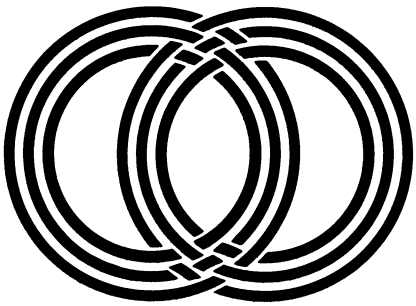

DIALOGUE
A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT



DIALOGUE

A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT

is an independent quarterly established to express Mormon culture and to examine the relevance of religion to secular life. It is edited by Latter-day Saints who wish to bring their faith into dialogue with the larger stream of Judeo-Christian thought and with human experience as a whole and to foster artistic and scholarly achievement based on their cultural heritage. The journal encourages a variety of viewpoints; although every effort is made to ensure accurate scholarship and responsible judgment, the views expressed are those of the individual authors and are not necessarily those of the Mormon Church or of the editors.

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LETTERS

Makes Me Chuckle

Just thinking about "The Benediction" by Neal C. Chandler (Summer 1985) makes me chuckle. It's must reading for everyone who has sat through a Gospel Doctrine class and wondered at the preposterous analogies offered by teachers and students in support of our religious beliefs.

Sacred things laughed at become sacrilege. Chandler's story recognizes our human condition without depreciating our spiritual values. He helps us laugh at ourselves and our propensity to accept and even to promote the secular as equivalent to the sacred. Through Chandler's humorous lens we see the universal desire to make order out of chaos in the struggle to connect daily life to religious aspiration (in this case, a Sunday School teacher's absurd comparison between a movie hero and the Apostle Peter).

Thanks for publishing "The Benediction" and thanks to author Neal C. Chandler for helping us to see and laugh at our foibles.

Bruce L. Christensen
Washington, D.C.

Poetry Neglected

For shame! You gave prizes to everything but poetry! A quotation from Robert Graves is appropriate:

" 'What is the use or function of poetry nowadays?' is a question not the less poignant for being so defiantly asked by so many stupid people or apologetically answered by so many silly people. The function of poetry is religious invocation of the Muse; its use is the experience of mixed exaltation and horror that her presence excites. But 'nowadays'? Function and use remain the same; only the application has changed. This was once a warning to man that he must keep in harmony with the family of living creatures among which he was born, by obedience to the wishes of the lady of the house; it is now a reminder that he has disregarded the warning, turned the house upside down by capricious experiment in philosophy, science, and industry, and brought ruin on himself and his family. 'Nowadays' is a civilian in which the prime emblems of poetry are dishonored. In which the serpent, lion and eagle belong to the circus-tent; ox, salmon, and boar to the cannery; racehorse and greyhound to the betting rings; and the sacred grove to the sawmill. In which the Moon is despised as a burned-out satellite of the Earth and woman reckoned as 'auxillary State personnel.' In which money will buy almost anything but the truth, and almost anyone but the truth-possessed poet." (*The White Goddess: A Historical Interpretation* [New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1948], p. 14.)

Beware!

Mary L. Bradford
Arlington, Virginia

Like a Headline

I felt like a headline: "Falling Hero Injures Local Man." The myth-maker in us cannot resist the temptation to exaggerate the attributes of our heroes. Take the Cecil B. DeMille/Arnold Friberg prophet for example. He comes out of the wilderness, looking like the father of both

Paul Newman and Robert Redford. Then, with trumpets blaring, he talks with God, chastizes us for our sins, and exits stage right without messing his hair. Having as their goal to depict a believable spiritual person, directors have wisely chosen not to give their prophets a human side.

Jesus said, "A prophet is not without honor but in his own country" (Mark 6:4). He knew that it takes great personal spirituality to see past the human being we know to the prophetic dimension. Something deeply human in us resists a prophet with a human side.

For over a hundred years we lived comfortably with our prophet Joseph Smith, as perfect in our minds as the Hollywood Moses. When historians, frequently non-LDS, began to print evidence that showed him as more human than we had been taught, we often dismissed their writings as distortions and inaccuracies. When the Church opened its own archives to faithful members who were historians and serious students, we began to see holes developing in Joseph's larger-than-real-life mantle. Those holes seriously hurt my testimony. The experience was one of those bloodless injuries where you never get enough sympathy to equal the pain.

What do we do with that feeling of betrayal? On what can we base a firm testimony?

Something that has helped me is remembering that I survived the "fall" of my parents by maturing and becoming a father myself. I learned that even good parents make mistakes, understanding that my folks with their complexities were more wonderful than my cardboard image of them.

Something else that has helped me has been the development of an analogy between prophets and prospectors. As I see it, they are both visionary people interested in finding something of great value: pure gold in one case and pure truth in the other. They both go through a process of preparation. The one studies the earth and its formations and the other studies established truth and prepares his spirit to discern the subtle difference between truth and nontruth. They then venture into the high-risk, uncharted areas of their specialities, hoping to find "gold."

If we think that the prospector brings pure gold out of the wilderness, we are mistaken. For every ounce of gold, there are pounds, even tons of rock. The gold comes as ore and has to be refined. So when the prospector comes back into camp claiming that he found gold, no one believes that he has found pure gold.

When a prophet comes down from the mountain with his load of "gold ore" we embrace it as though it were pure gold. But, they, being human, pick up rock along with the gold. Prophets have the spirituality to see truth in the rock. As a young man with a protestant understanding of God, the Prophet Joseph mentioned only one heavenly personage in his 1832 version of the First Vision. He described things somewhat differently in the 1838 version. Gospel ore also has to be refined by the spiritual thoughts and discussions of many righteous people over long periods of time.

What has fallen is not the Prophet — a man named Joseph Smith — but our childish view of "Prophet," a plastic mask worn by anyone from Moses to President Kimball. We must push ourselves from spiritual adolescence into maturity by accepting the complex reality of a prophet. Otherwise, we will cease communicating with the Lord by defining his servants out of existence.

Harold W. Wood
Portland, Oregon

Flat Earth

Many members of the Church do not understand a very important doctrine of the Church, viz., the earth is flat. And what is worse, many do not appreciate that without a correct understanding of this eternal principle their immortal soul is at risk.

The Old Testament, the New Testament, the Book of Mormon, the Pearl of Great Price and the Doctrine and Covenants all repeatedly teach this eternal principle. And, we have been assured that the Standard Works "are the standards, the measuring rods, the gages by which all things are judged. Since they are the will, mind, word, and voice of the Lord . . . they are true; consequently, all doctrine, all philosophy, all history, and all matters of whatever nature with which they deal are truly and accurately presented. The truth of all things is measured by the scriptures" (McConkie 1966, 764–65). Clearly then, when the Standard Works teach us that the earth is flat, we can rest easy in the knowledge that this is an eternal truth.

Isaiah tells Israel shall be gathered "from the four corners of the earth" (11:12). John saw "four angels standing on the four corners of the earth" and predicted that Satan would "deceive the nations which are in the four corners of the earth" (Rev. 7:1, 20:8). The Savior quotes Isaiah on a gathering "from the four quarters of the earth" (3 Ne. 16:5). The Lord tells Enoch that he will gather his "elect from the four quarters of the earth" (Moses 7:62). The Lord also orders "a solemn proclamation" of the gospel "to the four corners of the world" (D&C 124:2–3).

Intellectuals in the Church may listen to the wisdom of the world, but how can we choose to believe such a pernicious idea that the earth is a spheroid when the Lord and his prophets tell us it has corners. Mormon bore testimony that in the last days "the earth shall be rolled together as a scroll" (Morm. 9:2). How could a spheroid be rolled together "as a scroll"?

Even more importantly, if the earth is not flat with corners, then there is no priesthood authority, for the Lord clearly told Joseph Smith that the "Twelve hold the keys to open up the authority of my kingdom upon the four corners of the earth, and *after that* to send my word to every creature" (D&C 124:128; italics added). In other words, the Twelve have authority to teach the gospel to every creature *only after* they open up the authority of his kingdom upon the four corners of the earth.

I hope the point has been made. I am troubled when I hear Saints express their loyalty by saying that if the prophet told them to jump off a cliff, they would. If the prophet told them that the earth is flat, would they accept it as true? If the prophet proposed it as a new Church doctrine in general conference, would there be any dissenting votes? Perhaps there would even be those in the Church who would profess belief in the doctrine to maintain their standing.

The dilemma of an honest person in the Church is that loyalty and obedience to the Church can be placed above personal integrity. If I feel deep in my soul that something the Church is doing or is not doing is morally wrong, I can speak out, but only at the risk of it being thought that I am criticizing the brethren, speaking ill of the Lord's anointed, or steadying the ark, all of them considered steps towards apostacy. If I speak out publicly in a way that embarrasses or threatens the Church, some may feel that I should be excommunicated.

What is the word which most accurately describes a person who, by his or her public actions, leads others to think he or she believes something which in fact he or she does not? In the Church, that word is either "obedient" or "loyal," a painful application of those two beautiful traits. In the name of obedience, we are sometimes asked to remain silent when we disagree with the Church. In the name of loyalty, we are sometimes asked to suppress information which might reflect unfavorably on the Church.

There are many doctrines of the Church which I cannot accept. The reasons urged for their correctness are no more convincing to me than the flat-earth arguments were to you. Some of these I can dismiss as not being part of the gospel. For example, it is taught that Moses did not

die (McConkie 1966, 515; Smith 2:110–111; Dictionary, 1983 LDS edition of the Bible, 735). But Joshua 1:1–2 records his death.

Alma 45:19 states that Moses was "buried by the hand of the Lord." It does not state that Moses was translated. On the contrary, it implies that he was not translated as it also states that "the Lord took Moses unto himself; and we suppose that he has also received Alma in the spirit." That the Lord took Alma "in the spirit" suggests that Alma was dead and, hence that Moses was also dead. The justification for this doctrine is that Joseph Smith (*Teachings*, p. 158) taught that the keys and authority were given to Peter, James, and John during the transfiguration (Matt. 17:1–2). It is argued that this is an earthly ordinance requiring a physical body (Smith 2:110–11) and that, therefore, Moses had to be translated. This of course does not tell us why the Lord told Joshua Moses had died nor why, if it is a mistranslation, the Prophet Joseph Smith did not correct it in his translation (Josh. 1:1–2, JST). Since Adam was baptized and confirmed by the Spirit of God (Moses 6:64–65), a physical body does not seem required to perform these earthly ordinances. Hence, it is not difficult for me to dismiss Moses's non-death as not being part of the gospel or a doctrine of the Church.

However, I have more difficulty when other apparently active and devoted members of the Church seem to dismiss more substantive issues with equal ease. For example, Leonard J. Arrington queries:

> What about the Prophet's stories: the First Vision? the visit of the Angel Moroni to tell him about the golden plates? the return of John the Baptist to confer the Aaronic Priesthood and of Peter, James, and John to confer the Melchizedek? Can one accept all of the miraculous events that surrounded the Restoration of the gospel? . . .
>
> Because of my introduction to the concept of symbolism as a means of expressing religious truth, I was never overly concerned with the question of the historicity of the First Vision or of the many reported epiphanies in Mormon, Christian, and Hebrew history. I am prepared to accept them as historical or as metaphorical, as symbolical or as precisely what happened (1985, 37).

Lowell Bennion tells us:

> I've just written a series of essays called 'The Religious Merit of the Book of Mormon.' My thesis is that the Book of Mormon is a religious book. It's not a text in theology or history or geography or anthropology, or archaeology. If there's any value in it, it's in its religious teaching. I've tried to pull out about twenty-eight ideas that I find in the book that are worth listening to, worth understanding and living by. Some are original, and some are stated in original ways, known to us through other sources like the Bible, but appearing to grow out of a natural situation. I like the Book of Mormon. I used to teach it.
>
> I realize there are problems there that I can't resolve. There are aspects of it that I don't understand, don't accept wholeheartedly, but there's a lot of good feeling and good spirit, and some very inspired ideas in that book that I cherish very much, that I'm glad to teach and try to live by. It has some great things in it, really. Simple, but great (1985, 13).

Unless I do not understand these good and respected brothers correctly, they seem to be telling me that they are as unconcerned with whether the First Vision actually happened or the Book of Mormon is a translation of an ancient record as I am with whether Moses died. For me, either the First Vision actually happened and the Book of Mormon is what it purports to be or the Church is no different from any of the other myriads of religions that man has invented in his search for something greater than himself.

Santayana quotes Bacon as saying that "a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion." But Santayana continues: "At the same time, when Bacon penned the sage epigram we have quoted he forgot to add that the God to whom depth in philosophy brings

back men's minds is far from being the same from whom a little philosophy estranges them" (1982, 3–4).

It is that new God that is a stranger to me and I still mourn the passing of the old God of my innocence. I stumble when the Church teaches the old God to me and condemns my lack of faith in accepting teachings that have become as strange to me as the idea that the earth is flat.

That I must find my own way is clear and as it should be. That it is Father whom I seek, and not what men think of him, regardless of their position or standing in the Church, is also clear. But surely there is a cup of cool water and a place to rest from the heat of the day even in the Church.

W. L. Williamson
Convent Station, New Jersey

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Innovation

"We do not need innovation." Linda P. Wilcox's quotation from a member of the First Presidency (Summer 1985) made me curious to learn the meaning of the word. Innovation: (1) the introduction of something new, (2) a new idea, method or device.

I think innovation is long overdue. We could benefit greatly from an equal number of women serving on bishops' courts, as speakers at conferences, in compiling messages for visiting teachers, giving gospel principles and applications from women's point of view, and counseling women in distress. I see no evidence of superior performance in wisdom and judgment from men, simply because of their claim on the priesthood.

Rhoda Thurston
Hyde Park, Utah

HUMOR CONFERENCES

The fifth conference of World Humor and Irony Membership (WHIM) will be held 28 March–1 April 1986 at Arizona State, cosponsored by The Association for the Anthropological Study of Play (TASSP). Its theme is "American Humor." Registration fees, $35, should go to Don Nilsen, English Department, Arizona State University, Tempe, AZ 85287. One-page abstracts of paper proposals are due for the 1987 conference on "International Humor" on 1 January 1986 to Nilsen, Maria Allison, Leisure Studies, ASU, Tempe, AZ 85287, or Alleen Pace Nilsen, Graduate College, ASU, Tempe, AZ 85287. Also available for $10 each are WHIMSY proceedings I–III: *The Humor of Language/The Language of Humor, Metaforce Be With You: Humor and Metaphor*, and *Contemporary Humor.* WHIMSY IV, *Humor Across the Disciplines*, will be available 1 April 1986.

All My Silent Midnight Hours

Lisa Bolin Hawkins

Things just get worse.
Which heavenly linoleum stripe
Leads to universal Emergency?
The resident angel could scour my soul.
I'll settle for a strong narcotic —
A few centuries of oblivion might be
    just what the doctor ordered.
Wake me when Judgment Day is over;
    the suspense is killing me.
By creating me eternal, you left me no escape.
So which way to intensive care
For a premature queen and priestess
With a testimony of all of it but herself?

LISA BOLIN HAWKINS has published poetry in Exponent II, Ensign, *and* Sunstone, *and is working on a play and two picture books. She and her husband, Alan, have two children.*

Spencer W. Kimball, 1895–1985

Spencer W. Kimball, Apostle of Love

Leonard J. Arrington

lthough I had heard his addresses in general conference and in at least one stake conference, I was first impressed with Spencer Kimball as a spiritual leader on 6 April 1954, when he spoke in general conference on "The Evil of Intolerance." Speaking on behalf of Japanese and Chinese, Hawaiians and Indians, Mexicans and many others, he declared, "O intolerance, thou art an ugly creature! What crimes have been committed under thy influence, what injustices under thy Satanic spell!" Speaking of the American Indians, whom he knew best of all the minority groups, he said:

> *I present to you a people who, according to prophecies, have been scattered and driven, defrauded and deprived, who are a "branch of the tree of Israel — lost from its body — wanderers in a strange land" — their own land. I give you nations who have gone through the deep waters of the rivers of sorrow and anguish and pain; a people who have had visited upon their heads the sins of their fathers not unto the third and fourth generation but through a hundred generations. I bring to you a multitude who have asked for bread and have received a stone and who have asked for fish and have been given a serpent. . . .*
>
> *It is a people who, unable to raise themselves by their own bootstraps, call for assistance from those who can push and lift and open doors. It is a people who pray for mercy, ask forgiveness, beg for membership in the kingdom with its opportunities to learn and do. It is a good folk who ask for fraternity, a handclasp of friendship, a word of encouragement; it is a group of nations who cry for warm acceptance and sincere brotherhood. . . .*
>
> *Let us not spurn these Nephite-Lamanites until we are assured that we, too, have the love of the Savior as did their people when the Lord stood in their midst and ordained them with his own hands, blessed them with his own voice, forgave them with his own great heart.*
>
> (*Improvement Era* 57 [1954]: 423–26)

LEONARD J. ARRINGTON, former Church Historian, is director of the Joseph Fielding Smith Institute for Church History at Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.

This powerful sermon inspired me to write to Elder Kimball to thank him for such a strong endorsement of the need of sharing the love of Christ. I told him how much the talk had meant to me personally, to my family, to my university colleagues, and to the Church. Elder Kimball replied with a friendly letter in which he reaffirmed that if we are to be true followers of Christ we must cease to pre-judge people because of race, religion, nationality, or previous beliefs and lifestyle. He concluded with typical humility, "I pray the Lord will bless my remarks that they may be beneficial to the cause." I was proud that he was serving on the Council of the Twelve.

In the following years, Elder Kimball and I shared some common experiences. We sat by each other on the stand at the Brigham Young University Commencement in May 1969 when he received his honorary doctorate. He was very modest, could not understand why they were awarding the degree to *him*, and refused to allow any fuss and fanfare in connection with the honor.

When I was appointed Church Historian in 1972, Elder Kimball was asked to be an advisor to the Council of the Twelve on historical matters. He saw this as an opportunity to inform the Twelve of the importance of the Historical Department's task and the need for Church support and encouragement. He always stressed our spirit of service and regarded himself as our advocate with the Twelve.

Within two weeks of my call to the Historical Department, Elder Kimball telephoned and invited me to his office. I went immediately and found that he wanted to show me his journals. He opened the first one, which he had begun when he was notified of his appointment to the Twelve and read aloud from the title page: "To My Family: Upon my death I want you to present this to the Church Historian. This is a record of my service in the cause of the Lord's Kingdom, and should be made a part of the Church records and archives." He then said, "Brother Arrington, I hope you have a few hours available; I want you to read in my journals so that you will be fully familiar with them; they will be in the Church Archives some day; and if you have suggestions to make to improve them, I want you to let me know." I spent the rest of the day in his office, reading selections from these journals. They had full, informative, honest entries. I reported to my colleagues: "Three great diaries have chronicled the history of the Church. The first is the diary of President Wilford Woodruff, which provides a day-by-day record of the Church from 1834 until his death in 1898. The second is the diary of President Heber J. Grant, which supplies a daily history of the Church from 1882 until 1944. The third is the diary of Elder Spencer W. Kimball, which carries the history of the Church, in painstaking detail, from 1942 until this very day."

President Kimball's diary is a marvelous record, and we have already benefited from it in the noteworthy biography by Edward and Andrew Kimball, *Spencer W. Kimball: Twelfth President of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, published in 1977. It is one of the great books in the history of the Restoration.

It was inevitable that the Church historians would have some problems. I sometimes felt like a football coach deciding to punt instead of trying for a

first down; or a basketball coach fouling in hopes of getting a rebound. There were always people in the stands who felt they understood the situation more clearly and were eager to express their dissatisfaction. President Kimball, particularly after he became our Prophet, went out of his way to let us know that *he* supported us and appreciated our efforts. He was willing to acknowledge that he thought we were valiant servants who should not be deterred by uninformed criticism.

Once I shared a platform with President Kimball. I gave a historical talk, then he presented an incisive message on honoring the pioneers by cultivating such qualities as compassion, faithfulness, and integrity. Following the program, he embraced me, saying that he was fully aware of the complaints being made about the Historical Department, and urged us to continue to work faithfully. Then he kissed me on the cheek to affirm his feeling of personal warmth. Imperfect and inadequate as our efforts may have been, I was proud that the Prophet wanted us to continue doing the best we knew how.

In 1975, my wife and I were privileged to join President Kimball and his party on a three-week tour of the Far East. Included in the group were some of the Twelve, some Seventies and their wives, the Church's Ambassador and his wife, the director of public communications, the President's personal physician, photographers, the president of the Relief Society, and security personnel. I was assigned to make a complete "history" of our tour, which I did in ninety-eight pages which were duly placed in the Church Archives for future reference.

President Kimball was concerned about everyone in the party. Each morning, he boarded our bus, shook hands with us, inquired about our health, and gave us a personalized greeting. Before we parted each evening, he did the same. He was a good traveler — always cheerful and witty — and he was tireless. While the rest of us were resting in our rooms before an important meeting, he would scurry off to meet with the local missionaries, ward or branch leaders, or reporters and political leaders. His doctor cautioned him to "take it easy." President Kimball replied: "I honor and respect your training, doctor, but you don't know everything. The Lord wants me to do this, and I expect to follow his instructions as long as he wishes it."

President Kimball was a marvelous leader, untiring in carrying out "the Lord's work" and enthusiastic about doing favors for other people. He was a prophet in his official calling; he was also a great human being.

The Vast Landscape of His Heart

James N. Kimball

As a first cousin once removed from President Spencer Woolley Kimball (which doesn't mean much in a family as extended as ours), I considered myself a sort of shirt-tail relative. That is, I was clearly much more conscious of his relationship to me than he ever was of my relationship to him. I don't think he ever really knew exactly who I was but did, nevertheless, seem to recognize me as yet another distant relative to whom he was unalterably bound. He would always shake my hand and, in that faint whispered voice, say, "Hello, Cousin."

My first recollection of him was on the program at the Kimball family reunions when I was a young boy. In earlier days, when the family was smaller and travel was more difficult, fewer relatives came to this annual gathering. In fact, Ranch Kimball and President Kimball provided the entire program. Ranch would entertain the children with impressive magic tricks and the adults with Uncle Golden stories. Then President Kimball would make a valiant but not always successful attempt to return the family to a more spiritual note. These early reunions thus developed a fine balance between the humorous and the spiritual. The program seldom lasted longer than an hour, and then the women would serve homemade pie and ice cream. I remember these childhood occasions with great fondness.

After Ranch's death, the program belonged to President Kimball alone. I recall vividly his first solo performance. He spoke of his travels as a General Authority, mentioning that often people would take him aside after a meeting and tell him stories of his famous Uncle Golden. He then paused and, with a hint of unexpected mischief, said, "I think I would like to tell you some of those stories."

They were some of the best I had ever heard. I recall one story in particular. He said, "Uncle Golden was often asked to travel on Church assignments

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with B. H. Roberts who was senior to him on the First Council of Seventy. Brother Roberts and Uncle Golden had been close friends since they met in the Southern States Mission. It was always a great joy for Golden to travel with B. H. Roberts because he was one of the great speakers of the Church. He loved to hear him preach the gospel as he drew upon his vast understanding of Church history and theology. However, Uncle Golden was often left off the program because Brother Roberts would get carried away and speak too long. Uncle Golden said, 'I enjoy traveling with B. H., but it gets very discouraging at times when I travel by train across the country, go to the meeting, and then B. H. takes all the time and I would only get to give the closing prayer. But I would get even with him because I'd snore at night. We were quite a team. B. H. would speak all day and I'd snore all night. He would often awaken me in the night and say, "Golden, you're snoring again. Roll over." But it really didn't do any good. One night we were on a train in the Eastern States and he awoke me to say, "You're snoring again, Golden." I said, "So what do you want me to do about it, B. H.?" He said, "I know it won't do any good for you to roll over so I stopped off at a utility store today and bought some tape. How about it, Golden? Would you put this tape over your mouth tonight? Is that a deal?" Uncle Golden braced himself on his pillow and said, "I will make you an even better deal, B. H. I will wear the tape at night if you will wear it in the daytime." ' "

Driving home after the reunion that night my father said to my mother, "Well, Louise, that is one gathering the family will never forget." And he was absolutely right.

My father was a seminary teacher in the LDS educational system. And as a consequence of teaching in southern and eastern Utah communities — Hurricane, Parowan, and Vernal — his graduation classes were never large. Nonetheless, without fail early each spring my father would sit down and write a long letter to his cousin, asking him to be the commencement speaker at the small seminary graduation in June. Amazingly, President Kimball, a busy apostle with constant demands upon his time, regularly accepted those invitations, rearranged his schedule, and traveled many extra miles to address those few graduating seniors. The gesture meant much to my father; he always considered them acts of great kindness.

When President Kimball came to speak, he could not stay in our apartment because there simply was not enough room. (During those years I slept on a roll-away bed in the living room so that my teenage sister could have a room of her own.) I know this caused my parents great embarrassment. But he always ate supper with us. For us salmon patties and pigs-in-the-blanket were the usual fare, but on special occasions chicken was served. When Apostle Kimball dined with us, it was always chicken.

After supper, when the plates were cleared away and washed, the adults would sit around the table and talk late into the night. My sister and I were allowed to participate because my father wanted us to hear what Cousin Spencer had to say. He and my father did most of the talking. Mostly they reminisced about growing up in Thatcher and Kanosh, respectively. And

though they grew up in widely separated rural towns, their experiences seemed very similar. As young men both had worked strenuously. The work in the fields seemed relentless — hard, dirty, demanding work. A gentle nudge from their father meant it was 3 A.M. and time to get dressed and have breakfast. Work began when there was light around 4 A.M. and lasted until it was too dark to continue. Then there was supper and, occasionally before going to bed, a glass of bread and milk. If it was late summer, a fresh onion was added to the treat. Often there was a dance at the ward house on Wednesday night, but they chose to go to bed rather than attend: they were simply too tired.

Both welcomed a mission call because it offered a chance to travel. It also meant a release from the hard work of the farm for at least two years.

Their fathers had both served the Church faithfully all of their lives, had lived long but died in great pain. Their mothers' lives were not any easier. The women bore children, baked bread, made soap, canned vegetables, bottled fruit, pumped water, cut wood for the stove, sewed and mended wornout clothing, milked the cows, polished eggs, planted and weeded the garden, tended sick children into the night, and cooked three big meals almost every day of their lives.

As boys, each carried an awful suspicion of dentists since the local blacksmith was the only man capable of extracting a bad tooth; and with every epidemic of flu, whooping cough, measles, chicken pox, or the mumps, they both remembered at least one of their boyhood friends or family who did not survive.

There was little laughter or music in these remembrances. Life for them had been hard and the pleasures few. As I listened to them talk, I became aware of how very much my upbringing differed from theirs. What I did not realize then was that these boyhood stories were my last fleeting touch with the generation that was frontier Mormonism.

One conversation in particular remains strong in my memory. My father asked Cousin Spencer to tell us about his trip to Mexico on Church business. My sister and I had never known anyone who had been outside the United States. The details of the trip made a deep impression on our young minds. In Acapulco (a place I'd never heard of), President Kimball said he had seen people sailing in the air behind a power boat, strapped to a billowing parachute. He said the idea fascinated him, "So much," he said, "I went down to the beach early one morning and had them take me up. It was very exciting, but I did not tell anyone at the time. Not even Camilla!"

President Kimball often concluded those late evenings by talking about his favorite project in the Church — the Indian program. I found it hard to understand his concern for these people. The only Indians I had ever seen were the Shivwits from Southern Utah or the Utes from White Rock Indian Reservation west of Vernal. To me they were mostly drunken and poor, and hardly lovable — in some ways, not even fully human. In Vernal in the early 1940s, the men were always referred to as "bucks" and the women as "squaws." When they came to town on Saturdays, the "squaws" always rode

in back of the trucks with the "bucks" in the front. The squaws shopped; the bucks got drunk.

But President Kimball saw the Indians differently. Perhaps it was something in his upbringing, or more likely in the vast landscape of his heart, that instilled an empathy for these people and their plight. His love and concern for them became more than just a Church assignment. It was an ever-constant thing, like a parent's inevitable absorption with a disabled child. He wanted desperately to help them. He would always tell us what a great people they were and how he felt their chances in this life were severely restricted because of their skin color. If the families of the Church would only open up their hearts and homes to the young Indian boys and girls, he believed, their chances could be vastly improved. He later said he had seen many Church families blessed because of such generosity. Though in the end the Indian program may have been considered by some as a failure, in several ways it clearly succeeded. Whatever else it did, it prepared and tempered this man's mind and heart for a decision in later years that would alter dramatically not only the Church, but more importantly the world's perception of the Church.

My last conversation with this beloved man was in the spring of 1980 when I gave him a historic letter that had come into my possession. It had been handwritten by Brigham Young to a Carl Meyer of St. Louis, Missouri, in 1877. Meyer's grandson gave me the letter on the condition that I personally deliver it to the President of the Church. I explained the letter and its contents to President Kimball's secretary, Arthur Haycock. He told me to come by the next morning with the letter. Brother Haycock read it first and asked me several questions. The answers must have been acceptable because he immediately ushered me into the President's office. After our initial embrace — President Kimball was always a compulsive hugger, as am I — he read the letter and then thanked me. He promised to write a personal letter to Mr. Meyer thanking him for his gift. I had just finished reading the Spencer Kimball biography written by his son Edward and his grandson Andrew, Jr. I said I felt it had humanized him, something the young people would especially appreciate. I shall never forget his comment: "I am grateful I was still alive when it was written. Otherwise, I don't think it would have made it through correlation." Always the missionary, President Kimball then asked me if I thought Mr. Meyer might someday join the Church. I said, "I don't know, but I'll work on him."

Knowing there were others waiting to see him, I stood up to leave (which seemed to relieve some of Brother Haycock's nervousness), but the President grabbed my arm and asked me to stay. We talked about the Kimball family organization. He said he appreciated all that my father had done when he had served as president of it. He then showed me around his office, holding up one hand to ward off Brother Haycock. It was filled with an incredible array of gifts given to him from the members of the Church all over the world. There were conch shells from Samoa, Maori wooden masks carved into wild grimaces, mounted Texas steer horns, patched quilts, Indian blankets, busts and portraits

of himself and Sister Kimball, Mason jars of fruit, Japanese kimonos, bronze medal Inca sun calendars, and pictures of various temples made out of such assorted items as seashells, buttons, petit-point, and inlaid pearl. It was unlike any collection I had ever seen.

I finally said goodbye and told him how much I loved him. I said, "Please take care of yourself because I want you to outlive all of us."

"Oh," he said, "I intend to."

Along with 5 millions others, I watched the aging process deny him his energies and his vital grip on life with each passing year. It hurt me to see his feebleness, increasing with each general conference. I prefer the more vital memory of the man — the one whose personal generosity of spirit enabled him in a most magnanimous gesture to reach out to the world and make Mormonism a truly universal religion.

Spencer W. Kimball: A Man For His Times

Edward L. Kimball

Spencer Kimball wrote in his journal in 1951, on the occasion of David O. McKay's becoming president, "I am positive that the appointments of His Twelve by the Lord and the subsequent deaths control the Presidency of the Church. No man will live long enough to become President of this Church ever who is not the proper one to give it leadership. Each leader in his own peculiar way has made a great contribution to the onward march of the Church. No one of the nine Presidents had all the virtues nor all the abilities. Each in his own way and time filled a special need and made his great contribution. This I know. This I know."

No one was more surprised than he when he succeeded Harold B. Lee 31 December 1973, but because of his firm belief in God's control over the circumstances, he accepted the challenge without hesitation.

No one ever worried more about press conferences than he did. I remember how he fretted the evening before his first. He worried whether he would make a mistake and embarrass the Church. During the conference itself, he answered a question about possible new directions by saying that he did not foresee much change since he had already been a part of developing the existing programs for thirty years. He indicated that he would stress home and family, training youth, missionary service, encouraging Indians of both North and South America, loyalty to country, and temple work. Duty, diligence, and hard work but nothing too exciting.

Considering his age (seventy-eight) and his health (recent throat cancer and open heart-surgery), no one anticipated a long administration. I remember thinking that with the burdens of this new calling he might not survive a year. (That shows how much of a prophet *I* am.) One of the General Authorities later told me that he had thought we would see a short, "caretaker" administration. "I've never been so wrong," he said.

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A dramatic moment occurred shortly before April conference, three months after President Kimball succeeded Harold B. Lee. He talked for more than an hour to the Regional Representatives about his vision of missionary work — that if we were to set higher expectations for ourselves and lengthen our stride, most nations where the Church is established could provide enough missionaries to teach their own people and provide a surplus to go to nations where the message is new. He painted a picture of a veritable army reaching into all the corners of the world with the restored gospel of Christ. President Benson said afterward, "President Kimball, in all the years these meetings have been held, we have never heard such an address as you have just given. . . . There *is* a prophet in Israel." Elder Hinckley said, "None of us can ever be quite the same after that." It was clear who was in charge and that the new president was a man of broad vision.

The message he presented was not new; he had presented it before, but now it came with special vigor, accompanied by a witness of the spirit.

Spencer Kimball served nearly twelve years as president. Those years have seen many changes. Some operate on the individual level — keeping personal journals, writing family history, gardening, keeping property in good repair. He provided two useful slogans, "Lengthen our stride," and "Do it!"

There are also major changes in Church administration and practice:

- An increase in missionaries from 17,000 to 30,000 within a short time. He encouraged every worthy young man and many young women and older couples to serve missions.

- A new awareness in the centralized Church of the members all around the world. An area conference per year (1971–74) gave way to an explosion: fifty-nine area conferences from 1975 to 1981 in nearly every location where a substantial group of Saints could be gathered.

  Between 1975 and 1977, President Kimball arranged fifty-eight solemn assemblies for local priesthood leaders throughout North America.

  Beginning in 1975, General Authorities were called from non-Caucasian races and from countries other than the United States.

  Around the world, temples sprang up, smaller in size and much more accessible.

  President Kimball established the Church's political neutrality as often as possible. On one swing through Central and South America, he met with five heads of state. He also visited Poland as the culmination of David Kennedy's successful efforts to obtain formal recognition of the Church there. The temple in the Federal Republic of Germany represented the Church's determination to subordinate political views to spreading the gospel and serving the members wherever they might live.

- An openness to revelation. In 1976, a general conference canonized a revelation by Joseph Smith on the celestial kingdom and another by Joseph F. Smith on redemption of the dead.

In 1978, President Kimball announced the Lord's will that the priesthood go to every worthy man of whatever race. Worthy men and women of every race could receive the blessings of the temple. I have no sense that this change reflected my father's personal agenda. While he had always been concerned for and considerate of individual black members of the Church, he had spent eighty-odd years defending the Church position. When the Lord's will became clear to him, he did not make an immediate announcement because he was deeply worried about the potentiality of major dissension in the Church.

- An emphasis on spirituality. Elder Packer has commented that when meetings were planned, even meetings dealing with administrative questions, President Kimball wanted a spiritual component planned for.

  His desire to make temples available to many more members had, as one underlying motive, to increase individual spirituality. He also involved himself personally in temple ordinance work.

  The temple recommend questions were revised to include a question on belief in God and a testimony of the restored gospel of Jesus Christ. Previously the questions had focused on conduct alone.

- A willingness to speak out on appropriate public policy. One First Presdency statement decried the international arms race and specifically opposed basing the MX missile system in the Utah-Nevada desert.

  Another opposed the Equal Rights Amendment as an unwise way of achieving a good end, that of protecting women against unfair discrimination.

  Many sermons decried abortion on demand. A change in many Church administrative structures including multistake conferences, area presidencies as line officers, reconstitution of the First Quorum of Seventy, abolition of Assistants to the Twelve, creation of emeritus status for some General Authorities, appointment of temporary General Authorities, and the consolidated meeting schedule. I once asked my father how that had come about. He said, "We received a letter from a man in Iowa, telling about the difficulties of driving long distances to attend all the different meetings during the week."

A recently returned missionary in my ward referred to "the silent prophet." That caused me to think, "Of what value is a silent prophet?" For one thing, we have not yet accomplished all that he taught us when he did speak. For another, he offers a personal example of character traits worth emulating. It happens that he is perhaps better known than any recent president because of his biography, which showed the many ways in which he was an ordinary man who transcended those limitations by his deep commitment to a cause beyond himself.

His patience in illness and suffering epitomize his great endurance. He maintained a sense of humor even near the end. When a nurse undertook to shave him with an electric shaver, she worked away for several minutes without

much progress. Finally he said gently, "Perhaps it would work better if you took off the cap."

He worked harder than anyone else. His brother once said, "Spencer, you can't keep burning the candle at both ends like you do." He replied, "I have to; my brethren are so much better prepared than I am."

His wholehearted devotion to the interest of American Indians shows his openness to other races. One of his most impassioned sermons was his public response to a letter from a woman who said she had never thought to see the day when there would be Indians in the temple and tabernacle. His reply to "Mrs. Anonymous" decried the sin of intolerance, especially intolerance of the children of Lehi.

His warm, generous, loving nature shows him a true follower of Christ. Shortly after his first brain surgery, I visited him at his home. I began carrying a box of books to my car and set them down on a chair to do something else. When I turned around, I saw him tottering off with the box toward my car. I hurried after him, grabbed the box, and said, "You can't do that!" He said plaintively, "Why can't I do what I want to do?"

He showed a sense of shared responsibility. He usually said, "Lengthen *our* stride," not "Lengthen *your* stride." At the end of general conference 1975, he said, "I have made up my mind that when I go home from this conference there are many areas in my life that I can perfect. I have made a mental list of them, and I expect to go to work as soon as we get through with conference."

He was open to inspiration. Shortly before his brain operations, he named as third counselor Gordon B. Hinckley who proved to be the critical actor in the last years of the Kimball administration, a man who loyally furthered the established programs, never failing to acknowledge he acted under the leadership of the president.

His lack of self-aggrandizement showed his humility. When a committee of fellow professionals met with me in Salt Lake City, I showed them around the city. After we drove past the Governor's Mansion they asked to see where the president of the Mormon Church lived. They remarked on the contrast between the mansion and the modest Kimball home.

Elder Ronald E. Poelman tells of returning from an area conference on the same plane as President Kimball. As Elder Poelman got up to stroll in the aisle, President Kimball caught his arm and asked, "Where are you going?"

"I was just stretching my legs."

"You don't need to do that; they're long enough already. It's little people like me who need to stretch their legs."

I don't think there has ever been in the Church such a little man with such a long stride.

David

Michael Hicks

say here doth lie . . .
his best piece of poetry —
Ben Jonson, *On My First Son*

This blade of stone
cuts the grass
to the quick.

The stonecutter laid
it down
a perfect rectangle
of prose

a cover closing on
an empty page of flesh.

(the vision of all
as a book that is sealed)

Eating apples
I study psalms here, idly
dream of your linens
folding eastward
like new leaves,
of stone peeling back
in some fierce unruly
Dawn,

(and save ourselves with
all
our
dead)

your skin white as the meat
of an elm, limbs
adance in a final
polyphony of light.

I drop a core into
the grass, entreating:
O flesh, outlast this page,
O bone, outsing this poem.

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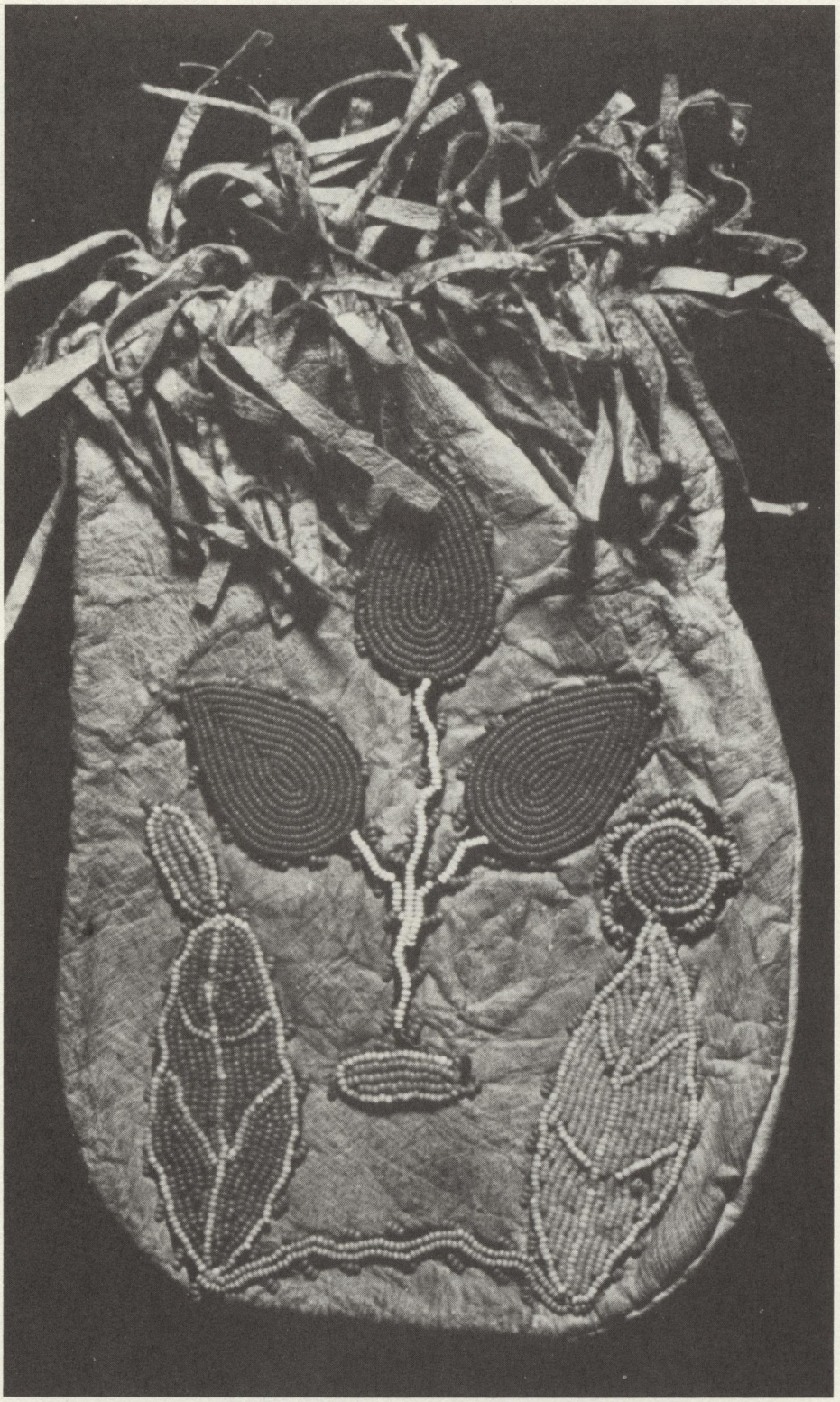

"Lamanites" and the Spirit of the Lord

Eugene England

EDITORS' NOTE:

This issue of DIALOGUE, *which was funded by Dora Hartvigsen England and Eugene England Sr., and their children and guest-edited by David J. Whittaker, has been planned as an effort to increase understanding of the history of Mormon responses to the "Lamanites" — native peoples of the Americas and Polynesia. We have invited Eugene England, Jr., professor of English at BYU, to document his parents' efforts, over a period of forty years, to respond to what he names "the spirit of Lehi" — a focused interest in and effort to help those who are called Lamanites. His essay also reviews the sources and proper present use of that term (too often used with misunderstanding and offense) and the origins and prophesied future of those to whom it has been applied.*

y parents grew up conditioned toward racial prejudice — as did most Americans, including Mormons, through their generation and into part of mine. But something touched my father in his early life and grew constantly in him until he and my mother were moved at mid-life gradually to consecrate most of their life's earnings from then on to help Lamanites.

I wish to call what touched them "the spirit of Lehi." It came in its earliest, somewhat vague, form to my father when he left home as a seventeen-year-old, took a job as an apprentice Union Pacific coach painter in Pocatello, Idaho, and — because he was still a farmboy in habits and woke up each morning at five — read the Book of Mormon and *The Discourses of Brigham Young* in his lonely boarding room. He has told me of becoming aware of the dramatic promises to the Lamanites made throughout the Book of Mormon and reinforced by Brigham Young — how the gentiles would become nursing fathers and mothers to them, carrying their children in their arms (1 Ne. 21:23, 22:6), and how they would play a crucial, even dominant role in the latter-day preparations for Christ (3 Ne. 20:14–16, 21:23). He was moved to a sense of responsibility and moral seriousness connected to the American Indians and to a conviction that the millennium would not come until those promises had been fulfilled.

When he was coming out of the ether from an appendicitis operation there in Pocatello, just after turning eighteen, he had a vision of the Savior, glorified, all in white, clearly recognizable. He was given assurance that he was accepted despite his youthful sins and would be blessed in serving the Lord. He returned home to complete high school as a twenty-two-year-old and then worked a few years to save money for training as an airline pilot. He decided to go on a mission instead. Then he had the same vision again; but this time, Christ was holding by the hand Dora Hartvigsen, whom my father had begun courting, and presented her silently to him.

My father remembers the clear impression from those visions that his fate was tied irrevocably to my mother's and both of theirs to that of the Lamanites. And that impression continued to haunt them through their struggling early married life, during the worst of the Great Depression, as students at Utah State in Logan, where I was born, and then while they began farming in Downey, Idaho, where my sister Ann was born. But their feelings were still unfocused until the spring of 1944, when a new apostle named Spencer W. Kimball spoke at their stake conference about his work as the first general Church leader assigned to the Lamanites and about the Book of Mormon promises. The conference was held in the Downey Ward, where my father was in the bishopric. He and my mother attended the luncheon served at a large table in the Relief Society room after the morning session and happened to be seated next to Elder Kimball. Mother remembers distinctly the spiritual force, unusual in her experience, radiating from the apostle as he continued to talk of the Lamanites.

I think that was the spirit of Lehi. I have felt clearly, many times, the related spirit which has been named the spirit of Elijah. It is what moved me to unexpected diligence and resourcefulness when I was called as a new graduate student to be genealogy chairman in the Stanford Ward, and it touched me with extraordinary energy and insight when I later searched for my own ancestors in Somerset, England. I have had a distinct sense of the gratitude of other-worldly beings, even their presence, as I have done temple work for the dead. And what I have felt in those experiences — brimming spiritual reality but also a hard sense of responsibility, even of promises made long ago that *must be kept* — is much like what my parents say they felt as they listened to Elder Kimball and then talked on the way home that afternoon about what they must do.

On the one hand, they were in debt $40,000 to purchase the farm and were barely surviving. They had been paying their tithing and serving faithfully in the Church — wasn't that enough? On the other hand, they had continued to read the scriptures together and knew that the promises to the Lamanites were not being fulfilled: they had not yet begun to "blossom as the rose" (D&C 49:24), and no one but Elder Kimball seemed to be doing much about it. My parents talked together of their temple promises to consecrate *all* they had and were to the work of Christ. Finally they decided to write a letter offering to budget $50 a month to help support the Lamanite missionaries Elder Kimball

had said were now becoming available. He was away on an extended assignment but answered after five weeks, writing, as they remember, "I know personally two young Mexicans who could go on missions, serve as branch and district leaders, and return to make the work in Mexico begin to grow. Now Brother and Sister England, thank you for your offer, but if you could send *eighty* dollars a month we could send them *both*." My father reports, "Well, we stretched — but then Spencer Kimball has always stretched us."

As they stretched further in the next few years, my parents gradually began consciously living the covenant laws of sacrifice and consecration — which they understood to mean using all surpluses to serve the Lord. They bear steady witness of the resulting blessings — both a spirit of peace and confirmation they are doing right and an "opening of the windows of heaven" to provide increasing resources by which to expand their consecration. Good crops and prices allowed them to pay off the farm in three years. They increased the number of Lamanite missionaries they supported and gave management of the funds to the First Quorum of Seventy. Meanwhile, still in their early forties, though continuing to farm during the summer, they moved to Salt Lake City and began to make investments there.

In 1954 they were called to preside over the North Central States Mission, which set back their investment programs but multiplied their spiritual strengths and confidence: Dad says, "There I was, a sagebrush-grubbing homesteader from Bannock Valley, Idaho, debating with Lutheran ministers and teaching leadership to the likes of Clyde Parker and Russell Nelson." Mom received the gift of speaking in public by the Spirit and was given, at times of great need, immediate, complete healings by the priesthood. Her undramatic but deeply felt testimonies of these events have greatly blessed us and our children, as well as many others. After their mission, my parents founded a nonprofit foundation to expedite tax-free transfer of their surpluses to the Church. Starting in the early sixties, Elder Kimball occasionally asked them to help with some educational needs for Lamanites (travel for students from Bolivia to Utah State and from Polynesia to the Church College of Hawaii and a scholarship to the Harvard Law School for an American Indian) and sometimes to expand their missionary help, when there were no Lamanites immediately ready, to others (they sent the first Asian Indian missionary from Fiji and the first native Chinese missionary).

My folks served from 1963 to 1966 as president and matron of the London Temple, and when they returned Dad was asked to serve as a host at the visitors center on Temple Square. One day his associate, Bill Bradshaw, told him about a Sister Arlene Crawley, a Primary teacher from Kaysville, who had felt inspired while teaching her class about the Book of Mormon to have them each buy a copy and put their picture and testimony in it so she could take them to be given to visitors at Temple Square. Bill told how he had given one copy to a Dutch family with a daughter the age of one of the Primary children; he had asked the Dutch girl to become a pen pal with the donor of the book and then asked the parents to receive missionaries to explain something about

the book their daughter was reading. Then he had written the mission president in Holland to follow up, the family had joined the Church, and the Kaysville girl was saving her money for a mission to Holland.

My father, moved again I believe by the spirit of Lehi, agreed with Bill that such a program could have enormous power — every member could indeed become a missionary, by sending copies of the Book of Mormon, that testament of Christ written to the Lamanites. The enclosed pictures, testimonies, and envelopes for a return letter would establish a personal connection and follow-through. With Bill's support, Dad took the lead in seeing if this procedure could be established as an official Church program. Temporarily, my parents and other donors supplied hundreds of copies of the Book of Mormon for mission presidents who requested them. Armed with statistics, success stories, and a large poster Sister Crawley had made with President McKay's picture and those of her thirteen students, inscribed " 'Every Member a Missionary' By Sending a Book of Mormon on a Mission," Dad worked through the First Quorum of Seventy, the missionary committee, and the First Presidency until the program was fully accepted. It was managed for some time by Brother Bradshaw and as of late 1984 is directed by two missionary couples, Helen and Ray Barton and Audrey and Virgil Peterson, who report they handle about 15,000 gift copies each month, provided by members from all over the Church. A sample letter they received lately from a missionary in Chile reported thirty-six baptisms from seventeen of these personalized gift copies.

In 1968 the government began to tax charitable foundations, so my folks dissolved theirs and set up an investment partnership with my sister, Ann England Barker, me, and our children, to be used to develop properties and then give them directly to the Church to support Lamanite and other missionary work as needed. This cooperative method has provided my parents with a way to teach their descendants, through direct participation, the meaning of full consecration.

I have been pleased (and, I admit, a bit surprised) at how effective my parents' example has been in teaching their grandchildren to be personally committed to the covenants of sacrifice and consecration and to feel the spirit of Lehi. I now suspect that the intrinsic power of the covenants and of the spirit of Lehi itself explains much of the force of that example.

I believe that in the great councils of the preexistence, before this earth was populated, we premortal spirits were given to understand that human agency and the resulting vicissitudes of history would make it impossible for God to give all of us the gospel to enjoy on the earth, that most of us would suffer in ignorance and terrible injustice. A third part of us recoiled in such horror and fear as to rebel and lose all opportunity to come here. But those of us who welcomed the challenge turned to each other, I believe, and made holy covenants that if we were the fortunate ones we would bend all efforts to do genealogy and temple work for the others, so they could share vicariously but fully in Christ's gospel ordinances as well as his atonement. Those covenants create

the remarkable spiritual energy that I have felt in the spirit of Elijah.[1] By the same token, I am convinced that the spiritual energy in the spirit of Lehi comes from the covenants we made with each other in those same councils when we realized that we would be cast into various roles on earth — black or white, bond or free, male or female, Lamanite or Nephite, gentile or Jew. I believe we promised that rather than taking comfort, pride, or despair in our condition, we would give ourselves in sacrificial love to help the others find salvation, whether by "scourging them up to remembrance" if we were Lamanites or "carrying them on our shoulders" if we were gentiles.

Almost all who read this essay will be gentiles. The spirit of Lehi should encourage in us a special sensitivity (and response) to the condition, needs, and promised roles — from scourge to victim to flourishing blossom to scourging "lion" again — of all those scattered children of Israel who helped populate the Americas and Polynesia. The descendants of all these Israelites (whether Lamanites, Nephites, Ishmaelites, and Zoramites from Joseph or Mulekites from Judah) are designated by Mormons as "Lamanites." But so are native peoples, such as Eskimos and Fijians, who probably moved in from Siberia and the Far East and may not be literal descendants of Israel, certainly not of Laman.[2] And all of these are generally thought to inherit dark skins and other vaguely defined "curses" from Book of Mormon times. The first step in responding to the spirit of Lehi is to disabuse ourselves of these notions, and the best help is to read the Book of Mormon more carefully.

In 2 Nephi 5, when Laman and Lemuel rebel, the Lord seems to curse them and their descendants, genetically, with a dark skin. But a much more naturalistic reading (and one consistent with the impartial, nonracist God we know from other scriptures) emerges from the complete record. For instance, later when the Amlicites (former Nephites) marked themselves with "a mark of red upon their foreheads" as part of becoming Lamanites, we are told that "thus the Word of God is fulfilled . . . which he said to Nephi [back in 2 Nephi 5]: "Behold, the Lamanites have I cursed, and I will set a mark on them that they and their seed may be separated from thee and thy seed . . . except they

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[1] Elder John A. Widtsoe suggested this idea in a quotation from one of his many talks on genealogy that I read when I was genealogy chairman in the Stanford Ward but cannot now locate. The idea has recently been reinforced by Elder Neal A. Maxwell, in a sermon called "Foreordination" given in a district sacrament meeting in Jerusalem, October 1978, and circulated by the Church Education System to its institute teachers. Elder Maxwell quotes from Elder Orson Hyde (*Journal of Discourses*, 7:134) in support of his own suggestion that "the degree of detail involved in the convenants and promises we participated in [in the preexistence] may be a more highly customized thing than many of us surmise." And he quotes President Joseph F. Smith to show that we can receive "inklings of those promises": "By the power of the spirit, in the redemption of Christ, through obedience, we often catch a spark from the awakened memories of the immortal soul, which lights up our whole being as with the glory of our former homes" (pp. 13–14).

[2] For an authoritative argument that there were many other people already in the Americas when Lehi (and even the Jaredites) arrived, but that they were very understandably lumped together with their estranged relatives, the "Lamanites," by the Nephite record keepers, see John L. Sorenson, *An Ancient American Setting for the Book of Mormon* (Salt Lake City, Utah: Deseret Book, 1985), pp. 84–86. He discusses proper use of the "Lamanite" on pp. 93–94.

repent of their wickedness and turn to me" (Alma 3:13). This implies strongly that the original Lamanite "curse," as well as this one on the Amlicites, was propagated by the Lamanites themselves — which they could easily do either through marking their own skin or by intermarrying with darker New World people around them. There is no need for a genetically inherited curse from God to explain the Book of Mormon record.

My argument is not that God cannot do genetic tricks, but rational and scriptural evidence indicates that he does not. The prophet in Alma 3 states unequivocally that "every man" that is cursed brings "upon himself his own condemnation" (Alma 3:19), rather than receiving it through his race. And passages throughout the Book of Mormon that have been assumed to describe racial intervention by God are actually about other kinds of reasonable, law-fulfilling, individual spiritual change. For instance, though 2 Nephi 30:6 has been thought to promise the future righteous Lamanites a miraculous change in skin color it actually refers to "scales of darkness" falling from their *eyes* and their resulting state has now been changed from "white and delightsome" back to the first edition's "pure and delightsome." Other passages make most sense as descriptions of natural processes resulting from changed life style and intermarriage (Mormon 5:15), rather than as the wholesale and sudden genetic intervention of a race-conscious God.

