutherland would also say the following, "The pillar of cloud and pillar of fire of the self-supporting work rests at Wildwood."

Georgia, and then back here in counsel with Dr. Hayward where we spent Christmas Eve and Christmas morning. With all these brethren, we counseled concerning the plans and what God might wish to be done.

The conference brethren felt that while they would in no way oppose our coming, they could not feel clear in inviting us to come as conference workers participating in a self-supporting program. Neither did they feel free to invite us to come as self-supporting workers if, in doing that, it would seem to involve them in financial responsibility.

I have correspondence covering all these points from this period. I am just summing it up for you here. When this thing finally came to a decision, it meant this—that if we were to come that we would have to do so without any assurance of salary other than what we would make ourselves as self-supporting workers, that we would have to come without any official call, but with full assurance of maintaining our credentials. We would have to come with some element of risk on our part and yet with the assurance of at least a partial measure of understanding on the part of our brethren.

You may be assured, my dear friends, that those were days of earnest prayer and study and counsel with God and with one another as we faced those decisions. I might say that it's very interesting to me as I reread this correspondence as I have done in preparing for this. I'm always impressed with it whenever I go over it to see how the Lord led us into this thing a step at a time.

Early in December, it seemed that there would be a way to work this out so that there would be a strong call from the conference for us to come here on that basis. That led us to go far enough to investigate the thing more fully and to counsel with the different brethren involved. But when it came right down to the showdown, as we say, we had to come on a measure of faith on our own part. As I look back at it, friends, I'm not at all sorry. I can see the wisdom of God in it.

It was a joy to be able to leave our brethren in the Arkansas-Louisiana Conference in the Southwestern Union with a full spirit of fellowship and love maintaining our credentials there and going with their blessing, as they put it, and it was a great privilege as we entered into the program here, although we had not been officially invited, to be received and welcomed into the fellowship of the work here.

Elder J. K. Jones, the president of the Union, was most warm and friendly during the time that he lived. He died suddenly in office. The present president of this Union, Elder B. G. Anderson,¹⁰ has been, throughout his experience here, a very warm supporter of self-supporting work in general and a great encourager of Wildwood and of us personally in particular. We appreciate that very, very much.

I had been for many years reading to other people statements about how God would sustain them if they would step out. I had personally seen His providence in making it possible for scores of people over a period of time to be with me on a self-supporting basis when I was in conference evangelism. So, it was merely another step in believing those promises to step out into what seemed to be the providence of God.

The night before Christmas, I spent my time on what is now the Wildwood campus, and I slept up in Oak Cabin. In the middle part of January, the final decision was made, and on the 20th day of January 1942, we arrived at Wildwood and have been there ever since.

Chapter 10, War and No Money, But Lots of Faith

It's a wonderful thing for a group of workers to have it in their hearts that the work that God has called them to is so important they're going to do it no matter what it costs, in sacrifice, in work, in faith, and in prayer.

We found statements that encouraged us in that attitude:

Those who are endeavoring to build up the work in new territory will often find themselves in great need of better facilities. Their work will seem to be hindered for lack of these facilities, but let them not lose their faith and courage. Often they are obliged to go to the limit of their resources. *Gospel Workers*, 267

Three words I want you to notice there: often and limit and resources.

Often they are obliged to go to the limit of their resources. *Ibid.* What are resources? Money, materials, strength, whatever it takes to do what needs to be done, those are resources. What would be the limit of the resources? When you don't have anymore, is that right? If you're referring to money and your resources are \$10, and you go to the

¹⁰ Elder Frazee stated this concerning Elder Anderson in 1953.

limit, how much have you got left? None. What was that first word of this sentence? “Often.”

There are millions of people who wouldn’t dare get into any such situation. They’re not trained that way. But Moses was in that position for 40 years, my dear friends, wasn’t he? Every night he went to bed knowing that unless God worked a miracle the next morning and sent the manna, he was going to have two million hungry people on his hands, right?

Well, our experiences are very small compared with Moses and Israel. But God deals with us in kindergarten ways.

Now, I’ll tell you honestly, there are some people who’d get ulcers, high blood pressure, or a nervous breakdown on that program. I’m not sure that it’s for everybody. I’ve never felt called upon to urge people to get into such a risky situation.

In fact, sometimes through the years, I’ve told people about this program, and when some thought that they wanted to come, I’ve said, “Don’t come if you can possibly do anything else.”

The only people who ought to venture into this kind of a faith program are those who know that God has called them to it. When they do that, friends, what happens to them is of little consequence. It’s the glory of God.

I would like to have you think, first of all, of a 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. Any burden that doesn’t lead us to earnest prayer will soon be lost. 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. 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.

We began missionary work in the surrounding communities at once, teaching in Sunday schools, finding an opening for Bible studies, health lectures, and other ways. But we had an institution to build, and how was this to be done?

For a number of years here, we had no doctor. We carried on a small sanitarium, first in the stucco building called Evangelid.¹¹ Oh, we called it a sanitarium. That was also the medical missionary institute. That's where we had our morning worships, business meetings, classroom, patients, kitchen, and just about everything. You might wonder how you could carry on a sanitarium in Evangelid when we were using it as the place where the workers and students met, and it was smaller back then as it has been added to through the years.

You know, it's worth emphasizing some of these things. You may one day start an institution. Remember, "the oak is in the acorn," but it's pretty well folded up in the acorn. 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. When an institution is starting, do not think that you are going to have all the different facilities you will need. Do not be afraid to take one building and use it for everything. Oh, how many prayers we had answered in that little building!

When we came to the Wildwood campus, we were a little group of 15 workers. We assumed obligations of \$3,000. The rest of the value of the place was a donation to this work. Three thousand dollars doesn't sound as much now as it did in 1942. Well, Brother McClure and I signed the notes to pay \$500 every three months until the \$3,000 was

¹¹ This was the main building used by Doctor Hayward before the Frazee company entered the Wildwood campus.

taken care of. I said to him, “Brother McClure, that’s the most money I’ve ever put my name to.”

He said, “Me too.”

I’ll have to be honest with you; neither one of us knew where a dollar of it would come from. *Ministry of Healing* says He has a thousand ways to provide for us of which we know nothing. As Elder Burden said about Loma Linda when the Spirit of Prophecy told him that if he went ahead in faith, money would come from unexpected sources, “When you are looking for money from unexpected sources, you will hardly know in which direction to look.”

The story of how God provided that from time to time is most interesting. Brother Martin and I set about to see if we could raise some money. We did at that time, I guess, what we have never done exactly in that way since two of us went and made a distant trip to see a dear friend of ours to see if he would let us have some money. We told him the story. We told him about our venture in faith, and he told us about another friend that he thought might be interested, and so together we sat down with this other friend. We had prayer together. When we got up from prayer, this friend said, “I’ll give \$500.” And the other friend said, “I’ll give \$500.”

I never had anything happen quite like it before or since, friends. May I tell you that very little of the money (it has taken a good many thousands of dollars to build this place) has come from solicitation. Very little. So small you could hardly believe it if I should tell you the exact figure. I would if I knew what it was. But it’s very small.

But back there in February of 1942, God gave us those two \$500 donations, friends, and when we came back to Wildwood with that story and those two checks, you can imagine how it electrified our little group. Why friends, it was like manna from Heaven! With one of those \$500 checks, we met that first note that we had signed a few days before and didn’t know a thing about how we would pay it. With the other, we got a well put in so we could have some water.

Within five days of the final payment of \$500, we didn’t know where a dollar for that last payment would come from. But we prayed and the payment was due on Tuesday. Sunday morning when we got our mail, there was a check in it for \$200 from a woman

way out in California whom we had known in another state years before. She didn't know how well-timed her \$200 was. And within the next three days, the balance of the amount had been made up by four different people so that we were able to meet our payment. I love to look at that canceled note occasionally. It is one of the waymarks in answered prayer.

All we had was land and a few houses. There was Little White Cottage, not quite as big then as it is now, and there was Locust, not nearly as big as it is now, and Oak Cabin, not as big as it is now, and Pine Cabin. We didn't have an official sanitarium or institute building. How were we to get all these?

We had to provide for the daily support of these people. Our workers were self-supporting. Since we didn't have any sanitarium, some of our nurses went out into the homes of the people up on Lookout Mountain and in Chattanooga and nursed. They put their money into the company treasury without any exception. They did that willingly and gladly in order to get the work started.

The second summer we were here, the conference loaned us six tents which we pitched under the trees in front of where the sanitarium building is.¹² My wife and I were living out in a tent; a number of the students were living in tents. And there, we conducted a summer institute. These were our first regular institute classes, and a number of people came to them. One student that we are very thankful for that came that summer was Brother Roy Cooper. Elder Cooper, within a few months, became our farm manager. He has been a faithful worker in this program at Wildwood and up at Lookout Mountain ever since. Perhaps I ought to tell you that when he drove on the place, some of the places people were living in almost discouraged him from staying. But thank the Lord, he stayed. And pretty soon, he found something more important than buildings.

May I say, friends, God wants us to do the best we can, but I want to tell you something. When the Lord Jesus was born in this world, He was born in a what? A stable. That's a barn. Do you suppose it looked like a barn? Do you suppose it smelled like a barn? That's right. Do you suppose He couldn't find any better place than that to

¹² The building is now called Mission Manor

be born? Something to ponder over, isn't it? We need to be aware, lest we despise the day of small things.

