



A Dream and a Prayer

A Testimony to God's Faithfulness

by Bill Spurlock



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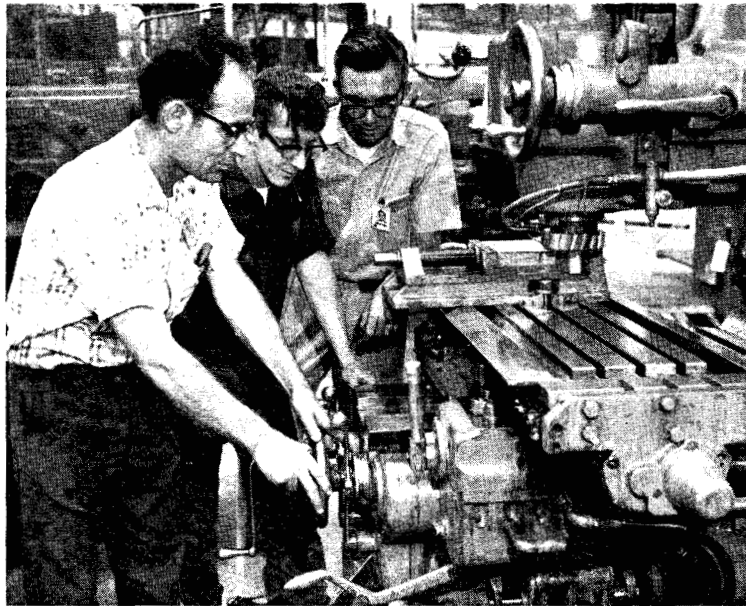
A Testimony to God's Faithfulness

*After more than 30 years of allowing Jesus to be in charge,
I can indeed proclaim, "Great is Thy Faithfulness."*

Bill Spurlock

Wednesday, November 24, 1965

GENERAL DYNAMICS NEWS



SPECIAL TRAINING — Henry "Hank" Ostin of Dept. 731, left, gives instruction on vertical milling machine operation to Jim Harding, 22, center, and William Spurlock, 19. Harding and Spurlock are among 52 young men to receive on-the-job training under contracts with the Mayor's Committee for Jobs, Inc.

*This book is dedicated to my children, Art and Gina,
who lived through this time but may not have understood why.
And to my Grandchildren, to encourage their walk with Jesus.*



Bill and Gina 1975



Gina and Art 1975



Michelle, Gina and Art 1975

October 1975

It was a cold and gloomy morning and I was making my way to Convair for another time. How I hated that job! I felt trapped; I had too many years of seniority to throw away and try something else. If it didn't work out, I would be starting all over again at Convair with all the lay offs and no say about anything. I had a wife and 2 kids depending on me and a house payment to make. I had no choice.

Michelle and I had started the morning with another fight and I felt like I just couldn't take another day of this life I had created. Oh, there had been some good times in the past, times when I was sure we were meant for each other. But more times than not, she seemed to not understand me or not care what I was going through or what I wanted. I was miserable and she didn't care.

As my old Ford truck rolled down the freeway, I began to wonder how long it would take me to reach Oregon. Thoughts began to form on how I could live up there with my cousins Clem and Homer and start a new life there. Michelle could have everything we had, all I needed was my truck.

And then all the things my Dad had taught me about being a man came flooding into my brain –you don't run away from your responsibilities, a real man takes care of his family... My running away would not only affect Michelle, but my kids, my parents, my brother and sister. So many people would be hurt.

No, I couldn't do it. But what *could* I do? I couldn't take another day of feeling so miserable. Who could I turn to? I felt like I couldn't contain it any longer and I began to blurt it all out to God.

Why did I deserve this? I had tried to be a good kid all my life. I tried to be a model son to my parents, not giving them cause for worry. When I graduated High School I immediately got a job. When I got my draft notice I went without complaint. When Michelle and I were married we were both virgins. What was I being punished for? What else did He want from me?

This just wasn't fair, I told Him, and He had to help me! I was practically screaming this in a very emotional way, when all of a sudden for the first



time in my life, God spoke to me. There was no doubt as to who it was and it seemed to be just as audible as my own voice.

God said, ***“Bill, who knows you are a Christian?”***

I said, “Lord, my family knows, my friends know, and the people at church know.”

And God said, ***“How many at Convair know you are a Christian?”***

I thought for a moment and then answered, “I’m not sure anyone does.”

The Lord answered, ***“You start living for Me and I will take care of you.”***

I said, “Lord, what would you have me do? I already stay away from bars and don’t gamble away the money or use bad language.” What did He want? But that was the last God spoke that day, leaving me wondering and excited all day.

3:30 pm came and I rushed home to share my experience with Michelle. She listened as I told her what happened and then I added, what do you think I should do? She said, I don’t know, maybe you need to pray about it. I thought and prayed about it all that night and the next day I still had no answer.

The next day was Saturday and not having to go to work gave me the opportunity to just sit and reflect on what had happened. I decided to go to the Bible Bookstore in La Mesa and perhaps something would jump out at me, giving me wisdom to know what the Lord wanted me to do.

So Michelle and I went to the store and wandered the aisles looking at all their merchandise, books, bibles, plaques etc. but nothing seemed to call out to me; no divine revelation was given. And then as we were heading out of the store, next to the check out area, were some Christian button badges. You know, the kind that reads “God cared enough to give the very best” those kind. And remembering the question the Lord had asked, “How many at Convair know you’re a Christian?” gave me an idea. I could wear one of these next to my Convair I.D. badge -at least it would be a start. So we bought a couple of the buttons and went home.



Milling machine similar to some of the smaller ones at Convair

When Monday rolled around and I was dressing for work, I started thinking about the area I worked in at the Plant. It was a far cry from being a Christian environment. Every other word seemed to be a curse word, there was a bookshelf full of X-rated paperback books, nude girl calendars hung scattered around the area, and our supervisor's most often used phrase was, "If the plank mill malfunctioned, God himself could not stop the cutter from going through the table." I just knew that when I walked into that area wearing the button, someone was going to say or do something that would tick me off and I would end up smashing someone in the nose! But I had to risk it- I didn't know what else to do.

So I pinned the button badge next to my convair badge and headed in to work. Surprisingly, all day no one seemed to notice, and by the end of the day the weight of the world that I had been carrying seemed a little lighter. Tuesday through Friday was the same - with the same results -each day my burdens seemed to get a little lighter.

I believe this went on for a couple of weeks before one day as I was working, the Lord spoke again and said, "If you're going to live for Me, you need to know My words. I want you to bring your bible to work and read it at lunch." I quickly agreed. I was feeling better than I had for a long time and didn't want God to stop what He was doing in my life. Not only was I feeling better about life, but Michelle and I were getting along better. So I let the word get out that I needed a bible I could carry in my lunch box. Mom and Dad bought a compact bible with a button flap for me to take.

At this point of my testimony, I need to stop and explain to you a little about the area I worked in. The area I worked was called the plank mill area- 3 huge machines with 6 cutting heads each as long as a large room, that were controlled by tapes that told the mill what to do. There was also an area where the straighteners worked. They worked with heat and freezers to reshape planks that got warped. Then there was a lone milling machine on a platform that could swivel on air bearings. This was my area. I finished the jobs that the plank mills couldn't. The plank mill operators stayed in their group. The straighteners in their group, and I, the lone milling machine operator, was usually on my own. That was about to change.

In the morning, Michelle packed my lunch and thermos of coffee and my bible, and off I went to work. All went as usual until the lunch whistle blew.

I sat down at my desk and laid out my lunch, poured a cup of coffee and got out my bible. I opened it to the book of Matthew and was about to read, when one of the plank mill operators came walking over. This was a bit unusual so I closed my bible and he sat down to talk. We talked about the weather, the football game over the weekend, about work, a little of everything until the work whistle blew and we went back to work. The same thing happened the following day except a different plank mill operator came over and the day after that it was a straightener who ate with me. On the fourth day, I sat down to eat, laying out my lunch and opening my bible, and as I started to read I again noticed one of the plankmill operators walking my way. As I started to close the bible, the Lord spoke to me, ***“Are you ashamed of me?”*** was his question.

I responded, “No, Lord,” and left the bible open with my finger resting on the area I was reading, the operator came up to me and said, “Oh, I see you’re reading the bible - I won’t bother you now; we can talk on break.” I said that would be great and he went off so I actually got to read the Lord’s Word.

It was not new to me as I had read the bible before and even knew certain passages by heart. But as I studied the Word there at work it seemed as if I was seeing certain parts of it for the first time. It was the same King James Version, but now there was an understanding of what I was reading that I never had before and I saw myself in the scriptures Jesus was using, which excited me, and I couldn’t wait to get home and share with Michelle. She had already been going to a women’s bible study for quite a while and she would share what they had been studying with me.

During this time, the Lord was still working with me on my walk with Him. Quite a while back I had bought some work shoes at Sears, and although they were a little snug around the toes, I figured they would break in. Instead, I wound up with a painful corn on my little toe. I had tried having it removed, but it just came back and was sorer than before.

One day, while at work, it was really bothering me. So I asked the Lord if He couldn’t do something for me. The Lord just said, ***“Pray.”*** Well, I was learning to listen to the Lord, so I shut down my mill and sitting there at my work table I started to pray. About that time, the break whistle blew but I continued praying. After a short time the Lord said, ***“It is done.”***

So I stood up and said, “Thank you Jesus.”

The work whistle blew and I went back to the job. My foot didn’t feel much different, but I kept praising the Lord as I worked. Then I heard another voice say, *“Why are you praising Him? He didn’t do anything.”*

I said, “Oh yes He did. I asked Him to remove the corn on my foot, and He did.”

The voice said, *“No He didn’t. Don’t you still feel the pain in your foot?”*

I replied, “I don’t care what I feel, the Lord said it was done and so it is.”

“Don’t be foolish,” said the voice. *“Take off your shoe and you will see it’s still there.”*

“No, I don’t have to look, the Lord said it is gone and I stand on that!”

“Don’t you have pain? Look!” insisted the voice.

“When I get home, I’ll tell Michelle what happened and then I’ll take off my shoe to show her it’s gone, but not before.” Well, this went on for most of the remainder of the day, and at quitting time I raced home to show Michelle the miracle God had done on my toe.

Unfortunately, when I got home, Michelle and the kids were nowhere to be found. But since I was home now anyway, I decided to show the voice that the corn was gone, so I pulled off my shoe and the sock, and saw the corn was still there. A lot smaller than it was, but still there. I said, “Well, it might be there, but He is removing it and as soon as Michelle gets home I’m going to show her what God is doing!”

I put my sock back on and sat down in the front room and picked up the paper to read while I waited. Michelle arrived home with the kids and I began to tell her about my day and concluded with, “It’s not gone all the way, but look how small it is,” as I pulled off my sock. To my amazement, the corn was totally gone!

MICHELLE: I knew Bill’s toe had been bothering him for quite some time. He had already gone to the podiatrist, who had anesthetized his foot and

completely cut the corn out. Bill had quite a reaction to the anesthesia and his whole foot had swelled up. Later, when the darn thing came back, it seemed even worse. I hated to see him suffer, but it would never have occurred to me to pray about it. I guess I just didn't think God would be concerned with something like that- it wasn't like someone was dying or something. So when I got home that day and Bill started to tell me about praying for God to remove his corn I almost felt sorry for him to think he would be so silly as to pray like that. Imagine my surprise when he pulled off his sock and it was gone! I rubbed his toe all over and where before it had been so red, swollen and crusted over, now it was soft and smooth, with just a small indentation to show where it had been. It really was miraculous and such a visible proof of how much God cared about even the smallest detail of our lives. The only bad part was that neither of us had learned our lesson and thought to buy him some better shoes. Bill continued wearing those same ill-fitting shoes for quite some time, and eventually the corn came back!

Changing Lives

Each day seemed better than the one before. The anguish and bitterness that was inside me seemed to dissolve and a contentment began to take its place. At times, some of the guys working around me would come up to me and ask what I thought about a certain scripture– if I had a clue what it meant. Before I would answer I would ask God for wisdom, that I would not say something that would be a stumbling block to the one asking - that He would use me to bring understanding - this all done in a quick, silent prayer between me and God, and then I would start explaining what I thought it meant. Sometimes, as I heard myself talking, I was amazed at what I was saying, and wished I was taking notes! It was definitely God speaking through me and was not of my own understanding. And then there were some that came over to tell me of their problems and of their hopelessness and wanted advice as to what to do. In one case, a worker told me his wife had suddenly decided to leave him, kicking him out of the house. He didn't know why and she didn't give him any reason or explanation, only that she no longer loved him and didn't want to be married. He told me he still loved her and their child and didn't know what to do and was desperate for any advice - "Bill, what should I do?"

The Lord had been softening my heart as I drew closer to Him, and I could feel this man's pain as he talked to me, and I desperately wanted to help him. My mind raced for an answer and came up with none, and so I said, "**I** don't know what to tell you, but I do know who does. You need to turn back to Jesus. Ask Him to forgive you for all these wasted years you have been ignoring Him and ask Him to come back into your life and take control of it." I told him he didn't need to go anywhere special to do this and no one had to do it for him. It need be only between him and God. "Go home tonight and go into your closet and get down on your knees and pray."

The next day he came over to tell me he had done what I had said and as he prayed, a peace came over him and he knew that whatever happened it would be ok. He added, "Now what do I do?" I told him to just listen for God's voice and whatever He tells you to do, no matter what it was, to do it.

