

The Origin and History of the Church of God, International

Thousands have wanted to know, "Who are you?" "Are you related to the late Herbert W. Armstrong?" "Why are there *two* churches, the Worldwide Church and the Church of God, International?" "Why don't you get back with your father's organization?" "What happened to cause a division between you?" For the past fourteen years, I have had to answer hundreds of such questions by personal letter, or in telephone and personal conversations. Now, for the first time in a formal manner, I wish to set forth the origins and brief history of the Church of God, International.

by Garner Ted Armstrong

In the mid 1970's, I was the President of Ambassador Colleges, Executive Vice President of the Worldwide Church of God, Executive Vice President of the Ambassador International Cultural Foundation, Director of our church youth programs, Executive Editor of the *Plain Truth* magazine, Executive Editor of the *Worldwide News*, and the only spokesman on *The World Tomorrow* television and radio programs.

Then, in early 1978, I was suddenly taken off the airwaves, discharged from all my offices and responsibilities, and forced to move from my home in Pasadena.

The shocking cancellation of Ambassador College by a mere telephone call from my father, the cancellation of all my radio broadcasts and telecasts, and an explosive upheaval in our several organizations became banner headline news in Southern California, and around the world.

Yet, to millions of Americans and people in many other countries, it was as if a sudden disappearance had occurred. One week I was seen by millions on my television program, and the next week I was no longer seen. Millions wondered.

To this day, I continually receive telephone calls and letters from people who remembered watching and hearing me throughout the late '50's, all through the 1960's and 1970's, but who were very puzzled when I suddenly "disappeared."

"I finally found you again by accident," is what many say. Many write or call to say they called the Pasadena headquarters of the Worldwide Church of God to find out what had happened, only to be told nothing.

Now, fourteen years later, it is time to reveal at least the tip of the iceberg. Perhaps I should entitle this booklet, "Garner Ted Armstrong, Marked Man."

Immediately following my being fired from all my responsibilities by my father, many in the media sought to interview me. The *Los Angeles Times*, the *Pasadena Star News*, the *Dallas Morning News*, and the *Houston Chronicle* were but a few. Radio call-in talk shows, major networks, local TV stations; many did stories on the situation, but many

dealt only with partial facts, and many of the stories I read were totally off the mark. Some were completely false, and ludicrous.

One program *did* do a reasonably good job of reporting. That was the well-known network show, *60 Minutes*.

60 Minutes' Mike Wallace sought me out in Tyler, Texas, where I had been forced to relocate, and interviewed me for about four hours on film. Later, the program aired but seventeen seconds of that interview, conveniently leaving a vitally important part of my comments on the cutting room floor.

As I was relating my concerns to Mike Wallace about being “like Peter and the Dyke—there were about forty seven holes, and I had only two thumbs,” this in reference to financial problems in the corporations, I said to him, “Mike, it’s hard for me to sit here and criticize them, for I was *part* of everything—an *unwilling* part, but part, nevertheless....”

The “unwilling part” was cut out. My interview ended with my having said “part of everything.”

In spite of this and other edits, I felt the *60 Minutes* story did a reasonably objective job of relating the story to the general public.

While I have no intention of writing an “autobiography,” which would require several years of my time, and would be counterproductive to the commission of Christ to preach the Gospel of the Kingdom of God, it *is* necessary to include some personal vignettes. I could write several *books* about all that took place back in 1977 and 1978, leading up to my being forcibly separated from my father, and being forced to begin anew, in a new “corporate” body, “The Church of God, International.” However, because of the many hundreds of requests, the continual questions on radio and television call-in shows, and questions I receive at my personal appearance campaigns, it has become necessary to relate the story as briefly as I can.

To do that, I must begin at the beginning:

A Miraculous Healing

When I was a young boy, I often heard my father, the late Herbert W. Armstrong, relate his personal story of how he had come into contact with members of the “Church of God (7th Day), Oregon Conference,” how he had come to accept, and begin keeping, the seventh-day Sabbath.

He told how my mother had been deeply bitten by a large dog, and then a thorn from a rose bush became lodged in her finger, which became infected; how she developed a severe sore throat and infection they called “quinsy,” which is severe tonsillitis with pus, and how her jaw locked up, and she had blood poisoning. She had been told she would not live for

more than a few days; her weight had slipped to just above *eighty pounds!*

A neighbor lady asked them if they believed in divine healing, and they said yes, they did. She said her minister was a man of great faith, and wondered if my father and mother wanted him to come over and pray for her. They quickly agreed. My father's family were Quakers, and my mother's family were Methodists.

My father told from the pulpit, and wrote in his autobiography, how the minister and his wife prayed for my mother, anointing her with oil; how *confident* they sounded, thanking God for a miracle as if it had already happened! He told how my mother's jaw unlocked, her pain left, the swelling went down; how she immediately wanted to get up and walk outside, and then went to bed and got the first good night's sleep in a long, long time.

He told how his parents came over the next day, expecting my mother would be near death, only to find her *walking out to the car to meet them!* He said they looked like they "had seen a ghost," and how the doctor was astounded when he came to visit, and demanded, "What are you doing out of bed!?"

My mother related to me many times how she had asked her neighbor, a Mrs. Runcorn, *why* she and her minister "kept Saturday for Sunday." Mrs. Runcorn merely asked my mother to *read the scriptures* she would point out to her. She would turn to a passage here, and then there, and then somewhere else, and ask my mother to read them, while Mrs. Runcorn remained silent, not explaining, not arguing, saying not a single word.

When my mother finished reading the many passages her neighbor pointed out, she exclaimed, "Why, if what I am reading is correct, then the *Sabbath* is the day we're supposed to keep!"

Mrs. Runcorn said, "Well, you said it, Loma, I didn't!"

I suppose, having heard this story, along with a great deal of additional description many times, I tended to think perhaps my father was exaggerating. Was my mom *really* as sick as he had said? Had her jaw *really* locked shut? Did she *really* have blood poisoning? Did she *really* weigh less than eighty-five pounds? Had she *really* been healed *instantly*, by a miracle?

I wondered if my father, being an advertising man, had not embellished the story a bit. Oh, I believed *most* of the story; I was afraid to doubt, or question God's power to heal. I *wanted* to think the story was true. But there *was* a nagging bit of wonder in my mind.

A few years ago, just as I was writing the manuscript for a book called

O God, Where Are You When I Need You? my eldest sister, Mrs. Beverly Gott, came to visit us in Tyler. She brought me a photostatic copy of a letter she had just received from a friend, who is the daughter of my mother's best friend from her high school days in Des Moines, Iowa.

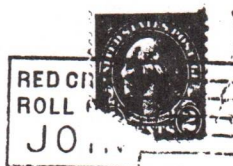
I was *fascinated*. Here, in my mother's own handwriting, was the story as she wrote it to her high school chum *who was not especially religious*. It was *exactly* as my father had related it from the pulpit, and in his autobiography! It had really *happened*!

I excerpted some of it, putting it into the manuscript, for which I was paid an advance fee of \$2,000. But the publishing company folded, and it was over a year before I could legally obtain author's rights to my manuscript. After I did so, I decided to *self-publish* the book under a different name, and offer it to our television audiences and mailing list *free of charge*. It is called *The Answer to Unanswered Prayer*, and has been a source of great *faith*, comfort, and assurance, to many thousands.

In it is the gist of the story of my mother's healing in her own words.

But now, I am in possession of the *original letter*. Beverly left her personal letters and pictures to her sister when she died. Dottie brought the letter, and gave it to me. Now, I want our readers to *see* this letter, which proved catalytic to my father's conversion, his acceptance of the Sabbath day, and his first studies in the Bible. All this eventually led to his ordination by the Oregon Conference of the Church of God (7th Day), whose credentials he carried for many, many years.

1831 Klickitat St.
Portland Ore.



Mrs. Glen Alkire.
Highland Park Sta.
Des Moines
Iowa.

Portland Ore.,

Nov. 21 1937

Dear Sadie:

I'll try to get a letter written before the children come home from school.

I am sewing for Dorothy Jane and have to wait to fit her. I have oodles to do before Thanksgiving. We are going down to Salem to Gilberts, all my folks will be there. We are going to stay with Mother and Dad Armstrong over the week end. All Herbs folks will be there too.

We are going to Waltha Christmas -
They want my girls and
Billy Gene to have their tree
together. Billy Gene is almost a
year old now. Will be Feb., 15.
He is the sweetest little scot.
Looks so much like Walt. Papa
almost worships him -

They, Waltha, are still at Hubbard
but probably wont be after this
year. Walt will get his degree from
the University of Oregon, next
Summer.

Papa is still at Donald and
still homesick for Iowa. I feel
awfully sorry for him but he
wouldnt be happy if he went
back. He thinks we all ought to
go back and none of us want
to go. Gilbert would have gone
before he was married but I
doubt if he ever does now. His
wife's people live in Salem
and she is an only daughter.
We all like Gilbert's wife fine

in some ways I like her better than Bertha.

Bertha is in Jefferson again this year. She was here two weeks ago. She comes often - and stays with us Summer vacations.

Mary, Herb's sister, was married and lives here in Portland. We see each other every few days.

Herb and the girls and I had a nice trip two months ago. I hated to have the girls miss school but we surely enjoyed it. We drove over the Columbia River Highway to Pendleton Ore then across

to Walla Walla Washington, up
thru the Yakima Valley. Thru
the National Forests and
back across the Cascade
Mountains over the Snowqualine
Pass to Seattle and down
home. We were gone two
weeks. He took bed lining
and cooking utensils with
us and half the time we
stayed at cabins in ~~in~~
the camp grounds. The
other half at Hotels. He
came thru a foot of snow
coming back across the
Cascades. It was wonderful
scenery tho. The mts are

covered with Pine & Fir and
Sunglac. at this time of year
the Sunglac is a brilliant red
and the snow & ^{green} trees in contrast
were beautiful. I think the trip
did me lots of good and folks
say I look better. Had I told you
I had blood poison and a few
dozen other ailments this last
Summer and almost passed out?
First I was bitten in the arm
by an Air dale dog. He took quite a
chunk out. The Dr. burned the
wound out good and it healed
then I ran a tiny rose thorn in
the first finger of my right hand.
The next day I had chills and
fever. Dr. said I had blood poison.
I was in bed a week and all
the time Dr. said he couldn't
be sure I could get well or that
I would live twelve hours longer.
He lanced and cut at my finger
for seven weeks then I came
down with tonsilitis I was
terribly run down and it

turned into quincy - my
finger got worse and Dr
said he would have to open
it and scrape the bone
but the abscesses in my
throat became so bad I
suffered terribly I could
neither sleep nor eat
my jaw locked and they
couldnt pry my mouth
open - Two Drs examined
me and said they could
do nothing for me - One
day I was just delirious
with pain when a
neighbor woman came
over and asked Bert

and Herb if they believed in Divine healing. They told her they did and she said she had friends who often prayed for the sick - who had great faith and were good religious people. She wanted them to come pray for me.

They came that eve. I could not have lived over two or three days longer.

They knelt down beside my bed lay their hands on me and prayed just quoting promises

of healing in the Bible and the man anointed my head with oil. They had so much faith they thanked the Lord for my healing before they left their knees. All pain left me and I almost fell asleep while they were praying. I'd been without sleep so long. After talking a few minutes they left. I felt so much better. I could talk. the pain was gone and I could swallow. (my throat had been almost closed with abscesses.) I got up put a coat over my nightie put shoes on and with Herbs help walked out doors. I came back to bed and slept all night and until about noon the next day then got up and dressed and ate at the table with the folks. I never had another pain my abscess simply disappeared they did not break were not ready to

my jaw unlocked and my neck had been swollen on the outside even with my jaw bone. It was all gone too. (the swelling I mean not my jaw bone.) My folks were worried to death so they came up to see me the next day. I walked out to the car to meet them and they acted as if they had seen a ghost. Dr said he just couldn't understand it. In less than a week I went to the sea shore and stayed over a week just eating and sleeping.

I lay around in the sand and sun on the beach every day. Bertha and the girls were with me. I gained several pounds while there. I only weighed 83 or 84. I had been so bony it hurt my back bone to lean back in a wooden chair. I weigh a hundred pounds now. and Oh yes. my finger was healed too. I took the bandages off then and have never had any trouble since. I had been so troubled

With chronic constipation before that, that I had taken enemas every day for a year. That was healed too. So you see I am a mighty thankful person.

It certainly was a wonderful experience and ~~had~~ had a mighty good effect on several relatives and friends who were rather modernists in their beliefs and who believed in evolution rather than the Bible. They all saw it was a miracle that only God could have done it, even the Dr admitted it.

Well I really didn't intend writing such a long letter my arm is so tired I can't help but scribble.

I must see now. Write and tell me all about your self. How is Connie? Haven't heard from her for ages.

Wish I could see Betty. & You too
I have a couple. & Kollak

pictures taken this summer.
Herb says not to send mine
I do look as if I were
afflicted with insanity
but I was just talking to
Herb and the sun caused
me to squint. This was
taken just before I was sick.

Dorothy James hair is
bobbed now. She looks
cuter. My hair has grown
out and I don't believe I
ever have it cut again is
yours still bobbed?

How is your mother tell her
hello. I'd like to see her
love Lorna.

You can imagine how *encouraging* it was to me to read my mother's letter written three years before I was born, and find that my father and mother had told the story *exactly as it happened!* No further doubts ever remained! My mother had been supernaturally *healed!*

In my father's autobiography, he mentioned that my mother had been healed, not only of the complications stemming from lockjaw and blood poisoning, but of some "internal problems" as well.

He had wanted a son. However, following my sister Dorothy's birth, my mother was told she would be unable to bear another child. Unbeknownst to my father and mother, he was RH positive blood type, and my mother was RH negative. Both my sisters were born RH negative.

Not long after her complete recovery, my mother found she was expecting. This time, it was a son. My father wrote how ecstatic he was, how his family was now complete. They did not intend having any more children.

Later, he was to write that I was a "surprise" to both of them, how I was born as a result of another miraculous healing.

Preacher's Son

I grew up in Eugene, Oregon, where the family moved in the early 1930's. By 1934, my father was doing a once weekly thirty-minute radio program over a small Lane County, Oregon, radio station, KORE, in Eugene. He had launched the "PLAIN TRUTH," a "magazine" produced by typewriter, stencils, hand-done headlines by stylist, and a mimeograph machine.

My recollections of how I felt as a boy of four, or five, are a little vague, but I have quite vivid memories of how I felt as a small boy in school. As the son of "that preacher who keeps Saturday for Sunday," living in a small, poorly-built, two-story house outside the city limits, a house which my father poorly maintained, and which badly needed its peeling paint restored, I developed a sizable inferiority complex resulting from our poverty, and my father's "different" religion.

How well I remember walking the one mile distance to school with holes in my shoes, cut out pieces of cardboard inside to protect my socks, and an extra couple of pieces in my hip pocket. Especially vivid is the time I walked to school during a light rain, having to take extra cardboard along, and still arriving at school with wet feet. My father had preached a particularly strong sermon on the impending Great Tribulation. The "dust bowl" of the '30's was still very much an economic factor; the "grapes of wrath" country of California's central valley was filling up with "Okies,"

as many poor people from the plains states were dislocated because of drought.

"Drink, grass, drink!" I said, under my breath, as I watched the gentle rain coming down on that day in about 1937. My father's sermon about the "drought" coming upon us had scared me so badly I thought this might be the last rain we would ever see.

My recollections of the old, unpainted, clapboard church in Eugene with its "his and hers" outhouses, wood-burning stove to the rear, and the large, printed copy of the Ten Commandments hanging on the wall to the side of the pulpit are quite vivid.

By my early teens, I managed to avoid going to church with my parents as much as I could, or, if it seemed my mother was especially insistent my brother and I attend, I would either find a way to go to sleep in an empty row of benches, or be climbing the big cottonwood tree outside.

I came to deeply resent the fact that we were "different." There is probably no more powerful desire in a young person's mind than that of conforming. "Who gives him the right to be right?" I continually reasoned.

"Why *me*?" I would ask. "Why does *my dad* have to be a preacher who keeps Saturday for Sunday?"

I shall never forget the embarrassment I felt at being unable to participate in many school sports and other activities like dances, homecomings, pep rallies, all sorts of things which took place on Friday nights, or on Saturdays. Nor will I forget the times I had to walk fearfully down to the vice principal's office with a note from my mother in my hand which said, "Please excuse Teddy's absence, it is a holy day of our church."

Today, I am thankful for those experiences. Why? Let me explain:

I have no doubt many people believe that, since I am Herbert W. Armstrong's son, I just naturally followed along in my father's religion, that I accepted everything he taught and believed without any question. Aren't there any number of examples in business, politics, and religion which seem to bear this out?

Nothing could be further from the truth.

I *deeply* resented the Sabbath. I felt my father to be entirely too autocratic, too domineering over his family. On occasions, I would visit various Sunday-keeping churches in Eugene, just to feel like I was *part of normal society* for a time. How well I remember sneaking out the back door with a bar of soap in my pocket on Hallowe'en to soap windows and be a *part* of what everyone else was doing; or retrieving the neighbor's

discarded Christmas tree about January 29th, setting it up in our garage, using discarded wrapping paper to put around small blocks of two-by-four wood, and "pretending" to have my own "Christmas" in secret.

Other children in the block, playing with their Christmas gifts, like little red wagons, skates, or tricycles, would ask me, "Teddy, what did *you* get for Christmas?" I would invent an answer like, "underwear!" or "new socks!" Who was to demand proof?

The "Work" Moves from Eugene, Oregon to Pasadena, California

At the time I was graduating from high school, in the spring of 1947, my father was moving the family and his office to Pasadena, California, where he had found an old, run-down, former millionaire's mansion with spacious grounds. Astonishingly, he found he could buy this fine old estate for *no down payment*.

He had been on a radio station in Hollywood for some time, had been astounded at the results. In Oregon, he had tried for many years to work with the ministry of the Church of God (7th Day), Oregon Conference, about which he has written extensively in his autobiography. But the church was not growing. He would hold a successful evangelistic campaign, visit in people's homes, baptize new believers, and then leave the newly-organized local church in the hands of another minister with whom he was cooperating.

