

That afternoon I spent time in the office in the Suite with Doctor unpacking his briefcases and setting things out for him. Barbara came up with both girls and we all had a visit. Doctor had brought a bag of Tootsie Roll Pops with him and gave Rebecca one and put the rest of the bag in his desk drawer so that she could come get one from "Grandpa Wierwille" whenever she wanted to. We talked through the events for the evening and cued videotapes for the night. After a while I left so that I could finish getting dinner ready.

The first function that he attended after his rest was dinner that evening for which occasion I had made lamb, knowing how he loved lamb. After the meal, he wanted to share with the Corps, but he said that because he was tired and feeling weak he would like to do it sitting down. This, I think, was the first time that I had ever seen that happen. He shared about his stop in Massachusetts, about the tree that Ralph Dubofsky had organized to donate to the Gartmore campus and about a number of things in the Ministry that were on his heart.

After he shared, we adjourned to the Victory Room. Doctor had brought along videotapes of a number of the early events in the Ministry, and he played these for the Corps and shared about the related incidents. Later on, he played some High Country Caravan productions and talked about them. One of the moments of the evening that really stuck out in my mind was a comment he made to Liz Slater, who had been a member of Agapé, the music group. He told her that if Agapé had stayed together and had been faithful that they could have been as good or better than Branded.

The next morning Doctor was still pretty tired. Jet lag often took him two or three days to overcome, and so he took the day pretty easy. We visited on and off during the day and planned to show the Corps a video that evening. He had asked before he came over if there was anything that he could bring along to bless us, and there had been only one thing that I could think of. He had carried a copy of the movie *The Black Stallion*. on the coach and showed it to the Corps in the U.S.A., when I had been traveling with him. Rebecca very much enjoyed *The Return of The Black Stallion* so I had asked him if he could bring along a copy of the original movie that we had not been able to find for Rebecca. He told her that he had the film for her and asked who she would like to show it to. she told him that she wanted to invite her "Way Corps pals" to see it with her, so that is what happened.

On Wednesday morning Cr. Wierwille wanted to read, and I had cooking to do, so we did not spend a lot of time together. I did work it out so that I could prepare the meals for the rest of the day in the morning and have time free to be with Doctor in the afternoon because he wanted to "case the joint".

That afternoon he and I went out for a drive around the grounds in the Land Rover. He had been too tired to walk around the house or grounds much. He had seen some of the inside of the house, but in order to see the outside we had decided to ride around. we drove along the grounds and looked at all of the different buildings and outbuildings. We drove down the south road and when we reached the gate at the end of our property we pulled in before turning around. doctor asked about who owned which fields and other points, so we sat there for a few moments with the motor off and discussed things. As dr. Wierwille and I sat in the Land Rover parked at the gate of the pasture looking east toward Sterling, he began to talk. "Son, what would you say if I told you I was going to die?"

After a moment I responded: "Sir, every day that I have been with you I have always been mentally and physically prepared to accept and deal with your death. I have know that at any minute your deathe might come. You know how many hours I have trrained to protect you and all the drills we have been through. You know that I have literally covered your body with mine when there were situations that demanded it. I have also pushed my mind to accept and carry any last-minute instructions that you might give me. I have known that they might be the last directions for the Ministry."

He hesitated and looked across the horizon. There was a long silence between us, but not a strained one, a relaxed one. Finally he spoke again. "Well, I am dying. The doctors call it [OE]melanoma'." I did not know what that was at the time. "Dr. Winegarner says I have up to a few years to live, but Father has told mne that the time is very short. My days are shortly numbered. That is why I came to see you' this will be the last time we are together."

Needless to say my throat was tight and there were tears coming to my eyes. He continued, "Do you believe me?"

I told him that I did. I remember that he looked across me with clear eye as thought examining me, then his eyes too filled with tears. All he said at first was, "Bless you, son." Then he began: "My being here is really a breach

of protocol in the Ministry, but no one else has believed me yet. They all keep saying or thinking, "That's just V.P."

He paused, then slowly he began to speak, telling me how he was to be buried. He talked about the route that the casket was to take. He talked about how Howard had promised him that he, Howard, would personally make the casket out of white oak with his own hands. He talked about how he wanted a simple grave-side service and the main recognition service conducted at a later time and at a large Ministry function.

He was very explicit and clear on every point. When he was through he asked me if there was anything that I could think of, then we discussed it a little further. He told me what he wanted me to do was to draft the gist of a statement to be released to the Ministry around the world.