Actually, it was the people themselves (not God), who were race-conscious, both the often vengeful Lamanites and also the Nephites. The Nephites, for instance, rejected the Lamanite prophet Samuel, at least in part, because of racism and then conveniently left his prophecies out of the written records until Christ strongly directed them to correct the oversight (Hel. 14:10; 3 Ne. 23: 9–13). In fact, that particular neglect suggests that the entire record probably reflects the Nephites' own elitist, race-conscious — even somewhat paranoid — perspective, as they looked out at the threatening, dark-skinned peoples all around them.[3] We should not let their limited, though perfectly understandable, perspective determine our understanding of race any more than we should let certain limitations in the perspective of Old Testament writers determine our concept of God.

Another way that careful reading of the Book of Mormon could foster the spirit of Lehi is by helping us to reconsider our use of the term "Lamanite," in its negative connotations, to refer to modern native Americans (North or South) or Polynesians. We should use the term only with some very careful qualifications about what it should mean *now*. "Lamanite" was used in the first part of the Book of Mormon to designate the descendants of Laman, Lemuel, and others joining with them who rebelled against Nephi and Sam, lost contact with the religious records (and thus both literacy and righteousness) and, for whatever reasons, began to appear to the Nephites as more uncivilized and dark-skinned than themselves. But the term quickly lost any legitimate racial significance as, on the one hand, various reprobate Nephite

[3] Sorenson 1984, 90. Nephite prejudice is also clear in Jacob 3:5, Mosiah 9:1–2, and Alma 26:23–25.

groups (Amlicites, etc.) defected to become "Lamanites" and, on the other, groups like the "Anti-Nephi-Lehies" accepted the gospel, moved to Nephite lands, and "were no more called Lamanites" (Alma 23:17).

By the time of the two-hundred-year reign of peace after Christ's visit, there had been periods (such as under Samuel) when the "Lamanites" exceeded the "Nephites" in righteousness. Then the complete intermingling and unified righteousness after Christ produced a condition such that "neither were there Lamanites, nor any manner of -ites" among them (4 Ne. 1:17). When this utopia dissolved about 231 A.D., "they who rejected the gospel were called Lamanites" and the "true believers in Christ" were called Nephites (4 Ne. 1:38), but the terms had again become completely devoid of genealogical or racial meaning.

At the end of the Book of Mormon, the Lamanites were no more literal descendants of Laman than were the Nephites they destroyed — and according to Mormon's testimony both were equally wicked (Morm. 4:11–12). The surviving group was still called Lamanites only because they had allied themselves with those who had earlier rejected the gospel. So what can it mean when we still use the term "Lamanite" for all the native peoples of America and Polynesia, including those who accept the gospel and become faithful Church leaders — as well as for light-skinned Central and South Americans of Spanish descent?

Charlotte and I learned one harmful thing "Lamanite" means when we were missionaries in Samoa. Many Polynesians we met had decided, from being called Lamanites by white people who clearly connected the term with its meaning in the first part of the Book of Mormon, that it meant racially inferior and cursed. We saw them refuse moral and leadership responsibilities on the grounds they were inherently incapable — because they were "Lamanites."

If we are going to use the term at all, it must be in the third sense suggested in the Book of Mormon. "Lamanite" should properly be used as a morally and racially neutral designation for all the post-Book of Mormon but pre-Columbian inhabitants of the Americas and Polynesia and all their descendants, whatever their ancestry. It refers to those whom Christ, when he prophesied their dramatic role in preparing for his second coming, called "the remnant of Jacob" (3 Ne. 21:23), those to whom the Book of Mormon, including its great promises concerning their roles in the latter days, is specifically extended. It is those Spencer W. Kimball (1954) in a great prophetic chastisement of us all for our racism, with obvious concern to avoid the usual misuse of the term Lamanite, once referred to as "Lehites" or, in turn, "Nephite-Lamanites" or "Lamanite-Nephites." As Elder Dean L. Larsen of the First Quorum of Seventy recently taught a group of us at BYU, the name and identity of "Lamanite" is used properly for modern peoples only to remind them and us of those special blessings and responsibilities that are theirs and ours. He added that that explanation ought to be an essential part of any discussion of Book of Mormon peoples (1984).

The preface to the Book of Mormon announces the book as "written to the Lamanites, who are a remnant of the House of Israel." Moroni closes the book

with a great promise about coming to know it is true "by the power of the Holy Ghost" (Moro. 10:4), a promise which he addressed not to us gentiles but "unto my brethren, the Lamanites." And Christ spends six chapters of 3 Nephi prophesying to the Lamanites their central role in the final preparation for his coming, when all their enemies "shall be cut off" (3 Ne. 20:17) and they will inherit the gentiles' land, cities, and strength, "no weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper" (22:17) and "in thy seed shall all the kindreds of the earth be blessed" (20:27). Those references are not to the rebellious children of Laman or the wild and dark-skinned enemies of Mormon. Those references are to the diverse, multi-colored, and multi-talented North and South American Indians and Polynesians of today, in and out of the Church. Those peoples have a great mission still to perform beyond what they have already achieved, and they have been promised the help, however uncomprehending or weak, of all of us who will respond to the spirit of Lehi.

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Mormons and Native Americans: A Historical and Bibliographical Introduction

David J. Whittaker

Introduction

Thomas O'Dea (1957, 256) pointed out that Mormons have thought of native Americans from two perspectives. Theologically, their missionary work demanded that the Indians be viewed as converts; but practically, their colonizing efforts forced them to see Indians as most American pioneers viewed them: as primitive and usually savage peoples in the way of civilization's westward movement. One view stressed their religious nature, the other emphasized their savageness. Where one could argue for their perfectability, the other could suggest their destruction. The approach almost always depended upon whether the perspective was that of a missionary or of a pioneer. This bifurcated view follows the general approach which began in colonial times: either Indians were noble red men not far from the Garden of Eden, or they were savages, not capable of even the most fundamental Christian or civil attributes and therefore not worthy of having these characteristics applied to them (Berkhofer 1978, Billington 1981, Pearce 1952).

From the beginning, however, Mormonism has also seen a dialogue between sacred text and its interpretation and application in Mormonism. The Book of Mormon told of three migrations from the Old World to the New. Righteous groups were white, while those individuals who rejected the covenants they had made with God received a "sore cursing," even "a skin of blackness . . . that their seed might be distinguished from the seed of their brethren" (2 Ne. 5:21; Alma 3:6–10). Just as wickedness brought dark skin, repentance brought a return of white (3 Ne. 2:12–16). Throughout the volume, righteous groups were peaceful and enjoyed the benefits of civilization while those who were rebellious were identified as savage hunters.

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In the early chapters, the righteous are identified as Nephites after Nephi, an early prophet. The wicked are called "Lamanites" after Laman, a rebellious brother. While the terms become confused later in the volume (4 Ne. 1:17), by the final pages (about A.D. 420), the wicked are wandering the land seeking the lives of the few good survivors, including a prophet, Moroni, who has the final responsibility after his father, Mormon, to record what he has witnessed and hide the records in the hope that the account will help convert the descendants of those who are hunting him (Morm. 8:1–5).

Lamanite thus carries a potentially pejorative meaning in Mormon thought. It seems to equate white skin with goodness and dark skin with wickedness and savagery. The imagery has helped create a view of contemporary native Americans as inferior, and some argue that calling Indians Lamanites reinforces the negative stereotyping inherent in Book of Mormon worldview. (See the England and Harris essays in this volume.)

There had been several hundred years of intellectual curiosity and speculation about Indian origins before the Book of Mormon appeared. Many theories had been advanced to explain the origins of these peoples; and, like early Mormons, most authors had offered a single theory to explain the very complex tribal situation of the Americans by 1492 (Huddleston 1967, Wauchope 1962, D. Snow 1979, Dobyus 1976).

Early Book of Mormon defenses rather consistently claim a Central American setting for the Book of Mormon and assume that archaeology would prove it. Pre-Utah writings link Central American descriptions with the Book of Mormon.[1] Joseph Smith himself seems to have argued for a single explanation of the American Indian (Sorenson 1985, 1–4). He seldom referred to the Book of Mormon, referred to the Indians as "the literal descendants of Abraham," and offered the volume as a literal history of this descent (Jessee 1984, 76). His associates seem to have thought of all native American peoples as being descendants of Nephi and his family.[2]

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[1] See, for example, the statements and arguments in *Evening and Morning Star*, 1 (June 1832): 26 1 (Aug. 1832): 22; 1 (Dec. 1832): 54, 55; 1 (Jan. 1833): 57–59; 1 (June 1833): 99; 2 (April 1834): 150–51; *LDS Messenger and Advocate* 1 (April 1835): 59–61; 2 (May 1836): 319–20; 3 (Oct. 1836): 398; 3 (Jan. 1837): 433–35; 3 (Sept. 1837): 567–69; Parley P. Pratt, *The Voice of Warning* (1837), Ch. 4; Charles P. Thompson, *Evidences in Proof of the Book of Mormon* (1843); Orson Pratt, *Divine Authenticity of the Book of Mormon* (1850–51). This approach reached its culmination with the 1879 edition of the Book of Mormon when Orson Pratt, in textual footnotes, specifically identified sites in Central and South America with various Book of Mormon places. This approach influenced the Benjamin Cluff-Brigham Young Academy expedition to Central America, 1900–02. The best summaries of the uses of contemporary sources (both actual and potential) in early Mormonism are two unpublished essays by Gordon C. Thomasson: "Daddy, What's a 'Frontier'?: Second Thoughts on the Environment that Supposedly Produced the Book of Mormon," and "Documents of LDS History Produced between 1830 and 1839 Relating to the Truth of the Book of Mormon," both c1960s; Special Collections, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah. It is interesting to note that an early editor, probably W. W. Phelps, commented how difficult it was to define "civilized" and "savage." *Evening and Morning Star* 1 (April 1833): [8].

[2] See, for example, the comments of Oliver Cowdery in his remarks to the western tribes in 1830 in P. Pratt 1874, 54–56. In a letter to Joseph Smith dated 7 May 1831, Cowdery wrote of "another tribe of Lamanites . . . called Nacashoos [Navajos]." *Times and Seasons* 5

Smith approved Andrew Jackson's policy of moving the eastern Indian tribes to a western reservation, noting that the U.S. government was actually assisting with the gathering of Israel (HC 2:358–62, Prucha 1:183–292). During the few times Smith personally met with Indian leaders, he counselled peace and referred them to the Book of Mormon for the details of their own history. (See Parry's essay in this volume. HC 4:401–2, 5:363, 479–81, 6:401–2.)

No one essay or book can possibly treat all the complex issues of Mormon relations with native Americans. What we seek to do here is to present a historical overview, identify some key topics, and provide an adequate bibliography for serious study of native Americans and Mormons in the continental United States north of Mexico and excluding Alaska.

An Overview of Mormon-Native American Relationships

The first Mormon preaching among native Americans occurred when Joseph Smith sent several missionaries to the western border of Missouri in the winter of 1830–31 (Jennings 1971; Pratt 1874). In a revelation given in Missouri on 17 July 1831 Joseph Smith told these first missionaries to the Indians: "For it is my will that in time, ye should take unto you wives of the Lamanites and Nephites that their posterity may become white, delightsome and just, for even now their females are more virtuous than the gentiles." William W. Phelps included the "substance" (two pages) of the revelation in a 12 August 1861 letter to Brigham Young, now in the Church Historical Department. Several things are apparent: (1) While the Book of Mormon strongly teaches that God removes the curse of the dark skin, this document implies that intermarriage can; (2) Some scholars think that this revelation was the initial impetus for plural marriage, as some of the missionaries had wives in Ohio; and (3) This document seems to have begun the Mormon practice of marrying native Americans. Some of the contents of the document better fit an 1861 context and it is possible that Phelps added his own understanding thirty years later. Ezra Booth confirms early talk about marrying Indians, but the reasons for doing so probably did not include polygamy or even changing skin color, but rather facilitating entrance into the reservation for missionary work (Booth 1831; W. Hall 1852, 59; J. Brown 1960, 320–23; Brooks 1944; Coates 1972; Stenhouse 1873, 657–59; Bachman 1975, 68–73).

This first Indian mission ended in failure, produced the first non-Mormon charges that Mormons and Indians were in league to destroy other whites on

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(15 Feb. 1844): 432. In 1833, an editorial in the *Evening and Morning Star* [1 (June 1833): 99] saw recent reports of archaeological excavations in North Carolina and Ohio as providing proof of both Nephite and Jaredite skills in art and science. Four months before this report, the same newspaper cited the reports of Lt. Col. Galindo from Central America about the great civilizations in ancient America. Early Mormon commentators saw no contradiction in their claims that *all* native Americans were explained by the Book of Mormon. This view allowed them to see evidence of Lamanites everywhere they went in North America. John Sorenson (1985) assumes a local setting, claiming that the Book of Mormon requires a locus in Central America. While this thesis promises to become the new orthodoxy within Mormonism, it modifies the thrust and content of early Mormon apologies.

the frontier, and sparked Protestant missionary efforts to prevent Mormon proselyting (Jennings 1966, Schultz 1972, Berkhofer 1963). In spite of their denials, Mormons were being charged as late as 1838 with converting Indians in Missouri to use them against the local whites.[3]

The most eloquent early expression of Mormon sentiments about the Indians appeared in the writings of Parley P. Pratt. In his 1837 *Voice of Warning* he presented the main LDS arguments. Several years later, as the first editor of the *LDS Millennial Star*, he wrote of the glorious future that awaited the descendants of the Book of Mormon peoples (1841, 40–42), penned one hymn, "Oh, Stop and Tell Me, Red Man," and authored the 1845 "Proclamation of the Twelve Apostles" which announced to the rulers of the earth that "the 'Indians' (so called) of North and South America are a remnant of the tribes of Israel; as is now made manifest by the discovery and revelation of their ancient oracles and records. And that they are about to be gathered, civilized and made *one nation* in this glorious land." The same proclamation foresaw a major work just ahead for "the sons and daughters of God" who would be required to devote a portion of their time to instructing "the children of the forest" (J. Clark 1:254, 256, 259; Clark incorrectly attributes authorship to Wilford Woodruff).

The spirit, if not the letter, of this 1845 message was manifested following the Mormon exodus from Nauvoo. Although formal missionary work was not possible, Brigham Young sought to deal fairly and peacefully with the various tribes the Mormons encountered as they moved west (Coates 1981, 1978; Bennett 1984, 189–231; Trennert 1972).

Following non-Mormon advice, the Mormons established their base of operations in the Salt Lake Valley, a neutral location between the warlike Shoshone to the north and Utes to the south. As the early years were critical to Mormon survival in the Great Basin, it is no surprise that Brigham Young fluctuated between making peace with and exterminating those who threatened the lives and success of the Mormon western colonization (Tyler 1978; Arrington and Bitton 1979, 145–60; Julina Smith 1932; Brooks 1944; A. Malouf 1945; Coates 1969, 63–115; Smaby 1975; Christy 1978).

Brigham Young's appointment as the first governor of Utah Territory meant he would also function as *ex officio* Superintendent of Indian Affairs. It was during the early 1850s under Brigham Young's leadership that the basic institutional contours of Mormon Indian policy emerged: that it was cheaper to feed the Indians than to fight them. Influential experiences included finding themselves in the middle of warring tribes, attempts to end the centuries-old Indian slave trade, and early armed encounters with various tribes (Morgan 1948, 1953, 1954; Larson 1963a and 1963b; Gowans 1963; Haynes 1968; O'Neil and Layton 1978; Prucha 1:374–80; Neil 1956; W. Snow 1929;

[3] See Albert P. Rockwood to his family, November 1838, Yale University Library. Mormon sensitivity to these charges in their early experiencs in Jackson County, Missouri, led Joseph Smith to change the wording of D&C 57:9: "Send goods unto the Lamanites" now reads "unto the people." At least one early Mormon author thought that the "remnants" (D&C 87:5) left after the Civil War were the American Indians. *LDS Millennial Star* 22 (28 Jan. 1860): 51.

Arrington 1954; 1970; 1985, 210–22; Miller 1968; Coates 1976; Gottfredson 1919; Heimer 1955; Christy 1979).

These early pioneers tried at least three approaches in relating to their Indian neighbors. They first combined their religiosity with various church programs including feeding and clothing the less fortunate natives (Arrington 1954, Jensen 1983). The second grew out of a fundamental equation of farming skills and civilization. Here Mormons, like other Americans of the time, sought to establish special Indian farms, especially during the 1850s (Beeton 1977–78, James 1967, Jackson n.d., Williams 1928, Heband 1930). The third approach was proselyting. Many colonies were first established at least partially to control or convert the local tribes and to teach farming techniques (Campbell 1973). Jacob Hamblin was but one of a number of early Mormons who worked with the Indians much of their lives.[4]

The Civil War brought many non-Mormons to Utah, created insecure Indian relations, and pushed the Indian situation to a more final settlement (Long 1976; 1981, 128–84; Tyler 1978; Madsen 1985a). In 1865, the Utah Indians conveyed title to their lands to the federal government by treaties in return for the establishment of a reservation in Uintah County in eastern Utah. As early as 1861, against Brigham Young's advice, President Abraham Lincoln had declared the "entire valley of the Uintah River within Utah Territory" an Indian reservation. This movement toward reservations for Indians was part of the larger federal Indian policy shift from the early policy of placing Indians in one large Indian Territory on the Great Plains (Trennert 1975; Tyler 1978, 364; *Atlas* 1981, 104–5; Wright 1948; Larson 1974; O'Neil 1941). The most violent rejection of the reservation came from a group of Utes led by Black Hawk. His followers attacked various settlements beginning in the San Pete Valley, and about forty Mormons were killed during the first three years of raiding. Fighting continued until 1873, even though Black Hawk died in 1870. Gradually, most of the Utes moved onto the Uintah Reservation (Spencer 1969, Gibbs 1931, Culmsee 1973).

A non-violent rejection of the reservation was by a band of Shoshone. Mormon missionaries, led by George Washington Hill, approached them beginning in 1873. By 1889 a successful Indian farm had been established at Washakie, just north of Brigham City, Utah, for Shoshone. It became the model for other non-reservation Indian farms in Utah (Coates 1969, 303–18; Dibble 1947; Evans 1938; Madsen 1980). Surprisingly, Mormon missionary efforts fared much better off the reservation during this period. The one major exception was the conversion of the entire tribe of Catawba Indians on their

[4] The literature on nineteenth-century Indian missions is quite extensive. Good places to begin include Rees 1922; Law 1959; Peterson 1971, 1975; Brooks 1944, 1961, 1962, 1964, 1972; Dees 1972a and 1972b; Corbett 1952; Jones 1890; Beal 1935; Nash 1967; Bigler 1967; Rice 1972; Dibble 1947; Coates 1972; Judd 1968; Hinkley 1941; Lyman 1962; Smiley 1972; Bailey 1948; Fish 1970; Seegmiller 1939; Peterson 1973, 192–216; 1975. Llewellyn Harris claimed to have healed 400 Zuni of smallpox in a letter to Orson Pratt in *LDS Millennial Star* 41 (2 June 1879): 337–38. For the unrelated memories of another missionary see an interview with Joshua Perry in Jorgensen 1913. An annotated guide to the larger literature (primary and secondary) is Coates 1969, 329–63.

reservation in York County, South Carolina, in 1883 (Lee 1976, D. Brown 1966, Callis 1943, Foreman 1935, Allred 1983, Warner 1971).

Through the later decades of the nineteenth century, the strong persecution and prosecution of Mormons cut into Indian proselyting. The several apostles who went on Indian missions did so as much to avoid polygamy prosecutions as to convert the natives (Anderson 1900, Whitney 1890, Tullis 1982).

The massacre by federal troops of mostly helpless Indians at Wounded Knee Creek near the Pine Ridge Agency in South Dakota on 29 December 1890 came as a tragic end to a revival of Plains Indians religion that had been led by Tauibu and his son Wovoka, Piute Indians from Nevada. (See Coates essay in this volume.) In part, this revival was a means to escape the terrible realities of reservation life. But it was also a movement to return to the greatness of the past led by messianic prophets who promised Indians deliverance and restoration. The movement combined a type of Christian millennialism with a belief in God's active role in protecting true believers. It gradually gained followers who demonstrated their worthiness in the Ghost Dance, a ritual many contemporary observers were convinced must have come from the Mormons (Mooney 1896). While these charges are essentially without foundation, the fact that early Mormons speculated over the emergence of a Lamanite prophet has not been forgotten by some Mormon extremists.[5] Thus, while some Mormons saw the revivals as a sign that God was stirring the Indians with his Spirit, after the tragedy at Wounded Knee Mormon missionary efforts seriously declined among native Americans.

Benjamin Cluff, then president of Brigham Young Academy in Provo, Utah, led an expedition of faithful Mormons to Central America (1900–02). The purpose of the expedition was to locate Book of Mormon sites, collect fauna and flora for scientific study, and check on the possibilities for missionary work in the area. It was unsuccessful in all objectives except for items sent to Provo for study (E. Wilkinson 1:289–329). It did, however, help focus attention on native Americans in tropical regions and showed the next generation of Mormons that their Book of Mormon studies would have to be better grounded in both fieldwork and in theory.

In 1936, the First Presidency instructed the leaders of the Snowflake Arizona Stake to open formal missionary work among local Indians. In 1942 Mary Jumbo, a Navajo living at Shiprock, New Mexico, asked President Heber J. Grant to send missionaries to her people. Grant authorized George Albert Smith to organize the Southwest Indian Mission with headquarters in Gallup,

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[5] The Mormon press devoted many pages to the Messiah craze, reprinting material from other sources as well as commenting on the events. See *Deseret News* 7, 23 July 1890; 16 Aug. 1890; 7, 8, 10, 18 Nov. 1890; *LDS Millennial Star* 52 (25 Aug. 1890): 532–35; 52 (8 and 15 Dec. 1890): 777–78, 793–94; *Young Woman's Journal* 1 (Sept. 1890): 477; and *The Contributor* 12 (Jan. 1891): 114. Much of this interest was undoubtedly influenced by a literal interpretation of Joseph Smith's comments on 14 February 1835: ". . . the coming of the Lord, which was nigh — even fifty-six years should wind up the scene." *Millennial Star* 5 (26 March 1853): 205. This would have meant 1891. Fundamentalists schisms have continued to teach about an "Indian Messiah." The most active spokesman was Francis M. Darter who published a number of pamphlets and articles on the subject in the 1940s and 50s.

New Mexico. In 1943 the Navajo-Zuni Mission was organized and it was later added to the Southwest Indian Mission. In 1964 the Northern Indian Mission, with headquarters in Rapid City, South Dakota, was organized (Flake 1965; Parry 1972; Preece 1965; Heinze 1976, "This Mission" 1969; Blanchard 1977; Vogt and Albert 1970).

It was primarily in response to the growing awareness of terrible conditions on Southwest reservations that LDS leaders responded more institutionally to the needs of native Americans beginning in the late 1940s and 1950s. Building on earlier approaches, the Indian Placement Program came to address more modern needs and circumstances of reservation Indians (Bishop 1967; Buchanan 1974–75; Kimball and Kimball 1977, 236–48; "Indian Placement" in *Church News*, 1 Jan. 1972, 8; Cox 1980; Cowan and Anderson 1974, 455–80; Cowan 1979, 85–94; Packer 1962). Neil Birch's essay in this issue recounts the determination of Helen John and the compassion of Golden Buchanan, which sparked the beginnings of this program. In July 1954, the First Presidency gave the program Church sponsorship. The 10 August 1954 letter from the First Presidency sent to the presidents of stakes that were to participate in the placement program that year states:

> It is to be made plain to the families of your stakes that there is no compulsion or pressure to be exercised in taking an Indian child into their home. If they elect so to do they must do so of their own free will and assume all responsibilities in connection therewith.
>
> It is understood that if an Indian child is taken into a home he comes not as a mere guest, nor as a servant, although, of course, he or she would be expected to assume such responsibilities of service as all children ought to have and share, but that he or she may enter the home as a welcomed member of the household to enjoy the spiritual and cultural atmosphere of the home, and to be given such schooling in the public schools as may be afforded to him (Bishop 1967, 43).

The placement program involved about 7,000 Indians by 1971 but has declined in the last eight years to 1,968 with an estimated additional 60 percent reduction by 1989 ("Conversation" 1985). It has not been without its critics however, who in an age of new Indian militancy, point out the dangers of a program that can create misfits who are caught between their traditional heritage and the values of middle class America (Steward and Wiley 1981; John 1970; Gottlieb and Wiley 1984, 157–77; Topper 1979; Keane 1982).

Mormon Indian programs went beyond the foster-home approach. In 1955 the Church began an Indian Seminary Program in Brigham City, Utah, in tandem with Intermountain Indian School operated by the Bureau of Indian Affairs. This program spread to about 200 additional federal and public schools, totalling 792 Indian seminary classes by 1968. It was phased out as a separate program between 1980 and 1982.

Since 1950, the Church has sponsored a variety of programs at Brigham Young University for Indians seeking a college education (Wilkinson and Arrington 3:503–35; Bishop et al. 1971). Spencer W. Kimball, as chairman of the Church's Indian Committee, indefatigably searched for ways to assist native Americans. Because of the poverty of the Indian tribes he was familiar

with, he proposed that the Church provide selected individuals BYU scholarships. In 1951, the First Presidency authorized five scholarships.

The first students encountered the problems that most minority students have throughout the country: lack of money, deficiency in high school preparation, and lack of a comfortable social climate. S. Lyman Tyler and others countered with more aggressive recruiting on the reservations, conscientious efforts to address Indian prejudice toward the Church, and increased funding for scholarships and tutorial programs. American Indian enrollment increased from 12 students in 1954 to 494 in 1973. It has levelled at about 400 in 1985.

In 1960 the Institute of American Indian Studies [Service] and Research was established

> . . . primarily to serve the various agencies of the Church with programs that relate to the Indians of the Americas; to assist the Brigham Young University and other units within the Unified Church School System to develop programs for enlargement and improvement of the educational opportunities for Indians; to cooperate with governmental agencies in their attempts to improve Indian adjustment to and a more satisfactory participation within the predominant society; and to work with Indian tribes or groups as they attempt to solve their own problems (Wilkinson and Arrington 3:517).

In February 1964, Paul E. Felt was appointed director of the newly established Office of Indian Affairs which designed a variety of curriculum programs to meet Indian academic and vocational needs.[6] Organizational change has come so rapidly in these Indian programs that outsiders have wondered if BYU's program is really a mission in search of an organization. A Native American Studies minor has been put into the curriculum. But with the recent restricting of the Department of Multi-Cultural Education, some observers see additional evidence of institutional shifting that lacks a consistent understanding of either the history, cultures, or needs of native Americans. Others see recent developments as a manifestation of the older assimilationist philosophy.

Some of the most successful BYU programs use grants from a variety of sources, many under the leadership of Dale T. Tingey, to help tribes improve agricultural techniques and production. It is too early to fully evaluate the impact of these BYU programs. While some studies have been done on the educational programs,[7] the approach to Indian education is under appraisal, per-

[6] Indian clubs and groups have provided important social and cultural supports for the students. These include the Tribe of Many Feathers and the Lamanite Generation. With the disbanding of Indian wards and the general decline of multi-cultural education at BYU, a major shift in policy is occurring among Church leaders. The shift to Central and South America is seen in Boyd K. Packer's BYU Indian Week Address in February 1979, copy in possession of the author. See also Fyans 1976.

[7] Churchill and Hill (1979) point out that the prolonged federal domination of Indian education has retarded the Indian quest for education because the federal schools were primarily vehicles in accomplishing the federal policy aims of destroying native American heritage and language. Throughout this history, the schools were elementary and secondary, hence no satisfactory model of upper-level Indian education was developed. Thus BYU's experimentation was quite consistent with national patterns. See Adams et al. 1977. Graduate work on Mormon-Indian education, although of uneven quality, includes G. Taylor 1981; Matthews 1967; Osborne 1975; R. Clark 1967; Hunsaker 1967; DeLand 1971; Rainer 1976; Hall 1970; R. Smith 1968; Lundquist 1974; G. Lee 1975; Sheffield 1969; Willson 1984; Webb 1972; De Hoyos and De Hoyos 1973; Schimmelpfenning 1971.

haps even suffering from an identity crisis, bred in large part by an ignorance of Indian cultures but fueled by genuine religious motivation.

Indian-White Relationships: The American Context

Obviously Mormon interaction with native Americans has taken place against the larger backdrop of federal Indian relations.[8] Americans have vacillated between isolating and assimilating their Indian neighbors. Both philosophies have been argued on the basis of Indian well-being — even survival. But implicit in both schools of thought was the notion of Indians as separate, dependent, and inferior while white (European) civilization was superior. Both views saw little or nothing of value in the Indian cultures (Sheehan 1980; Berkhofer 1978, 113–34; Leach 1973). These a priori images have continued to effect the ways Indians are perceived in our society.

These views are deeply imbedded in our colonial history. The first accounts of the natives by explorers lacked the pejorative stereotyping that has led to racism, but they saw the natives as different and felt the additional need to explain the differences (Prucha 1:8; Porter 1979; Axtell 1981; Nash 1982). Thus, when Puritan ministers took to discussing the natives, their accounts were already biased toward both protestant Christianity and European notions of civilization. Few early colonists questioned the superiority of Christianity over the native religions or of the greater value of farming as opposed to hunting (Berkhofer 1965, Beaver 1966, Kellaway 1961, Bowden 1981, Ronda and Axtell 1978).

During the colonial period, the use of treaties to dispossess hunting cultures became a common practice (Prucha 1:5–33; Sheehan 1969; Washburn 1971; Kupperman 1980; Leach 1973). Land-holding rights were at the center of the problem; natives viewed the land as belonging to the group and whites thought that undeveloped land was wasted earth (Washburn 1959, Jacobs 1972, Prucha 1:52–60, Sutton 1975). Whites continued to think that a signature of one or two chiefs could transfer large blocks of earth from one group to another by a people who just did not think in these terms, but whites had the superior technological might to enforce their viewpoints.

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[8] The best studies of the history of American Indian policy are the works of Prucha 1975, 1977, 1981, 1982, 1984. His bibliographical essay at the end of *The Great Father*, vol. 2, provides an excellent evaluation of the best studies on all major topics relating to Indian-white relationships. Particularly valuable guides include the multi-volume series being issued by Indiana University Press for the Newberry Library, under the general editorship of Francis Jennings. They include both topical and tribal titles. Swagerty 1984; Dockstader 1957, 1974; Tyler 1977. Scholarly publications that specialize in native Americans include, *Ethnohistory*, *The Indian Historian*, *Journal of American Indian Law*, and *American Indian Quarterly*. About 430 Supreme Court cases since 1810 have dealt with American Indians. The *Indian Law Reporter* is a valuable aid in remaining current in this complex and important area of law.

Valuable histories of Indian-white relations are Tyler 1973; T. Taylor 1983; Smith and Kvasnicka 1976; Kvasnicka and Viola 1979. The best surveys of Indian history include Debo 1970; Driver 1969; Gibson 1980; Hagan 1979; Washburn 1975; Olson and Wilson 1984; Levine and Lurie 1968; Josephy 1984; Brophy and Aberle 1966. Collections of documents include Washburn 1973, Prucha 1975.

From the earliest years of contact through the early nineteenth century, the potential threat of natives militarily allied to political enemies forced whites to deal with the various tribes as foreign nations. This implied a kind of equality; but by the conclusion of the Revolution, the Indians, many of whom had sided with England, found themselves conquered peoples.

The founding fathers assigned the federal government sole power to deal with native Americans. Early experience in dealing with the problems of an expanding frontier, regulating trade, and planning for the future came to be embodied in a series of Congressional Acts called the Trade and Intercourse Acts, which sought to control the commercial relationships between the two races. Their underlying assumption was that the Indian frontier would recede as whites moved west (Prucha 1962; 1969; Viola 1974; Horsman 1967; Drinnon 1980).

The new concept of the reservation was developed in the 1820s and grew to the multi-reservation system by the 1860s (Prucha 1:179–314; Satz 1975; Hagan 1971, 21–36; Hill 1974; Stuart 1979; Trennert 1975; Alexander 1977, 42–57; 95–111, 158–71; Keller 1983; Priest 1942; Utley 1967, 1973, 1984). In 1887 the same Congress that voted with the Edmunds-Tucker Act to disincorporate the LDS Church passed the General Allotment Act. Both acts grew out of the same determination to force the Mormon Church and Indians to abandon their corporate, communal lives. Where Mormonism was forced to abandon plural marriage and ecclesiastical control of Utah society, the Indians were forced to abandon their communal life by forsaking their tribal leaders for programs that promised allotments in fee simple and citizenship to those Indians who adopted farming on individualized plots like "good" Americans. The consequence was to almost destroy what Indian cultural values remained after 300 years of struggle with western European peoples (Prucha 2:659–86; Cadwalader and Deloria 1984; Carlson 1981; Gilcreast 1967; Hoxie 1984; Otis 1934; Prucha 1976, 1979; Mardock 1971; Fritz 1963; Washburn 1975; Adams 1975; McDonnell 1980).

The 1920s saw stirrings of reform and the emergence of John Collier who, as commissioner of Indian Affairs by 1934, moved to reverse the direction federal policy had taken since the 1880s by giving the Indians a "New Deal." Collier was largely responsible for the Wheeler-Howard Act of 1934 which allowed the tribes to set up legal structures designed to aid self-government and prevent further erosion of the tribal land base (Prucha 2:921–1012; Berens 1977; Downes 1945; Freeman 1952; Kelly 1975, 1983; McNickle 1983; Philp 1977; M. Smith 1971; G. Taylor 1980). Its 138 million acres in 1887 had diminished to 48 million acres by 1934 of which 20 million acres was desert or semi-desert land (Prucha 2:671). All of the New Deal programs promised a new epoch for the Indians but it did not last (Burt 1982, Koppes 1977).

Thus, in 1953 Congress formally adopted a policy of "termination" with the specific aim of dismantling the special relationships the tribes had with the federal government (Hasse 1974; Fixico 1980; Prucha 2:1013–84; Philp 1983; Cohen 1953; Wilkinson and Briggs 1977; Watkins 1957; Hagan 1981). Several tribes were almost immediately "terminated" by statute and left to their

own resources. The Bureau of Indian Affairs, responding to the high levels of unemployment on the reservations as well as to the growing threats of Congressional termination, encouraged reservation Indians to relocate in larger American cities. The general consequence of the BIA's program was to create Indian ghettos in several American cities from which the recent militant Indian movement has come (Sorkin 1969, 1978; Tax 1978; Waddell and Watson 1971; Tyler 1974; Hertzberg 1971; Thornton et al. 1982).

Most of the tribes fought termination, seeing it as a return to the allotment mentality, and saw its withdrawal after the 1960 elections. Paralleling other civil rights movements of the 1960s, American Indians found their own voices; and in 1968, the Indian Civil Rights Act was passed (Deloria 1969, 1973; Josephy 1971; Burnett 1972; Lazarus 1969; Parman 1976).

Another option for Indian tribes had opened in 1946 with the Indian Claims Commission, a judicial structure for adjudicating Indian tribal land claims once and for all. Until then, tribes could not sue the government without its permission. The potential costs of such suits had prevented bills from passing Congress from 1930 until 1946. It was an assimilationist movement which again sought to end any special privileges for the Indians in American society (Prucha 2:1017–23; Rosenthal 1976; G. Wilkinson 1966; Lurie 1957; LeDuc 1957; Danforth 1973; Deem and Bird 1982, 152–84).

While citizenship rights had been conferred upon native Americans in 1924, the unique relationship between the tribes and government had precluded full constitutional rights and responsibilities for most Indians. The 1968 Act amended Public Law 280 which had forced states to take a greater obligation in Indian affairs and also impressed upon the tribes the requirements of the Bill of Rights (M. Smith 1970; Lee 1974).

In 1970 President Richard Nixon helped set the current direction of federal Indian policy by restressing the trust relationship between tribes and the federal government, repudiating termination, and calling for legislation to assist tribes while not destroying their autonomy (Prucha 2:1111–15; Forbes 1981). The resulting 1974 Indian Financing Act and the 1975 Indian Self-Determination and Education Assistance Act ensured increased opportunities for federal assistance if candidates could work their way through the maze of the federal bureaucracy (Prucha 2:1139–70; Putney 1980; Szasz 1974; Prucha 1984; Butler 1978; Flannery 1980; Nickeson 1975; Porto 1979; Sorkin 1971). The growth of state programs must also be understood in this context (T. Taylor 1959, 1972).

While there are innumerable problems native Americans must still confront, they are no longer passive objects being molded into the white image. Any Mormon who seeks to relate to Indians today must not approach the task ignorant of history. This is especially true in the impact of recent federal legislation on programs like Indian placement (Guerrero 1979; Barsh 1980).

Presidential Positions

Mormon leaders from Joseph Smith to Spencer W. Kimball have spoken consistently about the heritage and destiny of the American Indians (Maestas

and Simons 1981). In January 1833, Joseph Smith spoke of the *Book of Mormon* as containing a record of the forefathers of "our western tribes of Indians. . . . By it we learn that our western tribes . . . are descendants from that Joseph which was sold into Egypt." His pronouncements over a skeleton unearthed during the 1834 Zion's Camp march have been used to suggest that the final battles of the Book of Mormon took place in Illinois.[9] Brigham Young's numerous statements echo the teachings of Joseph Smith but he also added his own views.[10]

As an apostle, John Taylor spoke of the great destiny of the American Indians, as president of the urgency of missionary work among the Indians "if we desire to retain the approval of God." Taylor even dictated a revelation on Indian proselyting and urged that "care must be taken that the interests of the Indians on their reservations, water claims, or otherwise, are not interfered with, but they must be guarded and protected in all their rights the same as the white man." [11]

Wilford Woodruff had early in his life thought there was very little the Saints could do for the Indians except pray for them and treat them kindly until "the power of God begins to rest upon them and they are waked up by the visions of heaven." Woodruff thought he saw this happening as the Ghost Dance revivals began in the 1870s.[12]

Joseph F. Smith, a missionary in the Hawaiian Islands, gave more attention to the Pacific Basin throughout his life than to North American Indians and was very cautious about seeing the spirit of God in the Ghost Dance (Smith 1891; 1919, 378–81).

Heber J. Grant, in dedicating the Hawaiian and Alberta temples, looked to a day when the "descendants of Lehi" would receive their proper inheritance as the recovered branch of Israel (Lundwall 1968, 143–50; 169–76; CR, April 1932, 9–10).

George Albert Smith initiated more active Indian missionary work. As early as 1936, President Smith had spoken of the needs of the descendants of Lehi, praising the work at the Intermountain Indian School and of the Catawba tribe in South Carolina (CR April 1951, 175–78; April 1956, 56;

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[9] See *Times and Seasons* 6 (1 Jan. 1846): 1076. The Zelph episode versions records a change from "Lamanitish" to "Lamanite." The "Lamanitish" altar becomes a "Lamanite" altar near Adam-Ondi-Ahman (HC 2:79–80, 3:35; "Scriptory Book of Joseph Smith," LDS Historical Dept. Archives, p. 43).

[10] *Journal of Discourses*, 26 vols. (Liverpool and London: LDS Booksellers' Depot, 1854–86): 1:105–7, 165, 168–69, 170–71; 2:135, 138–39, 140, 143, 268; 3:87, 159; 4:28, 41, 217, 280; 5:128, 236; 6:194, 196, 293, 297, 328–30; 7:58, 137, 336; 8:83, 128, 146, 149, 287, 326; 9:104, 108, 124, 291; 10:33, 107–8, 231–32, 259; 11:65, 120, 263–65, 282, 285; 12:112, 121, 270; 13:247; 14:87, 151, 279; 15:121; 17:40.

[11] *Times and Seasons* 6 (1 March 1845): 825–30; Ibid. 6 (15 July 1845): 968; and *LDS Millennial Star* 38 (6 June 1876): 437–38; Ibid. 44 (18 Oct. 1882): 732–33; (the revelation is in Roberts 1892, 349–51); J. Clark 2:351; JD 23:233.

[12] JD 2:200; 4:231; 9:222–29; 15:282; 18:119; 23:330–32; *LDS Millennial Star* 54 (19 Sept. 1892): 605–7; *CR Reports*, April 1898, 57; April 1880, 11–14. See "Epistle of Wilford Woodruff," 22 Feb. 1879 in Woodruff 7:457–66; 7:472–567; *Deseret News*, 29 May 1879, 513–14; Romney 1955, 350.

Oct. 1936, 73; April 1956, 56; Oct. 1936, 73; April 1950, 184–85; April 1950, 142–46).

David O. McKay, an internationalist, made the largest number of his pronouncements about Polynesians, then joining the Church in large numbers (Law 1972, 19–21, 64–68). He referred to Polynesians as part of the one family of the American Indian, a consistent teaching of the Church since the 1850s.

Joseph Fielding Smith brought a strong doctrinal stance to the Church's position on the native American in his apostolic writings, warning that "civilization" is a relative term and urging Saints not to dismiss the culture of "primitive" people because of a technological judgment (Smith 1936, 130–43, 249–58, 263–65; 1954, 172–73, 452; 1954–56, 1:151; 2:247–51; 3:40–41, 262–64; 1957–66, 1:142–43; 2:196–98; 3:38–41, 122–23; 4:25–29; 1970, 397–403).

Harold B. Lee said little on the Indian but strongly condemned intolerance in an age of growing civil rights concerns (CR April 1982, 117–18).

By far the most consistently vocal Church leader has been Spencer W. Kimball. The key figure in the development of the Placement Program and BYU programs, he has strongly condemned prejudice among Church members and has urged a larger vision of the American Indian in contemporary Mormon thought.[13]

Mormon Racial Attitudes

Not until the end of the seventeenth century was there any reference to Indians as red, and then the term did not originally have a pejorative meaning (Prucha 1:8; Craven 1971, 39–41). By the nineteenth century, darker skin had become associated with deficient character. Much study has yet to be done on the history of white perceptions of native Americans, and as yet no study of Indians similar to Winthrop Jordan's *White Over Black* exists (1968; Vaughan 1982; Bidney 1954; Horsman 1975; Hatch 1978). Mormons as an American subgroup seem no more prejudiced than other citizens (Mauss 1970, 185–200; Cutson 1964; Douglas and Mauss 1968; Parry 1977, 225–38; V. Brown 1972). Starting from the premise that all human beings are the sons and daughters of God and then insisting that the gospel of Jesus Christ is to go to every nation, tongue and people, it would be difficult for any member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to justify or practice any form of

[13] Whittaker forthcoming; CR April 1947, 143–52; Oct. 1947, 15–22; April 1949, 103–13; April 1950, 41–44; Sept. 1950, 63–69; April 1953, 105–10; *BYU Devotional Address*, 15 April 1953; CR April 1954, 103–8; April 1956, 52–58; Address to Seminary Teachers, BYU, 27 June 1958; CR Oct. 1959, 57–62; Oct. 1960, 32–37; Address to BYU Indian Studentbody, 5 Jan. 1965; CR Oct. 1965, 65–72; Address to BYU Studentbody, 25 April 1967; BYU Campus Education Week General Assembly Address, 13 June 1969; Address delivered at the Lamanite Youth Conference, Salt Lake City, 14 April 1971; Remarks at Regional Representative Seminars, Address delivered at the Lamanite Youth Conference, Salt Lake City, 14 April 1971; Remarks at Regional Representative Seminars, Salt Lake City, 4 April 1974; 3 April 1975, 2 Oct. 1975, 5 April 1976, and 1 April 1977; and *Ensign* 5 (Dec. 1975): 2–7; Kimball 1982, 594–620; *Deseret News* 40 (1890): 127–28, 161, 235, 497–98; 44 (1892): 497 ff. reports the Indian mission of his father, Andrew Kimball.

racism. Yet the history of Mormonism reveals how far the distance can be between the ideal and the real (McConkie 1978, 137–48; Papanikolas 1976; Higham 1955).

Native Americans constitute a unique ethnic group in American culture. They are the only racial group who were in America prior to colonization, and they are the only group that still has a special relationship with the federal government. The histories of both the Indians and the European colonizers have been shaped by this unique situation, and this interaction has also influenced the general thrust of Mormon-Indian relations (McLoughlin 1984; Spicer 1961; Berkhofer 1963; Freedmon 1965).

SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER STUDY

The lives of pioneers and missionaries who worked directly with the Indians need documenting. Scholars have not thoroughly used federal records on Mormon-Indian relations. We need a scholarly edition of the several hundred letters Brigham Young exchanged with various Indian chiefs. More scholarly studies of the various missions and programs of the nineteenth-century Church need to be researched and written. We still lack for the Indian what Lester Bush has done for blacks in Mormon history. We need to better understand the puritan heritage of early Mormonism, and we need a systematic analysis of the term *Lamanite* in our literature. We need more comprehensive studies of the various tribes, particularly in the Great Basin, that had and have significant contact with the Mormon Church (Steward 1982; Palmer 1928; W. Snow 1923; Jennings, Smith, and Dibble 1959; Crampton 1971; Covington 1949; Tyler 1951a, 1951b, 1964; O'Neil 1968, 1973, 1976; Thompson 1975; Hanson 1937; Hauck 1953; Burnham 1980; Jackson 1982; Schroeder 1965; Stewart 1966; Delaney 1971; Larson 1952, 1965; Stoffle and Evans 1976; Knack 1978; C. Malouf 1940; S. Price 1952; Defa 1980; Malouf and Smith 1947; Allen and Warner 1971; Bluth 1978; Liebler 1962; Benally 1976; Corell 1971; Thompson 1981; Wood 1981; Liljebad 1957; Madsen 1962, 1979; Fowler and Fowler 1971; Fowler 1965; King 1985; Alberts and James 1984; Sonne 1954, 1962; Green 1958). In addition to tribal histories, we need biographies of Indian leaders (Salabiye and Young 1984; Moses and Wilson 1985). So far only one native American has been called to be a General Authority in the LDS Church, and while he has no assignments or responsibiliites that involve native Americans (*Ensign* 5 [Nov. 1975]: 136–37; 5 [Dec. 1975]: 26–27). We need to better understand his life and contribution. We need more anthropologically sensitive studies on the cultures that predate Mormon contact, and we need to follow these up with continuing analysis of changing cultures once contact was made. We need studies of the interaction of Mormon and Indian world-views. No serious study has yet been done on the teaching or more popular literature in the Church. This would include both public addresses and Church-produced manuals.[14]

[14] Buchanan 1950, 1973; Felt 1964; Petersen 1981; Richards 1970; Dyer 1968; Larsen 1965.

We need to study the changing Mormon perceptions of Indians in the visual arts and Mormon literature. P. Jane Hafen (1984) has made an excellent start (see also her essay in this volume), but she concentrates on work after 1940. A full study would begin with "Joseph Smith Preaching to the Indians" and include the art work in George Reynolds, *The Study of the Book of Mormon* (1888), the work of C. C. A. Christensen, and the paintings of John Hafen, Arnold Frieberg, and Minerva Teichert. It would also include the sculptures of such individuals as Mahonri Young, Cyrus Dallin, and Grant Speed (Oman 1982; Oman and Oman 1976; Hinton 1974). We need a comprehensive bibliographical study of the archival sources of Mormon-Indian relationships.

The twentieth century has hardly been touched. Here we need detailed histories of the many Indian missions since the 1940s, biographies of the mission presidents as well as better studies of the key Church leaders who have shaped Mormon policy, studies of the various BYU Indian programs, and biographies of the individuals who have shaped them. We do not fully understand the history of the Placement Program, nor do we comprehend the educational programs of the last twenty years. How will the Indian migration from reservations effect the future of Mormon-Indian relations?

This century has seen great emphasis on the judicial activity of tribes, and the resulting litigation has yet to be fully studied (Getches, Rosenfelt, and Wilkinson 1979, 1983; Canby 1981; Pevar 1983; Washburn 1971; Deloria and Lytle 1983; Kammer 1980). The law firm of Wilkinson, Cragun, and Barker was very influential in the early years of the Indian Claims Commission, and Mormon attorneys have continued to play a prominent role in Indian legal matters (Weyler 1982, 132–65). With the increasing importance of water and mineral rights of western tribes, western lawyers will continue to play a significant role.

Finally, we need more critical studies of the Book of Mormon as both a history and cultural record. Warnings have appeared in recent years about amateur archaeologists and historians, but more needs to be done by those who have acquired the necessary skills and expertise (Nibley 1964, 366–76; Green 1969, 1973; Sorenson 1969, 1976; Coe 1973; Madsen 1985b; Raish 1981; Strom 1969; J. Price 1974; N. Douglas 1974).

Conclusion

Years ago, Felix S. Cohen (1952), one of the great legal scholars of American Indian affairs, argued that the real question was not how to change Indians, but rather how to change whites. Cohen recognized that Indians have and continue to contribute important things to modern cultures. This is true whether whites recognize it. For example, an important contribution is Indian feeling for individual freedom and governmental structures which reflected this concern and which may have provided early models for American colonists.

Scholars like Frank Waters (1968), John Neihardt (1932), and Gary Witherspoon (1977) have led the attempt to make the richness of Indian cul-

ture and religions available, or at least understandable, to non-Indians (Highwater 1981; Radin 1972). This is also true of Indian religion, where complex worldviews continue to baffle whites who can only see another form of paganism (Storm 1972; Gill 1982; J. E. Brown 1953, 1982; Hultkrantz 1979).

It would seem that in Mormonism, as in the larger American culture, the relationship with native Americans has tended to be a one-way road. We continue to think our greatest gifts are material and that these are the ones we must share with the Indians. But the approach is flawed at the most fundamental level: until we can recognize and take the good in other cultures we will remain isolated from those we seek to love and relate to. We have yet to learn that cultural pluralism is desirable and that we have much to learn from other cultures without demanding these cultures merge into our own. It is this matter that Chief Dan George eloquently calls to our attention.

The Book of Mormon may yet force us to reach outside ourselves to receive as we try to give the best we have to offer. Perhaps this is the real message of Mormon-Indian relations. It is clearly time that we enter into a genuine dialogue.

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Joseph Smith and the Clash of Sacred Cultures

Keith Parry

 outinely, in speech and print, Church authorities and other Mormon commentators align the Mormon present and the Book of Mormon past in the following manner: We possess a unique understanding of the Indians. They are Lamanites, descendants of the Book of Mormon peoples, sprung from the House of Israel. The Book of Mormon was written for them in particular, so that they might be redeemed from the curse which fell upon their ancestors. As custodians of this record of their past, a sacred record of their heritage and destiny, we have a duty to ensure that the Indians regain their true identity. We accepted that responsibility from the first — our missionaries went among the Lamanites soon after the Church was restored. Since then, our prophets have seen to it that we have done our duty by the Indians. Now, more than ever, we must meet our obligations, for President Kimball has said that "the day of the Lamanite is surely here and we are God's instrument in helping to bring to pass the prophecies" of the Book of Mormon (TSGD 1978, 74).[1]

This statement expresses a sacred history, one to be faithfully accepted rather than tested. In it, the most substantial fact standing between the days of the Book of Mormon and the present is likely to be the "first mission to the Indians," undertaken by Parley P. Pratt and his companions in the winter of 1830–31. A pivotal element in the sacred history, the first mission stands for the inspiration of the Book of Mormon, for the unwavering Mormon commitment to the Lamanites over 150 years, and for the missionary zeal which Mormons should emulate now and in the future. Certainly, it will be taken to represent the quality of Mormon-Indian relations in Joseph Smith's time. But two

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[1] Though many other sources might have been cited, this composite statement drew in order upon: Burnett 1971, 12; Talmage 1976, 284; TSGD 1979, 194; Larsen 1966, 63; TSGD 1978, 69; Kimball 1971, 8; Doxey 1969, 198; MGD 1979, 145.

Mormon classics suggest that this popular interpretation of the first mission is too simple — that it is more valid as a reflection of the Mormon present and as a didactic tool for shaping the future than as a balanced depiction of the Mormon past. Together, Parley Pratt's *Autobiography* and Joseph Smith's *History of the Church* point to a complex of questions, and to their answers. What part did the Book of Mormon play in Mormon relations with the Indians during the Joseph Smith years? What emphasis did Mormons place upon missionary work with the Indians in those years? What effect did the gentile presence have on the relations of Mormons and Indians in that period? Did those relations prefigure developments during the Brigham Young years, and even into the present?

Addressing these questions, this essay offers a critique of the popular capsule history as it portrays the relations of Mormons and Indians in Joseph Smith's time. In its essentials, the critique does not draw upon secular analyses, for historians have written little enough on the topic. Rather, it is derived from hallowed Mormon texts: Parley Pratt's *Autobiography*, as the source of most accounts of the first Indian mission,[2] and Joseph Smith's *History*, which refers sporadically to the Lamanites as it chronicles the westward movement of the Mormons, from New York to Kirtland and Missouri, and then onward to Nauvoo. The critique rests upon an interpretation of what is and what is *not* to be found in those texts. So, only in a limited sense is this essay about a particular period in history. In a broader view, it is about the histories of a period — or at least about those which are most available to Mormons. These variant versions of history each have something to tell about Mormon-Indian relations in the present as well as in the past.

PARLEY PRATT'S *AUTOBIOGRAPHY*: THE FIRST INDIAN MISSION

A few months after the restoration of the Church of Christ by Joseph Smith, a revelation was "given through the mouth of this Prophet, Seer and Translator, in which Elders Oliver Cowdery, Peter Whitmer, Ziba Peterson and myself were appointed to go into the wilderness, through the western States, and to the Indian territory." So writes Parley Pratt, who then describes the westward journey from New York, which they began in October 1830: "After travelling for some days we called on an Indian nation at or near Buffalo; and spent part of a day with them, instructing them in the knowledge of the record of their forefathers. We were kindly received, and much interest was manifested by them. . . . We made a present of two copies of the Book of Mormon to certain of them who could read, and repaired to Buffalo" (1979, 47). Preaching with great success among Sidney Rigdon's congregation at Kirtland, the missionaries established the Mormon faith in Ohio. Then, joined by Frederick G. Williams, they visited the Wyandots in the western part of the state. Again they were well received, and they laid the Book of Mormon before the tribe. The Wyandots "rejoiced in the tidings, bid us God speed, and desired

[2] Doxey 1969, 197; Evans 1940, 75; Petersen 1958, 55–59; Roberts 1965, 1:220–25, 251–55; and TSGD, 1978, 70 all quote or paraphrase Pratt 1979, 47–57.

us to write to them in relation to our success among the tribes further west, who had already removed to the Indian territory, where these expected soon to go" (p. 51).

Early in 1831, after travelling 1500 miles, mostly on foot, the missionaries reached Independence, Missouri. With little delay, three of them crossed into Indian territory, "tarried one night" with the Shawnees, then "entered among the Delawares." That tribe's chief "had ever been opposed to the introduction of missionaries" among them. At first, he refused to call his council together, but he changed his mind as he "at last began to understand the nature of the Book [of Mormon]." After he and his council listened to Cowdery's "glad news," the chief told the missionaries that the Delawares were "new settlers in this place" and had much to do in the spring, "but we will build a council house, and meet together, and you shall read to us and teach us more concerning the Book of our fathers and the will of the Great Spirit" (pp. 52–56).

According to Pratt, excitement and interest were contagious among the Delawares as the missionaries "continued for several days to instruct the old chief and many of his tribe." But then:

> The excitement . . . reached the frontier settlements in Missouri, and stirred up the jealousy and envy of the Indian agents and sectarian missionaries to that degree that we were soon ordered out of the Indian country as disturbers of the peace; and even threatened with the military in case of non-compliance. We accordingly departed from the Indian country, and came over the line, and commenced laboring in Jackson County, Missouri, among the whites.

