

BUILDINGS ??

Our faithful friend Virgil sat along side of me, when we were near finished with our meal he leaned toward me and said, "El, I cut this out of the Sunday paper, I think we could use something like this at the Camp!" I was shocked...it was a picture of the building I had the plans for, except it had a porch on the front.

My former life, before I met Jesus, flashed before me. All my previous life, whenever you had an idea you pushed it so you got the credit. Work, Athletic Club, School Boards! Now, I am the Missionary I should...??? Lord, what should I do! I have learned thru the years when we ask the Lord what we should do we know the answer but we don't listen to the message. We expect the answer to come in some earth shaking way. God speaks to His Spirit within us. Think what it would be like if He spoke with all His Power to all those who are asking simple questions at the same time!

In answer to my question, faster than any computer, I recalled a quotation from a long time ago that I never applied, "Much can be accomplished in the Lord's work if you don't care who gets the credit!" I said, "Gentlemen...Virgil has something he would like you to see. "As the small picture from the Sunday paper went from one to the other around the table...the comments

were, we don't need the porch, how big should they be, how many would we need and a long discussion about what the cost would be and how fast they could be built." While we were preparing to leave I noted in my mind that the questions were not about money but when we could get started?

On my way home, I thanked our Lord for the lesson I really needed. Another problem I discovered, all my previous training was, "Do it my way...and don't ask questions, just do it! Don't waste time!" Lord give me grace when the going gets rough, to be the person you want me to be.

The second meeting in another area went just like the first Virgil showed the picture as he did at the first meeting, with almost the same results. The big questions was when and how do we get started. We would start right after the New Year! I showed them the Blue Prints from the plywood company, they were really pleased that we had that much of a start! It would be my job to get permits. One of the men remembered that some tests had been taken for the septic system if we could find them.

At this time God had been busy removing all the obstacles that we had placed before Him about us going "Home for Christmas"! We were going to be gone for two weeks vacation (we didn't even know we had vacation time coming)! Our Church sent us two one way tickets to Philadelphia. We were only told that we would

not need return tickets, perhaps someone is driving us back!

From our February 1965 News Letter, Quote: "We had twelve wonderful, exhausting days with families and friends, spent time with our grandchildren and got to see our newest grandchild, Wayne Alan, born two days before we left. It was an exciting time, we had lunch, dinner and evening engagements almost everyday. Before lunch we would stop and see someone, after lunch go to another home for a short visit, back to Bob & Jays (our oldest Son & Daughter-in-Law where we stayed and used mostly as a parking place) to freshen up then off to dinner and leave the dinner hosts about nine and go to another group.

We made more than 80 visits in the twelve days, two to the A.S.S.U. Home Office. I visited the Machine Shop where I had worked for almost 30 years and saw many old friends, made four visits to Hospitals, two, to our oldest Son who had a Kidney Stone attack and two, to our youngest Daughter-in-Law Jaunita who had just given birth to our grandson Wayne. When we left they were both in the Hospital, Bob in great pain, Jaunita pert and peppy, it was almost impossible to believe that she had gone thru the rigors of Childbirth only 36 hours before.

There is much more to tell, the tremendous gift from our Home Church towards the purchase of the "62 VW" sedan we drove HOME!" End of Quote! The local used car dealer dropped the price so all we had to pay was the New Jersey license. What a trip!

We arrived home later than we had expected, to find things were moving very well at Wynola. They found the perk tests for the Septic System! This was made for the Drawings that we had seen at the Home Office so they had permits for that. Boys and men were digging the trenches for the leech lines. Much that I had to do was still waiting for me. Plus the fact that I had to attend four different Annual Meetings of Churches! Two of these I had to Moderate.

I went to San Diego with my blue Prints from the Plywood Co. and back home with another problem because they needed Copies for them to check the specifications. They also gave me another curve...we needed a Certified California Architect. Getting the Copies was not a problem. I made some calls to men who were involved with Wynola.

One of them gave me a name and he happened to be the one that drew the plans for the big lodge building. We met and hit it off right away, he looked over the plans and told me to get copies and he would sign them at no cost. Thank you Lord!

