

The next day I had to concentrate on getting things readied for the guests who were coming during the weekend. The morning was spent in planning and organization with the Corps. Doctor and I visited a little, but there was not a lot of time. Later that afternoon I cooked a curry and made chapattis for everyone, but I did it especially with the Wierwilles in mind. It was something that I had planned a long time in advance, because I knew that Doctor loved curry. I had built it up with the Corps before the Wierwilles arrived, and even though Doctor was not in the best form he lovingly came down and had some with us.

After the meal we went right up to the Victory Room. Doctor showed two films to the Corps, and in between the films we had a short discussion about some of the times that Barbara and I had spent with him.

Doctor was tired and did not want to stay through the second movie, so we went back up to the Suite. On the way back up he made a comment to me as we again rested at the top of the stairs. In essence it was the same comment that he had made to me a number of years earlier, only with the time frame being different, "Son, if I had had you with me I think I could have gone on living." He had said to me one day as we drove along in the coach: "Son, if you could stay with me I think I could live. Without you I'm not sure I'll live more than five years." At the time that he said that, everything was set for our going to Europe, we were leaving in just a matter of weeks.

I knew that a change in situations could bring about a change in revelation, and on the day that he said that to me the first time, situations were changing quite radically. Doctor had prepared and read a piece on gambling at Headquarters. At the time Don, Howard and a number of Staff members had been involved in a regularly occurring game of "Hearts", a kind of card-game, played for only a penny a point. I remember Doctor reading the piece to the Corps and Staff at Headquarters, though I do not recall the exact date.

Later that afternoon I was in Howard's office on other business when he brought up the topic of the piece which Doctor had read. He told me that despite what Doctor had said he was going to go on playing "Hearts". He and Don had agreed; they were going to keep on playing. That night they did play "Hearts" and so did a number of the others who regularly played with them.

By the time I came in the next morning Doctor had decided to make an unscheduled trip in the coach. He rode up in the front as we left International Headquarters, and it was as we approached New Knoxville that he looked at me and said, as he got up to go to the back stateroom, "If I look like a man who has just lost his only friend, it is because I just have." He stayed standing in the passageway a moment "When it comes to the Ministry and the Word I just have no friends. Every day is a day of decision for every man, no matter how high he rises or how low he sinks." That was when he said to me: "Son, if you could stay with me I think I could live. Without you I'm not sure I'll live more than five years."

He saw Howard's willful decision to choose Don's viewpoint over that of God's Word as a parting of the ways. Despite the small sums, the cost was great. Yet, later that autumn Doctor again offered Howard the opportunity to change his mind.

While deer hunting in southern Ohio, Howard was invited to join members of his family in a poker game. It was a long-standing family tradition which had grown to include other friends and acquaintances who had joined the hunt. Before Howard went, Doctor said to him something in the essence of, "You don't need to play cards, you could just go for the fellowship." Howard's reply was along the lines of referring to the value of the game, how it was for low values only. Doctor's comment was, "That's not the point." Howard did go play poker that night; Doctor said very little and went to bed early.

I remember that his remark about my staying with him hit my heart fairly hard. I personally saw no way, and yet I felt the burden of his words. He never actually asked me if I would stay on with him at that time; it was a remark made in passing, though I knew that it was heartfelt I considered it deeply at the time, but it was not until our journey from the Victory Room to the Suite that evening that he repeated, in essence, what he had said that day in the motor coach. We had spent many weeks together prior to my departure for Europe, and never once did he mention this again, but this must account for why he came so often to visit me in Europe and why he stayed so long on his visits.

There was less than three years' time that had elapsed between the first time that he spoke to me about this and that night as we went back towards the Suite.

Needless to say, I did not steep very well that night.

The next day Doctor was involved with other matters, and the only time that we really spent together was to preview videos for the evening. One that we watched was the opening of The Word Over The World

Auditorium, and among others were the Mills Brothers. Doctor knew that there would be other Corps coming in off the field to be with us for the weekend, and we discussed what would be the best way to handle the evening. He was too tired to do more than a little bit with the Corps that evening, so we decided that I should go out and get pizza and beer. I made a quick trip into Stirling and got what was needed.

In the afternoon, after I was back, he took a break from his reading at one point when I came in and asked me, "What does Barbara think of my being here?"