Concluding this account, Pratt trusts that "at some future day, when the servants of God go forth in power to the remnant of Joseph, some precious seed will be found growing in their hearts, which was sown by us in that early day" (p. 57). Apart from a casual reference, his autobiography says nothing more about the first mission to the Indians.

Joseph Smith's *History*: The First Indian Mission

The *History of the Church* provides some background for Parley Pratt's narrative. In September 1830, a revelation given through Joseph Smith instructed Oliver Cowdery to "go unto the Lamanites and preach my gospel unto them; and inasmuch as they receive thy teachings, thou shalt cause my church to be established among them" (HC 1:111). Some days later, responding to "a great desire . . . manifested by several of the Elders respecting the remnants of the house of Joseph, the Lamanites, residing in the west," the Prophet sought and received further divine guidance, and he then instructed Whitmer, Peterson, and Pratt to proceed with Cowdery on the missionary venture (HC 1:116–19).

The *History* also includes a letter from Missouri, where Oliver Cowdery had "nothing particular to write as concerning the Lamanites" (HC 1:182). In a footnote, B. H. Roberts claims that the first Indian mission "is a very prominent event in early Church history" (HC 1:183), but such a conclusion could not be deduced from the text, which makes no mention of the Cowdery

party's missionary work among the Indians. Though Pratt returned to the east to give him "verbal information," Smith notes only that "the mission to Western Missouri and the gathering of the Saints to that place was the most important subject which then [in May 1831] engrossed the attention of the Church" (HC 1:181–82). Later in the year, after the leaders of the Church had assembled in Missouri, that land having been "consecrated for the gathering of the Saints," the Prophet records that "the first Sabbath after our arrival in Jackson county, Brother W. W. Phelps preached to a western audience over the boundary of the United States, wherein were present specimens of all the families of the earth . . . [including] several of the Lamanites or Indians — representative of Shem" (HC 1:189–91). At that point in Smith's account of the Missouri years, the Indian disappears as anything but a focus for Mormon-gentile polemics.

JOSEPH SMITH'S *HISTORY*: THE MISSOURI YEARS

Pratt asserts that Mormons and gentiles were soon at odds over Mormon contact with Indians on the Missouri frontier, blaming the demise of the mission among the Delawares upon "the Indian agents and sectarian missionaries." [3] Similarly, Joseph Smith claims that, when the Jackson County mob confronted the Mormons in 1833, "most of the clergy acting as missionaries to the Indians, or to the frontier inhabitants, were among the most prominent characters, that rose up . . . to destroy the rights of the Church." He reports that he responded in print to the "slanderous tract" of a clergyman "sent by the Missionary Society to civilize and Christianize the heathen of the west," who had "used his influence among both Indians and whites to overthrow the Church in Jackson county" (HC 1:372–73). He follows this entry with the text of a manifesto in which the "citizens of Jackson county" express an intention to "rid our society" of the Mormons. R. W. Cummins, the Indian agent responsible for the expulsion of the Cowdery party from Indian territory, is listed as one of the signatories (HC 1:374–76).

The first evidence of a concern among Mormons that their relations with Indians might provoke gentile hostility is found in a letter which Smith attributes to Frederick G. Williams, writing from Kirtland "to the Saints in Missouri" in 1833. By then the Prophet's second counselor, Williams refers to an earlier letter which claimed "that two Lamanites were at a meeting, and the following prophecy was delivered to them: — 'That they were our friends, and that the Lord had sent them there; and the time would soon come, when they would embrace the Gospel;' and, also, 'that if we will not fight for ourselves, the Indians will fight for us.' " Williams cautions, "Though all this may be true, yet, it is not needful that it should be spoken, for it is of no service to the Saints, and has a tendency to stir up the people to anger" (HC 1:417–19). However, an entry for 1836 shows that his warning was in vain. The "Minutes

[3] Cowdery's more vivid indictment specifies "Universalists, Atheists, Deists, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and all the devils from the infernal pit" (Evans 1940, 75).

of a Public Meeting at Liberty, Missouri" describe Mormons as "objects of the deepest hatred and detestation to many of our citizens." Then the Mormons

> are charged, as they have hitherto been, with keeping up a constant communication with our Indian tribes on our frontiers, with declaring, even from the pulpit, that the Indians are a part of God's chosen people, and are destined by heaven to inherit this land, in common with themselves. We do not vouch for the correctness of these statements; but whether they are true or false, their effect has been the same in exciting our community (HC 2:450).

Having presented these minutes, the *History* documents two Mormon responses to the gentile agitation. According to the minutes of a "Public Meeting of the Saints in Clay County," the local Mormons denied "holding any communications with the Indians," assuring their gentile neighbors that they meant to stand "as ready to defend our country against their [the Indians'] barbarous ravages, as any other people" (HC 2:453). In a letter addressed to the spokesmen for Clay County's gentiles, the leaders of the Church at Kirtland claim that the county's Mormons share "a decided determination to be among the first to repel any [Indian] invasion" (HC 2:458). But, despite their protestations, the Mormons were driven from Clay County. Two years later, in Caldwell County, Joseph Smith would again be required to deny that the Mormons "stir up the Indians to war, and to commit depredations" (HC 3:29).

JOSEPH SMITH'S *HISTORY*: NAUVOO

When Joseph Smith's narrative passes to the Nauvoo years, his references to the Indians are again transformed. Most often, he records the presence in Nauvoo of Indian visitors. In 1841, Smith received Keokuk "and about one hundred chiefs and braves" of the Sac and Fox tribes, together with their families. He "instructed them in many things which the Lord had revealed unto me concerning their fathers, and the promises that were made concerning them in the Book of Mormon. I advised them to cease killing each other and . . . also to keep peace with the whites" (HC 4:401–2). Again, he reports "an interview with several Pottawatamie chiefs," adding an extract from Wilford Woodruff's journal which attributes this speech to an Indian orator: " 'We as a people have long been distressed and oppressed. We have been driven from our lands many times . . . . We have asked the Great Spirit to save us and let us live; and the Great Spirit has told us that he had raised up a great Prophet, chief, and friend, who would do us great good. . . . We have now come a great way to see you, and hear your words, and to have you tell us what to do.' " The Woodruff extract records that "Joseph was much affected and shed tears" at these words. In response, he told the chiefs that their fathers were once a great people, "but they left the Great Spirit, and would not hear his words or keep them. The Great Spirit left them, and they began to kill one another, and they have been poor and afflicted until now." Showing them the Book of Mormon — "the book which your fathers made" — Smith instructed them not to kill Indians or whites "but [to] ask the Great Spirit for what you want, and it will not be long before the Great Spirit will bless you,

and you will cultivate the earth and build good houses like white men" (HC 5:479–80). Other entries recording the visits of parties of Indians to Nauvoo are similarly phrased (HC 5:365; 6:402).

One entry for the Nauvoo years contrasts with those just cited. The record of an "exploring excursion west" to the Pottawatamies, Jonathan Dunham's 1843 journal shows little of the missionary perspective. Lodged in the tribe's "main village," Dunham was clearly concerned to assess the potential of the area for Mormon settlement. He notes that the "water is good and the climate wholesome. Some considerable timber, though no very great sawing timber." He spent one day "in looking up the creek for a mill seat, and found one and two beds of iron ore." Yet Dunham did not lack a missionary impulse. Impressed by the tenor of Indian worship, he notes: "All that is wanting to make them the happiest people in the world is the Gospel . . . and to feel its power. Their sectarian creeds and ceremonies would go to the moles and bats soon" (HC 5:541–49).

Indians and the Book of Mormon in the Joseph Smith Years

Together, Parley Pratt's *Autobiography* and Joseph Smith's *History* point to four related dimensions of the Mormon approach to the Indians in the Joseph Smith years: (1) the role of the Book of Mormon; (2) the relative priority of the missionary task among the Indians; (3) the place of Mormons and Indians in a society which was dominated by gentiles; and (4) the manner in which the Joseph Smith years prefigure the rest of Mormon history.

In 1830, even before the first mission, Parley Pratt and others felt a concern for the "remnants of the house of Joseph" because they accepted the Book of Mormon as scripture. Received as such, it gave a particular impetus to missionary work among the Lamanites. As well, it provided much of the substance of the missionary message to them. Pratt, Cowdery, and Smith all preached the Book of Mormon to the Indians, presenting it as an indigenous American scripture. Moreover, though Indians might reject the Mormon claim that it was the record of their Lamanite forefathers, the Book of Mormon structured the way in which Mormons understood the problems faced by the Indians. Both Cowdery and Smith attributed the desperate plight of the Indians to the moral defects of their ancestors. Cowdery told the Delawares that their forefathers once "prospered, and were strong and mighty. . . . But they became wicked" (Pratt 1979, 55). Reading the Book of Mormon past into the present, Joseph Smith told the supplicant Pottawatamies why their "fathers" had been "poor and afflicted until now" (HC 5:480).

The Book of Mormon set the measure of the degeneracy of the Lamanites. At the same time, it gave direction to the missionary task among them. Both functions were implicit for Cowdery when he told the Delawares that their ancestors "cultivated the earth; built buildings and cities, and abounded in all good things, as the pale faces now do" (Pratt 1979, 55). Here, he drew upon Mormon scripture to invest the life style of the pioneer farmer and its environing "civilization" with absolute moral value, while denying any value to the life

style of the Indian. In rescuing Indians from their "heathen worship," Mormons would do more than save them from "drunken frolic" and a supposed propensity for violence (HC 4:401; 5:480, 542, 548; 6:402). In the Mormon view, the spiritual regeneration of the Lamanites would flow from their acceptance of Mormon teachings and would lead them to "cultivate the earth and build good houses like white men" (HC 5:480). Beyond that, they would "become great, and have plenty to eat and good clothes to wear" (Pratt 1979, 55). In effect, then, the Book of Mormon sacralized the attitudes and values of the American pioneer, even as it engendered a missionary commitment to the Lamanite. Together, these otherwise disparate postures defined the Mormon missionary task as the displacement in the Indian of an identifiably Indian culture.

MISSIONARY WORK WITH THE INDIANS AND THE BUILDING UP OF ZION

While shaping the Mormon understanding of the Indians, the Book of Mormon provided an impetus for missionary contact with them, substance for the missionary message to them, and direction for the missionary task among them. That task was tied to the work of building Zion, itself a prerequisite to Christ's millennial reign. In his *History*, Joseph Smith declared that "one of the most important points in the faith of the Church . . . is the gathering of Israel (of whom the Lamanites constitute a part)," and he continued: "In speaking of the gathering, we mean . . . the gathering of the elect of the Lord out of every nation on earth, and bringing them to the place of the Lord of Hosts, when the city of righteousness shall be built" (HC 2:357–58). Certainly, the revelation which gave rise to the first Indian mission also set in motion the building of that city. It did not instruct the departing missionaries to establish Zion's location, specifying only that "it shall be given hereafter" and "shall be on the borders by the Lamanites" (HC 1:111). But there is much to suggest that, for Joseph Smith, the mission assigned to Cowdery was an *intentional* first step in locating Zion and in relocating the Mormon community. Pratt leaves the matter open, saying only that he was appointed "to go into the wilderness, through the western States, and to the Indian territory" (1979, 47). Consistent with that mandate, missionary visits to the Indians near Buffalo and to the Wyandots were made hurriedly as Cowdery's party pressed onward to the western frontier. When access to western Indians was denied them, only Pratt returned to the East to give a report. Then, in his narrative, the Prophet made no mention of the frustrated mission to the Indians, but wrote instead of gathering the Saints to Missouri. It seems that he "dreamed of a city in Missouri" for "his migrating disciples," and did not share their "illusion" of an "immediate, wholesale conversion of the 'Lamanites' " (Evans 1940, 61).

In any event, Joseph Smith's *History* does not include an account of the first Indian mission. Moreover, it lacks an extended discussion of missionary work with the Indians or of a Mormon duty toward them. Nothing in it suggests that Smith saw the work as essential to the "building up of Zion" — a task which found its *primary* expression in the creation of a viable Mormon community. But such a judgment rests on the virtual absence of certain topics from the

History.[4] To extend and refine that judgment, other sources must be employed.

Assessing the priority of missionary work among the Lamanites during Joseph Smith's lifetime, Lawrence G. Coates refers to the polemical exchanges of the Missouri years to argue that gentile suspicions made it difficult for Mormons to involve themselves with Indians. He also shows that Mormon contact with Indians could excite the suspicion of gentiles even after the move from Missouri to Nauvoo (1969, 56). But he acknowledges that, in Nauvoo, Indians "were unable to contribute their nomadic skills to a growing, vibrant Mormon community. There was little attraction for the wandering red man" (p. 57). Earlier, in Kirtland — far from the tensions of the frontier — "even after the Mormons . . . had gained a measure of economic strength, mission work among the Indians continued to suffer because a higher priority was placed on building a temple . . . than on teaching the savage." While the temple was under construction, only three elders seem to have been "sent to the Indians, and their stay was very short" (pp. 43–44).

Brigham Young was one of the three who were called to the Indian work at Kirtland in 1835. As leader, he was to "open the door of the gospel to the remnants of Joseph, who dwell among the Gentiles" — that is, writes Wayne B. Lynn, to the "many groups of Indians . . . living peacefully among the white settlers in the eastern . . . United States," where they were much more accessible than western Indians to Mormon missionary work. Later in the year, at a conference held in Freedom, New York, it was resolved that Young "go immediately . . . to an adjacent Indian tribe to open the door of salvation to them. Hands were laid upon his head [and upon the heads of his companions] for that purpose." Young "mentions his call" and reports the travels which ensued from it in his own history. But "if any Indians were contacted enroute, the result apparently was not worthy of mention." Nor were Indians mentioned during 1836 and 1837, when Young engaged in "short missions" to the "Eastern States." It appears that "little, if anything, was accomplished by this group [of three] among the Lamanites" (n.d., 11–14).

A different impression is left by Robert B. Flanders's account of events at the Wisconsin "pinery," which served for three years as a source of timber for the temple and other projects at Nauvoo. "Church leaders thought that sawmills . . . might be operated in the Winnebago Indian preserve at no cost other than for outfit and equipment" (1965, 183). However, as soon as the second working party arrived at the mill, late in 1842,

> they began to have trouble with the Indians. The Winnebagos . . . demanded provisions under threat of burning the mill; they claimed . . . that the timber was rightly theirs. But they were put off with a little food. Again in the winter of 1843–1844 the Indians threatened to make trouble, this time by putting the government on the Mormons for poaching. If, on the other hand, the Indians received food, they offered to intercede with the Indian agent to allow the Mormons to cut . . . where the best timber was (p. 184).

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[4] A recent compilation of Smith's personal writings points to the same conclusion. In it, the only indexed item which relates to his Indian contemporaries is a letter from Oliver Cowdery (Jessee 1984, 230–31).

By 1844, the leaders at the pinery were advising its abandonment — but not on account of the Indians. In letters to Joseph Smith, Lyman Wight and George Miller proposed that they take the pinery colony to Texas "and there establish a Mormon mission. They would sell the mills, urge the friendly Indians to sell their lands to the government, and all go west together. . . . The Wisconsin Indian friends . . . would there aid in large-scale conversions of Indians." The letters from the pinery "struck fire in the Prophet's heart" (pp. 290–91). Within a week, Smith and his advisers had elaborated the proposal into a scheme whereby the Mormons would render aid to an independent Texas "by settling west Texas, thus creating a neutral buffer zone between the Texans on the one side and the Mexicans and perhaps the Indians on the other." An emissary had been "dispatched to Austin to begin negotiations with the Texas government" (p. 294).

Along with the *Autobiography* and the *History*, these three sources clarify Mormon priorities in the Joseph Smith years. Certainly, the Book of Mormon impelled a number of elders to serve as missionaries among the Lamanites. But, as Brigham Young shows, the most dedicated Mormons were not always imbued with a particular concern for Indians. Even so, it seems that the initiative for Indian missionary work lay more with the members of the Church than with Joseph Smith. The revelation which sent Parley Pratt to Missouri was shaped by a "great desire" expressed by some of the elders; the Texas proposal was made by the pinery leaders and backed by colony members. While Smith was quick to respond to both initiatives, he embedded them in Mormon settlement plans. He sent Jonathan Dunham to scout for a settlement site in Pottawatamie territory. He sent colonists to the Winnebago "preserve" to cut timber for Nauvoo. Neither project was conceived as a missionary outreach to the Indians who visited Nauvoo. The Prophet's design for that community called for English tradesmen rather than dispossessed Indian hunters. In sum, as Coates has noted, the gentile threat is not sufficient to explain the absence of a consistent Mormon missionary thrust among the Lamanites.

Evidently, in Joseph Smith's time, Mormon relations with Indians were beset by contradictions. The Book of Mormon afforded a positive view of a distant Indian past and of an Indian future which Mormons themselves were to mould through missionary work. But it also offered a view which allowed Mormons to distance themselves from their Indian contemporaries. They did so in Missouri, disclaiming any particular interest in the Indians when Mormon survival was at stake. There, as elsewhere, the task of building Zion was not allowed to wait upon the conversion of the Lamanites. An ambivalent theology of the Lamanite allowed Mormon and Indian interests to be distinguished so that Mormons could practice a flexible "politics of the Indian."

MORMONS AND INDIANS IN A GENTILE POLITY

Mormon relations with the Indians were tied in complex ways to the gentile presence. Attributing religious significance both to the territory and to the Constitution of the United States, Mormons had to accomplish their premil-

lennial tasks within a polity which was dominated by gentiles and which effectively excluded Indians from citizenship. The nature and the potential of this ethnic triad are discernible in the related issues of property rights and threats of violence. In clamoring for the expulsion of the Saints, the gentiles in Missouri implied their own vulnerability to an alliance of Mormons and Indians. In responding to gentile threats of violence, Mormons sometimes hinted at such an alliance, though they also claimed that they stood with gentiles against the threatening "savages" — a pioneer epithet. In Nauvoo, Joseph Smith consistently urged Indians to forego violence among themselves and in their relations with whites. Yet, as Coates has noted, "Capitalizing upon his military image among the Indians, Smith frequently wore his Nauvoo Legion uniform. The Pottawatomies were so impressed that they invited the Mormons to join an alliance in which ten tribes had agreed to defend each other." Smith demurred, but Brigadier General Henry King, the interpreter, was impelled to warn Iowa's governor: "It seems evident . . . that a grand conspiracy is about to be entered into between the *Mormons and Indians* to destroy all white settlements on the frontier" (Coates 1969, 56). Certainly, Smith did not decline the offer out of an inherent pacifism, for he accorded to Mormons the right to defend their lives and property. But he conceded no such right to the Indians, though he agreed that they had been much abused. Consistently, he interpreted recourse to violence on their part as a symptom of chronic Lamanite degeneracy rather than as an outcome of environmental disruption. Had he done otherwise, he would have called in question the underlying morality of the processes of the frontier, a morality which was grounded in the prophecies of the Book of Mormon.

Without justifying the actions and the attitudes of gentiles, the Book of Mormon validates their role as scourge to the fallen Indian (1 Ne. 22:7). Though Joseph Smith found a place in his narrative for a protest made on behalf of the dispossessed Choctaws by one of their chiefs, he offered no comment other than that it provided a "specimen of the way the seed of Joseph are being 'wasted before the Gentiles' " (HC 5:358–59). While he did not explicitly endorse the Indian removal policy of Andrew Jackson, "our venerable President," he suggests that the "joy that we shall feel . . . will be reward enough when it is shown that gathering them to themselves . . . is a wise measure" (HC 2:358–62). In 1844, when he became a candidate for the American Presidency, "he said nothing about Indians" though his expansionist views were evident: "When we have the red man's consent, let the Union spread from the east to the west sea" (Coates 1969, 60; HC 6:206).

Whatever Smith understood by "the red man's consent," it did not involve recognition of aboriginal title or other legal claims. At the pinery, the resources of an Indian "preserve" were treated as a free good. Having sympathized with the Pottawatamies over land they had already lost, the Prophet sent Jonathan Dunham to scout their territory for settlement. When visiting Sacs and Foxes "complained that they had been robbed of their lands by the whites," Smith agreed that "they had been wronged." But he countered that "we had bought this land and paid our money for it" before telling them not to sell any land in

the future (HC 6:402). Oliver Cowdery might promise that regenerated "red men" would "cultivate the earth in peace, in common with the pale faces, who were willing to believe and obey the same Book" (Pratt 1979, 55). But Mormon theology and practice conceded little to unregenerate foragers. Though Mormons spoke of an inheritance which they should share with Indians (2 Ne. 1:5), they were as much involved as gentiles in the processes of the frontier. Like other Americans, they required that Indians accommodate themselves to those processes. At the same time, their millennial priorities distinguished them from gentiles. As millennialists on the one hand and as frontiersmen on the other, Mormons stood apart from gentiles and Lamanites. Yet, as the third member of an emergent ethnic system, they could find common ground with either.

BRIGHAM YOUNG AND THE INDIANS: SOME BASIC CONTINUITIES

For four decades after Joseph Smith's death, Mormons were more closely involved with Indians. In the Great Basin and southward, Mormons encountered viable Indian societies which had not yet been subordinated to American authority.[5] While the encounter produced "buckskin apostles," it also produced "Indian fighters." Still, the God-given task of building Zion, with its premise of Mormon survival and prosperity, absorbed the energies of both, for their services were needed on the expanding frontier of Mormon settlement.[6] Along that frontier, Indians soon learned to distinguish between the "Mormon" and the "White man," while "Americans" distinguished themselves from "Mormons" (Brooks 1944a, 18–19). Mormons and Indians were involved in the Mountain Meadows massacre of a gentile immigrant train (Brooks 1962). Mormons and Americans each suspected the other of attempting to activate Indian allies during the "Mormon conflict" with the United States (Furniss 1960, 161–62). Then, with American authority established in the Great Basin and Indians no longer a political factor, Brigham Young enlisted the aid of the United States in expelling them from the pale of Mormon settlement — an outcome which he had been seeking since 1850 (Christy 1978, 228–29).

Certainly, in the Brigham Young years, Mormon involvement with the Indians bore the stamp of that prophet's personality. As well, it was marked by the exigencies of settlement in the Great Basin. But, beyond the specifics of time and place, person and incident, the Brigham Young years were in various ways prefigured in Joseph Smith's time. Most obviously, the Book of Mormon continued to shape the Mormon understanding of the Lamanite. Yet that understanding was expressed in divergent "orientations" toward the Indian.[7]

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[5] The competition for resources which led to the destruction of the "morally inferior" lifestyle of the Indian is discussed in Smaby 1975. See also Allen and Warner 1971; Euler 1966, 50–96; Peterson 1971.

[6] For missionary biographies, see Brooks 1944b and 1972; Brown 1960; Creer 1958; Little 1881; Smiley 1972. For early Mormon militia actions, see Christy 1978. For the role of the Indian mission on the frontier, see Campbell 1973; Peterson 1973, 212–13, and 1975.

[7] In a summary discussion of "stresses and strains" in Mormon society, O'Dea states that one of the "dilemmas" faced by Mormonism is that posed by "Mormon orientations to convert the Indians and their pioneer attitude of condescension and suspicion, as well of rivalry,

The "missionary" orientation fused condescension with an altruism which drew its strength from a prophetic view of the Lamanite future.[8] The "pioneer" orientation recognized the Indian as a rival — as a threat to Mormon interests or an impediment to their pursuit.[9] More evident when Mormons confronted Indians in the Great Basin, this almost secular perspective was incipient in Joseph Smith's willingness to appropriate Indian land and resources for Mormon purposes.

Both the pioneer and the missionary perspectives were informed by the concept of the Lamanite, with its negative implications. Together, those perspectives supported a flexible theology of the Lamanite which let Mormons achieve pragmatic solutions to the problem of the Indian when altruism and the interests of the Mormon community were in tension. By giving priority to their millennial impulse, Mormons could pursue their own interests without regard for those of the Indian. They might argue, as Heber C. Kimball did, that Indians should not be paid for land which "belongs to our Father in heaven" (Larson 1961, 314). They might properly set aside the missionary task or subordinate it in other ways to that of building Zion. As in the Joseph Smith years, the Book of Mormon gave a pragmatic cast to relations with the Indians, and this in its turn gave greater latitude to Mormon relations with gentiles. The ethnic triad — more a matter of rhetoric in Joseph Smith's time — was realized in action in the Great Basin.[10]

Parley P. Pratt and the Present

For the better part of seventy years, from the late 1880s, Mormons paid less attention to the Lamanites.[11] But, during the past three decades, their concern has been renewed. Once again, it bears the stamp of particular prophets — David O. McKay at first and then Spencer W. Kimball. Arguably, it is also a Mormon response to the growing political involvement of the Indian and the resurgence of Indian communities, not least in the American Southwest.[12] As in the Joseph Smith years, Mormons subscribe to a model of con-

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toward them" (1957, 223). Here it is argued that O'Dea's "missionary" and "pioneer" orientations are *not* polar opposites, for they find common ground in the Book of Mormon. As well, they are not so much vocations as perspectives. Over time, a person might incline more or less toward one or the other, as Brigham Young did in his policies and pronouncements. See Larson 1963; O'Neil and Layton 1978.

[8] Condescension pervaded the missionary advocacy of Church authorities, as is seen in Jensen 1983. But, of all Mormons, the handful of men for whom missionary work with the Indians was a lifelong vocation were those least likely to hold that Indians were utterly degraded. See, for example, Jones 1960.

[9] In charge of the colonizing venture on the Little Colorado — officially an Indian mission — Lot Smith "became the symbol of trouble to the Indians" (Peterson 1970, 412).

[10] Says Brooks of the Brigham Young years: "The three offer a triangle as intriguing as any provided by fiction" (1944a, 1).

[11] The responsibility of the Church toward the Indian disappears as a conference topic between 1890 and 1950 (Shepherd and Shepherd 1984, 241).

[12] In arguing that Mormons have an obligation to the Indian, Larsen notes: "In some states the Indian is becoming a factor to be reckoned with in the political power struggle" (1966, 58).

version which sees no value in Indian culture, and seeks to displace it, for example, through the placement program (Topper 1979). No less significant, though, for the relations of Mormons and Indians in the present, are their discrepant perceptions of the past.

Essentially, for Mormons, the "Indian history" of the Joseph Smith years has been collapsed into the story of the first mission to the Lamanites. That story has itself been reduced to a "ritualization" which focuses upon three ethnic stereotypes: dedicated Mormons, obstructive gentiles and incipiently responsive Lamanites.[13] More specifically, this ritual history underscores a developing missionary impetus in the Church and, in particular, the renewed commitment to missionary work among the Lamanites (Britsch 1979, 22; Allen and Leonard 1976, 555–56). Coupled with Book of Mormon prophecy, Pratt's account now functions to validate the current missionary policies of the Church. But, as a representation of the Mormon past, it is history written backward. In expressing a commitment to the Lamanite, it gives Mormons the history they need — a sacred history in which altruism is untainted by self-interest, whether communal or personal. Of course, there *is* a historical continuity which links Parley Pratt's journey with the present. It is the continuity of a missionary ideal which derives from the Book of Mormon. Mormons have, for a century and a half, shown a special concern for the Indian. But there is another continuity, a parallel continuity, to be discerned through a more critical approach to history. It is the continuity which carries the complexities of Joseph Smith's time through the Brigham Young years and into the present. Mormons will have to recognize *that* continuity if they are to cope with problems which are now arising in their relations with Indians — who have their own ritualized histories, and who are bringing them into the political arena (Parry n.d.).

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[13] Bitton speaks of the "ritualization of Mormon history" in pageants, parades, monuments, and other forms, including "standardized narratives reminiscent of morality plays in their insistent simplification" (1975, 68). Ritualized forms present versions of the Mormon past which have a contemporary relevance. Here, a ritualized narrative assumes various phrasings, most of them derived entirely from Pratt's brief account.

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The Capitivity Narrative on Mormon Trails, 1846-65

Stanley B. Kimball

The captivity narrative is one of the oldest literary genres of the New World: some 1,000 examples survive from the sixteenth century. It is also one of the earliest forms of popular literature in the western hemisphere. Because the focus has largely been on women and the probability of their victimization, sexual and otherwise, few other purely American topics ever so caught the public fancy or fired the imagination of fiction writers.[1]

While burgeoning European romanticism may have seen the Indian as nature's nobleman, the religious view saw him as evil in contrast to their own good — a whole New World peopled by "red savages" standing against a few stout-hearted Christian whites, whose mission was redeeming native souls and regenerating the wilderness.

Among the Puritans, Indianization was believed to be a "fate worse than death," rescue tantamount to redemption. They saw the contest as one of passion versus reason, the union of Christian and pagan something akin to the horror of incest or demonic possession, and anyone who preferred captivity to redemption was considered completely degenerate. The record, however, suggests that it did happen. Both Francis Slocum in the eighteenth century and Mary Jemison in the nineteenth left stirring biographical accounts of their captures, ordeals, and escapes that were very popular.

Since sensational captivity narratives made a lot of money, the fictional genre soon developed out of autobiography. Certainly captivity narratives

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[1] Captivity narratives include a broad range of stories, legendary and factual, in which European whites were captured by natives. Such narratives come from all over the world, exist from at least the fourteenth century, and played an important role in the mythology of the American frontier. This paper treats only captivity incidents on Mormon trails, but not incidents of actual or threatened captivity after settlement. See Slotkin 1973, Turner 1980, and Myers 1982.

were good business by the time Mormon women ventured West. Their fictional impact had passed into popular effect, along with reports of deaths by torture. "Army women were made to understand the almost inevitable fate awaiting her and her children if captured alive," recorded one historian. "For her's was one long agony of horror and shame til death as the victim of lust of successive chiefs and the slave of their jealous squaws." He reports that during the siege of Fort Phil Kearny on the Bozeman Trail in 1867, Colonel H. B. Carrington placed women and children in the magazine with a powder train laid and a sergeant ordered to touch it off if the Sioux captured the fort. General Custer allegedly had a standing order to all officers of the Seventh Cavalry that if Indians attacked a train in which Mrs. Custer rode, she was to be killed at once (Downey 1944, 99).

Did white Mormons hold such real or exaggerated fears? What was the general Mormon attitude towards Indians while crossing the plains? Because of the Book of Mormon, Mormons shared in some respects the redemptive goal of the Spanish padres and the French Jesuits and Ursulines. On 13 October 1845 in Nauvoo, Joseph Herring, a Shawnee, and Lewis Dana, an Oneida, were ordained to the Melchizedek priesthood; the next day, Dana was sealed to Mary Gont — the first such mixed marriage so solemnized (H. Kimball, 13 Oct. 1845). Although I have found no other accounts of pre-exodus sealings, the demonstration of equality probably consciously and unconsciously affected the attitudes of Mormon women towards red men.

In over 700 Mormon trail accounts, I noted very little fear of Indians recorded by men or women pioneers. Over 200 record little more than simple "saw Indian" comments. Since I am interested primarily in the reactions of women, I focused on those. Bathsheba B. Smith, later Relief Society general president, considered one Potawatomie a "stately looking man" (1846, 13). Sarah Leavitt (1846) thought a Potawatomie named Le Clerk, "very helpful." Mary Ellen Kimball, wife of Heber C. Kimball, considered some Shoshones "the best looking and most clean" Indians she had seen. "They really looked nice in their costumes of skins, ornamented with beads" (Aug. 1847, 27).

In 1849 Lucy Meserve Smith, sister-wife of Bathsheba, taught in the Pawnee Mission School in Bellevue, fifteen miles south of Winter Quarters, so successfully that she was offered double wages to stay on. She refused, however, and went on to Utah.

In 1850, Martha Spence Heywood, whose trail journal is among the best, recorded her favorable impressions when her company visited an Indian camp eight miles east of Fort Laramie. She noted that "the Indians had very handsome & large teeth . . . the children were cleaner and handsomer than any I've seen before. The children were very pretty and good for a wild people." In one tent she saw some "Indians and squaws looking quite stylish and gay," later discovering that they were "sparking" or courting (1978, 17–18). Jane Rio Baker Pearce, another superior journal keeper, noted in 1851 that a band of Shoshone warriors made a "grand appearance . . . on horseback . . . with guns, bows, and arrows" (23 Aug. 1851).

Sarah Ann Ludlum, a member of Willie's Handcart Company in 1856, was pleased when the first Indians they met "came to our carts and pushed them into camp for us. . . . They left camp and soon returned with fresh buffalo meat which they traded for clothing and salt" (5:257). In 1859, near Chimney Rock, Sarah Alexander wrote, "I shall always be glad I have seen the Indians in their primitive grandeur in their own country where they were kings and where they dominated so royally" (p. 3), a rather early reference to the "vanishing American." In short, few Mormon women expressed fear of red men. In 1862, near Ash Hollow in Nebraska, when some sisters tried to wade the North Bluff Fork "one Indian offered to let the sisters ride his horse across the stream while he held it for them" (Ajax, 20 Aug. 1862).

In fact, Indians were more likely to help women than harm them, if the Mormon record is typical. In 1856, a Sister Redde was missing from a company. Some men rode back along the trail finding only her tracks and those of some Indians. Assuming she had been kidnapped, they returned to camp but tried again to find her. Thirty-six hours after she had been missed, she was found unharmed. Nothing further was recorded about the Indians one way or another, but it was obvious she had not been molested (Savage, 18 Sept. 1856).

A few years later in 1859, another sister, lost for several days, returned to her camp. "Her life," it was said, "had been preserved by an Indian" (Hobbs, 15 Sept. 1859).

The best story concerns seventy-three-year-old Elizabeth Watson of a handcart company. She was missed 2 August 1859 and the search was given up the next day. Sadly the camp moved on, only to be amazed and delighted on August 15 when she met them at a trading post west of Independence Rock. She reported:

> I traveled till darkness came upon me. . . . I lost my way and, of course, gave up all hopes of seeing our camp that night; Passed the night alone without food or fuel. Next morning, cold and hungry, I started out to try and find camp; but no camp or human being could I see for two days. I traveled in this way without food or covering at night and the third day I came upon an Indian camp; without fear I went up to an Indian who was cooking and tried to make him understand I was hungry and wanted something to eat, he soon made ready a cake and with some beans and milk I soon made a good meal. I then made him understand that I wanted to cross the river so he kindly ferried me across and put me on the proper road. . . . I was almost giving up all hope of seeing the handcarts when I noticed ahead of me a wagon. I soon made it up to it and found a very agreeable man. . . . This man treated me very kindly and brought me to this trading post" (McIntyre, 1–15 Aug. 1859).

I found only eleven accounts of Indians attempting to trade for Mormon women. Somewhere in Nebraska in 1849, Caroline Barnes Crosby from Massachusetts tells of meeting with a band of "splendidly dressed" Sioux warriors who "offered my husband a young squaw for me, and wanted to buy our children" (June 1848).

In 1852, Mary Garner from England reported:

> I had long red curly hair hanging in ringlets down my back which seemed to attract the Indians. I was afraid of them but one Indian Chief took a special fancy to me and wanted Mother to give me to him as his white squaw and he would give

> her many ponies. Of course Mother refused him, but he was very determined to get me, so he followed our camp of Saints for several days. We were all very worried for fear he would steal me, so after he left camp one night Mother decided to try and hide me the next day. In the morning before we broke camp she took our feather beds and placed them over two boxes so I would not smother and I crawled in there. Sure enough the Indian Chief came back with his men. He asked for me. Mother told him I was lost. He was not satisfied with this so he proceeded to look in every wagon to see if I was there, then he came to search ours. He even felt the feather bed I was under but did not find me. He stayed with the company all day to see if I came back. When it became dark that night he went away, saying some time he would find me, but we never did see him again during the remainder of our trip to Salt Lake Valley (Garner 1852).

Since these purchase offers seem to have been made in good faith, it seems dangerously irresponsible for some whites to joke about selling women. In 1856 Priscilla Merriman Evans, a Welsh convert with a handcart company recorded:

> My husband in a joking way told an Indian, who admired me, that he would trade me for a pony. He thought no more about it, but the next day here came the Indian with the pony and it was no joke to him. Never was I so frightened in all my life. . . . There was no place to hide and we did not know what to do. The captain was called and they had some difficulty in settling with the Indian without trouble (9:9).

In 1848, John Alger "started in fun to trade a sixteen year old girl to a young Sioux chief for a horse, but the Indian was in earnest. We got things settled," reported Mosiah Hancock, "and were permitted to go on without the loss of Lovina" (Aug. 1848).

The wife of Captain Sextus Johnson must have been especially appealing for a chief in 1861 offered *twenty* ponies for her — the highest price I noted (Linford 1861, 2).

Perhaps these Indian offers were not perceived as serious, for F. W. Blake recorded in 1861: "Two Indians met our train yesterday. They were mounted on ponies. One of them enraptured I suppose, with the sight of the girls offered to barter his pony away for one of them. He wanted one with dark hair. Poor chap he was doomed to disappointment, he might have struck a bargain with some poor henpecked fellow" (9 Aug. 1861).

Still kidnappings did occur on the trails; and by word of mouth, the Mormons learned of them. Of ten references to captured white females in more than 700 Mormon trail accounts, only six are specific enough to identify the persons.

The earliest of these accounts concerns seventeen-year-old Jane Grover. In 1846 or 1847, while she was picking gooseberries near Council Bluffs, Iowa, some Indians, probably Potawatomie, suddenly appeared. She immediately ran for her grandfather's wagon. She reached it and he whipped up the horses, but the Indians stopped the wagon and she was nearly pulled out. During the mêlé Jane prayed, and suddenly began berating the Indians in their own tongue, shaming them into letting her go (Parr 1977, 49–54). This is the only example of a miraculous intervention of this kind I have ever come across.

At about the same time near Mount Pisgah some other Indians, also probably Potawatomie, stole nine-year-old Clara Walton. As soon as her disappearance was discovered, about fifty men on good horses set out in the direction of the Indian camp. They waited until the camp had quieted for the night, then sent in one man to try to find Clara. He listened carefully at each tent. At one he heard sobbing. Peering in, as he later reported, he saw a child. "This must be Clara and she had gone to sleep . . . bound hand and foot." Trusting to Providence, he cut her loose, held her tight, and worked his way back to his companions. She did not wake up. It was later assumed that she had been alone in one wigwam because her crying disturbed her captors (J. Evans 1905).

In 1859 Sarah Alexander wrote that she had heard of a young girl in "one of the companies" who was carried off by Indians and "lost to them forever" (1859, 7). She does not state, however, whether it was a Mormon company or provide enough documentation to substantiate the incident.

A popular and widely publicized account involved Olive Oatman (Dillon 1981). (Although it is not widely known, Olive and her family were Nauvoo Mormons who later joined the Church of Christ-Brewsterite, a schism organized by James Colin Brewster in 1848.) In 1851 the Royce Oatman family followed Brewster to New Mexico Territory where, for a variety of reasons, including a bad case of gold fever, Oatman foolishly tried to take his family alone to California. On 18 February 1851, at what is known today as Oatman Flat on the Gila River twenty-six miles west of Gila Bend, Arizona, a band of Yavapais Indians attacked, captured thirteen-year-old Olive and seven-year-old Mary Ann, and killed the rest of her family except for Lorenzo, a young brother who was scalped and left for dead, but survived.

Mary Ann starved to death during the drought period; but Olive, who was secretly given food by an Indian woman, lived to be ransomed five years later. She was eighteen years old and had borne at least two children to a Mohawk chief's son. By at least one account, she had to be weaned "from all savage tastes or desire to return to Indian life" (Dillon 1981, 51). Her biography became a best seller, she married a white man, and lived to be sixty-five.

To some extent, Olive can only be regarded as a Mormon by accident, but three other kidnapping incidents are more directly connected.

Two of the accounts are linked with the 25 September 1856 murder of Almon W. Babbitt, secretary of Utah Territory, who was returning to Utah from official business in Washington, D.C. When Babbitt reached Fort Kearny, on the Oregon, not Mormon, Trail, he was advised that a band of Cheyennes some distance west of the fort had recently attacked a small party, killed some people, and kidnapped a woman. He disregarded the advice not to go farther west and was killed along with two men and a child. A third man was wounded, and a "Sister Williams" was captured and never heard of again.[2]

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[2]There are thirteen partial and conflicting accounts of this event: JH, 1 Oct., 9 and 30 Nov. 1856; Savage, 8 Sept. 1856; Attley 1856; Openshaw, 23–24 Sept. 1856; Woodward, 8 Sept. 1856; Woodruff 4:480; Jones, 2 Sept. 1856.

In the telling and retelling of these attacks both (and perhaps even a third) are confused, but the first incident seems to have involved Thomas Margetts and his wife, and James Cowdy and wife and child. Mrs. Cowdy was captured and the others were killed.[3] On 1 October 1856, the *Deseret News* reported that "Margaretts and Cowdy were on their way back to England by their own counsel," a euphemism for having apostatized.

The third and most dramatic Mormon captivity story, however, involves a young Danish convert couple, Frants Christian and Jenssine Gruntvig. By 31 July 1865, they had survived the Atlantic crossing and escaped cholera on the Mississippi between New Orleans and Wyoming, Nebraska, some forty-five miles downstream from old Winter Quarters. Their company consisted of 400 people and forty-five wagons captained by Miner G. Atwood and followed the main Oregon, not Mormon, Trail past Fort Kearny, towards Fort Laramie.

On 17 September, while camped east of the fort, a band of Indians unsuccessfully tried to steal some cattle. On the 19th, the company passed the fort and three days later nooned on Cottonwood Creek. The Gruntvigs, somewhat heedless in view of the previous attack, were lagging on foot about one-half mile behind the camp and had stopped to rest.

Fifteen Indians suddenly attacked, driving off some cattle. Seven Danes were wounded. Frants and Jenssine started running for the relative safety of the wagon train when Frants was shot by four or five arrows. Two Indians grabbed Jenssine, one by each arm and rode off. Frants raised up long enough to see her thrown across one of the horses, then crawled into camp. He carried part of the arrow head in his right hip for nearly two years. Although the Mormon company and soldiers from Fort Laramie searched for Jenssine, she was never heard of again. He hoped that she had died of merciful shock.[4] Later, he wrote in his autobiography, "All the bodily suffering I passed through for nearly two years was but small compared with the anguish and sorrow for the loss of my wife. I have often stood by the work bench with tears running down my cheeks" (Gruntvig 1865).

Some years later when Frants went to the Endowment House to be sealed to her, a clerk asked if she were dead. Frants said he did not know and related the tragedy. "The clerk went into an adjoining room and spoke to President Daniel H. Wells, who followed him back to the doorway. He looked steadily at Brother Gruntvig, who returned his gaze. Then President Wells said slowly, 'Your wife is dead' " (Nibley 1957, 65).

These twenty reports of Indian attempts to trade for or kidnap white Mormon women indicate a remarkably peaceful record, since over 30,000 Mormon women crossed the plains. These incidents were randomly distributed in time and place, suggesting no pattern.

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[3] Archer 1856, 63–64; J. Heywood 1856; Ridd 1953, 75–83.

[4] Gruntvig, 17 Sept. 1865; Hegsted, Aug. 1865; JH, 22 Sept. 1865; Carter 1966, 9:47–50; Nibley 1957.

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The Mormons and the Ghost Dance

Lawrence G. Coates

Late in the nineteenth century, thousands of Indians resentful of reservation life gathered in groups to chant and dance themselves into hypnotic trances until they collapsed from exhaustion. Some Plains Indians, while shuffling steps to this native ritual, wore special shirts decorated with symbols to protect them from bullets. These same Indians claimed that the biblical Messiah, allegedly seen by a Nevada Indian prophet, would soon return and cleanse the earth of the white man, restore abundance to the land, and reunite the living and dead Indians. Fearing a native uprising, government officials forcefully suppressed these Ghost Dances, leading to the infamous massacre at Wounded Knee, South Dakota, on a cold December day in 1890.

Some blamed the Mormons for the "Messiah Craze," accusing their missionaries of posing as the Messiah and claiming that the Ghost Shirt was modeled after their temple clothing. Subsequently scholars have not only perpetuated these ideas but have added their own fabrications to this tradition. In actuality, the Ghost Dance religion originated with the native Americans themselves as they tried to revive the life style of a previous generation. Mormon links were peripheral, not central.

History of the Ghost Dance

The Ghost Dance of the 1890s was not the first adventist movement to spread among the natives of the American west. Twenty years earlier in response to the encroaching Europeans, an Indian prophet named Wodziwob arose among the Paviotso of Walker Lake near Reno, taught a special dance

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and predicted that a supernatural force would soon destroy all white men on this earth, that the Indians' dead ancestors would reappear, and that the stress and strain of this life would then vanish. This sacred dance and these doctrines spread to the Washo, the Paviotso near Pyramid Lake in Nevada, and the Klamath, Modoc, Shasta, Karok, and many other bands in Oregon and California. Some Bannock and Shoshone from Idaho and Oregon as well as some Paiute from Nevada were also touched by the message of this Prophet from Walker Lake in 1870 (Du Bois 1939, 1–4).

As this Ghost Dance spread among the natives of Oregon and California in the early 1870s, many Indians proclaimed their visionary experiences. Some eventually became leaders in their own bands, modified the original doctrines, and formed their own cults (Du Bois 1939, 5–13). One cult stressed the end of the world and built special earthen lodges for protection from this catastrophic event. Another cult emphasized personal visions, dreams, supernatural authority, and life after death using symbols of a flag pole, special clothing, and ceremonial dances (Du Bois 1939, 13–15). Cora Du Bois has carefully traced the evolution of this 1870 Ghost Dance among the Indians in Oregon and California and argues that this religious movement prepared many natives to become converts to the Indian Shakers and the Pentecostal Christian Churches (pp. 135–38).

In the 1870s, some Indians in Nevada, Utah, and Idaho evidently followed this pattern. Many after hearing the prophetic message of Wodziwob had their own dreams, visions, and supernatural experiences telling them to join the Mormon religion. At least five different Indians claimed supernatural visitations telling them to join the Mormons. The experience of one Indian in Skull Valley in the summer of 1872 was typical. He claimed that while he was sitting in his lodge, three strangers who looked like Indians visited him and said the Mormons' God was the true God and the father of the Indians. Find the Mormons and have them baptize you, these strangers said, for "the time was at hand for the Indians to gather, and stop their Indian life, and learn to cultivate the earth and build houses, and live in them." Then the stranger showed him a vision of all the "northern country and Bear River and Malad" where many Indians were growing many fine crops with a few whites showing the Indians how (Hill 1877, 11).

Several hundred Indians accepted these messages as divine and subsequently joined the Mormon faith. Apostle Orson Pratt believed the holy messengers were the Three Nephites mentioned in the Book of Mormon. "We have heard of some fourteen hundred Indians who have been baptized, ask them why they have come so many hundred miles to find Elders of the Church and they will reply — 'Such a person came to us, he spoke in our language, instructed us and told us what to do, and we have come in order to comply with his requirements' " (JD 17:299–300).

This early Ghost Dance contained all of the idealogical and symbolic elements that would reemerge in the 1890 movement, except one: the idea of a returning messiah. The circle dances used in the Ghost Dances were traditional round dances. The idea of shamans going into trances and returning with

messages about the return of the dead had deep roots among many Indians. Nor was the idea of painting the body or clothing with special supernatural markings new. Many Indians in the West used caps, shirts, dresses, and other special clothing for curing the ill or invoking the return of the dead.

Drawing primarily upon his heritage, Wovoka created a ghost dance near Walker Lake in 1889. Unlike the religious movement of the 1870s, this message reached the Plains Indians. Seeking to deal with the frustrations of reservation life, delegates from the Shoshone, Bannock, Arapaho, Caddo, Cheyenne, Ute, and Sioux came to see this new medicine man in the West. Captivated by his magic, they brought this new "medicine" back to their tribes and it inspired their people with new hope for redemption from their poverty (Mooney 1896, 797–901).

About two months before the massacre at Wounded Knee, General Nelson A. Miles, a veteran of the Civil War and many Indian wars, investigated the unrest among the western Indians and reported:

> Many nations had gone west to Nevada and had been shown somebody disguised as the Messiah . . . I am inclined to believe that there is more than one person impersonating this Messiah . . . [because] when [the] Sioux have spoken with him, he has replied in the Sioux language, and to Blackfeet he has spoken their tongue, and so on. I cannot say positively, but it is my belief the Mormons are the prime movers in all this. . . . It will [probably not] lead to an outbreak, but when an ignorant race of people become religious fanatics it is hard to tell just what they will do" (*New York Times*, 8 Nov. 1890, *Deseret News*, 7. Nov. 1890).

Nevertheless, Miles concluded, "those who have seen the impersonator of the Messiah say he is muffled up and disguised . . . but I believe that he is a full-blooded white." [1]

The Mormon message had indeed been heard by hundreds of Indians. The Sioux heard it years before through Mary A. Powers who joined the Mormon Church in 1842 and moved with them as far as Council Bluffs, Iowa. In 1852, a French interpreter who had lived among the Sioux asked Mrs. Powers to care for his children, Walter and Isabel, because his Sioux wife had recently left him. Mrs. Powers took the children, sent them to school, and taught them Mormonism. They later returned to Sioux country where both became intimately acquainted with many Sioux leaders including Spotted Tail and Sitting Bull, later a central figure in the Ghost Dance among the Sioux. Isabel married an interpreter (Snow 1884, 407–21; Peirce Diary; Taylor Papers).

During an 1878 visit to Council Bluffs, Isabel was taught the Mormons' special message to the Indians and baptized by Elder E. H. Peirce. Inspired by her new insights regarding the future of the Lamanites and armed with a copy of the Book of Mormon, Isabel returned to her people and shortly wrote to

[1] None of General Miles's letters reveal any significant evidence to support his views. Miles was a prominent military figure during the Civil War, was involved in the Red River Indian War of 1874–75, in the winter campaign which forced the Sioux and Cheyenne to surrender after Custer's death, in the capture of Nez Perce, and in the capture of Geronimo as well as the battle at Wounded Knee.

Mrs. Powers that many Sioux, if not all, "might soon be converted by an elder speaking the Sioux language" (Wheelock 1878).

Evidently, Isabel's message impressed some Sioux. Near the end of his life, Spotted Tail repeated the essence of Joseph Smith's story to Captain G. M. Randall (Dodge 1959, 111–13). But most impressive was Sitting Bull's vision in which the "Great Spirit," standing with some long-dead Sioux warriors and dressed in a beautiful robe, his long hair hanging over his shoulders, said he had once appeared to the whites but they persecuted him. Since the Indians had suffered long enough, he would soon return and save them by having the soil swallow the whites like quicksand. Until that time, Sitting Bull, probably not influenced by the Mormon temple garment but more likely by the protective qualities of the traditional war shirt, created a ghost shirt with the symbols of the thunderbird, stars, and the moon on it. The Indians were to wear it for protection against bullets and to dance a special ritual to ensure that the great herds of buffalo would return and that their dead ancestors would be resurrected.[2]

Although the Mormons' influence is uncertain, Sitting Bull was certainly more influenced by the Paiute Indian prophet Wovoka of Walker Lake, Nevada. Moved by the great poverty of his people, Wovoka, who had lived with a Protestant named David Wilson, claimed God had instructed him to tell the Indians not to quarrel but to love one another, not to lie or steal, to avoid war, and to live in peace with the whites. If people obeyed these instructions, he said, they would be reunited with their dead ancestors. To ensure that this happy event would occur, the Indians were to perform a dance. Wovoka's message soon became linked with the idea that the return of the Christian Messiah was imminent (Moses and Szasz 1984; Moses 1979). Many Indians including Sitting Bull accepted this message.

Within a few months, the Messiah movement became militant among the Sioux. Frustrated by short rations, distrustful of government agents, and hoping for the advent of the Messiah, some Sioux, under the leadership of Sitting Bull, donned the Ghost Shirt and danced their sacred dance in defiance of the Indian agents. Mrs. James Finley, wife of the postmaster and trader at the Pine Ridge Agency near Wounded Knee, reported a typical Sioux Ghost Dance on 22 November 1890 in the *New York Times*:

> [The Indians] cut the tallest tree . . . [and] set it up in the ground [where] four head men stand. The others form a circle and begin to go around and around the tree. [For three days] they do not eat or drink. They keep going round in one direction until they become so dizzy that they can scarcely stand, then [they] turn and go in the other direction and keep it up till they swoon from exhaustion.
>
> . . . When they regain consciousness they tell their experiences to the four wise men under the tree. All their tales end with the same story about the two mountains that are to belch forth mud and bury the white man, and the return of good old Indian times.

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[2] For summaries of Sitting Bull's experiences see *Deseret Evening News*, 8 Nov. 1890; Marcus and Burner 1974, 209–10; Mooney 1896, 772, 788, 789, 791, 798, 823, 831, 846, 869, 878, 915–16, 976, 1072–73.

BLAMING THE MORMONS

Less than a month after the massacre, Nelson Miles, in the *North American Review*, blamed the Indians and three classes of whites for the uprising. Irresponsible Indians were guilty, he said, because rather than settling their wrongs and grievances reasonably, they resorted to savage religious frenzy. Whites who forced the Indians to live on limited tracts of land in deplorable conditions and those who manufactured and sold arms to the natives were also to blame. But whites "who committed the greatest crime," Miles declared, were those who instilled "into the minds of these superstitious and vicious savages the delusion that they have a Messiah among them." Referring to the Mormons, Miles charged this "religious sect of people living on the western slopes of the rocky Mountains" sent emissaries to announce "that the real messiah had appeared." The Sioux, Cheyennes, Arapahos, Shoshone, and other tribes left their reservations, passed through Utah, joined the Bannocks and Paiutes, and met with a large congregation of whites and Indians in Nevada where "men masquerading and impersonating the Christ . . . made these superstitious savages believe that all who had faith in this 'new religion' would occupy the earth, and all who did not would be destroyed." The result, Miles claimed, was that Sitting Bull and others "took advantage of the condition of the Indians to proclaim this doctrine and spread disaffection among the different tribes." The military responded and the fateful result was the massacre at Wounded Knee (Miles 1891, 8–9).

Miles, commander of the Missouri Division, based his opinions on reports from military officers and Indian agents he saw while touring the West in the summer and fall of 1890. He was certainly aware of General Thomas Ruger's report to the Adjutant General in St. Paul, Minnesota, on 25 June 1890 quoting Porcupine, a Cheyenne who visited the Paiute Prophet Wovoka. Porcupine had stayed at Fort Hall in Idaho for several days while traveling "through Mormon country to Walker Lake in Nevada." Porcupine was amazed "the whites and the Indians danced together . . . [and it is] strange the people seemed all good and friendly to one another. No drinking. . . . All the whites and Indian brothers . . . [and] I never knew this before." While the Indians sat in a circle in white men's clothes, the new Christ appeared and showed the scars on his body. Although he was dressed in a white robe with stripes, this Christ looked like an Indian, Porcupine said, but the second time I saw him he "did not look as dark as an Indian but not as light as a white man" (Case 188).

Miles must also have been aware of the opinions of E. R. Kellog, post commander at Fort Washakie in Wyoming, who had written on 27 October 1890 to the assistant adjutant general at Omaha, Nebraska, that he believed the Mormons were behind the Messiah craze on the Wind River Reserve:

> There seems to be no unusual excitement in either [the Shoshone or Arapaho] tribe, although emissaries of the Indian "Christ" have been among them; but not, I think, recently. This Indian "Christ" is, I am led to believe, one "Bannack Jim," a Mormon, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that his attempts to stir up strife have been instigated by Mormons. I think "Bannack Jim" is, I believe at the Lemhi or the Fort Hall Agency (Case 188).