We gathered the group of Men from A.S.S.U Sunday Schools and Churches and called them The Board of Directors...even though we had no authority to do so we approved building three buildings 20' x 24' two of which will be dormitories. The other

would be divided into two rest rooms, a small room for the Cooks and the other for a Pastor or Speaker. At this same meeting we decided to do other things also. We opened a bank account for gifts that did not desire a receipt, elected a President, Secretary, and Treasurer! I was appointed un-official Executive V.P. Gopher etc. Basically my responsibility would be to do anything no one else had time to do!

We already had on the grounds the materials for the septic lines but the four hundred feet of trenches was very slow going until a man from Jamul Church brought his back hoe and finished the job including the 8' x 19' seven ft. deep hole for the tank. The Camp had been given a tractor with a bucket on the front and two trucks to haul materials from Poway. One of our men contacted the lumber yard and guaranteed that we would pay our bills before the end of the year. The confidence in that which God would do...was overwhelming!

The plan at this meeting was that the Dorm buildings would sleep a Counselor and Jr. Counselor and Eight Campers each. Eight to ten weeks according to my estimate from last year and growth for the coming summer. A counselors training week would be included. The cooks would be sleeping behind the Rest Rooms We would cook meals and serve them as we did last year!

There was not a word about where Dot and I would sleep, I knew we needed to be near where the campers would sleep!

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While we were discussing the development of the Camp Grounds. Someone said, "What we really need is to be Incorporated and have a Constitution and By-Laws." I replied, "That is true but it would require a Lawyer and we don't have the finances to hire one." Many of the heads were nodding affirmatively...it was so quiet we could hear each other breathing. We were all aware that the Camp Grounds did not belong to us. The real owners were three thousand miles away!

Suddenly there was a motion on the floor and passed! "The Missionary shall find a Lawyer who will do all the required work without charge." My answer was, "That's almost impossible!" Immediately there was a chorus of, "Nothing is impossible with GOD." I replied, "I agree, all of you must help by praying that God would lead me to the right person...I'll start looking on Monday."

Monday my wife and I had our prayer time together and as I was leaving I asked her to continue praying because I didn't have a plan except to get moving. In the car I leaned over the steering wheel and reminded Jesus that HE brought us to this point and I was available for whatever He wanted me to do! Then I decided to go to the largest Church in town surely they would have, or knew, some Lawyer! The "Without Charge" bothered me!

When I reached the Church I went directly to the Office. I

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related my problem to the Receptionist, except the "Without Charge" part. She said she didn't know of any...perhaps the Secretary knew of a Lawyer. Trying to be helpful she left me and walked across the room and talked with an older woman who apparently was the Secretary. Loud enough for me to hear, she said, "I'm positive there are no Lawyers in the Church and we don't need one!" I was just about to thank them for their help when another young lady came into the Office. The receptionist trying to cover her embarrassment said, "Just a moment, let's ask Marie." I related my story to Marie, she shook her head negatively and started to leave...she stopped...turned to me and said, "I just remembered something, I'll be back in a minute."

Immediately she returned with a Pew Card and said, "This seemed odd when I saw it and it stuck in my mind. I was sorting the Cards from yesterday...this one stood out because I didn't know who to give it too." She handed it to me...written on it was, "Palmer Johnson Tax Attorney, I will help in any way I can." Marie asked, "Will that help?" I was so shocked that all I could do was nod my head YES! I handed the card back to Marie, she wrote the name and address and gave it to me. I thanked them both and walked to the car saying, "Thank You Lord! Thank You!! The address was about ten miles away, in a short time I found the home and rang the chimes. Immediately the door swung back as though the person on the inside was waiting for me. I have never been welcomed so cordially in all my life. The Gentleman

who opened the door was tall and straight, in his late sixties with a strong, commanding voice. While we were in the entrance hall we introduced ourselves. Inside, he introduced me to his wife, a very charming person, who took charge of the conversation by showing me Paintings done by her husband. Apparently her husband had begun oil painting as a hobby and she was showing me his paintings to encourage him.

Palmer had many questions, about the Mission, the Churches, Sunday Schools, me, our relationship to the Camp Grounds, who owned it and the relationship? Eventually, we got around to why I was there. In as few words as possible I explained that, anyone who gave a gift to the Camp Grounds of money or material and wanted a tax deductible receipt, the money or a description of the material, had to be sent to the District Office. From there to the Mission back East. From there it was returned to us four or five weeks later. Most of the members felt that we should be buying the property and making our own decisions. We needed to be Incorporated and have our own Constitution and By-laws!

