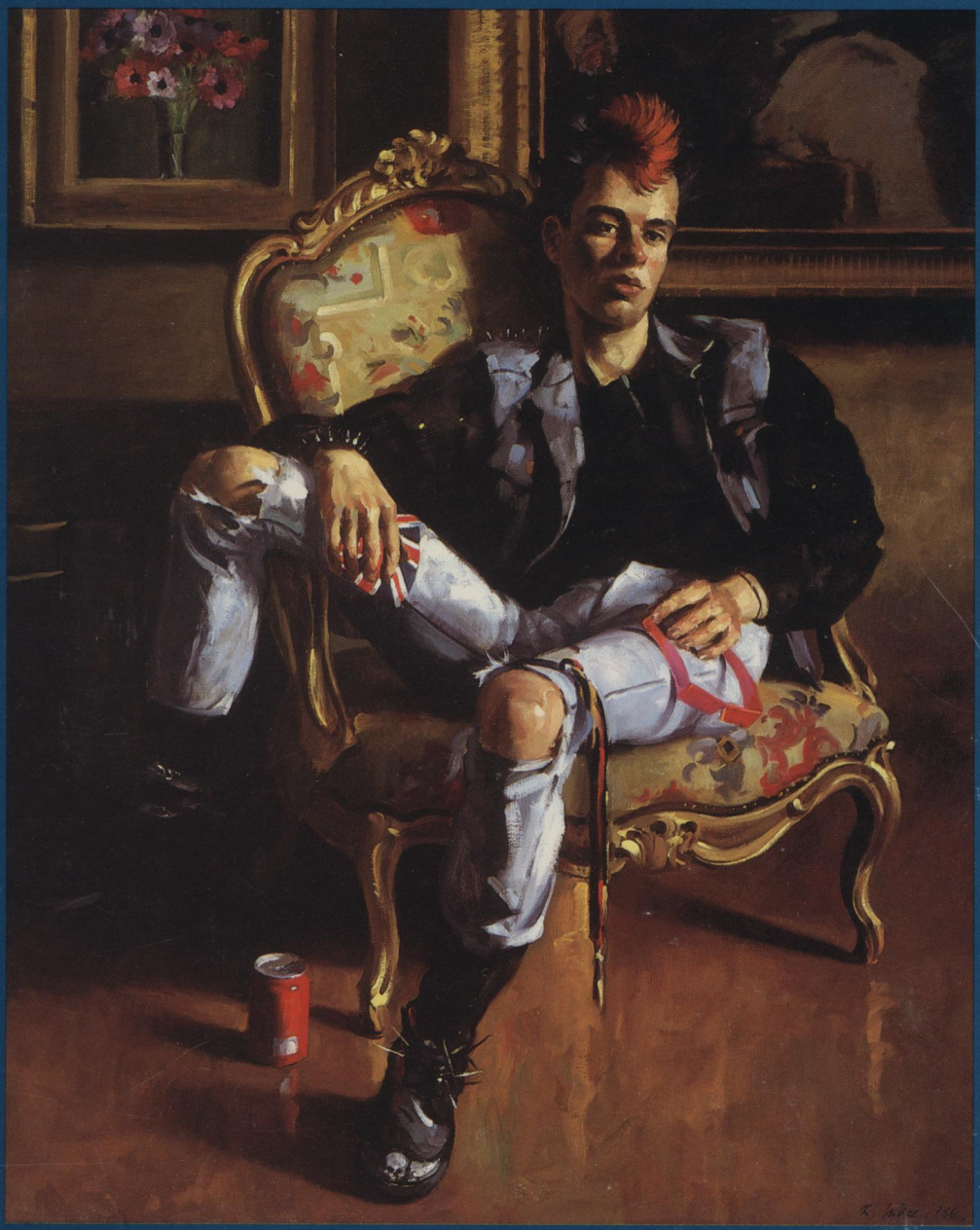
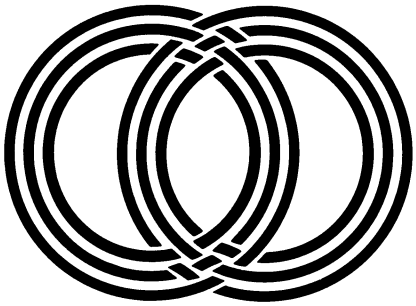
DIALOGUE

A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT





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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 Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints or of the editors.

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CONTENTS

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DIALOGUE welcomes articles, essays, poetry, fiction, selections for Notes and Comments, letters to the editor, and art. Manuscripts must be sent in triplicate, accompanied by return postage, and should be prepared according to the *Chicago Manual of Style* including double-spacing all block quotations and notes. Use the author-date citation style as described in the thirteenth edition. An IBM-PC compatible floppy diskette may also be submitted with the manuscript, using WordPerfect or other ASCII format software. Send submissions to DIALOGUE, University Station—UMC 7805, Logan, Utah 84322-7805. Artists wishing consideration of their artwork should send inquiries to the Art Editor at the same address.

LETTERS

Peterson's Bias

After reading Levi Peterson's article "Juanita Brooks, My Subject, My Sister" (Spring 1989), I would like to comment on what I consider to be the author's bias. I speak with appreciation for Peterson as Juanita's biographer (see *Juanita Brooks: Mormon Woman Historian* [University of Utah Press, 1988]) and offer the perspective of a member of the extended Leavitt family, though I do not pretend to speak for the family.

First, I don't believe the word "dissenter," used by Peterson (p. 22), accurately describes Juanita. Dissent means to differ in sentiment, to disagree, but also to reject the doctrines or authority of an established church, to withdraw from the group. While she did differ with many General Authorities about her historical treatment of the Mountain Meadows Massacre, she did not reject the Church's authority or authenticity. She valued her membership. Even the term "dissident" is much too strong to describe Juanita Brooks, or Levi Peterson for that matter. A better name? Maverick. Renegade. Likewise, her dissent would be better termed as disagreement or struggle.

In his article, Peterson writes of Juanita's "extraordinary disillusionment" (p. 21) at the death of her husband Ernest. I think Peterson misinterpreted her struggle, in both the autobiography and the article. He felt her faith was shaken and her continued loyalty to the Church resulted from a combination of habit, superstition, social necessity, family pride, and intuition. I doubt that is how Juanita reacted to that difficult experience when the priesthood proved ineffectual. What I believe came out of this poignant episode (where many in the family reported that she believed until the shovels of dirt hit the casket that Ernest would be raised from the dead) was new realism toward her faith. She didn't give up on the foundation of faith, prayer, and spiritual manifestations, but neither did she follow priesthood leaders off any cliffs. Her testimony was trimmed, then strengthened. This enabled her to live an apparent paradox of faith and maverick disagreement. As my late uncle Frank McKean (no relation to her) said of Juanita, "Her strength was that she was not bothered that people made mistakes, and church leaders were people, after all." Forgiving leaders for their mistakes also allowed her to stand up against errors of the present. But she did not believe that those errors disarmed the Church of its redeeming power. Her actions showed others how to disagree without being an apostate or dissenter.

Another area where I differ with Peterson is the Delbert Stapley story. I agree with the facts but not with Peterson's interpretation. Juanita did indeed stand up to the apostle over the publication of John D. Lee's reinstatement; but when she said, "In this matter I know the will of the Lord as well as you do," I believe she was neither belittling Stapley nor boasting of her dissent. Rather she was affirming her intuition, her faith that she really did know his will. As much as I like the story, I hope that Church members don't think telling off an apostle will earn them extraordinary status. Following conscience will.

Finally, I hope Peterson wasn't using Juanita's life to justify his own "dissent" (p. 23). His DIALOGUE essay made me wonder if he wasn't putting Juanita Brooks into a place reserved for Levi Peterson. Or painting her with a marginal convic-

tion like the characters in his book *Canyons of Grace*. The parallels Peterson drew between Juanita's life and his own seemed excessive and contrived. I am glad he thinks of her as a sister, just as I do. But sisters may encourage and agree with their brothers without endorsing their behavior. I find it fascinating the way we package people—Peterson with Juanita, she with John D. Lee, and so on. It may be gratifying to the biographer, but is it fair to the subject? I would like to hear other views of her motives and contributions.

Again, I thank Peterson for his biography. Seeing her through his eyes has expanded my opinion of her and of my family.

Alan Mitchell
Madras, Oregon

The Oakland Ninth Branch

I would like to add a few notes to Jesse L. Embry's interesting article, "Separate But Equal?: Black Branches, Genesis Groups, or Integrated Wards?" (Spring 1990). In early 1986, the California Oakland Mission sponsored Virginia Street Services (VSS) for investigators and newly baptized members. These services were first held in the Virginia Avenue Chapel, which by the way, was not "the first LDS Chapel in Oakland" (p. 27), as Embry stated, but rather the oldest chapel in Oakland then owned by the Church.

In late summer 1986, I was called as a liaison officer and began to attend the services, which had by then moved to the Oakland First Ward Relief Society room. Full-time missionary elders conducted the meetings, which were attended mostly by black members and investigators.

