

THE TRIP

The President and First Lady
of The Way International
Attend the
Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of The Way Ministry
in Great Britain

TRUTH

versus

Religion - Tradition - Churchianity

as observed and recorded

by

Elena Scott Whiteside



To the Household,

the faithful in service in Christ

Jesus

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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PRELUDE

God must have known it all along, but I only saw it suddenly--the plane was too small! Looking out Ambassador One's spotless window, waving, as we taxied down the runway at New Knoxville's Neil Armstrong Airport that October 1, 1980, I absorbed intently the faces of the Staff and Corps scattered in front of our hangar to see us off on Presidential Journey 1980. There stood the Allens, the Wierwilles--Don and Wanda, Reuben and Rhoda--Aunt Lydia, the Martindales, the Cummins, the Finnegans, the Owens and many, many others. There they were individually or in small clusters, at least two hundred of them, some serious, some smiling, some wiping their eyes. Yes, I was sure every one of them would want to be coming with us, but Ambassador One was too small to take them all on this historic trip.

And even if we had a 747, I pondered momentarily, and could take along all 400 on Staff, who then would do the work for the next fifteen days? That was no solution. I looked intently at the faces. These are not the only ones who wanted to be coming with us either, I thought. Thousands and thousands around the USA have a burning desire to see God's Word move over the world. They would have loved to come too. But the plane was far too small to take them all.

Yet, they are the ones, those seeing us off and those scattered around America who could not be there that clear and sunny morning, they are the ones who in perfect prayer and pure

believing lifted us into the sky, held us in their hearts and joined us in the spirit on this significant occasion. I studied the reality in their faces. You are as much a part of this journey as we who are actually going, I am thinking, my heart swelling.

Yes, sitting in the plane just before take-off, looking at your faces, thinking of all those you represent, I saw very clearly my purpose in occupying this very seat that so many others might have held. Because you all were with us in spirit and in heart on this monumental occasion, it was essential for someone to observe and record, so that you could share in mind also this journey, knowing more of the details. For each person who loves God and loves His Word wants to see it move. Each believer is an essential part of the Word over the World. You are an integral part of this trip.

I am here, waving, smiling, wiping the tears from my eyes--goodbye, good-bye--acutely and thankfully aware of the task ahead. My heart's desire is to so observe, record and present this account that you, the reader, will know more deeply and in more vivid detail of Presidential Journey 1980, so that you will feel as though you were there. Spiritually, you were. The plane is too small, I am thinking, to take all of you, so I am here to bring this journey to you.

In no way does this account cover all aspects of what happened those fifteen mighty days. Soup is soup, apple butter is apple butter, life is life, and art is art. Tremendous work,

planning, time and effort went into this trip on the part of many people. The crew of Ambassador One worked tirelessly. Their challenges would no doubt make a book, another whole book. The people on the field who greeted us, took care of us, hosted us, did great works that are barely touched upon in this book. The immense changes in the lives of the sixteen passengers who went, I barely touch on. Each one's personal account would no doubt make a separate, long and detailed history. Even my own experiences day by day, meeting with and talking to dozens and dozens of people, were impossible to record fully. I have only included short episodes to provide atmosphere and flavor to this account. So much more goes on in life than can ever be recorded in a book.

What then, you may be asking, is this book about? That is an excellent question. I have endeavored to present here an overall record of the Presidential Journey 1980 in chronological order, showing the greatness and reality of God's Word moving across the world. But beyond this running account, I have a definite focus of concentration--the man of God, Dr. Victor Paul Wierwille, his life, his heart, his love for God's Word and for people. Mrs. Wierwille also plays a major role in these pages, but he is the main character of this book. I could not help but concentrate on his life-style of truth, for light draws the eye with unerring ease.

Time and again I saw so clearly in his handling of people and situations, the walk of truth versus religion and tradition of every kind. Neither am I making him God nor Jesus Christ. This man has recently celebrated thirty-eight years of working God's Word and bringing up this ministry. Who else has? Is it any wonder that

his life-style, his walk, would evidence a superior excellence from which we all could learn?

Time and again I watched in amazement Dr. Wierwille in the love of God walk the more excellent way. I saw vividly and often how far I myself still have to go. And yet, I am in no way discouraged, but inspired and encouraged. For I saw--it is available! It is available in this day and time to walk the more excellent way.

I had asked Dr. Wierwille his thoughts on this book, and flying from Oslo to Bangor, he shared the following with me.

"You need to show spiritual dearth in the world and the heart of a man whose life is for holding forth God's Word to and for God's people. Let the chosen see that if I can do this--live like this--then they can do this too.

"Yesterday [in Oslo] you all went around, ran off, but I couldn't. I just had to stay put, to drive my mind into the evening meeting. It's like physical food. I'm just not interested in what I eat day after day, because I am working the Word, I'm working the move of this ministry in my mind. I don't even care if I eat. Now, other men could do this, but they aren't--maybe that's why I am called to be over the top of this ministry now.

"Look, if you have the ability to write it, then write it. And if not, then God will just move His Word some other way.

"You have got to show the heart of a man and a ministry: religion, tradition and churchianity versus THE TRUTH of God's Word. Everywhere we went we found the first three, but our ministry is the move of the Word. Let people see how I discipline

and push myself, drive my mind day after day. But I am not enslaved. I have worked like this day after day for almost forty years for the joy of seeing His Word move and because I love people and want the best for them."

As he spoke, I locked these thoughts in my heart: to show the heart of a man who loves God and so loves people, for that will reveal the walk of truth as opposed to religion, tradition and churchianity. And this is what I have endeavored to present and highlight throughout. I believe that this main theme will shine out from these pages for those who want to learn.

The trip is set out chronologically, but I have divided it into sections. A brief overview of these chapters may be helpful here. Chapter One opens with the immediate preparations starting with the Sunday night service, September 28, through our departure on October 1. This section is short, for what amazed me was how little actual time Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille took to pack and prepare. As I learned later, they had planned, prepared and decided many things in the months before. In these last couple of days, they were ready to go.

Chapter Two records the Twenty-Fifth Household Anniversary weekend in Great Britain, which was ushered in by the Thursday night Way Corps meeting and concluded with the Sunday night Corps meeting, October 5.

Following the Anniversary weekend, the Ninth Way Corps passengers fanned out to their native lands: England, Scotland, Wales, Ireland and West Germany, while seven of us plus the four

crew went to the Scottish Highlands to hunt pheasant. Chapter Three, "On the Hunt," presents this unique time spent isolated in a small group. Gems of learning were liberally added to the treasures of my life in three short days.

Chapter Four, "Into the Valley," I have so entitled because once we left the hunting lodge, we rushed headlong into the valley of human need, the need for God's Word. From then on we were constantly on the move at a breathtaking pace. Every day a new country, new people, new meetings--each of these five days was a world unto itself. I have divided this section by place: Scotland, Ireland, West Germany, Norway, and Bangor, Maine, USA.

Our return to The Way International Headquarters, "Home Again," with our reception, the heartfelt sharing and gifts, I have summarized briefly in Chapter Five. Although for me, Presidential Journey 1980 peaked at the Way Corps meeting, Wednesday night, October 15, I shall describe this in a few words only leaving you, the reader, room to formulate your own thoughts, impressions and conclusions of this trip. Besides this, no notes could have done that meeting justice. It was simply one of life's occasions when one had to have been there.

Throughout, I have included notes from the teachings by Dr. Wierwille on the trip. These are not word by word transcriptions, but, as I state, "Notes," including major verses covered and one-liners that struck me at the time. These are included for the conscientious reader who cares to work the verses further, for the Word of God taught was a major part of the trip.

Finally, in "Afterthoughts," I summarize some of my own learning from this trip, for these two weeks had an immense impact on my life.

If the Lord tarries, the 1980's is the decade of the Word over the World. That the man of God, his wife, fourteen passengers and four crew made this trip in the opening year of this decade, I believe, makes Presidential Journey 1980 an event of major significance in all our lives.

There is much to be learned from these pages. The example of a man who loves the inherent and inerrant accuracy of God's Word and loves God's people provides direction. His stand for truth amid religion, tradition and churchianity of all kinds inspires vision. Dynamic vision and clear direction move people to action. For men and women who love God's Word and desire to see it move over the whole world, for those men and women this book is written.

Chapter One

PREPARATION AND TAKE-OFF

*33rd anniversary of
Rhoda being with Dr. W.*

*SNS # 1037
Moments of Time and History*

September 28, 1980

Sunday Night

Headquarters

It's warm and pleasant this mild autumn evening. Many are seated outside for the Sunday night service at International Headquarters. The voice over the loudspeaker is competing with the chirping of crickets.

During announcements Dr. Wierwille has Mrs. Wierwille come up and share from her diary about their first visit to Great Britain twenty-five years ago. She reviews the dates and their journey in brief: September 11, 1955 was their last meeting before leaving. They had sold all their belongings to pay for the trip. They had left their youngest child, John Paul, with Mrs. Wierwille's sister and her husband for the duration of the trip. With their three oldest children--Don, Karen and Mary--they drove to New York and sailed on the Queen Mary to England. They were met by Mr. Ronald Hooley and spent time in Manchester and Macclesfield. On October 25th, they sailed for India. Then in

April, 1956 they returned to England for several days before their return home.

After Mrs. Wierwille shares, both she and Dr. Wierwille show and describe the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary gifts from The Way International to The Way of Great Britain: a silver coffee and tea service with creamer and sugar bowl on a large silver tray, and a silver punch bowl with cups, also on a tray, and a two-sided ladle. They wanted to present the gifts personally and they are taking this occasion to show all the people here so that all may feel a part.

"It's unbelievable that I'd go away for the Thirty-Eighth Anniversary from International Headquarters," Dr. Wierwille says over the loudspeaker. "But we're going to bless God's people. Almost two years ago we were invited to come for this occasion and we accepted. So, if it will bless God's people, we go." He has expressed this idea a few times in the last week or two.

During his teaching Dr. Wierwille mentions the phone call he received yesterday from Rev. Robert Wilkinson, Trunk coordinator of Great Britain. He had called to say they were starting a twenty-four hours of prayer till the October 3rd opening of the Anniversary there. Doctor reads part of Robert's statement: "Twenty-five years ago today (September 27, 1955) you and your family first set foot on British soil.... The destiny of Europe is at stake...." They lit bonfires to commemorate the occasion and to represent the lighting of the Word of God in that nation.

Immediately after the service, Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille went up to the OSC building to view the new WOW promotional production.

As he was leaving, he remarked to me in passing: "Just come on over and live with us. I've already laid out the belt buckles I am taking for presents over there. You got to see how we're getting ready. Just come over any time after 4:30 tomorrow morning." And they left.

They had been on the road for the last month spending time with the Way Corps on all the campuses. They had returned today at noon. At five o'clock he was teaching the Sunday night service, and in two days they would be leaving on Presidential Journey 1980. For the next two days, I passed in and out of their lives and house to see how they prepared themselves for this significant event.

September 29, 1980

Monday

Headquarters

We are in Dr. Wierwille's office. He's at his desk studying a hunting catalogue. In the peaceful quietude of the morning a fresh red rose graces his desk. It is 7:30 A.M.

Along one wall of the room are stacked several huge boxes covered with green velvet and silver lace ribbon, the gifts he showed last night for The Way of Great Britain. He shows me other gifts too: a gift photo of the five who went twenty-five years ago, in black and white on one side, and, opposite, a color picture of the entire Wierwille family--all the children, wives and husbands and grandchildren with up-to-date inserts of recent additions. Then, he's got two dozen copies of a tape done by Ross Tracy that he had just heard. "It's a classic," he remarks, setting the tapes to one side.

"I'm just waiting to get the machinery moving," he says. He's wearing his blue and gold Joyful Noise running suit, and reading mail from the Corps. In the background the Victors are singing on tape.

Rev. Vince Finnegan, followed by two Ninth Corps observers, is here to handle something on the WOWs. Then Barbara Geer comes, steno pad in hand, and Karen Leadman with her tiny new sleeping baby. Dr. Wierwille is on the phone with Alison Heaney to

discuss the next several "By THE WAY"s to be published while he is gone. Done.

"Call Edna Race and see when she can do my fingernails, whenever I get to it." Then again to Barbara: "Two briefcases maximum, one for my immediate things...You gotta get that work done so that I can release it from my mind. I have to have that work in front of my eyes tonight, so I know it is done."

He strides across the room and puts on the new TAKIT tape. They are still discussing gifts to take to Europe--arrowheads from the Tecumseh area of Ohio, that's a possibility. He looks over his passport--deliver it to Jerry Corrodi. Then he continues going over his mail, writing short notes to himself. And he's still looking for the volume of poems by Myra Brooks Welch.

Mrs. Wierwille pops her head in--she's flying to Indiana on Acts II this morning. She'll be back by 3 P.M. "Fly fast," Doctor calls after her and she's gone. More work, more papers, letters, decisions. Tick wanders in. Doctor orders him to lie down by the door. He obeys.

With a wave of his hand he told me he wasn't doing much on the trip till later this afternoon. Come back then. I left him amid mail, phone calls and people coming and going. As I left, the machinery was certainly rolling.

By 3 P.M., when I returned, Dr. Wierwille had started packing in a relaxed manner. He stopped for a meeting with the Board of Trustees under the maple tree on the front lawn--Don and Howard and Doctor, talking and laughing on a warm sunny autumn afternoon. Doctor stands up at one point and walks into

the courtyard to introduce himself to two guests on tour. They chat amicably and I see again that he is not too busy in the midst of all his preparations and the daily work to talk to people, to see people, to visit. Heart is action: here and now.

On the lawn in front of where the three are meeting, his hunting clothes are laid out on the grass. I gather the hunting is important to him.

He is dressed in slacks, a T-shirt marked "The Teacher" across the back and an old straw hat giving him the look of a wise and weathered Ohio farmer. At moments Dr. Wierwille seems to me preoccupied with many things, at other moments, so relaxed, at ease, unperturbed--but he is always moving and with definite purpose.

Mrs. Wierwille has just returned from Indiana. She joins the men under the maple tree and I chat with his aide, Chris Geer, about how the packing is going. Chris recounts in a relaxed manner: He's been thinking of this trip ever since the Rock of Ages, talked about it periodically, thinking through the packing, but he didn't really begin till today. He got back here from a month's tour to all the campuses Sunday, taught Sunday night, then today: decisions, business, answering mail, seeing people and he has had two members of the 9th Corps observing his day. It's just a normal busy day.

Mrs. Wierwille starts into the house. "Have you started packing?" I ask.

"In my head. I will do it tonight." She invites me in.

In their bedroom, Mrs. Wierwille begins laying out Doctor's clothes. "I usually lay them out and he makes the final decisions. Then when he has OK'd a suit, for example, I put the accessories with it."

Louise, the housekeeper, has found the suitcases and Mrs. Wierwille carries them into the bedroom, giving Louise a pair of boots to polish. I ask Mrs. Wierwille about the trip. "I am excited about it--the whole scope of it. How dear those people over there are to us," she comments, looking through the closet. "Louise, do you have his blue western shirt? Are the other shirts ironed?"

Discussion. Now Barbara Geer has arrived to help also. They work together quietly, unhurried, but with purpose. Carefully, they lay out and fold clothes neatly on the bed. Suits with shirts. In a separate place, Mrs. Wierwille lays out her own clothes.

Mrs. Wierwille: "What about the program of meetings?" We don't know exactly. "So, we don't know how many formal occasions we will have?" Mrs. Wierwille gets out the shoes, formal ones, and black socks, tucks them into the shoes. She lays out two more suits. Wanda Wierwille comes in: "Can I help you with anything?"

What about the gun cases? Leave them for now. Let him decide.

Wanda is taking care of packing up the silver gifts. "Oh gosh, that's nice," Mrs. Wierwille responds, "Then I don't have to work on it." All the time she keeps on working, sorting, looking

and then putting things in their right order. "I think I'll take his heavy bathrobe because we are going to be in cool places." And then, "I think we have to send someone to Dayton tomorrow to get some formal wear."

She adds turtlenecks and checks carefully on shirts being ironed. Barbara folds the sports shirts. Afternoon sunlight is pouring in the one western window. Now, to the belts. The reversible belt should do it for every outfit. And she shows me the tailored belt, black on one side, dark brown on the other. "Ah, that's good, all the trousers have small belt loops. It will fit."

"Should I lay out some of his caps?" Barbara asks. She goes to the other room and finds four different caps. And now to the jewelry.

Mrs. Wierwille recounts: "He'll probably decide everything tonight. We've really pretty well talked through everything. Now, to the shoes, and then the other gifts." Here's a large WOW pin on a stand, one for each country. And then Mrs. Wierwille adds: "And I have this personal gift for Barbara Wilkinson." She picks up a brown and gold wrapped package to show me.

It didn't take long. Most everything had been talked through and planned before.

September 30, 1980

Tuesday

Headquarters

8:20 A.M. in Dr. Wierwille's office. Again, it is a beautiful day. Indian summer's approaching, trees just about to turn (they're thinking about it, anyway). Doctor is working with Karen Leadman, going through his mail. He's in a good humor, with his same "The Teacher" T-shirt and light blue striped cotton pants.

"I didn't even take time for breakfast this morning," he states as Barbara Geer comes in bringing the Album of Verse he was looking for yesterday. "I'm thinking of taking it with me to Great Britain." He keeps on going through mail, reading.

"We really need to get this stuff on my desk packed." He leafs through a bunch of papers, separates, distributes, writes short notes to himself, gives directions, and then gets up. "You want to come along?" he asks me. I jump at the chance. Chris has the Lincoln out front ready to go.

For the hunting they need to take the serial numbers of all the guns, and for England, they'll need their US hunting licenses. That's where we're going in New Knoxville--to get the hunting licenses.

At the '76 gas station, we walk into a small town scene. Men in work clothes are finishing breakfast and leaving for work. Doctor sits right down in a hearty manner and joins the last man.

"I'm here to get a hunting license and a deer license; Chris too," he states. "I've wanted to hunt pheasant in Scotland for twenty-five years." He takes a piece of bacon, nibbles on it. "You know, when I left the office I didn't even have breakfast. But look how people take care of you," indicating the dishes and leftovers from a large breakfast.

Dr. Wierwille is conversing with Don, the owner of the '76 gas station, while Chris fills out the forms, one red and one blue. "I've been writing articles in the St. Mary's Evening Leader--have you read any?"

Don: No, I haven't.

A few more words, Chris pays the \$18.50 and we're back in the car.

"All my clothes are packed. Packed last night," Doctor volunteers. "So we're ready to go." We ride in silence. "All I have left is the work of the ministry. . . and that's a lot." A long sigh. We come home.

Mrs. Wierwille is in the kitchen under a hair dryer. As she sits she is writing lists and notes on her lap, very peaceful. As we walk, he tells me he has been working on his teaching for the Twenty-Fifth. "Heart of the Ministry-- the Love in Service," he shares. "You couldn't wait twenty-five years for so little to come to pass if it weren't for the love of God. So I am teaching on love in service." Pause. "Have you heard Ross Tracy's tape yet?" No, I tell him. "If you ever get the chance, that is a classic."

Back in the office, he puts on the tape. He has already heard it twice, he tells me, but as I listen, he listens to it again.

"Matthew 6:33. . .seek ye first. . ." Now, Barbara is in. He's reading through more mail as he listens. At a certain point, he comments: "'Sitting Under the Maple Tree'--that's what I would have called it."

Suddenly the sound stops. Doctor is up and looking for the continuation. No more sound. Then he's on the phone to Mark Gluckin. "Mark, did you put it on one side or two sides?" He talks, hangs up and then goes to the tape, looking for the rest of the teaching. No sign. He's on the phone to Joe Coulter. Discussion. In minutes Joe is in the office. Doctor wants it all on one side. "How are people going to find the rest of the teaching? This is the third time these tapes are being duplicated. When will they learn to do it right?"

He's also looking for a book, The Touch of the Master's Hand. Back to the desk. Chris walks in. Discussion. Things to be done.

The deep green velvet boxes tied tastefully with silver lace ribbon are out of the office now. Wanda has packed them off to Ambassador One. It's only 10:10 A.M. Doctor is reading. All the packing is done.

Now, he's discussing a possible story for Heart. Myra Brooks Welch wrote The Touch of the Master's Hand. She has two nieces in California. One of our grads is their next door neighbor. She went out and did an interview with them and sent it to Dr. Wierwille. He is excited; always wanted to know more about her. He checks to see if the tape quality is any good. Then he reads me one of her poems, "Chariots of Fire." "Boy, she was brilliant."

One after another, tasks, decisions, the work of the ministry. He signs a dedication certificate, calls in Rhoda to transcribe the interview. Barbara is making quick notes on everything. Now he's considering the individual photos that Frank Cardullo shot of the clergy being ordained at the Rock of Ages. "Send each of theirs to them as a gift from me," he directs, and we go to lunch.

It's a light and cheerful lunch. Afterwards, Dr. Wierwille takes the mike to share and keeps on sharing as though he's reluctant to leave the fellowship: newspaper articles from the Emporia Gazette and from Chicago, the information he has just learned about Myra Brooks Welch. Today, someone just sent him an old copy of all the words to the hymn, "I Will Not Be Afraid." He's thrilled to have those. More items one after another, a pause, and then...

"Have you ever gotten ready to go on a teaching trip? Well, not only do I have to get my clothes ready, but also, I got to continue with the work of the ministry. It's just like saying 'Goodbye'--I haven't learned how to make good-byes come easier." Another pause.

"I asked about meeting with you all tonight and found out there were so many meetings that I decided: let's all have supper in the woods together." (Applause.)

Then other announcements: Craig is coming home tonight and they've planned some welcoming activities. Athletes of the Spirit are going to run alongside the motorcade tonight between 10:30 and 11. Volunteers? Doctor laughs, "I'll be in bed."

At this point, Nolan Yogi gets up to make a formal presentation from the Hawaiian believers to Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille. He has just returned from there. The presentation is a large card and photos of the Arizona Memorial that Doctor had so admired.

"You know why I loved that place?" he says intensely. "Because we were there in the pouring rain, and the soldier just stood there, rain pouring down his face, and he didn't even blink." His voice breaks..."And I thought, if only we could stand like that for God and His Word."

We are well past 12:30 P.M., but no one seems to care for we are all absorbed in his sharings which have ranged from humor to pathos in minutes. "Something else," he continues...and he's discussing poetry. It's time to go. The clatter of rollaway and buzzing of excited voices follow us out of the dining room.

I go back to my office to handle a few last details, finishing in time for supper in the woods. The day is warm, pleasant. It's suppertime down on the farm. Everyone is out here--Staff and Corps--summer fair, pleasantly warm, no sweaters are necessary.

This is Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille's departing gift to those who are staying behind: fellowship around sandwiches and a glass of beer. Doctor is here in navy blue pants, a yellow western shirt and the straw hat. We are eating and listening to the Victors and TAKIT on tape, and before 6 P.M., supper is finished.

Doctor and Vince are up front with the portable mike. Vince has announcements. Twig Four is up first, with Dave Thomas from Wales singing a Welsh song that he has taught them. Dave Bailey and Dave Thomas do some British skits with strong, exaggerated

British accents. They are funny. As Doctor has said, "We got to get used to the way they speak over there."

Then with some introduction, he puts on Ross Tracy's tape. This is his second time today listening to it, and he listens again with rapt attention. After it is over, he steps forward: "Mark, you missed some editing here like 'this morning'. Take it out so it can be used at any time of the day, any place." Then he asks everyone for suggestions. "How can we use this tape? How can we get it out to our people?" And back to Mark: "That is the key to editing: take out the documentation--time, place, names." He addressed his comments to Mark, but we all have learned.

Now Dr. Wierwille shares with everyone the booklets that have been printed for Presidential Journey 1980. The light blue one has on it a map with the exact itinerary. The pages inside are blank for notepaper. The other booklet is white and entitled "Presidential Journey 1980." It contains a day-by-day schedule. Doctor reads through the schedule page by page. He's sharing all he can with everyone...October 14, Bangor, Maine, and October 15, home again. Almost as though we had all gone on that itinerary, as though we were all already back, we rejoice together here under the majestic, green trees, in this hallowed spot--we rejoice over the journey and the return.

"Well, it's getting near the time and hour we'll be departing," Doctor ends the schedule. Vince has a few more announcements regarding Craig's welcome tonight at 10:30 P.M. And then Dr. Wierwille is on again.

"I know you have lots of meetings. I am blessed to be meeting here tonight before we leave. Thanks, everyone, for coming and being a part of this last supper together. I'd like to have a word of prayer." I squeeze my eyes shut and hold someone's hand. He prays: "...for taking care of this place while we are gone, for blessing our journey, this spiritual journey where we will bless all the people we are with. . . ." He prays for Headquarters, the campuses, for all the believers around the world, a moving prayer. We close by 6:50 P.M.

People stand up, stretch, begin to go their ways into the gently falling dusk. As everyone is leaving, one of the grandchildren comes over to Dr. Wierwille and hands him a hickory nut. He stops, looks it all over, laughs and chats for a few minutes with his grandson.

Tomorrow is the big day--the day of departure on Presidential Journey 1980.

October 1, 1980

Wednesday

Journey to Manchester

We arrived at the Neil Armstrong Airport, the Way hangar, before 7 A.M. The quartet was already setting up their portable equipment. Promptly at 7:15, Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille walk through the door, behind them the broadening pink ribbon of sunrise spreading along the horizon. As they walk in, Ted Ferrell begins singing, very soothing, tender songs. Coffee is set out. Slowly the lounge fills with people.

Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille greet everyone, each individual. People keep filtering in, into the soothing music of the morning. Reuben and Rhoda Wierwille, Aunt Lydia, the Cummins' family, the Martindale's, the Finnegan's, more and more. All want to be a part. All want to bless and be blessed.

How about the last time you saw them off, I asked Rhoda Wierwille. "Oh, the last time, I saw them off in a car to New York. Reuben went with them to New York." I ask Reuben. "It's pretty different now. The ministry sure has grown," he remarks.

The European students especially have come to say good-bye swallowing back tears. Behind the soothing sounds of the quartet the quiet roar of the plane engines starts up.

"In His Care, In His Care," the Victors are singing. Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille have lovely leis of yellow flowers around their

necks, a gift from Hawaii. Now the room is crowded. The Corps is seated on the floor, nearly covering the chocolate brown carpet. Dr. Wierwille is at the microphone. He introduces Dennis McGee's book, The Rescue, extends heartfelt, gracious thank-yous, good-byes, and it is time to go.

All the Corps and Staff line up and we, the guests, file through amid applause to Ambassador One. At the foot of the stairway, we stop for a group photograph. Dr. Wierwille shares a few parting words from the steps and prays with us all. The flags waving in the wind are the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack.

We're in the plane, seated. It is turning down the runway. The crowds are dispersing in the warming sunrise. Out of the window I see Reuben and Rhoda and Lydia, clustered together, and everyone else--so many, many others. They're waving. We're waving--perhaps a little frantically. We're turning, turning away from them all, leaving behind for a time their warm smiles, their hearts enlarged to include us.

John Race's voice comes cheerily over the loudspeaker: "Well, we're ready to go. I'll have a word of prayer." It was a touching prayer. The engines roar. We begin our take-off. Doctor is on the mike: "Here we go, 80 knots, 90, 110. We're ready for lift-off... here we go!" He makes himself a part of every event. We are up in the air, circling slowly over the International Headquarters. Doctor makes a few more comments and finally: "Well, enjoy yourselves."

We're in the air! It's just after 8 A.M. Presidential Journey 1980 is airborne. Karen MacHarg is passing out our little blue booties. I strip off my boots. Nearly five hours between New Knoxville and Gander, Newfoundland, our first stop. Might as well be comfortable.

We are sixteen passengers and four crew:

The crew: Captain John Race
 Copilot Frank Cardullo
 Nancy Jo Shaffer
 Karen MacHarg

The passengers: Dr. and Mrs. V.P. Wierwille
 Chris and Barbara Geer, aides
 Bo Reahard, International Outreach coordinator,
 and his wife, Stanley
 Jerry Corrodi, tour director
 Dave and Ruth Thomas, 9th Corps from England
 Friedrich and Ruth Rott, 9th Corps from Germany
 Kathleen MacMillan, 9th Corps from Scotland
 David Bailey, 9th Corps from England
 Elizabeth Eddings, 9th Corps from England
 Michael Heron, 9th Corps from Ireland
 Elena Whiteside, USA, recorder

At each seat, just as Dr. Wierwille showed us at supper last night, was a:

- 1) Presidential Journey 1980--white booklet
with the schedule day by day,
- 2) Twenty-Fifth Household Anniversary--blue map of our
route and notepaper inside,
- 3) Royal blue bound folder entitled "International
Outreach"--with information on the outreach
in each country, beautifully prepared for
us by Bo Reahard.

By 9 A.M. we are all settled in our comfortable seats. Bo is in the back cabin with Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille, going over the European arena. His lists include all grads, classes and leadership. He's got four fat notebooks of information from the computer.

"Howard told me to study this stuff," Doctor remarks. Looking at the Book of Life for all the believers outside of the US, Doctor stops at the page of photos of all the leadership around the world: "Pictures are a real blessing to me...a real blessing."

He interrupts the conference to get on the phone. (This is his second phone call of five from the air to Corps grads along the flight route.) "Hi, we're flying over the top of you at 23,000 feet.

I'm on my way to Great Britain. Have a great Thirty-Eighth weekend."

Then back to Bo: "Are you going to Australia?" For two days.

"We've got to get in there and win that continent." Doctor finishes looking through all the notebooks of information. "That's pretty comprehensive," he comments. They are discussing purpose. Doctor wants people there to see the heart of International in the essence of service. Bo will tour abroad for two months, Stanley for six weeks. "This should be a tremendous time in Great Britain and in all of Europe for all of God's people," Doctor remarks as he studies the material, calling on Bo to answer questions. They continue for some time.

The atmosphere in the forward cabin is light, jovial. People move from seat to seat, fall into comfortable conversations, laughter. Some read. Ruth Rott is listening to a tape and writing notes. Someone is sleeping, but the whole atmosphere is of joyful anticipation and excitement.

I asked Dave Thomas what he expected on this trip. What were some of his goals? "To see people, people, people. I also want to counsel with those coming into the Corps from there. I want to begin to build a vision of the move of God's Word in Great Britain. When I graduate from the Way Corps I am looking forward to returning there. When you are in the Corps, you don't have much time to get into anything else, but I expect with this trip that God will begin to show me what I need for when I return."

Our journey is smooth, easy, good-natured--so much care and love is exhibited on every hand. Lunch and an hour stopover in Gander, Newfoundland; then we take off again into the cloudless, blue sky. On the second and final leg to the Twenty-Fifth Household Anniversary we stream on to the East, racing away from the gently setting sun.

Time is speeding by. An elegant supper is served and I watch out the window. It is pitch black out now. We have left the sunset far behind, and the dawn of the new day has not yet broken. Somewhere underneath, John Race announces, we are passing over Ireland. Locally the time is after midnight, but for us it is only 8 P.M. I am not tired yet, but a little groggy from the flight. Doctor is mingling, talking with people. We have only a couple more hours of flying time to Manchester.

I find myself again and again wanting to pinch myself. Is this all really happening to me? The fellowship is so sweet, so tender; the service, so care-filled, so responsive. Am I really here? Does God really love me so much that I should be so cared for, so loved, in such warm and wonderful company? The seats are comfortable and soft, and I am here. At moments, I desire to jump up and hug and kiss each person here in the plane. I am so ecstatically thankful to God and these people are a witness of my thankfulness. So we are rejoicing together, suspended thus for a time above the world, without a care, and yet cared for so carefully.

We are flying over Dublin now--vast orange bands of lights surrounded by a green glow. Michael Heron claps and gives a wild shout. For him, this is home.

In the last few minutes before landing, Kathleen MacMillan sits with me. She tells me she has been delivered just now from things that have troubled her all her life since age five. She is ecstatic. Dr. Wierwille called her in and talked to her, and by revelation brought up things that nobody knew. Such a great deliverance somewhere high above the Atlantic Ocean! Such great deliverance just flying to our destination.

We are ready to land in Manchester. A flurry of activity. Dr. Wierwille is on the PA. Jerry tells us about customs, then Chris Geer comes on to tell us in what order we shall be introduced by Rev. Robert Wilkinson. My ears are popping more and more frequently. I keep swallowing from a dry and drying throat, tight with excitement. We will soon be there. Yellow and blue lights of Manchester flicker below us. Doctor is on the PA: "It's a tremendous feeling to come home to your country. I feel the same way when I come home to the US. But I love people so much all over the world, I feel it even here. I am as high as any of you!"

We're still circling Manchester. Doctor puts on the orchestrated version of "He Lifted Me." We're listening to our familiar, beloved music, but we are almost in Manchester, England. We're coming down, down. The atmosphere is so electric, I expect the Lord to come back just any moment. Doctor is on the PA again: "There are going to be a lot of people real blessed to see you. Not only tonight, but all weekend, I guarantee you." The

plane veers and bumps and we gently touch down on the runway. It isn't even raining. Doctor's last words to us: "We're ready to come down so put your best foot forward...and show them what real Corps is all about."

We deplane, go through the waiting for luggage. We landed at 1:30 A.M., but it's 2 A.M. by the time we are ready to leave. A few red-eyed porters stand around and ask us questions. Finally, we are ready to go. As we pass through the glass doors into the waiting room, Robert Wilkinson announces each of our names. He and his wife, Barbara, open the reception line. Beside them are Alan and Karen Moorhead who will be taking over their responsibilities when the Wilkinsons go into The Way Corps. There are over two dozen believers out here to meet us at 2 A.M.!

After the rest of us have been welcomed and applauded, Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille are announced last. They have around their necks again the yellow leis from Hawaii. As they come out to greet Robert and Barbara, in one motion they take the leis off and place them over Robert's and Barbara's heads. The first move is to give. A touching moment, and applause. We are all smiling, crying, clearing our throats there in the airport. Barbara presents Mrs. Wierwille with a bouquet of English roses, and we are escorted out into waiting vehicles to go to the hotel.

Jerry Corrodi has rushed off to take the boxes of gifts and printed materials through customs. David Bailey cannot contain his

enthusiasm: "England, England. I love you!" he keeps repeating, beaming from ear to ear.

We arrived at the Mottram Hall Hotel in the pitch black of early morning. From the little I could see, it looked like a country estate. Michael Heron helped me get my luggage to my room. It is comfortable and modern--two beds and a bath. I learn that my roommate will be Ellen Fowler, Way Corps 6, from Germany, and I am so glad to spend time with her again.

I fell into bed, but could not fall asleep. Am I really here? How different this must be from twenty-five years ago. I remember at the airport, the Corps scurrying around back and forth unobtrusively, carrying luggage, directing people. Local Corps! Four years ago, there was no local Corps. I remember the moment of the leis. When someone gives you something, make sure you give it away. That was a great moment in my memory. And I was asleep.

Chapter Two

THE TWENTY-FIFTH HOUSEHOLD ANNIVERSARY

2 October, 1980

Thursday

Mottram Hall Hotel

The Mottram Hall Hotel is elegant indeed with gardens of flowers outside, and parlors, paintings, embossed wallpaper and formal velvet curtains inside. The "marquee" where we are to have our meetings is a large tent attached to the hotel by a draped hallway. Yellow and white striped, the tent is lit by three crystal chandeliers.

From the receptionist's desk I gleaned some information on the hotel and the area. The ancient township of Mottram St. Andrew dates back to 1086. In this area silk weaving and laundry were the main industries long ago. The copper mines nearby were worked by the Romans.

Mottram Hall, near Prestbury, was built in 1721 by Nathaniel Booth. Later it was bought by William Wright, a wealthy landowner, whose family held this place from 1738 to 1914. The hall was bought and converted into a hotel in 1971. It has 120

acres of formal gardens and parklands and is in the outskirts of Manchester, between that city and Macclesfield, a historic place where the Word was first held forth twenty-five years ago.

The atmosphere was definitely English and royal. Every lounge room was decorated by large bowls and vases of cut flowers in yellows, purples and whites. In the dining room red and white roses freshened every table. The carpets were red, woven with intricate, colored designs, and in the dining room the formal draperies were of a rich chocolate velvet.

I spent my morning acquainting myself with my new surroundings and lunch was like an Ambassador One reunion. How blessed I was to see the faces of our co-travelers again. And the new faces: Robert and Barbara Wilkinson, Christopher Kent and his wife Nancy, Nick and LeElla Wagg, Alan and Karen Moorhead. All throughout the day new faces full of joy and anticipation were added to our original party.