I told him that she was blessed. He asked further, "Well, does it bother her that I don't feel well?" I assured him that she was concerned but that she was not crushed. If perhaps she seemed a little affected it might be because of having just had a baby. He asked, "Does she know that I am dying?" I responded that he had not told me that I could tell anyone else, and so I had not told her anything. I told him that I had told her that we had spent time talking but had not mentioned or come close to any of the things that we had discussed. He looked at me and the best way I know to describe the expression was that he had electric charges in his gaze as he said: "I knew you wouldn't -- I just knew it. Well, I suppose I had better tell her myself sometime soon." Then he said by way of dismissal, "Well, see you later, son."

The evening with the Corps went well. On the way from the Victory Room back to the Suite he brought up the topic of the opening of the Auditorium. Having watched the video that morning and then having talked about it with the Corps that evening it was fresh in his mind. "I remember at the opening that I sensed spiritually the need to cover for having opened with the national anthem, and that's why I covered for it right away in my opening comments. As far as I can remember, that is the first time that He has brought to my mind that need. I need to remember to tell the Trustees when I get home that we have to think more and more as an international Ministry and watch it carefully. Sitting here in another country today and then again tonight I see it so clearly." That night after I had gotten him back to the Suite I went down and worked in the kitchen so that we would be ready to feed all the believers who would be with us the next day. All through Doctor's visit I still was the cook; it kept me busy.

Sunday was to be a work day. I had arranged that all the believers coming in would help clear the grounds closest to the house itself. The idea had come from Doctor in 1983 when he visited us in Europe. He had told me that once we got a property when we had big groups come in that they would get blessed to have work projects to do. I had planned this work day well in advance using the visit of the Wierwilles to key off. It had been my thinking at the time that if it was all arranged then Doctor could have been out with the believers. Of course, that was not possible in his current condition, but it did bless him in a unique way.

We put one of the leather armchairs by the window of the Suite so that he would be able to watch at least part of the proceedings. Up until that point he had been sitting at his desk mostly or else lying down to read in the bed. He so enjoyed the view from the window that he ended up sitting there hour after hour for the balance of the visit. He got especially blessed when the sun would shine in and he could sit with it falling across his body but shaded from his eyes, which is the way that particular window was situated.

The 10:30 fellowship was held in the main entrance hall which was packed to the edges. Mrs. Wierwille shared a little and then we read from the Bible. It was a sweet time of fellowship followed by a big meal. At the start of the fellowship, Doctor sent for Barbara to come to the Suite. That was the time that he had chosen to tell her that the forecast for his health was not good.

For the 5:00 service that evening I drove Doctor over in the car, a distance that is not much different from the walk between the Founder's home and the BRC at Headquarters. He gave his greetings and then sat in an easy chair in an adjoining room with Barbara. When the meeting was over I drove him back to the house and we went upstairs. I met with the Corps shortly after that, and that ended the day for us all.

By this point the months of having to hold down so many positions and the previous months of work to secure a location were catching up with me and I was also feeling the lack of rest that I should have gotten at the Advanced Class. I had known that being with Doctor was always a demanding time but this time was proving more demanding than ever. Between the responsibilities of the campus and the Ministry in Europe, to addition to the extra care that Doctor was more and more requiring, along with the emotional and mental control required, I was getting very tired out. I had no way of knowing at the time that the most demanding times still lay ahead.

Monday had been designated as a "fun day" from early on in the visit We started at 10:00 in the Victory Room. Doctor had brought with him a copy of *Gone with the Wind* which we were going to show in two parts. We

showed the first half in the morning and then gave everyone the afternoon off. That evening Doctor and I fried steaks for the Corps -- though by this time he was too weak to last long on his feet. We had a nice steak dinner and then went to watch the second part of the movie.

That night I said good-night to Doctor. The way things were planned I would not see him in the morning. I was off to go to Birmingham, England, to get some dog-training equipment for Doctor to take back to the U.S.A. with him. He had gotten interested in equipment made by a firm called "Turner Richards" and attempts to find their equipment, in the quantity that Doctor had wanted, proved to be of no use short of going to the factory. Besides, at the factory we could get a discount and see the full range of products. So, I was all set to go with one of the in-residence Corps going along for the ride.

As I was getting ready to leave at 5:15 in the morning, Mrs. Wierwille drew back the drapes of the bedroom in the Suite and motioned to me to come up. When I got there she was in her housecoat and Doctor was still in the bed. Mrs. Wierwille told us she had been up half the night and that Father had shown her what the problem was with Doctor and she wanted to pray for him. His response was an almost predictable, "Oh, Mother, please." He gave me a wink with his left eye, which she could not see from where she was sitting, and then she proceeded to pray for him. Then she asked if anyone else wanted to pray. To try to keep things smooth I prayed, thanking God for His Word and for all His blessings and for having allowed us to be born in a day when it was even available to own a Bible and so on. We said our goodbyes and then I left for Birmingham.

