

BY FAITH

THE AMAZING STORY
OF CRISTA'S EARLY YEARS



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OF CRISTA'S EARLY YEARS

by Mike & Vivian Martin

INTRODUCTION

My story is a CRISTA story. I grew up in the backyard of CRISTA not far from our Shoreline Campus. As a young high school student I came to work in the laundry department of our Senior Living ministry. The Lord clearly directed my steps and I found myself a part of this beautiful family of ministries.

Now, so many years later, I am the President and CEO of this great ministry. I could never have imagined that one day I would take the leadership reins and lead this ministry into its 75th year, but that too is part of the CRISTA story. This is a story where ordinary people are called to do extraordinary things.

The simple faith of our founders, Mike and Vivian Martin, continues to inspire every part of our ministry today. They believed that the Gospel had the power to transform lives, and they had the faith to put that belief into action through practical and spiritual means.

It is easy to think that ministry is reserved for pastors or missionaries, the professionals. Mike and Vivian flipped that model on its head through the biblical truth that every believer is a minister of the Gospel. The spiritual lostness and needs of the world were, and are,

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Unless otherwise noted, all Scriptures are taken from the King James Version of the Bible.

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so great that every believer is called into service. CRISTA embodies a place that allows all — even a high schooler working in the laundry department — to meet the needs of our community and our world. In the process we become more fully the people of God, set apart for works for service, to lead the lost and hurting to the arms of our Savior.

Dear Reader, I invite you into the story of CRISTA for the first time, or to relive this amazing story of faith and purpose. You will find some added devotional questions throughout the book to encourage fellowship as you navigate the miraculous stories of our founding and early years. I pray that you will be inspired to believe that the Lord continues to call and use ordinary people in His work.

I add my prayers and calling to the long line of those who have so faithfully poured into this mission. I am strengthened by the faith of our founders. I am bolstered by the knowledge that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. Each one of us at CRISTA has experienced the amazing kindness of His sacrifice. It is an honor of untold magnitude to guide our family of ministries at this season.

Jacinta Tegman
President & CEO

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PART ONE
I LIVED BY FAITH

by Mike Martin



SECTION ONE

1

I HEARD THE VOICE OF THE LORD

I have heard the voice of the Lord audibly two times in my life. The first time was when I was saved, and the second time was when He called me into His service. These were the beginning miracles in my life.

In 1933, at the age of twenty-seven, one of the greatest miracles that has ever happened to me took place and ushered me into a completely new life. Living in Bellingham, Washington, I was the owner of a fairly prosperous service station. My greatest concern at that time was to make money and to enjoy life. My wife and I gave very little thought to the Lord, and none to death and the life beyond. Our lives consisted of the normal whirl of the average worldly couple: dancing, card-playing, smoking, and drinking. At this time we had two

children and were fairly well-satisfied with ourselves and the life which we lived.

I had been raised in a good home, but not a completely Christian home. Mother was a fine Christian woman, but my father was unsaved. Baptized as an infant, I went to Sunday school faithfully, attended church when my parents brought me, and was confirmed at the age of fourteen. At the time of my confirmation, I thought that I had graduated into heaven, and there was nothing else I needed to do, spiritually speaking. It was not necessary any longer for me to go to Sunday school. I could now do the things I would like to do because I had earned my way to heaven. So, I proceeded to participate in the sins of the world.

I met my wife on the dance floor at the age of twenty. It was love at first sight. Six months from the day I met her, we were married, and about one and a half years later, our little girl, Joyce Elaine, was born into our home. The first thing we thought we should do was have her baptized, and this we did. We attended church occasionally because we felt we should. I even held a church office. Despite this, we ran with a fairly wild crowd, joining them each week at different dances in the northwest part of Washington. Even though prohibition reigned, there were still many bootleggers around, and most people attending dances in my crowd felt they had to have beer,

wine, or moonshine for them to have a good time. To keep up with these friends, I participated in the same way. I did not enjoy drinking, but I felt it was the fashionable thing to do; therefore, I would proceed to get intoxicated with everyone else. Invariably the morning after, I would say, "Never again! I will not drink anymore." But over and over, I went through the same cycle with the same crowd each week. Occasionally when we had sobering thoughts, my wife and I would look at one another and talk about the things of the Lord, and many times I would ask, "Viv, do you think if I should die, I would go to heaven?"

Immediately her response would be, "Of course. Haven't we been baptized and confirmed? We belong to the church. What else is there for us to do? I am sure we will get to heaven." However, in the back of my mind, there was the sobering thought, "If I would die tonight, would I *really* go to heaven?"

Each Saturday night we went with the same crowd, first to get some beer, wine, or moonshine, and then go to some dance. On a certain Saturday night, our party bought some moonshine as usual, but this time it was poisonous. Little did I know that sometimes homemade moonshine had caused people to become blind, and others even became paralyzed. This moonshine did not taste any different; it all tasted bad, but when I woke up on Sunday morning, I felt terrible. I

stayed in bed, trying to recover enough to be able to work on Monday morning. However, when Monday came, I felt even worse than I had on Sunday.

My wife doctored me up the best she could and then left the bedroom. Shortly after she left, I had one of the strangest experiences. I felt myself becoming weaker and weaker, and then all of a sudden, I realized that I could not move my hands or feet. Alarmed, I tried to cry out but discovered I had lost total control of my voice! I was completely paralyzed. I will never forget the dreadful feeling of utter helplessness and fear which gripped my heart. Understanding my serious situation, I began to pray. Although unable to move my lips, I was able to pray mentally. As I was praying, there came to me a vision of my Aunt Emily who had passed away sometime before. She was a Christian woman, and I knew she had prayed much for me. As I saw her standing by me, I said, “Aunt Emily, aren’t you dead?”

She answered, “Yes, I am, but you will be shortly, too.” She then disappeared, and if ever I prayed fervently, it was at that time when the fear of death engulfed me.

For the first time, I knew I was lost and headed for hell. All I could think to pray was, “Lord, save me. Lord, save me!” At the time, I was thinking of being saved physically more than I was of being saved spiritually because I did not know exactly

what it meant to be saved spiritually. Even as I inaudibly cried out these words, the Lord heard that desperate cry.

The voice of the Lord, audibly in my ears, called me by my Christian name and said, “**Alvin, if I save you, what will you do about it?**” I did not have to ask who was speaking to me. I knew it was the Lord. His voice was a voice of majestic authority.

I cried out, “Lord, if you will save me, I promise to serve you the balance of my life.” I had no sooner said these words than the Lord touched my paralyzed body and saved my soul! I knew immediately that I was headed for heaven.

Leaping out of bed, hair disheveled, I dashed into the living room where my wife sat at the sewing machine. When she saw me and heard my excited voice calling, “Viv, I’m saved! I’m saved!” she became frightened and thought I had lost my mind. She ran out of the house! I ran after her and caught her in front of our neighbor’s house, still in my pajamas, crying, “Viv, I’m saved, I’m saved!” It took some time before she realized that I was rational, that God had healed me, and something wonderful had happened to me which I could not explain to her even though I tried.

My first thought was, “I must tell Mother since she is a Christian. Surely, she will understand what has happened to me.” Dressing as quickly as I could, I got into my Model T

Ford and drove down to Mother's. I loved my mother and did not want her to ever know that I often got drunk. Therefore, I decided I would not tell her that I got paralyzed from drinking poisonous moonshine, but rather, I would just tell her the most important thing: God had saved me.

Mother and Dad operated a three-story rooming house, and when I arrived there, I ran excitedly up the stairs, crying out, "Mother, I'm saved, I'm saved!" Mother was not on this floor, and I continued up the second flight of stairs, still crying out, "Mother, I'm saved, I'm saved." As I arrived on the next floor, I noticed a mop sitting in a bucket of water in the hall, so I knew Mother was near. As I continued to call, she came out from one of the bedrooms with tears still undried on her cheeks, wondering what I was so excited about. I embraced her and told her I was saved. As we wept together, I tried to explain what had happened to me.

She then told me, "About one hour ago, when I was mopping the floor, the Lord told me that something was wrong with you, Alvin. I did not know what it was, but I felt the urgency to stop mopping just where I was, and for the past hour, I have been weeping and praying for you, asking the Lord to help you, whatever the trial was you were going through, and above all, to save you." God heard my mother's

prayer. I believe that I was literally prayed into the Kingdom of God by a mother who loved me.

After we had rejoiced for a while, I went back home, and again I tried to explain to Viv all that had happened. I still could not tell her how I got saved so that she could understand. All I could think of to say was, "Viv, you have to get the same thing I have." I did not know how to help her, but thought if I could just find a revival meeting someplace, that's where she could get saved.

About two weeks after this, the Lutheran Church began tent revival meetings. This was what I had been praying for. When I saw the tent and the sawdust trail, I just knew that was where Viv, too, could get saved. Because I had been encouraging her that Christ was the answer for everything, she also went into this revival meeting with the thought in mind of getting saved. When the altar call was given, Viv gladly responded, and she and I went forward together. That night Christ came into my wife's heart and for the first time in our marriage, we became a Christian couple. Our home became a Christian home, and drinking, moonshine, and dancing lost their attraction and were forgotten.

After this experience, we tried to tell our friends what had happened to us, but they just could not understand. When they invited us to go dancing with them as before, we refused,

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endeavoring again to explain that we were saved and would not be going to dances anymore. Then one of the men said, “I’m sorry, Mike. I hope you will feel better by Saturday night and can go with us.” No matter how we tried to explain, they all thought we were sick, or something bad had happened to us. Instead, something wonderful had happened. God had given us a new life. II Corinthians 5:17 became a reality to us both. “Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.”

2

GOD SPEAKS AGAIN

After our conversion, Vivian and I began to grow spiritually and to serve the Lord. God blessed us and prospered our business until we were selling ten times as much gasoline as when we first purchased our service station. Because of our success, the Richfield Oil Company's representative came to see me and asked me to work for them. They offered me an attractive position in charge of over 100 service stations in eastern Washington. My main responsibility would be to instruct the service station operators about how to increase their businesses. Believing this was a real opportunity for advancement, I took this position. The Lord continued to bless me and gave me advancements with the Richfield Oil Company.

I continued to work for them for a few years and then decided to go into the wholesale gasoline business for myself in Goldendale, Washington. We joined the local Baptist church and attended regularly. We taught Sunday school classes, and Viv and I served the Lord in our business.

Our wholesale gasoline business prospered, and we were able to open up two more gasoline plants, one in Bingen, Washington, and the other in Hood River, Oregon, in addition to the one in Goldendale. We also had some service stations, and everything pointed to real success and an early retirement. However, in the midst of all this prosperity, I heard the voice of the Lord again.

One night, at approximately two o'clock in the morning, I woke up feeling so warm I thought I had a fever. The warmth grew so hot that I reached over to wake up Viv to help but as I did so, I heard the voice of the Lord audibly for the second time in my life. Again, He called me by my Christian name, "Alvin."

Immediately, I knew this was the Lord and I answered, "Yes, Lord."

God spoke these words in His compassionate, authoritative voice, "**Time is so short, and there are so many lost.**" These words broke my heart, and I began to cry. I woke up Viv and told her the Lord had just spoken to me a second time and had

called me into full-time service for Him. She felt my face, and it was so hot she thought I had a high fever. After we talked for a while, I began to cool down, but I was too excited to sleep any more that night. All I could do was pray and praise the Lord. Viv was in a quandary, not knowing what had happened to me.

In the morning, I thought I would go to see my pastor to tell him what had happened. I waited until seven o'clock, then I went over to his house and tried my best to relay what had happened to me in the middle of the night. As I told him I had heard the voice of the Lord audibly say, "Time is so short, and there are so many lost," my pastor looked at me and said, "Mike, I am afraid you had a bad dream. If the Lord had wanted you, He would have called you early in life. He would have called you when you were in high school, and you would have been able to go to college and seminary to prepare for the ministry, but you are a businessman, married, and have three children. You are working for the church, giving money, and you can help supply the finances for someone else."

His words were a tremendous shock to me, but as I continued to listen to him, my faith wavered and I began to think, "This is my minister, a man of God. Surely, he must be right. Perhaps I have made a mistake. Maybe after all, it was a dream and not the Lord who talked to me."

I came home disheartened, not knowing what to do. I told my wife what the pastor had said and she replied, “It seems logical that the Lord wouldn’t want us. We have been working so hard to earn what we have and to be successful in life, and now we can. Besides, we have our children to rear, and you are not a preacher.”

Listening to my pastor and my wife, I felt I had made a mistake. I became ashamed and did not tell anyone else about this experience for a whole year. From that moment on, I had no joy or happiness in my heart. Where before the Lord had been prospering us, now everything was going wrong in the wholesale gasoline business. The Second World War started, and we had to close the bulk plant in Oregon.

One day in November, one year after this experience with the Lord, I decided to take Vivian with me to make a gasoline delivery to friends of ours, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Groves. Vivian visited with Lottie Belle, Clinton’s wife, while I made the delivery and talked with Clinton. After I had finished the delivery, Lottie Belle invited Clinton and me to come in and have some coffee and cake. While we were eating, I’m not sure why, but I shared about the experience when God had spoken to me. I told them everything, including my visit to the pastor and his telling me I had had a bad dream. As Lottie

Belle listened; she said, “Mike, you made a big mistake. That was the Lord.”

As she said that, the fear grew in my heart that perhaps I had missed the will of the Lord. I asked them if they would kneel and pray with me to ask the Lord if this was really His call, and if it was, that He would get me out of business. As we knelt together around the table at the Groves’ farm, the Spirit of God came into the room as we cried out to the Lord. I remember praying, “Lord, if this was really you who called me, get me out of business.”

The Lord heard our prayers. In two weeks, a man purchased our business. I was afraid, not knowing what to do or where to turn. However, both Viv and I now had the full assurance that the Lord had called me. Now, I was heeding this call and going out into His service.

3

MY NEW LIFE BEGINS

“For promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south. But God is the judge: he putteth down one, and setteth up another.”

PSALM 75:6,7

If anyone had told me that I would someday be serving the Lord in full-time service, I would have laughed at this, thinking it was a good joke. But Psalm 75:6 is literally true, and early one morning in November between 2:00 and 2:30, God gave me a real promotion by calling me into His service. He did not ask me how old I was, how much education or money I had, nor whether I was married or single. Rather, the Lord called me with a challenge I will never forget, “Time is so short, and there are so many

lost.” As I enlisted in the army of the Lord, I knew that my responsibility was to obey the Lord and leave consequences to Him.

It was 1942, and my family consisted of my wife, Vivian, and three children: Joyce, 14, Curtis, 9, and Michael, 4. We were a closely knit family who held daily devotions and prayed over our problems together, though we participated in many worldly amusements. I believed it was alright for me to drink a glass of beer or wine, and I smoked two packages of cigarettes a day. I was what might be termed a carnal Christian, but this one thing I knew, I was saved. I had a deed to heaven, based on the Word of God. Romans 10:13: “For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.” I also knew how the Lord had called me into Christian service.

Up to this time, I had never given much thought to studying the Bible. Frankly, to me, the Bible was a closed book. The word “Exodus” meant a place of exit, not one of the books of the Bible. However, I knew that if I was to be able to help anyone else, I first must know more about the Bible myself. That meant Bible school, and to start school at the age of 37, well, ordinarily, that was just not done. As I prayed for guidance, I knew that was what the Lord wanted me to do, so with a timid heart, I left Goldendale, Washington, alone, seeking the Bible school the Lord would have me attend.

I discovered that any decision made for the Lord was also often challenged by the devil. When I arrived in Portland, Oregon, I visited a petroleum company with which I had been connected. Ashamed to tell them that God had called me into His service, I told them I had sold my business. Thinking that I would be looking for new work, they offered me a very lucrative position in the petroleum transportation field. In this position, I would have control, both in hiring and firing, as well as in operations. It was a position, that naturally, anyone would desire. The devil stood on one side and said, “Now you can really do these things you have longed to do: have money and retire early in life. Then, you can give money to the Lord. You’re too old anyway to start school now.” I began to waver, looking back to what I had done, wondering afresh if it was really the Lord who had called me. I began to think, “God wouldn’t want a fellow like me, anyway, I have had no college education; I never have made a study of the Bible; and besides, I have three children and a wife to support.” The more I reasoned, the more logical it became that I should take this position.

Sitting there, I imagined myself working in that luxurious office and heard myself say, “I’d like to have a few days to think it over. I have been thinking of going to work for my Father.” I never told them I meant my heavenly Father. (Still ashamed! Romans 1:16 was not yet a reality in my heart.)

In the meantime, I continued to seek the Bible school I should attend. Somehow, I expected that the minute I had entered the right Bible school, the Lord would say, “This is the school.” Instead, I became confused after visiting several schools. I looked around and saw that practically every student was in their late teens or early twenties. What would people think of me? My family and friends, other than my wife and the Groves, still did not know why I had sold my business. Almost everyone would think that somehow or other, Mike Martin had gone overboard on religion and possibly was a little “teched” or mentally unbalanced. I imagined them wagging their heads, saying, “Too bad, and he had such a good start.” Oh, I’ll tell you, the devil knows all the arguments. When you step out to serve the Lord, beware. Don’t listen to the devil’s so-called logical arguments. Invariably two or three doors will open up at the same time, but only one door is the door of God’s choice; the others are second best.

By the time I arrived in Seattle to try afresh to visit other Bible schools, I was feeling pretty blue and discouraged. As I toured other campuses, I kept expecting to hear God’s voice saying, “Mike, this is the one!” But instead, my mind was filled with my own thoughts of failure. Woe is me. God’s forgotten me. I have done everything I knew to do but they were all the wrong things; all was in vain. For two cents, I would have

gone back to Portland and taken that prosperous job! I was desperate.

Almost a week had passed and I was worse off than when I began but, thank God, I turned to the Lord in prayer. I spent practically all night seeking His guidance, and **that night I learned a great lesson: the greatest time saver of all is prayer.** If I had only gone to the Lord earlier in prayer! Of course, I had prayed “catnap” prayers, but I am referring to prevailing prayer where you hold on to God until you have His answer. I would have saved myself much agony and concern.

Having spent most of the night in prayer, along towards morning, I concluded that I might as well go back home to Goldendale. I gave up trying to find out what school I should attend and told the Lord I had tried, and now if He wanted me to go to Bible school, He would have to show me where. Feeling quite defeated and low in spirit, I thought, “What will my wife and children think of me?” I had left home with such high hopes, confident that the Lord had called me and would direct me to the right school, and now here I was going back home a confused, defeated man. I was determined not to let my family know how downhearted I felt, so a good haircut and shoe shine were in order. In many ways, I felt the Lord had forsaken me. In this condition, I started for the bus line, intending to go to the city center to get myself spruced up.

As I walked towards the bus line, deep in thought, I became aware that I had passed a barber shop a short distance back. My mind began to function again and I thought, “Why go all the way to town when there is a barber shop right at hand?” I turned around and walked back and slumped into the barber chair. As is the custom of most barbers, this one began to talk, carrying on a more or less one-sided conversation. I was too occupied with my own thoughts to pay much attention to what he was saying.

Until...What was this? The barber was talking about the very thing with which I was concerned, with words rolling out as if they were instructions from the Lord Himself. “You know, if I was a young man like you (here I was 37 years old), I would go to a Bible school and prepare myself for the Lord’s service. Now you take me. I’m too old, but I’ve been making a study of the splendid Bible schools on the coast. There are many fine schools, but the one I would go to is right here in Seattle. It’s called Simpson Bible School. It was founded by A.B. Simpson, the man who also founded the Christian and Missionary Alliance Church and missionary work.” Spellbound, I realized this: God was guiding me. My prayer last night had not been in vain. God was using this barber to tell me my next move.

When I had recovered from my astonishment, I told the barber, “I came in here just for a haircut, but instead the Lord sent me here for His instructions.” I then explained to him how the Lord had called me and how I had looked in vain for a Bible school to attend. Indecision and doubt left me. I rushed over to Simpson Bible School to see Rev. Fred Hawley, the Registrar, to make my application as a student.

I will never forget our conversation as I told Mr. Hawley, “The Lord has told me I am supposed to enter Simpson Bible School. I smoke, I drink a little beer and wine, but I know God has called me. If you will let me come, I know the Lord will take my smoking and drinking away before I register.” I am so thankful Mr. Hawley accepted me on this condition, and he told me he, too, believed God would take these filthy habits from me.

SECTION ONE REFLECTIONS

In the introduction, the author communicates the purpose of this book is to encourage readers to believe that the miracles of God are just as available to us today as they were to those in the Bible accounts. Do you believe this is true? Have you ever experienced a miracle? What is a miracle you need today? Could you pray with a believer and stand together in faith for that?

Mike Martin shares two remarkable stories where God spoke to him audibly. Then he continues to share how the Lord's still, small voice continued to lead and guide him. How does God speak to you? Do you feel there are areas in your life where it is easier to hear from Him than in other areas? Why do you think that is so? Do you think God speaks to everyone?

It was a surprise to Mike that God would choose him for ministry, in his season of life, in all his imperfections. Have you ever felt this way? Do you think a person is too young, or too old, or too "lost" or too uneducated to be called by God to do great things? What are the different ways God has called you to serve people throughout your life?

The author states, "The greatest time saver of all is prayer." Do you pray about everything, or do you just go to God for

the 'big stuff'? How has Mike Martin's testimony encouraged you concerning your prayer life?

As you have read the first three chapters of this book, what parts have surprised you? Have you learned new things about God, or have you grown in your relationship with God?

Mike Martin had a very providential encounter with the barber. At just the right time, in just the right space, Mike sat down in the barber chair and that conversation changed the entire trajectory of his life. Have you ever had a moment in time like this? An encounter or a conversation that shifted a season, or an outlook, or even an outcome in your life?



SECTION TWO

4

GOD PERFORMS ANOTHER MIRACLE

A new school in a new city meant a new home for my family of five. While searching in Seattle for the right Bible school, I stayed with my uncle, Marion Martin, who was a real estate man. Surely it would be easy for him to find us a house to rent, right? Seattle is a big city with several manufacturing plants, including Boeing Airplane Company, and many shipyards, mills, and other large industries. Because of the Second World War's industrial boom, Seattle's population had almost doubled. To my dismay, there were almost no houses available for rent. My uncle did the best he could, but the cheapest home he found was \$100 a month (today's value is approx. \$2,000/month). That, of course, was prohibitive, considering the

expense of going to school and the cost of food and clothing, which was high during wartime. I would not be able to go to school at that rate.

By this time, I had learned that nothing is impossible with God, so I turned to him again, praying, “Lord, I need a home to live in, partially furnished, at a price cheap enough for me to afford, and large enough for my family of five.”

The next Sunday, I attended church and asked if anyone knew of a house I could rent. At the close of the service, the minister told me he had heard of a home for rent in the Green Lake District, near the Bible school. I secured the name of the owner, a Mrs. Nichols, and when I returned from church, I phoned her to inquire about the house.

When Mrs. Nichols answered the phone, I asked her if she still had her home for rent. She laughed and said, “Oh no, it’s been rented for about four months. The people who have been living in my place had to move to California, but new people are moving in next week after I have had a chance to finish fixing the place up. These new people made arrangements to rent my place four months ago when they heard that my renters were moving to California.” We talked together a few minutes more, then regretfully I hung up the receiver.

That night, as I prayed before going to bed, it seemed to me that the Lord kept saying, “That is your new home,” while

my thoughts kept going back to the words of Mrs. Nichols, “Oh no, it’s been rented for about four months.” Naturally, it was foolish for me to consider Mrs. Nichols’ home. I hadn’t seen it, and I didn’t know if it would be desirable, but still, the Lord continued to speak to me, “That is your new home.” Finally, I told the Lord that even though the place was rented, I would go over and see it early in the morning and that if He wanted me to have that place, he would have to go before me and do a real miracle. I then had complete peace and drifted off to sleep.

The next morning at 8:00, I was knocking at the door of Mrs. Nichols’ home. She had intended to “sleep in” this morning, for after I had rung the bell, I waited quite a while before a sleepy, white-haired lady opened the door with a questioning look on her face. I greeted her with a smile and asked, “Are you Mrs. Nichols?”

“Yes,” was the answer.

“My name is Mike Martin. I am sorry to have awakened you, but I am the one who called you on the phone last night to inquire if your place was for rent.”

“I’m sorry. You must have misunderstood me last night. This home has already been rented. I’ve had it rented for approximately four months, and the people are moving in next Monday.”

We were still standing at the door, and I could see she was beginning to get cold. As I spoke to her, I had a prayer on my lips, “Lord, help me.” I began again: “I know that, Mrs. Nichols, but I am a Christian and last night I prayed much about finding a place to live in Seattle. It seemed as if the Lord kept saying, ‘This is your home,’ so I just had to come down and see and talk to you.”

By this time, Mrs. Nichols was quite chilled. She could see that I might prove hard to get rid of, so she invited me in, saying, “I, too, am a Christian, Mr. Martin; so also are the people to whom I have rented the house. They have been living in a two-room apartment with another family for a long time; they have been waiting for the past four months to move in here. So you can see that it is impossible for me to rent to you. I’m sorry.”

I shared about the Lord calling me into His full-time service, and that he had directed me to Simpson Bible School to prepare to serve Him. While I was talking, she began showing me the entire house. It was just what we needed: three bedrooms, partially furnished, the right location, and above all, priced at a figure we could afford. I could still hear the Lord saying, “This is your new home.”

Meanwhile, Mrs. Nichols was saying, “I don’t know why I am showing you this house. As a Christian, I can’t go back on

my word to these other people who have been waiting for so long for this house.”

I said, “I know that is true, Mrs. Nichols, but somehow I can’t get away from the fact that I believe the Lord has told me that this is my new home, and I believe God is going to work it out somehow.” After a few minutes of conversation, I started to leave and said, “If anything happens with the other renters deciding not to take this house, please call me right away. I’m leaving tomorrow at noon to go back to Goldendale.” She smiled, but nevertheless took my uncle’s phone number and promised to call me if anything of that sort happened.

As I walked back to my uncle’s home, the Lord began to assure me I was in the center of His will, and that this was the house for us. In fact, I was so sure of it that I told my Uncle Marion I had rented a house. He was surprised and asked me all about it. I am sure if I had told him the particulars, he would have thought it was just wishful thinking on my part. However, the scripture, **“According to your faith be it unto you,” was a reality in my heart.** I was sure that I had heard from the Lord. I wrote out a check to Mrs. Nichols and told my uncle, “Mrs. Nichols will call you up, possibly after I have left, and tell you that I can have her home. Could you take this check and send it to her?” My uncle readily agreed and I made arrangements to leave on the noon train for Goldendale.

I bade them goodbye and started down the street to catch a bus. I had just crossed the street when I heard Uncle Marion shouting for me to come back, I had a telephone call.

Who do you think was there? Yes, it was Mrs. Nichols. The minute I said, "Hello," her voice came excitedly over the phone, "You know, Mr. Martin, the strangest thing just happened. Do you remember the people who had rented my home? Well, the wife just called and said she dreamed about you. She said the Lord talked to her in the dream and told her someone was coming to rent their home, and that she should give it up for them. When I told her all about you, she said to get in touch with you immediately and rent the house to you!"

I then told her that since the Lord had promised me her home to live in, I had already made the check for the first month's rent. Praise the Lord for His faithfulness. He will speak even in dreams and in other ways to perform His will. I have never had the pleasure of meeting the lady who had this dream, but I do know that the Lord was also faithful to reward her for her prompt obedience.

5

LOOKING FOR WORK

My new life of serving the Lord was just beginning. The miracles which I had already experienced were only forerunners of those which were to come. My wife and I discovered a new checking account in a heavenly bank that never fails, as we began to bank on the Word of God.

The steps out from the business world and to leave our many friends were difficult ones. As we left Goldendale, very few people understood us, and most we knew thought we had gone overboard on Christianity. They said, “Imagine a fellow leaving a good business to start Bible school at his age. How does he plan to support his family?” To tell you the truth, my family and I were scared as we stepped out, but one thing I was sure of was *the Lord had called us out*. He had called us out of our business, and therefore

we believed that he also took on Himself the responsibility of seeing that we had a place to sleep, to eat, and to have the necessities of life. Jesus said, “Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you” (Matthew 6:33).

We arrived in Seattle on December 12, 1942. After unpacking, we spent Christmas with my folks in Bellingham and then came back to begin our new life. My family and I had a business meeting to analyze the way to proceed and concluded that my wife and I should both work. At this time, work was plentiful. Almost every firm of any size was hiring anyone who applied.

The Bible says, “Be careful (anxious) for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus” (Philippians 4:6,7). This lesson I had to learn the hard way. It was not that I didn’t want to pray to the Lord and ask Him for the right work, but rather, with work so plentiful, I felt I didn’t want to waste the Lord’s time in asking Him for something I could take care of myself.

We started separately looking for work, confident we would find positions immediately. Evidently, my wife had

committed her way to the Lord because that evening when we came home, she had obtained work as a stenographer, while I had looked in vain. I spent the next day also searching in vain.

On the third day, I went to an employment office. Looking on the large blackboard where work of all kinds was listed along with the amount of money paid for each job, I selected the best-paying job that I felt I could handle and made my application. After a lengthy wait and filling out several forms, I was accepted and sent out to the place where I was to work. I presented my work slip, and the office girl called the personnel man. He picked up my work slip and read it with a puzzled look. “I can’t understand this,” he said. “I have all the men I can use and I have not sent notice to the employment office for any more. I’m sorry, but perhaps later you can try us again.” I tried to talk him into giving me a job anyway, but soon saw it was useless. I left there a bewildered, discouraged man.

The Lord had many lessons for me. I felt really disappointed that night. Here I was, a strong, healthy man, and the papers were full of ads for men to work, yet I couldn’t find a job. That night my wife and I talked over the day’s activities and concluded that we had approached the problem of my work the wrong way. Therefore, we prayed together and first asked the Lord to forgive us for not consulting Him, and then asked for guidance. Then, the Lord led us to be more specific with

Him. He asked, “What kind of work do you want? What hours do you want? What pay do you need?” Before, I had not been specific with the Lord. I had been praying, “Lord, guide me to find a job,” while He wanted me to state just what I wanted.

Through this experience, I discovered that this principle goes for anything we desire of the Lord. Instead of just praying for souls, we should pray, calling them by name whenever possible. If we need money, we should pray for the specific amount we need and tell the Lord what we need it for, and praise God, He answers! By being specific with the Lord, I have found He is specific with me. I have found out that the Lord’s will is usually good, common sense, mixed with prayer. The adage, “**Pray as though it all depends on the Lord and work as though it all depends on you,**” is surely true.

These first lessons on prayer were put to definite use right then and there. I humbly asked the Lord for work during the hours I had free. It sounded impossible, but shortly, I would be going to school and would not be able to work all day. In addition, there was the possibility of afternoon classes. This would make it hard to have any established hours unless it would be night work. But it would also be impossible for me to work nights, go to school all day, and do well in my subjects, so I came to the conclusion I needed a job where I

could work during any hours I had free. For example, on the days I had only morning classes, I would start at 1:00 p.m.; other days when I had afternoon classes, I would go in at 3:00 or 4:00. However, to march into an employer and say, “I want work but I can’t work any ‘regular’ hours,” seemed impossible. Nevertheless, that was the kind of job I needed, and I asked the Lord for it. I also asked the Lord humbly, but boldly, for work fairly close to both my home and school. I resolved to leave my work completely in the Lord’s hands and prayed to be guided on where I should go to find this kind of job.

I waited two or three days before I saw an ad that seemed right, both in remuneration and location. As I prayed about this ad, I believed that the Lord told me to apply for this job. The opening was with a large tire company that specialized in retreading tires. I was more or less acquainted with that type of work, in as much as I had been in the gasoline and tire business.

The afternoon I went down to apply for this job, several men were applying for the same work, but only two or three would be needed. It looked rather hopeless with so many applying and with the handicap of irregular hours I had to offer. The man hiring the help, I discovered, was prejudiced against my religious faith and, therefore, it was with a trembling heart that I went in for my interview. However, I spoke frankly

as I told the manager I had been called by the Lord and was enrolling in Bible school. Then I dropped the bombshell that I could only work certain hours and those hours needed to be chosen by me each day. Immediately the manager said, “That is impossible! What kind of an organization would we have if each man worked like that?” I explained to him as best I could that I had been praying for the Lord to guide me, and I felt this was the place. He was very kind but said he didn’t see how this could be possible and that he would let me know in a couple of days. Normally, this would only mean I was not hired.

I went home disappointed, feeling as though the Lord had forsaken me. I waited two days and then called up the tire company, asking if it had been decided who was to be hired. The manager merely stated that he had my phone number and that if he wanted me, he would call me.

I continued to pray for work. Still, I could not get rid of the idea that this tire company was the place I was supposed to work. The Lord’s guidance was confirmed two days later when the manager called and asked me to come in.

“I don’t know why I am doing a thing like this,” he told me. “It sounds foolish to hire a man and let him work whatever hours he wants to, but it sounds interesting. It will make a good experiment. I’ll take a chance and we will see how it turns out.”

Praise the Lord! He can change the heart of man. His wonders never cease!

The work at the tire company proved a blessing all the time I went to school and until the Lord launched me out on even greater missions of trusting Him also for my livelihood. All told, I worked for the company for two and one-half years. There were over 100 employees, and I was the only one who came and went at will, working different hours practically every day. Some days, I went to work at 3:00 in the afternoon, working until 6:00, or again perhaps until 10:00 or 11:00 at night. As the tire company was open 24 hours a day, I even went to work as early as 3:00 in the morning on a few occasions. I never missed a day, except by choice, and my work was pleasant. Only the gracious Lord Himself could guide me to this kind of situation. Despite my somewhat weak faith, when I asked Him for work where I could choose my hours, I learned that even weak faith is still faith. It is just as the Bible says in Matthew 13:58, “And He (Jesus) did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief.” Had these people with Jesus even had a mustard seed of faith, He could’ve performed miracles. We can’t be discouraged when our faith is small; at least it’s a seed, and God can work with that. Many times, I prayed with the Lord to stay with the tire company until He moved me, which is exactly what happened.

Now that I had a good job, I still had one more big hurdle before I could start school: my smoking habit. Mr. Hawley had accepted me on the condition that I no longer smoked. I had tried to quit many times, and each time I had failed. I had smoked for 18 years, and I now was smoking two packs of cigarettes a day.

After I had been saved, I continued to smoke for a few years and had no convictions about it until one night when my family and I attended a Free Methodist revival meeting. During the time of announcements, about halfway through the service, I went outside the tent to have a cigarette. A man who was standing outside came up to me and asked if I was a Christian. I, of course, immediately said, "Yes."

Then he said, "If I was a Christian I wouldn't smoke."

I got so mad at the man and thought, "What right has he got to tell me what to do?" But truly, I felt the conviction of the Lord for the first time about my smoking. As we walk with the Lord, there will be habits that yesterday, we were able to do and not feel conviction, and at that point, it is not a sin for us. But as we grow closer to Him and become more like Christ, we all of a sudden realize that the same habit is not honoring the Lord. The Bible says in James 4:17, "Therefore to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." That night, as this man confronted me, I realized my smoking habit

was a sin, and from that day on, every time I lit up a cigarette, I knew in my heart it was against God's will for me and was a sin for me. I now measure my habits by asking if the Lord would do this or that. If He would, then I can. I am sure He would not smoke; therefore, I knew I needed to not smoke.

Some people have told me that when they became Christians, they quit the smoking habit immediately, with no struggle. I seem to do everything the hard way. I am so thankful, though, that the Lord has patience with me. I attempted a number of cigarette cures with no luck. I even tried rolling my own, mixing in with the tobacco things I did not like, but still, there was no victory. I would pray and resolve over and over again, "This is the last cigarette package I will ever buy. Just as soon as I finish this one, I will quit." I would sometimes throw away my cigarette pack, carefully noting where I had thrown it away, then returning later, trying to find it. The cigarette habit gripped me for over 18 years. I could not quit in my own strength, but now I was up against a hard, fast deadline: Simpson Bible School would not allow me to enter if I continued to smoke. I had given my word to Mr. Hawley, and I had come to the end of my rope. Finally, in complete surrender, I prayed, "Lord, you know I have tried in every way I know to overcome this filthy habit, but I just can't. Unless you come to my rescue, I am sunk. You know I

have promised Simpson Bible School that I would quit, but I can't. You will have to help me. Please, Lord, take this bad habit away from me.”

When I knew I could not win this battle in my own strength and submitted it to Him, God undertook, and I was delivered from this habit. Where I formally carried my cigarettes, I now carry a small New Testament. Due to the many years of this habit, I would occasionally reach there for a cigarette, but instead, I would feel the New Testament, and God gave me strength as I felt His Word there. I have been so thankful and praise God for this victory, and that Mr. Hawley accepted me as a student, believing that God was able and would deliver me.

6

GOD'S SATURDAY NIGHTS

Simpson Bible School opened its doors for the new semester and with fear and trembling, this thirty-six-year-old started classes. Most of the other students were in their late teens, and a few were in their twenties. I felt like an old man, and I was, in the opinion of the majority of the students. I was the same age as most of the teachers, and older than some. In addition, it had been almost 20 years since the last time I sat as a high school student, and I was sure I had forgotten all I had ever learned. For the first week, it seemed I had.