Officer J. B. Randolph, chief of the Correspondence Division in the Office of Secretary of War, also referred to "Bannack Jim" as the "Indian Christ" in his letter of 27 October 1890 to R. V. Belt, who he thought was acting Commissioner of Indian Affairs (Case 188).

These were not the only sources which may have convinced Miles that the Mormons were behind the movement. William J. Plumb, agent for the Western Shoshone in Nevada, told Thomas Jefferson Morgan, Commissioner of Indian Affairs on 8 November 1890 that so many Indians in Nevada, Montana, and the Dakotas were saying the same things about this Messiah that "I cannot think but some designing white man or men are at the bottom of the whole matter" (Case 188). Miles also gathered information from an Arapaho interpreter in Wyoming named Henry Reed, a Sioux and son of Medicine Cow, who claimed some knowledge about the Indian Messiah. William T. Selwyn, an interpreter on the Yankton Agency in North Dakota, told Indian agent Colonel E. W. Foster on 25 November 1890 that he had interviewed many of the Plains Indians who claimed to have visited the "Christ" at the "foot of the Rock Mountains." He "has clothed himself in [a] wonderful garment [with a] scar in the palms of hands, feet and also on one side, and scars on the forehead, [and] claiming that he was the son of the great spirit who has been killed by the civilized people once. . . . He can make two horses talk or birds talk to each other . . . [and do] things that no man can do in this world." These Plains Indians claimed he had promised in the spring to wipe the white people from the earth and restore the Indians to their lands. "In my opinion," Selwyn concluded, "this whole business is started or originated by the spies or missionaries of the Mormons because some of the visitors told me themselves that this new Messiah had told them that the plural wives is no sin; from this I think that this man or messiah is a Mormon with practice of slide-hand [sleight-of-hand] performer and ventriliquist." [3] Selwyn also said he had been reading letters from the Sioux and Cheyenne which convinced him they were making secret plans for "a general Indian war in the spring."

Other reports circulated about the Mormons and the Messiah craze which Nelson Miles may or may not have heard. Special Agent S. Saloman wrote to the Secretary of the Interior on 26 November 1890, "I feel convinced if the Secret Service would be set to work, they would find that the Mormons are the instigators of the Messiah Craze among the Indians, as it is well known fact that the Indians never heard any Messiah in former years." Saloman reached these conclusions after listening to "Cannon and Roberts" speak in the Salt Lake City tabernacle and "abuse this country in an outrageous manner." A Mrs. S. A. Crandal from Columbia, South Dakota, reported in a 27 November 1890 letter to U.S. President Benjamin Harrison that a woman in Council Bluffs told her that the cause of the Indian troubles was the Mormons. "A half

[3] Case 188. Selwyn, a full-blood son of Medicine Cow, was fairly well educated and had lived for some time in the home of John Welch in Philadelphia. Selwyn returned to the reservation about 1 July 1890, and was hired as an assistant farmer. However, he was assigned to interview Ku-wa-pi, a Rosebud Indian, who "was a partial believer in the New Messiah." Selwyn said most Indians ridiculed these revelations. For details see E. W. Foster to Morgan, 25 Nov. 1890, in Case 188.

breed . . . whose mother was Sioux . . . had shown [a lawyer] . . . a letter from the Sioux . . . [which] said 'the Mormons was inciting the Indian on and was sending them arms [and] ammunition.' " Mrs. Crandal explained she could not reveal the name of the lawyer who had seen the letter for fear of endangering him, asserted her important social connections, and concluded, "I can vouch for the truth of the information" (Case 188).

All Miles's evidence was hearsay. The mysterious "Bannack Jim" from either the Limhi or Fort Hall agency was reportedly a Mormon. William T. Selwyn made a Mormon connection through the Messiah's saying polygamy was not a sin; Saloman's conviction was based on speeches he heard in the Salt Lake Tabernacle; and Mrs. S. A. Crandal's views rested on a letter which she had not seen.

In the absence of facts, conspiracy theories often conveniently explain difficult and complex situations. Nelson Miles, no doubt influenced by the intense anti-Mormon attitudes of this period, believed that the Mormons were involved in plots of various kinds. In his *Personal Recollections and Observations* he wrote, "They live under a system of perfect discipline [and] for a long time allowed no intruders in the country. . . . Anyone who was troublesome disappeared very promptly." Miles added as evidence, "The Mountain Meadow massacre will forever be a blot upon the history of the Mormons" (Miles 1896, 370).

Miles blended this "Danite image" with that of the Mormon prophets as subversive despots. He claimed that Brigham Young led the Saints into the Mexican Territory to secure a vast region for himself and his followers to "revel in polygamy and indulge in all the doctrines declared to be part of their faith." When the United States took this region from Mexico, the Mormon prophet seized "nearly every arable acre of soil in the Territory . . . and the authority of the church, through its great high priest was extended in all directions. Not an acre of land should ever be in such condition as to be converted to the use or benefit of the Gentile element" (1896, 365).

Miles claimed Mormon prophets exerted power over their members by presenting their dreams and visions as the "will of the Lord." Brigham Young used this method not only to select settlements but also to keep the Saints subservient. During one extremely hard winter, Miles said, President Young went south for the winter. When the warm breezes began blowing, he hurried back to Salt Lake and "proclaimed that the Lord was about to put an end to the terrible winter. . . . There would be an early spring . . . [and] the face of the Lord was again turned toward his chosen people." Naturally the prediction came true. When claims to miracles were impossible, Brigham relied on shrewdness. Miles reported that, when asked to restore an amputated leg, Brigham replied, "I can perform miracles . . . [but] what is lost in this world will be restored to us in the next . . . and if I give you another now you will have to go through eternity on three legs." The man not only accepted this logic, but "he went away a more fervent believer in Brigham than ever" (1896, 367).

Years after the massacre at Wounded Knee, many continued to hold the Mormons responsible. On 11 November 1893 H. G. Webb wrote to the Secre-

tary of Indian Affairs, "I feel perfectly confident I have traced the 'Messiah Craze,' and its [results] in the Sioux rebellion of three years ago to the Mormons of Utah" (Case 188). Nearly five years later on 21 January 1898, Henry P. Ewing, of the Hualapai Day school in Arizona, said he could link the Mormons to the Ghost Dancing craze that was making a comeback among the Haulapai Indians of Hackberry, Arizona. Based on the reports of Panamite, who was purportedly a Paiute from St. George, Ewing said that a mystical being named Ka-that-Ka-na-va would

> return to the earth and with him resurrect all animal life that is desirable and at the same time destroy all the white people, and every thing not desirable. The earth is to be transformed into a paradise. . . . And the grass is always green, and the cactus bears its fruits all the year around. Perpetual youth and beauty will be . . . [given to] all Indians, who believe and follow the directions of this new faith. . . . As soon as Kathat Kanave comes back the oldest, most rheumatic old Indian, the most hideous old woman will immediately be transformed into young and beautiful creatures.

According to Ewing, "it will be easy to trace this religeon to it source. . . . It is simply a combination of the religeon of the Mormons, mingled with that of the Indians. The resurrection, messiah, paradise, and immunity from harm, the destruction of all living things that are not desireable are from the religeon of the Mormons, who have tried to Christianize the Pah-Utes or Piutes, as the name is often improperly spelled. . . . The slaughter at wounded Knee was the direct result of this craze."

Meanwhile, James Mooney, from the Smithsonian Institution of Bureau of American Ethnology, wrote his classic study, *The Ghost-Dance Religion and the Sioux Outbreak of 1890.* After a careful field investigation and an examination of the correspondence from the War Department and the Bureau of Indian Affairs, he declared that the founder and the doctrines of the Ghost Dance religion had "become subjects of ignorant misrepresentation and deliberate falsification. Different writers have made him a Paiute, a half-blood, and a Mormon white man."

Mooney credited Wovoka as the founder (1896, 765) but linked Mormonism and the Ghost Dance in another way: "The idea of an invulnerable sacred garment [was] not original with the Indians, but . . . may have been suggested by the 'endowment robe' of the Mormons, a seamless garment of white muslin adorned with symbolic figures, which is worn by their initiates as the most sacred badge of their faith." Many Mormons, he added, who believe the garment with symbolic figures renders "the wearer invulnerable," have special interest in the Indians, "whom they regard as Lamanites of their sacred writings." He added that the Saints had baptized a large number of Utes, Paiute, Bannock, Shoshone and had "invested [them] with the endowment robe." These Shoshone converts had shared the same reservation with the northern Arapaho, who "were great apostles of the Ghost Dance." Mooney concluded that "it is easy to see how an idea borrowed by the Shoshone from the Mormons could find its way through the Arapaho first to the Sioux and Cheyenne and afterward to remote tribes" (1896, 789–91).

Mooney was not immune to the prejudices of the period. He based his idea that the Mormons were the "probable" source for the idea of a protective garment on two anti-Mormon documents. Ironically, one document criticized the Mormons for abandoning polygamy while the other one condemned them for practicing it. An anonymous pamphlet, "The Mormons have stepped down and out of Celestial Government — The American Indians have stepped up and into Celestial Government" branded Wilford Woodruff a fallen prophet for announcing the Mormons would no longer teach or practice plural marriage. Quoting numerous Mormon scriptures, this author claimed that God had turned to the American Indians to fulfill his purposes. The Three Nephites had worked to prepare the Indians for the coming of the Messiah, then on the appointed day, hundreds of Indians had assembled at Walker or Pyramid Lake where the Hebrew Messiah appeared and declared, "I am God; I made the world; when I visited my children many hundred years ago they treated me badly." After showing the scars in his hands and side and saying the Indians were "His little flock, His rock, or His church," this Messiah ordained twelve Indians as his new apostles and He instructed them, "each in his own tongue as on the day of Penticost" (Anonymous 1892).

In addition to quoting two pages — half of — this anonymous pamphlet in an appendix, Mooney said, "We made some extracts for the light they give on the Mormon attitude toward the Indian" (1896, 1108). Mooney evidently thought this pamphlet represented the ideas of most Mormons on this Indian movement but apparently did not understand Mormon doctrine on the return of Christ nor the difference between "temple robes" and temple garments. His source about the "endowment robe" is Fanny Stenhouse's chapter, "Mysteries of the Endowment House," in *Tell it All: The Tyranny of Mormonism or an Englishwoman in Utah* (Mooney 1896, 790, 1109; Stenhouse 1874). Her description of the temple robe as "a long, loose, flowing garment, made of white linen or bleached muslin, reaching to the ankle" becomes Mooney's description of the garment he thought the Indians copied (Stenhouse, 1874, 192). However, it cannot be simply assumed the Indian converts who received the "Mormon endowment robes" passed the idea of "a protective garment" on to other natives who in turn created the "holy shirts" used in the Ghost Dance movement.

Records from the Endowment House and the Logan, St. George, and Manti temples from 1850 to 1890 show that 238 Indians experienced the endowment (Table 1), but careful analysis of this data shows very little opportunity for these Indians to have shared "the endowment robe" with the Indians on the Wind River Reservation. According to Mooney, the Arapaho on this reservation passed the ideas of a protective shirt to those who invented the Ghost Shirts. No Indians were endowed in 1890; only seven were endowed in 1889. One woman listed no birth place and three others listed northern Nevada, while the only man came from Corinne, Utah, and the other two women, both Shoshone, said they were born in the Wind River Mountains of

TABLE 1

LOCATION AND NUMBER OF INDIANS ENDOWED 1850–90

Location	Number	1850–74	75	76–80	81–84	85	86	88	89	90
Idaho	27		23			2	2			
Utah	90	4	55	7	5	7	10	1	1	
Nevada	48		34			9	2		3	
Wyoming	30		18			6	4		2	
California, Arizona, Nebraska, Colorado	5		2	1	2					
Unidentified	38	2	29	1	4	1			1	
TOTAL NUMBER ENDOWED	238	6	161	9	11	25	18	1	7	

Wyoming. All these natives evidently had close ties with the Mormons living at the Washakie Indian farm and were unlikely candidates to share information with those men who dominated the leadership of the medicine dance and created the Ghost Shirts.

In 1888, an additional woman was endowed but had been reared by white foster parents. None entered Mormon temples in 1887, but in 1886 eighteen were endowed. Ten of them were born in northern Utah, four in western Wyoming, two in northern Nevada, and two in southern Idaho; twenty-five entered Mormon temples in 1885 and all of them were born in this same region except one born at an unknown location. During the preceding five years, eleven Indians had been endowed; the largest number were a group from Utah with anglo names. All had close ties with the Mormons. All were Shoshone or Utah Indians except those who came from Arizona. Thus, for a full decade before the massacre at Wounded Knee, none of the sixty-two endowed Indians appear in any of the government letters or other studies which identify those involved in the Ghost Dance movement. It is possible that one or more Mormons not listed in the records shared their ideas with those leading this native American religious movement, but no evidence appears in the documents to substantiate this point.

Most of the Indians entered the Salt Lake Endowment House in the mid-1870s, a natural consequence of hundreds joining the Mormons after the 1870s Ghost Dance movement. In 1875, a record 161 were endowed. (The next most endowed in a single year was twenty-five in 1885.) Most of them lived in Northern Utah where the Mormons tried gathering their converts together near Corinne, but conflict with the gentiles forced the Saints to try homesteading them on some unimproved land. Eventually, the Mormons gathered some 300 Indians near the Idaho border in 1880 and created an Indian village named Washakie. Most of these Indians were baptized and attended Sunday services and a Mormon school. Some even served missions in the Indian Territory. Many went through the Endowment House, and surviving ward records confirm that these Shoshone were among those listed on the endowment records in 1875. The Indian affairs folder in Brigham Young's papers lists

the names of those baptized and endowed. Unfortunately, most Washakie Ward records were burned in 1890, but the records kept after this date contain nearly a hundred names of those endowed in 1875 (LDS Membership Records, Malad, Idaho, 1872–1918). None of these Indians is known to have participated in the Ghost Dance of the 1890s.

Furthermore, the Indians endowed in 1875 heard Dimick B. Huntington's translation of the ceremony into Shoshone. Conveying its ideas must have been difficult since little native vocabulary existed for some key concepts in the endowment ceremony. An examination of the Shoshone and Utah vocabulary Huntington printed in 1914 shows that interpreting the lengthy endowment would have been extremely difficult. Even though his vocabulary was probably more complete than his published version, it is unlikely that a complete transfer of detailed concepts could be effected across cultural boundaries. It thus seems unlikely that these Indians completely understood or remembered those segments of the ceremony dealing with the temple clothing for fifteen years and then shared it with other Indians. It seems even less likely that those five natives endowed before 1875 discussed the endowment with those leaders of the Ghost Dance. Nor is it any more likely the eight who were endowed during the remaining years of the 1870s became involved in the medicine dance of the 1890s since all were reared in white homes except one Hopi in Arizona; the Hopi did not participate in the movement. None of the Indians born at Wind River or any other Indians endowed in Mormon temples appear in any government correspondence or in other studies investigating this native American religious movement.[4]

Mooney was right, however, about the Mormon's special interest in the native Americans. The Saints proselyted among the Shoshone and Bannock in the 1850s, establishing missions along a tributary of the Salmon River and at Fort Supply near Fort Bridger. Few converts from these missions remained faithful and none appear to have been endowed.

Some Washakie Indians did, however, maintain contact with relatives at Fort Hall where there was some ghost dancing. None of the known dancers joined the Mormon Church. Only seven Indians born near Fort Hall received endowments in Mormon temples before Wounded Knee. Five of the seven were endowed in 1875; one was endowed in 1885.

Reports citing Bannock Jim as a Mormon and an important link to the Ghost Dance are not supported by facts. Also known as Pagwhite, Bannock Jim was a leader during the Bannock Indian War of 1878. No Church records

[4] Some of the many observers who listed names of Indians involved in the Ghost Dance are A. T. Lea to J. A. Cooper, received at the Commissioner of Indian Affairs Office, Nov. 1890; James McLaughlin to Morgan, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 2 April 1892; John Foster to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 3 Dec. 1890; Robert Wangh (Uintah agency) to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 2 Dec. 1890; "The Indian Situation," extract from the *Sioux Falls Press*, 2 Dec. 1890; Perain P. Palmer (Cheyenne River Agency) to Commissioner Morgan, 9 Dec. 1890; James McLaughlin to T. J. Morgan, 10 March 1891; Pay-kin-awwash, Chief of the White Earth in Minnesota, to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 15 October 1891; Rev. N. B. Rairden to D. M. Browning, 27 July 1896; James McLaughlin to T. J. Morgan, 18 June 1890; and W. H. Johnston to Adjutant General, 13 Aug. 1890, Case 188.

list him as a member. Furthermore, no successful formal missionary work was organized among the Shoshone-Bannock at Fort Hall during the nineteenth century in spite of encouragement from General Authorities at Salt Lake City that had led to an abortive missionary effort in 1877 (Hill 1877). In 1883, Apostle Lorenzo Snow and five missionaries met with the Indian agent at Fort Hall and offered to teach farming to the tribes without any cost to the government. The agent, however, rejected the offer, fearing the Mormons would encourage polygamy while the government was trying to suppress it. Even when the Mormons specifically promised not to teach polygamy, the agent refused (Snow 1884, 439–53).

In a letter to Lorenzo Snow written 2 July 1885, President John Taylor wrote that the Shoshone-Bannock "desire our councel. The Lord is visiting them. He gives them the truth; and we should as his ministers, do our part in lifting them up in their degraded condition." Taylor suggested that three high priests living near Fort Hall be called to give the natives "instructions in the gospel, morals, honesty, integrity, and the fear of God, and such principles as are taught to other Saints in an organized capacity" (Taylor Papers). During the next year, the Mormons organized a small mission near Fort Hall where many natives spent the winter months. Franklin D. Richards wrote to John Taylor on 5 January 1886 that they held services in homes and built a small chapel (Richards Papers). But resistance from Indian agents and lack of Indian interest soon brought an end to this mission. It seems extremely unlikely that Bannock Jim or some other Indian from Fort Hall served as the link between the Mormons and the Plains Indians.

Nor does it seem likely the Shoshone Indians on the Wind River Reservation in Wyoming gave the Arapahoes or any other Indians ideas about the "endowment robes," even though Amos Wright and his missionaries baptized Chief Washakie and some 422 of his band in 1880 (Wright 1880). According to endowment records after 1880, only two men and ten women list their birth place in Wyoming, Washakie's tribal domain. Again, there is no overlap between their names and those on the government lists of ghost dancers.

In 1884, reports circulated among the Shoshone that the government would terminate financial support when their treaty obligations were fulfilled. Some militant Shoshone talked of waging war against the Indian agent and the soldiers, thinking death more honorable than reservation life, and asked Mormons from Utah to join them. After several meetings, the Mormons persuaded them not to use violence (Snow 1885).

Soon after the Saints came to the Great Basin, Joshua Terry, Mormon missionary and Indian interpreter, married a Shoshone woman whose name has not survived. She gave birth to a son named George in 1853. Although he became literate, George chose to live among his mother's people and eventually became chief of a small Shoshone tribe (Jenson 1:572–73). During the Ghost Dance era, George wrote President Wilford Woodruff that the Lamanites in the north, south, east and west claimed "the Lord is working amongst them and has sent heavenly messengers, and that great events are about to take place (Terry to Woodruff 5 July 1889). Puzzled, George's father Joshua Terry

asked Woodruff for advice on 14 May 1889 (Woodruff 9:33). On 25 May 1889, Woodruff wrote to George:

> We fully expect that the Lamanites . . . will receive many manifestations in the last days . . . It is probable that they will receive the ministrations of perhaps the three Nephites. . . . But the description which you give to the narration of these Indians who have seen these supernatural things, does not inspire us with much confidence. Great care has to be taken not to allow a wrong spirit to prevail among those people for their tendency, as we understand, is to accept alleged supernatural manifestations with a great deal of credulity.

Gospel principles are a safe guide, he advised, so teach Washakie and all influential Indians not to quarrel, and "to refrain from war and from shedding blood, from drunkenness, from all licentiousness and from everything that would degrade them and grieve the Spirit of God" (Woodruff to Terry).

Evidently, Terry's Book of Mormon message influenced Washakie, the Shoshone chief, to turn from the Ghost Dance. This long-time friend of the Mormons with Oa-Toh wrote Woodruff 7 July 1889:

> When this Indian from Fourt Hall came, he turned my head and pleased my heart for he talked so nice about the dead and their coming [back] so soon and many other things did he say, also we were to dance almost all the time day and night. My mind was puzzled. I then sent a young man to see John the Indian bishop at Washakie for to inquire of him, which would be the proper way for me to follow, that which the Mormons had taught me or should I now throw that all away, and take hold of that which this man from Fourt Hall had been teaching us. The young man returned saying "that John said that the Indian from Fourt Hall has been giving Washakie and his people lies," I now believe you (Woodruff Papers).

Apparently Washakie continued to wonder about this Ghost Dance religion even after Wounded Knee. Dictating a letter 25 February 1892 to his "dear old friend, Hank Brownson," he said: "I want you to write me and tell me what you know about this new profit that we hear about in the west, and if he is truly a great medicine man, we have heard a great deal about him. The Sioux believe him but we do not know what to think" (Trenholm and Carley 1964, 297). The Ghost Dance movement continued to influence the Wind River Reservation during the last decade of the nineteenth century and Mormons continued to preach against it. On 29 September 1901, Amos Wright wrote Lorenzo Snow that he spent much of his time trying "to keep down the excitement" among the Indians and controlling their "indiscretions," for this dance engendered as much superstition as liquor (Wright Papers). The Mormons must oppose the Ghost Dance, he added in a letter to Joseph F. Smith, the next president, dated 25 November 1901, because, if their native converts did not abide the reservation rule prohibiting its performance, the Church would be charged with inciting insurrection (Wright Papers).

The Mormons also used their influence to suppress the Ghost Dance among the Ute Indians. In 1872, the Mormons operating a farm, at Indianola in Thistle Valley for a hundred or so Ute Indians. Frequently, relatives from the Uintah Reservation came to visit family and friends. On 3 May 1889, Canute Peterson wrote Wilford Woodruff that Tabby and his band of Utes had arrived claiming that the Lord had sent "heavenly messengers, and that great events

are about to take place, and they believe the Great Mormon Chief will give them the very best of counsel" (Woodruff Papers). The entire First Presidency — Woodruff, George Q. Cannon, and Joseph F. Smith — wrote back "To our good friends the Chiefs and Braves" on 24 May 1889, advising them to avoid movements that would disturb the peace. "Do not listen to bad men. Do not go to war. Do not shed blood, live in peace with one another. The Great Spirit will choose you yet to do a great work. When the time comes He will tell you what you are to do. Until then, keep quiet. Avoid trouble. Do not get drunk" (Woodruff Papers).

To encourage them to follow this advice, the Mormons at Indianola gave them "a few presents mounting [to] some where near $50.00." The Ute Chief Saffroni reportedly said the Utes had been searching for a certain chief who had received "a message from the Good Spirit, but could not find him and in this they were disappointed." However, he declared they were well satisfied with the presents and the advice and "would carry out the instructions to the best of their ability." Offering an alternative to the ideas of this "voice from the west," the Mormons told them about Joseph Smith's search for divine guidance and explained "how he received the plates, how he translated the engravings of the Plates into the English language, told them who Moroni was, also that he was their forefather and a great Prophet." Mormon interpreters added that their white neighbors persecuted them because of these beliefs. Mormons and friendly chiefs were the only ones who "believed in their book, and understood how their fathers came to this country" (Canute Peterson to Woodruff, 7 June 1889, Woodruff papers). These Indians did not become involved in the Messiah movement.

The Ghost Dance movement did not seem to appeal to Mormon Indians converts nor to other Christian natives, but rather to Indians who resisted farming, Christianity, or education — any direct challenge to their traditional cultural heritage. Many reports appear in government documents even more explicit than the one S. G. Fisher, the agent from Fort Hall, wrote to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 26 November 1890:

> this extermination and resurrection business is not a new thing here by any means, as it has been quite a craze with them every few years for the last twenty odd years to my certain knowledge. The form varies a little according to the insane freaks of the medicine men, but in the main is the same. Some additional touches has been neglected here to fore that frustrated bringing about the expected results.
>
> These Indians were visited during last spring and summer by representatives from nearly or quite a dozen different reservations, Porcupine from Pine Ridge Dakota being one of the number.
>
> I see no cause for alarm. The fact is quite a portion of them have nothing to gain and to loose in case of an outbrak.
>
> Sarelte fever at boarding school (Case 188).[5]

[5] For more details showing that Christian Indians were not involved in the Ghost Dance see the following documents in Case 188: A. T. Lea to J. A. Cooper received at the Commissioner of Indian Affairs Office Nov. 1890; James McLaughlin to Morgan, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 2 April 1892; John Foster to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 3 Dec. 1890; Robert Wangh (Uintah Agency) to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 2 Dec. 1890; "The Indian Situation," extracts from the *Sioux Falls Press*, 2 and 9 Dec. 1890; Perain P. Palmer

THE MODERN LEGACY

Most twentieth-century authors have accepted James Mooney's conclusion about the Mormons's involvement in the Ghost Dance movement and have not carefully examined the information generated by the Messiah craze.

For example, in his biography of Wovoka, Paul Bailey claims the "eastern Paiutes" became "spiritually dominated by the Mormon Church" through the doctrines of the Book of Mormon. The book's promises that the ancient Judean Messiah would again return and redeem the Lamanites or the Indians paralleled the new messianic prophet in the West where the Saints had very little influence. Bailey said Mormon Paiute converts

> by the scores saw in Wovoka not only God's working means for rejuvenation and redemption, but they quickly claimed him as their own. The circles of the ghost dance began forming in the very shadows of the Mormon chapels. Mormon white settlers themselves, cognizant of the familiarly ringing religious phenomenon in their midst, listened attentively to the new tidings, and before long they themselves were shuffling in the dance circles along with their "Lamanite" brethren of the promise (Bailey 1957, 100).

Bailey claims that the Book of Mormon story for Christ's return to lift the Indians to greatness was "assimilated and accepted by hundreds upon hundreds of Paiutes, long before Wovoka stepped into the center of the spiritual stage." Consequently, Wovoka found

> his latest and most enthusiastic converts among those who already had embraced the tenets of the Faith. Mormon Indian missionaries had converted almost to the man the tribes and class of Paiutes in southern Utah and eastern Nevada and many of the first to enter the great white sanctuary . . . [of the St. George Temple], to receive the higher "endowments" and deeper mysteries of the faith, were Indians. [These converts, he declared, had the] privilege of henceforth wearing the holy undergarment . . . whose sacred markings were a protection against physical harm and satanic influences (Bailey 1957, 122–23).

Paiute shamen often tried to prove they were invulnerable against both bullets and arrows. Frank Spencer, a Ghost Dance shaman of the 1870s, also claimed he was invulnerable to guns (Park 1934, 109).

But according to Bailey, Wovoka, "irked" at the requirement of traveling to St. George, decided to prove on his own that "he was immune from death; that the bullets of his enemy had no effect upon him; [and] that he had long since been lifted from the menaces of disease and pain." When the Sioux, Cheyenne, and other Plains Indians came, Wovoka stripped himself to the waist and slipped on a shirt marked with "magic red ochre . . . [and] protective symbols." Before 300 Indians, Wovoka handed a shotgun to one of his followers while he stood in the middle of a blanket. From ten paces, the disciple fired both barrels. After the smoke cleared, no blood and no holes in

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(Cheyenne River Agency) to Commissioner Morgan, James McLaughlin to T. J. Morgan, 10 March 1891; Pay-kin-aw-wash, Chief of the White Earth in Minnesota, to Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 15 Oct. 1891; Rev. N. B. Rairden to D. M. Browning, 27 July 1896; James McLaughlin to T. J. Morgan, 18 June 1890; and W. H. Johnston to Adjutant General, 13 Aug. 1890.

the shirt convinced even the skeptics that Wovoka was a powerful medicine man. According to Bailey, Wovoka had substituted paper wads for buckshot in the shells. Nevertheless, the Ghost Shirt was born (1957, 126–28).

Bailey bases this imaginative story primarily on E. A. Dyer's manuscript "Wizardry: The Jack Wilson Story" (Danberg 1968, 14–15). Several details are his own invention: the situation surrounding the ghost shirt and Wovoka's refusal to go to the temple. Bailey also greatly exaggerated several statements. The Mormons did not convert "almost to the man the tribes and clans of Paiutes in southern Utah and eastern Nevada" nor were Indians among "the first to enter the great white sanctuary at St. George" (Bailey 1957, 122). In fact, the Saints baptized nearly 200 natives from the Shivwits band and a few from other Paiute bands, but originally there were fifteen bands of Southern Paiutes. It is evident the Mormons did not "spiritually dominate" nor "assimilate hundreds upon hundreds of Paiutes," considering the prevalence and continuations of native religions among the Southern Paiutes. Isabel T. Kelly (1929) clearly shows that shamanism continued among seven bands into the twentieth century. Only eleven Indians entered the St. George Temple between its dedication in 1877 and Wovoka's public campaign in 1889. Five of the eleven natives had evidently been reared in Mormon homes and two came from the Hopi who were not influenced by the dancing in Arizona. The spelling of the other names and their birth place show that none of them appear to be Southern Paiute. Thus, none of them likely influenced Wovoka at Walker Lake in western Nevada.

Furthermore, communication between the Southern and Northern Paiutes was difficult; they did not even speak the same dialect. Wovoka and his people were linguistically more similar to the Bannock of Idaho and certain bands in Oregon and California than with the Southern Paiute in Utah. Cora Du Bois (1939) has clearly shown that the Ghost Dance movement of the 1870s that originated among Wovoka's relatives moved north to the bands of Nevada, Oregon, and west to those in California, not south and east across Death Valley or through those dry and forbidding regions separating the Northern and Southern Paiutes. Even the railroad, which brought Indians together during the Ghost Dance of the 1890s, did not produce the association between the Northern and Southern Paiute that Bailey claims.

In 1970, anthropologists Sharon and Thomas McKern perpetuated the Nelson-Mooney-Bailey inaccuracies by saying the Sioux ghost shirt was "perhaps inspired by the Mormon endowment robe" (1970, 59–68). During the same year, Weston La Barre's work on the Ghost Dance also noted "the ghost shirt may have been influenced by the Mormon 'endowment robe'" (1970, 250). In 1971, Randolph W. Linehan's senior thesis in anthropology at Yale on "The Development of a Mormon Empire in the Western United States" devoted ten pages to the Ghost Dance of the 1890s. He quotes and paraphrases Bailey.

For instance, he borrows a story from Bailey's *The Ghost Dance Messiah* without revealing that it is a novel. The Paiute prophet, according to this account, tells Peter Swenson from Mount Pleasant, Utah, "Tell your big

Mormonee boss that I, Jesus, want two pairs of your underwear." Peterson refused, and Wovoka sent "Uncle Charley Sheep to steal a pair." Because the garments "pinched like hell in the crotch . . . [Wovoka] cut off the long white legs with . . . scissors. What he had left was a pair of stringed and painted shirts." Linehan said "the result was 'the Ghost Shirts which were to play such an important part in the massacre of the Sioux at Wounded Knee' " (Linehan 1971, quoting Bailey 109–10).

Edna Dean Proctor wrote that "Wovoka seems also to have been influenced to some extent by Mormonism" (Spencer and Jennings 1977, 510) while University of Utah historian Brigham D. Madsen said the Mormon missionaries "may even have been the originators of the 'ghost shirts,' an invulnerable sacred garment of the Ghost Dance religion, which probably came from the 'endowment robe' that many Indians receive upon joining the Utah church." Madsen also accepts Mooney's idea that the Mormons "helped to give shape to the doctrine which crystallized some years later in the Ghost Dance" (1980, 198).

In 1983 Harry William Westerman wrote a senior thesis at Harvard on ghost dancing, claiming that "the tribal religions [of the Plains Indians] had been profoundly influenced by Christianity of two kinds, Gentile and Mormon" (p. 21). Mormon scriptures emphasizing "pure" and "white" influenced Mormon religious costume, he said, and "may, in turn, have affected the development of the Ghost Shirts." He claims that Mormon folklore about the "endowment robe" protecting the Saints from death undoubtedly circulated among the Plains Indians and they borrowed these ideas to make the Ghost Shirt. Similarities between the two garments, Westerman said, established the connection. He cited their protective qualities, the promise of salvation, a divine origin, and the rule that they must be worn at all times (pp. 28–33).

We may well wonder just how involved in this Ghost Dance religion the Mormons actually were. By the early summer of 1890, the Mormons had heard reports from their missionaries and had read accounts in the news about the alleged visit of Christ to the Indians. Curious Wilford Woodruff sent John King, a Cherokee living in Thistle Valley, to investigate.

King went to Fort Custer, Montana, where early in July 1890 he learned from two of his uncles and Porcupine the details of Christ's reported visit. In an account published 14 August 1890 by *The County Register* (San Pete) and 23 August by the *Deseret Weekly News* Porcupine related that Christ appeared to Indian delegations gathered near Walker Lake and "showed scars on his hands and feet where he said the people had driven spikes, nailing him to the cross. He also had a bad wound in his side, where he said a spear had pierced his flesh." Furthermore, this Messiah had said he had been on earth hundreds of years ago, but the white people had hung him on a cross. Following his death, he had returned to his Father and Mother in heaven. Now his Father, who had created everything, had sent him back to earth and this time his mission was to the "Indian nations, whose red children, being poor and simple minded would hear and believe Him." If the Indians performed ritual dances, their dead ancestors would soon be resurrected, their sick would be healed, and all good people would be renewed so that "nobody would be more than 40 years

old." Before disappearing, Porcupine said, Christ had taught them not to steal, kill or bear false witness.

Since much of Porcupine's account agreed with the doctrines that King had accepted from the Mormons, he not only believed Christ had appeared to the Lamanites on earth but thought Porcupine had been appointed as one of Christ's "disciples to go forth and preach his sayings to all people." King returned to Utah and reported his findings to President Woodruff, who assumed the heavenly visitor had been one of the Three Nephites instead of the Messiah. Feeling a special responsibility to the Lamanites, Woodruff asked King to serve as a missionary to the "wild" tribes. After considerable deliberation, in November of 1890 King accepted the call (King to Woodruff, 10 Nov. 1890; Woodruff Papers).

Porcupine's account caused a stir among some Mormons. Could the millennium be at hand? Some thought this spiritual awakening was a sign that the second coming was approaching. *The County Register* of 28 August 1890 reported a speech by Lund at the San Pete stake conference:

> We need not say — 'Our Lord delayeth his coming! . . . We can be sure it is in the near future, because the Lord told Joseph Smith . . . that if he lived to be a certain age, he should see His face, which points to 91. . . . Zion will be redeemed, but there are still many things to be done, before that event takes place. Temples will be built . . . and the prophecies with regard to the Lamanites, and the ten tribes will have to be fulfilled.

During October conference, the Saints not only accepted the Manifesto to end polygamy, but the *Deseret News* and *Millennial Star* record nine speeches denying an imminent coming. During the first session on 27 October 1890, President Woodruff tried to silence the rumor that Christ would return in 1891:

> I do not think anyone can tell the hour of the coming of the Son of Man. . . . We need not look for the time of the event to be made known. I will say here that in my dreams I have had a great many visits from the Prophet Joseph Smith since his death . . . [In one interview I] asked the question, Why are you in such a hurry here? He said . . . The prophets and apostles in this dispensation have no time nor opportunity to prepare to go to the earth with the great bridegroom . . . he said the time was at hand for the coming of the Son of Man . . . [but it was] not revealed to us, nor never will be until the hour comes.

George Q. Cannon, a member of the First Presidency, stressed that Joseph Smith's statement had been made in response to the Millerite prediction of the 1840s:

> We need not expect that 1891 will bring any such thing as the coming of the Lord. It was said yesterday that no man knoweth the day or the hour. . . . But I will tell you when men can know. They can know that such and such a time is not the time. . . . There are a great many events to take place that have not yet occurred; and the Savior will not come until they do take place (*Millennial Star* 52 [3 Nov. 1890]).

The Messiah craze intensified. During October more Indians donned the ghost shirts and danced in defiance of the Indian agents. The *Deseret Weekly News* of 8 November carried the report of McLaughlin, the agent at Standing

Rock Indian Agency claiming that the "Sitting Bull faction" was preaching the annihilation of the whites and the supremacy of the Indians. The same issue contained an editorial reporting:

> General Miles expresses the belief that the movement is attributable to the 'Mormons' or, in other words, that the Indian Messiah is one of their Elders pretending to be the Savior. More than that, it seems that he expresses an opinion virtually to the effect that as the being whom the Indians claim to have seen and heard speaks numerous tribal languages, a number of Elders must be engaged in working this deception.

The editorial branded these charges as "fallacious" and ignorant, for certainly no missionary would "dare commit such a serious fraud as to impersonate the Savior of the World."

Eleven days later, Woodruff directed his secretary, George Reynolds, to write to John King in Montana:

> In view of General Miles' report that he deems the Mormons to be at the bottom of the present movement among the Lamanites regarding the coming of a Messiah, the President thinks the present an unsuitable time for any of our brethren to visit these tribes, as their presence would, in all probability, be regarded as confirmation of General Miles suspicions, and if, unfortunately, any harm was done it would be laid at their doors or on those of the whole people. For this reason the present is not regarded as an opportune time for missionary efforts among these tribes (19 Nov. 1890, Woodruff Papers).

Meanwhile, the *Deseret Weekly News* reprinted stories from prominent newspapers. Such headlines as "The Indian Revolt," "The Indians Could Sweep the Country West of the Missouri," "Rumors of an Outbreak Among the Sioux," "Sitting Bull Leading," "Settlers Armed, Indians to be Killed on Sight" appeared in the *Deseret News* between 18 October and 27 December.[6]

As tensions between the whites and Indians reached the point that open warfare seemed imminent, the Mormons took another step to avoid being drawn into the conflict. Woodruff wrote to stake presidents William Budge of Bear Lake and Thomas E. Ricks of Rexburg, on 21 November 1890:

> You . . . undoubtedly have noticed in late news papers alarming rumors of a contemplated Indian outbreak. How much truth there may be in these reports we cannot say, as we know simply what the papers publish . . . It may be largely an excitement gotten up by white men for sinister purposes. We think [you should] caution the Saints, especially those living in exposed settlements . . . not to rashly expose themselves, and to take all necessary precautions for their safety, as well as on the other hand, to avoid any entanglements with unprincipled people who may have motives in compromising . . . our people. While we do not know of any cause for alarm or excite-

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[6] On 10 November the *Deseret News* published that the Indian Messiah Movement would not likely lead to an uprising, but "broken treaties, delayed appropriations and religious frenzy have combined to make the Indians feel the worst is yet to come." On 19 November, the *News* described the Indians at Pine Ridge as "dancing, meeting and talking wild, not knowing what to believe." It further reported on the location and status of the troops in many areas. In the same paper, the editorial, "The Great Indian Scare," questioned how much credence should be placed in the reports of an impending uprising, but then on the 20th, reported "Indian Trouble" at Pine Ridge: the Messiah would purportedly arrive in the shape of a buffalo and give the signal for opening of the conflict to annihilate the white race. Finally, on 22 November, the *News* reported in an article, "The Indian Scare," that Indian warriors were heading for Utah in small roving bands of armed Indians who told settlers they were going to find the Messiah.

ment among the Saints we think that prudence would dictate the exercise of care. (Woodruff Letterbook)

Five weeks later on 29 December, the massacre at Wounded Knee demolished the Indians' hopes of a restoration. The Mormon press, two days earlier had criticized the government and whites living near the reservations for their mistreatment of the Indians. The editor of the *Deseret News* had called for the government to remove the existing causes for the revolt, accused the government of menacing the Indians by "pushing United States troops into the Territory" to force them into submission, and criticized the whites in the Dakotas for suggesting that every Indian found off the reservation without written permission from the agent should be shot. How would whites feel "if the Indians should pass a resolution that . . . every white man found on the reservation without a written permit . . . be shot down." If the Indians were to take such steps, "the murderous act would be regarded as an uprising of Indians, and they would be slaughtered . . . wholesale according to the most approved processes of civilization . . . Designing white men who are anxious to precipitate an 'uprising' should be the objects of governmental solicitude. . . ." Speaking of Ghost Dance movement in the same article, the editor asked:

> Suppose the Indians believed a Messiah will come to deliver them from what they regard as the oppression, cruelties and treachery of the white man, are not the Christians in a parallel situation? The latter are proclaiming everywhere the coming of the Messiah, and that His brightness will "consume the wicked" when He shall appear? . . .
>
> The fact is that if the government and the people of this nation generally had pursued toward the Indians the same policy as have the "Mormons" there would be no Indian question agitating the country today. . . . As samples, we may consistently point to the Indian farm in Box Elder County, where a number of Indians are living under "Mormon" supervision. They conduct a farm on the co-operative plan and live in houses, being instructed in the civilized methods of cultivating the soil.[7]

Even though Mormons could see mistakes in government Indian policy and in the white man's inhuman treatment of the Indians, the Saints misunderstood the complexities of this messiah movement by interpreting it strictly from the limited framework of their scriptures. They might have enjoyed additional insight by viewing it from the Indians' perspective, but instead Mormons saw Messiahnism as evidence that God had intervened to redeem the Lamanites. In fact, Joseph F. Smith, second counselor in the First Presidency, asserted that the visitations were "to awaken in the benighted minds of these degenerated people a belief and faith in and ultimately a knowledge of a crucified and risen Redeemer, and the righteous precepts which he taught." He fully expected many of the Book of Mormon prophecies to be fulfilled by means of visions, dreams, and heavenly manifestations among the Indians. Like Woodruff, Smith believed that the Lamanites had been visited, not by Christ but

> Probably one or more of the three Nephites disciples who tarried, whose mission was to minister to the remnants of their own race, had made an appearance to Porcupine

[7] For other *Deseret News* editorials see, "A Savage Sentiment," *Deseret Weekly*, 2 Jan. 1891; "The Slaughter of the Reds," *Deseret Weekly*, 10 Jan. 1891; "The Indian Slaughter," *Deseret Weekly*, 17 Jan. 1891, and "No More Indian Wars," *Deseret Weekly*, 28 Feb. 1891.

and perhaps to many others, and taught them Jesus and Him crucified and risen from the dead, and that He was soon to come again in power and great glory to avenge them of their wrongs upon the wicked and restore them to their lands and to the knowledge of their fathers and of the Son of God. . . . God had instituted the true order of communication between Himself and man, and has established in HIS CHURCH, and to this truth all mankind will do well to take head, lest they be deceived . . . It is in perfect harmony with the order of heaven for ministering spirits or messengers from God or Christ to visit the Lamanites. (1891, 269–71)

CONCLUSION

The Mormons were understandably puzzled about the eschatological meaning of this Messiah movement at the same time other people expressed their bewilderment, but close examination of the evidence shows that the Mormons did not conspire with the Indians in promoting the Ghost Dance. Nor did Mormon temple robes likely underlie the famous Ghost Shirts. Mormon elders did not mark their bodies with scars, impersonate the Messiah, and participate in the Ghost Dance ceremonies. Nor is it any more likely that Mormon doctrines were any more influential in shaping the ideas of the Messiah movement than the idealogy of other Christian denominations. Mormon ideas about preparing the Indians for their scriptural and prophetic destiny of founding a New Jerusalem in Jackson County, Missouri, and building a majestic temple for ushering in Christ's millennial reign were not in harmony with most of the doctrines of the Messiah movement of the 1890s. The Ghost Dancers, while feeling the psychological stress of losing their tribal domain, were not dreaming about a Mormon millennial era with cities, towns, factories, farms, and ranches. Instead they yearned for a return to a primitive version of the Garden of Eden where their dead ancestors would share in their ancient utopian life.

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Captain Dan Jones and the Welch Indians

Ronald D. Dennis

The first group of Welsh converts to Mormonism arrived in the Salt Lake Valley on 26 October 1849 after a voyage of more than eight months. They had buried more than one-fifth of their number along the banks of the Mississippi and the Missouri after a savage bout with cholera. Heavy snows had delayed them, killing many of their animals.

Their leader was Dan Jones, converted in 1843 and baptized 19 January of that year in the Mississippi River. Jones was born 4 August 1810 in Halkin, Flintshire, Wales, son of Thomas and Ruth Roberts Jones. He took to the sea (Halkin is very near the coast) at age seventeen and immigrated to America about 1840. He operated a small steam vessel, *The Ripple*, on the Mississippi and later became part-owner of *Maid of Iowa*, a steamboat later purchased by Joseph Smith. In April of 1843 he took a boatload of English converts under the leadership of Parley P. Pratt up to Nauvoo where he met Joseph Smith for the first time. This was nearly three months after his baptism. In May 1843 he was called on a mission to Wales; his departure, however, was postponed — most likely because of his steamboat and later events which preceded the martyrdom.

Jones was the recipient of Joseph Smith's last prophecy — that he would live through the Carthage ordeal and return to Wales to serve the mission he had been called to. During his two missions in Wales, the first from 1845 to early 1849 and the second from 1852 to 1856, he had proselyted with phenomenal success and printed Church materials. In 1845 while he was assigned to North Wales he had only two or three baptisms, but during the next three years while he presided over the missionary effort in South Wales he and about twenty or thirty other missionaries added over 3,000 new converts to the

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Church. Jones experienced similar success during his second mission. During his first mission, Jones also published about sixteen pamphlets, a sixty-four-page hymnal, a 288-page book in support of Mormon doctrine and thirty issues of a Welsh Mormon periodical entitled *Prophet of the Jubilee* — all in Welsh and all proclaiming the restored gospel.

One week after his arrival in Salt Lake, the thirty-nine-year-old Jones wrote to his friends in Wales: "I was called [by Brigham Young] to prepare to go from 800 to 1,000 miles further to the southwest on a mission for God, and that at my own expense, across the tops of the snowy mountains through tribes of savage Indians along a road on which white man has never before set foot. . . . My fatigue is still vexing my health so that I am hardly better than when I started from Wales; yet God strengthens me miraculously day by day" (1849, 3). One would expect a hesitant reaction under such circumstances, yet Jones responded affirmatively — even enthusiastically.

On this journey southward, generally referred to as the Parley P. Pratt Southern Expedition, Jones carried another agenda in addition to settlement: "My mission is to search out that branch of the race of Gomer which are called the Madocians; their story is well-known, and I go with the intent of bringing them into the fold of the Good Shepherd" (1849, 3).

A legend dating from the sixteenth century identifies the inhabitants of Britain as descendants of Japheth through his son Gomer. The Madocians were thought to be a tribe of Indians descended from Madoc ab Owain Gwynedd, an adventurous twelfth-century Welsh prince (Deacon 1966, 82–96).

According to the legend, when Owain, King of Gwynedd (North Wales) died in 1170, a power struggle ensued among his sons. Madoc tired of the constant fighting, sailed west, discovered a new land, returned to Wales, and persuaded a number of settlers to return with him. Nothing further was heard from them, but it was believed that Madoc's land was America and their descendants formed a "tribe" called the Madocians.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth the legend gained wide acceptance, because it justified British claims to the new world. Early explorers claimed that some natives spoke a language that sounded like Welsh — evidence that they were the descendants of Madoc's group (Deacon 1966, 60).

Reverend Morgan Jones, a Puritan minister who left Wales for Virginia in 1660 when Charles II was restored to the throne, claimed to have been captured by a hostile tribe called the Tuscaroras in 1666. About to be slain, Jones began to pray in Welsh. An Indian of another tribe who happened to be present understood him, arranged for Jones's release, and took him back to his own tribe. Jones claimed to have lived with the second tribe, the Doegs, for four months, during which he preached to them in Welsh. Twenty years later Jones wrote his experience to a Dr. Thomas Lloyd of New York, who eventually sent it to Edward Llwyd, keeper of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. It first appeared in print in 1740 in *Drych y Prif Oesoedd*, a history of Wales by Theophilus Evans (Deacon 1966, 110).

In 1789, when war broke out between Great Britain and Spain, the British once again used the Madoc legend as evidence of a prior claim (Deacon

1966). Two years later, Dr. John Williams, a minister living in London, wrote the first book "proving" that Madoc was the true discoverer of America. The fervor to locate Madoc's descendants became so great among London's Welshmen that they financed an expedition for a young man by the name of John Evans. Although Evans's six-year search was unsuccessful, the dream of finding Welsh Indians did not die (Deacon 1966, 137–50).

Captain Dan Jones, so titled even in religious settings because of his sailing experience, became one of the most ardent supporters of the Madoc legend. During his boyhood in Wales, the search for the Welsh Indians was a widely discussed topic among Welsh patriots. In 1851 he confessed, "The greatest desire of my soul for more than twenty years has been to get the Madocians out into the light and to give them a knowledge of their forefathers" (1851, 258). His main source of information appears to be a mixture of Williams's 1791 book, Robert Southey's 6,000-line narrative poem, *Madoc* (1805), and what he calls contemporary "eyewitness accounts" that cannot be identified. On 3 December 1845 when he had been in Wales as a missionary just under a year, Jones wrote a letter to Brigham Young, in English, containing the following bits of information:

1. "[There was] a colony who left Wales in A.D. 1261." 1170, the year Madoc's father died, is the date most commonly used. Perhaps Jones was relying on his memory.

2. "[They] sailed in ten ships under the command of the celebrated Welsh Chief Madoc ab Owen Gwynedn . . . [and] landed in America."

3. "The tombstone of the Chief with his name and year corresponding is now to be seen near Charleston, S.C." [1]

4. "That they, about 40 years ago, inhabited Illinois is also proved beyond a doubt, and the hunters and trappers of late years report having seen a tribe near the head waters of the Missouri River, speaking the Welsh language fluently." (That any of Madoc's descendants should speak fluent Welsh after more than six centuries would constitute even a greater miracle than his arrival in America in the first place.)

5. "They are purely Welsh in their marriage and funeral ceremonies, otherwise resembling other Indians." [2]

6. "About a year ago two Indians traveling through Wisconsin spoke Welsh to some Welshmen there, and stated that they lived a great distance in the western wilds, but refused to give any particulars." (Enumeration mine.)

As a convert of nearly three years to Mormonism, Jones enthusiastically sketched for Young the possibilities of using Madocian converts to proselyte in Wales: "What a help that would be to enhance the work among the other tribes; if I could but have some of them (Pagans) to preach the Gospel to these zealous religionists of their Fatherland, that would be something new under the Sun; and the whole nation would flock to hear such."

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[1] Deacon does not mention this tombstone.

[2] Deacon points out some similarities in marriage and funeral ceremonies among the Mandan Indians. See Ch. 16.

His enthusiasm had not waned four years later. On 13 July 1849, as Jones was beginning to lead his Welsh Saints across the plains, he wrote to John Davis, his successor in the Mormon print shop in Wales: "Do your best to sell my books which I left and send the rest of the money with some faithful brother who will lead the next company to come here. Doubtless, they will be very useful by then to support my family, so that I can devote my time to serve the Saints, and perhaps to look for the Welsh Indians" (p. 181). After an exhausting ten-week journey, Jones returned to Salt Lake City without having spoken Welsh to a single Indian. He had spent over $300 of his own money, suffered several days of snow blindness, and been on the verge of starvation. "No amount of money," Jones reported to his compatriots back in Wales, "would tempt me to go through that again" (Jones to Davis 1851, 256).

Still, he reported encouragingly to Davis two months after his return:

> I returned here from the south in February, after traveling about 1,000 miles, and being within less than 100 miles from the abode of the Madocians as I was told afterwards by Indians who had been in their midst. I could not have gone further, as our horses and our supplies were depleted and the rainy weather was flooding the country. . . . We intend to fulfill the purpose of this adventure yet, perhaps this year; in any event, we shall not give up until I get hold of the Madocians.

A few months later Jones was called by Brigham Young to settle in Manti so he would be in a more advantageous position to continue his search for the Madocians (Jones to Phillips, Sept. 1850). While in Manti, Jones heard several other encouraging reports of "a nation of white people" to the south. Visitors had been welcomed into their midst by women dressed in petticoats and white pettigowns, their heads adorned with flowers. The only tangible evidence, however, was some wool blankets shown to him by Indians who had received them in trade from "white people" (Indians) who lived a ten-day journey to the south. These blankets, said Jones, were "similar to the home spun of Wales" (Jones to Phillips, March 1851).

He continued to collect reports.

> I heard from some of the mountain men and the Indians several accounts of the existence of a nation of white and civilized people who settled in the south. Their accounts agreed with respect to the locality, etc., and some assured us that it was Welsh which they spoke. . . . Pres. B. Young told me that he had been totally satisfied by a man of good character since he has been here, that such a nation had settled on the banks of the Colorado. This man said that he had visited them . . . [and] understood just enough of the Welsh language to know that it was Welsh that they spoke. . . . Perhaps the accounts which I heard are incorrect to some extent; I could not expect less, but I repeat, I cannot believe that they are all baseless imaginings (Jones to Davis 1851, 256–57).

The president of the American Antiquarian Society, Josiah Priest, reported the finding a few years previous of several bodies buried with war-like clothing resembling the Roman dress, on one of which was the emblem of the mermaid playing the harp (Jones to Davis 1851, 257). No doubt, the harp established the Welsh connection.

In 1851, just a year after Jones settled in Manti and before he had an opportunity to launch another search for the Welsh Indians, Brigham Young

counseled him to prepare for a second mission to Wales, but switched the instructions in the spring, to a fall search for the Madocians. Young told Jones that he had recently heard "quite a number of interesting stories about them" (Jones 1856). Apparently, the stories were not sufficiently interesting, for Young changed his mind for a third time. Even before the fall of 1852 arrived, Jones was on his way back to Wales.

During the next three years Jones's determination to find the Madocians continued unabated. Just before he returned to Utah, he issued an appeal for help through the *Udgorn Seion*, the Mormon Welsh periodical:

> Despite how much others doubt the story that Madawg ab Owen Gwynedd discovered America before Columbus, we obtained satisfactory proofs of the fact in our searches across the continent for the "Welsh Indians" during the past twenty years, and since we have decided to re-initiate at the end of this month [March 1856] a search with no turning back, if they are living on land, we beseech those who may have a more correct or more extensive story than that given by "Powell" or the "Triads" [3] about the departure of Madawg from this country or by his successors on the other side of the sea, to assist us in our venture; not their money, we do not ask that, rather for accounts which will help us to accomplish the objective which has cost us several hundred already.

Jones then extended his appeal even to those who had opposed him for years:

> If the editors of the *Amserau*, the *Gwron*, the *Cymro* or any other man who holds dear his pedigree see fit to put this request before the eyes of their readers, perhaps they will attract some to bring out their treasures from their old libraries to the light of the sun, and they will have the pleasure from that before long to read that the debate has been broken, the subject proven that the Madocians have come to the light also. Please choose whatever means you judge best to notify us; otherwise, direct responses to the Editor of *Udgorn Seion*, Swansea (1856, 95–96).

There are no extant records of how much assistance he received from any of his fellow Welshmen. He left Wales in April of 1856 and wrote several letters back to his friend, Daniel Daniels, his successor as mission president and the editor of *Udgorn Seion*. None of these letters contains any reference to the Madocians. The periodical continued until early 1862, but only scattered issues are available beyond 1857.

Jones wrote several times to Brigham Young between 1857 and 1861, but his letters make no mention of the Welsh Indians. Because of financial difficulties, domestic complications, and ill health, which led to his death in 1862 at age fifty-one, it appears unlikely that he made any further expeditions.

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[3] "Powell" is Dr. David Powell, author of *The historie of Cambria, now called Wales* (1584). It was the first publication to contain any detailed information concerning Prince Madoc and was actually a reworking of an earlier publication, no longer extant, by Humphrey Llwyd. The Triads are ancient three-line poetic sayings in Welsh.