In the afternoon everyone went separate ways in small groups. Not much was planned for the day, except for final preparations. Mrs. Wierwille went shopping with Barbara Wilkinson. Doctor went to rest and prepare himself in the Word. Bo and Stanley went to town with Alan and Karen Moorhead. The members of Agapē arrived and all went to rehearse under the marquee where the Rotts and Mike Heron worked diligently on set-up. That's the Corps! Anywhere in the world, ready to work, ready to set up.

The white tent has an inner lining of draped white and lemon striped material giving it a very elegant air--perhaps like a Turkish harem with the red carpet and crystal chandeliers. Quaint also are the chair covers, made with a flowered fabric. Nearly 300 chairs are set up. In one corner stands a huge screen for the slide presentation. We are hardly here, when Iain MacMillan and Alison Smith arrive from Scotland. Greetings barely over, another car arrives from Germany--Ellen Fowler and Wolfgang and Helen Schneider! Here's Carolyn Tirrito from Italy! Jean-Louis Ricard from Paris! They stream in adding to the joy and the fellowship.

This afternoon Agape, the musical group from Great Britain, is rehearsing. It's their first time all together in two years. They laugh a lot and hug and work and crack up together. Robert Wilkinson is out under the marquee through the afternoon, watching, listening, answering questions.

The greatest thing for me is seeing the people greet each other again. Some have not seen each other for over two years. I love seeing that first moment: hugging, holding, squealing, so excited, so blessed to be together.

The big event of Thursday for me was tea, real English tea at 4 P.M. in one of the elegant lounges. We all gathered there, more and more new faces for the Way Corps meeting tonight: Ken LaPrade from Madrid, Tom Doherty from Dublin, Colin and Marjorie Boardman and their children (Family Corps 6). Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille are here with all of us over tea, small sandwiches and biscuits.

Well, how is the Word moving over here? What has the Corps been up to since the Rock? Here are a few sharings that blessed my life that afternoon:

Carolyn Tirrito (Way Corps 10) on her interim year is in Brescia, Italy with another WOW. "When I first arrived in Brescia, I learned that all apartments were for sale and not for rent. I looked for housing anyway in the old section of town. But the places there were smelly and dirty. I was waiting for my WOW brother, Mark, to arrive and I would check out the newspapers every day. I saw an ad that looked promising and called up, but I couldn't understand. I asked a girl at work to make the call for me, and she found that the apartment was available to rent.

"When we talked to the owner, we found out there were eight people in line before us. He wanted \$880 for deposit and rent. We didn't have that kind of money. But he wanted us in there right away. Since we couldn't afford that and told him, he said he would mark it down to what we could afford--a couple of hundred dollars.

"But that's not all. We had no money for furniture. Although it was partially furnished, we needed other stuff for fellowships, also plates.

"The owner literally fell in love with us. He took me to the apartment and said he wanted to furnish it for us. That night when we went back to move in we found a new couch, new mattresses, pots, pans, dishes, doilies--everything. That day, we learned later, he had gone out and bought everything for the

apartment. Then he said he would also pay for the light and gas for the first six months.

"Besides that, he wrote a letter to the police department so that I could get a visa to stay for the year. God isn't limited by national borders. Just look at this: In the beginning, all I heard was negatives. Six to eight months' wait, they said. You needed at least \$1000 in your pocket to start looking. But within two weeks of being in Italy we had both housing and jobs."

Carolyn teaches English in a private school, in a top salary bracket, even though she herself has only had six months of college. At the end of her first week in Brescia she was working six hours a day, five days a week. Now she is relearning Italian, which she once knew. Within a month, she said, she can understand what people are saying and speaks well enough to witness.

"This was interesting. At the end of our first week there, I ran out of money. Then I really had to sell out to God and hold Him to His promises. You see, where I work we get our paychecks once a month. But after two weeks the boss just offered to pay us anyway, not wait for the month to go by. So then we had money to live on.

"My arrival there was another interesting story of God working everything out. All I had was a scrap of paper with one address on it--Salvatore's, the one believer in Brescia. I went to his house, but he was not home. Then the neighbor came out and said she thought he was on vacation in Sicily. Right

then, I had to grab on to my mind. I decided to think only what the Word said. I couldn't afford to think anything else but that God had called me to Italy, that He knew I was here, and that He would take care of me. I sat down right there in the street on my suitcase, and within five minutes the neighbor came down and invited me in for a beer. I went in and sat with her. Then, another neighbor came in and when she heard that Salvatore was not home, she invited me to stay with them. So I ended up staying with them for the first week. That really was a miracle of God."

Don MacMillan returned to England after graduating from the Eighth Way Corps. "I went for an interview with the Kirby vacuum cleaner company. My brother, Iain, works for them in Scotland, and the Division Headquarters for this area was in Oxford. I made an appointment to meet the boss. He asked me about myself and I told him about the Corps training I had undergone. I told him I was the Area coordinator for the South of England. As I spoke, he stopped taking notes, and just crumpled up the paper in front of him. When I had finished, he asked if I would join as a sales representative. 'I would be privileged,' he said, 'to have a man of your caliber in my company.' He asked when I could start.

"I asked him about the hours and the pay and learned that the position he had in mind involved two days of training and that the work was primarily at night and on weekends. I told him I would think about it, and then I just got honest with myself and God.

"When I returned I told him that I wanted to be honest, that I needed my evenings and weekends to be out with my people. I thanked him for the job offer and was walking out the door, when he jumped up and said: 'Sit down. I want you in the company. What can I do to keep you in the company? What if I made a position for you?'

"He offered me a new position as public relations sales manager. I'd have a company car, the petrol paid for, a phone allowance and salary plus commission. It sounded very good, but I asked him about the hours. Nine to five, he said, five days per week. 'Also, you'll never meet a man so understanding as me. Whenever you need time off, you can have it,' he added. 'What about Thursday and Friday of next week?' I asked him. (After all, I had to come to the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary.) 'You have it, Don,' he said. 'We need a man of your quality here with us.'

"I've only been there a week, but already I have witnessed and many are interested. Now I want to run a daytime class because most of the people there work nights.

"So, now I have a brand new car," Don can hardly wipe the smile off his face. "And that's not all. My job sends me to Swindon, Newbury, Bristol, Colchester and London--and those are places where we have WOWs and other believers. So I get paid to see all my WOWs. I've only been there four days, and already have visited the Swindon and Newbury WOWs. Now, that's what I call God meeting our needs."

Colin Boardman, Family Corps 6, is living in Macclesfield on his interim year. Originally from Manchester, he is here with his wife, Marjorie, and his two children: James, 3, and Sara, 2. "It wasn't long at all before I got a job selling advertising for a publishing house by telephone. I'm paid on a commission basis. We sell advertising to members of the building trade, and this is my fifth week at work there.

"The first week they hired me I brought in 1,065 pounds while the average for the first week is about 300 pounds. Since I have been there, the company has gone through its most successful time in its history."

Because Colin had the best figures of any other employee, his boss called him in and asked him why his sales figures were so high. That was an open door to witness.

"One colleague at work was very depressed because he had not sold anything in three days. He came to me and asked me what I do. I took out the yellow pages and pointed out which section to call. I just knew what to tell him. He called and sold right away. You can bet that got his attention.

"Another man at work took me out for a pint one night, and asked me what it was I said on the phone. I told him exactly what to say. He did what I told him and sold, after not selling all day.

"God shows me which numbers to phone and what to say on the telephone. My average earnings are exceptional. It just has to be the spirit of God. Some numbers I call tell me no, they are not

interested. Then God tells me to phone them back and I do, and they buy.

"Every morning I pray that God will open their hearts, and that I can move His Word. Of course, they joke about me at work. But I don't care. One guy calls me the 'holy ghost'." Colin laughs good-naturedly. "I average over 1,000 pounds of sales per week and I get a commission. A couple of weeks ago I hit 1,356 pounds, the highest in the past was 1,111 pounds.

"God works within me and I know the job is going to glorify God. I speak the Word to them. I often get the chance to witness over the telephone to some people who are so depressed over the state of the economy. Prosperity in the company began the week I started and the boss said: "I have high hopes for you."

So, the afternoon mounted with excitement and bubbling energy as we moved into the opening Corps meeting that night.

Opening Corps Meeting

We are forty-four in the Garden Room seated in a circle and on the floor. Dr. Wierwille is playing his latest TAKIT tape as we wander in, still hugging, greeting, welcoming new arrivals. He begins to share casually about the Victors and how they entertained us at 7:15 A.M. at the airport before leaving New Knoxville. We are seated quickly so as to not miss a word. Then he puts on the Victors' tape. We laugh, listen, look around.

There's Steve Hartlaub (Way Corps 7) from Oslo, Norway, and Nicole Kōnz (Way Corps 6) from Switzerland, and Ray and Kathleen Brandt (Way Corps 6 and 10) from the Netherlands. And Carol Hooley, and Carol Holden and... and... (This will look like a page from II Chronicles.) How wonderful to see them all!

After the second song dies away, Doctor opens with prayer in a subdued voice. Then manifestations follow. The theme that hits my ear is light, light, light--shining, brilliant light. As soon as the last words fade, Doctor leads us in "He touched me." Mid verse, his voice rises above the rest: "You sound like The Way Corps," and the voices become even richer, deeper, more vibrant, more moving than before. He leads us on into "His Name Is Wonderful," and then opens with greetings from Don and Howard,

special greetings from Craig and Donna, and then from all the Eleventh Corps.

There are 496 of them at Emporia, the largest Corps ever, also the largest number of international Corps we've ever had. Doctor has Bo read the names and campus locations of the international Corps. As Bo reads, Doctor interrupts to say, "We would have liked to bring them all, but we just didn't have the room." Then he explains the basis of why those that are here were chosen. These are the ones who have not been back to their countries in at least two years. After this weekend they will head for their home grounds for a few days till we pick them up again. They'll teach, witness, learn and bless people with their lives.

There are thirty-six international students in the Eleventh Corps, and fourteen in the Ninth Corps. The list does not include Family Corps. Then Bo reads the list of fifty-five Corps who are in Europe this year. Many of them are here at the meeting. Others are due to arrive.

"It's wonderful to have you all together," Dr. Wierwille sighs, and invites us all to break for a snack. (After all, it is the Corps--we have to eat.)

We are back in the circle by 9 P.M., and Doctor is talking about presents. He lists what he has brought.

1. WOW pin paperweight, one for each country. He shows one.
2. WOW Vet T-shirts for all the Ambassadors. We've brought those along.
3. A present from the Gunnison believers. It's a scale model of the Barn where teachings are held. Doctor explains everything,

reads all the writing on it. It is signed by all the Gunnison students, greetings on the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary.

4. The Ross Tracy tape to give out. He has two dozen copies with him. He plays it after a heartfelt introduction. (As the tape starts, he notices it starts in a different place. He flips that one off, and takes another one. It starts the same way. A wave of disappointment passes over his face, but he does not make an issue of it or draw any more attention to it. He has had that tape redone three times now, and it was still not carried out as he requested it to be.) We listen to the rest. Doctor listens also. (This is the third time in his presence that I have heard this tape.) He listens very carefully and then shares:

"This is an exciting time in history. How far do you want to go with God? You've got to come back to the Word. I have no idea how long you will have the freedom to meet as we are meeting here now. Live every day as though it were your last. Look at Iran. We could not meet there like this. We would be shot." And then Helen Schneider shares about Kaveh, one of our believers from Iran. (An interview with him is recorded later in the German segment of our visit.)

Dr. Wierwille continues to share about what he is doing, how he is writing "By THE WAY" articles for the St. Mary's Evening Leader. He talks about Alison Heaney's job to get them ready for the newspapers. He's thinking of expanding it to the Sidney or Dayton papers. Then he hands out copies of the first three articles. He's brought along copies for everybody. "In the next article I'll hit the cults."

He is still sharing, giving, building a like-minded vision, helping all the Corps here be and feel up to date on what is happening at Headquarters. He shows John Lynn's book. So has copies for everyone. He shows Dennis McGee's new book, The Rescue. Talks about how he got it published by Vantage Press.

Then he counts the men in the room and builds suspense. "I didn't need so many to keep my pants up." He chuckles and pulls out the box of belt buckles. There are eighteen of them. "I want to give them to all you men." He talks about giving away his clothes that he doesn't wear anymore, and then begins reading through the belt buckles: "Harley Davidson," "Born Again," "Colorado," "God's Country" whatever that is...." He reads, chuckles and shows them all off. "I'll lay them out on the table back there and you men can fight over them."

"What do you do? Buy a leather belt to put these belt buckles on?" someone asks.

"Oh, you can just sew them on the front of your pants."
(Laughter.) "This week I gave my prize Harley-Davidson belt buckle to Joy Lie, who was going home to Indonesia. He was so proud of it, he showed it to everyone."

It's such a warm, sharing, giving meeting. Everyone is easing into the atmosphere abundant with love. We are so glad to be here, to be together, to be with the man of God. To see his giving, his sharing, his earthiness, his humor and his love.

Now, Doctor begins to talk about the Fine Arts and Historical Center: "All our lives are laid out on the third floor. You can walk through it in one hour." He discusses and describes the

exhibit up there done by Pam Craley for the Thirty-Eighth Anniversary, in detail. "You know, the day before we left, I didn't want to go. I was tired, but she made me go" (referring to Mrs. Wierwille, sitting across a little table from him, smiling).

"She made me go, and then I was so blessed when I saw all the work that had gone into it, the brains it took to figure it all out. Boy, I got blessed.... They haven't found my Ph.D. dissertation yet, but they found my old basketball uniforms." Those were given to the Martindales awhile back.... (Pause.) "Did they ever find my old jock straps?" (Laughter, joking.)

Someone asks, "What do we have in the morning?"

"Oh, nothing much except to be nice to one another. Now, what else do you want to hear about?" And he throws the whole discussion open. Everyone wants to hear more news.

How are Craig and Donna? "Oh, they are moving in, just came home from Indiana Campus and moved into Trailer 2, the Randall's old trailer."

Who has had babies? Who is engaged? Everyone wants to know that. He goes through a few recent ones, and others from Headquarters fill in. "Now, you men that aren't married, you women that aren't married--how's your love life?"

(Laughter, delight. Now we're on a fun subject.) And he tells us of his idea of a Corps dating club. (Squeals from the room.)

A pause. Change of mood. "Being here on the Twenty-Fifth, the Headquarters Thirty-Eighth Anniversary, is like a dream to me. I have to pinch myself to know I'm awake." Another question,

and Mrs. Wierwille shares on new construction plans at Headquarters: plans for the new dining room in the OSC building, plans to build a new dorm which will house 400 more students. "We don't want to buy another campus."

Doctor: "Emporia is the worst campus we've got. It's not big enough to really learn the Corps principles. There are only forty-five acres. Our best campus is Indiana. We've got everything there--animals, the grounds. Boy, what a picture I saw the last time I was there. There was Lenny Gebhardt with his new bride. He was teaching her how to drive the tractor. There they were just married, and they're both up there on the tractor riding across the field on the Indiana Campus, and the sun was just setting behind them." He recalls the picture with relish.

Then on to the Fountain of Living Waters. Doctor shares about the state of the construction: "It should be a real showpiece." And about the tent that's up for the Thirty-Eighth, straddling the parking lot by the Executive Office Building: "Yup, all of Indiana Campus will be down for the Thirty-Eighth. They'll have one hundred children to babysit."

The discussion turns from here to the WOW production, then on to New Horizons. He touches on subject after subject as the questions come up, giving a broad and detailed picture of the move of the Word from The Way International Headquarters.

"It looks like the greatest year of outreach through the WOW program and the music. We've got TAKIT, New Horizons, the Victors. I'll take the Victors with me for a couple of weeks this year. They're more my style."

Iain wants to know about the Hispanic Corps. Doctor: "I'll keep on believing." Then Jerry Corrodi shares about the state of the legal delays.

Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille are like Grandpa and Grandma, I am thinking, with all the kids, sitting, sharing, loving, bringing us all in together to the vision of what is happening. I'm a little bleary-eyed now, but who wants to go anywhere? Where is there to go from here? Even bed is not as warm and interesting, as magnetic and enveloping, as this fellowship! If I get so tired, I'll just sleep on the floor. I don't want to leave.

More Corps news: "Dan McConaughy was appointed assistant to the top Aramaic professor at Chicago University." Mrs. Wierwille adds: "And he and Lori Lynn announced their engagement." We go on. Doctor to Robert: "I'm excited to see what you have put together on the history of the Word moving here." Then plans are made for tomorrow. We pray. The official part of the meeting is over. Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille announce they are going to retire, and the rest of us wander off, mostly to fellowship with one another. I can sleep after the gathering together, I am thinking. I don't want to miss anything here and now.

October 3, 1980

Friday

Twenty-Fifth Household

Anniversary

At breakfast with Bridget Clark, in charge of guest housing, she asks crisply: "Do you want to hear how I greeted Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille last night?" I nodded. "I'll tell you about it."

"At first the people at the hotel said we couldn't have the best apartment. It's a long story, but after much praying and believing we got the best apartment for them here in the hotel. I got everything ready. And at 12:30 A.M. everyone had left for the airport, but I stayed behind to wait and greet Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille here.

"It was very, very quiet. I kept straightening up one thing or another and speaking in tongues. I was very peaceful. Finally, at 3 A.M., they arrived. The first thing Dr. Wierwille did was to thank me for what I had done! When I saw them walk in, I knew what the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary meant. That he would leave off being at Headquarters on the Thirty-Eighth Anniversary there just to be here with us! He is always thinking of giving. He had given his large garland of flowers to Robert at the airport, but after he had come in and thanked me and greeted me, he gave his small garland to me."

It was a delicious English breakfast with eggs, ham, and broiled tomato and fried toast. But the very best was the

fellowship, the sharing and the new faces that had come in late in the night.

Later in the morning, Stanley and I took a walk through the green English countryside. We returned in time for lunch. Doctor sat with a group of believers from everywhere, and the conversation was light and varied. At the onset, Doctor announced that he had not come to eat, but to fellowship with us. We touched on subjects such as plans for the Ireland trip with Tom Doherty, Galway, Yeats, swans, backgrounds of the people there, and the Southampton soccer team staying at the hotel going to play Manchester City that afternoon, and then Dr. Wierwille was on the Word--and the call of Moses, a short teaching really. Toward the end of our meal, he excused himself from our table and went to greet all the other guests from table to table. He did not miss a single person.

The afternoon blazed by with final touches here and there. At 4 P.M. was afternoon tea; Robert gave Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille programs for the Twenty-Fifth Household Anniversary. They are large, handsome, with light blue and silver covers. While we were enjoying tea and fellowship, registration opened up in the lobby and the influx of believers coming to share in this historic occasion went into full swing.

I go to register and receive my blue wristband (reminds me of the Rock of Ages), my own program, a nametag and meal tickets. People are flooding in. Hugs, kisses, shouts, excitement and commotion. The Corps is working to finish and clean the marquee, setting up plants, flags and flowers, drying the carpet

with huge roaring machines. The air is light with excitement and anticipation.

I meet Patrick McSurdy from Miami, Florida, who had been a WOW in Ireland a year ago and this year lives with Nick and LeElla Wagg in Manchester. He works in construction and is going into the Twelfth Corps.

Final things are put in place. I rush to my room to change and prepare for a long, exciting night. A call from Chris Geer: "See Mr. Kent. Find out the name of the church where they first met, and the name of the chapel where they met the next night." I'm glad for any suggestions.

Mrs. Wierwille has asked me to help present the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary gifts from Headquarters. I am blessed. It is 6:40 P.M., and I am stepping out of my room and into the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary world. The time is here.

By 7 P.M. the lobby is warm and crowded. Now and again squeals, shouts, volleys of laughter as people greet, welcome, reunite. The crowd is so tight it is hard to walk through, and the walls are lined with every kind of luggage. One of the girls runs up to me: "All the Irish are here! All the Irish came!" She is breathless.

Under the marquee Mrs. Wierwille, dressed for the evening, is looking everything over. "Aren't they doing such a lovely job?" she says, referring to the girls putting up yellow flowers and curling pale blue ribbons on the center tent poles.

Back in the crowded lobby, Robert comes out and greets people. Hugging one here, kissing someone there. By 7:30 P.M., the marquee is filling up and by 7:40 Agape is out there singing, as though they had never been separated. They open with a burst of energy and enthusiasm. One of the Irish believers is at my elbow: "There are over 60 here from Ireland. We weren't sure exactly how many would come."

By 8 P.M. the marquee is nearly filled. Only a few scattered seats are empty. Agape is doing an excited rendition of "Blessed Is the Nation Whose God Is the Lord," and then David Bailey introduces the Trunk coordinator of Great Britain, Rev. Robert Wilkinson. He greets everyone with a voice shaking with emotion and then immediately introduces Dr. Victor Paul Wierwille "...whose life and stand have enabled all of us to be here tonight!" A standing, thunderous ovation, and Doctor is out smiling, wiping his eyes, to open this weekend with prayer.

Robert is out again--the British national anthem, "Unworthy" and manifestations. Then onto the introduction of guests, and telegrams and greetings: Ralph Dubofsky, the European saints at The Way College of Emporia, Christoph and Cynthia Stoop, and leaders from many other countries. He reminds us that the Twenty-Fifth is a silver anniversary, and that twenty-five is five times five, or "grace upon grace," and that is what the weekend is to be, a time of relaxing and rejoicing in the family and the household. Here, Robert covers the weekend schedule, and then Dr. Wierwille is up there again. His suit is dark and formal, on one lapel a red rose with baby's breath.

He gives greetings from the Board of Trustees and invites Mrs. Wierwille to make the gift presentation from The Way International Headquarters. Here is our chance to be a part of this blessing; all the American women from Ambassador One--Stanley Reahard, Barbara Geer, Karen MacHarg, Nancy Jo Shaffer, Ruth Rott and myself--have the privilege of carrying the green and silver laced boxes on stage and presenting the gifts that had just been shown at Headquarters five days before: the silver coffee and tea service with sugar and creamer on a large engraved tray, and the tray with silver punch bowl, twelve cups and the two-sided ladle. We show the gifts and deposit them on a table to one side where the believers can see them more closely later.

We barely have time to sit down. The formalities are over. Doctor is praying, and then: "Open your Bibles and turn to II Corinthians...." There is a whirr and flip of pages. The marquee is silent. As one man, everyone is looking in his Bible, and Dr. Wierwille begins to teach the opening teaching of the Twenty-Fifth Household Anniversary. This will be the foundation.

Opening Teaching At The
Twenty-Fifth Household Anniversary
Notes

Dr. Wierwille starts with October 3, 1942, and goes through significant dates for the ministry.

Tuesday, September 27, 1955, thirteen years after the ministry's founding, the five of them first set foot on the land of Great Britain. For eleven or twelve years between 1942 and 1955, he had worked the Word of God day after day.

He talks about Payne, Ohio, the small church with sixteen members. "I couldn't blow it too badly with such a small church. And it grew fast."

Then he recalls coming to Great Britain in 1955, how they had left John Paul, a two-month-old baby, at home and were gone for seven months. "And now, our children." He goes through all their names, what they do now and names all the grandchildren. "That's where the Wierwille family is tonight." (Emphasis is on growth and expansion.)

"In 1957, something happened which continued the spade work. Three men came to the U.S. from Great Britain: Ronald Hooley, Herbert Stott and Don Bailey. They came for a month and stayed in our basement. They came also because of K.C. Pillai, a

man I loved very much." He tells about how he and Bishop Pillai worked the Word together, all the orientalisms from Genesis to Revelation.

He is tracing the finger of God writing the book of this ministry.

"On this opening occasion of great thanksgiving, I would like to speak to you on thanksgiving."

"The Bible is God's first and last, the one and only will and testament. Men make more than one, but God is unchangeable. God has one Word that makes known His will. What is your attitude towards God's last will and testament? Only a wayward child tries to upset the will of a father.

"God's will is for His loved ones only. A will is written so that the loved ones will know the will and enjoy the inheritance."

"This is His will, His testament. It was designed for His children. It's an exciting moment when you hear the will read and have it explained. Then the great reality dawns on you, that that is really you! Your legal right. Finally, you hear the will personally.

Revelation 3:20 (he quotes it).

"You are placed as administrator here upon the earth. You are in Christ's stead."

II Corinthians 5:17-21 (ambassadors for Christ).

"You are an ambassador. There is no question about that. The only question is the quality of your ambassadorship. We are made the righteousness of God in him. How righteous is God? You make up your mind to believe the last will and testament of the

Father. It is your responsibility to accept the terms of your Father's will.

1 John 3:1 and 2 (Now are we the sons of God....) "How the Adversary has defeated Christians. Now are we sons, sons and ambassadors! We shall see him as he is, to receive and enjoy the inheritance with thanksgiving."

Psalm 103. "I'll read it all and then share two verses." (He reads the entire Psalm.)

"Bless the Lord, O my soul...that's at the beginning and end of this psalm and both times that "Lord" is Jehovah. Now look at Ephesians 1:3. "God is blessed." Here it is, Elohim! Why? Because in the Old Testament man just had body and soul. He could only bless Jehovah, the covenant God. No one could be born again. They could only relate to Jehovah.

"But Ephesians is addressed to the born again believer who is body, soul and spirit. Now we can worship Elohim, THE CREATOR! The Creator of the heavens and the earth. There in the Psalms not even the believer of that administration could have a direct relationship with the Creator. Oh people, most Christians today just continue to bless Jehovah. They have never been taught to get to Elohim." (He is excited, sharing, almost pleading for us to grasp the depth and significance of this distinction).

"In the Psalm: bless Jehovah... you, yourself, the soul man. But everything starts with God. You are second.

"Today we do both: pray with our understanding (bless Jehovah) and pray in the spirit (bless Elohim).

"Bless his holy name." He goes into the definition of holy (sanctified, hallowed) and back to its first usage in Exodus 3:1ff (the call of Moses).

"No man comes to God without God being the prime mover. You see, Moses looked. When God moves, you have to look. Then God (Jehovah) saw. Then God (Elohim) called! Look at that! And in Exodus 3:6, the word for God is Elohim and it is used in that verse five times. What is His name?" Back to the first use, he develops the usage of God's name--I AM. Finally he concludes, "God is always the first, the prime mover." Suddenly the teaching is over.

"Well, I am thankful to be here at the Twenty-Fifth Household Celebration with you. We only have one life to live and give." And he prays to close his teaching.

* * *

The teaching has left my mind thinking, grasping for parallels. I had never seen that before. In the Old Testament the believer could only have a relationship with Jehovah, but we now, when we are born again can have a direct relationship with the CREATOR Himself. What a privilege! What a time to be alive and understand. So GOD IS BLESSED.

Robert is up there introducing Agape as Doctor strides off stage and a Night Owl is announced for 10:30 P.M. It is 9:45 now. The evening has moved very fast. The Household Anniversary is launched firmly founded on the Word of God. God is blessed!

My mind is still buzzing with the teaching when we gather back under the marquee at 10:30 P.M. Believers are crowded in the lounges, fellowshiping, sharing, laughing together and are slow to come back in. But already Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille are seated in the audience alongside Robert and Barbara and Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Kent, Barbara's parents.

Doctor begins in a genial tone: "Did you hear the one about how I taught five hours one night at the Sunday school, and it was so late that the janitor turned off the heat, and told us to lock up when we left?" He is delighted to recall that. He had forgotten it, but Mr. Kent remembered.

The seats fill up, people quiet down, and Robert Wilkinson begins the narration.

Historical Presentation

Notes

"Tonight is your personal history, your heritage, your historical lineage spiritually. The important thing is the heart, not so much the facts. I want you to see how God has inspired so many men in history to bring us this ministry that you and I are a part of."

He begins the record, picking it up in the nineteenth century. In 1840 from Ladbergen, Germany, the Wierwilles move to the USA and settle in western Ohio. In 1899 in India, K.C. Pillai was born in a village, where he heard about Christianity. God opened his heart and he heard a voice and saw a vision. When he was converted to Christianity, his family had a funeral service for him.

"In 1932 K.C. Pillai went to England for the first time. All his arrangements fell through. He opened his Bible to Psalms 46:10, and right then on the pier, someone came up to him and informed him that he had a phone call; it was from someone he had never met offering him lodging."

Robert continues the narration, showing old slides and pictures of the characters in this widespread, intricate drama so full of surprises.

"During the 1930s in England, Mr. Kent and Mr. Hooley spent time together. On July 2, 1937, Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille were married."

Here Doctor interrupts: "We ran off. We eloped. We never told anyone till after Christmas. You know why we did that? 'Cause I was afraid they wouldn't let me finish the basketball season if they found out!" And they both reminisce in front of the whole audience about their elopement.

Robert continues: "In 1940, Dr. Wierwille went to Princeton. The same year marked the outbreak of the war in England. Mr. Hooley and Mr. Kent were friends. Mr. Hooley stayed with a fireman in London who talked of this Indian. K.C. Pillai stayed with them and taught the Word for six weeks. They got born again.

"Meanwhile across the ocean in 1940, Dr. Wierwille taught in several churches. In 1941, he was ordained and moved to his first parish in Payne, Ohio. He moved to Van Wert and many great men were invited to come and teach there. (He cites: E. Stanley Jones, Starr Daily, Glenn Clarke and others). From there, he gets into Mrs. Wierwille's bout with rheumatic fever. And then Mrs. Wierwille shares about that. "I never thought I would die. Some woman told me: You have three small children. God wants you to take care of them."

"In 1946, in England, the Hooleys came back to Macclesfield after the war. Bishop Pillai came and stayed with them, and taught in Macclesfield. The Word of God was being sown. That same year, Mr. Kent was the superintendent of the Sunday school there. And in that same year, the Wilkinson family moved to Macclesfield."

Robert moves through significant events straddling three continents. In 1947, Rhoda Becker Wierwille came to work for Dr.

Wierwille. In 1948, Doctor received his Ph.D. In 1950, he went to Tulsa. Here Doctor shares about J.E. Stiles and learning how to speak in tongues. "In 1952, Dr. Wierwille met the Owens, and 1953 marked the first, the very first Power for Abundant Living class. Dr. E.E. Higgins was in that class." Doctor reminisces about that too. There are photos, old photos of Starr Daily, of Dr. Higgins and others. He is visibly moved.

Then back to England. The 1950s were a time of evangelical crusades. The Macclesfield Lodge Sunday School, where Mr. Kent was the superintendent, was a place for such meetings. Now Mr. Kent shares, "We were interested in Christ. That's all we knew."

Then in 1953, Bishop went to the USA where he met Uncle Harry. They all pause to discuss this. Yes, Uncle Harry heard him speak and called on the phone and asked if he could bring him home. That's how the Wierwilles met Bishop Pillai. And then there was George Lamsa, and they are all recalling those significant events also. "The ministry did not receive its name until 1959, but in the meantime, in 1955, five Wierwilles--the number of grace--came to England on their way to India."

And we are seeing slides of that journey: the bon voyage party, the send-off, photos of Uncle Harry, Ermal Owens, Bishop and Reuben. Then shots of September 27, 1955, when they landed in Southampton, a shot of the Bonnington Hotel in London where they all stayed before Dr. Wierwille went up to Macclesfield to see Mr. Hooley. Mr. Hooley told Mr. Kent about Doctor's arrival. The first meeting at the Bank Street Church attracted about twenty-

five people. The next evening about sixty people were there to hear the teaching.

Mr. Kent shares: "That second meeting was at Martineau Hall and Doctor asked, 'Does anyone want to speak in tongues?' I was the first one up. I had wanted to speak in tongues for a long time. He took several of us in a room apart and led us into tongues. After I spoke in tongues Dr. Wierwille slapped me on the back and said, 'You should have been doing this long before now.'"

Then they recall the October 17th meeting with five ministers at the Cavendish Chapel in Manchester. On October 19, Dr. Wierwille taught about 200 people and had a ministering service. After that, they returned to London. On October 25, they left England for India. Then, before our eyes are huge photos of Dr. Wierwille in India with Radnakrishna, the vice-president.

They reminisce of coming back in 1956. The family returned April 9 for a few days, and Doctor taught in Macclesfield several nights and sometimes during the days. On April 16, they left England for the USA. "And we are so thankful for the great inspiration that you and your family were to us," Robert concludes.

Now in sequence we hear the voices of the three children who were on the trip twenty-five years ago. On the screen we see slides of Don and Wanda and all their children today, and Robert plays a tape of greetings from Don on tape: "The next twenty-five years are much more important than the past twenty-five years." A lovely photo of Karen Martin is shown and we hear a tape of her

greetings: "I read in my mother's diary and saw that Dad taught the same things he's teaching today. On one page in a parenthesis, he used the word Twig. That interested me. He was using that word so long ago." Then Mary Somerville and her family appear on the screen and her greetings are shared.

We move on to 1957, photos of Messrs. Hooley, Stott and Bailey coming to take the Power For Abundant Living Class in Van Wert, and then they returned to England. Around that time Doctor and his family moved to 649 South Washington Street.

Robert continues: "And that is the year that I began dating Barbara Kent." From here Robert moves into the sixties. The whole life and growth of the ministry spread out before us like this in a short hour is breathtaking. And we just began in the nineteenth century! How long God has been raising up this ministry, preparing the way, growing up the people to carry it.

"In 1960, Dr. Wierwille returned to England and first taught the entire Power For Abundant Living class there. He began on January 24." Here Mrs. Kent shares something about the thirty people in that class. "I remember Dr. Wierwille asking how many were in the upper room. I knew that one so I said 120 and he jumped all over me." And she goes back to naming some of the other people in that class.

From there also Dr. Wierwille went to Holland at that time and taught there before returning to the US having been away six weeks. During that time work was being done on the president's home. We see pictures of that work, pictures I have never seen before.

In 1961, on February 2, the Wierwilles move to the present headquarters site. In August of 1961, work on the BRC begins. In 1963, work on the extension is undertaken, and it is completed in 1965. In 1966, the Howard Allens join The Way. We see photos of the Allens and hear a recording of Howard Allen's greetings. Then the Owens are on the screen and a tape of their greetings is played.

In October 1967, the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of The Way in the USA was celebrated. And then began the filming of the Power For Abundant Living class. Meanwhile, back in England in August 1967, Robert and Barbara were married. Barbara shares about their marriage and then about being healed by God of a severe back problem. Back to Robert: in a way those were very hard years, the hardest time of their lives, and he shares how the pressures of his work were becoming increasingly more difficult to handle.

The sharing moved back to the USA with talk of the Way Corps in 1969, and Bo talks about the First Way Corps in 1970. In 1971, there was the first Rock of Ages and the first pilot WOW program that summer. It is well past midnight, and Robert closes the historical survey to be picked up later this weekend and the evening ends.

We have traveled miles through time and space, seen and heard so many people, while just sitting here under the lemon yellow and white marquee.

My mind is spinning with events and faces, but most of all with the overview that the hand of God was so distinctly and surely upon the growth of this ministry and the people who believe in the greatness of His Word. He will surely not let us down now, having brought us this far.

October 4, 1980

Saturday

Twenty-Fifth Household
Anniversary

At 7 A.M. I attended a morning watch led by Iain MacMillan. Jovially, he led prayer, manifestations and then read from Colossians 1, 2 and 3, emphasizing the theme of thankfulness. The tent area was perhaps half full.

By 7:20 we had moved out around the flagpole and watched the Union Jack raised to flutter in the early morning sunshine while we heard "God Save the Queen," the British national anthem. Standing with his back to the cow pastures and the peaceful English countryside, Dr. Wierwille opened the day with a word of prayer and we all shuffled inside for the joys of a hot English breakfast.

The lobbies buzzed with fellowship, the walks of the formal gardens streamed with believers, and at 10 A.M. we gathered in the marquee for the morning meeting.

Robert opened with song and prayer and read Lonnell Johnson's Keatsian ode, written especially for this occasion. Robert read it with verve in his impeccable British accent. It was well received. He announced his going into the Family 7 Corps and introduced Alan and Karen Moorhead, Way Corps 7, who will be handling the work in Great Britain after his departure.

Karen spoke first, sharing three verses from Acts (4:31-33). Her vision for this year is "that we stand together as one heart

and one soul and shake up Great Britain and Ireland into one household!" She walks backstage and Alan is on to teach the morning meeting.