Adjusting to this new role was more difficult than I had expected, especially concerning memorization. This proved almost impossible for me. As one professor began the spelldowns for Bible memorization, I soon discovered

that I knew practically nothing of the Bible. Standing with these youngsters who rattled off verses of Scripture, I felt foolish, as I always went down on the first verse the teacher gave me. Thankfully, some teachers felt compassion for my handicap and would give me easier verses, even saying most of the words with me, as I stood there dumb and embarrassed, finally sitting down in defeat. The only verses I knew were John 3:16 and Psalm 23.

My faithfulness began to pay off and I began to learn. Gradually, the Bible opened up to me in a new way, and as I invited the Lord into my study time to help me, my life became dynamic and meaningful. I was learning how to study, even with the pressure of a very full schedule of going to school in the morning and part of the afternoon, working at the tire company most evenings until ten o'clock, then getting up early in the morning to study before going to school again. I could not have achieved any kind of success without the help of the Lord.

My free time was from Saturday evening to Monday morning, and I thoroughly enjoyed taking that time off. However, it wasn't long before I felt something in my soul wasn't quite right. I had thought when I got to a Christian school it would be so easy to be holy. Surely, everyone there would be a Christian, loving everyone else. To my surprise, I found

out that the devil works everywhere. The sheltered life among Bible students makes Christianity almost commonplace. Someone has said that it is harder to stay on fire for the Lord in a Christian school than in any other place. In many ways that is true, because Satan tries to lull you to sleep.

I found that one can get so busy doing the legitimate things one feels called to do that he does not take time enough to get alone with God, read His Word, pray, and give service. As a student going to Bible school, certain assignments needed to be read almost daily in the Bible, but I soon discovered that it was also absolutely necessary to read the Bible *voluntarily* to feed my own soul. Reading the Bible as an assignment is fine, but **the joy of just sitting, reading, and letting the Word of God search your heart does something for your soul that nothing else can do.** It took me quite a while to learn this because with all my work, school, and family life, it just seemed there was not enough time to get alone with the Lord.

Without realizing it, I began to lose my first love. I heard the Word given by competent teachers every day. At first, I drank in all the wonderful truths, but as time went on, I became like a stagnant pool, with a large inlet but no outlet. It was approximately six months before I sensed my condition.

After spending time afresh with the Lord, He showed me the state of my heart, and I realized I needed an outlet.

I promised I would give Him every Saturday evening for Christian Service. That very next Saturday night, as I went out of the door, my wife asked me what service I was going to do. I told her I didn't know, but I had promised the Lord I would give Him this night, and I knew He would direct my path. I had a few tracts and a New Testament with me and although I was still afraid to go up to someone and start talking to him about the Lord, I was determined to serve Him.

I wrestled with my pride: What would people think of me if I handed out tracts on the street corner? So, I started for Skid Row, believing it would be easier there, and none of my friends would see me. Before arriving there, while still in the main part of Seattle, I happened across a street meeting where five or six young people played musical instruments, sang, and gave testimonies.

The Lord spoke to my heart to get out there with them! Panic filled me. What if my uncle or others who knew me came by? Lord, I will do anything, but please...not a street meeting. Excuses raced through my mind, but there was no argument against that still, small voice from God saying to me, "Go out there and stand with them." Finally, obedient and with shaking legs, I stepped into the street and stood by the side of one of the young men. He looked questioningly at

me, but I said nothing. He handed me a songbook, and I was soon trying to blend my voice with theirs.

The leader then came over and asked me if I would give a word of testimony for the Lord. I nodded in agreement, and it was with mingled emotions that I began to speak. I started in a loud but faltering voice to say that I knew Jesus Christ as my personal Savior. After a sentence or two, I felt my throat muscles closing up. My voice became husky, then froggy, and then completely left me. I floundered to a stop, and the leader, to cover my predicament, started singing a song. My very first assignment was an utter failure. I made up my mind to stay away from street meetings in the future.

The next Saturday night, I faced my promise that I would give the Lord every Saturday night, and this time, I determined to go straight to Skid Row. No street meetings. But my feet found their way to that same street meeting. God would not let me go to any other place! Taking a deep breath, I resolved that this night, I would give a real testimony for the Lord. The group started in the usual manner with songs and special numbers, and after several minutes, a number of people had gathered to listen. Soon the leader asked for testimonies. My heart beat faster by the minute, knowing he would soon call on me, which he did. There I stood again before the street

microphone, and I wasn't going to make a fool of myself this week. I would give a clear, clean-cut testimony if it killed me.

"I am so glad I am saved," I started to speak out in a loud voice. But immediately, my voice began to leave me again, and I tried desperately to clear my throat. The second and the third time I attempted to speak a silly squeak was all I could muster. My lips were moving, but the words wouldn't come. Again the leader came to my rescue and announced another song. Disheartened and more scared than ever, I wondered how I could ever be of any use to the Lord. Nevertheless, the urge was still in my heart and the promise I had made to God to serve Him every Saturday night stood.

The following week, I went to school as usual, studying hard and going to work in the afternoons and evenings. Finally, Saturday night arrived again. This time, I had practiced what I was going to say, and I felt in my heart I would not fail. Again, we met for prayer, and again I was at the microphone. This time, I was bolder when I began to speak, but after a few words, the same trouble faced me. My throat began to close. The words would not come out. Again, I was a complete failure. I don't know how the leader felt, but I know how grateful I was when he announced another song. After the meeting that night, as I prayed, I felt that the Lord was showing me that this was not my main ministry, but rather a place of training. However, as

He hadn't shown me any other ministry nor had He opened any other door, the following Saturday night found me again on the street corner.

The leader did not ask me to come out and stand with the group, and I didn't blame him. My mind was searching. How *could* I serve the Lord if I couldn't talk like the others did? The crowd on the street corner was small that night, as nearly everyone hurried past, some with indifference, some with open scorn. I longed to persuade them to stop and listen, to hear words of life. Suddenly on an impulse, I reached out and took the hands of some Christians who were also standing on the corner. We stood in the middle of the walk, holding hands so that no one could get by. Sure, they could've crossed the street if they really wanted to get away from us, but soon there was a large crowd. People had to stop because we blocked the way, and others going by, seeing the people forming became curious and stopped, too. In a few minutes, we had the largest crowd we had ever had, and people were listening to the testimonies of the fellows who could talk! The Bible tells of us being a doorkeeper, but I guess I was one of His first roadblocks. I was really happy; I had found something I could do, even if I couldn't speak. This was another lesson for me. I realized that if one is determined and eager to serve the Lord, not caring about personal pride, there is always something one can do.

The Lord has a way of guiding us when we take our hands off of our own lives.

My adventures with the Lord on Saturday nights took flight. The street work was just the beginning of launching out into greater and greater adventures in serving Him. For a while on Saturday nights, my primary work was personally talking with those individuals who became interested, pointing out scripture verses, dealing with their problems, and witnessing to others, person-to-person, endeavoring to win them for Christ.

Back at school, there was an upcoming assignment that I had dreaded, especially after my attempts to speak publicly at the street meetings. Every student was required to speak in a school chapel before the entire student body and faculty. Since I knew I could not escape it, I decided to give my personal testimony of how the Lord saved me. I believed a sermon would be out of my reach, but with the Lord's help, I knew I could give a testimony. Finally came the day, and with trembling legs, I stood and told how the Lord saved me from a life of sin. After my personal testimony, a pastor who sat in the audience approached me and invited me to speak at his church the following Sunday. I immediately said, "No, I am sorry, I can't speak. I have never preached a sermon in my life, and I am not ready yet." Certainly, this was the only proper thing

to do. I was thinking only of my own weakness, completely disregarding the power of God to use a willing person.

A short time later, I was talking about this with the Rev. Henry Turnidge, a pastor friend of mine, telling him laughingly, "Can you imagine what happened? A pastor asked me to speak in his church." To which he asked, "Did you take it?" I chuckled, "Of course not! I've never preached a sermon in my life!"

He did not laugh with me as I expected, but said, "Mike, you made a bad mistake there. You should go in every door the Lord opens for you. If you don't go through the open doors, he will not open up others for you." I have found that this is the method the Lord has used to guide me into new work for Him. Almost invariably the Lord gives me jobs that are beyond me, but He helps me. When I fail, these experiences drive me to my knees, and in that position, I learn faster. "From here on, Mike, *take every assignment* the Lord gives until you get so busy you have to make a choice."

I was so thankful to Rev. Turnidge for this counsel. From that time on, I have tried to follow this advice, with the exception of times when I was physically unable to speak or had to choose between two or more opportunities for service. I resolved to say "yes" to my next invitation to speak. Sure enough, a short time after this lesson, I received a call from one

of the missions in Skid Row, asking me to speak. I accepted the invitation and started to walk through the doors the Lord opened for me.

That first sermon at the Peniel Mission is forever burned in my memory. My whole body was trembling so fiercely, I had to hang on to the pulpit for dear life. Without it, I am afraid I would not have been able to stand. I had so much in my heart that I wanted to bring these people: how Jesus was born, how He was raised, about His sufferings, crucifixion, and resurrection, and that He had done all this for me. I began by reading the Scriptures telling of Jesus dying on the cross, and soon I became so engrossed in what I was saying, all my notes were forgotten. I started with the virgin birth of Jesus, and there was so much to say about that wonderful event in the Lord's life on earth, I didn't get beyond telling of His childhood, and I never had time to tell of Jesus on the cross. Consequently, the sermon and the Scripture didn't tie up very well together.

My wife was in the audience and very concerned for me as she listened to my stumbling words and told me later that she had thought, "Oh dear, Mike will never make it. Will he ever be able to make it as a preacher?" Certainly, I used no homiletics that night, but the Lord used me anyway because when I gave the invitation for salvation, several men came to the altar. I discovered that it was not so much *what* I said, but if

my heart was clean before the Lord, then the Holy Spirit could take my stumbling words and accomplish His ends. The Lord gave me love and compassion for these unfortunate people as I spoke to them. Vivian was no more surprised than I was to see men come forward after a message given so poorly, but praise the Lord, "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and the base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen" (1 Cor. 1:27, 28).

This experience at the Peniel Mission was the first of several opportunities I had to speak there. The Lord used this mission field to train me. Unfortunately, I experienced fear each time I spoke, but I did it anyway, and God always showed up. Even to this day, it is a fearful thing for me to stand behind a pulpit to give out the Word of God.

On one occasion, when I spoke at the Peniel Mission, at the close of the service, a young girl came forward and knelt at the altar and cried out to God. We talked with her there, and she told us her story. Just the day before, she had run away from her home in Montana, and on the bus, a strange man had made her acquaintance. He was with her, walking on Skid Row that night, and as she walked by the Peniel Mission street meeting, she felt the urge to go into the meeting. Her

new acquaintance tried to hinder her, even pulling her away as she came in, but she persisted. During the meeting, he left her but entered two or three times and tried to get the girl to leave with him, making quite a disturbance. When I gave the invitation to those who would like to accept the Lord, she came forward and accepted Christ as her own personal Savior. After hearing her story, we had the police pick up the man waiting outside. They discovered that he was a man involved with human trafficking who, if God had not intervened, would have taken this girl for his evil business. He had promised to help her secure employment and show her Seattle, but he had ulterior motives. Undoubtedly, this girl had someone praying for her who saved her from a life of sin and sent her to the mission that night where she found Christ. The next day, she returned to her home in Montana, and the human trafficker was sent to jail.

Another extraordinary memory from the Peniel Mission was a night when, at my invitation, many men came forward for salvation. I noticed one man, especially, who had been drinking heavily, beginning to weep at the altar. Kneeling beside him, I put my arm around him. As he cried out to the Lord, I watched as the Lord made him completely sober and transformed this drunkard into a saint. Later, as I walked out with him at the close of the meeting, I was telling him of the necessity of reading the Bible daily, praying, and telling others

he was a Christian, and that he would have to leave this old life of sin on the Skid Row. As we walked together, one of his buddies came staggering up, waving a bottle and saying, "Come on, Bob, let's have another drink." I stepped up to the man and said, "Bob just got saved."

Then Bob himself stood up and said, "No, Jim, I'm not going to drink anymore. I just got saved." Whereupon Jim grabbed Bob saying, "Aw, come on. Just one more drink won't hurt you," and began to pull Bob away from me.

I was pulling on the other side, shouting, "Let go of him, Jim. What you need is the same thing as Bob has." But the man replied, "I am too great a sinner to be saved."

I then repeated for him Isaiah 1:18, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool," and then I said, "Jim, have you ever killed a man?" I intended to conclude my sentence saying that God would even forgive a murderer, but I didn't get a chance because Jim let go of Bob and ran like greased lightning down the street. I had been talking to a murderer! What must that man face on the day of judgment without Christ?

I am so thankful to God for the opportunities He gave me to preach on Skid Row. The Lord blessed me and gave me souls every time I spoke.

SECTION TWO REFLECTIONS

The author reflects that when he moved his family to Seattle, many thought he had lost his mind. But Mike was encouraged by the scripture in Matthew 6:33, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and all these things will be added unto you." He believed that because it was God who called them out, God would also undertake to provide for all their needs. What does this scripture mean to you? Have you ever had to take a leap of faith where you had to completely trust God to be the one who 'added all these things unto you?' What do you think 'seek ye first the kingdom' means?

Mike Martin hit a roadblock in finding a new job until he sensed in his time with God that he needed to pray with very specific intentions about the details of the job he needed. And God provided just that! Do you pray this specifically to God? Are there prayers you think are too small to pray? Too big? Have you ever prayed in faith for something so specific that when God answered it, there was no way to deny it was Him?

Mike shares the progression of his revelation about his smoking habit, how before he was truly convicted by the Holy Spirit, he did not believe it was a sin for him to smoke. However, after the Lord revealed this to him, he knew every

time he smoked he was outside God's will for him. What do you think of this? Has there ever been an area of your life where you acted in a certain way without conviction, then later as you grew in your faith, that very same thing was now no longer okay for you to do? How do you think this plays out in the world and with people who are not Christians?

Mike has a realization he is so busy studying the Bible and "doing things" for God, that he has neglected his own private fellowship with the Lord. He writes, "The joy of just sitting, reading, and letting the Bible search your heart does something for your soul that nothing else can do." Do you believe this to be true? Have you ever been in a season so busy with all the great areas God has blessed your life with that you have forgotten to rest and allow God to speak personally to you? How important is a daily time of prayer and reflection on Scripture? Are you doing this? If so, reflect on how this discipline informs your daily life. Have you neglected this practice? If so, how can you commit to building time back into your schedule?

Mike is terrified to speak publicly and has some dramatic issues when he attempts to do it. However, he keeps trying and eventually just does it afraid. How comfortable are you in sharing your faith with strangers? With people you know? Have you ever approached someone and asked if they needed

BY FAITH

prayer? If so, share that testimony. Do you think everyone needs to be ready to share their faith with a friend or a stranger? Has there been a time in your life when you had to do something even though you were afraid?



SECTION THREE

7

THE BEGINNING OF KING'S TEENS

“Do you think my friend Joanne can come and live with us?” our high school daughter, Joyce, asked one night at the supper table.

Viv and I were completely taken aback by this request that seemed to come from out of the blue. Joyce had been talking to us about this new friend who was living in a deplorable situation at her home. At the beginning of the school year, we had only seen this girl once or twice, so naturally we were surprised she would have asked Joyce if she could come and live with us. Our immediate reaction was, “No, Joyce, we just do not have enough money for her to come live here.” Surely, we thought, there are other places she can go and people who know her better than we

do who can help her. So the next morning at school, Joyce told Joanne that we could not take her in, and we thought the matter was closed.

The next day, the Lord began to speak to both Viv and me, reminding us that we had promised to obey Him and that we hadn't even prayed about Joanne coming to live with us. We talked together, prayed, and asked His forgiveness, and we told the Lord if *He* wanted us to take Joanne, could He please lead her to ask Joyce again? If she came again with this request, we would know God was sending Joanne to us.

The following day, Joanne did just that: she saw Joyce at school and asked if she could please come to live with us, at least for a while. I'm sure Joyce was surprised to have her parents answer this second request with, "Okay. Please bring her home with you tomorrow after school." How we praise the Lord that we were obedient in this, for just two days later, Viv had the job of sharing with Joanne about Christ, and this precious girl accepted the Lord as her personal Savior right then and there.

Coming into our home was quite a shift for Joanne because her temperament and former environment were vastly different from ours. All Joanne had previously known was uncertainty and fear. When would she eat next? Would her parents be at home? And when our family would be getting

ready for bed, Joanne's whole body would begin to tremble as she waited for the moment Viv and I would begin violently fighting, as this was a normal occurrence in her own home. However, God was faithful and helped both her and us adjust to each other.

Joanne had been to church only once or twice in her life and then attended a church where the Gospel was not preached. Slowly but surely, there came a change in Joanne. The things of the world began to fall away, and she began to enjoy her new life of going to church, young people's meetings, and other Christian activities. II Corinthians 5:17 began to be a reality, "if any man be in Christ he is a new creature..."

Little did Viv or I know that Joanne would be the first of hundreds of teenage boys and girls from broken homes that we would be able to take in at King's Garden.

I truly believe that if we had not stepped through the door of opportunity to take Joanne into our home, the Lord wouldn't have given us the opportunity to help others, nor would He have given us King's Garden.

One day, Joyce came home from school, disheartened and blue. When we inquired about the reason, she told us, "Everything at school is arranged for those who are not Christians. All the parties are either for dancing or other worldly amusements that Christians cannot take part in. I

wish someone would do something for the Christian kids.”

The Lord used this remark to burden my heart for the Christian boys and girls in high school. I started to pray that the Lord would put it upon someone’s heart to work with these teenage boys and girls. After weeks of prayer, the Lord simply asked me, “Why don’t *you* do something about it?” I tried to explain to the Lord that I had never worked with young people. I couldn’t sing; I couldn’t speak; I couldn’t direct music. But all these arguments were in vain. The Lord began dealing with me—not someone else—to work with high school boys and girls. It seems that every step along the way I have tried to get others to do the work He has wanted *me* to do. Then the Lord reminded me once again that I had promised to obey Him. I surrendered my will to Him and told the Lord I would be willing, but that he would have to show me what to do.

Soon after, I started working with John Lundburg, a man who already had a ministry working with high school boys and girls. He had all the right gifts, in my opinion: he was a very effective young people’s leader, a great singer and director of music, and a dynamic speaker. As I worked with him I felt less qualified than ever, but I knew that the Lord had nudged me to begin this service, and was determined to go on.

One day as I was praying I asked the Lord that if He

wanted to speak a word to me or give me instructions for the future, could he wake me up between two and two-thirty in the morning, just so I could have confirmation that what I was hearing was accurate. Of course, He has spoken to me at other times, but since that request, it has been my custom that whenever I wake up at night in this time frame, I get up and meet the Lord in Bible reading, meditation, and prayer. The Lord has used this unique time to instruct and guide me not only in most of my important spiritual decisions but also in challenges that have affected my life and the lives of many others.

A few weeks after this, the Lord woke me early one morning, and I could sense He had some new instructions. He gave me the name “The King’s” and asked me to start a new teenage work, complete with the patterns and strategies of how to build an interdenominational high school club. That night on my knees, King’s Teens was born. The main emphasis of King’s Teens would be to train the Christian teenager how to build a relationship with the Lord and also to provide Christian fellowship in school. In my experience, over and over I had seen teenagers making decisions for Christ, but what happens the next day, and the day after? King’s Teens was started by God to help that Christian teenager, to encourage him to testify, study the Word, join and work in the

church, and reach out and win for Christ those in school who would never otherwise hear the Gospel. Our motto would be “Obedience to the Word of God.”

We began to plan to start our first King’s Teen Club in our home when, to our surprise, our landlady shocked us with the news that we would have to move out! Her son and two children were coming home to live with her and they would need us to find another place to live. We were heartsick and began to ask the Lord, “Why did this have to happen, when we were so comfortable and getting along so well?” It was impossible to find a place to rent, we soon discovered, so we entertained the idea of actually buying a new home. We were living by faith and at that moment, we had almost nothing for a down payment, so unless the Lord undertook this endeavor, we’d be sunk.

One day as I was working at the tire company, I mentioned to Bill, one of the young workers, that we were looking for a new home. He shared that his dad had recently bought a place, but since Bill’s mom did not like it, they were planning on selling it to buy another. His father was Major Ellison of the Salvation Army, and when he took me and my family out to see this house, we were all overjoyed. It was perfect for us: within three blocks of Simpson Bible School, partially furnished in all the needed ways, a large living room for our

upcoming King’s Teens meetings, and as an added blessing, it reminded me of the home I grew up in. We all believed this was the house the Lord would have us purchase.

Major Ellison told us he required a downpayment of \$1,900 in cash (today’s value approx. \$33,000) in order to get his investment out. The Major and I prayed together about the house, and he told me that he, too, felt the Lord would have us purchase this house. He offered us a thirty-day option to give us a chance to secure the money. At this time we had no money at all, and we tried to figure out ways and means. We sold our car, which netted us money for part of the down payment, but we still lacked more than a thousand dollars. I also endeavored to find someone who would be willing to take a second mortgage on the house. We tried everything but at the end of thirty days, the money was still as far away as ever.

I went back to Major Ellison and told him that we did not yet have the money, but we still believed the place should be ours. While I was in his office he had a call from a real estate man, offering more money for the house than the price he made to us. But Major Ellison turned it down to allow us more time to raise the money. He told the real estate people to wait another week and then if we couldn’t get the money, he would sell it to them. He then told me he still felt the Lord

wanted us to have the place and that he would wait just one more week. If on the following Monday at noon, we did not yet have the money, he would have to sell to the other people.

We tried everything to raise or borrow the money, and we even tried to pawn Viv's diamond ring! We prayed much that week, but every door seemed closed. I decided to make one last appointment on Monday morning in the office of the Graham Investment Company. Before I left for that appointment, our family prayed together, and my oldest boy, Curtis, said he felt sure the Lord was going to give us that place. He was the only one who still held on to faith enough to believe. The rest of us had believed so confidently at the start, but when every door closed and the last day arrived, our faith was greatly diminished.

At approximately 10:30 a.m. I went to the Graham Investment Company and met the man who had been considering loaning us the money. In the end, he said their company could not loan the money to us on a second mortgage because of the FHA restrictions on older homes. All hope was sucked out of me, but for some reason, I was led to share my testimony. I told him that I was a Christian and that God had called me out of business in order to combat juvenile delinquency through Christianity. I explained that while my

family truly believed this was the house the Lord wanted to give us, we must've been mistaken because had that been true, the Lord could easily have provided.

After this gentleman left the real estate office, Mr. Graham, a fine Christian man who had been sitting quietly and listening, came to me and said, "I listened to your testimony and I have confidence that the Lord wants you to have that house. Just yesterday a man came in and paid me some money which I did not expect, and I believe that the Lord wants me to loan you the money so that you can buy the place." My heart leaped for joy, and I looked up and saw the clock on the wall. It was just moments before noon! The option on our home would be canceled in a few minutes. Using an office phone right then and there, I called Major Ellison to tell him that the Lord had, at the last minute, given the money. Major Ellison and I praised the Lord together over the phone. How wonderful it was to have our new home sold to us by a Christian man, and the money loaned to us by another Christian man. Surely the Lord was guiding our affairs.

Within days we were moved into our new home. God perfectly supplied through the partial furnishing every piece we lacked, and all our own furnishings fit perfectly in each room. We had given our piano to the church when we left Goldendale, but there was even a piano waiting for us! It

was such a comfortable place, with three bedrooms upstairs, hardwood floors and a fireplace, a full basement, and an oil furnace. Although it was not a new house, it was ideal for us.

After we were settled, our thoughts began to turn again to the work the Lord had called us to do, that of working with high school boys and girls. We made plans afresh to start our first King's Teens Club, which would meet in our home. I had the best of intentions, but I always seemed to learn the hard way, so instead of jumping in the deep end and launching King's Teens right away, I stuck my toe in the water and started to work instead with John Lundberg. This was not the Lord's will, and things just did not work out right. There was very little interest, and at one meeting there were only four teenagers and two of them were my own children, who *had* to come! Things went from bad to worse.

Finally, in November 1944, the Lord dealt with me and asked me why I was not following the pattern that he had given me in that early morning a few months back. I asked Him to forgive me, and as I was there on my knees, I pled to the Lord for the souls of teenage boys and girls. The Lord answered, "You obey me and do as I say, and I will give you souls." That night through prayer, King's Teens was born the second time. How wonderfully God has blessed this work! Since that night in King's Teens Club meetings across the

Pacific Northwest, hundreds upon hundreds, yea, thousands have found Christ, and many other thousands have dedicated their lives for full-time Christian service. This would not have happened except for an experience that happened to me on the night of November 14, 1944.

8

THE HOLY SPIRIT

Simpson Bible School began each school day with a Chapel service, usually with gospel singing, a special musical number, and a speaker. Those mornings as I sat in the chapel and listened to speaker after speaker talk about the Holy Spirit impacted my heart. This type of preaching on the Holy Spirit was something new to me. Yes, I knew I had received the Holy Spirit when I was saved; His Spirit witnessed with my spirit that I was a child of God. But when I heard them speak of men such as D.L. Moody, Charles Finney, A.B. Simpson, and other men of God, my heart became hungry to be like them, and I desired that I might be used by God in a greater way. I knew they had the power of God resting on them in a way that I had not experienced. In addition, many of the guest speakers I

heard had something that I knew I needed: more power in my life to testify and to win souls for Him. I yearned to have what they talked about, but I did not know what to do to receive this power. Yes, I was working for God. I was walking in all the light that I had, but I wasn't seeing the souls saved that I thought I should. I spoke, but I lacked something. Then one day as I heard one of these men speaking on Acts 1:8, "But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth," something inside me ignited. I whispered in prayer, "That's what I need, God. I need the Holy Spirit to give me this power."

I began to pray daily, asking the Lord that I might receive the Holy Spirit so that I might see more souls saved and that I might be able to see more things accomplished for God. One morning, November 14, God woke me up at our usual 2:00 a.m. I went downstairs, not knowing what the Lord would have, for each time was different. Usually, I would pray and read the Bible and ask the Lord what he wanted with me. But I sensed this morning was special.

As I knelt at the davenport, I began to pray again, asking the Lord for the Holy Spirit with power that I might win souls for Him. The Lord spoke to my heart and asked me if I really

wanted souls. I told Him, "Lord, I do not care what it takes or costs, I must win souls."

I believe that in those couple of hours of my fervent praying, the Lord tested me to see how serious I was. He did not talk audibly, but in that still, small voice that we who know Christ understand, He asked, "Alvin, will you give me your name and your fame?" Once again, I noticed He called me by Alvin, the name given when I was christened as an infant. Everyone calls me Mike but I know my name in glory will be Alvin.

As I knelt there, it was so easy for me to say yes to this. Name and fame? I had no name; very few people knew me, and I had no fame. "This is easy," I thought, "if this is all it takes to receive the power of the Holy Spirit." With no hesitation, I replied, "Yes, Lord, you can have my name and fame." I didn't think I was giving Him anything. In hindsight, however, I learned that pride can come in subtly and a man can begin to boast of that which God does as though it were his own doing and rob God of his glory.

I waited anxiously to see what the Lord was going to do or say next. Soon I heard the Lord say again, "Alvin, will you give me your home?"

My wife and I had already dedicated our home to the Lord, but somehow I knew this was different. I sensed He meant that if He wanted the house, asked us to sell it and

move into a tent so that we could give all the money away... would that be alright with us? But this really wasn't a difficult test because Viv and I truly had already committed our home to him. I prayed and gave the house afresh to Him, saying, "This house is completely Yours, Lord; You can do with it whatever You wish."

As soon as I made this commitment, I prayed that the Lord would then fill me with His precious Spirit. I waited before the Lord, but nothing happened for a long time. Then I heard again, "Alvin, will you give me your boy, Michael?" This startled me. Michael was our youngest boy, our baby. I couldn't quite believe that God would want to take him away from us. However, I felt as though this was an Abraham moment between me and God; He was asking me to put everything on that altar as a testimony of my complete trust and surrender to Him and to His call on my life.

I began to weep as I thought of truly giving my son to the Lord, with absolutely no strings attached. I said, "Yes, Lord, You can have Michael." I prayed and waited, again believing that I would receive the Holy Spirit, but not knowing exactly what to expect.

Again I heard the voice of the lord, "Alvin, will you give me Curtis?" And again, I wept. God was asking for one hundred percent surrender of my other son. I remembered the

time when Curtis almost died of pneumonia. A minister came and anointed him with oil and prayed for him, according to James 5:14,15. We dedicated him to the Lord that night in the hospital room and said, "Lord, if You will spare our boy, we will raise him for Your service." We knew the Lord heard the prayer because He healed our boy. I reminded the Lord that Curtis was already his, that he had been dedicated to Him. However, I knew this time the Lord was not just talking of dedication; He was asking me as a father to surrender him completely.

"Lord, you can have Curtis to do with what you will."

The tests kept coming. Next, He asked, "Alvin, will you give me Joyce?" I felt like I was being stripped bare. Nevertheless, in the spirit, I surrendered Joyce utterly to His will.

I surmised I had surrendered everything possible to the Lord. I was wrong. The biggest ask was coming next when I heard the voice of God speak to me. "Alvin, will you give me your wife, Vivian?" This was a tremendous shock to me because while, as a parent, you know your children will grow to make their own choices and one day leave your home, a wife is forever. I did not fully understand how the Lord could ask for me to surrender my wife, whom I was in covenant with "until death do us part." But I also knew God's thoughts and

His ways were above mine, and this spiritual surrender of even my wife was a necessary step for me to go forward with God.

After crying and praying for some time, I finally was able to say, “If this is the choice I must make and You are asking me to surrender my whole family, I will choose You, Lord.”

As a covenant with the Lord, I sensed I needed to add action to these promises. Even though it was not quite five in the morning, I went upstairs and, one by one, I snuck into my children’s rooms, knelt by their beds as they slept, laid my hands on them, and prayed a prayer of dedication, surrender, and blessing over each one. Last of all I went into Vivian, and not fully understanding what the Lord was doing in my heart, I kissed her and prayed over her. She woke up, startled, and I could not seem to explain to her exactly what the Lord was doing. Bless her heart for some of the odd things I have prayed and done!

Finally, I went downstairs and knelt by the davenport and sobbed out, “Lord, You now have everything. I surrender all that I have to You.” After this prayer, I had an experience I will never, ever forget. It seemed as though heaven itself opened and I saw the glory of the Lord! I cannot explain it. All I know is that I felt I was in the presence of the King of kings in a pool of liquid sunshine. The glory of His presence was so strong I could not endure and finally had to say, “Lord, I cannot stand

it,” and His glory lifted slowly. I do not know exactly what happened, but I do know that I was anointed by the Holy Spirit with power, for after that, I preached many of the same sermons I had preached before, but now with a new authority and power, and I saw many souls born again. Ever since this experience, God has continued to bless me remarkably, and many people have found Christ as their personal Savior through my ministry. I know that Acts 1:8 is a reality and that I received from God His Holy Spirit and His power.

Receiving the Holy Spirit is not just a once and for all experience, but we need a fresh infilling of the Holy Spirit from day to day. I find that I need a daily infilling for each task He gives me to do. Although this testing experience transformed my life, I also know that it is necessary for me to feed daily on the Living Bread and receive from the Lord a new, fresh anointing of the Holy Spirit for each day’s work. Little did I know that besides the King’s Teen Clubs, He had in store for me King’s Garden and many other affiliate works.

I know the things He has done through my life have not been by my power, but by the power of the Holy Spirit working in and through me. This time in my life was precious as it helped me know Him better. I know now by actual experience Luke 14:26 and 33. God does demand a complete surrender

of everything — name, fame, houses, lands, wife, and family — to be His true disciple and to be used by Him.

The Lord has been so good to me and my entire family. Joyce is now a missionary in New Guinea, Curtis is a minister of the Gospel, Michael is in school preparing to go to foreign lands as a missionary if the Lord so leads, and Joanne, the first girl the Lord gave us from a broken home, is a minister's wife. My wife and I are now Grandpa and Grandma, serving the Lord together at King's Garden. Although we are wonderfully blessed, my family and everything I own is still on the altar. We are all His and He can do with us whatever He desires.

9

KING'S TEENS WORK EXPANDS

Everything changed after my experience on November 14, and the work of the King's Teens took on a new life. What started with only four teenagers (two of them my own who had to come), soon became 80 to 100 teens crowding out our living room! How wonderful to see the great enthusiasm as every week teens were giving their hearts to the Lord and committing to a life of transformation. Viv and I could see the Spirit of God setting fires in these youngsters, especially during our praise and worship. Their singing could be heard two blocks away and I visualized the shingles of our roof flapping up and down trying to keep time with them as they worshiped with all their might. Some of the harmonies might have been questionable, but it was loud and enthusiastic, and above all, something was happening in the hearts of the teenagers.

As I look back to the beginning of King's Teens, I was like Moses at the burning bush arguing with the Lord about all my inadequacies: I wasn't a youth leader, I didn't speak, I couldn't sing let alone try to direct worship. But I had as much luck as Moses trying to win that debate. He reminded me that He didn't call me because of any talents, he'd called me because I was willing to serve. I am so thankful that He did. I know my responsibility is to obey the Lord and then leave the consequences with him. **When I completely surrendered, I became an empty channel that He could use.** I gave Him my mental and physical faculties, and He took over.

With more and more teenagers coming, my wife and I needed help. We began to pray, and the Lord sent Joe Brill and, shortly after, Jim Thompson, students from Simpson Bible School. Joe and Jim led the singing and helped with the counseling work. In addition, with many more girls coming, we began to pray for another woman, and the Lord sent Miss Janey Theodore (now Mrs. Normand Hutchinson) to help.

Inquiries came in about King's Teens, asking if we would start a club in their neighborhoods. Our first call came from Cephas Ramquist, a businessman from Vashon Island, near Seattle. Mr. Ramquist was having a weekly meeting for teenagers, but only five or six kids were coming. He asked if we would come and start a King's Teens Club there, which

we did. God blessed this endeavor in a real way at Vashon and soon 30, 40, then 50 were coming each week. Many of these teenagers found Christ as their personal Savior, while the Christian teenagers began to enjoy their Christianity and to win over others. We were thankful for this privilege of launching out.

Our third King's Teens Club was started on Bainbridge Island, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Berg. Again God blessed, and boys and girls came from everywhere on the island, and many found the Lord. God demonstrated that his hand was upon King's Teens, and soon we had clubs throughout the state of Washington. We next expanded King's Teens into the state of Oregon, with Ernest Wells as director and headquarters in Salem, Oregon.

A challenging work was when we began one of the first clubs in a migrant labor camp in Oregon. None of these boys and girls had ever heard any Gospel songs and choruses. In the middle of the first meeting, all of a sudden they all got up and ran outside. I had no one left in the meeting, so I followed them to see why they had left. There in front of our meeting place, I saw a husband beating up his wife! The crowd of adults and teenagers simply looked on, and when the episode was over, the boys and girls came back into our meeting. Shock overcame me as the man knocked his wife to

the ground, and lifted her up to hit her again and again, but I discovered in talking to the young people that this was a common, everyday experience. I listened as they told me some of the squalid conditions of their lives. Most of them never attended school. Their parents forced them to work, picking up potatoes in the fields. They stayed in one place just until the school truant officers would catch up with them and force them to put the children in school. The parents would then move on to some other place again, putting their children to work. It seemed to me that all they were doing was using the children to earn money so that they could get drunk. In many of these labor camps, the young people were not supervised, and in one instance some teenagers took two small children and put them into an oven and actually roasted them alive.

When I first asked the camp manager if we could come in and provide some recreation and a club meeting for the kids, he said, "It's not going to work; we've already tried that once." Upon inquiry, we discovered that they had given the kids a building, a slot machine, and a piano with no one to supervise them. The kids spent their money on the slot machine, then later at night they broke into the building and ripped the machine to pieces trying to get their money out, and in their anger did other damage to the piano and building. That was the end of the recreation. I thank God that through King's

Teens, we were able to reach a number of these boys and girls for Christ. God continued to bless, and soon we were able to see King's Teens expand into other states also.

King's Teens Clubs normally operated only during the school year, from September through May, so I had the summers free to prepare materials for the opening of the clubs in the fall. During the first summer after starting King's Teens, I received a call from Lake Sammamish Bible Camp, asking if I would come out for two weeks to serve as a counselor in their boys' camp. I eagerly accepted the offer, as I had promised the Lord I would walk through each door He opened. I went to my employer at the tire company and requested my vacation so that I could serve the Lord for these two weeks at Lake Sammamish Bible Camp. He granted me this, as I had vacation time coming. The Lord blessed the boys' camp in a marvelous way.

Two weeks later, Dr. And Mrs. Annis Jepson, directors of the boys' and girls' camps at Lake Sammamish, asked if I would come back again for their next boys' camp. I had no more vacation time coming, but I went to my boss anyway and asked him if I could have an extra week off as I had been asked to work for another week. He said, "Isn't that just what you did two weeks ago?" I told him it was. After considerable explanation, he reluctantly granted me an extra week away.