Soon, he would return to the region, only to find the church had dwindled down to virtually nothing, or that the formerly cooperative minister, eyeing the flock as something to be fleeced, not fed, had decided to go independent.

Years and years of painful experience taught him that the *only* way he was going to see his labors bear fruit in a really large and powerful way was to *educate a ministry for the church himself!*

My uncle, Walter E. Dillon, my mother's younger brother, was a close personal friend of my father's. They played tennis together; had known each other from the moment my father had met my mother back in Iowa. Uncle Walt was the principal of a large high school in Oregon City; later state superintendent of schools. My father sought his advice, and that of others high up in the educational systems in both California and Oregon.

As a result, the college he envisioned was to be not merely a "Bible school," but a college of *liberal arts*, coeducational, with, eventually, students living on campus in dormitories.

My father knew that God must *call* a person into the ministry, that the ministry of Christ is not a "chosen profession." He reasoned that, if he

founded a liberal arts college, stressing his newly-adopted motto, "Recapture True Values," God would certainly *call* one or two here and there; that out of those graduating, Christ would provide a small percentage who would be called into the ministry.

As he was traveling back and forth from Oregon to Pasadena, California, in search of appropriate properties, he sold our old home in Eugene, and we were living, temporarily, in a rented "apartment" on East 13th Street, in Eugene. Actually, it was merely the upstairs of a two-story house, with no kitchen facilities.

How well I remember the day I was with my father and mother in that apartment, while he informed us of his talks with those in higher education about the college of which he dreamed. He was enthusiastic, but of course knew the financial obstacles were enormous. He was searching for a name for the college.

I was finishing my high school education at the time in the old Eugene High School, which has long since been torn down. One of the clubs in my school was called the "Ambassadors." It was a Christian club, taking its name from II Corinthians 5:20: "Now then we are ambassadors for Christ." I didn't know that scripture then, but I knew of the club, and I understood the hidden connotation.

I asked, "Dad, why not name it, 'Ambassador College'? The name has dignity, sounds good, begins with the letter 'A,' and will look good in print."

My father said it a few times, and immediately liked my suggestion. Warming to my subject, I said, "And our school colors are purple and white, Dad. You know, our purple is called 'royal' purple, and you talk about Christ being a King, and about Christians being a 'royal' priesthood, and white stands for purity, or righteousness. You could have purple and white for the school colors!"

He was completely in agreement!

From that moment on, it was *Ambassador* College he would found, with purple and white as school colors, and, much later, when I became president of the colleges, the name "Royals" was chosen as the name of our athletic teams.

Within a few weeks of our graduation exercises, my brother and I hopped into our 1934 Ford sedan we co-owned, and drove down to Hollywood, where our parents were staying in the Hollywood Hotel, near the corner of Hollywood and Vine. My father was making final arrangements for purchasing a home (also, miraculously, *with no down payment*—unheard of in those days!), and finalizing arrangements for taking possession of the estate that would become "Ambassador

College.”

I had invited a pair of my closest high-school friends who were identical twins, Ronald and Donald Coakes, to visit me in Pasadena that summer. They drove down in their 1936 Ford, and we put them up in our newly-located home at 345 South Hill Street, in Pasadena.

We had taken possession of the college property, which was in very sad disrepair. Still, we could see the beauty that was there, waiting to be restored. How well I remember my brother and I, and the Coakes twins, working for about two weeks on the “lower gardens,” scalping the weedy, overgrown grass, cleaning out the three large fish ponds and reflective pools. We slept on the grounds in sleeping bags for a few nights.

As the time neared for the opening of the college, my father ran into many difficulties of which he has written extensively in his autobiography. Most were overcome, however, and Ambassador College finally opened in the fall of 1947 with but *four students* and eight faculty members!

My Uncle, Walter E. Dillon, was President, and my older brother, Richard David Armstrong, was one of the first four pioneer students.

Joining the U.S. Navy in 1948

I worked on the grounds through the next few months, weeding, clearing, trimming, helping the newly-hired grounds-keeper. The Coakes twins called to tell me they were joining the Navy. Being yet several months from eighteen (I was started in school a year early by my mother, who wanted my brother Dick, eighteen months older, and I, to go through school in the same grade—which proved to be a mistake), I knew my parents would never give me permission to go into the service. I toyed with the idea from the time I turned eighteen, on February 9, 1948. In April, the Coakes twins came back up to Pasadena for a couple of days. They were out of “boot camp,” on a brief leave, and were going back to Eugene, before being ordered to report to the Atlantic Coast. They had been assigned to a destroyer in the sixth fleet, and would be heading to the Mediterranean.

Spending those two days with Ron and Don Coakes did it! They had nothing but good things to say about being in the Navy. I suppose that hearing their stories, seeing them in their new uniforms, and knowing they would soon be off to “see the world” all contributed to my quickly-forming plans. Now, I was determined to get into the Navy as soon as possible.

Looking back from the vantage point of sixty-two years of age, my perspective is completely different, of course. However, my main reason

for wanting to enter the service was simply to get away from home, from my father, from all the things that had become frustrating to me, including the Sabbath, "church" rules and regulations, and all the taboos, like "clean and unclean meats." As I have since said in wry humor, "I joined the Navy to get out from under authority."

I called my best friend still in Eugene, Allen Hall. Allen was working with his brother, who owned a used-car lot. He had also visited me in Pasadena, and had worked a used-car trade while he was at it.

When I called, he was in the midst of some automobile trades, and, while he said he was definitely interested in joining up with me, asked me to wait for at least one week. I agreed, and a week later he drove down in a newly-acquired used four-door sedan, and sold it for a nice profit.

We went down to the Pasadena Post Office where the Navy recruiting officers worked, filled out the papers, and were told to report to the L.A. County Courthouse at 10:00 a.m. the following day, which would be May 17th, 1947. We did so, and were duly sworn in.

Then, and only then, did I go back to the college to see my father, and bid him good-by. He was angry, told me he would "stop it." I told him he could not fight the whole U.S. government, and the Navy; that I was not coming to "ask his permission" to join; that I was *already in!* We were not on the best of terms in those times. I was already smoking, had been for two or three years, and, naturally, he disapproved.

My mother was sad to see me go, but understood completely my reasons. It was peacetime then, between World War II and the Korean War, which began in 1950.

I said my good-bys to the rest of the family, and Al and I reported to the railway station in early afternoon for the brief train trip to San Diego's Naval Training Station.

My first two years were spent at what was then "Naval Auxiliary Air Station, Miramar," on a plateau northeast of San Diego, in the Security Department, driving traffic patrol jeeps, standing gate guard, and working part-time in the security office under a civilian investigator, Mr. Harold Brown.

Shortly after the Korean War broke out, I was transferred aboard an Essex class aircraft carrier, the *USS Antietam* (CV-36), sister ship to the *USS BonHomme Richard*.

I was among the first couple hundred Navy personnel to be sent aboard her, out of an ultimate crew of 3,000 men. She was still partially in "mothballs" at Hunter's Point, in San Francisco bay, crawling with civilian workers, removing the covers over her guns, readying the ship

for sea. I can never forget the massive size of that ship, 888 feet long, nearly three football fields, a good 60 feet to the flight deck from the water line; how impressed I was the night the bus pulled up to the gangway, and I hoisted my seabag on my shoulder, and went up to the quarterdeck on what was to be my new home for the next two years.

The war had brought on an automatic extension of one year. Al and I had signed up for only three years, originally. When we completed our aptitude and entry examinations, we were the only two out of about 120 others to be called in by the Personnel Officer. He informed us our grades were sufficiently high that, if we chose to do so, we could apply for Officer's Candidate School. However, this would mean signing up for at least five years, with another six years in the active Reserve.

Neither Al nor I were remotely ready to commit to such a seemingly permanent arrangement at the time. Both of us had similar objectives: leave home, do some growing up, find out where we wanted to go in life. Even three years then seemed like a very long time.

We both declined. Al, however, applied for sonar school, and our paths severed after boot camp. He ended up staying in the Navy for twenty-two years; went up through the ranks as a "maverick" to Chief Petty Officer, then to Warrant Officer, and finally to a lieutenancy, when he retired. We are still very close friends; went to our twenty-fifth, thirtieth, and fortieth high school reunions together. Al went to work for Northrop, on the Stealth Bomber Program.

Back "Home" in Pasadena

I came home from a nine month's cruise offshore Korea in April, 1952, and was discharged from the Navy in May. Back to Pasadena I went, with a 1946 Chrysler convertible I had saved up to buy from my brother-in-law, Vern Mattson.

Summer vacation started shortly afterward, and I was casting about, like a fish out of water, not knowing what I would do. I searched the want ads, and then tried to sell "Everstone," for a time, a synthetic "stone" which was used for home and building trim.

About June or July, Vern Mattson asked if I would be interested in helping him out in the office. The "work" had grown to the point he could not handle the load. The former business manager, Miss Evelyn Pashke, was quitting to be married, and Vern was moving upstairs, leaving the large mailing office with its eleven employees untended. He asked me to become office manager. Little did I know my accepting this responsibility would lead me into Ambassador College, and eventually into the church. At the time, I had no intention of ever attending the

college, certainly had no intention of becoming involved in the church. I was still smoking.

That autumn, as college was about to begin, my father came to me, explaining that all jobs on the campus were reserved for students only—that the college provided such jobs to help students earn their tuition. My job was forfeit, I was informed, unless I agreed to become a student in the college.

To me, this was a transparent ploy by my father to get me involved. But I thought about it. I was earning \$37.50 per week. However, my folks were allowing me to live at home rent free, so my meager income was merely for gas, clothing, junk food and entertainment.

I investigated the curriculum, and found I could fill up my minimum ten hours to qualify as a full-time student with physical education, voice training, chorale, Spanish, and speech. The rub was that all students were *required* to take at least one Bible class. I had no plans to attend college for any length of time; merely mark time to keep my job (and, even though I would now be spending about half as much time in the office as formerly, my salary would remain the same!), and, meanwhile, attempt to break into nightclub singing. I went to a couple of auditions in Hollywood with no results, appeared on *Name That Tune*, and, even though I made it on stage and sang a few bars of a song on television, was not “discovered” by any Hollywood agents, as I had hoped.

Marriage and Baptism

Early in the second semester, I went to Gladewater, Texas, to marry Shirley Hammer, third youngest of four sisters in a family of eight children. The Hammer family had been faithfully attending the feasts, driving all the way from East Texas to Belknap Springs in the Cascade Mountains in Oregon for several years. I had met my bride-to-be at her brother's wedding several months earlier, during one of my several trips to Gladewater with my father, who was searching for a possible location for a tabernacle building. Shirley and I had dated at the feast in the fall of 1952, and had begun writing. We dated each time I went to Texas with my father that late summer and early winter. How well I remember the time when we drove our two fathers and Shirley's older brother, Buck Hammer, out to some property Buck owned about two miles east of a tiny town called “Big Sandy.” It was rolling East Texas terrain, with a couple or three live creeks, hardwoods, pines, and thick copses of “post oak.”

Shirley and I stayed in the car while the three of them got out, climbed over a barbed wire fence, and disappeared into a thick forest of oak. I disparaged the idea of my father building a tabernacle somewhere in the

middle of this desolate, forbidding piece of property. I told him when he returned, "Dad, here you are without enough money to build a second-rate outhouse, and you're talking about building a *tabernacle*."

He laughed with me about it. Little did I know both he and I would be telling that story out of the pulpit of a big redwood tabernacle building which would house the Feast of Tabernacles from 1953 until 1958, when it would be outgrown! Little could I know I was parked with my wife to be on grounds which would eventually see over 15,000 people attending God's feasts; see the development of a beautiful college campus, of which I would some day be president!

My father and mother, and sister Dorothy and brother-in-law Vern Mattson drove to Texas with me for the wedding. Shirley and I didn't have a real "honeymoon" as such, but we turned our return trip to California into one—and no young bride could have been more excited than Shirley when we pulled into the driveway of a brand-new tract house in Temple City, California, and I showed her the little green sprigs of grass beginning to show through. I had borrowed \$2,000 from my father for the down payment; took out a second mortgage to manage it.

For several weeks, I had worked to build a small fence, and plant new grass in what had been bare ground, covered with debris from the builders.

We had only a few pieces of furniture given or borrowed from my folks and my sister. A bedspread was the drape on our picture window in the living room. The house was 1,000 square feet, two small bedrooms and one bath, but a cute kitchen with a corner sink and window. The first morning in our new home, we had to go eat breakfast in a restaurant, and then go shopping for a range.

During our first few months of marriage, I was struggling to overcome the smoking habit. I would throw away my cigarettes, telling myself I would never smoke again, only to drive by the vacant lot where I remembered throwing them the day before, finding them, and smoking another.

Several chapters would be required to detail all the circumstances which led both of us to request baptism by the following spring.

Several months prior to my baptism, a theology student was filling in for my father from time to time in the freshman Bible class. We were going through Acts the fifteenth chapter in connection with Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, studying church history. I had picked up a major national magazine at this time which was running a series on several of the great religions of the world. When the series featured Christianity, I well remember how a very respected and famous

mainstream theologian was quoted as saying, "First, let us understand what Christianity is *not*. It is *not* a way of life!"

I believe it was either on the same day, or only a day or two later after having read this famous minister's statement that we were reading through the middle of the book of Acts, and came to Acts 18:25, which says, "This man [Apollos] was instructed in the *way of the Lord*...." Something made me take special notice! Wait a minute! Hadn't I always argued with my mother, "You can't tell me all these ministers, all these churches, can be wrong! Who does Dad think he is—claiming *he* is right, and all these others are *wrong*?" Yet, here was *the Bible*, not my dad—my dad was not even teaching the class on this day—saying that Christianity *was a way of life*! We read on.

I was astounded to find *four places in a two-page spread* in my old King James Bible which insisted Christianity *was a way of life*!

In the very next verse we read, "And he began to speak boldly in the synagogue: whom when Aquila and Priscilla had heard, they took him unto them, and expounded unto him *the way of God* more perfectly." In Acts 19:9 I read, "But when divers were hardened, and believed not, but spake evil of *that way* before the multitude, he departed from them..."; and read, in Acts 19:23, "And the same time there arose no small stir *about that way*!"

Suddenly, a foreign thought rang through my mind. *Could* some of these most respected, world-famous theologians *be wrong* about what they believed? Could they be deceived? Could my father possibly *be right* about some of the things he claimed were in the Bible?

For this that I was now seeing was *not written by my father*. He was not even there, in the classroom, *telling* me about it! This was a fellow *student*, merely showing the class where to read. And *four times* in a two-page spread the Bible clearly *contradicted* what I had just read in a major national magazine as a direct quote from one of America's famous preachers!

At that moment, I made the first mark I have ever made in a Bible in my life. I placed a little red checkmark by the four scriptures I mentioned. Those little marks are still there in an old, worn-out Bible that has long since been retired, together with several others since! They are faded, but still visible!

From that time on, I began to *study*. I obtained literature from other churches, from stands in supermarkets, from Christian Science reading rooms, from a neighbor, and picked up religious tracts and pamphlets that came to us in the mail.

As a curiosity, I began to carefully *compare* what they said, *not* with

what my father said or wrote, but *with the Bible*. I remember a pamphlet on "Law and Grace" by the elder Dr. Richard DeHahn (now deceased). In it, he quoted Ephesians 2:8,9, which say, "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God: Not of works, lest any man should boast."

His attempt was to show we *do not have to obey the Ten Commandments*. I was *shocked* to see that he had *deliberately refused* to quote the *remainder* of that passage, which goes on to say, "For we are His workmanship, *created in Christ Jesus UNTO GOOD WORKS which God hath before ordained that WE SHOULD WALK [live] IN THEM*" (Ephesians 2:10).

Obviously then, this passage means that, while we can never *earn* salvation; that salvation is by God's unmerited pardon (grace), and is His free, loving *gift*, we are nevertheless required to *live within God's laws, to accomplish GOOD WORKS!*

The primary focus of all this "law versus grace" teaching was, of course, God's Sabbath day, tithing, holy days; anything whatsoever which appeared to be a *command* from God as opposed to a polite suggestion!

Now, I was challenged as never before. Now, I finally began to pick up some of my father's booklets, and compare *them* with my Bible. Surprise! Each time I saw him quote a scripture, it was as he said it was! He did not wrest, or twist, or delete versus; he did not try to make the Bible say something it did not say!

But *others did!* There went most of my cherished arguments.

My wife and I began attending church regularly, and studying the Bible together. I began laboriously wading through much of what my father had written. I began studying, seriously, in college.

That next year, I was carrying *twenty-one* hours, not ten, and received mostly A's on my report card.

It was unbelievable how quickly I could learn, now that the huge obstacle of my boyish resentment of my father and his religion were removed. As my dad said later, "Ted, you probably thought most of what you heard as a boy went in one ear and out the other. Well, *some* of it must have stuck inside, because you are learning so fast!"

By my junior year, I was asked to begin giving sermonettes, and in the middle of that year, ordained into Christ's ministry.

I well remember the day my father announced to me he wanted to ordain me, along with three others. I was appalled. I did not feel remotely qualified. I had *never* imagined I would be in the ministry; had, instead, claimed I would "punch out" anyone who ever suggested I should be!

I went to a recent graduate, to whom I looked, at the time, as a

spiritual mentor and teacher. He had an office in the basement of one of our dormitories. I told him what my father had proposed. I said I believed my dad was being nepotistic; that he was wanting to ordain me only because I was his son; that I felt inadequate, unqualified—that it was the last thing I wanted. I do not remember all he said to me, but we'll remember my father saying my demurrer was "precisely the reason why I was qualified," that if I had *wanted* to be ordained, I would *not* have been qualified.

I relented when several others assured me it was the thing to do. I shall never forget how inadequate, how unprepared, and how small I felt on that day. We all fasted on the day prior to the ordination, which took place in 1955, in the spring.