At first I merely observed the meetings. Within a few weeks, however, Bishop Palfreyman of the First Ward asked me to organize a presidency for the VSS group and to begin superseding the elders. The idea was to place VSS under the jurisdiction of the Oakland First Ward. This move had the blessing of the mission president, Wayne Peterson, and the stake president, J. David Billeter.

I nominated as assistants Rodney Carey, Edmund Griffin, and Michael Hayes, virtually the only active male members of VSS. Elder Carey was a returned missionary; the others were newly baptized. Bishop Palfreyman called and sustained us as group leaders at a VSS sacrament meeting at which he presided. At first we met with the missionary elders in weekly presidency meetings. But, as we assumed responsibility for VSS, the elders resumed their usual duties of teaching investigators, fellowshipping new members, and transporting investigators and members to meetings in two mission-owned twelve-passenger vans.

During this same period and before, stake and ward leaders had been struggling to determine a way to divide the ward. Shortly after I became VSS group leader, the bishop and stake president asked me to recommend a geographical division of the ward that could include VSS. I recommended a division along Interstate 580, which would leave a new branch with a healthy portion of ward members and would reduce the ward to manageable size. The proposal was adopted with only one minor change.

In October 1986, I was called as president of the new Oakland Ninth Branch which combined ward members living within branch boundaries with VSS members, who, for the most part, lived within the same boundaries. The former ward members were of mixed ethnic background but were mostly Caucasian.

I chose as my counselors Jerry Young, a long-time Oakland resident, Eric Luke, lately from BYU, and as executive secretary, Edmund Griffin. The First Ward was divided in late October 1986. (Sister Embry mistakenly places this event in 1988.) The branch held its first sacrament meeting in the newly renovated Virginia Avenue Chapel on 9 November 1986. Elder Dallin H. Oaks, in the area visiting the Oakland Stake's branches, spoke. What began as a missionary program to

extend the blessings of the gospel to an area of Oakland underrepresented in the First Ward, became in only a few months a geographical unit of the Church.

I am one of only three imported branch leaders, and the only branch president from Piedmont, contrary to what Embry says (p. 28). Richard Alder, a First Ward member, is now branch president. One of his counselors lives in the branch; the other does not. Otherwise, the branch has been staffed with its own members, a great blessing to many of them. Those with little Church experience have accepted callings and have enjoyed the blessings usually associated with such sacrifices. Their growth has been the most successful aspect of the Oakland Ninth Branch.

Robert T. Baer
Piedmont, California

Freedom in the Midwest

I used to envy my Mormon MHA friends who live in Utah, but after reading Phyllis Barber's "The Mormon Woman as Writer" in the recent Women's Issue (Fall 1990), my envy has turned to relief. What a cross it must be to have so many Mormons breathing down your neck. Everywhere there are constant reinforcements to conform. Your family, neighbors, friends, clerks, teachers, police, doctors, lawyers, and others are there as vigilant reminders of what Mormons should be doing to "live the gospel." Good grief, what a dilemma for a writer. It's enough to make one paranoid.

I live in the Midwest, where credibility in the community means more than showing up in church. In Utah, you have to be a Mormon first, and everything else second. Here, I am a writer first. I can have my characters be more human, if not downright sinful. My Utah-born and raised husband has not once said: "You can't write that, what will the Church members think?" Fortunately, I had learned to think for myself before I joined the Church.

The Women's Issue was refreshing, and I enjoyed reading about modern women coping with real issues. Sometimes I get a little tired reading yet another dull article on Joseph Smith and the early Church. But then, what can you expect from someone whose favorite Mormon male fiction writer is Levi Peterson?

Violet Kimball
Edwardsville, Illinois

What Is the Sound of One Tree Clapping?

I enjoyed reading Miriam B. Murphy's review of *Harvest: Contemporary Mormon Poets* (Fall 1990) and was flattered that among so many poems, she commented on my contributions to the volume. My only quarrel with her observations has to do with her suggesting that the lines "and at once all the trees of the field/clap their hands and rejoice," from my poem "Gilead," "unhappily recall the muse of Joyce Kilmer" (p. 202). I assume she says this because Kilmer and I both wrote about trees expressing human emotions; but the problem with Kilmer's "Trees" is not that he uses the pathetic fallacy (investing natural objects with human emotions), but that his use of it is overly sentimental and inconsistent. Kilmer has his tree's mouth "prest/against the earth's sweet flowering breast" in one stanza, its eyes looking "at God all day" as it "lifts its leafy arms to pray" in a second, its hair holding a robin's nest in a third, and then that hair apparently being turned into a bosom holding snow in a fourth.

While Ruskin deplored the use of the pathetic fallacy (a term he invented) among the Romantics and believed their use of it marked them as poets of the second order, poets in all ages, from Homer to Seamus Heaney, have used the device, some with brilliant effectiveness. My use of it was intentional. Because so many of the allusions to trees in the poem are scriptural, I wanted to conclude the poem with a final scriptural image ("The moun-

tains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands" (Isa. 55:12) because I was looking for an image that would unify the other images of trees in the poem and also connect them with Christ, who as the light of the world, flames out in redemptive atonement and, through his enduring (ever green) love, is the balm (i.e., the healing ointment of the balsam or evergreen tree) in Gilead.

Robert A. Rees
Los Angeles, California

A Familiar Story

Two friends brought me Anne Castleton's article on domestic violence (Fall 1990), both convinced that her story was similar to what I endured for two decades as the wife of an LDS physician. At the age of nineteen, I married a returned missionary and medical intern. My family was Protestant, but I joined the LDS Church before my marriage. My husband nearly destroyed me over the next twenty years with mental, physical, and sexual abuse. He constantly used his interpretation of LDS doctrine against me. I did everything in my power to improve the situation, since like most women, I wanted to be a good wife and mother.

I stayed as long as I did because I honestly thought things would get better. I finally left when my youngest child was grown. During those terrible years, I often wondered why my husband's beliefs gave him the right to treat me as he did. Even in divorce counseling, I was not able to articulate the things that I had been through. Following my divorce, my husband pushed for my excommunication from the Church in an attempt to regain control. To this day, he will not admit that he abused me. The excommunication was handled with a series of certified letters, and I did not attend the trial. I am certain that ward and stake officials did not realize they were dealing with psychological and physical abuse, but rather my disobedience to my apparently righteous husband. He demanded my excommunication to punish and control, and the powers that were went along.

After my excommunication, I had to move to another area because my husband continued to harass and threaten me. The memories of events during my marriage would not fade, however, no matter how hard I tried to suppress them. I finally sought counseling again and this time was finally able to admit what had happened and begin to deal with it.

Perhaps if I had been able to read a journal such as yours, things might have ended differently. I learned about DIALOGUE years ago, but my former husband did not allow me to read anything he considered out of step with his beliefs. He told me often that there could only be one set of beliefs in our home. HIS!

I thank Anne Castleton for sharing her story. Like her, I am finding a rebirth in the academic world. I am currently a graduate student working towards a master's degree in the earth sciences.

Name withheld
San Jose, California

Amen

This is a farewell letter, mostly for those people who managed to let me know they appreciated my past letters to DIALOGUE on the subject of feminist truths and their opposites in Mormonism.

What brings on this decision? Two things: (1) This year's Women's Issue of DIALOGUE showed me my voice isn't needed in this debate, that it is in good hands. (2) Recent rejections by a variety of editors of my latest attempts to speak and write on the subject—when added to a long list of nearly twenty previously rejected writings and a similarly long list of rejected letters—convinced me that my painful efforts to communicate are fruitless. Friends keep telling me my anger, transparent in all my writings, is at fault. So be it: I am angry.

For twenty years after my conversion, I was able to keep my developing testimony in harmony with my developing intellect. In 1982, however, my testimony came crashing down when I observed LDS men and women around me being coercive, deceitful, and downright mean, all in the name of a "higher" cause: the defeat of a time-extension for the Equal Rights Amendment in Illinois. Suddenly I was a stranger in my own land. But when I came to understand the theological underpinnings of that higher cause, I was horrified. I filled with anger, and it spilled out on paper.

So am I saying goodbye because I wasn't coddled and applauded by editors? Admittedly, I might be writing something totally different today if some of my previous attempts had succeeded. However, I have said all I wanted to say, albeit to a minute audience of myself and a few editors and friends. Even more important, all I wanted to say is being said by others and being said better than I know how to say it. I have no more to add.

I quit the Church, for all intents, with the promise that I'll be back when my daughters are elders and D&C 132 is eliminated from the canon with an apology from God. (I used to have another demand concerning a certain ritual, but I'm told it has been taken care of.) Now I'm likewise terminating my identification with part of the little community camped out—manuscripts in hand—on DIALOGUE's doorstep. But the difference between the first leaving and the second is that the one I left angry, the other I leave with the warm feeling that it'll be just fine without me.

That warmth comes from reading in the Fall 1990 issue of DIALOGUE about Helen Candland Stark's experiences with the Church's strong-arm tactics as it pursued a political objective. These were also my feelings. I identified with much in the excellent articles by Lavina Fielding Anderson and Amy L. Bentley. I knew nothing of what Bentley described and feel comforted that others were involved years before I caught fire and that the movement is still alive, albeit in a changed and changing state.