Again God blessed in a real way. Shortly after I had returned to work at the tire company, Dr. Jepson called me again and asked if I would come out just one more time for their last camp of the season, which was for high school boys *and* girls. Again I went to my boss to try to secure another week off. This time he said sternly, “Mike, you will have to make a choice. Either you are going to work for me or for the Lord. Which do you choose?”

For some time, I had been longing to be out in full-time service for the Lord. I had asked the Lord to thrust me out. And this was it, I knew, as I replied, “Mr. Brown, this is not a difficult choice for me. I told the Lord a long time ago, ‘Lord, when You want me to leave this job and go into full-time service for you, thrust me out so I will know You are doing it.’ I have been waiting for this moment for quite a while and am so glad that now I can serve the Lord with all my time.” When I finished talking with Mr. Brown, I returned to my work.

As was my custom during the noon hour, I turned the radio dial to listen to the Christian Business Men’s program. Hilding Halvarson, Seattle’s well-known Gospel singer, who has meant so much in my life, was singing, “God is Waiting.” As I listened, I knew the Lord was talking to me through Hilding’s song. I spoke audibly, “Lord, you don’t have to wait any longer. I am ready to go.” After that song had ended, I

went downstairs to punch the time clock, which was right next to a bulletin board. As I glanced at the board, I was startled to see a poem entitled, “Get on the Firing Line for Jesus.” As I read the poem I thought, “Surely the Lord Himself has pinned that poem on the board just for me!” During the two and a half years I had worked for the tire company, I was the only one who ever had been allowed to put anything of a Christian nature on the bulletin board, and at that, only at Christmas, Thanksgiving, and Easter. A few minutes before, I had told my boss I was choosing the Lord, then I heard Hilding sing, “God is Waiting,” and now this poem, “Get on the Firing Line for Jesus!”

I was never more sure about anything in my life than I was that this was God’s time for me. **This was truly the beginning of my walk of faith — working for the Lord without any gainful occupation,** trusting Him for our bread and butter, for clothing, and for everything we needed.

A simple definition of what Viv and I refer to as “Living by Faith” is a complete reliance on God to take care of all our physical needs. Most people rely on a salary from a job or even the ministry to take care of things such as food, rent, clothing, medical and ministry needs, etc. Living by Faith is turning to God as our provider and relying on Him to meet all our financial needs through the benevolence of people,

and sometimes miraculously. Viv and I took our needs to the Lord (I will give many examples in the pages to come), and He would either provide those things Himself or put them on the hearts of men and women to sow their tithes and offerings into our ministry. Almost never did we make our needs known to anyone other than the Lord or make public requests for these issues.

Living by Faith is quite the adventure! I had asked the Lord for help in understanding the Word of God and in actually believing it, and He certainly answered this prayer. We began to see miracles happen in fresh and surprising ways. The further Viv and I stepped out in faith, the more He began to meet us there. We truly began to walk a new way of life, Living by Faith.

SECTION THREE REFLECTIONS

The Lord gave Mike Martin a distinct plan for how to begin King's Teens, but when the time came, he played it safe and tried to work with someone he felt was more qualified. As a result of Mike trying to do things his way and not God's way, nothing worked. Have you ever stepped out in something you knew God asked of you, but you played it safe? Or you did it your way? How did that situation work out? What did you learn?

Mike writes that he truly believed if he and Viv would not have obeyed and taken Joanne into their family, that the Lord would not have entrusted them with the thousands of future teens who needed to be taken care of at King's Gardens. As you look back, do you have any defining moments, where had you not stepped through a door of opportunity, your life would look very different?

In Bible school, Mike heard teachers speak of the Holy Spirit in a way that created a hunger in his heart to know more. When have you heard or read a message about the things of God that have stirred a desire to know more? What was the topic? What did you do about it? How did God answer you?

Has God ever asked you to surrender to Him something you considered precious? Something you thought you could never live without?

Again, the author writes about how important it is to be filled each day with the power of God. When is the easiest time for you to connect with God? How could you do something this week to connect more deeply with the Lord?

Mike tried to convince God that He probably should pick someone else to start an effective teen ministry. Have you ever felt unqualified to do what you believed the Lord was asking you to do? How did you overcome those feelings of inadequacy?

Mike finally received an ultimatum from his boss: either work for the company or work for the Lord. When in your life have you felt you were at a crossroads similar to this? What did you choose? What were the effects of that choice?

As you read more about the Martins and their adventure of “Living by Faith,” how has this inspired you? Is there an area in your life where you could step out farther in faith? What would that look like? Perhaps talk with a friend and ask them to join you in faith and pray with you about this new step of faith.



SECTION FOUR

10

I LIVE BY FAITH

Serving at the Lake Sammamish camp that week, I felt a surge of excitement. Here I was, fully severed from my former job at the tire company, going all out for the Lord. I was now actually getting on the firing line for Jesus. The first day of full-time service was quite a thrill for me, and I have never regretted it or lost the joy of trusting Him for my livelihood. The Lord blessed the boys' and girls' camp in a marvelous way, and as far as I could ascertain, all the boys and girls at this camp accepted Christ. The satisfaction in my heart was overflowing.

I came back on Saturday evening to check in at home only to find out that, financially, we were in bad shape. We had no savings account of any kind, and the following Monday, our \$50 house payment was due. Viv and I

prayed, explained to the Lord our desperate situation, and told Him that if He did not undertake we would not have the money to meet the house payment. All we could do was leave this problem in His hands.

The following morning, I drove back for the final day of camp. Each Sunday afternoon there was a special service with emphasis on missionary giving. A missionary, usually one on furlough in a foreign country, was chosen for the week, and the offering was then given to this missionary. As the meeting progressed, I was overjoyed to hear the boys and girls tell about the powerful things the Lord had done in their hearts; some had found the Lord during the week, and others had dedicated their lives to full-time service.

Now came the climax of the meeting: the big moment when they announced the missionary of the week. This choice was always kept a secret by the directors, Dr. and Mrs. Annis Jepson, until this big moment. One of the biggest thrills of my life was to hear them announce that the missionary of the week was — guess who? — Mike Martin! What a marvelous way God had chosen to show me I was in His perfect will. As I went forward to receive the gift of the missionary offering, all I could think of was the chorus, “Praise Ye the Lord.” With tears of emotion and joy coursing down my cheeks, I just stood there smiling through my tears. Finally, I choked out, “Can

we sing ‘Praise Ye the Lord?’” As we sang that chorus, my heart went up in thanks to the Lord. I received \$252.57 (today’s value approx. \$4200), and as my wife and I checked back on what I would have earned during the time I was at camp, we found that the Lord took care of us even better than if I had stayed on the job at the tire company. With this money, we were able to make our house payment, put in a supply of groceries, purchase other necessary items, and even have a little left over.

We had another real surprise after I returned home from my first week of service. Our youngest boy, Michael, was just getting ready for bed when he began to cry as though his heart would break. I went to him and asked, “What’s wrong, Michael, did you hurt yourself?”

He began to sob. “I want to get saved. I want to get saved.”

I am so glad the Lord said, “Suffer the little children to come unto me.” What a gift it is to lead your own boy to the Lord! I put my arm around him and said, “Come upstairs and Daddy will pray with you.”

We talked together first about what it meant to be saved, and when I asked him what had happened, he said, “As I was thinking of going up to bed, I looked on the table and saw the salt and pepper shakers, and it seemed that when I looked at the pepper shaker, I saw the devil in the shaker and he said,

‘Come on, Michael, come to me. I want you.’ I got scared and looked at the salt shaker and I saw Jesus in it, and He said, ‘Michael, come to me. I want you.’ Again Michael began to sob, “I want Jesus. I want to get saved.”

What a privilege it was to kneel alongside my boy and hear him cry out to Jesus to save him. Even though Michael was only seven at the time, the Lord truly came into his heart. Michael, as a young man, dedicated his life to the Lord and is now preparing for Christian service. Truly God can speak in strange and miraculous ways to reach the lost.

The work of King’s Teens was not yet developed to the point where I could devote my full time to it. As I considered and prayed about these sections of free time, I sensed the Lord was leading me to sell Bibles and Christian merchandise during the daytime and work in King’s Teens at night. I talked with a man who was in the colportage business, and he helped me get started with a small business selling beautiful Bibles. I was still a little fearful of trusting the Lord completely regarding our finances. I’m so thankful God is patient with us and blesses even our “Oh ye of little faith” seasons. This endeavor of going door-to-door gave me a good opportunity to talk with people about their souls at the same time I was demonstrating the Bibles.

Each day I asked the Lord for specific marching orders for where to go and what time to sell, and God blessed in a real

way. For almost two years that I sold Bibles, I believe I only missed two or three sales. Every place I demonstrated a Bible, I made a sale. I am not that good a salesman, but the Lord guided me, and I obeyed His orders. A few times I never even demonstrated the Bible, but made the sales while standing on the front porches. As I look in my diary which I kept during this season, I find this notation, “The Lord allowed me to sell three Bibles today, two in homes where they had no Bible. These people also allowed me to pray for them.” I was able to place many Bibles in homes that did not have one. Truly, it was the Lord who made the sales, while I took the orders and collected the commission, which was at times from \$5 to \$7.50 in a day. One day, Viv and I had a special, urgent need for money. The house payment was due and we had some other pressing needs. After prayer, the Lord led me to demonstrate Bibles at a nearby Bible school. I knew the Lord was selling for me again as I wrote orders as fast as I could. In approximately one hour I made \$137 in commissions (today’s value approx. \$2,250)!

Sometimes as I prayed for guidance the Lord would say, “Do not go out to sell today, but work all day in King’s Teens.” Other days He would tell me to sell. Many times I would pray thus, “Lord, today I am very busy with King’s Teens work and I only have half an hour to spend in selling. Where shall I go?”

Then I would go and obey the thought He put in my mind. Most of the time I would knock at the door, not knowing who the people were, demonstrate the Bible, make a sale, and be back home in half an hour. The very few times I failed, I had gone out in my own strength, not taking time to pray and ask for His directions. During these Bible-selling days, I was able to pray with many people and lead some to know the Lord. It was a blessed ministry, but I knew that someday the Lord would have me in King's Teens full-time.

Finally came the day when I was so busy there wasn't time to sell Bibles. This was what the Lord was waiting for. He was gently forcing me to trust Him further in this life of living by faith. I put my demonstration Bible on the shelf, trusting God's promise that He would take care of all our needs. I Corinthians 9:14: "Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live the gospel." This was a big step for us. We now had no tangible means of support. The crutch of selling Bibles was gone and **with trembling hearts, we were launching out farther from the shore and saying, "Lord, here we are."**

We considered it a great privilege to live by faith, although I must stress that this was not our choice but rather the Lord's. If we had not left our jobs and started to live by faith, we would have been disobedient to Him. I do not believe that

just anyone, on a whim, can decide to live by faith and have the Lord supply his needs. I remember once a pastor friend of mine came to see me and said he had decided that he was going to tell his church that he did not want them to pay him a salary anymore as he thought it would be an exciting quest to live by faith. I warned him, "Brother, be careful and be sure that this is what the Lord wants you to do. Living by faith is not your choice, but rather, God's. If God has chosen your church to pay your salary, you are going to find it pretty rugged trying to live by faith, out of the will of the Lord."

I wish that everyone could have the experience of living by faith for a period of time. Viv and I have found that the first requirement is a clean heart toward God and our fellow man. The Bible says in Psalm 66:18, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." My wife and I know that this verse is literally true. I discovered that I couldn't even have a good fight with my wife. We called Monday our business meeting day with the Lord, and on this day we would present all our financial needs to Him. Most of us are prone to pray only for those things which we ourselves cannot solve. Right at the start **the Lord began to teach us that nothing is too large or too small to bring to Him in prayer.** We seek His guidance in shopping, and buying groceries or clothing, and He guides us to the right store and in every appointment.

Before praying, Viv and I would claim Matthew 18:19: “Again I say unto you, that if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven.” We then would write down all the needs coming up that week and present them audibly in prayer to the Lord. Our house payment was due on the fifteenth and near that time we would tell Him about that, and also about other needs such as money for groceries, new shoes for Michael, \$6 for gas and oil, etc. We would add up the total, plus our tithe, and present that amount to the Lord for the week. After requesting this money from Him, Viv and I would then thank the Lord for the money, even before we had received it, as we prayed according to His instructions and believed 1 John 5:14-15: “And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that, if we ask anything according to His will, he heareth us: and if we know that He hears us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him.”

Each week was a riveting experience to watch the Lord answer these prayers. We never knew whom He would use, but invariably, if we expected money from some certain individual, he would not use that person. The Lord insisted that we look not at individuals for our needs but to Him. Occasionally, the devil would trap Viv or me on something,

and as soon as this happened, it was like turning off the water. Our needs were not met. Perhaps it would be that I became irritated at Vivian for something and even forgot about it. As we would see the food leaving our pantry shelf and no money or food coming in to replace it, Viv and I would begin to seek the Lord to find out where the trouble was. As we prayed and tried to explain our need for food, the Lord would remind us that it was not His fault, but ours. We then would begin to search our hearts individually and ask Him to reveal the sin. Soon the Lord would reveal my irritation at my wife because she did not remember to tell me, until it was too late, that I had a phone call from a pastor asking me to speak, or even such little things as having her wake me up too late, or not iron my shirts properly. One time we went out to speak at a conference and in the morning when I prepared myself for the day, I found Viv had not remembered to pack my Fast Teeth, a preparation to keep my false teeth in place. I could visualize my teeth jumping around in my mouth as I tried to speak. This time I really was irritated at her. Then the Lord reminded me that my heart was in no condition to speak or help anyone until I apologized to my wife and got things right. This I did, and then God blessed.

Several times on other occasions, even as we asked the Lord to forgive us and asked one another for forgiveness, while

BY FAITH

we were still on our knees, people knocked on our door with either food or money. The blessing would come immediately! We discovered that it was not hard to get in accord with one another when we would get hungry, for we knew that if we did not ask for forgiveness, we would not eat.

11

PRAYER IS ESSENTIAL

Nothing can take the place of prayer. In fact, I am convinced that no work of God can carry on without those who will help carry the load in prayer *and* that **God does nothing except in answer to prayer.** At the start of King's Teens, the Lord gave me two prayer partners, Kenny Johnson and Grover Cannon, and occasionally others would join us. For over three years, we met each Monday night in the basement of The Beanery (a store owned by Cannon opposite Franklin High School in Seattle). Our prayer meetings usually lasted most, or all, of the night. Here we bore the birth pangs for many souls who were born again in the King's Teens Club meetings. In these prayer meetings, we would pray for just one need at a time, and we would continue to pray for that need until we had

God's answer. We would pray down the barriers, and then later we would go out to possess the land or promises we had received from him in prayer. I also met, whenever I could, with another group of men who came together every Tuesday night for prayer in downtown Seattle, under the direction of Axel Fredeen, a Seattle businessman. There was no nine o'clock closing time for this prayer meeting either. Men stayed together and prayed until the burden lifted, whether it was 11:00 p.m. or 2:00 a.m. With men praying together in one accord, things had to happen. And they did.

One of the great moments I will never forget was just before I started the King's Teens work. I went to the men's prayer meeting and told them how God had called me to combat juvenile delinquency through Christianity and asked them to pray for me, that I might fulfill this task. Axel asked me to kneel at a chair, and then the men gathered around me, laid their hands on me, and prayed God would set me aside for this ministry. I believe that night God commissioned and anointed me for this task, and I have never been the same since.

Every week in King's Teens, scores of teenagers were finding Christ as their personal Savior. I know God used these prayer meetings to lay the foundation for my future work of founding King's Garden and its many affiliated works.

Without these prayer warriors, we could not have had the spiritual strength to carry on nor would we have seen King's Teens spread throughout the northwest.

At the beginning of our living by faith journey, we wondered just how God wanted us to operate in this day-to-day. Then one day God sent Fred Renich, a Christian worker who had been living by faith for a long time, to instruct us. My wife and I will never forget his remark to us: "If you expect hamburger every day, that is what you will get, but if you expect a beef roast with all the trimmings, He can just as easily supply that." This was a great lesson for us. Vivian received a promise from the Lord that day that He would keep us on the same plane as we had lived when working for a salary, and she began to plan her meals as she always had but allowed God to plan the menu with her.

The Lord spoke to many different people, even some people we hardly knew, and at other times, some of our many friends, to supply our needs. For example, the Lord laid it on the hearts of the Fred Rady family to give us our Sunday meat, and for a time they came every Saturday evening with a roast. Then He would speak to Kenny Johnson or someone else to give us vegetables and other foods. When there was company coming, and we had much company in those days, invariably someone would bring a roast, a ham, or a chicken

and other extra food. One day the Lord sent a ham when we were entertaining the Cannon family. Some time later the Cannons visited us again and ate with us. Again we had a ham. Knowing how we lived, Grover remarked, “Evidently the Lord loves ham because He gives the Martins so much of it.” Many times the Lord gave us treats of food that normally if we were buying, we would have felt we could not afford. Other times, only the bare essentials were provided, but one thing was sure: our family of six never lacked for something to eat.

Living by faith was quite exciting at times and very interesting. It required much prayer and, above all, complete obedience to the Lord. Some of our needs were so trifling that we hesitated to bring them to Him, like praying for a nickel or dime to put into a parking meter, a place to park the car while downtown that still had half an hour or more unexpired time, ten cents for a phone call, three cents for a postage stamp, gasoline enough to get home from a meeting, etc. Many times I have started in some direction to keep an appointment, with only enough gasoline in the car to go one way, trusting the Lord to get me back home again. I never walked home once, but all I can say is that sometimes the Lord must have made that gasoline stretch. Other times He would speak to someone to give me money. He never once failed me. Prayer made all the difference.

The privileges of living by faith empowered by intentional prayer are manifold. There are blessings in so many ways, some in disguise. Over and over again the Lord has demonstrated His ability to provide us with everything, including clothing. Most people have to purchase their needs from a store: a suit of clothes, a dress, household items, or other articles. They need to choose the color, material, size, and style. For us, most of the time, it has not been necessary to give thought to what kind of a suit, dress, or shoes we would have. The Lord would choose the color and kind of suit and send it to us.

Most people have to break in their shoes, but my shoes have already been broken in for me by someone else. God knows my size and He even sends me socks and shirts. The following is a typical illustration: As I needed clothes, I prayed, “Lord, you know summertime is coming, and I would like a light-colored suit. Would you provide me with one?” A short time later I received a suit from a lady who said, “My husband passed away, and I would like you to have his summer suit.” Sure enough, it was just the right size and the light color of God’s choice.

When my daughter Joyce was to be married, I knew I would need a good, dark suit. As I looked over my clothes, I realized I did not have one suitable for the occasion, so we started to pray for one. We reminded the Lord it would be

conspicuous for me to wear a light suit as I was to give my daughter away. A short time later I was invited to visit a man to see some things he had for us. He said, "Mike, I have one of my suits I would like to give you if you can wear it." Of course, it was a dark blue suit, just the kind I needed, and again the right size. He also gave me some dress shoes that matched, and I was arrayed in fine shape for the wedding, outfitted by the Lord.

Another time was at Easter, a season when most people like to have something new. We prayed together and asked the Lord, "We would each like to have a new suit, one for Vivian and one for me." Just a few days later, we received a check in the mail from my sisters and brothers in Bellingham, Washington. They had each put in some money, writing that they thought it was wonderful for us to serve the Lord and they would like to help by sending enough money for each of us to purchase a suit. Only God revealed our need to them as we had not told them we were praying for clothes. We praised and thanked God and my brothers and sisters for this gift.

Here is another example of how God provided. One day my brother, Vernon Martin, and his family came to visit us from Bellingham. This special day when they decided to come was one of those days when we were completely out of money. We had no food, except for a few staples, but we still had

our confidence in the Lord. Viv and I met together in prayer before they came and told the Lord, "Vernon and his family are coming today. They do not know that we are trusting You for our food or what it means to live by faith. Will You please, Lord, see that we have food for them?" After this prayer, we rechecked our assets, looking afresh in all our pockets for money. We even looked under the cushions of the davenport and overstuffed chair to see if any money was hidden there. When we had scraped all of our money together, we only had enough to buy a pound of coffee and a few potatoes. To Scandinavians, coffee is a must. We still did not have butter, milk, bread, meat, or dessert. We knew that we should have those things, but all we could do was start towards providing the meal, believing that the Lord would do the rest.

Many times the Lord used mail to provide money for our needs, but when we began to look at the mailbox instead of to the Lord, He was displeased. This day we waited for the mailman to come. We were praying and hoping, but when he came, he had no mail for the Martins.

About three in the afternoon, Vernon, Doris, and their three children came, and we gave them coffee and visited for a while, talking about the family and other things. Frankly, I was becoming a little worried so I decided to take them out for a drive to allow the Lord more time to provide (as though He

needed my help). After we left, Viv sat thinking and praying. For quite some time, no new ideas came to mind, but then the Lord spoke to her and told her to look in her purse. She told the Lord she had already looked, but He reminded her of an old purse she had discarded some time ago. Viv ran downstairs and found the purse on the shelf and there, sure enough, she found just a small amount of change. When I came back, I immediately got Viv aside so that the others could not hear and asked anxiously, “Has the Lord provided yet?”

She replied, “A little, but still not enough. Keep praying.” She handed me the money she had found in her old purse and asked me to go to the store for a quarter pound of butter, a loaf of bread, and a quart of milk. We still lacked meat and dessert, but we did not say anything to our company about the need, instead, we continued to pray, believing that in some way the Lord would solve our problem.

I went to the store and purchased Vivian’s list, and she went ahead with the preparations for the meal as though she had all the ingredients necessary for a full-course meal. Shortly before dinner, Vernon said, “Oh I forgot something.” He went out to the car and brought in a roast beef, already cooked, and a watermelon. We never did tell Vernon and Doris, but just praised the Lord silently. While I cut the watermelon, Viv put

the roast in the oven to warm. How good to serve a God who looks after every detail!

Viv and I have never believed that, because we were serving the Lord, we should ever have to make apologies for our clothes, the food we served, or even our accommodations. We have discovered that **God takes care of us according to the living standard that we pray for and expect to receive from Him.** We have never had to apologize by saying, “You know we work for the Lord and these are the best clothes the Lord can give us.” We have had times of testing, but that is true in any person’s life, and it is true also for us who live by faith. We can say that we have proved that God’s Word never fails. We have never had a situation where we have prayed fervently and God was not faithful to His promises. Prayer is essential and demonstrates our trust in the Lord.

Psalm 37:3-5: “Trust in the Lord, and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Delight thyself also in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thine heart. Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass.”

12

THE PROPHET'S CHAMBER

Viv and I had much company, and although we had three bedrooms, because of the size of our family, it was necessary to crowd in together when we had visitors overnight. One day we heard that Dr. and Mrs. Jepson had a “prophet’s chamber,” a room reserved for visiting missionaries, ministers, and other full-time workers for the Lord. Vivian, realizing our need for more room to entertain God’s servants, said that we, too, should pray for a prophet’s chamber. This struck a responsive chord in my heart, and we began to pray together for this need. One day, shortly thereafter, while Viv was reading the Bible, she read this verse: “Let us make a little chamber, I pray thee, on the wall; and let us set for him there a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick: and it shall be, when he

cometh to us, that he shall turn in thither” (II Kings 4:10). When she told me this, Viv and I came to the conclusion that God gave us this verse as a command and as His approval of our building a prophet’s chamber.

Not long after this, a man we did not know, by the name of Tim, came to see us. He told us that our friend, Grover Cannon, had shared with him that we were praying for a man to build us a prophet’s chamber and that, in turn, God had spoken to Tim that he was the man to build it for us. What a thrill to us to have God speak to this man to answer our prayer! We had no extra money, so it was a challenge and test to our faith, but we reasoned that if the Lord wanted us to have a prophet’s chamber, surely He would take care of the cost. We showed Tim an upstairs back porch overlooking the Puget Sound which was ideal for this purpose. He said it would require considerable work to enclose it, but that it could be done. Then he turned to us and said, “Shall I order the lumber and materials COD?”

Viv and I looked at one another in agreement and said, “Yes, Tim, send the materials COD, and we will pay the bill when it comes.”

Tim took the measurements, called the lumber company, and ordered the materials. We had no idea how much money

it would take, and we did not tell him that we did not have any money. But we knew that God understood all about it.

It was wonderful to see how God answered this prayer. The next day, Friday, we received \$100 in the mail (today’s value approx \$1,600). Very seldom did we receive so much money. We first thanked God and then tithed the money and purchased a few needed groceries. On Saturday we had \$86 left and therefore assumed that this would be the amount of the lumber bill. The lumber did not come until Monday. When it arrived, we instructed the delivery man where to pile the lumber, and while he was doing this, Viv and I knelt in prayer, reminding the Lord that we had to have money enough to pay this bill. While we were praying, the mailman came and left a letter containing a \$1 bill, followed shortly by the delivery man who presented us with the lumber bill which amounted to \$86.65. If God had not sent that \$1 just at that time we would not have had enough money. After tithing from the \$1, we still had enough money to buy a loaf of bread. **How wonderful it is to have a God who takes care of the smallest details!**

With the money, we gave a tract to the delivery man, and after he left, we again knelt and praised the Lord for what he had done. Surely the Lord’s blessing and approval was in the building of this prophet’s chamber.

Tim came the next day and started to build. He worked a few days, then he did not come for four days. When Tim came back after his absence, he told us the following story: “Three years ago, I had a bad accident while working on the waterfront as a longshoreman. I was hit with a crane in the back so hard that my stomach burst open and my bowels gushed out in front. The blow also broke several vertebrae. As my back healed slowly, after months in the hospital, the cartilage in my back grew together in the wrong way. Quite often something happens to my back, and I have to bend over double, and it takes two or three days before I can straighten up again. Because of this, I have not been able to work for over three years except occasionally to help someone as I am helping you.” We could see that this injury was a great trial to Tim, but he told us not to worry, that if we were not in too big a hurry he would be able to complete the prophet’s chamber for us.

One day I told Tim how the Lord had recently healed Vivian in answer to prayer. My wife had not been feeling well for some time and when she went for a checkup at the doctor’s, he discovered that she had a tumor. This tumor, the doctor explained, was serious and must be removed immediately, as it might even be malignant. We told the doctor that we were home missionaries living by faith and could not do anything

without first praying and asking God for His directions. It was difficult to explain our belief to the doctor, but we endeavored to do so by saying, “We believe God uses doctors to help people in their sickness and operations, but we also believe that God is not limited to doctors, that He is still the Great Physician and can heal any and all diseases, including tumors. All we can do, doctor, is pray and ask Him if He wants us to operate or if He wants us to trust Him for the healing.” As we left his office, the doctor again tried to impress us with the urgency of a quick decision.

We prayed for some days, and then one Sunday evening as we were getting ready for church, the Lord spoke to my wife and said, “Go to Mr. Kilgore.” The Lord had used this Christian and Missionary Alliance minister many times in praying for the sick. Instead of going to church, we went over to see this minister. He instructed us out of the Word regarding healing, bringing many scriptures to our attention:

Isaiah 53:5, “But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes, we are healed.”

Matthew 8:16-17, “When the even was come, they brought unto him many that were possessed with devils: and he cast out the spirits with his word, and healed all that were sick: That it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Isaiah

the prophet saying, himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses.”

James 5:14-16, “Is any sick among you? Let him call for the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up; and if he has committed sins, they shall be forgiven him. Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another, that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.”

As Viv and I listened to these verses, our faith increased, and we both believed that God was going to heal her. Mr. Kilgore then anointed my wife with oil, according to James 5:14-16, and prayed for her. Viv expected that her body would be touched immediately and that she would feel better instantly, but instead, she felt worse and her faith began to waver. The Lord, however, gave Ednalee Lewis, one of our King’s Teens workers, and me faith to believe that God had touched Viv’s body. Viv would say, “I don’t think I am healed because if I was, I would feel better.” Daily, though, the Lord gave Ednalee and me the assurance that Viv was healed. Together we continued to thank the Lord for healing Viv, even as she continued to feel worse. This went on for about 30 days, and then one evening, she passed the tumor. We decided that the healing should be

verified by a doctor, and we went to a specialist for women, for a complete physical checkup. The doctor said he could see the scar where the tumor had been but that there was nothing wrong now. God had done a perfect job.

As we told Tim this, he asked, “Do you think the Lord could heal me now?” I told Tim that the Lord was no respecter of persons and that He could heal but also that He expected us to believe and trust Him.

A short time after this, Tim attempted to get a settlement for this accident from the state. The state refused to settle but rather decided that there should be another operation on his back to insert a steel brace to help keep him from doubling over. However, this steel brace also meant he could never bend again. While he would never be able to be gainfully employed again, at least the brace would prevent him from bending double. Tim again came to ask about healing, and I told him he had to make up his mind about what to do. “Tim, either believe the Lord, that He is going to heal your body, or trust in the doctors, but you cannot ask the Lord to heal you with the thought in mind that if He doesn’t heal you, you can always have the operation. You must believe that He’s going to heal your body.”

Tim prayed over the weekend, and on Monday morning he came and said, “I have called and canceled the operation.

Will you go with me to be anointed and prayed for?” Again we went over to Mr. Kilgore of Simpson Bible School. He explained to Tim about healing, and then Tim was anointed with oil. While we were on our knees, Tim jumped to his feet and cried, “I’ve been healed! I’ve been healed!” I, too, knew he had been healed because I had felt the touch of the Lord in my own body as he was prayed for. The very next day, he went back to the longshoreman’s job where he had been working and reported to them that he had been healed. Tim was checked over completely by the doctors, and even though they couldn’t explain it, they pronounced Him cured! Tim got his old job back and immediately was able to carry heavy weights on his back again. He was faithful to finish our prophet’s chamber, and as far as I know, he is well to this day.

I believe in divine healing but I do not believe that the Lord is confined to this method. I know the Lord has provided doctors to minister to our bodies as well. Luke, the companion of the Apostle Paul, the author of the Gospel of Luke and the Book of Acts, was a physician. The Lord must be the one to get all the glory whatever method is used. As we lived by faith, we found that He was not only sufficient for the money we needed, but He was able to provide our spiritual and physical needs as well.

13

GOD PROVIDES MY TRANSPORTATION

C arting around teenagers all the time does a number on your car. However, even though providing transportation for the King's Teens was hard on our car, over and over again the Lord demonstrated to us that we were in the center of his will by even providing cars for us. We purchased the first car while I was at Simpson Bible Institute. One of the men who was graduating from the school had an old jalopy which he wanted to sell. It was in pretty good shape, considering its age. When I inquired how much he wanted for it, he told me he would sell me the car for \$75. A bargain, I told him I would buy it. I then gave him the \$25 we had saved and started driving the car daily, going back and forth to work.

Just before the second payment was due, the man we bought the car from came to us and said, “The Lord has heard your prayers. A man came and paid the balance of the car in full for you. You do not owe me anything.” He then gave me the title. Sometime later, when I went to pay my tuition at Simpson, I discovered that someone, possibly the same person, had paid my tuition in full for a year! I do not know for sure who paid the money for these things, but I do know it was God who caused him to do this for us. I now had a car, my tuition was paid, and God was blessing remarkably as I was spending more and more time working with teenagers.

Every Tuesday evening, we used the car for transportation for our King’s Teens meetings. That car seemed to stretch out as I packed in the kids. Driving around the Ballard area in Seattle, picking up young people, often we would have 10, 12, 14, and sometimes as many as 16 in that 5-passenger car! As I drove the teenagers to and from the meeting, they would sing choruses, and it almost seemed that the car chugged and knocked in an effort to keep time with the music. It was quite a car, but one day it just folded up, much like in the famous poem, as did the “one hoss shay.”

For about four months, we were without a car, which made it very difficult for us, as we had to walk to church, take the bus to work, and so forth. I was unable to pick up the

young people for King’s Teens, and some of them were unable to come because of this. Viv and I daily brought the matter to the Lord, endeavoring to explain to Him our need for a car. We even began to question why, doubting God. This need was heavy on our hearts as we felt that without a car, we could not fulfill all the Lord had for us to do. One day we touched the hem of His garment in prayer (Matthew 9:20), as we stayed on our knees in prayer until we knew we had prayed through. **It is so important, when we come to God in prayer, that we continue to contend with His promises until we sense a barrier has come down.** This is that confidence that 1 John 5:14-15 speaks of. After our time of prayer, we both had a firm witness in our hearts that God was going to supply us with a car, and we began to thank Him for the car He was going to send us. We knew the Lord was either going to give us a car or send the money for one.

One morning, shortly after this, we received a check in the mail for \$1,500 (today’s value of approx. \$25,000). This was the first time we had received such a large sum. This gift was from a man I had only seen once or twice in my life, and would not have known him well enough to call him by name if I had met him on the street. In the letter was a slip of paper telling us that the Lord had told him to send us this money, and then he concluded the short note with these startling words:

“It is not going to be long until the Lord comes, and I do not want to be caught with much money in the bank.” Most assuredly, we knew this money was for the car, but because this was during World War II, it was not enough for a new car. At this time in history, only a few cars were being manufactured, and those were of very high priority at very high prices. As was our custom, we first paid our tithe of \$150, leaving us \$1,350.

During the time we were without a car, usually, we would take a shortcut through Woodland Park both on our way to church on Sunday and prayer meeting night. As we would stroll through the zoo with our children, we would enjoy the privilege of seeing the various wild animals and birds. This particular Sunday, after receiving this generous offering, we decided to walk along the street to our church instead of through the park. About three blocks away from the church we saw a Ford, with a big sign on it, “For Sale.” Just one year old, this car appeared to be in tip-top shape. As Viv saw the sign, she announced, “There’s our car.”

I was not sure, as I was still wishing and praying for a new car, but she had the witness inside immediately that this was the car we were to purchase. All during the church service, I am sorry to say, our thoughts were on the car and not the sermon. On the way home, we stopped and looked at it again and asked the owner how much he was asking for the car. Mr. Fisher told

us he would sell it for \$1,800, which was a good buy. We told him we had been praying for a car so that we could use it in our King’s Teens work and tried to explain to him that we were living by faith, which we found difficult to explain. We believed this might be the car the Lord had for us, but to be certain, we needed to spend some time in prayer over the matter.

As we prayed, we asked the Lord if this was His car for us, “Please have the owner reduce the price of the car; then we will know this is the car.” Even while we were praying, the man called and told us that because of the kind of work we were doing, he would reduce the price by \$100. Immediately we told him we would buy the car and that I would come over and give him \$1,350 as a down payment.

My family met together and thanked the Lord. When Curtis and I walked to give this owner the down payment, he wanted to give us the car then and there. I explained we wanted to wait to drive the car until we had completely paid for it. However, I felt led by the Spirit to explain, “Mr. Fisher, God supplied every bit of this money we just gave you and I am confident He will give us the rest. To demonstrate to you that this *is* the Lord, 30 days from now we will be back to deliver the other \$350. I do not work at any job and have no income, but my family and I trust the Lord and know He will supply this need.” This was not said presumptuously, but

rather it was what I felt the Lord wanted me to say. Mr. Fisher was impressed, but still a little dubious. He did not, of course, understand this faith in God that we were talking about. Mr. Fisher agreed to keep the car in his garage for us until we got the money. We went home and rejoiced in what the Lord had done and was going to do.

We hoped and prayed that the money might come in just one sum, but it did not, and just a very little money over our expenses came in from day to day. At the end of 30 days, we still lacked \$180 to pay for the car in full. We couldn't understand why the money had not yet come. Usually when we had special needs like this, Viv and I would spend more time in prayer, so we agreed to make the following Monday a day of fasting and prayer, to ask the Lord to take care of this need. As we prayed, we reminded Him of His promise to supply this car and how Mr. Fisher was expecting us to come with the money because we had told him our God was going to come through.

While we were still on our knees, God began to speak to my heart, that I was still longing for a new car instead of the used one He was sending. I had even gone as far as telling Joe Brill that I would possibly sell him this car when we had secured it so that I could then go buy a new one. The Lord challenged me to let go of my own will and to accept this blessing without any reservation. I needed to rise from my

knees and write a card to Joe saying I could not sell him this car as this was God's choice for us. After the card was written, I again fell on my knees and thanked the Lord for this used car he was going to give us. Before I could utter "Amen" from that prayer, the doorbell rang. A man stood on our porch with a check in his hand! He said, "The Lord told me a few days ago to give this to you, but I neglected to do it." The check was for \$200, just the amount we needed: \$20 for our tithe and \$180 for the car. We praised the Lord together as we told him about our praying for just this sum to get the car God had directed us to buy. He rejoiced with us and said he should have obeyed the Lord earlier, however, I told him this was God's timing as I had to get something right before God could supply this money.

When we went to get the car, we told Mr. Fisher how God had performed another miracle for us. We then asked him if he would allow us to pray for him and his family. He granted permission, and we all stood with bowed heads as I prayed and thanked God for hearing and honoring our prayers. We know that this was a real testimony for Mr. Fisher and his family as they saw how the Lord takes care of His children. This car was a tremendous blessing to us for years and never gave us any difficulty.

SECTION FOUR REFLECTIONS

Mike Martin shares how excited he was to start his very first week of full-time service to God, completely reliant on Him to provide financially. What is the biggest leap of faith you have ever taken? Were you scared? How did it turn out? How did God help you?