Well, back to 1943. We had a wonderful summer teaching classes. About the middle of that summer, a young man by the name of Dan Brown from Oklahoma was acting as our business manager and helping us with carpenter work. He had just built a barn for us up near Locust Cottage, told us that he was ready now to build something more, and he went into Chattanooga looking for some lumber with which we could start building a small building on the site of our present sanitarium. But it was wartime, and controls were on, so it was difficult to find any lumber. Incidentally, we didn't have any money to buy any anyway. But when he came back with that report, several of us knelt down under the pine trees up on the hill and there we asked the Lord to open the way for us to build.

Months before, in faith, we had already made the excavation for the sanitarium building. Would you like to know how that excavation was made? It wasn't made with a bulldozer, or a backhoe, or anything like that. It was made with a couple of mules, a plow and scraper, and finished off by hand with pick and shovel. I had the privilege of having a part in that. Where the laboratory and clinic later were, I finished out that corner with pick and shovel. In fact, some months before that, as a matter of faith, we'd gone out there one morning, and a group of us had gathered around and put a shovel in the ground and had our picture taken. We had a wonderful time getting that excavation ready, but we had no lumber. So, we knelt there under the trees and asked God to open up the way.

Within three days of that prayer, we had a wonderful providence. One of our men noticed in the newspaper an ad where a man who had some barracks buildings that needed to be wrecked, and the lumber was for sale. Up on the Ocoee River, a construction camp had been erected to carry on a project for TVA, building a great tunnel through the mountains there to carry the water from one level to another. That work was finished, and the buildings were for sale, so our men looked at that ad, and said, "Well, maybe this is the answer to our prayers." We can't get lumber because it's wartime, but if we could get these buildings and wreck them, perhaps that would answer the need.

So, our men went up there hoping that they could buy one or two of these buildings and get enough to put up a few small buildings. But lo and behold, the man was anxious to sell the whole lot of 14 buildings! Some of them were just small, but some of them

were large enough that two to three hundred people could get in them. There were thousands of feet of lumber, and he offered us the whole thing for about \$900.00! Of course, if you didn't have nine hundred cents, what difference did it make?

We felt that this was a providence that we couldn't let go by. So, we had earnest prayer together as a group of workers. Do you know, dear friends, there was a man on this campus at that time (we didn't know he had the money), but he came forward with \$675—dear old Brother Koenig. But that wasn't quite enough to buy it. One way or another, we scrapped and got it.

So, some of the students who were taking the institute said, "We'll go up and help wreck those buildings." Elder Pine, who was one of our students, was the foreman.

I went up with them. There were about a half dozen of us. Part of the time, my mother was up there doing the cooking, and part of the time, my wife was up there doing the cooking. There were six of us men, and we spent six weeks up there in the mountains. We'd get up early in the morning and have our worship and breakfast.

It was during the summer in July and August. So, we would work during the cool part of the day. As it got toward noon and it was the hotter part, we'd take a break and get under some trees and have a class—some days a Bible class and some days a physiology class. And thus it went day after day.

Well, the weeks went by up there in our camp in the mountains. And day by day, the buildings were coming down, and the lumber was piling up. There they were: 2x4s, 2x8s, 2x10s, 2x12s, sheeting, and siding. We had thousands of feet of lumber! But now the next thing was how to get it down here.

One night, Brother Pine came to me and said, "Brother Frazee, I've been studying how to get this lumbar moved down to Wildwood. I got a truck, but the price for one trip is so much that I know we won't be able to stand that. The man who sold us the lumbar has a truck that he'll sell to us for \$470. Do you suppose we could get that? Then we could carry it ourselves."

"Well," I said, "Brother, we don't have any money to buy the truck. I know it looks foolish to be here taking the buildings down and piling up the lumbar and no way to

move the lumbar down there, but that's the way we have to do in this work. We have to pray for a wagon, and then we have to pray for a horse to pull it."

Four of us (Brother Brainerd, Brother and Sister Pines, and me) knelt down Thursday evening up there and prayed to the God of Heaven that He would give us the money to buy that truck or otherwise provide for the moving of that lumbar. We claimed the promise in *Gospel Workers* 267 [quoted previously in this chapter].

When I came onto this campus, I came down to be with the church over the Sabbath, and the rest of the group was up there. As I came onto the campus Friday afternoon, my father saw me drive in, and he said, "See your mother right away. She has a letter that will interest you." So, I went up to my mother's room, and she handed me a long envelope. She was looking after my mail while I was away. And there was a letter that had come to me during the week with a check in it for \$500.

I don't know how big a check you'd have to write me tonight to have an equal influence on me. It has to be a pretty big check. Can you imagine, friends, a group of people praying Thursday night for \$470, and here in the mail is a check for \$500? Well, our hearts were glad and so thankful. That money came from a woman who didn't know any of us personally. She was a friend of a friend of ours. And this friend didn't know that we were in a bind for money at that particular time. God had what we needed all timed.

The interesting thing to me is God doesn't give us more than we have to have. Why wasn't that check for \$1,000? I got the brethren to gather Sunday afternoon up at the deconstruction camp to hear that story. I asked them why it was that the check was for \$500. I think it was Brother Cooper who spoke up and said that the reason is that was what we had to have. And that's what it was. We thanked the Lord and took courage. The miracle that He'd worked to give us that just at that time brought a lot of courage to the workers, as you may suppose.

Well, that truck was old and beat-up. It had some tires that were really beet up. It was wartime, so you couldn't get tires, but there were a few spares with the old piece of junk. Trip after trip, that truck brought the lumbar down to where Haskell Hall is now. On the last trip that they took, they had to run without a spare tire. Those piles of

lumber began to rise until we had over 50,000 feet of lumber piled there! Well, it still didn't mean we had a sanitarium.

Some of the men who had helped us wreck it helped us build the two little cottages between the sanitarium and white cottage. We were left with a few men whom the army wouldn't accept for physical reasons and some women. However, there was still no sanitarium on the excavation site, so the lumber just stood there. Month after month went by, and we had no men to build.

Finally, Brother Brainerd, the Spirit moved that dear man of faith, and after many months as he saw that lumber there, said, "Brethren, we must build."

I'll tell you what kind of a builder Brother Brainerd is. His experience is that of a roofer. A roof isn't exactly the first thing you need in a building. But he was a man of faith, and he was personally acquainted with Elder Burden who started Loma Linda. Brother Cooper was busy with the farm work, of course. Brother Foote and I were largely busy in other lines. Brother Foote and I were both helping on the farm some of that time and in other ways. Brother Brainerd said, "If you brethren are willing, I'd like to start something down there." So the lines were drawn, the excavation finished, and the footings poured. As far as I know, there wasn't a man on the place that knew how to lay block. And I'm sure that was so because Brother Brainerd and one of the other brethren were going to Chattanooga to see if they couldn't find somebody that knew how to lay block that would show them how to do it.

So, the Lord began to send workers. But notice, He did it when somebody had enough faith to get out there and mark out the forms and pour the footings. Then, what happened?

While we were praying about that, here came Brother Douglas Hagen. He was a recent convert and colporteur. He was so anxious to come here and take some classes. We worked out an arrangement so that he could live on the campus, canvass during the week, take classes in the evening, and on Sunday, lay blocks and teach some of our men how to lay blocks. That's the way the Lord answered prayer, and that's the way the blocks and the foundation story of the sanitarium were laid.

I have two things to tell you about that dear man: one that makes me sorry and one that makes me glad. After being here with us for some time, he went back to his trade to try to earn some money. He lost his way in the world and, for some time, has been apart from God. But, oh friends, just two nights before Christmas, what do you suppose happened? The providence of God let my wife and me to his home. And that dear man made a new surrender to Christ. He was out here and had Christmas dinner with us, he and his wife and his four children. And he's keeping his first Sabbath that he's kept for a long time. Oh, I thank the Lord for that! Well, he's the man that laid the block in that Sanitarium building.

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

The next thing was to pour the floor, but before you pour a concrete floor, you have to prepare the plumbing, and we didn't have a plumber. Plumbers are expensive, and we didn't have any money to hire plumbers. On Thanksgiving Day, as I went out after breakfast, there drove onto the campus a pickup truck and out stepped two men. One of them, with a broad smile, said, "You don't need any plumbers around here, do you?"

Brother Glen Chase had come from Tulsa, Oklahoma. He was a dear man that I had baptized several years before. They had been driving all night. That dear man was interested in our work. But he didn't know that we just needed a plumber right at that minute.

But I answered his question seriously and said, "We sure do." I said, "Brother, come. I want to show you something." I took him from where he was standing right over just a few yards, and I showed him this basement with the blocks up. We were ready to pour, and he could take in the picture quickly. Do you know what he and his friend did? The very next morning, which was a Friday, they went to town. It was wartime. They went to the big plumbing supplies stores and couldn't get what they needed. The Lord led us down on South Market Street to a little place where there was a Jewish man who had a plumbing supply house. Before we went out of there that morning, we bought \$600 dollars' worth of pipe and plumbing fixtures, and they said they got items there that they

couldn't even get in Tulsa, Oklahoma. And one of the brethren that came went into his own pocket and dug up \$50 dollars to help us get that plumbing supply.

Those men rolled up their sleeves and spent all their vacation putting in that plumbing. That is how it got into the basement of the sanitarium. More than that, when they left, Brother Chase said, "Now, when you get ready to set the fixtures upstairs, I'll come back and do that."