I believe that a couple of weeks went by, when he came over to me with a smile and said he had to tell me what had happened. He said the Lord spoke to him and told him to call his wife and make a date with her.

And so he had called her up and asked her out for dinner. She said, rather than to go out, he could come over to the house and she would fix dinner. After he hung up, he asked the Lord what he should do now? And the Lord told him to do as he would have done when he had first known her and was dating. So he shaved and showered, put on his best clothes, bought flowers and candy and went over to the house. She seemed a little surprised at his appearance, but didn't say too much until midway through dinner when she stopped their conversation to say, "There is something different about you, but I just don't know what it is."

He said, "Let me tell you what it is- I asked God back into my life and that is what you see."

She said "Whatever it is, I like it, and I would like us to try again to make our marriage work."

So now he sat next to me smiling and asked, "What do you think, Bill?"

I said that I was so happy for him but he needed to continue growing in the Lord and listening to His voice. I concluded, "Read your bible and it will give you wisdom and understanding." And so he did, the entire time I was working there. He would bring his bible to work and read it at lunch.

And slowly the area I worked in started to change, too. The nude pictures started coming down; the X-rated books started disappearing from the shelf. And it wasn't too long before several people were reading their bibles at lunch.

It was about this time I told the Lord that this was great- I could work here twenty years more and retire- that I wanted even more of His blessing! Little did I know what that would consist of and what I was asking for.

February 1976

It was shortly after this on February 20th, that Convair had one of the biggest layoffs it had ever had. I had almost 10 years of seniority there, and the layoff went past 10 years. My supervisor came up to me and gave me my slip with a “Don’t worry, Bill. I’m sure it won’t last long.”

By this time, my faith in God being in control was so strong, I didn’t have a hint of a worry, and I told him everything would be OK. By my voice and actions, I think he thought I didn’t understand what was happening, and he added, “Probably 2 months at the most and you’ll be back.” I answered, “Great, it’ll be a nice break,” and he went away shaking his head.

That evening, they banded my toolbox and I went home. I asked the Lord what he would have me to do and He said, **“Rest,”** and so I did.

We went on picnics and worked around the house. Dad got in some side jobs for me repairing cars, and at one point we even bought a VW bug convertible, for next to nothing, replaced the engine and drove it around for a while. It had been sitting a long time, all opened up, so the seats were pretty bad and there was a lot of spiders that had made their home in it, so I used a whole can of Black Flag in and around the seats, under the dashboard, etc. The people who had it before had customized it so it had wide tires and special rims. The fenders were flared to fit the tires. The chrome molding around the outside had been removed, apparently so the original owners could re-paint, but they never did and had lost the strips. The battery was barely alive, but I bought some



Gina and Art 1976

HELPS IN EMERGENCIES

Citizen Band Radio Group On Lookout For Trouble

By GINA LUBRANO
Staff Writer
The San Diego Union

EL CAJON — There are at least 40 persons in the East County area who are licensed for trouble.

They are members of All American REACT of El Cajon, a team of men and women who monitor citizen band radios to give assistance in emergency situations.

The local chapter, licensed by the Federal Communications Commission, is part of a nationwide organization with about 44,000 members.

1 IN 20 CARS

"Our primary purpose is to monitor Channel 9 (the emergency channel) and render assistance in anyway we can," according to Bill Spurlock, communications officer for the El Cajon club.

"We report fires, accidents, cars in distress on the freeway," he said. "Most of us have radios in our cars and just about all of us have them in our homes," he said.

"One out of every 20 vehicles that passes you on the freeway has a citizen band radio," his wife said.

"Most of the calls we get are trouble," said Chester Geant, vice president of the club.

DIDN'T MOVE

React members monitor the emergency channel from 7 a.m. to 1 a.m., with each person working on a two-hour shift. They need more help with the operation, Spurlock said.

When a person is monitoring the emergency channel, he can do other things. Geant said. "You can sit there and read a book. When there's an emergency, your ears imme-

diately pick it up," he said.

Radio operators keep "every kind" of emergency telephone number handy, Spurlock said. Local members work closely with the El Cajon Police Department and often are the first ones to report an accident or other emergency.

One incident concerned a person who was sprawled on a park bench. A citizen band radio operator noticed the person had not moved for some time. The police were contacted and it turned out the person had taken an overdose of narcotics.

Members of REACT were on the scene in Crest during the devastating Laguna fire last fall.

Crest fire trucks were not equipped with radios so members of REACT followed each fire truck and kept fire-

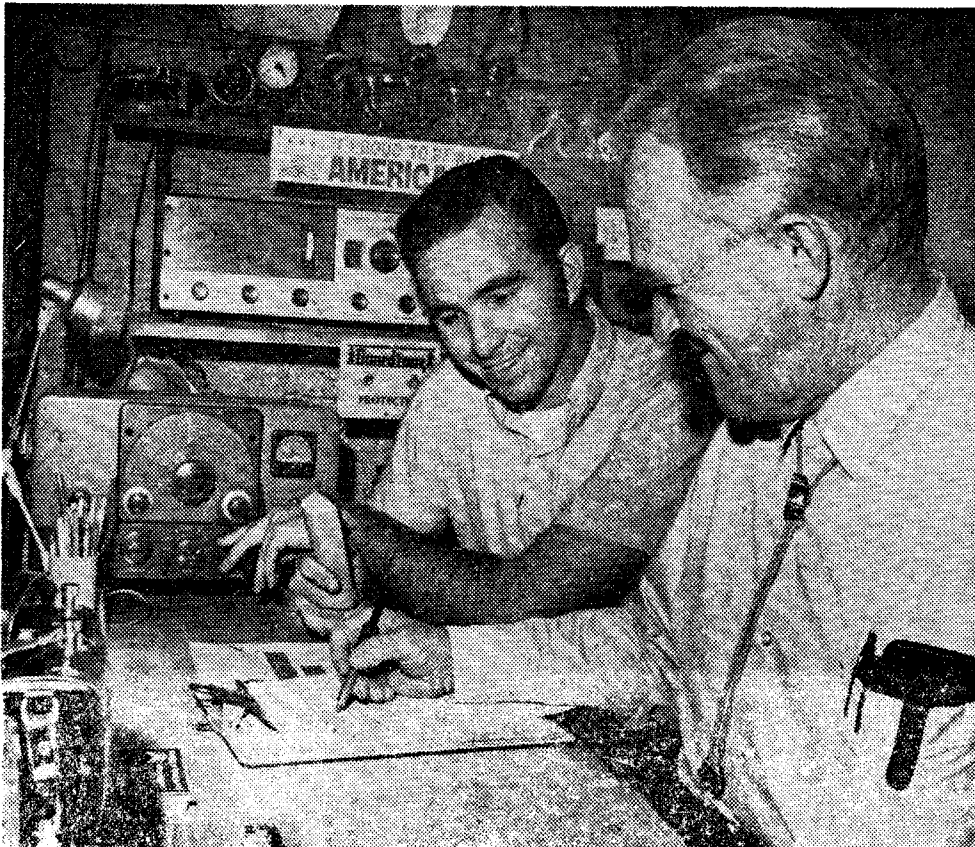
men in touch with other areas.

"We stayed there until the fire chased us out," Spurlock said. "The man at the station stayed there until the fire station started burning."

Spurlock said Reacters helped in the emergency for three days and many of them lost at least a day's wages to give the needed assistance.

One REACT member, John Boyas, owns an airplane that he uses in his work. He also uses it for REACT duties. Boyas checks out fires and weather situations. He also has spotted plane wrecks and has reported them.

Members also plan to help with the Mother Goose Parade Nov. 21. They won't usher or park cars, Spurlock said, but they will keep a traffic watch and Boyas and his airplane will be involved.



—Dennis Hulmes Photo

Bill Spurlock, left, responds to what may be an emergency message as Chester Grant writes information.

Members of All American REACT of El Cajon, they monitor citizen band radios, help in emergencies.

stuff from Pep Boys that re-energized it. I loved it– Michelle hated it.

She didn't like convertibles because the wind hurt her ears and she said this one stank like bug spray. Besides all that, it was noisy. It had a shimmy in the front wheel that you could feel when you got up around 40 mph that Dad and I were trying to fix, so I had it in his garage while we were working on it.

In the meantime, a friend of my Dad's was trying to sell his own VW bug. It was a hard top and much newer and looked gorgeous inside and out. They had placed it in my Dad's front yard with a for sale sign on it. A guy came by and stopped to look at the VW in the yard and happened to notice my little convertible in the garage and fell in love with it.

My Dad told him it wasn't for sale, but he asked for my number so he could call and ask me, so Dad gave it to him and he went off to make the call. Dad called me first and told me what to expect and I told him I didn't want to sell. His reply was, "Ask a price too high for it, that will get rid of him." So I decided since the newer one in the front yard they were selling was for \$650.00 (*a lot of money in 1976*), I would set mine at \$900.00 which I thought was way overpriced. I couldn't believe it for the life of me, he said OK! I tried talking him out of it by telling him about the shimmy, and he only said he would give me \$50.00 more if I would fix it, so the Lord provided some extra money for us while I was laid off and I lost my convertible.

One day, we happened to be driving through the nearby community of Spring Valley. I was stopped at a light and waiting for it to change. I happened to see off to my left– Mountain Printers, which was in a little shopping center called La Presa Plaza. A short while back, my Dad's Citizen Band Radio Club that myself and the rest of the family belonged to, had purchased some silk screened jacket patches from Bill D., owner of Mountain Printers. When he had brought the finished patches to our meeting, the treasurer wasn't there, so Bill had said to just drop off a check later. But every time they went by his shop it had been closed.

I asked Michelle, "Isn't that the shop that we owe for the patches?" and she said she thought so. "Why don't we stop over there and if he's in we can pay him what the club owes and they can reimburse us?" I asked.

She agreed and we made a left turn and parked in front of the shop. The little printshop was open and we went in, re-introduced ourselves to Bill and told him our plan. He thanked us and after the business was taken care of, Bill proceeded to tell us that he was going to sell the business. He said he had become allergic to the chemicals and they were making him sick so he had to change professions. I told him I was sorry to hear that and I wished him luck.

As I turned to go, Bill asked, "Isn't your dad the mechanic?" I stated that he was, and Bill said, "Are you interested in cars, too?" I told him I was, and he said, "Then you have to take a look at what I have in the back of the shop."

We walked out to the back and there was a 1950 Studebaker Champion parked there. He said it was in good condition except it needed a leaking head gasket replaced. He needed to get rid of it since he was selling the business and was going to let it go for \$300.00. He said he really wanted me to have it.

I told him I had been laid off and really didn't know for how long, but if I got called back before he sold it I would buy it from him. He tried to insist, but I declined and we left.

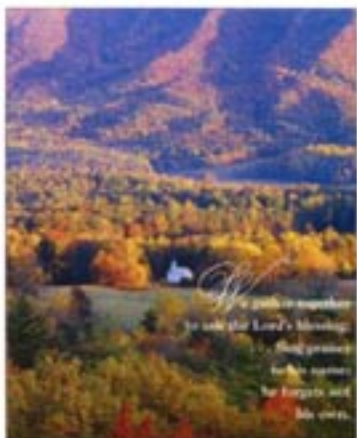


1950 Studebaker Champion
The original color was Black cherry.
Michelle called it ka-ka purple.

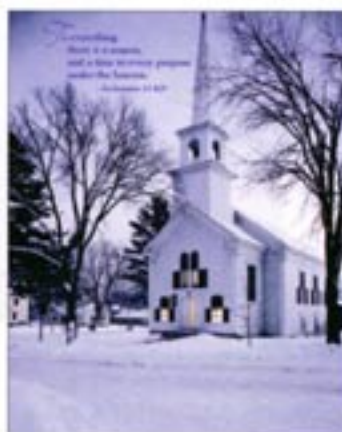


La Presa Plaza as seen from Jamacha Blvd.

NEW! Fall/Winter Bulletins



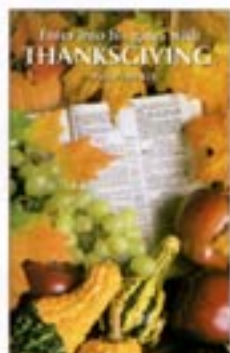
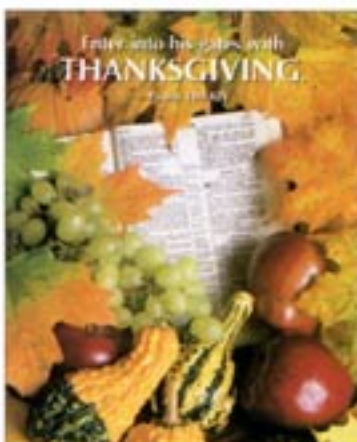
Fall
978-0-687-65037-8 Regular
978-0-687-65147-4 Large



Winter
978-0-687-65047-7 Regular
978-0-687-65197-9 Large



NEW! Thanksgiving Bulletins



Thanksgiving
978-0-687-65206-8 Large
978-0-687-65196-2 Regular
978-0-687-65236-5 Letterhead
978-0-687-65216-7 Offering envelope

Special Occasion Bulletins



Candlelighting
(blank inside)
978-0-687-65057-6
Regular only



Hanging of the Greens
(blank inside)
978-0-687-65108-5 Regular
978-0-687-64967-9 Large



Watchnight
(blank inside)
978-0-687-65067-5
Regular only

The Dream

About a week went by when one night around 9:00 p.m. I got a call from Bill D.. “Is this the Bill Spurlock who came out to the shop and paid the REACT (our club) bill?” I said it was. “Bill, I want you to come and get the Studebaker. I told him I was still laid off and couldn’t afford it yet. “I’m not talking about you buying it, I’m giving it to you,” he said. “I already signed the pink slip over.”