I asked him, thinking this was all already set up somewhere, who knew all this. He told me that although some of this had been communicated I was the only one he had covered this with lately and then he paused. He told me that he wanted me to write this out for him and give it to him and to compose the statement he had talked about and submit it to him. I was, at that point so thankful for the ability that Dr. Wierwille had drilled into me to develop, that of recalling conversations point for point well after the fact. When I gave him the copy of the notes he did not find anything missing or incorrect that we had talked over.

Then he began to speak very softly as he looked across the landscape. "Son, you are the only one that I have to come to, to talk about this. No one else believes me. In the end I am almost alone. I am reminded of Paul. My last days have been so lonely.

"You see, son, I have two earthly sons. Today I cannot really talk to either one of them. J.P. is a nice guy, but spiritually he just doesn't have it; he's weak.

"The hardest to face, though, is Donnie. Despite everything that I have tried, he is not a spiritual man. I knew years ago that he had tremendous administrative abilities. That I have never questioned. I had really thought that if he was with us he would grow and make a commitment spiritually, but he hasn't. He is governed by facts, sense knowledge, and has basically neglected the spirit of God in his life. Perhaps he has done more to harm this Ministry than any other single man in its entire history."

He sighed and paused before he continued. "There are basically only two men that I could talk to, you and Howard. You never have been the friend to me that Howard has." I knew that he was right; I had been painfully aware of this truth for a long time. Dr. Wierwille and I were not of a similar generation, cultural background or experience. We had both had to work very hard to get along over the years and had developed a close personal admiration for each other's abilities and a deep love-bond for each other, but we never really had the friendship that he and Howard had between them. He continued, "I told him that I was going to die soon, and he responded just like Don did, with all the sense knowledge about doctors and facts.

"He has been so busy with the Ministry I feel guilty to bother him, and when I do, I see how he has been influenced and lost his spiritual perception. Today he is not the man he once was spiritually and certainly not the man he could have been if he had stayed faithful. The infection that has so deeply cut into the life of the Ministry has taken my only real friend from me, too. In fact, I haven't had him as a friend for a number of years now, and that is almost too much for me to bear. I would have thought he would be the last to go, but not the first.

"I knew that I would have to come to see you, but I kept fighting it. I knew a long time ago that it would come to this. Now I am so weak and close to death; I didn't want to come. For me it is so hard to be here. This really is the end of my life. In coming here I have admitted defeat. You see, I have tried everything to keep going. I kept thinking, praying, believing that somewhere the door would open for me to change things. I really didn't want to come here and see you. I knew a long time ago that things would come to this, and I have wanted to avoid it, but Father was right. Even last week I didn't want to come. In my heart I was thinking that if Fritz I said I couldn't travel then this would not happen. But, here I am."

I told him, "Sir, last week I felt that you were considering not coming, and I tried to call you to tell you that if you couldn't come I would come to see you wherever you said to come to, but I couldn't get hold of you."

"Son, over the years your perception has blessed me. Since you have been in Europe you have really blessed me. You have come up with the proof that so much of what I had been seeing spiritually and saying was right.

Really, no one believed me when I said a lot of the stuff, but you have proved me right. Your perception has proved to be real sharp. Everyone else has been giving me facts to tell me that I am wrong, and you come up with the facts to prove me out.

"Son, I really should have died rather than let them take my eye out."

"You see, when I first got sick Father had already told me by then that I couldn't change the things that were happening in the Ministry, but I kept thinking that I could get Don to change and live as a spiritual man, that I could get things back on the right track. I don't know how it got so far developed without me really knowing what was going on. I do know that I was aware before I gave up the Presidency. I saw things starting and then what I said was rejected. Then things started going worse faster and faster. Really, it is too far gone and I am too tired. The days are so limited; they are really gone for me.

"I know that over the past few years I have cost the Ministry a lot of money. If I had gone to sleep when I knew I should have it would have been much cheaper, but I didn't. I kept thinking that maybe things would change. I kept looking for reasons to go on, thinking that He would open a door.

"Son, I need to warn you, when I am gone what will happen is that Don will really 'flourish'. He will look like he is coming into his own and really developing. He may even start to talk like a Biblical man. Son, it won't be true; don't believe it, it will just be a lie. Do you hear me? He won't develop suddenly once I am gone. There have been so many opportunities for him to make a commitment, and my death won't be the one to make him spiritually grow. They will say that he has come into his own, but that won't be true. I will finally be out of his way, and there will be no one to stop him from running things with sense knowledge and without God. Why should it come from within my own household? Son, it has cost me my friend and will end up costing us the Ministry.

