

## Chapter 1

### A Program Powered by Prayer - Wildwood

A blown gasket, a defunct car, a godly physician, three committed laymen, and a kindly Providence combined to lay the foundation for the Wildwood Sanitarium and Hospital.

It all happened back in the fall of 1941 when Neil Martin was searching for property on which to establish a rural sanitarium and medical missionary institute for the training of lay workers. He had hopes that W. D. Frazee and George McClure would join him in the establishment of such an institution. Just outside Chattanooga, Tennessee, the old car he was driving blew a gasket. While the car was being repaired, Brother Martin dropped in to see Dr. O. M. Hayward, a Seventh-day Adventist physician practicing in the city, who was also much interested in the self-supporting work. His office happened to be just across the street from the garage where the car was being worked on.

“What are you doing here?” the kindly doctor queried.

“I am searching for a site to do the work Ellen White instructed God’s people to do,” Brother Martin replied.

“You know the servant of the Lord has told us the cities should be worked from outposts,” he continued. “She says in Medical Ministry, page 308, ‘It would be well to secure a place as a home for our mission workers outside of the city.’”

“Then I believe your search is over. I think I have exactly what you are looking for.” Dr. Hayward spoke with enthusiasm. “I would like for you to have a look at the farm I have out here in the country a ways.”

At first Brother Martin demurred.

“No, I would not want to interrupt the good work you are doing in this field. I am looking for a new place where, with some friends, I can develop a new work.”

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But Dr. Hayward was not to be denied. “It’s out in the country a little ways,” he insisted. “At least let’s go out and have a look at it.”

And “out in the country a ways” the two men went - ten miles, in fact, southwest of Chattanooga. Here, Dr. Hayward’s 500-acre farm, nestled in the low hills of north Georgia and Tennessee, seemed to be just waiting to become the site for the very dream the men had in mind. Here, the mountainous wooded area sweeps up to the top of Raccoon Mountain in Tennessee. The whole campus faces historic Lookout Mountain, and the area within a twenty-five mile radius is saturated with history of Civil War battles.

Before undertaking their new venture, Brother Martin and Brother McClure drove to Atlanta to counsel with Elder R. I. Keate, president of the Georgia-Cumberland Conference. They also discussed their plans with Elder J. K. Jones, then president of the Southern Union. They desired to work closely with denominational leaders and organization.

The deal was closed. Wildwood Sanitarium and Hospital was born just a few weeks after Pearl Harbor - January, 1942. Dr. Hayward turned the property over to Wildwood’s founders with only a \$3000 note of indebtedness. The balance was a gift of love for a work he wholeheartedly believed in. Wildwood was on its way to becoming a lighthouse of truth, for more than the Chattanooga area. Its rays of light were destined to reach out across the United States, Canada, and Mexico; jump the oceans; and send their beams into Puerto Rico, Belize, Honduras, Japan, Korea and Zambia.

“That’s the most I’ve ever put my name to,” Elder Frazee declared later as he signed the note.

“Me too,” Brother McClure replied. “But I feel sure we have done the right thing, and God will see us through.”

With the erection of a whole new plant ahead of them, the Wildwood leaders realized their skills were inadequate to do all of the building work ahead.

“When we began planning the program seriously, we had only one man on the place who knew anything about building,”

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one of the staff recalls, “and, of all things, he was a roofer! This was hardly the place for us to commence work!”

Thus began a saga of Christian faith, earnest prayer, and hard work which has thrilled hearts around the world.

Wildwood leaders trace their roots back to larger and older institutions.

“When I think of our work here at Wildwood,” Brother Frazee says thoughtfully, “I think of two great sources - Loma Linda and Madison. From the beginning of our work there have always been on our staff and faculty some who were trained at Loma Linda and some who received their training at Madison.”

Elder Frazee, himself, took his medical missionary training at Loma Linda.

Soon after the founders took over their new property, they felt the need for erecting a modest sanitarium building in which they could carry on the medical missionary work the Lord had instructed His people to do.

“This sanitarium in which we are meeting this morning is indeed a house of prayer,” Elder Frazee declared one day years later when the sanitarium building had become a reality. “Not only is it a place where prayer is offered, indeed it was built by prayer.”

One morning soon after their arrival at Wildwood, Elder Frazee, Brother Martin, and Brother McClure led their little company of fellow workers out to the spot on which the new building should be erected.

“Our service that morning was very simple,” Elder Frazee recalls. “We had prayer, put down a shovel, and turned over a spadeful of earth, took a picture of the fifteen or twenty workers, and that was it.”