Palmer said he was familiar with all of this. He seemed to be mulling all this over in his mind then he said, "I can do all the things you have need of but I don't have a secretary anymore, so it will take a long time." That did it for me, it was time to talk about cost! I said, "Time is not a problem, we have been struggling without all this for almost two years,

the big problem is the cost." He sat there for a long time with his eyes closed and his index fingers pressed to his lips thinking!

Finally he spoke, "I don't want to get into trouble with my Legal Cohorts for stealing work from them, I'll have to "Bill" the Camp but I'll mark it paid." I don't know how long I sat there trying to absorb the meaning of what he had just said! My mind was going, "Thank You Lord, Thank you!" I began to thank Palmer but he just passed it off, now he was all business. "We need a meeting with your members so I can have a general idea of your operating needs."

We set a time and place as we walked towards the door...with his hand on the knob he said, "That Mr. Grant is a fast worker isn't he?" I asked, "Who is Mr. Grant?" He looked shocked, "Didn't Mr. Grant send you here?" "No, I'm sure the Lord sent me here, I don't know anyone named Grant, who is he?" Palmer was at a loss for words, searching...trying to put things in order. "Mr. Grant writes a Religious Column for the Orange County Newspaper. He came thru here last week encouraging Christian Professional Men & Women to give time in their Profession to the Lord's Work." Then I told him about our meeting on Saturday and the Prayer.

We stood in awe of what GOD had done! When I recovered I said, "It appears that GOD had prepared your heart for us meeting before I knew we had a need. Let's give thanks for this

assurance that we are to work together for the Lord." "We Prayed our thanks." I walked on air on my way to the car. I resisted a desire to run...shout..jump! I calmly got in the car and hurried home to tell my wife.

Palmer did everything that he said he would and more. He came to homes and under the trees at the Camp Grounds for meetings and discussions. A few months later he brought us the final papers. As we began to thank him he held up his hand and said, "This did more for me than it did for you. I enjoy the painting I had been doing but I know now, God can use me. If any of you have a need for anything I can do, please give me a call!"

And did they call! Over the years he Incorporated four Churches on the Field, he also Incorporated or revised three other Camp Grounds. He was always available for whatever God wanted!

I sometimes wonder how many of God's Appointments we miss because we are too busy or don't stop to pray. I personally would have missed one of God's Gifts to me! Palmer became my personal friend...confidant...counselor... sounding board... and many times, when I had a problem he would always point me to Jesus!

I spent much time with Palmer on details of the By-Laws, the Incorporation portion was cut and dried. For a non-profit Corporation any future sale of the property the money could not be divided between any of the Churches or individuals, it must

be given to the State of California or another Non-Profit Corporation! Palmer and I placed A.S.S.U. in that position knowing that a number of Board Members would object to that. We decided to wait until the By-Laws were far enough along to see if we could come up with some preventive Measures. I thoroughly enjoyed the hours I spent with Palmer! We never argued but we discussed and sometimes disagreed on portions. If I disagreed I had to explain completely my reasoning. We both knew it would be months before we had a final draft for the Board to approve and then have A.S.S.U. to agree!

Easter Week was not very far away and plans for Youtharama were beginning to take form, we asked for prayer as we now had sixteen teenagers who wanted to go! P.T.L.

We also asked for prayer for...men to lay block...men, women & boys to drive the thousands of nails in the rigid frames... men during the week to haul stones & tile for the septic lines ...older men & women experienced in pruning fruit trees! It was amazing how God prompted people to come and do what they could to help.

One of our special joys was seeing God fill the pulpits that had been vacant. One was especially pleasing to Dot and me! In answer to my quest to find Pastors I would ask other Pastors or Elders if they knew someone? One day I talked with an older person about a former Pastor, she thought he was just great

but he had been treated badly by their Church. She was so enthusiastic that I wanted to talk with him. I discovered that he was the Manager of a concrete plant that manufactured septic tanks and concrete boxes for coffins. I stopped by one lunch time and introduced myself. Ray was a giant of a man with the softest voice for a man I had ever heard. We enjoyed being together. I stopped by every week or ten days at lunch time, exchanged testimonies and whatever God was doing in our lives!