More important, however, I identified with Stark's self-discovery and her eventual experience of inner wholeness. This has also been my experience. At my darkest time, after realizing that I'd been chasing an aery phantom instead of truth, first the earth and then the universe itself, as Stark experienced, extended to me love, comfort, and insight, allowed me to glimpse the divine center within another and feel it within myself. I saw clearly after this inner-healing experience that patriarchy, which I interpret much the same as does Alison Walker in her forthright and factual article, "diminishes" and "distorts" the full humanity of women and men. Institutions that reflect and support patriarchy anger me still.

The truth, and it is a comforting truth at that, that I've settled on as *the Truth* is the one that Veneta Nielsen quotes from May Swenson: "Life is to find." Life is exciting again, now that all I have are questions and the feeling, given as a love-gift from the universe, that I am a loved, accepted, and hence worthwhile part of some undefined/undefinable whole. Thus, with Stark's experience mirroring my own, with Walker expressing my feelings and convictions, and with Swenson expressing the One Truth I've come to believe, what more could I possibly say?

Abraham Van Luik
Richland, Washington

Is There an Index?

A comprehensive index to the *Journal of Discourses* has been needed for some time. When I conclude my five-volume series, *Collected Discourses*, I will be publishing an exhaustive index for that series and for the *Journal of Discourses*. Anyone with knowledge of a *Journal of Discourses* index, or currently working on such a project, please contact me so that we might avoid duplicating our efforts. I

would gratefully appreciate any assistance or suggestions.

Brian H. Stuy
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Burbank, California 91506

Congratulations

I've just finished reading your last issue (Fall 1990) and write to congratulate you. The issue highlights my interest and experience and does it eloquently and accurately.

Esther Peterson
Washington, D.C.

"Of General and Enduring Value"

DIALOGUE gets better with age—both as a verb and a proper noun. The informative accounts in the Summer 1990 issue of how our RLDS cousins have handled the issue of baptism for the dead (Roger Launius); how the doctrine developed among the Saints in early Nauvoo (Guy Bishop); and the finely tuned comparative piece by Grant Underwood were indeed worthy of the name of dialogue. John Dewey once remarked that "Democracy begins in conversation," and I am tempted to say it might even be the beginning of understanding religion if we'd give it a chance. There's precious little of it in church meetings, however, so thanks for providing a forum for dialogue by proxy. It often makes my Sabbath!

Guy Bishop's comment that baptism for the dead was not a part of nineteenth-century American religion and that it was left to Joseph Smith and the Mormons "to establish a doctrinal stance on the subject" (p. 85) led me to reflect on a piece of information I picked up some years ago. This historical reference links the doctrine and practice with the eighteenth- century Seventh Day German Baptists of the Ephrata Cloister in Pennsylvania, and I thought it might be worth sharing with DIALOGUE readers.

In his book *Conrad Weiser: Friend of Colonists and Mohawk* (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1945), Paul A. Wallace gives an account of eighteenth-century frontiersman Conrad Weiser's experience at Ephrata (c. 1738). In a chapter entitled "Conrad Weiser Becomes A Priest After the Order of Melchizedek" Wallace says:

> Our of the brain of Emanuel Eckering (Elimelech) there sprang that same year, 1738, the ingenious concept of the Baptism for the Dead. Persons who had died without the grace of total immersion might yet be saved if they were baptized by proxy. Peter Miller, who never lost his head amid all these insinuating mumeries, was against it; but [Conrad] Beissel [leader of the Seventh Day Baptists], ready as always to follow a religious wil-o'-the-wisp, set his seal upon it. Emmanuel Eckerling was the first to receive baptism in this kind. In a pool of the Cocalico, under Beissel's hands, he was immersed on behalf of his departed mother. The principle once accepted, the thing became popular, and the next world must soon have been swarming with souls so astonished to find themselves sainted by Cocalico immersion *in abstentia*. (p. 104)

Wallace cites as his source volume 1 of J. F. Sachse's *The German Sectarians of Pennsylvania* (Philadelphia, 1899), which adds that baptism for the dead was "practiced for many years" at Ephrata, that it outlived and went beyond that community and was accepted by people of other faiths. Sachse also claims that as late as the 1840s there were traditions of "children having become substitutes in Baptism for parents, or *vice versa*" (p. 366).

Whether there is any connection between Emanuel Eckerling's baptism for the dead in Pennsylvania and Joseph Smith's thinking a century later in Nauvoo would no doubt be difficult to ascertain. However, if we have learned anything about Mormon history over the past couple of decades, it is that nothing is as simple or as obvious as it seems—including perhaps what we thought was our unique Mormon concept of baptism for the dead.

I also thoroughly enjoyed the articles dealing with Mormon fundamentalism

in the same issue of DIALOGUE. Martha Bradley and Ken Driggs are to be complimented for their sensitive and insightful presentations on an important aspect of Mormon history. Indeed, their accounts of contemporary plural marriage helped me understand with more empathy the commitment, turmoil, and dilemmas which nineteenth-century LDS communities faced as well as giving me a better understanding of the twentieth-century fundamentalist perspective.

I was interested in a book that Driggs mentioned, *Revelations of a More Enduring Value*, supposedly prepared for publication in 1930 by James E. Talmage. LeRoy Johnson had the publication date correct, but a conversation I had with T. Edgar Lyon of the LDS Salt Lake Institute of Religion around 1959 leads me to believe the editor of this "expurgated" version of the Doctrine and Covenants was actually John A. Widtsoe. I have a copy of this book published by the Church in 1930, and it is entitled *Latter-day Revelations: Selections from the Book of Doctrine and Covenants*. Section 1 is entitled "The Voice of the Lord to All People"; Section 19, "Christ Victorious and Omnipotent"; Section 27, "Sacramental Emblems and the Future Communion"; Section 110, "A Glorious Theophany Followed by Visitations of Ancient Prophets," and so forth.

According to Brother Lyon, John A. Widtsoe prepared this edition while he was in the British Mission in the 1920s in an effort to make the revelations more readable and less encumbered by long-forgotten historical circumstances. The book excluded Section 132 permitting plural marriage and, of course, the Manifesto banning it. The "indignant" response of people like LeRoy Johnson apparently elicited a Church reaction: Bro. Lyon told me that these exclusions led the fundamentalists to charge that the Church was changing the scriptures. This was apparently too much for the brethren; and consequently the book, more readable though it may have been, was recalled and the unsold copies supposedly destroyed. The copy I have was purchased originally by my brother in the United Kingdom in the 1960s.

The book's unsigned "Foreword" commented that many of the original revelations in the Doctrine and Covenants had become of "relatively reduced importance with the passing of the conditions that brought them forth" and that the purpose of the edited version was to present "scriptures of general and enduring value." Eighty-five sections and parts of sections were removed, leaving forty-one revelations or 30 percent of the Doctrine and Covenants classified as of "general and enduring value." Deletions were, of course, indicated by asterisks.

The standard which the editor (presumably Widtsoe) used in determining which parts of the revelations were *not* of "enduring value" was apparently the extent to which they addressed problems which at one time were of "present and pressing significance" but were no longer important. It would be interesting to know if Widtsoe discussed his criteria with the Twelve in the course of his work and how he responded to the fundamentalist criticism. I wonder, too, if any non-fundamentalist Latter-day Saints objected to the editing of the revelations given to Joseph Smith and to the use of decidedly un-Mormon terms such as "communion," "theophany," and "Holy Trinity" in the titles.

Of course, editing the "word of the Lord" is nothing new, and each editor has good reasons for the deletions made: Thomas Jefferson, for instance, was very clear about his criteria when he edited the New Testament. He simply deleted any miracles that didn't meet his enlightenment standards of rationality and retained only things of a moral nature. For Jefferson, events which could not be explained rationally were apparently not "of enduring value" and therefore not worth keeping in the canon. I seem to recall reading of an early Christian missionary who excluded references to the

Lord as a "god of battles" from the Old Testament when he translated it for the warring tribes of Eastern Europe. He did so because he believed they did not need any divine encouragement to fight! In this case perhaps selective editing of scriptures has its place.

However, it fairly boggles the mind to think what *might* have happened if the idea of *Latter-Day Revelations* had caught on and the Bible and the Book of Mormon had also been reduced to those parts of "general and enduring value." Come to think of it, reading expurgated versions would certainly make daily scripture reading more efficient—one could read all the "necessary" parts more frequently in the course of a year. To paraphrase Mark Twain's comment about excluding "And it came to pass" from the Book of Mormon: deleting the outdated historical details from our scriptures might leave us with a fair-sized booklet. In addition, if we viewed the scriptures as ahistorical documents, we would no longer need to worry about historical consistency or disturbing new documentary discoveries made by prying historians! By turning our back on *Latter-Day Revelations*, we may have missed a golden opportunity to simplify our lives . . . and our thinking!