I told him I knew he could get the \$300.00 for it and that he should go ahead and sell it. He said he didn’t want some kid getting it and turning it into a hot rod, and he knew I would take care of it. I told him to really think about it and if he still felt the same way tomorrow I would come and get it. He agreed and hung up.

That night I had a dream. I dreamt I was in the print shop and I was running the small printing press. Stacked all around me were these pre-printed church bulletins and I was printing the inside portion of them. There seemed to be thousands of them and I kept feeding them in and taking them out. I worked all night and when I woke up, my whole body was tired, as if I had actually been standing there.

I told Michelle my dream and she asked me if I thought it meant anything. I said, “No, I’m a milling machine operator. I don’t know anything about printing.”

Later on that day, Dad and I went over to the print shop to get the Studebaker. Bill D. gave me the pink slip and then started bringing out extra parts he had for the car and proceeded to put them in the Studebaker.

The Lord told me to tell Bill about my dream. Now, I was getting bolder about sharing Christ with other people, but to tell a stranger about a silly dream was something else, so I ignored the Voice, and just continued loading the different parts, manuals, etc. into the car. The Lord once again said, **“Tell him about your dream.”** I continued to ignore Him and we finished loading up. I thanked Bill for everything, and we shook hands. We had hooked the Studebaker to Dad’s truck with a tow bar, so we started to climb into the truck when the Voice once more but in a demanding tone said, **“Tell him your dream!”** I thought I better do it, no matter how foolish I might look.

So I asked Dad if he could wait a moment and I climbed back out of the truck.

“Bill, can I share something with you?” I asked him. He said to go ahead. I started telling him about my dream and he just stood there staring at me over the top of his glasses. When I had finished, he told me to wait a moment and he went back into the shop.

Bill D. not only worked there, but he also lived there. The place was a real dump. To say it was dirty would be putting it mildly. Towards the back of the shop, he had stacked boxes up that he used as a wall, behind which he had a bed. He started digging around these boxes, pushing some here and there and finally, pulling out an old box, he dusted it off, walked over and handed it to me saying, “Now you can believe in dreams.”

I looked at him a little curiously and opened the box. There in the box were the church bulletins that I had seen in my dream. I said, “Wow, that’s really something.” Bill told me to keep them. That maybe I might know a church that could use them. I thanked him again, put the bulletins in the Studebaker and off we went toward home. When I got home I told Michelle what had happened and she said that must mean something. I repeated what I had told her before, that I was a milling machine operator and knew nothing about printing.

Well, the Lord wasn’t about to let me off the hook that easy. If I couldn’t take a hint then I must need to think about it a while. That night I found it impossible to sleep. All night I tossed and turned and didn’t get a wink of sleep. The next night was the same. I tried some over the counter sleep aid, but to no avail. The next night we added a hot bath and the next we tried exercise.

By the next night I was feeling so bad I thought I was going to die and decided I had better call Bill D.. I figured that Bill had said he was selling the business so chances were he already had and was no longer there, but I knew I had to try. It was around 9:00p.m., about the same time he had called me, when I called the shop’s number - to my surprise, he answered the phone. “Bill, this is Bill Spurlock. I was wondering if you had sold the shop yet.”

“No,” he replied.

“Can I come out and talk to you about it?” I asked.

“Sure, come on out.”

I told Michelle where I was going, got my coat, climbed into the car and off to Spring Valley I went. I didn't have a clue why I was doing this other than the Lord must want me to. When I arrived at the print shop, Bill met me at the door and invited me in. At the back of the shop he had a couple of chairs and a hot plate with a pot of coffee on it. He poured us both some coffee and invited me to sit down.

We talked for a while about REACT - the club Dad and the family belonged to, and then about CB radios and the good and bad happening with them. We talked about the weather and politics. You name it- I think we talked a little about it. Finally, Bill looked at me and said, “Are you serious about buying the business?”

I said I was and then added, “How much would I have to borrow for it?”

He smiled and said, “You won't have to borrow anything.” I reminded him that he had given me the Studebaker because I was laid off and then repeated the question. Bill said, “Let me show you what I got.”

We started walking through the little shop and as we did, he pointed out the different equipment as we passed. “This is the press, and here is the plate making machine. In the drawers of this table are the plates and negs and over here is the book stapler.” He showed me everything he had and although I was pretty ignorant about this stuff, in my mind I gave a guess at what it might cost. By the time we had finished I had summed up that a good guess of what was there would be around \$5,000.00

Bill concluded, “So all that I showed you, plus what furniture I have here...”
“Are you ready for this?”

I said, “Sure, how much?”

He said, “I'm going to let you have all this for \$500.”

I wasn't used to God supplying things like this so it caught me off guard. I was stunned and then the thought came to my mind. *What is the catch? Was there anything he said or showed me that I didn't pick up on?* Bill just stood there grinning at me as my mind raced over everything that had just happened. It just didn't make sense how he could sell all this for \$500. And yet, I couldn't find the catch.

I finally told Bill that I needed to talk to Michelle first and he said he understood. "Go home and talk to Michelle and let me know in the morning." I said I would and left.

It was a little after midnight by the time I arrived home and told Michelle what had happened. Her reaction was, "And you didn't tell him you would take it?" I told her no, I thought there must be some kind of a catch that I wasn't seeing and I needed to think about it for a while.

She asked, "What if he changes his mind?" I said if he changed his mind it wasn't for us to get it. We went to bed and I immediately fell asleep and slept like a baby.

I woke up the next morning feeling like a million dollars and with a surety of what we should do. "How much money do we have left in the bank?" I asked Michelle. She looked at our statement and said, "\$500.00 in savings."

"Well, let's use it - we're going to buy a print shop!"

Michelle and I drove out to the print shop. Bill had made out a bill of sale, listing everything he had on that paper, and what he had paid for it on a separate sheet. At the top he had written: "Sold to William J. Spurlock and Michelle M. Spurlock for \$500.00." He signed it and we gave him a check.

Then Bill said, "Now, I want to tell you something."

My heart stopped for a second and I thought, now here comes the catch. "Ok Bill, what is it?" I asked.

"There was another young man that wanted to buy the business for \$5,000, but I didn't like him. That's why I sold it to you for \$500."

I said, "Praise the Lord!"

SELLER: William G. D

BUYER: William J. Spurlock & Michelle M. Spurlock

Dated this 30th Day of April 1976 at Spring Valley, California 92077

I hereby release for the sum of \$500.00 all equipment, supplies and furnishings located at 540 Grand Avenue, Spring Valley, California 92077

- 1 Remington Electric Typewriter
- 1 Model 320 A B Dick Offset Press
- 1 Model 52 A B Dick Folder
- 1 Model 111 A B Dick Offset Platemaker
- 1 Corner Rounder
- 1 Gold Stamp Machine with type and foil
- 2 Numbering Machines (Hand)
- 1 Numbering Machine for Letter Press
- 1 Gathering Rack
- 1 LeRoy Lettering Set ~~Misc. PUNCHES (HAND)~~
- Misc. Punches (Hand)
- Shaving Metal and Wood
- 1 Glass Counter
- 1 Desk
- 2 Office Chairs
- 1 Stool
- Misc. Type and Type Cases
- 1 Light Table.
- 10 Metal Filing Cabinets
- 2 Wood Filing Cabinets
- 1 Wall Rack
- 1 Paper Cutter
- 1 Stapler (Foot)
- 1 Stapler saddle back (Hand)
- 1 Plastic Binding Machine (2 Parts)
- Misc. Staples
- Misc. Card Stock
- Misc. Paper Stock
- Misc. Tables
- 3 T Squares
- 3 Tape Machines
- 2 Storage Cabinets
- 3 Cutting Sticks
- 1 Electric Waxer
- 1 Slug Cutter
- 1 Type Holder
- 1 Long Reach Stapler
- Wrapping Paper
- 1 Hand Letter Press

*Paid in full
check 2/13 ugd*

The above equipment and stock is free of all indebtedness.

William G. D
William G. D

Bill responded, “The Lord has nothing to do with it, it’s between me and you.”

I said, “Well, I want to thank you Bill, but I do believe God had a hand in this.”

And so Michelle and I became owners of Mountain Printers.



MOUNTAIN PRINTERS

EQUIPMENT & SUPPLIES

4/16/76

L Glass Counter	\$50.00
1 Remington Typewriter Electric	150.00
1 Desk	35.00
1 A B Dick Plate Maker	1000.00
1 A B Dick 320 Offset Press	600.00
1 Paper Cutter	150.00
1 Heavy Duty Book Stapler	125.00
10 Filing Cabinets	50.00
1 Light Table	50.00
5 Metal Shelves	50.00
1 Round Cornering Machine	35.00
1 Gold Stamp Machine	35.00
1 3 hole punch	5.00
3 Tables	15.00
2 Numbering Machines	25.00
1 Gathering Rack	15.00
1 Waxer	25.00
2 Metal Storage Cabinets	10.00
1 Wall Filing Rack	10.00
1 Hand Letter Press	125.00
1 Plastic Binding Machine	200.00
1 A B Dick Folder	500.00
1 Lettering Device Keuffell)	35.00
2 Desk Chairs	10.50
1 Stool	5.00
3 Tape Dispensing Machines	25.00
1 Long Reach Stapler	8.00

Total Equipment	3343.50
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Misc. Paper Stock	78.50
Misc. Card Stock	20.00
Misc. Chemicals	10.00
Stapls XG	6.00
Staples Regular	12.00
Misc. Foil for Gold Stamp Mach.	20.00
1 M EPS #10	4.40
15C EPS XXXX 6 1/4	4.55
1 M EPS 6 3/4	3.10

Total Supplies	158.55
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GRAN TOTAL	\$3502.05
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May 14 - 15 - 16 1976

PLAN EARLY
BRING THE WHOLE
FAMILY



LOADS
OF
PRIZES
ADULTS AND
KIDS

5th annual

SOUTH BAY C.O.B. CAMPERS

SEE
MAP
"ON OTHER
SIDE"

LILAC OAKS CAMPGROUND - ESCONDIDO, CAL.

SAT. NIGHT DANCE

2ND. ANNUAL
MISS BOOBY CONTEST
FREE SWIMMING, FISHING
GAMES FOR THE KIDS

HORSES, BOATS, HAYRIDES
AVAILABLE

\$10.00 PER RIG FROM 8 AM. FRI. TO 4 P.M. SUN.
\$2.00 PER CARLOAD FOR PICNICING

FIRST COME, FIRST
SERVED

DEALER DISPLAYS
FOR BOOTH RESERVATIONS

P.O. BOX 3013, CHULA VISTA,
CAL.

One of the first flyers I printed up

April 30, 1976

After we left the print shop, I decided to go talk to the family about what we had done, so Michelle and I went to Mom and Dad's house, and after we had talked with them we went to my sister and brother-in-law's - Pat and Don. You see, I still wasn't real sure what I was supposed to do. Was I going to take what I had just bought and place it in my garage and perhaps do printing for churches in my spare time? I wasn't really sure about anything. So I was hoping for insight from the people I trusted. What I got was support. They all said that whatever they could do to help, they would. This gave me a little confidence to forge ahead, and so I did.

Bill D. had said he would hang around a while and show me how everything worked. So the next day I went over to the shop and received my first lesson on how to turn on and off the press. I also washed it up- Bill had left it inked up from the last job he had done and he said he figured I needed to know how to do it so he left it for me to do.

Bill said he had to go out of town but would be back next week. So on the 10th of May (our daughter Gina's first birthday) Bill and I went down to the County Office and he signed out of the name Mountain Printers and I signed into it. We did all the legal papers that we needed to do and now the State of California recognized Michelle and I as Mountain Printers. We also had to publish it as a fictitious name in a newspaper for a number of weeks and Bill told us which paper was the least expensive. That basically just said that William and Michelle Spurlock were now doing business as Mountain Printers. Michelle said she never knew before that's what "dba" meant.

The following day I had my first customer, a CB club wanted some flyers printed up. Bill showed me how to make a plate and then ink up the press and then actually print the copies they wanted. I did my best to memorize each step he showed me. It seemed simple enough, at least it did while Bill was there!

He told me that you have to teach your customers how to bring in what they want the way they want it- that they shouldn't expect us to clean up or fix everything for them. "If you start doing things like that for them they will start expecting it every time and we don't have time to be doing that kind of stuff," he said.

I ventured to ask Bill, “Do you really think I could make a living for me and a family doing this?”

He said, “Sure, if you are willing to work hard enough you can do it.” Then he added, “Let’s go eat,” and so off we went to eat and that concluded another day’s training.

The next day, I met the landlord of the building. He was nice enough, but he had a lease for me to sign that really made me nervous. So far, I really wasn’t committed to anything concerning the print shop. I could always just move the stuff into the garage or sell it. But here he was with a lease for 3 years at \$135.00 a month! I told him I had no quarrel with the amount, but couldn’t it be month to month? He said that this was standard for business property and Bill agreed with him. He added, “Look at it this way, you know the rent can’t change with a lease. This is more for your protection.”