One day I asked if I could put him on my list for Pulpit supply having never heard him preach. Later I asked him to preach at Pauma Valley Church. The reports were great and in a short time he accepted a call to the Church. Ray and his wife became one of our staunchest friends!

In our February, 1965 Newsletter, I Quote: "Youtharama...Much prayer, seed sowing and talking has been done this past six weeks for Youtharama. We have seen the need and have brought the need to the attention of the adults and teens in various areas but as yet we do not have any areas for Youtharama Easter Week. Perhaps we have presented the needs of the teens too boldly as we have said many times, "There is no lack of dedicated teenage young people, only a lack of dedicated adults."

Many Churches in our Nation lack one of the most important things to keep our teenage people in Church and Christian work. They lack a dedicated couple that places this particular job above

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all others. The couple need not be trained but they must love teens! Someone who is really enjoying their own life in Christ, who can accept the noise, brashness, exuberance, fun and good times with teenagers! Controlling them with a very light but firm hand on the reins. This couple (couple because when they are really close to the young people, they will confide many personal and family problems), must be close to Jesus Christ because there are many frustrations.

The teen years bring with them the strong pulls to the things of the world. This couple must be able, thru the leading of the Holy Spirit, to take advantage of the fleeting moments that come to strengthen these young people in their Spiritual Lives!

Does this sound like an impossible task? We don't think so, as all the requirements stems from one word...LOVE...and this love comes from Jesus Christ!" End of Quote.

One of the special joys for us was attending the Bible Institute of Los Angeles, BIOLA. We were there for five days with the new modern display. We didn't have to hang our heads in shame with this display. It was very attractive and caused many students and adults to stop and talk. We had a great time and enjoyed the speakers and the special meetings with the other Missionaries. But...there were two things that stand out about our first week at Biola! One of these happened in the gym where all the major meetings took place and the other at the home

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where we were staying for the five days.

The first morning at the gym where the meetings for Missions Week were held, (compulsory attendance by students & staff) the Missionaries had to sit on the platform. We had to stand when our name...the name of the Mission and the field of Service was announced.

I must preface this by saying that Suse is still a very, very attractive woman, sharp up to date clothing, make-up and so outstanding compared to the drabness to the other Missionary Women that she had insisted that we sit in the back row on the platform! I was aware that it was her beauty and attractive smile that drew people to us!

While we were sitting there during the program she whispered to me, "Those three women on the front row are talking about me!" I whispered, "No they're not!" When the meeting was nearly over she whispered again, "When the meeting is over I am NOT...walking past those women, let's go out the side door!" I know when not to argue.. sometimes, I nodded my head and said, "O K"!

When the meeting was over we headed for the steps, Suse moved quickly with her head down to find the four or five steps, I had her arm and as we reached the gym floor we heard, "Mrs. Robertson?" The call came from one of the three women that Suse

thought were talking about her! We stopped, I could feel her arm tighten as she prepared for a brow beating from these three women. I'm sure I felt as she did that this confrontation would be better held without so many people around! This is one of those times when we cry out to Jesus without making a sound!

"Mrs. Robertson, we are sure you knew we were talking about you while we were sitting out there!" What could Dot say but the truth, "Yes" and giving me one of those, I told you so looks she continued, "It was obvious!"

"Mrs. Robertson, we want you to know that you are an inspiration for our young ladies about Missions!" They introduced themselves, one was the Dean of women and the others were teachers. They continued to tell Suse about her hair, jewelry, make up! We both thanked them for the encouragement they gave us greenhorns!

We learned a valuable lesson from God that day. "Do not pre-judge anything or situation before we have all the facts!" The rest of the week we sat in the audience and enjoyed everything. Many more young people stopped by the booth and we learned another lesson. The shy young people didn't stop by during the rush hours.

After classes were over the first day my beautiful wife decided that we should go in the Gym and straighten up the display. We stepped inside and were surprised by the number of young

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people walking around the displays browsing! Suse and I were the only Missionaries there. Guess who they talked with? We had a ball, we felt that these young people were the most likely to be seriously talking with the Lord about Missions.

