

After all was said and done things finished up quite differently. Very shortly after I sent my note to Jim Peterson, and without the meetings taking place, he decided to tender his resignation. I never followed it any further, but it was an interesting turn of events. I have since reflected, wondering how much of our troubles in other areas that he was involved in have come out of similar set-ups of his.

Picking back up, I called in to talk to Doctor about Robert and the situation that was developing and could not get through to him. I was only told that he was gone and could not be reached. When I tried to call back again he still was not there, so I went through to Howard. Howard told me that he had had a stroke and that he was not well. I got his permission to come on the next available flight and went to see Dr. Wierwille.

I found him physically weak but mentally sharp. I had been told not to talk to him about things of the Ministry, but that was all he wanted to talk about. I remember when I told him about Robert that he got tears in his eyes and said, "How could I have been so wrong?"

As a result of meetings that were held during that visit (but which did not include Dr. Wierwille) two notable changes were made. The first was that Vince Finnegan would replace Bo Reahard as the head of International Outreach and the second was that I would become the Country coordinator for the United Kingdom, replacing Robert Wilkinson.

I began working the Ministry in the United Kingdom and found it hard to believe the state of affairs. Almost every aspect of the Ministry was in neglect. The spiritual, the administrative, the financial and the communications were all in a dreadful state. The work required to put things into good order was far more than anyone would have suspected, I believe. Personally, it staggered me.

I began to work with Vince and I was very blessed to be working with him. During the summer of 1983 we started working together officially, and I looked forward to great things. However, within three months I was really left wondering as to what was going on at Headquarters, and in particular with International Outreach. I talked over a number of things with Vince that were of major importance. More than once things that were of great import were buried. Major topics that we discussed were neglected. I kept thinking that it was the new change in the department and that it would disappear, but it did not. Instead, things got worse.

Within six months I personally experienced what had happened to kill the Ministry in Europe. It was systematically killed from International Headquarters. I was so hurt and discouraged that the Ministry which I loved was being handled this way that I was physically sick and so hurt I almost could not go on. I knew that if this had happened to others who did not know the Ministry like I did, then they would feel like folding like I felt like doing. It was no wonder to me that they did not care for the things of the Ministry. If Headquarters and its representatives did not, why should they? Often we (the International Outreach leadership on the field) were left to bear the risks of this blatant neglect.

I suppose that it was my naïvely that had kept me from listening to things that I had been told over the months that I had been in Europe, or perhaps it was the great respect that I had held for the Ministry and those at the Root. At any rate, since I now had been on the receiving end I became much more prone to listen and to evaluate what I heard from a perspective of learning instead of rejection.

As I began to listen instead of fight what I had been hearing since coming to Europe, things began to fit for me that had never fit before. Things like: How is it that the same symptoms appear in multiple countries which operate independently of each other? Why is it that people who have successfully moved God's Word, and some of them in more than one country, seen to grind to a halt more or less all at once and in the same way? How could Robert Wilkinson have killed the work in all of Europe when the countries operated independently of each other? How could the enthusiasm of and for The Way Corps be so effectively destroyed or undermined throughout all the various countries off Europe at virtually the same time?

These and many other questions began to melt for me but raised new and greater questions. I traced out now how the WOW programme had been killed, how Robert Wilkinson had been intentionally set up to look as if he were the villain responsible for the demise of the Ministry so as to hide the activities of personnel at Headquarters (as I saw what had happened I could well understand why he would not stand with me when I got to England and why he would be reluctant to get involved in the Ministry further) and many more things that stunned and deeply hurt me.

I outlined for Doctor that night in Caen, France, many of the things that I had heard and had evaluated, specific point by specific point, like how the WOW programme in Europe was killed, how great needs were reported and then buried, etc. We sat for a number of hours and talked it all through. Though that night we discussed

many things relevant to the Ministry, he never did address himself to the majority of the points that I had raised nor did he propose any solutions, which I had hoped he would do. From that point onward he only mentioned our conversation to me once and then only to deal with what I felt was one minor point.

This is what he was referring to, our conversation in Caen, France. He continued: "Well, I saw it so much bigger than you ever did. He4 was only one. Our finest men, men I had poured out my life for and who really loved God, have been systematically destroyed. Today there aren't many left standing for the truth. It's like a tree. It takes so long to nurture and grow, but it can be killed so quickly. What I never would have expected was for Howard to be the first I just never would have believed it."