The author tells a unique testimony about when his youngest son, Michael, asked to be saved because he felt as though he had seen the devil in the pepper shaker and Jesus in the salt shaker! Mike Martin concludes: Truly God speaks in strange and miraculous ways to reach the lost. Has God ever spoken to your heart or taught you a spiritual principle through unexpected ways, like a secular song or movie, nature, a sign on the road, or a comment from a stranger? What did He teach you?

Mike had a pastor friend who looked into the Martins' journey of living by faith and wanted to feel the same thrill of believing in God for all his needs. Have you ever looked at what God is doing in someone's life and wished you could have that same experience? Did you try to make it happen? Do you think there are dangers to comparing your calling to another's? Explain.

Mike makes the bold statement, "God does nothing but in answer to prayer." What do you think about this? Do you think God needs us to pray for His will to be done on earth? What scriptures align with your view about this?

When the Martins were experiencing the blessing of the Lord for the Ford car, Mike was convicted in his heart because he had been harboring disappointment that God had not answered his prayer the way he wanted. He had been praying for a brand new car, not a used one, and this disappointment actually stopped the flow of receiving the final offering for the full payment. Has there been a time in your life when you prayed for a specific issue and God decided to answer it in a different way than you had wanted? Were you grateful, or like Mike, did you harbor disappointment? In the end, was God's way of blessing you better than what you expected? Were there things you learned doing things God's way that you would've missed otherwise?



SECTION FIVE

14

OUR WORK IS BLESSED

God's hand of blessing has been upon King's Teens from the very day I said "yes." We have had various other types of meetings along with the club meetings, such as rallies and King's Teens banquets. In the very first year of King's Teens, many teenagers found Christ as their personal Savior.

The King's Teens banquets began when a number of the King's Teens members shared with me that they had either an unsaved father or mother, or both, and they were concerned. We began to pray together and think of how their parents could be reached for the Lord. We decided to have a St. Valentine's banquet and invite all the parents to come. As we prepared the program and food for this celebration, daily prayer was going up for these parents,

first that they would actually come, and second, that they would receive Jesus.

The Lord answered in a marvelous way as most of the parents joined us for this very first St. Valentine's banquet. After a good chicken fricassee dinner and a musical program, I stood on a chair so that all could see me as I began to speak. While I was preaching, one of the mothers came up and tugged at my coat. Embarrassed and frustrated, I tried to ignore her and go on with my sermon, but I found this was impossible. Finally, I stopped and leaned over to ask her, "What do you want?"

"I want to get saved," she answered.

This was a new situation for me as no one had ever approached me mid-sermon to ask for salvation. I honestly thought it was only possible for a person to be saved at the conclusion of the message! I answered, "You can't get saved yet, as I am not through speaking." Nevertheless, she was so insistent (and I am so thankful she was) that I asked one of our counselors to take this mother into another room to pray with her. Later she came back and gave a glowing testimony, telling us that she had found Christ as her Savior. Since this surprising experience, I will now stop at any point during my preaching to help a person find Christ. That night God spoke to a number of the parents, and the first annual St. Valentine's banquet was a fine success.

Every year the Lord has continued to bless each King's Teens banquet remarkably. We have had many wonderful speakers, including Bob Pierce, Joe Brill, Willis Shank, Jimmy Stewart, Torrey Johnson, and many others. Hilding Halvarson, the well-known Seattle singer, has been our song leader each year. I especially remember at one of them, there were approximately 500 present. As is the custom, at the conclusion of the message Willis gave an opportunity for those unsaved to accept Christ. The Holy Spirit was moving in the hearts of the teenagers, and they started coming forward, weeping, to get saved. It was a sight that would bring rejoicing to the heart of any saint. We then asked those who were Christians if they would like to yield their lives to the Lord for service and, if so, to write their names on the white paper hearts hidden in the programs and to come forward to deposit them in a box at the head table. Willis, Hilding, and I began to weep for joy as we saw scores of young people move to the front, also weeping as they came. Everyone was touched by what took place at this glorious banquet.

At another St. Valentine's banquet, with approximately 750 teenagers present, Joe Brill was our speaker. After his message, he gave the invitation to all who were not saved to give their hearts to the Lord. At first, there was no response. Then all at once the young people near the platform went to

their knees and began to pray, followed by row after row of others. Like the waves of the sea, the teens rippled to their knees, from front to back, until almost every person was on the floor. I then asked if any who were praying wanted to be saved and needed someone to help pray for them. Hands were raised everywhere. That night again, many teenagers found Christ as their personal Savior.

We are thankful the Lord has saved many adults also through the work of King's Teens, both at our rallies and at the banquets. We have held many rallies at the Moore Theatre and other places in downtown Seattle and have seen the Spirit of God speak to many people, saving some and calling others to Christian service. At one rally, a woman who had been a Jew all her life sat in our audience, and after she listened to the message, she came forward and accepted Christ as her personal Savior. She also dedicated her life for Christian service at the same time and is now serving as a missionary in Europe.

God was blessing not only the banquets and rallies but also our King's Teens Club meetings everywhere. At our Bainbridge Island club, the counselor began to hold weekly prayer meetings before the meetings and the teenagers agreed together that they would especially invite the unsaved boys and girls from their schools to come. They began to pray for 100% meetings, which meant that every boy and girl who

attended would be saved before leaving the meeting. **For a period of time, every single unsaved teenager who came to those meetings was saved!** One boy who came to a King's Teens picnic had never heard of Christ before. The first night around the fireside he gave his heart to Christ. He became so thrilled with joy that he brought his mother and his sister to another King's Teens meeting and they, too, found Christ. Soon his whole family, except his father, made a profession for the Lord.

We saw many outstanding conversions, and everyone experienced a great deal of joy in reaching the lost for Christ. One of these conversions was at the King's Teens Club in Maple Valley. A teenage girl was saved, and she went home full of joy, proclaiming to her mother she had found Christ. Not interested in any such nonsense, this mother reprimanded this girl, forbidding her to be a religious fanatic. The daughter, however, kept her faith close to her heart, and every evening before bed she would pray and ask the Lord to save both her mother and her father, who was away in Alaska working on a boat. As her mother heard these prayers every night, she angrily scolded her daughter, again forbidding her to continue these foolish prayers. The daughter did not stop praying.

Finally, the mother wrote to her husband, asking him to come home soon because she was at her wits end with their

daughter who had now become a religious fanatic and would pray every night for them, even when the mother had asked her to stop. Her letter had the opposite effect this woman had hoped; the dad had had Christian influence as a boy, and this testimony of his own daughter praying every night for him convicted his heart. When he returned home his wife expected him to chasten their daughter, but instead, he said to his wife, “Honey, after I got that letter from you, I too gave my heart to the Lord, and I want you also to find Him.” This daughter’s prayers were answered because soon her mother also became saved! How wonderful it was to see that family make a stand for God. They grew in the Lord, and the first thing they did was to testify to the grocery clerk, and she, too, found the Lord. At one of the King’s Teens meetings, the whole group came and told of what Christ had done for them all as a result of the daughter finding the Lord at a King’s Teens meeting.

We have seen a touch of revival in some of the club meetings. At one such meeting, Joe Brill was the speaker, and he was unable to bring the message, for after he had read only two Scripture verses, a teenage boy stood up and started to cry. He said, “I have sinned and I want to get right with the Lord.” His confession and cry for spiritual help put others under conviction and most of the young people began to cry and ask God for forgiveness. Young people who were not saved began

to cry out for salvation, and the entire meeting exploded into a revival. Our own church felt the impact of this touch of revival, and so did the parents and other young people.

Another interesting night was at a social event at the King’s Teens Club. Eddie Nolander of the Bible Crusaders, was speaking, and when he gave the invitation, no one responded. Then he said, “I sense the devil is here to hinder you from making the right decision, but I rebuke you, Devil, in Jesus’ Name!” Then he said, “Now, how many would really like to find the Lord?” I was standing in the back of the room, and as the young people sat with their heads bowed, the Lord spoke to me to ask some to accept Christ. So I touched a teenager on the shoulder, intending to speak to him. Before I could speak to him, down on his knees he went. So I began to touch this one and that one on the shoulder, and it seemed that whoever I touched just dropped to his or her knees. I never even said a word. It was a meeting where the Lord took over and the teenagers were under deep conviction; the unsaved wanted to be saved. Eddie said, “All of you teenagers who want to find Christ, please go into this room,” pointing to a kitchen off the social room where we were meeting. The kitchen was quickly filled, and then many more young people went out into the hall, where we were able to pray with them and lead them to Christ.

Every week, similar things happened to make us so conscious that the time to reach people for Christ is when they are young. It seems that if boys or girls are going to get into trouble, they usually do so during the teenage years, but this also is one of the ages when it is the easiest for them to come to Christ.

The Lord has used King's Teens Clubs to call many young people into full-time service. I was at a minister's conference and two men came to me. One said, "Mike, do you remember me?" Before me, I saw a young, good-looking minister, but I could not remember him at all. He said, "I got saved in your King's Teens Clubs. Don't you remember me?"

Immediately after this the other minister came to me and said, "How are you, Mike? Do you remember me? God called me into His service at a King's Teens Club." The last time I had seen these two young men was when they were teenage members of King's Teens. They had changed considerably, making it impossible for me to remember them, but I did recognize their names when they told me who they were.

Many former King's Teens members are now ministers or ministers' wives, missionaries, and Christian workers throughout the world. I remember how God dealt with my own daughter, Joyce, now Mrs. Rodney Brown, who is now a missionary in New Guinea. God asked her, at a regular King's

Teens meeting, if she would be willing to dedicate her life to Him. Joyce stood to her feet in a meeting to tell how God had just called her to be a missionary for Him. As she spoke, she wept so much that she finally had to sit down. Afterward, she came to me and said, "Dad, I failed the Lord. I so wanted to tell the kids about Christ and how He had called, but all I could do was cry." Joyce did not know until after the service that one of the girls we prayed with that night had said, "When I heard Joyce's testimony and saw her weep, I thought if Jesus can mean that much to a girl, I too want this Christ and while Joyce was speaking, I gave my heart to Christ." What a joy it was to tell Joyce that her testimony had won a soul for Christ!

At every King's Teens meeting, we always made a point to give an invitation to young people to make decisions for Christ. One day a man, who was a very established Christian leader, suggested, "Mike, you are making a big mistake by giving an invitation at every meeting. You should only do it once in a while." Being much more experienced than me, I reasoned he must be right. The next meeting I brought a message and closed with prayer without giving an invitation to accept Christ.

The following week at the time when we give people time for testimonies, a young man got to his feet and said, "Last week when you gave the message, at the close of the

meeting I wanted to get saved, but you did not give me a chance. This week, if you give an invitation, I am going to get saved.” That young man did not have to wait for the end of the meeting, because right there we stopped and led him to Christ. Since that time, at *every* King’s Teens meeting we have given an invitation. How do I know what night someone may be waiting to find Christ? What would have happened if that young man had never come to a King’s Teens meeting again or if he had died before he had a chance to be saved? God helped me to be directed by the Holy Spirit and not by man.

We have been so grateful for all the rewards and blessings God has allowed King’s Teens to experience. We have been surprised by how many souls have been added to the Kingdom simply because we said “yes.”

15

AN ADDED ENDEAVOR

Since I began working full-time for the Lord, my summers were generally open. King's Teens Clubs operate during the school year only, so besides our annual summer camp, these months served as a break for me to plan for the next year and allow God to use me in other ways. One summer, the Lord surprised me with a new opportunity to serve people.

The Community Church at Maple Valley required an interim pastor. Because of our thriving King's Teens club in this Washington town, I was fairly well-known, and I was asked to step into this position as they searched for a new pastor. Upon arrival, I realized there were only a few members in the Sunday school, and the church had not yet been organized sustainably. During this summer, the Lord

helped us to not only organize the church and set a pastor in place but also to see the church and Sunday school more than double in size.

During my first week in this ministry, I visited house-to-house, talking with every person individually about the Lord. As I went into some of the homes, I met several people who had never before been exposed to the Gospel. One Icelandic lady I visited, when I asked if she had a Bible, looked at me questioningly. I endeavored to explain to her it was a book filled with God's Word.

"When I came from Iceland," she said, "I took a book with me. Maybe that's it. I cannot read English, but this book is Icelandic." When she opened the trunk and pulled out a large book, I saw it was, in fact, a Bible! Being a Scandinavian, I found I could understand certain words, so I turned to John 3:16 and asked her to read it. She said she had not read Icelandic for quite some time, but she would do her best. "For God loves somebody' — who was that? Who was God?" My heart went to her as I saw a lady here in the United States not knowing God just like someone in the darkest Africa, where Christ is unknown. What a joy to be the one to share with her the Gospel for the very first time.

Maple Valley, Washington proved to be a fertile mission field, and God helped me to win many souls for Christ during

that summer. One Sunday, when I gave the invitation to those who were unsaved to accept Christ as their personal Savior, many people responded. Among them was one complete family, a husband, his wife, and their two little children. As I talked to them, the husband said, "I want to be a Christian but I don't think I can. I have a number of bad habits." I explained to him that the Lord could forgive him and take away all his bad habits. "Even smoking?" he asked. I quoted to him Jeremiah 32:27: "Behold I am the Lord, the God of all flesh: is there anything too hard for me?" I then explained to him how the Lord promised to forgive us our sins when we were sincere in the asking. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness" (1 John 1:9). Then I went on to explain that salvation was not obtained by works of righteousness but by believing and accepting what the Bible said. If he would ask for forgiveness and then call on the Lord, asking Him to save him, he would do it. "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved" (Romans 10:13). As I gave him these wonderful promises, he said, "That is what I need." What a joy it was to have him and his wife and family kneel and pray. It was an instant transaction! God not only saved him and his family but delivered him completely from his cigarette habit as well.

While we were seeing great successes at Maple Valley, the devil tried his best to kill me and my family. That summer we had an epidemic of automobile accidents. Two of them were back-to-back and my entire family was in the car when they happened. Luckily no one was injured, but our insurance company canceled our policy. I consider myself a fairly good driver. As a former owner of a service station and parking lot, I had driven every make of car and had become an expert in parking cars. Then after I sold my service station, I drove tens of thousands of miles for the Richfield Oil Company, all without any accident. But now, it seemed every time we went anywhere in the car, we were conscious that the devil was trying to cause us to have another accident.

One day, when out on church visitation in Maple Valley, I turned into a driveway to call at a home when a car coming behind me hit my car broadside. Just before we collided, I had an opportunity to turn my car just enough so that it was not completely turned over. Although the cars were wrecked quite badly, I thought it a miracle that I was not injured. I could have been killed so easily. Because I had failed to use my turn signal, it was my fault. We had no money and no insurance. I acknowledged my responsibility and told the other driver that though we had no money or insurance, we served the Lord and knew that he would take care of this need. The man

threatened a suit against us anyway, and his attorney contacted us immediately, giving us only 30 days to get the money to take care of his client's car, or he would bring us to court. That night at the church prayer meeting, I told the people how I had almost been killed that day. We praised the Lord together for his protection on my life. After the service that night, Mr. Joe Busch came up and pressed \$40 into my hand and said God asked him to help us pay for the accident. This was just a forerunner of many smaller gifts that came in from day to day, until on the thirtieth day, the Lord gave us just enough money not only to pay the attorney and the other man's car repairs, but ours also.

My wife and I almost became afraid of taking the car out. We just felt like the devil was after us with all his might. Shortly after this accident, while driving through Seattle on a rainy Sunday with Paul and Florence Turnidge, very good friends of ours who were also working with us in King's Teens, I pushed on my brakes to stop at a light and the brakes failed. I hit the car ahead, but this time the collision was not quite as serious. When we brought the man's car to the garage and got the estimate, the man offered to settle his claim for \$50 if we would pay it right there. We had the \$50 that the Lord had given us just the day before for our house payment (which was due on Monday), so we gave the man the money.

The next day, Viv and I knelt before our davenport and prayed, explaining to God how we had to use the \$50 house payment for the accident. While we were still on our knees, Paul and Florence came over with \$50, saying the Lord had spoken to them while they were praying, asking them to give us this money for our house payment. Truly the Lord was faithful to us, His servants.

With four accidents now, and fearful of more, all we could think to do was pray, so we began to pray that the Lord would protect us by His blood which He shed on Calvary. We prayed, “Lord, we plead the blood of Jesus over the car and over us as we drive down the street.” Praise God, the accidents stopped! We believe **the blood of Jesus is one weapon that Satan cannot get through.** Now we use this protection wherever we go.

One day as Viv and I were praying together, I turned to her and said, “I feel that the devil is going to try to make us have another accident today. Let us pray and ask for God’s protection and cover the car and ourselves with the blood of Jesus.” We prayed this prayer together and then went over to Sears and Roebuck to shop. Just as we drove out of the parking lot, a car came swiftly toward us. We slammed on our brakes and made an abrupt stop. The cars were just touching each

other when we got out, but there wasn’t a dent or mark on either car. Praise God! We felt God showed us the accident that we would have had if we had not prayed and pleaded the blood of Christ for his protection.

While we were working in Maple Valley, one day when our own boy, Michael, was playing up in a tree, he fell about twenty feet, landing on the steel edge of a trunk. He split his forehead completely open. We were called by the friends who discovered him, and when we arrived there, he was bleeding and practically unconscious. We thought he was dead. We hurried and carried Michael to the car and drove swiftly to the hospital in Renton. On the way the Lord began to speak to Viv and me saying, “Is Michael still on the altar? Is he mine? If I take him to heaven, is it OK?” As we looked at our boy, bleeding, we were able to say, “He is yours. You do with him as You will, and we will continue to serve You.” God heard as we re-offered our son up to Him in full surrender. He answered our prayers, and Michael fully recovered. The doctor said another half an inch and he would have lost his eye or would possibly have been killed. We praised God for his faithfulness and protection of our son.

Vivian and I will always hold that summer at the Community Church at Maple Valley in a special place in our

BY FAITH

hearts. We felt God was able to really use us in an impactful way to help set this church on a course for its future. Only God can open up doors like this for us, and I'm grateful we said "yes" to this invitation.

16

MY MIRACLE HEALING

Sometimes we are working so fervently to build the Kingdom of God that we begin to get out of balance and neglect other important issues of life, like our health. It's a common lesson that I had to learn the hard way. As the Lord was blessing our King's Teens work, all of us were working night and day, and many more people were asking us to start a club in their area. As a result, I was traveling a good deal, visiting these places, and going a little faster than what was good for me physically.

After some travel, I came back home before Christmas and took my family up to Bellingham to spend Christmas with my folks. I did not feel good on Christmas Day, but I assumed that I was tired from overwork. My family told me they thought I was putting on weight, so when I

returned to Seattle, I decided I should reduce. I began to take on exercises of various kinds, but the more I exercised, the worse I felt.

A few days after we had returned to Seattle, one of our King's Teens counselors, Allen Wood, came over to see me concerning his club. After discussing his problem, I told Allen how I felt physically, and we decided that perhaps I should see a doctor. I phoned my doctor and after expressing my symptoms, he told me to come in immediately. As my wife was downtown, Allen drove me over to the doctor's office. I told the doctor I had a speaking engagement for that evening, but after his examination of me, he said, "You do not have a speaking engagement for tonight or a few nights to come. You are going to the hospital."

It was a tremendous shock to be told that I had to go to the hospital. He said there was not even time to return home, that I must enter the hospital immediately. Allen had waited for me, so he drove me to the hospital. The hospital called my wife and told her where I was. The news was a great shock to her also.

At the hospital, they discovered I had a very bad heart condition. What I thought was fat I had gained was actually liquid in my system; my ankles were swollen and my whole body was bloated with fluid. For eight days I hovered between

life and death. Finally, when I got a little better, I was moved to my home, and there I spent a few weeks in bed.

While I was still sick in bed, I began to pray, asking the Lord why I was put in bed when we were so busy. It seemed for a period of time, the Lord just let me rest and never spoke to me. I then prayed, "Please, Lord, help me to know if there is something I could have done to prevent this sickness so that I won't have to go through this again." As I lay in bed the Lord became more precious to me as He began to reveal to me valuable lessons which he had not been able to reveal before because I was going too fast.

One significant point He revealed to me would change our ministry. Both my wife and daughter were working full-time in King's Teens, endeavoring to keep up the work while I was out of commission. One day, I noticed Joyce's ankles were swollen and when I inquired why, I discovered she had been standing at the mimeograph machine for many days endeavoring to print all the materials needed for our expanding King's Teens work. Helpless to do the work myself, I did what I could do, and that was to pray. I began to complain to the Lord, explaining that it was not right that Joyce had to stand on her feet for such long periods, running the mimeograph machine, until her feet swelled. I told Him we needed additional help or a

printing press so that we could do the printing work ourselves more efficiently.

Then I sensed the Lord saying, “Why don’t you ask me for a printing press?” These words startled me. I had not thought of really asking for a printing press. Therefore, since He asked me to do so, I prayed just once this short prayer, “Lord, please give me a printing press.” I knew immediately God had heard me and that my prayer was answered. “And this is the confidence that we have in him, that, if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us: And if we know that he hears us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of him” (1 John 5:14-15).

I called my wife over to me and said, “Viv, the Lord has just given us a printing press.” Startled, she looked at me and then looked around the room as though looking for a printing press, wondering what I was speaking about. I explained how the Lord had told me to ask Him for a printing press, and that He had given me a witness that my prayer was heard and answered. I was very ill at the time, and Viv did not know if I was rational or not. I told her she would have to get Curtis, our 16-year-old boy, to change his high school course and take printing so that he could operate the press when the Lord had given it to us.

I insisted on this so strongly that to pacify and humor me because of my illness, she contacted the principal of Ballard High School and told him, “My husband is sick, almost dying, and he is insisting that our boy, Curtis, change his course so that he can take printing. Could you please do that for us?” The principal was gracious and understanding, and even though the new semester had started, he granted my request and allowed Curtis to take printing in the high school.

When I was a little stronger, the doctor asked that I be brought to his office for another examination. I thought I was getting better but after examination, he found I had developed a tumor on my kidneys. My blood pressure was 256, and I was still in a very weakened condition. Although my heart was very poor, the doctor said there was no other option than to try and strengthen my body enough to tolerate a surgery. The discouragement we all felt was heavy, that on top of this sickness, now I would need to endure a risky surgery. Viv and I returned home very disheartened and wondered, “Why, God, why all this, when there is so much work to be done in King’s Teens?”

As we entered our home, we did not know that the Lord had prepared a group of four men to come and pray for me. These men were waiting for us in our living room: Rev. Fred Renich, Rev. Melvin Dahlstrom, Rev. Hegge Iverson, and Axel

Fredeen. They told Viv and me they had come because God had instructed them to come and pray that I might be healed. I knew that the Lord could heal, but I had never experienced it in my own body. All I could think of when I came home and saw those men was, “Don’t they realize how sick I am? Why bother me at this time?” Viv felt the same way because she could see I was very weary and ill from my trip to the doctor’s office. As I tried to relax, Rev. Hegge Iverson began to tell me how he was once on the verge of death from tuberculosis and that for over a year he hovered between life and death, until one day God revealed to him that he could be healed through His Word in James 5:13-15.

Hegge said that as he claimed these promises from the Bible, the Lord honored it and he was completely cured. He also told of his sister who had tuberculosis of the bone and of how her foot had shriveled so that she was unable to walk. She, too, was anointed with oil, and the Lord healed her and even restored the ankle bone so that she now walks normally. As he told me of these things, and the other men also told of their experiences of how the Lord had healed them, I began to have hope. I had known of God’s promises and had seen my wife healed, but it seems that, when you are ill, it is much easier to have faith for others to be healed than for yourself. But as faith came into my heart, I asked the men to anoint me with oil and

pray for me that I might be healed. As they laid hands on me, anointing me with oil and praying, God touched my body. I felt the Spirit of God touch me, and I knew in my own heart, even though I still felt sick, that I was healed. We rejoiced together and praised and thanked God for healing me.

My strength was not restored immediately, but I knew I was healed. I still looked sick, but I told everyone how the Lord had touched my body. I had another appointment with the doctor on Tuesday as he wanted to check further so that he could see how soon he could operate on me. I told him that God had touched my body and healed me miraculously. He looked at me very dubiously, but he took my blood pressure and it had dropped over 50 points. From there I was taken to the X-ray room and X-rayed again, but now they could not find any tumor on my kidney. God had removed it. **Truly the Lord had performed a tremendous miracle for me.** The doctor could not explain it, but he had to admit that something had happened to me. Even though he did not acknowledge it, I told him again that God had healed me.

The King’s Teens banquet was to be held on Friday of this same week. I knew that I was healed and therefore I felt I should plan on attending this banquet. As I told my doctor and nurse of my plans, they both endeavored to discourage me from attending. They felt I was presumptuous and foolish,

for they did not really believe that I was healed, although they could not explain the great improvement in my health.

The conviction grew on me that if I was truly healed, I should testify to the King's Teens kids how God had healed me and, I reasoned, where could I do this better than at the banquet? My wife was in accord with me, for she also believed I was healed, and therefore, even though I was very weak, I attended this banquet. My nurse was present in the audience, watching carefully, I was sure to help me in case something happened to me. People could see my pallor and that undoubtedly I was very ill. As I stood at the rostrum and told people how God had touched my body, I was so weak I had to brace myself to keep standing. I gave my testimony and told of the miracle God wrought in my body by healing me. Even as I gave this testimony, God began to strengthen my body, and from that moment on, I continued to gain strength. I believe if I had not taken this first step of faith and told others of my healing, the Lord would have been grieved and my healing would not have been completed.

17

THE BIRTH OF KING'S GARDEN

As I began to get stronger, I was reminded again of the promise I had received while ill in bed, of a printing press. One day I heard of a printing shop for sale, so I made an appointment to see it. I took Viv and Curtis with me that afternoon to look at this equipment. As we talked with the man, we discovered he was a Christian, so we shared with him our need for printing presses, how we had been praying for equipment, and that the Lord had promised us a printing press. After we inspected his printing equipment, it seemed to us it was just what we needed. As we stood beside the presses, we asked the man to join us in prayer to ask the Lord if this was the equipment He wanted us to purchase. As we prayed, the Holy Spirit witnessed to

each one of us that this was the printing equipment the Lord had reserved for us. The man quoted a ridiculously low price of \$500 for the two presses, paper cutter, fonts of type, and other things necessary for a small, fairly-complete printing shop.

Sometimes when God has given me a promise, I begin to wonder how I can help the Lord fulfill His promise to me.

This was one of those times. I began to scheme and figure out where I could get this money. The first thought the devil gave me was, “Why bother the Lord with this when you can raise the money yourself by having a King’s Teens rally and letting the people know of the need?” Surely the Lord would supply the \$500 in that way. So I had a rally in the Moore Theatre in downtown Seattle. At offering time, I told the people of the need for printing equipment for the expanding King’s Teens work and how the Lord had promised to give us a printing press. We had a fair crowd and a good musical program and I assumed that we would easily net \$500. However, after the rally, when the offering was counted, we discovered that we barely had enough to pay our expenses. I was disheartened and sad as I arrived home, and I immediately went to my bedroom to pray. As I prayed, God assured me that we still were going to get a printing press from Him, but that He would do it in His own way. I asked the Lord for forgiveness, and He did forgive.

“If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness” (1 John 1:9). I then waited expectantly for the presses, wondering how He would provide.

About one week later, I went downtown and stopped in a small printing shop which belonged to a Mrs. Marie Spidell, in Seattle, to have some printing done. I had never been in her place before. As I came in the door, she said to me, “You are Mike Martin, aren’t you?”

I said, “Yes, I am.”

She immediately said, “The Lord told me I am to give you my printing equipment.”

Surprise, followed by great joy, came into my heart. I thought, of course, that the equipment she was referring to was the shop I was standing in, but instead, as she handed me a piece of paper, she said, “I have another printing shop at this address and the equipment that the Lord told me to give you for your work is located there.” I looked at the address in amazement, for it was the same address where we had looked at the presses on that afternoon when the Holy Spirit had witnessed to us that this was the equipment He was giving to us!

Miracle after miracle! First with my healing, and now with the enormous blessing of a print shop! There is nothing that the Lord cannot do. Our entire team was filled with joy and

faith as we watched time after time God bless our ministry. Little did we know that this was just a foretaste of the blessings that were to come.

During the time I was ill when God gave us the printing presses, the Lord reminded me again that He had called me out of business and sent me to Bible school for the specific purpose of combating juvenile delinquency through Christianity. I know that Christ is the answer and that there is no other real solution to this problem, for I have seen with my own eyes that when Christ comes into the heart of a teenager, boy or girl, we do not have to worry any longer about juvenile delinquency or whether he will get into trouble with the law. We do need reformatories, and the discipline of reformatories for some cases, but the great tragedy is that they leave Christ out of the reformation process. They do not realize that He is the only permanent answer, not simply to reform lives but to completely *transform* lives; only Jesus can make thriving Christians out of former delinquents.

Many teenagers are in difficulty through no fault of their own. So often when parents apply for a divorce, all they think about is who is to get the davenport or chair, the car, and the amount of alimony. They forget what their children are going to do without a father or a mother. So many children are living in homes without proper food and clothing and the

basic necessities of life. As I considered again this great issue of broken homes and saw many teenagers who needed help, God asked me to do something about it.

While I convalesced in bed for all those weeks, God began to ask me if I would take in boys and girls from broken homes to live with us, teenagers who needed not just a King's Teens meeting, but also food, clothing, and shelter. Viv and I prayed together, and the Lord told us that he had sent Joanne to our home as a pattern for what He wanted us to do. We believed we had new orders from God and fresh revelation from him. We found it easy to say yes because God had already prepared our hearts for this work through the following incident.

One day when we were in the midst of our King's Teens work, I received a phone call from a caseworker from the juvenile court who said, "There is a teenage boy here who is in trouble with the law. He said if I could get in touch with you, you would help him out." I immediately went down to see the boy and discovered he had attended King's Teens two or three times. He was now charged with theft as a result of stealing some food. I investigated his home environment and found his home to be a place where they did not even have a kitchen table. They used a big box for a table and smaller boxes to sit on. I discovered that the boy had never had a regular meal, such as meat, potatoes, vegetables, etc., and being hungry, he

had gone out to steal some food. His father was ill, and his mother was not taking care of her children at all. No regular meals were served. The children had to fend for themselves and only got food if they were the first ones to rush to the cupboard. Often, there was no bread and butter on the shelf. I could not condone this stealing, but I have wondered what I would have done as a boy if I were starving. I interceded for this boy and asked the judge to give him into my care. They did not want to send this boy to a reformatory, so being sympathetic, he was pleased to put the boy into my custody.

Henry Turnidge, my friend who lived on a farm in Oregon, was taking in boys who had difficulty with the law. He, too, believed that the solution for juvenile delinquency was Christ. I phoned Henry and asked if he would take this boy and help to rehabilitate him on his farm. This he readily agreed to do. During the first nine days on the farm, the boy put on a pound a day, or nine pounds in the first nine days. Three months later, he came back to his hometown and told us how he had found Christ as his personal Savior. The next Sunday he went to church to give his testimony. He asked his mother to come to the meeting to hear him tell of what Christ had done for him. As his mother listened to her boy's words, God spoke to her, and she, too, gave her heart to the Lord. This was a turning point for the entire family. In our King's

Teens meetings, we met many boys and girls from broken homes and environments where many needed more than just a meeting. Many needed food, clothing, and shelter. As Viv and I prayed together about this, we concluded that the Lord wanted us to reach out a helping hand to take in boys and girls from broken homes.

When I was physically strong enough, Viv and I began to look for a place to live where we could take in this type of boy and girl, not especially delinquent children, but rather boys and girls who, through circumstances beyond their control, needed help, home, love, shelter, and above all, the Lord Jesus Christ. I knew from experience that most of those who became delinquent were from broken homes. Viv and I began to look at farms, expecting to trade our home to purchase one. It seemed, though, that wherever we went, the doors were closed and the Lord did not indicate to us that any place we looked at was the right one, until one Sunday afternoon in August 1947. That day a friend had come for dinner. As we visited, I told him about the vision God had given me of taking in boys and girls from broken homes, and I mentioned that there was a large, empty place I had heard about, but had not seen: the old Firland Tuberculosis Sanatorium. As we talked about it, we decided to drive out that afternoon to see it.

The Sanatorium was located about halfway between Seattle

and Everett, at Richmond Highlands. When we arrived, we saw many large, beautiful buildings, all empty, and grass which had grown knee-high. This entire property was a place that had been abandoned a year before as a result of a much larger U.S. Naval hospital being offered to them free of charge. As we looked around the 56 acres of land and 35 buildings, the thought came to us, “This is so big. How can it be possible to claim such a large place for the Lord?”

After we had driven around the place, we decided to get out of the car and start walking, and as we walked, the Lord began to speak to my heart. We stopped at a tree near a large building which we called the Nightingale (now Ambassador) Building. I said to my friend and my wife, “Let us kneel here and pray, asking God if he would have us claim this place for Him.” As the three of us prayed, the Lord spoke to me, reminding me of the scripture in Joshua 1:3 which reads, “Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you, as I said unto Moses.” When we finished praying, I told the others, “The Lord spoke to me and told me that wherever the sole of my foot shall lead, He will give to us. Therefore, I am going to take this verse literally, and **I am going to walk around this place barefooted and claim this place for God.**”

Taking off my shoes and socks, I then walked around the place barefoot, claiming it for the Lord. It looked odd, I know,

to see a grown man in his forties walking barefoot, but I am so thankful the Lord honors His Word when we act upon it. When we came home after that visit, I felt I needed further assurance from God, and on my knees in my bedroom, I told the Lord, “I am claiming this place for you, but I need to be positively sure that this is Your will. Would You please give me a verse of scripture so that I will know that this is what You want me to do?” I opened my Bible and glanced down, and these verses in Jeremiah 32:26-28a seemed to jump right out of the Bible and into my heart. “Then came the word of the Lord unto Jeremiah, saying, Behold I am the Lord, the God of all flesh: is there anything too hard for me? Therefore, thus saith the Lord; Behold I will give this city.”

As I read that, the Lord made this real to my heart, and I knew for sure He was going to give us the old Firland Tuberculosis Sanatorium, now King's Garden. I took my Bible and scratched out Jeremiah's name and inserted my name, so that it now reads in my Bible, “Then came the word of the Lord to Mike Martin, saying, Behold I am the Lord, the God of all flesh: is there anything too hard for me? Therefore, thus saith the Lord; Behold, I will give this city.” I call this God's deed to the King's Garden.

The purpose of this book is to help you to see and to believe that the age of miracles has not passed away. I have put

down with pen and ink some of the many miracles that the Lord has done for us. “Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, and today, and forever” (Hebrews 13:8). The Lord is no respecter of persons, and that which he did for us, he did also for our other full-time King’s Teens workers who also “lived by faith.” As our King’s Teens work expanded, we saw the need of having additional workers, working full-time in other places. In response to prayer, the Lord sent us several wonderful full-time workers. The first was Ednalee Lewis, who assisted us in Seattle. Secondly, there were Earnest and Henrietta Fells, who were in charge of the state of Oregon. Third, were Bob and Dorothy Reese, who took charge of the clubs in eastern Washington. Then came David and Beulah Sheridan, who also worked with us in the Seattle area.

The Lord can and He did provide for all of these folks’ needs in answer to prayer, even as He did for Viv and me. In addition, throughout the world, there are people just like all of us at King’s Garden, who have proved the Lord in “living by faith.” It would be impossible in this book to tell the miracle stories of these dear people or of the hundreds of adult counselors who operated their individual King’s Teens Clubs.

I have given you only some of the events and miracles that God used to prepare my heart for the next big task of taking in boys and girls from broken homes at King’s Garden, plus being

the founder of schools, radio stations, a printing establishment, rest homes, correctional schools, Christian resorts, mission services, and so much more, at the King’s Garden and other places. **If I had attempted to tell all the many miracles I have witnessed, this book would be endless.**

In a future book which we will entitle *The King’s Garden*, we will tell the miracle story of King’s Garden, of how God gave us this beautiful place, 56 acres of land and its 35 buildings, for just one dollar a year, in order for us to do this new work He had called us to, that of helping boys and girls from broken homes.

SECTION FIVE REFLECTIONS

As you complete the section of this book written by Mike Martin, what are the points of his testimony that stood out to you the most? Which were the most surprising to you? Which were the most inspiring?

The author references many Bible verses throughout this section of the book. Which verses stood out to you? How can you apply the truths of those Scriptures to your life right now?

As you read this testimony, were there sections that opened up your eyes to see God more clearly, to know Him more? What were those? What did you learn about God?

Do you think your personal faith in God and the truth of His Word has been increased in the reading of this book? What passages challenged you the most? What passages helped to grow your faith?

Do you think Mike Martin would be surprised at how CRISTA has grown into the organization it is today? What aspects do you think would bring him the most joy? What aspects do you think might challenge him?

Mike Martin wrote this book to inspire readers to believe that the miracles of old were still available to every

believer today. After reading this portion of the book, did you personally find yourself believing for miracles in a greater way than before?



Mike and Vivian Martin praying on the Holy Ground of what would become King's Garden, now known as CRISTA Ministries.



An aerial view of Firland Sanatorium as it looked at the time in which it became King's Garden.



The foundation for CRISTA Ministries was initially laid down by 70 families that joined Mike and Vivian Martin. These families lived on campus with a stipend of \$30 per month, serving wholeheartedly and sharing the Gospel with young people and the elderly.