The band of workers who had been assembled by this time had a busy program ahead. Houses must be erected for workers. Firewood had to be cut. Later, gardens were to be planted, trees and grapevines set out. Grounds must be readied to care for enlarged programs. Where houses were not

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available, workers lived in tents. Endless duties demanded their attention during those early challenging months.

To help financially with the project, nurses went out into the Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain areas to work. All their income went into a general fund to help keep the project viable.

There was no delay in setting out to undertake the missionary work they had come to Wildwood to do. Staff members were busy giving health lectures and Bible studies, and some found themselves teaching Sunday Schools in nearby churches.

Willing minds, busy hands, tireless feet were the standard tools of trade for those Wildwood pioneers. They had no bulldozers, no tractors, or other modern machinery. Firm faith, persevering prayer, dogged determination, and a few ordinary tools made up the lack.

There was a dream to be realized, a sanitarium to be built. So one day the men hitched up their one team of mules and went to work by faith. An old plow, a worn scraper, a few handpicks and shovels were soon throwing out earth, excavating for the basement of the new building.

They had no lumber, no bricks, no cement, no plumbing, no light fixtures - in fact "no nothing" to erect the superstructure. There was not even a carpenter to lead out in the construction work. This little group prayed. God heard. God answered. Dan Brown, an experienced carpenter, offered his services to the Wildwood staff. Soon they completed a barn near the site where Locust Cottage now stands.

"I'm ready for more work," Brother Brown informed Elder Frazee and his helpers one day. "Really we ought to be putting up a sanitarium building on that excavation you men dug some months ago."

An excursion into Chattanooga in a search for materials proved fruitless. It was wartime. Building materials were almost impossible to obtain. The Wildwood workers returned home disappointed but not discouraged. God was still in His heaven.

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Since this was the work He had instructed His people to do, they were confident He would not disappoint them.

The little group prayed. God heard.

An ad appeared in a Chattanooga paper offering some old buildings for sale. An abandoned construction camp, located on the Ocoee River about seventy-five miles from Wildwood would have to be torn down and the materials trucked to the sanitarium site

“Let’s go and look it over,” Elder Frazee suggested. “This may be God’s providence at work.”

It was indeed God’s providence. Here they found fourteen large and small buildings that, in their heyday, had accommodated several hundred men with dormitories. They would provide many of the necessary building materials to get the new sanitarium under construction. They could all be purchased for \$1000.

But they had no money - and a thousand dollars was a lot of money back in 1943.

“We can’t miss this opportunity,” Brother Koenig declared “I’ll help you out.” He backed up his words with \$600 in cash. The deal was closed. The buildings were purchased.

Now the intrepid workers faced another problem - a big one. They had fourteen buildings with thousands of feet of lumber nails windows, and other needed building materials. How could these buildings ever be dismantled, the lumber stacked, and other valuable materials cared for?

The little group prayed. God heard. Soon He revealed His plan.

At the time, Wildwood was hosting a self-supporting workers’ institute in conference-loaned tents, erected on grounds near the excavation site. The spirit of loving service came into one of their meetings in a remarkable manner.

“We will go and tear down those buildings,” the workers volunteered.

Later they did just that. Laboring under the hot summer sun, they razed building after building. The volunteers piled great stacks of lumber, salvaged kegs of used nails, and cared

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for doors, windows, and other needed materials. A sanitarium was assured - that is, it was assured if they could find a way to transport the materials seventy-five miles to the building site. Here was a major problem to tax the coffers, and the faith of Wildwood leaders.

What did the little group do?

They prayed. God heard.

A local trucker was willing to undertake the job, but he wanted \$30 a load to move the materials. This, Brother Pine, foreman of the project, well knew was beyond their financial resources.

“I know where there is a truck for sale,” he told Elder Frazee, “but the owner wants \$470 for it. It needs a bit of work done on it, but we reckon we can care for that. Is there any chance of buying the truck?”

Elder Frazee thought for a moment.

“I’m sure we don’t have funds to pay \$30 a load to move all these things to Wildwood, and I don’t know where we will get the \$470 to buy the truck. But I’m sure the Lord didn’t give us all of this lumber just to pile up and rot on the riverbank. Let us kneel down right here and ask God to show us the direction in which we should move and how we can find money to care for the expenses.”

Brother and Sister Pine, Brother Brainard, and Elder Frazee knelt there on the mountainside, underneath the stars, and asked God to open a way for them to move the piles of lumber to Wildwood.