"You know, to live these past years has cost a lot compared to what I have been able to contribute. I just kept thinking there might be an open door. I really believed past where Father told me I could go, to see if there would not be the opportunity to change things."

He went on in the same vein, "He told me before, when I first got sick, that it was time. I knew it then, but I sure wanted to see things different. See, son, spiritually things are in a real mess. You were the first one to come along and find out the legal problems that our men were making for us. I knew it spiritually and spoke up a long time ago, but no one would listen to me then. All I got was facts. We are losing this Ministry to facts -- putting facts ahead of God."

"I pretty well have gotten out of the fight, but it looks to me that unless we have a major change spiritually we are going to lose to the IRS. We have walked away from God, and His hand of protection will be off us. It's just a matter of time. You can't run the Ministry without God; you just cant. You know, I told them a number of years ago to get their head out of the legal and drive themselves on the Word but facts -- facts -- facts. When you found out that stuff about our lawyer I knew you were right. I had told them a number of years before that I felt spiritually he was doing things behind our backs to hurt us, to get us in trouble. When you spoke up I had the facts that he was. No one wanted to believe me, but now we see it in evidence.

"It has been a hard time for me. I have watched men that I have fought for ruined. Well, for me anyway the time is up.

Then he suggested we go get a cup of coffee. By the time we got back up to the Suite he was too tired to even have the coffee, so he went to bed and rested.

That night Barbara and I spent the evening with Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille in the Suite watching movies and fellowshiping. He made no mention of anything in our talk and we all just enjoyed each other's company.

Needless to say, I was thinking a great deal about the events of the day.

The next morning Doctor wanted to go for a ride around the grounds again. We had been looking at maps of the property as he tried to gain an understanding of how out ground was laid out. Also, I had given him books about the property, its previous owners, the Cayzers, and the surrounding area, which, as he began to read them, had raised questions about places in the immediate area as well as the property itself. As we left the house to get into the Land Rover, Dr. Wierwille had the opportunity to meet John Watt, a local man who worked for us. Howard had told Doctor about him and Doctor had wanted to get an opportunity to meet him.

As we drove around, we looked everywhere that we could go with the Land Rover -- driving over the grass and through the fields, first close to the house and then working our way to other areas.

Though he was physically very tired he still wanted to see every angle of the campus. We drove in and out of every entrance at least twice and looked at the grounds from every angle.

The evening before we had gone out in a car for a few minutes following supper to see the village of Gartmore, he had seen the arch and had met a couple of the neighbours. That day, though, he wanted to see every side that he could and, as he put it, "put it all together in my mind". He particularly liked the entrance from the south. I took him around and showed him how the ground all fit together and where everything lay on the land. We talked a lot about the work that needed doing and, as he always did, he quickly made some very solid and good recommendations. He was quite amazed, as he had been on previous visits to Europe, with the difference in construction and conventions. He told me that he really felt lost in looking at the work, which I told him I could understand very well. It had taken me a very long time and a lot of hard work to get to the place where I could understand them and work here myself.

One of our fields begins adjacent to the campus and then it heads away in an oddly shaped piece and at its head comes very close to a roadway. He was in trying to get a clear mind-picture of the layout of the top pasture field then he started to talk about the work programme as it relates to The Way Corps. He started by commenting that I really could not be away from the work for more than an hour at a time, the way that he saw it. I told him that he was not too wrong because at the time I was still coordinating the work on the campus personally. When we got to the head of the field I showed him where we could see the tall pines from the campus. This really seemed to put it all together for him, and he was satisfied. He kept talking about the work programme though.

He explained to me that The Way Corps in the U.S.A. was not up to an acceptable standard, and that the problem did not lie-in the teaching end of the Word as much as in the work programme. The term that he used was that it had "lost its vitality". My mind was still digesting our conversations of the day before and putting them in perspective with things that I already knew, and here he was going further. His clearness of thought and sharpness amazed me. I knew he was very weak physically, but his mind was still very sharp. He told me how he had tried to have the programme trimmed back and reinstitute the work programme as it had been at the times of the early Corps. In his opinion he considered that he had failed. The academics were de-emphasized, but the work programme never really rose to the level that he knew it would have to reach. He told me how he had tried to talk to Don and Howard about the men at the campuses who were called "Work Coordinators", but again all he got were "facts". I remember him saying: "Son, I am so tired of facts. This Ministry was built on God and His Word. It was a Ministry of faith. But, no more. Now we need facts -- facts -- facts. Facts should be to support faith, not kill it."