Brother Chase got so interested in this thing that eventually, he and his wife sold their home in Oklahoma and came here and helped us not only finish that sanitarium building but he helped us build Haskell Hall, Hillside, the shop, Sunnyside, and several other things around here. It is dangerous to get involved in this thing.

He became an Elder in one of our churches in South Georgia and a member of the conference committee. He has helped to pioneer a work down in one of the South Georgia counties. I was telling him how much I appreciated what he did for us in those early days.

He and his wife both said, "You don't know how much it did for us." I tell you, folks, you can't sacrifice too much for God. You can't outgive God. No matter how much you give to God in money, time, effort, and sacrifice, God can give back to you in some way or another more than you can ever give Him. This is true.

I must tell you the story of how we got the furnace. If you want to look at something wonderful, a real miracle, go and look at that furnace. That piece of iron is a miracle. As the building came along, we had to decide, of course, about a heating system. The brethren thought that probably a steam heating system would be the best. We went into the Crane Company, and by this time, the war was over, but there was still a shortage of materials. I remember in the office of the Crane Company talking to the clerk (there were several of us brethren together) about what we needed. He said there was no use in taking the order: "We can't get a number of those things."

But we said, "Now see here. There's a man over here that has promised that we can have a boiler, and it'll come through you."

He knew about it, of course. So, he said, “We know we can get the boiler, and we want to go ahead.” And there was a big fellow over in the corner, and he says, “It’s for a hospital; go ahead and take the order,” he said, “and see what we can do.”

So, they wrote down the order. It ran up to several thousand dollars for that boiler, all the pipes, and all those radiators. May I tell you, friends, when we gave that order, we didn’t know where a dollar of that was coming from. But it was taking so long to get things that we dared not wait till we had the money and then get the materials because there was no telling how long it would take. So we went ahead and ordered it. Well, do you know what happened? One by one, they began to get some of these pieces of material.

They’d have some pipe, and our brethren would go and get the pipe and begin to get it in. Then they’d get some radiators, and they’d begin to put those radiators in. Still, we didn’t have any boiler. We didn’t need it yet. It was summer and getting into fall. And during the early part of September, the government froze material again—it was after the war, you remember. This man at the Crane Company saw one of our brethren from Wildwood on the street, and he said, “You’d better come in and get whatever radiators we have because they’re gonna freeze the materials.” So brother Foote took the trailer in, and they began to load up what radiators they had, but when they finished, they still had three short. They’re lacking three. Just as he was about to leave with the last load, in came a delivery man. He passed over a slip to the man at the desk that he had three radiators. He said, “Let me see the sizes.” He said, “Just put them on that little trailer right out there.” And the man at the desk turned to Brother Foote and said, “I’ve never seen such a streak of luck.”

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

“Oh,” but we said, “We have to have it.”

“Well,” he says, “we’ll be out to talk to you.” So, he came out, and this man who had the agency for the furnace came out—the two of them together. And they told us the

problem. We took them around and showed them over the building; it was partway finished.

Then I said to them, “Now you know that when we gave this order, it looked rather uncertain of getting certain things. But, God is interested in this thing,” I told those businessmen. I said, “You can see we’ve got to have this. We’ve got people living in here, and winter’s coming on.” I told this man, “You know how we got those radiators!” Now I said, “We’ll pray, and you see what you can do.” Do you know that man went back to Chattanooga and got on the long-distance telephone and worked at that thing until he found a man way up in Detroit, Michigan that would make a special order for a furnace?

But we didn’t have the money for it when we ordered it. And then, through a most wonderful providence, a man standing at the head of another self-supporting institution that God had blessed with means wrote us a letter, and he asked us if they could help some. And we told him our needs, and back came a check for \$2,500 that paid for putting in that heating system. That’s why you’ve got a furnace down there in the sanitarium. It’s an answer to prayer, my friends!

If I should continue to tell the story of how that particular building was built, I could keep you for quite a while just on that one building. Every floor of that sanitarium has a story of providence and answered prayer. That is a miracle building.

You know, the Lord’s way of working, friends, is not always a spectacular thing, just like a flash of a meteor. Sometimes it takes weeks and months, and even years to accomplish His purposes, but He does it for those who trust Him.

I can still remember the night it was getting really dark when about six or eight of us were putting the last shingles on the roof of that sanitarium before it rained and snowed. The last man God sent to help us was a painter, and generally, that’s one of the last things you need.

It took us four years, friends, to build that sanitarium. We were living in it in one way or another most of the time. Do you know why it took us four years? Well, I’ll tell you. We had to have money. We had to have workers, and most importantly, the purpose of all this working together of teachers and students is to develop character. What the work does to us is far more important than what we do to the work.

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

But there's another point, and this is just as important as the first. There must be in your heart and mind a willingness to sacrifice beyond the ordinary if we are to expect miracles beyond the ordinary. Why should we expect God, may I say it reverently, to go out of His way to do something special unless you and I personally are willing to go out of our way to do something special? If we ask God to make a special move, we must make a special move.

You know, friends, I love to see miracles happen, don't you? Wouldn't you like to have been back there and see the Red Sea open? Wouldn't you have liked to have gone out and eaten manna, that miracle food? Wouldn't you like to have seen Moses strike the rock and see the water come gushing out? But I want to tell you something; the only times miracles happen is when somebody who is doing something for God is sunk unless the miracle happens. That's the only way to have a miracle—to get out on a limb with God. Not in presumption, but in doing something that God wants to be done, and you know God wants it done, and you're willing to work with all you have and willing to sacrifice and go without to make it possible. And still, it takes something far beyond anything you can do. This is the way miracles happen.

The Egyptians got drowned trying to do the very thing that Israel did. People can get drowned trying to do the kind of thing we've been talking about, friends. We must have a consecration of unity and a sacrifice that will venture out with God in obedience to His commands with the encouragement of His promises. It hasn't been because any of us were wise or good that these things have happened. As I look back, one of the things I thank God for the most is keeping us from the result of our lack of wisdom and our ignorance. More than one place, as I look back over the road, I can see places where our wisdom would have led us to certain defeat. But the hand of God took us and led us,

unbeknownst to ourselves at the time, in ways of His choosing and out of the path of our own wisdom. I still want that Divine guidance to keep us from our poor, foolish hearts.

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

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

You and I are like all other human beings. We tend to get soft as time goes on if things are convenient and comfortable, and we're in that danger. But I thank the Lord that the pioneer spirit still goes on, and you and I can share it if we will.

Brothers and sisters, God is waiting to give you at this time some wonderful experiences in answered prayer that are current and up to date. It's been so all down the history of God's work, and it's so today. And the work is going to be finished in greater sacrifice.

Our Heavenly Father, we give thee praise and glory and honor for thy wonderful works. We are little, but Thou art so great. We are unworthy, but Thou dost deserve everything. We have failed and blundered so many times, but Thy loving providences guided us on. The pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night has been over the encampment, and we praise Thee with all our hearts. Now forgive our mistakes. Help us quickly learn the lessons that we may run where we have walked before. We thank Thee for it. In Jesus' blessed name, amen.

Chapter 11, A Broken Romance, Crying Baby, and Expanding Work

The work of building up the kingdom of Christ will go forward, though to all appearance it moves slowly and impossibilities seem to testify against advance. The work is of God, and He will furnish means, and will send helpers, true, earnest disciples, whose hands also will be filled with food for the starving multitude. *Desire of Ages*, 370

That's a wonderful promise, dear friends. Anything God wants to be done can get done if God can find some people who will claim His promises and go to work to carry them out. That promise is the check that we've cashed over and over again in the development of this work at Wildwood. We have read this particular sentence and knelt down and claimed it in prayer over and over and over again.

You notice it says even though "impossibilities seem to testify against advance," if we move forward in faith, the Lord will do two things. What does it say He'll do? "Furnish means." What's that? Money and materials. And something else. "Send helpers." All the lumber in the world and all the money in the world doesn't mean a thing in putting up a building unless you've got some people that know how to drive nails and put in plumbing and paint and all the rest. Over and over again, we've seen God fulfill this particular promise.

The story of Wildwood from its beginning to the present hour is a story of miracles, of venturing out in faith, getting out on a limb with God, and then seeing God work miracles.

Every building on the Wildwood campus has been made possible by a miracle. No two are alike. No two situations are ever the same. But through them all runs the golden thread of God's providence; the glorious fact of God answering prayer. God does it in many ways to keep us looking to Him instead of to the channel through which He sends the miracle.

Part of being educated in the school of God in a work like this is putting up with delays and disappointments. The foundation for the building that we call Haskell Hall was there when we came in 1942. It had been built a number of years before we came here. It had been built by a young man that was planning to build a large beautiful home up there, but the girl he was going to marry either died or jilted him. So, he was never able to carry out his dream. Eventually, he lost the property, and through a series of ownerships, it finally came into our hands.

I used to go up on that hill when there were no buildings there at all nor any road. One of my favorite occupations was clearing the willows out of that foundation. I would get them all cut off and think that maybe we could put a building on top. But the

willows, do you know what they did? They grew back as the rain would come and cover the basement so that the willows got some moisture, and the willows would grow up again. Three times I cut all the willows out of there before we finally got to build Haskell Hall.