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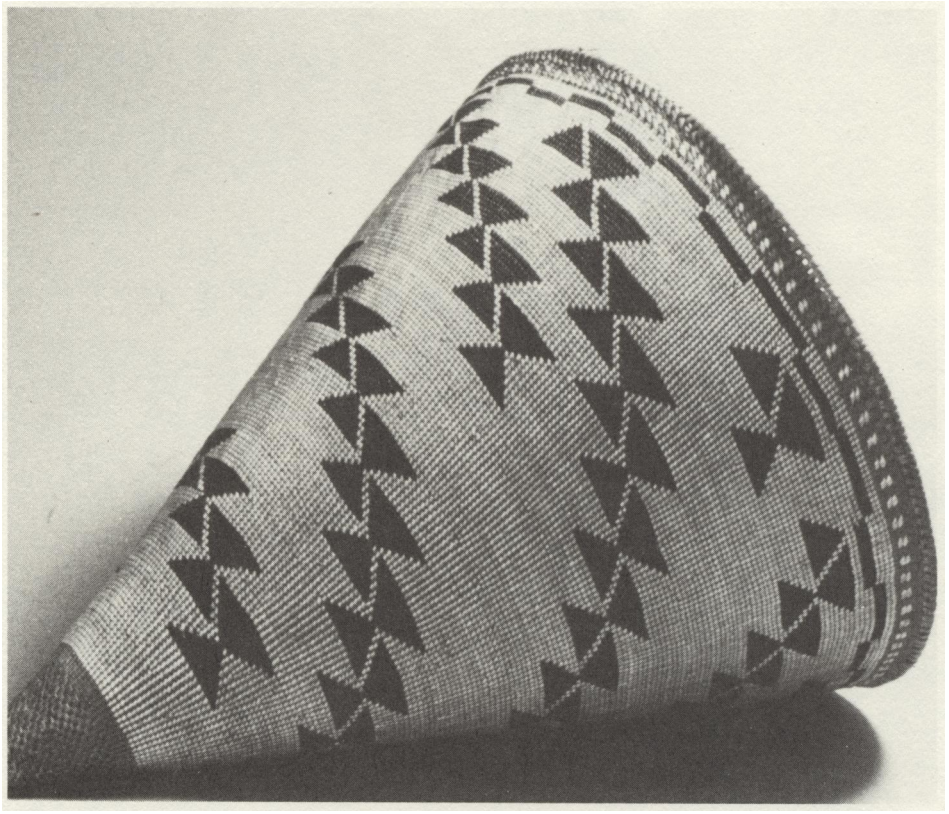

Helen John: The Beginnings of Indian Placement

J. Neil Birch

> My grandchild, the whites have many things which we Navajos need. But we cannot get them. It is as though the whites were in a grassy canyon and there they have wagons, plows, and plenty of food. We Navajos are up on the dry mesa. We can hear them talking but we cannot get them. My grandchild, education is the ladder. Tell our people to take it. (Manuelito, c1880).

erhaps others than Helen John, Amy Avery, Golden and Thelma Buchanan, and Spencer W. Kimball might have compounded an equally powerful scheme for blessing the lives of Indians, but to these individuals fell that lot. Thousands of other participants have also made great contribution, in many cases at even greater personal sacrifice, but the Indian Placement story begins with Helen. This story is based on oral histories I made with her, Amy Avery, and Heber and Fay Woolsey. They have joined the oral histories of Golden and Thelma Buchanan made by William G. Hartley in the Church Historical Department Archives. It is the story of a beginning.

Helen had grown up on the Navajo reservation in Arizona, the third child of Rose Toucha and Willie John's thirteen children. Her great-grandfather had been born about 1855 and had hidden with his people in Canyon de Chelly when the American cavalry under Christopher (Kit) Carson in 1863, in an effort to subdue the Navajo, trampled their corn and burned 5,000 peach trees. Locke reports tales that survived three generations of their suffering. One pregnant woman had frozen to death during the flight. Another son held his own father as he died of gunshot wounds. Some women smothered their babies, rather than have them starve. When the Indians finally began surrendering at Fort Wingate, about a hundred from one group of about 1,500

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died of dysentery from the weevil-infested flour. The rest were herded out and started on the "Long Walk" to Bosque Redondo, about 300 miles away in East Central New Mexico. Others had preceded them. Many more would follow. Those who were ill were shot by the soldiers or abandoned. One survivor reported seeing his uncle, abandoned by the side of the road when he was too weak to go on, with a small bag of provisions. Some of the New Mexican soldiers stole some of the children and sold them as slaves.

In the four years that they were at Bosque Redondo, grubbing out mesquite with their hands for firewood, outbreaks of smallpox, measles, and other diseases killed, by some accounts, more than half of the approximately 65,000 Navajos and drought and cutworms destroyed their crops. Exhausted from starvation and discouragement, they had to be driven to the fields at gunpoint. The Comanches raided the settlements for livestock and slaves, and the soldiers did not protect them until some of the young men, dressed like Comanches, attacked Fort Sumner and killed some soldiers. Helen's great-grandmother, who was in her early teens, escaped from Bosque Redondo alone and made her way back home where a Navajo family that had escaped the sweep took her in.

General William Tecumseh Sherman of Civil War fame, visiting Bosque Redondo after the Civil War, responded to the tears and pleas that the starving people be allowed to return to their sacred land. "When we reached Albuquerque, we could see the top of the sacred mountain we called Tsotsil and the old people were overwhelmed with joy. Even the soldiers celebrated our happiness," the old people said. Helen's great-grandmother was reunited with her family.

Helen remembers hiding as a six-year-old with eight-year-old Bertha when their mother spotted cars on the highway a few miles from their hogan because Indian agency officials in the 1930s were physically removing children from their families to send to government schools at various locations in the West. Helen's uncle Clarence had, at the age of twelve, been taken from his herd of sheep and sent to the Phoenix Indian Boarding School. No one told his parents. They did not see him for five years and then he did not wish to return.

That same year, in the summer of 1935, Helen remembers her mother's despair when the Indian agent reduced the number of their sheep to a size that would not deplete the overgrazed range. With only a few sheep, the family was reduced to poverty and her parents voluntarily brought Helen to the government boarding school at Tuba City. She stayed there nine months without being allowed to go home or to have visitors. Children caught speaking Navajo were punished. Helen, with a patient teacher whom she was anxious to please, made good progress.

In all, she attended the school five years with one year off when she was nine and in a hospital recovering from a heart condition. Then when she was almost twelve, her parents decided Helen should stay home and learn cooking and weaving while one of the younger children took her place.

Helen had grown up in poverty, remembering at the age of sixteen going shopping for a week's groceries for under $5 and being overwhelmed when the

customer ahead of her bought almost $40 worth of groceries. She heard the disparaging comments about "squaws" from white people in Richfield where her family had come to thin sugar beets and deeply sensed the discrimination and poverty of her life. Did God care about them? Had they been abandoned?

When she asked her father for permission to attend school in the spring of 1947 when she was seventeen, Willie John told her gruffly, "You ought to be happy with your life, Helen. Be proud you are a Navajo. You don't need any more of the Bilagaanas' education. Besides Ruth needs to go to school. It's her turn. I can't have you both away leaving the rest of us to do all the work. Don't talk to me about it again."

Frustrated and angry, Helen ran across the fields to get away and sought shelter from the hot sun on the porch of a farm house. Amy Avery, the wife of the farmer for whom Helen's family was working at Venice near Richfield, had been in bed suffering from undulant fever. She heard Helen's uncontrollable sobs and, concerned, persuaded Helen to tell her the problem.

"Why don't you pray about it?" Amy asked.

"I can't," Helen wept. "We lost our God a long time ago." She wiped away her tears with her sleeve.

"Well, if you'll come in and kneel down by the couch and pray for me to get better," offered Amy, "I'll pray for you to get to go to school."

The two women knelt by the couch. "What's your name?" inquired Amy.

"Helen Rose John," replied Helen.

"Being as you're the guest here, I'll pray first," said Amy. "Dear Heavenly Father, this here Lamanite girl —

What's a Lamanite? Helen thought. It must be me.

"— is kneeling here with me to ask a special blessing. She has been told by her father that she can't go to school because one of her many brothers and sisters needs to take a turn. Now, dear Father, please smile down on this girl, one of your beloved Lamanite daughters. Open up the way that the desires of her heart will be fulfilled. In the blessed name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

Turning to Helen Amy said, "My part of the bargain is done. Now it's your turn." Helen froze. "Lands alive, child," exclaimed Amy after a long pause. "I bet you haven't prayed in English before. Go ahead and pray in your own language."

Still confused, Helen began to pray in Navajo: "Oh God, if you are there and care to help, please help me to go to school and help this Bilagaana woman to get well." She couldn't think of anything else to say so she stood up, helping Amy to her bed. "Thank you, dear," said Amy, "Well, we done our part. Now it's up to the good Lord. Would you please walk out to the mailbox by the road and fetch my mail for me? I just don't think I could take walking out there and back." Helen obeyed and Amy, looking through the bundle, pulled out one from the stake president. She read through the two-paragraph letter, gasped, and said to Helen, "Well, honey, the Lord never ceases to amaze me as to how fast he works."

She walked to the telephone on her kitchen wall and gave the crank two turns.

"Operator, please ring Golden Buchanan's office number in Richfield. Thank you. Oh hello, Golden, this is Amy Avery. We just got a letter from our good stake president and in it he informed us that you have been appointed stake coordinator of Lamanite affairs. Well, I've got a case for you to coordinate. I've got a Navajo girl in my home right now that I think would like to go to school here and learn more about our people."

Helen went back to work. She sensed that she had an ally. The next week, Amy invited Helen and her family to the home for dinner. Helen arrived with eleven brothers and sisters.

In they trouped, smiling but shy, all dressed in dirty field clothes. Amy had instructed her children beforehand, "Pay you no mind how they are dressed or how they may act." As she watched them walk into the house across the carpet and into the family room with their muddy shoes she tried hard to convince herself that she was prepared to face this.

The evening was well planned: Supper, popping popcorn, pulling taffy. Helen had never seen her brothers and sisters enjoy themselves so much. It pleased her that Amy was so accepting of the children, dirty clothes, muddy shoes, and all. Despite this Helen felt that the Averys no doubt had had enough of dirty Indians and that this would be the last time she ever visited them. Amy surprised Helen by inviting her and Bertha over for the following Monday afternoon. "Bring your two older brothers along, too, to give my boys some company," she added.

When the four John children arrived that afternoon, Amy sent her boys out with Helen's two brothers to ride horses. Amy, her daughters Marva and Wanda, spent the afternoon in the dining room sewing Indian skirts with Helen and Ruth.

During the afternoon, Helen bluntly asked Amy, "Could you teach me to read real good?"

Amy replied, "Well, Helen dear, as you know I'm not a school teacher and so I couldn't help you much, but I've got a friend by the name of Lula Carson who is one. I bet she could help you. Why don't I try to get Lula to come over here to find out just how much you know about reading so she could suggest at which level you should start. Here, take these other two pieces and see if you can sew them together on the machine." Amy pointed out how it should be done, then left the room saying, "I'll go give Lula a call."

After making the call Amy returned and sat down next to Helen as she used the sewing machine. As Helen worked carefully at the project, Amy patiently gave her pointers. Amy appreciated how fast Helen picked up new skills. In about fifteen minutes a knock was heard at the door. "Come in, Lula," called Amy. Lula was a pleasant woman in glasses who, like Amy, smiled warmly while talking. She had Helen read for her, determined that she was about second-grade level, and loaned her about a dozen readers. "Now you take them all home with you and practice reading them. When you don't know a word and can't figure it out you can ask either Amy or me."

That night Helen lugged her newly acquired readers back to the tent, feeling that she made a good start on her way back to school.

A few days later, Amy and another woman came to the John tent. Amy explained to Helen and her family, with Helen as the interpreter, that she was serving as a stake missionary for her Church and wanted to deliver a message to all of them. Promised in her patriarchal blessing that she would serve the Lamanites, Amy felt a special responsibility to tell Helen and her family about the gospel.

Amy, speaking slowly so Helen could interpret accurately, told them about the appearance of the Father and the Son to Joseph Smith. Helen had to stop her from time to time to clarify what she meant. All this was so new to Helen. Amy also explained how an angel named Moroni showed Joseph Smith gold plates on which was written the sacred history of the ancestors of the Indian people. Because Helen had to listen carefully to translate it, she had to pay close attention to all that Amy was saying. She found herself becoming very interested and felt a warm feeling in her heart. It seemed that somehow Amy's stories were familiar.

When the family went back to their home in Moenavi, Arizona, for the summer, Amy and Helen corresponded. Amy wrote almost once a week telling her about the Book of Mormon. Helen diligently read the books Amy sent her about the Book of Mormon and also spent time every day reading and re-reading Lula Carson's second-grade readers.

In the last letter Helen wrote to Amy before returning to Richfield to help with the beet harvest she said:

> I have think much bout things you write to me. I like hearing bout golden plates and Book of Mormon. You know, I want to learn a lot bout all that and other things, but as you know I only read on second grade level. I want very much now go back to school and learn read better. I want to understand more. I have decided for sure go back school. I don't know where I go. There aren't many schools open down here since war. Even though my father says, no, I will go to school.
>
> I come back to Richfield to top beets in the Fall because my family depends on me to help. I see all of you then. I'll go to school after we finish. Please give big hello to Marva and Carla and Wanda and to the boys.
>
> Love, Your friend,
> Helen

The family returned in October 1947. It was with a sense of mission — even destiny — that Helen took the path across the beet field, across the irrigation ditches and over to the Avery's now-familiar white house. It was as if a vast horde of spirits went with her. There was Great-grandfather. Great-grandmother walked arm in arm with him. There was the father who had died in his son's arms, the uncle, left behind to die on the Long Walk, the pregnant aunt, the little children who had died of malnutrition in the hospital, Manuelito, the Navajo headman who had instructed his people to get an education, Narbona, the beloved leader, Barboncito the eloquent headman who had persuaded General Sherman in the Bosque Redondo to let his people return, and ancient ones Helen had heard about only from Amy: Fathers Lehi, Nephi, Alma, Samuel, and others, their women with them. Countless others followed, distant shadows.

The innumerable host that followed Helen up that path to the Avery home that day was perhaps only our illusion, but there was something to it. She was not taking this walk alone.

She told the warmly welcoming Amy, "I've made up my mind to attend school here in Richfield with Carla and Marva. I want to pitch a tent in your back yard to stay in."

Amy gasped. "Helen, dear, we wouldn't expect even our sheep dog to stay out there in the cold."

"I'm used to living in tents and cold winters don't bother me."

"We just couldn't let you stay out there in a tent, regardless of what you say. You'd freeze for sure, child. We would want you to stay right here in the house with us as a part of our family, but darn it we've got a bad space problem. With only two bedrooms all five of the children are in the same bedroom. We've got the boys half of the room divided from the girls side by a cardboard divider, suspended from the ceiling."

"Oh, Mother, we could make room for Helen. We could put another bed in our half of the room," interrupted Carla.

Amy shook her head. "As much as I'd like to, we just can't. With just one bedroom for all six of you, it just wouldn't work."

Looking directly at Helen and holding her hand Amy said, "Helen, honey, somehow, some way we're going to find a way for you to stay in Richfield to go to school. We're sorry it can't be here." Tears were glistening on Amy's cheeks.

Amy called Golden Buchanan again.

As long as he could remember, Golden had felt kinship for Lamanites. He had been raised close to them in Glendale, near Richfield, and they had visited in his home often as he grew up. Now as a member of the Sevier Stake presidency assigned to coordinate Lamanite matters he felt keenly his new responsibility to urge members of the stake that hired Navajos to improve their housing and working conditions. He admired the Averys whose concern about their Indian help was limited by their funds. "When Lincoln and his boys work side by side with their Navajo field hands you know their hearts are in the right place," he mused. "They don't act like they are better than them. But what to do about Helen?"

That night Golden couldn't sleep. Lying in bed, he thought "Isn't it something, while all of us who live here in this valley have so much — homes, jobs, all the necessities and more — this girl and her people, descendants of some of the greatest prophets the world has ever known are lying out there in those cold tents hardly getting enough rest to do the hard work they have to do tomorrow. What do they have to eat? Probably very little. The promises made to them in the scriptures are so great, why do they have to suffer so much?" He offered a silent prayer on behalf of the Lamanites working in the valley.

Thoughts then began flowing freely into Golden's mind one after the other. It didn't seem to him a vision, but it was as if his mind had expanded, allowing him to see clearly the whole range of possibilities.

"We can find someone to take this girl in and even dozens and hundreds and even more families will be willing to take other Indians into their homes.

They could live in LDS homes and be treated exactly as sons and daughters. Not only would they be trained in scholastic affairs in the schools, they would learn to keep house, tend to a family, learn to manage a house and a farm. The boys could learn to work on the farms and learn to operate modern machinery. If they live in the homes of stake presidents, Relief Society presidents, bishops, and other leaders they could see the Church at work and learn the blessings of service to God and fellow men. I can see them going on missions, attending and graduating from college. After all this training what an immense help they would be to their people! They could teach their own people by precept and example all they had learned from the Latter-day Saints. This ought to cut down the time it takes to restore this people to their former blessings by a generation or two." The whole idea grew in its dimensions the more he thought.

Golden got up quietly so as not to awaken Thelma, went into his den, turned on the light and began writing a letter. He was aware that President George Albert Smith, concerned that the Church was not doing enough for the descendants of Father Lehi, had assigned a new apostle, Elder Spencer W. Kimball, to work with Elder Matthew Cowley to develop the work of the Church among the Lamanites. To Elder Kimball, Golden wrote, outlining all the thoughts that had just come to him so clearly. The next day he mailed it.

Two days later, a short, pleasant man knocked on the door and introduced himself as Spencer Kimball. He apologized "for dropping in on you like this. I just drove up here from Arizona where I was on Church business and I'm here now for the South Sevier stake conference. I wanted to visit with you, however, before going on to Monroe."

Hearing that he had come from the south rather than from Salt Lake relieved Golden who was feeling presumptuous for suggesting a new Church program.

During dinner, Golden described the stake project to improve living conditions among the Indians. Elder Kimball had not heard about it. After dinner, they moved to the living room. Elder Kimball explained that he had had his secretary read Golden's letter to him over the phone. Golden had not mentioned the letter to his wife Thelma nor had he described the program he had suggested.

"I've come to ask you to take this girl, Helen, into your home. I would want you to take her as a daughter and sister. I wouldn't want you to take her in as a servant nor as a guest. I would want you to consider her as your own girl."

Golden looked at Thelma. She looked utterly shocked. Golden explained, "Sister Buchanan has found it hard to like the Indians, Elder Kimball. She had a couple of experiences with them as a little girl in which she was severely frightened."

"Golden, that's not completely true," interrupted Thelma. "Elder Kimball, frankly, if the truth were known I wasn't half as frightened then as I am right this minute. Many of our friends just don't like the Indians and if we were to take one into our home there would be no end to their cutting remarks.

Besides, we've just raised boys and I don't think I'd know how to raise a teenage girl."

Their two unmarried sons were present. Thayne, observed, "Being as I'm going on my mission in a few weeks it won't really make any difference to me. If you want to keep her it's okay with me."

Without waiting to be asked, Dick spoke up, "It isn't okay with me. If you bring her here, just consider that I'm leaving because I won't be teased and kidded about having an Indian sister."

Golden was speechless. Elder Kimball said, "Well, that's fine. You think and pray about it tonight. We can talk about it again in the morning."

Thelma was so upset she was almost in tears and prayed so long Golden finally drifted off to sleep. She pled, worried, and pled again. She felt no peace. After more than an hour, she tried unsuccessfully to sleep. Then she prayed again. She repeated the pattern for hours.

As she continued to pray she thought about the covenants she had made in the temple. She recalled clearly her covenant to give of all her means, time, and talents to build the kingdom of God. "Here's an apostle whose major concern it is to lead out in the building of the kingdom and he has asked me to do something he feels is essential to the work," she thought. Her mind became clear and peace, blessed peace, flowed freely into her heart. Thelma smiled contentedly.

In the morning, Thelma was frying bacon and eggs when Dick came in. Popping a small piece of bacon in his mouth, Dick said, "Mother, do you know who we have in our house? He's an apostle. We can't turn him down."

"Son, I agree with you," said Thelma. "I've thought and prayed most of the night and now I know it's right to take her in, but I'll need your support."

"You'll have it, Mother."

When the family told Elder Kimball its decision, he was pleased but not surprised. "You should know," he said, "although I believe this is the beginning of something important, you can't expect any help from the Church, not even sympathy from the Brethren. This is because this is not a Church program, but only something I would like to see tried out. Nonetheless, I can see a great future for the little start you are about to make."

As he watched Elder Kimball drive down the road toward his conference assignment, Golden sighed. "Well, I'd better get started."

The first snow of the season fell that night and, with dawn, the temperature had plummeted to well below freezing. All was white except a muddy twenty-five-yard stretch of sugar beet field where Helen, Bertha, their oldest brother, Spencer, and their aunt, Mable, had been digging, topping, and stacking beets.

Had the ground not frozen, they could have easily jerked the beets up with the hooked tips of their beet knives. Instead they had to dig the frozen dirt away from each beet with the tips of their knives. They were soaking wet, covered with mud, and exhausted. They had spent the night on the wet floor of an old army tent, trying to keep warm with only wet railroad ties for fuel.

During a brief rest, the usually cheerful Mable was quiet, then broke out, "Why do we do this? Why do we work so hard? Look at the farmer that owns

this beet field. All he does is sit on that tractor of his and plow the field and here we sit, in the mud!" Mable turned to Helen. "Helen, why don't you go to school, get some education and buy yourself a tractor!" They all laughed. Even Helen.

The rest break came to an end. Forcing themselves to their feet, the four Navajo field hands sloshed through the mud to where they had left off digging and topping beets. They swung into action, moving as fast as the cold air and their aching muscles would let them.

As they reached the mid-point of the field, they all turned around so as to work back along unharvested rows toward the head of the field. "Look, there's a Bilagaana at the end of the field. He's been looking in our tent."

It was Golden Buchanan. He began walking out across the mud, taking care to keep his balance. He didn't want to look ridiculous by slipping and falling. As he worked his way toward them he worried, "After all of Elder Kimball's efforts to get us to take this girl and what if she should decide she didn't want to live with us? It would be awful tough for anyone to leave their family and move in with absolute strangers. I don't think I'll tell her that it will be my family with whom she will be living. It might frighten her if I tell her. I'll let Amy tell her."

As he stepped up to the four, Golden thought, I've never seen muddier people in all my life. How do they keep working in all this mud?

"Which one of you is Helen John?" Helen ducked her head and the other three nodded in her direction. "Miss John, I've been told that you would like to stay with a family here in Richfield and attend school. It will be possible for you to stay. All the arrangements have been made. Do you want to do this?"

Helen's voice did not waver, "I want to stay and go to school."

The first attempts at rapport between Thelma and Helen were anxious and awkward, though they were both trying hard. After just a few days, Helen disappeared, taking her clothes with her. They had no idea where she had gone and supposed she had gone back to the reservation. Not to be deterred from the work Elder Kimball had given them, Golden and Thelma arranged placements of several other Navajo children who wanted to attend school, all relatives of Helen's. They took a teenager named Johnny Kaibetoni, who insisted on staying in Richfield when his family returned to the reservation. He was very easy to have in the home. He worked at the Buchanans' feed and grain mill with Golden and did exceptionally well.

About Christmas time a letter arrived from Helen, postmarked Cedar City.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan,

I had to leave your home because my family needed me to go to Enterprise to talk for them and help make arrangements to dig potatoes there.

We are now snowed in here in Cedar City. The government bus will take my family and relatives back to Arizona as soon as the weather clears up which may be tomorrow. We are out of money. Could you send me a bus ticket to Richfield so I can come back to your home? Just send to me in care of the Bus depot here.

Love, Helen

The Buchanans sent the ticket. Helen arrived, bringing with her two Navajo girls who also wanted to go to school. These two girls could speak no English, and the Buchanans knew that the obstacle was too great. They sent the girls home to Arizona.

Johnny was placed with another family and Helen began living with the Buchanans. Although communication was difficult and Helen would cry in her room from homesickness, they were all determined to make it a successful experience. Thelma marveled at how fast Helen learned housekeeping. She became so efficient that she took over most of the housework, doing one-third of the house on Thursday, one-third on Friday, and the remaining one-third on Saturday, after which she would go to the movies. Helen was very thorough and completely reliable.

Helen, enrolled in the seventh grade, did very well in reading, math, and art. Her school teachers were very encouraged by her abilities and attitude and went out of their way to help her. She won several prizes for outstanding art work.

Golden and Thelma Buchanan became her second parents. She took lessons from Faye Woolsey who was assigned by the stake presidency to teach Helen the gospel. Faye's husband, Heber, a young seminary teacher, baptized her.

Then in 1949 when Helen was nineteen, the Buchanans took in Helen's younger sister, Ruth. She had been in school and, though younger than Helen, was more advanced in her skills. This was too much for Helen's pride and she dropped out of school. She did not, however, leave the Buchanan home.

Golden was called as coordinator of Indian Affairs in the stakes, serving under Elder Kimball and the Lamanite Committee. They all moved to Salt Lake City and Helen entered beauty school. When Golden was called as president of the Southwest Indian Mission, with headquarters in Gallup, New Mexico, Helen stayed in the home of Spencer and Camilla Kimball while she finished obtaining her Utah beauty operator's license. She then joined the Buchanans in Gallup and obtained a New Mexico license. She worked for two years and during that time met Kenneth Woolsey Hall, one of her foster father's missionaries. After she herself filled a successful mission in Kenneth's mission, they were married in 1957 in the Salt Lake Temple. Elder Kimball had consented to perform the ceremony, but could not because he was undergoing a throat operation.

They had four daughters. Helen was a full-time mother while Kenneth worked many years at Hill Air Force Base making rubber parts for aircraft. Both have been active in the Church all their married lives. Ken is presently serving as first counselor to the bishop of the Salt Lake Fifth Ward (Indian Ward) in the Salt Lake Wells Stake. Helen is serving as second counselor in their ward Relief Society presidency and teaches a Relief Society class. Helen, at age fifty, graduated along with her husband, whom she helped in his studies because of a hearing problem, from night school at South High School in Salt Lake City in 1979. One daughter has graduated from BYU. Two are married and will graduate with their husbands. The fourth is engaged and also

attending BYU. Three of them have filled missions for the Church and all four are active in the Church.

Although Helen achieved at a high personal level, perhaps her greatest achievement was serving as the catalyst for the Indian Student Placement Program of the Church. After seven years of careful nurturing by Elder Spencer W. Kimball, then chairman of the Church Indian committee, and those that worked with him, the experiment begun in Richfield was declared an official program of the Church. Miles Jensen of Gunnison, Utah, a sugar mill employee who took several Indians into his own home the year after Helen had come to the Buchanans, became a full-time employee of the Church. He did much to build the program and remained in that work until his retirement in 1980. Miles Jensen was only one of many other Latter-day Saints living in South Central Utah who rallied to support the fledgling program by taking Indian children into their homes. Where Indian children had been generally ostracized before, as members of Latter-day Saint homes, they now found themselves the center of attention with other children vying for their friendship.

After its official adoption by the Church in 1954, the Indian Student Placement Program involved relatively small numbers until 1966. By 1980, approximately 20,000 Indian students of many different tribes had been placed in LDS foster homes under the auspices of the program. There is less need for it now with better quality schools and a stronger Church organization on the reservations. The service is no longer expanding and will soon be concentrating on only high-school-age children. Despite individual difficulties, Indian participants achieved success. One General Authority, George P. Lee, spent ten years of his life as a student in the program. And in this generation we see only the beginning of the results that may flow from the program that started with one lone girl, hungry for education.

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My People, the Indians

Chief Dan George

 as it only yesterday that men first sailed around the moon? You and I marvel that men should travel so far and so fast. Yet if they have traveled far, then I have traveled farther; and if they have traveled fast, then I faster, for I was born as if it were a thousand years ago, born in a culture of bows and arrows. But within the span of half a life, I was flung across the ages to the culture of the atom bomb, and from the bows and arrows to atom bombs is a distance far beyond a flight to the moon.

I was born in an age that loved the things of nature and gave them beautiful names like Tes-wall-u-wit, instead of dried-up names like Stanley Park.

I was born when people loved all nature and spoke to it as though it had a soul. I can remember going up Indian River with my father when I was very young. I can remember his watching the sun light fires of brilliance on Mount Pay-nay-ray as it rose above its peak. I can remember his singing thanks to it, as he often did, singing the Indian word "thanks" so very, very softly.

And then the people came. More and more people came. Like a crushing, rushing wave they came, hurling the years aside. And suddenly I found myself a young man in the midst of the twentieth century. I found myself and my people adrift in this new age, not part of it.

We were engulfed by its rushing tide, but only as a captive eddy, going round and round. On little reservations, on plots of land, we floated in a kind of gray unreality, ashamed of our culture that you ridiculed, unsure of who we were or where we were going, uncertain of our grip on the present, weak in our hope of the future. And that is where we pretty well stand today.

I had a glimpse of something better than this. For a few brief years, I knew my people when we lived the old life. I knew them when there was un-

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DAN GEORGE, Swinomish Indian Chief from the Burrard Reservation in Vancouver, British Columbia, delivered these remarks at a banquet of LDS Seminary, Institute, and Indian Placement personnel in Yakima, Washington, in 1975. Reprinted from John R. Maestas, Contemporary Native American Address. *Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Publications, 1976, pp. 397–401.*

spoken confidence in the home and certain knowledge of the path we walked upon. But we were living in a dying culture that was slowly losing its forward thrust.

I think it was the suddenness of it all that hurt us so. We did not have time to adjust to the startling upheaval around us. We seemed to have lost what we had without a replacement for it. We did not have the time to take your twentieth-century progress and eat it little by little and digest it. It was forced feeding from the start, and our stomachs turned sick, and we vomited.

Do you know what it is like to be without mooring? Do you know what it is like to live in surroundings that are ugly and everywhere you look you see strange and ugly things? It depresses man, for man must be surrounded by the beautiful if his soul is to grow.

What did we see in the new surroundings you brought us? Laughing faces, pitying faces, sneering faces, conniving faces. Faces that ridiculed. Faces that stole from us. It is no wonder we turned to the only people who did not steal and who did not sneer, who came with love. They were the Christian missionaries; they came with love, and I, for one, will ever return that love.

Do you know what it is like to feel that you are of no value to society and those around you? To know that people came to help you but not to work with you, for you knew that they knew you had nothing to offer?

Do you know what it is like to have your race belittled and to come to learn that you are only a burden to the country? Maybe we did not have the skills to make a meaningful contribution, but no one would wait for us to catch up. We were shoved aside as if we were dumb and could never learn.

Do you know what it is like to be without pride in your race, pride in your family, pride and confidence in yourself? Do you know what it is like? You don't know, for you have never tasted its bitterness.

I shall tell you what it is. It is not caring about tomorrow, for what does tomorrow matter? It is having a reserve that looks like a junkyard because the beauty in the soul is dead, and why should the soul express an external beauty that does not match it? It is getting drunk and, for a few brief moments, escaping from ugly reality and feeling a sense of importance. It is, most of all, awaking next morning to the guilt of betrayal. For the alcohol did not fill the emptiness, but only dug it deeper.

And now you hold out your hand and you beckon to me to come across the street. Come and integrate, you say. But how can I come? I am naked and ashamed. How can I come in dignity? I have no presents. I have no gifts. What is there in my culture you value? My poor treasures you only scorn.

Am I then to come as a beggar and receive all from your omnipotent hand? Somehow I must wait. I must delay. I must find myself. I must find my treasure. I must wait until you want something of me, until you need something that is me. Then I can raise my head and say to my wife and family, "Listen, they are calling. They need me. I must go."

Then I can walk across the street and hold my head high, for I will meet you as an equal. I will not scorn you for your seeming gifts, and you will not receive me in pity. Pity I can do without; my manhood I cannot.

I can only come as Chief Slaholt came to Captain Vancouver — as one sure of his authority, certain of his worth, master of his house, leader of his people. I shall not come as a cringing object of your pity. I shall come in dignity or I shall not come at all.

Society today talks big words of integration. Does it really exist? Can we talk of integration until there is integration of hearts and minds. Unless you have this, you have only a physical presence, and the walls are as high as the mountain range.

I know you must be saying, "Tell us what you want." What do we want? We want first of all to be respected and to feel we are people of worth. We want an equal opportunity to succeed in life, but we cannot succeed on your terms; we cannot raise ourselves on your norms. We need specialized help in education, specialized help in the formative years, special courses in English. We need counseling, we need equal job opportunities for our graduates; otherwise our students will lose courage and ask, what is the use of it all.

Let no one forget it — we are a people with special rights guaranteed by promises and treaties. We do not beg for these rights nor do we thank you; we do not thank you for them because we paid for them, and the great God knows that the price we paid was exorbitant. We paid with our culture, our dignity, and with our self-respect. We paid and paid and paid, until we became a beaten race, poverty-stricken and conquered.

But you have been kind to listen to me. I know that in your heart you wish you could help. I wonder if there is much you can do, and yet there is a lot you can do. When you meet my children, respect each one for what he is: a child of our Father in Heaven and your brother. I think it all boils down to just that.

I would like to say a prayer that once was spoken, with little differences in wording, all across North America by the tribes of our people. This was long before the white men came.

> Oh, Great Spirit, whose voice I hear in the winds, whose breath gives life to the world, hear me. I come to you as one of your many children. I am small and weak; I need your strength and wisdom. May I walk in beauty. Make my eyes ever behold the red and purple sunset. Make my hands respect the things that you have made and my ears sharp to hear your voice. Make me wise so that I may know the things you have taught your children, the lessons you have hidden in every leaf and rock. Make me strong, not to be superior to my brothers but to be able to fight my greatest enemy, myself. Make me ever ready to come to you with straight eyes, so that when life fades as the fading sunset, my spirit will come to you without shame.

"Great Spirit Listen": The American Indian in Mormon Music

P. Jane Hafen

Misconceptions of native Americans began with the misnomer "Indian" based on a navigational error. Mainstream Mormon art, literature, and music, which grants the American Indians a Book of Mormon history and destiny as Lamanites, embraces and propagates many historical misconceptions transferred from secular sources. Congregational singing has been one of the most pernicious offenders. Authors, composers, and congregations unwittingly perpetuate subtle prejudices and racial stereotypes each time one of the historical hymns about our "red untutored Indian" brothers and sisters is sung. While hymns such as "O Stop and Tell Me, Red Man," "Great Spirit, Listen to the Red Man's Wail" and hymns with more general topics such as "The Wintry Day Descending to its Close" but including a reference to a "savage Indian band" are being gradually eliminated from Mormon hymnody, a new generation of uneducated racism is being bred on "Book of Mormon Stories." The Church has overlooked the potential of talented native American musicians and artists to contribute not only a native American point of view, but viable native American art.

The American Indian has often been fondly regarded as a species of noble savage, an ideal popularized in hundreds of travel books dating from the sixteenth century on and given new impetus by French social philosopher Rousseau in the mid-eighteenth century. H. Neal Fairchild, British scholar and historian, defines the noble savage as "any free and wild being who draws directly from nature virtues which raise doubts as to the value of civilization"

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(1928, 2). This second-hand noble savage definition requires ignoring basic native American values of tribal affiliation, place, and community. Indigenous myth and ritual clearly express the centrality of these "civilized" values in Indian culture. However, since the first European contacts, the image of native Americans has derived from the noble savage idea, vacillating between the romantic notion of the natural nobility of uncivilized man, or the contrary view of the barbaric savage in dire need of civilizing, with occasional attempts at synthesizing these two poles of definition.

The noble savage is one of many European ideas that attempts to comprehend New World discoveries. The new land seemed virginal, unencumbered by historical burdens and social demands, and offering, in addition, seemingly unlimited resources. It appeared to be a paradise on earth (Smith 1950). Curiously, the natives filled a dual role in paradise: they were both the epitome of natural human development and a practical obstacle in claiming the land and its bounties.

For the religious, Indians provided an opportunity to convert the heathen, both in the Southwest and New England. But their presence in the New World also posed complicated theological questions such as whether they descended from Adam, how they arrived in the Americas after Noah, and if they indeed had souls. Puritans Roger Williams and John Eliot saw the Indian as Edenic man, degenerated to a vile state (Teunissen and Hinz 1973, 41). Mainstream Puritans carried the idea even further, justifying their less than equitable treatment of Indians with typological arguments. In the Puritan world of divinely illuminated human reason, "the savage state itself was a divine sign of Satan's power: a sign of struggle and sin" (Pearce 1952, 201).

The Book of Mormon may resolve many of these theological questions, but American/Mormon cultural and social heritage, including real and imagined Indian dangers from pioneer times, still colors Mormon artistic interpretations of the native American. The noble savage invades most arts, Mormon and gentile, historical and contemporary. While Puritan and early American hymns are similar to Mormon hymns with references to "Zion," such as Isaac Watt's "Where Nothing Dwelt but Beasts of Prey" (1718), such references are rare and without the imperative theological connections found in Mormon hymns. Even American missionary hymns have only general references to "heathen nations" while Mormon hymns have a unique and vivid imagery of native Americans (Christ-Janer, Hughes, and Smith 1980, xii, 78, 120).

The first Mormon hymnal, *Collection of Sacred Hymns for the Church of the Latter-day Saints* (1835) was compiled by Emma Smith with the assistance of W. W. Phelps. Phelps's own "O Stop and Tell me Red Man" was included, as was Parley P. Pratt's "The Solid Rocks Were Rent in Twain." Many subsequent hymns were published in Mormon periodicals such as *The Morning and Evening Star*, while a special hymnal for the English Saints, the *Manchester Hymnal* was published in 1840. Other official hymnals were: *Psalmody of 1857*, *The Psalmody of 1889*, and *Songs of Zion* (1908) which included new hymns with Indian references, "Great Spirit Listen to the Red Man's Wail!" "O'er Gloomy Hills of Darkness," and "For the Strength of the Hills."

LDS Hymns of 1927, known as "the green book," added these hymns with brief Indian references: "We're Proud of Utah," "O Wouldst Thou from Bondage," and "Deseret, Deseret! 'Tis Home of the Free." *Hymns* (1948), in use until the fall of 1985, added "The Wintry Day Descending to its Close," retained "O'er Gloomy Hills" and "For the Strength of the Hills" and eliminated all of the other Indian hymns (Cracroft 1981). The forthcoming hymnal (September 1985) will delete "O'er Gloomy Hills" and add no new Indian hymns.

W. W. Phelps (1792–1872), author of twenty-nine of the ninety songs in the first 1835 edition, wrote "O Stop and Tell Me, Red Man" (1927, no. 64), dropped from the 1948 hymnal.

> O Stop and tell me, Red Man, who are you, why you roam,
> And how you get your living; have you no God, no home?
> With stature straight and portly, and decked in native pride,
> With feathers, paints and brooches, he willingly replied.

The Indian recounts his fall from light in Book of Mormon times "some thousand moons ago." He readily acknowledges his progenitors' uncivilized state:

> And long they've lived by hunting instead of works and arts,
> And so our race has dwindled to idle Indian hearts.
> Yet hope within us lingers, As if the Spirit spoke,
> He'll come for your redemption, and break the Gentile yoke.

The red man then expresses hope that his people will "quit their savage customs, to live with God at home." Phelps's lyrics reflect the Puritan work ethic: hunting is idleness and a nomadic society is therefore not only homeless but godless. He also repeats the Puritan assumption that the Indian, once exposed to the gospel, would quickly and willingly embrace a new life of obedience, with innate nobility overcoming acquired savagery.

Another hymn describing the plight of the contemporary Indian from a Book of Mormon perspective is "The Solid Rocks Were Rent in Twain," by poet-apostle Parley P. Pratt (1807–57), which appeared from the first edition through 1948. The first thirteen stanzas tell of Christ's crucifixion, his visit to America, the Nephite destruction, and dwindling of the Lamanites . . .

> Until the Gentiles from afar,
> Should smite them in a dreadful war,
> And take possession of their land,
> And they should have no power to stand.
>
> But their remnants wander far,
> In darkness, sorrow and despair,
> Lo! From the earth their record comes
> To gather Israel to their homes.

Pratt's metaphorical description of the Indian "remnants wander[ing] . . . in darkness" refers, of course, to their religiously unenlightened condition and "Lo" may allude to Alexander Pope's well-known

> Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
> Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind
> (Pope 1733, 9; Berkhofer 1979, 79).

The 1908 *Songs of Zion* adds to the previous two hymns a more sympathetic description of the oppressed and benighted Indian nation: "Great Spirit Listen to the Red Man's Wail!" (1927, No. 77). This hymn, adopting an Indian voice, calls out a cavalry of clichés:

> Great Spirit, listen to the red man's wail!
> . . .
> Great Chieftain, save him from the palefaced foe!
>
> His broad, green hunting grounds, where buff'loes roam
> His bubbling streams where finny thousands play
> The waving prairies, once his happy home,
> Are fast departing to the Christian's sway.
>
> With curs'd firewater's stupefying flame,
> (Which lulled the senses of our chiefs to rest)
> And soft-mouthed words, the cheating pale face came
> And stole our lands and drove us to the west.
>
> Our gray-haired med'cine men, so wise and good,
> Are all confounded with the dread disease,
> Which ne'er was known to flow in Indian blood
> Till white men brought it from beyond the seas.

An angel replies with comforting promises:

> Not many moons shall pass away before
> The curse of darkness from your skins shall flee,
> Your ancient beauty will the Lord restore,
> And all your tribes shall dwell in unity.
>
> The arts of peace shall flourish ne'er to die;
> The warwhoop and the deadly strife shall cease;
> Disease shall then depart, and every sigh,
> And health and life shall flow in every breeze.

The hymn ends with assurances of a glorious Indian redemption. In spite of the trite and melodramatic lyrics, Penrose sympathizes over the white man's

disruption of the Indian way of life. However, sympathy does not prevent misconception and stereotyping. Penrose assumes that all Indians are prairie-dwellers and that one day "all . . . tribes shall dwell in unity," whereas tribal distinction is of vital importance to most native Americans. Recognizing only one pattern of civilization, Penrose regards the Indian as savage and uncivilized. Accordingly, the only choices for the Indian are to become civilized/assimilated or eliminated through disease or extermination. Another misconception is the belief that the Indians' darker skin would some day undergo a literal change (absolute assimilation), a common expectation until the recent 1981 rewording of 2 Nephi 30:6, in which "pure" was substituted for "white": "And their scales of darkness shall begin to fall from their eyes; and many generations shall not pass away among them, save they shall be a *pure* and a delightsome people" (italics added).

Other 1927 hymns make occasional mention of Indians, usually in the context of white occupation of the virgin wilderness, in which Indians are associated with woodland animals (Smith 1950, 84). In William Wills's "Deseret, Deseret! 'Tis Home of the Free" (*Hymns* 1927, No. 189), for instance, the Indian is paired with the more dangerous wilderness animals:

> Where the savage has wandered, by darkness debased,
> Where the wolf and the bear unmolested did roam.

Theodore Curtis proclaims in "We're Proud of Utah" (*Hymns* 1927, No. 324) that the state was "won from a hostile band." And Charles W. Penrose again celebrates the western Mormon liberation in the hymn "O Wouldst Thou from Bondage" (*Hymns* 1927, No. 376) describing the plains with "waving grass, Where the red man roams in his pride." Roaming is a verb associated with wild animals not civilized, city-building Saints.

The 1948 hymnal retains only three passing mentions of Indians. "O'er Gloomy Hills of Darkness," (No. 127) by Williams, first appeared in the 1908 *Songs of Zion* (No. 28). Commemorating the gospel message to the world, the second verse begins:

> Let the Indian and the Negro,
> Let the rude barbarian see
> That divine and glorious conquest
> Once obtained on Calvary.

"For the Strength of the Hills" (No. 241) also first appeared in *Songs of Zion*. The 1927 hymnal added a new fourth verse which again pairs the Indian with the animals:

> Here the wild bird swiftly darts on
> His quarry from the heights
> And the red untutored Indian
> Seeketh here his rude delights
> But the Saints for thy communion
> Have sought the mountain sod.

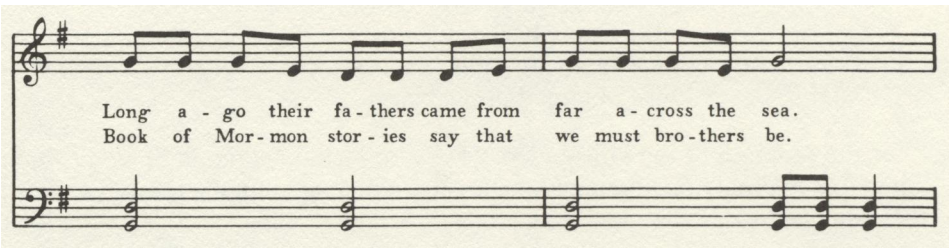
This verse was retained in the 1948 hymnal but was deleted in October 1971.[1] In Orson F. Whitney's (1855–1931) poem "The Wintry Day Descending to Its Close" (No. 292), a reverie symbolic of earthly redemption, the third and fourth stanzas reflect on the western settlement, "where roamed at will the savage Indian band." The new hymnal (September 1985) will change "savage" to "fearless."

In addition to hymns, traditional Mormon folk songs contain vivid, often savage, images of the Indian. In "St. George and the Drag-on" (Kaufman 1980, 24) by Charles L. Walker, even "prowling Indians" cannot endure that "awful place." In "Root, Hog or Die" (Kaufman 1980, 14) "bloody redskins" are classified among wild animals as part of the wilderness landscape. The savagery is explicit in "The Ox-Team Trail" (Cheney 1981, 53):

> And bands of redskin beggars
> Molesting through the day
> Would steal at night and kill
> When they were brought to bay.

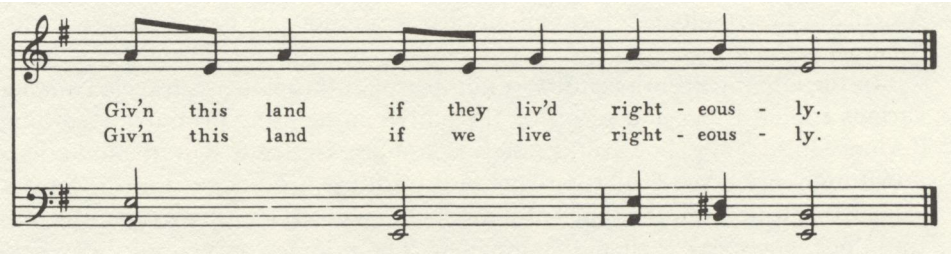
Conforming to the stereotype of Indian barbarism in "Mountain Meadows Massacre," the Mormons dress "in Indian garb and colors," and attack "rush-[ing] in Indian style," whatever that may be (Cheney 1981, 203–4).

"Book of Mormon Stories," from the current children's *Sing With Me* (Bates 1980, B-87), though ostensibly not about latter-day Indians, harbors two very contemporary misconceptions. One is the vacant land philosophy — "Lamanites met others who were seeking liberty/And the land soon welcomed all who wanted to be free" — and the other is its melodic stereotyping of Indian music. The first line descends along a quasi-pentatonic scale. The second phrase, beginning "Long ago their fathers came. . . ," maintains the pentatonic feeling and begins at a lower pitch than the opening phrase, also semi-accurate. The stereotyping occurs in the left-hand accompaniment that exploits a "tom-tom" rhythm by utilizing open fifth chords and a rhythmic afterbeat:



[1] Some editions attribute the lyrics to Lorenzo Snow (*Hymns* 1948, No. 241), but the 1979 printing attributes the lyrics to Felicia D. Hemons, altered by Edward L. Sloan. Hemans (1793–1835) was a popular English poet whose favorite topics were home, country, and nature.

The "bold" rhythmic imagery may inspire children to imitate tom-toms and chanting as well as reinforce other misperceptions bred by movie versions of Indian music and culture:



Among contemporary Mormon composers, only William F. Hanson has studied native Indian music and topics (Hanson 1937). Intensely interested in the Ute Indians and their traditional ceremonies, Hanson wrote and produced *The Sun Dance Opera* in 1913 in Vernal, Utah, based on combined Sioux and Ute traditions (1967, 132–76). The production was successful and traveled throughout Utah in occasional productions until 1935. In 1938, *The Sun Dance Opera* was performed twice on Broadway.

The original score is unavailable, but the libretto has been published in Hanson's *Sun Dance Land*, which also includes a history of performances. The plot is a love story, superimposed on a reenactment of the Sioux Sun Dance ritual. The lead roles were played by non-Indians, but Indians performed the ceremonials. Unfortunately, in production the *Sun Dance Opera* probably resembled a glorified Wild West show superimposed on a love-triangle melodrama. In early performances one main Indian character was even a centenarian "Old Sioux, reported to be a cousin to Sitting Bull and a veteran of Custer's Charge" (p. 80).

Hanson's fondness for the Indian people is apparent through his devoted efforts to present them and their practices to the public. However, while the Wild West show genre may have appealed to the public, no evidence exists of any impact on Indian-white understanding or appreciation. Old Sioux appears to be the stereotypical wise old tribal chief. The ceremonial, though authentic in some ways, is a mix of Ute and Sioux, two disparate tribes. And Hanson's narrative does not depart from the usual dehumanizing labels: squaws, papooses, and braves — never men, women, or children. He even quaintly describes the stage cues as "tell 'em times" (p. 84). These flaws are only partially mitigated by native Americans performing their own music. Neither popular and folk nor official Church music have altered the traditional image of the Indian as essentially benighted, savage, and uncivilized.

In this combination of neglect and stereotyping, LDS music has not differed significantly from mainstream American music. Early twentieth-century composers Edward Macdowell and Rudolph Friml produced a fair share of Indian love songs, but these pieces were more characteristic of late Romanticism than authentic Indian melodies. Hymns usually emphasize lyrics, but lyrics are a

minor consideration in native American musical practices. Native American music, because of its scalar patterns, pulsing rhythms and unique vocal styles, may be the most misunderstood artistic expression of native Americans. However, recent interest in American Indians and the increased education of native Americans has resulted in recognition of contributions by native Americans to American ethnic musics.

In the late nineteenth century, a number of anthropologists traveled among various Indian tribes and recorded the native music using primitive recording devices. In so doing, however, Francis Densmore, Gertrude Kurath, and others unwittingly preserved a disappearing oral tradition. Catalogued in the Smithsonian Institution are the songs of many tribes who no longer carry on the oral traditions, nor speak their native tongues. The primary purpose of these early anthropologists was to demonstrate the role of music in primitive societies, not assess its aesthetic value. More recent work conducted by David McAllester studies the aesthetics of Navajo music.

Native American song and dance is a folk-art, and thus has no identifiable composers. Techniques vary with tribes and geographies; however, a disguised complexity is perhaps the most typical feature of native American music. To describe this music as chanting, whooping, and drum beating is to ignore the aesthetic intricacies of a highly organized musical style. Difficult to accurately transcribe, it demonstrates a complexity involving specific scalar and rhythmic patterns, balanced cascading phrasing, frequent pedal harmonies, imitative rounds, and an abstraction of vocal styles that eliminates texting in favor of vocables.

One contemporary native American composer has attempted to integrate native traditions with modern and Occidental styles of music. Louis Ballard (Quapaw, Oklahoma), instructor emeritus at the Institute of American Indian Arts in Santa Fe, New Mexico, is known for works that use native American melodies in a symphonic or large choral setting.

One of Ballard's students is Mormon musician John C. Rainer, Jr. (Taos Pueblo), a collector of traditional songs and styles who also arranges and composes pieces for voice, drum, and flute. Making his own flutes in traditional style, Rainer has gained national prominence as one who is attempting to preserve a rapidly disappearing tradition (Romney 1982). Rainer has also creatively superimposed native American musical idioms on traditional Mormon hymns such as "I Need Thee Ev'ry Hour." In Rainer's version for mixed chorus, the men begin on a pulsating tonic tone. The women then sing the melody in unison over the men's chant, which emphasizes the pentatonic qualities of the melody in a haunting and beautiful amalgam of both familiar and foreign. Merrill Bradshaw recalls "hearing that hymn in a way I had never thought of before, . . . sending chills down my spine" (Bradshaw 1983).

Perhaps the most popular native American Mormon contribution to music is the song "Go, My Son" by Arliene Nofchissey Williams, a Navajo, and Carnes Burson, a Ute. The text is set in a 1960s folk music style.

Go, my son, go and climb the ladder;
Go, my son, go and earn your feather;
Go, my son, make your people proud of you.

Work, my son, get an education;
Work, my son, learn a good vocation;
And climb, my son,
Go and take a lofty view.

From on the ladder of education
You can see to help your Indian nation;
And lift your people up with you

(Smoot 1968, 41).

"Go, My Son" confronts a major contemporary Indian problem: education. Although sentimental, its emphasis on community and tribal affiliation grounds this song in authentic Indian values. The song is directed from a first-person speaker to "my son." In Navajo kinship, the terms may be used to designate other relationships besides a literal father and son. As the last line admonishes, the son's education benefits more than the one individual. The repetition of the phrase "my son," despite sexism, recalls the simple repetitive structures of traditional Navajo poetry. These native American Mormons have employed both popular and traditional musical styles without sacrificing native American values of tribal recognition and community.

Kate Kirkham's study of institutional power suggests that subtle forms of racism are more effectively perpetuated by conformity than by open prejudice and bigotry (1977, 21). As long as native Americans remain a voiceless minority, they will continue to be erroneously defined by the inherited stereotypes of popular culture. They will be dehumanized by references to braves, squaws, papooses, chiefs, and redskins rather than men, women, children, leaders, and human beings. They will be a subordinate nation even as they are sentimentally draped in noble savage rhetoric and admired. Being defined by the dominant majority is a very powerful form of cultural bondage from which native Americans should be encouraged to break free by expressing their own cultural values and identity in music, literature, and art.

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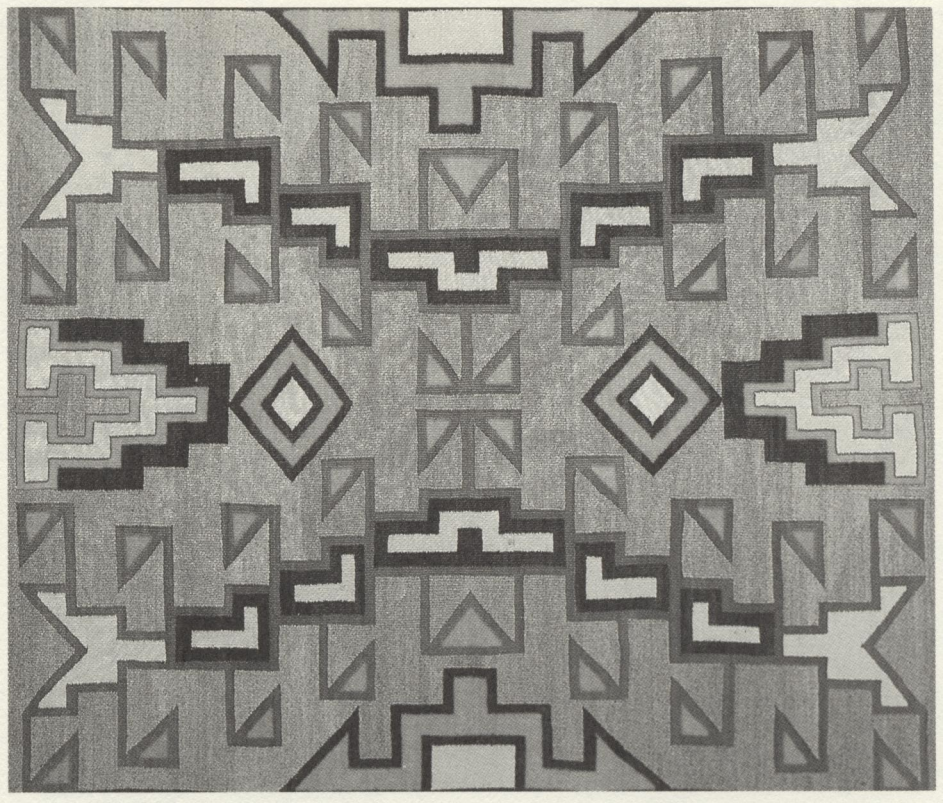


To Be Native American—and Mormon

Lacee A. Harris

"Lamanite! I am not a Lamanite. They are a wicked people. I am not a wicked person."