I had been giving sermonettes and sermons since the latter part of my sophomore year, including conducting a three-day service over Pentecost in 1954 in the mountains of Colorado inside a tent. By 1955, our second son, David Dale, was born. Our third, Matthew Ted, came along in 1956. Shortly after David was born (my wife and I went to Texas so she could be with her mother prior to the birth of both David and Matthew), I went on a baptizing tour through much of Texas and all of Louisiana—a memorable and maturing experience.

1955 was the same year I first appeared as a guest on my father's brief series (only twenty-six programs in all) on television. It was also the year I gave a strong sermon on child rearing and discipline at the feast in Big Sandy, and for the first time in the history of the church, so far as I know, received a standing ovation for my remarks. Children had become so unruly, so noisy, so ill-behaved, that many could not really enjoy the services—I guess most of the adults applauded because they believed the sermon was long overdue. For brevity, I shall have to hurry through a considerable span of time at this point.

I received my BA degree from Ambassador College in 1956, an MA in 1960, and a PhD in 1964.

By the mid 1970's, I had been full-time on radio and television since 1957 and '58, and was Executive Vice President of the church and foundation, and President of the colleges.

For several years, my father had been spending up to 300 days out of each year overseas. His advance man, a Japanese immigrant, arranged, usually through various Japanese Embassies, for my father to meet a large number of presidents, premiers, kings, emperors, and officials in governments all over the world.

Most of these visits were under the aegis of the "AICF," as the "cultural foundation" was then called. Most were banquets, sometimes

attended by civic organizations like Civitans, Rotarians, and the like, or by educational institutions or ministries of various governments.

Because of my father's almost continuous absences, and directly as a result of a lengthy letter he wrote to me, and later published for all the church to read, I was running the day to day affairs of the church, the colleges, and related institutions. During the previous twenty years, I had been the sole voice on the radio. My father had virtually retired from doing any radio programs by about 1958, except for a once-in-a-while anniversary program to commemorate a milestone, such as the anniversary of his first radio broadcast to Europe over Radio Luxembourg.

Global Radio and Television Outreach

Often today, I meet hundreds of people all over the country who tell me they used to listen to my father all through the '60's and '70's, not realizing it was *my* voice they heard.

For many years, in deference to my father's position, and in honor of his years and his pioneering broadcasts back in the '30's and '40's, I would close by saying, "This has been Garner Ted Armstrong, speaking *for* my father, Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong, saying 'Good-by, Friends!'"

This unnecessarily laborious ending caused no small amount of confusion as the years wore on. Many would wonder, "Who is Herbert Armstrong?" Some wrote to "Ben Armstrong," having heard me say "This has been...."

Also, in deference to him, and because I wanted our listeners to know who he was, I continually asked that his old radio tapes be replayed on Sundays. Even after I was ousted, these *same* old tapes were played many times—radio broadcasts he had done back in 1954 and '55. People wrote in, remarking on how "dynamic" and "vigorous" he sounded. However, the announcer never revealed to the audience they were listening to tapes made over twenty-three years earlier. My father made only a small handful of radio programs after 1958.

The First Twenty-three Years of Broadcasting

I vividly remember being the *full-time* radio speaker from late 1957 and early 1958.

For example, when I was to conduct a six-week evangelistic campaign in Springfield, Missouri, in the summer of 1958, I pasted a large chart on the radio studio desk, dividing it into thirty small squares.

Each day, I would go to the radio studio to do a *live* half-hour program, heard all over Southern California over a local radio station. As

I spoke, a whole bank of big Apex tape recorders were making master copies for dubbing and shipment to our many radio stations, to be aired within a few days or a week later.

Immediately upon finishing the live program, I would relax a moment, sip a half cup of coffee, and then commence another program as a reserve. On many days, I would do *three* programs, and on one or two occasions, even *four*. I was doing a series, more like "Bible studies" than sermons, wading through the book of Romans.

Then, once in Springfield, I would get up each morning in the pre-dawn darkness, go to a local radio station, and do a *live* half-hour program, sending the tape back to Pasadena.

Each night, I spoke for about an hour and a half to a large crowd in the old Jewel Theatre, in downtown Springfield.

I mention this simply because many people gained the impression from things they read in my father's publications that it was *he*, not I, who was doing all those radio programs during those years. Not so. I would not have worked so hard to make thirty extra half-hour programs to be aired while I was away if my father had been making radio programs of his own.

In the mid 1970's, curious about the number of broadcasts both my father and I had done, I asked the manager of our radio studio to go back through our disk and tape library and count. He did so. Because my father had done far more *weekly* broadcasts in the first couple of decades, and had *repeated* many of his disks while on trips, his lifetime total was under thirteen hundred radio programs, and twenty-six television programs. My combined lifetime total at the time was over seven thousand.

By the time the split with my father occurred, I had written dozens of articles for our magazines, many of our booklets. For years, I had written many of the co-worker and member letters, articles for our church newspaper (which I had created), the *Worldwide News*, and had written *all* of the monthly "thank you" letters. My first articles began appearing in the mid 1950's, and continued for twenty-eight years.

I co-authored several booklets with my father. One such was our booklet, *The Wonderful World Tomorrow: What It Will Be Like*. In it, I related a story known to me only, about a spring reopened by an earthquake in the mountains north of Los Angeles.

How surprised I was to see page after page, major portions of whole chapters, of my father's book, *Mystery of the Ages*, containing word-for-word excerpts from my half of that booklet.

While millions had been told my father had written a new book; imagined him, as a ninety-one or ninety-two-year-old man sitting there

pounding away on a typewriter, the truth was that his books were pieced together from dozens of his old co-worker and member letters, booklets and articles, with various inserts and new material added to tie it all together. While my name does not appear as co-author of *Mystery of the Ages*, I am, in fact, a co-author!

Notwithstanding my approximate twenty-five years of writing for all our publications, or my twenty-three years with my father's organization in radio and television, the Worldwide Church of God officials have done an efficient job of making me seem to disappear as "the man who never was."

All booklets with my by-line were taken out of circulation; books I had co-authored with my father were also deleted, or my name simply dropped, and his continued.

In their "anniversary" issues of the *Plain Truth* magazine, I was never mentioned after 1978, when I was ousted from my Father's organization. Yet, I was helping my mother hand-address the *Plain Truth* when but a boy, working in the office in Eugene, Oregon for five cents an hour back in the late 1930's and early '40's. I was executive editor and one of the principal writers for the magazine from 1953 until 1978, twenty-five long years.

In the early 1970's I began doing *daily* half-hour television programs. On a rare occasion, if I needed to be out of town, perhaps at our college near Big Sandy, Texas, for freshman orientation, or commencement or some other occasion, I would do as many as *four* half-hour television programs in one day!

By the spring of 1978, when my father suddenly and inexplicably ousted me from his organization, I had been doing radio and television programs for twenty years. My half-hour radio programs were heard in every inhabited continent. My voice, and my name, were familiar to millions upon millions of people, all over the world. I was being seen over 165 television stations in the United States, and heard on over 300 radio stations. I was on eleven stations in the Philippines, about thirty-three in Australia. I reached all of Southern Africa over Radio Lourenco Marques. I reached most of England and the British Isles over Radio Caroline, Radio Europe No. 1, Radio Manx, and Radio Luxembourg. My voice was heard all over Europe, and even into the Balkans and the Soviet Union. I could be heard in the Caribbean, in Central and South America.

A couple of incidents, one of them almost incredible, will serve to illustrate:

In the mid-1970's, I was visiting our offices and churches in South

Africa with my wife and some friends. A member of the church had a "farm" (like a vast Texas ranch, not a small farm) just across the Oliphants River, up near the Rhodesian border. He had invited me for a "safari-like" hunt on his property.

When we got to the river ford, we found he had a big, yellow front-end loader waiting there. What a strange experience it was to be loaded into the big scoop, hoisted high into the air, four of us at a time with our baggage around our feet, and slowly waddle across the river, which was in flood, with green branches and some large tree trunks flowing swiftly past in the turgid, rain-swollen waters.

Finally, we were encsonced in the little cubicles he had provided for our comfort, enjoying a cup of coffee served by one of his many African employees. His overseer was named "Moses," who had six wives and countless children.

We heard some excited voices outside, and found a guide had come to inform us a whole herd of elephants were bathing in the river only a few miles east. The others of our party were too tired from their trip, and didn't wish to go rushing off, but Lyle Christopherson and I grabbed a couple of cameras, thanked our host for the jeep he provided, and took off down the dirt track.

He told us to go back the way we had come, and then on beyond the ford on this side of the river, and we would come upon the elephants. We did as he said, and, sure enough, there they were—about nine or ten of them, huge, black with the water they were showering over their backs, mostly cows and calves, a fantastic, thrilling experience. Lyle and I took plenty of pictures, and headed back.

The dirt track was narrow. In many places, trees and brush grew thickly alongside our route. Somehow, we made a wrong turn. We began to realize we needed to turn around and go back when we came upon another "farm." The main house was like a traditional Scottish home on the moors, a steep-roofed, two-story affair, astonishingly "English" to be found in what was to us an African wilderness.

There was a man on a ladder, working on the roof. From his attire, we assumed he was the owner. I called out to him, told him we were guests of a neighbor farmer, and asked him how to get back where we had come from.

He looked at me from the height of the roof, clambered down, came toward me with a look of amazement on his face, and asked, "I say! Are you by any chance *Garner Ted Armstrong?*"

Talk about a shock!

For many years, I had covered all of South Africa over Radio

Lourenco Marques, in Mozambique. He had become a regular listener. Though he had no idea what I looked like, when he heard my voice, he immediately recognized me! The cliché "small world" seems appropriate.

On another occasion, I was driving along Bond Street in downtown London on a hot, summer day in about 1974 when I stopped at a traffic light. My windows were rolled down. Suddenly, I heard my own voice coming from *two directions at once*. I had no idea I was on at that time of the day, but two different drivers were listening to my broadcast on their car radios, one on each side of me!

By 1978, I was being viewed and heard by some twenty million Americans, and countless hundreds of thousands around the world, in what had grown to be one of the major evangelistic efforts on earth. Yet, by June, 1978, I found myself in Tyler, Texas, having to begin my life, my personal destiny, and "the work" of God *all over again*, with almost no resources, a small, unpaid staff, no office, no salary. Even today, as I think back on the events of 1977 and 1978, I can scarcely believe all that happened.

Now, let me explain how my father and I came to be a two-man "team" in God's work, standing, as my mother said, "back to back."

Two Family Tragedies, and How Father and Son Grew Closer Together Than Ever Before

My older brother, Richard David Armstrong, was mortally injured in an automobile accident near San Luis Obispo, California, while on a baptizing tour with a fellow minister, Don Billingsley.

Don was driving, and my brother was sitting in the right front seat, head down, looking through some letters they had with them requesting baptismal visits. Don had not noticed that they had gone from a four-lane highway to a two-lane, in an area under construction. Suddenly, a huge eighteen-wheeler truck bore down on them. Don elected to swerve to his left, as the truck swerved to his right, causing a head-on collision, with most of the impact right where my brother was sitting.

He was horribly injured: shattered jaw, shattered right elbow, broken pelvis, multiple breaks in his arms, his internal organs out of place. While lying on the roadside awaiting an ambulance, he was heard to say, through his shattered jaw, "It's too much. It's too much." Somehow, he knew because of the extent of his terrible injuries he might not survive. Because the side where my brother was sitting took most of the impact, Don's injuries were much less severe, and he eventually recovered from them.

I was in Springfield, Missouri, in the third week of my advertised six-

week evangelistic campaign, when my father called to tell me of the accident.

We received daily updates. Dick had been taken down to the UCLA Medical Center in very critical condition. Always, I expected Dick to be miraculously healed. All the ministry and those in the church who heard about it were praying for him. My dad was at his side; Dad had anointed him, prayed for his miraculous recovery.

My dad told me *not* to cancel my campaign and come quickly to Los Angeles. He said there was nothing I could do; kept saying he saw this or that minor area of improvement—I know he *wanted* to believe, as did I and the whole family, that Dick would recover.

Always, the “work” came foremost. From the time of my conversion and baptism in early 1953, the concept that we were deeply involved in the Great Commission of Christ, that of preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom of God to a dying world, had become deeply entrenched in my mind.

Now, even in the midst of this family crisis, my father continually stressed “the work,” saying I did not need to abandon what I was doing to rush home. My father told me, “Ted, they will only let *me* in to see Dick. Even your mother cannot go in, and I don’t want her to because of his condition. He is heavily sedated. There is nothing you can do here that is not being done. You must *stay out there on the firing line doing the work!*”

I was shocked, stunned into disbelief when I received a telephone call at the end of that week of Dick’s terrible suffering to be told he had died in the early morning hours that day. I cried like a little baby over and over again. I suppose, with a part of my mind, I felt betrayed. Why had not my father gone into that hospital room in the power and spirit of a modern-day Elijah, and healed him? How could a minister of Jesus Christ die? Why did God let him die?

I know millions have asked similar questions. As the years passed, I had to learn that none of us are guaranteed to live to be a hundred; that we are *mortal*, subject to sickness, accident, and death. The point is the meaning of our *lives*, and how we live them, not the manner of our deaths.

I was to learn many lessons from this tragedy in all our lives. I had grown very, very close to my brother after I had come home from the Navy.

My dad and mom decided to take the train, bringing Dick’s young, widowed wife and little two or three-month old son, Richard, to Springfield for the final Sabbath. Dad had finally decided to tell me to cut

the campaign short by two weeks, ending it after four weeks, during which I preached for about an hour and a half for six nights a week.

My family and I met them at the train station on that final Friday. It was a tearful, heartbreaking reunion.

I had begun the Springfield campaign with a crowd of 602 people, many of whom came from a couple hundred miles away, only for that first night. By the first Sabbath, when my father spoke, we had raised up a church of over two hundred, where a church of God (then called "The Radio Church of God") had never before existed.

Years later, after she had been on our college campus in England, Dick's widow, my sister-in-law, Lois, finally remarried. Later still, in the mid-1970's, when her husband Benjamin Chapman was transferred back to Pasadena, she became my secretary.

After Dick died, my father and I grew much closer together than ever before. My dad went into serious depression following our loss. Dick was his firstborn son, and truly the apple of his eye. Dad decided to take a nostalgic trip with me.

He related to me how he had brought Dick down to Hollywood when he was first relocating the headquarters of the work in the Los Angeles area, how he had been in Europe and England with Dick. My wife and I had met my parents and brother for a lengthy trip throughout Europe during the summer following my graduation.

Dad wanted to retrace much of that journey with me, just the two of us. We did so, and never had we been any closer. This was in the winter, early 1959. It was on that trip we "discovered" the property near Bricket Wood, England, about nineteen miles north of London, that was to become the second campus of Ambassador College.

One special memory stands out. We were dining at Rome's famed "Hosteria del'orso," near the ruins of the old Roman Forum. This fine old restaurant features an after-dinner lounge down in what had been some of the ancient Roman buildings, sitting among pillars and arches made of centuries-old Roman bricks.

Strolling violinists—concert-quality professionals, dressed in tuxedos—gave the candle-lit atmosphere true continental charm. Dad and I went downstairs following dinner, and sat at a table in an alcove. There were about twenty or thirty other guests present. I had been studying voice under Leon Ettinger at the college for many years, had sung in the chorale not only for my four years of undergraduate study, but for several years thereafter. I had been doing solos during church services and at holy days, had done some concerts.

I suppose it was a combination of the nostalgia of our trip: Mom,

Dick, my wife Shirley, and I had all sat together in this same restaurant only three years earlier—but when the violinists stopped at our table, they were playing something I knew, and I sang along with them.

Dad asked me to sing “Danny Boy,” a favorite of his, and of course, a very sentimental song about death. I did. The waiters stopped, people quit visiting to listen. Dad sat there with tears in his eyes. My eyes filled with tears as I sang. He hugged me, told me how much he loved me when I finished, to the applause of people in the restaurant. Never had we been closer than we were on that trip.

Dad used to say, “Ted, as long as you and I are *side by side*, we will be an effective *team* in doing the work.” But it was my mother who came up with a different analogy. She said, “Better, yet, maybe you ought to stand *back to back*, so neither one of you can be attacked!” She said it in a jocular vein, but we both knew there were enemies enough, potential persecutions to come.

Just before my mother died, some of her last words to me were to be sure Dad and I stood “back to back,” together. She also said, “Don’t worry about me. I’ll be all right. You just go on, and do the work.”

The death of my mother as a result of an intestinal blockage at about age seventy-five was a crushing blow to me, and to the work. Just how great the impact of her death would eventually be, I had no idea at the time. I had not truly appreciated the massive amount of influence my mother wielded over my father; how much of a moderating force, a cautious, thoughtful counselor she was to him.

I am afraid my father’s actions at the time of her death dealt me a major blow from which I never fully recovered. I was kneeling by her bedside, knowing she was in extremely critical condition. I literally watched the light go out of my mother’s eyes, while I held her hand. Knowing she was dead, I began to sob. The doctor walked over to her, and confirmed she had died. My father remained where he was, in the corner of the room. Finally, without so much as stooping to look at her, touch her, hold her hand, or express any visible emotion, he walked out, together with the doctor.

Not only was this a second major family tragedy. It was also the beginning of a major change in my father, and a change in our relationship. I suddenly lost an enormous amount of respect for him on the night my mother died. I could not believe he did not wish to so much as touch her hand, pat her cheek, hug her, or say something prior to leaving the room.

He had someone begin calling various of the ministers. I called my wife, tearfully told her mom had died. She cried with me. I explained that

several of the ministers were coming over to be with my dad. He did not call either of my sisters. My sister Beverly worked for the Turner-Stevens Mortuary in Pasadena. Had not my other sister, Dorothy, learned of our mother's death the following early morning, and called Beverly to tell her, Beverly would not have known her mother had died until she reported to work that day, and found that Mrs. Loma Armstrong was inside the mortuary.