He teaches from Daniel 3 on Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, having begun with Matthew 6:33. He goes on to Daniel 6, emphasizing God's deliverance, and closes with Colossians 1:10. God has delivered and still can deliver. As he speaks, behind him the Irish and British flags are poised, surrounding a large sign reading: "GOD" and "25". In the front of the stage to the left is the British Union Jack, to the right the Stars and Stripes. Before the podium sets a large flower arrangement.

As Alan ends with a cheerful exhortation, Don MacMillan is out to do announcements. He is very funny and out of the blue tells the joke of the believer bear. That really loosens people up. It is just after eleven and lunch is at 12:30, leaving a good hour and a half for fellowship. And that was the last word from Don on stage: "Now, let's all fellowship," and so we did.

I sought out Mr. Kent to talk with him again about what he remembered from Dr. Wierwille's first visit twenty-five years ago. We sat down in the lounge and he shared some memories from 1955.

"The Bank Street Pentecostal Church in Macclesfield was the first place where Dr. Wierwille taught. It has since been demolished. That was the first meeting. The second place was the Martineau Hall, where he taught the following night. That was also a Pentecostal Church. It was packed that night."

Mr. Kent recounts how yesterday, Friday, he had taken Dr. Wierwille on a tour of some of these old places. Mr. Kent

continued, "Martineau Hall is where it really got started, as I remember. That is where I spoke in tongues. Several came for healing that night. There was an element of opposition there, but we didn't know it. Dr. Wierwille received word of knowledge there, because at one point he singled out a man in the corner and said, 'You in the corner don't agree with this.'

"Then there was the Macclesfield Large Sunday School where during the last night of the class in 1960, I don't think Doctor had enough time. He had started at 7 P.M. and taught for five hours. The caretaker wanted to close the school. That's when he switched off the heat and told us to lock up, but Dr. Wierwille just carried on."

From Mr. Kent's memory he recalls that in 1955 he was in meetings night after night. Then he goes back to the Power For Abundant Living class in 1960: people who were there: Mr. and Mrs. Donald Bailey, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Smith, Mr. Frank Haworth with two daughters, Mr. and Mrs. Ron Hooley and Mr. and Mrs. Stott, both of whom went to the US in 1957. Phil Haworth's son took that class too, and Mr. Kent's oldest son, David, who is here this weekend with his family.

Mr. Kent continues: "Amazing how so many of them all dropped away. Yesterday with Dr. Wierwille we stopped by Mr. Hooley's widow to invite her to come to the meeting. The Hooleys were the pioneers of the whole thing here. Now she is disturbed. She is not a well woman and she did not come. Another person that might be coming is Mrs. Harding. Barbara contacted

everyone, inviting them all by phone or letter to come to this weekend. I am only now beginning to see the whole thing clearly."

Then he tells more about yesterday's tour with Dr. Wierwille. "We went by the Macclesfield Arms Hotel where Doctor gave a farewell dinner. He didn't remember many of the places. He didn't remember the Martineau Hall.

"There was another place we should have gone, but I forgot about that: 'Alexander Cafe,' it used to be called. Doctor had some meetings there. Now it's an electrical contractor's establishment.

"That was a great place. I remember one time when we all assembled there and Doctor said: 'He's (the Adversary) in here tonight, all right!' You see, he could see what was going on there. That's also the place where he said one night: 'It would do some of you a lot of good to have a night out on the town!' You see, there were a lot of self-righteous people present that night. That is also the place where we used to run classes. Dr. Wierwille sent us tapes over the years and that is where we would hear them.

"It is so interesting. Of the four of us who were with Dr. Wierwille from the beginning (Stott, Hooley, Bailey and Kent), I am the only one in that group that didn't go to the US the summer of 1957. It's only an idea, but I think that is what helped me stay with it all these years. You see, they returned and wanted to see things move so fast, and then they became discouraged and disappointed. Now they are all dead or gone."

After our pleasant chat, I took the opportunity to meet other people. I met Lawrence Reed from Montana, currently a WOW in Limerick, Ireland. He is applying for Family 8 Corps. Also, so many WOWs from Ireland, Scotland and England. There were new people: Rita and Mary from Ireland had just finished their first Power For Abundant Living class. I ate lunch with Michael from Jamaica, now living in London, who is interested in writing, and I met Barry Jackson, a writer interested in publishing.

The meals last a civilized length of time with coffee in the lounge, and I notice that the atmosphere seems to have warmed considerably. People are reaching out, opening up. How much this is helped by the open bar where the believers stop in for a pint of ale, I don't know.

Doctor is out walking around, greeting people almost continuously--shaking hands, laughing, talking quietly. He is out among the people a great deal.

I take time to breeze through the "BOOK SHOP," which reminds me of Headquarters--same books, Bibles with everything nicely organized and arranged. People are browsing, handling books, reading.

After a while Doctor Wierwille comes in and chats. A woman comes up to meet him. She is British and currently working in Denver, Colorado. She asks if there will be a ministering service. He says, "You are about the third person that has asked me this. I will have to talk to Robert about it, and see what the plans are." She shares that she used to be epileptic, and that her seizures have returned since she moved to the US to work.

I linger after Doctor. He is greeting people one after another with a distinctly relaxed and leisurely air, but drifting toward the marquee. The first people he meets there are Karen Moorhead's parents. It is just before 3 P.M. Mrs. Wierwille is also there dressed in a plaid red and green kilt and velvet vest. The seats are rapidly filling. I can count 260 seats and people are standing in the back and along the sides. Alan Moorhead is out, and after a song introduces Rev. Bo Reahard. Bo cuts a dashing figure bounding onto the stage.

His first move is to present the WOW pin paperweights to the nine country coordinators represented here. Doctor Wierwille comes out and shares briefly at this moment: "There's not much money value in these, but we had them made specially for this occasion and for you by a believer in Colorado." Then they pass across the stage and Doctor makes the presentations:

1. France--Jean Louis Ricard
2. Great Britain--Alan Moorhead
3. Ireland--Tom Doherty
4. Italy--Carolyn Tirrito

5. The Netherlands--Ray Brandt
6. Norway--Steve Hartlaub
7. Spain--Ken LaPrade
8. Switzerland--Nicole Könz
9. West Germany--Wolfgang Schneider

Applause dies down for all these representatives who are moving the Word across Europe and now Bo Reahard makes a presentation to Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille: "From the Corps and Staff at The Way International with love." On a tray he hands them is a pair of white china candle holders and a matching bell.

Mrs. Wierwille thanks everyone. "The greatness of these is that they are additions to a china service that has been given to us--a service for eight. And I'd like to invite anyone here to have dinner with us." She picks up the bell and rings it with a sharp tinkle. "This is the call-to-dinner bell." Everyone laughs at the play on words.

Bo calls on Agape to do "Give Him Your Heart," and then opens his teaching. "Your call to service is your call to abundant sharing. Most people think of abundant sharing as limited to money, but it is much broader than that. God asks for all of us-- all our soul, all our strength, all our heart. Abundant sharing is giving to God. More abundantly is in every category of life. As Uncle Harry said, 'The art of living is giving.'"

We charged from scripture to scripture. Bo built this teaching very simply and very logically, expanding peoples' minds to see abundant sharing much bigger than they had ever thought it was. Once in Malachi, he wound up quickly and closed with a word of

prayer. The whole teaching lasted forty-five minutes, and when he had finished, I wanted to hear more and more and more. I was sorry he had ended so abruptly.

But no time for regret, we are forging ahead. Dave Bailey is on stage with Agape in a talk show type setting. He invites the entire audience to take their shoes off, to get comfortable and just be at home. He will pick up a review of the move of the Word in Great Britain during the seventies.

Informally, he begins: 1972 marks the year that Robert and Barbara came to the US. They first took Christian Family and Sex class in California, then went on to Headquarters and took Power for Abundant Living. In the fall of 1972, in October, there was a Twig in Macclesfield. The Power For Abundant Living class in those days cost nine pounds.

The first Power For Abundant Living class was run in Macclesfield. David Anderson came for the first two weeks, and then he left and Robert finished the class. People in that class were Fran Drake (she jumps up from the audience and shares), Christopher Kent, Barbara's brother, Mr. and Mrs. Kent, and Fran's parents--nine in all were in that class.

In August 1973, eight WOWs were commissioned to Great Britain. Elizabeth Eddings was one of them. (She had flown over with us on Ambassador One.) At this point, she hops on stage and shares some of her memories. She was involved in witnessing to Dave Thomas (Wales), Alan Moorhead (Ireland), Don MacMillan (Scotland) and Karen Anderson Moorhead (from England).

Now all these four come up on stage and there ensues a hilarious and earthy sharing about those early years. Significant to me was that in that first class, there was a representative from each part of Great Britain, and that they today are the heart of the leadership for the move of God's Word in this area. Three are Corps grads, and one more will be soon.

Amid laughter, applause and clowning, the facts escape. A Power For Abundant Living class came together in January 1974. As they share, Doctor comes alongside them, laughing, his eyes twinkling.

More facts: After that class Don MacMillan went home to Stornaway and witnessed to his father, brother and sister. For this class, Alan Moorhead came... to help. Don ran the class. "We'd run a couple of sessions, then we would go out fishing for four or five days. So I got to undershepherd Iain and my Dad twenty-four hours a day all through that Power For Abundant Living class."

Doctor Wierwille breaks in: "The biggest miracle of all is that God saved these guys! (Laughter) The second biggest miracle is that I put up with these guys for four years in The Way Corps!" Everyone is having a good time.

Dave talks about the early fellowships in Manchester: "We really crammed them into the room. And they were all our old friends. The greatest results we all had were from people we knew."

That is when Alison Smith came from Scotland to Manchester Music College. Alan Moorhead witnessed to her. Now Alison, with

her warm, brilliant smile and rich Scottish brogue is up there to share. She is Way Corps 10. "When I came to my first Twig, I knew that was it." Alison brought Cathy Capewell. And then the whole thing opened up at the music college. They had twenty-five people at Twig every time.

At this point Don MacMillan shares about the first Scottish Heartbeat in 1976, how he rewrote the words to a very traditional Scottish song, "Flower of Scotland." By now, we have accounted for much of the Corps and much of Agape. How early God drew out the future leadership of the move of His Word in the nation, and what a varied and irreligious crowd, I am thinking.

We continue: 1974 Rock of Ages, Dave Bailey's song "Hearts Knit Together" won as the theme song, and in 1975, Dave first came to the Rock of Ages in Lima. On his return to Great Britain, he got Way Productions going. They put a production together then. There was a character hanging around in those days called Martin Reilly, who took the Power For Abundant Living class in California and then finally ended up in Ireland. He stayed in Germany first and witnessed to people all over. John Alton (Way Corps 10) met him. Then Martin went to Ireland where he got Paddy Heron in the Word.

And we have more people on stage: John Alton and the WOW family that undershepherded him. Then Alan Moorhead went to Ireland where he witnessed to his sister and her friends. Paddy Heron was one of them. They signed up for a Power For Abundant Living class.

Tom Doherty is up on stage now, and he has all the Irish people stand up. He tells about the first class run in Ireland. Seven people took that first class. Now there are fifteen Irish in the Eleventh Corps. And that year, 1976, was when Doctor first promoted The Way Corps here. Seven went into the Seventh Corps: Marilyn Francis Knupp, Iain MacMillan, Carol Hooley, Carol Holden, Karen and Alan Moorhead and Christopher Kent.

Carol Hooley shares on coming into The Way Corps. In July of 1975, Robert and Barbara moved into the new Limb home, and in 1978 the first European Advanced Class was held. That same year Agape came to the USA to make an album.

Dave Bailey invites Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille to come up on stage and presents to them the original art work made for The Way Magazine, September/October 1980, commemorating this anniversary.

Dr. Wierwille is quick to accept: "I accept this with great thanksgiving," as he begins admiring it closely, "but I would like to present this to stay in the archives of Great Britain." (Applause.) He gives it to Robert for safe-keeping.

Still on stage, Doctor is speaking: "There's just so much heart in this ministry. It's the only ministry that puts up with people." And then he begins talking about Power for Abundant Living. "If you have sat through the Power For Abundant Living class, you will have more knowledge of God's Word accurately than anyone in a seminary." And he repeats the sentence and talks at length and with great thanksgiving about the class. "It cost my daddy \$20,000 to educate a fool. This is the greatest moment in

history. You've got the light. Turn it on! Let everybody see it!" His excitement is spontaneous and contagious. In the enthusiasm Doctor has Dave Bailey sing, "I Did the Choosing and the Devil Did the Losing." On stage Doctor walks around showing appreciation. He is into it. Great song. Everyone is clapping along and laughing. Doctor is blessed and so is everyone else. He takes the mike and reels off a bevy of announcements:

1. These mikes are from Headquarters, working pretty good, huh? (Applause.)
2. I brought along a TAKIT tape for the dance tonight. (Applause.)
3. I also brought along the latest Victors (the quartet) tapes.
4. I've read that all you people are crazy for cowboy stuff. Well, I'll be wearing it here tonight for the dance (wild applause, whistles).
5. I've also brought a video for tonight.
6. Two videos--both of the High Country Caravan TV pilots. He offers to show them both. Then talks about the TV pilots. "We did them to get our feet wet." He announces the live TV show for Thanksgiving weekend in Wichita.
7. Now he asks Agapē to sing "God Delivered Jesus Christ." "I first heard it at the European Advanced Class

and it really turned me on. I want to hear that one again."

Agapē sings. Doctor doesn't let the excitement flag. A split second after the final chord his voice is boisterously on the mike. Exact timing. "It's supertime! Hurry back! See you for the next act!"

Springing up with excitement the crowd files out. Supper has been moved up to 5:30 so that the evening session can start earlier. Bo's fine teaching this afternoon and then the humorous reminiscences of the seventies have surely succeeded in loosening everybody up. We've thrown caution into the winds. I am thrilled at Dr. Wierwille's example of leadership and control. Keep leading, keep making decisions, keep the dynamic thrusting forward. Somewhere in the recesses of my mind, I recall his voice saying time and again: "If you are going to lead, lead!"

After supper, I could not wait to return to the common fellowship. The evening began early, with prayer, manifestations and songs by Agapē. Christopher Kent is next up announcing a special: "Just flown over here from The Way International Headquarters to Mottram Hall, especially for you WOWs!" He waves the yellow and white WOW Vet T-shirt and then asks who is WOW now. He is going to give shirts to all current WOWs. (Wild applause and excitement.) But Dr. Wierwille is up there in seconds.

Behind the mike, he starts in a conversational tone with Christopher. "Say, I've got a problem. How's come these get WOW

T-shirts and those that have been WOW before this year didn't get one?" He says this all with much humor and informality, scratching his head as though he were the dumb one.

Christopher is stumped. After a long pause, Christopher shrugs, "I don't know."

"Well, then why don't we just give them out to everyone that's ever been a WOW??!" Amid the fervor, Doctor supervises giving out T-shirts so that all is decent and in order. He has totally won his audience and won them, as he is constantly doing, winning people to the Word, by giving.

Now, it's Christopher's turn. He makes a presentation to Doctor "on behalf of all the WOWs in British Isles." Doctor accepts a small box, opens and takes out something shiny in white cotton. He pulls it out and shows a silver paper weight with the WOW pin laid in, engraved.

"There's no other way to go than to go WOW if you want to grow and really learn the Word. The WOW program is only as successful as the WOWs in it."

"This weekend we are training 400 WOWs in a second wave of training. There are 2,000 on the field now. But you people here need more WOWs. You here are growing too slowly. People here need to hear the Word!" (Applause.) "Now, come up here, Dotsie. We got a gift we want to give all of you. (Oohs and Ahhs.) "Mrs. Wierwille had something specially made for you here on the Twenty-Fifth from our family. You want to tell them about it, Dotsie?"

Mrs. Wierwille holds up a double photograph in a frame, the same one I saw so long ago in Dr. Wierwille's office. "Here on the left is our family when we came to Great Britain twenty-five years ago. And here is our family now: ten children, twelve grandchildren and Dr. Wierwille and myself. Now, that's an increase." And as the ushers hand out the gift to every person there, she names each face in the picture as though introducing everyone here to them. "Maybe in another twenty-five years there will be a change again," she adds discreetly.

Dr. Wierwille remarks: "We are blessed to share this picture with you on this special occasion, because we love you very much." People are touched--the forethought, the planning, the interest in every individual. Everyone here has a special gift. Even the smallest one in the picture has been named.

At this point, two believers from Ireland are introduced: Tony and Jean Dunne. He plays the guitar and she sings. They have put new words to traditional Irish folk songs. The music is soft and lilting and when they finish there is much applause from a particular section. I guess that was the Irish believers.

Robert is out to share about this couple whose four children he dedicated at the WOW Festival, and he introduces their next song: "Bury Your Heart in the Word." Now Agape is out again. The atmosphere tonight is electric with clapping and excitement. Agape breaks into "Land of Hope and Glory," and Robert walks out behind them to teach the Word on Saturday, October 4, the Gala Evening of the Twenty-Fifth Household Anniversary.

Gala Evening Teaching

Notes

"Tonight is a night of mixed emotions for my wife and me. To be here at the Twenty-Fifth Household Anniversary makes me want to stay here and keep on moving the Word. But part of my heart also wants to go into The Way Corps. This is my last official function as the Trunk coordinator of Great Britain." He pauses as though fighting to control those mixed feelings. On the last sentence his voice noticeably trembles. He continues, thanking the Board of Trustees for the privilege of being here and for allowing them to go into The Way Corps for this time. Another pause. The marquee is very still. People are straining forward to catch every word, lifting him up with their love.

"Also, I want to thank the person tonight... who has stood with me these last eight years... without whom I would not be here tonight..." He speaks in halting words, wrestling to keep his voice even. I can hardly stand it, I am moved by this honest show of involvement and by his heart of appreciation....My wife, Barbara." (Applause.) The applause seems to escort Barbara herself onto the stage. Her cheeks are pink and damp with tears. (I don't believe there was a dry eye in the place.) Applause covers her, and then shushes as she nears the microphone. What will she say? I am wondering. What would I say? How does one answer such high praise, and that publicly? The crowd is quiet, listening as her voice rings solidly and sweetly over the loudspeaker: "I really don't know what to say... but I suppose that behind every successful wife there is... a successful

husband." What a comeback! Wild, wild applause, and then quiet for she is still up there, petite, gentle. "I'm not going to say good-bye to anybody because we will always be meeting again. I love you all. God bless." And she is off the stage. What an answer, I am thinking. What a blessing! It's got to be God, for in that exchange everyone who witnessed it could not have been more blessed and included. With that introduction, Robert proceeds to his teaching.

"All true hope and glory come from the one TRUE God. Today in the world there is a vast increase of godless systems, systems without the true God. Human rights today are being held above sonship rights. "The sufferings of Jesus Christ are always mentioned with his glory"..... "Where there is a counterfeit, men get the glory, not God." (He entitled this teaching "The Glory Walk.")

"God has called us to his own glory, not to suffering. We just reflect the glory of God." Then he reads comments about The Way from the press and TV. "We are the Wesleys and the Müllers of 1980! I think of Satan as the status quo. I'm out to move and change...." His voice is rising. He is building, building, and he turns the building into a challenge: "I call on you to challenge the status quo. Stand out from the crowd. Separate yourself from the mediocrity around you. God has called you to His own glory. We need to call our people back to the true God. That is our call to service!"

"Tonight, I exhort you to say, 'Yes, I believe.'"

* * *

Well, it was a strong teaching, powerful. Robert stands to the side of the stage while Agape sings. Dr. Wierwille is up on stage. Immediately he is building the leader.

"I thank God for men like Rev. Robert Wilkinson here who love God and who love their country. I think that is the best teaching I've ever heard on one's nation in relation to God's Word. I think that people from every nation need to hear that teaching." "He loves his country and he wants to help people." Immediately Doctor begins a closing prayer and we are launched into the Gala Evening.

The event caused me to reflect. Dr. Wierwille, walking in the love of God, came out and publicly praised something specific and great about that teaching. In public, he was building his leader.

The marquee was cleared speedily. In fifteen minutes the videos would begin, then a buffet, and then the dance. Waves of excitement fill the marquee. People are moving, active, not waiting around but forging ahead.

Now, the crowds filter back in to watch the videos in an informal setting. A tape of TAKIT is followed by other music, and a new group, High Calling, plays. It's already after midnight but the steadfast dancers are still going strong.

At one point I see Dr. Wierwille coming into the marquee. He is in pajamas, slippers and bathrobe. It is just after midnight. He is standing alone looking everything over, as though sizing up the situation. And we exchange a few words.

Doctor: "How can I help you?"

ESW: "I don't know. I'm trying to keep track of everything, be out with people. I don't have a specific angle yet." He nods in a kindly way. Mrs. Wierwille joins her husband and they leave together.

Robert and Barbara are out with the people, talking, milling, enjoying themselves. The dance closes down near one and I follow the crowd into the lounge. Somewhere in the distance I hear an accordian, perhaps a flute, or maybe some rare Celtic instrument playing. Strains of Great Britain amid buzz of conversation. I meet and talk to at least another half dozen people. I am not in the least ready for bed. Neither are a lot of others. But after awhile, I too retire. Tomorrow is the last day. It's nearly 2:20, but I left a lot of people still fellowshipping there in the lounge.

October 5, 1980

Sunday

Twenty-Fifth Household

Anniversary

Seven A.M. at the morning watch Carol Hooley (Seventh Corps) shares on reading the Word. She is in I Peter. The group is small, smaller than yesterday, but even as we continue to pray and have manifestations the marquee is quickly filling. We continue out for the flag raising. The morning air is chilly, and this morning Robert has the word of prayer while the Union Jack flutters in the cold breeze.

At the English breakfast, I sat with the WOW family from Stockport. I have seen them working behind the scenes most of this weekend.

Yesterday, a surge of warmth seemed to envelop all the people at the Anniversary. Yesterday was a definite breakthrough. Where will God take us today? I am wondering.

At 10 A.M. we gather in the marquee. People are still filtering in, a little on the late side. Up front in six easy chairs are Robert and Barbara, Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille in the middle, and Bo and Stanley. Doctor has Bo open with a word of prayer and then manifestations ("I am a God of wholeness..." --that stood out for me in God's words this morning).

Sunday Morning Fellowship

Notes

Today, Doctor reminds us, is the Thirty-Eighth Anniversary of The Way Ministry. "I doubt if there's a man alive who after thirty-eight years wouldn't have his heart back there, back home. But, here I am in another location. And I thank God for that and for you....so, let's just make this a heart morning--just a time to share with God and with each other...."

He has begun easily, slowly, but with purpose. His tone is honest and somehow, even though in public, very intimate, stirring.

"I have one of the loneliest walks of anyone. It's just you and Daddy. From the human point of view it's lonesome maybe. But from the spiritual point of view, it's high." He chuckles almost as though to himself. "I am very grateful on the Thirty-Eighth Anniversary of The Way International to be here with you."

Then he begins again slowly, intimately and distinctly to talk about his background, his birth. "I was born on December 31, 1916, and when I was born I was very sick, so sick that my parents called the minister to baptize me because they thought I might die. My father thought I'd die, but I learned later that my mother didn't. So Dr. Kunst came and baptized me. Right after that I began to get better... And I'm alive today, October 5, 1980, and real thankful to God to be here with you people." (Recurring theme this morning seemed to be his thankfulness.) He asks Robert to lead some songs "with you beautiful people."

We sing, and slowly the area fills with people. Doctor is

dressed in a light jacket and tie. He seems very determined, concentrating, but everything is low-key, as though he's made a decision and has something very definite before him to carry out--his Father's business.

We go from stronger songs to softer, tender ones: "For I have touched the hem of his garment"... "My Jesus, I love thee,"..."I come to the garden alone"... "Got any rivers...." Doctor cues these songs in one right after another, and then Robert leads them once they are started. I am impressed once again with how he leads, never flagging in his leadership. ("If you are going to lead, lead.") He turns to Robert: "Thank you, Robert," he says quietly.

Then to us: "You sing beautifully...wonderfully...." (Long pause.) "In our Wierwille family, I had two brothers and three sisters. I was the youngest..." and he shares about his family, his youth, about his grandmother who culled eggs and made money selling them in Cleveland. Then, back in time to his ancestors...Huguenots in France. Some moved to Switzerland, some to England and some to Germany. These were the ones that moved to the US and settled in Ohio.

He talks about his grandmother now. "Every time she had enough money put away she would buy another farm. Then every time one of her children got married, she gave them a farm. All the farms were 120 acres except International Headquarters--that's 147.

"In our tradition, the youngest son was supposed to stay at home and look after Dad and Mom and get a double inheritance.

That's history, that's family, that's heart.

"Grandma died when I was three, but I remember her vividly. Since the time I was twelve years old, I have wanted to help people. First I thought I would be a doctor, then a lawyer, and then I decided on the ministry. Mrs. Wierwille was a registered nurse. I went to seminaries, into the ministry and I had high hopes." He sighs and pauses. "How disconcerting it was after all that education to see that I couldn't help people because I didn't know God's Word. I couldn't stand it.

"And that started me on a quest that has brought me this day to Great Britain. It's the most exciting quest--the Word. And I'm still as excited and hot about the Word as I was the first day I got started.

"For eleven or twelve years, it put me out of circulation. I just worked the Word day after day from early in the morning till 2 or 3 A.M. God put many people in my path to teach me. One of these men was Bishop K.C. Pillai. Bo perhaps knows the most about orientalisms today. Bo, tell us something about it."

For a few moments Bo talks about organizing all the orientalisms by computer, and how the work will soon be in bound volumes.

Doctor continues: "All this is immediately available to the Way Corps. The Way Corps is the finest intellectual program available today." And here he builds The Way Corps program and moves into discussing the libraries on the various campuses. "Bullinger, for whom I have great respect, and Ginsburg--these two men were from Great Britain and they have contributed so much to my

research ability. Then Müller and his orphanages. He was an even greater man than Wesley. I learned so many principles from him.

"Because of these men perhaps and the great influence they have had on my ministry, I decided to accept the invitation to come here for the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary, and to bypass the Thirty-Eighth Anniversary at home.

"I am indebted to these men and to Great Britain. Of these three men, the greatest is Bullinger. I had worked four crucified, and that Jesus Christ died on a Wednesday and was up on Saturday. One night I was teaching in Chicago. Dr. E.E. Higgins took me into her office and said: 'You teach like Bullinger wrote.' And she pulled out How to Enjoy the Bible. 'Read this sometime,' she says. I read it that night, all night, and then I reread it. I couldn't believe it. Up to this time everyone thought I was nuts. But here was Bullinger with some of the very same conclusions.

"Bullinger was a scholar. I never claimed to be a scholar. To find someone like that at that time in my life really gave me the impetus to continue my work in the Word.

"In 1956, after going to India, that's when I got back into circulation again. And it got so that in 1957, I was asked to "recant" or appear before an inquisition before the hierarchy of the church. If I recanted I would be offered the presidency of the church within five years. If I didn't, they would excommunicate me.

"Yes, I went through all that. So we moved in 1957 to 649 South Washington. I asked twelve people to stand with me for one year, and they did. That's where we all started. After that we

were no longer in the church. I was born in the church, grew up in the church, was trained in the church and ordained in the church. So I understand a lot of you.

"I spent fifteen years (1942-1957) trying to move the Word in my denomination. Today, I wouldn't have given them five minutes. In 1961, we moved to International Headquarters. At that time we said: If we never have more than fifty people in the ministry, we don't care. We're moving the Word. We'd come to that place where we didn't care. We just wanted to move God's Word.

"So that's where my teaching ministry began--in the basement of our house. We moved our church membership to the New Knoxville church, and then one Sunday, the minister told me he thought it would be best for the church if my family and I didn't come back there. That was the last Sunday I went to church. The next Sunday we had our first 10:30 meeting in the living room--Dotsie and me and the kids and Uncle Harry.

"And that's how the Sunday morning fellowship got started. We would get together, read the Word, open our hearts, and take our shoes off and pray. That's the same thing today. Every Sunday we get together at 10:30.

"I'm not bitter, not jealous. Anyone can believe what they want to believe--Shinto, Buddhism, anything else. I just believe God and His Word.

"Pretty soon other people began to come. Then finally we had to think of an alternative to the basement. It was built to seat forty to fifty people but we'd squeeze 165 people in there. Finally, we had to build the BRC." He pauses and leans forward.

"If this is all there is to life--it's not worth it. But it's heart, people. Unless you got real heart for people, what's the use? And this ministry has great love, great heart for people. I said this ministry, not the individuals in it. They should have it, but sometimes they just don't.

"Proverbs 23:7: As a man thinketh in his heart... this ministry has heart....

"Proverbs 4:23: Keep thy heart with all diligence...diligence is systematic care. If you don't keep your heart, you won't have life.

"Philippians 4:8: It's just as easy to think positive thoughts as it is to think negative thoughts. I only see the best in people. I have a remarkable mind for forgetting.

"If you really love people you have to forgive and you have to forget. When anyone shares anything with me, I put it in my lock box and throw the key away.

"Heart, love, life--the reality of the Word is so fantastic. Matthew 22:37--Love God with ALL your heart...."

"Romans 10:9 and 10. True Christianity is really heart. Labeling peaches tomatoes, doesn't change the peaches. If you don't have heart, what's the use of living? You have such a miserable time getting there if you don't have heart. The heart, people, the heart!"

Then he leads us into John 14:1ff... "Let not your heart be troubled..." reading the four verses from the wedding ceremony. "This is a great truth: Jesus Christ preparing a place for his

people." He speaks with a tender, soothing voice, taking his time to dwell with us in these heart scriptures.

"Acts 2:25 and 26. Quote from David. His heart rejoices knowing that his flesh shall tabernacle in hope. First use in the New Testament.

"Acts 2:37: They were pricked in their heart. The first question they asked was: what shall we do?

"Acts 2:45: Singleness of heart. That's undivided loyalty. They had heart. They believed together, ate together, fought the enemy together. We have to stand for each other. I pray for you. I fight for you. I stand for you. You've got to do it for me. Undivided loyalty for each other.

"We have to move the Word with the HEART--the love of God.

"Acts 4:32: One heart. One heart. That's the church!!

"Acts 8:22 and 37: Wrong heart. You can either have a right or a wrong heart.

"Acts 16:32 (Lydia account). Jesus Christ was a fantastic radical, a great revolutionary. He shook the status quo. Look at this. Paul taught women by the river. That went against all tradition. But he had heart! He didn't look at the traditions. He looked at the heart!

"People, this ministry has heart. It's got to have heart, or else it's not worth having. The future of this ministry will depend on how much heart you have for God, His Word and for people.

"People are to be loved, things are to be used. We have to see that the heart stays in this ministry after this Twenty-Fifth Anniversary.

"For this afternoon's teaching, I will develop this theme--HEART. You can't have heart without love. Walk in love, with heart.

"This ministry is the most fantastic ministry in the world. We don't have a lot of buildings, a lot of old age homes, and all that. We have a little knowledge of the Word and a lot of love for God and His Word."

He is constraining us. The love of Christ constraineth us, I am thinking. He sits back thoughtfully and hands the mike to Bo. "Here, you talk."

"What about?"

"On anything."

Bo takes the mike, sits forward and begins sharing about the three main holidays in the Old Testament: Passover, Feast of Tabernacles and Pentecost. He shares some background and then draws the comparison. "It is significant that these anniversaries, both the Twenty-Fifth and the Thirty-Eighth, are at this time of year, autumn--the time of in-gathering, the time of harvest. God has a reason for it.

"This ministry is involved with the in-gathering of the saints. The second time God does something it is established. This is the second time the Mystery has been given." Bo leaves us to ponder the comparisons and then reviews his coming itinerary. He stops and hands the mike back to Dr. Wierwille.

Doctor: "I believe we are living in the end times. We are called to bring back the Mystery for the last time. When this call is over with, it's all over with."

A long pause. "On December 31, the new president pro-tem will be announced. At the 40th Anniversary in 1982, the new president will be installed.

"I've carried this ministry for thirty-eight years. I get so tired sometimes. So tired, I don't even want to get up. I get so tired of getting hit, so tired of the fight. Today sometimes we get too systematized, squeeze the heart out of it." Dr. Wierwille turns to Robert. "In 1972, Robert and Barbara came to summer school. Then things really started moving here. It didn't happen for a few years. Remember, I was here in 1955. I think the main reason things didn't develop right away is that I tried to teach adults. Then these kids came over (referring to Robert and Barbara and the Way Corps). When Robert put his teeth into this ministry, then it really started to move." Then he asks Robert to share, handing over the mike.

Robert: "We kept the abundant sharing in the drawer of the sideboard cupboard. Then when it got too full, we took it to the bank. It's amazing having two rooms full of ministry materials. From those two rooms we served the Word to the whole continent."

Then Robert urges everyone there to go to Headquarters. Come to the Rock of Ages. And Doctor talks about the 40th Anniversary Class. Expecting 10,000 people to attend. Doctor: "It's beyond the Advanced Class. I want to handle things God has already put on my heart. Never in the history of the world have 10,000 Christians gotten together for two weeks to work the Word." (A long pause.) "I'm so thankful to be here, and for this little book with all the keys and principles." We wait.

"It will take three to five men to replace me. But I have to make room for these younger men to rise up... I have to make room. It's going to take a lot of people to handle this ministry, but I thank God that He has prepared the people. This ministry depends on how far you want to go." And here he introduces a healing service. "You've got to see that it's the same Christ in all of us. That's the power. The same Christ that is in me is in these other men, in you. I just have to make room for these younger men to rise up. . . otherwise how will they learn?" He is building a healing service now...building it slowly, evenly.

Standing up Dr. Wierwille has a word of prayer before handing the mike to Robert. It's a very tender prayer. He prays for Howard Allen, for Dean Don, for Earl, Vince, and all the other men rising up to carry this ministry. "Thank you, Father, for tenderizing my heart on this Thirty-Eighth Anniversary." Even though he had been preparing us, I was unprepared for what he did next. Straight backed, tall, Dr. Wierwille walked off the stage. (I learned later that when he went into the back room Chris Geer had said, with tears streaming down his face, "That took a champ to do what you did, sir." Then he added, "This morning when I helped you on with your vest and jacket, I felt like I was suiting up a champ. And it took a champ to do what you just did." And both of them stood there and wept.)

For a moment, there was a touch of uncertainty. Robert begins to lead us in "His Name Is Wonderful." While we are singing, he is talking in quiet tones with Bo. Finally, at the closing of the song, Bo has the mike. Bo leads the healing

service, having anyone who wants ministering to walk up to the front, and then inviting all Advanced Class grads to come up and minister.

Bo has a prayer and the ministering begins with a low murmur, the low hum of voices all around the stage area. Slowly, the murmur rises. Someone starts to cry--hand is squeezed, a shoulder patted. Two girls hug each other, tears streaming down their faces. The murmur trails off. Bo hands the mike to Mrs. Wierwille.

She has a word of prayer, very tender and very firm. Then by inspiration she urges all those just ministered to to lock their minds from all negatives. "You have to believe that what you heard was straight from God, that those things are completely taken care of. And you that ministered, you have to believe that that was exactly what God wanted you to minister to. Now stand on your deliverance." It's a strong and tender closing to the morning. Everyone around me is hugging, laughing and crying. How thankful I am for truth. How simple it is, how sharp!

* * *

It's 12:20, and we break for lunch. At 3 P.M. Dr. Wierwille will teach at the closing meeting for this weekend. The marquee empties slowly. Everyone is reluctant to leave.

After a pleasant lunch I met Josephine Joreski, my Corps sister, in the lounge. "There is so much deliverance going on here," she began. "Last night after the teaching when most of the people had left, I stayed back. I noticed two men seated on the row ahead of me. One of them suddenly went all limp, and began to change color. I walked right over there into the situation and prayed and ministered to him. First, I had to send some people away from crowding him. In minutes, he began to revive. I told him that he was fine and that he had been healed. Later we learned that he had once been legally blind, and that his sight was restored to one eye recently. He has come a long way."

It was nearly three, and time for the afternoon teaching: The Way International Thirty-Eighth Anniversary Service.

The tent area is full shortly after three. Alan Moorhead opens with prayer and manifestations and then Agape. Dr. Wierwille is standing behind the audience watching Agape perform. He is wearing a light brown tweed suit, tan tie and light yellow shirt. He makes his way around the back of the tent, watching, listening, moving among the people.