God heard their prayers that Thursday night. His answer came the very next day.

On Friday when Elder Frazee returned to Wildwood to care for the weekend services, he found a check in his mail. Of course it was for, yes, \$500. Thirty dollars more than they needed to purchase the truck.

“The Lord sent a little extra for gas,” one worker explained.

The kind benefactor whom the Lord impressed to send the check was not even a Seventh-day Adventist. In fact, she was not acquainted with any of the workers at the embryonic

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institution. God had used “a friend of a friend” to meet the urgent need at the time.

“Isn’t it nice to have friends, and for friends to have friends?” mused Elder Frazee years later as he reminisced over the Lord’s leading, “and especially when the friends’ friends’ hearts are open to the impressions of the Holy Spirit?”

Our God does things on time. The right amount of money came the very day funds were needed to purchase the truck to move the lumber. There was no haste, no delay, and no miscalculation regarding the amount needed.

The building materials were moved. The ancient truck held together and performed in stalwart fashion. The old tires held up until the last load was moved - but that final trip had to be made with no spare. Shortly thereafter, God’s truck was retired, but it had done its work well. At a crucial time it was God’s answer to some workers’ prayers.

“Brethren,” Brother Brainard said one morning some months later, “those piles of lumber aren’t doing us any good out there under the trees. We ought to be building the new sanitarium.”

All agreed and were anxious to get busy putting up the new building on the excavation site that had been waiting in readiness for many months.

It was still wartime, however. Skilled workers were hard to find. By faith the men went to the site, cleaned it off, dug and poured the footings. How could they find a mason, skilled in laying blocks?

The little group prayed. God’s answer was already on its way to Wildwood.

Douglas Hagan arrived on the Wildwood campus ready for work.

“I want to colporteur during the week, and attend classes in the evening,” he informed Elder Frazee. “Laying brick is my line. I can do that on Sunday.”

The walls began to rise as Brother Hagan layed blocks Sunday after Sunday. Soon the walls were completed and the roof was on.

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But there was no plumber - no member of the Wildwood staff was experienced in the installation of plumbing fixtures and pipes. Too, there were no funds to pay such a worker, even if he were available.

What to do?

The workers prayed.

On Thanksgiving Day, 1944, a pickup truck from Tulsa, Oklahoma rolled onto the Wildwood campus. Two men stepped out.

“You don’t need any plumbers around this place, do you?” Brother Glen Chase greeted Brother Frazee jovially.

The elder immediately recognized Brother Chase as a candidate he had baptized many years before in Tulsa.

“We sure do!” Elder Frazee responded enthusiastically. “You are an answer to our prayers.”

Together the men walked to the sanitarium site, where the walls were standing without plumbing fittings or fixtures.

“We’ll take care of that,” Brother Chase assured the brethren. “We have a week’s vacation, and I don’t know of a better way or a better place to spend it than right here getting this job done.”

Fine. But where were they going to buy plumbing pipes, fittings, and fixtures? It was 1944. Wartime supplies for civilian projects were not easy to come by. However, a prayerful exploration of Chattanooga firms revealed a small shop on Market Street where they were able to purchase \$600 worth of needed supplies. One of the vacationing brethren even dug down into his own pocket to help pay a good share of the bill.

God was still leading. Prayers were being answered.

A week later, two smiling plumbers bade farewell to their grateful hosts, the plumbing job completed. As the men drove off campus in their Ford pickup, headed back to Oklahoma, the little band of Wildwood workers felt like singing the Doxology as they watched the truck disappear in a flurry of snow. The Lord had led them past another milestone.

Building materials, truck, carpenters, masons, plumbers, and plumbing fixtures - the Lord sent them all just when they



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were needed. But that is not all. A painter, just at the right time, a boiler and the \$2500 to pay for it came too, just on time - all from the hands of a loving God who meets the needs of His earthbound children. His purposes know no haste and no delay.

“Every floor and every room in that old sanitarium has a story of Providence and answered prayer,” Elder Frazee declared years later, as he reflected upon the moving of God’s Spirit in the erection of the sanitarium.

Personnel and funds were needed to erect and equip Haskell Hall and to establish a school to train missionary nurses. Workers from the Takoma Hospital in Greenville, Tennessee, a sister self-supporting institution, responded readily and generously. They invested hundreds of free-labor hours and thousands of dollars in cash in Wildwood.

During the late sixties, Wildwood leaders commenced to plan in earnest for the erection of a modern hospital building accommodating thirty-six beds, the administrative block, and room for the auxiliary services. As usual, funds were short, but faith was strong. Enthusiasm for the project ran high.