Mike Martin with students in the 1950's.



CRISTA Senior Living officially began in 1949 and was the first senior community of its kind in the region.



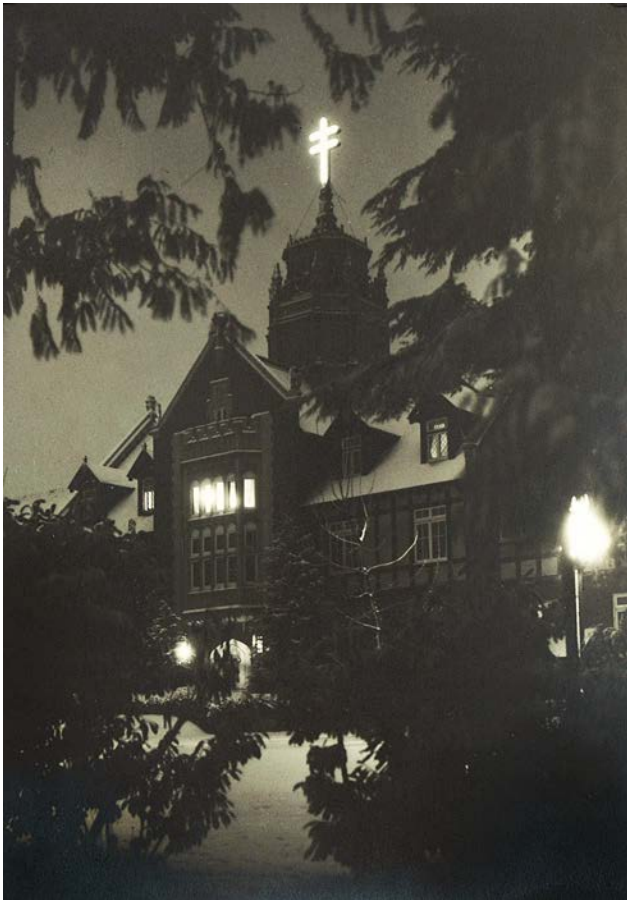
Seniors enjoy the gardens at CRISTA Senior Living's Shoreline campus.



The KGDN radio station would birth CRISTA's Media ministry in 1954.



An on-air talent at KGDN (now known as KCIS 630) shares the Good News with listeners.



A vintage image of the building that we now know as the Martin Center, with its original cross.



Mike and Vivian Martin



PART TWO
**ACCOMPLISHED
BY FAITH**

by Vivian Martin



SECTION ONE

GOD BEGINS
A NEW WORK

1

BIG BEGINNINGS

“Ye have not chosen me but I have chosen you.”

JOHN 15:16

“**T**he bidding must be in excess of \$100,000,” the auctioneer announced. “Who would like to make a bid?”

After a few moments, my husband shouted, “\$100,001!”

The auctioneer accepted this bid and searched the crowd for more. No one said a word! He tried to coax the bidders, “A bid of \$100,001 has been given. Going once...” He waited to see if there would be more. “Going twice...” With such a large group present, he found it hard to believe that *no one* was going to try and win the property. “Is no one else going to bid?!”

Thick suspense hung in the air as seconds felt like hours. It seemed impossible to breathe, as if even making that slight movement might somehow compel another person to yell out a bid. Finally, the auctioneer shouted, “SOLD to the King’s Garden for one hundred thousand and *one* dollars!”

Before I describe the blur of celebration, the tears, and the electrifying shouts of praise, let me first take you on a journey of how this miracle even came to be. It’s a story about God’s faithfulness to a man who dared to trust Him for impossible things. That man was my husband, whose real name was Alvin B. Martin, but was known by the nickname of “Mike” for most of his life. God used him to found the organization of King’s Garden which is located in the suburbs north of Seattle, Washington.

The catalyst that set this incredible testimony in motion began one warm, lazy August Sunday afternoon in 1948. Our church services that morning had hosted a special speaker, and afterward, Mike and I invited him to our home for a leisurely dinner. As it was quite hot during the afternoon, we sat out on the lawn to cool off. We talked and laughed about many trivial things, and then my husband began to speak of the dream dearest to his heart: starting a home for boys and girls.

For almost five years, Mike and I had been working with teenagers through the King’s Teens weekly club meetings, and

this work had grown throughout the region. Many others had requested help to start a King’s Teens club in their area, even a few out of state, and we were happy to help. By this time, hundreds and hundreds of teenagers were meeting in homes every week. However, in this work, we had seen boys and girls who needed more than just a weekly meeting; they needed a home and love. As he told of this dream, we discovered our guest had the same interest, and we talked together about where such a place could be started, and how the finances could be obtained.

Mike and I had been hunting for a farm to buy that summer, thinking perhaps we could trade our home as a down payment, in order to have room enough to take in a few teenagers to live with us. As Mike shared in his portion of this book, we had embraced the call to bring Joanne into our home, and she had grown as dear to us as our own children. She found the Lord as her Savior just a few days after she came to us and lived with us until she graduated from high school. Then she attended Bible school and later married a Christian man. Joanne’s life served as a beautiful testimony of what could be accomplished in the lives of other teenagers if we had the chance to provide a healthy, Christian environment for them. However, we knew we would need a larger home before we could take in more young people.

Finally, Mike began to think aloud and said, “I know where there is a vacant place, but it is so large. I wonder...” His voice trailed off, and then he suggested, “At least let us drive out and look at it.”

Old Firland was a vacated sanatorium that had been used to house and treat people with tuberculosis. It was large and beautiful, but dreadfully neglected. Our car drove through the entrance to Old Firland, a long avenue, lined on each side with huge poplar trees. The road led straight to a large, regal-looking administration building of Tudor architecture with a crown-like dome, topped with the double-barred anti-tuberculosis cross. As we faced this building, to the left was a 252-foot-long sanatorium hospital three stories high, and behind this was what had been a hospital for children. Halfway down the drive was another large, cream-colored building.

In addition to these large structures, there were several small ones; a store, a cabin, several miscellaneous buildings, and even a farm, where the sanatorium had raised pigs and chickens for their use. Besides this, there was a power-house with boilers for heating the whole institution, but of course, these had not been in operation for some time. All of this was situated on 56 acres of land, of which about 12 acres was in lawn. However, the lawn had not been cared for and it had grown almost to our knees. Many varieties of trees, scrubs, and

flowers had been planted in abundance, and predominantly were the fir trees, from which Firland had received its name. This property had been appraised at two million dollars.

After driving for a while, we stopped the car and knelt under one of the fir trees. We asked the Lord what His will was for us. As I knelt there, I had the strangest feeling that God was telling me this was the place He had selected for our home for teenagers. I do not remember even arguing with the Lord about it, but rather being paralyzed with fright at the thoughts that were coming to me.

Suddenly, to my amazement, Mike got to his feet and said, “The Lord just told me that wherever the sole of my feet will tread upon, He will give me. I am going to take the Lord up on this and walk around this place, claiming it for Him.” He reached down to take off his shoes and socks, explaining he felt it meant the sole of his feet and not the sole of his shoes, and we began to walk around that large institution. As we walked, Mike was talking aloud to God, “Lord, You can see that I am walking around this place claiming it for you, even as You told me.” The conviction was in my heart that we had found God’s will, but Mike was still a little hesitant on the way home. I think he could see, better than I, the magnitude of the job ahead of us.

Mike now went up into our bedroom to be alone with the Lord. We were still young in our Christian experience and were delving into the Word, but we still had much to learn. Mike was so new that he did not even realize that the promise God spoke to him about the soles of his feet claiming ground for Him was actually a literal promise in Joshua 1:3! As he sought God that evening, he asked the Lord to give him a definite promise from the Word, so that he would know this was the home God would give to us. Always faithful, God gave him Jeremiah 32:26-28, which was to play such a big part in our future: “Then came the Word of the Lord unto Jeremiah, saying, ‘Behold I am the Lord, the God of all flesh; is there anything too hard for me?’ Therefore, thus saith the Lord, ‘Behold, I will give this city.’”

Mike crossed out Jeremiah’s name and inserted his own name, for the promise was to him, personally. Later on, after King’s Garden had received its name, Mike wrote in the margin of his Bible, “This is the deed to the King’s Garden.”

King’s Teens had a small board, and the first thing Mike did after receiving this promise about Firland, was to call a meeting and tell them how the Lord had been dealing with us, and that he felt he should make an application to lease the Old Firland Sanatorium. The Board members desired to see the place Mike had in mind, and it was my privilege to

go with them the day they went out to survey the site. Mike obtained the help of a caretaker so that we could enter the buildings and see what the inside of them looked like. We were overwhelmed at the immensity of the buildings and we also discovered that all of the major buildings were joined by underground tunnels, so people could go from one building to the next through them.

After walking for quite a time and viewing the many buildings and vast grounds, we found our way down to a small park. Here we found a small cabin which we entered. We all knelt in prayer, asking the Lord to reveal His will. As we were praying, the Holy Spirit witnessed to each one that this was the location He was going to give to us. This park was a part of Old Firland and later was named “The Garden of Prayer.”

A few days later, Mike called another meeting—a day of fasting and prayer—for many matters needed to be settled, and one of the most important was the finances. God spoke to both Mike and me during this day, asking us if we were willing to give our home and all that we had to see our dream of having a home for boys and girls become a reality. We renewed our pledge we had made previously of complete surrender. We then felt the Lord gave us the courage that we needed to begin the work of acquiring this property for Him. What to rename Firland was also considered at this meeting.

One morning while praying, Axel Fredeen, the Vice-President of the Board, had been given the name, “King’s Garden.” When he told the Board of the name he had been given in prayer, it seemed so exactly right, for even though the premises were unkempt and run down, we could envision what this property could become.

Mike went down to the government offices in Seattle to inquire what steps were needed to make an application to lease the property and was referred to the Tuberculosis Board of Managers, who was in charge of the place. Mr. James Mifflin, the President of this board, was wonderfully cooperative and encouraged Mike to try to secure Firland for God. He, too, was interested in helping boys and girls from broken homes. Mike received advocacy from all the officials with whom he talked, but of course, they needed to approach the matter in a businesslike way. “How can it be financed?” they kept asking dubiously.

After gathering all the information he could, Mike called another meeting of the King’s Teens Board, and together they discussed how much money they should offer to pay to lease the property. The sum agreed upon was \$500 per month (a value of over \$6000/month today). Mike also contacted people who knew of the work of King’s Teens and asked for references from them. Many were willing to help, and soon we

had a whole sheaf of letters, confirming that King’s Teens was a worthwhile work and should be given serious consideration.

A letter was sent out to our friends, acquainting people with our desire to secure the Old Firland Sanatorium to start a home for teenagers. We requested prayer and asked for contributions. To our delight, \$1,500 came in as a result.

Mike gathered up all the references he had received and went down to make a formal application to lease the Old Firland Sanatorium for \$500 per month. The county commissioners, having received several other applications to lease or buy this property, appointed a committee composed of various heads of institutions and organizations. They were to interview each applicant and to choose one to whom the place might be leased or sold.

Sometimes when we receive a bold promise from the Lord we expect the steps toward the harvest of that promise to be easy. This could not have been further from the truth for us. We hit many roadblocks along the way. One was when opposition arose for King’s Teens to operate fully as an incorporated entity on the grounds of Old Firland. But what this opposition didn’t know is, we were one step ahead of them.

In 1947, Mike felt that the work of King’s Teen should be incorporated. This was even before we had been called by God

to start a home for boys and girls from broken homes. I am sure it was under the inspiration of the Holy Spirit that Mike listed the various ministries as he did in this incorporation process. Nearly none of this was being accomplished when he applied! The following is a paragraph copied from the incorporation papers:

- a. To engage in, foster, encourage, promote, and propagate evangelical churches, and missions, and Christian charitable interests, including establishment, maintenance, and operation of orphanages, homes for juveniles and others, hospitals, and schools in this state and throughout the world.
- b. To use every method such as radio, television, pictures, literature, and the spoken word, etc., so that the people of the world may hear the gospel and accept Christ as their own personal Savior. All work of this Corporation shall be of an interdenominational character, and no discrimination shall be shown to anyone regardless of their race, creed, or nationality.

This corporation was approved before our application to lease the Old Firland Sanatorium was made. Later, when opposition to our obtaining this lease arose, one of the supervisors in the government wrote to Mike as follows: “This

is to advise you that we are closing our records concerning King’s Teens since we are assuming that plans are not going forward, as no written application has been received from the proposed incorporators. We have advised the Secretary of State that King’s, Inc., also known as King’s Teens, has not been approved for operation of a children’s agency.”

When Mike received this letter, he wrote to this individual explaining that we were *already* incorporated and would not need further incorporation. To which, Mike received a letter reading, “I am sorry I was mistaken, and I want to inform you that you are incorporated. I was on vacation when your application came through and it was approved in my absence.” This incorporation, which God so miraculously put through by sending the one who would be opposed on a vacation, kept us from having any further trouble along this line. Since it was so complete, we did not have to seek any further incorporation as the other ministries were added, one by one in the years to come.

The next opposition came when Mike’s turn to be interviewed occurred, and he was placed in the center of a circle of men. Their questions rained over him.

“How much education do you have?” Mike had only a high school education plus three years of Bible school. When

he told them of his Bible school training, he was told Bible school could not be considered as education.

“How much training have you had in running an institution?” Mike had to admit he had none. “How much money do you have to operate an institution of this size?” Since we had been living by faith, simply trusting the Lord to send in money for our needs, he probably had only one or two dollars in his pocket. This would represent our total cash since we did not have a bank account. He shuddered to tell them he had nothing, so he said truthfully, “Not very much.”

Then they asked the final question, “Then what *do* you have?” This was Mike’s opportunity. He opened his Bible to Jeremiah 32, and read the promise he had been given. The committee instantly dismissed what they considered a foolish reply.

A few days later, Mike received a copy of a letter that the committee had sent to the county commissioners. Packed with uncomplimentary phrases, it read, “These people are ignorant, untrained people. It would be better to let the place go to rack and ruin than to lease it to them.”

Upon receiving this letter, Mike was quite shocked for he had been trusting the Lord to work miracles so that the home for boys and girls could be started. However, as was his custom when in need, he went to the only Person he knew who could

help him. He fled to his room, and knelt beside the bed, with his Bible and the letter in his hand. He wept as he told the Lord that he had relied upon His promise. What could this letter of refusal mean? Hardly knowing what he was doing, he opened his Bible and to his surprise, it opened to Jeremiah, the same promise. Mike exclaimed joyfully, “Lord, the promise is still there! It has not changed! What is wrong?” Then the Lord began to show him that getting all the recommendations was wrong and that the offer of \$500 a month was also wrong.

“Forgive me, Lord, and show me what to do, and I promise to obey you,” was Mike’s earnest prayer.

The Lord replied, “Withdraw the offer of \$500 a month rent and offer \$1 a year instead, and do not use any recommendations. I am all the recommendation you need.”

The next day Mike went back to Mr. Mifflin to tell him he was going to apply all over again. Mr. Mifflin was still sympathetic and said, “Fine, Mike, what are you going to offer this time?”

Mike’s reply was, “\$1 a year.” Mr. Mifflin must have been taken aback by such an unexpected reply, but still, he encouraged Mike to do as he felt led, “Atta boy, Mike, keep trying!”

2

THE STEPS OF A GOOD MAN

“The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord.”

PSALM 37:23

Mike started with God’s way this time and followed His explicit instructions from day to day. Mike needed only to be alone with the Lord long enough for him to hear His voice and follow what He told him. During this season, Mike spent many hours alone in prayer, sometimes praying the entire night. Each day he would ask, “What do you want me to do today?” Then he would allow his steps to be ordered by the Lord and go out on whatever errand He sent him. Hundreds of visits were made to various public officials, to people who would pray for this project, and to people who would help financially.

In addition to his personal time with the Lord, Mike also spent much time in prayer with other men for this project. Every Monday evening, he attended a prayer meeting held in the basement of The Beanery, a small school store across the street from a high school. These prayer meetings were attended by two or three men and often would continue the entire night. On Tuesday evenings, he frequently attended a prayer meeting in downtown Seattle directed by Axel Fredeen. These men helped to bear the burden with Mike and were of great encouragement to him.

Approximately six months after the time of receiving the first refusal, the county commissioners held another hearing in their offices, which was spring of 1949. They had not been able to decide who should have Old Firland. Many people had endeavored to obtain it. Large sums of money had been offered. However, the commissioners faced some very real problems about the matter. The Firland property originally had been given to the city of Seattle as a gift to be used for tuberculosis purposes. The city of Seattle in turn had given the property to the county with the stipulation that it must be used for tuberculosis purposes only. Otherwise, if the land were ever to be used for other objectives, Firland should be sold and the money gained used for the work at *new* Firland, which had moved to the old naval hospital after the war was

over. The name of Firland was continued for the new location. However, the Firland Administration was not sure if this was a permanent move, thinking perhaps they might wish to move back to Old Firland at some future date. Until a firm decision was made, the county commissioners were prohibited from selling the institution.

The commissioners gave Mike an opportunity to speak at this hearing. He told the story of how God had called him out of business to combat juvenile delinquency through Christianity, and that we were ministering to over 1,500 young people in club meetings held in homes each week. He told of the boys and girls we had come in contact with who were from broken homes and needed more than just a weekly club meeting. He told them we felt if we could be at the head of the stream, we could save these young people from falling into trouble, and in this way would save the county thousands of dollars. Again, the Lord showed Himself faithful to order Mike's every step because as He explained all this and read them the Jeremiah promise, they saw his sincerity.

We lived from day to day in great expectancy; we thought that the Lord was going to deliver Old Firland to us at any time. Mike was so sure of it, he felt he was already living there. He greatly embarrassed me one evening at a prayer meeting by giving a testimony in which he thanked the Lord for the

privilege of living at King's Garden. After the service, people came to us and asked, "Is it true that you are living at King's Garden?" It was only then that Mike realized what he had said in his testimony. He had to admit he was not really living at King's Garden, but his heart certainly was!

Since we had promised the Lord our home, we put it up for sale that spring. We asked God to control the time of selling so that we would not be left without a place to live. No one even came to look at it until July when a buyer came. We felt that **God was testing our faith to see if we were willing to step out and trust Him explicitly** in the matter of leasing Firland. We signed the papers to sell our home, and now we had only 30 days before we had to move.

One day Mike paid a visit to the man who was a member of the Tuberculosis Board of Managers. He asked Mike how he planned to finance the work. When Mike told him, "The Lord will provide," he demanded proof. He asked that Mike bring him the equivalent of \$30,000 (today's value of approx. \$375,000), either in cash, bonds, or deeds to properties, and put it on his desk on Friday morning. Since this was on Wednesday, it became an intense test of Mike's faith. Axel Fredeen was with Mike that morning, and together they went into a restaurant and ordered cups of coffee. Then they prayed, "Lord, if the lease of Old Firland is to be a reality, it will be

necessary to bring down \$30,000 to prove that we can handle the finances. We desperately need your help."

There had been several people who had indicated an interest in our project. They had told Mike that when a lease would be forthcoming, they would be willing to invest some capital in the King's Garden. After prayer, the men separated and Mike began to call on these people. The favor of God was on Mike because by Thursday evening Mike had \$22,000 in checks, bonds, and deeds. This left \$8,000 still to be secured and time was running out. God brought to Mike's memory a couple who lived on an island. They had mentioned sometime before that they were interested and desired to invest some money when it was needed.

Mike called them long distance that evening. This, in substance, is what the lady told him on the phone, in answer to Mike's query: "Yes, Mike, we are interested in helping and we had thought of putting \$5,000 into the project, but the Lord seems to be indicating that it should be \$8,000 instead." Mike then told her this was just the amount he still needed, and that it was necessary to have it by the next morning, so they sent the necessary papers over posthaste by special messenger.

Friday morning Mike went down and slid these assets across that board member's desk. To Mike's surprise, the man slid them right back, saying, "I just wanted to make sure

you could handle such a large undertaking. You don't need to leave the assets with me." To make this matter still more amazing, just a few days later, one man who had contributed \$5,000 wrote and asked for his money back, saying he needed it. One by one, for one reason or another, the others asked for a return of their investment. When the time came for us to move to King's Garden, our assets were only the original \$1,500 which had come in through small contributions as a result of the circular letter. Even the money from the sale of our home which was to be largely used in the project, was not forthcoming until sometime in November.

After selling our home, Mike went to the commissioners and asked if we might not go out to Firland and start cleaning while they were considering what to do. They gave their permission for us to go out at our own risk to mow the lawns and start cleaning the buildings. However, they really did not intend for us to physically move out there, but only to work out there in the daytime. Not fully comprehending this, however, Mike took it as permission to move our family to King's Garden.

The Lord dealt much with my own heart in those days, for I faced the future with much fear. I began to think how terrible it would be if no one came to help us with the work. Immediately, the Lord asked me, "Are you willing to move out

alone with your family, even if no one else comes?" Before I received peace on this matter, I had to promise the Lord that I was willing to move out there all alone, if that was His will. It was of great concern to me though, for I knew I would be afraid to be in the administration building all alone when Mike was gone so often in the evenings. I spent much time, too, wondering, "What will we do with all that space?" I remember telling Mike I thought we could make use of half of the administration building, but whatever would we do with all the rest? I had no vision at all of the great task ahead of us, and what King's Garden was fully to become.

Over time, however, my trust in the promise that every single one of my steps, Mike's steps, and the entire ministry of King's Garden would be ordered by the Lord grew deeper and deeper. If God Himself is ordering these steps, what is there to fear? How thankful I am that God leads us gently step by step and does not give us more than we can handle at one time.

3

HE BROUGHT ME FORTH

“He brought me forth also into a large place.”

II SAMUEL 22:20

Jubilant, Mike bounded home from the meeting with the county commissioners, fully believing that even though we did not have a lease they had given their permission for us to move out to King’s Garden and begin cleaning up. Not having a lease did not phase him at all, for he felt this was only another testing of his faith. He was willing to step out on the promise of God that He would “give the city.” Of course, if the county should lease the place to someone else, we would lose all the money invested, and also the labor of cleaning and renovating.

Because there were still two weeks before we had to move out of our home, we decided to wait there as long as possible and use our home as a base for operations. During that time, Mike drove out to the property in the mornings and returned home in the evenings to sleep. I stayed at home to do the office work and get our packing done. A young couple who had indicated a desire to help us, moved out first to King's Garden, to guard the place and begin to get things somewhat cleaned for other workers who would be coming in soon.

One of the first gifts we received was 500 chickens! This was a very welcome one because they supplied eggs for our growing food demands. By the time our family moved out to King's Garden on August 15, there was a small colony of families living there and working with all their might. **Genuinely sacrificing their means of livelihood to move there, these families trusted the Lord for all their needs.** We could only promise them their room and board, and a small allowance as the Lord provided for it. It was a remarkable blessing to both Mike and me to see their willingness to commit to this ministry under those circumstances.

The day we moved out there, the Lord gave Mike the song, "I Have Decided to Follow Jesus," and he was singing robustly as we drove along. This song continued to be his dedication song and has often been sung by the workers.

At first, the only means of cooking for everyone was one hot plate, and the only hot water available on the premises was in the store building at the other end. This necessitated carrying buckets of water for about a block. But the team had a great attitude as we all took turns hauling the water to the dining room, where we all ate together.

When people saw that we had actually moved to the King's Garden and were working there, volunteers came in droves to help with the gigantic task of cleaning. We had been told that since this had been a tuberculosis sanatorium, it would be best if all the walls were washed with soap and water. As a result, one of the great needs was rags. We asked those who came to wash, to bring all the rags they could, but soon these were all used up. Rags cost \$6 a bale in those days and we did not feel we could take our few precious funds and purchase any. So we held a prayer meeting and the next day one of our workers was walking in the tunnels. There were small rooms off these tunnels and he glanced into one as he walked by. His eyes fell on six bales of rags, clean and ready to be used. He came running to Mike about his find. Together they praised the Lord for this provision.

The main kitchen sat as a disaster area. Hairlike fungus, two to three inches in length, had taken over the walls and when the door opened, the fungus would billow in the breeze.

The men scraped the walls with a garden hoe until they were able to scrub them clean. Next up was the kitchen range which had about one-half inch of scum on the top of it. An electric buffer was used to remove this and it took three days to get down to the metal. Finally, after ten days, the kitchen sparkled and there was great rejoicing when the stove and ovens were ready to be used. Preparing the team's food in a functional kitchen was so much easier!

Among the earliest workers was an elderly retired baker and his wife, and the long, luscious loaves of bread which he baked in great quantity were unforgettable. Whenever we had guests visiting King's Garden, many exclaimed over the delicious bread.

Next, attention was turned to the water supply, and the water department was asked to turn on the water in the main buildings. With this execution, we unfortunately discovered that Firland had forgotten to turn off the water when they moved, so the water, instead of coming out through faucets, came out from the walls in the places where the pipes were broken. All our team could do was turn on the water and station men with pipe wrenches and axes in various places. As the breaks were found, these men would chop into the wall and repair the pipe. It took a number of days of this kind of work to get the water coming through the pipes correctly.

Often when water spurted from the wall, some of the women washing on the walls would get a soaking!

Most of the tile on the floors had buckled and it was necessary to pry it all off and lay new tile. These presented great tasks for such a small crew of men workers, but they all worked tremendously hard and hours were forgotten in their eagerness to see the work accomplished. Many of the buildings felt damp and cold because the heat had not yet been turned on, but that fall happened to be a warm one. The sun blessed us as it shone brightly practically every day, making the work much easier. When people would comment on the beautiful fall weather, we would answer that God had specifically given us such nice weather because there was no heat in the buildings.

With so much pride in what we were accomplishing at the King's Garden, we wanted to share our joy with other people. We decided to hold a rally on the lawn on the last Sunday afternoon of August and invited people to visit and take tours of the buildings and grounds. A great crowd arrived on that beautiful warm day. The Salvation Army Band played several numbers, and then Mike gave a short talk about what we desired to accomplish through King's Garden. One of the county commissioners came, and when he heard we were living there, he became quite alarmed. He told Mike the

County had not intended for us to move out to Firland and it would be tragic if the place should now be leased to someone else. Still unphased, Mike only continued to witness to him and to all others, that God was going to perform the miracle and that Old Firland was going to be leased to us. **Since we were banking on God's promise, we had so much peace in our hearts that we did not feel there was any risk.**

Finally, as colder weather approached we decided the boilers needed to be turned on. One of our first workers told Mike he could operate boilers, but that he did not understand how to get them ready for operation and would need some help. So the two of them prayed together, and George prayed these unique words, "Lord, send us a man to start the boilers, one who is well-experienced, an older man, one sort of fat and jolly." Mike pondered over George's unusual prayer.

One Saturday evening, not long after this, Mike and I went to Youth for Christ. After the service, a man asked us, "Do you need an engineer out at your place?" He was an older man, heavy set and happy-looking. We could see he fit the description of the man George had prayed for! He moved to the Garden and indeed he knew how to fix boilers. In only a short time, the boilers were ready for operation. We had been told many times that it would cost \$1,500 to put the boilers into operation and we knew that our small bank balance

would not permit any such expenditure. Again, God proved Himself so faithful to our prayers.

With the boilers in use, the engineer asked Mike how we would buy the oil for their operation, quoting a high estimate of the cost. Mike explained the money at hand was so little that he didn't feel it wise to use it all for oil. They prayed together and asked the Lord what to do. Some days later as one of the men was cleaning behind the power house, he found an oil tank which no one knew was there. He came in and got a stick to measure the oil. He found there were 6,000 gallons in the tank. People would ask, "Was the oil there before?" Mike always answered he did not know, but he liked to think it was the same as the cruse of oil in 1 Kings 17 that never ran dry for Elijah and the widow of Zarephath. When the time came for starting up the boilers, the only cost was for some wood to start the fire burning.

The time to celebrate was not yet, however, because no sooner were the boilers turned on than an unexpected catastrophe happened. A large thermostatic valve split down the middle because it had not been used for so long. Again the boilers were shut down, and again the men prayed. The engineer inquired over the phone about the cost of a valve, and he was told not only was there none available in the northwest, requiring one to be shipped from the east, but also

the price would be between \$300 and \$400 (a value of approx \$4,300 today). The men were rather downcast over this news. Aimlessly, one began to rummage around under the benches finding a valve just like the one which was broken, brand new, and still packaged! *Finally*, the time to celebrate had come!

Another crucial, outstanding need was a means of communication between the buildings. Firland had left an intercommunication system but by this time, it proved broken and unusable. The strain this put on our team was great because we were few in number and the buildings were large and covered quite an area. When a person was needed, someone was sent running to find them, exhausting themselves in the long process. In case of emergency, the stakes were even higher. We gathered in prayer and asked God to send someone to fix the intercommunication system. Two weeks later, a man contacted Mike and asked if we needed some electricians to help us prepare the Garden for full operation. He said some men were working in the Navy yard in Bremerton who were eager to be a part of what we were doing. When Mike relayed our need, this man brought five or six engineers on a Friday evening after their work at the yard. They worked all night Friday, all day Saturday, and then they returned home. On the following weekend, they came again, and on the third

weekend, they completed the work so that the system could be used. What a blessing and time-saver.

These electricians continued to help when they could and proceeded to work on the entire electrical system. One day Mike was walking on the avenue, and saw an electrician searching for a short circuit in the wiring for the lamp posts. The man told Mike he had been hunting for this short for several hours. Mike said, "I know how to find it." Greatly amazed, the man asked, "How?"

Mike told him they should pray and the Lord would help him find it. So the two of them bowed their heads and asked God to reveal to the electrician where the short was so that it could be speedily repaired. Mike walked on and later came back over the same path. As he neared the workman, the man shouted, "It works, Mike, prayer works! We found the short!" One of Mike's favorite sayings was, "Prayer is the greatest time-saver of all."

One way in which God provided for us that was extra special was He gave our workers an authentic love for one another. We were just as a big family and when anything happened, it affected us all. One day a little girl belonging to a worker's family was lost. We looked and shouted, but no little girl. Finally, one of the men said he thought he remembered seeing her, and that she had purple stains on her

lips. We became very alarmed, because, when the staff of old Firland had moved, many things were left behind including medicine and various chemicals, and we still had not had the opportunity to clean them all out. We gathered together at the front of the administration building and pleaded with the Lord to help us find the child. Finally, the mother returned to their living quarters and found her daughter asleep in her own bed. Her lips did have a purple stain on them, but evidently, she had not swallowed anything harmful.

We were so dependent on the Lord in those early days, and He provided at every turn. A few contributions were coming in, enough to supply our food and other necessary expenses, but we continued to have needs that our limited funds could not supply. It was very interesting to see the many different ways God used to meet our needs. One of these was a truck. One day a man phoned Mike and told him he was buying a new truck and instead of turning in the old truck on the new one, he would like to offer it to King's Garden. He hesitated to give it because it did not have a truck bed. However, Mike assured him we had a great need for a truck and we would get along with its use even though it did not have a bed. When the truck was delivered, the men remembered a truck bed near the farm buildings. When they checked, they found it was the exact size to fit on the truck.

One last unexpected blessing the Lord provided, one we did not even think to ask for, was when a producer visited us and offered to make a film showing the story of how the King's Garden came to be. Throughout these weeks of hard work and preparation throughout the property, this man would pop in with his camera and capture scenes of us all. When it was completed, we were able to use this film to communicate the vision of King's Garden and this was more beneficial than we could have known. Day after day, week after week, the Lord gave us His grace and His provision so miraculously. Our team felt so much gratitude to be a part of something that so clearly God's Hand was orchestrating.

SECTION ONE REFLECTIONS

Chapter Three is filled with miraculous blessings, time and time again. How did this chapter stretch your faith to believe God in the areas of your life where you need His provision?

In Vivian Martin's account of the discovery of Old Firland, which would become King's Garden, she writes that it all started with an idea. Mike and Vivian had been praying about how to have more room to take in troubled teens, and Mike simply had heard of a large, empty place. What seemed a whim, turned out to be them taking a drive to see it, and then claiming that space for the Lord. What do you think would have happened if Mike had just dismissed this thought? Have you ever had a moment like this where a simple idea that you followed through with turned into a life change?

After Mike's first proposal was rejected by the city, he sought the Lord and believed He told him to make an impossible offer of \$1 per year! What did you think when you read this? What is the "craziest" act of faith you have ever had to step out with?

In Chapter Two, Vivian expresses how every single step they took seemed to be ordered by the Lord. In what areas of your life have you felt God leading you every step of the way? Have there been seasons when it was more difficult to sense His leading? Seasons when it was easier? Why do you think that was the case?



SECTION TWO

FOUNDATIONAL
MINISTRIES

4

HE THAT WINNETH SOULS

“And he that winneth souls is wise.”

PROVERBS 11:30

King’s Teens continued to flourish once we moved to King’s Garden. Looking back, both Mike and I were so grateful for how the Lord had prospered this ministry; we had only just begun to be used by him to reach the lost! As an anchor ministry of our work, the King’s Teens headquarters was transferred to King’s Garden, and we were able to continue to build upon the foundations of the previous few years.

Because of the enormity of the scope needed for the renovation and the acquisition of the Old Firland property,

it became apparent that Mike could not carry on the work of King's Teens in addition to handling the work of King's Garden. God wonderfully provided leaders for this work. Our own daughter first worked in this department, joined by Juanita Berg who handled both the office work of King's Teens as well as visiting clubs; in fact, she did everything necessary to successfully carry on this work. This relieved Mike a great deal, although he greatly missed the personal contact with the teenagers, for his heart was in young people's work. When possible, he enjoyed speaking at the various club meetings and seeing young people respond to the gospel message.

One day Mike received a letter from his mother saying his sister, Doris Geer, had written that she was interested in becoming a Christian. His mother asked if he would go and see Doris. So Mike and I drove to Everett, about 15 miles from King's Garden, to visit Jack and Doris Geer. They both received the Lord into their hearts that night.

The following Sunday they visited us at the Garden and we went into the dining room to eat, for at that time most of the workers were eating together instead of in their own homes. To my amazement, the man in charge of the dining room that Sunday asked Jack to pray. Knowing what a babe in Christ Jack was, I held my breath. My fears were unfounded, however, for he offered a very sweet prayer for the food. Jack

grew in grace quickly and it was not long before he asked if they could host a King's Teens Club in their home. Under his leadership, the work has grown tremendously and he is still serving in that capacity.

King's Teens Clubs are held weekly in different homes, and there are two counselors for each club. Sometimes the host and hostess in the home serve as the counselors, but the ideal arrangement is to have two counselors in addition to the people in the home. In this way, there are enough adults to pray with the teenagers when the need arises. At each meeting, an opportunity is given for the teenagers to accept Christ as their own personal Savior. Refreshments are served, providing a time of fellowship before they return to their homes.

Sometimes it is very difficult to get a club started in the districts where it is especially needed. For instance, much prayer had been offered for one particular district that had many at-risk youth. Not long after, a young couple from this very district called the King's Teens office, wanting to do something to reach the young people for the Lord. A club was planned and invitations were sent out to the high school teenagers. No young people came the night of the first meeting.

The adults prayed and decided to try again the following week. Again, no one came. The third week, another planned. Seven-thirty in the evening came, and no teenagers. Suddenly

voices were heard outside, and out on the sidewalk several teenagers were standing, afraid to come in. They were welcomed into the home and the first club meeting got underway. In this small group, there was one 13-year-old girl, very worldly-looking, and obviously downcast, in need of help. The counselors were heart-broken for her and they prayed earnestly that she might continue to attend and give her heart to Jesus.

The following week more teenagers came, and again this same little girl was there. At the close of that meeting, she gave her heart to the Lord. What a joy it was to see her begin to grow spiritually, and as the weeks went by, the Lord showed her she was to become a missionary. She received much opposition at home from her parents, but she remained true to the Lord. All through her school years, she maintained a consistent testimony, and after graduation from high school, she enrolled in Bible school. Now she is preparing to go to the mission field! It is for such young people that King's Teens started. What a source of satisfaction to those who work in this department to see these young people find God's best for their lives.

Each year in February, the King's Teens Valentine's banquet has been held and these banquets have grown both in numbers of teenagers attending and in those who have

found Christ as their Savior. An invitation to accept Christ is given at the end of each banquet. Our first one was held in the old Seattle Pacific College gymnasium. At that time, there was only one club meeting in our own home, and many of those teenagers who had found the Lord as their Savior were desirous of doing something to bring their parents under the sound of the gospel. We decided to have a banquet where all club members and their parents were invited for free.

Having never planned such a huge gathering, let alone a catered one, we encountered many roadblocks. How would we finance the meal? After writing to friends in Goldendale, Washington, of our need, we received 16 chickens from which we could make chicken fricassee. What a job that proved to be. I boiled the chickens for some time in a large pan borrowed from the Simpson Bible School and then had the job of taking all the meat from the bones.

The second banquet was held at the Chamber of Commerce building, and each subsequent year, the banquet grew larger until this room could no longer accommodate all who desired to come. Then it was moved to the Masonic Temple, until that, too, was crowded out. Next, the banquet was moved to the armory. In 1961, we knew that even the armory would not be large enough for the numbers indicating they were desirous

of coming. It was decided to apply to use an airplane hangar at the Sand Point Naval Air Station.

