



VERN BENNOM GRIMSLEY
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November 4, 1984

Dear John,

Because this is my first written response regarding the events of the past year, I wanted you to have a copy of a recent letter to Clyde Bedell.

I hope that you are doing well and that activities at the Boulder School are proving to be everything you have hoped for.

It would be great to see you on December 8 - hope that you can make it!

Yours in the Father's family,

Vern



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November 1, 1984

Dear Clyde:

I just received your letter today and feel that I **must** address a serious, though certainly sincerely held, misunderstanding you appear to have about me.

You requested that I "desist from your present self-casting as an inerrant Creator Son, and become Vern Grimsley, human being, capable of possible error."

The fact that I have continued to stand unwaveringly by what I have said regarding the need to prepare to endure a war is in no way, shape or form equivalent to casting myself as "an inerrant Creator Son!" Such an accusation deeply wounds me, Clyde, and I think it could only have emerged in the midst of the storms of distortion, rumor, heresy and untruths which have swirled across our movement during the past year. I never have made such claims, nor do I now. I never have had such delusions of grandeur, nor do I now.

I, and all the other people who have ever known me or have ever worked with me, know full well that I am an **unquestionably** less-than-perfect specimen of Homo Urantius. I am subject to the same sorts of human faults and failings as anybody else - from errors of judgment and misunderstandings to taking on more projects than I should. But since I have never made any such claim as you assert, there is no way that I can retract it.

I am a man born and reared in the farming and ranching flatlands of western Kansas. I was so painfully shy as a boy that I took up the hobbies of doing magic tricks and ventriloquism to help me overcome it. My shyness has oftentimes been misinterpreted as aloofness (a shortcoming I am working to overcome). But for as long as I can remember, I have thirsted in my soul to know spiritual truth. Imagine my joy back in the mid-fifties when Dr. Sprunger introduced me to **The URANTIA Book!** I was overcome with feelings of gratitude which are undiminished to this day.

Among the greatest privileges of my life were knowing Dr. Sadler and Christy. When she, the last of the contact commissioners, asked that I preach her memorial sermon, it was one of the highest honors I have ever had bestowed on me.

But - for reasons now known only to her - before she died, Christy chose to tell not only me but a number of other leaders in the URANTIA movement in Europe, Canada and the U.S. that I am a member of the Reserve Corps of Destiny. She told none of us that it was a secret. She gave no admonition that it shouldn't be discussed. Indeed, having told as many people as we know she did, she virtually **guaranteed** that eventually it **would** be discussed. At the Green Lake Conference this summer, several leaders told me that, messages or no messages, in their opinions it was only a matter of time before I became very politically controversial in the URANTIA movement because Christy had told a number of people I was a reservist before she died. Maybe they're right. I don't know. There's a lot I don't know. Anyway, I'm certain Christy had some good reason for doing it. Literally,

all I know is that Christy told me that, and that I have had some very unusual experiences the past couple of years. Period. Add it up any way you want to, Clyde - that's all I know about it.

Believe it or not, I have done the best I could through all of this. The twistings and distortions of my life and our ministry have sometimes been extreme. There are **hundreds** of distortions and errors in the "report" to which you alluded. If you're willing to believe that thing, I've got some swampland in Georgia you might be interested in.

Here is an excerpt from a letter a **URANTIA Book** student in New Mexico wrote to me:

"You are probably very familiar with this Abraham Lincoln pronouncement but I want to share it with you anyway: 'If I were to try to read, much less answer, all the attacks made on me, this shop might as well be closed for any other business. I do the very best I know how -- the very best I can, and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, 10 angels swearing I was right would make no difference.' It is the most difficult test of the very fibers that make up our beings when the attacks come from the very people who should be, if not supportive, at least tolerant. Unkindness, intolerance, harshness, condemnation and all other unloving behaviors have no place in the program and daily will of our Father for us. We can only pray for those who are still clinging to those unlovely characteristics in their lives in the name of whatever they elect to set up as right. We all have so much to learn and it may take some really tough school days in order for us to learn it. I often chafe against the process but I do desire the final outcome."

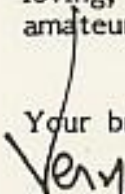
That pretty well sums up why I haven't been publishing rebuttals or scheduling public debates on all this during the past year.

And since you also asked about my "mental stability," I am enclosing a copy of my psychiatric diagnosis.

I was saddened to read in your letter, "I still would like to see you redeem yourself with most of the active leadership of our Movement, and I, of course, do not refer to the inactive and negative leadership (?) at 533." Clyde, I continue to support both URANTIA Brotherhood and URANTIA Foundation with vigor. The people at 533 are wonderful folks who are doing the best they can amid difficult circumstances. I was saddened, too, to read what appeared to be a spiritually judgmental attack on Martin Myers. It is not for us to make such judgments; I know Martin, and know his dedication and sincerity to be wholehearted.

I love you lots, my dear man, but I will ask you kindly to cease and desist from telling people that this highly imperfect, grey-templed, cigar-smoking, bar-b-q loving, joke-telling, post-nasal dripping, back-aching, arthritic Kansas cowboy and amateur evangelist has convinced himself he's "an inerrant Creator Son."

Your brother in our Father's family,


Vern Bennom Grimlsey

VBG/rm