Frederick S. Buchanan
Salt Lake City, Utah


1919

Speaking in Tongues in the Restoration Churches

Lee Copeland

"WE BELIEVE IN THE GIFT OF TONGUES, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, and so forth" (Seventh Article of Faith). While over five million people in the United States today speak in tongues (Noll 1983, 336), very few, if any, are Latter-day Saints. However, during the mid-1800s, speaking in tongues was so commonplace in the LDS and RLDS churches that a person who had not spoken in tongues, or who had not heard others do so, was a rarity. Journals and life histories of that period are filled with instances of the exercise of this gift of the Spirit. In today's Church, the practice is almost totally unknown. This article summarizes the various views of tongues today, clarifies the origin of tongues within the restored Church, and details its rise and fall in the LDS and RLDS faiths.

There are two general categories of speaking in tongues: *glossolalia*, speaking in an unknown language, usually thought to be of heavenly, not human, origin; and *xenoglossia*, miraculously speaking in an ordinary human language unknown to the speaker. When no distinction is made between these two types of speech, both types are collectively referred to as glossolalia.

On the day of Pentecost, Christ's apostles were gathered together. "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance. . . . Now when this was noised abroad, the multitude came together, and were confounded, because that every man heard them speak in his own language" (Acts 2:4, 6). The apostles were given the power to speak in languages they did not know, an example of xenoglossia. In contrast,

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LEE COPELAND lives with his wife, Suzanne, and their children Shawn, David, Cathleen, Melissa, Brian, Thomas, Carrie, Sundari, and Rajan in Kaysville, Utah.

the Saints in Corinth practiced glossolalia, speaking in unknown tongues (1 Cor. 14).

While speaking in tongues was accepted, practiced, and sometimes abused in New Testament times, modern researchers disagree about its validity as a religious experience. One group discounts the religious aspect of tongues and considers it aberrant human behavior. In the 1920s, psychologist Alexander Mackie concluded that glossolalists exhibit such symptoms as unstable nervous systems, disturbed sex lives, perversions, and exhibitionism. He claimed that speaking in tongues is a symptom of an emotionalism or a pathological dissociative process (in Mills 1986, 20–21). George Cutten, author of psychological and religious books, whose 1927 writings defined the standard view of glossolalia for many years, suggested that glossolalists experience a state of personal disintegration in which the verbo-motive centers of the brain become obedient to subconscious impulses. He linked glossolalia to hysteria, catalepsy, ecstasy, schizophrenia, and an underdeveloped capacity for rational thought (Cutten 1927).

A second group of investigators also discounts the religious aspect of tongues but considers it a normal, although uncommon, human behavior. L. Carlyle May has shown that glossolalia and xenoglossia are not limited to Christian churches but are almost universal in time and place. Glossolalia occurs frequently among the Eskimos of the Hudson Bay area. The priestesses of North Borneo speak incantations in a language known only to the spirits and themselves. The tribal doctors of the modern Quillancinga and Pasto groups of the Andes recite unintelligible prayers as they heal their patients. Glossolalia occurs during seances on the Japanese islands of Hokkaido and Honshu. Even Herodotus and Virgil wrote of priests speaking strange languages while possessed (May 1956).

Xenoglossia is also widespread. During the Later Han Dynasty in China (approximately 200 A.D.), the wife of Ting-in would suddenly become ill and speak in foreign languages she could not speak when normal. Today's Haida shaman of Alaska can speak Tlingit when inspired. East Africans who neither understand nor speak Swahili or English speak these languages when possessed by spirits (May 1956). Virginia Hine, another researcher of speaking in tongues, concluded, "Quite clearly, available evidence requires that an explanation of glossolalia as pathological must be discarded" (1969, 217).

A third group of investigators recognizes the religious aspect but accepts the legitimacy of tongues only in New Testament times. They argue, first, that speaking in tongues had no significant place in the post-apostolic church A.D. 100–400; second, that the Middle Ages offer no evidence that the apostolic gift of tongues was meant to be

perpetuated; third, that the reformation period gives no evidence of the continuance of speaking in tongues; and fourth, that the history of the church in modern times does not support the validity of tongues as a scriptural manifestation in today's church (Unger 1971, 136–45). According to these investigators, "the extensive evidence of church history and the effects of tongues on human experience—the emotional extremism, the unhealthy prophetism often manifest, the doctrinal ignorance and confusion, the divisive nature of the movements, the pride and empty conceit generated by erratic unscriptural 'experiences'—all these point to the truth of Paul's inspired Word, 'tongues shall cease' " (Unger 1971, 146).

A final group of researchers recognizes the religious aspect and accepts the legitimacy of tongues in modern times. Stressing the following points, they argue that speaking in tongues is a unique spiritual gift within the church of Jesus Christ:

- Speaking in tongues was ordained by God for the church (1 Cor. 12:28).
- Speaking in tongues is a specific fulfillment of prophecy (Isa. 28:11; 1 Cor. 14:21; Joel 2:28; Acts 2:16).
- Speaking in tongues is a sign *of* the believer (Mark 16:17).
- Speaking in tongues is a sign *to* the unbeliever (1 Cor. 14:22).
- Speaking in tongues is an evidence of baptism with the Holy Spirit (Acts 2:4, 10:45, 46, 19:6).
- Speaking in tongues is a spiritual gift for self-edification (1 Cor. 14:4).
- The Apostle Paul desired that all would speak in tongues (1 Cor. 14:5) and that speaking in tongues should not be forbidden (1 Cor. 14:39; Jorstad 1973, 85–86).

Although speaking in tongues is the subject of intense and highly emotional discussion among Christians today, these differing viewpoints did not influence the early Latter-day Saints. There was no question in their minds about the legitimacy of speaking in tongues. Their leaders spoke in tongues, their scriptures approved of the practice, and a great many of them exercised this gift.

The Beginnings

Each of the numerous sources describing the origin of speaking in tongues in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints credits Brigham Young with introducing the practice to Joseph Smith in Kirtland (HC; Watson 1968; Esplin 1981; Gibbons 1981; Newell 1987; Bushman 1976).

Brigham Young recalled these events in his journal:

> In September, 1832, brother Heber C. Kimball took his horse and wagon, brother Joseph Young and myself accompanying him and started for Kirtland to see the Prophet Joseph. We visited many friends on the way, and some Branches of the Church. We exhorted them and prayed with them, and I spoke in tongues.
>
> We proceeded to Kirtland . . . to see the Prophet. We went to his father's house and learned that he was in the woods, chopping. We immediately repaired to the woods, where we found the Prophet. . . . We soon returned to his house, he accompanying us.
>
> In the evening a few of the brethren came in, and we conversed together upon the things of the kingdom. He called upon me to pray; in my prayer I spoke in tongues. As soon as we arose from our knees the brethren flocked around him, and asked his opinion concerning the gift of tongues that was upon me. He told them it was the pure Adamic language. Some said to him they expected he would condemn the gift brother Brigham had, but he said, "No, it is of God." (in Watson 1968, 2-4)

Joseph Smith described an evening in November 1832: "At one of our interviews, Brother Brigham Young and John P. Greene spoke in tongues, which was the first time I [Joseph Smith] had heard this gift among the brethren; others also spoke, and I received the gift myself" (HC 1:296-97). Even though these records seem reliable, there is ample evidence that speaking in tongues had already been preached and practiced openly by the Saints in Ohio for two years before Young arrived there late in 1832.

To understand the actual introduction of tongues into the Church, we must first become familiar with the background of its chief advocate, Sidney Rigdon. Rigdon moved to the Kirtland area from Pittsburgh in the fall of 1826, taking a position as a Campbellite preacher. The Campbellites were dedicated to restoring Christianity to its "primitive" New Testament state. The movement's founder, Alexander Campbell, called for a restoration of "the ancient order of things" emphasizing a lay ministry, baptism by immersion, and blessings of the Spirit. Campbell and Rigdon disagreed over the manifestation of these spiritual blessings. Rigdon claimed that "along with the primitive gospel, supernatural gifts and miracles ought to be restored" (Campbell 1868, 2:346). These gifts included speaking in tongues, prophecy, visions, and revelation. Campbell argued that these gifts belonged only to the apostolic period (*Public Discussion* 1913, 11).

In June 1830, Rigdon attended the annual meeting of the Mahoning Association, a loose confederation of Campbellite congregations organized to "protect their groups against heresy, to devise better ways to spread the gospel, and to provide fellowship among the ministers" (McKiernan 1971, 18). The Association rejected Rigdon's views about the restoration of spiritual gifts, most likely because Campbell opposed them and controlled a large part of the audience. Rigdon left the

meeting a bitter man; later that year, he and his congregation withdrew from the Campbellite movement.

In the fall of 1830, Joseph Smith received revelations that would change the course of the fledgling Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Through Joseph the Lord said to Oliver Cowdery, "And now, behold, I say unto you that you shall go unto the Lamanites and preach my gospel unto them" (D&C 28:8). On 26 September, while the Saints were assembled in conference, Peter Whitmer received a charge to join Oliver in this mission to the American Indians (D&C 20:5); and a few days later, Parley P. Pratt and Ziba Peterson were called to go with them (D&C 32). In mid-October these four "commenced their journey, preaching by the way, and leaving a sealing testimony behind them, lifting up their voice like a trump in the different villages through which they passed" (HC 1:120).