Permission was miraculously granted, and more than 5,000 teenagers and adults gathered for this event. It was a wonderful sight to see the vast crowd of people sitting in this hangar, most of them young people. The room was decorated with hearts and many flowers, with a large mural at the front depicting the space age. Merv Rosell, the well-known evangelist, gave a gripping message, and so many young folks poured into the prayer room that the 500 commitment tickets were soon exhausted, as some six or seven hundred young people were prayed with. **I can only imagine the celebration in heaven from that night as this great number accepted Christ.** For many years after these banquets, large amounts of these teens would later contact us with testimonies about how their lives had grown since they had given their hearts to the Lord.

Mike and I, along with all the King's Teens counselors, loved that we were able to provide events like these banquets for young people to gather for wholesome Christian entertainment and to invite their friends. Other social events were planned as well to give the teenagers an enjoyable time in a God-honoring way. In the fall when we moved to the King's Garden, the workers decided to have a large party at

Halloween for all the different clubs. They were so creative in utilizing all the underground tunnels as an innovative space for the kids to have fun. Young people came by the hundreds, many of them not members of any club and who had never heard much about Christ before. With several workers able to participate and help, and the tunnels providing the proper Halloween atmosphere, the party was a great success. At the end of the games, before the refreshments were served, a Christian film was shown. An invitation was given to all those at the party to start attending the King's Teens Club nearest their homes.

One year the King's Teens organization made a movie, which was based on a story taken from true life. This film was called "The Teenager" and has been used widely throughout the clubs as well as other ministries. This project was a tremendous undertaking, but the work was well worth the challenges. It has been the means of helping many teenagers realize their need for a Savior.

King's Teens also desired to provide a week of Bible camp during the summer for members of the King's Teens Clubs. For a few years, this week was spent at Lake Sammamish Bible Camp. When we moved to King's Garden, the week of camp was held on the grounds. We realized this idea was not the most conducive for a teen summer campsite, so for the next couple

of years, we rented other camps. Finally, a camp on Horseshoe Lake was leased with an option to buy. Many people began to pray for the money to make the down payment of \$21,000 before the option expired, an amount that seemed unreachable. But our God's resources are unlimited, and this money was received, the camp was purchased, and rightly named King's Teens Miracle Ranch.

Now, because we have our own campgrounds, the camping program can be continued all summer long, with several one-week camps. This has been a marvelous improvement over anything that King's Teens has had before. Teenagers come for a week of camp life, with much recreation provided — swimming, boating, water skiing, life-saving, archery, picnics, and games of all kinds — but the main reason for the camp is to give out the gospel story. Many boys and girls have come who had no interest in spiritual things; they are attracted only by the fun aspect of the camps. However, they come and they hear how Christ died for them, too, and readily respond to the message. Many Christian young people also have dedicated their lives to His service at these camps. Three-day camps are also arranged during the holiday season between Christmas and New Year's Day. These, too, have been popular with the teenagers. The future for work among teenagers is bright, with great possibilities. The leaders have a dream to have a snow

lodge in the mountains so that teenagers might be brought in contact with the gospel through the avenue of skiing.

How often my own heart has been stirred when I have attended some of the camp firesides. The dark night, the glowing fire, and the silhouettes of young people as they stood and told how the Lord dealt with them, have stamped an indelible image on my mind. I believe a great future is in store for this part of the club ministry, for the blessing of the Lord is resting upon it.

I can look back to the first King's Teens meeting in our home with its four members. And as Mike has so often said, "There were four teenagers there; two of them were our own teenagers, and they had to come!" The growth and success of King's Teens is an indication of all God can do when He finds someone willing to trust Him and act upon His leading.

5

AMONG ALL NATIONS

*“And the gospel must first be published
among all nations.”*

MARK 13:10

That first fall of 1949 spent at King’s Garden clamored for Mike’s attention and all of us felt stretched. However, we knew, too, that we needed to start working with the materials God had already provided. Besides King’s Teens, another ministry that had its beginnings before we moved to the Garden, was the printing shop. A small but rather complete press had been given to King’s Teens the summer before and had been placed in a rented building. We now decided to move the shop to King’s Garden for we knew this was one of the ministries God had directed us to

launch and use for furthering the Kingdom. Old Firland had a printing shop in the basement of the Nightingale Building, so our press was installed in the same place theirs had occupied.

Monroe and Dorothy Johnston and their family moved to the Garden soon after we did. As he was an experienced printer, he took charge of the press. I can remember being amused when Monroe told us he was willing to work half of the day in our farm department, for he knew he did not expect to be busy all day in the printing department. From the day he moved to the grounds, Monroe was *more* than busy, along with many other staff members, often working far beyond eight hours a day to get everything printed. Often when Mike and I returned home from some meeting, we would see the lights on in the print shop and knew that they were working late to provide some urgent printing needs. The printing department has been a most important part of the work and has a varied program.

This ministry grew so quickly that it did not take long before the basement in the Nightingale Building was so small that everyone was working in tight quarters. This continued for several years until 1959 when a cement-block building was erected on the grounds for the use of the King's Press. The provision of this spacious, beautiful building made it possible to greatly enlarge this department.

The well-equipped shop now includes a Linotype, two platen presses, three offset presses, a photographic department, a bindery with a power cutter, and a folding machine. It has indeed grown since the day Mrs. Spidell gave King's Teens her small printing shop. Mike visited Mrs. Spidell shortly before she went to be with the Lord and she told him how grateful she was that she had obeyed the Lord and given her shop to be used for Him.

There is also equipment for our direct mail campaigns to express our gratitude and future plans with all the people who support King's Garden. In addition, many missionaries overseas use the service provided by King's Press for the printing and mailing of their monthly prayer letters. They are enthusiastic in their praise for the beautiful work done on their letters.

Priority is given to the printing needs of the Garden: booklets to advertise the departments and the Garden communications as a whole; King's Teens materials, such as chorus books and Bible studies; business forms of various kinds; printing of *The Sceptre* (the school yearbook); *The King's Herald* (the King's Garden monthly publication) and more. The list is endless of printing needs to be done for the work of King's Garden.

Missionary printing and original publications of gospel literature are produced, many in foreign languages. Many tracts have been printed, and, of these, a large portion have been children's seasonal tracts. Over one million copies of two Halloween tracts alone were printed for one Halloween season. People have found it an excellent way to get the gospel out. On Halloween, children come to the door asking for treats, and along with the treat the hostess, gives the children a tract, based on a Halloween party.

For whatever time is available after the above priorities are met, King's Press does some printing for other Christian organizations. How much of this is done depends on how much missionary and Garden printing is needed, and also, how large a staff the press has at any given season. A good share of the time, there are not enough people in this department to do all the work which is waiting to be done. Students who are attending our high school are given the privilege of learning to print and those who opt in for this work for an hour or two after school, learn all the different aspects of the trade. Many of those serving an apprenticeship in our shop are able to find work in the printing trade after graduation from high school. Also, candidates for the mission field have been given the opportunity to learn how to print as a part of their training. Several missionaries now in the field are printing

in foreign languages because they learned the printing trade at King's Press. Literature for the foreign mission fields is of ever-increasing importance as indigenous people to those lands are learning to read in large numbers. Helping to train missionaries for this work is one of the valuable aspects of our printing press. As the people of the different nations learn how to read, they are eager to have something to read in their language, and it is so important what kind of literature they are given. Good Christian literature is needed to satisfy this hunger of the people.

The work of printing might sound prosaic and uninteresting to some, but the staff who work in the printing department do not feel this way. Perhaps it would be interesting for you to hear the testimonies of some of the staff of the King's Press:

“To the casual observer, King's Press might seem to be a gloomy place full of bales of paper, noisy machines, and confusion, but to me, it might be a mission outpost. As I gather the pages of a gospel tract in a tongue unknown to me, I imagine the eager outstretched hands as the missionary distributes them and I pray that the news may reach them before it is too late. Proofreading a Tagalog songbook, letter by letter, is not tedious when one realizes that soon a new brother will be singing, ‘Jesus Loves Me,’ who only a few months ago had never heard of the name of Jesus.”

Here is another “Books I helped prepare with my own hands have traveled leagues, over ocean and desert, to be caught up by eager hands over there. Gospel portions in their own tongue, which we helped make possible, may be the first literature of any kind received by some newly literate tribe hungry for reading. This is the thrill we know at King’s Press. **To arm missionaries with gospel literature is as urgent as to send missionaries themselves.**”

We know that the need for printing is endless to satisfy the world’s literacy requirements and that King’s Press is a very important cog in supplying the printed materials needed. To the staff in this department, this ministry is very interesting for they know how vital it is. We all sense the great honor to be among those who publish the Word of God throughout the nations.

6

GROWTH IN KING'S GARDEN

August 1949 marked our move out to Old Firland and the beginning of the renovations of the vast property. We expected to hear at any time that the county commissioners had to come to the decision about leasing the property to us, but September went by, then October, and still there had been no final word. We still were not feeling anxious about this, but we certainly were looking for every opportunity to present ourselves to the county commissioners as the best option for the land.

On one of Mike's periodic trips down to see the county commissioners, they asked him if he would consider starting a home for elderly people in connection with our home for teenagers. They explained this request for these two reasons: 1. there was a great need in the Seattle area

for homes for elderly people, and 2. the income from such a place would be a help to us financially. Mike agreed that it was a worthwhile suggestion and as soon as the administration building was renovated, he started the men on the work of remodeling the Nightingale Building for use as an elderly care facility. This he did even though the lease had not yet been signed.

The Nightingale Building had long corridors on each side of this structure, running the full length of it, but these porches were only screened in. The rooms opened into these corridors on the two identical floors. We knew it would be necessary to have these corridors glassed in before elderly people would be comfortable there.

A Christian glazier contacted us about installing the glass at a great discount, and it did not take long before the work was all completed. Each room was painted in attractive colors, the floors tiled, and new curtains hung at the windows. **Everything possible was done to make the Rest Home a place of beauty and peace for those who would be living there.**

As plans and work were fervently moving forward to finish the Rest Home, we were only a few weeks away from opening. Shortly before November 14, Mike was told of a meeting that was going to be held on that day, and this

would decide who would attain the lease for Old Firland. The county commissioners were asking for Mike to attend and they assured him that he would be allowed to present his case at that time. He was given no assurance that King's Garden would be leased to us.

Mike asked many people to pray when he went down to this public hearing. Other people were also at this meeting, asking to lease Old Firland, and many of them offered large sums of money. However, when they were asked what they intended to do with the entire place, none of them had a ready answer. One person said they would like to start a rest home for older people (which would be an easy feat because our Rest Home would be complete in less than two weeks), but they had no need for more than one or two of the 37 buildings. Fortunately, Mike had done much planning and praying, and when it was his turn to make his application, he had a well-laid-out program with a purpose for every single building. He also gave them his promise in Jeremiah. When he was finished speaking, one commissioner said, "The only man who has mentioned the Lord is Mike Martin, so let us lease Old Firland to him for one dollar a year. Let's try the Lord's way." This motion was speedily seconded and passed!

Many of our friends were present at that meeting and when this motion was passed, they began to praise the Lord. It

was a tremendous occasion. Even though the commissioners reminded Mike that this lease was only for five years and that the improvements we were putting in would not be ours at the termination of the lease, but would revert to the county, Mike told the commissioners repeatedly that he had God's promise. He was going to proceed just the same as though we already owned it.

Some were opposed to our receiving this lease and much adverse publicity was given to what we were going to do. An illustration of this happened one night at almost midnight. One of the workers came and woke Mike, saying someone was sitting in his office. After hurriedly dressing, Mike went into his office. A man was sitting at Mike's desk, with his feet on the desk, smoking a big cigar. When Mike asked him what he wanted, he said he was a newspaper reporter who had come out to investigate what we were doing, for he thought we were separating children from their parents. Mike was outraged and said if he was a newspaper reporter, he should have some credentials. The man did not have any and Mike told him very emphatically to get out. The next day Mike called the newspapers in Seattle to ask if they had sent anyone out to investigate us, but they did not know anything about it. We found out later the man lived in the vicinity of King's Garden.

There may have been many naysayers about what we were doing at Old Firland, but nothing or no one was going to prevent the Lord from having his way with this property. One evening, just at dusk, after the Nightingale Building had been completely renovated, I had an errand to run in that direction and stopped in to see all the beautiful upgrades. As I stood there gazing at the shining cleanliness, my heart was stirred. God came very close to me in that moment and I will never forget the few seconds I stood there visualizing the restful atmosphere so many would experience as they lived their futures out here at King's Garden. It was only a fragment of time, then I went on my way, but that moment as God allowed me to see through His eyes and feel His love for these people was seared into my heart. And what I visualized that night really came true. The Rest Home has been a blessing not only to those who live there but to the whole of King's Garden.

Francis and Deirdre Nevan and their little girl were among the workers who came to the Garden that first fall. Francis began to help on the painting crew for there was much to be done in that line. He also had much experience in working with young people. When the Rest Home opened, even though Francis had no prior involvement with an elderly ministry, we all felt a peace from the Lord to ask him to take charge of that

department. Feeling unprepared for such a task, he sat in his new office at the Rest Home and prayed, “Lord what do I do now?” The Lord met his need and it was not long before the Rest Home was a smoothly functioning department.

As the residents began to move in, one by one, Mike and I had a beautiful opportunity to meet each one and get to know them. Often, in those early years, Mike would visit and teach in the Garden chapel, where the folks from the Rest Home would attend. Many precious memories were made with these residents. At one chapel, Mike ended with a call for those who wanted to accept Christ, and an elderly man raised his hand. When Mike talked with him afterward, this man, Mr. A., said he always put up his hand for salvation at every meeting he attended because he wanted to be sure God would accept him. Mike did his best to assure him of a complete Salvation so that he did not need to ask the Lord over and over again. But because of his mental capacity, he had a difficult time understanding this. Finally, in desperation, Mike asked Mr. A. if he would like to receive the same deed to heaven that he had received. This man eagerly said he would, so Mike wrote on a piece of paper, Romans 10:13, “For whoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved.” The man carefully put this in his shirt pocket and whenever Mike would see him, he would ask, “Mr. A., are you saved?” Mr. A. would reach for

the paper, read the verse, and answer, “Yes!” Finally, the paper was all worn out, but by that time the scripture was in Mr. A’s heart and he could quote his salvation verse.

There were other notable conversions among Rest Home residents. One man who came to us was a Muslim, and he accepted the Lord one day. It was a great joy to hear him as he walked around the grounds, calling out, “Praise the Lord!” When someone moved into the Rest Home and did not know Christ, the Christians in the home had a great burden to see him saved. They prayed much for their fellow residents and also spoke the Word into their lives at every opportunity. There have been many who have found the Lord as their Savior in the sunset years of their lives.

An army of prayer warriors have lived in the Rest Home and much prayer has gone up from that place all day long. They pray not only for the success of King’s Garden, but they are willing and anxious to take any individual prayer requests that come to them. So often when someone is going to be speaking at a meeting, word is sent over to the people in the Rest Home to pray as the message goes out. I believe that because of their fervent prayers storming heaven, many avenues of service have been blessed.

A chapel meeting is held for the residence every morning. The speakers are varied – missionaries passing through the

Garden, other visiting guests, Garden workers – and these meetings are enjoyed by those living there. Speakers often report that they receive a great blessing from speaking at the Rest Home for these people are very attentive and eager to hear.

Everything possible is done to make life enjoyable for those who live in our Rest Home. Some guests have hobbies and these are encouraged to provide hours of pleasure and recreation. Some enjoy working with the flowers and shrubs and they have contributed much to the loveliness of the gardens. A number of women who enjoy needlework organized a group known as the King's Daughters, taking their name from the Bible in Psalm 45:13, "The King's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold." Each Wednesday afternoon, these ladies meet to hear a missionary message, to pray for missions, and to discuss ways to forward missionary work. On other afternoons, some may be found rolling bandages to be sent to missionaries in the leper colonies. Some are busy with various types of handiwork. At the missionary conference which is held each year, these ladies have a booth where handiwork is sold. Quilts, afghans, rugs, crochet work, aprons, and many other gift items are for sale and all the proceeds go to help missionary work.

Thoughtful planning goes toward ensuring the social life of our clients is varied. Once a month, a fun party is hosted to honor those who have a birthday during that month. At Christmas time a program is given for them and gifts are passed out to each resident. Every summer, when the weather is at its warmest, a big outdoor picnic is planned for all who are physically able to attend. Each Friday afternoon one of the school buses is used to take our older friends shopping in the local area. One day, seeing the faces of older people peering through the school bus windows, a pedestrian was heard to murmur, "They must be the alumni." Everyone got a chuckle out of that remark.

In addition to celebratory events, outings, and social clubs, the Rest Home staff is ever endeavoring to provide change and recreation for those who are living in the home. Some of our high school girls work in the Rest Home for an hour or two a day and as our older friends have become acquainted with these girls, friendships and even mentorships have formed. There have been times when the teen girls have confided their problems to the older women and these have been brought to the Lord in prayer. This has been a beautiful carrying out of Titus 2:4-6 that instructs the older women to teach and guide the younger women.

When any of the Rest Home residents became ill, it was necessary to send them to the hospital in an ambulance. This was cause for much distress among them, for they wanted to remain at King's Garden. After the basement of the Nightingale building was vacated by the printing department, it was decided to start a small hospital so that the ones who were ill could be cared for and it would not be necessary to send them to the hospital. Sunset Hall was opened in the winter of 1959 and has been a blessing to those who have been ill. As one resident put it, "We want to go to heaven from King's Garden, not from a hospital."

Benefits from the Rest Home to King's Garden go far beyond the two reasons originally given by the county commissioners for opening a rest home. It has provided a home for older people, which was greatly needed, and it has been a help to the King's Garden financially. Besides this, however, the prayer life of the residents there has been a great factor in the success of King's Garden. Also, having the older people on the grounds has helped to give a family atmosphere to the young people's work, and we know this department was really raised up by the Lord.

Three vital ministries were underway and thriving at King's Garden: King's Teens, the printing shop, and the Rest Home. There was still much to be done, as we were looking

forward to the day when we would start our schools and have dormitories for the boys and girls from broken homes. This had been the vision Mike had received from the Lord and this plan was ever before him. Others of our workers caught the vision of this type of work, too, and much prayer and labor went into bringing the schools into existence. But all of us were more than grateful for how faithful the Lord had been to every single one of us and to the vision of these ministries thus far. He was directing all of our steps and transforming Old Firland into a glorious location of ministry through King's Garden.

SECTION TWO REFLECTIONS

in Francis do you think helped him succeed? How can you incorporate the Holy Spirit's work in you to equip you for your calling?

In Chapter Four, Vivian testifies about a King's Teen club that tried to form in an area of the city that really needed an outreach for teenagers. The leading couple opened their home for three weeks straight and it wasn't until that third week that a few finally came, and it grew from there. Have you ever stepped out to do something you thought God wanted you to do, but then at first it seemingly failed? Did you try again?

The entire King's Teens ministry demonstrates God's passionate love and pursuit for the next generation. How are you impacting the next generation for Kingdom purposes?

Vivian Martin takes the time to honor all of those workers who gave their service to the printing press. To many, this area of service may have seemed tedious and anonymous. What areas in the ministry do you think are uncelebrated? Have you ever anonymously served people? Did you like it? Did you wish there was more recognition?

Francis Nevan came to the King's Garden to serve in the painting crew for the Rest Home. Before long, he was selected to be in charge of the entire ministry! While he felt overwhelmed, he turned to the Lord, and God gave him all he needed to lead this large ministry. What character quality



SECTION THREE
FAITH AND WORKS

7

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING

“Pray without ceasing...”

I THESSALONIANS 5:17

“**G**od moves in mysterious ways...” is an old adage that could not be truer to what we experienced with the Lord, especially at the beginning of King’s Garden. Situations arose that made absolutely no sense to our natural minds, but when we closed our eyes in prayer and saw with the eyes of our understanding, God would show us our ordered steps. One of the most curious circumstances, which at first had us all scratching our heads, turned out to be a blessing that only God could have orchestrated. This blessing not only led to a miraculous healing but also a ministry of prayer that was unceasing for over ten years.

To tell this story, I need to hop off our timeline and go back to the weeks before we moved to King's Garden. When we sent out the first circular letter, sharing with people how the Lord had promised to give us the Old Firland Sanatorium, and asking them to pray and to give, one of the letters found its way to the home of Cappy Frisbie. Several years before, Mrs. Frisbie had a cerebral hemorrhage and was confined to her bed for a long period of time. During this time, she began to listen to her radio, and one day, after listening to a gospel message, she gave her heart to the Lord. Her body began to improve, so she used her vitality to witness in many places for the Lord. Unfortunately, she had a relapse and became partially paralyzed once more.

Again she spent her convalescence listening to Christian radio and heard a message asking for listeners to surrender their lives to the Lord and give all to Him, anything the Lord asked of them. This dear lady committed to God and told Him He could have anything she had. The morning our letter came to her, the Lord began to reveal to her that since she had surrendered her life to Him, she should accept that which He sent to her. He also told her that the letter which had come, and which she had carelessly tossed unopened into the wastebasket, was something he wanted her to read, that He had caused it to be sent to her. She retrieved the letter and read

it, and she heard the Lord ask her to donate her home to help start the work of King's Garden. Then came the mysterious part: she knew **He told her that a miraculous healing in her body would be on the other side of her obedience!**

Cappy wasted no time in calling Mike and asking him to visit her at her beautiful home built on the edge of a lake. When Mike arrived, he saw a woman partially paralyzed, clad in pajamas, with hair that hung in long braids. She excitedly shared what she believed the Lord instructed her to do: sell her home, give the proceeds to King's Garden, and receive her total healing. Mike was very fearful at this news and told her we could not take her home until he had permission from the corporate board. He promised her that the board members would pray and seek to find God's will in the matter.

After much prayer and several meetings, the board members went to see Mrs. Frisbie to reason with her, to try and convince her to keep her home, but she kept insisting that we must take her home so that she could be healed. Naturally, the board was concerned that people would observe this and believe we were taking advantage of one who was ill. But she was so entirely sure on the matter, the board kept praying to seek the will of God.

We sought counsel, both of the Lord and of trusted advisors, and the day finally came when the King's Garden

board members decided it must be the will of the Lord to accept the gift of this home and that it was His provision for the work of King's Garden. Just before we moved out to the property, Mike told her we would sign the papers accepting this gift. She rejoiced at this news. Shortly after, Mike and the secretary of the board completed all the necessary legal transactions to transfer her home into the assets of King's Garden. Then Mike drove to thank Mrs. Frisbie once again for her generosity.

When he arrived at her home, he expected to go into her house and tell her the news. Instead, she saw Mike coming. The moment Mike parked, she ran out and jumped into the car. Cappy had been completely healed of her paralysis! Laughing with sheer joy, she exclaimed, "I feel just like a gazelle!" When they compared the time when the papers were signed and when she was healed, they found it was exactly at the same time. What a tremendous miracle! Everyone involved in deciding to trust that Mrs. Frisbie had indeed heard the Lord correctly about this unique situation, praised the Lord for His faithfulness to this precious woman.

Cappy continued to give generously to King's Garden and eventually, she moved into a small cabin on the grounds. She felt that the Lord was calling her to a full-time ministry of prayer at King's Garden. She prayed practically all day long for

the different ministries, and one of her major ministries was to pray specifically for Mike so that he would have the wisdom to make the right decisions as they came up. Often when Mike was facing a difficult choice or problem and did not know what to do, he would go to Cappy and pray with her.

One day Mike was feeling depressed because Christian people were severely and publicly criticizing him for starting King's Garden. He went down to pray with Cappy. He thought Cappy would sympathize with him, but instead, she asked sharply, "Mike, are you counting this all joy?" It was a convicting lesson for Mike that he never forgot. From then on, he tried to count any challenging trial that came his way as "all joy."

Other workers, too, when they needed spiritual help, would wind their way to Cappy's little cabin, and there they found the encouragement and help they needed. For a few years, too, she walked around the Garden daily and looked for those workers who seemed to be discouraged and would ask them to pray with her. A few times when Mike told her of some ministry the Lord seemed to be leading him into, she would simply say, "I prayed for that to happen years ago."

Cappy is home with the Lord, now, and the last few years of her life were spent in much suffering. Even then she would pray fervently for the work. Only eternity will reveal all

that Cappy accomplished through her prayer, but I am sure her reward in heaven is overflowing. Hers was a completely dedicated life, and I know King's Garden would not have come into being if it had not been for Cappy's complete obedience to the Lord. The fragrance of her spirit-filled life will always linger at the King's Garden. I know she had "an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of the Lord" when she went to be with Him in 1960.

8

I AM THE LORD

“For I am the Lord that healeth thee.”

EXODUS 15:26

Times of testing came for us, where God led us through areas of deep waters and heavy storms. While none of that was fun, we would not have experienced so many beautiful miracles. The Lord showed Himself so faithful to be ‘the Lord that healeth thee.’ One day I noticed my youngest son was not feeling well and one side of his face was swollen. He told me he had been accidentally struck in the face, so I just thought it was inflamed from the blow. However, as it continued to swell and his temperature began to rise, I called our registered nurse from the Rest

Home to see him. She called the doctor and then started giving him penicillin. She even came over at midnight to give him another shot, but in the morning she could see he was not getting any better. His fever was high and going higher until he became delirious.

The King's Garden board was meeting that day, and they usually met in our front room. When they arrived, I told them of Michael's plight and asked if they could come in and pray for him before their meeting. They stood by his bedside, prayed just a simple prayer, and went on into the other room. After they left, I stood there alone, pleading with the Lord to hear our prayers, bring down the fever, and take away the delirium. As I watched, I was fascinated to see the swelling begin to recede and Michael begin to relax. I waited half an hour and then slipped the thermometer into his mouth. The fever was almost gone. After waiting another 15 minutes, my son's temperature was completely normal.

Overjoyed, I rang the nurse who came right over to check on him. While she was with us, she expressed how concerned she had been, for if the infection had reached his brain, he would not have lived. She realized how ill he had been, but was afraid to let me know. Instead, she had gathered the nurses together and they had prayed for our boy. God answered all our prayers.

Another time of testing was when Mike went on a business trip to the Yakima Valley, and while he was there, he began to feel so weak that he decided it was necessary to secure medical help. After an examination, the doctor told Mike that he was taking him straight away to the hospital; he was bleeding internally and he already had lost 53% of his blood. If he did not immediately receive blood transfusions, his veins would collapse and he would die. I received a phone call telling me of his illness and in the evening our Chaplain drove me to Yakima to be with Mike. He began to respond to treatment and after about 10 days he was able to return home. While we were gone, the boilers for heating our buildings gave up entirely; and as it was wintertime and cold, this presented an extreme hardship on all the residents of King's Garden. It was necessary to quickly secure new boilers, which put a severe strain on our finances.

The problem cast Mike on the Lord as never before, because his confinement at the hospital rendered him powerless to do anything about the situation. God used this experience to show Mike that the work was not dependent upon him alone. In fact, it was the Lord's work and He would care for it even though Mike was ill.

After we returned to Seattle, Mike was still very weak. One afternoon he began to have a temperature which alarmed me.

I could see his heart beating in the pulse of his throat, and I knew he was getting quite ill. One of his friends came in that afternoon to visit Mike and when he saw how sick he was, he laid his hand on Mike's head and began to pray, partly in Norwegian. I was standing by the bed and did not close my eyes, but continued to watch Mike as the prayer went on. Even as I watched, the pulse began to subside, and I knew the temperature was coming down. When the prayer ended, I slipped a thermometer into Mike's mouth and the reading was normal once more.

From that time on, Mike had periodic times of internal bleeding and was in the hospital once or twice each year. The doctors could not ascertain what was wrong, though an ulcer was suspected. Finally, Mike went to be treated by a well-known clinic in Seattle, and the verdict they gave us was that there was no ulcer but that he had a blood vessel in his stomach which was too near the surface, and when Mike would eat something a little rough, the blood vessel would break open. This was not what we wanted to hear because there wasn't really anything these doctors could do to fix the problem. From this time on, Mike was very careful with what he ate.

His health had never been robust since the time of his first heart attack, and he needed to claim the strength by faith

that he needed from day to day. I longed to give him my own splendid health and strength, but of course, that was not possible. All I could do was to help him in any way I could and try to curb his tremendous ambition to accomplish all he could for the Lord. I felt he could achieve just as much if he did not drive himself to exhaustion until he would be ill again. However, his joy in serving the Lord was so great, that it was hard for him to hold back. Also, I was a little afraid to say very much because I knew he had a call of God upon him, and I did not want to frustrate God's plans, so the most I felt I could do was to keep cautioning him about overworking and to urge him to take time for his naps.

One boundary we were able to put in that helped Mike rest a bit from day to day was a new apartment. We had been living in the administration building since we'd arrived, and this had its disadvantages. First, everyone knew our apartment and people would knock on the door of our apartment a great many times a day and far into the night. Even when Mike was at home, he would not get a moment's rest. Second, we ate in the dining room with all the other members of the team and those who desired information from Mike would come and sit with us while we ate. This kept Mike from having a time of relaxation while he ate his meals. We decided that it would be necessary for us to move into another apartment and to cook

our own meals. There was a small apartment that was over the school store on the grounds. Even though it was upstairs and necessitated climbing stairs several times a day, it was a great improvement over the other apartment. We lived in this place for about seven years and enjoyed the quietness of it very much.

One of Mike's endearing characteristics was his great love for people and concern to see them find the Lord. While Mike had certainly come to know God as the One who healed his body, **he never lost sight of the most important healing God provided: the salvation of his soul.** This reality was ever before Mike's eyes and he wanted to share this with everyone. As he grew acquainted with men in business through the work of King's Garden, he would have a great burden to have them come to know the Lord. Not only would he pray fervently about their salvation, but he always seized every opportunity to share the Gospel with them. Several of these men call him their spiritual father.

One day, Dean McLean, who was then one of the county commissioners, came out to see the King's Garden. He was walking around the grounds rather dejected when Mike spied him and walked out to talk to him. Seeing that he was troubled, Mike asked him to come into his office. There he proceeded to testify to Mr. McLean, telling him how he found

the Lord Jesus Christ and the peace and joy which this had brought him. It did not take long until Mr. McLean fell to his knees and began to pray for God's forgiveness. Then he began to sing in a beautiful tenor voice one of the old hymns. This was the start of a great friendship between these two men. I have a little devotional book that he gave Mike, in which Mr. McLean has written, "I love you, too, cause you brought me back." A few years later Mr. McLean went to be with the Lord.

This man was only one of the many who found the Lord in Mike's office. In the last few years of Mike's life, he became well-known through his radio messages, and people would come to him seeking help. He was never too weary or burdened with the cares of his work to be concerned with those who needed help. There were several times when, late at night after we were asleep, someone would call on the phone, asking if Mike would come to his office and pray with them.

As the years went on, Mike learned that when he became too weary with the burden of the work, he needed to spend time away for a rest and we would slip away for a day or two. Sometimes we would go to Garland Mineral Springs, to the ocean, or often we would just rent a motel near Seattle. These times would be periods of complete relaxation for him and he would spend most of the time in bed, just reading and resting. We would spend part of the time praying over the various

problems facing him at the moment and talking together about what was best to do. He often shared that these times of simply processing out loud the many issues weighing on him would clear his mind and then he would know how to proceed. Then completely rested and relaxed, we would return to the King's Garden and take up the reins once more.

Once Mike experienced the benefit of getting away for rest and relaxation, he recognized the need for our workers to get away too. He began to pray for a place where, when they had time off from work, they could slip away, and separate from the pressure which surrounded them at the Garden. Finally, a place in Cannon Beach, Oregon, was made available for lease with an option to buy. This beautiful spot was right on the ocean and very near the Cannon Beach Bible Camp. There were 11 cabins on the grounds, and also a good-sized lodge. The property was an old landmark of the early days of Oregon history when stagecoaches used the lodge as a stopover place in their travels. We renamed it Grace Haven, and a caretaker was placed in charge of it. The cabins were rented during the summer months and the lodge was in great demand by church groups on weekends all the year around. Though this was a wonderful place, the distance from the Garden made it prohibitive for many of our workers to take advantage of the restful atmosphere. We had hoped that the rental of the

cabins and the lodge would allow the Garden to break even with all the finances, but that did not prove to be the case. The cost of keeping staff at Grace Haven all year round was high, and it was a continual financial drain for the King's Garden. Even though it was a Christian ministry which was very worthwhile, after a few years the decision was made to relinquish Grace Haven. We were pleased this property was taken over by another Christian group and the Ministry of Grace Haven is being continued.

9

BE GENTLE UNTO ALL MEN

*“And the servant of the Lord must not strive,
but be gentle to all men.”*

II TIMOTHY 2:24

The beginnings of King’s Garden rushed by with such force, and after a time, all the leadership at King’s Garden realized the need to stop and put in place important protocols. When we all moved into the property, we were inexperienced and none of us had the wisdom about how to lead such a large and multi-faceted organization. Cracks in the foundation began to make themselves apparent. For instance, in those first several months, we had no regular procedure for accepting workers. No one received a proper interview. As a result, some workers came who were not

called of God, and things happened, some amusing, others tragic.

One lady asked if a friend of hers could come to the Garden to work. Soon after this friend came, we had a fire on the top floor of the administration building where this girl had her room. The fire started late at night, she reported seeing the smoke, and we all commended her for reporting the fire so promptly. However, when the fire marshal came out to investigate, he asked who had reported the fire and requested to speak to the young lady. It was only a short time later that he came back and told us she was the one who had set the fire. She had done this in order to call attention to herself.

Another incident which proved we needed to be more careful in selecting our workers, happened one afternoon when Mike was out of town. I was sitting in the office peacefully typing when I heard a loud commotion in the hall. I hurried out to see what was the matter and saw our cook chasing his helper down the hall with a butcher knife in his hand and shouting, "I am going to kill you!" The same cook would only serve soup for lunch, and for as long as he was with us, we could always depend on having soup for our "new" meal. Mike got so desperate he called the cook in and asked him if he would please change his menu because everyone was tired of soup. But he replied that as long as he was the cook, we would get

soup for lunch. I think we were all quite relieved when he left us. As a result of these types of incidents, a regular procedure was set up for accepting workers, and we were much more careful to investigate those who wanted to come to work. I had just read in one of Amy Carmichael's books where she had written, "Guard your gates well." I brought the passage to Mike and he agreed that "our gates" indeed needed guarding.

Other problems developed that first winter. Difficulties with some of our staff brought many trials. Some of the workers began to question Mike's leadership and he went to the Lord about it. He told the Lord he was willing to resign as leader, but before he could resign it would be necessary for a new leader to be raised up, one who could organize the work in the right way. During this time of testing, God gave Mike a scripture that he would bank on and showed him definitely that he had been chosen for this work. He said Mike should "occupy temporarily" until such time that God, not man, should remove him. This scripture is found in Isaiah 41:9-15:

"Thou whom I have taken from the ends of the earth, and called thee from the chief men thereof, and said unto thee, Thou art my servant, I have chosen thee and not cast thee away. Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.

Behold, all they that were incensed against thee shall be ashamed and confounded: they shall be as nothing, and they that strive with thee shall perish. Thou shalt seek them and shalt not find them, even them that contend with thee: they that war against thee shall be as nothing, and as a thing of naught. For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee. Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye man of Israel; I will help thee, saith the Lord and thy redeemer, the Holy One of Israel. Behold I will make thee a new sharp threshing instrument having teeth: thou shalt thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and shalt make the hills as chaff.”

From the time Mike received this promise, we began to see the ones who questioned his leadership begin to leave, one by one, without anyone saying anything to them. It was a time of purging at the Garden, and we saw God begin to move on our behalf. We understood that the conditions that people agreed to when coming to live at the Garden were unique, and not everyone was cut out for the intensity of the sacrifice. We were all basically living as missionaries in a community, only our mission field was local. Each person had to truly know they had been sent by the Lord to be a part of King’s Garden.

After the purging season, the nucleus of workers who were left were those who were heart and soul in the work, and

God began to send us other workers to take the place of those who left. By now, we had grown wiser concerning accepting workers, and an interviewing committee was formed to talk to all who applied. This team endeavored to ascertain if they were being sent by God. Fortunately, people came who were well-trained in their trades and professions, and in love with the Lord. The work of King’s Garden was shaken down to a solid foundation, upon which we could begin to build.

Jim Seibert was a man who was an expert in working with machinery and in engineering. He and his family moved to the Garden and he was of inestimable help in many departments, supervising the boiler construction in the powerhouse, helping to build the radio station, and in many other ways was a tremendous asset. He also served as assistant pastor in our chapels.

Ragnar Bergren and his family came to us from Montana. No one ever called him any other name than “Rags.” He became our first purchasing agent. Later, when a need arose for someone to take over the kitchen, Rags volunteered and served in that capacity until the Lord called him home in April 1951. He was the first worker to pass away while serving at King’s Garden. His wife, Maud, was matron in the Rest Home but after Rags’ homecoming, she went back to her home in Montana.

It was a source of great comfort to Mike to have the Lord call his own brother, Vernon, and his family to work at the Garden. When we visited Vernon and Doris in Bellingham, we would tell them all about what we were planning to do. After we moved to King's Garden, they came to visit us here and Vernon began to see the great need of workers, and gradually, the Lord began to speak to them about coming and helping. They saw God working miracles for them so that their bills could be all paid and they would be free to come. Vernon came expecting to work in the tool department, but it did not take long until he became Business Manager. He continued in this work until he became Assistant to the President. Mike often told me how thankful he was that Vernon was working at the Garden because he was so dependable. These and other workers of this caliber began to move into the Garden and the work began to grow.