Alan is doing announcements: the Bookstore. "Have an identity crisis? Well, John Lynn's new book is just for you. Try John Lynn's book." He promotes the new children's tape and then asks Robert and Barbara on stage for a special presentation from the Trunk of Great Britain: two silver goblets and a contribution

to their Way Corps donorship. Robert is very moved as he accepts the gifts.

Now it's Robert's turn to do presentations to Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille. "From all the saints in Great Britain and Ireland, for all that you have done, it is my privilege to present this sterling silver plate with the seal of the founder and president."

Immediately Doctor shows it to everyone. (Applause.) And for Mrs. Wierwille: "When we went to John Wesley's church, I remember how much you enjoyed his loving cup. Here is a silver loving cup for you, Mrs. Wierwille." He also gives her a scroll of explanation.

Then from The Way of Great Britain to The Way International was presented a sterling silver flatware dinner service for twelve. Then other presentations followed, from the Corps to Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille, and from The Way of Great Britain to the Board of Trustees: silver paperweights commemorating this event. These are also available to buy in the bookstore.

Dr. Wierwille shares thanks and appreciation. Then: "You have to learn how to receive as well as how to give. This red American Beauty rose I'm wearing--I'm going to take it home with me and put it on Uncle Harry's grave right when I arrive."

The presentations over, after the abundant sharing, Alan introduces Dr. Wierwille to teach the Word.

Dr. Wierwille's Teaching for the Thirty-Eighth Anniversary

"Knitted Hearts"

Notes

Colossians 2:1-3. "I have a heartfelt concern for those in Great Britain, Ireland, Scotland and Europe. These three verses represent my love, my heart and concern for you on this Twenty-Fifth and Thirty-Eighth International Anniversary." He opens slowly, thinking over every word, and then notes that right at this time, the 10:30 A.M. meeting must be in progress at the International Headquarters.

"There are three things that have kept me going for many, many years now:

1. Believing--action on God's revealed Word,
2. Love--the motivation,
3. Hope--for the return of Christ.

All three are here in the opening verses of Colossians 1. Here he gives thanks for believing for what is available, for love, and for hope for what is not presently available. "Notice that love is the meat in this sandwich, sandwiched between believing and hope.

"Shakespeare once said: "It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." He can't be talking about agape, the love of God, because we can never lose with the love of God."

! 1 Corinthians 13:13. "Love activates both believing and hope. There are three kinds of love: eros like animals have, flesh, senses, sex; phileo, soul love, brotherly love, wanting something out of you; and agape, the love of God, the highest form of love and available only to believers. Agape is always giving. Look at

John 3:16."

Ephesians 2:4.

Matthew 22:37. "Love God with all your heart, soul, mind and strength. You love to give, love to make your life a blessing to others."

John 13:34. "A new commandment. . .that you love one another as I also have loved you, as Jesus Christ loved you.... When you forget what God delivered you from, that's when you start condemning others."

John 13:35. "All men will know from your love for one another that you are His. The Twigs have to ooze with the love of God in the renewed mind in manifestation. People see the love; they know it. They know when they are loved. You can't ever get too much love.

"That's the heart of the ministry of The Way: to love with the love of God in Christ Jesus."

John 14:20 and 21. "God in Christ makes His abode in you. He is living there."

John 14:22 and 23.

(The winds blow the tent lining up and down like the waves of the sea. Silence all around; everyone is listening, heads bent over their Bibles. In the distance the soft twitter of birds singing.)

"We are knit together because we have one Father."

John 15:9 and 12. "Love one another...greater love has no man than to lay down his life for his friends...."

John 4:7ff. "Beloved, let us love one another. God is love."

"What about our heavenly Father? Doesn't He want the best for us? Collect your inheritance. . .Walk on it now. You get enough condemnation without working yourself over. God is love and don't you ever forget that. He is not condemning you.

"Jesus Christ made the full payment for our sins--no more payments are due. It's the Word, the Word, the Word! Why hasn't the church taught us this all these years?"

1 John 4:18-21. "There is no fear in love; perfect love casts out fear."

Colossians. "These are some of the great love realities from God's Word that I am sharing with you today. I would call this teaching 'Limitless Love'."

"You see, when phileo turns inward then it turns selfish." He continues reading Colossians 1, the entire chapter: brings forth fruits, that's increase, results. Walk axios, worthy, fruitful in every good work. Increasing in the knowledge of God. To enjoy our share of the inheritance. He gives the literal of 1:13. "He has made us citizens of God's kingdom...Someday I'm going to write a book on deliberate forgeries in the Bible...if I live long enough."

He gives us a literal of verse 24; and goes on through the end of chapter one. "Christ in you, the hope of glory. It's Christ in you, Christ in you, Christ in you!" His voice resounds through the marquee. "And verse 29 is what I do in my life. Here on your Twenty-Fifth Anniversary. You see, people, as a battery is charged with electricity, you and I are charged with the love of God...."

He closes with the poem "God has no hands but our hands...." "This is the greatest moment of history in your lives. Stand tall for Him. May we together have a wonderful walk for Him."

Immediately Agape is out there singing "Hearts Knit Together." Alan closes the meeting, but Doctor jumps on stage again, amid the applause and tears.

"Move it out with the greatness of God's Word. Move it out!" he cries, and Agape picks up another chorus of "Hearts Knit Together."

* * *

I make my way to the back room. Robert and Barbara, Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille are all clustered in a circle, hugging, crying, laughing, holding one another.

Doctor: "Well, it's all over with!" More tears. Then to Robert and Barbara: "We'll be proud to have you with us in the States." More crying; I am crying too. I cannot bear to stay any longer than for that small minute to thank Doctor for the inspiring teaching.

Minutes later, the marquee area has emptied considerably. Mrs. Wierwille is quietly organizing the gifts to be packed. Girls are starting to pick up the song sheets. The teardown of the weekend has begun. I am still overwhelmed by the teaching. Now, I notice it lasted nearly two hours, but I was so absolutely engrossed and constrained I never even noticed.

Life goes on. By 5:30 P.M. a whole new atmosphere permeates the place. People have moved out. Clean-up is happening very

quickly. We can't wait to go, to move, to get started in this newness of life.

The lobby is crowded with people kissing, hugging, saying good-bye, carrying bags, locating rides and cars. I make my way into the lounge. Dr. Wierwille is already seated in a quiet corner. He is greeting people; small clusters come up to him, shake hands, hug and kiss him. Men and women and children, WOWs, the young and the elderly.

In another part of the lounge, Mrs. Wierwille is also seated chatting with people, saying good-bye. They are there till after 6 P.M. when most have departed. As the bus gets ready to leave with the Irish believers, the remaining people stand around singing a rousing chorus of "Oh, we love you, love you, love you." Shouts, vigorous waving, flung kisses and the bus pulls out.

Good-byes are hard. The more you love, the harder it is to say good-bye. Doctor said that once. At this moment I remember.

I am ready to move on too, but also, I am glad the Way Corps is staying. We won't have to say good-bye till after the Corps meeting tonight at 8 P.M. in the Garden Room.

Closing Corps Meeting

Chairs are in a circle. Dr. Wierwille is here already in slacks and open shirt collar. The Corps is filtering in. Several huge flower arrangements from the main stage decorate the room. The door swings shut. TAKIT is playing on tape. The atmosphere is chatty, informal, excited. Thursday night's opening Corps meeting

seems like ages ago, so much has happened: so many people, so much of the Word has been added to my life.

Then Doctor says: "OK, let's eat." Sandwiches and coffee are set out in the adjoining room, and then Doctor orders a beer for everyone.

It's nearly 9 P.M. by the time we have eaten; then Doctor introduces an up-and-coming marriage: Carol Holden (Way Corps 7) and her fiance John, from Ireland. Immediately Doctor prays for a blessing on their lives.

From this point, the bustling, chatty, loving atmosphere is impossible to capture on paper. The meeting went into full swing. It was a time to cut loose, relax, take our shoes off, just love one another and laugh a lot.

Don MacMillan sang the "Mogen David" song and everyone joined in for the chorus in lively harmony. Who knows "All the Money in California Is in a Bank in Beverly Hills under Someone Else's Name?" Chris Geer starts to sing it. Burst of laughter. How about "Flower of Scotland"? Then it's time for the two Davids (Bailey and Thomas). They get up and do a hysterical hunting joke. Everyone is laughing, in tears. Frank Cardullo is rolling off his chair beside me and Mrs. Wierwille keeps wiping her eyes. The whole room roars with laughter.

We hear other songs. Kathleen does a Scottish one. Tom Doherty does an Irish one. The atmosphere is raucous, but cheery; loose, but not out of hand. Everyone is having a good time. Then Bo starts his giveaway: John Lynn's book for everyone

there, TAKIT tapes, and Victor tapes, one for every country--the gifts are flowing.

Exactly at 9:55 Doctor Wierwille tells us that he needs to call International to be on at the beginning of the Thirty-Eighth Anniversary Service at Headquarters. We can't call from the Garden Room. No phone. Someone suggests we all crowd into Doctor's suite to be a part of the phone call. Great idea. We all troop through the hallway and squeeze into the room around the four poster canopy bed. Dr. Wierwille holds the receiver. The first thing he asks is about the Ohio State football score. They lost? Laughter.

Doctor talking: "Who is there? Sevilla? Lydia? How many greetings? telegrams? Who's teaching tonight? Walter? Vince running the show?"

All the time he is talking and pausing for answers, his voice is charged with emotion, compassion, breaking. And then he says: "I'd sure like to be there...Oh, it's been a high time here...." (Understatement of the year!) Everyone is crowding around the phone, ready to sing.

"Mausolfs had a baby! A boy! 7 lbs. 2 oz. (Applause in the room.) Doctor talks to Howard..."How are you, son?" A pause, then to us: "They're applauding out there. We're right on time. Here we go!" (A pause.) Crisply and warmly Dr. Wierwille greets the people at the Thirty-Eighth Anniversary at The Way International Headquarters. After his greetings, Mrs. Wierwille presents hers, then Bo, greetings from all the other countries, and finally Robert Wilkinson: "We've just concluded the most

influential fellowship we have ever had. . ." and he briefly reviews the weekend schedule that we have all just lived through.

Doctor is back on the line. "We want to sing for you!" A wave of his hand, and the room bursts into harmony--"Our Hearts Knit Together." Doctor: "Now, throw them a big kiss!" We do, and he signs off: "Good-bye. God bless. We love you. You are God's best!" He holds the receiver out toward the room. "Listen, they're applauding!" And then he hangs up. It is not quite 10:15 when we file back into the Garden Room.

At this point several people leave for London to work on their visas with Jerry Corrodi. The rest of us settle back in after all our good-byes and Dr. begins to share: "It must be a great joy for all the Corps to get together. It's important. The Corps needs to get together, share your hearts, take your shoes off. Share your lives. Now, who wants to share about this weekend?"

He throws out the question and then waits. A few of the many, heartfelt responses are included here.

"It has been one of the greatest weekends of my life because I got so involved and received so much."

"Our WOWs were thrilled to see you all, to be close to you. They realized the leadership of the ministry was here and that had a lot of heart."

"The healing service was electrifying. People were incredibly delivered. It was a privilege to be a part of that."

"It's a great blessing to have Agape all together again."

Bo really enjoyed sitting up front and watching the whole show. Usually he has to work backstage, organize, direct.

Jean Louis Ricard: "I was blessed to see the history of the Word in Great Britain. Being alone in France this year, that really built a vision for where we will be in France in a few years."

One of the 9th Corps from Ambassador One: "Thank you for the way you treated us this weekend. You treated us like royalty."

Doctor: (Without hesitation) "You are."

Then Doctor begins to share: "In my heart and mind I have worked for weeks on this Anniversary weekend. Not full time. I did other things. But every day, I would incubate and pray, just to get the heart of God on this celebration.

"Opening night was the greatest, not perhaps for the people immediately there, but for the future. That was the deepest teaching I did from a doctrinal standpoint this weekend. If those people would take that teaching, go over it, work it, read it, read it, read it, that would be a great growth in their lives.

"Then this morning we just took our shoes off and you show people your heart. And tonight. Nothing equals the greatness of putting the love of God together from the Word. It's irresistible. Nothing is as strong as honest love."

(I am listening, enthralled. He is reviewing the weekend for us, teaching us how to think it through.)

"Well, the ball game is won. We've won this one. It's time to move on. The Word was enriching and living. That's Corps." He turns to Robert. "What would you like to share?"

Robert begins: "In many ways these past few months have been the hardest of my life. From June into July and up till now,

we were under great pressure. From the WOW Festival on. This weekend seemed the hardest thing we had ever done. Even though I know this is the greatest thing we've ever done in Europe, it was the most difficult."

Doctor: "You're still alive, aren't you?"

Robert laughs. (How sharp and clean--the truth!) "Yeh, and I feel great."

Doctor: "Never let yourself get discouraged. Every day is a new day. If you have a lousy day, just close up shop and go to bed and when you roll out in the morning just say: 'Get out of my way! I'm coming through!'"

The sharing continued. How blessed the believers were to come into the airport and see Ambassador One standing by the ramp. Then one after another, people stood up and thanked Doctor Wierwille.

He allowed each person to speak. Then when the sharing died down, he asked Dave Bailey to sing: "I Did the Choosing, the Devil Did the Losing." (He seems to like that song very much.) David sang that and then a new song that was slow and easy. Doctor turned to all of us.

"Well, sing me 'His Name Is Wonderful'." We sang, the tones deep and heartfelt. He led us in a few more quiet songs and then said goodnight. "Tomorrow is a new day. I'm going to bed."

The Twenty-Fifth Household Anniversary Celebration was over--but the trip was not.

Chapter Three
ON THE HUNT

October 6, 1980

Monday

Enroute to

Inverness

Just a few of us left here at Mottram Hall. We're sparse, but very cheery. Waiting to move into the dining room for breakfast Doctor begins talking about German shorthairs. "We're negotiating for one now in Germany. They are the best all-around dog." And he is teaching. "They can do anything. They can be trained to hunt, trained as herding dogs or as watch dogs. They can do all those things. The pure blood strain died out in America. I'd like to bring in a female for T.J. and bring this breed back to the US."

Always teaching, always teaching and searching for ways to add, to augment, bless, give, make a contribution--that's the will of God.

We finish breakfast and after final good-byes climb into two cars for the airport.

We make our way through Manchester morning traffic, arriving by 9 A.M. Doctor is wearing a fresh red rose with baby's breath. Mrs. Wierwille is in her camel suit and black raincoat. The day is what I think of as typically English--overcast, gray, moody sky, but not cold. A peaceful, airport wait.

The British Airways official came to escort us onto Ambassador One. We walk through several gateways, and there, out the window, suddenly I saw her. My heart leapt to my throat. She's sitting on the runway like a peaceful, settled, great bird--blue and white with "John 10:10," "The Way International" and "The Word of God is the Will of God" emblazoned on her sides. It is like coming home. How thrilled all the believers must have been who saw her parked here by the hangars!

As we are about to enter the gate, a bunch of believers from Ireland waiting for their plane jump up and run over to the rail. Doctor comes back, kisses each one, shakes hands, and we make our way to Ambassador One. How proud it made me to climb aboard.

We settle in, warmly greeted and made comfortable by Karen and Nancy Jo. I want to jump for joy when I see them. Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille are in the back cabin. The rest of us hardly take up the seats: Robert and Barbara across from one another, Chris and Barbara Geer at the table, Kathleen MacMillan on her way to Scotland to see her parents. We have said our good-byes to Bo and Stanley who are remaining in England before visiting believers all over Europe. We have said our temporary good-byes to the other passengers. Dave Bailey, Dave and Ruth Thomas, and

Elizabeth Eddings have gone to their hometowns in England and Wales. Michael Heron has departed for his native Ireland. Jerry Corrodi has gone to London to handle visas. Friedrich and Ruth Rott have returned to Germany. We'll see them soon again, but already I miss them all. Meanwhile, we have picked up two riders: Alison Smith, going back to Glasgow, and George MacIver, another believer from Scotland, returning home.

John Race prays and announces an hour of flying time to Inverness. Alison and George can hardly sit still from excitement.

We soar into the sky. After we are going, Mrs. Wierwille comes back and kisses everyone, greeting us warmly. Then Dr. Wierwille invites George and Alison back to his cabin. They are bubbling with excitement. After a while Doctor is out with us again, laughing, greeting, blessing.

We fly at 21,000 feet and now are over Scotland. The land is hidden in clouds, raindrops dot the windows. We are descending over Inverness on the Moray Firth at the mouth of the Caledonian Canal.

Doctor is on the loudspeaker, keeping us up to date: "Nine thousand feet, eight thousand feet, we're flying at 330 mph. Gosh, isn't it beautiful here?" The view is breathtaking--waterways, green fields, dark green forested areas. We circle once under the low clouds and prepare to land.

The next phase of the trip has begun. I knew we were going hunting--but I soon learned that the hunt was in more ways than one.

We landed amid good cheer and fresh anticipation. The luggage was unloaded. Suddenly, a wave of alarm--a suitcase is missing. Look through everything again. It must be here. There is a wave of consternation and concern. A suitcase is missing. (The hunt was on.) Do you know which one it is? It's Doctor's suitcase, the one containing all his hunting clothes! Oh, no.

"I wish mine had been lost." That's Frank Cardullo, throwing himself down on the seat beside me. "Anything but Doctor's bag with all his hunting stuff, right on the way to going hunting!" I echo his thoughts. We all feel awful.

People are coming and going. Looking through all the storage compartments again. We sit down and retrace who had which bag where and when. Who saw the suitcase last for sure? Did it stay in the room? No, we went back twice and the room was completely empty. Did it get on to the van? It must have. If it was on the van, then it must have gotten on the plane. All the other bags got on the plane. Where could it be? Where was the break in the chain? Where did a detail get missed?

The plane is double-checked. Not here. That is established. What next? Irony, I am thinking. What an irony. For twenty-five years Dr. Wierwille has wanted to come hunting pheasants in Scotland. For twenty-five years. He packed, prepared, chose his clothes so carefully. I remember the hunting clothes lying out on the lawn in front of him two days before we left. And now, of all things, his hunting gear didn't make it to the hunting trip.

The agent, Mr. Dickson, is here to meet us. Amid the searching and the disappointment, Doctor gives him a quick tour

of the airplane, while others are still pacing and sitting. I don't know what to do. I wait and speak in tongues.

In silence, Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille, Barbara Wilkinson, then Chris Geer and Mr. Dickson get into the car and drive off to the lodge. We stay behind. Our three riders to Scotland reluctantly but cheerfully say good-bye. They are off, Alison to Glasgow, George to his hometown and Kathleen to Stornaway.

There's not much of an airport here, so the rest of us wait in the plane. Robert goes to call back to Manchester, to trace the misplaced suitcase. Karen and Nancy Jo begin to clean up the plane, emptying ashtrays, collecting empty coffee cups. They putter around cheerfully, sweeping the carpet and cleaning the bathrooms. Frank begins undoing panels to get at the electrical work. Barbara Geer and I sit and reminisce about The Way Family Camps we worked on together years ago. Seems like they were light-years away. We talk, but somehow I cannot wipe out of my mind the bitter taste of disappointment, the feeling that something went very wrong, that there is some deep spiritual significance to the missing suitcase.

The time passes. Robert returns. He is wearing his smart deerstalker's hat, reminding me of Sherlock Holmes. How appropriate, I thought. He is hunting for the suitcase like a detective hunts for clues. He has reached Karen Moorhead. She will go back and check at the hotel and go over the van that took all the luggage to the airplane in Manchester. She will call back. When they find it, they can send it by air freight to Glasgow and

then Inverness. It might even be here tonight. Good news. That's all we can do here. Time for us to go.

A very new, yellow Landrover is parked by Ambassador One, luggage piled in the back. Robert Wilkinson, Barbara Geer and myself have to ride it to the lodge. I am holding the fresh roses that Karen handed me from the plane. Barbara has another small flower arrangement. We finally figure out that the three of us will fit in front with the curly-haired Scotsman who is driving. There's no room in back with all the luggage.

So we ladies, our hands full of flowers, climb into the front seat. The driver is driving. I'm in the middle, my right leg lodged firmly between the clutch, the emergency brake and the gear shift. Beside me Robert has Barbara on his lap. Our hands are full of flowers. And so we drive through the Scottish countryside, mystically, romantically green and melancholy, mist hanging on the soft rolling hills.

We cross the bridge over the Caledonian Canal, driving past lakes. It is about an hour's drive with traffic sparse. The driver, very quiet, drives but the three of us chatter away.

We turn left and the road is suddenly so curvy and narrow that only one car can pass at a time. Now and then, little signs proclaim a "Passing Place" with a narrow shoulder a second car could pull into to allow one to pass.

We cover a good mile, and then the driver announces: "Here we are. Aye." We pull in abruptly to the left. It's a grouping of several stone houses, very plain on the outside, two-story with gray, slate roofs. There are three main buildings in a U-shape

and several smaller ones within the U. All are of the same grayish stone and cement.

The inner courtyard, which I later learn is the entrance to the saw mill, is stacked with a pile of huge logs. Not very impressive from the outside, I am thinking.

We enter by a plain wooden door to the side into a hallway. The cottage is pleasant inside. The medium-sized living room has large picture windows. Quietness reigns everywhere. We're far into the country. A fire is licking the stones in the fireplace.

The walls of a large, modern kitchen are lined with open shelves stacked with a fine blue and white china set, dishes and glasses of every size and shape. There's a dishwasher, washing machine and drier, two double sinks. Everything is very clean and modern, airy and pleasant. There's a good-sized dining room, and also, off the kitchen, an angling or gun room with a large, high worktable. Hooks and racks line the walls.

Upstairs are four bedrooms and two baths. All are simply furnished, but very comfortable. The bedrooms work out exactly right--three doubles and one single one for me.

I return to the living room. In front of the fire, Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille are having tea and bread and butter. They ask me to join them. It's quiet, peaceful, restful. I feel that we are very far away from the high emotion and activity of the past weekend. We are all quiet. After tea, I go up, and the others too, to unpack and organize; then while Doctor is taking a nap, the rest of us gather in the kitchen.

Barbara Wilkinson has made all the arrangements for this hunting trip. She pulls out the typed menu for the next three and a half days. From Barbara, I learn that this private estate belongs to a landowner who lives in a separate house and rents out this hunting lodge--to royalty mostly. It's a very exclusive place, I am told, very hard to find, and they had to check us out completely before they'd let us come.

Barbara submitted a shopping list and the agent bought all the food. He also has a car and can drive us to town when we need to go. The nearest village is Beaulieu, about three miles away. Mrs. Wierwille has heard that they make kilts there and purposes to go shopping there and in Inverness.

It's homey, quiet, no TV, but a telephone with a resounding ring. As far as I can tell, our reason to be here is so Dr. Wierwille can hunt pheasant--that was his special request. And so, we are all here.

By now it's around 3 P.M. Dr. Wierwille is up and about in a plaid, flannel shirt, slacks and western tie. No one brings up the misplaced suitcase, but it is hanging over my mind in the stillness. It's raining out, harder than before. Not the right weather for hunting, Mr. Dickson points out, but perhaps we can go in the Landrover for a tour of the estates, see the game. Doctor is enthusiastic to go; so is Chris. I am invited and Robert. At the last minute, Mrs. Wierwille decides to join us too. She is still in her camel suit and brown pumps.

Dr. Wierwille sits in front, left of the driver, the same one who drove us from the airport. The rest of us climb in behind.

The driver's name is Addie, and he is also the gamekeeper for the estate. It is he that knows the hunting here.

Doctor is in high spirits. He drops an occasional comment to the driver: "You married?" Addie hesitates. "No?" He smiles and looks down. "Oh, you're working on it?" "Aye, aye," he responds, laughing shyly. Doctor slaps him on the shoulder good-naturedly.

We drive off up the narrow, winding road in the yellow Landrover. In the middle of nowhere, Addie pulls to a stop. To the left is a gate and something that must be a road. Addie climbs out, unlocks the gate and climbs back in. The road is very rough. We drive through very rough, deep ruts. Small running streams rush across a road of sharp uphill, abrupt descents and curves we cannot make with a simple turn. We bump and slide up and down through the grounds of Maulde Estates. Far below us spreads an H-shaped lake, or "loch" as they are called here.

Doctor asks question after question. It's hard to understand Addie, his brogue is rich and colorful.

"When was the road made? How long did it take?"

Over a period of years, working on it section by section.

"No one's traveled here for some time?"

Aye, aye.

We stop to open gates and go through more fences.

"What are the fences for?"

To keep the deer away from the newly planted trees. The main crop on the estate is lumber, and the owner has a lumber mill.

"What are those numbers?" He reads a series of six digits on a tree.

That tells the kind of trees planted and the year and the lot number.

We pass through another gate. By now, Chris is bounding out the back door, opening and then locking gates behind us as we pass. Nobody asked him.

"Why does this section have two fences--a large-holed fence and a small-holed fence?"

That's to keep out the roe deer. They are small.

"You mean that a deer can get through a four-inch square?"

Aye. If they get their heads through, they work their bodies right through it and break the fence.

"That doesn't make sense to me that a deer can get through such a small hole. Huh."

Doctor has trouble understanding Addie's strong Scottish brogue. So do I. I have to listen with complete attention, and even then in most cases I miss the whole meaning. Aye.

"Ever heard of the Tracker?"

Addie shakes his head. No.

Doctor and Chris begin to share with him about the Tracker and how he can track animals under the most adverse conditions. Conversation is light and funny. Aye.

The steep roadsides are covered with heather. In a few spots it blooms purple amid thick green plants that look to me like forest ferns. Some trees are gnarled gray birch, pine, larches, but in certain places they are newly planted. We turn a sharp bend and

suddenly below we see the whole valley spreading for miles and miles, silvercut by the lazy winding river.

It's raining harder now. Addie offers: If it rains too much, shooting won't be good tomorrow.

"Where are we going to hunt?" Doctor asks.

Here, all over, as far as the eye can see. Grouse is the game. Addie waves his hand in a semicircle. Then it's deer season still. Black cock is a prized trophy. He will try to bag one while we are here.

"Any white heather around?"

Some places. If we pass some he'll point it out.

"What's that tree?"

Small, delicate, with clusters of large red berries--we haven't seen one before on this ride. It's a rowan.

"Stop, let's get some. We can decorate the table with it for supper tonight."

We stop and pick some. Doctor hands the twigs around as if to say... look, learn, grow.

"Are we going in a circle?"

Aye.

We have been on this road for nearly two hours. Chris subtracts from the mileage he had noted when we left. We've gone nine miles. On the way back to the lodge, we stop at the gameman's house to see his dogs. They are English pointers. One is "Derry," the other, something I couldn't catch. As the game-keeper approaches, one of the dogs jumps up on him. An earnest look passes over Doctor's face. Later he shared: "I'd never allow a

dog of mine to do that. That dog should be shot. You see, if he is allowed to jump up on people, then when you have guests, he could jump on the guests, and if they're all dressed up... I'd just never allow a dog to do that."

We come back after seeing the dogs. Doctor, Chris and Robert are discussing tomorrow's plans with the gamekeeper. We have coffee in the kitchen where the two Barbaras are preparing supper, and then Robert is on the telephone. I offered to help but Barbara Geer wouldn't have it. "I'm so glad to have something to do to keep busy. You have other work to do. Go ahead."

Doctor: "You need to check on our crew at the hotel. Are they comfortable? Are they doing all right? We need to make sure they are comfortable." Again I am impressed. Why, I had been so absorbed in the new scene, I had not even thought about the crew. But he is thinking, always thinking, always concerned for people. Thinking it through, every little thing. Think. What did God give you a brain for? I am thinking.

So we are back to the misplaced suitcase--a small oversight, a small error somewhere down the line. Another phone call. Well, we had a good run through the hunting terrain. We wouldn't have shot today anyway. Too much rain. So, he didn't miss out on hunting today because of a lack of hunting clothes.

We learn by phone that the suitcase has been found. It was in the hotel in a corner. It could not travel by air unaccompanied tonight. But tomorrow it should be here at 9:45 A.M. That is the latest word. I am a little relieved, but I sense a far greater significance to this oversight. Why was the suitcase so important?

Barbara and Barbara are making dinner, setting the table. The rest of us, sitting by the fire. There is much discussion concerning the meeting in Scotland on Thursday night. Where would the meeting be better held for God's people? In a hotel in Inverness or perhaps here in the lodge? The setting here is nice, but so far from transportation. How would people get home late at night? Better at the hotel in Inverness--that would be closer to the transportation. And then, the people need to be informed once the room has been decided on. So, more talk and thinking through to a point of decision and letting others know.

Mrs. Wierwille is reading and dozing. I am writing, to catch up with the events of the day. I need to stay faithful, to record everything. If it's written, then I can forget and my mind is free to be there.

Now, there is the phone call to Germany. Another hunt is on--a hunt for the German shorthair to take back to America. Much discussion. Jerry had checked on the requirements, vaccinations, medical papers, etc. It should be no trouble taking a dog on our own plane. But now more discussion. Robert is on the phone. Someone answers and Robert talks in German. The man we seek is not there. Call back later.

By 7:20 dinner is served. We sit together in the dining room around the long, oval table on very soft, comfortable chairs. Doctor reaches out and we all hold hands while he blesses the food: steak, baked potato, and salad, two kinds of wine, red and white. Dinner conversation is light and pleasant--soft jokes, one-liners, clever repartee.

"Well, we don't have a meeting tonight." That's Doctor, as he breathes a slight sigh.

"We'll meet with our beds!" That's Chris. Everyone laughs.

Doctor picks up the conversation again. "You asked me about hunting pheasant. I have wanted to hunt pheasant in Scotland since twenty-five years ago when I saw a picture in a magazine. It was the most beautiful picture of a man hunting pheasant in the Highlands of Scotland. And I never forgot that picture. Then years later, I read something about a famous movie star--forgot who it was--but he was telling about hunting pheasants in Scotland. And I knew someday I wanted to go hunt for pheasants here in the Highlands. And today, I am here. Some people hunt deer, or grouse or other things. But what I love to hunt is pheasant."

After a pause, Doctor continues good-naturedly: "Barbara, I did ask in my letter to hunt pheasant, didn't I?"

"Yes, you wrote that exactly and that's exactly what I wrote to the agent."

"Then how's come we are here to hunt grouse? Let me see a copy of that letter when you get around to it. I really wanted to hunt pheasant."

So the dinner conversation changes and meanders. Laughter here. A joke, a wise crack. Nothing heavy, just the awareness of one another's presence. The fellowship. I am so thankful to be here. So thankful, I cannot speak in tongues fast enough.

Dinner is over, finished off with black currant jam and butter on crackers. We are done and move into the living room. All the

women help with the dishes. They are done so quickly. Then some cards. Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille retire to change clothes. Barbara and Barbara retire, and I am ready to finish up the day in writing and be the last one to bed.

But by 10 P.M. Doctor is back down in his pajamas and robe. Then Mrs. Wierwille is down in her nightclothes. Robert and Chris are still here. Doctor is back on the phone to Germany about the dog. The phone call is over. They have finally reached the right man, a top trainer of German shorthairs. The hunt is on.

We all sit around. Discussion about the dog. What is available? Here are the alternatives: We can have a two-year-old trained female for so much. But he also has a seven-month-old pup for so much. Long pauses. Consideration. Chris knows something about hunting dogs. He contributes his knowledge. More discussion.

That pup is near Vienna though--how do we pick her up? More discussion. We could leave Bonn early and go to Vienna and sleep over, then go to Oslo direct. Or, we could change this meeting and fly... or we could... or.....

"Well, there it sets," Doctor here, with humor. He is enjoying this quest for the right dog. "I'll get John Race on the line tomorrow at 8 A.M. See what he says. Any more brilliant ideas? OK. Go pray about it and then we'll see."

So much discussion about the dog. But it is not really just about the dog. It's about a contribution. It's about giving. How do you give something excellent, something fine? How do you make a

positive contribution? But that is not all. What I see here is all the details, all the research involved.

First, before you give anything, you need to know what is available, but finding what is available is a hunt, a search, a quest. Like research. And after all the alternatives are spelled out, it's a matter of stewardship, giving the best, but doing it economically. A contribution to America--a fine, pure-blooded hunting dog, something positive and constructive.

Chris went to bed. I'm warmed on the inside from the brandy and warmed on the outside by the fire. Mrs. Wierwille is still reading. Doctor is sitting and reading too. Robert is looking over an International Outreach folder that Bo gave us on the airplane. He's looking over the move of God's Word over the world, and asking Doctor questions. What a pleasant evening. How quiet, how homey. It is like a family. It is home.

I retired to my little room, long and narrow with a single bed, a night stand, small closet, a suitcase stand and a window looking out over the Scottish Highlands--dark, wooded hills, mist caught lingering in branches of waving, green trees.

I opened my window and slipped under the puffy down featherbed. The air in the room turned briskly cold. Wind moaned. In the pouring rain, the trees murmured and swished. So thankful was I, so excited to be here, and with these wonderful people. My mind lingered in the richness of thanksgiving and for a long time I couldn't fall asleep.

October 7, 1980

Tuesday

The Lodge

Suddenly, it was morning. Mrs. Wierwille knocked on my door just before 7 A.M. She opened the door.

"Oh, it's too cold in here," she said.

I thanked her for waking me and bounded up. Downstairs, Barbara and Barbara already have breakfast well in hand. We sat down before 7:30 for a typical English breakfast--eggs, bacon, tomatoes, toast and coffee, and orange juice--the American touch. At Doctor's gesture, we all held hands to pray and then dug in. It was a quiet meal. We were all hungry, I guess. I was.

Very quickly the plans begin evolving for the morning and another call to Germany about the German shorthair. Much discussion on the phone.

By 9 A.M. Mr. Dickson was here and discussion continued. The ladies have cleaned up the dishes effortlessly and made lunches for everyone, sack lunches for the hunters. It is cold and wet out this morning--decisions have to be made. Addie, the gamekeeper, will take Robert and Chris up on a shoot. Doctor will stay here and wait for his clothes. Mrs. Wierwille and the ladies will go shopping.

So Chris and Robert dress up--blue jeans stuffed into high rubber boots, jackets, windbreakers. They grab the box lunches and leave with Addie. The ladies put on their coats and are off in the car with Mr. Dickson to shop for the day. I join the ladies, planning to go hunting another time, when Doctor goes. We will go to Beaulieu and then to Inverness where we can pick up the suitcase with the hunting clothes and check in on the crew.

By 9:30 we are on our way: Mrs. Wierwille, Barbara Wilkinson, Barbara Geer, and myself, off with Mr. Dickson. As we walk out the door, a blonde Labrador wags his tail at our feet. I walked by, but the dog jumped up on Barbara Geer. She yelled him down. Doctor was out there in seconds, and blew up in a fury. "Kick him in the head," he yelled. And then "If any dog of mine ever did that, I would shoot it!"

With that we wheel down the curvy road. Mr. Dickson is friendly and cordial. Mrs. Wierwille, sitting up front, makes conversation with him asking questions about the area we are passing through.

"I don't see many goats."

Sheep are the thing here and cattle.

"How about pigs? We haven't seen any."

They are kept in pens.

We wind along the River Glass. The water looks high, reaching up to the middle of tree trunks standing along its banks.

In fifteen minutes we are in Beaulieu, a small Highland town where Mrs. Wierwille wants to see the kiltmakers. The name of the store is Campbell's. Barbara Wilkinson leaves Mr. Dickson with a

food shopping list, and we pass through the street, window shopping. Campbell's seems to be the largest shop in town, displaying all types of woolens in the window.

Mrs. Wierwille's first search is for a deerstalker's hat, the type with front and back brims so traditionally associated with Sherlock Holmes. Robert has been wearing his and Doctor seems to like it. This was her first thought-- something to bless Doctor. She runs through a pile of hats, finding his size, $7\frac{1}{4}$, chooses one carefully, a brown and white plaid with a thin red line. "This will go with what he will want to wear with it."

Now, she goes on looking through the kilts, the sweaters. "Do the men still wear kilts here?"

"Oh, yes," replied the salesgirl.

"For business or only for special occasions?"

"Oh, some for everyday if they are comfortable in kilts."

She's found a kilt to try on, and discusses qualities with the salesgirl. Barbara and Barbara both buy warm tights, and we are ready to continue our journey.