Rigdon and Pratt were not strangers to each other. In the fall of 1829, a curious Pratt had heard Sidney Rigdon preach near Pratt's farm. "I found he preached faith in Jesus Christ, repentance towards God, and baptism for remission of sins, with the promise of the gift of the Holy Ghost to all who would come forward" (Pratt 1961, 31). Pratt accepted Rigdon's gospel and a year later sold his farm to take up the life of an itinerant preacher. During his travels, he was introduced to the Book of Mormon and subsequently joined the Church. Sidney Rigdon had inspired Pratt to seek for the "ancient gospel." Now Pratt could repay his friend by sharing his newly found knowledge, the miraculous restoration of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Arriving in Kirtland, Pratt first called on Rigdon, who though initially skeptical, became converted and was baptized on 14 November 1830. Before the four missionaries left the area, they had converted approximately 130 people, most from Rigdon's flock. By the summer of 1831, one thousand new members from the Kirtland area had united with the Church (Pratt 1961, 48).

Kirtland was not the final destination of these missionaries, however; and after spending some time with Rigdon, Pratt was ready to resume his journey westward. He looked forward not only to converting the Indians, but to the gift of xenoglossia. Pratt "knew, for his Heavenly Father had told him, that when they got among the scattered tribes, there would be as great miracles wrought, as there was at the day of Pentecost" (*Painesville* [Ohio] *Telegraph*, 14 Dec. 1830).

John Corrill, who, although not a Campbellite, held Rigdon in high regard, heard of Sidney's leanings toward Mormonism and planned to go to Kirtland "to persuade Elder Rigdon to go home with me, on a preaching visit; for I thought, if I could get him away from them until

his mind became settled, he might be saved from their imposition" (1839, 8). But before he arrived, Corrill learned of Rigdon's baptism. Now even more anxious to see his friend, he continued on to Kirtland, arriving in December 1830. "I attended several meetings," he later noted, "one of which was the laying on of hands for the gift of the Holy Ghost, which, I thought, would give me a good opportunity to detect their hypocrisy. The meeting lasted all night, and such a meeting I never attended before. They administered the sacrament, and laid on hands, after which I heard them prophecy [*sic*] and speak in tongues unknown to me" (Corrill 1839, 9).

The 15 February 1831 *Painesville Telegraph* describes the speaking in tongues among the Saints the previous December: "At other times they are taken with a fit of jabbering that which they neither understand themselves nor anybody else, and this they call speaking foreign languages by divine inspiration."

In February 1831, Thomas Campbell, Alexander's father, announced his plans to expose Mormonism's "feigned pretensions to miraculous gifts, the gift of tongues, &c." proposing to "afford them an opportunity of exhibiting in three or four foreign languages" their supposed supernatural abilities (*Painesville Telegraph*, 15 Feb. 1831; Hayden 1876, 219). Campbell did not press the issue, nor did the Saints respond to his challenge.

Sidney Rigdon had now learned all he could from the missionaries and decided to go to New York to meet the Prophet Joseph Smith. In December 1830, he traveled there with Edward Partridge, another young man interested in the Church, and they found the Prophet at Waterloo, New York. During the next six weeks, Joseph, Sidney, and Edward discussed the restoration of the gospel. Surely Sidney asked about "the ancient order of things" and the gifts of the Spirit, including speaking in tongues.

The Church was growing slowly in New York but rapidly in Ohio. The successes there, coupled with the persecutions in New York, made the Kirtland area very attractive. In December 1830, Joseph received a revelation that the Saints "should assemble together at the Ohio" (D&C 37:3). Obediently Joseph and Sidney left New York, arriving in Kirtland on 1 February 1831. On 8 March 1831, Joseph received the only revelation in the Doctrine and Covenants dealing specifically with gifts of the Spirit: "And again, it is given to some to speak with tongues, And to another is given the interpretation of tongues. And all these gifts come from God, for the benefit of the children of God" (D&C 46:24–26). Given the instances of speaking in tongues before this time, this revelation did not reveal a new practice, but rather legitimized an already existing one.

In Kirtland, Alpheus Gifford heard Joseph Smith teach the doctrines of the restored Church and was baptized in June 1831. Returning to his home in Pennsylvania, he taught these new doctrines to his friends and neighbors and so impressed them that Elial Strong, Eleazar Miller, Enos Curtis, Abraham Brown, and his brother Levi Gifford traveled with him to Kirtland to meet the Prophet. There they were baptized, and Alpheus was ordained an elder (HC 1:109–10fn). Back home in Pennsylvania, they preached and baptized many, including Brigham Young in 1832. It was only after their visit to Kirtland that this group spoke in tongues, and it was from them that Brigham Young first heard this phenomenon (HC 4:110). Describing their missionary labors in 1831, Strong and Miller noted that "signs followed them that believed, . . . some spoke with tongues and glorified God" (*Evening and Morning Star*, May 1833).

On 19 June 1831, Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon, and others left Kirtland for Missouri to begin the settlement of Zion. Ezra Booth, an early convert who later left the Church, recalled that "those who were ordained to the gift of tongues, would have an opportunity to display their supernatural talent, in communicating to the Indians, in their own dialect" ([Ravenna] *Ohio Star*, 10 Nov. 1831).

Reporting on the Saints' activities in Missouri in 1831, Reverend Benton Pixley, previously "sent by the Missionary Society to civilize and Christianize the heathen of the west" (HC 1:372–73), noted that "they declare there can be no true church where the gift of miracles, of tongues, of healing, &c. are not exhibited and continued" (*The* [Cincinnati] *Standard*, 30 Nov. 1832).

Wilford Woodruff recorded in his autobiography that in the spring of 1832 he had read of a new sect called Mormons "that professed the ancient gifts of the gospel they healed the sick cast out devils and spoke in tongues" (Woodruff, 15).

Only then did Brigham Young enter this sequence of events. In September 1832, he first spoke in tongues; and on 8 November 1832, he met with Joseph Smith in Kirtland and spoke in tongues. On 14 November 1832, Zebedee Coltrin recorded in his journal that he "came to Kirtland to Brother Joseph Smith and heard him speak with Tongues and sing in Tongues also." Within a matter of days, others in Kirtland were also speaking in tongues. Statements by Campbell, Pratt, Howe, Corrill, Gifford, Booth, and various newspaper articles in 1830 and 1831 make it clear that speaking in tongues was an accepted part of the LDS experience long before Brigham Young "introduced" it into the Church.

THE GLOSSOLALIC PERIOD

1833-36

From 1833 to 1836, speaking in tongues became a church-wide phenomenon. The "language" spoken was often identified as the language of Adam. Because speaking in tongues was generally regarded as a sign of the truthfulness of the restored gospel rather than as a tool to be used in spreading the gospel in foreign lands, it generally took the form of glossolalia rather than xenoglossia.

During a conference on 22 January 1833, Joseph Smith, Zebedee Coltrin, and William Smith spoke in tongues "after which the Lord poured out His Spirit in a miraculous manner, until all the Elders spake in tongues, and several members, both male and female, exercised the same gift" (*Kirtland High Council Minutebook*, 22-23). The conference continued late into the evening. The next day, when the conference reconvened, these gifts were again manifested. On 17 January 1836, while the First Presidency, the Twelve, the Seventy, and the [High] Councilors of Kirtland and Zion were gathered together in conference, "the gift of tongues came on us also, like the rushing of a mighty wind" (HC 2:376). Five days later the gift of tongues again came to this group "in mighty power" (HC 2:383).

In May 1833, Gideon Carter reported to the Saints in Missouri that "the church at Kirtland is sharing bountifully in the blessings of the Lord, and many have the gift of tongues and some the interpretation thereof" (*Evening and Morning Star*, July 1833). Many exercised this gift in their homes (Gates 1883, 21-22; "Early Scenes" 1882, 11; Stevenson 1894, 523).

At the dedication of the Kirtland Temple in March 1836, speaking in tongues was abundant. Joseph Smith pled in his dedicatory prayer, "Let it be fulfilled upon them, as upon those on the day of Pentecost; that the gift of tongues be poured out upon thy people, even cloven tongues as of fire, and the interpretation thereof" (D&C 109:36). "Hundreds of Elders spoke in tongues, but, many of them being young in the Church, and never having witnessed the manifestation of this gift before, some felt a little alarmed" ("Gems" 1881, 65). Joseph prayed to the Lord to withhold the Spirit and then instructed the congregation on the nature of the gift of tongues. Later, Brigham Young gave an address in tongues which David W. Patten interpreted. Patten then gave a short exhortation in tongues himself (HC 2:428). That day many others spoke in tongues and prophesied.

Adults were not the only ones to speak in tongues. According to David Pettigrew, "The gift of tongues, I think, was the cause of the excitement of the opponents of the Church in Missouri. When they

heard little children speaking tongues that they did not themselves understand," the people became alarmed at the Saints' presence (Pettigrew n.d., 15).

Along with the gift of tongues came excesses and abuses. Some members of the Church "would speak in a muttering, unnatural voice and their bodies be distorted" (*Times and Seasons*, 1 April 1842). In a July 1833 letter to the Saints, Sidney Rigdon counseled: "Satan will no doubt trouble you about the gift of tongues, unless you are careful" (HC 1:369). Fredrick G. Williams wrote in the 15 April 1845 *Times and Seasons*, "Many who pretend to have the gift of interpretation are liable to be mistaken, and do not give the true interpretation of what is spoken; therefore, great care should be had, as respects this thing."