Well, they kept it up until I finally agreed and with a shaky hand I signed the papers. I think that was as scary as when I had received my draft notice.! Now I was committed.

I also met Dick Merrill that day. He was the supplier for the plates, negs and chemicals Bill had been using. He seemed very pleasant and said he would be coming by twice a week and if there was anything he could do to help to just ask. He gave me his phone number and then left. Not too much more happened that day other than a sheriff’s deputy who had come by earlier and left a flyer about needing horse owners to volunteer for a mounted searchers’ organization. Bill said it would be a good gesture to print up a bunch more for them and I could use the experience anyway. So we took the flyer and made a plate and ran off 500 copies. Later that day we saw the deputy that was handing them out and gave them to him.

The next day a guy came in and ordered business cards so Bill showed me how to take the order and then send out the order to a company that specialized in making business cards with raised print strictly for other print shops to sell. He said this was the best and easiest way to do them, but I should never let the customer know that I wasn’t printing them myself. Later this advice got me into trouble when an order got lost in the mail. After that, I was always up front with my customers about which cards I was printing in house and which ones I was sending out.

At this time, I was still drawing unemployment pay and it was a good thing since there was so little work being performed there at the shop. Bill started being at the shop less and less, sometimes only dropping in to get his mail. And on certain days, I would just sit there waiting for a customer or for the phone to ring and got neither.

I had thought it a smart move to keep the name and phone number, thinking that I would start off with Bill's old customers and build on them. Little did I know who Bill's customers were and what he had been printing. This came out later when Michelle and Dad started cleaning up and found photos of naked men in various poses and masters for different flyers and stuff for a couple of X-rated theaters.

During these times of sitting and waiting, I would talk to the Lord about what I was feeling and wondering about what I should do next. Michelle was at home taking care of the kids so it was just me and the Lord, so I talked to Him like He was sitting in the room across from me. Most of the time though He just listened and didn't comment on what I had to say.

On the morning of June 3rd, I had decided I should order myself some business cards. So I started to design the card and asked the Lord what He thought I should put on the card- a cross, or maybe a fish, something to show I was a Christian. The Lord spoke to me and said, ***"It is time to do away with symbols; it should be with words so there is no doubt in anyone's mind what you are."***

I thought a moment and then said, "Lord, this is your business, so what I will put on the card is "God Is Our Partner." I felt a warmth go over me and knew God was pleased, so this became our slogan from that day on.

Our first cards were blue and gold on a white gloss stock with a printing logo in the corner. I thought them quite fancy for that time.

We didn't want to discourage customers from ordering, so had our home number on the card so we could be reached after hours.



MOUNTAIN PRINTERS



540 Grand Avenue
Spring Valley, Cal
LOCATED IN LA PRESA PLAZA. JUST OFF JAMACHA BLVD. ON GRAND AVENUE
Days (Business) 479-4631 TELEPHONE or Evenings (Home) 440-2298

GRAND OPENING

+++++
BUSINESS CARDS LETTERHEADS FLYERS
WEDDING INVITATIONS SOCIAL TICKETS
PRINTED LABELS RUBBER STAMPS ETC.
+++++

QUALITY PRINTING AT OLD FASHIONED PRICES



Bill & Michelle Spurlock
OWNERS

+++++
WE INVITE YOU TO COME IN AND GET
ACQUAINTED.....
+++++



Scan of our original flyer, reduced to fit

So far, the only jobs that had been coming into the shop were standard 8-1/2 x 11" (letter size) jobs printed in one color of ink. Whether they were flyers or letterheads etc. I was getting to be pretty good at this, although I had a terrible time trying to print my own flyers. Something had gotten moved and when I went to print them up, the image was too low and was running right off the edge of the paper! I couldn't figure out how to raise the darn image up, but I finally got the bright idea to use longer paper. So I used 8-1/2 x 14" paper for our flyer with extra space at the top! I don't think people were very impressed by them, though. They didn't seem to bring in any new customers.

I finally got where I could print flyers without much difficulty. But then one day a guy came in to the shop and wanted to know if I could make him up some invoices. I told him sure and took his order. I believe it was for 500 3 part carbonless forms, numbered. There wasn't anything special about them, so I figured there shouldn't be any problem. I was wrong. The carbonless paper wanted to do everything but go through the press. Either the sheet would get sucked up into the ink, or the press would pull two sheets at a time, or it wouldn't take any sheet at all, causing the press to misfeed and print on the impression cylinder. The worst was when the sheet got sucked up into the ink rollers. Most of the time you have to wash the press to fix it. Anyway, I tried everything I could think of to get it to feed with no success.

After fighting it all day and losing most of my stock, I finally gave up, washed the press and went home. Boy, was I irritated. I hadn't made a cent and was probably in the hole on this job. I got home fuming and told Michelle about the day. She told me to relax and watch a little TV and she would get dinner for us. By the time I went to bed, I was pretty calm and fell right to sleep. That night I had a dream. I saw the press and there was a hand, nothing else, just a hand. The hand went to each adjusting knob and set them to a certain number and then the paper feed lever was set on a number. Next the hand put the carbonless paper into the press, turned it on and pressed the feed switch and the paper ran through with no problem. I woke up in the morning, had breakfast and went to the shop. I went to the press and set the controls where the hand had showed me and to my amazement the carbonless fed without a problem. I immediately wrote down the adjustments I had made for the next time I had to run carbonless and thanked God for His wisdom.



Note: Indicator showing how many “hits” we could make before the number would change again.

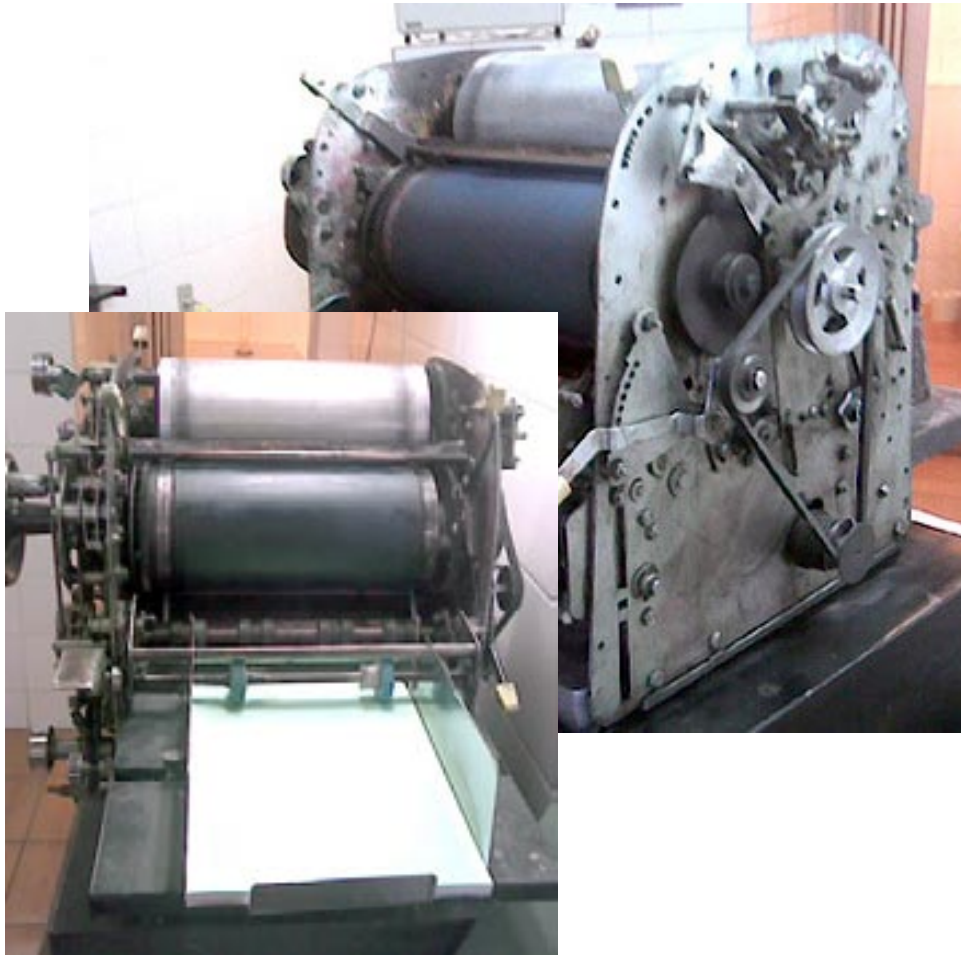
After finishing the job on the press I started looking around to see how to number the invoices. I found a couple of hand numbering machines and after checking them out, I found that they could be set to change numbers after 1, 2, 3, or 4 hits. I figured this must be the way to do it and set the numberer to 3 since the invoices each had 3 sheets and started numbering. White, then yellow, then pink. There, that's one set. Now, once again- white, then yellow, then pink, that's two sets...and so it went for 500 sets. I was really proud I had figured it out, although it sure was a lot of work!

MICHELLE: A few days later, Dick Merrill had come in and found Bill numbering this way and showed him he was making WAY too much work for himself. The correct way is to pad (glue) the sets FIRST, and then number all 3 sheets together. As the top sheet is numbered, it carbons through onto the sheets beneath. MUCH easier!!

Next thing was how to glue them into sets. At first we didn't have a clue. Old Bill D. had never even mentioned carbonless paper or how to glue them. But in asking around, our paper supply center told us there was a special glue to use. You stacked up the job, put a heavy weight on the edge to hold it tight and then painted this thin, watery liquid on the edge you wanted glued together. They said that after the stuff dried, it would separate into individual sets. I didn't quite believe it, but went ahead and did as they had said. Sure enough, just like magic- they separated into little 3 part sets! So there was my first carbonless job.

After the confidence I had gained from running the carbonless paper for that customer, I decided it was time for us to have our own invoices. So far, I had just been using the plain letterhead type sheets Bill D. had used, along with a piece of carbon paper or I used a receipt out of a book we had purchased from the office supply. One of the items that had come with the shop was a book of templates for different forms. I found one I liked and put our heading on it, along with "God Is Our Partner." Then I repeated the steps I had done with the other job and just as before, everything worked like it was supposed to. I even numbered the job the way I had done and padded (glued) it. We now had our own invoices. I was so proud of myself.

On June 7th, I got my notice to return to Convair. I assessed the situation at the print shop and concluded that there was no way we could make it as things were going. So I devised a plan and presented it to the Lord. "Lord,



The A.B. Dick Tabletop
Offset Model 320
first introduced in 1959

Photos of AB Dick 320 machines. Mine was a green model, and in better condition!

there is no way we're going to make it like this, so give me 6 months back at Convair. I'll save up some money and then I'll quit and we can use the money to advertise and get the print shop on its feet. What do you think, Lord?" He didn't say anything, but since he didn't say NO, I went ahead with my plan.

Convair put me back in my old area, and all the guys were glad to see me. It was just like returning back home. The way we worked it out, I went to Convair at 7:00 a.m. Dad and Michelle would open the print shop and take any orders that came in. At 3:30 I got out of Convair and went to the shop. Michelle would show me what had come in and then her and Dad would go home and she would get the kids. Mom had been watching them all day for us.

I would stay there at the shop until I completed the work and then go home, have dinner and relax. Unfortunately, because of my inexperience, it took me three times as long to complete the jobs and usually it was pretty late by the time I got home. Thus it seemed each week I felt more and more tired.

Mom came over one day and her and Michelle cleaned the shop from one end to the other, mopping, dusting and cleaning. It looked like a different place when I got there. While Mom was cleaning the rest room, she knelt down in there and prayed the Lord would bless the business and watch over the shop. She and Dad had also bought me a desk plate that read: Bill Spurlock, owner.