On our way to the car, we stop in one of the smaller shops we had passed before. Mrs. Wierwille is looking for socks for her grandchildren. We meander along. In every place we stopped, she always asked us if we were ready to leave. Never seeming rushed, never hurried, Mrs. Wierwille, however, did not waste time. And she's always learning, interested, curious, asking questions.

Back to the car and we are on our way to Inverness, to meet our crew and pick up the suitcase. Almost casually, we are discussing the plans. Mrs. Wierwille is concerned that Doctor get

his suitcase as soon as possible so that he can go hunting this afternoon. She so wants him to have a good time.

A few sentences and all are agreed: We will go right to the hotel and see the crew and pick up the suitcase. Then Mr. Dickson will drive back with the suitcase, while the ladies continue shopping. He will come back for them at 4 P.M. They arrange where to meet.

I opt to go back with the suitcase and the agent. I am not much into shopping myself, and if Doctor does go hunting this afternoon, then I want to go with him. I am relieved to have this alternative because I have done enough shopping for the day. "I'm so glad. I hate to shop," I said.

"Oh, I love it" says Mrs. Wierwille, "but when do I ever get time to do it?"

"This afternoon. Today!" someone pipes in. Her eyes are twinkling, she's laughing and bubbling with the anticipation for this afternoon of shopping has been put in her lap.

We find the hotel and very soon, a parking place right in front beside a large butcher's shop. Just what we need. They're bound to have a leg of lamb. The last place, that small village, didn't have one.

John Race is in the lobby right out front waiting for us. Beside him, the controversial suitcase. Back at last! We are all so blessed to see one another. Imagine, here we are in Inverness, Scotland, and there is Karen and Nancy Jo and Frank and John Race--those fine, familiar faces from Ambassador One. We are all

full of questions. How are you? How are your rooms? Have you been having a good time?

It's OK. No, the hotel isn't so good. We are going to find a better one. And we're looking for a good room for the meeting. Yesterday was some kind of holiday and everything was closed tight as a drum. But we saw Kathleen off this morning on the same plane that brought Doctor's suitcase from Manchester. She stayed overnight with an aunt while George and Alison got off last night.

We chat for a while. They've met some people, scoped out a restaurant and a castle, and they've also discovered the Pringle factory (fine woolen knits) here in town. Everyone's faces light up.

Mrs. Wierwille says: "I like to go to the best quality places, the most expensive ones and look for a sale, find a good buy...." More discussion, and they all decide to go to the Pringle factory. We say our good-byes. Mr. Dickson and I and the suitcase head back to the lodge.

Mr. Dickson takes me by the picturesque route. The softly sloping green hills are spotted with white and black sheep, some cows--brown and beige, and black angus. The sun is emerging, the day turning warm and very pleasant. We ride by picturesque Lochness (of the famous monster) and laugh about the monster. "There must be something to it," says Mr. Dickson. "Too many lawyers and doctors, business men, and you know, professional people, have seen it." At one point we pass a large sign: "Monster Museum." The lake is choppy and beautiful.

As we curve around the lake, I learn something about Mr. Dickson. He is tall, with reddish, graying hair and glasses, perhaps the other side of fifty. From 1951-1970 he worked for the S.A.S. (Special Air Services), an arm of national security with far more power than the police. They were sent on special assignments, like picking up downed British aircraft around the world so that no one else would get there first and learn the most up-to-date technology they carried. He cited Sicily, North Africa, Egypt and Southeast Asia as places where he had done this type of mission. Since these were special assignments, in the meantime he would work as he is now--a type of agent, a middle man, who organized or led hunting and fishing parties around Scotland.

He is a professional hunter and fisherman, he said. When I remarked that he had a varied background, he said, "It's all really hunting, you know." That made me think again.

I asked him where he lived. Near Edinburgh, but for this excursion he was staying at a cottage four miles down the road from our lodge. As we drove by, he pointed it out to me. Then the gamekeeper's cottage, just two miles down the road. He pointed out the "lichen," the grayish, lacy moss that formed on the trees and the "bracken," which looked to me like forest fern.

A "glen" is a valley, and a mountain is a "ben." He showed me steep walls of loosely lying rocks on the upside of the road. These are called "skree," where broken-up rocks are on a sharp incline and can easily slide. He told me about various search parties he had been a part of in these areas. Also that these mountains were the most dangerous in all Europe because of the

many "haa" or "har," among other things. This is a sudden warm wind that comes in from the sea and causes a dangerous mist to form instantly in the mountains. People have gotten irretrievably lost in these, he said.

About the lodge where we were staying, Maulde Estates, he said the owner was unknown, that a type of administrator lived in the other house, that the estate was 8,000 acres in size and that he knew little else. His specialty now was salmon fishing, and he wished we would go salmon fishing, even though the River Glass was now too high for good fishing. By the way, he remarked, when you write about this, don't mention the name of the place. The estate would not be pleased. All in all, his presentation was romantic and somewhat mysterious with innuendo. So, I was educated about Scotland. At least I knew more than I had before.

We arrived at the lodge at 1:30. Doctor was reading in the living room. Mr. Dickson departed quickly for lunch and to pick up the ladies in Inverness at 4 P.M., and I came in to learn what had transpired among the hunters.

Dr. Wierwille is reading John K. Galbraith's The Age of Uncertainty. "Boy, this is terrific, so well written." He is into the book. Occasionally, he reads me a gem of a one-liner. "Come on, let's have some tea," he says after a while and I go to the kitchen to make some.

I learn that Chris and Robert have come and gone again. They walked through the heather and never saw any game--not a one. Then the gamekeeper said he would take them to another place to look for pheasant. So, that is the report. I hand him the

package containing the deerstalker's cap from Mrs. Wierwille. He opens it, puts it on and sits back down in the easy chair.

"How was your morning?" I inquire.

"Oh, like a morning that could have been anywhere. I didn't come to Scotland and up here to read. If it were just up to me, I would have left yesterday when I saw where it all was. But, I guess it's good for me to have a day like this."

"Our place at Gunnison is far more beautiful. I could have been sitting out there, not paid all God's money to come here, and read." A long pause. "But here we are. If it were up to me, I would have left yesterday. But lots of other people are involved. When that's the case, you have got to consider the other people. We have the meeting up here Thursday night. So, I stay. I said I'd teach in Scotland and that's right. I ought to teach here once on Scotland's soil because of what it would mean to God's people here--now and in the future. So, I'm here. I'll stay now. But I knew yesterday if it were up to me personally, I would have left.

"They told us it was an historic lodge. But what's historic about it? I asked to hunt for one thing--pheasants--but there are no pheasants. They give me grouse, they say, and then even they are nowhere to be seen. We've just been rooked.

"You see, if they really served us, they would provide our desires. They would take care of us. They would have been honest. And do you know what? I'd have been back here next year, and I would have brought some other men with me. You see? An operation like this one is out to make money, not to take care of people. Sure, they'll do it for a year or two, but then it won't

last. They would be far smarter to really serve people and be honest. So it's the last time we're coming here. I suppose I have to chalk the money up to learning. But we won't get into this one again.

"I guess it's good for me to be here anyways. Good for me not to teach night after night. I'm getting tired. Other men have to rise up. Like I told Alan (Moorhead) the other night. You got to have more personality up front. When you lead songs, you lead them. When you have manifestations, either use the mikes, or go direct to your audience, to the people, and work it from there. But you got to get out there and lead people. Make the decisions and follow through.

"It's good for me to be here, I guess. But it won't happen again, not here anyways. I just hate to see God's people get so tricked."

I pondered his remarks. I asked him about the significance of the lost suitcase. He took a long pause and walked into the kitchen. I followed him and waited.

"I don't know if I'll answer that," he said.

"I didn't know if I should ask," I responded.

Another long pause. He's in the kitchen, silhouetted against the western window. "I thought you would figure it out."

Our conversation broke off when Robert and Chris returned. No, nothing visible. No game anywhere. Nothing.

The ladies returned and dinner was in the making. We were seated. Barbara Wilkinson prayed and we ate. Dinner was delicious, if a little too much with a creamy gateau for dessert.

After dinner, again cards, Doctor reading his book, thoroughly engrossed, Barbara reading, me writing. Now and then Doctor would read us great lines from his book. He wants to take this copy home with him, and order some copies for the campus libraries. Mrs. Wierwille shows me blueprints for the new dining room in the OSC building, going over everything in minute detail. She had brought these along, and also the plans for the new dorms. Robert and Chris, having been out all day walking through the heather on the mountains and having seen nothing--no grouse, deer, no game--soon retired. Doctor's disappointment hung over me. I wanted him so to have his heart's desire of twenty-five years--hunting pheasants in Scotland.

Upstairs I washed my hair and then came down around 10 P.M. Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille were both on their way to bed. We all said goodnight, and I read by the fire while my hair dried.

Around 11 P.M. I heard footsteps on the stairs. In minutes Doctor walked through the door in pajamas and robe.

"Couldn't sleep," he said. "Came down to read for awhile." He read and I read. Now and then a short exchange.

"Well, I guess I'll go to bed." It was after midnight and I was ready to retire too. Then abruptly he picked up our conversation from earlier in the day--concerning the significance of the lost suitcase. He cited several things that had happened since we left Headquarters, things I had not been aware of. The suitcase was the fourth one.

"The Adversary is after my life--these things he does to discourage me. Anything he can do to bug my head, to tire me

out. I just constantly have to steel my mind. It's like a soldier in the field under attack in battle, never knowing when the next shot will be fired or where it is coming from. And you get tired from that constant state of alertness."

Our conversation ended. I retired to my warm, cozy goosedown bed. From the opened window I could hear the rain falling again. No wind tonight, just rain and sleep.

October 8, 1980

Wednesday

The Lodge

I was up at seven. Already Robert, Chris and Barbara were in the kitchen preparing breakfast. Doctor chose not to join us at the table this morning. We went ahead and ate with Mrs. Wierwille.

Measuring Dr. Wierwille for kilts had been a subject of humor the night before: how to measure the length he needed?

"Oh, I don't want one of those," he had said adamantly.

But today, Mrs. Wierwille in her soft-spoken manner remarks to us: "Oh, I don't believe that. You have to approach him with such wisdom... such wisdom," she adds emphatically. She has the tape measure in front of her, for they'd seen a good kilt at Pringle's the day before. And then she asks to speak with me. We sat apart in the dining room.

She asks me if I have any suggestions for presents to take home. "You know," she begins, "Dr. Wierwille wants to bless everybody. He thinks each person on Staff is so important--housekeeping, typists, architects, builders, just everyone. He doesn't want to just bring back a few presents for the Board of Trustees. What do you think from your experience?"

I was so honored to be asked my opinion that for a few moments I could think of nothing to say. I simply listened to the heartbeat behind the request.

"Perhaps one large thing to decorate a place where everyone passes--like the lobby of the new dining room," I ventured,

"Something like a decorative piece perhaps that could be publicly presented to all the Staff at The Way International." I thought again. "Or perhaps something from here to eat--like the Scottish shortbread or those little Scotch whiskey sweets which could be given to each person. That way each person could have a little taste of the trip." I could think of nothing else, but how much she had edified me by asking my advice on so important a matter as what to give. We rejoined the others in the living room.

Discussion. The morning is colder than yesterday and it's raining again. By 10 A.M., the rain has stopped and the day is breaking fairer. The ladies choose to go back to Pringle's for a factory tour, so they leave with Mr. Dickson at 10:30. Robert goes with them.

This morning, despite the rain, Chris and Doctor are going out with Addie, the gamekeeper. In the hunting room the men put on outdoor clothes and then are gone. I stay here to meet with the owner, Mr. Barnard-Hankey, in his office adjacent to the lodge.

He is a tall man. I have caught a glimpse of him these last days walking along the road with his two dogs--one, the blonde Labrador. He is cordial and pleasantly shares with me some background of the Estates and the area.

The Maulde Estates are 4,000 acres in size. Years ago this land belonged to the Chisolm Estate, but the family died out, the last few daughters remaining unmarried. The Chisolm Estate, which covered 100,000 acres, was then sold off in pieces. The Maulde part was sold to the Lovat Estate, bought by Lord Lovat in 1950. Lord Lovat was a friend of Barnard-Hankey and sold him the

4,000-acre Maulde part of the estate back around 1955. The Lovats and the Chisolms go back to the thirteen hundreds in this area and now that the Chisolm Estate has been divided and sold, Lord Lovat's estate, covering perhaps 200,000 acres, runs almost coast to coast up here.

Mr. Barnard-Hankey himself is English, but, as he told me, his family always had a place in Scotland. "We had to sell our estate in Scotland in 1918, and in the 1950's I was looking to buy another one."

The main buildings (where we were staying) were remodeled from farm buildings originally built in about 1850. What the kitchen is today used to be the dairy. In 1978-79, these old farm buildings were converted into this cottage or lodge, very comfortable living accommodations.

He remodeled the lodge to receive guests a few times a year. Two or three families he knows come back for the fishing every year. He himself lives in the house nearby. "We are twenty miles from Lochness, you know, the monster..."

I asked about how he worked the estate.

The main crop here is forestry and timber, and the estate includes its own sawmill. Fourteen hundred acres are planted with trees, 1200 trees per acre. These were mostly planted between 1960 and 1970, and will reach full age at about fifty years. Then they will be harvested for building lumber and pulp. The trees are still pretty small now. They've only had ten to twenty years of growth.

The second side here is the sporting side. There is fishing in the Glass River. "We get fifty to a hundred salmon per year. And stags--ten to twenty per year. The hunting has to be regulated along with the farming, the forestry. That's why we have all those fences up there. The deer eat the bark off the young trees and kill them."

Other game in this area are grouse, during August; pheasant in November; salmon runs July to October; deer, September to October, and black cock from September 1 to December 1. Black cock belong to the grouse family, but are larger. They are also called "black game."

I asked about the pheasants. Some in the area, but really not much around here on the estates. His friend, Lord Lovat, who lives in Beaufort Castle about five miles from here, rears pheasants for hunting. But those are really the only pheasants you'll find around here--ones that are specially reared. You see, pheasants prefer to live on flatland, in the grain--oats, barley, wheat--not in forested and hilly areas like this.

Mr. Barnard-Hankey himself studied at Eaton and Sandhurst (military academy) and served in the navy in World War II. He also served in the Special Services. He used to hunt and fish a great deal, but now (implying his age) he only fishes, but does no deer stalking. For good fishing, the river is high right now. It rained a lot last month.

As for Mr. Dickson, Mr. Barnard-Hankey said, he only met him a year ago, when Dickson came round and persuaded him to

rent out the lodge for paying guests. "I don't know what you are paying there--probably a lot more than he is paying me."

Beaufort Castle where Lord Lovat lives, five miles from here, and where he rears his pheasants, is also rented out for visitors now and then. He, Barnard-Hankey, happens to know that soon, around November 1, a group of Revlon executives is coming in, and they will probably hunt those pheasants. When hunting parties come, Lovat rents out his castle and moves into a nearby house.

"That must be hard," I ventured, "to leave your own castle and turn it over to strangers."

"Oh, no, I think he likes the modern house better than the castle," Mr. Barnard-Hankey laughed dryly. "Drafty things, you know, castles."

I asked if anything extraordinary ever happened on these grounds, and he said with a laugh that the closest drama was the Lochness monster.

"What about the 'haa'?" I asked.

"Oh that, that's just a little mist from the sea, nothing dangerous about the haa."

He then showed me maps of the estate and offered to loan me a book on local game birds. But the pheasants troubled his mind too. "We've never had pheasants here. I'm sorry your man came here to shoot pheasants. Dickson never mentioned that to me, and I, of course, never said anything about pheasant to Dickson. There just aren't any, or very rarely."

I asked if he'd mind my writing about his estate and using his name.

"No, no," he said, "of course not. Use it all you want."

He offered maps and charts of the area and said he would comb his shelves for any more books. He asked if we were comfortable and if we were enjoying our stay, if all the machinery in the lodge worked, and asked about our ministry with a touch of interest. I invited him to the Thursday night meeting in Inverness, and he departed, asking again where the meeting would be.

I was with him about an hour. Shortly thereafter, he returned with the game bird book and another map, which I studied as I waited for the hunters to return.

Now, that's interesting, I am thinking: one says 8,000 acres, the other says 4,000 acres. One says the haa is dangerous, the other says it's not. One says the estate is administered by someone unknown; the other says, he bought it in 1955. They cannot both be right! What is the truth? So I also am on a hunt here in the hunting lodge in the Highlands of Scotland.

By 12:30 Chris and Doctor were back. Chris had seen a doe (at last, something!) and the gamekeeper, who had gone ahead to beat out the birds, had seen two of the black cock, but these had not been near Doctor or Chris.

The men took off their outer clothes and came in for coffee and brandy. "Wet out there," Chris remarked. Brilliant sunlight now spilled into the room. Then suddenly the whole sky clouded over and a persistent rain began to fall. Then again, in a few moments everything cleared up, sunny and sparkling. Only the wind moaned around the corner of the house.

As soon as we sat down, Dr. Wierwille asked about the interview and what I had learned. I shared with him, laying out the map and pointing out the relevant spots. The book, however, really caught Doctor's attention. He was absorbed, reading it carefully and making notes on a yellow pad.

I am constantly amazed at Doctor's ability to absorb, inhale material on a variety of subjects, and his keen interest in learning. A leader must keep moving ahead, keep growing, keep learning life and people. From what I have seen, Doctor is either intensely learning or intensely speaking, and when he speaks he is always teaching--or he's asleep. There are no in-between stages that I observed in his life. Either actively receiving, or actively giving. Amazing. I see it is available, and more than ever am inspired to develop that strength in my own life.

But my thoughts are halted by the march of time. This afternoon we are going on the hunt again. This is my opportunity to go along. The gamekeeper will return toward two o'clock and this time we will carry deer rifles and stalk the deer.

Before finishing our conversation, Doctor remarks casually: "You need to let Robert and Barbara hear the owner's story. There are just so many points that don't agree with Dickson's story." I recalled our conversation the second day here. He knew it all the time, I am thinking. Not the specific facts perhaps, but that there was something dishonest going on. He knew it, and he is making of this a learning and teaching situation.

On The Hunt

Doctor and Chris, rested, warmed up, and pulled on their outdoor clothes again. The day broke fair at 2 P.M., then suddenly clouded over. Rain fell. The sun came out and the rains continued pouring. Slowly, a full rainbow formed across the sky anchored on both sides of the valley in the Highland Hills as we walked out to the road.

We left with Addie in the yellow Landrover shortly after two. Our first stop was Addie's cottage to try out the guns on a target. The one, a Mannlicher 6.5 x 54, Barnard-Hankey had offered us. The other, a Mauser 7 x 54, was Addie's. All Doctor's guns were for game birds.

We walked back 100 yards from the white circle target. Chris shot first, lying on his stomach in the wet grass under the sprinkling rain. He shot twice while Doctor, Addie and I watched. Over the loud gurgle of the burn (waterfall), the shots resounded across the valley. Then came Doctor's turn on the other gun. Kneeling, on one knee, still, the marksman pulled the trigger. One shot, and we walk back to the target to see.

"It would be grreat if all the people that came herre shot like that," Addie remarked over his shoulder, rolling his r's.

We climb in the vehicle and drive to the first fence on the left, through and up the mountains. Addie is driving, with Doctor in the front seat and Chris and I hanging on in the back with the rifles, camera and coffee. The Landrover grinds and staggers up the steep road. The rain is falling harder now, but the sun is still shining and the rainbow greets us, a perfect arc, end to end.

Every time we come to a gate, Chris is out the back door even before we halt. He opens the gates, we drive through, and he shuts them behind us and jumps back in.

We inch our way upward. The trees are getting sparse now. Suddenly we stop. Addie pulls out his binoculars. Some deer bound over the ridge. Stop, consider. No one speaks for long stretches. Silence, listening, and we continue.

"Over there, over there, grouse!" It's Doctor pointing at two birds rising, fluttering at our left and sailing across the road right in front of us to the other side. We drive on. Stop. Watch for them to rise again.

"You should have brought your dogs," Doctor says good-naturedly.

Aye. Yes.

We continue on up the winding road. Up and over the deep burns, sliding through muddy ruts, we creep along.

Through another gate. Chris is out and back in seconds. We are in a "plantation" area, a place where trees are planted. This is not for deer, but Addie says there are some in here. He has spotted them here before, but he didn't have enough lads with him

to get them. He'll have to come back another time with more lads, but maybe we can get them this time.

We push through an area planted with evergreens. They are over a-tall-man high, but far from harvesting. We drive the length of the plantation, then Addie stops at the edge of the fence.

"We'll stalk the deerr from herre, aye," he says.

"What's he saying?" The heavy Scottish brogue is hard for us to grasp immediately. We all climb out, standing in the bushy, wet undergrowth.

Discussion. Chris and Addie will walk along the fence to stalk the deer. Doctor will drive the Landrover to the last burn where we stopped before. We will wait for them there.

"How long will it take, you guys?" Doctor asks.

"About an hour." That's Addie.

They start off. I am glad he has offered to drive. I wouldn't know how to make this thing move. We have a wait now, at least an hour.

"Well, we're here," he says. Around us, wilderness. It's raining harder now. The sun is hidden, a white ball in the sky, shrouded in the mist of clouds. Stillness reigns.

"Yes, no telephones here," I said.

He catches my eye and smiles: "Yeh, no telephones." He sighs. the two stalkers are disappearing, two dark silhouettes moving over a distant rise.

Doctor and I get in the Landrover. He turns it on and starts the slow climb down the hill. Up another, over. We creep along the difficult terrain.

We reach the appointed spot, the place where Addie stopped before-- along a burn. Doctor stops. We wait in silence, but he is not still. He's trying the buttons, knobs and dials on the dashboard, under the dashboard. On goes the heat, the defroster, the windshield wipers. He turns them on and then off, each one to see how it works. He is learning.

"Well, we're learning something, girl," he says. Learning, always learning. Wherever he is, he is always learning what he can.

"How did you get into hunting?" I asked. "Did you hunt much with your father?"

"No, no. He didn't hunt much. Oh, when I was a boy growing up, it was squirrel and rabbit. But then in college, in Wisconsin, I began to get into it. I went out with the guys pheasant shooting. It was exciting. I guess I got hooked then.

"And then in Payne. I got into it myself. But Van Wert was the best, the absolute best. You could get in the car, drive five minutes and stop, get out the dogs, and you were in the best pheasant country anywhere.

"I used to go shooting in the early morning, bag twenty-five to thirty pheasants, and get to my desk by 9:15. Then I'd go out again when Donnie got home from school. We'd go back and bag another quota.

"You could work down a dog in a month because the game was so plentiful. You need lots of game to train a dog and train it fast. There I got into the German pointers. Our first was a female."

"What do you like about hunting?" I asked.

He thinks a long time.

"I hunt pheasant. I work with a dog. That's the best part, working with and training a dog. It takes time. And to hunt pheasant--anything--it takes time. You got to learn to think like a pheasant if you're going to hunt pheasant. They are tricky. They'll come up and the dog will point and then they sneak around and come up again thirty to forty feet behind the dog, and just laugh at him. A pheasant is smart. I had to learn to think like a pheasant to outsmart him. That's the challenge.

"And when you hunt deer, you have to learn to think like a deer; or grouse, to think like a grouse. Whatever. It all takes time. I hunt pheasant. I never hunted deer or other things. I just don't have time to learn them all. Pheasant is my game. And working with the dogs. I love to train dogs."

Long silence.

"I think every boy should learn hunting and fishing. To get out in God's surroundings, away from the desk."

Another silence.

"Now, Howard Allen, he hunts deer. But, he's hunted pheasant with me, too. When I go out on a shoot, I like to go with one other man. Howard Allen is the best. When we go hunting together, we get out there and we don't talk. Even in the car, we don't talk. We open the doors quietly when we get there, and we never slam them. We get out and start walking. We even load our guns quietly.

"Then we walk thirty to forty feet apart. We never talk. And we walk slowly, very slowly. When you hunt, you need to take your time. We are in no hurry. With pheasants, any sudden sound can startle them, but a dog whistle doesn't bother them. Footsteps don't bother them either. Only when you stop. Then they get nervous. They fly up when you stop walking. I have stopped and found a pheasant fly up two feet away from me sometimes.

"That's how I love to hunt. Howard is the best man I've ever hunted with. We understand each other. We don't have to talk. Chris is a good hunter too. He's learning, but it all takes time."

I asked if there was a parallel in his mind between hunting and the Word of God.

He switched on the heat, laughed and then said: "If you are going to hunt pheasant, you are going to have to think like a pheasant. If you hunt deer, you are going to have to learn to think like a deer. If you're going to get into God, you have to learn to think like a son of God. It takes time, a lot of patience, constant driving your mind, pushing it to think like a son of God." He stopped.

"I don't have time now or the desire to learn deer or grouse or some of those other things, but I love to hunt pheasant." A pause, a change of tone. "Have you ever hunted much?"

"No," I said. "Our family never was into hunting or fishing or even camping. I have nothing against it; I just have never been taught." I wait.

"What did you do then?" Doctor asks curiously.

"Played tennis and swam, rode horses and skied in the winters. And my father loved sailboats". The words lingered in the silence. After a while Doctor began again.

"The important thing when you hunt is to stay warm and dry. You have to start by dressing right, and that means not wearing too much. You got to start out a little cool, because when you walk, you will get hot if you don't watch out. Then you get a chill if you stop walking. Now our boys out there, when they get back here, they'll be soaked all the way up to their thighs. They need to keep warm. But here, it's simple. They just climb into this thing, and we turn up the heat. But other times, it's not this simple. You got to think it all through so you stay warm and dry." He shifts forward over the steering wheel.

"I like how that gamekeeper thought through this deer stalking. He's all right. A deer will always run downhill. He chose the best approach. In America, you sit in a blind or on a stand--two or three hours maybe, without seeing anything. Meantime, others are driving the deer toward you. But here, they stalk the deer, follow after it, try to come up on it. Still, I don't want to hunt deer--pheasants, that's what I love to hunt."

We sit in a long silence. He asks me to get out and pick some heather and that other purple flower we have seen now and then. "We'll ask him what it is."

"How long has it been?"

I look at my watch. "About fifty minutes."

"Then they'll be along," he says. "Sure is beautiful up here. No telephones like you said. A man can just get out and be alone and think."

We wait longer. Suddenly Chris and Addie appear on the road just ahead of us. Their legs are soaked.

"Well, they're not dragging a deer," Dr. Wierwille remarks, smiling.

We learn that they saw one, but it was gone before they could get a shot at it. The two men, faces flushed, clothes soaked, pile into the Landrover, and we start driving laboriously down the mountain. It's nearly six o'clock.

The ride home over gullies, ruts and burns is rattling. Rain is falling continuously now and the air has chilled. I'm glad we're on our way home.

"I think we're having leg of lamb tonight," Dr. Wierwille remarks. "That's why I didn't eat any lunch." In a good twenty minutes we are home at the lodge.

The ladies were back. The kitchen smelled delicious. We were welcomed into the warmth of home. It was good to be out there, in God's creation. Great to be sitting with Doctor, just him and me--and now it is good, so good, to get home hungry and smell hot food.

Barbara served us coffee, a little brandy. We changed, warmed up, and taking the opportunity, I shared with Robert the Dickson vs. Barnard-Hankey interviews. Someone had to be wrong.

Dinner was delicious. After we ate, Doctor said slowly, "You know, I finally unwound and relaxed today. I can feel it. Now I'm ready to stay here another week, and we're getting ready to leave." Everyone breathed an inaudible sigh of relief. How good that Doctor got a chance to breathe, to rest, to unwind. Perhaps after all, I am thinking, that was the purpose of this stay, hunting or no hunting pheasants. But I recall his careful passion for the hunting of pheasants in his conversations this afternoon, and I think, he would have been so blessed to have hunted pheasants also.

Chapter Four
INTO THE VALLEY

October 9, 1980

Thursday

SCOTLAND

The morning came in raw and cold through the open window. Shortly after seven when I came downstairs, I found that the hunters, Chris and Robert, had eaten early and left to look for ducks. The rest of us sat down together for breakfast. Barbara Geer had already compiled a list of all the Way Corps for both the meeting tonight in Scotland and the meeting tomorrow night in Dublin, Ireland.

Dr. Wierwille began studying the list after breakfast, Barbara at his side.

"Are these brother and sister or are they married?" He reads names, goes over them, again and again, as though constructing them in his mind.

"I can make you a list of those who are married and those that are brothers and sisters, and mark them," Barbara offers helpfully. She compiles such a list and discussion goes from one

name to another. Information--briefing his head, building people into his mind like bricks.

"These two are twins. This one married an American, but she's not listed on the international list because she is American," Barbara points out by way of explanation.

I am amazed at how Doctor recalls details about individuals, native city, Corps. About one Corps grad: "I remember how at Emporia every day she would go out there and feed the swans. When they saw her coming, they would start swimming right over. Why, she took care of them as though they were her babies." And he laughs.

Then the conversation turns to swans--white swans and black swans from Australia--more information.

"Someone said they'd send me a pair of black swans from Australia," Doctor recalls. "Maybe we'll let Bo bring some back when he goes there. It'll give him something to do, huh."

We move on to discuss the plans of the day and he turns to Mrs. Wierwille: "I'm not going out hunting today. I woke up early this morning and got my head into the people for tonight and into the teaching." He flips over a piece of paper with a list of half a dozen scriptures on it. "That's my teaching for tonight," he says. "I got my head into it. It's not worth it to get into the hunting now. Yesterday I just began to relax, and today now, I'm right back in it."

Mrs. Wierwille says: "You know me. I'm here till the very last minute. You and I are so different that way." They laugh in agreement.

Just then Robert and Chris walk in--no, they didn't see a thing today--no ducks, nothing. That report seems to confirm Doctor's decision. Not worth going out there if you don't even see any game.

So plans proceed rapidly: "The food here, that's ours, isn't it?" Doctor asks. Nods from Barbara Wilkinson. "It would be great to pack it up in a box or two and give it to our kids here in Scotland. They'll get real blessed."

Barbara W. volunteers to pack up the food. The men are back and decisions are made. No more hunting excursions this afternoon. We'll pack up and have lunch at 11:30, then all drive to Inverness to the hotel. We can leave by 12:30.

The phone rings. John Race is checking on our plans. How timely! We were just talking about them. The decisions are conveyed to John. We'll be in after lunch with all the luggage. We'll put what we can directly on the plane.

"If John meets us at our hotel, he can take the car with the luggage right to the plane. We won't even have to get a taxi." That's Dr. Wierwille tossing the suggestion over his shoulder as he goes into the living room. Thinking through the details. Our plans are set.

Some of the ladies are still going in to Beaulieu to shop before leaving Scotland. But the whole tone and atmosphere has radically changed. Suddenly, from relaxing, meandering, from one quiet activity to another--reading, conversing, funny lines, cards--suddenly it is as though we have surged forward with purpose. I am drawn in too. Vacation is over--really only two days

"without telephones," without the pressing weight of constant decision-making that is a part of carrying the immense responsibility of the ministry. Suddenly, we are all briskly on the move.

After all the discussion, all the decisions, in minutes Doctor was dressed, packed and downstairs with his coat. He was ready to go, go out and be with God's people. Into the valley. I was amazed at his readiness. As though back from a trip, his mind seemed resolutely made up. He was prepared to move on.

He sat and read. Mrs. Wierwille and Barbara Geer drove off to Beaulieu. Robert and Barbara were packing and Chris was already collecting baggage for the Landrover. I went to organize myself and when I returned to the living room shortly after eleven, Doctor was still seated in his chair, still ready to go.

Soon Mrs. Wierwille returned. In a few minutes, she and Barbara Geer were packed and ready too. We sat down to our last lunch in this place--soup and delicious leftovers. We cleaned up, finished carrying out the luggage to the two cars and drove off before one o'clock.

The day turned sunny and beautiful. High across the River Glass one ridge of mountains was covered with an early fall of fresh snow. We stopped to take pictures of the long-horned, long-haired, Highland cattle, and drove on past Lochness toward Inverness.

The drive took about an hour. I rode with Chris and Barbara Geer, in the yellow Landrover driven by Addie, the faithful gamekeeper. The others rode in the car driven by Mr. Dickson,

the agent. In our car, we hardly spoke. Barbara dozed. Addie drove. I watched the passing scenery--the gently sloping green pasturelands flecked with white sheep and peaceful cattle. Soon we had reached Inverness and found the Kingsmills Hotel where we were to stay the night and have the first meeting with Dr. Wierwille on Scottish soil.

Quite elegant like an old castle, the hotel is a little out of town. John Race and the crew met us at the door, and we had a grand time of reunion. How I had missed their faces and not even realized it these last days!

My room was comfortable, and the room for the meeting tonight, simple but pleasant. We are expecting twelve to twenty-five people, chairs in a circle and floor space within. Kathleen is coming in at four-thirty from Stornaway where she has been visiting her parents. Iain MacMillan and Alison Smith are sure to be here tonight. George MacIver will come and who else from Scotland?

After settling in, I come back down to the lounge again. With John Race and Karen MacHarg I caught up on the adventures of the crew--they'd found some castles and some interesting dining places here in Inverness, but they had missed us too and were ready to move on.

In a few moments Dr. Wierwille entered the lounge to talk with John. They sit down over tea to discuss the next air routes. Doctor is full of questions: "Why do we stop in Iceland on the way back?" Because of the tail winds, John explains in more detail. "How many hours from here to there?" More questions.

Always interested, curious, concerned, always driving his mind to learn and understand. Finally Doctor says, "Oh, that is the reason." Leaders are learners, I am thinking.

Doctor considers several possibilities with John. Soon the others are there. It's passing 3 P.M. Mrs. Wierwille and Barbara Wilkinson are going to have their hair done. Barbara Geer and Karen are going back to Pringles factory to buy the blankets they had seen on sale the day before. It was a good buy. John is off to meet Kathleen at the airport.

I stay in the lobby just to see how things develop. On the wall a small sign reads: "Robert Burns dined here September 5, 1787." They are proud that Scotland's foremost poet dined here once. But today is really the historic occasion. Far more significant in God's eyes that tonight the man of God will be here on Scottish soil, holding forth the Word of God for the first time in history. I too am excited about the meeting.

By five o'clock, everyone gathers again in the lounge: Mrs. Wierwille and Barbara Wilkinson with lovely hairdos, Doctor ready for the meeting, the shoppers with two plaid blankets--definitely a good buy--the pilots, the crew.

Kathleen has joined us (how overjoyed I am to see her again), bubbling over with news about her three days with her parents. She spoke to Iain, her brother, last night on the phone, and the believers are coming from Glasgow directly after work, which means they may not get here till after 8 P.M. They've rented a minibus. The first meeting ever in Scotland with Dr. Wierwille teaching the Word. We all are full of anticipation.

We ate together in the dining room at two tables and then found seats in the meeting room. They are coming. Two cars have come in from Edinburgh, another car from a small town to the north, from Aberdeen, then the large group from Glasgow with Iain and Alison. All have traveled three or four hours to come here on a Thursday night to hear Dr. Wierwille's first teaching in Scotland.

By 8:15 P.M. the room is nearly full, and Robert Wilkinson pulls out a yellow flag with the red lion rampant, the Scottish flag. Cheers and applause. Twenty-seven are present in the room plus twelve from Ambassador One--thirty-nine altogether.

Robert leads songs, and then Iain MacMillan opens with prayer. Manifestations. How wonderful to hear the richly rolled r's, and a vocabulary slightly unfamiliar, but it is still, without a doubt, God speaking to His people through His people.

We hear a song and then another. Mrs. Wierwille starts around a sheet of paper so everyone can write their names on it. And the stage is set for the Word.

Meeting in Scotland

Notes

Dr. Wierwille opens on a quiet note. He first introduces all of us from Ambassador One, slowly and evenly. Then he starts with Scotland.

"The sign in the lobby says that Robert Burns dined here. I just read the story of his life. He died at age thirty-seven. I've just read some of his poems--his poems are very negative." I

suddenly recall that when Kathleen came in this afternoon she had a small pocket book of Robert Burns' poetry. In the course of sitting and chatting in the lounge, she had shown it to Dr. Wierwille. We had continued chatting, but he had sat there and read the whole little book! And now he had an audience for those facts, for that material. I recall Paul in Athens: "As certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring" (Acts 18:28).

"The Word never got here to Scotland. John Calvin's doctrine came here, John Knox, but the Reformation never took root here. And people's hearts are hardened against the Word."