I thank God that He sent the men and the means to put up that building. And I thank God that it is dedicated to the memory of dear old Elder Steven Haskell, who was one of the pioneers in uniting self-supporting work with conference work, city work with rural outposts, company work, and medical evangelism—all the things that you and I are interested in, Haskell Hall stands for because that was the work of Steven Haskell.

While we were building the first 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 quiet but she is a woman of large faith with a great love for God and His *Testimonies*.

We had not yet had any contact with the good people up there. But in the providence of God, Sister Chapman came to make a visit to her sister and brother-in-law (Elder Stanley Harris, who 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, her sister and brother-in-law said, "You probably won't get much rest around here. Maybe you ought to have a quieter place. There is a little place out at Wildwood. You might go out there and spend a few days." So far as I know, Sister Chapman had never heard of Wildwood and never been here. So, she came.

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, meals, and study, and 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 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 us to do, we will be glad to arrange it.” She went home and talked to Dr. Coolidge (the then president of Tacoma Hospital), and before long, we were invited to give some studies up there. 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 us in a plan for the training of missionary nurses.

The finances for building Haskell Hall, the building that we use for worship and study, came from the Tacoma Hospital and Sanitarium. So with the shop, the warehouse, Hillside, several others of the buildings on this place, and much equipment in these buildings, were all made possible through the providence of God.

Now watch something interesting. We had not asked them for a nickel. But just about the time we were facing that great problem of our furnace (mentioned in the previous chapter), there came a letter from Doctor Coolidge. I still have it in my files; I think a lot of it. He said, “We have been impressed that you perhaps might need some money in your developing program down there.” And he said, “If you do, let us know.” [Elder Frazee laughs.] And I sat down, my dear friends, and just told him the story frankly of what we were doing and what we needed, and back came a check for \$2,500 dollars.

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

There was a lady who lived on Lookout Mountain who came out here to visit a patient who was at our little sanitarium.

As she went around the circle (we used to have a circle around Evangelid). Three of our girls were sitting out under a tree out there on a little strip of grass. They were stemming strawberries and singing as they worked.

Several years later, this woman decided that she was going to give this place a building. So she built Hyder House because three girls were singing as they worked

All the miracles in this work have not been miracles of money. Nor of the proper workers—plumbers, carpenters, or others coming. We’ve seen some wonderful examples of the Lord’s providence in the healing of people—both workers and patients. Oh, friends, if there is anything I thank the Lord for, it’s the times again and again at Wildwood when He has reached down His loving hand in healing ministry.

He has prolonged the lives of workers, again and again, and raised them up from sick beds. “Ah,” but you say, “Brother Frazee, I know some that are sick.” Yes, I do too. I’ve lived with God and His work long enough to know this, friends, that while Paul may heal a great many people, he himself may carry what? A thorn in the flesh. Paul, who could reach out his hand and take that young man Eutychus up from the dead, had to write to his best friend, “Timothy, you will have to take some grape juice because you are sick so often.” Why didn’t Paul heal him? Is that a good question? Yes. It means this, friends, if we are working for God, God will help us if we need healing to experience it. If not, He will help us to live with our infirmities and go ahead and do something for Him anyway. We’ve seen both kinds of miracles over and over again.

Another miracle, and the greatest we’ve seen, is in the conversion of souls. It’s been a great joy to see these branch Sabbath Schools start and these little chapels built. It’s been a joy to see branches of this work started.

As a result of our medical evangelistic work reaching out from here, we have a number of organized churches: Jasper, New England, St. Elmo, Wallaceville, and Fort Payne. And besides that, we have our branches with chapels at Trenton, at Tiftonia, and Stone Cave.

We rejoice to see the work on Lookout Mountain. The little church up there is going to be dedicated next Sabbath afternoon. And over at Stone Cave, I had Thanksgiving dinner with them, and between 50 and 100 people gathered around the tables there in their nice new building laden with the fruits of the earth, having a wonderful service of thanksgiving. It’s also spreading in other places.

Oh, I thank God for His leading these years, dear friends. It's no credit to me, nor to any of the brethren and sisters that helped us get this started, nor to the many dozens, scores, and hundreds who have helped carry it on these years.

I am telling you about providences, 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, silver, and brilliant stones. There are dark shadows and heavy curtains in the picture of God's providences. The shadows of Gethsemane and the darkness of Calvary must come before the resurrection glory. 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.

It's easy to pick out some wonderful experiences of answered prayer and getting money and seeing people healed and workers come, but remember, they don't come in a snap, one after the other. No, they don't come like that. There are desert experiences in between. They're just as important as the wonderful answers to prayer. It takes both to develop character. Sometimes when you open an envelope, you get a check. Many other times that you open an envelope, you get a bill. Sometimes the answer seems to come just in the nick of time, and there are other times when God delays.

I wish, dear friends, that much more had been accomplished. In fact, what I really wish is that we'd been in the kingdom long ago. We had no intention of being around these hills for so many years. We've dragged our feet many a time when we should have been running, but God has gotten something done in spite of all our weaknesses and unworthiness. He'll do the same for everyone, dear friends.

Well, there's much more I could tell you, friends, because this story never ends. It's been running for years, and it'll never be finished till the Lord comes. There are new providences every day. You and I are having a part now in the unfolding of that story. The most wonderful days are just ahead. Far more wonderful things than we have ever seen in the past, somebody's going to see right ahead.

Chapter 12 Snippets of My Personality

I Love Mountains and Like to Climb Them

We are surrounded at Wildwood by these beautiful hills and mountains. Why should God let me live in a place like this? Years ago, I was in evangelism work moving from place to place. I used to be out in the mountains in the west. In the providence of God, I was called to the plains in the middle states and finally down to Louisiana, where you can drive for eighty miles in a straight line, and there is nothing but swamps on either side. You can drive for hundreds of miles and never see a hill. I thought in my soul, “Well, this is where God wants me . . .” and He did want me there. I thought I would never live in the hills and mountains again.

But in His providence, God arranged to put me in Wildwood. I know there are people who do not have affection for mountains. A friend was telling me about three couples who went on a visit from Iowa to the Rocky Mountains for the first time. They were admiring the beauty of those great mountains. But one of the fellows was very quiet. Someone finally asked him what he thought of the beautiful mountains, and he said he didn’t see much of a place around there to grow corn. That’s all right.

I imagine that God gives people different tastes because He has made so many different things. Or you can state it the other way. He has made many kinds of territories because He has made so many kinds of tastes. The point is, it is all right to thank the Lord for the fact that He has made me for the mountains, and He has made the mountains for me, and He has put us together. I see in that a token of the goodness of God.

I love to climb up a mountainside and get on a great rock. I remember that in 1930, it was my privilege to spend a few days after a strenuous evangelistic campaign in a bit of vacation up in Yosemite National Park. It thrilled me.

I had the privilege of climbing Half Dome, a mountain in Yosemite. While, of course, I was thankful for the beautiful view of the mountain and valley from that great height, something happened up there on that mountain that has meant more to me than all that.

I chanced to pick up a little piece of paper that somebody had left up there. It was a piece of paper on which had been printed an artist's sketch, and it said, "Look at this for a full minute." Then it said, "Look away to the sky."

So, way up there on that mountain, all by myself, I took that piece of paper and held it there, and I looked at that and looked and looked. Then, I looked away to the sky, and there emblazoned on the sky was a great picture of Lindberg. He was the hero of that time. Shortly before that time, he'd made that solo flight from New York to Paris in his airplane, The Spirit of St. Louis. As I looked at the sky, there was the face of Colonel Lindberg.

My dear friends, in the Word of God, we have a sketch of the face of God, as revealed in Jesus. If we look and look and look, then, as we turn our eyes away to whatever it is that we may be brought in contact with, we will see the face of Jesus. We can endure as seeing the One who is invisible. Let's keep looking. What do you say?

Do you know what I found up there on the mountain as I kept looking? Finally, the vision began to fade. If I wanted to see it again, I must look back at the picture on the paper.

So, moment by moment, hour by hour, through the day, if the vision of the face of God seems to fade, let us look back at the revelation in His Word. Let us keep texts of scripture close by us, in our pocket, on the wall, in our memory, and let us keep going over and over the wonderful revelation. What do you say? Thus, we like Moses shall endure as seeing Him who is invisible.

I like to climb the trail on Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, and get up on Sunset rock. What a great rock that is to look out over this valley! I like to pick out the different places that I know in the valley, and on a clear day, look out over Wildwood and pick out Haskell Hall, the alfalfa field, and the other places that we recognize here.

Sometimes on Thanksgiving Day, a group of us like to climb Raccoon Mountain, and get up here to that ledge of rock that we have called Eagle's nest. We stand there on that rock and look at the hollow spread out below us, the dairy barn and the pastures, and beyond. How the whole thing is spread out like a great map!

I like to Sled

Do you have any scars on your body? In 1932 on Christmas Day, on a very steep, snowy hill, I was sliding down with a sled, and when I got to the bottom, the front of that sled hit something and knocked up and hit me in the chin. I had to preach that night with a clip in my chin. It cut me. Well, I still carry a little scar.

I Like to Explore

Several years ago, I was in Washington, D.C., attending a series of classes at the seminary. One day when there were no classes, my wife and I went to the Capitol. While there, we went into the office of our congressman from Oklahoma. I was in evangelistic work in Oklahoma at that time. So, we went in and visited with the secretary for our congressman. Before we left, he said, "Would you like to visit the White House?"

And we said, "Yes."