I got back that afternoon having gotten what we were after. Doctor and I went through the equipment and talked about it all, but something was different about him. To this day I do not know what happened while I was gone but his attitude was changed. If anything, he seemed deeper and more concerned spiritually. I do not know if it was the morning prayer meeting, if something else happened during the course of the day, or if it was something that Father showed him. I do believe that by the time I got back he knew in himself, or had decided, that his time was very short. Evidences that he knew the brevity of time left followed quickly and consistently from this point onwards. His conversations about the Ministry were not in the vein of "some day this will happen"; there was a noticeable shift, an urgency not of the indefinite future but in terms of days, that carried throughout his actions and words with a marked intensity.

After we had looked at the dog equipment Doctor asked if I would like to take him for a drive. I told him I was all warmed up. He made a comment about the dog equipment which took me back. He wanted to load up one of the dummy launchers and try it out when we went out for our drive. He said, "I might as well try it today, because I'll never get an opportunity to use it once I get back to Headquarters." He had me thinking.

We did try the launcher on the way out for our drive. Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille and Barbara and I went out for a drive in the mountains all the way up to Loch Lomond. Then on returning he wanted to drive past a point that had been mentioned in the book Don Roberto. After we saw it from one side he wanted to get another view. This had taken us a greater distance away from the house than he had realized and had put us on a very small road. The first indication that things were not well was when he tapped me on the hand with his finger and pointed ahead indicating to me to go ahead faster. This was not too well received in the back seat but I obeyed him. Then he said, under his breath at first, "Get me home, son." And then, aloud, "I need to go home." It took some time as we had worked our way further and further away from the house. When we did get home he was so weak that I had to support him going up the stairs. It amounted more to carrying than helping.

As he got into bed he commented: "That was close. I didn't think I was going to make it back here."

The next morning Doctor spoke to me about changing his flight reservations so that he could go home earlier than planned. After I checked the flight book and called the airlines I got back to him with the information concerning flights. After we considered all the possibilities he decided to leave on the following Monday, 13 May. I made the reservations and at the same time I made one for myself. I had not told him yet, but I felt that it would be best if I went along and then turned around and came back, if all was OK once he got to the States. The majority of his day was spent in preparing for his teaching to The Way Corps that night for Corps Night. He rested and ate on a schedule that would let him be as ready as possible for the evening.

His teaching was on Acts chapters 1 and 2. He taught the first live Corps night at our campus and his last for the world, and just like every time that he taught he put his "all" into it. His "all" might have been less at that point but it was still his "all".

On Thursday morning we talked through his travel arrangements and requirements and then began to think through the weekend. We had scheduled a Country coordinators meeting on the weekend and were supposed to

have been having assignments starting on the Monday morning. Dr. Wierwille decided that rather than change planes in Boston, where his transatlantic flight ended, he would prefer to have his motor coach meet him at the airport. He was still thinking things through and had not made any final decisions in his mind, but I felt that it would be best to let someone at Headquarters know which way the wind was about to blow.

I talked to Don and told him that Doctor was thinking of coming home early and told him what it looked like in terms of planning. At first he sounded pretty surprised and asked what was going on. I told him that his dad was getting weaker and weaker, and that he felt that he wanted to get home sooner. Don said that Dr. Winegarner had given him a much longer period of time to live than two or three weeks. He told me that Doctor had tried to tell the Board of Trustees that he was worse off than Dr. Winegarner had indicated, but they did not feel that it was true. He also told me that Doctor had told J.P. and Sara that he would die soon, and Don indicated that in doing so Doctor had tried to scare them. He told me not to get too concerned about it but to see if I could try to talk Doctor into living. I told him that his dad had gone pretty far downhill since he had gotten here. In a sense I was trying to get things ready at the other end for Doctor so that he could have as easy a time as possible when he got home.

Don told me something on that phone call that I had not known. I was slated to go on the Bible Lands Tour as Doctor's aide. He told me to try talking to Doctor about the Bible Lands Tour and see if that would give him something to look forward to. I felt reluctant to do it and told Don that I had not talked over with Doctor that I was calling to talk to Don. I did not want Doctor to think that I was going behind his back, but having driven for him, I knew that he was likely to call Headquarters a few hours before the coach would have to leave and order it to Boston. I did not want for him to find out it was in the shop for service or something similar and then be stranded in Boston with him in the condition that he was in. We talked through how to bring up the subject and left it at that.