According to estimates, some \$400,000 would be required to complete the project. However, with only \$ 10,000 cash in hand, work on the building commenced June 11, 1967. Thousands of hours of free labor were subscribed. Everyone was encouraged to make a pledge towards the building, no matter how small that pledge might be.

“You may be able to give only 10 cents a month, but pledge and give. The important thing is not how much you give, but how willingly you give,” the leaders told the workers and their families. “We want everyone to receive the blessing and to experience the joy that comes with knowing that you personally had a part in erecting this new building in which so many will be serving in the future.”

At the time building work commenced, only funds sufficient to pour the footings were in hand.

“That’s all, and we have no more promises,” Elder Frazee told the workers. “I may tell you something else - never once in

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the thirty-two years we've been at Wildwood have we gone to the bank to borrow money to go ahead with."

Move ahead, they did - by faith and on their knees in prayer. The money began flowing in. Some in small contributions. Some in large amounts. The work proceeded only as funds were available.

During construction, the builders ran into a problem that appeared very difficult to solve.

"In your operating room, you must have conductive tile to prevent static electricity and explosions," experienced builders told them. Government inspectors are very strict with these requirements." The local workmen also learned that it required specialists with long experience to lay the tile.

"Who is going to do the work for you?" asked the merchant from whom they were purchasing the tiles.

"Why, we are," Brother Callahan replied.

"Don't do that," the businessman urged. "I've been in this business over thirty years, and I know experts are required to do that job. Sometimes even experienced tile-layers have to take up whole floors and do them all over."

Since there was no money to hire professionals, our brethren decided there was only one way to get the job done - do it themselves. Every morning, before they commenced work, they prayed, asking the Lord to give special wisdom and skill to do the job properly. Once again, God answered their prayers.

When the job was completed, the inspector checked everything carefully. He looked puzzled.

"You know, I don't understand this," he said, "I've been checking this kind of tile for years, and I've never seen a better job."

"The Lord knows something about tiling too!" the brethren told one another after the inspector had gone.

The construction of the new sanitarium was a humbling, as well as a challenging endeavor. Often bills came in faster than did funds to pay them.

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“I was constantly being knocked to my knees,” comments Herb Atherton, treasurer of the institution at the time. “Sometimes we would have bills totaling \$50,000 a month, with no money in sight to meet them.”

Then the band of institutional workers - growing larger now - would go to God in prayer. He would answer. Money would come. Through blood, sweat, tears, and miracles, the new plant was completed and dedicated to God’s glory on August 1, 1971.

This was the story in those early days of Wildwood’s history. Power in prayer. Miles of miracles. Gallons of perspiration. Paeans of praise. This is the glad story of Wildwood.

“But the greatest miracle I’ve seen at Wildwood,” Elder Frazee declares, “is the miracle of God’s grace at work upon human hearts, changing lives and characters, making them like Jesus. It’s a wonderful thing to behold men and women who have had professional training, as well as other skilled and unskilled workers, come to Wildwood, receive training in the unique medical missionary philosophy, and fit into the program.

“The only time miracles happen is when somebody who is doing something for God is ‘sunk’ unless the miracle happens,” the veteran leader explains. “The only way to have a miracle happen is to get out on a limb with God. This must be not in presumption, but in doing something God wants done, and you know God wants it done. You must be willing to work with all you have and be willing to sacrifice and go without to make your project succeed. When there is still something beyond what you can do, God steps in and does it for you. This is the way miracles happen.”

Miracles can never come to people who always know where things are coming from - those who have everything provided. Miracles come, as Elder Frazee points out, to those who are willing to get out on a limb with God.

What of Wildwood today, some forty years after the Lord used a blown gasket, a defunct car, a godly physician, and three

committed laymen to establish the institution? Mrs. Pierson and I spent three weeks on campus in November 1978. We were guests in their beautiful modern sanitarium and hospital with twenty patient rooms. We became part of their reconditioning program. We walked miles along their wooded trails and rocky ledges, beside flowing streams. We enjoyed their tasty meals. We experienced the tender loving care manifested by every worker in the hospital.

Wildwood is truly an international Adventist family. Patients, students, and staff workers come from many sections of North America, even a few from Europe, the Orient, South and Central America, and Africa. One of my therapists at Wildwood was a former pop singer in a London, England band. What changes had been made in the lives of this man and his wife! They are now loving and lovable Christians, living for others.