I can well remember my father, Albert H. Harris, saying this, both in church and to anyone else who would listen. Born on the Northern Ute Reservation in 1920, he was mixed blood. His father, Muse K. Harris, was Ute and my grandmother, Ivy Mae Harris, was anglo, a second-generation Latter-day Saint of pioneer stock. My father's grandmother, Great-grandmother Mary Reed Harris, said her own grandmother had been baptized by Brigham Young (Mildred Miles Dillman, comp. *The Early History of Duchesne County* [Springville, Utah: Art City Publishing Company, 1948]). Thus, the LDS Church had had a seven-generation impact on my family by the time I was born.

Although I remember my father's protest at being classified as a Lamanite, I never inquired about his background or youth, or his other feelings about the Church. He had served as president of the Fort Klamath Branch of the Klamath Falls Oregon Stake, on the high councils in Roosevelt, Utah, and Billings, Montana, and had held other stake positions. Still, by the time I was twenty-eight, he was dead in his Salt Lake City home, just before his fifty-first birthday, of alcohol-related causes. I don't remember what his bishop said at the time of his death. I remember that the Ute elders on the reservation spoke highly of his efforts to keep the traditional ways alive. As I look at the pattern of his life, I wonder if it was the strenuousness of that struggle to live in both worlds that moved him toward his early death.

My parents met when they were students at the Phoenix Indian School before my father entered the Army Air Corp in 1942. My mother, Lucille Davis Harris, is a Northern Paiute from the Reno-Sparks, Nevada, area. She was not a member of the Church at the time. I was the oldest of their five children. My younger siblings were Lucille who died two hours after she was born, Linda, 1949, Suzanne 1952, Jon, 1954, and James, 1956. When I was

five, my mother was converted. I remember the excitement of driving to Vernal, Utah, for her baptism. (We went to have ice cream afterwards.) I remember being called up front so I could see the ordinance; but if anyone explained the significance to me, my memory did not retain it.

Three years later at age eight, I was also baptized, but I still recall no explanations. I remember the short pants, the cold floor, the warm water, and the warmer congratulations of many people who seemed very happy for what I was doing. But I had no clear concept of what baptism meant.

My childhood memories of religion are of Sunday meetings, not of home discussions or activities. I remember very long Sundays of getting dressed, sitting in long meetings listening to speakers talk about subjects I didn't understand, watching the big boys passing the sacrament and wishing I could too. When I was about seven years old, we moved to Roosevelt, only eight miles but a whole world away. I enjoyed being in the Cub Scouts and Boy Scouts, but I don't recall any lessons that made an impact. Being an Indian, being a Mormon were never mentioned. My Indianness, like my Mormonness, was just there.

My father was a realty officer for the Bureau of Indian Affairs and we moved relatively often. When I was ten or eleven, we moved to Klamath Agency on the Klamath-Modoc Reservation just north of Klamath Falls, Oregon, lived in agency housing, and went to church in a small branch about twelve miles away. None of the other LDS children were my age so all my friends were non-LDS. After a year, I returned to Roosevelt, Utah, to live with my grandparents.

Soon afterwards, I had my first disappointment at Church functions. At Scout camp where Order of the Arrow candidates were to be chosen, all the other boys assumed that I would be chosen for this "Indian" group. So did I. I was crushed when I wasn't and began losing interest in Scouting, even though I continued going because most of my friends were active.

When I was in the seventh grade, my father's work took him to Window Rock, Arizona, where we lived at the Navajo Agency at Window Rock and attended church sixty miles away in Gallup, New Mexico. It was so far away we attended only Sunday meetings. About seven months later, I went to live with my aunt and uncle, Floyd and Helen Wilkerson.

During ninth grade, I was junior high band vice president, ninth grade seminary class president, and junior high studentbody vice president. I don't think being either LDS or Indian had anything to do with either position, even though many of my schoolmates were LDS. At the end of the school year, I rejoined my parents who, by now, were in Muskogee, Oklahoma. I attended school there until half-way through my junior year. My main interests in the Muskogee branch were Scouting and MIA. There was only one boy my age and we didn't have a great deal in common, although we were friends and home teaching companions. The LDS students from Basone Junior College, an Indian junior college, however, were very helpful and so were some of the missionaries in the area. I was called to my first Church teaching position — teaching the Blazer class — at age fourteen. I really enjoyed that.

However, in retrospect, although I met with a great deal of kindness and was included in many activities that were happening, I don't recall any adult leader — teacher, Scout leader, priesthood quorum advisor, or MIA instructor — who seemed interested in establishing a personal relationship with me or who seemed concerned about my personal spirituality. The lessons, as I recall, did not seem aimed toward action.

I was starting to feel different. I knew I wasn't a Lamanite because my father said we weren't. I knew I was an Indian but I didn't know how that fit into the Mormon system of anglos and Lamanites. The more I grew to understand my Indianness, the less I understood how I fit into the Church. In Oklahoma, surrounded by Indians of many tribes and nations, I was conscious of real pride in being an Indian. It was also in Oklahoma that my sense of being Mormon sharpened, thanks to the loving sacrifice of James C. and Della Watkins. My "foster father"-to-be, James C. Watkins, was a safety engineer for the Corps of Engineers, U.S. Army, stationed briefly at Muskogee. They had two girls, Carol and Sharon, and one boy, James. Carol was two years older than I, Sharon was six months older and James at that time was four years old. I am not really sure why they invited me to live with their family. I am not even sure why my parents agreed. I was fifteen years old. I'm glad that both did agree, for I wonder sometimes where I would be today without the Watkins family and all the help and sacrificing they did for me. This was not a part of the Church's formal placement program. When they moved on to Salina, Kansas, they asked me to go with them.

I accepted on a lark, more or less, as an adventure. My father said, "Take him, if you think you can handle him." My mother said, "Okay. . . ." It is only in retrospect that I sense my mother's pain and hurt that I would so casually leave the family.

The experience of living with an anglo family was valuable, however. Not only did I have to adjust to two older foster sisters and a younger brother, I had to fit into a family that did not allow me the same freedom given to an eldest male child in an Indian family. Della later told me, "Lacee, that first year with you was pure hell."

James's work caused him to move a lot too. I attended the last part of my junior year in Salina, Kansas, where the family did a lot of square dancing. The first part of my senior year was in South Dakota. I finally graduated in Anchorage, Alaska. I wasn't particularly involved in Church, except for social activities and Sunday meetings, although I was elected president of what my memory tells me was the first seminary class in Anchorage, Alaska.

I had never looked farther ahead than being out of high school. I didn't date much — we were on the move too much and we usually lived out of town or on-base. But fortunately, Carol began attending BYU and mentioned its Indian Education program. The school sent the forms, I filled them out, and meanwhile my family had moved to Palm Springs, California, about the time we moved to Alaska. I had already lived among the Klamath, Modoc, Navajo, Creek, Sioux, Cherokee, and other Oklahoma tribes. Now I added the Agua Caliente Indians of Palm Springs.

I was accepted by BYU and, in 1962, moved into Taylor Hall in Helaman Halls with forty other fellows, all anglos, on my floor. There were only thirty-five Indians on campus that year. While I stayed with my foster parents, my parents helped out by sending money, clothes, and letters which didn't get answered too often. I am still a poor letter writer. I had been given lots of freedom to make my own choices — given lots of information about the effect of those choices — but was allowed to choose. So when I chose to go to BYU, my parents were happy that I had decided to go to college after high school. The fact that it was BYU was even better. The fact that it had an Indian Education program made it even better for them.

I ran into some problems at BYU. One was family prayer every night. The idea was to help the floor be more cohesive, give announcements, discuss any school problems, then have a family-style prayer before bed. Usually about 9:30 the floor chaplain would go around and round everybody up for "the event." Another big concern was the idea of *having* to go to Church Sunday morning. It was not mandatory, just a lot of peer pressure, hammering, kicking, and loud noise to get everybody up for Church. By this time, I figured I was old enough to decide for myself if I wanted to go to Church. I didn't need someone telling me to go. Since I was the only Indian on the floor and in my dorm building, it was easy to see when I missed. The student ward was made up of one wing of Taylor (120 men), as far as I remember, then two of the women dorms from the Heritage complex.

As a first-semester freshman, I took a mandatory Book of Mormon class and really began to learn about the Lamanites. The more I learned, the more I felt that the Church really had no place for us as "Indians." We only belonged if we were Lamanites.

I felt that the teachings of the Church were excellent and I did not doubt the teachings of the Book of Mormon about the Lamanites as apostate survivors of great nations, but taking that story personally was too much for me. Were those Lamanites *my* Indian people? My people were good, deeply spiritual, in tune with the rhythms of the earth and with their own needs. How could we be descended from a wicked people? How could I be a descendant of wickedness and still be good without repudiating the heritage that made it possible for me to accept Mormon goodness?

These were difficult questions for a college freshman, and I found myself avoiding more and more the all-anglo ward. I was drawn to the BYU Indian Education Tribe of Many Feathers, the Indian club on campus, with its warmly welcoming activities. Our club advisors sincerely cared about us but I still felt, uneasily, that they were trying to make us into something we weren't.

My nineteenth birthday had passed. Everyone assumed I would go on a mission, and I routinely sent in my papers, asking for the Southwest Indian Mission, then the only Indian mission in the United States. Six months before I left, in January of 1964, the Southwest Indian mission was divided into the Northern Indian and the Southwest Indian and I was sent to headquarters in Holbrook, Arizona. That meant I had to learn the Navajo language and culture.

I had expected to enjoy my mission experience and I did. I had two mission presidents, J. Edwin Baird and Hal Taylor. In Arizona, I started in Pinon, and went on to Chinle, Many Farms, Lukachukai, Dennehutso, the Gap, Tuba City, Inscription House, and Chichinbitso with a stint in Cortez, Colorado, among the Ute Mountain Utes. We worked hard. No one had quite found the right set of lesson plans for Navajos, and we went through four or five during my two years. Some of the Navajo elders helped translate the lessons into Navajo and we learned to read, write, and speak the language.

Although there are inevitable differences between two people who live together twenty-four hours a day, I liked most of my companions. Six were Anglo and three were Indians, all Navajo. Many of the anglo elders were fine missionaries, good at the language, and hard working. Some of them loved the area and people, leaving only with deep regret. Others never got over the culture shock, waited out their two years with impatience, and contributed little.

Ironically, it was in the mission field, serving the Lord full time that I first became fully aware in the center of my being of some of the cultural differences between Indian and anglo Mormons. Some of my anglo companions left me with bitter memories of patronage, of being left out of decisions, of being told in subtle ways that I wasn't equal in ability or capacity. A pattern of occasional comments and offhand judgments began to take shape about the people we were teaching and working with: "lack of commitment," "Indian standard time," "a reservation Indian." Some of the anglo elders were disappointed that some of the people didn't want to hear our stories, as the lessons were called by the people, and never realized that they were communicating "we know what's best for you" by not listening to what the Indian people were saying. In their eagerness to help, many missionaries unwittingly crossed the line between assistance and taking over.

When I returned to BYU in the fall of 1964, the fifty-eighth Ward, an all-Indian unit, had been organized. We had heard about it in the mission field and were excited about it. I loved the ward but, newly sensitized to paternalism, it bothered me that our bishop was anglo when all the other officers were Indian. One of the events early in that school year of 1964 fall semester was a pre-announced talk by our bishop on interracial dating. It seemed to be an issue for him. A number of us showed up with non-Indian dates and sat on the front row. It was a joke — yet it wasn't. Something in me was starting to feel pushed around, and I wanted to push back.

Another problem that year was our bishop's discouragement of our dances and "ceremonies." Again it seemed to be an issue for the Church, an unwritten issue. Some of us protested. Why would the Church sponsor the Polynesian Center cultural ceremonies and dances, while we couldn't have our own? Policy, our bishop explained briefly. Could he show us where, we wanted to know? He became vague. We pushed harder for an explanation. Several of us were called before one of the university vice presidents to discuss "code violations." We were not violating any rules; but I learned in the session that we were questioning the wisdom of the Church leaders by asking "inappropri-

ate" questions. We only wanted to know why we couldn't be who and what we were — Indians. To us part of being Indian was our dances and ceremonies. They had cultural, not spiritual, significance to us because none of us had the right to practice or conduct any of the real spiritual ceremonies. Many of us went home for those. We all wanted to graduate, so we stopped taking our questions to our bishop.

In retrospect, the difference between our two situations seems clearer. Polynesian dances have become detached from their philosophy and values. Doing them was harmless entertainment — good exercise. Indian dances, on the other hand, had living connections with our past, our values, our other, non-Mormon identities. They could corrupt us. We didn't know how or where, but somehow they would.

By my junior year, I had changed my major twice and married Alberta Acothley, a Navajo from Tuba City, Arizona, in the Salt Lake Temple on 17 May 1968.

It was interesting that I had known Alberta's family before I knew her. She was working in Oakland, California, when I was in Tuba City, and the branch president helped to convince her to go to the Y. She lived in the women's dorms of Helaman Halls so we all ate in the common cafeteria. I saw her eating alone and wanted to meet her, so I went over to eat lunch with her. She was kind of shy and quiet, not like her brother Bobby, who I enjoyed knowing very much.

The fall after our marriage, I was asked to serve as second counselor for the BYU fifty-eighth ward. The ninety-second and ninety-seventh Indian wards were founded that first year of our marriage. When the ninety-second ward was formed, I was asked to be first counselor with Kenneth Nabahe as bishop and Lynn Steele as the second counselor. We were the first all-Indian bishopric at BYU.

I still had lots of questions. Most of us did. But the intellectual stimulation of my graduate program (master of public administration), the happiness of our marriage, and the joy of serving others gave me the courage to keep on working. I tried to fit into what the Church seemed to be asking. I tried to belong.

I worked as a sanitation engineer the first three years of our marriage. Our first two children, Brenna and Bron, were born in Provo. In keeping as much as possible to our Indian ways we picked anglo names that reflected something about the child. The two names are Welch. Brenna, means "raven haired maiden." When she was born, she had a full head of hair about two inches down her back. My son's name means "the brown skinned warrior" or "the brown skinned one" depending on what name book one looks at.

In 1970, I graduated with a B.S. in history. I hadn't completed my master's but we moved to Riverside, California, where I was director of special services and taught a history class for the community college in Riverside. Our third child, a daughter, was born in Riverside, California. Since her mother didn't want all "B's," her name is La Donna Mae, "the maiden lady." Each of them also has names given to them from their grandparents. There

I also started growing my hair long after years of short-haired dress codes at BYU. I wanted to show my culture and heritage again. I wanted an outward sign of my background. California's famous climate was too much for me, though, because of the smog; and when an offer came to be the University of Utah's Indian Education advisor, we came back in February 1973.

We moved into an all-anglo ward. I taught Gospel Doctrine class in Sunday School while Alberta took care of the children. I enjoyed teaching; I tried to help them understand how the gospel related to me and my culture. I could feel myself expanding in some new ways and I felt that the ward members supported me. In 1975 we started to attend the Indian Ward in Salt Lake City, Fifth Ward in Templeview Stake, now in Wells Stake. We felt more at home among the Indian people. I was called to be executive secretary with an all-Indian bishopric. Milton Watts was bishop. We were together for two years.

It was a good life. When people asked if I was Mormon, I would say, "Yes, but I'm Nuchee, Northern Ute, first, then Mormon." Alberta and I talked about the teachings of our separate tribes and how these values corresponded with those of the Church. Our children were learning to speak Navajo and could tell some of the old stories. We loved each other and were proud of our children.

Then in October 1975, Alberta became ill. It was hard for her to breathe and she complained of chest pains. Neither of us had ever been seriously ill before. We were frightened and confused. In the latter part of October, the pain intensified and I took her to Holy Cross Hospital. I waited for a long time with a friend, Thom Garrow, a Mohawk from New York, during her examination. When the doctor came out after he had been researching his diagnosis, he blew my world apart with a few short sentences. Alberta had a rare lung disease and would probably die within a year.

The next months are a blur in my mind. In looking back on the experience, I see that Alberta was much more accepting of her death than I was. It's not that she wanted to die but she accepted the fact and lived each day as it came even though the thought of leaving the children was very painful. She asked me to remarry so the children would continue to have a two-parent home.

The doctor thought that washing down the whole house might help Alberta breathe easier, and the whole ward turned out to do it. It didn't help, but the concern and love did. As Alberta was hospitalized at increasingly frequent intervals during that agonizing winter and the following spring, the Relief Society sisters would bring food and try to help out with the children. Bishop Watts and both his counselors were quiet, consistent supports, dropping over, calling, just letting me know they were with me during this time.

While Alberta was hospitalized — permanently in April — my mom helped out with the children. Brenna and Bron were in school so La Donna was the one that needed constant care.

The doctor had taught me some simple exercises to help Alberta breathe more easily, and I would spend many hours each night, trying to help her get enough breath into her tortured body that she could sleep. Brenna and Bron

also learned how to do them. We had her name put on prayer rolls in several temples. The home teachers administered to her. As a bishopric, we administered to her. I took her to anglo specialists and brought in both Navajo and Mohawk medicine men. Every pain-free breath I took was a petition to the Lord to spare her. Nothing worked. She died on our eighth wedding anniversary to the day, 17 May 1976.

We held the funeral in a local funeral home, the Deseret Funeral Home, but I insisted on Indian elements. Blankets, belts, bracelets, beads, and money went into Alberta's casket. I gave away most of Alberta's possessions as was proper, and cut my hair as a sign of mourning. La Donna Mae was two and a half years old. The University of Utah College of Nursing helped me enroll her in a nursery school for half a day and the ward members helped me find a babysitter for the other half day. A traditional Indian family would have had blessings but I didn't. Somehow, I didn't want to acknowledge my grief even when I couldn't deny the pain. I felt very alone; I felt that half of me had died. The ward members had their own lives to lead. My people on the reservation and my own family were too far away.

Since my wife's death, Fifth Ward has had four bishops, and our ward has been moved to two new buildings. The bishops were good men, all very supportive of me. I have not remarried. I quit work to go back to school three years ago.

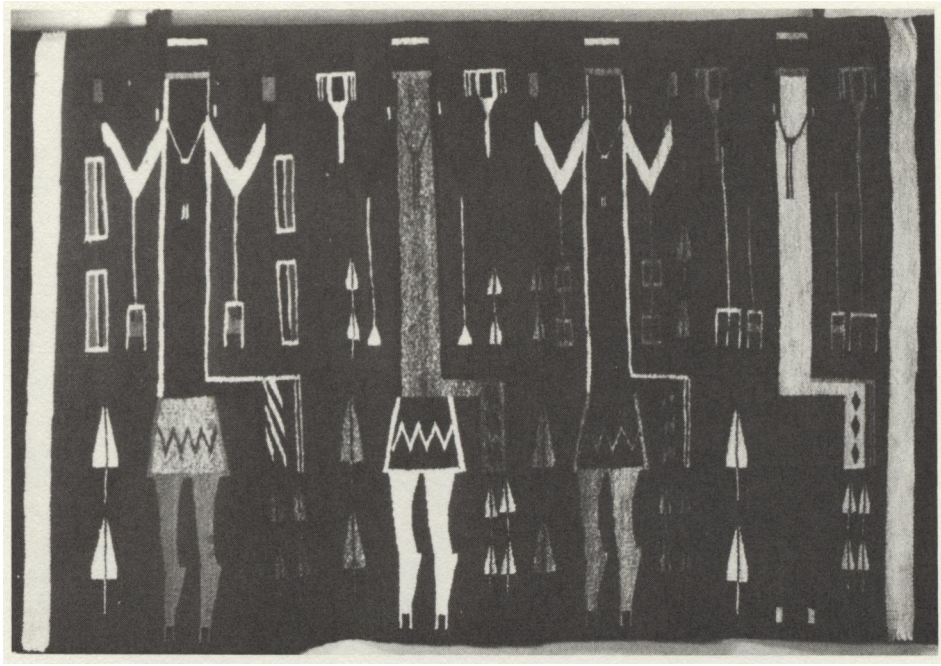
My faith in Mormonism is still strong. It is important to me that both my Indian people and the Mormons believe that the earth was created spiritually before it was created physically, that the purpose of this life is to gain experience, that our lives are to be lived so that our Creator can be proud of us individually and as a people, that the Son of God came among us to teach us how to live. We have traditions around the numbers three, twelve, and thirteen, that are reminiscent of Mormon ways. Ceremonies allow those who are authorized to bless, marry, and heal. Fasting and prayer are ways to spiritual power in both cultures.

Yet many of my questions are still there, too. When people tell me that my traditions develop from the Book of Mormon, I ask, "Then why do I have to give up those traditions to be a Mormon?" When people say, "You don't have to give up anything good. Mormonism just builds on something that is better," I say, "Why must I abandon the foundations to have the rest of the building?"

A problem for me is that I see the LDS culture as a separate structure from LDS teachings. With all my heart I accept those LDS teachings and want them for my children; but the LDS culture has become more alien, not more familiar, as the years have passed. I think sometimes of that LDS culture — of that first generation of Saints, all of them converted to a shockingly radical new religion, trying in faith to build together a new community. From their efforts, ironically, have come the culture that now tells us that we are not converted unless we accept the culture as well as the teachings — or even seems to urge us to accept the culture, never mind about the teachings. As I have talked to many Indians, they too feel that the culture of the Mormons gets in the way of the teachings.

I may be wrong. I have been wrong before. I know that all people must abandon parts of their culture to accept the gospel. Many of my Indian brothers and sisters have given up their cultures to become Mormon — to be acceptable to their anglo Mormon brothers and sisters. How long do they last? The teachings of the Church allow us to be both Indian and Mormon, but to expect Indians to be anglo Mormons puts an enormous strain on some of the Indian people. Some feel they must choose between being Mormon and being Indian. Yet those who abandon their roots and their heritage altogether, trying to be white except for their skins, do not seem to be either happier or more successful.

It shouldn't be a conflict. We shouldn't have to choose. In both my ward and among my people, I am called "brother." I feel that responsibility in both settings. I feel the potentiality of that reward. And I remember my grandmother, the first Indian member of the Relief Society in the Uintah Basin. After years of faithful serevice, she went back to the traditional ways. For her, the gap got wider and wider until she had to choose. Surely, four generations later for me and my children, it should be possible to retain the beauty and the blessedness in both ways.



Hozhoogoo Nanina Doo

Michael Fillerup

Max Hansen dipped his brush into the can and reached to the ceiling, spreading paint thickly and smoothly across the plyboard surface. He paused a moment, listening to a faint tapping sound. Rain? No. A loose strip of metal or maybe a tumbleweed blowing against a window. With his free hand, Max wiped the sweat from his forehead and squinted at his paint-freckled watch. Eight-thirty. He still had to finish the west end of the ceiling where the rollers hadn't reached. Another four or five hours, at least. But it was his last night on the reservation (his very last, this time), and he was determined to finish. Even if it took all night. He would finish.

Max dipped the brush again and spread more paint. He hated painting. And this part was the worst, the touching up. Dip and spread, dip and spread. It took him forever to cover the bare spots and just as long to drag the ladder around. Slow slow slow.

He had been at it nonstop since dawn. A thousand things had been going through his mind, but at the moment — dipping again, spreading again — he remembered the day he punched the medicine man in the mouth. Poor Ben Notah, the old *shicheii*. The only tooth he had left and I had to go and knock it out. That was a bad one, Father. Even under the circumstances. I knew better. Or should have. It was . . . circumstances. That was the turning point. If I'd controlled it, if I'd stopped it then and there . . . things would be different now, I think. I'd be different.

Weary, woozy, Max stroked the brush directly overhead. Bits of white paint speckled his face, one or two catching him in the eye. Blinking his eye clear, he looked down at the gym floor — row upon row of old linoleum tiles, chipped, cracked, faded to a bleak beige, perpetually coated with dust, some

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missing, leaving black tar marks and the overall impression of an unfinished puzzle. Cheap, like the rest of the building, a full-sized churchhouse with a chapel, steeple, classrooms, and a "cultural hall." But cheap. Plyboard and cinderblock.

Once again, Max began counting the beams in the ceiling. Counting helped pass the time. How many brush strokes to paint one panel, how many to cover ten feet of trim? Thirty-six beams ribbed the A-framed ceiling. He had barely started beam number thirty-five. Working fast, he could paint one every two to two-and-a-half hours. Faster if I wasn't so damn finicky. I don't know why. This far off the ground who's going to notice? Max looked down at the deteriorating floor, then up again. Except me. And You. Thee. Sorry. The damn, too.

Calculating the hours he had spent just this week alone, Max felt overwhelmed. The gym had never seemed very big to him until he had started painting it. Then it had taken on cathedral proportions. He'd be here forever: six, seven, maybe eight more hours. It was Saturday night, but if he had to work on into the Sabbath, well . . . It's for the kingdom, right?

Slipping his free hand under his t-shirt, Max gave his sweat-drenched garments a tug. They tore from his skin like adhesive tape. He ran his hand across his forehead. Painting was bad enough, but monsoon season made it torture. Sticky, sweaty jungle heat. No air-conditioning, no swamp cooler. Not even cross-ventilation. All the window cranks had been broken off — by vandals, mischievous kids, overzealous basketball players. Max had refused to have them replaced until more members — meaning more Navajo members — pitched in with the branch budget. Now in mid-August he was paying for his principles. During the past week, the sweathouse effect had cost him so much in body fluids that his skin seemed to have shrunk to the bone. He no longer looked skinny but skeletal, as if he'd been on a hunger strike. His face, usually summer tan, looked pale, almost gray, and whittled to the bone. His blue eyes looked neutral. Washed out.

Max dipped his brush and slapped it against the ceiling. Five hours, he reassured himself. Five. Then he would lock up the church for the last time and walk back to his Bureau of Indian Affairs trailer, which he would also lock up for the last time the next morning, and then drive south to Tucson. Away from that thankless, endless classroom in the school that was in no better shape than the chapel. Monday morning he and Melissa would board the 747 to Hawaii for a long-awaited and well-deserved second honeymoon. Without kids, without Indians. Even if we can't afford it. After ten years . . . Alma and the sons of Mosiah invested twice that in the Lamanites, but compare the dividends. When I first came in '73 we had five coming out to priesthood meeting. Now we've got four, all different. They come and they go. Commit and poop out, then commit again.

Ten years. In that time he had seen dozens of Navajo families join the church; none had remained active. Hundreds of Navajo kids had been baptized and bussed off on Placement; hundreds more had been bussed back home. Some graduated, then fell away. A few went on to BYU, and fewer still man-

aged a temple marriage. Of these, a handful had forsaken the reservation. The others had returned and, in time, had sought out the peyote meetings, the squaw dances, the bootleggers . . . . Two steps back for every one forward. Leaning haphazardly against the trading post, red-eyed, smiling his yellow smile, Natoni Nez once summed it up perfectly: "Brother Max, out here the possible is impossible!" True pearls of wisdom from a drunken Indian. I don't know. I must be crazy, perched up here on a ladder twenty-five feet off the ground. The heat's getting to me. Or I'm getting old. Thirty-five and what have I got to show for it?

Thirty-five. Ten years. No active converts. Except for Sherman Tsosie. Max's first and last counselor, his only active Melchizedek Priesthood holder. Portly and pot-bellied, his prickly black hair glistening with oil, he would strut into the chapel every Sunday in a blue leisure suit, sunglasses, and cowboy boots, greeting Max cheerfully, "Ya-tay-ho! Ya-tay-ho!"

The chief. Heart and soul of the branch. Pounding the pulpit in Navajo. Five years ago Max had baptized him and a year later Sherman had taken his family through the Mesa Temple. If anyone was ever ready. . . . Then, just before Christmas last year, he left home. Just took off. Went a-whoring. Like the others. I thought I knew him better. I thought I. . . .

Max wiped his forehead again — dip, spread, wipe — and added a few more strokes until that section of the beam was thickly and evenly coated. He climbed down the rickety ladder, careful to compensate for the two missing rungs, and moved it a yard or so further along the drop-cloth. Uncapping the lid on the five-gallon bucket, he propped it on his thigh and carefully tilted the mouth. Why am I doing this? And why alone? Because no one else would . . . because the project had been dragging on for five years now . . . because it was his last night on the Rez. . . . Fresh paint plopped into the can. Then he heard something else — a vague rumbling outside, then a small explosion, followed moments later by another, like delayed artillery fire. He ignored it and re-capped the bucket.

The work had started with a bang, anglos and Navajos working side by side every Wednesday night and all day Saturday, like the Nephite society. But enthusiasm soon fizzled and the churchhouse sat four years half-finished. Half-assed. Like everything else around here. And it wasn't even my project. Jeff Peterson's. The CPA from Salt Lake. Married to sour-faced Marie, who sat in the back pew scowling every Sunday. Big. Huge. Permanently pregnant. They couldn't wait to get out of here. Peterson the big-plan man. He started the whole thing, called it a vision. Then moved back to Utah and left me holding the bag. Me and Melissa and Steve Adams. And Sherman. He was there too. We all stuck it out. Peterson's vision became our nightmare. The other anglos said they were burned out and wouldn't lift another finger until more Lamanites helped out, while the Navajos said they had more urgent business, like hauling wood and water, going to rodeos, or to *yeibicheii* dances . . . or they just didn't show.

Max and his faithful crew of three had managed to complete the exterior and half the interior before abandoning the project halfway through its second

year, just before Max was called as branch president. I never officially said, "No more!" One Saturday was cancelled for a district basketball tournament, and the next for Tsidii's funeral, then we never started up again. I guess I wanted more Navajos too. And I pooped out, just didn't care anymore — about anything. And there was Tsidii, you know.

So for the next three years the churchhouse had remained a half-painted eccentricity. Then, one hot afternoon last June, Max went to the trading post and checked the mail — a bill from Navajo Communications, a J . C. Penney summer catalog, and a letter from Tucson Public Schools offering him a teaching position. He was stunned. Melissa kissed the letter. Ten years we'd been trying to get out of here and when our ticket out finally arrived I was scared to death. Not of the job but ten years. . . .

The following Sunday when Max stood to conduct sacrament meeting, he announced solemnly: "We are going to finish painting the church by August 10th. All who wish to help beautify the Lord's house may come on Wednesday nights and Saturday mornings. . . ."

But it was summer. Steven Adams, the seminary teacher, was gone, and Sherman Tsosie was AWOL. So Max and Melissa alone had worked like dogs five, sometimes six nights a week, right up until they had loaded the U-Haul and headed south. For good, they thought. But the painting was not finished. The ceiling. The lousy beams. Thirty-six of them. And a week later, eight days before their flight to Hawaii, fifteen days before his new teaching contract began, Max drove north again to clear up some "paperwork," though the real reason, the one he couldn't explain even to himself, let alone to her . . . Forgive the deception, Lord. Does the end ever justify the means?

He had arrived a week ago Sunday. Early Monday morning he attacked the ceiling, confident he could paint six beams a day for six days. Six times six and he could be home by Sunday evening as he had promised. But the work dragged, and twelve-hour days stretched to fourteen and fifteen hours. On Friday he ran out of paint and had to drive a hundred miles into Gallup to buy more. The trip cost him half a day, three beams. Saturday morning when he stepped inside the gym, the south windows tinged with dawn light, a rose quartz reflection, he found himself staring up at nine unpainted beams. Nine times two equals eighteen hours, or times two-and-a-half equals twenty-four hours, or times. . . .

Max glanced at his watch. 9:35. At this rate I'll be here till Monday. Or New Year's. Father, couldn't you maybe help speed things up a bit? I know, I know: faith precedes the miracle. And if I'm so fired up to finish, why am I standing here staring at a ceiling I have no business painting in the first place? He had already moved his family and his furniture, turned in his classroom keys to the principal. He had even given his farewell address at church. That was the toughest. All alone up there, hung out to dry.

He had often wondered how it would feel to stand at the pulpit for the last time, looking down at the familiar faces. But that morning he faced a congregation of strangers, missionary contacts, one-timers. A helpless, pointless finale. My talk was way over their heads — way over: "After living two years

in solitude in a humble, home-made cabin on Walden Pond, Henry David Thoreau abandoned his life of spartan simplicity. When asked why, he explained that he left not because he found that life-style disagreeable but because he had other lives to live. I believe I'm leaving the reservation for the same reason. . . ."

He rambled on toward his real, final message, a scathing condemnation for their promiscuity, drunkenness, irresponsibility, slothfulness, wife and child abuse, deceit, jealousy, neglect, lack of commitment — the whole gauntlet of social and moral crimes. But as he looked out over the audience, the men in blue jeans and cowboy hats, the women in drooping skirts and shawls, many of them smelling like campfires, they took on an aura of innocence, became children in his eyes.

"I just want you all to know that I . . . I love each and every one of you. . . ." The great cliche. The cop-out. As if you can sincerely love someone you don't know from Adam, Eve, or Jake the Silversmith. But I did. At that moment I truly did.

Afterwards, moving through the crowd of shy strangers, he felt a warm hand touch the back of his arm. The touch was distinct, apart from the random rubbing of the crowd.

Turning, he saw an old woman, a *saani* in a shiny velveteen blouse and pleated satin skirt, blood-red, with a squash blossom necklace as big as a harness bearing down on her sagging breasts. Her face, ridged with wrinkles, was long, flat, caramel-colored. Her silver hair was knotted in back with fresh white yarn. She looked at Max, her eyes inscrutable as a Chinese matriarch, stern but sad. I hadn't noticed her during my talk. It was like she'd come from nowhere. But I knew I'd seen her before.

She greeted him with a hand touch and called him *shiyaazh*, my son. She spoke in Navajo as if he could understand every word. Before he could place her face, someone called his name and he glanced away, only for a moment. When he looked back, she was gone. Vanished. Like a ghost. If I hadn't actually shaken her hand. . . .

Max could recall only a fragment of what she had said — *hozhoogoo nanina doo*. Even with his limited understanding he could decipher it, more or less, but had asked Dennis at the boarding school for verification. "May you go in beauty, harmony, and happiness." Unusual, Dennis said. Not your typical farewell. It echoed the closing lines of the Blessingway ceremony. The words didn't throw me, but why did she say them to me, a *bilagaana*, a stranger, whispering as if she were passing on a secret?

With his fist, Max hammered the lid snugly back on the five-gallon bucket. Brush and can in hand, he climbed back up the ladder, this time planting both feet on the rung above the scarred red decal that read: CAUTION: DO NOT STAND ON OR ABOVE THIS POINT. As he painted farther from the wall and nearer to where the twin beams met, he had to climb one or two rungs higher until, painting directly under the apex, he was standing on the very top rung. If I fall and get killed, I'll catch hell from Melissa. In this life or the next, one way or another, I'll catch it from her.

Stretching his arm as far as he could, Max spread more paint. At each ladder setting he could cover about seven feet, stretching three-and-a-half feet either way. It took four settings to reach the apex and another three to the opposite wall. Seven settings, wall to wall. Seven times two minus two settings already . . . twelve more times up and down the ladder. Four hours, twelve settings, three settings per hour, seven settings per beam, seventy-two settings per day, 365 days per year times seventy-two times ten years. . . . Max's eyes traveled hopelessly across the ribbed ceiling, down the plywood walls, across the dusty floor. Ten years, and what have I done? Endured to the end, and that's about it.

The end. Bittersweet, like the pre-rain fragrance outside. All week, big dark thunderheads had migrated like giant herds from west to east across the sky, blotting out the stark blue. And every afternoon, as if in anticipation, the sun-scalded earth released that same premonitory smell, bittersweet, sexual. But the rain had never come. All week Max had listened hopefully to the distant rumbling of thunder. Stepping outside the hothouse gym, he had watched the rain like a vast gray veil hanging from the dirty clouds, every so often ignited by a streak of lightning. But somehow the rain had evaded the little valley, as if this area alone, for some reason, were being denied. I know it's a wicked and an adulterous generation that asks for a sign, but something, Lord. . . .

Max stretched to touch up around one of the eight ceiling lights. Three years now and only four burning. What does it take to replace a light bulb? What doesn't it take? Laziness. Incompetence. Apathy. Passwords out here. It wears on you. It wears. Melissa endured like a spartan, but once she was through, she was through: "You're not going back up there, Max. It's not our chapel anymore. Let the Indians paint it — if they care." It gets everyone eventually. Some sooner than others.

Elder and Sister Crawford from Wyoming. As broad as he was tall, Elder Crawford always looked as if he'd just come in from the fields and had thrown on a suit without showering. Winter or summer, sweat stippled his crew-cut hair and oozed from his brick-red bulldog jowls. His belly curled like a giant lip over his thick leather belt. Max first met him on a Sunday morning as he nervously paced the floor of the tiny trailer where the Sliding Rock Branch met for one hour each week. He was chewing a toothpick, fretting, stewing, his blue eyes darting between the clock and the lone family that had straggled in, quiet, unconcerned, just before noon for a meeting scheduled to begin at ten.

Later, in the Crawfords' cramped one-bedroom trailer with a bathroom no bigger than a coat closet, Max asked cheerfully, to make conversation, "So how long have you been out?"

"Two months," Crawford answered grimly. "And nine-and-a-half to go!"

Max chuckled. "You're already counting the days."

Crawford fired back humorlessly: "You'd better believe it!"

He caught me totally off guard. Most couple missionaries shoulder it in silence or try to laugh it off. Some even find their niche. Elder Robertson must have fixed half the pick-ups on the Rez. Driving to work on snowy

mornings, I'd see him out chopping wood for old Sister Tsinajinnie. But Crawford was something else.

"In the M.T.C. they told us these people were crying to hear the gospel — just crying to hear it! We was all set to come out here and set the mission on fire! But I'll tell you . . . ." Crawford shook his head despairingly, snorted, worked some phlegm around in his mouth.

"I'm surprised they said that," Max said, glancing over at Sister Crawford, quietly knitting in the corner. Compared to her husband, she looked frail and timid, a dwarf in below-the-knee skirts as drab as her poodle-cut hair. But of the two she was the rock.

Max tried to give Elder Crawford some encouragement. "I've only been out here a couple of years, so I'm no expert. But if I've learned one thing, it's don't try to change them overnight. You'll just get frustrated. It was fifteen years before these people would use a can opener, let alone accept the gospel of Jesus Christ."

Elder Crawford's fat red finger jabbed like a dagger. Max flinched. "That's right!" he growled, his face growing redder by the second. "They're too old-fashioned! Stupid is what they are! I seen some yesterday trying to shear sheep with them rusty old hand shears. Don't they know how to use electric shears?"

"Where do they live?"

"Up to the mesa."

"Maybe they don't have electricity."

Elder Crawford's fat lower lip curled indignantly. His wife looked up from her knitting, then down.

Max continued, "From their perspective, what do we really have to offer them? They don't need temporal help. Food, clothing, medical care — Uncle Sam takes care of that with no strings attached. No mopping up the church-house or washing baptismal clothes in return."

Elder Crawford nodded and his vulcanized face simmered.

"When they join the church," Max continued matter-of-factly, "they have to forsake squaw dances and ceremonies and Sunday rodeos and picnics and good old Garden de Luxe. All the things that make life enjoyable. And for what? The promise of eternal life? Sorry. It's now or never in their minds. They don't even have a future tense. Not like ours. We even lose out spiritually. The peyote church offers them automatic visions. We can't guarantee that."

Forgive the blasphemy, Father. I was telling it like I've seen it, not to stir up dissension but to offer some consolation maybe. And he missed the irony. Baring his crooked yellow teeth, his face flushed and swollen, ready to explode: "That's exactly what I been telling these people! I told this one lady the other day: 'What do you think this church is all about? You expect the church to give you everything without you making no sacrifice! What kind of church don't make you make no sacrifice? You expect us to come out here and wipe your little behinds?' "

Max winced. He knew the type: they drove up at all hours of the night in battered one-eyed pickups or fresh-off-the-line models, the cowboy-hatted

husband slouching in the cab, aloof, while his wife in blue jeans and a windbreaker knocked on the door, usually with a sandpainting or a rug or jewelry to pawn or sell. And even if she didn't, if she was just begging a buck to go over the hill and have a good time. . . . He broke the rules, Rez protocol.

"You didn't really say that, did you?" Max asked, straining to maintain a smile.

"I sure did!" Elder Crawford cocked his head proudly, as if he'd just borne his testimony alongside Abinadi. Sister Crawford continued knitting.

I wondered then why You sent people like Crawford out here. Maybe to open those slit eyes of his. Back home in a good solid Mormon ward on good solid Mormon soil, where values and ideals are mutually accepted and love and compassion cut and dry, we get to thinking we're pretty good Latter-day Saints. Then welcome to the Rez! A brand new ballgame with a whole new set of rules.

Elder Crawford continued: "I could say no to my bishop, but I couldn't say no to the Lord!" Then, musing on his home town: "That's paradise up there. Just paradise. But this here . . . . " Mormon purgatory? I promised myself I'd leave before I ever turned into a Crawford. Did I hang on seven years too long?

Max climbed down the ladder, moved it another few feet, and climbed back up. Just the thought of Crawford's burning red cheeks made Max feel ten degrees hotter. He wiped his sweaty forehead. Faint drops sounded for a moment like rain, but then Max realized they were drops of sweat or paint or both splashing on the canvas below. He thought of Christ in Gethsemane, the blood oozing from every pore, then felt a sense of shame at the trivia of his ordeal. And what have I learned in ten years — ten times longer than Elder Crawford?

In ten years, he had entered the shacks and hogans countless times, at all hours and in all furies of weather, to bless the sick or cast out evil spirits or nullify witchings. Every year he had exhausted his annual leave with the BIA to conduct funerals for the old and weddings for pregnant brides and their reluctant boyfriends. He had visited the elderly, the widowed, the sad, the disfigured, the handicapped, members or not. And he had performed miracles.

No. *A* miracle had been performed *through* him. He remembered that rainy night. A late knock on his door. Sister Watchman, short, squat, a Pendleton blanket over her shoulders and a scarf over her head, dripping wet, smelling of body odor, wet wool, mutton stew. Her daughter, Coreen, fourteen, dripping beside her. "My mother wants a blessing," she said.

Usually she wanted a couple of bucks to go visit Curly Floyd, the bootlegger. Usually she would have unclasped the turquoise bracelet from her wrist, her only valuable, and silently offered it to him for pawn.

"Come in," he said. "*Woshdee.*"

They did, but stopped on the small linoleum square just inside the door. Their Fed-Mart sneakers were caked with mud.

"What's the problem?" Max asked.

Mother and daughter whispered to one another in Navajo. Then the daughter, to Max: "Cancer." Motioning shyly to her left breast. "Here. They're going to operate here." She made a slicing movement with her hand. Rain pelleted the trailer. Setting a chair in the middle of the living room, Max instructed the daughter to have her mother sit down. He laid his hands on the woman's head and blessed her in the name of Jesus Christ — blessed her to receive the best and wisest medical attention; blessed her with the strength and courage and faith to cope and carry on; blessed her family, her friends, the doctors. . . .

After he finished, Sister Watchman stood up, neither smiling nor frowning, and whispered to Coreen.

"My mother says thank you. She says she'll be well now."

Silently Max watched mother and daughter step out into the rain, too stunned to call them back to clarify the blessing, the stipulations, the no-guarantee clauses. She ignored the fine print, the "if it be Thy will," "according to thy faithfulness." She was expecting a miracle, for crying out loud! A miracle! You don't just — well, of course, you can, but . . . well. . . .

"*Hagoshi*," was all she said. It is well.

Sister Watchman returned to her loom and her livestock, and the next time Max saw her, she was alive and well and double-breasted, shooing her sheep along the wash.

He had almost finished another section when a nagging itch developed in his lower back. Irritated and unable to reach it, he threw his brush into the can, descended the ladder, and walked out into the hot, sticky night.

The full moon gazed down milky yellow, like a sick idol, while a handful of stars boiled around it, the remainder blotted out by the congregating thunderheads. On the horizons lights puffed up and faded out, over and over, like a chain reaction of flashbulbs. A muffled rumbling followed, more artillery fire. Watching and listening Max felt anticipation and apprehension, something longed for yet at the same time threatening.

Max stared at the churchhouse. From the foot of the butte, it looked solid and stately, the silver steeple reaching into the heavens. The long A-frame roof, like a transplant from a Swiss chalet, rose boldly out of the horizontal desert and carved a sharp wedge into the night. But he knew its imperfections too well, the gaping fractures climbing the cinderblock walls, the peeling paint, the weeds prying apart the concrete walks, the scabby grass out front. In daylight, naked, the south wing looked more like an Anasazi ruin than a Mormon house of worship. It all seemed so futile. A year after it had been slapped on, the brown trim outside was already flaking off. The Rez had no deference for the holy priesthood, let alone Sears' Weatherbeater.

He looked across the road at a bonfire outside the Benally hogan. It was big, gold, fluttering like a shredded flag or a maverick sun. A couple of stray dogs were nosing into a tipped trash can. Up on the hill by the water tank, he could hear voices, soft, giggling. A pair of headlights flickered down the road like scavenger eyes. Soaked with sweat, his throat parched as if coated

with sawdust, Max closed his eyes and inhaled deeply. A warm wind blew across his weary face, cooling him.

Elder Crawford called it the Land of Desolation, but his head was still in Wyoming, doting on banal Rocky Mountain beauty, snow-capped peaks and pine trees. Yes, it's a harsh, stubborn, mean, bastard land, a desert, but it's Yours. Thine. And the beauty was there. In the bizarre sandstone architectures — vermillion castles, leaning towers, onion domes, minarets, a sombrero tilting on the tip of a wizard's cap. It was in the mesa, barricading the land from the world beyond like the Great Chinese Wall. It was in the colors, greens yellows golds browns reds blues — ever-changing in the interplay of sun and shadow, every shade and tone imaginable bleeding from the rocks, the sand, the sky. It was in the valleys, vast and empty save a hogan or windmill, floating like tiny ships at sea or satellites in outer space. Beautiful, but harsh. Stubborn. Like the people.

He could see that stubbornness in everything, from the tough, stingy sage and rabbit brush that resisted the winds and rain, to the gaping mouths in the sheer, weather-crippled canyon cliffs, to the gnarled rocks and pinnacles, to the juniper trees, whose silver bark splintered and spiraled around contorted trunks. But it grows on you, if you let it.

Driving the empty reservation roads, he had come to relish the ocean-like stretches of land, so opposite the vertical thrust of pines, of mountains, forever forcing the eye upward, heavenbound. When we vacationed in Tucson or Salt Lake, all the neat little suburban neighborhoods with neat little lawns and neatly marked streets and real gutters and sidewalks and concrete everywhere and everything precisely squeezed together without an inch unpaved unplanted unaccounted for . . . I got claustrophobia, Lord. And the long tedious hours his parents and in-laws and brothers and sisters and cousins and friends devoted to keeping their yards trimmed and tidy seemed vain and presumptuous. Wasted. Are they neurotic and have I seen a new and better light? Or just become lazy? Caught the Lamanite disease?

He had come a stripling twenty-five-year-old, fresh out of graduate school, with flashing blue eyes and rosy cheeks into which the creases were daily digging deeper. His face and hands had taken on the parched look of the land, without the color. It wears, Lord. The sand in your hair, your food, your bowels. The Dust Bowl blizzards and sweatbox summers. The incompetence. The laziness. The B.S. The hypocrisy and contradictions. The Attakai family, no gas money to drive to church on Sunday but a satellite dish outside their double-wide trailer. Jerry Benally calling at three A.M.: "Go over to the clinic! My brother needs a priesthood blessing!" His brother mashed in a car wreck, his second in a month. The Pampers and pop cans and potato chip wrappers littering Sacred Mother Earth. . . .

It wears. The drunks. The panhandlers. The lukewarm Mormons who supplement the sacrament with peyote chips. Or worse, the members on the books only, strangers cornering me at the trading post, pumping my arm, asking me about my family, my job, the branch. Then: "Can you loan me a couple dollars?" It's insulting, as if a promise to sit through sacrament meeting

is worth five bucks to me. As if attendance is my hang-up. They show up in the pews for the first time in three years and even bear their testimonies — how they went astray but are back to stay now — then afterwards catch me in my office, shaking my hand again, the alcohol still red in their eyes, giving me a song and dance about how they'd quit drinking and are going straight, have just seen Jesus sunbathing in the wash . . . "Because I believe! I believe in Je-sus!" Saying the Savior's name not like a Mormon, with meekness and restraint, but that canned commercial hip-hip-hurray fanatacism of a Baptist preacher. And inevitably, the request: "So I was wondering if maybe the church could loan me some money." For a truck payment because no G.A. check this month — computer foul-up. Or to take their dying mother to the hospital. She was dying the last time they tried to hit me up. I've heard them all. It wears. The land. The people. It gets everyone sooner or later.

Except them. *The* People. They endured. In their own passive stubborn obstinate way. Like the grass, the sagebrush, the canyons.

The light on the horizon still pulsed off and on like a stuttering bulb about to black out under the smothering weight of the clouds. It struggled weakly but valiantly. Silently Max urged it to resist.

As he started back to the church, a huge fork of lightning streaked across the northern sky followed by a bigger, brighter one that plunged earthward like a giant talon. A third streak reached down as if to pluck the steeple right off the churchhouse. Defiantly Max moved away from the building and the butte, into an open area where he stood like a solitary pine. He was not afraid but apprehensive, and not of the lightning but of hoping too soon. The moon was gone, buried in black clouds. The sky rumbled, then let loose a barrage of cannonballing booms that shook the churchhouse and everything around it. But that was all. No rain.

He turned and headed back inside. The thunder simmered to a faint echo and the lightning to a few dying pulsations on the mesa. Max gripped the ladder with both hands and looked up despairingly. The beams looked like a prehistoric skeleton. He felt trapped inside the belly of a whale.

He dragged the ladder a couple feet to the center of the gym, right under the apex. Climbing very slowly, cradling the can and brush in one arm, he felt a sour-stomach, acrophobic feeling. His muscles grew limp and feverish, his free hand quivering as it moved from rung to rung. Thirty-five times and I still feel like I'm tight-roping across the Grand Canyon. Peterson promised me scaffolds out here. . . .

Carefully Max crept upwards until he was kneeling on the top. Slowly moving one foot up on the rung, then the other, he raised himself until he was standing erect. He glanced down. The linoleum floor seemed a thousand feet below. Black tar marks glared back at him like Halloween eyes. Slowly, painstakingly, Max touched the brush to the beams, stretching only a foot or two in either direction. Don't let me down now. Not this close. Ten years. It wasn't always like this — I wasn't, was I?

Initially he'd been positive, optimistic. He'd tried to learn all he could about the land and the people. He took night classes in Navajo language and

culture. He picked up local hitchhikers and learned to say no tactfully. At church, in talks and testimonies, he constantly stressed unity and the similarities rather than the differences between the Anglo and Navajo members, citing the Zion Society in Fourth Nephi, in which there were no Lamanites or any manner of -ITES: "It doesn't matter if you're black white red green yellow or pink-purple-polka-dotted, whether you eat whole-wheat or white bread. We are all bound by a power that goes far beyond any mortal family or cultural ties. We are literally brothers and sisters, sealed to one another by the blood of Jesus Christ. . . ."

At socials he entertained the crowd with slapstick skits and John Wayne impersonations. He made few demands on anyone, even at work, indulging the Church members, shouldering the burdens of a crippled branch with grin-and-bear-it fortitude. But I let little things get under my skin. The mud. The cockroaches.

Ben Notah, the medicine man. Knocking on Max's door that tragic afternoon three years ago. I never knew quite what to make of Ben. He was a bona fide medicine man, a great sand-painter, the best. But he didn't look the part loitering around the trading post in holey sneakers and a World War I trenchcoat that hung below his knees. A wool skullcap covered his half-bald head. He looked like a troll on welfare.

"Brother Max! *Ya' at' eeh*!" Smiling, his solitary front tooth Skoal-stained, carious, a rotting kernel of corn; extending his hand, plump, crusty, polka-dotted with scabs. "Brother Max, maybe you can help me out? Could I borrow five dollars?"

Before Max could refuse, Ben was making promises: "I'll bring you two sandpaintings tomorrow. The Buffalo-Who-Never-Dies and the Nightway."

"Ben, you still owe me a sandpainting from the last time."

"I'll bring it tomorrow."

"Fine. Then we'll be even-steven."

Ben looked puzzled but smiled. "I'll pay you back tomorrow. I promise. I'm giving a lecture on the Blessingway at the Presbyterian Church. I'm getting a hundred dollars. You come too."

I wasn't usually that stupid. Or gullible. But he caught me at a weak moment, right in the middle of scripture study, the Sermon on the Mount. I was fasting, too.

Max opened his wallet and took out a five-dollar bill. "You'll pay me back tomorrow?"

"Honest Injun," Ben said, grinning.

Max never saw the money or the sandpaintings. And when he looked through the door at Ben's oily face and his eyes begging pity he didn't deserve — or didn't need; him standing there alive and well and breathing inside that porky little booze-abused body while my little Tsidii . . . I couldn't handle it, Father.

Max's fist plowed square into his face, splitting it from the top of his lip to the tip of his chin. The medicine man sprawled backwards off the steps and into the dirt where he sat up slowly, ribbons of red trickling down his mouth,

looking not angry or frightened but confused. Finally he opened his mouth and spit out his lone tooth; dusting himself off, he hobbled out the gate. Max buried his face in his hands, weeping not for Ben or his daughter or even himself, just weeping.

Another rumble outside. Miming his empty belly. Max sensed the early twitchings of a cramp in his left calf. He closed his eyes and tried to unthink the knot. The day he punched Ben Notah had begun right here. In this gym. This damn gym. He remembered perfectly: chasing downcourt after the speedy guard from Rough Rock; the loud, dull crash just outside the building. Then silence. The ladder — heavy, wooden, left standing from last week's paint project — now lying on his daughter's skull, dented like a tin can. Max heaved the ladder aside, but her blue eyes and rosebud lips were already frozen. Melissa, walking over from the trailer, hastening her walk, running: "Max! Oh my God, Max!"

Kneeling in the hot noon sun with the bleeding little head in his hands, Max said, calmly at first, "Go home and get the oil. It's in the refrigerator, the lower shelf." Melissa, hysterical, screaming until he screamed back, "Dammit, Liz! Shut up and get the oil!" She ran off. The crowd had gathered, mostly athletic young men with glossy black hair and smooth, sinewy limbs but dumbfounded expressions. Max scanned the group hopelessly. "Woodrow!" he called to an elderly spectator who spoke little English. The only Melchizedek Priesthood holder in the crowd. "Come here. *Hago*!"

But Woodrow backed off, shaking his old sandblasted face. I couldn't blame him. He still hadn't forsaken the old ways. Afraid of the ghost spirit. Old *chindi.*

The others backed away too, silent, as Max placed his hands on the child's dented skull and, calling her by name, whispered desperately, "In the name of Jesus Christ and by the authority of the Holy Priesthood, I . . . I command you to live. I command you . . . You will have a full and complete recovery. You will suffer . . . no . . . no physical or mental disability. You will. . . ." But he broke down, never finished the prayer. By the time Melissa arrived with the vial of consecrated oil, he was covering the child's face with his t-shirt. Bad timing on Ben's part. When he knocked on the door, I could still smell Tsidii's blood frying on the pavement.

So Ben Notah lost his last tooth. And the next morning Max woke up with a fist the size of a boxing glove. A veteran at mending barroom cuts and gashes, the doctor at the PHS clinic took one look at his bloated paw and smiled: "Who got the best of it?"