He paused for a while. I knew his heart was very heavy. In fact I wondered why he was telling me so much of this. "So many of the things that I have tried have gone so wrong. Like this Bill Maize thing at Emporia. Years ago I had Bill to teach the Corps. I thought it would be good learning for them, good exposure, and that they could grow. I knew that all that Carnegie stuff was basically selfish, basically greedy. But, I felt it could be good for some of our Corps kids, but I always had to watch over Bill. He never really developed it on the Word, he was never really honest with the stuff.

"Now we have our Corps man in Emporia full time to teach the stuff. As far as I am concerned he is way off the ball spiritually, but that isn't the worst part. We have gone so far off balance that Carnegie is more important than the work programme. I just know spiritually that there are people who come into the Corps to be able to get the Carnegie stuff and they put up with the rest. Spiritually the whole thing stinks, son."

About then we got back into the archway and again began talking about the campus and the grounds. When we got closer to the house he asked where we could go to get a cup of coffee without having to go upstairs, and I told him that my apartment would be the easiest. As I put the kettle on and made the coffee he told me that the only two men whom he felt still had maintained their spirituality were Craig and me. But, he said, I was the only one who had come close to recognizing what had been going on in the Ministry, Craig had not. He also said that unless things changed neither Craig nor I would last much longer and if we did it wouldn't make much difference anyway.

He told me that he had hoped before he came that after we talked I would be able to wrap up things in Europe and go back to Headquarters. He felt that if Craig and I could work together then there was a possibility of the Ministry not dying or not becoming a denomination.

He also told me that the devastation that had been manifested in the Ministry in Europe was only the beginning, that within a short matter of time it would be repeated in many places and in worse ways, in fact it had already started.

He told me that he had talked to the Board of Trustees about my coming back to Headquarters and handling The Way Corps and International Outreach, in hopes that I would be back in a few months and could "get in the fight". I realized then that this was perhaps why he had told me so much about the Corps in our talks that morning.

I did not have the heart at that time to tell him that I had already determined that Europe would be my last assignment, that I had decided to make this a success and then step out when I was not useful here any more or could no longer endure what I had been seeing and been subjected to. We had talked over the past few years about the problems that he had been discussing with me, but I could not see a way to keep going with things going wrong so fast and from the top down.

Following his visit, after our talk in France, I had really reached the point of desperation. He had not given me the answers I felt I needed and I was very frustrated. I already knew at that time that what I had seen had been known to the Board of Trustees over the years. I could not understand how the mistreatment of the Ministry could have gone on right under the noses of the men responsible and it not be detected. It appeared more and more that the root of the problem led back to or was known by the Board of Trustees, which was a hard pill to swallow. I kept putting off the possibility that it could be true. Then, in May of 1984, it became apparent to me that there could have been no other way that the Ministry could have been so ruined.

I submitted my resignation during that period of time because I had nowhere else to turn and did not want to act as a representative of anything that was so harmful in the name of the God Whom I loved. I did not have anywhere else to go to at the time. I was not really interested in leaving; the only alternative that I could think of was to go be near Doctor and perhaps work with his dogs.

The initial response to my resignation was to have Don come over and talk to me. I felt within myself that would not do and in the end Don and Howard ended up coming over together for a day to see me and talk things over.

I outlined for them about half of what I had talked over with Doctor. The results were mixed in my opinion. I got the room to move that was needed for Europe and Howard was put back over International Outreach. These were the positive results. What appalled me were comments that Don made during the time we were together. I felt worse about the Ministry after the visit than I had before, in so many ways. Prior to their visit I had known that they had been aware of the vast majority of the things that I spoke of. During our talks it became clear that they not only knew but, and this was especially true of Don, they were really not interested in cleaning up but in covering up.

My decision to remain was sparked not by the results of the meetings we had but by a short note that Dr. Wierwille sent along with them. I knew from what he said that I could not leave and have him live; he would have died. I stayed because I knew it would have meant his death if I left. Don and Howard offered me other positions if Europe was no longer appealing. I felt that since I was staying in the employ of the Ministry perhaps I could repay, in part, the moral debt that I knew International owed to the believers of Europe for the hurt that had been done over the past years if I would continue to give my heart and my life.

