

WORLDWIDE CHURCH OF GOD

WORLD HEADQUARTERS
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA 91123

HERBERT W. ARMSTRONG
President and Pastor

GARNER TED ARMSTRONG
Executive Vice-President

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Dear Ray:

You will recall that when you first took up your responsibilities in the Business Office I mentioned to you how sincerely I hoped you would never allow yourself to be pushed into the "Portune syndrome." I explained to you how Al Portune in later years of his administration had become the constant bearer of bad news; that every time my father saw him coming down the hallway from the other end of the office he felt he would be assailed with deadly choices in times of financial crises such as "we need to close colleges, sell jets, cancel programs, cancel the magazine, etc." As you so well know, Ray, for many, many years, almost every budget study we have ever conducted in this Work has basically set before leadership in the Work those same deadly choices. In all the years of the operation of the Big Sandy campus I do not believe a single year passed that the college wasn't threatened and the poor faculty and student body had to live with that threat hanging over their heads for approximately 14 years.

Al allowed himself to drift into that dangerous attitude where his deepest spiritual commitments and theological concerns became mixed with his knowledge of the handling of money, until he developed a gigantic problem of CONSCIENCE.

It would be tiresome to repeat the agonized history, the now infamous "Carrozzo Report" (which I now understand I am being partly blamed for but which I never saw until it was a fait de complet and had already been delivered to my father) and I will not belabor the problem by going into the details of the past.

As you so well know, I was never a part of the Business Office; never invited in the Business Office, and never knew either the top salaries, what things cost, financial packages on buildings, lease information on aircraft, expenses, the worldwide allocation, or any other matters.

As I recall, it was about the middle of the summer or maybe earlier in 1976 you finally began hinting very broadly to me that if I were to "demand" that you bring me certain information, you would feel duty bound to do so. I was of course growing increasingly edgy over vast expenditures that

I intuitively (with cause) felt were going out, and so did take you up on your broadly hinted suggestion and ask you for direct printouts on certain expenses. As a result, I still have in my possession the entire list of expenditures for Osamu Gotoh for the year of 1976 which soared into the neighborhood of \$800,000.

I subsequently asked for and was given everything from complete inventory on all of our Pasadena housing to the salary structures, expense accounts, breakout from Pastor General expenses, Stan Rader's and Henry Cornwall's expenses, and practically everything else.

Through all of these months, you, Bob and I were engaged in dozens upon dozens of lengthy talks where we would discuss our apprehension, worry, concern, perhaps outrage over some of the excesses we felt were allowed to grow and to occur in the Work unimpeded.

All of that is now history. The more I discovered, the more outraged I became, and the more I tended to react. Finally, I began trying to bring some of these things to the attention of my father. After Stan appeared to completely abandon any interest in the Work, and you and Bob met me at the airport with ashen gray faces and a serious cash flow crunch in the Spring of 1977, I became more deeply alarmed than ever before. Especially alarmed when you informed me it was my signature on those gigantic notes down at the bank, and not Stan Rader's. It seemed that Stan had reacted to my lengthy telex sent to South Africa, had shrugged his shoulders and said if that's what Ted thinks he's going to do, let him try to do it or words to that effect, and so you and Bob met me upon my return with those same deadly choices Al Portune used to come down the hallway and offer my father.

Then followed the request for the large special Sabbath offering and the worldwide day of fasting and prayer, and the more than one million dollars that came in to avert a desperate cash flow crunch. This, you will recall, followed the horrible drop in income after the Feast of Tabernacles in 1976 when the meetings with all the ministers on the part of my father, and his very powerful sermon asserting authority before the brethren finally took effect.

Of course, I have the documented evidence of exactly how the finances reacted during all of those months and so do you and this is also history. But now I want you to remember, Ray, how hard we worked, how long we talked, how much we struggled, how we all prayed (I did, did you?) that we could rid the Work of some of these hideous problems. Unfortunately, I did not

realize in my naiveté that even deeply personal letters I would send my father would be shared by my father with Stan. Stan read a letter I sent to my father in the early Spring of 1977 and reacted. He did not react directly to ME; he reacted to you and to Bob on the telephone, and, hence, we entered months of Stan continually threatening lawsuits and telling you and Bob he would keep the Work "in court for up to five years" and scaring the living daylights out of both of you and by extension, out of me.