Most of Wildwood's physicians are graduates of Loma Linda University's School of Medicine. They treat their patients with up-to-date hospital techniques, with special emphasis on preventive medicine. The eight natural remedies recommended by the spirit of prophecy are given their proper place: "Pure air, sunlight, abstemiousness, rest, exercise, proper diet, the use of water, trust in divine power." - *The Ministry of Healing*, p. 127.

Emphasis on removing the cause, instead of merely reducing symptoms, is the approach Wildwood workers use in the treatment of disease.'

"Wildwood has made a real impact on the Chattanooga business community with their health food store," says Elder Desmond Cummings, then president of the Georgia-Cumberland Conference. "Their Five-Day Plans to Stop Smoking have been very successful, in addition to the hospital program itself. They have a Fine staff of physicians there now [1979] and are doing a great work in rehabilitation."

Wildwood offers a variety of special programs for the community. The Vege-A-Weigh weight-control session was in full swing when we were on campus. It was evident that those overweight ones were getting a good workout - and liking it. I

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didn't hear a murmur about the diet from these slenderizing individuals. I noticed their plates always appeared amply loaded at lunch time with good, nourishing food.

The cardiac-conditioning program also does much to bring help and hope to those with heart problems. Other programs include executive health care, family-centered childbirth, and the Five-Day Plan to Stop Smoking. An annual medical seminar draws interested medical personnel from all over North America.

In Chattanooga, Wildwood personnel operate a successful vegetarian restaurant. Weekly radio programs and special temperance work in area schools also make a favorable impact.

While we were on campus, we saw much in the Chattanooga papers and heard much on the radio indicating that Wildwood's voice is being heard loud and clear in the area. High school officials were inviting our doctors to their campuses in an attempt to cut down smoking among both faculty and students. Mrs. Rita Vital is blessed in her public relations endeavor. The people of Hamilton County, Tennessee, and surrounding counties in Tennessee and Georgia are very much aware of Wildwood's program - winning young and old to Christ and His last-day message. Staff and students alike keep busy giving Bible studies, conducting branch Sabbath Schools, distributing literature, and sharing their faith in other ways throughout nearby communities.

Through the years, Wildwood evangelism has been responsible for the establishment of five new churches - Jasper and St. Elmo in Tennessee, and Lookout Mountain, New England, and Wallaceville in Georgia.

As I sat in the neat little church in Tiftonia, Tennessee, November 18, 1978, enjoying the Sabbath School and preaching service, I could easily imagine myself back in Grinnell, Iowa, where I went to church over half a century earlier. Brother Fred Callahan, Wildwood missionary to Zambia, preached a heart-warming sermon that morning. I felt comfortable being there.

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The Tiftonia chapel and the members who worship there each week comprise one of Wildwood's current missionary-outreach projects. Workers from the institution and other members of the church have been responsible for erecting the building and paying for it. As the membership grows and strong leadership is assured, it should become a fully organized church in the Georgia-Cumberland Conference.

Two other companies - one in nearby Trenton, Georgia, and one at Stonecave, Tennessee, are likewise in the developing stage. Some day they, too, will be part of the sisterhood of churches in the conference.

Thousands of dollars in tithes and offerings flow into the conference treasury each month, for Wildwood members support the Adventist Church, both at home and abroad. The sanitarium and hospital pays tithes into the conference, including tithes on student labor credits earned by those working their way through school, but who receive no cash.

"Does the conference help you any with your church building?" I asked Earl Quails, a physical therapist and a leader in the Tiftonia company.

"We do not ask the conference for help," he replied. "We are glad to be used of the Lord to raise up these churches and also to build church homes for the members."

I was impressed with the truly sacrificial basis on which the workers at Wildwood serve - physicians, dentists and nurses included. All share and share alike the burdens and blessings of the self-supporting program. They are engaged in this work because they love the Lord, and service means far more to them than silver - or "long green."

Wildwood's daughter institutions, some small, some not so small, number about forty, according to Warren Wilson, President of the Wildwood Sanitarium Corporation, who keeps fingers on the pulse of this widely scattered system of schools and medical-missionary healthcare units. Some of these daughters of Wildwood we will visit in later chapters of this book, so we will not elaborate on them here.

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“As soon as a newly established unit is strong enough, we turn the property over to the new group,” Brother Wilson told me. “We feel the units should be self-governing as soon as they are able, and not be dependent upon Wildwood to operate their programs for them. This, we believe, develops local strength and initiative.