That evening we were going to have a movie night with burgers and beer for the Corps. The films were all pre-set and the supplies for the snacks were all laid out so Doctor decided he wanted to go for a ride in the car. Mrs. Wierwille had walked up to Gartmore with Nikki Quinn at the invitation of John Watt to see a moondial that is at the church in Gartmore.

We drove out the north drive, and by now Doctor was getting more and more sensitive about riding in cars. It was uncomfortable for him to move and so driving became a challenging situation. We left the grounds at the north end and then turned towards Gartmore. As we turned onto the Gartmore road I was apprehensive to bring up the subject of the Bible Lands but I did anyway. "I called Headquarters today about something else and found out that I was to have gone on the Bible Lands Tour with you." I sort of braced myself thinking that he might well respond by accusing me of going behind his back and then I would have been miserable. His answer was so far removed from what I had expected that I quite literally got light-headed.

"For me to go would take quite a miracle, we both know that. By then, son, it looks to me like the IRS will have beat us. If I were to live long enough to go on the Bible Lands Tour I will tell you what it would take. When I go home I believe I will have one more opportunity to see the full Board of Trustees. If even one of them would look at me and say: 'Doctor, you told us you were going to die. Is there anything that you want to tell us about the Ministry before you die?', I think that I could believe to be healed. You know what I would do? I would turn right around and come back here and be with you, and I think that in a matter of a couple or a few months I could be delivered TOTALLY You and I could do it.

"See, son, they are willing to buy me anything or let me do anything but they are keeping me away from the Ministry. They won't talk to me or listen to me honestly. This Ministry is my LIFE. They want to change it, and change is a good thing, but never when it is away from God and His Word. See, son, even the research work is being affected. It is still accurate but not vital like it should be. It is only a matter of time until it loses its integrity too. Walter is already kowtowing to Donnie. Donnie has no right to be involved in the research; he hasn't got the spirituality or the integrity to touch it. His kind of management will kill it. You cannot buy a knowledge of God's Word; no man can do it, and I don't care what his name is.

"Now is not the time for the Bible Lands Tour. I told them this, but they wanted it. The research isn't ready yet, and if you squeeze it, you will lose it. The Bible Lands Tour just isn't right. It will be a fight all the way, and for no other reason than that it is not God's time yet.

"Unless things change drastically, our research work will suffer very quickly. Donnie will push to have things done that will impress the academic world. I have nothing against impressing the academic world. Son, we have

to work the Word to stand approved before HIM. It's HIS Word. If it impresses the brains or not, it's still HIS Word. When we lose the sensitivity of listening to that Word, then we will be a denomination. That's the only route it can go.

"There just isn't much light left. You can buy acceptability before man in many ways but before God only one way.

"I am just not willing to be a fixture on a shelf, 'This is our Founding President' and have them send me on tours that aren't right. Let me tell you, Donnie will be the one not to go. He will stay behind and while the others are gone he will pull in the strings more and amass more power. If I were to live I would stay at Headquarters and protect it, not go on the Tour.

"You know, in the first Board of Trustees our real strength was in our spirituality, not in our brains. We loved God. We trusted Him. We didn't spend our time fighting Him."

We were approaching the village and the church. Doctor decided to go in and see the church but most of all to make sure that Mrs. Wierwille left on time so he could start the evening with the Corps. He had pretty well thought through that we would get back just in time to walk into the Victory Room and start the meeting if we spent only a few minutes in the church.

We went into the church and looked around at the windows and the fixtures. Doctor liked the atmosphere of the church very much but he was tiring very quickly. He told Mrs. Wierwille to go look at the moondial and then come right out to the car so that we could get home on time.

We had sat in the car for quite a long period when he commented, "I don't know how to die."

I did not exactly understand what he was thinking, but as he did not say anything further I answered, "The Bishop just turned to the wall and went to sleep."

Again his response was staggering. "That part I have mastered. I have come this far, and I know I can do what I have to do." He went on to explain that if he was kept on IVs (intravenous feedings) and drugs he did not know if he could do, as he put it, "what I have to".

That night, after all was over and he had gone to bed a good while before, I got a call to bring up the video of the Sunday Night Service that had just come in, "Sons of God". Doctor was working on his teaching for the Sunday night service and the service as a whole. He had told me the day he arrived that if he felt well enough to teach sometime in the visit he would teach on "The Joy of Service". That is what he did.

He had talked about teaching for about twenty minutes and was concerned what to do for the rest of the meeting. Because of the difference of the video systems from the U.S.A. to Europe we had decided to play a video of a Sunday Night Service from International which most people would not otherwise be able to see. This would give everyone an opportunity to see the Auditorium and would augment Doctor's brief teaching.