In September 1834, Joseph Smith redefined the legitimate use of this gift—"It was particularly instituted for the preaching of the Gospel to other nations and languages, but it was not given for the government of the Church"—and advised that "we speak our own language in all such matters" (*Kirtland High Council Minutebook*, 40). Until this time, the Saints had viewed speaking in tongues (glossolalia) as a sign from God of the truthfulness of the restoration. Joseph's statement now emphasized only its utilitarian value (xenoglossia).

The gift of tongues and the problems encountered by the Saints in exercising it provided ample fodder for anti-Mormon writers. E. D. Howe's *Mormonism Unvailed* was the first to take aim at this spiritual gift, and other writers quickly followed. "It appears," wrote one such individual, "that by 1833, the numerous failures at guessing right, in the shape of prophecies, had become so disheartening to the faithful, and so disgusting to the Gentiles, as to render some new device necessary. Hence the gift of tongues, which, on a previous occasion, had been denounced as a work of the devil, was now officially resumed" (Kidder 1842, 85). At the same time, the 15 August 1833 *Western Courrier* in Ravenna, Ohio, wrote that, "the 'unknown tongues' are getting out of fashion. Their prophecies, like signs of rain, fail in dry weather."

In spite of these problems, however, speaking in tongues played a vital role in the faith of the Saints. Orson Pratt noted:

> The members of the church were confirmed and strengthened in their faith by the enjoyment of this gift. . . . They would have had reason to doubt whether they were true believers; but when they received tongues, together with all other promised blessings, they were no longer in doubt, but were assured, not only of the truth of the doctrine, but that they themselves were accepted of God. (Pratt 1884, 100)

THE XENOGLOSSIC PERIOD

1837-99

Between 1837 and 1899, though the Saints continued to speak in the Adamic language, Church leaders emphasized the utility of speaking in foreign languages, or xenoglossia. In June 1837, Joseph Smith called Heber C. Kimball to preside over the Church's first foreign missionary efforts in England. The announcement of this mission met with enthusiastic support; and within a year, fifteen hundred converts had been made in England. William Clayton's 1840 missionary journal is filled with instances of speaking in tongues (Allen and Alexander 1974, see entries for 7 Feb., 29 May, 12, 13, 14, 27 June, and 6 Oct. 1840).

In the mid-1840s, as the Church sent missionaries for the first time into non-English-speaking lands, the utilitarian value of speaking in tongues was underlined. The following statement by Orson Pratt is characteristic: "If a servant of God were under the necessity of acquiring in the ordinary way a knowledge of languages, a large portion of his time would be unprofitably occupied. While he was spending years to learn the language of a people sufficiently accurate to preach the glad tidings of salvation unto them, thousands would be perishing for the want of knowledge" (1884, 99).

In 1847 in Merthyr, Wales, Elder Dan Jones reported that a Hindu from Bengal, India, called at his door "seeking charity." Jones taught him the gospel and took him to church the following Sunday. There the gift of tongues was manifest, and the Saints taught the Indian in "eight different languages of the east," astonishing him by singing in Malabar and Malay. On 21 July 1847, Jones baptized this man, probably the first Indian convert (*Millennial Star*, 1 Aug. 1847). Brigham Young often used this gift to speak with the American Indians in their own language (Hardy 1934, 432-33). In 1888 Elder Gearsen S. Bastian was sent on a mission to Denmark. Shortly after he arrived there, without an adequate understanding of the Danish language, he "arose, and under the influence and power of God he preached the gospel with much plainness in the Danish language for an hour and twenty minutes" (Lambert 1914, 93).

In addition to speaking in tongues, the phenomenon of singing in tongues became quite common in England and the United States. Louisa Barnes Pratt recalled: "One afternoon I attended a prayer meeting. The sisters laid their hands upon my head and blessed me in a strange language. It was a prophetic song. Mrs. E. B. Whitney was interpreter. She said that I should have health, and go to the valleys of the mountains, and there meet my companion and be joyful" (in Carter 1947, 243).

In a 5 May 1842 British Mission conference in Manchester, Lorenzo Snow sang a hymn in tongues (Romney 1955, 59). Wilford Woodruff, writing about a visit from Eliza R. Snow and Elizabeth Ann Whitney in 1854, recalled: "We passed a pleasant evening together, and before they left they sang in tongues in the pure language which Adam and Eve spoke in the Garden of Eden" (Cowley 1909, 355). Whitney sang in the Adamic language throughout her life, the last time on her eighty-first birthday, two months before she died in 1882 (Jenson 1920, 3:563). In 1867, Matilda Robinson King pacified several marauding Indians by singing "O Stop and Tell Me, Red Man" in the Indians' own language (Hartshorn 1975, 2:147). Previously, Jane Grover had saved her own and others' lives by chastising a roving band of Indians in their own tongue (Tullidge 1877, 475–77). In 1898 at a conference of the Davis Stake, one of the stake patriarchs first spoke in tongues and then began to sing in an unknown tongue. When he concluded, another patriarch rose and gave the interpretation. Others at the conference also experienced this gift (Cowley 1899, 447).

Throughout this period, the spontaneous and uncontrollable nature of tongues caused difficulties. Parley P. Pratt warned the Saints: "Never give out appointments for speaking in tongues, . . . neither speak in tongues to an assembly who have come together for the purpose of hearing you thus speak; neither speak to *any one* for a sign, on *any occasion*, for this is not pleasing in the sight of heaven" (*Millennial Star*, Sept. 1840). Speaking in tongues was to be used for the benefit of the Saints in preaching the gospel, not as a sign to unbelievers. Pratt emphasized the utilitarian nature of this gift. "This is the great and important use of tongues, that the Elders of Israel may preach the gospel to the nations of the earth, so that all men may hear in their own tongue or language of the wonderful works of God" (*Millennial Star*, Sept. 1840).

When the Relief Society was founded, Joseph Smith warned the sisters in April 1842: "If any have a matter to reveal, let it be in your own tongue. Do not indulge too much in the gift of tongues, or the devil will take advantage of the innocent. You may speak in tongues for your own comfort but I lay this down for a rule that if any thing is taught by the gift of tongues, it is not to be received for doctrine" (in Ehat and Cook 1980, 119).

The Revisionist Period
1900–57

The new century brought a change in the acceptability of speaking in tongues. Before 1900, both glossolalia and xenoglossia were

common, but these extremely personal experiences did not fit into an evolving church which emphasized order, authority, permission, and control. Speaking in tongues could be done by anyone, at any time, privately or publicly, without the approval of priesthood authority. Tongues simply did not fit into the "corporate worship experience" twentieth-century Latter-day Saint leaders were trying to establish. In the April 1900 general conference, President Joseph F. Smith warned:

> There is perhaps no gift of the spirit of God more easily imitated by the devil than the gift of tongues. When two men or women exercise the gift of tongues by the inspiration of the spirit of God, there are a dozen perhaps that do it by the inspiration of the devil.
>
> So far as I am concerned, if the Lord will give me the ability to teach the people in my native tongue, or in their own language to the understanding of those who hear me, that will be sufficient gift of tongues to me. (CR April 1900, 41)

In this address, Smith began the process of redefining speaking in tongues. No longer were tongues an acceptable "sign *of* the believer" or "sign *to* the unbeliever"; now speaking in tongues was legitimate only for missionary work. The following year, the *Juvenile Instructor* printed an article by Benjamin Goddard on the gift of tongues that echoed this position: "This gift has probably, been most beneficial when exercised by humble Elders in the missionary fields" (1901, 489). Speaking in Blackburn, England, five years later, Joseph F. Smith continued to de-emphasize speaking in tongues as a spiritual manifestation and blessing: "I also want to say to you who are in the habit of desiring to hear the gift of tongues and the interpretation thereof, to seek better things." Instead, he emphasized tongues as a legitimate gift only for missionaries. "There is where the gift of tongues comes in, and where it is very useful" (*Millennial Star*, 15 Nov. 1906).

This attack on speaking in tongues caught some Church members by surprise. James X. Allen, an early Utah physician, expressed his concerns in an *Improvement Era* article entitled "Passing of the Gift of Tongues":

> I was somewhat startled a few days ago, while in conversation with a young brother who had just returned from a mission to Scandinavia, by hearing him remark that he had never in his life heard anyone speak in tongues. . . . He has filled an honorable mission, and is today strong in the faith, and yet, he has never heard and experienced one of the most common gifts of the gospel, as enjoyed years ago.
>
> The remark was somewhat of a shock to me; because in the early days of the Church—where I was reared—there were so many of the Saints who enjoyed the gifts, and there were none among my acquaintances who had not heard the sweet sound of the gift of tongues. Many times there would be both speaking and singing in tongues, in the same sacrament meeting. The interpretation of tongues

> was equally as common as the tongues themselves. In fact, we were wont to regard the speaking in tongues, the interpretation of tongues, the relating of dreams and prophesying, as an essential part of the latter-day gospel.