That evening at the home where we were staying, Suse was helping in the kitchen, she shared her experience with our host who knew the three women. She told Dot that many of the young women at the College were turned off by the appearance of the Mission women, and that she was pleased to see Dot so attractive! I was not worried Suse would get a swelled head, I had been telling her that for years! Remember...this was 1965! Things have changed thru the years.

That evening we had the opportunity to share our personal testimonies with our hosts. When I mentioned Dr. Ralph Keiper she exclaimed, "We are having a dinner here this week with Dr. Keiper, Dr. Sutherland, Dr. Peaks & Al Sanders the voice of the Biola Hour! My mind raced to discover excuses to get out of this if we were included. Me with my two years of once a week Bible Courses, I would be embarrassed to be in this company of Bible Giants! Dot was much more of a student than me.

Our Host continued, "You folks will enjoy it." As I began to utter a feeble excuse, she continued, "Maybe Dot could help me with the table when you are through at the College!" I looked at Dot and she was pallid with fear..I could see that she was

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as reluctant about being with these giants of the Faith as I was! Dot asked our host if she could serve the food and the host could sit at the table? She said, "No, there will be plenty of room at the table for all of us, but you can help when needed!" There was no way to get out of that evening with the Giants!

I had no fear of Dr. Keiper, I had encouraged our home Church to have him come once a week and teach Romans. Where I worked was about two miles from the large Apartment Building where he lived with his wife. I would pick him up about five pm. and take him to our home, Dot would have dinner ready. He would have dinner with us and then the three of us would go to our Church. After he taught the class I would take him home and then drive the fifteen miles back to our home. He and I had lots of time to talk in our traveling.

But the other Giants...I had great fear that they would discover what I already knew about myself...Biblically I was a dwarf! The only thing I could rely on was my love for Jesus and Him in me! By the time for the dinner arrived I was convinced that Jesus was all I needed!

It was a great surprise to Dr. Keiper to meet us there, the last time we had been together I was working in the shop and now we were Missionaries. We had to tell the group in detail about his off the cuff remark, "If there is anyone here who

would like to spend eternity with their wife?" Then gave the Plan of Salvation...for me! If there was anyone there that wanted to have more time with their wife, it was me!

That set the tone for these Giants to talk freely...the only spiritual portion was the giving of thanks for the meal and a farewell Prayer. What a night, each one was a clown in his own right. Dr. Peaks was the Pastor of a large Church in Long Beach that practiced Foot Washing. He said, "When he would be away and Dr. Keiper would fill in, about a week in advance the Secretary would call for the Scripture that Keiper would use. Ralph would say, "You can look it up...it's that portion on foot washing...while I'm there I want to get your Congregation straightened out on Foot Washing. It always worked with a new Secretary!"

Each one had a funny, weird or dumb story about the others and we had tears running down our faces from laughter! What a thoroughly enjoyable night. I didn't feel like a dwarf among giants, I was a child of God among His other children. I realized that each of us are called to do different things by Jesus! I could not do their job but then, they couldn't do mine. Thank you Lord for letting me know that!

Things were moving along at the Camp without me and I was pleased with the progress. There was one of my special jobs waiting for me. We would need a plumber to apply for the permit and

to approve it when finished. We had an Electrical Contractor in our Poway Church and he took care of the electric. We didn't have a General Contractor or one for Plumbing! It was my job to find one who would get the permit and do a final inspection! Lord, where do I start? I checked with my friend and co-worker Art! He suggested it would be better to find one in the local area if possible.

I went to a man in Julian, the owner of the only hardware store in town. This man knew everyone in town and for miles around! He told me there was only one man in the area with a plumbing license and he was retired. He also told me this man had the most miserable disposition of any person he ever met. I prayed as I drove. When I arrived at the house that had been described to me I was kept in the car by two large barking dogs! I waited until an elderly man came out and chased the dogs.

He asked very gruffly, "Wadda you want, noboddy come here less they want somthin!" As I was getting out of the car I said silently, "Lord help me find the right words." I thanked the man for calling off the dogs and commented on the beautiful scenery. We both looked at the view and he shook his head. Then I took the bull by the horns and said, "I came to ask a favor!" "Ya did, nobody axed me fur a faver, wadda ya want?" I told him about the Camp, how we were doing it and why, and that we didn't have money to hire a plumbing contractor, I was hoping he would take out the permit for us and let us do the work!