So, he gave us the congressman's card to present. So, we went over to the White House, and there were a number of other people there. There's a part of the White House that anybody could go through at the proper time with the guards and guides, and we went through. Finally, we came to a door, and the guide said, "Now, all of you that have the special cards of introduction, you may go through here." The rest had to go on outside.

So, we presented our cards, and in we went and we saw some more of the White House. My point is this, friends, that we got in on somebody else's name. I didn't get in because my name was Frazee. I got in because I had the congressman's card. Do you see?

I Like to Stargaze

You know, several years ago, it was my privilege to spend a few weeks down in Mexico and Guatemala. That is further south than I had ever been before. Do you know what I saw some down there? I saw some stars that I had not seen before.

But some of those stars that I looked at down there, I didn't know what they were. But in my heart was kindled a desire to know. Dr. Allen Harmer is something of an amateur astronomer, and he had some star charts. Between what he told me and looking at the star charts, I had the privilege of finding out that I was looking at the Southern

Cross. And that's something like the North Star and the Dipper is to us folks up here, you know.

Well, friends, I got a thrill. You may be sure that some mornings later, when we started on a very early trip in the middle of the night to go to Guatemala that I watched various stars there in the southern sky, getting help from my brother as to just what those stars were. You may be sure that I got a real thrill of joy!

I Love Helping Souls

One evening at the close of the Sabbath, as the sun was setting in the west, we drove up to a home. The people didn't know we were coming. They didn't know we were within a thousand miles of the place. There were some people that I had known many years before. The lady had been a member of a church I was pastoring. I had baptized her daughter.

We went in and began to talk about the things of God. Presently, the questions began to come. There was a need for a Christian experience. Those dear souls were hungry for something. Thank God, they got it. When two hours later, we knelt and had prayer together before we left, it was apparent that God had done something for those souls. Why friends, I would rather have been right there at that particular time than been visiting with the king of England or the president of the United States. We were where we belonged—helping a soul that needed some spiritual help.

In another place, we had a flat tire, and we were delayed an hour, but during that time, my wife had the privilege of helping a soul right at the point where that soul needed help. Oh friend, I know that many of you here have had, and are having, some of these precious experiences of working to help others. I long for everyone to have them. And you can have them. You can be a soul winner. You can be a shepherd going out and finding the sheep and lambs that have gone astray. Yes, you can.

One morning, I was praying over some souls whom we were laboring for in an evangelistic effort. The impression came definitely to my heart to take the young man who was leading singing for me in those meetings and go down to this man's house and sing for him. We did it that very day.

Before the week was over, I conducted that man's funeral. The Lord had arranged, you see, that I should have that closing interview with him. But it was in the secret place of prayer that the leading came, "Go with your singer and visit that man, and sing for him and pray with him."

The other day, Brother Boykin and I were in Chattanooga to see a man we have worked for through the years from time to time. He had been at Wildwood as a patient at the sanitarium. Habits of sin have held him down, but gradually the light of God's love has been getting into his soul. He has been getting nearer and closer.

As Brother Boykin and I sat talking to him, he volunteered this. He said, "There is just one thing that stands between me and the fellowship in this church."

I knew what he meant. He told us that it was the tobacco habit. We began to open the Bible and read the promises of God. We began to read some of those precious things about the cross. And before we left, that dear man knelt down with Bill and me and gave his heart fully to Jesus and gave up that habit that had held him for years and years. The Lord gave him victory and deliverance. That is the kind of thing, friends, that I choose to live for.

I have a Dry Sense of Humor

I saw one man eat a soup plate full of honey once, and he didn't vomit. But I suppose he thought he hadn't had enough yet. It was when I was a boy, and I thought he was a great health reformer, but I learned better as I watched. He wouldn't touch not one tiny bit of candy. Oh, no. Not one tiny bit of candy, but a whole soup plate full of honey. Well, that was a natural sweetener, you understand.

Several years ago, we had some students with us who came from South America. They didn't know English, and they were learning English here. My mother taught them English.

I knew a little Spanish, and I used to talk with them some in Spanish, and they would tell me how hard English was. Sometimes I used to say to them, "Yes, it's very difficult. The first time I heard it, I never understood a word of it."

I Am Conscientious

I remember an experience I had when I was about twelve years old. Just before camp meeting there were some medical evangelistic meetings in San Diego in connection with a tent effort. Elder L. E. Folkenberg was one of the speakers, and he led the singing. Titus and I were delighted to be allowed to be in the choir. There was a health lecture that I especially remember, given by Dr. A. W. Truman. He was a real medical missionary doctor. Of all the things he told us, there is only one thing that I still remember. He talked about something that wasn't good for people, and it was something that I liked very much. So I had a test. What would I do. . . . what would I do? I didn't discuss it with anyone. The Lord and I talked it over together, and I decided I would be true to what I had heard.

Not long after that, there was a picnic for the Sabbath school members off in the hills near San Diego. One of the things they were having for lunch was this article of diet. What would I do? I finally went over behind a big rock and knelt down and prayed about it. I came back and didn't touch it, thank the Lord. Instead, I threw myself into a game of baseball the boys were having, and I was delighted to have something else to do. As far as I know, no one in the world knew what was going on in this little head but the Lord and me. I wish I had always been true as I was that afternoon. I can remember that as a turning point in my life.

A year later, I had another test. I was attending camp meeting, and the preacher was speaking on Sabbath morning. I don't remember who the preacher was, nor what he said. I know what God was talking to me about. He was talking to me about a book I had been reading. It was a fictitious story that many people thought was god, about camping and forestry and a boy who played Indian and called himself Little Owlet, and it just thrilled me. But now, God was talking to me about that book. Finally, I went up to the altar and gave myself anew to the Lord. How I wish I had stayed with it! As it turned out, I slipped back and went all out in the Indian tribe idea. I was the chief. We had many experiences, but I wasn't living close to the Lord.

When I was fourteen, the Lord met me again with a decision that involved giving up something. Do you remember what I did that day at the picnic when they served an article the Lord didn't want me to partake of. I went behind a rock and prayed and came

back and threw myself into a game of baseball. The decision that the Lord brought to me this time was to give up the ball game. This was two years later. Something had happened. The Lord leads us along step by step. He doesn't show us everything at once.

Titus and I were busy helping to make the family living, and we didn't have much time for play. There was a middle-aged man that used to come around and visit. He was very friendly, and we loved him, but he said what he thought. When he saw Titus and me playing a ball game, he said, "Out there following the ways and inventions of the Gentiles." That planted a seed in my mind.

Usually, my father had me memorize the Bible, but at this time, he was having me memorize 150 memory gems from the Ellen White writings in *Taylor's Outline Studies from the Testimonies*. I went through the lessons, and one of the quotes in the appendix says:

"To spend money, which is so hard to obtain, on materials with which to play tennis and cricket, is not in harmony with the Testimonies which have been given to our school in Battle Creek. It has been understood all through our ranks that these games are not the proper education to be given in any of our schools.

"The school in Avondale is to be a pattern for other schools which shall be established among our people. Games and amusements are the curse of the Colonies, and they must not be allowed in our school here. If those attending this school are not willing to come into line, if they refuse to act as it is their duty to act, let them return to their homes." Appendix, Note 2.

"God ordained that the beings He created should work. Upon this, their happiness depends. Healthy young men and women have no need for cricket, ball playing, or any kind of amusement just for the gratification of self, to pass away the time. There are useful things to be done by every one of God's created intelligences. Someone needs from you something that will help him. No one in the Lord's great domain of creation was made to be a drone. Our happiness increases and our powers develop as we engage in useful employment." Appendix, Note 1.

After my detour for a year with the Indian camp, I gave myself to the Lord again at a camp meeting in Oakland that summer. Elder Meade McGuire was holding meetings for

the young people. During these meetings, the Holy Spirit spoke to my heart, and I made a new surrender that meant giving up baseball. That a rather hard thing for me to do, but the Lord led me to do it because it meant accepting the cross.

About six years before, when I was eight years old, I had an experience that I remember on the other side of the question. We were living in Phoenix. On the Fourth of July, they had a wonderful picnic out on one of the canals, and they were having all kinds of interesting activities. One of them was a race for eight-year-old boys, and I was an eight-year-old boy. I can still remember Fred Owen as he held his cap up and said, “Now boys, you all watch this cap, and when it hits the ground, you’re off. You go up there to a certain marker and come back, and the one that gets here first has won the race. You get a dish of ice cream.”

Oh, how I wanted to get that ice cream! I always wanted to win in everything. So, I ran, and I ran with all my heart. I got there first, and they gave me a dish of ice cream! But the other poor little fellows sat down and didn’t have any. I’ve since learned that the more we love folks, the less we are interested in beating them.

I Am Human and Have Weaknesses

Dear old Elder Tindall, the man who trained me in the ministry, was like a father to me, and he called me his boy. He used to live up here at the house called Hillside in his older years. I was handling administrative work in those days. One day I was walking past Haskell Hall, and he was standing there at Hillside, and he called me over.

In his characteristic way, he said, “Bill, I want to talk with you.” If you ever saw Elder Tindall, he was a man with a square jaw and all that that indicated. He said, “Bill, I want to tell you something. I see some things in you at times that I don’t like.”

He said, “Bill, your power is not in using authority.” He thought I needed to be kinder, you understand. Then he went on to say, “Now Bill, I know you haven’t always seen me doing what I’m telling you about, I know. But Bill, I don’t want you to be like me. I want you to be perfect.” Thank God for friends.