His great concern was that we were turning out Corps who did not know how to work nor how to believe. He said that he knew before he got to Gartmore that the work programme here would be alive, and that seeing it had proven it to him.

I did not for one moment think that a period of only a few months at a new Corps location would qualify for successfully implementing anything, much less something as important as a major portion of The Way Corps like the work programme. I knew, however, what Doctor was talking about from the years that I had traveled with him I had gotten a great understanding of his heart about how the work side of The Way Corps should go, and what he was seeing was that I was applying what he had taught me.

He said that what he did not know was how to get it going properly at the other campuses. His phrase was, "Without a vital work programme you don't have a Way Corps." He told me how Ermal and Harry had been so good at bringing out the best in each person whom they worked with, and how their thinking, their enthusiasm and love had permeated the early days at Headquarters.

He commented on George Jess and others, but said that the real drive had come from the full Board of Trustees. He talked about men like Tom Mausolf and others who still looked to bring out the best in each person whom they worked with, but how basically that kind of thinking had gone out of the Ministry. At best the work programme was keeping people busy and getting things done. He felt that the reason we were not blessed in our work efforts like we should be was that we had forsaken the principles of the Word and only wanted work done and not people built.

He talked how Emporia was dying, and that it was dying because of the work programme. Not only was there not enough work, but the leaders were convinced that they were busy and working to the maximum.

He talked at great length about how the leadership of the Corps was turning into a group of administrators and not spiritual men and women, and how the effects were more and more becoming visible in the spirituality of the Corps. The way that he put it was that there was basically no one in the leadership of The Way Corps who could be trusted spiritually. His comments were that Don was playing favourites with those who could administrate and "not rock the boat". He pointed out how those who had the best spiritual potential were either bypassed in selection or made to forfeit their spiritual abilities in favour of administrative ones; they were ground down.

He almost cried, and he did have tears in his voice, when he talked about how he had tried to show with his life how to lead the Corps and how easily his teaching had been erased from the lives of his students, "my men" as he called them. He talked how in the later years he had tried so hard to influence things the other way, but that there had been almost no notice taken and basically his efforts had been wasted. He said he almost felt like they had laughed at him for how he tried to train the Corps.

He said he knew that behind his back men were being told things like, "That is just Dad's way of doing things, his personality." It really hurt him that what he had taken so long to build and develop had been undercut so quickly, and that basically not one of the men responsible for the leadership of the Corps had stood up and fought for what he had poured out his life for.

He talked about Tom Jenkinson and how at Gunnison where perhaps the greatest potential for work outside Headquarters existed, the work was so dead that it did not qualify for Way Corps standards. Many times over the years that I traveled with Dr. Wierwille I had seen him get spiritually irritated with men who sat at their desks and did not get out and work with the Corps. As he talked, he again brought up the fact that our top leaders for the Corps were not getting involved with the daily handling of the work and actually getting out and working with the Corps. He kept emphasizing that it isn't possible to lead from behind, that all true leaders lead from the front. In fact, he kept talking about it at great length. Finally, he said something like: "Well, son, we aren't getting anything solved by sitting here. I see the trees³ so we might as well head home."

As we reached the paved roadway, he brought up the topic I had raised with him on a previous visit to Europe by saying: "I know that you must have been hurt in your heart by all the things that you told me once about how Vince and the others had handled the Ministry. I never responded to you, did I?"

In fact he never had. He was referring to a conversation that he and I had had sitting in an hotel room in Caen, France. I had felt it was the culmination of an order that he had given me when he first talked to me about going to Europe to put the things of the Ministry right. He had told me to get to the bottom of what had gone wrong with the Ministry and then, when I thought I knew what had caused it, to get back to him and tell him. A very brief summary of what I told him follows:

When I was first preparing to go to Europe, and in the earlier stages of being in Europe, I had felt that the breach between the leadership and Way Corps of Europe and the leadership at International Headquarters had been fostered in and from Europe. This was the generally accepted view at Headquarters and among the men of the Ministry at the time, and I believe that it still is today.