“The Wildwood Board,” he explained further, “is composed of twenty-five members, including some leaders from small institutions in the Wildwood orbit. These all have a voice in the operation of the Wildwood institutions.”

An officer from Wildwood serves on each of the other institutional boards. This affords a tie-in that keeps the total program moving forward under similar operating policies, while each institution still remains an independent unit.

“We are so structured,” Warren Wilson says, “that we maintain a unity without being interdependent. If Wildwood, or any of the smaller units, should, for some reason ‘go under,’ the other institutions would not suffer. Only the bonds of love bind Wildwood units together.”

At the time of my last visit, Wildwood and its daughters were operating eleven vegetarian restaurants, seven health food stores, nine academies, and sixteen training schools for older adults.

“It is a blessing that we here in Wildwood do not have a lot of money to appropriate to the smaller units,” Brother Wilson says, “for then they would be looking to us for help. Now they have to depend on the Lord for their help.”

God’s hand has been evidenced as qualified doctors came to support the medical missionary project on the Georgia-Tennessee state line. In the early days it was not easy to find physicians whose philosophy of medical treatment squared with that which Wildwood leaders felt the “red books” prescribed.

“The picture of God’s providence is not all written in gold, glory, silver and brilliant stones,” Elder Frazee declares today. “There have been some dark shadows and heavy curtains in God’s picture for Wildwood. We have known the shadows of Gethsemane, and at times, the darkness of Calvary, but we

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praise the Lord for bringing us through each trying hour with firmer faith and hearts grateful for H is leading.”

Through the years, there have been many beautiful answers to prayer in the sickroom. God has used dedicated Christian physicians, nurses, and therapists to save lives and to restore health to some whose cases appeared hopeless, from a human viewpoint.

I have discovered from personal contact, that Elder Frazee and his staff are not looking for the approbation of man. I found them reluctant even to recount some of the prayer miracles that have occurred on the Wildwood campus. Doctors and nurses alike disclaimed any personal skills that should be mentioned.

“Brethren,” Elder Frazee said seriously, “if the things that we relate tend in any way to glorify man, then we will have some harder experiences ahead.”

In telling their stories of divine Providence, I felt the workers at Wildwood were but carrying out the inspired instruction we have been given: “Far more than we do, we need to speak of the precious chapters in our experience. After a special outpouring of the Holy Spirit, our joy in the Lord and our efficiency in His service would be greatly increased by recounting His goodness and His wonderful works in behalf of His children.” - Christ’s Object Lessons, pp. 299,300.

“To praise God in fullness and sincerity of heart is as much a duty as is prayer.” - Ibid., p. 299.

Wildwood leaders do not claim that their institutions have any monopoly on health and healing.

“I would not leave the impression for a moment that I think everyone who comes to Wildwood will get well or should get well,” Elder Frazee says sincerely, “nor do I believe that this is the only place people can find health and healing. Not at all. If God had wanted very many people to come here, He would have made our little institution much bigger.”

Using the Mississippi River as an illustration, Elder Frazee describes the rise and the spread of the work at Wildwood. “I know the Mississippi rises in Minnesota, but I also know there



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are other sources of this river. Little streams from different parts of the country flow into creeks and small rivers that finally make their way to the mighty Mississippi.

“One of those little streams rises near Wildwood. It runs down into the Tennessee River, and on into the Ohio River that finally flows into the Mississippi on the way to the Gulf. There are hundreds of ‘sources’ of the Mississippi River.

“So when we come to tell of the work of God in human experience, there are hundreds of thousands of little rivulets that flow together in the mighty torrent that makes up the total work of God. Wildwood, as a spring of health and healing, is only one of those tiny streams making up God’s mighty river.”

Elder W. D. Frazee plays down the prominent role he has played for several decades in the self-supporting work. “God’s way is to use a team, rather than an individual,” he declares with characteristic modesty.

Nevertheless this man of God has been used through the years to provide the self-supporting work in many places with heaven-blessed leadership. He has hewed closely to the line of instruction laid down for such work in the spirit of prophecy. By both precept and example, he emphasized the need for all workers in self-supporting institutions to stay close to the church. Close cooperation with conferences where Wildwood-oriented institutions are located is the order of the day.

In a letter to me recently, Elder Frazee perhaps summed up the spirit of the self-supporting workers when he wrote: “I realize that what has been accomplished [in our Wildwood program] has been due to the special working of the dear Lord. I thank Him with all my heart that He has done so much in spite of my limitations and mistakes. I rejoice in His promise, ‘Constantly God is laboring to make up man’s deficiencies.’”