In less than an hour after my mother's death, my father was talking to about six or eight of us in his family room. He began saying, "I don't suppose I should think about marrying again right away...." I felt a feeling of disgust grow to outrage, and boil up inside of me into a white hot anger at his words. For him to sit there, discussing "marrying again" even before my mother's body had been removed from that upstairs bedroom was a shattering blow to the pedestal I had placed him upon in my mind. Now, it was becoming just so much rubble around his feet. I know I was not feeling the proper Christ-like feelings toward him then. I am only human, like everyone else. I am ashamed to admit I almost wanted to physically assault him for what he said. I know, now, that I allowed my human anger to well up, that I should not have felt so harshly. But I, too, am merely human clay, after all, and subject to emotional turbulence like all of us.

Once my mother was gone, my father seemed to go through an immediate change. He began wearing far more "snappy" clothes, began reverting back to sermons about "Wearever Aluminum," and concepts about the efficacy of potato skins in the diet. He began spending far more lavishly than ever before, especially for his own household, purchasing heavy goldware, antique, rearing gold horsemen, which disguised salt containers within, until his home in Pasadena glittered and glowed like a fabulously expensive palace of art treasures. I told my wife I thought he was going through "his second childhood," though he did gradually seem to become his old self again, as the years passed.

Apart for Ten Lonely Years

Now, my dad was living alone, with his maid and cook, Rona Martin, coming in for work each day. He began traveling much more, spending time with the faculty and student-body at the college in England, visiting our overseas offices, or speaking before various civic and educational groups.

My sister, Mrs. Beverly Gott, was working at one of the prestigious old Pasadena mortuaries. With my mother gone, my father once again seemed to desire more closeness with his two daughters, especially

Beverly. He asked her to quit her job, and come to work for him as his traveling hostess.

She did so, and began accompanying him on his many trips around the world in the Grumman Gulfstream (GII), visiting various heads of state, or having banquets with civic and educational groups.

I was mostly opposed to his trips overseas, which I characterized to him as the "world's most expensive autograph hunt." He bridled at me, continually defended his trips from the pulpit when he was in town, or on his constant stream of letters and articles written, usually, while he was sitting at his custom desk in the cabin of the aircraft, aloft.

While I knew his advance man, a Japanese immigrant, was giving away golf clubs, gold pen sets, free trips to the United States, and many other gifts to various of his contacts through Japanese embassies in order to *buy* my father's way into these various meetings, my father was kept in the dark. Over \$900,000 was spent in only one year by my father's advance man, arranging for him to meet various dictators, premiers, and presidents, like Jomo Kenyatta, Haile Selassie, and President Marcos. I also felt that some of the heads of state he visited were little more than genocidal murderers; continually thought of Jesus' warnings, "Woe be unto you when men speak well of you." Mostly, I disagreed with the trips because my father was not witnessing or warning, but merely giving speeches about the "laws of success." I could not help feeling this was a terrible waste of tithe-payers' money.

Others around him would tell him he had "been invited" to go here, or there, and he believed it implicitly. So far as he was concerned, he never "sought" these visits. They just seemed to happen, miraculously. I cringed when he would say this in his letters, and from the pulpit, for I knew better, and had told him so, many times.

I knew exactly what my father was "preaching" before various civic and other groups. It was a standard speech about the "Seven Laws of Success," which he had perfected decades earlier. While there was mentioned, in his final point, "contact with God," or a higher power, never was the name of Jesus Christ mentioned; never did he quote or read the Scriptures; never did he appear before these heads of state, or civic or educational leaders as an *evangelist*, or even as a minister.

The "frame" around my father for his visits overseas was that of the founder of several colleges, and the founder of the "Ambassador International Cultural Foundation," as well as publisher of *Quest* magazine.

But his letters to the church membership emphasized, instead, that he was *preaching the gospel* around the world. One of the strongest

statements he made was a time-honored phrase many of us borrowed from the late David Lawrence, former Editor of *U.S. News and World Report* who had editorialized in the 1950's that the problems of the world were simply too big to be solved except by the intervention of a "strong hand from someplace."

My father's grand-smash climax to his "success" speech was that the world's problems would finally be solved by a "strong hand from someplace." I simply could not force myself to believe this was preaching the gospel of Jesus Christ of Nazareth *in His name* among all nations as a witness and a warning. It became a constant sore spot between us.

As the years wore on, years during which I was really running all aspects of the organization, and my father was mostly absent, we were of necessity apart. He had close personal aides, close personal friends. I had close personal friends and aides.

Sometimes—as a matter of fact, much, much too often—it was those *aides* who did the communicating.

His aide would contact my aide, who would tell me what he said. In all this were the small pressure changes and growing cloudiness of an impending major storm.

My Father Decides to Remarry

In about 1976, my father was in the Philippines, visiting then President Marcos (since deceased), and his wife, Imelda. He was to hold a campaign while there, not only appearing in his usual role as chairman of the foundation, but also, in one of his very *few* such meetings, appearing before a large gathering of many of our local churches in the Philippines, with the public invited.

Somehow, the shipment of literature which had been sent for handouts at the campaign was either lost, stolen, or delayed in bureaucratic labyrinths.

A part-time secretary for the Japanese advance man, who also worked as college telephone receptionist, was a thirty-six-year-old divorcee with a young teen-age son. It was decided to send her immediately to the Philippines, with extra baggage filled with as much literature as possible, so my father's campaign would have at least *some* church literature for display.

So far as I recall, this was the first time my father ever set eyes on Ms. Ramona Martin. He was immediately attracted to her, and began to ask her to accompany him as his hostess on many trips to come.

She became to him like a traveling secretary, confidant, aide, and hostess, and, as the months passed, much more.

When I learned, through letters from him to me, of his intention to marry Ms. Ramona Martin, I was quite concerned. I wrote him a letter which went some twenty-six pages, I believe, telling him what I felt the media would do to him, marrying a young divorcee forty-six years his junior, reminding him of the former Supreme Court Justice, William O. Douglas. I appealed to him from the point of view of the average woman in the church over fifty, and what she would think, of what his sister and brother would think, and all the family. I told him I sincerely hoped he *could* find the right wife, but said I believed he should not marry (for reasons which are better left unsaid) Ms. Martin, even if she were over fifty.

That letter proved to be a very bad move on my part. I wish with all my heart I had a chance to handle it differently, but it is, like all the rest, so much water over the dam.

Continually, he sent up "trial balloons" to the church, writing a flurry of articles about "The Right Age for Marriage," and asserting that Joseph may have been many, many years older than Mary (which is probably true), noting the differences in ages between Abraham and Sarah, and so on. He was testing the waters, wanting to see how many members would quit, what the reaction would be, to his marrying Ms. Ramona Martin.

My letter only created more friction between us. Over a period of many months, we had several conversations about the situation; an exchange of several letters and memos. One of my father's arguments was, "Look, Ted. Ramona is *mature*. She is a mature woman. Maturity is maturity—one does not become *more* mature. Yes, there is a significant age difference, but Abraham was much older than Sarah..." and so-on.

Finally, my father announced wedding plans.

I was stunned when he told me he was not only going to marry, but would be *moving away from Pasadena, away from the headquarters of the work, to Tucson, Arizona!*

He explained that Ramona was from Tucson, that she had a son in school there, and didn't want him to have to leave his school friends, and move to Pasadena.

I was deeply concerned for the simple reason that this permanent geographical separation would mean that I would not only be apart from him during the approximate 300 days he was traveling overseas, but I would rarely see him even when he was in the country.

He had "given me the reins" of the work, of course, and I was directing all phases of the work on a day-to-day basis. However, he would continually preempt various decisions I would make, especially in areas of personnel, and I was worried that this additional separation

would cause a lack of communication, misunderstandings—trouble. He bought an expensive home in Tucson, began major remodeling and extensive improvements, including a swimming pool, game room and small guest house, and an air-conditioned playhouse for Ramona's pet ferret.

The wedding date was set for early summer or late spring, 1977. My father knew, through intermediaries and an exchange of letters, exactly how I felt about it. I thought it was a "set up." I thought it would end in a messy divorce. I was very concerned, because now, not only would there be his aides, his cook, chauffeur, and personal servants aboard the GII who were sharing his confidences, but now there would be a *wife* who knew of my objections, who would be his constant companion.

So much for "side by side" and "back to back."

Increasingly, my father and I were virtually estranged. His moods, attitudes, statements were interpreted by his aide to my aide, who conveyed them to me. Was anything lost in translation?

When the day of the wedding came, my wife was continually arguing with me about whether I should acquiesce and perform the ceremony, as my father had originally asked. She urged me to do so, and I remained adamant that I would not, even as we were pulling into his driveway on his wedding day.

I had said I would *attend* the wedding, but could not, in good conscience, perform it. I know he was hurt and angry, but I felt I could not appear to give the marriage my blessing by performing it.

However, when we arrived at his glittering home in Tucson, it was filled with strangers. Family and friends of his aides were there. I knew about half of the people present. My sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Vern R. Mattson, were there.

It was a festive, yet strangely uneasy environment. The wedding was to take place in his living room, in front of the fireplace. He and Ramona were to simply walk forward, with no wedding march, no formal clothes, no best man or bridesmaid, and the ceremony would be performed by the local pastor of the Tucson Worldwide Church of God, Larry Neff.

I had first seen Larry as a baby boy, being carried by his mother into our services at the Feast of Tabernacles in Squaw Valley. His father, Leroy Neff, had been one of my students in Bible classes in the college, and was now an ordained minister, and, I believe, business manager at the college in Texas.

Suddenly, I knew I could not allow Larry to perform the ceremony. I was sick, disgusted with the whole situation. Yet, as I saw my father surrounded by some people who were strangers to me; thought of him as

the white-haired “patriarch” of the church, “God’s apostle” (as I certainly believed and accepted in those days), the founder and chairman, and my own human *father*, about to be married by one of our “preaching elders” in the field ministry when I, his only living son, and the one who was really in charge of all our operations at the time, would be sitting quietly by, simply a spectator—well, something turned over within me. Could I sit quietly by, while the founder and chairman, the “patriarch” of the church, my human father, and “God’s apostle,” as I believed him to be, was married by a young man perhaps not yet thirty, the local pastor of only one of our hundreds of local churches? Suddenly, I realized what a terrible slap in the face I had been about to hand him, and how it would all look in our publications, and to the general public.

I went to him, quietly asked if we could speak in private. He looked at me quizzically, then said we could go into his master bedroom. We did, closed the door, and I said, with tears in my eyes, “Dad, is it too late for me to apologize to you, to ask if I could change my mind, and perform your wedding ceremony?”

He came to me, buried his face in my shoulder, and, his voice breaking, tears in his eyes, said, “Oh, Ted, that is the best wedding gift you could possibly give me!” We were both in tears. I was ashamed of myself. I told him so. Didn’t he deserve some years of happiness? Hadn’t he been alone for *ten long years*? Sure she was younger—but the church didn’t seem to mind, or, if they did, few seemed to say anything about it.

I truly regretted, at that moment, my objections to his marriage. My whole attitude toward them both *changed*.

I thought to myself how much better for us all, how much better for God’s *work*, if Ramona were my *friend*, since she was to become my father’s wife (somehow, I could not bring myself to think of her as my “stepmother,” since she was ten years younger than I was, and my father had been thirty-eight when I was born). I knew how harmful to the work it would be if Ramona felt I was her enemy. Was my decision political? Not in the least, at the moment of my change of heart. It was entirely personal, familial, emotional. If it was the right thing to do, politically, then so be it, but God knows my motives at the time were those of love, respect, deference—a desire for closeness with my dad, and reconciliation.

My dad went back into the dining room, and announced the “good news” to all. “Everybody, Ted is here, and he has said *he* will perform the ceremony!” Some were absolutely stricken. One man, a close personal aide whom I shall not name, seemed ashen gray with shock. It was apparently not what some had wanted, for it was obviously an emotional

reconciliation—father and son were *together* again.

I asked Larry if I could borrow his little black book with the marriage ceremony, and proceeded to conduct the ceremony.

Increasing Estrangement

Repeatedly, my father had written in his letters to the membership and spoken from the pulpit of how “grueling” his overseas trips were. Naturally, anyone experiences “jet lag” when traveling from the U.S. to Europe, or from Europe to Japan.

However, my father was traveling in the finest “first class” style available, a state-of-the-art Grumman Gulfstream II, with full galley, and a couch which could be made into a bed for him.

As he began to pave the way for the membership to accept his impending marriage, he began relating how God “allowed” my mother to die, because she *could not have kept up such a grueling pace*, could not have remained a companion and wife to him in this new phase of his idea of the “great commission.” Personally, I did not think then, and do not think now, that a part of the commission of Christ is to bring speeches about the seven laws of success to the local Kiwanis or Rotarian club in New Delhi. Nor do I believe that the Gospel of the Kingdom of God, to be preached *in Jesus’ name* is about the eventual intervention of a “strong hand from someplace.” I realize some people thought this sentiment to be disloyal. However, I voiced my objections “up front” to my father on numerous occasions.

Always, he would explain it away. I was especially shocked when he told me, and wrote in a letter, of how, when he spoke with Arab heads of state, like Egypt’s late President Anwar Sadat, he could not speak about “God and Jesus Christ.” He said, “Their word for God is ‘Allah.’ So, when I speak to them about God, I use the word, ‘Allah.’” But the Bible said we are to preach the gospel of the Kingdom of God *in Jesus’ name*. It was the *name* of Jesus that infuriated the Pharisees.

My father said he spoke to the Jews about the “Messiah,” rather than using the name of Christ. Again, there was disagreement between us.

I confess I became somewhat upset over his explanations as to why God was now allegedly providing him with a “young wife” who could stand these “grueling trips.” Mostly, I was sad and upset because of what happened on the night my mother died, so many years earlier.

I had told my wife, “My father is saying Mom had to die to pave the way for Ramona.” I know now that I was slipping into an attitude of growing lack of respect. But I, too, am merely clay, and very human, and those emotions, wrong or not, were honestly felt at the time. I struggled

against such feelings, and managed to overcome them, and continued to support my father in his role in God's work.

It is important to note in all these personal insights that I was always "up front" with my father in any objections or disagreements. I appealed to him, wrote to him, discussed each potential problem with him. Then, if he decided, even if it was a decision with which I disagreed, I would *support* that decision. So it was with his marriage. I was against it from the beginning. But, when I saw the situation I have described on the wedding day, I realized I needed to accept the fact of his marriage; quit trying to show my disagreement by sitting there, stoically, while one of our junior ministers performed the ceremony.

I was treated to an ultimate irony on a night my wife and I had dinner with my father and Ramona at a Pasadena restaurant called "The Chronicle." During conversation over the dinner, after my wife and I had presented them both with a white leather-bound album of their wedding pictures, he began talking of his upcoming trip to Africa. He was to go to several third world countries, visiting various leaders. Ramona informed him she would not be going, stressing her various projects: Their backyard was not finished; she was opening a boutique in Tucson.

He was obviously very disappointed. I was merely sickened, and disgusted. So much for the "young wife" who replaced my tired old mother who couldn't "keep up the grueling pace."

I admit, in retrospect, that I had been undergoing a distinct change in my attitudes toward my father. I continually *tried* to regain respect, to be subservient. In a corporate sense, I was his most loyal supporter. Yet, deep down inside, I knew I had developed an attitude of disagreement with some of the things he was doing. He would have been blind not to have sensed the strained feelings between us.

Shortly after his marriage, just before the Feast of Tabernacles, in 1977, my father was stricken with congestive heart failure and nearly died. He became confined to bed at his home in Tucson. If ever anything swept away all negative feelings, made me fear for his life, and face the future almost terrified with the thought he would no longer be there at the helm, this sudden heart problem certainly did it. I was deeply concerned, wondering if God would allow us to lose him.

I visited him time and time again, sometimes staying for a week or so at a time, visiting him each day. He was taking about eighteen or twenty pharmaceuticals each day. Often, I would hold him up, help him with his glass and bent straw, as he laboriously swallowed down so many of this or that color pill the doctors had prescribed. His dresser top looked like a drug store.

During this time, all tensions were forgotten. I was deeply concerned for his life, and moved to tears many times as we talked together.

My wife can testify to the time we were leaving his bedside for a return trip to Pasadena, and how I told her I didn't know what I would do if my father died; how I was suddenly overwhelmed with the enormous weight of responsibility that would fall on my shoulders if he died. I was in tears when I said it. God knows I wanted him to be healed, to completely recover, and to be there for the sake of the church, and the work.

He hovered near death for a time. On one unforgettable occasion, I had piloted our GII to Tucson to visit my father, and had landed back at Van Nuys Airport, gotten into my Dodge Maxivan, and headed down the freeway toward Pasadena, only to have my mobile telephone ring, and be told by Lois, my secretary, that my dad had been taken to the hospital in an ambulance!

I called from the van, got my copilot's wife on the phone, asked her to tell him when he called, or arrived home, to return to the airport immediately. We turned around, and when he showed up, took off for Tucson. A couple of my father's closest aides and confidants were with him, as was the wife of one of them, not members of the church.

When we arrived at the clinic where they had taken him, he was incoherent, lying on his side on a wheeled ambulance bed. I was frightened for his life, and asked the doctor how he was.

I was told his heart was wildly erratic, that he could die at any time; was told in no uncertain terms that he needed immediate hospitalization. Frankly, I was surprised that he had only been taken to a clinic, and was not already hospitalized.

His aides vehemently urged me to give instructions he be taken to the hospital. He had been conscious earlier, and had told them he did *not* want to be put in the hospital, for he feared he would never survive the ordeal.

I left my wife and the others discussing the situation in the doctor's office, and went back down the hall to the room where my father lay. He was on his side, eyes closed.

I leaned close, said, "Dad? Can you hear me? This is Ted."

He mumbled something. Finally, with thick tongue and slurred speech, he said to me, barely audibly, "Ted, don't let them take me to the hospital! Don't let them take me to the hospital!" It came out "'ohpt'l," barely understandable.

I hugged him, with tears in my eyes, and prayed for him that God would spare his life, raise him up. I reassured him that he would *not* be

taken to the hospital.

I went back to the doctor's office, and told them I wanted him taken back to his home.

His two aides and the doctor were shocked, and angry. They argued with me.