A brother came to me once and said, “Brother Frazee, I want to talk with you about something.”

I said, “All right,” and we sat down.

He didn't take 30 minutes to come to the point, but he was nice about it. He said, "Brother Frazee, sometimes I think you make it hard for some of the people you work with. You take things out of their hands, and you are not as kind and thoughtful as you ought to be."

He gave me some examples of what he meant. When he got through, I thanked him, and we had prayer together. I tried to learn something from it. Don't you think I ought to thank the Lord for that? Yes. I thank the Lord for a friend who was willing to call that to my attention. The point is that God saw something in my character that needed that lesson.

"The great backsliding upon health reform is because unwise minds have handled it and carried it to such extremes that it has disgusted in place of converting people to it. I have been where these radical ideas have been carried out. Vegetables prepared with only water, and everything else in like manner. This kind of cookery is health deform, and there are some minds so constituted that they will accept anything that bears the features of rigorous diet or reform of any kind" Counsels on Diet and Foods, page 212.

Now, do you know where people who have this bent are likely to be attracted to? A place like Wildwood. That's right. In fact, I'll just be frank and put you at ease by telling you this is my tendency. I found it out years ago. So, I've been trying to watch it ever since.

There are some things you have to watch, aren't there? I doubt if you have to watch a tendency to smoke cigarettes. Of course, if you had that tendency and were battling against it, you know what that illustration means.

But some of us have to watch the tendency to take anything in the way of strict reform and suppose if it is stricter than something we heard before, it must be that much nearer Heaven. And in our endeavor to get closer and closer to the pearly gates, we want to remember that the One who's escorting and guiding us there has said, "Don't go to extremes."

We want to avoid anything that savors of being extreme. And an interesting thing is that people can select certain references and put them into a certain setting, and it sounds like you ought to do this or that or the other. But we have to remember that, "He that said, said also . . ." We have to get the balance and the combination.

I Wanted to Accomplish More Than I Did

In the years that I have lived and worked in ministry, God led me through some interesting experiences. I've seen shadows fall, storms arise, problems multiply, personnel leave, and opposition rear its head near and far.

I remember when, up on the hill near where I live, I had to spend a number of hours one day surveying the past, the present, and looking into the future. I was impressed with this precious fact—all God expected me to do and all that I needed to do was just the best I could with the men, materials, and money that He supplied. That's all.

It's a good recipe, friends. It's a good way to avoid ulcers and high blood pressure.

I Enjoy Poems and Songs and Like to Make Them

Dear friends, it was in this pilgrim life of work for God that I met the girl who became my wife. Not long before we were married, I wrote some verses that I shared with her. I've never shared them with others before, but they might not come amiss right here. And this is what I wrote:

Ah, dear one, what have I to offer thee?
No cottage nestled 'neath the spreading tree.
No stately mansion, nay, not one of these.
A pilgrim and a stranger thou wilt be.
—W. D. Frazee.

Here's a little wedding song. The Lord gave this to me before Helen, and I were married to be sung at our wedding. The music for this is the same as for "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say."

Sweet is the love that Christ imparts.
A plant of heavenly birth;
Fresh from the glorious world above
Transplanted now to earth.
The tree of life within thy heart
And mine its roots are found.
Join now in one, no more apart;
May precious fruit abound.
Sweet is the love that Christ imparts
From His blest mercy seat.

Angels descend to blend our hearts
In union full, complete.
The world knows not of love like this;
The heavenly temple's light.
Oh, how we long to share the bliss,
For them our prayers unite.
Sweet is the love that Christ imparts.
May this our portion be;
In the short hour until He comes,
And through eternity.
A foretaste here of joys above
We now receive, dear heart;
Sealed in the bond of heavenly love,
The bond that ne'er shall part.

The Bridegroom Tarrys

Written for the 100th anniversary of October 22, 1844 Through five score years, our
great High Priest has waited With earnest longing for the final day—

The day when sprinkled on the Seat of Mercy
His blood shall wash His people's sins away.
"This generation" wanes and nears its passing.
The thickening signs fill earth and sea and sky.

Yet still the Bridegroom tarrys, while His message A century re-echoes, "He is nigh."

With earnest expectation of redemption
The whole creation groaneth, filled with pain.
A universe awaits the final cleansing,
The blotting out of every guilty stain.

What means this long delay—this lengthened night watch With moon and stars
arrested in their course?

The very God of ages forced to tarry!

This awful disappointment—whence its source?

O shame, my heart! 'tis thou hast kept Him waiting, 'Tis thine own hand hath stayed
the clock of God!

Thy feet in selfish paths have learned to wander As thou hast spurned the teaching of
His rod.

In mercy He has sought to turn thee homeward;
The thorns that pressed His head have pierced thy feet.
O shame, my heart, that thou dost weep and question The providence that calls from
doom complete!

Wilt thou not raise thine eyes and see Him standing With hands uplifted at the
Mercy Seat?

Wilt thou not yield thyself for final cleansing, And let Him make His work in thee
complete?

A universe has marked thy sinful lingerings;

A universe is waiting for thy word:

“With sorrow and with joy I choose completely

The finished work of Christ, my blessed Lord.”—W.D. Frazee

Appendix A

Things I’ve Said That Have Blessed Others

But remember, it isn’t my surrender that makes me righteous. Is it? No. It is His precious blood that cleanses and covers me. I need that today, tomorrow, and next week.—Sermon #1107

Now I ask you, why do we need the Lord as our righteousness? Because we don’t have any. We are empty of righteousness but full of sin. Even if it were possible to empty us fully of all the sin, we still wouldn’t have righteousness because righteousness is something more than not doing something wrong. Righteousness is right doing. The law of God requires us not just to refrain from doing evil but to do good, and that requires a good nature and a righteous character. Oh, I am so glad that the Lord has made arrangements to give us His righteousness! What do you say, friends?—Sermon #1107

I do not earn acceptance by exercising faith. Faith is the gift of God. But thank God, He lets me respond on how to use it. It is as if He gave me a lot of money, and I can decide how to spend it. But the money all came from Him. Grace, faith, and power come

from Him. But I have the choice of whether I will use it or not. It is faith that connects us to heaven and brings us strength to cope with the powers of darkness. Christ has provided means for subduing every sinful trait.—Sermon #1019

Our salvation does not depend on our holding Him but on His holding us. There is a world of difference in that. We are like little children. How wonderful it is that if our grip grows weak, our grasp is feeble, we are held not by our hold of Him, but His hold of us. “Neither shall any man pluck them out of My hand.”—Sermon # 0702

Our eyes must be fixed not so much on our character building as on the lamb and priest that makes it possible.—Sermon #1609

If you insist that He has got to give you some happy feeling before you can believe it, you are trying to tell the King of the universe how to run His business. That is all out of order. You are getting up on the operating table and telling the surgeon how to do his work. That isn’t the way it is done.—Sermon #0958

If the thing that causes you and me to try to do right is the fear that God won’t accept us if we fail once more, or if we feel that God has forgiven us so many times that if we fail just once more, it will probably end things, then we don’t understand God and the gospel.—Sermon #0677

One of the greatest needs of the human heart is to feel needed.

—*Ransom and Reunion*, 12

This is not the hour to emphasize just barely getting into heaven. This is the time to set our sights on God’s Mt. Everest. God intends to have a hundred-forty-four thousand. Take the number literal or symbolic as you wish. I leave that with you. God intends to have a group of people in whose lives His law is lived fully because, in their hearts, His law is written fully. And this is not righteousness *by* works, it is righteousness *that* works, my friends.—Sermon #0188

The righteousness of Jesus is not to cover our laziness; it’s to cover our inabilities.—Sermon #1482

Our only purpose for living is to shine for Him. We can never do it with self-righteousness, with a “holier than thou” attitude. But God forbid that in the running from a ‘holier than thou’ attitude, we should run into an “unholier than thou” boasting.

Some people are proud of the fact that they are not “holier than thou.” They can get down in the swill with any pig. They are proud of it. They are not too good to join in the music of this world, the amusements of this world, the drunkenness of this world, and all the filth of this world. God forbid that any of that should have any influence on us whatsoever!—Sermon #0980

The nice thing about being higher is that we are closer to heaven. Mind you that we are not closer in our standing, but in our understanding; not closer in our acceptance but in closer in our experience.—Sermon #0370

If there had not been war in Heaven, it could not have remained Heaven.—Sermon #0532

Daniel was true in Babylon because he was true in Jerusalem. He was willing to be different in the heathen country because he had learned to be different among the professed people of God.—Sermon #0694

Let us not pray for problems as little as we are. Let us pray for the grace of God to enable us like David to tackle the greatest problems.—Sermon #0389

So the question is not, as I pick up this book or magazine. “Is there something worse”? No, the question is, “is there something better”? That’s the question for the converted heart. Do you see the difference, friends?—Sermon #0708

God thoughtfully put our eyes in front of our heads. I am glad, aren’t you? No eyes in the back. So when I look to Jesus, I can’t see what’s behind.—Sermon #0374