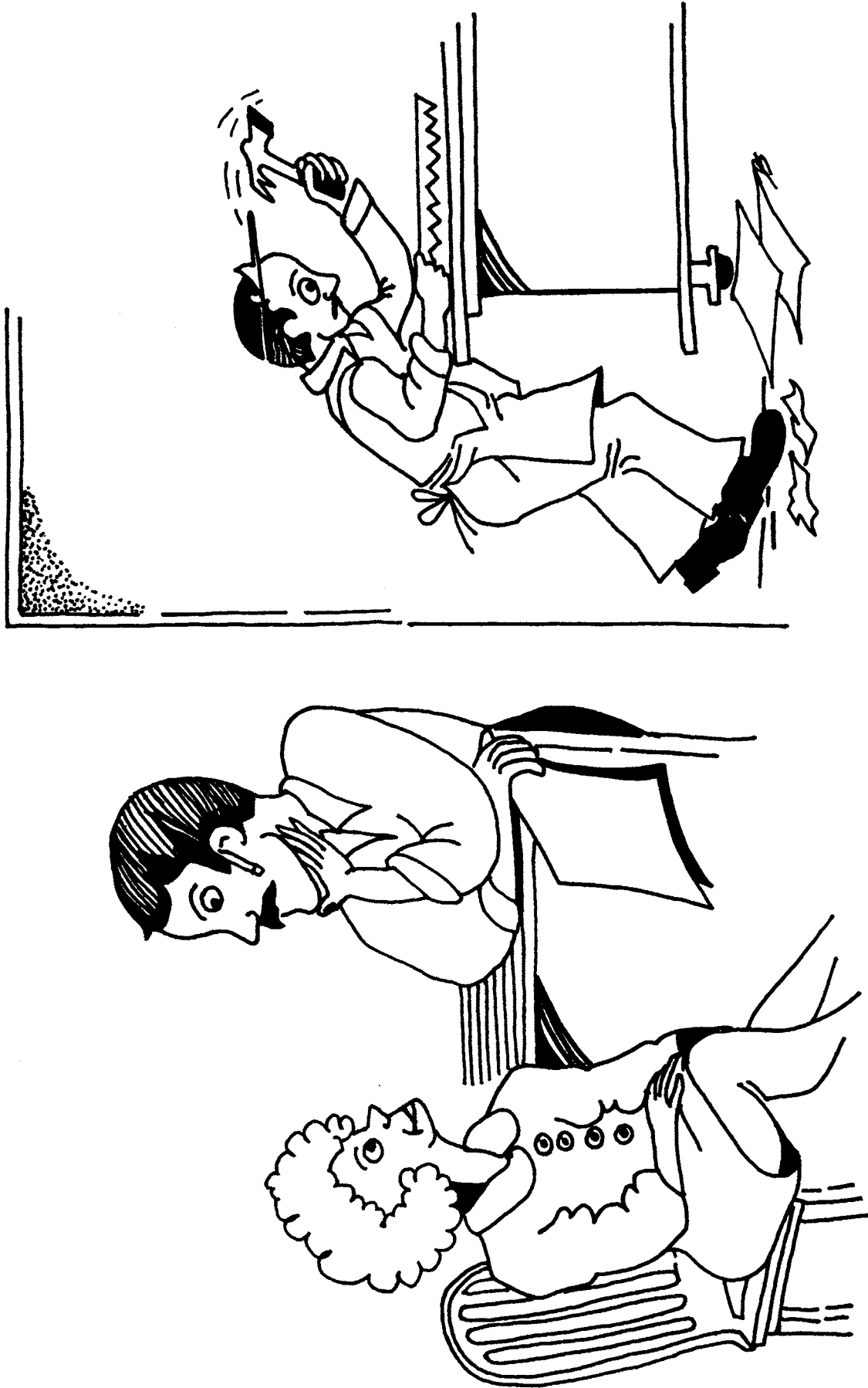
It was during the clean up that Michelle found the photos of naked men and other items that revealed Mr. D. wasn't an angel sent to help us. But God can use whomever He wants for His purpose!

The family was always ready to help should we need an extra hand, and I really relied on Dad to help keep the press running and for ideas on how to do a job.

I had told Dad I was unhappy about the quality of work the press was doing. So one day while I was at Convair, Dad took the press completely apart. At this time, Bill D. was coming by occasionally– usually to pick up his mail and never stayed very long. It just so happened he walked in as

MOUNTAIN PRINTERS
"God is Our Partner"

540 GRAND AVENUE • SPRING VALLEY, CA. 92077 • 479-4631



"Of course we can perforate your job. We have all the latest equipment."

"... a wise son maketh a glad father ..." Prov. 15:20

Dad was pulling the last piece off the press. He took one horrified look and exclaimed, "What are you doing!" and then, "Oh my God, Oh my God," and he turned and almost ran out of the shop. I guess he figured that was the end of that press. Little did he know my Dad. He always said that if a man had made it, he could fix it. Well, by the time I arrived from Convair, it was back together again, running like a dream.

Dad also tried to help out by printing for me, but his eyes couldn't see well enough to detect any dirty spots etc. so he helped with the other stuff and left the printing for me.

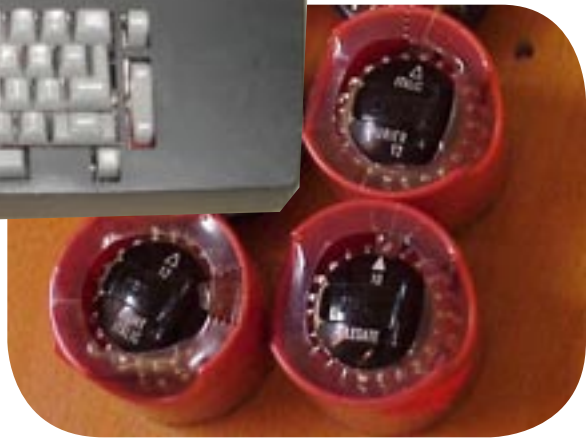
We got an order for some raffle tickets so I made up a master and ran them off, but couldn't figure out how to do the perforation for the stubs. Dad said not to worry, that he would figure out a way while I was at Convair. Sure enough, when I arrived at the shop, Dad was perfining the tickets. He had found a perfining blade for an old letterpress machine, and made himself a platform for the tickets. He would lay one ticket at a time on the platform, and then, putting the perfining blade in place, he would strike it with a hammer. This was definitely not the best way to do it, but it got the job done!

Sometimes my sister would come out and wait on customers and answer the phone. This gave Michelle a little company or she could take care of some household chores like grocery shopping, etc.

Michelle and I were working at the shop 5-1/2 days a week, so our kids, Art and Gina would go over with us on Saturdays. I showed them the magic paper (carbonless) and how you could draw on the top sheet and it would magically appear on the sheet below. They thought that was pretty cool. Mom gave us a little portable TV, and in the morning, the kids would watch cartoons, then they had the job of picking up discarded papers off the floor. Towards the afternoon, the gentleman who owned the beauty shop next door would show up with his kids and Art and Gina would play with them. One time, unbeknownst to us, Art found some tickets in the trash and decided to take them home and sell to his friends. We found out what had happened when he came home with some money. We sent him back out to give back the money and bring back the tickets. We explained to him why he couldn't do that, and from that time on was more aware of what he was wanting to take home.



The Selectric typewriters had many different styles of print, including an Old English and a Script. All we had to do was change the “ball.” We had at least 6 styles to choose from!!



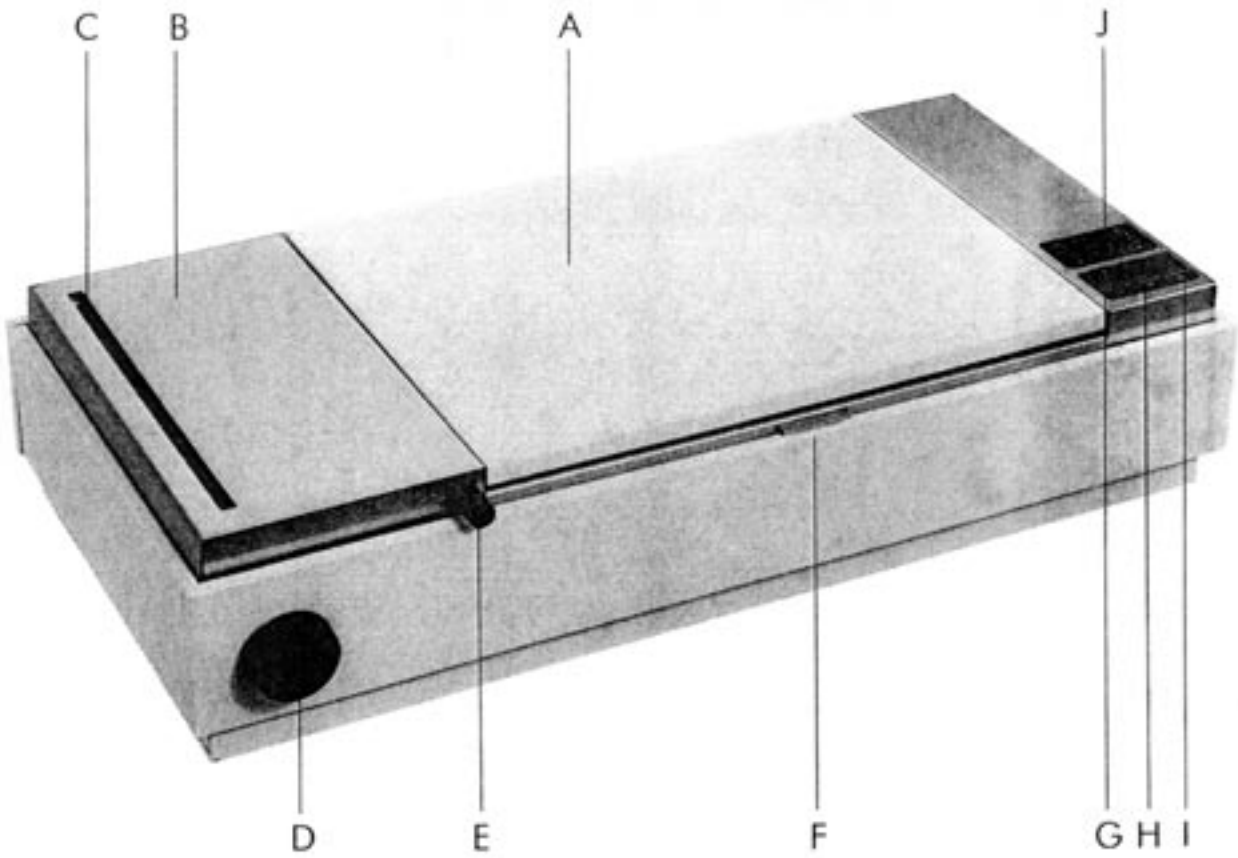
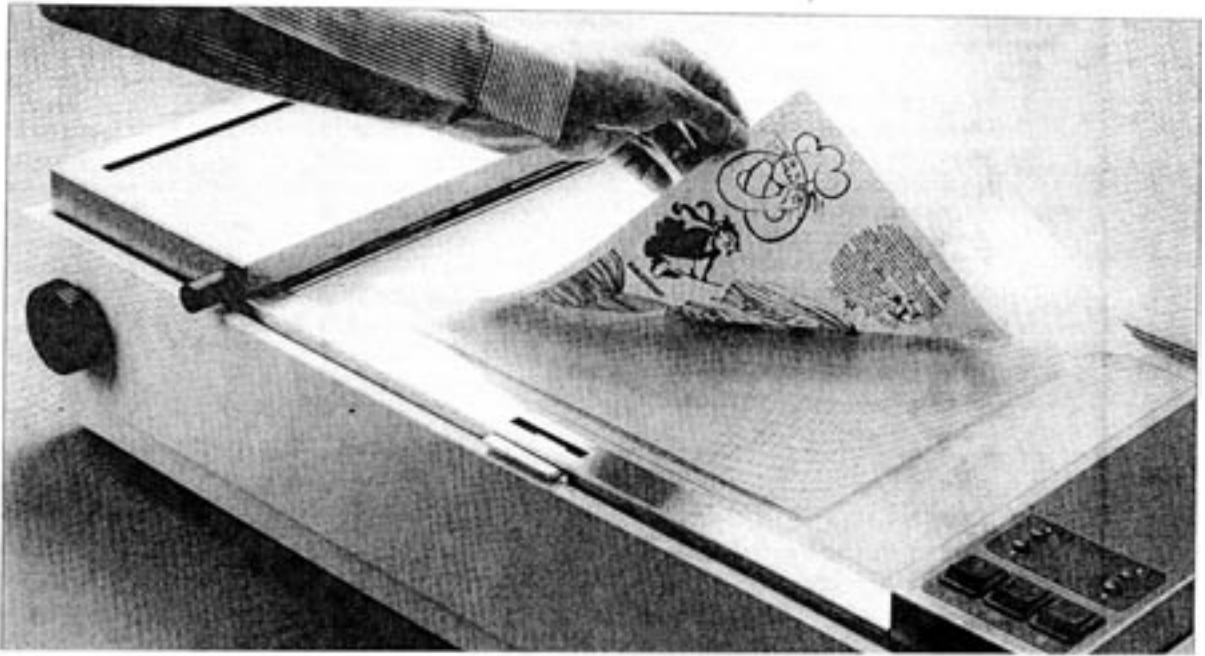
Meanwhile, the Lord was still teaching me the printing business. So far, all that was coming into the shop were orders for printing on 8-1/2 x 11 paper or carbonless jobs, and with each job I was getting better and better.

One day while I was at the shop working at the press, I heard a loud bang out in the parking lot. Filled with curiosity, I went to the door of the shop. A guy had come out of the bar 3 doors down from the shop, got into his car and ran into the back of my truck. He was trying to back up when I came running out and stopped him. He had bent up my tailgate, but it didn't look like there was any other damage. I got all of his information and a few weeks later his insurance company sent me a check for the damages. We decided that we could use a new typewriter more than a repaired tailgate, so we purchased a Remington Select typewriter. That was a very special typewriter for which you could change the typestyle by simply changing a ball element. We also got a few different elements. This was going to help with our layouts. We figured we could use the typewriter instead of using the transfer letters so much, making it go a lot faster.

Another new experience came when I bought a new supply of plates and negatives from Dick Merrill. At that time we were using an Agfa plate making system. This was a metal plate with a paper negative that was exposed and developed using a unit we called a scamp system.

I had noticed that on the new boxes were the words "New and Improved." (Later I would shudder every time those words appeared on anything!) This particular day I had used the last of my old supply and opened the new boxes so I could make a plate for a simple flyer order that had come in. I went through the normal steps to make the plate as I had done quite a few times before, but to my surprise, when I separated the negative from the plate, the plate was blank! I scratched my head and wondered what I had done wrong. I threw those away and tried again with the same result. Now I was getting a little upset. Each plate and negative set was costing me close to \$1.50, so I was already into this job \$3.00 with still no plate and I had only charged the customer \$5.00.