Many of the statements that were made during those hours were so stunning to me that I still reel at the thought of them. To fully understand my heart it would require a lengthy explanation. Basically it boils down that if there was any man hurt by Dr. Wierwille during those years I qualified. In living so closely I had borne the brunt of many of the frustrations that he felt in trying to transfer first the leadership of the Ministry to two new Trustees and then to a new President. I had seen firsthand how hard he worked to keep the Ministry on an even keel, often lashing out at those closest to him, and very often that was Barbara (when she was along), but most often it was me, when things went wrong.

Doctor was a very intense person and when things started going wrong, the Ministry started drifting off course, I perhaps was the first to hear about it I often took the brunt of his frustrations so that he could maintain his emotional balance toward others as he taught them. I knew intimately his great strengths, his desires, but also his weaknesses. Often questions were in my heart about things that I saw or heard. Through it all I tried my very best to remain loyal and loving, succeeding when I did often by sheer determination and renewed-mind commitment alone. Emotionally it was a very taxing time. In fact Howard, who had also lived with Dr. Wierwille and knew him inside and out, said during those meetings that Doctor was much harder to live with through the years that I lived with him than he had been when Howard had lived with him. Howard also said he didn't know if he could have done it.

No man except Christ is perfect, only God and His Word are. All men have weaknesses. I had both the privilege and pressure of living with Dr. Wierwille through times that were very trying for him, times that brought out his tremendous strengths and showed up his weaknesses as well. Living with Dr. Wierwille, even though I was often hurt, was still the education of a lifetime in seeing how he loved God, His Word and people. I am truly thankful to him for having trusted me to see both his best and worst and to the Father for having made it available and for adding understanding where I fell so short so often.

I do not think I ever really realized when it had occurred, and for quite a while that it had occurred, but my relationship with Dr. Wierwille had changed from being an aide and a willing target for his frustrations to being a trusted confidant I do not believe I have ever knowingly betrayed the confidence of his intimacy, either spoken, implied or simply expected.

During those meetings I was told that as long as Doctor was alive he could go on with doing things his way but that when he died his way of leadership would die with him. Don told me point-blank that Doctor's way of leading had been all right when the Ministry was small but that it would no longer work. He told me that Craig and I were the two whom he and Howard worried the most about, they did not want us to continue leading like Dr. Wierwille had. (I believe that because I had been often hurt by Doctor, and they knew it, they felt I would welcome this. I did nod and "agree", but I was stunned.) He told me point-blank that he and Howard were working on Craig to "understand". He being President they could not order, but that they wanted it to be abundantly clear to me that as far as they were concerned I was not going to continue to lead as Doctor had.

Don also said something to me that at the time troubled me, but never so much as after Doctor had started talking to me about the state of affairs of the Ministry and what he felt were the causes. He said (regarding my leaving the employ of the Ministry), "You are a great administrator and we don't want to lose you." At the time I had never considered myself as an administrator; I never had really considered what one was. I wanted to be a believer, a leader, a spiritual man, but had given no thought to being an administrator. It bothered me at the time that what I wanted to be recognized for had not even been mentioned and that what I had never considered being was what I was considered as. It did send me to the Word looking over the following weeks and months. As Doctor had spoken to me I saw the mold that I had been slated for.

I was also told that Doctor was out of the decision-making process. Perhaps I left myself open for that one. I told Don and Howard that I had talked over a lot of the things previously outlined with Doctor and that he had never given me the answers I felt I needed. That was when Don told me that they were keeping his dad out of the decision-making processes. Don made it sound like he was no longer mentally capable and they were in essence humoring him. Even though he had not answered me on the specific points raised, I had not felt that Dr. Wierwille was mentally weak or incompetent. He had been sharp and clear on everything else during his visits. Don also told me that he and Howard no longer wanted me talking to Dr. Wierwille about things of the Ministry. He said that they were trying to convince Craig of the same. He and Howard did not want Doctor getting involved in situations except through them. I was not to report anything to Dr. Wierwille but was to come directly to either Don or Howard. They did not even mention Craig. The bottom line was: "You report to me or Howard. We don't want Dr. Wierwille involved in making decisions that we have to live with. We are your Board of Trustees [again without Craig]." That they were Trustees I did not question. Knowing that Dr. Wierwille was still sound of mind I could not justify the actions and attitudes I saw, even with the most basic parts of what I knew of God's Word.

Philippians 4:9: Those things, which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do: and the God of peace shall be with you. I Corinthians 4:15 and 16: For though ye have ten thousand instructors in Christ, yet have ye not many fathers: for in Christ Jesus I have begotten you through the gospel. Wherefore I beseech you, be ye followers of me. I Corinthians 11:1: Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ. These were some of the basic New Testament scriptures that came quickly to my mind. I knew of no Old Testament documentation for the actions taken either.