He did, Max thought, stabbing his brush at the very top of the apex. Just as painstakingly as he had mounted the top rung, he began climbing down. Two shots of penicillin and my hand wrapped up for a week. A high priest in Israel punching out an old medicine man. . . .

That very night the district president, a stocky little Hopi with a goatee, had knocked at his door.

"Brother Hansen, the Lord has called you to serve as president of the Tsegi Branch."

Timing. It was the timing again.

"I don't think I should accept."

"Why not?"

Max hesitated. "You need a Lamanite."

"The Lord has chosen you."

"Are you sure?"

President Seweyestewa hesitated. "Yes."

He was sustained and set apart the next day.

Max glanced at his paint-freckled watch. Ten o'clock. One-and-a-half beams, ten settings to go. He'd have to work faster—much faster. He climbed back up the ladder. Strange how he had walked across that parcel of pavement thousands of times over the past three years without thinking of the fallen ladder and his daughter's little head smashed underneath it. Now he wondered how much he had paid for that kind of detachment. Or did I care that much to begin with? I gave it lip service too. Fatherhood, my number one calling; family, my greatest joy. Not really. Not at first. Not until five years ago when our fourth (and last?)....

Tsidii Yazhi, the Navajos called her, "Little Bird," because her hair was so white and stiff and stuck straight out all over, like an exotic bird. I could never pronounce it right, always fouling up the *Ts*, my awful Navajo. Before Tsidii, fatherhood was a duty, a lot of hassle and . . . adaptation. No, I don't think I loved her more than the other three. It just took me that long to finally . . . well, delight in them.

Quickly finishing up the section, he recalled how each morning, as he left for work, she would call out to him, "Wait, Dad!" and then lug his volunteer firefighter's coat and helmet to the door, her face red from the strain, and dump them proudly at his feet: "Here, Dad!" Fetching his shoes. Announcing the first snowfall. Doing forward rolls across the living room floor. Proudly greeting him in Navajo: "*Ya'at'eeh, shizhé'é'*!" Crying when he left in the morning, dancing circles around him when he returned at night. So concerned about him: "Tired Daddy sit down . . . right here!" Maternal little two-year-old. It really hit me one night while she was putting her Cathy doll to sleep, just how spontaneous and innocent — pure, how pure she was. And how eventually those cute little arms and legs would grow long and those pinpoint nipples would swell, even her Tsidii hair would grow long and lay flat.

He wept. Not because she would eventually have matured and left him, but because, looking at her, the Tsidii-electrocuted hair, her busy little hands, her unpretentious, dimpled smile, he realized for the first time just how deeply he felt for her. All the kids. Sarah with her studious airs and gangly Mark and Shannon the little gymnast. I finally realized, or admitted to myself, yes, they are my joy, my comfort. And what else matters? Car job money house? But I wonder now if I don't need them more than they need me. What have I done for them when you get right down to it? Besides exiling them on an Indian reservation? So Sarah can't take ballet lessons and Mark still can't swim. They don't even know who Pac-Man is. Wrong. I won't apologize for that. There's more to life than Pac-Man and VCR. They loved hiking the

buttes and canyons, and driving up to Tsaile to cut down a Christmas tree. In the spring when the water was running, they'd splash in the wash like little otters. There were powwows and rodeos on weekends, and I took Mark to that Fire Dance. Things they never could have seen or felt in the suburbs. And at least they grew to respect and even love sand and space, seeing thy children in all colors. Not turning up their noses at an outhouse, and the size of a home no big deal, or a woman scooping out her breast to feed an infant during the sacrament. They didn't cringe at a dirt floor, or pity, and saw how death can have dignity even in a pine box lowered by rope into a hand-dug hole in the dirt. Maybe they didn't realize it at the time, but when we finally packed up and left, they cried all the way to Holbrook. All of them. Melissa too. . . .

Max climbed down the ladder and moved it along the drop cloth. Nine more settings. Three more hours. 10:35. He gazed about the gym at the faded boundary stripes and speckled free-throw lines. Bits of orange and black crepe paper clung to the near hoop, remnants of a Halloween party long ago.

Mounting the ladder once again, he recalled the district basketball tournament. It had started late. Somehow Tsidii had gotten into one of the five-gallon buckets and dripped paint all over the floor. I chewed her out, really yelled at her. I wasn't ready to show the increase of love yet. No, I don't begrudge Thee taking her away like that so much as taking her away then, on a sour note, my last words to her, "Shut up! Just shut up and get the hell out of here!" That, to haunt me till the Resurrection. Timing again. Ten years of bad timing.

"There's more to education than a classroom," he used to tell Melissa. "Think of the cross-cultural experience the kids are getting. They'll learn things here they couldn't learn anywhere else." Then, half-jokingly, he would point to two dogs mating outside the trading post while a pack of slop-tongued others waited their turn. Experiences. Powwows. Rodeos. Losing a daughter, a kid sister.

He thought Tsidii's death would be the last straw for Melissa, but he was the one. She had already endured beyond her breaking point. The mud, the wind. Anomie. Isolation. Death came to her as a natural consequence, a fitting culmination. After the initial shock, she had resigned herself. But her suffering had stretched out over seven years. Mine. . . . Another proverb: If your marriage can survive the Rez, it can survive anything.

He remembered (climbing down the ladder, dragging it along, climbing up again . . .) midway through their first year, Melissa, a child in each arm, crossing the muddy compound returning from teaching Primary Tuesday, Seminary Wednesday afternoon, MIA Wednesday night . . . Max drove up just as she lost her footing and slid with the two children across the mud. It looked funny at first, like a Charlie Chaplin stunt. But later, in the trailer: "I've had it with this place, Max! I'm sick and tired of buying milk that's sour because the trading post is too cheap to turn up their refrigerator. I'm sick of the drunks asking me for money every time I go to check the mail and the dead dogs on the road and this godforsaken land and the starving horses with their ribs sticking out and the old men peeing behind the Chapter House and. . . ."

He promised her they would leave at the end of the year. But with skyrocketing inflation and unemployment, a skidding job market and reservation housing dirt cheap . . . You get trapped. Financially, emotionally. "One more year" became a standing joke.

One Sunday morning in their fourth year, Melissa stormed down the hall: "Where's my slip? No, my long slip! Dammit, Shannon, I told you not to play with it . . . Max, that's it! I'm not going! I'm the only one who does anything around here. I am *not* going! Do you hear me, Max? Do you hear me?"

"Loud and clear."

"I said I'm not going!"

"Don't."

"Sarafina Begay probably won't show up and I'll have to give her Relief Society lesson — again."

But that Sunday the Navajos, young and old, poured into the chapel — humble in blue jeans and cowboy boots, a few in mangy suits, old women in velveteen or pleated rags. It was so packed we had to open the dividers and set up chairs in the gym. That Sunday I saw the bud begin to blossom.

And that night, Melissa in bed, feeling guilty, apologizing: "I don't know what got into me this morning. I haven't thrown a tantrum like that since high school."

Sitting beside her, reading scriptures: "Forget it. It's just the Rez."

The swamp cooler stirring the musty summer air and bedsprings creaked restlessly in the children's room. Guilt pangs. I had my share too. All those nights coming home late from church meetings, home visits, painting projects . . . when I could have been with Melissa, the kids.

Trudging through the door at midnight. Melissa waiting up in front of the TV.

"Kids asleep?"

"Since eight."

"So what's new in the world?"

"Hostages in Iran, Russians in Afghanistan, inflation up to twenty percent . . . same old stuff."

Flopping down on the sofa beside her, looking at bare legs that no longer lit his fire without a concentrated effort. Not because she'd gone to pot after four kids. It was me, Father. Fatigue. Burn out.

"Anything exciting happen tonight?"

"Saw Jerry Yazzie at Thriftway. Billy Tso's in jail again."

"Drunk?"

Max shrugged.

"Is he still going to be ordained an Elder?"

"Not now. Not if I have anything to say about it."

"That's too bad. He was doing real well there for awhile."

"They all do real well . . . for awhile."

His head fell softly on her lap; she stroked it gently.

"Melissa, you're terrific. It's not every woman who'd put up with all this."

"All this what?"

"All this me." He turned to her with child-like jubilation: "Someday when we've got our own house. . . ."

But after their fourth year that line ceased to console her, and by their fifth it was downright irritating, a detonator to quarrels that left the children whimpering in their bedroom. So he had dropped it completely. The line, the promise, everything, until he could finally make good on it. And then it was too late. Almost.

Finishing the thirty-fifth beam, he climbed down again. One left. Confidently he re-set the ladder, but climbing back up he was weakened by a strange feeling that the beams had somehow multiplied, that there were forty, fifty, a hundred maybe. He told himself that was crazy, impossible. He dipped his brush and spread. Mountains and valleys, Father. Up and down, up and down. Melissa and me.

There were moments. Summer mornings when her body, like the land, lay deep in shadow, fresh, fertile, the moisture on her brow like the dew on the sagebrush, and the line of her suntan a white criss-cross on her sleek back. The phone off the hook, the dog thumping its tail against the front door, the swamp cooler humming down the hall. Slowly she would awaken to his touch; then, as if he'd pressed a magic button, her cool flesh, ripe from a long night's rest, would awaken, catch fire and envelop him so suddenly that he was always caught a little off-guard and could never think through or fully feel what was happening though he always relished it, those few intimate moments when together they withdrew from the world.

Now Melissa was in Tucson with the kids. She didn't want him to go back. Maybe she was right. Maybe I should have left it to the Indians. It's their church, their land. All right, Thy church, Thy land. But why not share the blessings, right? I should have listened to Melissa. I should always have listened to Melissa.

Max paused, gazing at the ceiling, at the eight caged lights, the thirty-six oppressing beams. Where's the still, small voice telling me, No no no, noble Max, thou hast done well, my faithful if sometimes begrudging servant? Melissa. Let me see Melissa again. And the kids. Sara, Mark, Shannon. The kids I want to see. Tsidii too. No, I won't go into that.

He finished the section in record time — fifteen minutes. Six more settings, one more apex. But the heat and dehydration were getting to him. Halfway down the ladder green and black spots collided before his eyes. He miscalculated the missing second rung and almost fell. Time to end his fast — he'd been going without since dinner last night — take a drink at least. He re-set the ladder and walked down the hall into the men's room. He turned the faucet on cold and waited several moments to see if it would run any cooler, though he knew it wouldn't. A year ago he had disconnected the drinking faucet in the hall saying too many kids (yes, his too . . .) played in the water and slopped it on the floor. The real reason was the few adults who had made the porcelain trough a spitoon for their chewing tobacco.

Max filled his mouth with water but did not swallow. He swished it around several times and spit it out. The water was warm and bitter, with a rusty,

metallic flavor that complemented the putrid smell coming from the ladies' room. He peeked into the lone stall. The toilet hadn't been flushed, probably since last Sunday. So what's new?

Pushing down the plunger, he tried to laugh it off, but nausea forced him out. He collapsed against the wall, his hands, face, and neck soaked with a second sweat. His lids clenched shut against his will; the room went black. Bending at the waist, he dipped his head between his knees and left it there until the darkness cleared and his eyes reopened.

Straightening up slowly, he returned to the gym and climbed back up the ladder, thinking how many times in the last ten years Melissa's old college roommates had unknowingly broken her spirit with letters describing their new homes on the hill, then, later, how they were redecorating them, and later still, their new homes higher on the hill . . . While we bought furniture at yard sales and drove our Ford into the ground. Ten years and what have we got? A cradleboard, a couple of sandpaintings. Not that we need a Cadillac — that's the last thing. But it would have been nice — easier for Melissa, I think — if at the end we had had a little nicer house . . . something besides memories, a headstone.

The world had passed him by. In a decade his younger brothers had graduated from law and medical school and had started thriving private practices. His grandmother wrote often reminding him of his choice blessings — beautiful Melissa and the children and his wonderful "mission" among the poor Lamanites . . . . But then, inevitably the marvelous toys and bicycles and Baby Dior outfits and canopy beds his brothers had bought their children, not to mention her new microwave oven, Christmas compliments of his younger brother Robert the attorney. . . .

To Grandma Hansen, "things" are blessings from above, the temporal reflecting the spiritual. A mixed message. "The humblest hogan can be a temple if Thy Spirit there abides." Elder Crawford badgering the peyote people: "Look what your crazy religion's gotten you! A shack! A hole in the ground! You'll never get ahead. . . ."

Working quickly, Max touched up another section, descended, dragged the ladder along the drop-cloth, and refilled his empty can. He hesitated at the foot of the ladder, then detoured out into the foyer and slowly opened the door to the chapel.

He switched on the light. Large and humid, with a beamed ceiling even higher and more severely slanted than the one he was painting, the chapel seemed like a vast cavern. The plywood walls smelled like fresh paint though it had been two years since they had been refinished. From the base of the pulpit, a framed portrait of the Savior gazed at him solemnly. Max looked away. The quiet room demanded a reverence that was rare those chaotic Sunday mornings he presided over the services. Softly, he walked down the aisle, a light film of dust recording his footsteps. He gazed at the familiar old pews of fading varnish, the half-husked covers of the hymn books, the organ no one could play. A few nuggets of sacrament bread had gone stale sitting in the silver trays. Sand and dust coated the window casements. A torn and tattered

divider, like a ragged accordion, walled off the chapel from the gym. Cheap, second-rate, abused. But Max felt oddly at peace within the room, perhaps because of the many imperfections. The silence was so dense that exterior sounds seemed amplified in contrast — a knock on a door, a passing car, powwow music from a nearby trailer.

Max switched off the light, closed the chapel door, and returned to the gym. Somewhere along the way I lost my innocence. I came here a man of faith and planted what I thought was a good seed. But the soil, and this ten year drought — ten times two hundred years — I couldn't get a bud let alone a blossom. Sagebrush and rabbit grass. No roses. Everything withers — everyone. My high school buddies went to Vietnam; I wound up in Indianland. They lost their legs in a jungle on the other side of the world; I lost my marbles closer to home.

As branch president he started the services at nine A.M. sharp, whether two, three, or a hundred were present. He chastized teachers who shirked their Sunday duties and lowered the boom on members who doubled with the Native American Church. He cut off welfare assistance to inactives and tightened the screws on returning Placement students who ditched church during the summer. He made enemies. Instead of *Hastiin Nez*, "Tall Man," behind his back they called him *Dooldiní*, "SOB." Twice his tires were slashed and his windshield broken. One morning he found a mangled cat's head on his doorstep; another time, a wad of tin foil with strands of human hair wound around a piece of bone. Still, he played hardball, cried repentance from the pulpit, laid down the law: "As members of the church, fellow citizens, we're all judged by the same standards, regardless of race, creed, color . . . So I don't want to hear any more of this 'I was witched' business. We're all free agents, accountable for our own actions."

Under Max's stewardship polygamists, adulterers, fornicators, bootleggers, unrepentant sinners of every make and variety were called to court and excommunicated.

Max climbed down and moved the ladder along, clear to the other side of the gym. He would work inward, from the wall, towards his grand finale. I went off the deep end, didn't I? Not that they didn't deserve the scolding. But not the anger. Venting myself on them. That day at the trading post when Jimmy Yazzie's pickup stalled and the two women were out there in the snow trying to push-start it, I sat in my Fairmont and watched, thinking, "Dumb dumb dumb . . . Drive your damn truck to death, never change the oil, never tune it up. Then blame it on the dumb white man who made the truck when it konks out on you.

Or Sadie Curly, fifteen, knocking on Max's door at midnight: could she borrow four dollars to buy Pampers for her baby? A baby she shouldn't have had in the first place. Driving around in her boyfriend's red sports car. I gave her the money, just like I finally got off my rear and gave Jimmy a jump-start. But the feelings . . . "Why the hell don't you use cloth diapers — I do! What about your big-shot boyfriend — he gave you the baby, why not the diapers too?" And when I saw the old matriarchs, big as washing machines, taking

bows at American Indian Day, I didn't see dignity but obesity. And superstition, fear, futility. And that was my sin, my failure, not theirs.

Max slapped his brush against the ceiling, sending a flurry of white speckles through the air. Father, I don't . . . no, I don't regret for a minute Steve Natai or Ben Jumbo, the peyote people. Or Jake Bedonie with three wives and so many kids he can't keep their names straight. Or even Clara Tullie who did and didn't understand. But Sherman. . . .

Late one Saturday night, Max noticed a light on in the churchhouse. Walking over, he saw his first counselor all alone, running the buffer up and down the chapel floor. Wearing sunglasses and those crazy Tony Lama snakeskin cowboy boots, his hair as shiny as black wax, plastered flat on top and bristly on the sides. Those others could have cared less about their membership. They yawned, belched, "pass the bottle." But Sherman had come so far, had tasted thy fruit. He cared. And I didn't want to, Father, convene that court. I didn't. So I had to. I would have done anything to let that cup pass. The others, no. I grew horns and fangs and turned into Elder Crawford. Still, I could bless them, heal them. You could. The adulterers, the fornicators, the drunks, the polygs. A terminal woman half in her grave who now passes out in front of the trading post every afternoon, a bottle of T-Bird in each hand — through me you healed her but not my kid. No. Who am I to question thee? Shall the thing formed say to thee who formed it, why why why why why? When maybe it was me all along. Simple faith. Thinking deep down no no no instead of yes yes yes. A mustard seed and I didn't have it.

Working towards the last apex, Max dipped his brush and stretched far to the right, trying to catch a crack between the ceiling and the beam. A rim of sweat that had been gathering on his forehead suddenly dropped into his eyes, forcing him to clench them shut and wait for the salty sting to pass. Nausea overcame him. The green and black dots reappeared. Hurrying, he stretched an inch too far with the brush. The ladder tilted. He drew back but overcompensated to the other extreme. Two of the four legs left the floor. The wooden skeleton began falling like a tree. Father! Father! No no no!

Desperately, he heaved his weight and managed to counter the tilt. After rocking to and fro on its four clumsy feet, the ladder finally came to rest. Max steadied the can of paint, laid his brush aside, and tightly closed his eyes, trying to regain his composure as tiny millipede legs ran hot and cold up and down his spine. Not now. Not this close. He picked up the brush and with renewed vigor finished up the section.

Memories crowded in. A summer baptism, afterwards, when he grabbed Loren Benally by the nape of the neck and the seat of his pants. The little nerd, stealing my notes during the opening prayer so I had to speak impromptu.

It gave Max great pleasure, that hot August night, to heave Loren into the algae-stained baptismal font. But his sister, Christine — when Max and Elder Sprinkle, the young missionary from Idaho, grabbed her by the arms and legs to throw her in too, she fought back. "Crazy squaw!" Max yelled jokingly though he let go not so jokingly, not for fear of the fourteen-year-old's thrashing

feet but another, darker fear. Wearing those short shorts with those glowing brown thighs . . . but that was such a dark dark time for me, back then.

Max gave the section a final swipe with his brush, then climbed down and moved the ladder under the thirty-sixth apex. For the very last time he climbed back up.

His hands and legs were shaking when he reached the top. Dabbing paint into the wedge, he struggled with more memories: sacrament meeting the next day, towards the end when the entire congregation — even the fidgety comic book kids in back — suddenly hushed as Ronnie T., the cowpunching Cherokee, strolled up to the stand on bowed legs. Half-way through his testimony his mean, bulldog face with the flat pulpy nose contracted like a fist and with tears streaming down his mud-red cheeks, he began apologizing — to his wife, to his children, to God, to President Max . . . Why me? Especially in my state of mind and heart. And for what? Not doing his home teaching? Having a few cross words with his wife? For taking a nip on the sly?

Max on the stand rubbing his palm across his brow, gazing down, praying for a corner to hide in. After the meeting, he made his confession, one on one, to the Cherokee: "Ron, I'm telling you this confidentially, as a friend . . . You may think I look holy and happy and spiritually in tune, all dressed up in a suit and tie on Sunday morning with my little family. But the truth is . . . there have been times when Sister Hansen and I have had knock-down-drag-outs right outside the chapel doors. I've had to pray and conduct meetings with my own curses still ringing in my ears. And if you don't think it's hard, pasting a smile on your face and shaking hands and trying to look as if all's well in Zion when you feel like a cesspool inside. . . ."

Alone in Max's office, the two men knelt together in prayer, then departed, Ron bleary-eyed. Being imperfect, the higher we aspire in love, compassion, morality, and general human decency, the bigger hypocrites we appear . . . That used to be my rationalization, so I could sleep at night. But I wonder now. . . .

Max wiped his forehead and studied the narrow crack where the two beams joined at the apex. For a moment he was tempted to leave this last little spot bare, unfinished the way the Navajo did with their rugs and sandpaintings, always leaving a small soul outlet. But that's them, not me. Not *Hastiin Nez. Dooldiní. Bilagaana* Blue Eyes.

He dipped the brush deep into the can and in one swift thrust, like a fencer, sealed the crack. He withdrew the brush and immediately a chain of tiny holes appeared. He thrust again. A third time. A fourth. Sealed! He held the brush in his right hand and the can in his left, so his body formed a cross high atop the ladder. The brush fell to the floor, hitting the drop-cloth with a dull thud.

Climbing down seemed to take forever. For every rung he had climbed up, there seemed to be three going down. The wooden bars were hot irons to his grasping hands. He saw the black and green spots again, then hazy gray light. Then Elder Crawford in a pea green jump suit, his head under the hood of a

Chevy LUV pick-up. Detaching himself so totally from the land and the people, he had been relegated to full-time missionary vehicle maintenance. Passing through, Max had stopped by to say hello.

"*Ya'at'eeh, hastiin*! I hear you're going home soon."

Elder Crawford didn't answer for some time. He wasn't advertising the fact he had requested an early release. His head still under the hood: "This is what I sold half my property for — to come out here and check dipsticks."

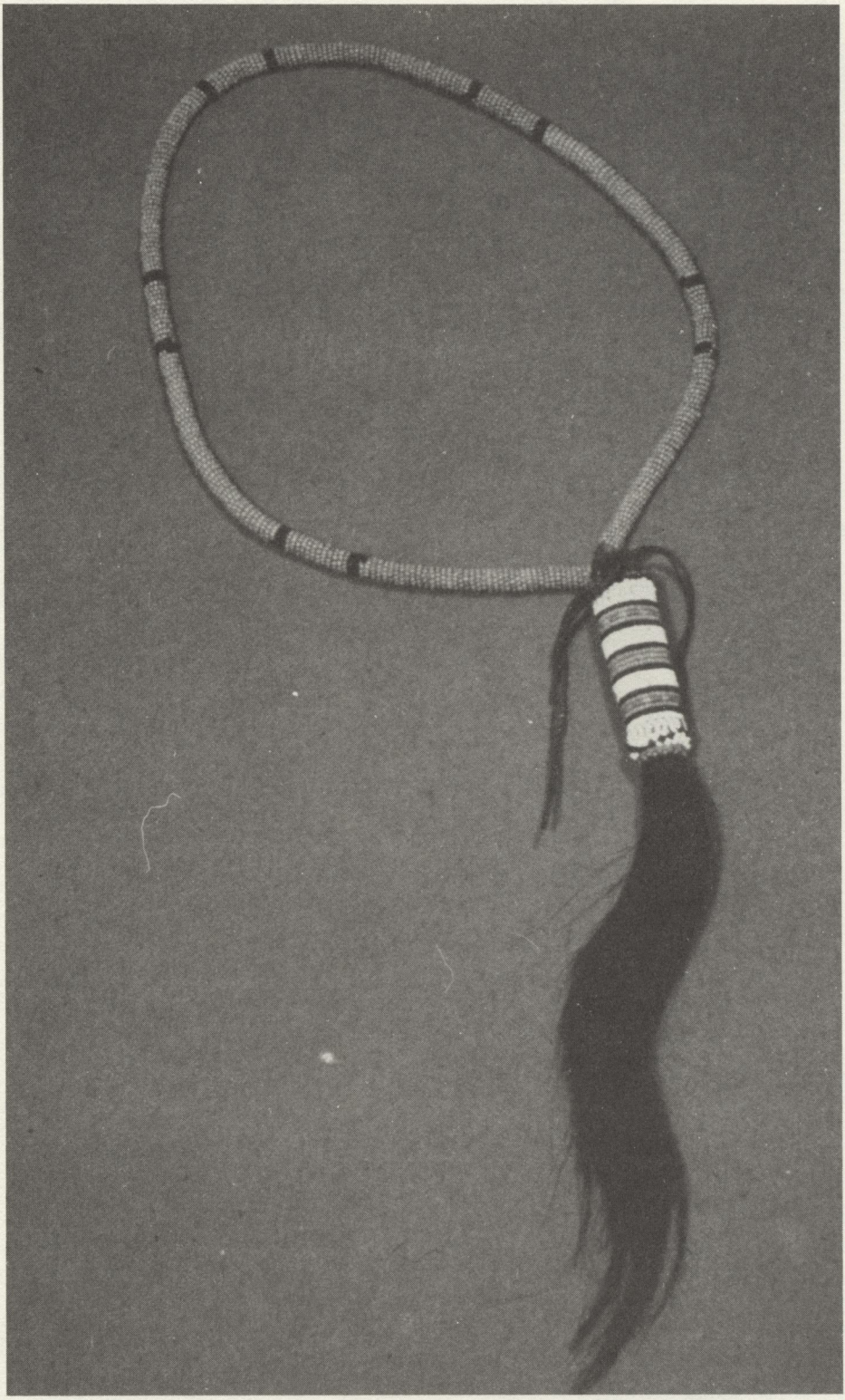
Later, a week before returning to his Rocky Mountain paradise, he pulled his head out just long enough to confess his failure: "I hate Navajos." Not derisively or vindictively, but sadly.

Max folded up the ladder and set it down against the wall. He rolled up the drop-cloth and hammered the lid tightly on the five-gallon bucket. Gathering up the brushes, he carried them into the janitor's closet and dumped them in the sink. He turned on the faucet. As the water struck the brushes, milky fluid spiraled down the drain. Fumes from the vats of floor wax and detergents sent sour nausea and dizziness through him. The close-confined walls began tilting sideways. He slipped to the floor. It was my job, my calling. But who was I to judge anyone, least of all these people? Okay, so a lot drink and pray to peyote and rodeo on Sunday and breed like dogs — all the fatherless children! But the good, the humble, the compassionate. . . .

Delbert John's funeral. Max driving down alone to the hogan to discuss arrangements with the family. There must have been a hundred people crammed in there. Family, friends, neighbors, all ages, bundled up in old coats and blankets. Standing against the wall, trying to appear unobtrusive, Max scanned the crowd for a familiar face but recognized no one. In the middle of the dirt floor an old quilt was spread out with neatly crumpled stacks of ones, five, tens, and twenties. Next to them was a modest pile of turquoise and silver jewelry and two Ganado red rugs.

One by one, in no particular order, the people stood up and spoke for several minutes, like an all-night fast and testimony meeting in Navajo, the family members giving thanks to those who had come, the others offering condolences and mini-eulogies for the deceased. There were yawns, muted coughs, infant cries, occasional sobs, but mostly silence. Every so often someone sneaked up front and added a few bills to the stacks. Modestly, humbly, almost embarrassed, going up in a crouching walk, the way people do at the movies when they have to walk in front of the projector. But good-sized stacks. There must have been a thousand dollars cash, plus the rugs and the jewelry. All that the Friday before the G.A. checks came in, when most of them didn't have gas money to get home. No, in that way they have it over us. Death is a community experience — not just casseroles and Hallmark cards. The bell really tolls for everyone out here.

Max stood and ran water over the brushes, reflecting on those somber faces in the crowd. To outsiders — him too, when he'd first come to the Rez — they appeared grim, even hostile. A bitter, grave, humorless people. But that was their facade, like our white-man counter, the Ultra-Brite smile. We rarely



hang around long enough to see the flip-side. The simple, the happy, the content. . . .

Max recalled the summer evening he drove ten miles down the bumpy dirt road to visit Charley Sam. Just behind the shade-house, in a twenty-foot square of newly placed cinderblocks, twelve kids of all ages were chasing around, laughing, playing tag. No one was excluded. A little boy in sagging Pampers plodded alongside teenaged tomboys in bluejeans. Brother Sam came outside to greet Max.

"Ya'at'eeh, Brother Max!" he greeted cheerfully.

Small talk.

"Gotta start workin'," he said.

"Where at?"

"Pin-yon."

"That's a long way to commute."

"Yeah. I guess I'll wait for the Fourth of July."

"What's happening on the Fourth?"

"I don't know. Maybe have a family get-together."

Slow and easy.

Teepees and peyote paraphernalia. But you can't deny those twelve kids. Relatives, relatives of relatives . . . And the kids were laughing and happy and Sister Sam didn't chew them out for playing in the dirt or Brother Sam for climbing all over the pick-up. Without guilt, Father. Or . . . well, just without. And walking back to the car, remembering how I used to wince every time my kids even breathed on the Fairmont when it was new . . . No sounds here except kids laughing and the baaing of sheep and just plain flat beautiful solitary land, vast and empty, and so quiet and peaceful with the mesa on fire one minute, deep ocean purple the next. All those colors seeping in and out as if You were backstage with a giant projector showing off Your repertoire of lights . . . And walking back, I sensed no bitterness, no frustration in their lives. Not like me, secretly gnashing my teeth, where ambition and aspiration and conscience are guilt, win or lose.

Say, these brushes. . . . You stick them under the tap and the paint just keeps running. I don't know where it all comes from — all that paint hidden up inside one tiny brush — but it just keeps running and running and running.

When he started the last phase of clean-up, tugging the steel comb through the brushes, he heard a dainty percussion, like tiny candies striking glass. In the cramped, windowless room, Max listened hopefully. He dropped the brush and comb and stumbled out the door and down the hall into the foyer. Flicking on the light, he saw it, clear, slow, syrupy, crawling like sweat down the double-glass doors. He bolted out and into the humid night.

Rain was falling but faintly, like clipped hairs. Max looked pleadingly up at the starless, blackened sky. Lightning flashed to the north, followed by rumbling growing gradually, culminating in a loud, cannonballing blast. Another flash to the south, followed by more rumbling, more thunder, more lightning, over and over, alternating, lightning and thunder, flash and boom, like opposing armies exchanging heavy fire.

Max smiled. Lightning began running wild on the horizons, roller coastering up and down, a Chinese dragon celebrating the New Year. Max peeled off his t-shirt and dropped his garments to his waist. The faint drops tickling his flesh, he waited for the flood to fall. The thunder boomed and the lightning flashed, but the faint falling hairs thinned rather than thickened.

Max lowered his head with a grin of self-mockery. Within the cannonballing commotion, he heard a weird metallic twang, like a ricocheting bullet, coming from the hill. A savage bolt of lightning reached down and struck within a hundred feet of the churchhouse, skeletonizing everything in sight. Another bolt, just as bright, struck even closer. Then more, one after another, in rapid succession, igniting land and sky as if with white fire, electrifying everything metal.

Max backed against the churchhouse, crouching under the eaves. With each lightning flash, the water tank glowed and shimmied like a UFO; the telephone wires turned into electric eels. The sky was a Fourth of July spectacular in silver and white — dazzling, intimidating — God's Almighty signature streaking back and forth across the sky. But dry.

Max hitched up his garments, put on his t-shirt, and was about to head back inside when he saw — or thought he saw — yes: x-rayed in a lightning flash, shawled and stoop-shouldered, an old woman. The elusive *saani* who had wished him peace, beauty, and harmony. He called out "*Shimasani*!" but his cry was smothered in thunder. In the next strobic flash, she was gone.

Max returned to the janitor's closet and resumed tugging the steel comb through the brush, his hands still shaky from the wild lights, the sticky heat, his hallucination . . . Or revelation? You keep sending me clues, messengers. Am I too out of touch, or is this a tease? When had he first seen the woman? Like a flash from the wild light show outside, he remembered: his first year, tracting with the missionaries one winter afternoon, beating a snowy path from hogan to hogan. Crossing the frozen wash, Elder Richfield was "moved by the Spirit" to make a detour. A half mile later they found her, sitting in the bottom of an arroyo, bending forward and back, wincing, whimpering softly. Richfield, the senior companion, spoke to her in Navajo; then to Max.

"She was herding sheep and slipped on a rock. She hurt her leg. Can't walk."

Max and the two young elders rigged up a stretcher Boy Scout-style and hiked her out of the arroyo to their pick-up and drove her to the PHS Clinic. She said nothing, just sat there wincing, rubbing her pleated skirt up and down her calf. From the clinic she was sent by ambulance to the Indian Hospital in Gallup.

The following Sunday Richfield called him aside. "Remember that old *saani*? Elder Wheeler and I were in town yesterday, so we stopped by the hospital to see how she was doing . . . Broken leg . . . Yeah. She said after her fall she sat there all night in the arroyo waiting to die. Cold, hungry. Coyotes howling not too far off. She thought she was a goner."

Then just before dawn, an apparition: a woman with her face, but wearing the buckskin and leggings of two centuries ago. "Do not worry, my granddaughter. Two young men will soon come to help you. . . ."

The elders. I was the odd-man out.

At the hospital the old woman, her leg in a cast, looked at Elder Richfield: "I want to be baptized."

Richfield, caught off guard, stammered, "*Hagoshii* . . . that's good that you want to be baptized . . . but the discussions . . . you haven't heard the discussions —"

The old woman pointed with her lips to a picture on the wall, *The Last Supper*: "Last night, that man in the middle there, he told me I should be baptized. He told me you would come."

I remember now. Nanibaa Yoe. She was baptized. Then we never saw her again. Not at church. But that simple, unpremeditated faith. Like Sister Watchman. Refuting a tumor in the name of the priesthood! The audacity! But that's the way they are, Father. And it was maybe my own cynicism, coming so puffed up with grand visions, big plans — a ward in two years! A stake in three! Like the other anglos out here: our "mission" among the Lamanites! White Mormondom's burden: save the Indians! But we get jaded, skeptical. Too many failures, contradictions. We lose steam and poop out.

Sucking in a deep breath, Max shook the last brush dry, hung it on the rack, and switched off the light. For a moment he considered checking all of the doors, but it was already past midnight, and who else had been in the churchhouse during the week? So he turned off the lights in the hall and the gym, and without ceremony or sentimentality, locked up the churchhouse for the last time.

Half the sky was clear and a cool wind was blowing from the south. The sensual, pre-rain fragrance, stronger than ever, perked him up like smelling salts. Still, walking home, Max felt no more relieved than he had nineteen hours ago, at sun-up, or a week or a year or. . . .

As he crossed the trailer compound a big German shepherd raced out with fangs flashing as if he meant business.

"Caesar!" Max yelled, but the animal took a nip at him anyway. "Damn you, Caesar! It's me—Max! Jeez! How long does it take? It's only been—" He stopped in mid-sentence, not for fear of the dog but of his own voice, the two painful words echoing in his brain. Ten years, Father, and I still don't know them or understand them. They're always surprising me.

Walking on, he recalled one night leaving the Deswoods' scrap lumber shack, the strange figure peering out from behind a rusty skeleton of a Chevy, whispering: "Psst! Hey!"

Across the highway, disco music blasting from the trading post and, cast in a sundown silhouette, three men sitting on a knoll passing around a bottle. The figure wobbled toward Max. Levis and a T-shirt, with oily black bangs and an oily brown face and eyes cracked red and his breath reeking so bad even the mosquitoes stayed away. He walked almost smack into Max before stopping, asking in a slow, slurred voice, "I wonder if you can help me?"

"What kind of help?"

"Will you . . . will you pray for me?"

Max, recognizing the more subtle ploy, nodded. "I'd be happy to pray for you." He was about to add, "Come to church on Sunday — nine o'clock — and I'll have the whole branch pray for you . . ." but the man had already bowed his head and closed his eyes, waiting, his face a weird blend of drunken remorse.

"Do you want me to pray right now?" Max asked, surprised.

He nodded.

Max lowered his head. "What's your name?"

Head bowed, eyes closed, he answered softly, "Chester. Chester Deswood."

"David's brother?"

He nodded.

They stood uncomfortably close, their faces almost touching, like two Arabs. Max prayed: "Heavenly Father . . . we're grateful to come before thee this night . . . we ask thee for a special blessing on Chester at this time . . . help him feel better . . . help him eat good foods and take care of himself and obey Thy commandments . . . help this illness pass. . . ."

When Max finished, Chester extended his hand. But the whole time, even while praying, I kept waiting for him to pop the question. But he never did. He shook my hand and said thank you, thank you very much, his eyes even redder than before. That was all he wanted, a prayer. And walking back to my car I kept thinking of all the things I could have said — remember, Chester, that you are a spirit child of God, never forget that; always pray to your Heavenly Father, for He loves you and will listen to you and care for you . . . I could have done the only thing that makes me worth my salt, out here or anywhere, brought a little comfort to a troubled soul. But even there I fouled up, too busy thinking how to say no no no, *shibeeso ádin*. So I muttered a token prayer.

Entering his trailer, Max was overcome by musty humid heat. He went straight to the refrigerator, took out a bottle of ice water, and tilted it slowly. The moment the icy water touched his lips, the thirst he had been resisting all day suddenly took possession of him, like a wild spirit. He guzzled recklessly. Half the icy water dribbled down his chin, soaking his throat and chest; the other half tingled all the way down his gullet and into his shriveled belly. He drank and drank but couldn't get enough. When the two-quart bottle was empty, he broke open an ice tray, crammed the cubes through the narrow mouth of the bottle, and filled it with tap water. Before the cubes could take effect, he was guzzling again. He guzzled until his belly was bloated, ready to burst.

Still thirsty, he went into the bathroom and filled the tub with cold water.

He stripped and lowered himself in. The water stung him with an orgiastic sensation of pleasure and pain. His skin contracted and began turning varying shades of pink and blue. He lay there submerged, his long skinny body shivering but sweating too, until the water grew tepid and the numbness wore off. Drying off, he put on his garments, took another long drink of water, and turned the swamp cooler on high. It did little more than stir up the fermented

air. Max rolled his sleeping bag out directly under the cooler and stretched out on it. He closed his eyes and felt the sticky air on his face and the sweat already prickling in his armpits. He tried to think of Melissa and the kids and the drive home and his new job in sunny Tucson. Instead he saw Sherman Tsosie and Sister Watchman and Chester Deswood and the old woman appearing and vanishing in the crowd and in the rain and in his head. He tried to pray but it came out as it had been coming out all day, all week.

I tried . . . to understand, to feel. But . . . I don't know what they want. I thought I knew what You wanted, once, a long time ago. But that Regional Rep, he came down that spring in his suit and tie, shaking everybody's hand. Then had Eddie Roanhorse stand up and tell the congregation his immaculately amazing conversion story. Eddie Roanhorse whom I bailed out of the slammer on Friday was proclaiming Jesus Christ on Sunday morning. Again. And Monday the Regional Rep was quoting him at Church headquarters.

He came down like the others, asking for numbers numbers numbers. When we were trying to make friends with one or two; real friends, without conditions or stipulations or baptism or priesthood, without pushing or goal-setting and coercing with a handshake and a smile. In boots and blue jeans, shearing sheep and hauling wood and water and eating fry bread with them. To find out who they really are and what makes them tick, and not "them" but Sherman Tsosie and Wilbert Yellowhair and Charley Sam.

But, he didn't want to know about that. He wanted to know how many baptisms, how many Melchizedek Priesthood holders, how many temple marriages, how many how manys . . . And: "When can you have a ward here? A stake?" And the clincher: "You anglos are here on a mission to train the Lamanites. It's not pleasing to the Lord when an anglo holds a leadership position in a Lamanite branch. . . ." And he was probably right, too. But he shouldn't have said it. Not then. Not to us.

He was awakened by a deafening explosion. Sitting up, half-asleep, he listened to the stampede overhead. A white flash filled the trailer and vanished.

He hurried to the kitchen window and drew the curtain back. Still groggy, he gazed outside several moments before it finally registered: rain. Falling so thickly and swiftly he couldn't distinguish the individual drops except as they riddled the puddles already formed — puddles growing into ponds and garden furrows into streams and the dirt road into a swamp of chocolate chowder.

Wearing only his garments, he ran outside. In seconds he was drenched. He dropped his garments to his waist and let the rain beat down upon his bare flesh. As he inhaled the all-day all-week fecund fragrance that now bore also the tropical smell of the over-soaked soil, he looked up at the falling heavens with a refurbished heart, silently urging the rain to fall harder, faster. He tilted his head back and opened his mouth, catching the hail-hard drops on his tongue. He smiled as they plastered his hair to his skull, stung his nipples, pierced his eyes. He tried to feel every drop pelleting his back, his shoulders, his chest, loins, groin, legs, showering down on him with brutal kindness, as if rinsing off a decade of sweat and frustration. Like the manna-weary Children of Israel begging for meat and then receiving until it poured out their nostrils,

so he was getting his rain. He looked down at his toes, squishy on the saturated grass. Out here, Father. Out here. We say it's so different, the other side of the moon. "Out here" is everywhere.

He went back inside before he drowned. Toweling himself dry, he felt purged, refreshed, cleansed. He put on a dry pair of garments and lay down on his bag. Ghost-like flashes streaked the kitchen window. The stampede overhead softened to an easy gallop. He closed his eyes, confident he could sleep, but his legs ached and he tossed and turned several minutes before checking his luminous watch: 1:45. He thought of the churchhouse. For the first time, its completion gave him a sense of satisfaction, but only momentarily. There was Elder Crawford again, haunting the edge of his consciousness; his confession: selling half his land to check dipsticks because . . . anglo arrogance. Playing up our "mission" among the Lamanites with blossom-as-the-rose expectations. Never thinking until it's too late that maybe our first mission is not to save and exalt the Indians. Maybe it's me, non-drinking non-smoking non-fooling-around temple-married high priest BIC me I worry about. Me, my primary mission, all of us. . . .

Max closed his eyes. The stampede returned. But this time the heavens were scorched red, sundown-stricken. He saw no moon or stars or rain or clouds, only a passionate red fog. Then it began falling. Not rain but fire — hot red coals like stars shooting earthward, thousands of them, approaching but never quite reaching their targets, except directly over the churchhouse where they were showering down thicker than the rain. Max watched incredulously, certain that this time it was indeed the end of the world. Suddenly, as if all the rain that had fallen previously were lighter fluid and someone — God? Lucifer? Ben Notah the toothless medicine man? — had put a match to it, the church went up in flames. In seconds all Max could see was the very tip of the steeple, no thicker than a needle, and the flames like frenzied hands reaching angrily for the top. He tried to cry for help, but his tongue was bound. His feet grew cold and numb and the cold shot up his legs and into his chest as he watched the first blackened wall crumble to the ground.

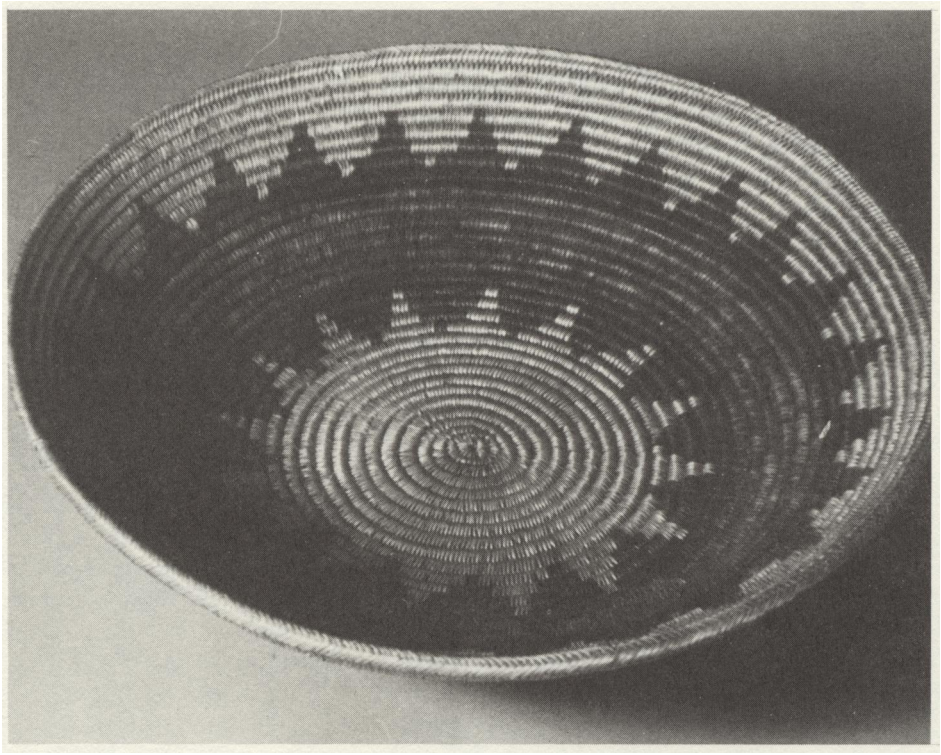
His eyes flew open as he snapped to a sitting position on his sleeping bag. He paused just a moment to orient himself, then rushed outside, his bare feet sinking in the mud. The rain had stopped and the sky was calm, clear, star-cluttered. The moon was glowing like a giant spot-light. Everything seemed new, revitalized. Glazed with rain and moonlight, the cars and pick-ups along the compound looked freshly waxed and polished; the sandstone slabs on the hill shone like tinted glass. Rivulets trickled calmly alongside the muddy road. The churchhouse stood intact, as staunch and solid as the mesas in the distance.

Max mumbled a sincere thank you, but at the same time felt vaguely disappointed though uncertain or unable to admit why. Not yet. Staring at the chapel, trying to sort his feelings, he saw more an adversary than a friend. There was something about it, had been, these last few years . . . no, even before the painting project, before Tsidii, Sherman Tsosie, Elder Crawford, Ben Notah . . . no, not the cheap wood and cracked walls, the eroding floors, the scarred pews . . . something — yes; the way it suddenly and abruptly mani-

fested itself on the otherwise smooth and fluid horizon that ran for miles and miles and miles until — zap! Zig-zag. That wedge, that notch, that saw-toothed obtrusion on a sky that often grew so dark and smooth and perfect he couldn't divide it from the mesa, and land and sky literally became one eternal round, whole and harmonious, the entire universe domed inside this humble awesome everchanging everlasting patch of sand . . . And me too. Me, *Hastiin Nez, Dooldiní*, another, a human obtrusion.

Max's eyes slowly climbed the north face, the chapel side, from the tumbleweed-hidden base clear on up to the silver steeple, rising like a giant needle ready to pierce some unlucky star. A bitterness burned within him, slowly, like green wood. But the curse on the tip of his tongue became a muted sob. No. Father, forgive me. And thank you. Again. It is all I have out here.

His gaze grew misty as he looked at the churchhouse for the last time. What he was feeling, he realized, was neither love nor hate, but something approaching reconciliation on the one hand and regret on the other, yet neither wholly. He waited for his feelings to commit one way or the other. Ten minutes later when they still refused, he decided it was time to go back — to his trailer, to his family, to his new home in sunny, civilized Tucson.



This Is My Body

Marden Clark

A deacon offers the broken bread.
Aware of awkward wait as bishop
Receives the bread of ritual first,
I take it up, thoughtless of blessing,
Aware of deacon's ordered moves,
Of solemn quiet, of neighbor's child
Squirming, of hunger vague from fast.
I chew, surprised by sudden savor —
Of bread, not flesh, of flavor and texture:
Savor against a full day's fast,
Flavor and texture of bread homemade.

A pulse of guilt: no remembrance
In savor, nothing in it to know
The bread blessed and sanctified to souls,
Just savor from hunger: guilt deserved.

But that broken body! muscles parted
By nails and spear, blood pulsing through:
Textured flesh, earthmade, red blood
Too thick to pour through flesh unflayed.

A deacon offers the water tray.
Aware of sharpened thirst from fast
I take a cup, aware of need,
Of children's noise as consonance.
I drink, surprised by sudden savor.
The tiny cup of water/wine
Washes not bread but flesh to flesh,
Texture and flavor, celestial savor.
Not bread alone, but with it water
Confirms and testifies: I feast.
I hunger and thirst no more.

MARDEN CLARK is emeritus professor of English at Brigham Young University. He has published poems, essays, and stories in DIALOGUE, Sunstone, *the* Ensign, BYU Studies, *and professional journals. His book of poems,* Moods: Of Late *(BYU Press, 1979) was co-winner in 1979 of the Association for Mormon Letter's poetry prize. His collection of short stories,* Morgan Triumphs, *was published in 1984 by Orion Books of Midvale, Utah.*

As Winter Comes On

Helen Walker Jones

Beyond my chrysanthemums and barbed fence,
aproned sisters, some in hair nets like cafeteria cooks,
whisk their casseroles to the kitchen of the old wardhouse.

This funeral luncheon recalls your father's
death, high mass on South Temple,
my eyes veiled, yours hazy.

In the somber churchyard, yellow leaves swarm.
The hearse driver leans against his limo,
a dim blue duckbill hat shadowing his face.

My despair lies hushed in its hard cage
of ribs. You kiss me, seasonably,
salt air on your true and briny tongue.

HELEN WALKER JONES is an MFA candidate at the University of Utah. She is the mother of two children and is the office manager for a plastic surgeon.

Substantial, Important, and Brilliant

Mormonism: The Story of a New Religious Tradition by Jan Shipps (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1985). xvii+ 212 pp. Appendix, notes, bibliography, and index.

Reviewed by Thomas G. Alexander, professor of history and director of the Charles Redd Center for Western Studies at Brigham Young University.

RICHARD BUSHMAN said that this book "may be the most brilliant book ever written on Mormonism, in the sense of shedding new light on virtually every aspect of Mormon history and in offering a perspective that both Mormons and others can accept." (Jacket.) He may well be right. Without a doubt, Jan Shipps has emerged as the most knowledgeable non-Mormon scholar in the field of Mormon studies. This should not be interpreted as a backhanded compliment, since her knowledge of the Mormon past eclipses that of virtually all lay Church members and is equal to that of scholars from the Mormon community. Moreover, her command of the interpretative literature of religious studies is surpassed by no one within the field of whom I am aware.

In *Mormonism* she has attempted to do two things. First, she has tried as faithfully as possible, to understand the experiences of actors in the Mormon past as they understood themselves. Then she has used the comparative approach to interpret those experiences in the light of the religious studies literature, particularly the works by John Gager and others that consider the origins of the Christian Church, the literary criticism of Northrop Frye, and others, studies of religious experience by Mircea Eliade, and others, and examinations of the sociology of religion by Peter Berger and others.

The book consists of seven chapters. In the first, she tells the pre-1830 story of the Smith family and the culture in which they lived. In this chapter, like Richard Bushman in his recently published *Joseph Smith and the Beginnings of Mormonism*, she places the experiences with magic in the context of contemporary vernacular culture and shows that it was actually an attractive force.

In Chapter 2, she places the Book of Mormon and Joseph's revelations in the context of early nineteenth century biblical culture. She argues that these attracted people and that those who accepted the message moved from profane time into sacred time as they participated in the creation of "the dispensation of the fulness of times."

In Chapters 3 and 4, she interprets the events of early Church history using as a model a four stage recapitulation of the experience of biblical peoples as a means of understanding early Mormonism, which she believes was a radical restoration movement.

Chapter 5 looks at the Latter-day Saints' attempts to write about their past. Using the problems in the publication of Lucy Mack Smith's history as a model, she also makes explicit comparisons with the recent attempts to control the publication of Church history.

Chapter 6 shows how it is possible to learn the facts of the Mormon past without really understanding their meaning. Using a comparitive model from the Jewish experience in Israel, she argues that people living in sacred time may behave differently than those in profane time and that,

while by comparing specific behavioral norms they may appear less religious, they are, in fact, religious in a different way.

The final chapter interprets the transformation of the Church around the turn of the century into an institution in which members can live in profane time and still retain a sense of continuity with their nineteenth century predecessors.

The original insights in this book are not found in her retelling of the story of the Mormon past. The story has been told before. Her contribution comes in the selection of evidence to play against the extra-Mormon literature. In doing so, she argues a number of significant points. Among them are the theses that it is unperceptive to dismiss Mormonism "as little more than an elaborate idiosyncratic strain of the nineteenth-century search for primitive Christianity" (p. 68), or to perceive twentieth century Mormonism as "an idiosyncratic Protestant denomination" (p. 117). Rather, she argues, drawing on a categorization shared both by Fawn Brodie and believing Mormons (though in different ways) that in comparison with Judaism and contemporary Christianity, the Church can best be viewed as a new religious tradition.

In my view, the most important contributions in the book are her comparative discussions of the concepts of time and space. Some preliminary work has been done on these topics in the Mormon context by scholars like Robert Flanders and Adele McCollom, but no one has previously invested the time and energy in explicating the importance of these ideas for understanding nineteenth- and twentieth-century Mormonism.

In reviewing Shipps's work, I find myself in fundamental disagreement with aspects of Klaus Hansen's pre-publication review. While Hansen calls her work "a stunning tour de force," he is critical of what he rightly perceives as "her historicist approach," since it "allows her to dismiss epithets such as fraud or delusion as utterly irrelevant to the kind of questions she asks." (Hansen, "Jan Shipps and the Mormon Tradition," *Journal of Mormon History* 11 [1984]: 144.)

In a sense, Hansen, on the left, has joined forces with critics of the New Mormon History on the right who insist that history which accepts the Latter-day Saints on their own terms and then proceeds to interpret these people using models drawn from historical works on context, religious studies, and the social behavioral science are misguided because they do not try to resolve questions of faith. That Richard Bushman, a believing Mormon scholar, and Jan Shipps, a believing Methodist, could "both write the same kind of history" (Hansen, p. 137), ought to be perceived as a compliment rather than as an occasion for irony. This is because both Bushman and Shipps have sought to understand the Mormon people and interpret them to a late twentieth century audience rather than engage in sectarian controversy. It is this, as both Marvin Hill and Larry Foster have observed, that has characterized the most important recent work in Mormon studies.

While I applaud Shipp's method and believe that her interpretations on a number of points are right, I think she is wrong on a number of matters. For example, I am impressed with her views that people in the midst of creating a new religious tradition lived in sacred time, in the attempts to control the story of the Church's past, and in the emphasis on continuity during the period of change after 1900. Nevertheless, in interpreting the nineteenth century Mormon understanding of what they were doing, I believe that Melodie Moench Charles is right and Shipps is wrong. Charles argues that nineteenth century Mormons saw the Old Testament through the eyes of Paul and the authors of the synoptic gospels, rather than dividing Old and New Testament traditions as Shipps believes. While the patriarchal office and blessings may seem to be an anomaly in this interpretation, a careful reading of Doctrine and Covenants 124,

especially verses 91–96 regarding the ordination of Hyrum Smith to the office and the linking of the patriarchal calling to the power Christ gave his apostles to bind and loose (Matt. 16:19; 18:18), the authority of a prophet, seer, and revelator (Eph. 4:11–16 and 1 Cor. 12:28–30), and the concept of the restoration of all things support Charles's argument. Moreover, Joseph Smith defined *patriarch* to mean "Evangelist," a term usually associated with the New Testament. (*History of the Church* 3:381) In my view, an interpretation that perceives the early Latter-day Saints as dividing the Old and New Testaments into two traditions is untenable.

My second quibble has to do with the interpretation of what replaced the entire community or the church as the responsible institution for boundary maintenance during and after the early twentieth century transition. Shipps believes responsibility was transferred to the individual. It is my view that priesthood authority became the institution for boundary definition. It is not at all surprising that the priesthood reform movement occurred during the period, that the various auxiliaries got priesthood advisors for the first time, that welfare came under priesthood jurisdiction, or that the role of individual prophesying and speaking in tongues was diminished. Moreover, the various measures of activity such as the Word of Wisdom, statistics of attendance, and temple attendance were all priesthood-administered.

These comments should not, however, be taken as anything more than disagreements over interpretation. I do not question the substance, importance, or brilliance of Shipps's contribution. Her work will remain for some time as the standard against which scholars measure interpretations of the Mormon past.