Then he addresses George: who else is in the Twig with him in his hometown? He's alone. Right away Doctor is teaching. "What we used to do in that situation when someone was in a town alone, is a few of us would go up there for the weekend--help him, go witnessing with him, help him get a class together. The fastest way to help people is through Power for Abundant Living."

Everyone is listening deeply. "Now you have Way Corps from Scotland: Iain MacMillan, Seventh Corps; Don MacMillan, Eighth; Kathleen here, Ninth; Alison Smith is Tenth Corps; and there is one person originally from Scotland in the Eleventh Corps. Who is apprentice Corps here?" Two raise their hands. "Two are going into the Twelfth Corps. But we need more of you in the Corps. You have such a wonderful group of people here tonight. You have the whole future ahead of you. You have the greatness of God's Word. Either you live, or you die-- that's for sure. Why not live abundantly?"

The last question hangs in space. The group is generally young, early twenties perhaps, a few in their thirties. Then Doctor continues talking slowly, deliberately. "That all of you are here tonight is absolutely electrifying to my heart. You made some effort to get here. You've driven hours, worked today, and you're going back to work tomorrow. You must expect to receive something.

"Why does it take people so long to really walk on the greatness of God's Word? Kids, it's a whole new concept, a whole new age. When are we going to believe it? The Word is alive today because one man stood--that's me. I'm so totally convinced of that. Now let's set out some basics here." He opens his Bible and leans forward.

"Christ in you is being born again. You in Christ, that's fellowship. Now look at Galatians 4:19: 'till Christ be formed in you.' What is it to have Christ formed in you? Building the Word of God in your mind to the end that you act on it.

"When you were born physically, everything was wrapped up in that little package, all the potential. Spiritually, when you are born again, it's the same thing--everything is all wrapped up in the package. How did you grow up physically? You ate, you exercised, went to school. It's the same thing spiritually, we have to grow up spiritually. So you live and keep forming the Christ in you in your mind.

II Peter 3:18. "Grow in grace...."

"I just picked a few verses from God's Word to bless you with. There are just so many."

Colossians 1:5b and 6; 9 and 10.

Galatians 2:20. "Wait till you believe that one!"

"God will give you the greatest privileges, when you believe His Word. All you have to do is to form it in your mind. The world has just not seen Christians. It's just seen the nincompoops. All they've seen is religion."

Ephesians 2:10.

"You can't have a birth without seed. Fear is constant failure. I've never met a so-called Christian who isn't full of fear, until he gets into God's Word. We are His workmanship. We are His kids. He loves us."

11 Corinthians 6:1ff. "You are workers together with God."

"One more verse...Romans 8:1. Condemnation issues out of fear. You cannot ever walk with great power and effervescence when you're under condemnation.

"It's Christ in you. It's a personal deal. You don't need VPW--you've got the same Christ in. You need me to love you, and I need you to love me. We are a family and a household.

"Finally, you got to get to the place in the household where Christ IS formed in your mind. Then we just stand together. We don't fight each other any more." He develops these thoughts with great emphasis, and then sitting back suggests we have coffee. Nobody moves. The room is quiet.

"What do you want to talk about?" Doctor asks lifting his eyebrows. Still no one moves or speaks. "When do you want to have coffee? Now or at the gathering together?" Everyone laughs

and we mill around, drink coffee and visit. Soon we are seated again and the meeting continues in a light informal atmosphere.

There are at least a half dozen non-grads here tonight. Alison Smith, flashing her brilliant smile, introduces Doctor to Thomas from Gothenburg, Sweden. He is sixteen and fully registered for the class. He'll be taking the next one. And Doctor shares about the coming meeting in Norway.

"You can't break the truth. And if it's not truth, the quicker you break it the better, so then you can dump it." Alison introduces another student, a bachelor of divinity. Doctor asks him a few questions about his studies, his background. He speaks to him very personally, listening carefully to his answers.

And it's time to present gifts. To Dr. Wierwille the Scottish saints give a "sgEAN dhu," the dark knife that the Scotsman wore in his sock; for Mrs. Wierwille, an amethyst pin from the Island of Iona. Its traditional pattern represents eternal life.

After coffee we take the photo, the historic photo of the first meeting with Dr. Wierwille in Scotland. Then Doctor gives out the leftover bullets from the "worst week of hunting I have ever had. Don't want to drag these back to the US."

To my mind, the whole tone of the meeting was that of the love of Christ constraining us, a tone of gentle reproof--why not believe the Christ in you? The urgency of going into the Corps and the need to build up leadership in this area so reminded me of a similar meeting four years ago in England, when Doctor urged the believers there to go into the Corps. He gave them one week to get their finances together. Out of that meeting in the spring

of 1976, seven from England went into the Way Corps. What will happen here?

Back together again in the circle, "Just move the Word..." Doctor is saying. Then he goes over our travel schedule for the next few days and invites everyone someday to come for the Rock of Ages. "I believe more of you from Scotland will come into The Way Corps. One day, we'll have a Corps here, but before that we need to have qualified leadership that can handle the Corps."

Robert recognizes the WOWs. Alison introduces her WOW family, three of them from Ireland.

"I'm anxious to get into Ireland," Doctor picks up. "It's spiritually hot there now. It's setting the pace for a lot of things." And he reads the figures: fifteen in the Eleventh Corps from Ireland; in the Tenth Corps, three from Ireland; in the Ninth Corps, two from Ireland.

"Ireland's pretty well taken over the Corps. We have some beautiful people from Chile. This year is the largest international contingent we've ever had." Then he talks about the Hispanic Corps: how it takes a few years to learn English and why wait that long if it's available to give them the Corps training in their own language. "But ultimately the teaching of the Word will have to go into all the languages. You can do a lot of work if you have knowledgeable and disciplined people. If you don't take the class, I love you anyway. But it's the only way to go. You just have a lot more fun if you take the class, and you don't mess up nearly so much either."

"Anything else I can do to bless your people? Alison? Iain?"

Iain: "You've done a good job."

Doctor: "I'd like to stay with you all night and you stay up with me all night, but I suppose I should let you go home. You got at least a three-hour drive, and you, you got at least four hours in the other direction, don't you?"

Dr. Wierwille prays. It's just about 11 P.M. Tomorrow is a workday for most of these people.

* * *

Iain has a short meeting with his people: Tomorrow Alan and Karen Moorhead are coming to Glasgow with Bo and Stanley Reahard. Saturday all day Bo is teaching Orientalisms; then, Sunday everyone is invited to take the guests sightseeing.

In the lobby Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille are still talking, shaking hands and visiting with people. We all do the same, except the crew who retired early to prepare the plane for tomorrow morning.

I stay up with Kathleen and several of the Scottish believers. Our talk is mostly of The Way Corps. They like to hear it from Kathleen. As Doctor has said, it will take Germans to get the Word over Germany, and Scotsmen to get the Word over Scotland. I am blessed for the fellowship of another historic night. And even though tomorrow is a workday, I notice that many of the believers are slow to leave.

October 10, 1980

Friday

IRELAND

Up at six A.M. How thankful I am to see some warm bodies around me! Karen MacHarg, Kathleen and I all slept together last night. After all those nights in my single little room at the lodge--oh, that was nice, too. But how much I missed these people. How overjoyed I was in the morning to find some of them still with me.

We are up and out. Karen has left earlier with the crew to prepare Ambassador One for our flight to Dublin, Ireland. We were at breakfast a few moments past seven. Barbara Geer was already eating hot porridge in an empty dining room. Kathleen and I joined her.

In a few minutes, Robert and Barbara walk in, with them Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille, all carrying assorted packages. Good morning. Good morning. How wonderful to see their faces, I am thinking. We breakfast, collect our luggage, and in two taxis ride back to Inverness Airport. Was I ever really here? So much has happened since our arrival, since the saga of the lost suitcase, since the hunting time in the lodge, since the meeting in Scotland. Surely an age has passed.

Dawn has broken and the sun is rising, brilliant, crystal clear and warm over the horizon. Our first sunny morning since we've been in Scotland--and today we are leaving. Eight of us passengers will board Ambassador One today. Eight of us, I am

thinking--a new beginning. On to other worlds, into the valley. As the taxi rounded the hangar, I suddenly saw Ambassador One standing proudly in the sunrise. Coming home! To see her is like coming home.

We climbed aboard, luggage being stored. Suddenly, an alarm goes up. Where is the black attaché case? The one with all the British money? People are looking, looking again. It's not in the belly, not in the cabinets. Oh, no! Look again. Who checked the trunk of the taxi? Robert has gone to call back the cab company. They have radios. Surely we'll be able to track them down. Track it down. The hunt is on again. Discussion. Waiting. Oh, shades of our arrival! I know we are all speaking in tongues. I am, and very quickly. A half hour goes by. We are waiting in the Inverness Airport. There's Robert. He's coming back. He is smiling, in his hand, the black attache case. Oh, thank you, Father. When will we ever learn to rely on Him? To listen to His voice?

The door closes. We're all strapped in and it's take-off time with the sound of John Race's voice praying over the speaker. How familiar everything is here; how warm with Karen and Nancy Jo in the aisle smiling. Flying time from Inverness to Manchester is one hour and fifteen minutes. We fly at 20,000 feet. The day is fair, but as we go further south the sky below us fills with clouds.

Kathleen and I write down our goals for the day, read the Bible and pray together. Then Doctor calls me back to his cabin. He needs some details on our hunting lodge. Seated at his desk,

he is writing on a yellow pad. He hands me something to read.

"Have you read this?" "I looked through it before in your office," I answered. "Well, read it." I take it and read.

I sit and read. After a while Mrs. Wierwille comes over. She's reading The Frontiersman. "You want to read a dirty story?" She is laughing. She indicates a paragraph in the middle of the book. I read it. It is vivid! We both laugh.

We look for Hadrian's Wall, but it is too cloudy, and very soon we are coming down in Manchester again. Big city far from the quiet of Maulde Estates. We arrive at about 10:15 A.M. under cloudy, overcast skies, the temperature, about forty-five degrees.

We wait around a long time it seems. The officials want to search the plane because we are going to the politically tense situation in Ireland. Much discussion. Chris and John come and go. Finally our passengers come on. Here they are again! The Thomases and David Bailey, and Jerry Corrodi, and Elizabeth Eddings. How sweet their faces look to me. How wonderful to see them again. At last we are off again, this time to Dublin. Our plane is filling up again.

Before landing in Dublin, Jerry asked me if I wanted to see the landing from the cockpit. I jumped at the opportunity.

A seat folds down right behind the pilots. Jerry straps me in. We are flying through gray pea soup. Can't see a thing, but I am very confident. John and Frank know what they are doing. Words come over the radio--but I can't understand everything--a few numbers, some unfamiliar other words, jargon. John and Frank push buttons, turn dials, flip switches. Still nothing is visible out

of the window--mist, fog, clouds. I'm glad they know what they are doing.

Suddenly, we break out under the gray canopy. The runway lies squarely ahead of us. We ease toward it, and come down smoothly with hardly a bump as we touch down and coast to the end. Turning, we taxi to the terminal and after a few moments' wait, debark and go in. We landed at 12:30 local time at Dublin Airport and there began a series of curious events.

We walked through customs, collected baggage, waited around and were finally allowed to enter the waiting area. Among the dozen believers who greeted us, I recognized a few faces from the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary. There was Hugh, who was studying for his law exams, and Peter, and John, a WOW, and Johnny and several others. They greeted us cordially, but shyly. I sensed an underlying consternation.

My mind was racing. Where was the Branch leader? Where were the Butterlys who were going to take Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille around? Where was The Way Corps? The founder and president had come all the way to Ireland and the people closest to his heart, the leaders, the Corps, where were they? What had happened?

I felt my heart catch in my throat for Dr. Wierwille, for the teacher. Oh, will we never learn? What could have happened? I watch Doctor. He and Mrs. Wierwille greet each believer there, casually, relaxed, unhurried. He is not perturbed. We wait around and wait around. Finally, we are directed to a waiting

bus--everyone but the Wierwilles and the Wilkinsons. They stayed behind. My heart was anguished and I was ready to cry.

The bus ride was long and wearying, a trip through Dublin in rush-hour traffic pelted by driving rain. After an hour, the driver confessed he did not know where he was going, and we spent long minutes driving around sharp corners to find the hotel. I only prayed that things worked out at the airport.

Indeed, we later learned what had happened. The leaders were there after all. BUT they had been told by Aer Lingus, the national Irish airlines, to wait for us in the VIP Lounge. Yes, Aer Lingus would bring the passengers into the lounge when they arrived. And, yes, they should wait there. And so they all waited there from 11:30 A.M. on, all ready to greet us. The people who had actually met us had come last minute, not knowing what the plans were. Meanwhile the brains were locked in the VIP Lounge waiting for Aer Lingus to do what they said.

Shortly after we had left, the waiting greeters made their way out of the VIP Lounge and had then found and greeted the Wierwilles and the Wilkinsons. From this point plans had progressed as foreseen. The Butterlys, who have two children in the Eleventh Corps, showed the guests around their factory before proceeding to the hotel.

Not knowing this, however, I was miserable riding around in the congested Dublin traffic, wondering if indeed there was such a hotel. But God was not lost. We arrived at 2:45 and found our rooms. The hotel was extremely elegant with large, richly decorated lobbies. Everything took time and we were hungry. No

sooner had we settled in the restaurant and ordered, when someone came to inform us there would be a banquet that night at six before the teaching.

Fumbling after fumbling, I thought. All I could think to do was pull out my little Bible and read a few verses. We ate together, Kathleen, Elizabeth, Jerry Corrodi and I, but I was sullen. Should I confront my Corps brothers, my Corps sisters now, or later? I was ready to shake up a storm, smoke pouring from my nostrils.

Kathleen pulled me up to our room, ran me a bath and curled my hair. By 6:05 we were back in the lobby. Again disorganization, lack of planning or details, I don't know. But I felt uncertain and uncomfortable as to what was supposed to happen. We waited forty-five minutes to be seated. I'm still not sure what we were waiting for. But the profit was that in the interim I got to meet some of the wonderful Irish believers.

Finally, at 6:45 we were seated, twenty-six of us at a long table in a separate banquet room. As soon as we had started, Dr. Wierwille walked in. "I thought I would join you for dessert," he says in exaggerated surprise, "and you have only just now started." Always teaching, teaching, teaching. Never allowing anything to get by.

Although it was unclear to me who was hosting this banquet, the meal was delicious. We finished at 7:50 with Doctor standing up to thank everyone for setting up the dinner. He thanked people for having made his room so beautiful with flowers, wine

and cheeses--gifts that welcomed him and Mrs. Wierwille when they had arrived.

"I thank God for the joy of being with you all in Ireland. I spent the afternoon with the Butterlys and presented them with a gift. He gave me a tour of his factory and then showed me his two racehorses. One of them was lame or something. But he didn't ask me to pray for the horse...." (Laughter.) There he is--Dr. Wierwille--so relaxed, so at ease, so good-natured as though everything were running in soft butter.

He takes this time to present publicly two more gifts--one to Mrs. Heron and one to Mrs. Lawless. He does so, and then with great graciousness and love, he thanks everyone again after briefly going over our plans for the evening and for our departure tomorrow.

(How can he do this? I am thinking. I am still stewing inside, spiritually outraged by all the fumbling, the lack of attention to detail, the seeming lack of concern. And he is up there so carefree, so full of thanksgiving, so gracious about everything. He is giving gifts, spreading blessings, moving ahead, and I'm sitting here stewing. Surely, he is walking on some other plane! Dimly I begin to perceive a more excellent way. Does it do me good to stew? Am I helping anyone? And he? He just keeps moving ahead, moving in the love of God on a level that I have never seen so clearly. How far I have yet to go, I am thinking. But the more excellent way is clearly marked ahead of me. I have the way to go.)

We adjourn to go to the teaching room. People are streaming in, an endless stream. About 150 seats are set up, but already the ushers are adding more chairs--another twenty-five. In the entire room, perhaps five seats are empty.

The room is high and buzzing with excitement. Applause bursts out and as one man everyone stands, as Tom Doherty, Tenth Corps Branch coordinator, runs up to open the meeting. It must be about 8:30 P.M. Doctor is at a table in the back of the room. Also set up back here are two tables for the Bookstore. The atmosphere here reminds me of Rye, New York in 1973, the early days of the move of the Word there--a very high, large, excited crowd.

Meeting in Ireland

Notes

Tom leads the meeting. Prayer, songs, manifestations. Then he introduces Robert Wilkinson who gives greetings, dynamic and short, followed by Way Productions: Dave and Ruth Thomas and David Bailey.

They open with "In Dublin's fair city..." (Wild applause.) People are still trickling in. The room has four colored crystal chandeliers, and orange curtained windows in the front. On the walls are handmade posters: John 10:10; "Born to live, Born again to serve," among others. The handful of small children here are very attentive. Tom is in the back now, helping set up more chairs. When David Bailey sings his song about "Cocaine Annie," the crowd goes wild with cheering and applause.

With split-second timing, Tom is up on stage again introducing Dr. Wierwille. A long, standing ovation the fervor goes on and on. Doctor, wearing a brown suit, one red rose in his lapel, stands smiling and receiving the welcome.

"I'm thankful to God to be here tonight." And he brings greetings from The Way International, from the Board of Trustees, then name by name he lists individually the people from Ireland in the Corps, giving their greetings. (Intermittent applause). "From the Seventh Corps: Alan Moorhead; none in the Eighth Corps; two

in the Ninth Corps; Tenth Corps, interim year, Tom Doherty, Ursula Kennedy and Clair Gannon." Here he interrupts his list to talk about the Corps program, a four-year commitment. "And then from the Eleventh Corps-- fifteen from Ireland." He lists them all.

"This year the Irish took over Kansas!" (Wild applause.) And then he is talking seriously about the Hispanic Corps, telling why there is one this year.

"I bring you greetings from all the Corps. They send all their love and they wish all of you were in the Corps. I told Mr. Butterly today that if he would buy a place, we might do the Corps here in Ireland." (Applause and delighted laughter.) He's building vision, planting seeds. He continues.

"We are a Biblical research, teaching and fellowship ministry. We have no membership. You are all free to leave. But why not give people a chance to think it through for themselves? I've been at this almost forty years now. I've been to four cemeteries--seminaries. (Laughter.) But the Bible did not fit together for me. In the first year of my ministry, I just couldn't help people." And he reviews his education, his background, his early years. "I just wanted to help people. I don't think there is a church I have not looked into. I've been into Roman Catholic, into B'hai, Jehovah's Witnesses, you name it. You see, I am in research--a research man." (The hunter, I am thinking, the hunter stalking, searching the greatest treasure--the unsearchable riches of Christ.)

"I first taught the Power for Abundant Living class in 1952-53 and I've never had to back down on any of it. If you take

PFAL it will answer 95-98% of all the questions you have ever had in your life. You know why? Because I believe in the textbook. (He holds up his Bible.) You've got to play by the rule book. That's how I got into research."

"There are about 4,000 denominations in the US today. I figured out they can't all be right because they contradict each other. Now all I want to do is to help people, to teach the Word and let people make up their own minds.

"I was raised in the church, confirmed in the church. I was taught that Jesus Christ died on Friday and was raised on Sunday in the morning. I had a problem. Three days and three nights. You gotta be in higher math to get three days and three nights out of Friday through Sunday. (A lot of response from the audience. Laughter and applause.) I learned from the Word of God that he died on a Wednesday and got up on Saturday.

"And I can count to four, too." (He launches into and expounds on four crucified with Jesus).

"We've broken all these chains of enslavement and we've just moved with the greatness of God's Word. Tonight I want to talk about Religion and Tradition versus TRUTH.

"Most men and denominations and Christians believe what they believe because of what they have been taught by their leaders, and not what they have learned directly from God's Word. Every athlete reads the rule book. If you are going to play in God's team you have got to read the instructions. You gotta read the rule book.

"You don't believe something just because someone said so. NO, you dig it out yourself. You check it out. You read the rules yourself.

"Some people say: What difference does it make? Well, I take them to the bank.... You see, people, the Word of God IS the will of God. You will never know God's will until you know His Word. A last will and testament is supposed to be carried out. What about God's will? ...If you want to know God's will, you have to know His Word.

"Religion is man-made--empty filling stations on the corner. Christianity is what God did in Christ Jesus! There's a lot of religion today in so-called Christianity.

"Boy, it was a big day in my life when I learned that the whole Word was not addressed to me. It made me higher than a kite. One day I learned that the four Gospels should have been in the Old Testament. The New Testament should have started with the Book of Acts--that's the fulcrum, the rise and expansion of the first century Church." Then he continues through the seven Church Epistles--doctrine, reproof, correction. He takes his time.

"I can't go through all the research with you tonight, but by God's grace and mercy, I will give you enough so that if you want to, you can see it for yourself.

1 Corinthians 10:32. "Three categories of people."

Romans 11:13. "For I speak to you Gentiles...." Then he uses an example by pulling a letter he has just received from Rosalie Rivenbark out of his breast pocket. "You see, it's addressed to me...but could you learn something from it?" He

reads the letter. "Did you learn something from it? The Word is that simple."

Romans 15:8. "A minister to the circumcision."

John 1:11. "Came to his own--Israel"

Romans 15:4.

"I make people think. Put out your basket and I will fill it. Most Christians don't think. This stuff I am sharing with you tonight, it will make you think!"

He jumps down from the stage and walks in close to the audience. The Word has commanded everyone's attention in full.

I Corinthians 10:11.

"Where are the Ten Commandments? Where is the Lord's prayer? Are they addressed to us?"

Romans 1:1.

(Dr. Wierwille is dynamic tonight, moving, moving, moving. I stop taking notes, I am so enthralled by the dynamism of the teaching.) He goes through each epistle to see to whom it is addressed: Romans, I Corinthians, II Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians, all the way through.

"Only the truth sets people free!"

II Corinthians 5:17ff. "When I really got to God's Word, I had to change. I had to change my thinking, and it totally changed my life...." He walks through the "ambassador" sequence from the PFAL class. He does it with such humor and exaggeration: 'Do you want to go to church with me?' 'No, I wouldn't go to church with you!' (Laughter, applause.)

1 Corinthians 5:21.

1 Corinthians 6:1. "We are workers together with God."

"No one dares to just read the Word and to really believe it. But we aren't judged by numbers. We're small. We are judged for rightly dividing God's Word.

"So, people, you have to make up your mind. Where do you want to go with your life?" And immediately he is praying, thanking God for allowing him to teach the Word tonight.

Back to the audience: "It blessed me to see the love of God in your hearts. I am perhaps the most fortunate man in the world today, because I get to teach the best people in the world. And that's you.

"I don't understand a lot of things tonight, maybe. Some day I will. But there's a fire been set here. Don't stop. Keep moving it. Continue to lift up people, to bless people. This is the time right now when He wants to move this Biblical research and teaching ministry. Now is the time to move it. And that means you move it."

He gives the meeting over to Tom. "It's all yours, Tom." Tom receives the abundant sharing; then immediately Doctor is up on stage again. He has the WOWs stand--then the WOW Vets stand, and be recognized. Here he makes another strong promotion for the PFAL class. "Take it and prove me wrong!"

He continues sharing: "I love God and I have Christ in me. That's what makes the difference." The meeting seemed over by 10:20, but Doctor continued to share, shooting straight from his heart. Finally: "I bet some of you people think I'm a nut. Let me

tell you something--I am. That's where the meat is and not in the shell."

* * *

Doctor walks off and to the back. A man from the audience is following him. He catches up and as the two Davids do a final song, Doctor ministers to the man in the back of the room. As soon as he finishes, he walks out the door, Chris Geer right after him. In the foyer he greets people that are standing around out there among them a mother with a small child.

Doctor: "How old is he?" Twelve months. "Well, he's beautiful." And he moves on to an elderly couple, shaking hands, greeting them, introducing himself.

The meeting is over and he is back in the room greeting people. Then Mrs. Wierwille is out too. She is looking for the two women who left the meeting early. She finds them and talks to them. Amid the coffee drinking and conversations, both Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille are there. I didn't see them leave, but Doctor had announced a Tenth Corps meeting in his room following this one.

They'll hear about it now, I thought, when I heard the announcement.

Later, that evening seated in the lounge I talked to the Tenth Corps who had just come down from meeting with Doctor. What did we do? Oh, he loved us. We just fellowshiped. He shared his wine and cheese that had been put up in his room. It was a great time. The fumbling of the day? A little shyly: Oh, he never even brought it up.

What? My mind jammed. And again, I am acutely aware that this man is walking on another level.

October 11, 1980

Saturday

WEST GERMANY

We were up at 6 A.M. and down for breakfast by 6:30. I was the first one in the dining room, but within a few minutes Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille came to join me for fruit salad, coffee and toast. In minutes, the others were there too. It was a quiet breakfast.

Dave Thomas is handling luggage. We gather in the lobby and board the bus, leaving at 7 A.M. This time the ride to the airport is not hindered by rush-hour traffic or by getting lost.

We arrive at the Dublin airport by 7:25 and, after a few minutes of slow walking through the Duty Free Shop, come to the waiting area. There is always waiting in these airports. Seems we can't do without it. The Aer Lingus representative comes to escort us onto a bus that runs us out to Ambassador One.

My heart surges when I see her. We boarded and settled back into the soft cushions. Kathleen winks at me. "We're home again," she says with a smile. We have picked up Michael Heron in Ireland and our group is almost complete. The only ones missing are Friedrich and Ruth Rott. How good it will be to see them today in Germany!

By 8:15 we are in the air. "Way International Flight 10/11 to Bonn/Cologne Airport. Flying time will be about two hours and fifteen minutes at 21,000 feet." That is Karen on the intercom, soft-voiced, Southern.

No sooner are we settled in the air than Mrs. Wierwille comes out to show us the sweaters the Irish believers presented to her and Dr. Wierwille last night. They are 100 percent pure white wool in the traditional Aran knit. Chris Geer models Doctor's sweater, performing a little Irish jig as he makes his way down the aisle so everyone can see.

Today is Kathleen's birthday. Even before the sweater fashion show, Doctor has come up to her: "So, it's your birthday today?" "Yes, I'm twenty-eight," she answers. And he gives her a hug and a kiss.

Well, we are settled in the air. Doctor calls Elizabeth Eddings back to the rear cabin. He's at work again. Discussion with Jerry on the carrying box for the dog to be picked up in Germany.

It's such a great time of fellowship for the rest of us. Conversations are buzzing: How was England? How was Ireland? How was the meeting in Scotland? How was the hunting? Everyone wants to catch up on the latest news. We are all so glad to see one another, to be with one another again.

I am back with Kathleen. Yesterday in Ireland she and I had written down our goals and prayed together. Every one of them had been accomplished. Several times during the evening she had smiled over to me: "They are all coming to pass," she had whispered.

"We'll have to think up some more for today," I offer. We set our minds to do it and then read the Word together.

At 9:30 A.M. Doctor turned on the intercom. He had been working something with Elizabeth and now wanted to share it with us. And he begins teaching from Romans.

"Romans is addressed to the spiritually intellectual. The Greeks developed the tradition of the intellectually wise, that is, in drama, philosophy, natural science, politics, poetry, etc. This is the tradition that the Romans incorporated and built on. The Hebrews here are the foreigners, the 'unwise' far from the Greco-Roman tradition."

Romans 1:13,14 and 16. He discusses each of these verses in light of the introduction. He is sharing with us research in progress. Then a pause. "That's all folks. End of Looney Tunes!" And he flips off the intercom.

We arrived at Bonn/Cologne Airport near 10:30. This was the quickest airport service we have had so far. We pass by bus from Ambassador One to the terminal building, then through Passkontrolle, baggage claim. And we wait.

Barely visible through the glass doors are the welcoming German believers, a group of about thirty people. They are waving a banner in German, welcoming Dr. Wierwille and guests. Wolfgang Schneider and his wife, Helen, are there, Ellen Fowler, and I see Kaveh Kamyar from Iran. The military men stand out with their ultrashort hair, and I recognize many faces from summer school at International Headquarters. Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille walk through the glass doors and greet everyone individually. We all follow and many hands take our luggage and welcome us to Germany.

But the thing which caught my eye and touched my heart the moment I saw it was the WOW Ambassador name tags written in German: WÜW Botschafter. In a flash I pictured such name tags in French, in Dutch, in Russian, and was ready to cry. It really is the Word over the World!

Everyone was friendly, efficient and helpful. Helen presented Mrs. Wierwille with a bouquet of red roses and baby's breath and then Kaveh hesitantly gave a rose to Kathleen. "Happy Birthday," he said. Kathleen was overwhelmed by the thoughtfulness. "How did they know?" she kept asking. And she couldn't stop talking about it all the way to the hotel.

In the bus, Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille sat in the middle, and all the believers filled in around them. In forty-five minutes we were at the Hotel am Tulpenfels in Bonn. The time went quickly. The hotel is large and modern and in town. Others were there to greet us again, more WOWs. We settled into our rooms and were down again soon for lunch in another country.

The dining room was empty but for Kathleen and myself. In a few minutes, in walked Dr. Wierwille and Chris. They joined our table. "Just where I expected to find you," says Doctor in good humor. Quickly the room began to fill with businessmen and with others from our flight. Doctor, Chris and Wolfgang are driving this afternoon to see the dog they are considering buying. They'll leave by car right after lunch and then be back for the meeting tonight. Kathleen and I linger over coffee, fellowshipping with more and more believers as they come in.

Then Helen takes me aside: Would I like to have my hair done this afternoon? She has invited a hairdresser to come at 2:30 to do hair for Mrs. Wierwille, herself, Ellen and some of the other women. I was so blessed by the thoughtfulness of this arrangement, by her having thought it through. What won't I do after someone has pampered me by doing my hair! So I accept the offer for later in the afternoon.

Kathleen and I went up for a nap. It was 2:30, but I was so excited, I didn't want to sleep. Kathleen and I talked and talked about how great God is. I lay back and the next thing I knew, the phone was ringing. It was 4:30. Helen was on the line: Can I come to her room in fifteen minutes? I dressed quickly and was there. The hairdresser said she often did the hair at the hotel for the official functions. After all, Bonn is the capital of West Germany, and they have many official functions here. I feel great, ready for the evening, and walk down to the lobby to meet the people.

There's Kaveh, and Rainer, whom I met last summer, Peter Lewin, and Paul, a musician from Australia who is going to take the next PFAL class. And here's Friedrich and Ruth Rott. Now we are complete again. The buzz is about the next class which will be in German for the first time. Wolfgang is teaching it. I meet many more people. Some people I meet don't speak any English at all. I am so blessed to be here. Brings back memories of 1976, when Doctor came here for the Leverkusen meeting. How things have grown. How it has changed!

Christoph Damm escorts me into the meeting room. The ushers are all military men in uniform, adding a note of formality and festivity. Carolyn Tirrito pins a flower on my vest. The room is already full, only a few seats available in the back. We are seated. Frank and Chris are photographing in a main aisle and promptly at 7:30, the music begins.

There are about 150 chairs set up. Behind the podium a banner with: "Your Call to Service." On the podium, the seal of the Founder and President. It's a long, narrow room with curtains lining one wall. On the opposite side are gold-framed posters with scripture in German--Word over the World!

Meeting In West Germany

Notes

We're into the meeting. Wolfgang is superb. Way Productions, then, a change of musical styles, the group "Freiheit" (meaning freedom) with musicians from Detmold sang more in a classical vein. Singing in English, their voices are operatic, their music, beautiful, beautiful, with rich harmony.

The music is over and Wolfgang continues. (Watching him I have flashbacks to when I first met him in Germany four years ago before he had taken the class. Now look at him--so confident, so sharp, laughing and sparkling, neat and clean, cutting a sharp figure up there on stage. He conducts like a symphony orchestra conductor. How the Word changes people in such a few short years!)

As he talks, there is a murmur of translations going on. In the back of the room, heads are huddled together. They are translating into German, into French and into Dutch. How exciting, to hear the murmur of translations. Prayer...murmur. Manifestations--someone speaks in tongues aloud. Silence is everywhere, and then when the interpretations begin, the quiet murmur spreads throughout the room. They all want to hear God's words too.

Doctor is up looking very elegant in a gray suit, giving many greetings. He pauses, and then: "Tomorrow is three years since Uncle Harry died." His voice trembles as he speaks. He pauses again and shrugs off the emotion. "He has meant so much to our ministry. Tomorrow, I want to call International. The scripture I remembered was in Joshua 1: 'Behold, Moses my servant is dead-- therefore arise and go!' That's what I'm going to tell them there tomorrow. No matter who dies, it's still God's Word. If I die--it'll still be God's Word!"

After this strong and moving opening he alters his tone and brings greetings from Christoph and Cynthia Stoop, from the German students in The Way Corps. He reads each name to "ah's," "oh's" and exclamations of delight from the audience.

"I wish I could speak German as well as English, then I would teach in German tonight." But he goes on to say a few lines in German and in Platt Deutsch. People applaud with delight and laughter. He goes into his French and German ancestry, into his background and then: "Take your Bibles and go to I Corinthians.

"We have just celebrated the Thirty-Eighth Anniversary of this ministry and again I see: Religion, tradition and churchianity versus Truth." He is teaching slowly, deliberately. The murmur of translations is continuous.

"The Bible is God's first and last--His only--will and testament."

He is building a strong edifice. The teaching is similar to yesterday's but especially geared to tonight's audience. For over an hour and a half no one moves.

The meeting opened with music at 7:30, Dr. Wierwille began teaching at 8:30; now it's 10 p.m. We sing a song, have the abundant sharing, and then Judy from the Freiheit group sings "A Mighty Fortress Is Our God" by Martin Luther in German: "Ein Feste Burg Ist Unser Gott." It is a moving presentation.

Wolfgang asks Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille back onto the stage for presentations to be made. A large picture is brought out and Helen Schneider takes the microphone. "We knew you could not go to Ladbergen this trip. So we want to bring Ladbergen to you. We want you to take a piece of Germany back with you." And she reads the plaque on the painting: "To our Father in the Word... from the saints of Germany." It was painted by one of the believers. Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille accept it: "I love this and am very grateful for it."

Then Doctor: "Do you mind if I make a special presentation?" He pulls out the WOW Vet T-shirts. "I personally would like to give you each one--anyone who is a WOW Vet. I'd like to shake your hand. Come on up here." Many go up enthusiastically and he shakes each person's hand. "I enjoyed giving this to you. I'm sure blessed to share these with you. And I'll meet with all the WOWs in half an hour, right back in here." There's much excitement, coming and going.

"I keep lifting you and your countries in prayer every day. You are a wonderful people, and I love you very, very much. I'd like to live to see the day when the Word is in every country of the world. I want you to have a good time being the BEST for HIM. And just enjoy the inheritance He has given you."

* * *

I made an appointment with Kaveh Kamyar from Iran to learn some details of his recent arrival here. Kaveh is 24 years old. He was a student of physics in Manchester, England when Bridget Clark met him on the street one day and witnessed to him. "Come and see," she told him, and he came to Twig. He first took the PFAL class in February 1977 and was in the first Advanced Class in Great Britain in June, 1978. That's how he knew David and Ruth Thomas, Kathleen, Robert and Barbara, David Bailey--so many of the British believers. He returned to Iran in February 1979 when the WOWs had to leave.

Kaveh picked up his account from there: "In February 1979, when the American WOWs left Teheran we were in the fifth session of a PFAL class. I continued running it. Only one student in that class continued with me. It was too hard, and he left the fellowship. He was a medical student. His name is C_____ and shortly after that he met a girl and fell in love. The girl had heart trouble. He wanted her healed, so he ministered to her and she was healed.

"The girl's parents didn't believe it. But the doctors confirmed the healing. One of them even wanted to come and visit The Way in the United States.

"That is when C _____ came to me. He said he wanted to come back to fellowship. So I started having a fellowship at the University. Around five people were attending that fellowship because they had seen the change in the girl.

"The girl's parents were Jews and very narrow-minded. She witnessed to her parents. First, they did not take her seriously, but when she persisted, they forbade her to take the PFAL class.

"Meantime, I had set a date for the PFAL class in June 1980. I called her parents, and they invited me to come over. I learned later that they had planned to put me in a big bag and beat me to death.

"I asked God if I should go and went. They tried with the help of two big brothers to get me into this bag. But I was so calm that they were afraid. They could not carry out their plan. That is when they finally called the revolutionary guards and that is how they first got me.

"Her parents were possessed. When the guards came, the parents accused me of having raped their daughter. The guards took me to the police station with the parents and the girl. One of the officials was a good man and tried to solve the problem. He sent us home.