In terms of evaluating which tape to utilize we had already watched Doctor's teaching on "The Hope" so we now watched the next one, "Sons of God". We decided, because Craig made reference to Dr. and Mrs.

Wierwille's being in Scotland, that it would be timely to play it, and that is what we ended up doing.

It was that evening (really it was morning by now) that Doctor finally decided that he definitely would have his coach meet him at Boston. At that time I told him that I was going to go with him to Boston. He was not blessed about that because he knew that I had assignments coming up and had to handle things here. I told him that I had made arrangements for my responsibilities to be handled in my absence. With Wolfgang Schneider, Pdraig Butterly, and Chris Kent staying for the assignments (their respective wives would be here as well) they could hold down the work for the time that I would be gone. I had already gone out and bought the food for the time, and Barbara would take care of the kitchen now that her baby was on the outside. Besides all that, I had bought the ticket and paid for it. Once he saw that it was thought through so that no one was going to suffer on his account he was blessed.

The following day Mrs. Wierwille, Barbara and Nikki Quinn went to Edinburgh to go shopping. It was unusual that Doctor would come down to lunch but that day he did, just to be with everyone. After our late-night work session he had gone back to bed, and even though Mrs. Wierwille had gotten up earlier and had gone off shopping, he had rested later that morning.

The previous evening Wolfgang and Helen Schneider had come in for the leaders' meetings. They came a day or so ahead of the rest to bring in lace curtains which they had purchased in Germany and help out with arrangements for the weekend. They ate at the top table with Doctor and me that noon. While we were sitting at

the table Dr. Wierwille started talking with Wolfgang about the Advanced Class that he had just done in German.

We talked further about the Advanced Class as we went up to the Suite. When we got to the Suite, since the topic had been the Advanced Class, I asked him about the translations work. Having just been through the Advanced Class in the four languages, I was still quite concerned with our work in the area of translations. His response was quick and very passionate. "I told them at least three times that I felt spiritually our translations were off. The last time was after I had been with you. I don't speak these languages, but spiritually I know. All I got was facts slapped in my face. Son, within five years, or ten years at the most, if there is not a major change, those who have sat under our Ministry in other languages will rise up against us. I would not be one bit surprised if they rise up to kill us.

"The top men of our Ministry are no longer standing up to protect the integrity of the Word. It no longer is God's Word that is of primary importance in their considerations for the Ministry. The full Board of Trustees will have to bear the responsibility of compromising the integrity of His Word in our translations work, as well as all our other men involved. It will be our men who have to stand up before the lord and have it taken out of their hides -- our men. When Israel numbered themselves then they paid the price too."

[Text of a memo by Dr. Wierwille after a previous European visit: I spiritually feel that all these boys that are translating my class into all these languages are not accurate. For some Greek words there may be as many as seven English words and you have to translate it accurately or you don't have the Word. It won't fit. It looks like we'll be a denomination before too long if this keeps up.] That afternoon, which was morning in Ohio, we officially contacted Don to tell him the final plans. After we had all talked, Don wanted to talk to me so I forwarded the call to another extension and then went and retrieved it. He wanted to talk through logistics, like whether to use Ambassador One or not. At one point he asked me why Doctor really wanted to come home early, and I told him that Doctor did not want to fall asleep here but at home. I am not sure what reaction that met with at Headquarters, but over the next few days we were back and forth on the phones quite a bit.

There were no activities planned for the evening, and after he rested, Doctor and I sat and talked about things. During the course of the conversation we began talking about dogs. Doctor got quite concerned and asked, "What am I going to do with the dogs?"

I reminded him that we had gotten involved with the dogs in the first place because of his interest and so that he would have an activity to be involved in after he "graduated". I asked him what he wanted done with the dogs, telling him that if he wanted I would see that they were all given away or gotten rid of.

He told me that the dogs themselves were not his primary concern. He felt a deep moral obligation to Mark Fischer and his family. The way that he expressed it was that he had buried himself in High Country Caravan, his motorcycles and his dogs just to try to keep going. He was directly hurting no one in any of these categories by dying except Mark Fischer. He said: "I knew before I brought Mark in I was wrong. I knew I was going to have to die soon but I was grabbing. I was holding on to anything, trying to see if there wouldn't be a change and God would open a door. I was wrong, and I know it, and I have a massive responsibility on my head.

"I will tell you what I want done with the dogs. I want you to have them. Put them all in your name. You take TJ for yourself and let Mark handle the rest. Mark will need a year or two to really establish himself and we can let him do that by working our dogs. Don't let him go too fast so he gets in trouble. I don't know where you will get the money, you will just have to believe for it I guess.