Somebody said to me, “What do you think about what they are doing at such and such an institution” It was something that they considered, obviously, that was out of the way. The Lord gave me this answer, and I hope I don’t forget it, for I need it, just like some of you need it. I said this, ‘Do you know the Lord is impressing me, that it takes all my time to find out what I ought to be doing about my problems and the institutions that I am connected with, so I don’t have time to figure out what people in other institutions ought to be doing with their institutions.’ I recommend it to you, my friends. Leave the responsibility to other people for their actions. If they stumble and fall and you can help them, go help them. If you can’t, leave them with God. God can handle them far better

than you, and He can do it better and quicker if you and I won't murmur.—Sermon #1513

There was room out in the stable. Do you remember? And watch the point, friends, where the room was, that is where Jesus was. You may be so poor, so uneducated, and so lacking in talent that it seems to you that you are just not good for much. Listen, if there is room in your heart, Jesus will be there. Where He is, there will be peace, for He is our peace.—Sermon #0958

Never let the things you do not understand cause you to turn loose of the things you do understand.—Sermon #1283

Real prayer is not getting God around to our side so He gives us what we want. Real prayer is opening the heart to God so that He gets us around on His side and can give us what He wants.—Sermon #1283

The ease with which we express our own opinions is in direct proportion to our ignorance.—Sermon #0853

It is a wonderful thing to have something worth living for that is worth more than living.—Sermon #1214

Every mistake that people make is because they don't understand and believe the love that God has for them and often because they don't believe the love that their brothers and sisters have for them.—Sermon #1219

There is no lie so bad as a half-truth.—Sermon #0025 You may do something that you do not love, but you do not love that you don't do.—Sermon #0524

Some people can never see the ideal because they are so practical, but there are other people that are so practical they can never see the ideal.—Sermon #0757

You don't fall upwards. Right? And the falling in love that people talk about, so many times, it is falling.—Sermon #1627

There's no improvement without change, but there can be many changes without improvement.—Sermon #0655

All we need we have, but all we have we need.—Sermon #1119

Nature is a lesson book, and what a beautiful lesson book it is—every page is illustrated!—sermon #0792

Is there a difference between humility and humiliation? Oh yes. With humiliation, I go with my head bowed down. But with humility, I can go with my head up looking at Jesus.—Sermon #0632

It is because He loves us that Christ suffers. I do not mean that His love leads Him to be willing to suffer. Love itself is the cause of His suffering. Loving us, He cannot be happy while we are unhappy. He cannot be happy while we are in sin. The more He loves us, the more His love for us makes Him suffer.—Sermon #0854

We must never forget that the reason God sent Adam and Eve out of Eden is that Eden no longer furnished the conditions necessary for the development of character”—Sermon #0867

Let us remember that those who triumph with Jesus will first suffer with Him. Those who follow Him in glory will first follow Him through shame. Those who share His throne will first share His cross. And before the cross must come the trial and the test. And before the trial and test must come Gethsemane. And before Gethsemane must come a day-by-day experience over a period of time to develop a character and a prayer experience that can successfully meet the crisis at the close. This is the message for this hour—the message on which to focus our minds. Let the winds blow as they may. Let Satan invent all manner of things to distract. We must fix our eyes upon our Saviour.—*Coming Events and Crisis at the Close*, 185

When we can get the heart and the mouth singing the same song, it makes a beautiful duet, friends.—Sermon #0879

Every time we say “Yes” to someone, we have got to say “No” to someone else. Every time we say “Yes” to right, we must say “No” to wrong. And someone is going to get offended.—Sermon #0907

Daniel faced the lion’s den when he was an older man because he could face the king’s dining table when he was a teenager.—Sermon #0907

Husbands, think about your wives. Wives, think about your husbands. If you had to attend a funeral tomorrow, is there anything you would wish you had said that you hadn’t

said? Is there anything you have said that you would wish you had not said? We need to think through both ways. I have been called to preach many a funeral. Sometimes when I see loved ones weeping and wailing and bringing the flowers and kissing the dead one that knows nothing of the love expressed, I wonder in my soul how much of it is a vain attempt to atone for the failures while life lasted.—Sermon #0937

Everyone who makes a true success of an institution is somebody who is carrying on that work as a home and as a family.—Sermon #1496

Do you remember those stones that David selected to use on the giant? What kind of stones were they? Smooth stones. Why smooth? So, they could go out of that sling and to the mark without being diverted. He got them out of a brook. Why out of the brook? The water had been just rubbing those rocks together for hundreds of years, rock on rock, pebble on pebble, until now they were smooth. David knew where to get smooth stones. He'd been over those brooks many times.

When God looks for a smooth stone to put in his sling to use on his great enemy in this closing conflict, He's going to go to a brook where human lives and human hearts have been rubbed together for long enough to make them smooth. I want to learn my lesson. Don't you?—Sermon #1193

Just ahead is the last conflict of the church. It is going to mean everything, friends, to be a part of that center core of the church that is unshaken and unshakable. It is strong to resist the tide of worldliness; it is equally strong to resist the spirit of criticism. It is determined to help answer the prayer of Christ that His church "may be one" as He and the Father are one. Shall we have a part in this? If we do, we shall bring joy to the heart of God and to all our true leaders who, with Jesus, are longing to see a people that reflect fully the divine image.—*Another Ark to Build*, page 109

Thank God, we don't have to tell people how good we are, and bless His name, we don't have to tell people how bad we are. If we tell people how bad we are, we are just parading the shame of our nakedness. If we try to tell people how good we are, we are simply letting them see those little waving fig girdles. But, O friends, why not turn their eyes and our eyes clear away from us. Let's witness about Jesus.—Sermon #1024

My friends, there is one thing worse than not using foresight—it's not even using hindsight.—Sermon #0174

We would like to go home right now. How long will it be? Is there anything we can do about it? There is something we can do about it. That is to follow the directions that the Master has given us. If the energy that has been devoted in recent years to thinking up new ideas, new plans, new methods, and new inventions of how to get the work done had been given in reading these books God has given us and doing what He says, we would have been in the kingdom before now.

God is not waiting for some bright mind to think up something better than He gave us through inspiration. He is looking for some generation that will simply take Him at His Word and do what He said. Will you be that one?—Sermon #0587

There is no way to add to the joy in Heaven on the other end. The only way to get any more is to start earlier.—Sermon #1491

The greatest contribution I can make to the finishing of the work is to be where I belong.—Sermon #1166

The strength we need comes not from talking about our burdens but from talking to our Burden-bearer.—Sermon #0161

We do not become established in truth by investigating error. We become established in truth by studying truth.—Sermon #1103

I don't want to fail Him ever again, do you, friends? But the ground of my hope is not that I will never fail Him again; the ground of my hope is that He has never failed me and never will. That's the thing. I know He'll keep His word.—Sermon #0079

Appendix B

How Others Remember Me

Elder Frazee was one of my closest and dearest friends. The man and his message spoke of Christ in a simple yet direct way—even a child could hear and understand. As the years pass, I find Elder Frazee's sermons to be timelier than ever before. While serving as a missionary in Asia, I had the opportunity to listen to dozens of Elder Frazee sermons. In that jungle "classroom," I received many life-changing lessons. Years later, I

still am richly blessed when I turn to hear the voice of my old friend, long since passed into the grave and sleeping in Christ. By God's grace, the influence of one man can stretch out to touch many lives. The ransom has been paid; the reunion is just ahead. One day I hope to thank Elder Frazee for being a willing instrument in God's hand to richly bless my life.—Luther Keith

It was my privilege to hear many of W. D. Frazee's clear, compelling, Christ-centered messages in person. Elder Frazee's way of presenting truth was a model for letting the Word speak with power.

I saw the Holy Spirit use him to bring many people to the Lord Jesus during the 1970s in the Wildwood Chapel. In one of my early evangelistic series in which he assisted me, I had made an appeal to which there seemed to be little or no response.

Elder Frazee arose and came to the pulpit and said to the audience, "If I were you, I'd make a rush for the kingdom," to which several immediately responded. No wonder his influence in my early ministry continues to this day.—Steve Cook, Evangelist

I will never forget the series of sermons that Elder Frazee gave at a camp meeting in Florida. His sermons were deeply moving and touched the heart. When he had finished his last sermon on Friday morning, instead of meeting the people as many speakers do, he simply walked away, and I saw him no more. This left the full impact of his message in my heart. I may have wanted to thank him, but he wasn't there to thank, so I could only thank God, which I am sure was the goal of the messages that we had heard during the week.—Pastor Richard O'Fill

I met Elder Frazee many years ago as a new Adventist. I was about to leave the church, and he had a profound influence on me in an understanding of the uniqueness of the SDA message and our part in end-time events.

I have come across many people who have been helped through his ministry, and so I believe that his messages could profoundly help many more with an understanding of this

end-time message and that it will help prepare a people to give the loud cry and prepare us for Jesus to come.—Pastor Herb Paholka

Elder Frazee is the most practical preacher I've ever listened to. He could find gold in God's Word where others saw only grey granite. He could then refine that gold into user-friendly, easy-to-apply, life-changing truth.—Frank Fournier, President of Eden Valley Institute, Loveland, Colorado

I was exposed to Brother Frazee through *Ransom and Reunion*; and then I ran into some old, dusty tapes. He wasn't the kind of preacher I was used to. He spoke softly and slowly! I am impressed that his message was so potent that it needed no help. That wisdom should *not* be buried.—Jeffrey Rosario, Ph.D.