In one particularly hideous discussion with Stan, I suppose you lost your cool sufficiently to try to defend me before him and so chose as a point in my favor the fact that I had worked very hard to scotch a malicious rumor Gotoh had vomited up before the Germanos, Anita, Bob Haworth and his wife Sandy, and a couple or three other Japanese people at a dinner. When you revealed this to Stan he became monstrously angry, and Stan and Henry began flying all over the place from California to Hawaii to Tokyo and return and who knows where else in having meetings with Gotoh in a hotel in Tokyo; Stan subsequently wrote the letter firing Gotoh and asked me to put my signature to it, and it seemed that everything had finally calmed down and at least the Work had rid itself of the gigantic expenditures of one Osamu Gotoh.

It was on or about this time, though my memory is not clear with regard to the chronology, that in the summer of 1977 Mr. Herbert Armstrong and Stan sat me down in their study and read to me the "contracts" they had drawn up for themselves, and incidentally, for me. My reaction was absolute shock and my wife's was total outrage. In the middle of the night, I was hand delivered a memo from Stan (which I still have) which urged me to sign the contracts informing me that my father had said, "Ted won't do anything for me," and that unless I did and showed my father some form of love and fealty he would be totally convinced that I didn't care for him at all.

Stan pointed out to me that my father was in effect writing for himself a "retirement contract" and of course very strongly implied that at some time in the near future my father may actually wish to voluntarily retire.

Though I haggled a little with Stan over some of the terms and conditions, and felt very guilty about it, even against my better judgment I went ahead and signed. On at least three or four subsequent occasions I asked Stan for a copy of "my contract," and have never received a copy to this day, and so of course cannot prove that mine even exists, though I do have copies of both my father's and Stan's. From that time on, especially when I let my wife know what I had done, I felt constrained to try to break that contract or to remove myself from it, but it always seemed to be "bad timing,"

and I knew my father would feel I was criticizing his salary. If you would care to check my tithing record for the last year, you will see a rather gigantic outpouring of tithes and offerings. I did this, because of my feelings about the salary. Finally, after the fact of Stan's resignation from the office of Vice President for Financial Affairs and Directorship on both boards, I arbitrarily got mine changed by informing Stan of what I wanted it to be, and subsequently informed my father to be met once again by a retort that he felt I was basically critical of his own salary and he then defended it to me once again.

I told him over and over again I didn't mind whatever he decided to take for himself, but that I have a conscience to live with; and I felt mine should be down in far more reasonable bounds.

As you know, Ray, I had wanted to buy the Tahoe property for about eight to nine years. I was always put off, delayed, and given some story that it would "be taken care of." Meanwhile, property values soared and now of course the property is completely beyond my reach when I could have been paying on it by payroll deduction for almost nine years. I was utterly shocked when you told me there was a quitclaim deed in the files and asked you to destroy it when I found it had never been registered. I felt betrayed; didn't want any such thing to happen, and of course became very worried about IRS. It seemed to me I was being made a party to this so I would be compromised. I say again, if that has not been destroyed, I believe it should be, or I could never live with myself with such a shenanigan being quietly done internally, to give over to a corporate official's private, personal possession a home of such value without ever having to pay for it!

You of course remember so well how we talked almost endlessly over every single luncheon and dinners throughout all the months that went by about the worldwide allocation, about the foundation and A.I.C.F., about the Falcon lease, about the finder's fee for the auditorium, about Jim Stark's question concerning the Office Facilities Building; how we worried and wondered about Nicki and Ramona's salaries, about her \$55,000 household expenses, about the cooks, butlers, chauffeurs, maids and their salaries; about a gigantic home in Beverly Hills and another substantial one in Tucson, how you came to me absolutely dismayed because of a \$10,000 jeep, a shotgun collection and skeet lessons, horse stables and horses, and even discussion about the need for a personal airplane; about limousines, about insurance, taxes, utilities, and all the rest!