Dr. Allen then asked a most important question:

> If men now think they can get along without the gifts of the gospel, may not the time come when they may believe they can get along without its ordinances? (Allen 1904, 109, 111)

Curiously, in the same conference in which Joseph F. Smith first redefined the role of tongues, Anthon H. Lund voiced his concern about losing the gifts of the Spirit: "If there ever came a time when these gifts were not in the Church it would be on account of unbelief. . . . The Church whenever it is upon the earth must have the Holy Spirit within it; the members of the Church must have this Spirit, and the spiritual gifts must be manifested; otherwise it would be a dead church (CR April 1900, 32). Orson Pratt also believed that if the Latter-day Saints were not in possession of the gifts of the Spirit, they were not in possession of the gospel and were "no better off then the Baptists, Methodists or Presbyterians" (JD 14:185).

However, these brethren were not effective in altering the new direction defined by Joseph F. Smith. Problems with order and control helped justify the change. Apostle Rudger Clawson recorded the following incident in his journal on 11 February 1901:

> I arrived at Idaho Falls, and put up at Bp. Thomas'. Before going to meeting Bp. Thomas, informed that a peculiar and somewhat serious condition prevailed in the ward, and he wanted counsel regarding it. He said that one of the sisters had been speaking in tongues at their fast meetings, and he feared that it was not done by the Spirit of the Lord. A very unpleasant and unsatisfactory feeling prevailed in the meeting whenever she spoke or sang in tongues.
>
> As further evidence that the tongue was not from the Lord one of the sisters in the congregation immediately upon hearing the tongue was visibly affected and went into spasms.
>
> The bishop took occasion to point out to the saints the evil resulting from the exercise of this strange tongue, and warned them against it. This greatly angered a young man, who was related to the sister who had spoken in tongues, and who had just returned from a mission to the world, and he arose in the meeting and cursed the bishop in the name of the Lord.

While opposition to the practice grew, speaking in tongues continued in the Church, although at a substantially reduced level. Thomas Briggs attended a meeting of patriarchs in Farmington, Utah, in December 1905 where Edwin Pace spoke in tongues (Stevenson 1968, 149). In 1916, a young American missionary spoke in tongues for over an hour to a group of German Saints (Hahn 1983, 30-31). Pace's speech

was apparently an example of glossolalia while the young missionary's was xenoglossia.

Heber J. Grant told of an experience with tongues in 1919 between Karl G. Maeser, a German convert, and Franklin D. Richards, president of the European Mission. While returning home from his baptism, Maeser asked Richards a question about the resurrection. William Budge, acting as Richards' interpreter, proceeded to translate. "Brother Budge," Maeser responded, "you do not need to interpret those answers to me; I understand them perfectly." As the men walked on, Maeser spoke in German and Richards replied in English, each understanding the other completely without a knowledge of the other's language (Grant 1920, 329).

While his audiences were often blessed with the interpretation of tongues, David O. McKay followed the course set by Joseph F. Smith and did not encourage speaking in tongues, although on one occasion he desired the gift himself. "I have never been much of an advocate of the necessity of tongues in our Church, but today I wish I had that gift. But I haven't" (McKay 1953, 552). In February 1921 in Hawaii (Cox 1967, 7-8) and April 1921 in New Zealand (Middlemiss 1976, 73-74), President McKay's audience received the gift of interpretation of tongues; and in June 1922 in Rotterdam (Morrell 1966, 110-11), President McKay temporarily received this same gift.

To minimize glossolalia, Church leaders redefined speaking in tongues to mean the ability to quickly learn a foreign language. In this way, speaking in tongues could again be made legitimate, but only under this new definition. In an October 1948 general conference address, Matthew Cowley said: "They do speak with new tongues, those who accept the call to the ministry of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. I have seen young missionaries in New Zealand and in Hawaii who, within six months' time could deliver sermons in the languages of the people among whom they were laboring" (CR October 1948, 156). Joseph Fielding Smith solidified this revisionist position in 1957 with an article entitled "The Gift of Tongues" in the *Improvement Era*:

> Question: In the early period of the Church the gift of tongues was practiced, but for many years we have heard nothing of this gift. Has it ceased to be in the Church, and if so, why?
>
> Answer: There has been no cessation of the gift of tongues. . . . The true gift of tongues is made manifest in the Church more abundantly, perhaps, than any other spiritual gift. Every missionary who goes forth to teach the gospel in a foreign language, if he is prayerful and faithful, receives this gift. (1957, 622-23)

Speaking at a Munich Area Conference in 1973, Joseph Anderson, an assistant to the Quorum of the Twelve, reminisced about his missionary service in Germany in 1937. He described how he had

memorized one new sentence each day for over four months and felt that he "was given the gift of tongues, so to speak, in that it came to me not suddenly, as sometimes happens, but it came to me after sincere and fervent prayer and determined work and effort" (p. 31). As recently as March 1975, the *New Era* reiterated Joseph Fielding Smith's views, stating that speaking in tongues is manifest in the ability of missionaries to learn foreign languages quickly (Carr 1975, 48). This is the "speaking in tongues" that most Church members know today.

The RLDS Position 1844–1987

The history of speaking in tongues in the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints (RLDS) is similar to that of the LDS Church. On several occasions during the difficult days following the death of Joseph Smith, manifestations of spiritual power confirmed and directed the work of the Reorganization. Zenos H. Gurley wrote that in 1851, while he and others were concerned about who was the legal successor of Joseph Smith, Reuben Newkirk "arose and spoke in tongues." Shortly thereafter, Newkirk's wife received the same gift and blessing (RHC 1967, 3:207). A few days later, Gurley's daughter spoke in tongues; and as the Reorganization proceeded, many others spoke and sang in tongues. At a conference in Zarahemla, Wisconsin, on 7 April 1853, those present united in prayer seeking divine guidance. "It was at this meeting that [there was] an exhibition of power, light, and unity of spirit, above any ever before witnessed among us. Tongues were spoken and interpreted; hymns sung in tongues and the interpretation sung; . . . Many sang in tongues in perfect harmony at once, as though they constituted a well practiced choir" (Draper 1969, 100).

Unlike LDS leaders who attempted to minimize tongues because of the potential for impropriety or abuse, RLDS leaders believed that the benefits outweighed any associated problems: "But not withstanding the possibility of unwise and unfaithful Saints being led astray by Satanic power, it nevertheless remains a privilege, nay, a duty for the Saints to seek for spiritual gifts" ("Tongues" 1885, 446). RLDS leaders shared the vision that "without such evidences of the dwelling of the Holy Spirit, the Church would be lifeless and dead to Christ" ("Question" 1951, 1070). Joseph Smith III remarked that "by such remarkable manifestations in the early days of the Reorganized Church was our faith in the ministering of the Holy Spirit fed and kept alive, and our hearts comforted and encouraged" (in Anderson 1935, 1008).

RLDS missionary experiences with xenoglossia were similar to their LDS counterparts. Emma Burton recalled that "the gift of tongues

rested upon me again, and I exercised it freely and joyously. Many of the Saints present knew that it was a Polynesian tongue, but only one understood it. A man by the name of Taiai after the meeting said, 'That was the language of my island' " (1908, 539). In 1919, Hubert Case wrote of an event in which he preached to the natives on the island of Rarotonga in their own language for five consecutive nights, but after each night's service was over, he could not speak the language (Draper 1969, 105).

In 1908 Apostle J. W. Wight spoke in tongues and gave the interpretation in an RLDS general conference. Fifty years later, RLDS leaders continued to encourage, rather than discourage, speaking in tongues (Reid 1958, 438). Apostle Evan Fry's 1962 book, *Restoration Faith* answered the question "Do Latter Day Saints speak in tongues?":

> The gift of tongues is a spiritual gift. It is given not by the will of men, but by the Spirit of God and the will of God. That gift is not a mere emotional upheaval or ecstatic excitement within the person speaking but is a definite manifestation of power from outside himself.
>
> There is still a place in the church for the gift of tongues, for the edifying of the church, for the conviction of the unbeliever, for the warning, encouragement, and strengthening of the members of the body of Christ. (p. 147)

Opposing the LDS position that limited speaking in tongues to the ability to quickly learn a foreign language, Fry wrote that tongues was more than mere fluency or facility in speaking unknown languages; it was literally a supernatural gift. In 1968, F. Henry Edwards, member of the RLDS Quorum of the Twelve and First Presidency, reiterated this idea: "The gift of tongues and the interpretation of tongues are specific gifts made to meet emergencies, and to demonstrate the power of God. When the emergency passes, the gift is withdrawn" (1968, 249).

During the next ten years, major changes occurred in RLDS doctrine that further separated it from its origins and from the Latter-day Saint position (Booth 1980). Throughout the first hundred years of its history, the RLDS Church had framed its message in terms of its differences from the LDS Church. As the RLDS Church became an international denomination, attempting to convert those who had never heard of either LDS or RLDS, they were forced to reevaluate the content of their message and the foundations of their faith. In doing so, RLDS doctrines took on a mainstream Protestant orientation ("Identity" 1979). In 1979 Alan Tyree, writing in the *Saints Herald*, abandoned the 1962 position regarding the source of speaking in tongues. Rather than a spiritual gift given through the will of God, he defined speaking in tongues as "an emotional experience of ecstasy, by which a person

gives vent to pent-up tension in the voicing of nonsense syllables that do not represent a genuine language" (1979, 29).