I had to try again, but decided I would do it step by step. I talked out loud to myself as I went through the steps. *"First, Bill laid the master on the setup sheet. Then he laid the negative on top with the black side down. Then he flipped the whole thing over. We closed the lid and pressed the exposure*



button...” I continued talking out loud to myself. “...*After the light goes out, we open the lid and take out the setup sheet with the master and we put the plate down with the negative on top. We press the develop button and both roll into the chemical tray. They come out here... I wait 15 seconds and then I separate the neg from the plate. That’s exactly what Bill showed me. That’s exactly what I have been doing ever since,*” I said as I separated the neg from the plate... “*So why is this plate blank?*” I continued, standing there shaking my head.

I was really baffled. I had a customer that would be showing up anytime, and at this point, no matter what happened, I wouldn’t be making any money on this order. It was just a question of how much of a loss it would be! I knew I had done everything right, so it was no use trying again. I needed help, but who could I turn to? Out of my whole family, I was the one with the most knowledge about printing. I still didn’t know how to get a hold of Bill D.. He would simply drop in on occasion and I hadn’t heard from him at all since he had come over when Dad had the little press apart. Who could I call? Then I remembered Dick Merrill handing me his card and saying, “Call anytime if you need advice or have a problem.”

I found his card and with my fingers crossed and praying he would be at home, dialed the number. I thanked God when he answered the phone. I explained to Dick what had happened, assuring him I had done everything right. “I just don’t understand how the plate can be blank,” I added.

Dick asked, “Did you try changing the exposure time?”

“The exposure time?” I repeated. “Bill never said anything about the exposure time!”

“See the big knob on top with all the numbers on it?” Dick replied. “Turn it down about 4 notches and try again. If it still doesn’t work, call me back and I’ll come out there.”

I thanked Dick and hung up the phone. A little reluctantly, I did as he had advised and tried it again. To my amazement, this time it worked! Dick instantly became my hero and I taped his card right on the desk where it would be easily found the next time a crisis hit.

Dick Merrill became a good friend. He made us his last stop so he could visit a while and if we needed any help with anything he could take as much time as necessary.

I would brew up a cup of coffee around the time he usually showed up and then take a break when he arrived. I had even bought him his own cup with his name on it. He thought that was pretty special. It turned out he had grown up in a print shop. His dad had his own business for many years so Dick knew a lot about ink, paper and such. He had been in the army just like me except he had been an officer and had served time in Vietnam. When he had come out of the service, he decided he would rather sell supplies than run a press. He always enjoyed sitting and talking and I would share how the Lord had changed our life and was taking care of us. He always listened but never commented when we shared what the Lord had done.

One day Dick had noticed we were losing a lot of plates due to wrong exposure times or excessive spotting, things we thought were unacceptable. I felt the work was a reflection of the shop and the shop belonged to the Lord so I was very picky about the work we turned out. Dick made a comment that if we didn't get the hang of it soon, we'd put ourselves out of business. Then he added, "I had a customer who has the same press as you. He tried my supplies and decided he didn't like them and gave them back. Since he opened them I can't sell them, so I'll let you guys have them."

I told him that would be great and he went out to his van to retrieve the supplies. Something led me to go to the front window and watch him, and what I saw was Dick take a box of plates and a box of negs from his van and then he reached into his pocket pulling out his penknife. He slit the tape on the boxes and opened them and then closed them again, and using some masking tape he had in the van, resealed the boxes. He brought them in and gave them to me. "I can't return these and they will do more good here, anyway," he said. "I think there are only one or two plates missing."

I thanked him and told Dick how grateful I was and after he left I thanked God for Dick and for placing it on his heart to help us.

Another time, I was trying to print up some letterheads for a business on

some nice stationery paper. No matter what I did, I couldn't keep the ink from streaking down the paper from each letter of the company name. It reminded me of mascara running down the face of a crying woman. The company had ordered 250 sheets, and after printing about 500 without having one good sheet in the bunch, I called Dick. He said he would be by that evening and would see what he could do. Sure enough, that evening his van pulled up and in he walked with a box of supplies.

"Let's wash it up," he said, "and start again." That evening he introduced me to Van Son Ink, Smooth Lith Ink Additive and Hurst 306 Fountain Solution. After washing the press and using the new supplies, the job came out looking great. Dick left the supplies and wouldn't take a cent for any of it. This was the type of people the Lord sent our way.

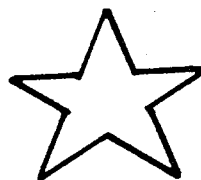
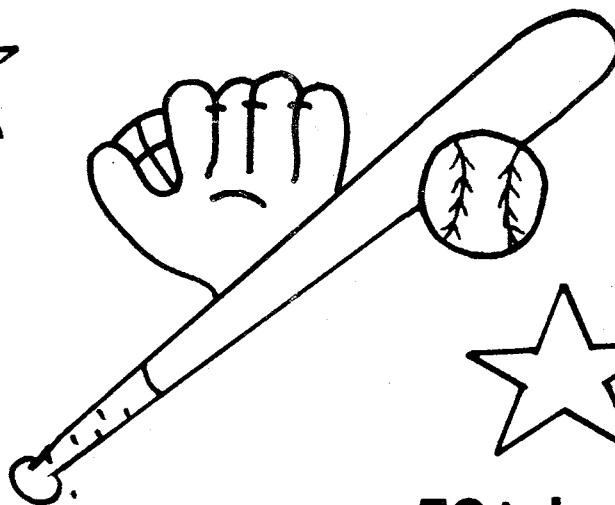
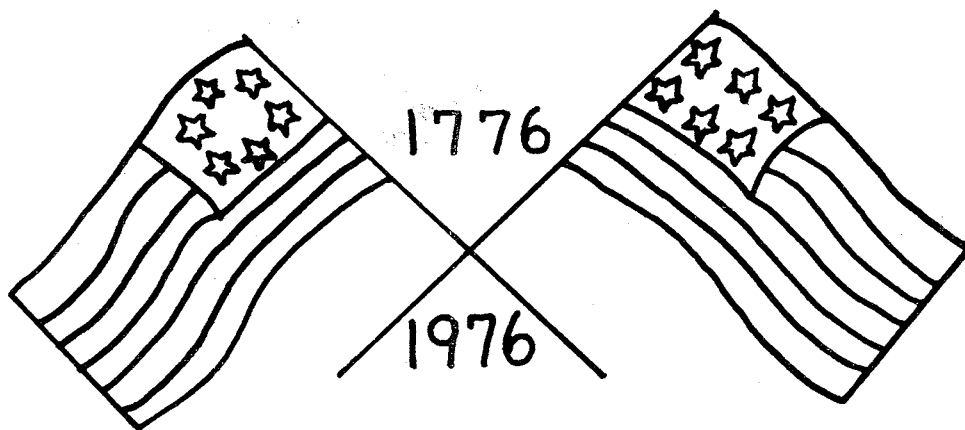
I came into work one afternoon after having worked all day at Convair and Michelle had a different job for me to do- envelopes. The customer wanted their return address in the corner. That being Friday, they said they would pick up the job on the following Monday. Well, although I hadn't run envelopes before, I was feeling pretty self confident and told Michelle, "No problem," and sent her home to pick up the kids from Mom and Dad's house and I started setting up the press.

Well, remember the episode with the carbonless paper? Multiply that by three and you have envelopes! Needless to say, I was there for several more hours fighting the job, getting upset and accomplishing nothing. I finally decided, "Enough is enough- I'm tired, and hungry and I'm going home!" I shut down the machine, washed it up and went home. I was still fuming when I got to the house. Michelle fixed something for me to eat and I watched a little T.V. to get my mind off the shop. Then we went to bed.

Once again, I had a dream and there was the press, and a Hand began to turn the controls to a certain number and set the feed control, then put the envelopes in and pressing the feed lever, the envelopes ran through without a problem.

I woke up the next morning (Saturday), had breakfast and drove out to the shop, eager to get back to the job. I set the controls to where the Hand had showed me, put the envelopes in, and just as in my dream, they ran without a problem. I thanked God for His help and wrote down the settings

DISTRICT 41 ALL STAR TOURNAMENT



50¢ donation

in my notebook. Now, I thought, I can run anything that comes in– and so I could, for a while!

My Dad owned the house next door to him and he rented it out to a family we had become friends with. Their son was in Little League and so in July, Don (the tenant) asked if we thought we could print the All Star Tournament Program for them. I didn't think it should be that hard to do. 3 sheets of paper printed on both sides, then folded and collated together and stapled. So I told him, "Sure," and figured out a price.

The league liked our price and gave us the job. Then the nightmare began!

Don gave us the information that was to go into the schedules along with pictures of each team. Doing the layout was easy enough. I had talked with Dick Merrill about the photos and he had explained to me that in order to print a photo, they had to be screened first. This meant the photo was turned into a bunch of dot patterns that would then make them printable. This can be seen by looking at a printed photo through a magnifying glass. Dick said he could screen the photos for us which he did. Then we pasted the resulting screened pictures called halftones into the proper place on each page.

Then came the printing. No matter what I did, the pictures looked terrible. I ran the ink dark; I ran the ink light. I tried changing the pressures on the press; nothing seemed to help. I made the plates at different exposures. I tried everything that I had learned so far and met failure at every turn. I even tried using a more expensive, better quality paper, but even that didn't help.

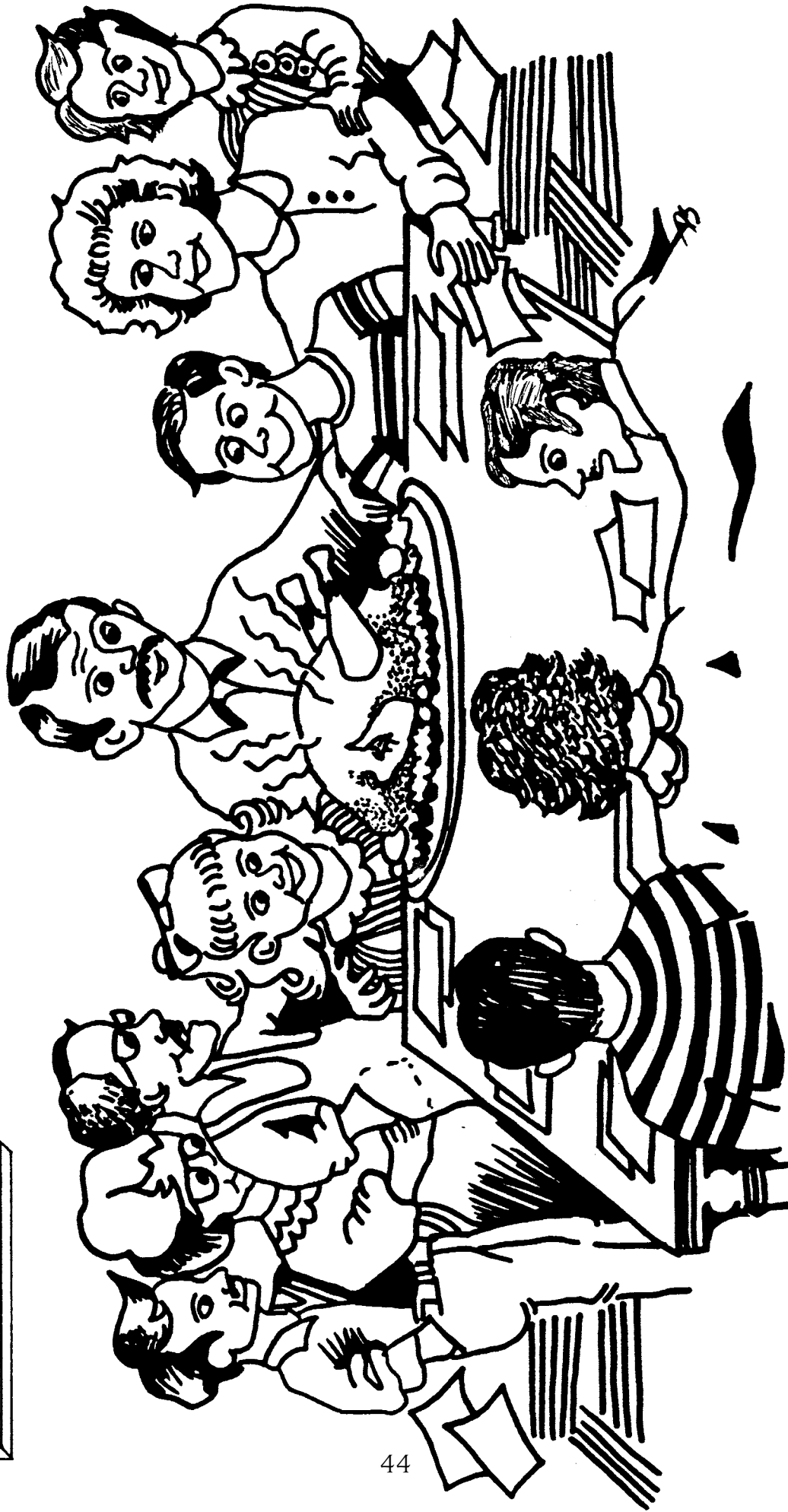
I was running out of time and money, so in desperation, I called Dick Merrill again. I explained the situation to him and everything I had done. He said he could make the plates for us on his more sophisticated equipment. I figured it was our best bet, so we sent all the masters for the program with him to be plated. Dick's plates did help slightly, but the job still looked pretty bad.