"In those days we had a witnessing plan. Every day I would be at the park in a certain place at 4 P.M. to go witnessing, and that was where I could be found every day. The girl knew where she could always meet me.

"She came shortly after that and was in bad shape. Her parents were trying to make her crazy. They had taken away her

clothes and beaten her head against the wall, but she had somehow managed to escape and come to find us in the park.

"We advised her to go to the revolutionary guards and tell them what her parents were doing to her. I went with her to the revolutionary guards to file a complaint against her parents.

"That's when they took us to the Central Police Station. And the official let the girl go. The girl stayed with C_____ that night and did not return home. Before they had left the police station, one of the guards seemed interested in coming to fellowship. The girl had witnessed to him and told him where they met at the park at 4 o'clock daily. So he knew where the fellowship was meeting.

"When the girl did not return home, the parents went to the police station, and that guard knew where to find them. That is how they were found and taken to prison. After that C_____ was in the cell next to mine.

"Then the parents of C_____ got involved. His father had been a member of the secret police under the Shah, and the mother accused me of being an American spy. There were many accusations against me.

"I spent ten days in that cell. There was not much light. I was alone. The cell was full of mice and I had one blanket. They separated my food from the food of the others because they thought I was defiled. The size of the cell was three by four meters perhaps. All I could do was pace and speak in tongues.

"The first night I thanked God that He had given me a chance to see His power. I had a pencil and I wrote on the wall all

the scriptures that I could remember. I had memorized the Book of Ephesians, so I recited that to myself all day every day.

"After ten days in that cell, I was taken to a political prison. I was there twenty days. There they questioned me--asked me what I was doing. And I told them about The Way. They were trying to find charges against me. According to Moslem law, if you changed religions, you could be executed, but this was not the issue they tried to bring up in my case.

"They tried to find other charges against me but couldn't find anything. Then they wanted to search my house to find evidence against me. One day they put me in a car between two armed guards. I was very concerned about the class tapes and class materials. I didn't want them to get those. As we were driving, I had my head down. I was praying. Then I looked up. The car in front of us had a bumper sticker in Persian. It read: "Great things ahead." I knew it was from God, and after that I was perfectly at peace.

"When we arrived at the house, nothing could be found. My father had removed all the Way materials and they were safe. What else was interesting was that my father had a still (illegal) in the basement. He had just put it away that morning. But the smell was strong and obvious. When the guards searched the house and the basement they didn't even smell it. At least they looked, and then they said: No, nothing here, and they took me away again. They could find nothing to accuse me with.

"After twenty days in that prison, when they could find no political evidence against me, they took me to another prison. Here

for the first time I was in a group. Beside me was a Jew and he had the Book of Psalms. I was so overjoyed. I read them and cried over every psalm. I knew I needed to have a Bible. I knew that my parents would not bring me one. But for a Jew it was all right. I spoke to him, and his parents brought him a Bible, and he gave it to me. I was much comforted.

"In those days, there was a lot of pressure. They were taking men out of the cell and executing them. One day they took a B'hai, another day, one of the Jews. Everyone said that I would be next, because I was there for religious reasons. One night was very hard for me. I told God: "If I do not have the believing big enough to get out of here, I might as well die." But God kept strengthening me. They brought me in for questioning often and threatened me a great deal. And then they would say: "Where is your God?"

"I was in this prison for one month. Once I saw C_____. He told me that he wasn't able to take it anymore. But I believe that my prayers and believing kept him alive. He told our jailers that he wouldn't see me any more, and after that they let him go. We had a fifteen-minute period each day to come out to the yard and walk. That is when I saw him.

"There were lots of Communists and criminals in the prison. There were even classes on Communism. They all asked me why I was there. They could not believe it was because I was a Christian. Many of them scorned me, but God strengthened me.

"When they threatened me, they said they would keep me here till I told everything, till I confessed I was a spy. They said they would torture me. They kept threatening me.

"One day they called me in and said they would let me go, but my father had to come and sign for me. And if I left, then my father would be brought in in my place. My father agreed to sign for me, so I was released.

"I went home. After that, it took me a week to decide what to do. One day, I went for a walk. I knew there was no way back. If there was no God, I would quit.

"It was a bad situation. Everyone was expecting war. When I was in prison, there had been an abortive coup. One of the plans was to bomb the prison I was in, but they never succeeded.

"I told my sister later that the reason there was no war, and that the prison had not been bombed, was because I was there. She laughed when I said that. But five days after I left the country, the war started.

"During my walk that day, God told me to get out. I phoned Tricia Phillips, and told her the situation. I also phoned Dr. Wierwille. Both of them agreed I should get out of there. That blessed me so much because I really knew that God wanted me out.

"I started to get my passport together. So many countries were closed to me--the US, Ireland, Great Britain. The only country opened to me was West Germany. I had to get a round-trip ticket so that they would think I was returning. No one-way tickets were issued.

"It took me two weeks to get all the papers together and I was told that I couldn't get a ticket till the end of September. But one day a man phoned and told me he had a ticket for September.

"You see, I didn't do anything. God did everything. And then I flew here to Germany. They all met me. The love the people have for me--I just can't believe it sometimes. The believers in Germany took me right in. They loved me, took care of me, did everything to make me at home and comfortable. And not just the ones here, but also Dr. Wierwille, Jerry Corrodi... all of them. I'll never forget it. I can see the great importance of the One Body.

"When I arrived here, I had a month's visa to stay in West Germany. But I have applied for political asylum here. Now Jerry is helping me with the legal end. He is doing so much work for me here. My plan is to go into The Way Corps--perhaps the Twelfth Corps. But Jerry said to me: "You'll be in the Eleventh Corps, Kaveh!"

As I type these notes, I hear that it was announced at lunch--Kaveh Kamyar is coming here. He is in the Eleventh Corps. (And today, January, 1982, he is in the Tenth Corps.)

October 12, 1980

Sunday

Windhagen, West

Germany

We gathered shortly after 9 A.M. outside our hotel. Dr. Wierwille was ready to go. (We were scheduled to meet at 9:30. But what else do we have to do but get on with it? But to move? How long can you eat breakfast, after all?) A clean, new bus drove us the forty-minute ride to the Limb home in Windhagen.

Situated deep in the countryside, surrounded by rolling hills and fields, the house does not look very large. But inside, there are spacious rooms on three floors. Large, light, airy and modern, the house is surrounded by a small garden area. Over a dozen believers waved and greeted us as we drove up.

This is Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille's first visit here. Immediately Wolfgang and Helen took them on a tour which lasted a long time. I am sure it was very thorough. How wonderful to see the busload of believers from Holland that came with Ray and Kathleen Brandt. And here's Nicole from Switzerland, Jean-Louis Ricard from France, Carolyn Tirrito from Italy and Elise LaPrade from Spain. And there are apprentice Corps here also, and WOWs, and other believers who are doing the cooking and serving. What a wonderful fellowship. What a beautiful setting.

After the tour, we all gathered in the large meeting room upstairs. Thirty-five to forty people filled the room and Dr.

Wierwille opened the Sunday morning fellowship in Windhagen, West Germany.

Morning Meeting In Windhagen

Notes

"Today, three years ago, Uncle Harry died." Doctor calls for a song, and then has Wolfgang lead us in some more songs: "Tempted and Tried," "He Touched Me," "His Name Is Wonderful..."

We pray, and Wolfgang asks Claus to pray in German. It was a moving moment--in German! Manifestations, and then Doctor prays for the outreach of the Word over the world. He prays for all the campuses, the WOWs, The Way Corps. It is a long, heartfelt prayer, and it set for me the tone of this meeting as exceedingly significant. He asks the two David's and Ruth to sing "God Delivered Jesus Christ." Then silence and Doctor begins.

"Lots of interesting things happen in life. Christoph Stoop wanted me to come here while he was here, kept inviting me. And now I'm here and he's back in the United States."

A long pause. "You see, when you are from a country and you know the Word, you have got to carry the responsibility for every person in your country in your soul. Nothing is more beautiful to me than this sight--you. This is my life, my love, my entertainment--everything. You. No castle, no national monument is interesting to me. Nothing can compare to this--to you.

"But this Word of God won't be moved by the established machinery." We hear a dog barking outside. "Oh yes," he says with a laugh, breaking the intense atmosphere, "I bought a German shorthair yesterday, a pretty little girl for T.J. so he can enjoy life." (Laughter.) And he is back on his main theme.

"It doesn't take a lot of people--a few dedicated people. And disciplined. The Word won't move through the machinery. It will move in spite of the machinery. That means you become that glowing example of the Word of God in your heart and soul."

Then he begins talking about retemorries. "I've never said this before, but I'm not entirely for retemorries. (Craig better not hear this.) Oh, well. It's good to memorize, I guess, but it is more effective to open the Word and to read it to people so that they see.

"And last night during my teaching, the podium was bad. My Bible kept sliding down and the light up front wasn't that good. The same thing with the podium in Great Britain. You Corps should know all that. You have got to think it through. You have to get the Word out in front of people.

"Now last night, it wasn't best. But what did I do? The only way is to make up your mind. I made up my mind to be at home in any situation so that I could teach God's Word. That's all. And then you forget about it.

"Now look," he calls up Kathleen Brandt and puts an arm around her so they stand there side by side. She is at least a full head shorter than Dr. Wierwille. "Look, on her the podium would come up to here if it were set up for me (just under her chin),

but if it were set up for her and I taught there, it would be right around my waist." His point is easy to see. "You need to think it through so that the podium is the right height for whomever is teaching." Kathleen sits down.

"Also, I make notes for myself. I always know where I'm going in a teaching. Then the spirit of God can work in you. Last night I went around for a long time on one verse and developed it before I got to the point. I did it to bring the people in. You have to bring all the people in.

"How'd I get on to this? Oh, yes. Retemories. You can make up your mind to memorize if you want to. It's not so bad. But every time you have an opportunity, put the Word out in front of people. Read it, and then let them read it. That gets the pressure off you and lets the Word handle it."

I am enthralled. I have never heard this on retemories before. He continues: "You know what I used to do? I took the 150 most-asked questions in the Word and wrote them in the back pages of my Bible. Then right behind the question I'd write down the scripture reference to the first verse of the solution from the Word.

"I'll give you an example. Say someone was talking about the unforgivable sin. I'd look in the back of my Bible and find the question on unforgivable sin. Right behind it was the reference to a verse in John 8. Then I'd turn to John 8, and read that verse and let them read it. Right by the verse in John 8, I'd have the next verse written. Then I'd turn to that, and when I finished with that, there'd be the next verse. Then the next. Then when

it was all done and the question was completely answered, after we had read it word by word and line by line, I'd put two little perpendicular lines by that verse.

"People thought that I was so smart. I wasn't so smart. I just knew how to handle my material. But anyone can do it. Then I'd sit a person down and let him read it with me line by line. It's just something we do to help people.

"Maybe I should share some of this with the Corps some day. I should find that Bible."

Mrs. Wierwille: "I think it was a Thompson Bible."

Doctor continues. "We ought to find it sometime.... I just wanted to sit here and read the Word with you this morning. Psalms 103." He begins to read it and then stops to share about the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary. "My opening teaching was the greatest one that weekend. I handled Psalm 103 and Ephesians 3. People probably won't realize it, but that was a great handling of the Word of God.

"One thing our ministry is doing and we just haven't succeeded yet--is to show people that God is not mean and vicious. He's a God of love. He blesses people.

"I don't know where we are going in this ministry. We are such a small group hardly worth looking at. But if you want to know the Word, I don't know where else to go. In our ministry, in our time, we are able to put the Word together. We let the Word speak. You change people's lives by teaching the Word. It's got to start with you.

"It only takes three generations to move the Word and settle it in. But I have no idea how to do it. It cannot be done through a system. The world's all screwed up and you know it. It gives you a headache.

"See, it's beautiful," pointing around the room. "You got your shoes off. You've got them on. That's beautiful. Some of you are sitting in chairs, and some of you are on the floor. You can't dictate all that stuff, but just build the love of God in people, the love of God."

He starts reading Psalm 103 again, going through, and then sharing between verses: "I get so thankful that He led us deeper and deeper into an understanding of His Word. All we have to do is keep working the Word.

"The balance of life is so simple. Every person himself knows when he is off it." Verse 6. Talks about the attitude of children. "They are free. They're natural. They just live."

Verse 7. "It's a time of growth, learning, developing. I know you are God's best because you have God's best. You are going to blow it. At times, even deliberately. But the sooner you bounce back the better, or else you get eaten out on the inside."

A long pause. He asks to see Helen's clog. Questions. We hear the dog bark again. "Is that the dog?" Yes. Then: "You know, I have never been inside a Dutch windmill. Well, I won't get there today." He asks Wolfgang to share, then Robert.

Doctor again: "It'll never move till you move it. And let me tell you, it'll take every ounce of strength you have. And sometimes, you get tired, so tired. You want to go off and get

drunk, maybe. But that's just the time not to do it, not to get drunk. Just go get quiet, get with the Father, get it together with the Word.

"To move the Word over the world, it has to be done by local people. We are so different from the missionary system. They get in there and stay til they die; then they send in another group. But we, all we can do is teach the Word and let people move it where they are. It all starts with you."

I Corinthians 9:16 is read and then Doctor prays. He has been sharing for almost two hours. It was a very moving meeting. So many things he covered, and so many things I had not heard him say before. My mind was ignited.

* * *

We ended around 12:30 and waved good-bye to the believers from Holland, then we were invited to lunch. Made by Heribert and Corinna, the dinner was a typical German meal. Sauerbraten, mashed potatoes, red cabbage and for dessert, griespudding with cherry sauce and a dry-sweet cake. The meal was hot and delicious, and I learned only much later that this was the first time they had ever made sauerbraten.

Then followed self-structured time. I spent some time with Kaveh. Everyone else was talking or resting, fellowshipping, taking walks. Upstairs on the couches, on pillows, on the floor, various people were napping and dozing. Someone was washing dishes. Everything was quickly cleaned up.

The thing that struck me the most here was that everything was done as though it were effortless. The sure sign of

professionalism is that the work and effort do not show. The performance is smooth all the way, and that was something I remarked throughout our stay with the believers here.

I went for a walk with Chris Geer and Wolfgang, took a short nap. Promptly at 3:30 coffee was served. At four we gathered for the Corps meeting upstairs.

Corps Meeting In Windhagen

Notes

Dr. Wierwille opened by checking the spellings of names of the apprentice Corps. He goes over them carefully, then begins to share: he and Craig are discussing what to do with the Corps from other countries during their interim year. "I think we can train you better in the US, but as foreigners you can't work, which means that The Way International has to pick up the tab. And you miss the learning.

"I've always felt that the major responsibility would fall on Corps grads coming back to their countries.

"I've instructed Bo Reahard on two things: A location for the European Corps--a good location. I don't care where--Ireland, Germany, Switzerland--but it has to be a good location. Bo will be looking for this.

"Right now we don't have anyone in Europe or Great Britain strong enough to lead a Corps. I won't put Americans here to lead a Corps. We have only one or two besides Craig and Donna who can really run a Corps.

"We need several other Way Corps--so that people don't have to go much out of their culture to go through the Corps. Going out of your language and culture takes time.

"You should start with maybe two dozen. Start it like a Way Home in the US. And you'll have to work hard.

"Ultimately, you need to be believing God for the acquisition of a property over here. But it has to have the right heart--so

you can have gardens and take care of it yourselves. Our worst campus is Emporia. The best is Indiana. That's self-sufficient. International can take care of itself too, and Gunnison, even. But Emporia is just buildings. You can't grow anything there. The bad problem there is the water. There's no water on that property. We have to buy it. Well, put this in your prayer life and in your believing life, and then you can fight about where it's going to be.

"When you look at the Corps down the road, one of the best things we are doing is The Family Corps. You cannot buy anywhere what those children get in The Family Corps. The Family Corps to me is exactly what it is designed to be. What it does for those kids is absolutely unbelievable.

"We've got the best people working with the children--Greg and Cindy (Bernardini). And this year Heikki (Tenth Corps, from Finland) is trying a new thing in teaching music to children. His Dad finally started teaching children; he got tired of adults. Next year we're inviting his Dad to come over for a couple of weeks--to help him--to see if we can't build a greater love and appreciation for music among our children. But the effects of these things--they won't be seen for ten to fifteen years. Maybe some of these people will carry out the things I have in my heart.

"We've got to see down the road, if the lord tarries, that greater than Beethoven and Bach come along. That can only happen if you build a solid foundation. But I'm not in a hurry. We're building solid. When you are building for the future, you have got to look down the road.

"By knowing the Word--greater is he that is in you--we should be able to produce far greater than those musicians of the past.

"If we really drive the principles in our hearts, The Way Corps can be the greatest leaders of culture the world has ever seen.

"Just look around you at what the world produces. I don't want to look at those castles--they're like brick outhouses. Where's the heart, the tenderness, the love of God? They are hard--gun turrets all around.

"I've seen that the great stuff in the world is produced in times of fear and stress. Under pressure great things are produced. One reason: fear makes people discipline their minds. You can't produce anything great without disciplining your mind.

"Now, you apprentice Corps, drive yourselves so your mind is already set when you get there. There's enough Way Corps around here to help you prepare yourselves.

"You know, the Corps is one of the easiest things to get through. The reason I did it that way was so when you're out, you make up your own mind if you want to continue disciplining yourself or not.

"Every spiritual principle is laid out in The Way Corps, but not everyone who graduates from the Corps will be a spiritual success for God. For example, people go through the Corps, they graduate and some just don't carry out the physical principles. I see it and I know that in thirty to forty years, they won't make it for the long haul.

"The Corps is designed for anyone who wants to build his life to serve God. All you leaders, you drive yourselves to be a better leader all the time. You start the song, get them started. You're not just a song leader. You are a leader before God. You are a leader for God of God's people."

He's talking directly to Wolfgang now. "What did they teach in school, when you direct you shouldn't sing?" He nods. "But you have to start the song and start so the people can hear, then you can mouth the words or whatever. If you are going to lead, then lead!"

He changes to talking about abundant sharing.

"Just like this trip. Some of you are just riding along. It's taken a hell of a lot of money to bring you here. It would have been cheaper to buy one ticket for me and let me go, but we wouldn't have moved the Word the way we have."

Then to Ellen Fowler: "You're in The University of Life. How's that working for you?"

Ellen: "Great."

Doctor: "I think God gave us in Rosalie Rivenbark the person of the greatest ability to run The University of Life. She is sharp. She's absolutely beautiful. And I love it! The University of Life--this is the opportunity for people to continue growing after they have done the basic training in The Way Corps. What other colleges or universities offer their material to graduates?"

"But the leadership has to live economically. You have got to be honest on finances and life. You know, I just bought this dumb

dog. It really hurt my conscience. Today, I am buying another one, if I can. Let my conscience hurt!

"You know why? Because I have a plan. The plan will work, too, if the people to whom I give the responsibility will carry it out." And he calls on Chris who has the dog with him on a leash. He and Chris start talking about dogs. Chris gives a full report on German shorthairs, information he has acquired from Wischmeyer, the top breeder. He runs through bloodline, and Doctor interposes emphatically, "That's the Word, the Word--the bloodline.

"I have been in German shorthairs since 1943. At one time, I knew every bloodline in the United States. I bred them and sold them. If you are going to have a top bloodline, you have to get rid of the weaknesses. I learned all that from the Word.

"In the United States at this time, there are no good German shorthairs because they let poor blood in. They bred for money, not for bloodline. I want to introduce something into the United States that's new. My problem is, we don't have the men to carry out the work to produce a national champion. It will take five years." And then he begins giving background on the German shorthair--the only great all-purpose dog ever. He can be a pet, a house dog, a guard dog, and also a hunting dog for upland game, waterfowl, as well as deer and elk.

"You notice I told Chris to bring the dog in here. You know why? She's learning. She's learning. Just like a kid." He's leaning forward toward us. "We spent one and a half hours yesterday looking at that dog. Then we put her back in the pen. Then we

looked over and studied the pedigree. Then we looked at the dog again. There were two puppies. First, I was going to take the one, but after looking it all over I took the other one. Now, Chris, bring that dog out here." And he kneels down in the middle of the floor, taking the animal firmly around the body, talking to her soothingly, while she licks his hand.

"Now, I'll show you her strengths and weaknesses." Taking his time, he begins to show us in detail: her front legs--that is her major weakness--and how it can be corrected by diet and exercise. Then, her broad chest--very good breathing capacity. Her eyes--he opens one, asking us to lean forward. It has to be a clear, olive color, and very sharp. Then her teeth--almost perfect. He opens her mouth. And then, she loves people.

This whole example has taken almost an hour. I am amazed at the study, the research, the knowledge, the time and the effort that has gone into this. And the learning. The hunt, I am thinking, the hunt. What a vivid example of the Word in application. I am reminded of his discourse on pheasant hunting--you have to learn to think like a pheasant--same thoroughness--the same detail involved.

Chris takes the dog back out of the circle and Doctor returns to his chair. The atmosphere is light and discussion turns to Benji, the basenji. The Wierwilles used to breed basenjis once. Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille recall how he ate his way out of a house, tore up the curtains in Sara's room and another time tore up Doctor's office. They are laughing, Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille. "That's the

only dog that's ever beaten me," Doctor confides, smiling. "What did you think of basenjis, mother?"

"I think they were possessed." (Laughter.) Her eyes are twinkling.

"Yup, that's the only dog that ever outsmarted me. In the two years we had him, no dog crossed our property. They are so quick, they fight anything. He was a third generation out of Africa where they are used to fight wild boar.

"But, I'll tell you more about Benji. He paid for himself. Maybe after The 40th Anniversary, we'll get a pair." Mrs. Wierwille laughs.

She says, "When Delmar Smith [the American dog trainer] shared with the Corps on training dogs, that was the best lesson I had heard on training children."

My mind went back to Delmar Smith, one of the country's top dog trainers, and his lecture at Headquarters. And I knew what she meant--his emphasis on consistency and follow through, mixed with tenderness and understanding for the champion he was training.

Doctor: "The other dog we are getting here is already trained, that way I can see what a European dog trainer has done with it." More discussion about dogs, dog breeds and dog training.

"I never figured out what cats were good for. They destroy more than they contribute. I'll tell you more about the basenjis: they never bark, and they don't smell like dogs. Sometimes they

are called 'the barkless dog'." And we are back to dog breeding again and the motivation behind it.

Chris shares, "The big difference is when you breed for money rather than for a pure bloodline." And Doctor launches into the history of German shorthairs in the United States.

"German shorthairs were first introduced in America in 1936. They are part bloodhound and part pointer." He goes into the development, and then they are on to T.J. and how he got his name. The time he got a skunk and they couldn't get the skunk smell out. Chris is sharing on this. It is a hilarious story. Finally, a solution was found: alternate baths in tomato juice and vinegar, for two days. So his name is T.J. for tomato juice.

"As soon as we get this dog home, we'll give it cod liver oil." And Doctor explains why--to lubricate the whole system, and also, it's good for the bone structure. Then he is on to diet.

"A dog's diet needs to be commercial food twice a week and the rest of the time table scraps. You have to teach a dog to eat salad. A dog is cheap to own if you know what you are doing to feed it right. A dog needs a good bone to work on to keep his teeth sharp and white."

I think that I have heard everything there is to hear about dogs. I am astounded at Doctor's knowledge in such detail in every facet of this particular field. As he has said before, God can only teach you in an area where you have understanding. No wonder God could teach him about training Way Corps through his knowledge of dog training.

Abruptly Doctor turns to Wolfgang: "What does it feel like to be Corps grads, and to know you are not coming back in the Corps?"

Wolfgang thinks: "The Corps is the lifelong call to love with everything we've got. I saw such a need for love here...."

Doctor sits up, suddenly excited: "We'll make that the theme for the next Rock of Ages. That's the best I have heard. It's the truth. All the service in the world is nothing without love." He jots a note to himself.

"The reason I did the big meeting last night is so that my mind could be free today. If I were teaching tonight, I wouldn't be so free and open with you.

"In spite of your shortcomings, I love you. Let me tell you, your shortcomings aren't worth mentioning. I thank God for you, that He chose you. I love you. I just look at your greatness, your potential. And now, let's go eat."

* * *

It was near 6 o'clock. We all had our pictures taken on the patio, and with much excitement gathered downstairs for supper. Cold cuts, all kinds of bread and German beer. Right after supper people are leaving: Nicole, Jean-Louis, Elise. Everyone is hugging, crying, kissing, and we are saying good-bye. Doctor is ready to go back to the hotel and Ellen drives him and Mrs. Wierwille back before our bus arrives.

The few of us remaining sit around the fire and visit. It has been a great day, a great day of fellowship.

At 7:55 the bus arrives and we drive back to Bonn to hear that Dr. Wierwille has invited us up to his room in our nightclothes for a slumber party after 9 P.M. The day isn't over yet.

A quick change and we're gathered in the Wierwille's room in our p.j.'s. It is like a family. We are a family. We are home.

"I just thank you for all you did today to bless people," Doctor begins. "I'm ready for bed, but I thought that we should just close together with some prayer on such a wonderful day." The dog is up here with him, learning, learning, learning.

Dr. Wierwille prays with great thanksgiving. He also prays for the Sunday night service at Headquarters. We hear from God, and kissing the Wierwilles goodnight, file out of the room.

Tomorrow, Norway.

I was tired too, but still so excited. And the rest us, young and foolish, fellowshipped together late into the night.

October 13, 1980

Monday

NORWAY

The mornings are always exciting. I can hardly wait to get up and start moving again in the greatness of the fellowship.

We were up before seven, packed, and down for breakfast with all our luggage. Dave Thomas is already out with his luggage list on a clipboard, checking everyone's bags. Each stop we make, we seem to acquire more and more hand luggage, assorted plastic bags of this and that. Even I acquired one--a plastic bag of chocolate bars Ellen Fowler was sending back to various saints at Headquarters. (I wondered what all Tychicus had carried from the believers at Ephesus to Paul in Rome, or from Paul to them.) Now we have also acquired a large box with a new dog that Chris is so carefully looking after.

We bid good-bye in the hotel lobby to several German believers who had come to see us off. Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille were done with breakfast first-- good-bye, good-bye.

We leave quickly with Wolfgang and Helen and Ellen in the waiting bus. We are all here now, the same group that left the US, except Robert and Barbara have replaced Bo and Stanley.

And now as I look around at these faces, I am ready to cry again, even so early in the morning. We have been through this together. We have seen so much together, been so involved with so many moving occasions, so many wonderful people together. And

now as I look around, I feel as though I have lived with these precious people all my life.

I look at the faces again, here in the lobby, on the bus: Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille, so sharp, distinguished, commanding such gentle attention just by their presence; and little Elizabeth Eddings' sweet face; and David and Ruth Thomas; and Friedrich and Ruth, always so funny; and Chris, looking after the dog, and Barbara, standing to the side in the background, but always ready; and David Bailey with his cool swagger; and Michael Heron, strong and quiet, always looking like he's thinking; and Jerry Corrodi in his interesting hat, darting among the officials; and Robert and Barbara always looking so elegant and together; and Kathleen with her racy, crinkle-eyed infectious smile--and the crew, John and Frank and Karen and Nancy Jo, who seem always to have slipped out so imperceptibly only to reappear in impeccable uniforms, faces wreathed in warm smiles, to welcome us onto Ambassador One.

I look at the faces--and they are home to me. God's people are my home! I want to hug them, tell them I love them, tell them each individually how much their lives have enriched mine. Perhaps this is what Dr. Wierwille meant last night: "There is nothing else that interests me but you." You are my life. You are my love. You are my entertainment. You are my everything! I think that I shall never see people in the same way again, but in this way. God's people are my home.

We are on our way. Wolfgang and Helen have everything so well organized, so neatly in hand, that our movement from place to place seems effortless.

I sit with Michael Heron on the bus and we read the Bible. In minutes we are at the airport. The unloading and reloading and the movement of luggage and people begins. We walk through the terminal. Sit down, wait, walk further, wait some more. The Lufthansa representative is there with Jerry Corrodi making final arrangements. We wait some more and are directed through to the exit. Just then, another man comes over and insistently demands that we return and be searched. They are arguing in German, faces turning red. And then we are directed back and go through again, to be fully searched.

Into another bus and out to our familiar Ambassador One. What a relief to be momentarily transported out of the ways of the world. Wolfgang, Helen and Ellen come on board too for the last good-byes. (This must be the third time at least I have kissed Ellen.)

The Lufthansa representative apologizes for our delay and asks to see the plane. With many compliments he asks if he can come along, joking. Doctor has given him a copy of The Way Magazine and Heart, and he's gone. We are locked in--or out of the world for awhile--and John Race's familiar voice prays over the loudspeaker.

We are ready for takeoff in a thick fog. All other jets have been diverted temporarily and no planes are taking off. But we are ready to go. Flying time to Oslo is two and a half hours at

21,000 feet. Doctor is on the loudspeaker: "Here we go!" Jerry says a few words to all of us, and in minutes we are bathed in brilliant sunshine, the clouds so far below.

Doctor is already at work at his desk. It is Monday morning. I am sure he is working on the Norway meeting--the people. And then he and Chris are studying pedigrees for the new dog.

Doctor is on: "While we are flying up here, if any of you come up with some good female names, let us know back here."

He keeps us posted on what they are learning about the dog. Then later he announces her name: "Eva von der Weg" which means Eva from The Way--and she has an international winner in her bloodline." He moves on, studying his calendar, talking with various people. It's Monday, a work day, and the man is on the go, working.

It's nearly noon by now. Doctor calls on some of us to translate a letter from Mr. Wischmeyer concerning the dog. The fellowship, the work, the stop ahead--all cause the time to fly by, even as we fly.

Our arrival in Oslo was warm, our welcome very sweet. A couple of dozen people were there to meet us. They applauded as Doctor and Mrs. Wierwille came out through the glass doors. There were bouquets of flowers for Mrs. Wierwille and Mrs. Wilkinson and from the Swedish believers, little presents for each guest: a blue and yellow ribbon with a little wooden jam spoon and a wooden butterspreader on it. They put the little gifts on a ribbon over each of our heads as we walked by greeting them, and then the next person handed each one of us a bar of Norwegian chocolate.

Steve Hartlaub (Way Corps 7) was smiling ear to ear, and I had to fight back the tears that blocked my throat--again to see God's people, all the way in Oslo, Norway, greeting us in the love of God.

As the greetings finished, Doctor spoke a few words, thanking God, thanking the people for coming, sharing how blessed and thankful he was to be in Norway for the first time.

From here we proceeded to the Hotel SAS in downtown Oslo. I sat with a nineteen-year-old girl with long, blonde hair who works in a kindergarten. From Oslo, she had just finished PFAL that summer. The group is generally very youthful looking--fresh, clean-cut, very blonde--the girls so pretty, and the young men extremely courteous.

I read over the letter that Steve had handed each of us at the airport. In it he greeted us and then offered a tour of a fjord this afternoon, or a time to go shopping. The meeting was in our hotel at seven o'clock.

People had come from all the Scandinavian countries for this meeting: WOWs from Sweden, believers from Denmark, someone from Finland, and of course, Norwegians were here.

That afternoon we had lunch, and then went shopping, Kathleen and I, walking around Oslo. I wanted to find something for my daughter. The air, fresh and clean, was full of big city noises.

By six, I was down in the lobby dressed for the meeting. Doctor was already there. I learned later that he had set up the room and the chairs and book table, done everything, and then

was there to greet the people as they arrived. And they began arriving, slowly. Toward seven we moved into the meeting room, set up like in Scotland, a circle of chairs with space on the floor.

Meeting In Norway

Notes

Steve Hartlaub opened the meeting at seven o'clock, but people kept on arriving. He welcomed Rosemary, a black woman from Kenya, now studying in Helsinki, a non-grad. (Her sister had taken the class in Kenya, and written her. She had written to Steve, and had now traveled twenty-eight hours from Helsinki to meet Dr. Wierwille and see what this was all about.) Several were here from Sweden including four WOWs, and a group had come from Skien, Norway, a town two to three hours away, all non-grads.

Steve begins introducing the Ambassador One guests starting with Dr. Wierwille, and Doctor has us all stand and introduce ourselves. Then he explains a little about our trip. "The reason we are here was for the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of The Way Ministry in Great Britain, and many of these people had not been home in the last two years. I wasn't originally planning to come to Norway. But I talked to Bonnie (summer school student) last summer and then Steve, and we made the decision to come.

"One person who would be so blessed tonight is Beth Ricks Lowder who first witnessed to Berit Arvefjord in Sweden in 1970-71. Bo Reahard came over then and they ran a class at that

time." Doctor gives more background of the move of the Word in Scandinavia and greetings from The Way International, and he specifically names people from the Tenth and Eleventh Corps who are from these countries.

We are close to seventy-five in the room, and it's very quiet, a murmur of interpreting going on, but I am not sure if perhaps many of them are having trouble understanding the English.

Steve prayed and we heard manifestations. This was a high point for me. He had manifestations in Swedish, Norwegian, Danish and then English, and then Steve prayed in English. Such moments are awe-inspiring to me for they bring home the absolute reality of the Word over the world in this decade.

There followed music: Berit and her WOW family sang two old Swedish folk songs accompanied by guitar. Berit explained one song: "I've seen the forest, I've seen cheese and milk, but I never had any butter."

Then Dave Bailey sings with Dave and Ruth. The atmosphere at this meeting is interesting to me--seems very tense. The people seem distant, and again Doctor is leading with grace.

In the middle of one song, he throws a lifesaver to Berit's brother. The young man is surprised and smiles. The music is over and Steve turns the meeting over to Dr. Wierwille.

"I would like to have Robert Wilkinson share his heart a bit with the people." And Doctor gives background on the move of the Word in Great Britain. "I first came there twenty-five years ago. You have to have a lot of patience to see results. Only recently is

the work really moving in Great Britain and Europe. We are just beginning here in Scandinavia."

Robert shares, making a dynamic presentation on Power for Abundant Living and the Word of God. He ends up with: "It's the greatest day in the history of Scandinavia. If anyone here has not taken Power for Abundant Living, see me after the meeting tonight, and I will sign you up."

Then Doctor is on again. Slowly, deliberately, he begins with his background: "I am an ordained clergyman...." Then suddenly he breaks the mood. "Boy, you all look so sincere as though you thought I was going to bite you. (Laughter.) I'm not going to bite. This isn't a church service. I'm a teacher, a research man." And he is back in the flow of his account how since the age of twelve he wanted to help people, how he considered medicine, then law, then the ministry, and how he still could not help people. How he researched the Word for over twelve years and learned that four were crucified with Jesus, not two. And he lays that out, and then the day Jesus Christ died--both in detail.

"It's available for you to know and to remake the lives of people. You, by the freedom of your will, make up your own mind. Where do you want to go in life?"

"I may be nuts, but I sure have a great time. I wish all the critics would join me and then we could have a great time together. We are a Biblical research and teaching and fellowship ministry. If you want to fellowship, I'll love you. If you don't want to fellowship, I love you anyways."

"I'm here for one purpose--to share my life, my love of God with you. There are dozens of places in the world I could be tonight. But I am here to share my life, my heart, the love of God, and to build leaders."

He stops and asks the girl in front of him for her Bible. He shows us the cover that caught his attention. It has five crosses. "It's remarkable to see this here tonight. That's accurate. I've never seen a cover like this one before."

John 10:10. "Look at your Bibles." (Many people in the group do not have Bibles and the rest of us share.)

"Either go all out for God or for the Devil. You have to make up your stupid mind." Then he is up, very physical, and does the whole ambassador sequence from PFAL. It is far more exaggerated, far more vigorous than I have ever seen. He is working hard, working to inspire involvement. (Some delighted laughter.)

"You can go to a seance and see more power than you can see in a church these days."

Ephesians 1:3. "Nobody has taught people what they have in Christ Jesus. Has God blessed you?"

"There are only two reasons you are here tonight: to hear the Word or to tear me apart. I love the second reason. In forty years no one can back the Word into a corner.

"I'll show you another verse no one ever believes."

"Colossians 2:10--either it's a lie or the truth. Just for once imagine that it is the truth. If it is the truth, what could you do in your life, sir? If it's a lie, let's chuck the Word. But if it's the truth, we got to get hot for the Lord."

Colossians 1:27. Christ in you. He really expounds and drives this one. "Our God is able and it's Christ in you, Christ in you, Christ in you!"