Mike realized, too, that since **the work of King's Garden had mushroomed so fast, it was necessary to shore up the organizational operations.** A committee was formed for each department, to help the head of that department run the work. Many of the people assigned to take charge of a department were inexperienced and needed guidance. Mike was given the scripture in Proverbs 11:14, "Where no counsel is, the people fall; but in the multitude of counselors there is safety." He felt

this was God guiding him to surround these leaders with a committee to counsel them.

For the first few years, the entire team at King's Garden also met together once a month, to discuss any problems they had and to hear reports from each department. However, after the work had grown to large proportions and there were many workers, it was much harder to bring them all together every single month. These workers' business meetings began to be held once or twice a year.

One of the departments that was opened after the Rest Home was underway was the laundry. This is part of the work that goes on year after year without much attention being focused on it, but it is a very necessary part of the Garden. Laundry for the Rest Home and for the boys' and girls' dormitories is processed in the same place where Firland had their laundry, on the top floor of the powerhouse.

Many of our people did not have cars and we felt it necessary to have a church service on the grounds for those who desired a local meeting place. Many visitors came to the King's Garden from some distance away and enjoyed attending church on the grounds. So we organized the King's Garden Chapel. The chapel then extended a call to Reverend Alan Inglis and offered the role of service chaplain. He accepted the call and he and his family moved to the Garden in January

1951. Everyone loved him and he was “Pastor Al” to the entire Garden. Vanni, his wife, served as supervisor of women for many years.

We encouraged our workers to go to the church of their choice and to remain with whatever denomination they were affiliated with. We did not wish to compete with other churches, but rather to be a help to them. Therefore, those who had transportation went to other churches and there were comparatively few workers at the Garden services, yet the chapel was well filled. There were families living near the Garden who attended regularly and the number of our workers who made the Garden chapel their church home. Once the housing for teens was established, we also required the boys and girls in our dormitories to attend church at the Garden on Sunday evenings. Mike felt that we should attend church at the Garden because it gave him a good opportunity to meet many of the visitors.

A King’s Garden, Inc. board began to meet regularly once a month at the Garden. As the years went on, these members rotated in and out as some of the board members resigned and others were added to take their places. It was a great responsibility for the seven men; there were so many problems to solve, and at every meeting, the members would kneel and

each one would pray for wisdom in guidance as they discussed the various matters brought to their attention.

Mike was inexperienced in guiding such a large institution, and sometimes he made mistakes, but God was very close to him. He was able to receive from the Lord the leading and help which he so greatly needed. One day the Lord revealed to him that he should report for duty each day to his heavenly master. He reminded him that when he worked for the Richfield Oil Company, the most important appointment he had was with his district manager. Now that Mike was working for the Lord, the most important appointment of the day was with Him. God told him that he should spend one hour each morning receiving orders from Him. Mike was led to choose the hour between 9 and 10 a.m., and for years he set this time aside to be alone with the Lord. It took something very important for him to break the rule. I went to work at nine in the morning so the house was empty and quiet as he met the Lord in this way. During this time the Lord gave him very explicit instructions and it was in this way Mike was given the wisdom he needed for the immense task of running King’s Garden.

I knew my place of service was to help Mike with the office work, but I felt I should do something in addition to the office work to show the other staff members I was willing to do physical work too. As I prayed, the Lord showed me that

I could prepare breakfast on Sunday mornings which would allow the workers in the kitchen department to sleep in. Not being experienced in cooking for a large group, I was rather at a loss as to how to proceed. Finally, I told Mike he should go to a bakery on Saturday afternoon and get some pastries, and I would serve that with cold cereal and bananas. This plan worked very well, and I continued to get breakfast on Sunday for some months, serving the same menu each Sunday. This has never been changed, and to this day, the menu for Sunday breakfast is pastries, cold cereal, and bananas. In the last few years, Mike would refer to this experience in a joking way, saying that I had certainly made my imprint on the culture of King's Garden by establishing the menu for Sunday breakfast.

Our working staff has continued to be somewhat fluid. Many people came to us as workers, but after being in the missionary atmosphere of this organization and hearing missionary speakers, they received a call from God to go out as missionaries to the foreign field, or to other Christian service at home. Though we miss them greatly, we do not hinder them in any way from going. Rather, we do all we can to help them raise their support and supply their outfits for their new service. We have grown so much in our organizational operations since those first months when we simply said "yes" to anyone who volunteered to serve. While I truly believe

every person who had an opportunity to put their hands to plow at King's Garden, whether their time was short or long, was blessed by the Lord, I also believe that many came excited to serve, but once they realized what their "yes" meant, they grew weary. All in all, that season helped us all to learn how to steward better the workers God brought to us. We learned how not to strive in the flesh, but by the grace of the Lord, to be gentle in our leadership to all men.

10

BLESSED BE THE LORD

*“Blessed be the Lord, who daily loadeth us
with benefits.”*

PSALM 68:19

How does a ministry start an elementary school, middle school, and high school, in just a matter of a year, from scratch? We needed books, desks, chalkboards, and everything in between! And this is not even considering all the teachers and staff. Only God could have provided all these needs. As we looked forward to the time when we could open our schools, we were aware of all the items we would have to acquire. Mike had been told of commodities that the government made available for schools, and he was given the name of the government agent he was to see, to

receive approval for securing materials for our schools. As Mike was praying on the morning before his appointment with Mr. B., he felt strongly that God told him to give the man his testimony. This was not in accordance with Mike's reasoning at all, for he was fearful that if he began his appointment by testifying to Mr. B., he would not get his approval.

Mike argued in his head with the Lord about this all the way until he reached Mr. B's office, but he knew if he was to obey the Lord, he would have to testify before stating his mission. As Mike began to give his testimony, this government agent grew very interested. Finally, he walked over to his door and locked it, so that they would not be interrupted. For over an hour, Mike told of what the Lord had done in his life and when he had finished, this man said, "I do not have the peace which I can see you have. I long to have it, but I cannot believe as you do. But you surely did not come in just to tell me these things. What can I do for you?" Mike then told him of the approval that was necessary to receive free commodities, and immediately the authorization was given. Eventually, Mike was able to lead this man to receive the Lord Jesus Christ, and they became good friends. Mike also went to the office of the Seattle Public Schools and asked them if we could have anything they were planning to throw away. Through this department, King's Garden received many truckloads of

things that we could use. Mike then discovered that the head of the educational department in Olympia was a boyhood friend of his and through his help we began to get war surplus materials.

In addition to the truckloads of supplies we were given to start our schools, King's Garden received a multitude of equipment, machinery, and other items. Firland Sanatorium, now in its new location, was very cooperative as they generously donated equipment they no longer needed. One thing they gave us was a fire engine, and our men began to hold fire drills on Saturday mornings to be prepared if more fires occurred. More fires did occur, and one was especially spectacular. We were building a duplex for needed housing and it was almost completed. To dry out the inside of the house, a fire was started in a stove, banked, and left for the night. Early in the evening, a neighbor near the Garden activated a fire alarm, and the neighborhood fire department, arriving ahead of our own, found part of the roof going up in a sheet of flames. The fire was quickly extinguished, but \$1000 worth of damage had been done (a value of approx. \$11,000 today).

As God supplied for all the various needs, **it was wonderful to see the friendliness of so many people who wanted to help King's Garden succeed.** We were given certain foods in quantities, such as string beans and corn, and we endeavored

to save these foods by canning them after our workday was over. We worked until midnight some evenings, cutting up string beans and chopping corn off the cobs. However, the canning process must have been faulty; after a few days, the cans began to explode! Needless to say, we gave up this kind of work, because it was too much to expect the workers to put in such long hours after their regular day's work ended to can vegetables, especially when some of them ended up exploding. Instead, we took one truckload of string beans to a cannery and had them professionally canned, and that first winter, string beans were almost constantly on the menu.

From the very beginning people gave us used clothing and furniture. This was an incredible blessing since none of us received a salary, and the small allowances we could provide were not enough to manage everyone's growing families' clothing needs. So the donated clothing that came in was carefully handled and hung on hangers in one of the rooms. A lady was put in charge of our makeshift clothing store, giving out the various articles according to the needs and sizes. The workers jokingly named the store "The Royal Outfitters." For some years, most of my own clothing came through this source. Mike, too, found suits that he could wear, and a friend of his, Fred Rady, supplied him with shoes. In over 15 years, I don't believe Mike had more than two or three new pairs of

shoes. Most people were shocked that Mike and I didn't take more of a salary, but we desired to lead the team at King's Garden by example. We never stopped "Living by Faith" and relying solely on the generosity of the Lord to supply every one of our needs.

One journalist found our way of living surprising. After ten years, we held a King's Garden Anniversary celebration in a downtown auditorium. As Mike was giving the newspaperman the publicity for this meeting, he happened to tell him about his never having new shoes. We were surprised later to find the following reference had crept into the newspaper account:

"Mike Martin presides over a multi-million dollar Christian cause, but in ten years he has not been able to afford a new pair of shoes. Martin's shoes, like most of his other clothing, are somebody's castoffs. He owns neither an automobile nor a home and has no bank balance. Yet Martin will rejoice in the richness of his Christian faith as he presides over King's Garden's tenth-anniversary celebration in the Masonic Temple."

As his wife, I must add that it would be misleading not to add that Mike was always well-dressed and drove nice cars which were supplied by a car dealer in return for radio advertising.

The Lord supplied donations in such abundance, we were able to be a blessing to others. In August 1950, there was a severe hurricane in Jamaica and since one of our Rest Home guests had been a missionary there, he was quite concerned. Mr. Axel Fredeen helped Mr. Jespersen crate clothing appropriate to a warm climate and get it ready for shipment. A shipping company volunteered to send this material free of charge to relieve the plight of the Jamaicans.

A short time later this letter was received.

Dear Mr. Ferdine:

I write to thank you most sincerely for the gift of clothing which you have been good enough to make for the relief of those who suffered in the August hurricane. We are most grateful to Mr. Jespersen and to you and to all those who assisted in making this gift which is greatly appreciated.

Yours sincerely,

Hugh Foot

Governor of Jamaica.

The furniture that was given to the Garden was used both in the workers' apartments and in and around King's Garden. Tables, chairs, and desks were needed in the offices, and practically everything that came in filled a real need. After a few years, an economy store was started on Aurora Avenue, and the extra articles that came in were sold, and the money was used to help pay the workers' allowances. In this way, it was hoped that they would be able to afford to get a few new things. This thrift store, now in a new location, continues to contribute greatly to the finances of the Garden.

We realized, too, that when sickness or accidents came, the workers would not be able to pay doctor bills. A small insurance plan was started. We called it our "emergency fund," and each worker would pay a certain amount into this fund. It was a great relief to all our team that their families would be taken care of in unexpected situations of illness or emergency. This plan proved to be so successful that it continues today.

Over and over and over, the Lord provided in abundance for every work and for every need. These testimonies I've recorded here are just a small sampling of the faithfulness God showed to all of us day after day. There would not be enough pages in this book to contain all the details, big and small. And some of the biggest blessings were yet to come!

SECTION THREE REFLECTIONS

Vivian Martin's testimony of Cappy Frisbie is remarkable. As you read through this account of Cappy's faithfulness to God, her miraculous healing, and her commitment to a ministry of prayer, what parts surprised you? What parts challenged you? What parts inspired you?

In Chapter Eight, Vivian shares an experience when Mike was away from King's Garden and needed to be hospitalized for quite some time. During that time, there were some disasters back at King's Garden. Mike had to learn that he needed to trust that God would take care of the needs of the Garden, even when Mike was incapacitated. Have you ever had to learn this lesson? What areas of your life would be a challenge to release control and allow other people to take care of?

Vivian writes how Mike needed to learn to rest. He was always so excited to do what he felt God had called him to do that sometimes he neglected his own health. Are you able to rest, or do you need to keep moving? Do you feel you are balanced in work and rest? What boundaries do you have in your life to protect your emotional, mental, and physical health?

Mike and Vivian, and all the staff at King's Garden had truly given up an attachment to material things. They all relied

on God to provide their necessities and most of their clothing was second-hand. Does this lack of desire for material wealth challenge you? Does it inspire you? Have you ever been asked to truly sacrifice material things for a season in your life?



SECTION FOUR
EXPANDING BEYOND

11

THE FEAR OF THE LORD

“The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.”

PROVERBS 9:10

Opening our King’s Schools by the Fall of 1950 was nothing short of a miracle. Earlier that year, in the spring, the entire staff bent all their efforts towards starting the schools that fall. The main hospital building had been chosen as the home of our high school and the children’s hospital as the elementary school. For these two buildings to be functional for school purposes proved to be an enormous undertaking. Walls needed to be ripped out, new walls built, and doorways made by cutting through cement walls. Many other hard, heavy labors made the days far too

short for all that needed to be done. All hands were on deck as the men handled the extremely heavy lifting and women were made painters and finishers.

As fall approached, however, crucial pieces remained undone. We still did not have our school staff. No work had been done on setting up the curriculum nor on all the other administrative tasks necessary for launching a school. Much discussion went on about whether we should endeavor to start or wait for another year. As we all prayed, the Lord seemed to indicate that we should make the attempt to open as soon as possible, so the hard work and planning continued. Our Board decided that tuition would be charged according to the ability to pay. We knew boys and girls from broken homes would have little or no money either for tuition or room and board. However, we felt that people who had the financial means should help in the expense of their children's education.

One week before school was to open, I was sitting in the office typing, when a well-dressed man came in and asked if we needed teachers, mentioning his field was mathematics. After speaking briefly with him, I sensed he was far more than a math teacher and just the caliber of man we needed. I called Mike in to meet him, and after an interview, we offered Mr. Harold Hemery the office of School Principal, for he was qualified for this office. A few teachers had indicated that if

our school opened, they would be interested in teaching, and it was a tremendous job for our new principal to get everything prepared for starting school in such a short time.

Applications from boys and girls desirous of attending our school arrived, and two or three letters came from teenagers from broken homes, asking if they could come and live with us. One letter was sent from a 15-year-old girl who was living in Eastern Washington. Always careful of these situations, Mike drove over to investigate the case and he found indeed that Connie required a home, a place of refuge. The authorities entrusted her into Mike's custody and for four years Connie lived at King's Garden, attending high school. She was a perfect example of the teenagers we had been called to minister to. Every weekday she worked for an hour or two at the Rest Home, and during vacations she would put in a regular shift as a nurse's aide. The older people grew to love her very much because Connie was always kind to them.

When she graduated from high school, she came to Mike one day and thanked him for all that he had done for her at King's Garden. Mike told me he could not have received any greater joy than to hear the gratitude of someone whose life had been transformed. After graduation, she went to college and became a practical nurse. She married and moved away,

but I know wherever she is today, she is serving the Lord Jesus for she loved Him very much.

Another teenager, a boy named Joe, wrote and told us of his need for a home, and he too was in our school through his high school years. We took in several of these teenagers, boys and girls who, through no fault of their own, needed a place to live and attend school. We believed God brought them to us so we could love them and help them thrive.

As news of our school opening reached Alaska, many Alaskan Native boys and girls inquired about attending our school because, at that time, there were no high schools in Alaska. That first year we had several Alaskan Native teenagers with us. One boy especially stands out in my mind, for he was very rough and tough. One day when the boys were playing football he was struck in the face and lost some of his teeth. Sitting there on the ground, spitting out teeth, his comment was, "Now we are having some fun!" It was a joy not only to see his dental work fixed but also to watch this boy grow into a young man who loved and served the Lord.

Some missionaries serving on the foreign field where there were no high school facilities sent their children to us, and these too lived in our dormitories. In addition, our student body consisted of many boys and girls living in the north end of Seattle who desired to receive a Christian education, and

these attended as day students. And, of course, there were the children of our workers.

Almost the very day school opened, Mr. Dutton Hackett offered to be our elementary school principal. He and his family moved to King's Garden and we enjoyed their fellowship a great deal. Mr. Hackett loved children and he was always willing to help any of them in any way he could. He knew his heart was weak, but he always did more than his share in making our grade school a real success. His stay with us was very brief, for in May 1951 he suffered a heart attack, and in just a few moments, went to be with the Lord. We missed him and his family a great deal. A memorial fund was started and the Dutton Hackett Memorial gymnasium, which is in the boy's dorm, is a memorial to Mr. Hackett.

During the summer months prior to opening, our men realized desks could be made for less than purchasing them so they went to work. A few chairs with large armrests were purchased for the high school. Mr. Royal Brougham, of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer, and Mr. J. W. Langley, who owned a sporting goods store, were very generous in providing equipment for our school: softballs, bats, footballs, basketballs, and football and baseball uniforms. This equipment was very useful in providing recreational physical education for the

boys and girls, not only for our schools but also for the ones who are living in our dormitories.

When the long-awaited day came that our schools opened, there were 63 students enrolled in the high school and 63 in the grade school. The freshman class constituted the largest class in the high school, but the eighth grade and tenth grades were a close second. There were seven in the senior class; our oldest boy being one of the seven.

We still did not have any typewriters for the commercial department, but our typing teacher was undaunted; she placed a chart on the wall and asked the students to pretend to have typewriters and just strike the table in front of them as they watched the chart. When Mike walked through the school one morning and saw the youngsters doing this, he was downcast, because in his heart we wanted every aspect of our school to be first class. The teacher told him there were 15 students in the class, all eager to learn to type. About two weeks went by, and Mike was praying fervently for typewriters. One day we were able to obtain typewriters, brand new Remington's, through the school department in Seattle. How many typewriters came? 15 of course, for God knew how many students were in the class. **This was a great moment for all those students to witness the power of prayer.**

Immediately after the school opened, the students started a school newspaper. They displayed such initiative, even to the extent of getting advertisements from businesses in the area, to help defray the cost of publishing. School spirit was infectious, even though many things were lacking in those early seasons. Most of our first students were ardent pioneers and worked with a will to make King's High a school with high standards, both scholastically and spiritually. It was decided to publish a school annual the first year and the name chosen for it was "The Sceptre," was inspired by the Gothic architecture of our buildings, which reminded students of knights and clanking armor.

Great emphasis was placed on both music and art in the schools. The Lord specifically blessed us in both these fields and sent us teachers who were very qualified. A choir and band were soon organized and it was not long before choir robes were supplied. The need for band uniforms was met when the music director saw an ad in a paper in California that band uniforms were for sale secondhand. He was able to obtain these uniforms for only \$100.

For the school theme song, the music director wanted a militant Christian song to the old Welsh Marshall music of "Men of Harlech." Ruth Mills, a garden worker, composed the following lines with a medieval flavor and a note of triumphant faith:

Youth of King's High, hear Christ call you;
 Let not sins rough fetters gall you;
 Break the bands that would enthrall you
 Through Christ's mighty name.
 Fell the proud aggressor!
 Claim the land of God's command
 Your land of promise, God shall bless her!
 While Love flies His banner o'er us,
 And while our eyes behold Him glorious,
 Shout that conquering name!

Instead of having the annual Spring Sneak Day, or Senior Skip Day, for our graduating class in the spring, as public schools do, our school instituted a retreat for the senior class. Each spring they leave the school for a two-day outing, and these times are days of spiritual refreshing and fellowship for the seniors. Many spiritual victories have been won at these retreats, making them very worthwhile. One of the little tokens of God's blessing on our schools which especially appealed to Mike was that there were 7 graduating seniors in the first year, 14 in the second year, 21 in the third year, and 28 in the fourth year. Since 7 is God's number, Mike felt that this multiple of seven each year was a special little message to him from God.

Each year our student body grew until the time when there was no room for it to grow anymore. The administration of the schools then began to be more selective in their choice of students. They admitted only those whom they felt were students desiring a Christian education and willing to abide by the rules. It is almost impossible to help students who are rebellious and desire their own way, who are not interested in Christian activities. We knew the ministries at King's Garden were not a fit for every person, but for anyone who was humbly seeking to know Christ and grow in His plan for their lives, we knew we could help. But this revelation was learned the hard way.

At the very beginning of our dormitories, we endeavored to accept both the Christian boys and girls described above and those who had been in trouble with the law. Sometimes these juvenile delinquents were eager for change, but many were just unruly and did not desire to obey the rules. We found it was not possible to successfully combine the two types of teenagers. However, many requests came from parents desiring help for their boys and girls who had gone astray, and we didn't want to turn our backs on this need. We began to pray for a school where these troubled teenagers could be helped. One day while on a trip to Vancouver, Washington, Mike heard of a school that was going to be vacated when

school finished in June 1956. The Burton Homes School had originally been built in a wartime housing project and had been used by the Vancouver School District for ten years. The school building was 459 feet long, with a gymnasium auditorium, was fully equipped and built on 12 acres of land. We made an application to the government to obtain the school for a price, but through an error, we applied to the wrong governmental department. This caused much time to relapse while we reapplied, and it was nearing time for school to be out in June. This property would then be vacated, leaving the building to the mercy of “hoodlums,” and it would not be long before vandalism would make the school unfit for use.

Mike endeavored to secure permission from the government to go in and protect the property, but he was unable to receive official permission. He went to the superintendent of the school district, who had the keys. Mike told the superintendent, “The Lord is going to give us the school in answer to prayer, and you should give us the keys so that we can protect the site.” He looked startled for a moment, then said, “I believe the Lord is going to give you the school,” and handed over the keys!

For four months King’s Garden had no official permission to occupy the Burton Homes School. We placed a family to live there to guard the property, and they began to clean and

get it ready to take in the boys. In November 1956, we were given a quitclaim deed free of charge. This was an outright gift, the only stipulation being that it must be used for a school for 20 years. Our offer of several thousand dollars was rejected by one governmental department so that it could be provided free by another department. This was another completely unexpected miracle.

In this school, we have been able to care for boys who have been in trouble with the law and other boys who are maladjusted in some way, or in some cases, emotionally disturbed. Many of these boys have been transformed through our programs and graduate ready to succeed in life. Many, too, have come to know the Lord Jesus Christ as their Savior. Because some of the boys who came to us could not even read, it was necessary to have our own school for them and to give them remedial help. Half of the building is used for school purposes and half has been remodeled for dormitories for the boys. With the gymnasium there for the boys to use, and with enough land so that they can have pets and animals in abundance, it has proved to be just the right space for such a project. About 40 or 50 boys are now cared for at one time but plans for the future call for an expanded program for boys of this type.

In 1961, an organization called Bowie Ville, in eastern Washington, gave us a farm near Mabton, Washington, to be used as another home for boys. Cash of \$100,000 was also given with the stipulation that it be used for erecting buildings on the farm so that more housing could be built and more boys could be received and given a home.

Because there were so many applications from parents and others desiring help for girls who were living rebelliously and in trouble with the law, we began to pray for a place to take in these girls. A government radio installation was vacated in Astoria, Oregon, and King's Garden made an application to receive it in the same way as the Burton Homes School had been given the year before. In November 1956, a quitclaim deed was signed, giving the property free, with the stipulation that it must be used for school purposes.

We opened this girls' school, but try as we did, this endeavor did not prosper in the same way as the Vancouver boys' academy did. We found that working with girls of this type was far more difficult and complex than working with boys. In our experience, they did not respond to the Gospel as readily. Perhaps we had not found God's perfect will, but whatever the reason, the school did not do well. After a few years, it was closed. We have not lost the vision of helping these girls, but we have come to realize that there must be

specially trained personnel to run such a boarding school.

After our Christian schools were underway, we began to hear of other Christian schools springing up in the northwest area. We desired to have some means of fellowship with them and felt we could be an encouragement to each other, so the Northwest Fellowship of Christian Schools was formed. There are two divisions to this group. The leaders and administrators of the schools meet together once a year in the fall to discuss their problems and endeavor to help each other. And in the spring a musicale is held, with all the different schools participating. The choirs, solos, quartets, and those who play musical instruments sing and play separately and are adjudicated.

On the last evening of the conference, all of the choirs from the different schools sing together as a mass choir. The bands from the schools are also combined and play some numbers. This evening of music is the highlight of the conference. It has been a wonderful opportunity for the students of the different schools to get acquainted, and I am sure, too, that the fellowship among the leaders of the schools has also been a help. Thus the vision Mike had of helping boys and girls from broken homes came to fruition in King's High School and the Vancouver Boys Academy. While we have pursued to honor

BY FAITH

and obey God's call on us to minister to boys and girls, both from healthy homes as well as troubled ones, we all believe we have only just begun to scratch the surface of what the Lord has planned to accomplish through King's Garden.

12

MY THOUGHTS ARE NOT YOUR THOUGHTS

*“For My thoughts are not your thoughts,
neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord.”*

ISAIAH 55:8

Five years flew by. God truly was able to accomplish through us more than we ever could've asked or imagined. But as the timer approached for our five-year lease to expire, we became concerned about what would happen next. The county commissioners were very sympathetic to our work and wanted to help us. They could not sell Old Firland to us directly without a public auction, and only if the Anti-Tuberculosis Association

decreed they no longer desired to make use of Old Firland. The commissioners suggested that a bill be placed through the House of Representatives and the Senate. This House Bill 191 would declare that the county commissioners of Class A could dispose of tuberculosis property without competitive bid when the property was no longer needed for tuberculosis purposes. The bill passed unanimously in the House but when the bill was sent to the Senate, it did not receive the same enthusiastic support, and was “pigeonholed.” This meant it was tabled, and the senators did not intend to bring it to a motion.

One of Mike’s friends passed this information on to us, and Mike became more determined than ever to get this bill passed. He decided that the two of us should go to the Capitol in Olympia and stay there for a week. He wanted to see what he could accomplish by lobbying on the Senate floor. We stayed in a motel at night and each day we would spend time in the Senate. I was very interested, sitting on the sidelines, to see how the Senate operated; this was the first time I had seen our government in action. Mike went on the Senate floor, talked with various senators, and endeavored to get the bill out of its “pigeonhole” so that it could be voted on. He made progress day by day, but he did not have enough time to accomplish his purpose. The bill was not brought out until the evening when the Senate would adjourn. When midnight came, the

Senate closed, and Bill 191 was the next one to be voted on. This seemingly was a defeat from a worldly standpoint, but we were not disheartened and realized we evidently had not found God’s will in the matter.

Back at home, Mike began negotiations to renew our lease for the longest period possible. There was still much opposition from many groups who did not want us to continue to lease Firland. Mike asked for a 35-year lease, but after long hours of deliberation, we were given a 10-year lease for one dollar a year. **Mike still had assurance that the promise “I will give the city” meant that King’s Garden would be owned and not on a continual lease**, but He knew he had to wait for God’s timing.

Each year we hosted a special dinner designed to showcase to the county commissioners and other officials all that was being accomplished at King’s Garden. These were always enjoyable affairs and a pleasure to entertain these guests and express our appreciation to them in this way. After our lease was renewed, in May 1954, we held our annual dinner and invited all the city officials. We felt it an honor to serve these people who had been so kind to us. The Garden seemed especially lovely that spring, with the various flowering trees in bloom, and we did our best to provide a nice dinner.

Arthur B. Langley, who was then Governor of the state of Washington, was a guest of honor this evening. There were testimonies from some of our high school students, especially from those who were from broken homes, telling of how they had been helped. Two of our Rest Home residents gave a brief talk about what King’s Garden had meant to them. Our high school band played, and our choir sang. Then Governor Langley spoke. “As Governor of the state of Washington,” he said, “I am very proud that we have people who have faith as you do, and the love of Christ, and are willing to give some of that love back to others who need it.”

When called on for comments, the chairman of the county commissioners expressed the conviction that the lease to King’s Garden of the former Firland property was one of the finest deals they had made since they had become commissioners. The entire staff at King’s Garden felt blessed to hear such high accolades from these city officials. That dinner was a very special one, and we continued to host these year after year.

After growing so much at King’s Garden, we began to make official some of the changes we had made. Old Firland had names for all the buildings, but now we realized new names were needed for at least part of them, so a committee was formed to consider the matter and bring new names to the entire team of workers for approval. Listed are the names

of the buildings that Firland had and the new names as recommended by the committee, and accepted by the workers:

Firland Names

King’s Garden Names

Detwiler Building

King’s Garden High School

Josef House

King’s Garden Grade School

Nightingale Building

The Nightingale Building

Koch Building

Central Hall

Vom Piquet

Nightingale Annex

Pasteur Ward

Sylvan Hall

Isolation Ward I

Girls’ Dormitory

Isolation Ward II

Apartments

Administration Building

Administration Building

Even with the use of all these buildings, we were growing so much we were bursting at the seams. Because of our long struggle to meet the housing needs of our workers, the maintenance crew set out to plan how to meet this need. Two duplex dwellings were built on the grounds, but this was only a small portion of the housing needed. Mike strategized and

prayed about how to acquire more homes for workers. He was able to secure six houses from the Seattle Housing Authority, but it was necessary to move the houses from where they were situated. He went to the county commissioners to ask permission to put the houses on the tract of land adjacent to the Garden of Prayer. He promised the houses would be made presentable, adding with a smile, "I've prayed and I truly believe this plan is all right with the Lord."

The chairman of the county commissioners replied, "If it's all right with Him, it's certainly all right with this board." These six dwellings were a big help in meeting the needs at that time. However, all through the years, it has been a continuous struggle to secure more and more places for workers to live, for the staff has continued to increase. A motel near the grounds was purchased on payments, which provided some housing, and for the last few years, it has been necessary to rent houses off the grounds to provide homes for all the families.

13

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD

*“Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel
to every creature.”*

MARK 16:15

From its inception, King’s Garden was very missionary-minded. In fact, even before there was a King’s Garden, our King’s Teens weekly high school clubs were concerned with missionary needs. One couple, who were counselors in the club which met in our home, went to Germany as missionaries. They wrote back to us of the need for clothing and food which they saw while ministering to the people in their area. Our club began to gather clothing and food and sent several boxes overseas. The family who was in charge of the King’s Teens work in the Yakima Valley went to Japan

as missionaries. When a man who had been a frequent speaker in our clubs told us he and his family were going to China, the club members decided they would help support their little girl. Each month part of the offerings of the clubs was sent to help and her support. All of these scenarios helped to focus our eyes on the mission field.

The impetus was given to start a missions department at King's Garden when a family came to us from Australia. Mr. and Mrs. Lyle Lush and their three children came to King's Garden, saying they had been called by God to come to King's Garden as missionaries to help further the work of other missionaries. After many meetings, we all agreed the Lord had indeed blessed us with this family. Mr. Lush became the head of our missions department and did much to help us to further the cause of missions. Our slogan became, "A Missionary to the Missionaries." We did all we could to help.

King's Garden would often host missionaries for weeks, either before they left for the field or upon their return for furlough. While they were with us, the missions department would do all they could to line up speaking engagements for those desiring to do deputation work. We could provide help with purchasing supplies for them wholesale, printing their prayer letters, and helping with their packing. When the time came for them to leave by plane or boat, one of the workers

would provide transportation for them to see that their supplies were placed on the dock for shipment. It was a joy to have so many missionaries passing through the Garden, allowing us to meet them and have fellowship with them.

Our first missionary rally was held in February 1955. Because of the crowds of people who attended, our high school auditorium was far too small. We knew we would need more space for the next one the following year, both for the meetings and for the display booths of the various mission societies.

The next year a tent was rented and erected on the grounds and served as the meeting place for all the services. The booths from the various missionary societies were set up in the gymnasium in the boys' dormitory. Because it was cold weather, the men piped steam into the tent which made it fairly comfortable. These conferences have been held each year since, and have grown both in numbers who attend and also in pledges of money to help in missionary work. Missionaries come from all over the world to be there and enjoy being with others of like mind. They are also allowed to tell of their work and what some of their needs are. Especially interesting has been the session for the women. As women missionaries have told of their lives in the field, mentioning the hardships

they have been called to go through, hearts have been greatly stirred.

At these conferences people have found the Lord as their Savior; others have been called to the mission field as a result of attending the meetings. Many interesting incidents have happened. One evening one of our workers was singing a solo in the tent. As his beautiful baritone sound rang out, a man was walking along the road near the Garden and heard the song. He came to stand in the doorway of the tent, listening intently. After the song ended he sought out a missionary standing near the door, asking him to help him find Christ.

The usual procedure after the conference ended was to hear our workers tell us that they had received a call to the mission field. **About 75 of our former workers are now serving the Lord in various parts of the world!** In addition to this, thousands of dollars have been pledged to help in the support of missionaries. One night during each conference week is designated as a young people's night and King's Teens clubs come to the meeting in a group. Young people's societies from churches also attend and of course our own school children. This night in the week is always a very fruitful time with many of these boys and girls finding the Lord as their Savior.

Each morning during conference week, students from our schools are brought over to the tent for one of the sessions.

One year a real revival broke out among our high school young people. Many lives were cleansed and purified, which made a big difference in the spiritual life of our school.

A Bible school that met twice a week was also started by the missions department because many people were interested in attending such a school. Many of our workers availed themselves of the opportunity to learn more about the Bible. Later the school grew to the point where a daytime Bible school was started, in addition to the night school. This school was named "King's Missionary Training Institute," with Mr. Lush in charge. It catered to the person who is looking towards the mission field and desiring practical training along with Bible study. Here they were allowed to receive practical training in many different locations. These included mechanical work, printing, radio communications, teaching methods, nursing, cooking, and many other trades.

Jesus commissioned us to "Go into all the world," and King's Garden has done all we can to take this command seriously. Mission work has always been a part of our ministry, and it will always be. Just as I mentioned in the chapter about our schools and teen ministry, and how we have barely scratched the surface of what God has planned in that area, I feel the same way about missions. We've only just begun to see all that God has in store for the work of missions through King's Garden.

14

THIS IS THE LORD'S DOING

“This is the Lord’s doing; it is marvelous in our eyes.”

PSALM 118:23

The radio station was canceling our contract. After several years of being a faithful client to this station with our paid 15-minute daily time slot, they were canceling us. Our short program was just a simple gospel program, with a song or two, and a message from our chaplain, but we had received many letters indicating a strong following of this program by our radio audience. Then, out of the blue, Mike received a 30-day written notice from the radio station, canceling our contract, saying they did not desire to have Christian programs on the air from then on, except

on Sunday. He went to all the other stations, trying to get our program on a station, but he found this new policy was in effect with all the stations in the Seattle area. This was a blow to all of us, and we finally decided to air the program on a station in another town. We were glad to have a presence on the radio waves, but we did not like that the people in our own city were not able to hear our broadcast.

Soon after, when Mike was alone with the Lord in prayer, he told Him, "It does not seem right that the stations can take off all Christian programs like this. Lord, what do you want me to do about it?" Immediately the answer came back, "Why not ask me for a Christian radio station?" Since Mike knew absolutely nothing about radio, it was extraordinary to ask for such a thing. However, Mike's faith did not falter. Immediately he prayed, "Lord, give us a Christian radio station." The assurance came immediately in his heart that God answered this prayer, and from then on, Mike did not ask for a radio station, but over and over again, he would thank God for the privilege of going into this new venture.

Mike hardly knew how to proceed, but he had an acquaintance with a radio engineer who worked for one of the local stations. He contacted him for advice. This man tipped Mike off to the fact that 630 on the AM dial might be available. He also told Mike that \$1,000 would be needed to

make a survey which would be needed to apply for that spot. Mike went to his board members and asked for permission to have the survey made. The board, wishing to make sure that it was the Lord's will to apply for a station permit, told Mike if the Lord sent in \$1000 for the survey within a month, they would take that as a sign that it was the Lord's will. The thousand dollars came in quickly, so Mike asked the engineer to make the survey. This was done and he started to make out the application papers for us. However, after a week or two, he contacted Mike and told him his employers were objecting to his working for someone else, and that he would have to discontinue his work for us.

As Mike brought this problem to the Lord, asking Him what to do, the Lord told him that He, Himself, would be the engineer. Mike should just take orders from Him. Mike had no knowledge of what to do or even the right terms to use; nevertheless, Mike stepped out on the Lord's promise to undertake. Even though God did help him, Mike knew that he would have to know the right terms in making the application, so he invited this former engineer out to a few lunches simply to ask questions. Afterward, he immediately went home to work on the papers, using the knowledge this man offered. As the different forms were finished, I would type them up. Once we were finished, we laid the papers out

on the floor of our front room, and we filled the entire space! It took quite a while to assemble them in proper order, but once complete, we realized we had managed to draw up this entire packet without making one mistake. Only God could have led us in this endeavor. Mike and I prayed over them, committed them to the Lord, and sent them off.

A week or two later, a man visited and told us he too had applied for the same place on the dial and asked us to withdraw our application. When Mike told him we could not do that, he asked that we pay him \$5,000 and he would withdraw his application. If both applications were left competing for the same space, it would mean that the hearing would have to be held in Washington DC, which was both time-consuming and expensive. The Federal Communications Commission would hold the hearing and decide which application should receive the permit. Mike told the man that we could neither withdraw nor could we pay him \$5,000. The man said, “Then what *are* you going to do?”

Mike calmly told him, “This is the Lord’s work. We are going to pray that the Lord will undertake. He will see that you withdraw your application.” This made the man very angry and he said, “Leave the Lord out of this. He has nothing to do with it.” He was very upset when he left, but within a week or two he had withdrawn his application.