After all this, we were running out of time for the promised date, so Mom and Dad had us bring the entire job, folder and book stapler over to their house. Pat and Don came too, and between the six of us we finished the

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A SPECIAL 'THANK YOU'
TO OUR FAMILY
FOR ALL THEIR LOVING
HELP & SUPPORT



*"I don't mind giving thanks for the turkey, but it
better not get cold while we're putting this book together!"*

"... As for me and my family, we will serve the Lord. . ." Joshua 24:15

job. I ran the folder, Don stapled and Mom, Pat and Michelle collated the pages, sitting around the big table in the den. Dad gave relief and supplied sheets to whoever needed them and then boxed the finished books.

Of course, none of the family would take a cent. They said that they were just glad to be able to help. My family repeated this many more times over the years– always willing to help and never expecting anything in return. One of the greatest gifts God gave Michelle and I was the love of this family and we have always been very grateful for it.

And as for the Little League programs? Well, they weren't the best looking job, but they were done on time and no one complained (at least, not to us). They paid us by check and we cashed it quick, before anyone could change their minds! The lesson learned with this job was there is only so much a small 320 table top AB Dick press can do. They're just not made for that type of printing.

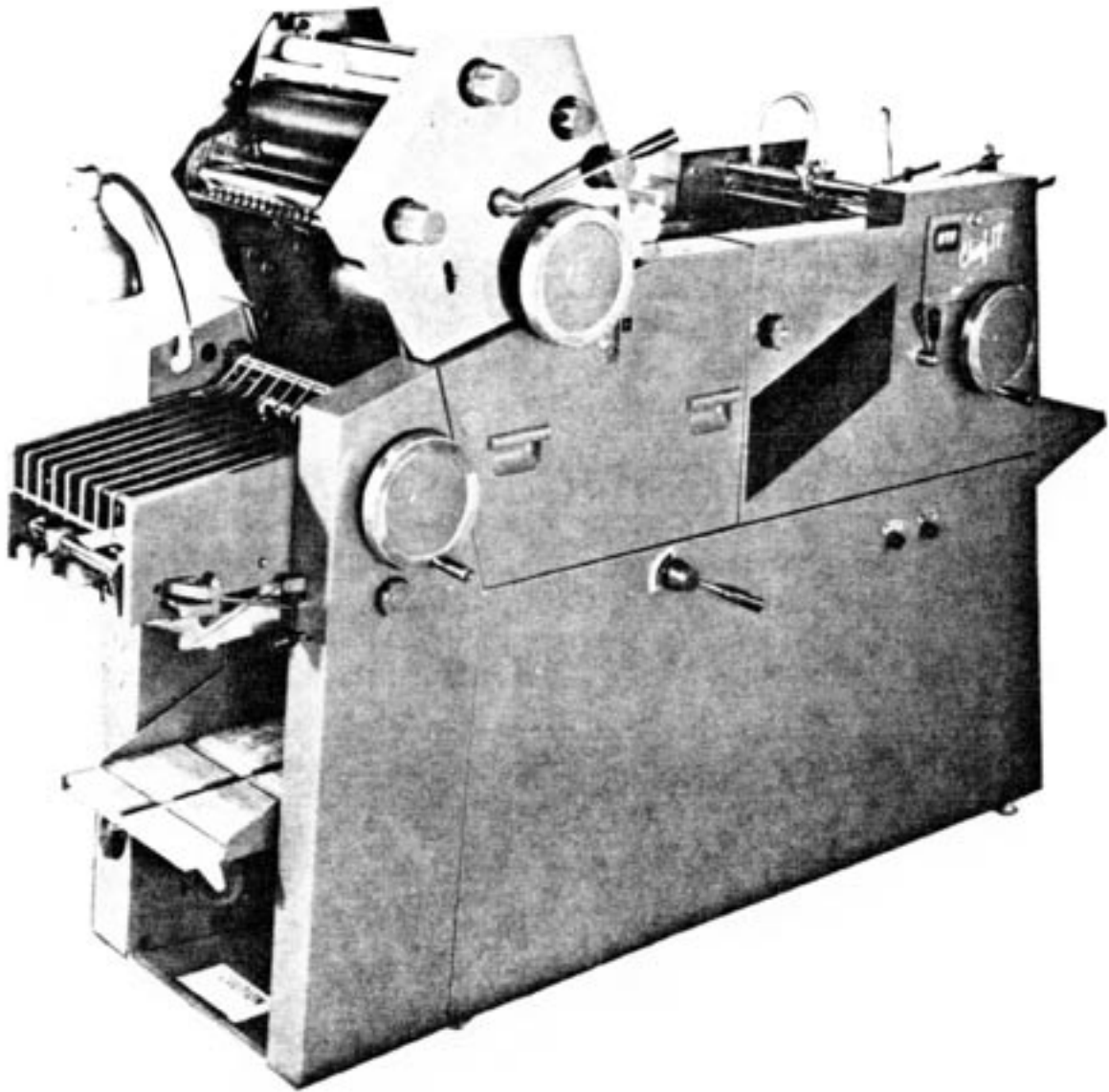
So far, we had been making up masters using the typewriter and transfer letters. The transfer letters looked nice when we needed a large or fancy style for a headline or something, but sometimes the letters would crack or flake off and it took a long time to do. Time wasn't really a problem as far as work backing up, because we didn't have a lot of jobs coming in, but I was always looking for a better and easier way to do things so I could get out of the shop earlier at night.

One day I was telling Dick Merrill this and he said he had a unit that I could buy that would do away with the transfer letters.

He said it was called a "Strip Printer." You had the alphabet, numbers and punctuation symbols in a certain size and style on a negative strip which you threaded over this small table top exposure unit. You exposed the letters you needed onto a copy strip, spelling out the words you wanted. Then you put

the strip in a small developer bottle and there you had it, in a nice straight line to boot. No more cracked or crooked letters from the rub-on transfer sheets. It sounded great to me, so we purchased it for \$370.00. Mountain Printers was modernized!





11 x 17 OFFSET

The New Press

Ever since the little league book incident, I had been thinking that we needed a better printing press - but what should I be looking for? So when Dick made one of his weekly stops, I decided to ask him.

“Dick, if you were me, what kind of press would you get for the business?”

Dick looked at me and gave it a little thought then said, “Well, the cadillac of the presses is the chief. They’re made for quality and they will last forever. Yes, that’s what I’d get, if I could afford it.”

“So, they’re pretty expensive?” I asked.

“Oh yes,” he said, “but it never hurts to dream.”

Well, now I knew what I wanted- now the question was how could I get it. So I took it to the Lord. I explained how it would help **His** shop to grow and how we would be a lot more versatile and able to accomplish more jobs. I explained how having a new press would make my life a little easier and I would be able to get home at a more decent time. I concluded with, “*Lord, bless us with a way to get this press.*”

Well, I guess I sounded convincing or maybe it was just His love for me, but the Lord opened a door for us.

*MICHELLE: I had recently attended a government sponsored seminar intended to help new business owners with such things as state and federal requirements for record keeping, tax deposits, rules, regulations, etc. They also went over some of the programs available, including small business loans. They outlined some of the steps, requirements and paperwork required for a government assisted loan. Nothing could even be started without a formal, written, detailed business plan. **Business Plan!?!?! Our “Business Plan” consisted of trusting in God and hanging on for dear life! Since that door (a small business loan) was obviously closed, we looked into equipment leasing. We were shocked to find out that they actually expected us to pay back that “huge” sum of money in only 3 to 5 years. IF we could even qualify (which was doubtful with less than one year in business and no operating capital), the payments would be astronomical- over 3 times our mortgage***

payment! I called down to our regular bank to see if there was any kind of a loan we could get and found out they had just recently started allowing homeowners to borrow money on their houses for purposes other than property improvement. (Back then, regular banks hadn't been doing those types of loans.) We had been with them since we first got married and had a good banking history with them. Bill was still working at Convair and looked like an excellent credit risk. The interest rate was good and they would give us enough time to repay it so that we could handle the payments. We went ahead and took out a 2nd on the house.

On November 5th, Dad and I went down to San Diego Printing Supply, which had the local Chief dealership, and purchased our new Chief 17 for \$17,420. Although this doesn't sound like a whole lot of money nowadays, understand we had only paid \$19,000 for our home 4 years earlier, and I had paid \$3,500 dollars for a new car in 1968 – so this was quite an investment. If the Lord had not opened the door with the loan, it would have been just as Dick said – a nice dream.

Of course, this dream didn't take long to turn into a nightmare. I had two problems: 1). There were a few things wrong with the press, and 2). It didn't work anything like the little AB Dick I was used to running. The AB Dick had what was called an integrated water system that basically mingled the ink and water together to achieve the desired results. The Chief had an independent water system with rollers covered in cloth "sleeves" called molletons. The AB Dick fed the paper using a simple friction feed, whereas the Chief had a complicated vacuum feed system. The AB Dick spat out the papers into a plain chute delivery, but the Chief carried the sheets of paper out with a chain delivery system. In other words, I was back to square one in learning how to print. And worse yet, because of my ignorance, I didn't know when I was having problems if it was me or the press. Many times I started a job on the Chief, and after fighting the press for a while, would stop and put the job on the AB Dick and print it up there!

The Chief's water system was the biggest culprit. If it was too wet, water would drip down on the work and the ink would look washed out. However, if I didn't have the cloth rollers wet enough, they would ink up and the sleeves (not cheap) would be ruined. Running a close second to the water problems was the vacuum feed. The trick was to set the lift table the paper sat on so it would stop just below the vacuum suction tubes. Then the air

blowers needed to be positioned to blow the top sheet up so the sucker tubes would grab it and carry it to the feed roller which got it traveling down the conveyor belt to the actual printing part of the press. If any one of these weren't right, you were in trouble. Well, needless to say, I was getting home later than I ever did before.

One day I was really complaining to the Lord as I was trying to get a job to print with no success, when the Lord called to my mind the times He had shown me how to run the AB Dick, and I realized if He could teach me to run the AB Dick, He could teach me to run the Chief. I decided that when I found myself having a problem I would stop and ask God for help and then just be quiet and wait on the Lord. Sure enough, the Lord started teaching me how to run the Chief.

After asking the Lord for help I would wait quietly and the Lord would speak to me in a still, small voice, directing me what to do. ***“The molletons aren't ruined. Take them to the sink and scrub them with a rag; blot them with another rag and they will be ok. The reason the paper isn't feeding is because you have too much air. Turn down the air and lower the table a half turn...”*** and so forth and so on until I started to understand how to run a Chief. I always thanked God and wrote down what He taught me in my notebook.



Mom, Dad & me

I should share with you that I didn't always take advantage of opportunities God would direct my way.

About this same time, a salesman came into the shop and in exchanging small talk, he noticed the small 320 press sitting in the back. He said he use to work for AB Dick and he had sold those presses. He asked me if it still worked and I told him it did and added that at first I had had difficulty running carbonless paper through it. He looked at me a little quizzically and said, "You can't run carbonless on that press."

I responded, "Of course you can, I've done it plenty of times." He shook his head and said that even brand new from the factory it specified those machines were to be used for running standard paper and because of the weight difference between carbonless sheets and the chemicals in the paper - carbonless paper was not recommended to run on the 320.

I said it was a trick but once you knew how, it ran ok. Then I added, almost as an afterthought, "But what was even harder to run was envelopes."

With that, he all but called me a liar. "You can't," he said, raising his voice, "run envelopes on a 320!"

I smiled and replied, "Of course you can. I still do now and then!"

He said, "Look, I have a phone number for AB Dick. You call it and tell them you're having difficulty running envelopes, they'll tell you it can't be done!"

My answer was, "Not only can it be done, but I do it all the time! That was my only press at first so I had to run whatever job came into the shop on it, from flyers to invoices to envelopes. I had no choice. The Lord gave me wisdom on how to do it and it worked!" He just sat there looking at me, so I added, "If you would like, I can show you."

"No, I believe you, but you don't know how amazing that is."

I told him that because I didn't know it couldn't be done, I was open to the Lord's instructions.

He said he was truly amazed and asked if I had thought about adding a

copier to the shop.

I told him no, but what I thought would be good to have would be a letterpress for those small business card orders. He said that he got around to a lot of print shops and if he ran across one for sale he would let me know. He took one of my cards and as he turned to go he added, "That was quite a story. I'm glad I stopped by." I thanked him and he left.

A few days later, true to his word, he called the shop and told Michelle of a Heidelberg windmill letterpress that was for sale for \$300.00. Well, my custom while at Convair was to check in with the shop on my breaks and when I did, Michelle told me about the call. I asked her if she and Dad could go over and look at it. She said they would and hung up. One of the plank mill operators in my area had worked in a print shop before he had come to work at Convair so I decided to run the information past him and see what kind of response I would get. His response was, "Man, that's a great deal."

I went back to my machine with a grin from ear to ear. An hour or so later my supervisor came up and told me I was to call my wife, so I shut down my machine and went to the pay phone and dialed the shop. Michelle answered the phone and told me she and dad had seen the letterpress and that the owner had bought a new one and was needing to get the old one out as soon as possible. He had told her that it needed a bearing, but it was working ok without it. Of course, with my experience in the machine shop, I could have easily fashioned a new one. Then she said that Dad wanted to talk to me.

Dad got on the phone and said, "Bill, that thing is huge, there is no way you will get it into the shop." I told Dad if we had to we would put it in my garage for the time being. His response was, "This thing has to weigh several tons. It's going to cost quite a bit to get it moved," and then he added, "I don't think you realize how big it is, it's huge! I think you ought to see it before you make a decision."