I said, "Gentlemen, that is *my father* in there, and God's apostle. He is the human head of this church, and my boss! He ordered me *not* to let them take him to the hospital! How do you think I will feel if I go against his wishes, and he should die? Even if he *recovers*, and finds I let him be hospitalized, how will he feel toward me? No, so long as he can still call the shots, he is in charge. He is to go home."

His home became like a hospital, in fact. Two doctors came daily, one for his heart condition, the other a liver specialist. He was on oxygen, and under the care of three nurses, with 'round-the-clock nursing care.

We remained in Tucson at his side until we were told he was stabilized again. For many weeks, I had been going back to Pasadena only to do television and radio programs, had taken my writing work with me to Tucson.

Gradually, he began to recover. His condition had so improved by that fall that I felt I could fly to our various feast sites, since, even in the event of an emergency, I would only be about three or four hours away, in the Grumman GII.

I knew others were putting ideas into his head, influencing him from time to time against me, and I was trying to combat this growing influence as best I could with frequent phone calls, and visits when I could. It was only after he fired me I learned the identity of all those who were secretly beating a path to his door with twisted versions of things, working to divide the two of us.

Since one of the major charges against me was that I had "tried to take over," it is important to relate my actions in the last few months prior to the split.

Family Night at the Feast

I knew I needed to ensure that church members all over the world received an update on my father during the feast. Continually, I prefaced my sermons with a complete rundown on his condition, asking the brethren to pray for him, for his complete recovery. Always, it was an emotional appeal.

Prior to the feast, I had called a young man from Australia, Ross Jutsum, an accomplished musician, composer, pianist, and director of the "Young Ambassadors," a singing group I had asked be created for the

college and church.

I asked Ross to prepare a special film, featuring my dad. I wanted him to be seen during his many trips overseas, descending the ramp of the GII, smiling, waving, speaking, *working*. I told Ross it was important to keep my father's dimension in the work before the people, to show him as being *healthy*, vigorous, "out there on the firing line," doing the work.

I was not attempting to deceive anyone about his condition—merely to show him as he had been prior to his illness—encourage the brethren to pray that he would be restored to the same level of health.

My motives were those of love and loyalty; the needs of God's people in the church. Also, this would be the first time in perhaps fifty years that my father had not appeared at the feast. Could I step into eleven different pulpits during the feast, with my father absent—lying in a sick bed? No, I wanted God's people to be made very much aware of him, aware of his need for their prayers. Think about it. Does this sound like someone plotting to "take over" as I was accused?

Ross went to work. The film, mostly rear-screen slide projection, was accompanied by a special song Ross had written, sung by the "Young Ambassadors," featuring my father. I spoke at all eleven of our U.S. feast sites that fall, and on the one or two occasions when I could be present at the site when "family night" was in progress, I could see the tears glinting in thousands of eyes.

I relate this for the simple reason that it places in perspective the incredible charges leveled against me only a few months later: charges that I was somehow *against* my father, that I had "tried to take over," that I had been disloyal. Nothing could have been further from the truth.

Our Vice President of the Church of God, International, Mr. Ronald Dart, was present in the boardroom in January, 1978, when my father issued several orders to me which were simply impossible to obey. I had worked out a retirement for my father's closest personal aide and financial adviser, which he accepted. I had also gotten rid of our "in-house" advertising agency, which was headed up by the same man (and which called down fifteen percent of a six million dollar media budget), and replaced them with the Ed Libov Agency. Dick Janick, a senior partner, and the man who would be handling our large media account, was in Pasadena that January to make a presentation to all our ministry.

When my father ordered me to "sell Big Sandy," among other things, I felt my career, my calling, my very life's work had come to an end. I told him so, very emotionally. He informed us all he had refused to accept his aides' resignation, that he was taking over all his previous offices. I offered to resign. I was teetering on the brink of simply getting up from

my chair and walking out. A compromise was reached, but I knew there was serious trouble in the air. Somehow, my father was intent on using, *as a test of my loyalty*, the lives of hundreds of students, dozens of faculty members, thousands of brethren. To me, it was as if he had become aberrant, irresponsible. I found it hard to believe he was truly rational during this time frame.

The point of all this? Simply that, *at any time* during his protracted illness in the winter of 1977, I could easily have called a special meeting of the board of trustees. I could have said to them, "Gentlemen, my father is hovering near death (he was!). He could die at any instant. You all know that he *put me in complete charge* of the work long ago, that I have been running the day-to-day activities of the work for a long time. It is simply no longer possible for major decisions to be held up by waiting for the time when he can rationally digest the information, and give me his approval. Therefore, I hereby move that my father, Mr. Herbert W. Armstrong, be removed as Chairman of this body, that he be honored as Chairman Emeritus, and retired from any further active responsibilities. I further move that I be appointed forthwith, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of both the church and the college."

Those on the board at that time know, and I know, that there would have been a *unanimous approval* of such a motion.

Did I try to "take over"? Of course not. The thought that, even if I had wanted to do so, I could have found a way, *never occurred to me* until perhaps a year or two *after my ouster!*

Always, I said, "I will never lift up my hand against God's anointed," remembering David's words concerning Saul. I simply never remotely *thought* of calling such a meeting of the board.

No, I never tried to "take over." Why would one who was *already in charge* of everything try to "take over"? The charge, in itself, was utterly false, flew in the face of all my actions, and all the facts, including documentation in the form of hundreds of conversations, dozens of sermons, and many memos and letters.

Now, in order to understand *why* there may have been those in certain highly-placed positions to whom I appeared a threat, it is necessary to describe a little more of our corporate structures.

Two Separate Corporations

For decades, my father had promoted the college as the sponsoring body of all our broadcasts and literature. Our booklets were identified as "Published by Ambassador College as a free educational service in the public interest," or words to that effect.

When my father published the very first catalog for the college in 1947, he made it clear he hoped to achieve full regional accreditation, that the college was not be merely a "Bible school," but a liberal arts institution.

We had been attempting to achieve accreditation for many years, and had completed a thick volume to present to the Western Association of Schools and Colleges, called a "self study." We had experienced preliminary visits from smaller groups representing the Association. Finally, it came time for our full inspection by a large team from WASC, headed up by their chairman.

They were perplexed by several areas which seemed confusing to them. Here, in what had been a fine old row of millionaires' mansions, was the glittering campus of Ambassador College, with hall of administration, student center, dormitories, gymnasium-natatorium, tennis courts and running track. But here, also, was a television studio, radio studio, large printing presses, editorial staffs, mail receiving and processing, letter answering, church administration offices, and much more.

Many of our top executives wore two or three hats.

While my father was Chancellor (an awkward title for a small college; usually, a "Chancellor" is a man who is over an entire state educational system), he was also founder and "Pastor General" of the church. Previously, I had been called "Vice Chancellor," but in my father's mind, the title "President" loomed as the most important. By the mid 1970's he asked me to assume the office of President, while remaining Executive Vice President of the church and foundation.

Throughout our hall of administration were offices committed *solely* to activities of the church, whose department heads were often as not members of the faculty. It was virtually impossible to see any clear line of demarkation between the church and the college.

For many years, I had urged my father to *separate* the two entities. I wanted to see us build a high-rise building on the properties to the west of our television studios; perhaps seven stories high—move all church-related offices into that building, and clearly label it "World Headquarters of the Worldwide Church of God." When my father commissioned me to achieve accreditation, he was almost paranoid about "outsiders" coming in to "tell us what we can preach."

I attempted to explain. I told him that the President of the Western Association at the time was a Mormon. I said, "When you go to Salt Lake City, there is the Mormon Temple, with the gilt figure of their "angel" on top. Everyone knows this is the *Mormon Church*. But when you go to

Provo, there is the large, impressive campus of Brigham Young University. Everyone knows this is the university, not the church.

"So far as I am concerned, the Mormons have some very strange beliefs, which Catholics and Protestants alike do not accept. Neither do we. Yet, they have a right to those beliefs. Brigham Young is *accredited*, with very high standing, nationally. *Never* has any accreditation association attempted to dictate to the *Mormon Church* what they should teach. It is the same with SMU, Notre Dame, and so many others. Dozens of them are *church related*, but no accrediting body dictates doctrine to them."

He begrudgingly *seemed* to agree with me, but I know, in retrospect, he was not truly convinced. He *wanted* accreditation, but, at the same time, he feared it. We *were* constrained to do things *he didn't want to do*, like admit blacks into the student body, and pursue an "affirmative action" program, conform with "Title Nine," and measure up for the national BEOG (Basic Educational Opportunities Grant) program, which funneled government money into the hands of poor students to finance their education. Because I saw these requirements in a different light, I became, to him, too "liberal." To most, I am viewed as being very conservative, far-to-the-right. But to some who had my father's ear unbeknownst to me, I was being subtly painted as a "liberal."

Over the years, we had experienced many difficulties in Pasadena. As I told him, we were a "very small duck in a very large puddle" in the sprawling megalopolis of Los Angeles and its suburbs. We had girls raped and beaten, theft, vandalism; we had a difficult security problem for the simple reason that AC was smack in the middle of some of the world's busiest freeways and main streets. A sadly dilapidated part of Pasadena was immediately to our east, with sleazy porno shops, cheap cafes, and bargain stores.

We had grandiose plans for *expanding* the AC campus to the large "Vista Del Arroyo" property which overlooked the arroyo where the world famous "Rose Bowl" is located. This fine old building (and many other smaller buildings along with it) had once been a premier, luxury class hotel. During World War II, it had served as a Naval medical facility. It was vacant, and in the hands of the government when we were attempting to buy it. A master plan had been drawn up which indicated the college intended to purchase an adjacent supermarket, the Elks Club building, and several other properties. If we did so, we would eventually have bordered right on Colorado Boulevard, the main street of Pasadena.

But it was not to be. There were many strings attached to the Vista Del Arroyo property, many difficulties involving the State Historic Society,

building codes (bringing older buildings of masonry up to earthquake standards can be hugely expensive), and laws involving affirmative action and Title Nine.

For a long time, I had lobbied my father to consider moving the entire undergraduate program to our campus in Big Sandy. Here we were, having formerly operated *three* college campuses, including the one in Bricket Wood, England, until its sale a couple of years earlier. We were presently operating two, with redundant faculty and library.

In Big Sandy, we could become a "big duck in a little puddle," not the other way around. In a county area, we would have no difficulty with earthquake codes, setbacks, height restrictions. Nor would we be lacking *space* for new buildings required, which we certainly did in Pasadena. Security would be far easier, for we would not be running a college bisected by busy, big city streets.

In Big Sandy, I had seen to it we already had fledgling programs in agriculture, agribusiness, animal husbandry, flight training, and so forth. I envisioned a small university, eventually, with students who could learn a *trade*, a vocation, as well as being inducted into the ministry upon graduation.

I wanted to see such subjects as automotive and aircraft mechanics, pilot training, agribusiness, dental technician, computer programming, computer science, nurse's training, perhaps a law school; a varied and practical program which could provide students with highly-developed job skills, so they could go back to their local areas and become a solid, productive member of the local church with an Ambassador education and a profession.

Finally, in lengthy meetings with other of our top executives and my father, the decision was made. I had presented a many-faceted proposal: The Pasadena campus would become the "Graduate School of Theology" and the World Headquarters of the Worldwide Church of God. The Student Center would become a museum and visiting center. Visitors would go into one room which would feature, with audio and visual presentations, the history of the radio broadcasts, including sample tapes from the very earliest times, back in the 1930's; my brother Dick's first broadcasts, and mine. Another room would feature the history and development of the *Plain Truth* magazine; another, the Festival Department; another, the college campuses; another, my father's world travels; another, our press facilities and publishing activities; another, our overseas offices and churches, and so on.

One of the dormitories could be converted into a hotel for visitors. All the radio, television, publishing, church administration, fleet

transportation departments, and so on, would remain in Pasadena. We would continue an ongoing program of "refresher courses" for our field ministry on the campus. I fully intended selling peripheral properties (at a very satisfactory profit), to help with the cash flow picture.

Big Sandy would gradually achieve small university status, would be regionally accredited.

I discussed my proposals with my father in depth. He became enthusiastic. I told him I was expanding radio, bringing many stations on line so I would be *live* on many of them, working toward a network of "live" radio, as well as expanding television. I arranged for time to be purchased on a local Tucson TV station when he first moved there, bought time on a local radio station. I told him I wanted him to listen to each one, and, if there was ever any slight suggestion he had for improvement on my delivery or content, to please be sure to let me know. "Dad, I'm only truly comfortable when I know *you approve* of what I'm doing," I told him several times.

Then, three of our top executives went over to Tucson to present the proposal to him formally. They included the business manager, the head of the Church Administration Department, and my personal aide. I was not present for an important political reason: I wanted my father to know this was *his call to make*, his decision, not mine. He decided to do as I had proposed, and wrote out a lengthy letter, announcing the change.

Big Sandy had been *closed* shortly before; students had been absorbed in Pasadena, and several key faculty members. Now, in a major move, my father wrote that we would do as outlined above, letting the world, and the accrediting associations, see a *clear distinction* between Ambassador College and the Worldwide Church of God.

With his letter in my hand, I delivered a strong sermon about our goals and purposes in April, 1978, from the pulpit in the Pasadena auditorium.

A standing ovation greeted my words. Soon, I was in Big Sandy, attending a banquet in our student dining room, to which a large number of dignitaries from surrounding cities and towns had been invited. The President of the Cotton Belt Railway was there; the Presidents of both Tyler Junior College and Kilgore College; the chairmen of the boards and other executives of several leading banks, oil millionaires, two county sheriffs; a fabulous meal had been prepared for our formal announcement that Ambassador College was moving to Big Sandy.

It was headline news in Pasadena, California, and in Tyler, Kilgore, and Longview, Texas.

The late Mr. Watson Wise, an oil millionaire, and benefactor of Tyler Junior College (he provided funds for several of their fine buildings), rose

to address all his friends in the region; spoke glowingly of what a wonderful educational institution Ambassador was, of how highly he regarded our clean-cut, high-charactered students. As a meaningful gesture to other wealthy people there, at the conclusion of his remarks, he handed me a check to provide for "The President's Special Scholarship" fund, allowing a poor but deserving student an education at Ambassador.

Little did I know that my announcement that we would now *separate* the two fund-accounting systems, that I would seek *local* East Texas financing for a building program, would result in persons unknown putting unbearable pressure on my father; that he would furiously *reverse the entire decision*, and order the college completely *closed* by a telephone call!

One can only imagine the shock to local real estate markets when we had been forced to *close* the Big Sandy campus earlier; nor the roller-coaster ride it would *now* experience with the announcement that *hundreds* of students and dozens of faculty would be moving into such a small community.

As I was to later tell an L.A. *Times* reporter, I was "deeply hurt by these decisions and the way they were made." For years, I had said I believed institutions such as Ambassador College should "outlive their founders," like every other college and university in the country. I did not, could not, accept the concept that a wonderful college with 1,200 students, and seventeen fully-developed majors with PhD's in their respective disciplines, could be summarily *canceled* by a telephone call!

Much earlier, I had been ordered by my father to "close Big Sandy." I had done so. Most of the Big Sandy student body and several of the faculty were transferred to Pasadena. I thought this was the wrong move, and continually said so.

Finally, after presenting my case, my father made the decision to separate the two entities, to create a world headquarters for the church, and to have all the undergraduate programs on the Big Sandy campus. Then, my father wrote an official letter, announcing the change. I read his letter, made the announcement public—held a banquet in Big Sandy to announce the forthcoming move to all the surrounding communities.

However, during my sermon and announcement, and during my remarks to the media and all our visitors in Big Sandy at the banquet, and in an article in the *Worldwide News*, I had emphasized again and again how I wanted to let the world see the clear difference between the two corporate entities; the Worldwide Church of God on the one hand, and Ambassador College on the other! Mutually supportive, of course, but not confusingly intermingled.

I repeated several times my intention to not only see to it our financial statements reflected this clear cut separation, but I said I wanted to *engage a major outside auditing firm* to conduct our audits and prepare our statements to be given to the IRS in the future.

Within a few days of that banquet, only days after all the glowing headlines in East Texas, *my father canceled the whole thing; called Dr. Mike Germano, ordered him to cancel the college entirely!*

Shortly after returning to Pasadena from Big Sandy, I was hand-delivered a letter at my front door from my father, telling me I was to *disappear* from Pasadena—that he was suspending me from all responsibilities; that I was forbidden to contact any church members, forbidden to even locate in any city where a local church of the WCG existed! I literally thought he had gone completely insane! I suppose my announcement about “separate fund-accounting” was the final nail in my coffin.

I called my closest personal aide. It was perhaps 1:30 in the morning. I woke up several of the top level ministers in Pasadena, and asked them if they knew what was happening. I called the home of one of our former gardeners, who had risen, for some unknown reason, to be in my father’s circle of trusted confidants, and who had been present in Tucson when my father drafted his letter to me, and the one he intended sending to the church, announcing what he was doing. His wife said he was out of town.

I called my father’s home in Tucson the next morning, and was shocked to find that he was blindly furious with me. He said, “I am not changing on this, Ted. People are always saying you come over here, and talk me into changing my decisions....”

I asked him what people, and he was vague about it. I knew who some of them were, but did not know the number of men who had been privately beating a path to his door without my knowledge. Obviously, there had developed a powerful lobby against me; against the separation of corporate assets; against the move to Big Sandy; against obtaining the services of an outside auditing firm.

My wife and I went to Tucson, and he met us at the door.

He was obviously furious. He shouted at me, “Well, Ted, *is it war?*” I was stunned. Why was my father so furious at me for implementing *his own written orders?*

My father and I went into his study for a “private” talk. As the years have passed, I have had to realize the chances are about nine out of ten the room was wired.

Once again, I seemed to be able to reason with him. He agreed *not* to send out the letter he read to me, a letter announcing my removal from all

responsibilities, and elevating a personal financial aide of his into much larger ones. It was a stormy session, one which included some unfortunate language between us which is not necessary to repeat here. However, we left Tucson with the assurance that his letter was "on hold," that no further action would be taken. He was canceling the move to Big Sandy; canceling accreditation, and was intent, now, on canceling the college entirely!