The Benefits of Partisanship

Joseph Smith and the Beginnings of Mormonism by Richard L. Bushman (Urbana and Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1984), 262 pp.

Reviewed by Dean C. Jessee, research historian, Joseph Fielding Smith Institute for Church History, Brigham Young University.

DURING THE 1970s a comprehensive history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in sixteen volumes was contemplated as one of the projects of the Historical Department of the Church, with Leonard J. Arrington, then Church Historian, as general editor, and Deseret Book Company as publisher. Although the format for editing and publishing this monumental work has changed, volumes once intended for the series have begun to appear. Milton Backman's *The Heavens Resound: A History of the Latter-day Saints in Ohio* was the first; now comes Richard L. Bushman's *Joseph Smith and the Beginnings of Mormonism.*

A noted scholar of American history and a skilled interpreter of early New England life, Bushman brings impressive credentials to the task of writing on Joseph Smith and the beginnings of Mormonism.

This book, one of several works on Mormonism recently produced by the University of Illinois press, covers the period of Mormon beginnings up to 1831. It is an attractively designed work printed on quality, acid-free paper. It contains two informative maps and one additional illustration: William Whiaker's painting of Joseph Smith. Extensive notes giving considerable insight to the text are placed at the back of the book but are easily located with numbered page headings.

Bushman acknowledges his pro-Mormon bias but suggests that "partisanship has its benefits too," the most important being "the industry and thoroughness of research-

ers on Mormon topics simply because more than the satisfaction of curiosity is at issue. Thanks to the intensity of the students of Mormonism, we know more about the Joseph Smith, Sr., family than any other poor farmers of the nineteenth century" (p. 189).

The purpose of Bushman's volume was not to trace the origin of all "the images, ideas, language, and emotional structure" of Mormonism, but rather to "narrate what happened as Mormonism came into being in the early nineteenth century." Faced with the task of communicating transcendant religious experiences to a general audience, Bushman's method was "to relate events as the participants themselves experienced them, using their own words where possible," and insofar as divine revelation was a reality to them, treating it as reality in his narrative (p. 3). Within this framework he has produced a sympathetic, scholarly treatment — appealing to Latter-day Saints and informative to readers of diverse viewpoints.

Bushman packages the world of Mormon beginnings in six chapters. Adding his own expertise to the previous work of Richard Anderson, Milton Backman, Marvin Hill, Francis Kirkham, Larry Porter, and Jan Shipps, he focuses upon the Smith family background, Joseph's early visions, the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, and the founding of the Church, and concludes with a definition of Mormonism at the advent of the move to Ohio.

Beside dealing with the traditional events of the time period, the author does not ignore obscure and difficult issues. He seeks to "recognize the unusual as well as the common in Joseph Smith's early work, to tell how Mormonism unloosed itself from its immediate locale . . . and to portray as accurately as possible what it had become by the time the Prophet, his family, and his followers left New York for Ohio early in 1831" (p. 8). Bushman's understanding of the social setting in which the Smith family lived and moved adds broad new understanding to the time period.

For instance, by placing Joseph Smith in the "turbulence of a contested cultural boundary" that divided superstition from rational belief, Bushman launches insightfully into the mystic world of seerstones and treasure hunting that is so foreign to present experience, yet essential to the discussion of Joseph Smith's life. He defines the conflict between Joseph and his neighbors as a conflict between traditional Christian and Enlightenment values; he notes that "culturally Joseph looked backward toward traditional society's faith in the immediate presence of divine power, communicating through stones, visions, dreams, and angels," but on the other hand Joseph "repudiated the superstitions of the past, particularly the Palmyra money diggers' exploitation of supernatural power for base purposes. In the end he satisfied neither religionists nor the local magicians" (p. 79).

Bushman cites evidence that by the mid-1820s Joseph was known for his ability to see in a stone; that he regarded his ability as a gift from God; that he was reluctant to use his gift to hunt for treasure; and that during the process of extricating himself from association with local money diggers he incurred their wrath — which explains some of the violence heaped upon the Smiths during their sojourn in New York.

Bushman places the appearance of Peter, James, and John to Joseph Smith in an August 1830 context rather than the traditional 1829. As evidence he cites two second- and third-hand fifty-year recollections. Granted, as he indicates, that additional information is necessary to completely clear up the dating of this event, there is a question whether the evidence for the 1830 date is compelling enough to warrant the abandonment of the traditional date.

In Chapter 4 Bushman evaluates non-Mormon explanations for the origin of the Book of Mormon. In considering the environmentalist theory current in the twentieth century, which is that Joseph absorbed images, attitudes, and conceptions from

upstate New York culture and wove them into the Book of Mormon story, the author deals with anti-Masonry, Republicanism, and Ethan Smith but does not address archeological questions; the issue of the presence of Christian terminology, practices, and institutions in what is presumed to be a pre-Christian setting; and the phenomenon of automatic writing.

Textual flaws are few; I have noted less than a dozen typographical errors. Reference to Marlow, "a southern New Hampshire town just west of the Connecticut River," (p. 13) does not agree with the map; and in light of the evidence that the work titled *Defence in a Rehearsal of My Grounds for Separating Myself from the Latter Day Saints*, attributed to Oliver Cowdery, is a nineteenth-century anti-Mormon hoax, its use is questionable.

In an area of history where the sources are highly complex and contradictory, Richard Bushman has made a profound contribution to the understanding of Mormonism at its most critical juncture. Written with style and felicity, a product of Bushman's superb analytical powers, *Joseph Smith and the Beginnings of Mormonism* is a major work in Mormon historiography.

To Sustain the Heart

Preface to Faith: A Philosophical Inquiry into RLDS Beliefs by Paul M. Edwards. Midvale, Utah: Signature Books, 1984.

Reviewed by Sterling M. McMurrin, professor of history at the University of Utah and author of *The Theological Foundations of the Mormon Religion* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1965).

PAUL EDWARDS is a man of uncommon talents, generously endowed with wit and wisdom, who possesses his share of good sense and good will and justifiably enjoys the confidence and esteem of his colleagues and friends. As the intellectual leader of the Reorganized LDS Church, he has obviously done much to shape its current thought and attitude. Not the least of his credits is his influence in the effort to overcome the mutual animosity which has plagued the LDS and RLDS churches for more than a century, a positive movement toward a better understanding and sympathetic concern that is one of the best things that has happened in Mormondom in recent decades.

Preface to Faith is not simply an exposition of the philosophical foundations of RLDS beliefs, though it is highly informative. It is, rather, an essay on the philosophy of religion that, while critically assessing those beliefs, expresses Edwards's personal thought on fundamental issues while he seeks and probes for ideas that might function normatively in the doctrine of his church. I have the impression that this is not a simple task for him, for he seems to find considerable ambiguity and lack of consistency and perhaps even some contradiction in the accepted beliefs of the Church. It is perhaps fair to say that Edwards's work is almost a pioneering effort in defining and systematizing the basic ingredients of RLDS philosophy. In his preface he says, "As the RLDS Church becomes increasingly involved in the lives of people outside the Western world, we find cultural differences that make communication difficult. As we try to tell them our story, we naturally fall back on basic concepts — only to discover that the unspoken assumptions in which our beliefs are rooted are unexamined and undefined" (p. xi). If this is indeed the case, Edwards's book is no doubt overdue, for the strength of a theology depends on its philosophical foundation; and in a society that places a high value on reason and rationality, theology is of major importance to religion.

Although his study is critical as well as expository, Edwards's intention, as he says in his preface, is "to suggest that there is strength in the mind to sustain the heart, that the perspective of far-ranging inquiry gives significant dimensions to our own religious heritage" (pp. x–xi). In providing direction for a positive rational treatment of the fundamentals of religious thought in his church, he is eminently successful.

Edwards's primary interest, as it should be in a treatise of this kind, is in those metaphysical problems that are basic to any rational theology: the ontological status of universals and particulars, being versus becoming, unity and plurality, time and eternity, and necessity and contingency. But he gives some attention to the problem of religious knowledge, with emphasis on mysticism, which, I surmise, is for him a very special interest. Of course he deals with the question of the existence and nature of God and that persistent nemesis of religion and theology, the reality of evil and suffering. In all of this, he exhibits both learning and analytical skill, and throughout he treats his heavy subject with an admirably light touch.

I must confess that the work of Kierkegaard, Barth, and some of the neo-orthodox theologians has prejudiced me against the principle of paradox in metaphysics and theology. Edwards has called attention to numerous paradoxes in RLDS theology involving such matters as God's eternity and involvement in time, his absoluteness and relation to particulars, his omnipotence and the reality of evil, etc. Here, I am sure, he is identifying crucial issues in the theology, but at times it is difficult to tell whether he is of the opinion that the paradoxes should or can be resolved or are simply given in the structure of reality.

As he has done elsewhere, in this volume Edwards has described Joseph Smith as a mystic and his work as in some degree a product of his mysticism. Now the concept of mysticism as it is ordinarily encountered is somewhat ambiguous, but I personally fail to see that Joseph Smith was much of a mystic as that term is commonly employed in technical discourse or in religious biography.

Here and there I have difficulties with Edwards's statements. I can accept his assumption that metaphysics is a "valid and legitimate inquiry," but to assume, for instance, "that God exists" (p. xiv) is to beg the most crucial question. The assumption that God exists may be acceptable in theology, but God's existence is a basic problem of metaphysics. And I am bothered by such occasional expressions and ideas which he employs as "metaphysical experience" (p. 4) or "existence both is and is necessary" (p. 14). But these matters are of secondary importance in assessing the worth of the book.

In this volume, as elsewhere, I greatly admire the honesty and forthrightness of Paul Edwards. His honesty shines through time and again in his direct statements relating to his church and its beliefs. "This study indicates that the metaphysical foundations of the RLDS Church are often confusing, unrelated, and sometimes exclusive" (p. 3). "Inasmuch as we are in search of new insights, new visions of leadership, and new paths for understanding, it is nothing less than sinful to permit situations which stifle our creative resources and the power to see fresh and new characteristics" (p. 4). "The message of the RLDS Church centers in events which are abridgments of the span of history and thus affronts to natural process. We explain the Church as though it had emerged as a sudden unrelated event and ignore its relationship to the unfolding of history" (p. 13). "Reorganization history leaves us wide open to claims that we have distorted our own historical antecedants (*sic*)" (p. 24).

Needless to say, Edwards exhibits a competent knowledge of current LDS philosophy and theology. For typical LDS readers, a major reward of his book is the pointed comparisons and contrasts of LDS and RLDS beliefs. Important examples: RLDS theological absolutism/LDS finitism;

RLDS *ex nihilo* creation/LDS preexistent spirit and matter; RLDS eternalism/LDS temporalism; RLDS being/LDS becoming; the greater RLDS emphasis on grace and determinism/the LDS commitment to works and free will; RLDS immateriality/LDS materiality in the conception of God; RLDS trinitarianism/LDS tri-theism; RLDS monism/LDS pluralism.

It is not surprising to find Edwards writing that "the LDS view is one of the few — if not the only — philosophically distinctive religions that exist in any large following in America with the exception of Christian Science" (p. 87), or that "there are more theological differences . . . between the Reorganization and the Latter-day Saints than between the RLDS and the Protestant, Catholic, or Jew" (p. 87). But he continues with the observation that "the affinity of RLDS theology for the American mainstream is strengthened by lack of a genuinely official RLDS theological position — and the even more conspicuous lack of an attempt to identify and formulate such a position" (p. 87). It is not clear whether this is intended simply as a descriptive report on the Reorganization or also as a negative judgment on the state of its doctrine. I suspect that it is both.

On a number of metaphysical issues — for example, the divine infiniteness, preexistence, predestination and free will, or the materiality of God — Edwards seems to regard the current LDS position as being more in keeping with the Doctrine and Covenants and Joseph Smith's later thought than are the typical corresponding RLDS beliefs. At least in this matter his position is somewhat ambiguous. In its emphasis on the divine absolutism and immanence, he even sees the RLDS theology in a flirtation with pantheism. It is apparent that Edwards is not a captive of either Joseph Smith or the Doctrine and Covenants. He seems to have far more freedom to pursue his ideas without restraint than has typically been the case with LDS theologians. All in all, he strikes me as being an admirably free soul. This is very evident in his comment that Joseph Smith "gathered his own teaching into the Book of Mormon, a speculative work that gives the story of his experience, and the truths he arrived at from considering the experiences" (p. 33).

Here as elsewhere Edwards's humor ranges from the sophisticated to the earthy. A sophisticated sample: "In a twelve-page discourse by the Basic Beliefs Committee, people are represented as those who are free and loved, but so beset with crime, corruption, sin, and apathy that it would make an existentialist weep" (p. 80); or, the RLDS "assumption that people are good but being a person is an awful condition to be in" (p. 80). Or on the earthy side: "We have a long tradition of ignoring our history because we somehow feel it is impossible to open a closet without revealing a skeleton" (p. 87); "Most [RLDS] commentaries of the past fifty years discuss evil only in terms of behavior; trying to get some official statement on the nature of evil and its place in God's world is akin to milking a steer" (p. 69). It is comforting to know that somewhere in the high places of Mormondom, laughter is still tolerated.

The Secular Side of the Saints

America's Saints: The Rise of Mormon Power by Robert Gottlieb and Peter Wiley (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1984), 278 pp., sources, index.

Reviewed by L. Jackson Newell, professor and dean, University of Utah, and co-editor of DIALOGUE.

IT WASN'T written primarily for a Mormon audience. And it wasn't expected to sell well in Salt Lake City. But Bob Gottlieb and Peter Wiley, both outsiders to the LDS Church and to Utah, have written a book of profound interest to Mormon readers. Over 15,000 copies of *Amer-*

ica's Saints: The Rise of Mormon Power sold within six months of the book's release in the fall of 1984. It's selling in Salt Lake City like nowhere else. All this, despite a concerted effort by Church spokesmen to label the volume as mean-spirited muckraking.

What lies behind the success of *America's Saints?* I believe it is a combination of two factors: years of bottled-up curiosity among Mormons about how the Church bureaucracy works, and a creditable if imperfect attempt to explain it. LDS leaders do an excellent job describing the purposes of Church programs and motivating members to make them work. And achievements are frequently cited with satisfaction. But what member doesn't wonder how "Correlation" works, who screens lesson manuals, what criteria are used, and why seemingly good ideas are mysteriously shelved? Who isn't curious about the disposition of their tithes and offerings — not out of suspicion, but from a natural desire to know what one's generosity has helped make possible? Members seldom voice questions such as these, but Gottlieb and Wiley had the temerity to ask. They asked Church spokesmen, Church leaders and ordinary members. They also scoured public records, read the Doctrine and Covenants, and consulted scholarly sources both inside and outside the faith. It took them five years, but they came up with more than they, or anyone else, thought they would find.

What are the unique contributions of the book? The historical material presented in *America's Saints*, at least that pertaining to the pre-1970s, is hardly new. Serious students of the culture have seen most of the earlier information, for instance, in the pages of DIALOGUE. But the authors' review of historical events has provided a useful context for examining contemporary issues, and they have pressed their quest for information right up to the present.

If there is one place the "new Mormon history" has fallen short, it is in treating recent events. This is a traditional failing of professional historians, due to lack of sources and the risk of drawing premature conclusions; but it is accentuated among LDS historians because of added sensitivities about criticizing living leaders. Gottlieb and Wiley are neither historians nor Latter-day Saints, however, so they have pushed ahead where others have chosen not to explore. Journalists, after all, are disposed to deal with the present (and recent past) in a way that historians are not. Thus, the reader of *America's Saints* is treated to rare recent information about the operation of the Church in Central and South America, contemporary financial practices and problems, and efforts by the Special Affairs Committee to influence local, state, and federal policies. The authors also examine organizational stresses brought about by the recent emergence of a pluralistic global membership governed by a rather monolithic, predominantly American, middle class theocracy.

One must credit this book with being balanced. The authors interviewed everyone available — but they were limited by restrictions many Church leaders and spokesmen placed upon themselves, or had placed upon them by others. Since a fair number of people spoke off the record, some of the insights and information cannot be traced to specific origins. A gossipy air sometimes surfaces, although the blame cannot be placed wholly at the feet of the authors. They worked with what they were able to obtain. My point is that balance is especially difficult when sources are incomplete. I am aware, for instance, of several enticing but unsubstantiated stories that the authors chose to leave out, simply because they would have raised difficult questions without providing sufficient evidence for a fair and reasonable analysis. I do wish, however, that they and their publisher had provided standard footnotes and a complete bibliography, rather than the annoyingly general list of "sources" associated with each chapter.

The most vocal critics of *America's Saints* have assailed the book for treating the LDS Church as though it were a secu-

lar institution — completely ignoring, they say, its spiritual dimensions. Yet the authors did not set out to explore Mormon theology or the character of Mormon community life (for which they gained great respect). They sought instead to explain the rise of Church involvement in the larger society, from the politics of opposing the Equal Rights Amendment to the intricacies of financing a global religious organization. In my view, the Church cannot claim immunity from secular criticism when it acts in the secular sphere. In the long run, efforts to secure such immunity can only be self-destructive. Without the honest perceptions of outsiders, we will not be stimulated to ask the difficult questions that can renew our courage to examine discrepancies that inevitably crop up between our spiritual values and our organizational practices.

America's Saints has become a best-selling book among the Mormons precisely because we need the kind of frank examination that Gottlieb and Wiley have provided. One hopes we have retained the capacity to learn from those with whom we share less than complete accord.

The Ultimate Stegner Interview

Conversations with Wallace Stegner on Western History and Literature by Wallace Stegner and Richard W. Etulain (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1983), 200 pp., $15.

Reviewed by Gary Topping, curator of manuscripts, Utah State Historical Society.

WITH THE POSSIBLE exception of Louis L'Amour, Wallace Stegner has probably been interviewed more frequently than any other living Western writer. This is an impressive tribute to Stegner's accessibility to representatives of both scholarly and popular publications, and to his seemingly perennial appeal to audiences at many levels. Even taken together, though, the Stegner interviews have not, until recently, given us a truly comprehensive view of the man, his ideas, and his literary craft. Richard Etulain's cycle of ten interviews with Stegner — conceived, prepared, and edited with great skill — at last bridges those gaps.

The theme of the interviews is the complex mix of autobiography, history, and literature in Stegner's work. Few of his books stand squarely in any of those categories alone, and anyone who would understand them must learn to work the literary trigonometry that Etulain carries off so expertly. Roughly half of the interviews are devoted to Stegner's life and, chronologically, each of his books, with one entire interview on his masterpiece, *Angle of Repose*. The remainder of the interviews deal with topics of especial significance in Stegner's life and thought: the Mormons, the land, and other writers of Western fiction and history.

The interviews contain a few surprises. The ending to his prize-winning *Angle of Repose*, for example, eluded Stegner until a publisher's deadline forced him to come up with something on very short notice. *Mormon Country*, he reveals, was primarily an exercise in nostalgia for a homesick Utah boy trapped in the East. These are amusing and unexpected disclosures for Stegner fans accustomed to appreciating his care and craftsmanship, but they show that Stegner even in offhand moments is still very good indeed.

Stegner is one of the rare non-Mormon writers who have written with sympathy, sensitivity, and perception about the Mormons; and the Latter-day Saints have repaid him with their respect and loyalty. Curiously, Mormon readers have allowed him to make critical comments, both in *Mormon Country* and *The Gathering of Zion*, that few if any Mormon writers would have been permitted. Stegner ad-

mits to little interest in Mormon dogma, competence with Mormon doctrine, and even broad respect for Mormon culture and folkways. Evidently he assumes a corresponding selectivity in the way Mormon readers have approached his books, and he ascribes his popularity among them not primarily to what he says, but to the simple phenomenon of a local boy who makes good and thereafter can do no wrong at home. One observes that outsiders like Stegner are increasingly important as objective appraisals of Mormon culture by practicing Mormons are discouraged.

Stegner's environmentalism, the subject of one entire interview, is heavily tinctured by his involvement with the Sierra Club, an involvement which, to those who cannot help regarding the typical Sierra Clubber as a bush-league outdoorsman, somewhat compromises his comments. Others will see them differently, and even hardened skeptics will acknowledge that Stegner has been, at times, a powerful advocate for preservation of the back country. To Stegner's credit, he owns up to his occasional lapses, the most memorable being his collusion in the Sierra Club's misbegotten bargain that sacrificed Glen Canyon to save Echo Park. He excuses himself, however, with a claim of astounding hubris: "Nobody knew Glen Canyon then except me; I'd been down it a couple of times" (p. 169). The names of a score or more of oldtime boatmen leap almost immediately to mind, many of whom had been through Glen Canyon more times than they could remember, and some of whom had taken tourists numbering literally in the thousands through Glen — tourists whose names bulge from visitors' registers at popular locations all the way from Hite to the Crossing of the Fathers. They were, and still are, hopping mad about the Glen Canyon Dam, and they needed an articulate leader.

Those who have read Stegner extensively will find that these *Conversations* invariably enhance their appreciation of his mind and craft. For those who have read less of him, and for those few who have never read him at all, the interviews will still be meaningful in their disclosure of a thoughtful mind and a deeply humane temperament reflecting upon his career and materials. It is inevitable, though, that the greatest benefit the book will have for the latter class of readers will be to lead them into the Stegner novels, stories, and essays—a pleasure of discovery that old Stegner hands can only envy.

The University of Utah Press merits congratulation for handsome production at a reasonable price, and especially for Leo Holub's fine candid photographs interspersed throughout the book. The photographs effectively convey the relaxed atmosphere in evidence throughout the text.

To Search with No Reward

Search for Sanctuary: Brigham Young and the White Mountain Expedition by Clifford L. Stott (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1984), xiii, 297 pp., $19.95.

Reviewed by John F. Bluth, manuscripts cataloger, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.

Search for Sanctuary received the 1985 Francis M. Chipman Award from the Mormon History Association. A historical narrative, it describes a little-known aspect of the 1857–58 Utah War. Brigham Young sent men out to discover a wilderness fastness to which the Mormon people might flee to escape an expected onslaught of hostile Gentiles.

Clifford L. Stott, in his first major historical work, prefaces his description of this expedition by describing the political environment in Utah in 1857 and the pre-

ceeding years. He tells of the Mormon intransigence to federal rule which prompted President James Buchanan to send Johnston's Army to Utah. Brigham Young's initial counter-response to the army was a stance of armed defense later replaced by guerrilla harassment. Then during the winter of 1857–58, Young's policy of resistance gave way to a policy of retreat. He ordered an exodus of settlers from their northern Utah homes to places south of Salt Lake City, leaving nothing of worth behind.

Simultaneously, Young ordered an expedition to locate a suitable place for resettlement in the unexplored deserts about 200 miles southwest of Salt Lake City. A speculative 1848 map by John C. Fremont, which positioned a mountain range running east-west in the area, fostered Young's expectation that such a place existed. Misinformation about the potential of the area for settlement had also been supplied by Elijah Barney Ward, a mountain man friend of Young's since the early 1850s.

The description of this exploration forms the core of *Search for Sanctuary* and is the book's contribution to Mormon and Utah historical literature. Stott uses previously neglected primary source material for his research, such as the expedition's official log and manuscript maps and several firsthand journal accounts. He also retraced personally parts of the exploration route.

From his study, he concludes that between April and June 1858, the LDS Church carried out the largest exploration effort it had ever mounted. More than 160 men traversed previously unexplored valleys, canyons, and mountains of southwestern Utah and southeastern Nevada looking for arable land, water, forage, and timber. William H. Dame and George W. Bean commanded two separate parties that traveled more than 2,000 miles, attempted four settlements, and named many of the major features of the landscape.

Yet the impact of this exploratory effort was nearly inconsequential to the general course of both Utah and Mormon history. The explorers were sent on their way by Brigham Young, separated in time and space from the evolving events in Salt Lake City. By late April, Alfred Cumming, the newly appointed territorial governor, intervened to resolve peacefully the differences between the Mormons and the federal troops poised on the borders of Utah. The Mormons moving south returned to their homes, and there was no longer a need for resettlement.

By mid-May, to add disappointment to inconsequence, the explorers, who had continued their reconnoitering of the desert, reached a dismal conclusion. There was no east-west mountain range; there were no sizable rivers; there was no place for possizeable rivers; there was no place for posthousand acres explored in the central Great Basin, only a minute fraction (170 acres) were of even marginal agricultural use, a conclusion remarkably similar to that of John Wesley Powell in 1879.

Optimistically, expedition leaders tried to establish agricultural settlements at the most promising isolated oases; but by late summer 1858, these had withered and the men had been recalled.

In the same way, even the geographic names given by the expedition also disappeared over time. With only a few exceptions — which Stott notes — did any names survive on later federal maps.

No sanctuary, settlement, nor nomenclature resulted from the 1858 White Mountain Expedition. The official reports went unpublicized and even the leaders (Bean served as a guide for Captain James H. Simpson's exploration of a wagon route to Carson City two years later) failed to pass on the knowledge they had gained of the area.

So, why did Stott write about the great potentials of what might have been? Why be concerned with the struggles of discovery in a hostile environment when in both the short and long terms this struggle came to nearly nothing? Stott recognizes this inconsequence and simply notes in his preface "it is an interesting story and needs to be told, if for no other reason." It is, in-

deed, an interesting story of the faith of several men who saw themselves, at the prophet's request, building the kingdom by seeking a new resting place.

Search for Sanctuary is a history of a backwater, an eddy in the larger flow of surrounding events. The course of the Utah War was unaffected by the outcome of the White Mountain Expedition; later the miners and ranchers who settled the area remembered only rumors of the earlier findings. The discoveries of the Dame and Bean parties were never publicized until this present publication. Stott writes very well; his lengthy narrative is readable and extremely well documented. It follows closely the canons of historical form. But the meaning of the events as he describes them in *Search for Sanctuary* makes his study as historical writing an examination of fascinating potentials which unfortunately never materialized.

Faithful Fiction

Greening Wheat: Fifteen Mormon Short Stories, edited by Levi S. Peterson (Midvale, Utah: Orion Books, 1983); *Summer Fire*, by Douglas H. Thayer (Midvale, Utah: Orion Books, 1983); and *Zinnie Stokes, Zinnie Stokes*, by Donald R. Marshall (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1984).

Reviewed by Eugene England, professor of English at Brigham Young University. He teaches Mormon literature and writes criticism, poetry, and personal essays.

GOOD FICTION STRIKES ME with that same mysterious combination of exhilaration and grief that comes from new knowledge, from new visions that replace the dear old ones. Because they are good fiction, I recommend that you make any sacrifice necessary to get all three of these books and read them soon. They are quite different from each other, but they are all evidence that serious (as opposed to popular) Mormon fiction is maturing, reaching a level of both excellence and faithfulness that it has never enjoyed before but that has been both rationally and prophetically expected.

Mormon fiction does not need to be rebellious to be excellent, though most of our best fiction in the past, especially that of the regionalists of the thirties and forties like Vardis Fisher, Maurine Whipple, and Virginia Sorensen, was self-consciously expatriate. Nor does it need to be blindly affirmative to be faithful, though almost all of our popular home literature, from Orson F. Whitney and Nephi Anderson in the nineteenth century to Shirley Sealey and Jack Weyland in the twentieth, has been essentially devoid of genuine conflict.

The best Mormon fiction will avoid neither conflicts nor affirmation; it will be neither self-consciously critical nor merely didactic. It will be "faithful" in the sense Richard Bushman used the term in his Winter 1969 DIALOGUE essay, "Faithful History." He clarified the dangers both of the defensive mode of "official" Mormon history and of the uncritical secular assumptions underlying the graduate training of recent Mormon historians. After suggesting some characteristically if not uniquely Mormon approaches to the history of the world and the Church that could be particularly illuminating for all humankind, he ended with a brisk challenge capped with a brilliant inversion of a classical Mormon adage: "The enlargement of moral insight, spiritual commitment, and critical intelligence are all bound together. A man gains knowledge no faster than he is saved" (p. 25).

President Spencer W. Kimball gave a similarly refreshing challenge in his July 1977 *Ensign* essay, "The Gospel Vision of the Arts":

> For years I have been waiting for someone to do justice in recording . . . the

> story of the Restoration, . . . the struggles and frustrations; the apostasies and inner revolutions and counter-revolutions of those first decades; of the exodus; of the counter-reactions; of the transitions; of the persecution days; of the miracle man, Joseph Smith, of whom we sing "Oh, what rapture filled his bosom, For he saw the living God" (pp. 2–5).

This is surely a call for "faithful fiction" as well as faithful history — for examination of Mormon experience without avoiding either its human frustrations or its godly raptures. Thayer and Marshall, in their novels, as well as most of the best Mormon short story writers collected in *Greening Wheat*, give us precisely that. And most of these Mormon writers, especially Thayer and Marshall, fulfill Bushman's uniquely defining characteristic for faithfulness: They are basically good human beings who are struggling — vulnerably and seriously (though often through humor) — with their own moral insights and spiritual commitments as well as those of their characters.

The best and most important of these works is *Summer Fire*, which is not only Thayer's first novel but the first "real" Mormon novel in nearly thirty years, that is, the first to deal seriously with Mormon characters and ideas and to use them to create versions of the central human conflicts that energize good fiction. Don Marshall's first novel, though less substantial and powerful than Thayer's, is very good; and it is important in a different way. It is the first "real" novel to be published by the official Mormon press and seems to be selling well enough that Deseret and Bookcraft may finally be persuaded (if not by the prophets then perhaps by the profits) to publish more of such faithful fiction. *Greening Wheat* is the first anthology of Mormon short fiction ever; and it provides, despite the unfortunate omission of Thayer, Herbert Harker, Helen Walker Jones, and Dian Saderup, a nearly complete sampling of our best contemporary writers of fiction.

Thayer's novel, like all good and faithful writing, is about the greatest human problem, the pain of sin, and the greatest human joy, the hope of redemption. The main flaw is that this first novel by a brilliant short fictionist is still a bit too much like a short story. It is certainly long (240 pages) and substantial enough but lacks somewhat the rich diversity of characterization and plot development of traditional novels. It seems at times a little too well-crafted by the five years and multiple revisions Thayer has given it; it lacks some of the rough, risktaking passion and experimentation with form (think of Melville's *Moby Dick* or even "Billy Budd") characteristic of great long fiction. But Thayer's work does have the virtues of meticulous revision; Mormon critic Bruce Jorgensen calls him, quite accurately, a "draft-horse."

Jorgensen, who seems addicted to . . . well, *pun*ishing Thayer, has a name for Thayer's remarkably similar heroes: "Provotagonists." And we have one in *Summer Fire*, a righteous and self-righteous sixteen-year-old Mormon who leaves his protective mother and grandmother and antiseptic Provo home to work for the summer on a Nevada ranch. There the ranch foreman, Staver (one of Thayer's most unusual and powerful fictional creations), rubs Owen's face in dirt, manure, and disgrace. More subtly, he attempts to initiate him (as he does with all summer hands) into error and sin.

But Owen is no Billy Budd, fixed forever in beautiful innocence; he begins, granted, as an offensive prig, but he is also touchingly reflective and determined as a moral being — much as I suspect Thayer himself and most Mormon young people are or want to be. He learns not only to be less naive and more tolerant but, more importantly, he discovers that he is capable of terrible sin — he comes to the point of very nearly killing Staver — and must be able to accept Christ's atonement and forgive himself as well as others.

By the same token, Staver is no Claggart, fixed forever in a mysterious, yearning love/hate for goodness and a compulsion to destroy it. Thayer skillfully evokes the

"mystery of iniquity" in Staver, using the fine symbol of his being wounded in the heart in Korea and evoking his Claggart-like despair in violent midnight rides he takes on a half-wild stallion. A friend had joined the army to be with him in Korea and was killed there trying to save others the day before Staver himself was wounded in what seems to have been some desperate, even suicidal, action. Staver would not accept that sacrifice; but through Owen's only partly comprehending vision, we see Staver teaching Owen crucial things about work and caring, even about giving, and see that his flaw is a complex one. There is hope, which even Owen can finally feel because of his own self-discovery as well as from the example of others, that Staver too might be healed.

The main source of that hope, and for me the most interesting secondary figure, is Mrs. Cummings, cook and housekeeper for the ranch, who, besides striving to heal Staver, becomes, in effect, Owen's pastor. Raised a Mormon in Manti but married outside the Church, Mrs. Cummings is now a devoted but pragmatic evangelical Christian, faithfully enduring despite serious illness, a son (Dale) in jail, and the continuing prospect of Staver's evil:

> We all need the Lord Jesus Christ, son. . . . We need to let him love us and wash us clean with his blood; we all need that. It takes a lot of suffering sometimes before most people are willing to let the Lord teach them anything, and some never are. . . . Dale, he needs the Lord. So do all those other poor men [in prison], hundreds of them. They got to accept love, the Lord's and everybody else's, or they're just going to get mean and stay mean. . . . Staver had that terrible wound in his heart. . . . I tell that boy he's got to let the Lord teach him and love him, but he won't listen. . . . Helping everybody and having party friends ain't enough. A man's got to have the love of a wife and children to make any sense. Staver's got a lot of good in him (pp. 28, 68–69).

Mrs. Cummings's simple but unsentimental goodness, together with her steady, Christian (but non-Mormon) voice for redemptive love, is an important innovation in Mormon fiction. It allows Thayer to place his own moral and spiritual authority firmly within the story without intruding on Owen's first-person naiveté, thus giving us a fine balance of sympathy and judgment; and it allows Thayer's deeply Mormon convictions to be voiced and acted upon in language that is Christian and scripturally grounded but still unusual enough to avoid sentimental cliché, to be both arresting and clear. And Mrs. Cummings becomes Thayer's direct agent for literally saving as well as teaching Owen. Finally pushed too far by Staver's success in corrupting his cousin Randy (the other summer hand), Owen becomes enraged enough to try fighting Staver and then, after a humiliating defeat, to aim a gun at him from outside the bunkhouse. But Owen is stopped by a providential appearance:

> "Son, son."
> I turned. Mrs. Cummings stood under the trees in her long, white nightgown, her white hair down over her shoulders (p. 247).

This redemptive figure has done much more than prevent Owen from committing a terrible sin; she has helped him toward the essential understanding of himself and Christ that now begins to dawn. On his way home to Utah, he looks at a section of famous war photographs in *Life*. Included is one of a young German soldier

> holding a rifle and looking down from a guard tower at the people in a concentration camp. [Thayer has prepared for this scene through a powerful supportive theme of Owen's preoccupation — induced partly by a creative and passionate seminary teacher — with irrational evil, focused in the Holocaust.] I looked at him. . . . I looked at my hands, and then I looked at Randy and the other people in the bus whose faces I could see. I knew that I wasn't any different from them, and I knew that was part of what I'd learned. But there was something else, something even more important, that I didn't have a word for yet. But I would. It was a word like *prayer* or *faith* or *love*. (p. 256).

The word, probably, is *grace*.

Grace is what Donald Marshall's novel is about as well, though at first it seems more about atonement as paying for sin rather than as a healing through grace. Gavin Terry, whose dying wife had asked him to return a borrowed and damaged book (something she had neglected to do out of embarrassment), finds that to "clear the slate" (p. 6), as she had called it, is so satisfying that he later returns to Cedar City, Utah, to wipe clean his teenage mistakes.

So far we have the makings of what has been the usual Deseret Book (or Bookcraft) fictional fare — happy people with happy problems. But what lifts *Zinnie Stokes* into the realm of good and faithful fiction is Marshall's skill, integrity, and honest vulnerability. His protagonist, clearly a version of himself, experiences the minor discomfort and immense satisfaction of minor league slate-clearing: returning some kept change, admitting plagiarism to his former English teacher, compensating for a job paid for but never completed — all in the presence of his young son, who is surprised ("How come you did so many bad things when you were little?") but satisfactorily forgiving ("You're a good dad," p. 80). Slowly, though, Gavin begins to learn that clearing slates is not simple, first by finding that people and circumstances change, making real compensation impossible, then by struggling with his fear of and hatred for a teenage bully, and finally by being confronted with a suppressed wrong that is now tragically mixed up with adamant death and undeniable love.

It is this wrong he had suppressed, and Gavin's fumbling but courageous and faithful working it through, that make *Zinnie Stokes* into fine fiction. And it is a wrong from Marshall's own past in southern Utah, apparently a schoolboy cruelty toward some plain and rejected farmgirl with foreign-born parents, that haunts this novel with moving credibility. The same haunting, personal memory gave power to Marshall's story of ten years ago, "Christmas Snows, Christmas Winds," which was made into a prize-winning PBS drama still shown each Christmas. On the evidence of *Zinnie Stokes*, we can trust that Marshall, like Gavin, has realized that slates cannot be wiped clean by human payment but can only be brought out for further and better writing by the power of grace. We can also be grateful that Marshall's faithful conscience continues to energize his talent.

Levi Peterson hopes that *Greening Wheat* will appeal to gentile as well as Mormon readers, claiming in his introduction that the stories are all skillful exercises in "the conventions of modern fiction." I agree. Though they all partake somewhat of the paradox inherent in what I am calling faithful fiction, Peterson is right that they thus belong to "a large and venerable literature featuring the conflict between orthodoxy and the world at large" (p. vii). He recognizes that most of the stories include unusual, if not unique, Mormon aspects and ideas: missionaries, sacrament meetings, the obsession with sin, the anguish over failed blessings and promises, the responsibility of new creatures in Christ to create a new civilization, the struggle to comprehend evil in a universe ruled by a good and omnipotent God. But according to Peterson, the stories thus provide mainly "a new sweep over the old battleground in the human mind between faith and doubt, myth and science, revelation and reason," and they can claim to be "moral" mainly because they achieve "breadth, balance, and proportion" (pp. viii–x).

I disagree. Though Peterson admits that literature "ought to enhance life rather than to depress it" (p. ix), his defense of unrestricted subject matter on the grounds of proportion and neutrality does justice neither to the stories he is defending nor to the power and influence good literature has always had. Some things (fundamental nihilism, for instance) have no place in literature. And the best Mormon fiction, including much of Peterson's, gives us much more than balance; it gives us new

visions of life, filtered and energized through a unique and serious moral intelligence as well as a gifted and disciplined artistic sensibility.

For instance, Peterson's own story in this collection, "The Gift," is like R. A. Christmas's "Another Angel" in its unmerciful, even embarrassingly accurate look at the "foolishness" of traditional faith as it appears to people in our increasingly secular world. But also like Christmas, Peterson's main achievement is to convey the yearning for faith that persists among the secularized. His protagonist, a skeptical "existentialist" with a mistress, is touched by the spiritual charisma of a young Mormon elder. Though unable to accept all of the gift offered, he is able, like Christmas's heroine (the wife of a former Mormon who reads the Book of Mormon to better understand him), to accept some of the grace and to feel deep nostalgia for the rest: "Gerard was determined to marry Katrine, to give children to the world, to forgive God for not existing" (p. 117).

Two other stories look at another dimension of grace: how ineffably it comes — and goes. Bruce Jorgensen's poetically crafted jewel, "A Song for One Still Voice," gives us an ordinary man with extraordinarily firm and reflective sense of husbandry over crops and family. One night while irrigating, he is given a vision that "stuns him with delight and fear harmonized like a major fifth," one that has no apparent reason or implication but which enhances his life and ours through the power of words to imitate the power of actual experience: "Looking at it, he is weightless, in free fall as if the earth has dropped from under him, or as if he is drawn up with the world's tidal bulge and loosed in the gravity of light, yearning farther out and from deeper within than in any prayer he has ever spoken. Undeserved, abounding, grace rings in his bones." (p. 5)

Wayne Carver's "With Voice of Joy and Praise" is as ironically overstated in contrast with its theme as Jorgensen's "A Song for One Still Voice" is understated. It documents the poignantly banal conversations and reflections of a middle-aged Mormon couple traveling through the southern Idaho landscape of their youth (on the way home from a temple trip), who have unaccountably lost even that grace they once had.

Most of the other stories also come together in pairs: Donald Marshall's "Lavender Blue" and Lynn Larson's "Original Sin" both capture the strange mixture of anger, regret, and hope in their young Mormon protagonists' close escapes from sexual sin.

Linda Sillitoe creates an unforgettable Mormon teenager, whose attempt to be and appear a skeptic is tragically complicated by her desperate and faithful love for a quadriplegic whose priesthood blessing promises seem to fail. Kevin Cassity gives us another young Mormon, inexperienced, narrow, even bigoted, who, while working a summer in Alaska, finds himself slowly learning to appreciate the moral sincerity and life-changing spiritual experience given to non-Mormons.

Karen Rosenbaum's "Low Tide" and Joseph Peterson's "Yellow Dust" both provide harrowing confrontations with the possibility of moving from the security of religious faith and reliance on grace to the honest but terrifying faith that the universe is ultimately meaningless and death truly ultimate.

Dennis Clark, one of our most talented but so far least published writers, tells of the complex struggle of a young Mormon husband to be fully faithful to his wife, to avoid both self-gratification and gratifying flirtation, and of the small, uncertainly permanent, but certainly real gain he makes through prayer, good humor, and persistence.

David Wright, the talented playwright, poet, and fictionist who died twenty years ago, tells of a very different struggle than Clark examines but one that engages the similar paradox of freedom and order: a boy must learn to accept disappointment and limitation without losing passion and

idealism. His father helps with a natural parable, " 'Maybe you think that the hawk is free as an angel,' he said, 'but he don't get far from home,' " (p. 186) and by sending the boy on a mission as part of his planned trip to Salt Lake City: " 'After Mr. Burns takes you to Temple Square,' he said, 'tell him to let you walk down Second West Street. Go alone, and don't you be afraid. Don't you say anything or think anything bad about the people you see. And if someone comes up to you and asks you for a quarter, I want you to give him a dollar. Promise me right now you'll give him a dollar' " (p. 190).

Most of these writers, like Wright in his probably autobiographical sketch, are more comfortable with the grace of moral passion than with the grace of spiritual energy and conviction. But their honesty and hope, their desire "to enhance life rather than to depress it," as well as their professional skills and experience with great literature, lead them to allow both kinds of grace to show through in their stories. They are writing, in the main, "faithful fiction," fiction that compellingly images the courage to rebel, to be free of the compulsions and absurdities of orthodox religion — indeed of any structure. But it is fiction that just as effectively, and increasingly, images the greater courage to stay within a carefully chosen structure and to fight there for the only freedom that ultimately redeems, that which remains in tension with structure and which thus must be paid for with the terrible price of making covenants and keeping them.

From Mold Toward Bold?

A Woman's Choices: The Relief Society Legacy Lectures (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1984), viii, 189 pp., $7.95.

Reviewed by Dianne Dibb Forbis, who holds a degree in commercial art from BYU and is marketing coordinator for a national wedding stationery firm based in Rexburg, Idaho.

THE SIGHT OF seventeen venerable women smiling confidently from the dust jacket is intimidating. I know I'd better like this book. Please let me like this book!

Well, it did prove motivating. One day after reading quickly through the first six lectures I launched myself into a frenzy of cleaning the likes of which my house had never known. On a second day I meandered to the end of the book, then found myself writing in my journal — not about the book but about me. Later that day I mused upon and poked at the beginning lines of an in-the-works poem that had lain inert for weeks.

Were my reactions due to inspiration or anger? Probably some of both. Here was a concentration of the best of any pep talks for LDS women that are periodically heard through traditional Church channels. Here were the assurances in black and white, sanctioned by the august accomplishments of the women who mouthed the truisms: Each woman is important. Yes, there are difficult times. But, look, we all struggle with problems. Endure. Know yourself. Build on your strengths. Overcome your weaknesses. Choose to succeed.

It's all so heartening. It's all so sickening.

It made me glad. I've been assured again loudly that all wonderfulness is possible. And then again it made me mad. Those women make succeeding sound so easy, so blithely systematic in spite of trials.

This is a book to snack at, not swallow. But I did enjoy the snacking. The flavor seems right. I loved Beppie Harrison's reasonable look at the mother-in-the-home/mother-in-the-marketplace controversy. I appreciated her insights paralleling struggles at home with struggles in other arenas. Like Beppie, I am tired of hearing about spending quality time with children. I

enjoyed her comments on the benefits of quantity time. I have an inclination to memorize her entire essay and bestow special gems of thought upon my teenage daughters at opportune moments. In fact, immediately after reading the piece, I summoned to my side my seventeen-year-old prima donna and read to her:

> I want to let all these young women, forming their ideas and looking forward to their lives, into a very well-kept secret. Nothing they can choose to do will *not* have moments of drudgery or boredom, maybe even of feeling trapped. Unfortunately, that is what most of life is all about: making the best of being bored, getting through the drudgery, finding internal freedom when our circumstances have us trapped. It all happens anywhere. It happens at home; it happens on the job; it happens simply because we're human beings in an imperfect world, surrounded by other human beings (p. 56).

She groaned. She's heard it all before. Is that why I so liked certain parts of the book? Because LDS women who had worked and chosen their ways into satisfying situations in life were saying things that I already believed? Is that why I was irritated at times by the book? Because I knew all this and hadn't yet acted to follow fully the magic formulas?

Predictably, in some of the lectures, much attention is given to the subject of how a woman can influence young people for good. A glance through the index verifies that the editor(s), at least, felt there were more memorable references to "children" than to any other topic. I disagree. Only five of the fifteen lectures dealt with adult-child relationships to any great extent.

In fact, I was disappointed with the indexing. A book such as this, if it is to be taken seriously, should assume importance as a resource work. LDS women should be able to find useful quotes for supporting the female slant on standard tenets and personal tendencies. As it stands, each reader might have to rework the index for her own uses. As I read through the book, I noted page locations of some favorite concise statements. Then I went to the index to see if these were pinpointed under logical subject headings. They were not. I feel that the indexers skimmed the pages of this book and jotted down what might interest the stereotyped LDS woman of maybe twenty years ago.

One overall message of the book seems to be: You don't need to fit into a mold; explore and experiment—within the bounds of propriety. "If we want to live in . . . a blissful state here on earth, we . . . need to become converted — not to quilting or physical fitness or food storage or genealogy, but to the Savior and His ways, and to be His servants in bringing others into the light of the Gospel" (p. 178).

The reader is encouraged to find the best and then get involved deeply. "Mortality is our friend. We mustn't speed-read it, skimming its pages" (p. 110).

While checking again through the book to review what had struck me as especially powerful or clever, I was interested to find that many of those statements were quotations from other sources. Interested, I checked on just how many quotes from outside sources had been used.

The count averages to maybe one quote for every other page in the book. The quotes are not, of course, evenly dispersed throughout. Some of the women have depended heavily upon quotes; often a particular subject matter lends itself more naturally to such an approach. Other Legacy Lecture women seem to wing it happily without many footnoted securities, apparently confident that what they have to say needs little sanction from anyone else. One of my favorite pieces was the panel discussion, "Writer's Craft: Delight in the Ordinary," with Ardeth Greene Kapp, Vernice Pere, and Marilyn Arnold. These three women delighted completely in their own thoughtful discoveries. The only quotes were two short introductory quips. Sally

Brinton, talking about "The Blessing of Music in the Home," relies on no documentation from experts (other than one phrase from the thirteenth Article of Faith) to put across her points.

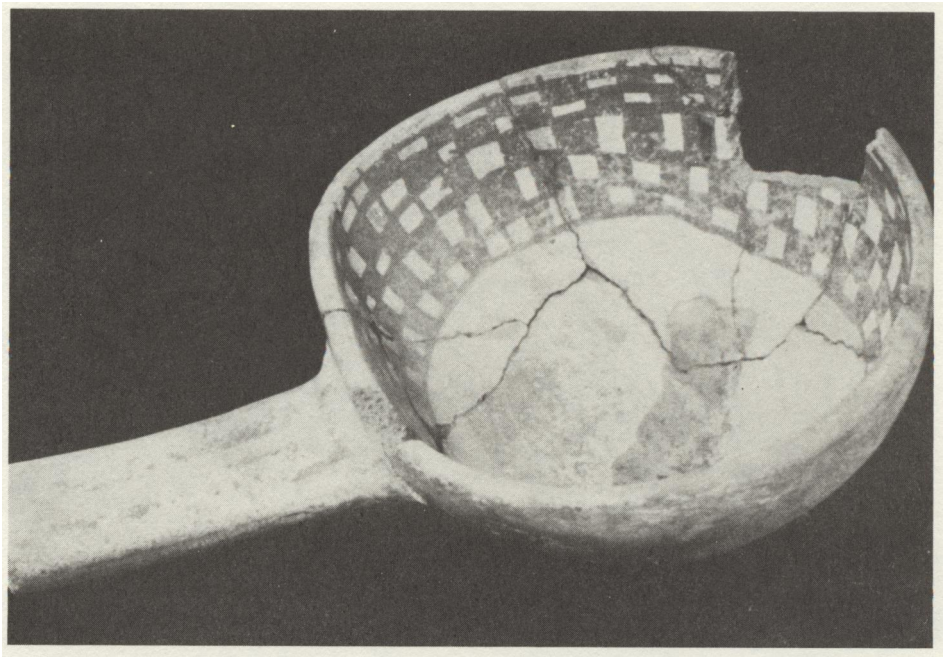
As long as I was tallying up outside quotes, I thought it might be enlightening to note from what general sources these admirable LDS women were pulling words of wisdom and direction. There are about ninety quotes in the book. These added-for-impact quotes originate quite evenly from three sources: scriptures, latter-day prophets and other Church leaders, and miscellaneous sources running the gamut from Willa Cather to Ronald Reagan to Zig Zigler.

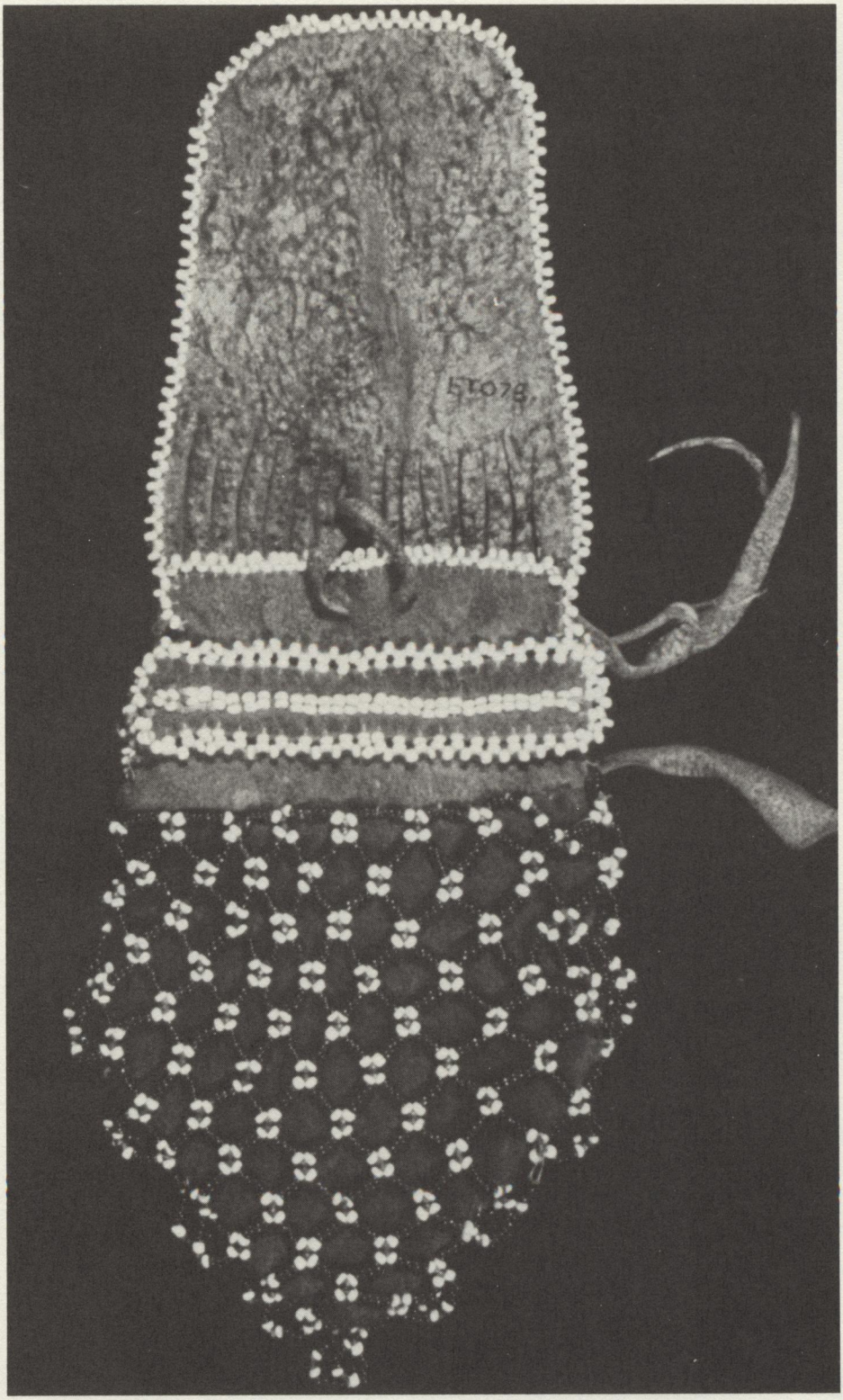
The Relief Society Legacy Lecture series, from which the fifteen selections for this book were drawn, began in March of 1982 and continued into the following year. The series was planned as part of the 140th-year anniversary celebration of the founding of the Relief Society. I didn't attend any of the Legacy Lectures, so, I came to this book cold.

I approached my reading assuming that I would find here a bolt of unbleached muslin. Instead I found a patchwork quilt. There is the expected, maybe scratchy, plain strong bland material; there are a few frilly eccentricities; there are bright as well as earthy tones; and there is the refinement of and reflection upon finely woven achievement. I recall with admiration the struggles and hard work recounted by Carolyn Rasmus and Eleanor Knowles.

Some LDS women might find within this work swatches of thought with patterns they have never before considered. "All for the good," JoAnn Ottley would sing. "Life as a singer has taught me some things about risks. We Mormons are a conservative lot — sometimes, I fear, unexplored. I think we need to be just a bit bolder, not *in spite* of commandments but *because* of them. I think we need to risk failing a little more" (p. 93).

Most of the women whose writings (lectures) are included in this book took that risk. More and more LDS women are taking such risks. Bravo!





ART CREDITS

Cover: Navajo rug from the Chinle area, c1900, Berrate pattern (modified eye dazzler); p. 142, Navajo rug with modified storm pattern, c1940. Courtesy Linda King Newell and L. Jackson Newell. Photographed by Jess Allen Photography, 1120 Richards Street, Salt Lake City.

Artifacts courtesy Utah Museum of Natural History: p. 24, Beaded bag purchased at Fort Hall, Idaho, in 1912, p. 80, Ceramic vessel, origin unknown; p. 88, Shoshoni basket, late 1900s; p. 118, Ute toy or souvenir, early 1900s; p. 152, Navajo "yei" rug, Lukachukai, Arizozna, mid-1900s; p. 173, Northern Ute necklace, possible souvenir, late 1900s; p. 182, Paiute wedding basket in Navajo design, early 1900s; p. 203, Anasazi ceramic, A.D. 800-1100, Alkali Point, Utah; p. 204, Northern Ute bag, late 1800s.

Artifacts courtesy Glenn C. Anderson, Sun Dance Gallery, 251 South State Street, Salt Lake City, UT 84111: p. 69, Painted elk hide, c1895, attributed to George Washakie, a Shoshoni, depicting the annual Sun Dance for the return of the buffalo; p. 92, Ghost Dance Shirt, muslin, c1890, painted by Northern Plains Indians. Photographed by Jess Allen Photography, 1120 Richards Street, Salt Lake City.

Photography by Don Thorpe, 1087 South 1100 East, Salt Lake City, UT 84105, p.144, Lacee Harris.