By the time that Don and Howard left I felt surer than ever that the Ministry was in dire straits. It is not possible to put, as the Word calls him, "our father in the Word" on a shelf and tell people, "There he is!" and yet not heed his spiritual counsel. The things that I saw and heard convinced me more and more that this was what was going on. I saw also how basic things that the Ministry had been founded on were being changed. I felt, and still feel, that if there was anyone who had been hurt by Dr. Wierwille and should want to change things it should be me. I had lived with him through what must have been some of the toughest times in his life and had seen him at high points and at low ones. Though I had not been aware at the time of all that Doctor was seeing, I had watched him as he began to become aware of and deal with what he had, in the end, come all the way to Scotland to discuss with me.

The outcome of the meetings which I had with Howard and Don was equally disquieting. I never really knew what the report given of the meetings was, but from things that have come out since then, I believe it was put off as a communication problem with the great majority again buried from a true solution. Vince was even sent to come and talk things over with me with no prior indication given to him of what had happened. When he and I talked, and we talked at great length once we finally got down to the matter, he acknowledged the facts as they stood. He was really in desperation himself. He felt that he had been forced into a box or mold and he admitted feeling the same frustrations. In a very great way his heart was burdened when he began to see what had happened.

I must admit that what surprised me the most about Dr. Wierwille coming and talking to me in Scotland at this time was that I had been right. It seemed that I just could not be right; this could not be happening. I knew from what I personally had seen and heard that I had been convinced. I had hoped against hope that I had been wrong and would have much rather preferred Dr. Wierwille coming to strongly reprove me for even having harbored such thoughts. That Dr. Wierwille would come all the way to confirm to me what I had seen and then to take me further was overwhelming.

Doctor indicated that he had hoped that I could get clear in one and one-half months or two, but said that after seeing the situations here and getting his head back into Europe he felt it would take more like five or ten years to do an honest job spiritually and to train and establish qualified leadership at every level of the Ministry that would require it.

He said that he knew about all these situations in the Ministry and the underlying causes and that knowing and not knowing how to do anything about it was the reason that he was dying. He told me that he either had to compromise or step out of the fight. Then he said that now that he talked with me he would tell Mrs. Wierwille that they should leave so that they would not get in the way, because there was so much to do here and all he had come for was to talk to me about these things.

I asked him if he was going to die in the next day or so, and he said no, not yet. I asked him if he needed to see Dr. Winegarner. He again said no. I asked him if he was uncomfortable here. He said no. I told him that we would be very blessed and not at all put out if he wanted to stay and be with us. We agreed he would stay until he felt that he "had to go home" so that he would not fall asleep away from home or to be able to get help if he needed it.

Then I took him upstairs. The reason that he had not wanted to go upstairs for coffee originally was that his original intent had been to go back out for a drive, but now he wanted to go back to bed and rest. On the way up the stairs he started to talk more about the situations that were on his heart. Before he started talking he checked to make sure that the Corps were at dinner. He did not miss one detail.

"I think my greatest regret is the Advanced Class. I never did a good job of teaching it on film. Now it is up to one of you to get it done; I won't be here to do it. Son, if you ever get to Headquarters there is almost no one left that you can trust. I trusted Bob Winegarner and got so let down. It seems that each time it got worse.

"You know, the live PFAL class at Gunnison was terrible for me. I should have known not to trust him, and it almost killed me. I regret being talked into doing it at all. It was a great idea, but with all this other stuff on my heart and then the same problems with Bob as all the other times, well.... I did such a bad piece of work. I wish I could undo it. The worst, though, is the Advanced Class. Now I will never get it done. See, he could have stayed sharp and developed, too. He was a good man but he didn't stand either, he knuckled under."

We stopped at the head of the stairs so that he could rest. He got tired just going up a set of stairs. It was sometimes difficult for me to remember that a man as tired as he was could be so sharp mentally and spiritually -- and vice versa. He often had astonished me with his sharpness over the years, but here he was dying, and he was sharper on details and observations than I could ever remember him, with the exception of one time at LEAD in New Mexico. He was pouring every ounce of his being into each action. I could see it taking its toll, but he was relentless.