Yet, by the next evening, I learned that by the time my dust had settled in his driveway, he *went back on his promise to me*, and sent out the letter to the ministry, followed by a letter to the whole church! He announced that I was *fired* and "*marked*," and that the college would be closed!

Again, I was shocked to the core of my being. I tried to call him time and time again. This time, he refused to come to the telephone. I pleadingly talked to his wife. She said he didn't want to talk to me; kept saying he must not be exhausted, that he must not be disturbed. I must have made ten calls. Finally, they left the telephone off the hook.

In retrospect, I now realize that my announcement that I wanted to obtain *an outside auditing firm* must have caused a great deal of alarm in some quarters. A further explanation is necessary:

I related in my announcement from Pasadena how the Western Association of Schools and Colleges had found our two corporations most confusing, how they could not clearly see where the church left off and the college began. This is from the transcript of that announcement:

"Following our most recent full-scale visit by the Western Association, it was once again brought to the attention of college officials that a *complete separation* of church and college, organizationally, administratively; [please note this carefully!] *a separation of assets, a separation of fund accounting systems*, and a separation of physical plant were...not only desirable, but essential."

At the conclusion of my remarks, I said, "...now it is time to, as both accrediting committees have told us we must do, accomplish the ultimate separation of assets, of fund accounting systems, of organizational and academic administrations...."

I had told personal aides I intended presenting Ambassador College, Big Sandy, financial statements to *local area banks* to establish needed lines of credit, or loans for needed construction of new dormitories, etc.

Little did I realize how frightening this "separation of fund accounting systems" and assets must have appeared to some.

It was not until months after my ouster I learned that a high-ranking and influential financial officer had embezzled nearly a quarter of a million dollars! He was one of those who was very often present in my

father's home in Tucson. After my ouster, when his crime was finally discovered, he was "forgiven" this horrible felony, never charged with a crime. He was removed from his office, but later reinstated to a very high position in the organization. So far as I know, he is still there. It was no wonder some were frightened to death about "separate fund accounting" systems. Had I been able to accomplish this, it would have meant a *prison sentence* for at least one high-ranking official in the church!

In another rather ridiculous side issue, but a *most* important point in my ouster, I had asked Dr. Don Ward to serve as president of the college in Big Sandy until Mr. Ronald Dart obtained his doctoral degree from the University of Texas in Austin.

The preceding commencement, my father had sat in the front row with his wife, Ramona, listening to my commencement address, and then watching Dr. Ward announce each graduate's name, shake his or her hand, and give them their diplomas.

Following the commencement exercises, he chatted with Dr. Ward briefly.

How shocked I was to read, in his letter demanding I disappear, that he was furious at me for appointing a "man he didn't even know" to the presidency of the college. In the weeks and months which followed my ouster, two embarrassing events transpired which gave me reason to believe my father was beginning to show signs of great age, despite his denials.

On one occasion, a young, handsome black man, named Mike Lord, was giving special music in Pasadena. My father was backstage, waiting to give the sermon. When he heard the name of the singer announced, he raged to those there that his son had appointed a *black* man to become president of the college!

They had to quiet him down, explain that the man's name was not "Ward," but "Lord."

On another occasion, he was at a wedding party for the daughter of his chief financial advisor. A doctor of psychology was there, a bearded man named Dr. Ward. My father stormed and ranted in the gentleman's hearing about how his son had "appointed a man who *isn't even a member of the church*" to become president of the college. When they finally convinced him this was a completely different man, he grumpily said, "Well, I guess I owe you an apology." Though he had met Dr. Ward on several occasions, watched him hand out over a hundred diplomas, heard him speak—he couldn't remember who he was!

Some months earlier, when he had been contemplating one of his last trips overseas before his illness, he had asked me, "Ted, what was the

name of that doctor—you know, the one who used to live in Big Sandy...?”

He meant Dr. Wilmer Parish, former head of the Gregg County Medical Association, and a church member, who had *lived in my father's home for weeks as my mother lay dying*, and with whom my father had eaten many a meal. This was in his study, in Tucson, after his marriage.

He said, “Oh, yes, Dr. Parish! Ted, do you think he would be willing to go along with me on my next trip overseas?” He was very concerned about his health, and wanted a doctor along.

I said, “I think he would be honored, and delighted. I doubt if he has ever been out of the country—I’m sure he would jump at the chance.” We discussed a little more about him.

The subject changed to the church and college, and other matters. Perhaps five minutes after our discussion about Dr. Parish, he asked me, “Say, Ted, what was the name of that doctor who lived over in Big Sandy? Do you suppose he might be willing to go with me on my next trip?”

It was then I realized my father was, indeed, becoming senile. Senility is not a disease. Being “senile” is not a disrespectful term. It merely means displaying the signs of advanced age, or, more specifically, the loss of memory associated with great age.

Later, I was to be astounded again and again at how he would make a decision, and then forget, reversing it later.

Attempting to Divert Corporate Funds?

My father tended to believe the first story he heard. He was famous in his own family for leaping to a first impression, coming to a conclusion based upon partial facts. Knowing this, and knowing he was becoming increasingly senile, I was nonetheless astounded when he sent me his famous “marking” letter. Here is a photographic reproduction of his letter:

WORLDWIDE CHURCH OF GOD

WORLD HEADQUARTERS
PASADENA, CALIFORNIAHERBERT W. ARMSTRONG
PRESIDENT and PASTOR

June 26, 1978

Garner Ted Armstrong
312 Waverly Drive
Pasadena, California 91105

Dear Ted:

Need I say it is with heavy heart and in deepest regret that you have forced me to send you this letter.

In spite of your continual disagreement with the way the Living Jesus Christ has been building and conducting God's Work through His chosen apostle, I have at all times done my best to hold up and protect your name.

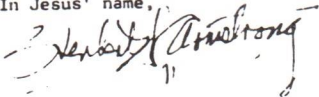
But you no longer permit me to shield you. You have 1) disobeyed my directive by going to Orr, Minnesota, 2) contacted members you were forbidden to contact, 3) contacted United States Postal authorities in the unethical and unscrupulous effort to intercept corporate mail and thus divert corporate funds illegally into your private, personal hands, and 4) finally giving the Los Angeles Times (and perhaps other media) distorted and false accusations against your father, God's apostle.

You have dishonored your human father and the Living Christ, the Head of God's Church.

You have caused divisions and offenses in the Church of God and now you force me, reluctantly, according to Romans 16:17 to MARK YOU before the Church and to inform you that you are forthwith disfellowshipped from the Church and terminated from all authority in and employment by the Worldwide Church of God and its affiliate operations.

In deepest sorrow and,

In Jesus' name,



HWA:vak

None of his charges were true. The first, that I "disobeyed his directive by going to Orr, Minnesota," was completely false. He had never directed anything of the sort. He *had* ordered that I not go near any of our local churches. My sons were at Orr, where we ran our summer camp for youths. They were stricken. One of them was so sick he was vomiting. Like wounded animals, my wife and sons and I wanted to be together. We went to summer camp, where we could stay in our little chalet, to *obey*

his order not to go near a local church. There was no church in Orr. I attended no church services, made no public appearances, but remained there, quietly, with my family.

His second charge, that I had "contacted members" was totally false. Had I wished, I could have written letters to the entire mailing list. I could have been up, calling all over the country, writing letters to hundreds, and thousands. I did not even so much as write to, or contact, *life-long friends* about the situation.

Two different ministers *did* come to Orr to see me. Both were as shocked as I was, and I merely answered their questions. I did not ask them to join with me in any action of any kind. They never became a part of the Church of God, International, which had not at that time ever formed in my mind.

His third charge, that I attempted to divert mail and funds, was wholly false. I had sent a letter to the Pasadena Post Office which stated, "Would you please ask that all my *personal* mail be held in care of General Delivery; and that Mrs. Benjamin (Lois) Chapman, Mrs. Shirley Armstrong, Mr. Mark Armstrong, or Mr. Bill Evans be authorized to call for same?"

I went on to *describe* what I meant by *personal* mail: "This would include all mail marked 'Personal,' 'confidential,' 'private,' whether the envelopes are color keyed, addressed to various of our box numbers, or printed by ourselves...many times, during my frequent visits to our major church areas, and my addresses before thousands of our members...I am asked *how* our members can get a letter to me personally, without having it opened and read by a secretary. I always tell them to simply mark it 'personal' and I receive it."

I was asking the post office to make sure I got my own *personal*, *private* mail; perhaps six to eight letters a week! Our mail receiving department would receive *hundreds of thousands* of letters in the same time period!

Some wholly evil, satanic person close to my father told him I had attempted to divert corporate mail and funds. He instantly *believed* it, and fired me. He never picked up the phone to call, to *ask* if I had done such a thing. He never wrote, to ask. He merely believed what this evil person (or persons) told him, and acted!

I will also print, here, a letter from the Pasadena post office to an incredulous church member who had inquired whether I had attempted to receive corporate mail. It speaks for itself.

UNITED STATES POSTAL SERVICE
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA 91109

IN REPLY REFER TO

September 13, 1978

Mr. Baxter Biggs
P. O. Box 713
Kittitas, WA 98934

Dear Mr. Biggs:

With reference to your letter of August 11, 1978,
concerning mail for Garner Ted Armstrong:

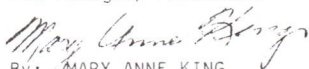
We know of no efforts on the part of Mr. Armstrong
to attempt to receive anything other than mail addressed
directly to him personally.

We do not take sides in matters such as this. All mail
for Garner Ted Armstrong is delivered as addressed. We
are not forwarding any mail to him. If the church
feels he should have it, they are sending it on to him.

I am sure all parties concerned are aware of the serious
consequences of attempting to intercept mail not intend-
ed for them.

Thank you for getting in touch with us regarding this
matter.

Sincerely,

Kathryn S. Wilson
MSC Manager/ PostmasterBy: MARY ANNE KING
Manager, Retail Sales & Services

He accused me of giving "distorted and false accusations" to the media. I never did this—not once, not ever.

I will publish here the entire text of an article appearing in the *Los Angeles Times*, May 15, 1978. Whether I spoke harshly against my father; whether I accused, or distorted, will be evident to anyone reading the article.

Los Angeles Times

LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE WEST, 1,034,329 DAILY, 1,332,875 SUNDAY

MONDAY MORNING, MAY 15, 1978

Garner Armstrong Defers to Authority of Father

BY BERT MANN

Times Staff Writer

Stripped a week ago of all power within his father's Pasadena-based religious and college empire, evangelist Garner Ted Armstrong said Sunday he would defer to Herbert W. Armstrong's authority rather than challenge his decisions.

The 48-year-old television and radio evangelist broke a week-long silence to tell The Times in a telephone interview from Texas that "I will honor my father."

He said, "There would have been a power struggle if I had struggled against my father's authority."

In addition to being left without authority in the two organizations, the younger man also was told that he no longer would be doing his half-hour weekly television program, and that his announcement in March that the college's undergraduate program

would be transferred to Texas had been rescinded.

The younger Armstrong, who had long been regarded as heir apparent to his father's empire, remained silent while these decisions were made without his participation. And speculations were rife that a power struggle was under way for control of the 65,000-member church and college which takes in more than \$60 million a year.

But breaking that silence, Garner Ted Armstrong said that while he was "deeply hurt by these decisions and the way they were made," he will go along with them.

"I was totally surprised by the nature of these decisions," he added.

Armstrong said it was not his desire to be removed from all authority nor to stop his television broadcasts.

Please Turn to Page 14, Col. 1

GARNER TED ARMSTRONG'S DEFERENCE

Continued from Third Page

He said the decision not to transfer Ambassador College's undergraduate program to the Big Sandy, Tex., campus was "particularly embarrassing."

That decision was coupled with the announcement that the Pasadena college's four-year liberal arts program would end this summer. A much more limited program for training ministers and other church personnel will be substituted in the fall.

The younger Armstrong said he was speaking last Friday at a "welcoming banquet" in Big Sandy to a crowd of more than 250 Texas civic, state and educational leaders when he learned that the college would not be transferred from Pasadena to Texas after all.

"I was speaking," Armstrong said, "about our commitment to higher education in Texas and how pleased

we were to be coming back to Texas." Armstrong said that when he heard this was not to happen after all, "obviously I was stunned."

But Armstrong said this and other decisions were part of his father's move to "take back the reins of leadership."

Armstrong said his father has made "a remarkable recovery" from his cardiac arrest of a year ago and wants to resume full leadership.

And, Armstrong said, "I would be the last person to challenge that. There would have been a struggle if I had struggled, but I prefer to honor my father and will defer to his authority."

However, the younger Armstrong said he will return to Pasadena today or Tuesday to "sit down and talk with my father."

He said he had been unsuccessfully trying to reach his father by telephone for the past week.

Armstrong said he knew the recent decisions "would touch off a wave of speculations. And what concerns me is that I don't want to be cut off from the herd and have people taking potshots at me."

The younger Armstrong's comments came in the wake of his father's talk Saturday to his followers in the Pasadena headquarters.

The elder Armstrong assured his followers that there is "complete unity" within his empire and asserted that he had come back to resume the leadership of his organizations. In deciding to close the liberal arts college, he said "it doesn't make any difference if you (his followers) agree with me or not. It is going to happen."

He then accused me of causing "divisions and offenses in the Church...." But this was equally untrue. There were *no* doctrinal difficulties entering into all these problems; they were entirely administrative, financial, and involving personnel. No one in the entire church was wanting to split off, or be "divided" in any way.

To receive such a letter, signed "In Jesus' name" by my own father, detailing wholly *false* charges, was so shocking that I quite literally thought my father had gone crazy. I thought he had lost control of his mind, was completely irrational. How could he write such things, and never so much as pick up the telephone, to find out *from me* if they were true?

He never did.

As the weeks and months went by, I tried repeatedly to see him. He was closely guarded. My telephone calls went unanswered. Frequently, when I announced I was on the phone, a servant would simply place the receiver on the table, and walk away. I would hang up, call back again and again, only receiving a busy signal.

I doubt that they told him I was on the telephone.

Yet, when my sister stayed with him in his home in Pasadena over New Year's Day, in 1979, she relayed messages to him from me, and he was adamant that he would not see me, would not communicate.

Meanwhile, I had become convinced Satan had struck at the very vitals of the work of God; that my father was surrounded by evil influences; that he was being manipulated, perhaps even threatened; that he *feared* some of those who were close to him.

I was not shocked when my father told my sister he was planning a divorce. I had predicted his marriage would end in such a manner long ago. As I told my wife, "I told you so" is cheap tinsel. It gives me no satisfaction."

A Messy Divorce, and Doctrinal Change!

From the first, I had viewed my father's infatuation with Ramona Martin as a mistake. I wondered if it was a "set-up." Perhaps it was, perhaps it was not. In any event, my worst fears were realized when his marriage resulted in greater distance between us, increasing alienation.

I shall not relate all the details leading to my father's plans for divorce. However, it *is* important to realize that we are talking about a man who had regarded divorce right alongside the unpardonable sin; a man who had written powerful booklets, articles, preached powerful sermons, *against divorce* for more than fifty years! Thousands of prospective church members were turned away from WCG membership because they

had been divorced and had remarried, but were unwilling to put away the second marriage, as church doctrine, enforced solely by my father, then demanded.

Many of our leading ministers believed the church was *wrong* about its doctrine concerning divorce and remarriage; believed that, while divorce is certainly a *sin*, it is not the *unpardonable* sin.

A little background is necessary in order to understand the impending divorce in its proper context. Back in 1956, my father had excommunicated my sister Beverly from the church for refusing to take off her makeup, a newly-established taboo. From the early '30's until 1955 and 1956, there was no proscription against makeup. However, because most in the church tended to be hyper-conservative, only comparatively few women used it.

One of my father's favorite pictures of my mother, with her hair piled high, wearing a sequined evening gown, occupied a cherished place on his Steinway grand piano. She was wearing a modest amount of makeup. The picture was taken in the early '50's.

From 1956 until about 1974 or 1975, the use of makeup by women in the church was forbidden.

One Monday morning, after I had just returned from a large-scale campaign in Seattle, Washington, a personal aide came into my office to inform me that my father had changed the "makeup doctrine" while I was away!

I said, "Good! He has just removed a very large stumbling block from before about half the human race which prevents them from becoming church members."

I was not privy to his plans. I found he had been discussing his problems with others. It seems Ramona had come to him, explaining how, when she was at his side at banquets overseas, together with my sister Beverly, who was now traveling with my father (some twenty years after his having excommunicated her), and others of his company, she would wear makeup. All the women around my father, including the wife of his top financial advisor, wore makeup, as did the wives of foreign dignitaries, Japanese ambassadors, and so on.

Ramona explained how strange it felt to her to have to take her makeup off *only when sitting beside him in church*, but wear it all the rest of the time.

My father decided to review the booklet he had written back in the mid '50's. He called a group of ministers together for lunch, talked it over, went back to his office and wrote an official letter *changing* the "doctrine" all within about two or three hours!

Presto! Now it was all right for women in the church to wear makeup again!

I was in Seattle.

How strange it was to have my father write a lengthy story in the *Worldwide News* after my ouster about how *I changed the makeup doctrine* while he wasn't looking (how does one *not know* whether the women in the church are wearing makeup?); how I had become a *liberal*; how I was "watering down doctrine"!

He even wrote about how I had supposedly written a lengthy letter to him, proposing the change, and had handed it to him just before he boarded the airplane for an overseas trip, as if I had conspired to "catch him unawares" and in haste, to urge a decision.

This simply never happened! *Never* did I write a paper on makeup. Never did I hand him any such paper. If I had, it could be produced. How does one "run in behind one's back" a "doctrine" affecting half the membership of the church, have it in force and effect for *years*, and my father not notice it?

The truth is as I have related it. He changed the ruling about makeup, writing out the official notice on his own typewriter following that luncheon, and his paper was published in the *Worldwide News*.