I told Dad ok, we would hold off for now and possibly I could go look at it on the weekend. I respected Dad's opinions very highly and he sounded very reluctant about this deal. Well, by the time the weekend rolled around the letterpress had been sold. I really didn't fully understand what the

Lord was setting up for us until later. You see, in my ignorance I thought I would use a letterpress to run precut business cards and the like. In reality, nowadays they are best used to number, perforate, score and diecut stock. Once you set it up, you load your job and the press does it all for you.

Later, we realized we needed a better numbering system than the hand numbering unit we had, so we looked around and found an electronic unit that you hand fed one piece at a time and then stepped on a foot pedal that activated the machine to strike the job. This was better than the hand units but still took a lot of man or woman hours as the case might be. We paid **over \$300.00** for this machine that had only one function - hand fed numbering, one number at a time - compared to that automated machine! Over the years, for larger numbering jobs etc, where we needed multiple numbers, we have gone to a small trade shop that the owner operates out of his home. He has done numbering for us as well as perforating, scoring, and simple diecutting. And he has done all this on a heidleberg windmill, just like the one we let slip by!



Now We Had It All

I was always conscious of my limitations concerning the quality of my work. If it didn't look as good as I thought it should, I took it as a personal failure. We might make a plate two or three times or run twice the amount than the customer wanted in order to give a full count that we considered good ones. None of this helped our bottom line, but from the beginning we had viewed the business as if we were the customer. What would we want back if we had brought this job in? Besides that, we were representing the Lord. It was His shop and we were the employees. He would want us to give 100% to each job and give back nothing but quality. Sometimes this seemed to be very difficult, but in most cases the copies looked better than the master sheets they brought in.

Dick Merrill and I were talking about this one day. I was telling him that the chief helped a lot but there should be something else I could do to help bring up our quality. Dick said that what we were missing was a process camera for graphic arts. With a camera we could make veloxes, enlargements and higher resolutions which would make better quality plates. I told him I was all for that but there was no way we could afford a camera like he had. He said he sold a camera that was pretty good that he thought would be in our budget. A small, vertical camera called a Sandmar. He said it was auto focusing and very simple to use and took up very little space. Dick said we could have it for \$1,055.00. He said he would be willing to let us make payments if we wanted.

I talked it over with Michelle and we thought it was a good idea. We told Dick ok, and he said it would take a couple of weeks to get it in. After that I decided that to make it even better, we should have a darkroom to put it in, so I told the family about what we were doing



The Sandmar was quite large and sat on the floor. It was close to 5 ft tall!

and my idea about a dark room. Don talked to Ray Bell, a fellow member of React and friend of the family, and they came over the weekend before the camera came in and the three of us erected a dark room. Ray brought his tools and some left over materials from a job site he was on. So not only did it not cost us anything but it went up with ease. They even built a worktable on the outside of the dark room to process the plates. When Dick delivered the camera he was surprised to find the dark room waiting. We also moved the platemaker into the dark room and found that it made the plates a little better. Now we had everything a print shop should have. We should be set for life.



Art & Gina 1977

Well, by now it was December, the end of another year. I was at Convair working on a job when it dawned on me that the 6 months I had planned on working was up. What should I do? The print shop still wasn't making any money. Well, that is to say, not enough to support a family. In fact, what I made at Convair was paying the print shop's bills. The money I had hoped to save up never happened. It appeared to be more of a hobby than a livelihood. What should I do?

As if in answer to my question, the shop steward came walking up carrying a big binder and a lazy smile on his face. "Bill," he said, "what you've been waiting for is now here!"

"What are you talking about?" I asked.

"Take a look at this," he said as he opened the binder. "See your name here," he said, pointing down on the page.

"Yeah sure, so what does that mean?" I responded.

His smile got even bigger as he said, "See these names above yours? Well, they are all retiring this year. So you know what that means— You go to the top of the list! You will have top seniority on the mills. Anything that comes up, they have to offer it to you first. You will never be laid off. All the doors will open for you. What do you think of that?"

I stood there a little dazed from the news and then said, "That's great."

"You bet it is!" he said. As he turned to go he said, "I'll see you later."

Excitement started coming over me as I thought of the news I had just received. It was like holding the winning ticket to the grand prize. I was going to be on the top of the seniority list. I would be head man on the mills. Whatever door opened up they had to give me first crack at it. Wait until Michelle hears this news! Then I remembered the 6 months I had promised the Lord. What was I going to do? The whistle blew for quitting time and I climbed into the truck and headed to the shop. My mind kept re-playing the shop steward's news to me, but now the excitement was gone and what was left was utter confusion. I arrived at the shop to find nothing had changed. A couple of small jobs had come in. The shop was so slow that Michelle would take her sewing machine over and make the

kids' clothes. Dad would have his customers bring their cars over there and he would work on them in front of the shop so if the phone rang he would hear it. It seldom did.

I told Michelle about the shop steward's news and asked her what she thought. "So what are you going to do?" was her reply.

"I can't quit now, the shop can't support itself, let alone us. I would be crazy to quit now," I said.

Michelle just looked at me and then said "It's up to you - whatever you think is best. You know I'm behind you." (From the very beginning, Michelle was there to support me, but not sway my decisions.)

It wasn't long after my decision to stay at Convair that I became ill. I was sicker than I ever had been. I was so weak all I could do was lay in bed and I ached all over. Michelle took me to the doctor and they ran some tests, but he couldn't figure out what I had. He gave me some pills to take, but nothing seemed to work. I couldn't go into Convair and I couldn't go to the print shop. All I could do was lay in bed.

Michelle and Dad would go to the shop every day and keep things going. If a job came in Dad would run it off. Dad had the ability to figure out how to do anything, but his eyes gave him trouble, so Michelle would check the jobs and tell him what needed to be done. Once in a while they might call me to ask about a certain adjustment, but most of the time I just laid in bed feeling sorry for myself.

After a while with no change, Michelle took me back to the doctor but he still had no answers for us. "Bill, I don't know what you have, so I don't know what will help. Let's try another prescription, that's all I can do for you," was his response after giving me another physical. So back home with more pills and another week in bed with no change.

The Prayer

One day after Michelle had left for the shop I was laying in bed feeling quite sorry for myself and asking God *why*, when my mind brought to my recollection the promise I made to the Lord - "*Six months Lord, then I'll quit and work your print shop.*" I had made a promise to the Lord and then reneged on that promise. And it was all me. I'm the one that chose six months, not the Lord. I could have said a year, five years, or whatever. I'm the one that set the restrictions, not the Lord, and then when the time came, I wasn't willing to honor my own words. God doesn't require us to promise Him anything, but if we do, He will hold you to that promise. Be sure you are willing to honor that which you promise.

As I thought about my promise I knew why I was going through this illness, so I crawled out of bed and knelt down beside it and asked the Lord for forgiveness. I told Him I was frightened - that the print shop just wasn't making any money but if He would make me well I would quit Convair, but He would have to take care of us, that there was no way I could do it alone. I remember it being a very emotional prayer with tears rolling down my face. Every word was sincere and afterwards I crawled back into bed and fell asleep.

The next day my body no longer ached and the constant temperature I had was gone. By Friday, I was feeling great and on Monday, January 3rd, I went to Convair and gave them my 2 weeks notice. Word reached the shop steward and he came over to see me. "Are you crazy," he said, "do you know what you are giving up?" I told him I did, but this was something I had to do.

He said that if I needed to spend more time at the print shop I should take a 30 day personal leave of absence instead of quitting. "By that time," he said, "You'll know if you can make it or not in the printing business and you won't have to give up anything. And if you need more time," he added, "You can call me and let me know, and I'll extend it six months. What do you say?"

I told him I appreciated him being so concerned, but this was something that I had to do and there was no way Convair would agree to it.

“Of course they will agree, I’ve done this a hundred times,” he said.

I told him this was a different case all together and because I was supposed to quit, Convair wouldn’t agree to anything less.

“Can’t we go down and try?” he said. “For me, just give it a try.”

I stood there looking at him for a few seconds and then said, “Ok, if you want to give it a try, but I’m telling you now they won’t agree to it.”

He said, “Great!” as if he didn’t hear a word I had said after “ok.” He had me fill out a slip and said he would be back in a few minutes. I went back to work on my mill and a short time later he appeared again and said it was time to go.

We walked down to the foreman’s office and went right in. All the big bosses were there waiting for us. They all greeted us and then, turning to me asked what the problem was. I told them I needed a 30 day personal leave of absence. They asked why I needed it and I told them I had purchased a small print shop when I was layed off and I needed to give it more attention to get it going. They smiled and then said, “Bill, you’re too important a man for us to grant you a leave. We need you in your area. Few men can do that work so we must deny your request.”

I responded that if I didn’t get a 30 day leave of absence, then I would have to quit.

“We can’t stop you from doing that, but we can’t grant you a leave of absence,” they said.

The shop steward was standing with his mouth open. Obviously, he couldn’t believe what he had heard. “Let me get this straight,” he said, “he’s too important to grant a leave to, but not to lose all together?”

“We have no power over that,” they said, “but we can’t grant a leave of absence. Is there anything else you want?”

I turned and walked to the door and as I passed the shop steward I said, “I told you,” and walked out and back to my mill.

TO: <i>J. TATOLLI</i>	MAIL ZONE	DATE <i>JAN 3, 1977</i>
FROM: <i>W. J. SPURLOCK</i>	MAIL ZONE	PLANT TELEPHONE
SUBJECT: <i>PERSONAL LEAVE OF ABSENCE</i>		
<p><i>THIS IS A REQUEST FOR A 30 DAY PERSONAL LEAVE OF ABSENCE BEG^{with} STARTING JANUARY 10</i></p> <p style="text-align: center;"><i>William J. Spurlock</i></p> <p><i>Response: I am sorry to inform you that I can not grant your request for a personal leave of absence at this time. Dept. 015 is presently working overtime on critical jobs in order to meet schedule. The work you are performing is unique and is an important link in helping to fulfill contract commitments.</i></p>		
<p><small>A1280 (REV. 4-67)</small> <i>J.M. Coulson</i> AVOID VERBAL ORDERS</p>		

It wasn't until the beginning of my last week that the shop steward showed up again. "I have a plan," he said.

"It's ok," I told him. "This is what I'm supposed to do. Believe me."

"No," he said, "this will work. On Friday, they will come down and have you sign some papers, then they'll band your tool box and escort you to the gate. Just before you walk out, turn back and tell them you have changed your mind. You don't want to quit after all. They will tell you it's too late, that all the papers have been signed. You tell them you are leaving against your will and walk out. I'll file a grievance on your behalf and within a month to a year - whatever you want, you will be able to come back. Heck, I'll have it so they will be willing to give you a medal!"

I told him I appreciated what he was trying to do for me but I really had to do this. "Please Bill," he said, "do it for me. I'll come down and be with

you and back you up.” I told him I would see him Friday, without actually saying I would or wouldn’t go along with the plan. I figured that would be the easiest way to get rid of him. He said, "Ok," and took off.

Everything was pretty quiet for the rest of the week and on Friday my supervisor came over and said I had a phone call I needed to answer. I went over to the phone and it was my shop steward. “Bill, I got called away from the shop, so I won’t be able to be there,” he said. “But remember what we talked about; I’ll check on Monday about what happened and then I will keep you posted on how it’s going and how much time you want.”

I thanked him for everything and told him it was great working with him and hung up. I actually gave a sigh of relief after that. I could actually do what I needed to do without any pressure to do otherwise. Around 3:00 p.m. they came and had me sign some papers then we went to another area where they banded my tool box and then walked me to the gate. They all shook my hand and wished me luck and I walked out the gate for the last time. As I drove to the print shop a peace came over me. I knew I had done the right thing and God would take care of us.

When I was at Convair I was eligible for 3 weeks of paid vacation. Convair furnished Kaiser health insurance for me and the family. They also furnished a prescription drug plan. Now I had nothing. I had thought I would get some vacation pay, but because of when I quit I wasn’t eligible for any. We were fully dependent on the Lord for everything, from knowledge on how to do a job to bringing the jobs in. But there wasn’t any fear, because I knew I was in God’s will for my life. What I did feel was a little excitement as I wondered how He was going to take care of us. When I arrived at the shop I came in with my tool box. Michelle said, “Well, you did it?”

I told her, “Yes, from now on this is where I work!” She seemed at peace with the news, too. I think we both knew that a brand new chapter of our lives was about to begin.

To be continued...

"For I know the plans
I have for you," declares the LORD,

"plans
to
prosper
you
and not
to harm
you,



plans
to give
you
hope
and a
future."

Jeremiah 29:11

JOURNEY

Trust and Obey

To obey is better than sacrifice . . .

— I Samuel 15:22

James H. Sammis

TRUST AND OBEY
Daniel B. Towner

1 When we walk with the Lord In the light of His Word,
2 *Not a shadow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies,*
3 Not a burden we bear, Not a sorrow we share,
4 *Then in fellowship sweet We will sit at His feet,*

1 What a glory He sheds on our way! While we do His good will,
2 *But His smile quickly drives it away; Not a doubt or a fear,*
3 But our toil He doth richly repay; Not a grief or a loss,
4 *Or we'll walk by His side in the way; What He says we will do,*

1 He abides with us still, And with all who will trust and obey.
2 *Not a sigh or a tear, Can remain when we trust and obey.*
3 Not a frown or a cross, But is blest if we trust and obey.
4 *Where He sends we will go, Never fear, only trust and obey.*

Trust and obey, for there's no other way

To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.