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He looked at me as though I was crazy...I waited the longest minute I ever spent and he said, "Comon, inna house!" He went to his desk, took out a form, stamped his contractors number on it and signed it! He gave it to me and said in perfectly normal English, "Fill this out and take it to the building Department and they will give you a permit. Thank you for asking for a favor!" I thanked him and drove back to the Camp fighting off tears and thanking our Lord for giving me the right words! I told Art the story, he was as pleased as I was.

This is as good a time as any to tell about Art Rauch! What can I say...God gives to his people the right person at the right time to accomplish that which needs to be done for His Glory! Art was God's gift to Wynola and more importantly to me as a friend! He is a little over ten years older than me, his experience in machine shop work, farming, repairing tools and equipment, construction, plumbing, etc...etc...etc. was much broader than mine!

Once we started the buildings he was always there, built forms for the concrete walls of the foundations, brought up his equipment for cutting the lumber, whatever it was he was there and knew how to do it. I remember one important thing in our relationship. He and I were there alone planning the Fixture to make the rigid frames exactly alike...placing the cut lumber in the right places for easiest handling and other details! Finally, I said to Art..."Let's stop a few minutes and see what

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we are doing. We are wasting time, you ask me what I think...I ask you what you think, we need to be doing instead of thinking and talking so much! How about you running the job, you know more about construction than me. Let's do things your way...you tell me what kind of workers we need for Saturdays and about how many. I'll do what I do best, I'll call the Churches to get the people! You tell us what to do! We will accomplish more with one Boss and that will be you!" Just like Art...he agreed!

"Art, before we get going on you being the boss I want you to hear my story. For most Christian people, Saturday is the only free day we have, that day is precious, most will have at least an hour each way of traveling so we can expect six or seven hours of work. Let's be sure they go home tired knowing they gave their most precious day to the Lord's work and it is appreciated. Tell me in advance what needs to be done in case we finish early or have too many people. I'll assign them according to their ability. Also they should have a good time!"

Then I told him about my previous experience at our home Church in New Jersey, the men in the Church were going to paint the inside of the home for our new Pastor, about ten of us were there with our equipment but no one bought the paint. It took two Saturdays that should have been done in one! Another thing, the second Saturday we were in California we were told there was to be a work day. Dot and I came up to work, when we got here, there was a prayer meeting in the ranch kitchen, after

the prayer meeting there was a Bible Study....then lunch, after lunch the two leaders started to look for something they could do! Dot & I walked around the grounds and discovered a beautiful spot among the rocks and were concerned that no work was done!

"Art, when I call for people to come to work...I want to tell them what needs to be done, about how many people we need, what to bring and be caught up on there Prayer and Bible Study! They will go home tired knowing they have given a good days work to the Lord!"

This program and our equal love for the Lord made Art and I a good team and good friends!

It took me until nearly the end of the year to discover that the Lumber Yard didn't trust the Camp to pay the bills by the end of the year. It was Art's personal guarantee!

On the first of March, I became responsible for the Camp grounds. I was not told anything about the apple orchard or the Mortgage! The Board and I just never talked about it, any gifts that came to the mail box in Santa Isabel for Wynola Bible Conference went to our treasurer!

For Easter Week we had three Youtharamas, fifteen young people from our Churches and Sunday Schools with an equal number from Scott Memorial Church! Soon we will be able to have all A.S.S.U.

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Youtharamas. Dot and I were at Harbor Bible Church in Wilmington, Ca. As usual we had a ball with the teens! So far we didn't have a teen boy with leadership quality's...when we had one we would have our own team, just to reach other teens!

Palmer Johnson called and asked to have a meeting with our Wynola Board. He had the Incorporation papers for signatures and the rough draft of the By-Laws. What a man, at the meeting he had the papers for Incorporation but also brought us our own Corporate Seal. We read the By-laws and of course, we had a lot of questions. Finally we decided to have a three man Committee...to meet with Palmer, I was part of the committee to protect the interest of the Mission. We all sincerely thanked Palmer, it was obvious that he was enjoying the work and seeing the divergence of opinions from a christian group!