Finally, however, out of all this morass, we were breathing collective sighs of relief. We found Ed Libov Associates (you did) and I was introduced to Dick Janik and liked him immediately, as well as liking very definitely the presentation he made. Now, it seemed we really saw the light at the end of the tunnel. Though we would still be wrestling with financial problems, Stan was no longer Vice President for Financial Affairs; Henry Cornwall, though we had to grind out a settlement we didn't like, was at least water over the dam and we could now dismiss him from our minds, at least within a few more years, Gotoh was "gone" (in spite of the fact we all knew both Stan and Henry probably were committed to keep him in some sort of financial security), and we could get about the business of doing the Work!

It was our own internal and collective idea that I go back on live daily radio, and the networks became final reality. What a huge sigh of relief we all breathed when ALL these things were finally accomplished! Henry was gone, Gotoh was gone, Stan was only an independent, outside personal adviser to my father spending his time shooting skeet and riding horses in Tucson, and we were off and running with a brand new media package, back on live daily radio.

In order to continue to improve and streamline the Work, I felt compelled out of my own personal innermost convictions to say what I did before the Area Coordinators concerning church growth.

Because I knew the way my father had felt about Ron Dart, and having been under repeated pressure from yourself, Bob, and Wayne, not only pressure from yourselves but even pressure from at home, which I discussed with you, I finally gave in and made the decision concerning Ronald Dart. Don't think for a minute, Ray, that I haven't had deepest cause to bitterly repent of having made that decision when I did, for I believe this huge sledgehammer blow to myself would have been at least in part measure blunted had that man remained in his former job. In any event, that now is also history, and I have told all of you in my meetings with you as you presented yourselves as "my team" of seven (I remarked about the meaning of that number which seems laughable now), who were now going to get about the business of implementing this whole new pattern for church growth!

I told you and I told Wayne how desperately my father seemed to need people he could call "his men" and not believe they were "my men" as he had so deeply and so powerfully before yourself, Bob, Ellis, Richard, Brian and a whole host of others too numerous to mention. I therefore voiced how pleased I was that a man such as Wayne whom I felt was completely loyal to me could also be completely loyal to my father and

could see loyalty as the true two-way street between brothers in Christian love, and though he could provide Mr. Armstrong with his desperately needed outlet to vent his ire toward me and at the same time to feel he had "his men" who would do his bidding and take his orders, that Wayne would function as a completely loyal and faithful member of the team working with me and all the rest of us in implementing this entire new program for church growth not only by our combined media mix and the launching of new radio and the creation of a new radio network, but also the commitment of individual brethren as well as local pastors to church growth.

My father commented to me in his Tucson home only some weeks later, "Ted I believe we are entering a new era of God's Church." I felt so, too!

Then came the Big Sandy decision. I was thrilled, shocked, surprised and incredulous. It was simply "too good to be true!" Yet there was a letter, signed In Jesus' name, Herbert W. Armstrong. I could never have believed you, Bob, Wayne and Stan could have accomplished such a miraculous work as actually encouraging my father to make the move to transfer the four year undergraduate program from Pasadena to Big Sandy, but here it was in my hands in my father's study -- a fait de complet.

Unfortunately, I must have "run Don Ward by" my father too quickly and so of course felt very edgy about that aspect of the decision and mentioned to Bob two or three times that I hoped Wayne was over there with the required Board resolutions for my father's signature because I was desperate to have double, treble assurance of my father's fullest understanding of the college structure the way I felt it should be so as to remove the last impediment to accreditation.

Ray, you well knew even at the time you went over to present to my father for his consideration the transfer of the undergraduate programs to Big Sandy that we were approaching another serious financial crisis. You had already told me this and I had been waiting for some time for the presentation of our budget projections. It seemed to me we were only waiting for that moment when we would sit down together after you got all of your facts together and find additional ways and means to tackle the pressures of inflation to ride this thing out until our new programs of church growth had time to take hold and produce fruit, and believe me I expected some rough sledding; but had already voiced to you on several occasions that I felt the combination of writing very strong letters in every area I could think of from building fund to festival to first tithe, to semi-annual letter, co-worker and donor letters, plus if need be, even asking for another special outpouring of a special offering that we could get the job done.

After I was given my father's instructions via a letter, I was urged by yourself and Bob and everyone not to delay, even though I had hesitated and wondered if we should delay a few days, in making the announcement concerning the Big Sandy move.