The theories had developed to the point that it was (and in some circles, still is) felt that the vast majority of the blame was to be laid at the feet of Robert Wilkinson. I had listened out all the information at Headquarters, and when I first came to Europe I found Robert to fit perfectly into the role that had been cast for him.

He was standoffish and did not really show a drive to want to move the Ministry and to push himself to better the people of God. It appeared that he had holed up at home and generally let the Ministry deteriorate. The spirituality of The Way Corps and leaders in Britain was cold. Things were just not moving nor developing as they should have for an area with so many Corps. I had, however, decided to try to go into the situation with an open mind and try to evaluate it clearly.

When we first got to Europe, Barbara and I were supposed to immediately follow through on the acquisition of a Way Corps training centre. The groundwork for all this had been laid by Bo Reahard, Vince Finnegan and Jim Peterson. Supposedly there were to be easily had work permits available in Switzerland since I was a clergyman. In theory the logistics of the legal planning and the funding had all been worked out and all that we had to do was follow through, report back and then start. As it turned out nothing could have been further from the truth.

The entire negotiations had been dishonestly handled from the side of the firm we had engaged as well as from our side. Jim Peterson had placed our Ministry in a position that would have spelled almost certain massive

legal problems. Had things progressed, the probable outcome would have been for our Ministry to have found itself in a position that would have required suing a Swiss canton, or forfeiting the use of our location, or both. As far as I can remember from the conversations at the time, no one had ever sued a canton. If I am wrong it was that no one had ever sued a Swiss canton and won. Either way, it excited our legal advisers. They were excited at being a part of what might turn out to be the first potentially successful suit against a canton. One of their men told me that there were large multinational companies just waiting for someone to win in a suit so that they could profit from it. One phrase that I remember distinctly from the conversations was spoken regarding Jim Peterson, "If he successfully engineered a winning suit he could write his own ticket."

I asked Nicole Könz, who had been part of all the meetings both before and after my arrival, how much of all this had come up at previous meetings. She assured me that intentions had been clear and that she had wondered herself why International Headquarters would want to get itself into a situation that would only lead to legal problems and which would not only cost us potentially millions (the figure quoted me at one point was five million U.S. dollars) but exclude us from using the Corps location during the proceedings.

It also came out during the early stages that it would not be feasible to take the money from the various countries and use it to buy the property. To do so would have violated the laws of the various countries involved. This, it turned out, had been communicated to International Headquarters, but it had been dismissed. At any rate, I kept pursuing these matters and tried to see them clearly, but did not report them until the time when Dr. Wierwille came to visit for the first time after I had come to Europe. When he and I began to talk it all out, a number of decisions were made that changed the course of things.

We dropped the idea of attempting to open a Way Corps training location in Switzerland at all. It might have been possible under different conditions, but the waters were already so muddied that it did not seem worth the risk. My family and I moved to England. The starting of a Way Corps was put off until we could work through details and get the support of the believers behind the project. It was quite obvious from the start that there were many of the top people in the Ministry in Europe who were not at all convinced about starting a European Corps, or at least in starting one that would have any American input or control. In fact there were very strong anti-American and anti-Headquarters sentiments that had cut quite deeply into the household throughout Europe.

Also, at Dr. Wierwille's recommendation, we changed the Ministry year for Europe from one that paralleled the year in the U.S.A. to one that began and ended at the New Year period.

After we had moved to England it became quite apparent that Robert and Barbara Wilkinson were of such a mind that they were not going to actively help, at least not with goodwill. This all came about while I was on an itinerary, and in fact it was during that itinerary that Dr. Wierwille first had a stroke.

To interject something here after Dr. Wierwille's visit he must have communicated the gist of the Peterson/Swiss affair back at Headquarters because I got a seven-page letter from Jim. In it he challenged basically everything that I had uncovered. I did not know what to do about the letter, whether to answer it or not, so I called Dr. Wierwille who was at Rome City, and asked him what to do. What he told me to do was to write Jim back and simply say that I would be at Headquarters in the spring to meet with Dr. Wierwille and the Board of Trustees and would be glad to discuss the situation at that time with all the above present. He told me not to get into writing back and forth with Jim because he would trick me.

It was also during that phone call that he told me that he had felt spiritually for some time that Jim had been working behind our backs to do the Ministry harm and himself, Jim, good and that he had said so, but no one really believed him. He told me that I was the first one who had come along and been able to "sniff out" what was going on.