The spirit of a man cannot be reduced to words, be they many or few. And, when that man is an intellectual and spiritual giant, the futility of a testimony or complete biographical sketch is clearly inadequate. Such is my feeling, with the shadow of respect that has followed the life witness of the man who shared his faith, his love for humanity, and his life quest for wisdom with a young physician years ago. W. D. Frazee was in his ministerial prime when I came on the scene at the Medical Missionary Institute, simply called Wildwood. I heard his call to service when still a medical student, offering little in earthly remuneration but a great call to Medical Evangelism, a "residency," he termed it. The call was heeded, and Wildwood became my home for the next twelve years. Decades later, I still feel that it was the best decision of my life to work, serve, and study with Elder Frazee at Wildwood. Here are a few vignettes from those years, memories that are still vivid, warm, and life-changing.

There was the month when Elder Frazee was out of town. He had spent a week in England, staying in the home of Pastor Finley. And while there, he suffered a fall, injuring his back severely. The painful injury was healing slowly, and he was on his journey back to Wildwood. One of his personal assistants thought to do him a favor, building a fire in Elder Frazee's fireplace, intending to dispel dampness, and leave the home warm and fresh-smelling before his beloved mentor should return. Unfortunately,

the fire ignited creosote in the chimney, and the blaze spread to engulf the entire house. Everything in the building burned to the ground. Priceless evangelistic materials, a tapestry of the sanctuary services, personal pictures, manuscripts, books, and family heirlooms all burned in the mountain blaze. The brother, humbled and crestfallen, called Elder Frazee to apologize and report the tragic loss. With scarcely a moment's hesitation, Elder Frazee calmly replied, "Well, if God doesn't need that stuff anymore, I guess I don't either." His acceptance of the loss put an end to grieving and greatly impressed this physician who stood by that day, listening to his end of the conversation. There was no mourning about things. People are what really counted to him.

There was a powerful reason why so many people crowded into the Wildwood Chapel each Friday evening when Elder Frazee was home. Those vesper talks spoke to each heart, often on the same subject of their personal meditations or family need. The Bible was opened with reverence and awe, and lessons new and old came forth from sanctified lips on subjects familiar or prophecies unexplored. Personal appeals for renewed consecration, repentance, and the guidance of God, followed each discourse. The altar calls were always varied, personal, and never embarrassing. Lives were changed, redirected, and victories gained from week to week, including mine, many times.

The personal ministry of Elder Frazee touched many staff members, especially those that chose to draw closer. Like John the beloved, who spent quality time with the Master, I felt drawn to this godly leader. Often, discussing campus, church, or spiritual issues, we would go for a walk down one of the trails which he or Sister Helen, his faithful wife, had created through the Wildwood hills and forests. Then, reaching a point in our sojourn, either because of the discussion or just an inviting place to seek the Creator on our knees, Elder Frazee would simply say, "Here is a nice place to pray. Let's kneel together and share these things with the One who knows all the answers."

I learned how to minister to others' hearts as my own was touched more than once with the simple petition. His prayers for this young medical missionary were fervent, hence effectual. I don't know where I would be today without those experiences.

It is in a crisis that character is revealed. And when his life companion, Sister Helen, passed away one afternoon, it became my doctor responsibility to call Elder Frazee to share the sad news. She had asked to sit under an evergreen tree, having just eaten her

last lunch. While in that serene and much-beloved meditation, human nature gave way to a sudden stroke. It was a treasured memory, her last testimony, and I was able to recall what she said word for word. Elder Frazee's response to the inquiry about how he was "doing" with the unexpected bereavement was simply these words, "The anchor holds." And now that song has an even deeper meaning for this physician, with the experience of years requiring me to bear many tidings to people, both good news and the opposite.

A tall man casts a long shadow. Today we have his books, his sermons, and his legacy to inspire us. I am so grateful for the faithful W. D. Frazee Sermons team, who have made his messages available on the internet. It is my hope and prayer that this ministry will carry a vital end-time life-changing message around the world, for time is short to spread the everlasting gospel, the principles of medical missionary evangelism—the vision that kept our mentor, Elder W. D. Frazee, alive and ministering for over ninety years. May those of us who follow eagerly pick up the torch and carry it to the finish line. "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"—Richard A. Hansen, M.D.

Appendix C

An Outline of Elder Frazee's Itinerant Medical-Evangelistic Campaigns

August of 1930–August 1931, San Jose, California.

Elder Frazee and J. Lee Neil were called by the California Conference to head one of their first well-documented gospel-medical-missionary-evangelistic campaigns. Out of 18 workers, only two were conference paid, and the rest were self-supporting—doing colporteur, mechanics, nursing, and other lines of work to support the company. Each worker first kept what money they felt they needed for personal expenses, and then they gave the rest to the general company fund that paid for food, the rent of two houses for workers, and other expenses. In addition to the 18 company workers, 60 church members were trained to give Bible studies. This effort resulted in 50 baptisms in its first year. J. Lee Neil continued to lead the San Jose Company while W.D. Frazee led an expansion of the group to Ogden, Utah.

September 15, 1931–February 1933—Ogden, Utah.

Fifty-six baptisms doubled the membership of the local church. In addition, the company also helped establish an elementary school that developed an attendance of 36. Impressive when you consider that the entire state only had about 143 Advents just before Elder Frazee's company arrived. The company varied in size from 15 workers to one time as many as 29 workers. In addition to the many lines of gospel work that the San Jose company had performed, Elder Frazee gave health lectures to all of the high schools in the city, spoke in several Mormon churches, and made good use of the radio and newspaper. This company also operated a successful bakery in the basement of their company home. The bakery, along with colporteur, nursing, and one conference salary, were the sole means of support for the little band of workers. The company planned to make this work permanent and signed a lease to rent The Hiland Fruit Farm on the outskirts of the city. Even though Elder Frazee and a number of workers moved to Salt Lake City, Ben Brown and Robert Bridgeman continued the work on the Hiland Fruit Farm. Willie White (Ellen White's youngest surviving son) kept in close contact with this company. He would often write encouraging letters, give the company pre-press-release editions of his mother's books, and visit the company. Elder Frazee remembers that at one such visit, Elder White was seated at their company table and told them, "Mother would have been so happy to see this. This is just the kind of work that she was calling for!"

February of 1933–1934 Salt Lake City, Utah.

One report mentioned 110 baptisms, but that report included the baptisms from the Ogden. The "company" numbered 18 at this time, and all stayed in one mission home. This mission home was in a good location—on the south side of the city, next to the church they were working with and the conference office. It also had a garden plot and fruit trees. Elder Frazee's brother Titus joins him as a singing evangelist during this campaign. As in Ogden, Elder Frazee lectured in the public high schools and addressed 9,000 students collectively over only a five-week period. By this time, the Field Training school in San Francisco had closed. So, Elder Frazee's group took on more of a role of training workers in gospel-medical-missionary evangelism. Several of his workers branched off to start their own mission projects in Utah, Oregon, and other places. On June 9, 1933, Elder Frazee married H. Helen Larsen.

1935–1937 Tulsa and Sapulpa, Oklahoma

The correspondence brings out that Elder Frazee worked in both Sapulpa and Tulsa at the same time but just split up his group to do it.

1935 Tulsa

Frazee's company started a revolving fund to help support some special projects, such as special equipment for the nurses in the group, and as they received money for their treatments, they would pay back the money into the fund with interest. A report of 102 baptisms in 1935 and a newly organized church due to the large influx of new members.

1936 Sapulpa, Tulsa

There is a report of 55 baptisms by May of 1936.

1937

Elder Frazee announced the loss of one of his workers (Mildred Child) to infantile paralysis. His group incorporated under the name Medical Mission and reported 33 baptisms, with a total of around 200 since coming to Oklahoma. He stressed that during this campaign, they did more to help the poor and sick than in any previous campaign.

December of 1937–1938, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

During this campaign, Elder Frazee conducted a layman's Medical Missionary Institute through January and February 1937. Forty attended this course. This was an early beginning of what would later develop into the Wildwood Health Evangelism Course. This was an effort aimed at bringing medical missionary work to laymen. It must also have been an effort to resurrect at least some of the good work which had ended with the closing of the San Francisco Field Training School, which closed in 1932. Many of the students from the Layman's Institute participated in the evangelistic campaign, which was held April 3—August 11, 1937, which resulted in 44 baptisms immediately after the campaign and 50 candidates preparing for baptism.

April of 1939–1940, New Orleans, Louisiana.

There are no reports on baptisms. However, Elder Frazee attended a dedication of a new church which would be pastored by his previous colleague—J. Lee Neil. It is possible and likely that this church was a result of Elder Neil's efforts there. The Arkansas-Louisiana Conference president was chairman of a board for a sanitarium to be

established near New Orleans, and Elder Neil was listed as business manager. Elder Frazee started his own efforts there shortly after the dedication service. There is a report of Frazee's evangelistic company's finances. They had to deposit 25.00 before they joined the company; they had to pay their own expenses, and they were paid \$.10 an hour for fieldwork. They earned \$.10 to \$.20 per hour for their domestic labors.

1941, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

We could find very few records of this campaign. However, Elder Frazee claimed in his sermons that this was his most successful campaign yet and that he was called to go hold another gospel-medical-missionary campaign in Little Rock, Arkansas. He was working for the Arkansas-Louisiana Conference at this time, and he and his company received strong support and appreciation from them. It was just as Elder Frazee and his company were getting ready to start the new effort that they received the news from Neil Martin of the opportunity to move his company up to Wildwood. The rest is history.