In order to show the respect due my father, I did not make any stentorian announcements out of my own mouth, but preferred to read my father's letter saying, "I received the following letter from my father in Tucson yesterday" and proceeded to read the announcement in HIS WORDS, so it would be obvious I as a son was loyal and faithfully supporting the decision my father made, and not making any decision on my own.

I then went over to Big Sandy to implement the change. In the course of the next few weeks appeared at a welcoming banquet before 120 of the leading officials of four surrounding communities, including a State representative, several bankers, two college presidents, many oil millionaires, four newspapers and others. This is also history. Little did I know that right while I stood there, you and others fully intended going to my father without my knowledge to present to him certain facts which would very likely change the whole thing around and I would be given orders to the exact contrary within only a matter of days.

This is very confusing and bewildering to me, Ray, because even though you may explain to me that you did not have certain of the final facts concerning your budgetary projections at hand when the group of you went over to effect the change to Big Sandy in the first place, you certainly knew what the trends and conditions were, and could have pulled some figure out of the ball park concerning an upcoming budget deficit.

That this was one of the cruelest blows to ever hand a human being is superfluous and unnecessary for me to repeat.

When I found what was happening, Shirl and I went to Tucson and spent a desperate four hours with my father (three of which Ramona was present) going over many of the shattering and shocking events.

When I left his study on that Friday night, now over two weeks ago, he once again reiterated that I was still President of Ambassador College; he talked as though he intended to go down to Big Sandy and that the move was still on, even speaking of building himself a new home over there, reminding me of how Kenny Anderson had chosen the furniture for his home as it stood, and received my sincerest explanations and deepest apologies for ever presuming to ask him for the use of that home for the Music Department; my deepest and profound apologies and

explanations concerning the sale of the G-II; and many other things, including my most earnest defense of the accusation that I had "ruled in fear" and had told dozens and dozens and dozens (his own words) they were not to see my father! (In fact, I think I have only told that to two people, being RCM during the Ministerial Conference in 1975 when he was trying to axe the D & R decision and/or Richard Plache at an earlier date.) In any event, I came away from the meeting in Tucson feeling somewhat better, but yet somehow apprehensive.

Little did I know that I had not been given the courtesy after all of these years in God's Work, including more than 22 years of radio broadcasting, over 3,000 radio programs and 710 television programs and all the other inputs I have had, to be told that a secret announcement was going out at night from the telephone switchboard to the Area Coordinators which directly contradicted and flew in the face of every understanding my father had given me when I left his study.

All of this is, of course, history too.

On the following morning I received a hand delivered letter from my father which once again stated that I was still President of Ambassador College and this was signed, "With much love, in Jesus' name, Herbert W. Armstrong."

I subsequently wrote my father about a 15-page letter in which I once again addressed everyone of the issues I had covered in his study in Tucson, including the "rule with fear" charge; and his home in Texas, the G-II, and every other consideration I could think of, in which I put into effect what Wayne had urged me in Bob's office and in your office earlier that I "ask my Dad to level with me on specifics and ask for this point, that point or the other point in which I could specifically conform more closely to his wishes and desires, where I could specifically improve, where I could specifically repent, etc.

I apparently am never to receive an answer to that letter, and am not sure that he even heard it all or even understood what he heard, because I suppose it was written with smaller type and his eye was unable to see it.

But that too is now all just so much history.

Now, I am still subjected almost daily to new and utterly unexpected sledgehammer blows which continue to beleaguer, bewilder, hurt, befuddle, confound and confuse. When I talked to you on the telephone the other morning and came completely apart, emotionally (forgive me. I think I will never do it again to anybody at any time) it was because my father had sent me a letter in which he said I did not even believe this was God's Church, nor did I even believe in Jesus Christ of Nazareth!

Of course that is a blow which is very hard to take, but I had to take it, and am still taking it. I made a commitment to you and to Wayne and to others which I have repeated several times that as soon as some of the smoke settles and some of the dust falls again to the ground; as soon as I can get myself physically, mentally and emotionally in the kind of condition that I feel I can do the kind of radio broadcasting of which I am capable; and for other considerations I will not mention here, I will be back on live daily radio.

It now appears that there are those who would wish that this would never occur, and I am not, in fact, really desired on daily radio or desired to have any dimension in God's Work whatsoever.

If this is so, Ray, I wish once and for all and as the bottom line and in utter gut-level frankness and honesty, someone would simply come out and tell me so!