In the latter part of April Art could not be at the Camp for some reason on a Tuesday, Elmer Smith was there and he and I were working alone. (Elmer was a man like very few others I have known, he could not or would not work with other people). When ever Art was not going to be at Camp I would call Elmer, and ask him to come up. I would tell him what needed to be done before Saturday's crew came and I would find something to do away from him.

Neither Elmer nor I knew that this was the day I was to get my Degree as Greenhorn. The job I found for my self was to be

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on an eight foot stepladder and working near the ceiling. The way I earned my Degree in Greenhorn was this was no ordinary ladder. This was a fruit picking ladder with only three legs. Used in it's proper place it is ideally suited for its job. (In an orchard the single leg in the back makes it easy to pick fruit in and on the tree or used away from an orchard with the leg folded in, it can be used leaning against a wall safely).

I used it about seven hours that day not knowing the dangers, I was working off a plywood floor with the leg out the back, no problems! Elmer called that it was almost time to leave for home. I had only one more piece to nail in so instead of coming down and moving the ladder, I moved up one step and reached sideways! An absolute NO NO! The ladder went sideways and I came down six feet with all my weight on my right foot catching the edge of the side of the ladder!

I was in so much pain I remember only Elmer driving me home, I think he drove our Bug but I don't remember how he got home about sixty miles away. He had the lights on and kept blowing the horn until Dot came out. Elmer told her I had been hurt and she came to the car and quoted a verse of Scripture: 1st Thessalonians 5:18 "In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus for you! She had just memorized that verse that morning. A note to Pastors and Christian Workers, "No matter how appropriate or how much you love the injured person, I don't believe anyone wants Scripture quoted to them

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at that time, at least I didn't. I needed physical help and emotional help...there was so much I had to do...now I was not a greenhorn on fruit ladders...I was just dumb...stupid... foolish...name it whatever it is I'm it!

If I vented my anger about myself onto Suse, she never mentioned it. She wanted me to go to the Hospital but I was sure it was a sprain. The next day my ankle was badly swollen and discolored! They took exrays and the Doctor said nothing was broken, go home and keep it elevated they gave me crutches and Suse took me home. With a sprain I would only be a few weeks and I would be fine!

Two or three days later Suse received a phone call from the Hospital...a Dr. Brown discovered a break in the Talus bone the large bone that supplies blood down to the toe bones was split. I would be in the Hospital about a week!

I would be operated on the next day. Dr. Brown came in and told me that I was his first patient here in Escondido. He had been practicing in the L.A. area and wanted to be in the country. He told me that he came into the Hospital just to see what kind of Orthopedic problems came into the area. He was a Surgeon and just looking over exrays when he spotted my problem and said, "I will have to re-set the bone, pin it and put a cast on when it is healed. You will be here about a week and have the cast on six to eight weeks!" This was not good news but

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when we began to accept it we realized that God had a hand in this by having Dr. Brown at the Hospital that day! One of the things we discovered was that Dr. Brown was not a Christian. He was very tough with us, always bringing up our Christianity and not being protected by our "God". It led to good parrying of the stones he threw at both of us!

It was two weeks before my foot was in a cast, lots of visitors and reports of work at Wynola moving well without me! The men that I had kidded and teased with, now really gave me a hard time about the work going better without me.

Word got around about my fall, we received cards, flowers and offers of help we were amazed! Our A.S.S.U. Area Conference was coming up and we were obligated to go. I asked one of our friends to remove the back of the front seat so I could sit on the back seat of "Our Bug"! With that accomplished I could sit on the back with my cast on the front seat. I had the only chauffeur driven "VW BUG" in southern Calif.

Our plan was for Dot to drive us to the Conference, about 400 miles (one way). God's Plan was different and better! Our good friend Palmer and his wife, provided Airplane tickets.

A Quote from our June 1965 News Letter! "On May 29th. a youth rally was held at Rainbow Community Church with Young People from Poway, Pauma Valley, Bonsall, Valley Center and Rainbow

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Churches!. From the report of the young people this is something they want to do again. I am still wondering how they could jam 104 people in the Grange Building in Rainbow! I know Christians are most happy in close fellowship, but.....?" End of Quote!