"Oh I know, one of you is asking: What difference does it make?" and he goes into the bank analogy. He is very dramatic, very physical throughout this teaching. Moving around, he inspires involvement and works to keep their attention. He is working with people, plowing up brains.

At 9:15 he is ready to close. He prays, and then Steve Hartlaub receives an abundant sharing. Doctor goes out and greets an older man by the door very warmly. Steve calls him back up for a presentation.

First, we have mugs for Robert and Barbara to use in The Way Corps. Then Norwegian sweaters for Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille. "Something so everyone would know you have been to Norway." They are very beautiful. And a cheese slicer for Mrs. Wierwille. Then Berit Arvefjord presents clay figures from Sweden, and we are ready for coffee in the back of the room. Doctor asks to meet with the WOWs and closes with: "I am real thankful to set foot on Norwegian soil. I trust by God's mercy and grace it won't be the last time. I am so thankful to be a part of your wonderful lives."

We stay and fellowship, talking to people. I meet Vinke, the girl in the wheelchair, and Bente from Skien who came with the group of non-grads. Especially interesting was Rosemary from Kenya, studying in Helsinki, who wants to take the class now. She is studying zoology and has been writing to Steve for months now.

When she had arrived here, she hadn't made a decision, but by the end of the evening, she was registered for PFAL.

I talked with a lot of other people too. They had barely heard of the ministry, but they were there. All the Ambassador One guests were out among the people. The Word is in very green stages here, but where will it be five years from now, I ask myself.

Earlier, I had asked Dr. Wierwille if he had gone on the tour that afternoon. "No," he said. "I stayed here, rested, and then got my mind into the meeting for tonight. I just don't care about sightseeing, or monuments--just people, people, people. I come to see people, not sights. For me, the sights are the people here!"

After most of the people had left, Kathleen and I sat down with Frank Cardullo in the restaurant on the twenty-first floor. The view of Oslo spread out around us with many lights twinkling. We spoke of many things. He shared how the crew was getting so close. "It's just about like being married," he laughed. "We are living together and working together all the time." That is how I feel about all the passengers on this trip, I am thinking. I feel we are married, so close have our lives and our fellowship become.

We all went to bed early. Tomorrow, a long flying day and another big meeting. Back to the USA. Hardly seems possible we are on the final leg. Kathleen and Elizabeth and I are together in a room. I am so glad for their company.

October 14, 1980

Tuesday

BANGOR, MAINE, U.S.A.

We were up at 5:25, got dressed, had breakfast in the room and were ready to leave on the bus by 6:30 A.M. The WOWs from Sweden were there, along with Otto taking pictures, and Marsha, an American girl, who has been living abroad the past six years and is now in the fifth session of PFAL in Oslo. She had brought people to the meeting last night, and at least one of them has signed up for the class. Steve Hartlaub and the others were all there seeing us off to the airport.

The day was bright with golden-lined clouds as the sun rose. We were at the airport by seven o'clock, and formalities went quickly. Doctor seemed anxious to move. He was out ahead of all of us at every turn as we made our way to Ambassador One.

Chris went to get the dog who had spent the night in quarantine. Even as we walked out to the plane, I heard her bark and whine from the baggage area.

In the bright early morning sun, John Race met us, smiling. Luggage was being loaded. The crew greeted us warmly. We settled in. The gold and blue seats seem especially comfortable today. John prayed.

Today our destination is Bangor, Maine. Flying time: twelve hours, with a stopover in Iceland.

The sun has risen clear and brilliant. The fjords below us are bathed with gold reflections on chilly blue. The trees are red-yellow-brown earthly clouds. The view is breathtaking. And we lift off westward into the clarity of a new day.

Twelve hours flying time means almost an entire day in the air. But for me this journey homeward through the sky was more than anything an experience of great depth--depth of heart. For no sooner had we settled ourselves than Dr. Wierwille invited us to share our impressions of the past two weeks.

The door was open to give. Oh, I have had so many thoughts, so many impressions, so much learning--what do I say? What do I say in a few moments here above the Atlantic? I believe everyone else was wrestling with similar thoughts, for we were slow to go to the microphone. So much has happened--so much!

But Doctor had laid down the challenge. He was giving each one of us the opportunity to give, to pull our thoughts together and get specific--so that we could know what we had seen and learned. He is a leader growing up leaders.

Finally, Mike Heron began. And then, one after another, the rest of us were up at the mike. Slowly at first, then more and more, reaching into the heart, pulling up from the depths, we shared the greatness of what God had done in our lives the past two weeks.

I shall not set down the sharings here. So many had the same things to say--great thanksgiving, love for one another, compassion for people, the great need for God's Word around the world, the deepened commitment to stay faithful. And then, the

variations in the sharings, the individual things that made each person unique, different, idios.

As everyone shared, the words drew out the depths of every heart. I don't believe a single eye was dry. And Dr. Wierwille throughout all this? He was listening, listening, interposing a comment here and there, at times noticeably crying himself, but always teaching throughout.

I shall never forget the touching and sweet picture of Barbara Geer and Karen MacHarg seated side by side on the couch in the rear cabin holding one another, just holding one another like little children, tears streaming down their cheeks. Even our pilots up front, as they shared with me later, were greatly moved, for they could hear every word.

That was how we spent the bulk of our journey. Somewhere in there we were served a delicious dinner. Somewhere in there we dropped down at Keflavík, Iceland and shopped for an hour. Somewhere in there I got sick. But the greatness of that leg of the journey for me was the great tenderness of heart evidenced in sharing after sharing.

We arrived in Bangor, Maine, 4:30 P.M. local time, waited around through luggage, passport checks, customs, and emerged into America warmly greeted by a large group of smiling, waving, hugging and clapping believers. Dave and Pam Daniels with their baby, John and Jane Guthrie (Fourth Way Corps), and WOWs all welcomed us in our own familiar language, on our own comfortable soil.

We were moved into our rooms by six o'clock, and at seven Dr. Wierwille met with local Way Corps and WOWs. It was 7 P.M. here, but for our bodies it was midnight. I felt groggy, queasy, weary through every bone, and I was not the only one. But if Dr. Wierwille felt any weariness, he never showed it in any way. I was amazed at the dynamism of his presence and teaching and the entire evening left me in even greater awe of the power of God.

For the WOW meeting Doctor had changed to western dress. Relaxed and enthusiastic, he shared highlights from our trip, then summarized: "The culture is different, but the Word is the same, the need is the same, so you have to float along in the culture, and work in that culture.

"Not being home for the Thirty-Eighth Anniversary was a new experience for me. But I'll be glad to get home. Anything else you WOWs want to share? You're all tongue-tied."

At 7:20 Doctor prayed and closed the meeting. Time to get ready for a big night.

As for myself during this time, I felt pale and drawn, hardly able to stagger around. I wrestled in my mind to make the decision to go to the evening meeting. Everything within me screamed to go to bed and lie down, and it was all I could do to pull myself out of bed after a short nap to go downstairs.

This night, Doctor did the most fantastic presentation of the Word I had heard on this trip. Partly because of the maturity of the audience, I thought, that they could receive so much. And all the time, I realized more and more how he must be pushing himself

to do what he was doing tonight--being the absolute greatest for God's people, giving them everything he's got, tired or not!

His teaching tonight was an astounding witness to me of the power of God working in a man's life when he is committed with every ounce of his being to loving people. Fighting to stay awake, alert and sharp myself, I just didn't see how he could do it, but I knew it could only be by believing in the power of God.

Meeting In Bangor, Maine

Notes

Dave Daniels opened promptly at 8 P.M. Dynamically, he led songs, introduced guests, welcomed everyone. He was terrific. Very quickly he introduced the founder and president, and Dr. Wierwille was up there fresh, spry, with a spring in his step. There must be close to 250 in the room.

Doctor first introduced Robert, bringing him to the podium. "I just want you to share your heart, and if you want to teach--go ahead and teach."

Robert shares: His goals for the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary were to allow Great Britain to see the heart of Dr. Wierwille, and to have a healing service. Both of these came to pass dynamically. "It's exciting to see people from different cultures and languages and see again that we are one Body, one household, and that it is the same Word of God."

As Robert finishes, Doctor has Way Productions up there, the Thomases and David Bailey. They look a little pale to me, but they sing with energy. I am glad I am not up there singing, the way I feel. But Dr. Wierwille's voice is deep and clear: Turn to Romans.

"I imagine that some of you are here for the first time. We are a research, teaching and fellowship ministry.

"I've taught every night so I'm well lubricated. The theme for tonight: What does it really mean to be a believer?"

He begins with Romans 10:9 and 10. "It all starts here. Now you are saved. What does that really mean?"

I Peter 1:23. Being born again. ("If someone doesn't have a Bible, you share your Bible with them.")

"I've been Victor Paul Wierwille all my life. Nothing can take my father's seed out of me. God is better than my earthly father. How can God Almighty take His seed out of me?"

I John 3:9.

Churchianity, religion and tradition versus TRUTH.

Romans 6:23.

I John 5:10. "Either you have it or you don't. Pie in the sky by and by? If God can't give you pie in the sky now, how do you know He can do it later?"

"I didn't write the book. If you are mad--argue with God about it."

Colossians 1:27. Christ in you. Ambassador sequence follows. (He acts it out again here. "Do you want to go to a believer's meeting with me?" I should say not.)

I John 3:2. Now are we the sons of God. "Act like it. Stand for your Father!"

"What does it mean to be a believer?"

First: You must be born again.

Second: We are partakers of God's divine nature. II Peter 1:4.

Third: You have overcome the world. John 16:33. "Once you see what you are in Christ Jesus, it is impossible to stop you...."

I John 2:14. You have overcome the wicked one. I John 5:4.

Fourth: It quickens your mortal body. Romans 8:11.

Fifth: God works in you. Philippians 2:13.

Sixth: You are fruitful, productive; you have increase.

Colossians 1:10.

II Corinthians 6:1. Workers together with God: "Can you imagine failing with God?" (Laughter.) How ridiculous.

Hebrews 13:21. He makes you perfect. Working to do His will, makes it well-pleasing in His sight.

Titus 1:9. Holding fast the faithful Word. Be certain of your confession.

II Timothy 1:12. I know whom I have believed. And am persuaded. "So many people do not know what they have as Christians."

Hebrews 3:14.

Hebrews 10:23.

Hebrews 10:35. Cast not away your confidence.

I John 3:21.

I John 5:14 and 15. Confidence to ask anything.

Seventh: Boldness. Ephesians 3:12. Boldness and access with confidence. "Go to God with it: We live so far below par because we do not know the Word."

Acts 4:32. Speak the Word with boldness but with LOVE.

I Timothy 3:13.

Isaiah 39.

"What does it really mean to be a Christian? In Europe we saw so much tradition and religion, but NO power manifested." (Gives examples of religion and tradition: four crucified, Good Friday.)

"Christianity is what God has done and will do. Religion is man-made."

"I think we have been in captivity long enough." Introduces record of a people in captivity, the Babylonian captivity.

(When did he put together this teaching, I am thinking. All day he listened to our sharings on the plane. Every night, every day this week he's been teaching, but he never taught this! And his whole presentation, dynamic, engrossing, with so much richness of God's Word. This is one of the most outstanding teachings I have ever heard, and I am struggling with myself just to stay seated in this chair.)

He starts with Isaiah 39 and then reads all of Isaiah 40.

"Our God is moving."

"Nations are in bondage. People need to rise up and believe."

Here he reviews the whole teaching: What does it mean to be a believer? Reviews the points.

"Then once again our God can move to deliver His people."

! Corinthians 1:30. He goes through all the terms: wisdom, etc.

"Because God loved you. Why? So He could make a great night in Maine available like tonight."

"Why did I drop in? God so loved....Jesus Christ so loved....I so love God and His Word that I am here tonight.

"We have got to give, give, give, give all we've got! That's our God, our life. That's what we are giving for. I am blessed to be here tonight so I can give my life to you, give my love to you, so you can learn to give and love." He goes into the poem "God has no hands but our hands....", quoting the entire poem. "You and I have to be that broken bread. You and I have to be that poured-out water. You and I so love that we what...?"

Everybody in one voice: "GIVE!"

"That's what it means to be a believer! Thank you for letting me teach here tonight." As he begins to walk off stage he is surrounded by a spontaneous standing ovation. He walks with dignity through the audience, and out the door.

The teaching was absolutely electrifying. In all, he taught for forty-five minutes.

Dave receives the abundant sharing, and then Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille are called back to the podium to receive gifts--an old ship model in a bottle, a two-masted schooner in full sail. Dr. Wierwille accepts it graciously, then turns to the audience.

"There's an old saying: 'As the State of Maine goes, so goes the nation.' Let's move God's Word here in Maine! Let's set the example for the whole nation!" And then in a more gentle voice, "I want you to have God's best, to see the Word move in your life and in your area."

* * *

An absolutely dynamic close, and everyone began to move out of the room. Later, I learned that Dr. Wierwille stayed up to visit with The Way Corps after the meeting. He had then invited two Corps to stay in his suite, and had himself prepared everything for them. He had stayed up late. I did not witness this firsthand for I had fallen, exhausted, into bed.

Chapter Five

HOME AGAIN

October 15, 1980

Wednesday

Elizabeth and I were up early and had our suitcases by the elevator as instructed. This would be the last time this trip.

We made our way to the dining room before 6 A.M. and joined John and Frank for breakfast. Conversation was pleasant but had a note of sorrow. We all agree we're sorry the trip is coming to an end. But on the other hand, all of us are so excited to be coming home today, to see those faces--our loved ones at Headquarters--again.

And me, I am burning to write about it all, to relive it and sift through these days again with afterthought. I want to pull it together and let it bless people, to take what I have received and share it.

The pilots talked about how their lives have changed. We talked about the sharing on the flight yesterday, how moving it was. They were so touched to see the hearts of our people and to have been a part of this group together. We have all grown so close.

Frank: "We've grown so close as a crew. Really, it's like we were married. We get mad over something, then don't talk to each other, and then we work it out again and are closer than before. I hate to see it end, but I'll be so glad to see my wife." (The Mystery, I am thinking, the Mystery is like marriage.) Then the conversation turned.

John: "We sure owned a lot of airspace yesterday afternoon. At 24,000 feet we were catching too much ice. So we came down to 22,000, then to 21,000, but we were still getting ice. Finally, we were given all the airspace from 16,000 to 20,000 feet. All the way from Greenland to Bangor, Maine--that part of the sky was our space." (Our inheritance is like that, I thought, vast as the sky.) John and Frank leave to prepare the plane.

At 6:45 Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille enter with the Guthries, the Daniels and others. Doctor has invited a Maine believer to fly with us to Headquarters today--Murray Ruffino. He can hardly sit still, smiling widely at breakfast.

While we wait for the appointed time Doctor turns the conversation to German shorthairs. He does not talk, but he teaches, sharing details and principles. Then, "What night is it? Wednesday? Corps night. I'll have to work on my teaching for tonight."

Time to go down to the plane. I thought of the Book of Acts--and the local believers walked with us all the way to the airport, as far as Ambassador One. We say our good-byes, kiss, hug, and it's time to move on.

We mount the stairs, wave our last waves, throw kisses--good-bye, good-bye-- and we are seated in our comfortable seats again. As John Race has the prayer for this last leg of Presidential Journey 1980, his voice falters. I am moved also to know this is our last segment of time to be together like this--as though we were all married. That is the Mystery.

The day is sunny, fair. We taxi the length of the runway. But suddenly stop. Someone forgot his camera and the airport police are bringing it out to the plane. We wait. The camera is returned, then we are off for real.

Doctor: "Ready for takeoff! 80 knots, 90, here we go!" Once we are up, Doctor asks for sharing again. We have three hours and five minutes till home. No one is running to the mike. I guess we all poured ourselves out yesterday.

Karen hands out beautiful breakfast menus, handwritten by the Maine believers. Greg, in Maine, stayed up all night to make us fresh, whole wheat waffles. They are delicious. With breakfast we are all served champagne. Doctor hands out our seat cards, each one personally signed by him, Mrs. Wierwille and each of the crew. And then we are all thanking one another in words and letters.

Over the PA, Doctor thanks all the crew. Then Mrs. Wierwille is on: "I ache for the lack of God's Word in people's lives and how people wander aimlessly without it. But God is raising up leadership all over the world. You are all those champions."

We are now nearing New Knoxville. The day is still beautifully clear. At noon ground temperature is 68 degrees with a

fair wind to forever. The plane flies over Headquarters and on to the airfield.

Crowds wave to us from the ground. There they are--the same faces we left behind so long ago. We land, deplane, and are warmly greeted by the Howard Allens and the Don Wierwilles and the Owens and all the others who came to welcome us home. Hugs, kisses, greetings--there's my department--Way Publications! How wonderful to see them. With much rejoicing we move on, escorted to a special Welcome Home lunch on the asphalt terrace outside the President's home. How wonderful to come home again.

The Ambassador One guests are shown special seating near the head table and then we are served with Doctor's favorite meal: German sausage, sauerkraut and potatoes, and rice pudding. The day is warm and sunny, as all the Staff and Corps break bread together in the courtyard.

Immediately after eating, Doctor is on the mike, beginning to share about the trip. He shares his great thanksgiving, his joy to be home. He thanks the Staff and Corps for just being there today. His words overflow with thankfulness. "I was so blessed to see Kaveh from Iran. I taugth my heart out every night trying to show the heart of The Way International."

Then he begins to review the entire journey. "We left here at 8 A.M., October 1, and were in Manchester, England at 2 A.M. local time for the Twenty-Fifth Household Anniversary."

Now he brings up Robert to share about the anniversary weekend. Robert shares:

"In 1979 in Hawaii I asked Dr. Wierwille if he would come to this anniversary. I had two main goals: to convey the heart of The Way International and Dr. Wierwille, and to have a healing service. Both of these came to pass." Then he reviews the historical presentation, showing how the ministry has been raised up by the hand of God. He shares about the healing service, the great deliverance, and goes over the weekend schedule day by day.

Now Doctor progresses to our next meeting, Scotland, and invites Kathleen to talk about that. We move on to Ireland, Doctor asking Michael Heron to share. Then on to West Germany--Friedrich shares. Doctor invites Elizabeth to share about the Corps meeting in Windhagen. One by one, living epistles are spreading the entire panorama of Presidential Journey 1980 before the Staff and Corps at International Headquarters.

I am reminded of our last supper together with these same people, our supper in the woods where Doctor went over the day-by-day schedule of our projected trip. That was like the skeleton, I am thinking. Now, living epistles who have lived through the actual events are fleshing out that skeleton, filling in detail, giving the trip life so that everyone here can partake more fully. The man's heart is to give, to share the very best--the move of God's Word around the world.

Now Doctor is up to the Oslo meeting: "Sweden, Denmark, Norway and Finland were represented." He tells about Rosemary from Helsinki and then about himself: "I did what I had to do to stay quiet. Getting ready for that teaching reminded me of the

USA thirty or forty years ago when I did everything--all the setup, the chairs, the book tables, everything, and then waited to greet the people... and then taught the Word.

"That meeting was the most disconcerting to me on the trip. The Corps is supposed to know all that, setting up a meeting--wait till I get to the Corps! You see, they just planned too many things there. They should have planned one thing or two at the most and done them very well. The Corps grad there was so nervous, but I just made up my mind. It's the Word, the Word, the Word that has to live!

"The Corps must not get swallowed up by culture, but must change culture. It's fossilized tradition versus living truth."

Then Chris Geer is up, and Barbara. The sharings today are similar to those yesterday on Ambassador One, but also different--the audience here is different, but the heart is the same.

Now Dr. Wierwille has the mike again. He's talking about The Way Corps. "It was like a drink of fresh water when we spent time with the Corps in each country," he says and returns to the Oslo meeting. "The things I said about Oslo--let me come back to that for a minute. The meeting was terribly set up. But that boy's got heart. He's an American, but he is giving his heart and life to move the Word in a foreign country. And you know what else? The people love him, he loves them. We walked down the street and people kept greeting him by name; he greeted them by name. He talks to people, loves them. His heart is pure."

Dr. Wierwille invites Jerry Corrodi to share, then John Race and then he turns to the Staff and Corps.

"But you all here on staff at The Way International, you all were involved in getting us ready: your love and your ability, to get the plane ready, to prepare the printed material. I'm very thankful to you all, and thankful to John Race for taking the responsibility to fly the plane. The crew was just beautiful." And we are back to last night's meeting in Bangor, Maine.

"All day I stayed my mind on the Word. All day I just kept quiet. I made up my mind that the last meeting had to be just as great as the first one. I had worked the Word all day through my mind and God blessed me in Maine with Dave and Pam Daniels. He ran a sharp meeting and I taught things worthy of the close of Presidential Journey 1980." And he asks Ruth Thomas to share something about the Maine meeting.

"I was tired and queasy," Ruth speaks in a soft voice, so distinctly British. "But I wanted so much to be the very best. Doctor walked at a steady pace but I had to run to keep up with him. He taught with such energy, and I never saw so greatly the greatness of the Christ in us. We have the same ability to love people, to give our all. To see Doctor get up and teach his heart out to God's people was absolutely fantastic."

Now it's Mrs. Wierwille's turn. She takes the mike and invites everyone to try the Scottish shortbread, "a present for all of you from our trip." The afternoon is moving on. Warmed by sunshine, refreshed by a gentle breeze, people are seated all around informally in chairs and on the grass listening and Dr. Wierwille

asks Dave Bailey, Dave and Ruth Thomas to come up and sing "God Delivered Jesus Christ." When they are done, he says: "It was great to see all of Agape[™] together, all ten of them. When I saw them all together, I cried because I knew how they felt in their hearts to be together again. Do another song."

That is how the afternoon evolved--a masterful, and spontaneous interweaving of music, sharings and short, poignant teachings by Dr. Wierwille. He asked Barbara Wilkinson to share, then Craig and Vince made presentations to the Wilkinsons for going into The Way Corps--green Way Corps caps.

The Victors sang, and then came the long parade of gifts. First, from the believers in Germany, a six-month-old German shorthair named "Eva von der Weg." Dr. Wierwille had Chris bring her out to the front, and Doctor shared with everyone.

"She will be foundational stock for German shorthairs that we will be breeding. There's another female coming on Thursday of this week. This is how we will start the line. Her blood has at least five international champions in Germany. One test they do with these dogs is to sprinkle blood from a deer for 1,000 meters, and let it get cold for twenty-four hours. Then the dog has to follow the track and retrieve the game.

"She is exquisite...." and he runs down her prime characteristics: forefeet, hocks, large chest, good muzzle, teeth--the same way he did for us at the Windhagen Corps meeting.

We are moving through the afternoon and now it's Mrs. Wierwille's turn at the mike. "We are so very thankful today," she

begins. "How blessed we have always been to be hosted by Robert and Barbara. And how smoothly they turned over the leadership in England to the Moorheads. They did it so beautifully." Now she addresses everyone present. "How important each of your jobs are. There is such a need in the world. What you are doing here is so important. It is like the Twig--all play a vital role.

"How blessed we were everywhere we went. You are real special, everyone of you. We may be getting bigger, but we will never lose that special feeling. It's in the Twig, and serving is in the Twig.

"I saw the importance of teaching the Word in different languages. This week we'll have the first German PFAL class. Wolfgang will teach it.

"In Norway, English is their second language. It will be a big blessing when we can have all the materials in their own languages. So there is a lot of work for all of us to do."

We take a break but the sharing time is not yet over. Dr. Wierwille wants everyone to see and enjoy the gifts that were brought home. Two eight-foot tables are set up and when we are all settled again, Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille describe and show each of the gifts in order and lay them on the tables. Sharing, sharing, sharing. As Doctor points out, he received them on behalf of The Way International.

We who have read these pages have seen most of these gifts already when they were given, but I shall record them here in the interests of history.

- 1) Pheasant feather arrangement in birch log frame from Maine believers, made by a believer.
- 2) Ship model in a bottle, old German flag, at full sail, made around 1820 (Maine).
- 3) Plaque made by Murray Ruffino who came with us on the plane. (Doctor thanks him publicly.)
- 4) Two sweaters from Norway.
- 5) Two Irish sweaters, original white Aran knit.
- 6) Dagger from Scotland, worn in the high sock.
- 7) Brooch from Isle of Iona, representing eternal life.
- 8) Painting of Ladbergen, Germany, by a believer in Germany who went there for three days and painted it. (Dr. Wierwille asks his sister Lydia how she likes it. "Is the church steeple in there?" she asks. "Yes, it is." And Doctor has an idea: "I'm going to ask my friend at the '76 station in New Knoxville, and see if we can put it up there for a week or two to bless the people of New Knoxville." (Many of their ancestors came from that area also.)
- 9) Loving cup to Mrs. Wierwille, from 1908, from the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary.
- 10) Sterling silver plate presented to Dr. Wierwille at the Twenty-Fifth

Anniversary with the official seal of the Founder and President.

- 11) Sterling silver flatware service for twelve for The Way International from The Way of Great Britain.

Robert presents the next few:

- 12) Silver paperweight with WOW pin set in from the WOWs in Great Britain.

- 13) Silver paperweight with the Way Corps logo from The Way Corps in Great Britain.

- 14) Wedgewood necklace and silver chain to Mrs. Wierwille.

- 15) Candlestick holders from the Kents to Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille.

- 16) Silver paperweights with The Way logo from The Way of Great Britain go

to: (Robert does the presentations.)

Don Wierwille

Karen Martin

Mary Somerville

Howard Allen

Naomi Wierwille

Mr. and Mrs. Ermal Owens

Dr. receives these for them.

- 17) Cake: the top layer of the lovely three-layer cake, from the Twenty-Fifth

Anniversary. "We wanted to show it to you," Mrs. Wierwille says.

18) "Your wonderful thoughtfulness on the Thirty-Eighth to send along a gift for Dr. Wierwille and me, the bell and candlestick holders that match our set. We were so blessed they matched our china and especially thankful that you would think and plan so far ahead."

Finally, Dr. Wierwille shows the program from the Twenty-Fifth Household Anniversary in Great Britain. This will be in all the campus libraries, and here are enough copies for each member of the President's Cabinet. His own will go in the Fine Arts and Historical Center.

He adds a word of explanation: "Like these gifts, people give them personally--I tried to explain this to the customs officials. I am the President but the gifts are for The Way Ministry. We will make all of these available at the Fine Arts and Historical Center. They are all to you as well as to me.

"Now, this morning at Bangor, Maine, they gave us each a hand-done menu." He takes one out and reads the whole thing, ending with: "Have a wonderful flight. We love you, The Bangor Branch."

He pulls out a pile of cards which will be out for everyone to see. He does not read through them.

It's nearly four o'clock as the Victors sing again. And then Dr. Wierwille tells us that we should go back to work, clean up our areas, and then just get ready for the Corps meeting which will be tonight at 7:30. "Any questions? Anything else you want to know? I'll have the Corps share again tonight."

Craig asks about Bo and Stanley, and Doctor runs through their travel schedule.

Then Vince makes a presentation: "We had a Thirty-Eighth Anniversary even though you weren't here. We made a log of events of the celebration from the Corps and Staff." Vince presents Dr. and Mrs. Wierwille with a large scrapbook, reading the opening lines: "A few tears and many prayers followed you last Wednesday, October 1."

Dr. Wierwille receives the book, visibly moved. "Thank you. I know you know how much we wanted to be here, but we couldn't be two places at once. So we try to do our utmost for His Highest." He pauses and adds: "The rose from the Twenty-Fifth Household Anniversary, the rose that I wore, will be placed on Uncle Harry's grave after a bit. And now, boys, sing me a song." The gifts are all laid out on two tables so that everyone can see and be thankful. The Victors soothe our ears with sweet music. Doctor prays.

What a rich and elegant tapestry was displayed the whole afternoon by our people--living epistles--with their sharings, gifts, music and teaching. I was again impressed with how much Dr. Wierwille wanted everyone to partake of Presidential Journey 1980, for indeed we are all an integral part. As I walked through the grounds of The Way International I knew I was home again.

* * *

Overall the Corps meeting on October 15, 1980, was a totally unique experience. So densely packed with emotion, depth and intensity, that night was impossible to capture on paper. Once

again I saw Dr. Wierwille walking with sure steps the more excellent way. The issue after all is truth versus religion, tradition and churchianity of every kind. The Word of God is always at stake. So it was that Corps night in vivid, living evidence.

I will share only one small incident here. Shortly after the Corps meeting began, Dr. Wierwille in a quiet voice spoke about the trip.

"Arriving in Great Britain at 2 A.M. at Manchester Airport we were beautifully, royally received and taken to the hotel with flowers, gifts and sweets. One card blessed me especially at the hotel. I carried it with me in my Bible every day." (He pulls out a 3x5-sized card. He has never mentioned it before in my hearing.) "Here are the seven redemptive names of God. They're in color and beautifully printed on this card. And here, underneath, it says: 'Made in Hong Kong.'"

He paused for a long time and then in a heartfelt, trembling voice he cried: "My heart cries out for China, for the people of China. They need to hear the Word! We have got to get the Word over China. Our God is a delivering God, a redemptive God, in every category of life."

Later, in the meeting he returned to this theme once again almost pleading with us: "I just want China to hear the Word. I want Russia to hear the Word."

What light bursts and what expansion these words caused in my mind. After all, God's Word is moving, I was thinking. After all, we had just returned from Great Britain, from Ireland, West

Germany, Norway. After all, we had work in Spain, in the Netherlands, in Italy, Switzerland. After all, I felt a little complacent, a little too self-satisfied, a little too smug even. Doctor's plea for the Word to go over China and the Soviet Union galvanized my mind.

Suddenly, I recognized religion, tradition, churchianity clinging right there in the cobwebs of my own thoughts. The Word over China and the Soviet Union! How those words revealed to me my own attitude of complacency, self-satisfaction and smugness. How those words set the trip in a brand new perspective! But there it was. No time to sit back and congratulate oneself. There's work to do. Move the Word, the Word, the Word!

Well, that is one small episode from that Corps night that revolutionized my thinking in seconds. That was one of many, many more. The Word is always at stake and Dr. Wierwille threw himself energetically into the fray with his whole heart and soul working, laboring, to mold us into greater men and women to the glory of God. He held nothing back from us, ranging from sharp reproof to pleading and tears. At moments, I felt that the Epistles to the Corinthians had sprung into real life "with much anguish of heart and many tears."

As I pondered this unique Corps meeting and our recent trip, I recalled that everywhere we went, Dr. Wierwille had seen clearly The Way Corps--what they needed yet to learn, where the training needed to be strengthened--but he did not bring it up to individual people there. As he shared with us at the Corps meeting in Germany: They were out there, in most cases alone,

with "the responsibility of every person in the entire country in their souls." While he was there he loved them, loved and blessed, comforted and edified. He was building a solid foundation. He was in no hurry.

But when he returned to the root--the source of the training, the first meeting of all the Way Corps on all the campuses--he dug up the soil around that root. He shook off any wilted leaves. He watered vigorously so that the entire tree would grow and flourish.

AFTERTHOUGHTS

The impact on my life of Presidential Journey 1980--the trip--I can only compare to the two weeks in 1971 when I first heard the Power for Abundant Living class in a crowded pastor's office in Rye, New York. What these two events had in common was the sudden and tremendous influx of light into my life.

I will not share here all that blessed me or all that I learned, but only the dominant theme that recurred to me day after day in situation after situation.

My thoughts clustered daily around three words and one verse from the Bible. The three words--grace, foundation and meekness; the verse--II Samuel 23:3b and 4.

Grace. As so many of the others shared again and again--money could not buy this experience. What it added to my life was priceless. I did not ask for it--I did not know how. I did not deserve it. I did not earn it. But it was given to me--a gift. And at every moment I was cared for, loved, encouraged, inspired by the crew, the passengers, the people we went to see, the teachings, and most of all, by the teacher himself. There was nothing I had to do but be there, doing what I love to do the most--share, be aware and take notes. Every day, God's grace

bloomed in my thoughts filling me with the joys of thanksgiving--
unmerited favor--God's grace.

Foundation. Everywhere we went I watched Dr. Wierwille laying the foundation--carefully, slowly. He was in no hurry. He was building solidly. He built the Word of God on every level--among us, the passengers who lived around him almost continuously, among the Way Corps we visited, among the young believers and among those who had barely heard. And he built not as though he were building at all, but by his life, his walk, his example and his teaching--by so walking with God among us that we were built up in our fellowship with God in Christ Jesus. Again and again I watched Dr. Wierwille walk a more excellent way. Just by living his life for God and for God's people, he showed me how far I myself have to go, but also that it must be available to get there. Edifying the Church in every place. Building up the habitation of God everywhere. Building the firm foundation.

Meekness. Again it was Dr. Wierwille's example in this area that so inspired me. Everywhere he went he was learning, learning, learning. He absorbed knowledge like a dry sponge in every area of life--asking questions, reading, looking, probing, hunting, tracking. Again and again, I was reminded that the only way to receive God's Word is with meekness, the burning desire to learn. And he exhibited a voracious appetite for learning in every area of life. Leaders are learners, for only by continuing to learn can they continue to grow. The heart of a man of God who so loves God's Word and loves God's people is a heart that hungers to grow and learn. Meekness.

And the verse, II Samuel 23:3b and 4, lived vividly for me day after day as I watched the walk of truth clearly illuminate religion, tradition and churchianity of every sort. These are the last words of David:

He that ruleth over men must be just, ruling in the fear [reverence, love] of God.

And he shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds; as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain.

Two aspects here are emphasized for the ruler of men, for the leader. He must be just and he must rule in the reverence or love of God--the more excellent way. These aspects are then more specifically revealed by concrete comparison.

First, such a leader will be like the light of the morning when the sun rises, even a morning without clouds. Early morning light is the softest, gentlest, tenderest light of the day. Slightly pink, it does not produce the sharp contrasts between light and shadow like the late afternoon sun. No, morning light is gentle, no strong contrasts, yet it reveals everything. Notice this verse does not compare the leader to the sun, the source of light, but to the light produced by the source which is the rising sun on a clear morning, a morning without clouds. So need be the leader of men. The source of his light is the Son, Jesus Christ, but he himself is like the early morning light: gentle, soft, but revealing everything. Such a leader, such a walk, such a life, reveals you to yourself, shows you your own shortcomings but also reveals everything, including exactly the way to go.

Second, the leader of men is like the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain. How quickly grass grows after a night of rain. It grows because it is tender at the core, readily absorbing water and nourishment from the soil. Tenderness, meekness, growth--that is the leader of men. He is growing, lucid, clear-shining, continually growing because of the tenderness, the meekness of his heart.

Two vivid qualities of leadership are stated in the last words of David, a man after God's own heart. He also was concerned with raising up men who would lead others in the reverence, the love of God.

Why? Well, why not? It is only by God's grace that every one of us on Ambassador One went on a trip, Presidential Journey 1980. It is by His grace that there were people in all those places standing on God's Word to greet us. It is by grace that we returned to The Way International Headquarters to be welcomed with love, friendship, and a desire to know. By grace that so many around the world believe and need an International Headquarters. It is grace to be a part of this ministry, grace to know the greatness of the Word of God. It is by God's grace that you and I are here.

What? What do we do? Build, build the foundation, edify, give, make a contribution, something that may not show results for five years, or ten or three generations, even if the lord tarries. But the light reveals the building and then we also, for God and His people, can build and be builded together, for a habitation of God by the spirit.

How? By meekness, the unquenchable desire to learn and grow; hunger for a greater knowledge of God's Word and thirst for walking by the spirit a more excellent way day after day. How? By a childlike sense of wonder and a childlike curiosity ready to delve into any area of life, to follow it through, absorbing and applying details.

Why? What? How? God's grace allows us to build the foundation by our meekness to receive from Him.

* * *

Even so the hunter, I thought, so the hunter walks at an even pace quietly through tall, wet, clinging grass. He breathes deeply the cold, crisp air of autumn as he stalks the highest prize. So the hunter walks slowly--he is in no hurry--seeking, following, tracking meticulously the highest game. Alert, aware, appreciative, so appreciative of the rich growth of his surroundings, he is apprehending every lead, every clue, every sign. Listening, always listening, his head forward.

So the hunter, I thought, is you. The hunter is me. We are hunting-- researching--and teaching. That is you. That is me. That is our ministry--to track through His Word the untrackable riches of Christ, and to teach, to share the prize. How thankful am I to be stalking eternal rewards; how thankful am I that we--you and I--are working here together with God.