You see, it boils down to the fact that I am sandwiched between the proverbial rock and a hard place when it comes to my future. I cannot, will not, MUST NOT ever "walk out" of God's true Church! God Almighty will not PUT me out; Satan the Devil CAN'T drive me out, and I can never leave it voluntarily!

That remains only one of two possibilities: 1) Either I die of some cause or another while within the Work or 2) I am fired by the only human individual who is over me in authority (I want everyone in the Work to understand that), my father, Herbert W. Armstrong. Believe me, I will run about the world like a frightened mouse looking for a place to hide before I will ever remotely attempt to give my father one-tenth of one percent of a reason to ever fire me! But if fire me is what he wants to do, I wish with all of my being he would get it over with, so the incredible torment which I must endure day and night, the continuing weight loss, the loss of sleep and tortured thoughts and most especially the very critical mental and emotional condition of my wife, Shirley, could be at an end.

Apparently, both you and Wayne have free access to my father. I am denied access. I have just written him one brief little letter in which I am asking for a personal visit as soon as possible. My wife has tried to get through on the telephone day after day, to no avail. I have tried and am greeted nearly always with a busy signal, because the telephone has been left off the hook.

I am being embarrassed half to death by eager reporters who try to seek me out in any nook or cranny in which I attempt to hide, and I am at least very thankful that so far their reporting has been reasonably accurate, and they have gotten their "p"s and "q"s straight when I told them I would never resist, fight or attack my father in any way.

I asked Wayne for that other number at my father's home and he either didn't wish to give it to me, or couldn't because he didn't have it there at the time. I am asking for it again. If my father has refused to give it out and does not wish to ever hear from his son again, then I would ask you and Wayne to do me a favor of performing a final "coup de grace" by urging him to follow through on apparently what he really wants to do anyway, and put me completely out of the Work once and for all, and let Garner Ted Armstrong, age 48, human being, planet earth, get about the business of deciding what he shall do with the remainder of the few years of this sin sick world we have left.

At the present moment, I am in some mindless state of suspended animation, hearing the most violent and ridiculous things fifth, sixth or tenth hand; not knowing whom or what to believe, being denied access to my father, and hearing almost daily those things that came as promises from your lips or Wayne's or others being reversed and made a fait de complet.

This is not an appeal for you to understand the way I feel; it is not even a special request that you "do" anything in particular, it is merely an exercise in "setting the record straight" in the way these many events have transpired for the edification of all of us.

If you finally allowed yourself in those many months of our agonies together over the financial excesses we felt were deleterious to the Work to become possessed of the "Portune syndrome" so-called, and begin to have matters of grave conscience concerning the "way the money was spent" in the Work, I am very saddened to now have to feel that though you had deep-seated feelings and convictions concerning my operation of the Citation, or my desire to get away to work on my book, to get away from jangling telephones, or any and everything you may have as some personal reservation concerning me, that you did not level with me and tell me as one human being to another, what they were.

At the present time, I am only left to speculate, and speculation is never very accurate.

For the present, then, my plan is exactly as it has been with one or two exceptions. I will not fight concerning the Citation even though I utterly and totally disagree with the information you and Wayne presented to my father concerning an upset or a "morale" problem within the Church or among the ministry because of my use of the aircraft -- it is being sold.

When all the dust is settled, and I have had an opportunity to talk to my father face to face, I will be back on the broadcast if that is what he wishes.

However, I can do radio broadcasting from practically anywhere, and do not feel that very much of my time, if any, will ever be required around headquarters environment, because I know I may prove to be somewhat of an embarrassment to many people who would look upon me as some sort of a threat.

I will continue my church visits as previously -- and of course find it utterly ludicrous that I am told something like fifth or seventh hand that my father has said I am not to continue the Church visits "until I have had a personal talk with him," when I have been trying desperately to have a personal talk with him for over two weeks now! If I were not in such a terrible state of trauma, that would be almost funny enough to laugh over, but of course none of this is any laughing matter.

That's about it, Ray -- though you may not agree with much of what I say in this letter, you know how I feel, and I suppose that is all I really am trying to accomplish.

Sincerely, in Jesus' name,

Garner Ted Armstrong

GTA:lc