The 29th of May 1965 We had been to camp all day and Dot had driven 201 miles already, She drove to Camp and then we had to go with a man to Jamul. He was taking one of the trucks to a man who lived there. This man was going to convert the truck so we could have something to haul the Campers to the swimming Pool. Then she drove back to camp so the driver of the truck could pick up his car to go home!

God's Provision for Dot's Sleeping!

We were both very tired but we really wanted to go to the Youth Rally at Rainbow 25 miles away! We arrived home at 7:45 pm. We were just going to freshen up and leave again. When we got out of the car we could see a note pinned to our front door. The note asked us to call the phone number written on it! We were not going to take the time but thought it might be someone in the Hospital. Dot made the call, I heard her say, "Yes I am!" Then she repeated our address and phone number, and said, "Is this Bill...then it must be Jonnie!" There was another pause

and she held her hand over the mouth piece. She could hardly talk, "This man said he is the Manager of the Big Bear Market, and that I won the Ford Mustang Car!" She handed me the phone and almost in shock said, "Here you talk with him." I talked with him for a few minutes and decided this was not a joke! He wanted us to come to the Market and sign some papers. My first thought was don't sign anything until you talk with Palmer!

When we arrived at the store it was probably 8:30 pm. We introduced our selves and he wanted some identification, Dot showed her drivers license and the Manager asked us to come back to his office. He looked at my crutches and told me to be careful. I heeded the warning because his office was a mess!

He showed us the advertising on the opening of a new store and the picture of the Car with a man sitting in it, wearing a beret and smoking a pipe. Dot remembered that she had filled out a coupon with her name, address and phone on it. I wouldn't fill one out because if I won I have to...wear a beret and smoke a pipe. (It wasn't funny when I first said it and it wasn't this time either)!

The manager told us that Dot was the Official Winner! We would have to pay the Sales Tax on the price of the Car. Our pictures will be taken along side the car for advertising! This sounded great but...I said to the Manager, "We have to hold up on the announcement because we are not sure we can accept it!" The

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Manager looked like I hit him with a baseball bat, "WHAT..... what would I do?" I said, "I guess you would have to have another drawing." He was dismayed, "How would we do that?" "You don't have to worry, you're boss will take care of that!"

When he settled down I explained to him our problem of accepting the car. "We are Missionaries...if any of the people that we work with think we were gambling or the Home Office had some rule about chances etc. we would not accept the car. I will call our Superintendent tonight and have an answer for you by tomorrow." He gave a number where he could be reached!

When we arrived home I called our Superintendent and he said there would not be any problem with the Mission. One of the Missionaries won a washing machine with no problems but you should check with your people. We did at Church the next day, everyone thought it was great! So...I called the store manager and he obviously was relieved! We made an appointment for Dot and I to be at the El Cajon Store on Tuesday.

We arrived at the New store at the appointed time, with the upper echelon of the Big Bear Market and they took pictures of Dot receiving the keys to the car and me alongside of her on my crutches. (In the picture, she was the one with the beautiful smile). I tried to discuss with the men about another type of vehicle. They told us they now had nothing to do with the car. I would have to talk with the dealer where they bought

the car! We never drove the Mustang, the dealer showed us the invoice on the car and we told them what we would like to have. Finally we traded for a 1965 Ford Econoline Van and had that converted into a camper with a full size bed, that can be set up to carry ten people. Also we could haul trash to the dump and Dot could haul the commodities for Camp! The best part is that we will sleep in this at Camp and unless pack rats, mice and bugs can get thru steel, Dot should rest well!

On Youtharamas we had been using the Campus Crusade booklet, "The Four Spiritual Laws, which states "God has a plan for your life!" We certainly expressed our gratitude to our Lord for His Plan for Dot's sleeping at Camp!

On Memorial Day there had been planned a Picnic Work Day and Dedication of the Buildings! In other words it was, bring your own lunch, beverages and tools for what ever needed to be done. Art and I hoped for fifty people! You can imagine how we felt when more than 175 people came from 12 Churches and Sunday Schools! There was special joy when we announced that Dot had won the Mustang Car! That same day Jack Mc Clung said he wanted to buy our Station Wagon. God was just pouring Blessings on us!

It was a cold miserable day but the people came to work! Art and I had talked about a long list of jobs that needed to be done if we ever had people to do them and if there ever was