Now to the point: My father became increasingly disenchanted with his marriage. He was becoming paranoid about plots against him. As one said, jokingly, "Just because you're paranoid doesn't mean they're not really out to get you." My father overheard a conversation in his home between various persons, probably including his wife, which convinced him they were planning to have him placed in a mental institution.

By a secret telephone call and hasty orders, he had Ed Black, his pilot, have the GII waiting at the Tucson airport. He had, during his convalescence, taken to asking his chauffeur, Mel, to drive him around various neighborhoods in Tucson, just to get out of the house for a change of scenery.

To escape what he had convinced himself was a plot against him (real or imagined, I cannot honestly testify), he ordered Mel to take him directly to the airport. He had not packed or taken anything with him that would have made this particular drive about town appear irregular.

Once aboard, he issued orders to his most trusted ministers and executives concerning the plot against him, went to his home in Pasadena, and surrounded himself with their protective security.

At last, he seemed to believe he had discovered the true motives of several of those closest to him. He could not bring himself to contact me, admit my many warnings and desperate appeals had been correct, and

bring about a complete reconciliation between us, however. Instead, he renewed attacks against me, bringing up astoundingly false charges that I had "shanghaied" some men by transferring them here or there.

Now, he was seeking ways to get the church membership to accept a *divorce*, where, only a few years earlier, he had written many articles in order to prepare their minds to accept his marriage to a divorcee.

Shortly after his return to Pasadena, my sister Dottie was again a guest in his home. In a discussion with him about his disgust with Ramona, his belief there had been a plot to put him in a mental institution, my sister said, "Well, Dad, why don't you just *divorce* her?"

He retorted, "I am working it out where *she will divorce me!*"

He gave my sister to believe that if he *changed the makeup ruling back again* she would balk and refuse to take it off. He knew the marriage was already in a shambles. He believed he had been used, betrayed—was in fear of a plot against him. Yet, he wanted it to appear she was committing *spiritual* offenses, refusing to submit to church government, so he could invoke the scripture which says, "If the 'unbeliever' depart, let him [her] depart...."

Almost immediately, his article appeared labeling makeup as a great *sin*, and alleging I had been the one to change it. He heaped upon me charges of being "liberal," of "watering down doctrine" (though he never specified *which ones*, apart from makeup and tithing—both false charges), and of "cutting off" people from getting to him. I can, of course, recognize how several sycophants with their own hidden agendas, desperately wanting to lobby him for favors, would have felt "cut off" from him, since they knew they had to go through me to get to him, prior to May/June, 1978.

As a result of his blast against me in his publications, I sent him the following lengthy letter on April 25, 1979. I have edited it slightly to remove nonessential material which is not cogent to the topic of this booklet, and have omitted some names to avoid unnecessary speculation.

April 25, 1979

Dear Dad,

Your article in the Good News cannot go unanswered. I would prefer calling you on the telephone, but cannot get through, and of course, I will have no assurance whatsoever that you even receive this letter, but at least I will try. Then, if I must make this an "open letter" and give it to the newspapers in the

hopes that your household servants and others will not screen everything from you, there may be some faint hope you will see it somehow.

If I do not receive any response whatsoever, then, of course, I will have to assume you have not been allowed to see it, and I will try to use other means to reach you.

The last time I tried to call, I talked to Rona, your housekeeper, to Ramona, your wife (and left her both of my telephone numbers) and to your nurse several times.

The first time I called, they said you were asleep. The second time they said the same thing. Finally they said you were awake but on another line. I asked the nurse to tell you who was waiting, she asked me to call back in "10 minutes." I did. Busy. I called many times over the next hour or so. Still "busy." They were playing the same games with me they have played time and time again from June until the present. So, as before, I called through the operator and her supervisor, and sure enough, the telephone was off the hook.

I know it would be impossible for me to write to you directly, and so following your own example of writing an "open letter" to me many months ago (which you never sent me a copy of personally), I must write this "open letter" in the hopes it creates sufficient interest that somehow those surrounding you will allow you to see it. All of it—the original—not carefully edited portions.

The first horrible error you made in your article "Why My Son No Longer Stands 'Back to Back' with Me" was when you said, following your analogy of the relationship of God the Father and Christ the Son, "But always—and this conversation took place more than once—at this point my son would change the subject."

You are wrong. I didn't "change the subject," and I have written letters on the same subject to prove it. I said each time, "That's true, Dad, but can't you see that there is another aspect to this analogy—that the Father is glorified in and through the Son? Cannot you understand that the Father was never jealous or resentful of the Son? The Son was out in the forefront. He, Jesus Christ of Nazareth, was in the 'limelight,' and He came to appear before the entire human race, not the Father! Jesus Christ was the visible member of the God family,

and God the Father was the invisible one—there was no disharmony between them."

You never listened, just blotted me out and changed your thoughts to something else, and since convinced yourself I "always changed the subject." Frankly, Dad, I have always been very embarrassed by this analogy because I felt it is almost bordering on blasphemy. You quote John 12:49 with Jesus saying He only spoke that which His Father in Heaven told Him to speak. Are you comparing yourself to God the Father? And as for me, I feel embarrassed at being compared to Christ—and embarrassed at you comparing either of ourselves to the Godhead.

Remember why Al Portune said he could never come back into the work? He was so astounded when you said all the things against me to him in private that it proved a severe emotional trauma. When Al and I had breakfast together, we both had tears in our eyes as he related to me what you had said. He wanted to know what he should do, and I suggested he write down his feeling and send you a personal letter. He did so, and sent me a copy. It was a wonderful letter, Dad, filled with warm love and compassion for you, and with understanding. Al Portune gently reminded you how he had never been jealous of his own sons—how when he saw them achieving something, accomplishing something, it was not a threat to him, but that it be extension "glorified him" because he could rejoice in the accomplishment of his sons. I appreciated his attempts to get the message through to you and thought it was a wonderful letter.

Later you told me, "Al said he was not sorry for anything he did!" And I failed to find any such words or spirit in his letter—I have a copy, you see.

No Dad, I did not "always change the subject." I have personal letters from you and responses from me concerning this very analogy of the relationships between God the Father and Christ the Son. Rather than change the subject, I always addressed it head-on and tried, Al Portune did, to remind you that the Father was glorified in and through the Son, and that the Father would never tell the Son to do something or to believe something that was not right. You said, "It was not a matter of the Son telling the Father what to believe and speak, but the

Father told the son...." But God the Father never told Jesus Christ to say and to speak anything that was not true, Dad. And God the Father never practiced one thing and told Jesus Christ to preach another. This is merely an analogy and one which I believe should not be applied to fallible human beings!

No Dad, I have not "changed the subject" as you said, I addressed the subject each time you brought it up, but if you do not hear exactly what you want to hear, you just blot it out of your mind and memory, and so I suppose you actually believe I just "changed the subject." I have letters which prove otherwise.

You said, "He began to assume FULL control-forbidding any in the work to take anything over his head."

This is a very strange statement when viewed in the light of your statements to me concerning "turning over the reins" of the work back in 1973, and your lengthy letter to the entire membership and co-workers in which you paraphrased the dying King David's instructions to his son, Solomon (I Kings 2). For years you were away from Pasadena ninety percent of the time. You yourself gave me the reins of the work, Dad.

In the Feast of Tabernacles in 1976 you preached a thundering sermon about "Who is in charge," leaving thousands of brethren in dazed amazement. Publicly you were saying, "My son and I have never been closer together," but privately you were continually shouting at dinners overseas before strangers, the G-II crew, and those traveling with you against your son! Stan Rader continually told me of these outbursts, or told Bob Kuhn in their dozens of hours-long telephone conversations.

No, I did not attempt to take the work away from you at all, Dad. Please think for a minute about the time during your desperate illness. I am very thankful for the record I spoke and wrote and lived during that time. My messages all over the world, in Australia, and in the United States included loving, concerned, warm, kind and honorable statements concerning yourself, asking thousands of the brethren to pray for you. At the Feast I frequently found tears in my eyes as I was moved with love for you and concern for your condition. The thousands of brethren know this, Dad, even if

you doubt it.

Think about what I could have done had I been the kind of person you are saying I am. I could have called a board meeting, Dad. I could have announced that you were near death, that even if you recovered, it might be a year or even longer before you could be active again. I could have moved that you be retired and that I become the chairman of the board, president of the church, AICF, and the head of everything. Yes, Dad, I COULD HAVE DONE THAT, and every one of those men would have gone along with it, including Stan Rader!

But you see, it never occurred to me!

It only occurs to me now after nearly a year of being attacked mercilessly by yourself and many others, and it only comes to mind as a statement in my own behalf.

Instead, in the board room on January 3, 1978, I offered several times to resign! Wayne Cole, Norman Smith, Dibar Apartian, Herman Hoeh, Stan Rader, Bob Kuhn, Shirley, Ron Dart and several others heard me resign, Dad. IF YOU THOUGHT I WAS TRYING TO TAKE OVER, why did you not just accept that resignation then instead of sending out a secret communication to the area coordinators behind my back, in the dead of night, and oust me in a political coup? No, I did not "try to take over," but you gave the reins to me, and then continually snatched them back out of my hands until I was once more in a complete power vacuum—every decision second-guessed and suspect.

As for forbidding any in the work to take anything over my head, you are the strongest teacher of "chain of command." Don't you realize the terrible trouble the most junior minister in the church would incur if he "went over his superior's head?" For a junior minister to go around his senior pastor and his area coordinator and go directly to me would have been thought of as gross disloyalty! The only two people I remember telling not to go over my head were [—] at the time of the ministerial conference in 1974 when you were going to announce the change in D & R, and he was going to try to resist it, and [—] several years earlier (explained in the enclosed statement).

You said I "shanghaied away" various men. I have explained this to you in the privacy of your study, but you keep adding new names to the

list and will not listen to the explanations. The enclosed statement concerning [---] and [---] is absolutely true and can be proved. As for me "shanghaiing" Herman Hoeh, I simply do not know what you are talking about. I haven't the faintest idea about the various alterations in Herman's responsibilities, nor how he came to be replaced in the college, and I know it was not my decision. As to Norman Smith, all you have to do is call him and ask him. I gave a "state of the work" message in which I called upon ministers to minister and businessmen to do business. I called in Norman and had a talk with him. He agreed to become an area coordinator over many churches and over a vast area. I understood he was very happy with the decision, and he actually helped make it. I always felt any man who had the seniority Norman had needed to be a part of any decisions affecting his future, and I took Norman completely into my confidence. I heard later that he and his family were very happy to be out on some suburban land and very happy with his new responsibilities. I never "shanghaied" him anywhere!

You said I "shanghaied" Dibar Apartian, and I don't know what you are talking about. Les McCullough was my subordinate over the International Division. There were terrible problems in the churches in France. I was told Raymond Cole was virtually able to take the entire Lausanne church because Dibar had not really instructed the people in France and Belgium concerning the changes in D & R and Pentecost. I had long, tearful letters from both Carn Catherwood and his wife as well as long reports (through Mr. McCullough) from others in France and Switzerland.

Mr. McCullough made the decisions and I backed him up.

But, first I offered Dibar the opportunity to remain as head of the French work if he would move to France or even to England. He declined citing his wife and children and did not want to go. I then backed Mr. McCullough in the decisions he made. That is what you always taught me to do--support the man under me and delegate.

You said these new names you added were "just to name a few." Dad, you mean you're going to add still more? It is ridiculous to accuse me of doing the very thing you had appointed me to

do! Making critical personnel decisions was a major part of my responsibilities—you never gave me any list of special favorites of yours or "sacred cows" that I was not to touch even though I knew certain people (such as Bob Smith, the decorator) were viewed as "your men," and that I could have no authority whatsoever over them.

It was never spelled out to me that I was to have no authority whatsoever in making personnel changes when they were necessary!

And, believe me, Dad, if I were back in authority tomorrow, I would either have the authority to make necessary personnel changes or I would never consider assisting you in any capacity. One of the most deadly errors to make in administration is to place your executive in a power vacuum, hamstringing them, second-guess them, set up a spying system where subordinates can report on their superiors (as you have done within the churches where laymembers are "reporting on" their ministers and getting them fired in some cases with no cause), and create an atmosphere of mistrust, suspicion and politics.

You have called [--] a "buffoon." You have laughed at his simplistic, boyish, immaturities—and so has much of the rest of the ministry. When I came to you with the need to get [--] out of the high-sounding office of "Deputy Chancellor," it was as a result of a note urging me to do so from [--], and an emotional appeal from [--] who was about to resign because he couldn't stand the inadequate, non-academic, unprofessional approach any further. I came to you with the problem and YOU MADE THE DECISION. You insisted upon calling [--] in and giving him the word yourself—I didn't even have to tell him about it. If I had the same recommendation to make to you all over again, it would be identical. [--] does not belong over the faculty of an educational institution, and we both know it! But "he that is convinced against his will is of the same opinion still," and that is precisely the way you have been in many of these areas. You appear convinced, and YOU WOULD MAKE THE DECISION! But what an absolute TRAUMA it was for those under you to find you were saying how unhappy you were with the decision, that you disagreed with it and wanted to change it back! To me, when you made the decision, it

was to be carried out—and that is what I did.

As to shanghaiing—I seem to remember it was you who demanded Ron Dart leave his wife and home in the night and go straight to England! No explanations—no reasons offered, and when he begged for a reason, you just demanded to know whether he would obey or not. You tested him on his personal loyalty, leaving his wife crying at home, wondering what had happened to her husband. He left. I was away from telephones, and you struck while I was away. When I returned, I came directly to Tucson and asked you to please explain to Ron what terrible things he had done to deserve such treatment. I asked you to call him.

You had a change of heart and with tears and choking voice, apologized to Ron. Both sudden decisions were changed though they seriously damaged the reputations of the men involved and threw additional speculation into the ministry.

No, Dad, it is not I who have the record of suddenly and shockingly jerking people up by the roots and moving them all over the world to "get rid of them." I never shanghaied anyone anywhere!

You said (as impossible as it is to imagine) that I allegedly began "shutting off all authority above him, he shut JESUS CHRIST off."

Dad, that is a blasphemous charge! I cannot have the power to "shut Jesus Christ off" any more than you can or ten billion humans can or even a hundred billion angels! I find the charge shocking and unbelievable!

You said, "He began to water down, liberalize, and secularize CHRIST'S TRUE DOCTRINES." Yet you have never told me either in writing or in private or in print since making these charges—nor have you told any of the brethren which specific doctrines you claim I watered down!

I know of NONE!

I was away on a campaign when you changed the makeup doctrine without even so much as taking me into your confidence or asking any opinions of any of the ministry, the area coordinators, the other evangelists, or vice-presidents. You did it on your own!

Yet it was the very doctrine that you used to put your own daughter out of the church back

in the 1950's! Now, because you had already given Ramona permission to wear it overseas and because you had a lunch with Bob Kuhn who brought new information to you concerning Isaiah 3, you changed it suddenly. Now the women could once again wear makeup.

Just who was liberalizing?

I never approved of the idea of publishing a secular magazine, seeing pictures of naked architects in bathtubs on the cover, advertising Virginia ham, and showing weird, demon-inspired art, or publishing articles about a man giving birth to a pig as in Quest.

It is a completely secular publication and one which I am not interested in reading. Just who is secularizing—and who was striving to cling fast to the spiritual kind of magazine? I wanted to expand, make more spiritually strong our magazine, and I was very much hopeful we could get back to more than three million in circulation. You first said you gave orders to sell Quest. You told the brethren, "I have so directed," but within a few weeks you were asking them to go out and get their doctors and dentists to order a copy, and using all the brethren to get a subscription. Why?

You said that I was "causing great DIVISION in God's Church," and Dad, that is simply not true. The entire church was on a real spiritual high just before you struck me from behind! We were going to open up in Big Sandy, make the headquarters MORE VISIBLE, and open up a beautiful visitors' center. Read the copies of the Worldwide News from January on and see if you can find any GREAT DIVISION in the church! (January of 1978, that is).

From the things you and I were both saying publicly (no matter the constant difficulties behind the scenes), it appeared the church was entering a period of vital new growth—we had put many of the problems behind us, and the entire ministry and the brethren were excited about our new openness and our unashamed approach to those in the world around us about our church and our Savior. No one knows of any "GREAT DIVISION" whatsoever—and no one knows of any such "division" stemming from any of the charges you have made against me.

I never said you "never had to work with anyone over you," but I did say you didn't have the faintest idea what it was like to work under

your own father! You don't.

Repeatedly, even well into my middle forties, you would remind the congregation that "Ted was only three" when you started the work. To you I suppose I am still about 11 or 12. I have tried to view the world and myself through your eyes and to really understand the different feelings that must assail a person's mind at age 87, but I guess I fall short, I just cannot.

To me, Dad, it is the most incredible, belittling, demeaning thing in the world for a man nearing 50 years of age to be treated like a little toddler of 3. To be told to disappear—to simply get out of sight and not go near even a small town there might be a church congregation—and remain out of sight for over six months—well, to me it was positively dictatorial, irrational, and unthinkable.

Somehow it was as if you were going to "spank your little boy" again and had lost sight of the whole overview of the vast numbers of human lives that would be affected by your wrath. You seemingly didn't care. Nothing could change your mind. You believed your "advisors" and even placed the blame of a felony on me, claiming I tried to "divert corporate mail and funds" without ever checking with me in person.

It never occurred to you that your advisors could be wrong. You knew your own son was "wrong," of course, for I always got the benefit of the doubt, in reverse! Guilty.

The fact that one of the very leading men who was filling your ears with rot against me was an embezzler (to the tune of approximately \$219,000 out of God's tithe money) and was frightened out of his wits because I was calling for a different auditing firm must not have occurred to you.

Had it been [-] signature on that charge of "diverting corporate mail and funds," I would probably have followed his own example and sued him for \$777 million or so! I could have sued my own father, and won, but because God's word tells me not to, I had to just swallow the libel and humbly take it and allow tens of thousands of people to believe it was true.

Dad, I overcame my attitudes of resentment against you when I was converted. I do not resent you, nor did I resent your exercising your authority when it was done in kindness, gentleness and love. Autocracy, shouting,

tyrannical abuse of authority, I most fervently do resent—and I know my God and my Savior Jesus Christ do not use that kind of authority!