It took over a year for our permits to come through and during this time of waiting Mike asked for contributions for the radio station. This money was put into a separate fund; in the event we did not get the permit, the money would be returned to the donors. This was not a lack of faith, but he did not wish to appear to be receiving money under false pretenses.

What a happy day when the telegram arrived from Washington DC, saying we had been granted a permit for a 1000-watt Christian radio station at 630 AM on the dial. One organization contacted Mike as soon as they heard we had the permit and offered to give King’s Garden \$5,000 if we would not exercise the permit. Mike was told by another person that this spot was worth \$50,000 (value of approx. \$550,000 today) just for the permit alone, without a station building or equipment.

When the news that we had the permit became known, a man contacted us about a radio tower that he had in Oregon, which he desired to sell. He sold it to us at a reasonable amount of money and said that he would further reduce the price of the tower by \$1,000 if we would pay for it in full by December 20. All of the money did not come in by that date, but the man was very gracious and gave us an extension of time, which we were able to meet.

The engineer had advised the tower should be installed near the Nightingale Building, which was on higher ground, and would send out a clear signal. However, Mike seemed to get direction from the Lord that it should be placed in the Garden of Prayer. Even though he could not understand the reason for this, he was confident he heard correctly from the Lord. The altitude of the Garden of Prayer was much lower, but he decided the tower would have to be erected there. Later the reason for this was revealed, for the lease for the Garden of Prayer part of King's Garden would not have been renewed if our radio tower had not been installed there.

To keep the cost of construction as low as possible, it was decided to put the transmitter into what had been the fire station at Old Firland. This was a small building and provided cramped quarters. However, we decided it could be used for a few years until it was possible to build a new station. The play on words intrigued Mike, that the radio station was in the fire station and the signal going out from the Garden of Prayer. He would often say, "With our radio station in the fire station and the Gospel going out from the Garden of Prayer...our message should be warm!"

We asked for and received the call letters KGDN, standing for King's Garden. Many incidents happened which continued to show our leaders that we were in the Lord's will in having

the station. Some radio equipment was ordered from a company and the impression was received that \$1,900 was the down payment. When the salesman came they learned it was necessary to have \$2,200 for the down payment. Mike told the man, "We do not have all of this money, and it will be necessary to pray for the funds before giving you the order." Mike and the radio leaders went into another room to pray and the assurance came that God had heard. The salesman was told, "We will have the needed money on Wednesday, and at that time we will place the order." Sure enough, the money came in, and the order was placed, right on time.

For some reason, only known to God, the month of November was greatly used in Mike's life. It was in the month of November that:

- We were married
- Mike found the Lord as his Savior
- He surrendered completely to the Lord and had a profound experience with the Holy Spirit
- King's Teens was started in our home
- The lease was officially signed for King's Garden
- The quitclaim deed was signed for the Vancouver Boys Academy
- The Astoria Girls' School deed was signed
- Our radio station KGDN went on the air

Even more interestingly, three of these events happened on November 14! 1) Mike encountered the Holy Spirit, 2) we were given the lease for King's Garden, and lastly...

3) November 14, 1954, was the day we opened the airways of our station and it still goes out today! (The current call letters are KCIS.) It might have been a dark and gloomy day with a hint of rain, but we had prayed and were confident God would keep the rain away on this Sunday afternoon. However, God did not answer this prayer by giving dry weather and those who came to see the radio station go on the air received a drenching, for we did not have an auditorium large enough to hold the crowds. It was such a joyous celebration, however, no one seemed to care.

The Christian programming over KGDN was a blessing from the very beginning of the station. A great number of letters were received telling us what the station meant to them. People's hearts were blessed and large numbers found the Lord as their Savior. One outstanding example, was a woman who intended to commit suicide. In her distress, she turned on the radio in the morning and by Providence, she found our station. While she may have thought it was just 'chance,' we know the Lord guided her hand to turn to the right place. She heard a talk on what God can do if He is given the chance. She immediately asked her husband to bring her to King's Garden

which he did. She was ushered into Mike's office, and in there on her knees, she gave her heart to the Lord. Her life was completely transformed and she found something to live for.

The programs were especially comforting to those who were ill, or who were going through a trial. Others were drawn closer to the Lord when they started listening to KGDN. One woman told Mike that it had completely changed her entire family. They had been Christians for years, but when the children grew older they would go through the house singing the latest rock 'n' roll songs, and their faith had grown cold. Now she reported the children were singing the songs they heard over KGDN. Her husband had been convicted because he was not serving the Lord, and now he was going to enter seminary training.

Mike was especially touched one day after a meeting when a blind woman took him by the hand and told him of what the Christian programs meant in her life, for she could not see to read her Bible. We often wondered how many people, like this blind woman, relied on Christian programming simply to hear the Word of God. We were overjoyed to be able to serve people in this way.

Not only was the radio station a blessing to our radio audience and a wonderful means of getting the Gospel out, but also it was a tremendous contact for the Garden. It helped

to make the King's Garden well-known in the whole northwest area. Mike had a program called "Guide to Giving" on which he taught about Biblical generosity and asked for money, not only for the work of King's Garden, but also for many other worthy Christian endeavors. This really stretched Mike because God had to deal with his heart about asking for money.

After our station was well-established, many people began to write in saying how much they enjoyed our programs, but how much better it would be if our station had more power and less static. Mike began to pray once more that a way would be opened to increase the power of our station and also that we might be able to broadcast in the evening. Mike made inquiries about the possibilities of increasing our station by 5000-watts, fully expecting to be told it would be impossible. To his surprise and joy, he received encouragement, and new application papers were made out. This time there was a radio staff who took over the work of filling out the many papers. We also applied for an FM station so that evening broadcasting would be possible. Both of these permits were received. However, before these new permits could be utilized, it was necessary to build a larger place for the radio department. It had been difficult to carry on the work for the 1000-watt station in the crowded quarters of the fire station so the house

trailer was finally updated to help provide more room. It was placed next to the station and was used to house some of the equipment. We knew that further expansion would be impossible without more room. A beautiful new structure was built and dedicated on February 14, 1960. A rally was held at the Civic Auditorium on Sunday afternoon and the switch, transferring the radio broadcast from the old firehouse to the new building, was pulled by Seattle's mayor.

The new tower was erected on the site originally recommended by the engineer. According to the terms of the permit we were given, there was a deadline when the station must be completed or we would lose the permit. There were delays in building the tower and as the last day before the deadline approached, sections of the tower still lay on the ground. At last, when the construction crew was ready to begin work, a snowstorm was forecast. The sky grew darker and darker and there was no doubt about the snow suspended in the upper atmosphere.

But again, we prayed and were confident. Again, God worked a miracle. Heavy snow fell to the north, east, and south of us, as far south as Oregon where snow is rare; and many schools in Oregon were closed because of the weather. But the heavy clouds bypassed Seattle while it was storming elsewhere, and King's Garden enjoyed bright sunshine. The

erection of the tower proceeded without interruption.

We received a wonderful response from people who appreciated being able to hear Christian programs in the evening, especially those who worked in the daytime and were not able to hear our programming except on the weekends. People in need of spiritual help began to contact King's Garden and this ministry grew to the point that our chaplain took over the major part of this work. People burdened with problems would seek out someone to help them and this ministry became a very fruitful one, with many people coming to know the Lord Jesus Christ as their Savior.

The same week as we began broadcasting from the new building, managers of ten Christian radio stations met at the King's Garden to organize a fellowship known as the Western Inspirational Network. Even as the Northwest Fellowship of Christian Schools was a means of one school helping another, the new radio fellowship felt that one radio station could be a help to another, especially to support other Christian stations to get started. Mike had a vision of seeing Christian radio stations dotting the entire country and people traveling in their cars being able to enjoy Christian music for their entire trip.

SECTION FOUR REFLECTIONS

The author testified about when the high school typing class of fifteen students was learning to type *without* actual typewriters and Mike began to pray. Shortly thereafter, the exact number of top-of-the-line machines was given to the school. What impact do you think this made on those students?

Mike Martin was relentless in his pursuit of owning the King's Garden. He and Vivian went so far as to spend a couple of weeks in Olympia, WA, lobbying on the Senate floor. His determination seemed to make him fearless to approach any person who might help him. Who are other Christian leaders who have displayed such tenacity to see God's will on a matter come to pass? Have you or anyone you know had this kind of tenacity over a cause or an issue?

In Chapter Thirteen, Vivian writes about how the King's Garden supported and rallied behind missionaries throughout the world. Have you ever been on a mission trip? In what areas do you serve in your own city to further the Kingdom of God?

In 1954, the King's Garden radio station was launched. Today, the AM station is still at 630 on the dial with the call letters KCIS. The FM station is SPIRIT 105.3. Have you listened to programming on either of these stations? Was it

inspiring to hear the story of the people who started those stations? How important do you think Christian radio stations are today?



SECTION FIVE

OWNERSHIP AND
HOMECOMING

15

SHUT THE LIONS' MOUTHS

*“My God hath sent his angel
and hath shut the lions’ mouths.”*

DANIEL 6:22

God’s promise of “I will give the city” continued to compel Mike. Even though we had been fortunate in getting a new 10-year lease signed with the county commissioners, Mike was always looking to the Lord for a purchase. He believed that the promise meant that we would own King’s Garden instead of just leasing it. He had no idea how God would work this all out, but he had faith that the purchase would someday be complete.

After the second lease was signed, the Anti-Tuberculosis League brought suit again to us, contending that the

property was not being used for tuberculosis purposes. They were completely within their rights, for the deed stipulated that the property had to be used for tuberculosis purposes and if no longer needed for that purpose, then the property should be sold. These proceeds would be used to combat tuberculosis. This might sound strange, but we welcomed the lawsuit because we felt that through this means God would help us to buy the place. They lost the lawsuit but the judge ruled that the Anti-Tuberculosis League did have a reversionary interest. Mike went to the officers of this organization and told them we would like to buy this interest from them. Then when the property was put up for public bid, if we were successful bidders the title would be clear. They told Mike that by selling their interest to us, they could not guarantee we would be the successful bidder. He answered that we believed God was going to perform a miracle and allow us to be the successful bidder. He told them we were willing to buy their interest with no promises from them. The price agreed upon between them was \$37,500 (a value of approx. \$384,000 today). Since we did not have this money, Mike gave them \$5000 with the promise that the balance would be paid within a year.

Then he went back to the county commissioners and told him what he had done. They thought he was very foolish to do such a thing when he had no assurance that we would be

able to purchase King's Garden. The full amount to the Anti-Tuberculosis League would have to be paid even if we were not the successful bidders.

In November 1957, a special meeting was called. It was composed of the county commissioners, the board of managers of Firland, the city officials, the Anti-Tuberculosis officers, and King's Garden. When they were all assembled, the chairman of the commissioner said, "Mike, this is your meeting."

Mike immediately replied, "No, this is not my meeting. This is the Lord's meeting, and I would ask permission to open the meeting with prayer." He did not wait for permission but immediately bowed his head and began to pray for God's blessing and asked Him to take charge of the meeting. Mike told me later he could feel that the Lord's presence was there and the whole situation was discussed amicably. Finally, a motion was made to the effect that the Old Firland property would be put up for a public auction on April 14 and that the starting bid should be an excess of \$100,000.

For the property to be sold at public auction, it would be necessary for us to be willing to have the new lease canceled. It took much faith to step out on the promise and willingly have the lease canceled. After this was done, the auction was advertised for a period of time, given the date as April 14, 1958.

On March 10, a public hearing was held in the county/city building. This meeting was to give people an opportunity to protest the sale of King's Garden. Even though the court had ordered the sites to be sold, some were desirous of hindering the sale. One group was especially insistent that 10 acres of the grounds be reserved for a park. On March 20, King's Garden had a temporary restraining order served on it in an attempt to stop the sale. We had a special time of prayer, asking the Lord to lift this restraining order. This prayer was wonderfully answered.

During this time, several people contacted us and said they were planning to bid for the property. We faced a real danger in this, for if others bid against us it would be possible for them to force the cost up too high for us to counterbid. Mike went on the air and told the people of our problem and asked them to pray fervently. He asked them to pray that we would not only be able to keep King's Garden, but also that others would not bid against us and make the purchase price go so high it would be prohibitive for us. Mike's prayer was that as God closed the mouths of the lions so that they did not bother Daniel, He would close the mouths of those who had indicated they were coming to bid at the auction. He also asked them to make contributions to a fund so that money

would be on hand when he went down to bid. People really got under the burden of this prayer need and they enlisted the prayers of others, writing letters even to missionaries overseas and asking them to pray.

One man came out to see Mike and asked him to give him \$10,000 if he would not bid against us. He intended to bid and to use the grounds for a housing project. Mike told this man that what he was asking was blackmail, but he denied this. Later Mike took one of the board members with him, called on this man, and asked him to repeat what he had told him in his office. However, the man refused to do this and denied that he had tried to blackmail Mike. Time proved that he did not bid against us and Mike sent him an invitation to attend our victory dinner after the auction. In addition to this man, many other people came out to check out the King's Garden to ascertain how much they should bid for the place.

So the forces of evil were arrayed against the forces of good. Some people were for King's Garden being able to purchase the property and others were fighting to take it away from us. Before the date of the auction, there was \$50,000 in the purchase fund.

Three days before King's Garden was to be put up for auction, our lawyer decided to read the notice of auction once more. To his amazement, he discovered that the written notice

stated the terms of the transaction had to be in cash, not in over-time payments as we had expected. Actually, a typist had made an error, yet the notice read, “terms: cash” and that was the way it remained. Our lawyer phoned Mike to ask him what would be best to do. Mike told him not to reveal this information to anyone. Then he went on the air asking Christians to make large sums of money available at once on short-term loans. In just a few days, Mike had promises of loans up to \$3 million if it was needed.

The day before the auction, on Sunday afternoon, we held a special session of prayer, asking the Lord to undertake. Still, our prayer was that God would close the mouths of those who would bid against us.

The morning of the auction came and I decided to attend, even though I knew it would be a strain to be there. Many of our friends and also the Garden workers were at this meeting. Several other people were there, too, no doubt to make their best bids. We knew that unless God undertook we would go down to defeat, but our faith was high. We had full faith that God would see us through.

It was a dramatic moment when the auctioneer read the terms of the sale: “It will be cash, and the minimum bid must be an excess of \$100,000.” This was a blow to the people who intended to bid and who did not have enough money

to pay cash in the full amount. One woman sitting next to me stiffened and muttered an unkind remark. I could tell she had intended to make a bid but now could not do so. How wonderfully God answered prayer and closed the mouths of those who would bid against us. He did this by having a typist make a clerical error.

“The bidding must be in excess of \$100,000,” the auctioneer announced. “Who would like to make a bid?”

After a few moments, my husband shouted, “\$100,001!”

The auctioneer accepted this bid and searched the crowd for more. No one said a word! He tried to coax the bidders, “A bid of \$100,001 has been given. Going once...” He waited to see if there would be more. “Going twice...” With all the people present, he found it hard to believe that *no one* was going to try and win the property. “Is no one else going to bid?!”

Thick suspense hung in the air as seconds felt like hours. It seemed impossible to breathe, as if even making that slight movement might somehow compel another person to yell out a bid. Finally, the auctioneer shouted, “SOLD to the King’s Garden for one hundred thousand and *one* dollars!”

Perhaps it would be interesting for you to read what the newspaper account had to say about this auction:

“In an auction sale climaxed by religious fervor, the old

42-acre Firland sanatorium tract at Richmond Highlands was sold Monday to King's Garden for \$100,001. The starting bid had to be \$100,000 – the appraised price. King's Garden bought the property for just one dollar more than that. There were a few moments of breathless silence after Martin had made his successful bid. It seemed for a time that the 200 supporters of the religious organization who were present, could hardly realize they had obtained the property without opposition. Then one of the workers raised his voice in the hymn, "We'll Give the Glory to Jesus." The audience joined in instantly and the words of the hymn rolled through the vaulted marble-walled room as impressively as in a cathedral. This hymn was followed just as enthusiastically by "Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow."

Many of the people were singing with tears streaming down their cheeks. This was certainly the high point in Mike's life to see the culmination of years of effort.

After the excitement had died down somewhat, Mike gave a check for \$40,000 with the promise the rest would be forthcoming in two or three days. When they asked him where the rest of the \$100,001 was coming from, Mike remarked, "The Lord will find it for us." The rest of the money was borrowed from those who had indicated earlier they were willing to loan money. Also, we owed \$32,500 still, on the

money we had promised to pay the Anti-Tuberculosis League, however, when people heard that we had actually secured King's Garden by purchase, contributions began to come in for this purpose.

On May 5, a victory banquet was held at the Civic Auditorium celebrating the acquisition of King's Garden. We wanted to show our appreciation to all who had helped in various ways in securing this property. The theme of this banquet was "God Has Given the City." It was a wonderful time of rejoicing and thanksgiving to God for all He had done.

It was not until May 23, 1959, a little more than a year from the auction, that all of the money was complete for paying off these two indebtedness, the loans for \$50,000 and the \$32,500 which we still owed to the Anti-Tuberculosis League. Theirs was the last money which we owed and the note was burned at that meeting on May 23, which happened to be Mike's birthday. He felt this was the nicest gift that he could have received.

16

PREACH THE GOSPEL

*“Go ye into all the world,
and preach the gospel to every creature.”*

MARK 16:15

After the purchase of King’s Garden, Mike needed a rest. The excitement wore down, the celebrations waned, and the ten years of intense labor to achieve the sale of Firland was heavily felt. Mike was weary and he longed to get away and spend some time of refreshment in a complete change of environment. We began to dream of taking a trip overseas. I knew just where we should go.

In 1956, when our daughter and her husband shared with us the call they felt to travel to New Guinea as missionaries, I needed the Lord’s help to celebrate this

move. How difficult it would be for my daughter to live so far away. In my time of prayer, He gave me two promises: the first one was, “In losing your daughter, you will keep her,” and the other was the promise that Mike and I would be able to visit them on the field. I found the first promise was fulfilled in sending packages to the family and in the letters we received from Joyce. Through this correspondence and in my prayer for them, we grew so very close in those days.

I wondered how the Lord was going to work out the second promise, but it was so real to me that I told everyone I came in contact with that we were going to take a trip to New Guinea. God also gave me Psalm 91 as a promise that He would protect them on the field. When I told Mike about the Lord quickening Psalm 91 to me with regard to Joyce, he exclaimed, “I just got that from the Lord too!”

As we continued to discuss an extended overseas trip, we believed that if this was in God’s will for us, He would provide the money. One way the expense was provided was through a benefit we had set in place for King’s Garden staff. In those days, after a worker had been at the King’s Garden for five years, he was entitled to a three-month furlough. A certain sum of money was paid into a fund each month, half paid by the worker and half by the administration. This money was available to the worker when his furlough time arrived. Mike

had been so busy he could not be spared to take a long vacation when our five years were up, so it was nine years before he could think of taking his time away from the Garden. That money, along with gifts from people who desired to have us take the trip, made it possible for us to go.

We left Seattle on September 12, 1958, and spent five months visiting the various mission fields. The missionaries were all so good to us and we enjoyed seeing them at work in their various endeavors. This trip offered us an insight into missionary life which we could have gotten in no other way. For instance, **we had not realized before that missionary work is practically the same work as it is on the home field.** There are church services, Sunday schools, printing presses printing the gospel, operating Bible schools, and practically everything that is done to further the cause of Christ at home. It made us realize as never before that *the world* is the field, and we must determine where God wants us to labor in His vineyard.

We visited many different places: Japan, Korea, Formosa, the Philippines, Hong Kong, Dutch New Guinea, Australia, and Hawaii. We saw such needs, physical needs beyond description, but the greatest need was the spiritual one. Such great numbers of people were in need of a Savior.

Of all the fields we visited, the interior of Dutch New Guinea was by far the most primitive one. We were a little frightened by native people who wore no clothes, who never took a bath, but instead smeared their bodies with pig grease and painted their faces with clay in different colors. We were warned about being outside at night, for the missionaries told us the natives thought nothing of shooting an arrow at anyone they happened to see. We viewed the missionaries with admiration for living so courageously in very adverse and dangerous conditions in order to give the Gospel to these people.

In December, we came into the Territory of Papau to visit our daughter and her family over Christmas. We also had a new grandson to see, now about six weeks old. After leaving New Guinea, we spent one week in Australia and one week in Honolulu and then flew home just in time to attend the King's Teens banquet in February. We both enjoyed our trip so much and I am indeed grateful God allowed Mike to have such a trip before taking him home to be with Himself.

Shortly after returning home, on May 23, the last note was burned and King's Garden was all paid for. Then Mike began to speak of "ten years of establishment." That phrase was often on his lips and he worked diligently to establish King's Garden

on a sound basis, both financially and spiritually. However, God only intended for Mike to acquire King's Garden and the establishment of the organization was to be left for others.

When Mike first received his call into the Lord's service, he told me he felt God had told him he had ten years to do the work God wanted him to do. However, as time went on and the tenth year went by since he had received his call, Mike gradually forgot about the ten years of God's promise. However, it was in the year 1948 that God asked Mike to start a home for boys and girls from broken homes. He suffered his first heart attack at the start of 1948 and it was spring before he was well enough for us to start looking for the place of God's choice to start this home. As you know, of course, it was the King's Garden God had in mind for us. One day, realization came to me that it was in April 1958, when King's Garden was purchased and that it was just ten years. Mike had done the work of acquiring King's Garden by purchase in just ten years. However, I do not believe Mike ever realized this. How faithful God has always been in keeping His promises, even to the smallest detail.

17

ENTER THOU INTO THE JOY OF THE LORD

“His Lord said unto him, well done, thou good and faithful servant...enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

MATTHEW 25:21

Early in the spring of 1961, Mike began to talk of taking a trip to the East Coast. He had some business to attend to there and he thought we might combine the business trip with our vacation. His sister, Doris, and her husband, Jack Geer, would go with us and we would be driving. For some unknown reason, I was very reluctant to go and seemed to have a check from the Lord. Usually, traveling was my great delight and I was always ready for a

trip. I could not understand this reluctance to go, but finally, it became so strong that I told Mike one evening I didn't feel I wanted to take the trip; I had a distinct check in even thinking about going.

I asked him if he would not consider just flying to the East, conducting his business, and flying home again. In that way, we could take our vacation in a place where we could have some rest instead of such strenuous traveling. He thought about it for a while and then told me he would not insist that I go, but he felt so strongly he should go that he would go alone with his sister and her husband. I told him in that case, if he insisted on going on the trip I should go too, even though I had this distinct check about going. I went to the Lord in prayer and told Him that since I knew as Mike's wife I should submit my will to his, I would go. However, I was not happy about the matter and faced the trip with much apprehension.

At this time, King's Garden was steadily growing. Each department was expanding in many different ways. Buoyville, which had just been given to King's Garden with money enough to start building, was ready for the work of taking in boys who needed a home. Workers had been moved to the farm to get it into production. A long-range program had been worked out regarding buildings for this farm. Many people had evidenced an interest in living in our Rest Home,

but they desired to have a separate apartment to live in. For this reason, the King's Crest Apartments, with 24 units, were being built. These were just in the process of construction at the time we left for the east.

The great need in the school was for an auditorium/gymnasium and Mike had been thinking of how a building of this kind could be financed. It was still in the planning stage when Mike left, but he told me he thought he would start pressing towards beginning to build in the fall. This structure could serve a dual purpose and be used for large gatherings. He especially had in mind the missionary conference, which was held in the spring of each year. It was necessary to erect a tent each year to house the conference and having a large auditorium would be a great advantage.

Outside painting of all the buildings on the grounds had been started. Plans were being made to make the grounds more beautiful, with new lawns replacing the old worn-out ones and new shrubs and flowers being planted. Mike was working towards stabilizing every phase of the work and revising the organizational setup. The apartment we had lived in when we first moved to King's Garden had been remodeled and made into an executive wing, with offices for Mike and his assistant, his brother, Vernon. The sitting room was turned into a place for the King's Garden board to hold their meetings.

Mike had occupied his new office only two weeks before we left on our trip.

We left on June 4 and for the first week, we had a very enjoyable time. Then we reached Chicago where we had rooms reserved for us at the Evangelical Alliance Mission. On Sunday morning, we went to Moody Church and during the service, Mike sneezed several times. He often had attacks of hay fever, and we just laughed, thinking something in the church had caused his hay fever to come to the fore. However, by evening, it was apparent it was not hay fever, but a cold coming on. We got some medicine for him at the drugstore and went to Wheaton where Mike had a service that evening. He said nothing, but I believe Mike was feeling quite ill after the service and insisted that we stay at Wheaton College all night instead of going back to our rooms at TEAM Headquarters. The next morning, the three of them went sightseeing while I stopped at a laundromat to do some needed washing. After lunch, we drove back to Chicago and the two men went out to see Moody Press. Mike left his manuscript for the book, *I Live by Faith* with them and asked if they would check to see if it was something that would be good to publish. Doris and I went shopping and later met with the men. Then we went to friends for dinner.

The next morning, we were going to get an early start for Detroit. Mike was going to drive first. Before leaving Chicago, he drove into a gas station. While the attendant was filling the tank, Mike came to the car and told us, "I have a severe pain in my chest and perhaps before I leave town, I should see a doctor." So we drove back to TEAM Headquarters, obtained the name of a doctor, and drove over to his office. The doctor made arrangements for Mike to have laboratory tests that afternoon and told him to go to his room and rest, and until that time, he gave him some pills to help kill the pain.

We went back to our room and Mike had a good nap until noon. When he woke up, he said he felt normal once more and wanted to continue our trip. It was so terribly warm in Chicago, and he felt if we could reach Detroit it might be cooler. The four of us knelt and prayed. We all received the same answer that we should continue on to Detroit before Mike received a complete check-up. Mike stood the trip very well, even eating a good meal in a restaurant that evening. We reached Detroit about ten and immediately went to the home of the Fred Rennicks, former missionaries, where we were to stay. Mike undressed, got into bed, and told us he felt hungry. A bowl of hot soup was soon forthcoming and he seemed to enjoy it a great deal. After eating he leaned back and murmured, "That was good."

Immediately the pain came back again and he was in agony in just a few seconds. Rennicks called a doctor who lived nearby and by midnight Mike was in the hospital. Because of the crowded conditions, it was necessary to keep him in the outpatient clinic overnight. I sat with him all night long, only leaving him long enough to call my children in Seattle. Doctors and nurses came and went all night long, ministering to him. I was told he had suffered a major heart attack complicated by pneumonia.

In the morning he was moved into a room and seemed to be brighter. He began to make gains in a real fight for his life. I knew much prayer was going up to the throne of grace on his behalf and I was confident he was going to get well. I stayed with him at the hospital during the day, going back to the Rennicks to sleep. He was able to talk with me for a few minutes at a time and then he would sleep for a while. He mentioned several times how thankful he was that we had gone on to Detroit because the weather was so much cooler.

Sunday morning when I reached the hospital, Mike began to tell me of a dream he had the night before. He had gone to heaven, but it was not a bit as he thought it was. It was composed of different stations, for different groups of people; the higher stations were for those who were the more yielded Christians. Mike and I had often talked of what heaven was

like and we had come to the conclusion the new Jerusalem must be a mountain, for the Bible says it is 1500 miles high and has one street of gold. We thought perhaps the street wound round and round until it reached the bottom of the mountain.

As he told me of his dream, I laughingly said, "I suppose you went to the foot of the mountain." He looked so bashful for a minute and then nodded his head and said nothing. I went on, "The Lord came and took you up higher, didn't he?"

He said softly, "That was just what happened." He paused as if reluctant to appear to be bragging, and then said, "He took me up quite a ways. I think I now know what heaven is like." I wanted to talk more to him about the matter, but the doctor had said he must keep his mind fixed on the fact that he wanted to get well. I was afraid that if his mind dwelt too much on heaven, he would lose his desire to live. For that reason, I changed the subject and began to talk to him about how much we needed him, and he must do all he could to get well once more.

Since he was making progress, Jack and Doris Geer decided to take the car and travel on. Jack would attempt to conduct the business for Mike. By Tuesday morning, Mike was so much better that he was taken out of the oxygen tent and his pneumonia jacket came off. He was told he could have

a shave, so I called in a barber. He wanted me to comb his hair and he insisted that it be parted just right. The man in the next bed laughed and told Mike he was giving me an impossible task when he had so little hair. He was so relaxed and happy that day and we had a good time talking together about what we were going to do in the future. Once he said, **“The Lord seems to have set the stage for something, and I don’t know just what it is.”**

I leaned over his bed and said, “Do you see now why I didn’t want to take this trip?” A wide grin was his only answer.

Towards evening, he began to be weary so I told him I would go down to the cafeteria for a cup of coffee and then go on home. After drinking my coffee, I went back to his room but he was sound asleep. I did not bother him, but just took my purse and left. The next morning Mr. Rennicks awakened me at 6 a.m. and told me Mike had gone to be with the Lord. As far as the nurse could ascertain, he had slipped away in his sleep. My mind could not seem to comprehend this news because he had been doing so well. As I stood in my room at the Rennicks, bewildered and shocked, the Lord spoke so definitely, “Can you praise me, even now?”

I had to be honest and say, “No, Lord. I can’t praise you for this.” It took a few days before I could thank the Lord for taking Mike from me.

I called Seattle and told them the sad news. The children asked that I come home immediately. There was a plane at 10 a.m. and we had quite a race in order for me to get to the airport in time. Before I could go, it was necessary to make arrangements for a funeral home to take charge of Mike’s body, and we hurried to get everything done. I am indeed indebted to the Rennicks for their kindness to me in my time of need.

When I reached Chicago, I found that the plane for Seattle was delayed and I would have a three-hour wait. As I turned away from the counter after receiving this information, I really felt God had deserted me. How could I fill three hours when I was so numb with pain? I still had not shed any tears, but this long wait was almost more than I could bear.

Realizing I had eaten nothing that morning, I went to the lounge lunch counter and had a bowl of soup and some coffee. I came back to the waiting room and reasoned with myself this way: I would sit on a bench for ten minutes, then I would get up and walk for ten minutes, then repeat the process over and over. Perhaps in that way time would pass.

I got up to start walking, and saw my youngest son coming towards me! I was so bewildered at seeing him, I was dazed. We grabbed each other and both of us began to cry. Oblivious to those around us, we wept our way to composure once more.

Then we began to compare notes on how he happened to be in the Chicago airport.

He had received the message of his father's death while at a conference in Minneapolis. He was told which plane I was on and he decided to attempt to reach me in Chicago. His incoming plane from Minneapolis landed on the other side of Chicago. To get to me involved a ride in a helicopter over the city! Now he was there to comfort me in my time of need, and I felt ashamed of myself for feeling God had deserted me. He knew of my need and had arranged a few miracles so that Michael could meet me and be with me for the rest of the journey.

Mike's funeral was held in the First Presbyterian Church in Seattle, to accommodate all who wished to come for the memorial service. Reverend Melvin Dahlstrom, who had been our pastor some years before, gave the message. Hilding Halverson sang two songs that had meant so much in Mike's life: "God is Waiting," and "I Have Decided to Follow Jesus." Bob and Elizabeth Staley sang "Blessed Assurance," which had for years been Mike's testimony. It was a sweet service and my heart was completely at peace. I did not even feel like weeping for I knew Mike was at home with the Lord whom he loved so much. If he had lived, he might have been an invalid, and I

know how he would have hated that. Mike was always so full of life and interested in being with people.

Two weeks before we left on our trip, he talked with my oldest son, Curtis, and told him if anything happened to him, he wanted him to be the one to handle my affairs and watch out for me. It would almost seem that Mike had a premonition that he was soon to go to be with the Lord.

In the spring, a cemetery manager had come to Mike and offered to give him two cemetery plots as a gift, for both of us. Mike's response to this gift with something like this, "I had hoped to be taken up in the rapture, but God never gives me anything which I cannot use, so I accept this gift gratefully." On Memorial Day, we went out with our youngest son and his wife to see the lots. They were located in such beautiful surroundings near a fountain, and as we stood gazing at them Mike turned to our daughter-in-law. He said, "Kathy, this is where I am going to be. Will you put flowers on my grave?" Only a few weeks later his body was there, but Mike was at home with the Lord.

When my three children and I began to compare notes, we were amazed when we realized all of the many things that had happened to indicate that Mike was unconsciously being prepared for his homecoming. My daughter and her family had endeavored to return to the field that spring and had been

told definitely there were no reservations available on any boat until fall. If they had managed to find a boat that was leaving, they would have been on the ocean when Mike left us. Instead, all three of the children were there together in Seattle and only our foster daughter and her family needed to come from a distance.

At the King's Garden board meeting held a month before we left on our trip, Mike began to speak of what would happen to me if he should die. At first, the members were rather jovial about Mike being concerned about dying, but when they saw he was very serious, they told him if he preceded me in death, they would see that I was cared for, for the rest of my life. They asked him to write into the minutes of the meeting just what he wanted. Later Mike dictated to me what he wanted written into the meeting minutes and he was very specific as to what he wanted for me in case he should die.

A week after the funeral, I returned to our home and endeavored to get all of our things packed away. There were so many of Mike's papers to go through. Michael and Kathy came to stay with me during this time until I could make plans to move. One of the things that touched me deeply was a letter from Moody Press, accepting the manuscript of Mike's book, *I Live By Faith*. The letter was written two days before Mike's death, without their knowing he was even ill.

I felt the need to get away from the King's Garden and all the memories there. I especially missed Mike in the evenings, for it was then we would walk around the grounds, visiting with those we met. We would inspect any new project which was underway and so often he would tell me how much he loved the Garden. He marveled that God had chosen him to start such a large work.

When Rod and Joyce asked me to return to New Guinea with them in October, I was glad to accept. The change was a great benefit. So this book has been written thousands of miles from home.

I am grateful to God for the 35 years of married life which Mike and I enjoyed together. I knew his heart was weak and that he would probably go to heaven ahead of me. Mike often would say that we were more than husband and wife; that we were friends as well. We could talk happily together on many topics for long periods of time. Though we are now separated, I know I will see Mike again. What a comfort this is in my present loneliness.

SECTION FIVE REFLECTIONS

The road to ownership of King's Garden took many twists and turns, and yet Mike Martin was confident in God's promise that it would happen. He saw every step, whether it looked like a move forward, a delay, or an obstacle, as part of God's plan, and he never despaired. What is one promise God has given you in your life? Express your faith today by thanking the Lord for every step in the journey, even if it looks impossible right now. Trust His promise and continue to contend for the Lord's best, just like Mike did.

As Vivian Martin recalls God's faithfulness through the years, she sees details of God's timing and purpose. Take some time to think back over your life and write down ways that the Lord has been faithful to you. Share these with others when given an opportunity and be encouraged as you face new challenges. The same Lord who was with you through every challenge you've faced will be with you in every situation yet to come.

In chapter 17, Mike tells Vivian about a dream he has. The humility that Mike displays is such an example for us to follow. God used him extensively, and yet throughout his journey he is so honest about his failings, halting steps of obedience, and dependence on the Lord. Jesus gets all the glory! Where

in your life can you give the Lord glory by being completely honest about all that He has done in and through you?

There are many times in life when we ask, "Why?" Mike's death in his late fifties seems like one of those. And yet, we see that the Lord prepared him for it, as well as taking care of details so Vivian would be alright. She is comforted by this, but she is also completely honest in letting us, the readers, know that at first, she said, "No, Lord. I can't praise you for this," when God asked her to. Like Mike, Vivian lets us know that it's alright to be honest with God and trust His love for us. We don't have to behave 'perfectly' for the Lord to love us, bless us, and use us for His glory. If there is an area in your life that you need to be honest with the Lord about, tell Him today and rest in His goodness and faithfulness. He promises never to leave you or forsake you.

IN CONCLUSION FINAL REFLECTIONS

The Lord called Mike and Vivian when they were “unqualified” in the eyes of the world and even in the eyes of many Christians. Mike learned to listen to God’s calling and follow His voice rather than those who said he was too old, too uneducated, not a good enough preacher, and not experienced enough. Is God calling you to do something you feel unqualified to do? You are in good company if that’s the case. Keep praying and asking God to open the doors for you to walk through, and to give you all you need as you step forward in obedience.

It took an entire community of people (70+) to get The Firlands ready for use as a home for teens and seniors. During those years of hard work and long hours, there were challenges and blessings. What ‘community’ are you involved in and what challenges and blessings do you experience through it? Are there times you want to leave or retreat even though you know God has you there for a reason? Are there ways you can serve others in your community that you haven’t yet?

The Lord called Mike and Vivian to live by faith, trusting Him daily for everything they needed. Mike is quick to say that the Lord’s most common way of providing financially is through employment, and that too is God’s provision. Although it may look somewhat different in each of our lives, as believers in Jesus, we are all called to live by faith and trust Him for everything. List some of the areas of need in your life. Are you anxious or at peace in these areas? Where might the Lord be inviting you into more peace and into giving Him every concern that weighs on you?

Prayer was central throughout the formation of CRISTA Ministries, and it remains so today. How has reading about the hours and ‘all-nighters’ of prayer that Mike participated in challenged your prayer life? What can you do to act on the Lord’s urging to spend more time in His presence? Who do you know that you can join with in prayer to believe the Lord for more?