As we went down the hallway towards the Suite he again changed the topic of the conversation. "Don has been after me to explain to him and others what I had in my heart for the Continental Outreach Centers I had talked about. They haven't believed anything I have told them lately so I saw no reason to try to explain all that to them. And here we are. What you are doing here is what I saw so many years ago. You really are Headquarters for Europe. In many ways this is more like a Continental Outreach Centre than a Root Location.

"I think it has been one of the most exciting things I have seen for years to be here with you these days. You know, there isn't another man in our Ministry who could have done for Europe what you have done. I think I could have done it fifteen years ago. I have watched you; you put more work into this, and it requires knowledge of so many aspects that I don't know of anyone else who would or could do it. It would do some of our other men a world of good to get out from behind their desks and come, look and be a part of it. But they won't. And if they did they wouldn't see it anyway. Son, our days are dark ones.

"You know, I used to work like this at Headquarters. I have spent days doing what you are doing here -- from painting to gardening. Today the same Headquarters that I worked so hard for and bled out my life for, the one that we gave to the Ministry, has only a handful of people that are spiritually trustworthy. Most have been turned. Today it harbors more hypocrites than believers. There are only a handful left, and very few of them are in top positions. Most of the ones you could trust are malcontents, troublemakers, the ones who don't fit in. I would say that there is almost no one at the top levels that you could really trust."

By that time we were in the Suite, and he was getting ready to lie down. That afternoon we talked again, though now it was evident that he was much more tired, but he seemed more relaxed, less burdened. We talked about the history of the area mostly. About this point we got our hands on a book, Don Roberto, that I had not read,

which told about the family of the Cunningham-Grahams who had been the original family of Gartmore House before it was sold to Cayzer in the early 1900s.

From the point following our previous talks his eating got less and less. I was making most of his meals for him specially as he requested them, and mostly they were soup. From this point on he physically went downhill very quickly.

That afternoon after he had rested again he told me how, in the depths of his soul, he was disappointed with the Corps in South America. He had talked with the entire Corps at Gartmore about the locations there and how he was blessed that we could hold forth the Word and train Corps there. Privately he confessed that he felt that it was a blight on the Ministry to open its first set of training locations outside the U.S.A. and compromise a vital portion of the programme from the very first. He used the phrase, "It shows our commitment to compromise." I knew that when the memo had come out explaining how things would work it implied his endorsement, and I asked him about it. He told me that by the time the whole idea had reached him it was pretty well developed. He said that he started to ask questions about things that he felt were wrong and all he got were "more facts slapped in my face." He said that by then he pretty well felt that it was useless to fight any more, so he told them to "do what you want to do". By the time this occurred he was looking and waiting for an open door to try to correct what he saw as the roots of the problems. He felt, as we spoke, that it had been a grave error to compromise at the very outset.

That evening the Corps was meeting and eating in Twigs, so neither he nor I had to be involved with the Corps programme. Towards the latter part of the afternoon he had me bring over the video of his teaching, "The Hope", which had just arrived in the mail. He and Mrs. Wierwille and I sat and watched the video in the office room of the Suite. We watched the entire production up until the beginning of the teaching and then once it began he had me fast forward it. He was looking for a specific spot in the teaching and it proved to be further in than he had realized. When he at last spotted the area it was in, we had gone too far and had to back up a bit. The part that he was looking for began, "I have never, and I will never, put myself in the shoes of the Biblical apostles." It went on to cover II Peter 1:12ff. and II Timothy 4:1ff. As we sat and listened, he passed me a note which he had written. Despite years of reading his handwriting the writing was too unclear for me to read, and I puzzled over it. I could not read it, try as I might, and when I looked up at him there were tears streaming down his face. With the tears in his eyes he probably could not have seen clearly enough to write well.

He said to Mrs. Wierwille, "Mother, leave us, please." She went out and went for a walk with Juanita Carey. He then asked me, "Can you read it?" I responded, "No, sir, I can't."

He took it back from me and had me reverse the tape to the same spot again. As we relistened to it he read me the note: "You and I are the only two who believe what I am saying. Others know but -- -- " And then he cried. After a while he took a breath. "I told them, and they did not believe me. More facts. Well, there5 I said it publicly. When I am dead then maybe they will believe me. I was faithful, son. I tried."

We watched some more of the video and then, to change the tone, he decided a John Wayne film would probably be in order so we got Barbara and the girls to come up and Mrs. Wierwille joined us when she came back. After a rather heavy day we ended on a nice light note.