I have preached many a sermon about being "easy to be entreated" and about how approachable our Heavenly Father is—that He has love toward us beyond our imagination. When General of the Army Omar Bradley visited the college, he gave a lecture on authority. He said, "One thing I learned was never to shout at a subordinate who could not shout back." One day, Dad, I shouted back. You threatened to destroy me, and I said in anger that I could do the same to you! I then apologized to you very sincerely, and you said you would accept my apology.

Remember the parable of the two laborers? One of them said to his boss, "I go," but he went not. The other said, "I won't go," but later he repented and went.

Yes, I did speak out in anger and in the privacy of your study, just between the two of us. I spoke out sitting down, not "standing over you," however. But since that time I have been interviewed by Newsweek, Time, People, Esquire, and many other magazines and journals; I have appeared on dozens of television shows, including ones with audiences of up to 20 million such as 60 Minutes and the Tomorrow show with Tom Snyder. I have been interviewed by dozens of radio stations and by dozens of newspapers. In each case I refused to speak about anything I had brought up to you in private.

You continually say I threatened you. But you never say what it was I threatened you with. For my part, Dad, I intended leaving that personal, family problem behind in your study! I never imagined you would play the dangerous game of brinkmanship, really carrying out your threat to destroy me by telling the brethren and the world that I "threatened to destroy you!"

Actions speak louder than words. From the time of my ouster, it is very clear just who has been trying to destroy whom.

I have not gotten down to the gutter level with some of the garbage, propaganda and twisted stories coming out of Pasadena! I have not answered back in kind, but I have followed Christ's example of "answering them not a word." The church has heard voluminous thousands of

words from you and [-] and others, defaming, castigating, maligning, and libeling me! But they have heard nothing from me saying any such things about you!

You have said my sole effort "has been to DESTROY his father and GOD'S CHURCH!" and that is an absolute untruth. I have not tried to destroy you, but I have upheld, defended and tried to protect you. I most certainly have done nothing against God's Church for I am still very much a vital part of God's true CHURCH, viable, invisible, living organism that is Christ's body! And I am still preaching His Gospel, just the way I have for nearly 25 years!

You said, "The few radio stations he has gone on were in areas where Worldwide Church of God members were heaviest!" That is both misleading and untrue. If you call 33 radio stations "a few" when you yourself were not on that many radio stations until many, many years after you began on radio (and years after founding the college), then I suppose 33 radio stations are "a few." But I learned about radio from a pretty good teacher—my father. I knew WOAI would be a primary station for doing God's work. I wanted WCKY, WWVA, WRVA, WOAI, KXEN, KEXL, KRAK, and many other, and I am on all of the above. Did you expect me to pick out a little town somewhere where there is no local congregation of the WCG and begin on a 100 watt station?

If you will read the booklets I have written and the articles in Internews, our new monthly publication, you will see a lot of work and effort going into my preaching the gospel of the Kingdom of God to the world. My newest booklet, How to Get Rid of Guild, is directed to the outsiders. My booklets on the True Gospel and on Oh, God Where Were You When I Needed You? are directed to people outside the church. But, Dad, how much of what you have spoken and written in the past 8 months has been directed to the world, and how much has been directed toward the members and co-workers of the church?

If you are looking for conspirators who tried to talk me into "taking over," you need to look right there beside you at the man who told me time and time again, "Ted, now is the time for you to put your stamp on the college!" and so urged me to assume more and more leadership! Yes, [-].

The same man whose resignations I had acquired by December of 1977, but whose resignations you refused to accept on January 3, 1978. The same man whose resignation you were fervently attempting to obtain in December of 1978, and the same man to whom you had a hand-delivered letter sent on the night of January 2, 1979. Remember the letter, Dad? In it you asked this man to step aside from his position on the boards of the church and the college and to remain only as your personal advisor and on AICF. Remember his response? It must have frightened you very badly to be told "you will hear from my lawyer." The next morning he was very busy—for the receivers walked in.

Your own voice was heard by 20 million American people saying you believe this man is, in effect, trying to do the very thing you claim you put me out for trying to do—take over the work! You know and you know that you know that he had threatened you for you admitted it before 20 million American people. You have told me privately the same thing. You have told Wayne Cole privately the same thing. You have confided your fears of him to others, too.

How ironic it is that after I acquired his resignations, you rejected them. You then asked Wayne Cole to help you get him to resign, and after a violent confrontation, you turned on Wayne Cole and betrayed him, ousted, fired, and excommunicated him and accused of being in a conspiracy. Yes, Dad, HE WAS IN A CONSPIRACY, and only one conspiracy—A CONSPIRACY WITH YOU, HERBERT W. ARMSTRONG, TO GET RID OF THIS MAN!

In the spring of 1972, you told me you were going to send [—] to England. I begged you to do it before I came back, if your mind was made up, and you were going to do it. I knew that if you waited until after I was back, [—] would always feel "Ted got me." You waited. You then sent [—] to England, not I. [—] has always felt that I "got him."

Dad, I am in the ministry of Jesus Christ of Nazareth. You did not put me there, and you cannot take me out! I am preaching the gospel of the Kingdom of God as a witness and a warning to millions of Americans every day! I am writing, visiting, counselling, anointing, praying, teaching, preaching and working as hard as I can in the work to which God called me.

You are a pretty good salesman, Dad. You

have told me and tens of thousands of others how I was given the gift of speech by a miracle from God, and how my very life was a miracle. You always felt God had intended me to be born—and intended me to be given that gift and had always intended to use me in His work. You sold me on that fact. And, Dad, I still believe it. That's why I did not disappear like a vagabond as if I had something of which to be ashamed (as you ordered me to do in your "banishment" letter). That's why I knew that God wanted me to continue to do His work!

I approached that microphone with fear and trembling for my first program in Tyler. Was God's gift still there? Would the truth of God come pouring out from my heart and mouth as before? Would His word be as vivid to my mind, and would I be able to recall scriptures and Bible principles? Would I still have the grasp of world conditions and insight God has given me (through many of your own teachings) of prophecy? Or would I falter and stumble, my mind a blank and my voice unable to speak?

I prayed to God for His gift, giving myself completely over into His hands as I have for years before broadcasts, asking Him to speak through me. I would be happy to send you a tape of that first broadcast, Dad, for it was all there! The gift was there, the knowledge was there, the scriptures and the grasp of world conditions was there! I spoke on world government—the coming Kingdom of God!

Since that time I have done over 240 brand new radio programs! I have preached repentance and baptism; I have preached about the true gospel and have fearlessly talked about the Passover, the Holy Days—right on the air!

The program content is the same, Dad. Same voice, same message, same Bible, same person—your son—preaching the same things that led you to say only weeks before you smashed me, "Ted, those new broadcasts are better than fine!" What a pity that I am now having to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ alongside you, with you, but not "for" you! I doubt that you listen to my broadcasts, but if you ever do, you will hear the same voice saying the same things that helped BUILD THE WHOLE WORK FOR THE LAST 24 YEARS!

Dad, when you cut me loose, you relinquished all authority over me. I would

never have left on my own, as you know so well, as I have confidently said before the church so many times. I said, "If I ever leave, don't follow me!" The fact is, I DID NOT LEAVE—I am still very much in God's true church, inside the body of Jesus Christ which is a spiritual organism, and I am still very much a servant of Jesus Christ, preaching His gospel in increasing power over 33 radio stations in the hearing radius of more than 150 million people! No, I did not leave—but you forced me out of your organization for 4 numbered reasons, all of which are untrue!

I was forced to reincorporate or I could not have paid radio bills, sent out booklets, conducted church services, and functioned as a legal entity.

You would not have allowed me to function in the same way the Church of God (Seventh Day) allowed you to function in the 1930's and the 1940's. The other day Elder John Kiesz stopped by to see me. He had a copy of his original ordination paper you gave him. I have seen many other documents that show you were not even incorporated until about 1941 or later, and that the only credentials you carried from 1934 until your ouster from the Church of God (Seventh Day) in 1937 were those sent in response to a letter with your own signature on it (they publish it, and I have a copy) in which you requested their credentials. You acknowledged they were "that one body," and you were listed as "Elder Herbert Armstrong, Eugene, Oregon," in the Dugger-Dodd book on church history.

Times have changed.

I could not begin as a loosely-associated member of the Worldwide Church of God for you would not have allowed it, unlike the attitude of those humble people back in the 1930's who allowed you to preach over the radio, preach in their pulpits, and allowed their ministers to visit your pulpit in Eugene. No, you would not have allowed any fellowship whatsoever.

So, if I were going to continue doing God's work and keep His work alive and prevent it from being dragged down and out by the incredible internal scandals, chicanery, politics, backbiting, hatred, rancor, bitterness, vindictiveness, and spite that has become characteristic of so much of the leadership these days, I had to incorporate. I did.

Dad, I will still follow you if you will let me—as you follow Jesus Christ!

But you see at least two of your loyal ministers have been told in recent weeks when they said the same thing, "That's not good enough!"

If that's not good enough—if the Holy, Sacred, Inspired Word of God that will judge us is not good enough, Dad, then I guess I will fall short of your requirements.

Somehow each time I try to peek around you to find out if Jesus Christ is there, I see someone else instead....

With deep personal love and regret,

Your Son, Ted

I never received a response to this heartfelt letter; never had an opportunity to discuss with my father any of the points he had raised. As one can easily see from the letter, I was bewildered by the many completely false charges being brought. The supposed paper on the subject of makeup serves as a primary example. No such paper was ever written. No such paper exists. My father was becoming senile (which is not a disparaging term, nor a criticism, but a fact of advancing age), and he was becoming very forgetful. Worse, he was, without realizing it or intending it, being influenced by others around him.

It is bewildering to go through the process, as I described, of carefully insuring my father approved of a particular decision involving personnel, such as transferring a man overseas; to ask my father to handle the matter himself, in deference both to him, and to the man's long-time service in the work; to be with my father when he made the decision; to see him call the man in and discuss the whole thing, and effect the transfer *himself*, only to be accused, later, of "shanghaiing" the man away!

Such was the nature of all the charges against me. They were illogical, irrational, and bewildering.

The Church of God, International

By the previous June, on the 21st day of the month, the State of Texas had approved the corporate documents of the Church of God, International.

As I related in the letter, I had begun on but one radio station, WOAI in San Antonio. I have related in sermons many times how I went to a recording studio here in Tyler which was a made-over garage, placed a

board atop a piece of cloth on a small spinet piano as my “desk,” and began making thirty-minute radio programs.

As I told my father, I was using the same Bible, with the same delivery, same beliefs, same message that I had been using for the past two decades!

How ironic it was to me, in those days, to know that dozens of Worldwide ministers were busily *lying* to their congregations, saying that I had abandoned the Sabbath, that I did not keep the holy days, that I had abandoned tithing—all utterly false charges. Many of them became incredibly inventive with their lies.

Yet, perhaps eighty-five percent of the membership of the Worldwide Church during those years had come into the church as a direct result of my radio and television programs (for which only Jesus Christ receives the credit!). It became ludicrous as the months passed. People were being disfellowshipped for the most trivial “offenses,” including such things as attending one of my meetings, reading any of my literature, listening to one of my tapes, or perhaps asking about the salaries of the leadership in headquarters.

Little by little, a few former members of the Worldwide Church, and many former co-workers, began hearing my broadcasts. Soon, I was on other radio stations. Eventually, I was broadcasting weekly over fifty-four stations.

However, costs per new response were very high, and I had a great deal of experience in both radio and television. I knew the really *big* audiences were sitting there in front of their television sets; that radio had proliferated into thousands and thousands of FM stations; that “drive” time was best, but I could never break into that time frame.

I began doing television again when we could afford it, and from the beginning, God blessed my efforts.

Churches were raised up; fellowship groups meeting with “hosts” sprang up all over the country, and in foreign nations. Each year, our attendance at the Feast of Tabernacles grew.

All during the years from 1978 until 1986, I hoped and prayed that my father and I could somehow be reconciled. Shortly before his death, I was in Pasadena. I knew he was very seriously ill; knew he could die at any time. I called his home, and his housekeeper answered. She refused to call him to the telephone. I had wanted to tell him, again, how deeply sorry I was for the few moments of anger I expressed to him in his study so long ago in Tucson. I wanted to remind him how he had written an article (never a letter to me, however) for the *Worldwide News*, admitting I had *never* “attempted to divert corporate mail or funds,” yet, he never

apologized, never called, never so much as sent me a copy of the paper.

Within days of returning to Texas, my sister called to tell me he had died.

I broke down and cried like a child when I heard the news, for I had so wanted to talk to him just once more; heal the wound, be reconciled with my human father. I had written, called, sent telegrams—tried for years to talk to him, or to see him in person. All to no avail. Now, I knew the door was finally closed. There was no way those who had been vying for position; those who would move into positions of power and influence in the organization, would want me back. Not when they know I favor a non-salaried ministry; that I believe all ministers are *equals* in Christ, and are to be “helpers of their joy,” and not “policemen over their faith.”

Now, six years after my father's death, God continues to open great doors before us. As I write, the contract is being signed for our program being put on superstation WGN, Chicago, with *fifty million* subscribers! As I write, the ground is being prepared for our new corporate headquarters overlooking beautiful Lake Palestine, near Tyler. As I write, more than *one thousand families* are waiting for personal visits for baptism! As I write, final plans are being formed for conducting God's Feast of Tabernacles at *SIX* United States feast sites this autumn. As I write, final plans are shaping up for our annual *ministerial conference* on our grounds on the lake.

Also, as I write, we continue to plan toward the opening of *Imperial Academy*, perhaps in the fall of 1993!

In retrospect, I cannot deny that God Almighty *allowed* all this to happen. Therefore, knowing that all things ultimately work together for *good* to them that know and love the Lord, I know that in God's infinite wisdom, there is a *purpose* for the Church of God, International, a *commission* to be completed, a final destiny to be achieved.

I believe God has appointed me to be His “watchman” to His people Israel, and to all the world. I believe He has sustained me, led and guided me, and continued to inspire me to preach the Gospel of the Kingdom of God; to “cry aloud, spare not,” and show His people their sins. I believe God has a truly GREAT WORK He wants us to accomplish, a work which will fearlessly continue to preach the Gospel of the soon-coming Government of God to all the world, *in Jesus' name*, without fear, and without favor.

The Church of God, International, as I write, is fourteen years of age. I doubt if *any* of us can imagine the world we will be living in when God's church turns twenty-one!

Today, as I write, there are one hundred and fourteen chartered

churches and fellowship groups in the United States alone; many more churches and fellowship groups in Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines, South Africa, France, England, Canada, Jamaica, and other countries.

For all these fourteen years, we have continued to keep, and to powerfully preach that God's law requires that we keep His Sabbath day. Yet, in dozens of WCG pulpits, thousands of members have been told we abandoned the Sabbath long ago.

For all these years, we have continued to keep God's annual holy days; to observe His laws of tithing and giving; to keep the Passover; to remain faithful to the *truth of God* as revealed in His Holy Word.

How utterly ironic it has been to me, personally, to see the man who succeeded my father *close down the Pasadena campus and move the entire undergraduate program to Big Sandy*; to see the church finally rid itself of some of those who were very close personally to my father; to see the church obtain an *outside auditing firm*.

It is also ironic that the parent church has become involved in many significant doctrinal changes which are *far more "liberal" than I ever thought of being!*

The Church of God, International, continues to teach the *truth* about whether we are *already* "born again," or whether we are now only *begotten* by God's Holy Spirit, to ultimately be born of God by a resurrection or instantaneous change (I Corinthians 15:50-52). Write for our booklet on "Born From Above," or "Born Again"?

Articles which address *some* of the most recent doctrinal changes made by the Worldwide Church include the booklet on the article on healing, and the article on whether Jesus was capable of committing sin.

Constitution and By-Laws

As the Church of God, International gradually grew, we were continually made aware of the harsh, unfeeling treatment being received by many in the parent church; how many were summarily "marked," and disfellowshipped, for the slightest "offenses." For a complete understanding of this heinous, and unbiblical practice of blackballing a person from the pulpit, of defaming publicly, please write immediately for your free copy of our brochure, "Excommunication—Does the Bible Teach It?"

From the beginning, I wanted to avoid the mistakes of the past. First, I wanted an active board of trustees; a board which was not merely a dummy, a sham, whose members could be changed in the "sole, subjective discretion" of the chairman, but a board which had the power

to fire the chairman if he strayed from carefully prescribed parameters of responsibility.

I wanted *laymember representation* on the board, and *women*. This was done. However, it became obvious such a body should not govern the ecclesiastical affairs of the church. Therefore, the board created a "Ministerial Council" to manage the ministry, to approve church charters, ordinations, and the like.

Further, I wanted to *begin* with an OUTSIDE, completely independent, *auditing* firm. We have an iron-clad policy that this corporation will always have its annual financial statements prepared by an outside, independent auditor.

From the beginning days of the Church of God, International, I have striven to emphasize "Christ and Him crucified." I have striven to preach the Gospel of the Kingdom of God *in Jesus' name* in all the world. I have continually emphasized the *absolute sovereignty* of the *individual*; that no human being can have the power to *take away salvation* from any other person; that the ministry is *not a priesthood* to whom we must go for every little insignificant thing; that the ministry is not to be *feared* by God's people, but considered as the warmest, kindest, friendliest, most gentle and understanding people on earth.

By and large, I believe the Church of God, International is achieving such goals. God *is* blessing His work. The church is *growing* by leaps and bounds. That is because the *foundation* upon which this church is built is Jesus Christ of Nazareth, and not a human hierarchy. Thanks be to God for His limitless mercy, and His gracious inspiration upon all His children, and upon His true church! □

Where is the True Church?

WHERE is the true church? WHAT is the church? Should you *belong* to a church? Will you be lost if you do not? Why are there so *many* different churches? Can they *all* be part of the chosen body of Christ? What is the *work* of the church?

by Garner Ted Armstrong

For your *FREE* booklet, write to:
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