In 1987 Tyree, then a member of the RLDS First Presidency and editor of *Exploring the Faith*, a study of RLDS beliefs commissioned by the Committee on Basic Beliefs, abandoned the original Church position and brought the RLDS view in line with the LDS position regarding tongues as the ability to quickly learn foreign languages. "Some persons are found to possess more than an ordinary facility in language. This too is a gift although it seems to be more developmental than spontaneous. Although it may not seem so dramatic, it is in fact a very real assistance in carrying the revelation of God to other cultures" (Tyree 1987, 73–74). Although it had taken a few years longer, the RLDS hierarchy had now redefined speaking in tongues as had their LDS brethren.

Conclusion

Speaking in tongues confirmed to the early Saints that they were an important part of the actual restoration of the gospel of Jesus Christ. They wanted to know that God approved of their actions. They wanted to commune with him and to feel his power in their lives. Speaking in tongues, both glossolalia and xenoglossia, was part of that communion.

Armand Mauss, referencing Ernst Troeltsch (1931), notes that new religions "tend to be characterized at the beginning by many mystical and spiritual experiences, and by much 'charismatic' fervor" but that they tend to become "tamed" with the passage of time (1987, 81). Describing these institutionalizing trends in his own church, the Assemblies of God, David Womack provided a description that could easily be applied to today's Latter-day Saint church:

> An increasing formality, a decreasing emphasis on the spontaneous moving of the Spirit, a growing emphasis on pulpit-centered rather than congregation-centered worship, the development of the audience-performer complex of church services, a gradual de-emphasis on personal experience in prayer, the limitation of religious activities to within the walls of the church building, a shift in purpose from evangelism to serving the movement, . . . all these and many other such problems are symptoms of . . . [the] separation of the Church from its apostolic sources. (1968, 90)

Speaking in tongues succumbed to the forces that Womack describes—decreasing spontaneity in worship, de-emphasis of personal spiritual experiences, and strong pressures toward activities only within the framework defined by Church leaders. In addition, tongues simply became irrelevant to the vast majority of the Saints. By the turn of the

century, most Church members were second, third, and fourth-generation members whose faith did not require the spiritual confirmation that speaking in tongues provided to their parents and grandparents.

Today, the relevancy of the gifts of the Spirit is returning. An increasing number of Church members are troubled by the sterility of their own personal worship. Lacking fulfillment within the Church, they are searching for the spiritual experiences that were common in previous generations. Philosophies like the New Age movement with its crystals, channels, and seances are attracting many Church members. These groups promise a link to the spiritual world that block-scheduled meetings, correlated lesson manuals, and ward dinners cannot. It is unfortunate that so many must seek spiritual experiences outside the Church when these experiences were once legitimately available within it.

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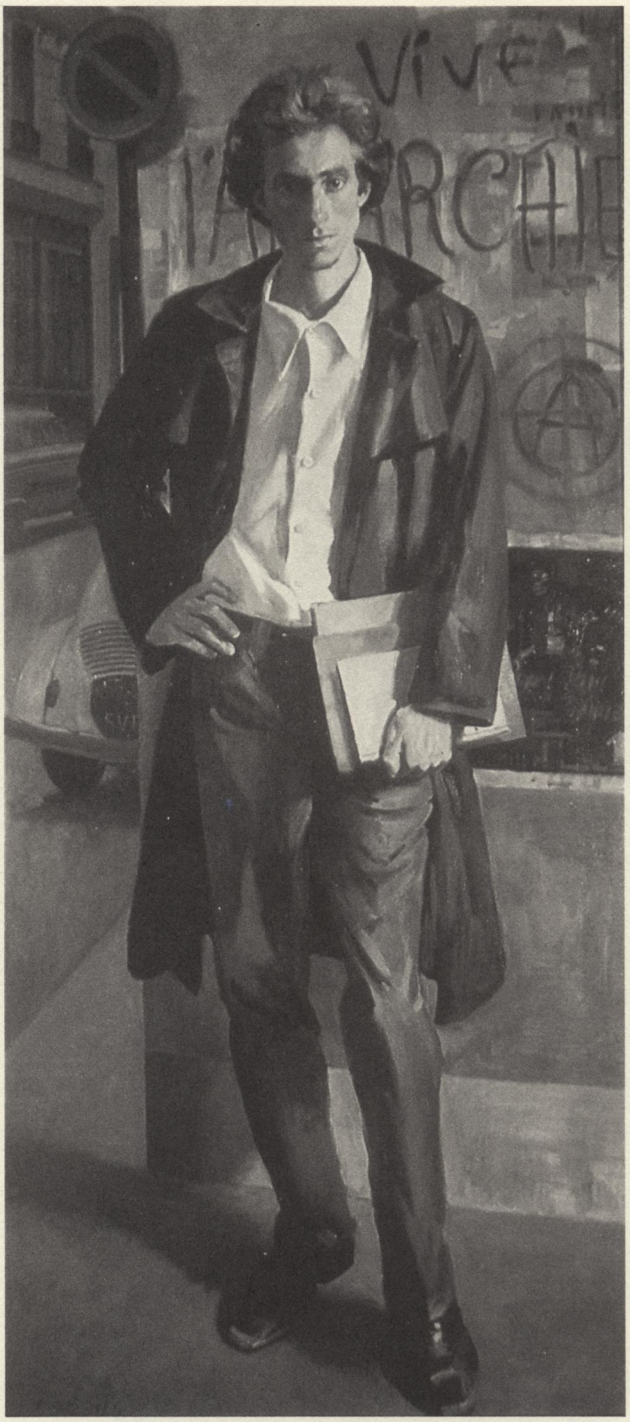
VIVE

"All Alone and None to Cheer Me": The Southern States Mission Diaries of J. Golden Kimball

David Buice

IF YOU HAD BEEN A GUEST in Chattanooga's Florentine Hotel on the evening of 14 April 1883, your sleep might have been disturbed, particularly if your room were near one of those occupied by the twenty-four Mormon elders who had arrived that night by train from Salt Lake City. Included in the group from Utah, Idaho, and Arizona was an angular twenty-nine-year-old by the name of Jonathan Golden Kimball, who ran up and down the halls of the hotel telling the other elders "to blow off the gas," his blunt but jocular way of advising them to put out their lights and get enough sleep for the next day's activities.[1]

At the beginning of his mission, J. Golden Kimball was probably feeling a combination of homesickness, apprehension, and excitement. The journey that had brought him to Chattanooga and the Southern States Mission was a long and circuitous one, both geographically and otherwise. Born 9 June 1853, the oldest surviving child of Heber C. and Christeen Golden Kimball, J. Golden enjoyed in many ways a privileged childhood. He attended school in Salt Lake City and received a scholarship to the University of Deseret in 1867. His father, one of Brigham Young's closest associates, also trained J. Golden to act as his private secretary and often took him on Church-related trips. This rather idyllic existence ended suddenly when Heber Kimball died in

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[1] J. Golden Kimball Diary, vol. 1, p. 22. With the exception of the addition of some punctuation marks, I will quote entries from Kimball's diaries just as he wrote them, including occasional misspellings.

June 1868, shortly after J. Golden's fifteenth birthday (Jenson 1971, 1:210; Richards 1966, 19–21).

Difficult years followed. Over his mother's objections, J. Golden left school and began working as a teamster, hauling freight in the Salt Lake City area. Eventually he was able to establish his own hauling and freighting business; but despite long hours of labor and his mother's earnings as a seamstress, their small family lived an impoverished existence at best. Despairing of improving their plight in Salt Lake City, J. Golden, his mother, his brother Elias, and sister Mary Margaret in 1875 purchased from two of Heber C. Kimball's sons, Isaac and Solomon Kimball, squatters claims to four hundred acres near Meadowville in Rich County, about one hundred miles northeast of Salt Lake City. For the next fifteen years, Golden and Elias raised horses and cattle on this land (Jenson 1971, 1:210; Richards 1966, 23–26).

Again, life was not easy. The family lived in a rude 16-by-20-foot cabin. Mother, daughter, and sons all worked long, strenuous days beginning before daylight and extending into the darkness. To Golden their time in Rich County was "a fight for life"; on at least one occasion, the family was able to eat only by borrowing a sack of flour from Bishop Ira Nebeker (Richards 1966, 26–28).

Golden also remembered the early years in Rich County as a time with few restraints beyond his mother's somewhat lenient influence. While he did nothing criminal, he avoided church; and like many a wayward young man, his youth and spirit led him into numerous activities which he later regretted (Richards 1966, 28–29).

A degree of discipline returned to his life in the summer of 1881 when Karl G. Maeser, principal of Brigham Young Academy in Provo, spoke at a Meadowville meeting on behalf of the Church and his school. Golden and Elias were among the few who attended, and Maeser's powerful, persuasive words struck a responsive chord in both. Suddenly desiring more out of life than ranching, the two brothers struggled to raise enough funds for their tuition. After many months, they had secured at least part of the money needed to enroll at the academy. They attended the Provo school from 1881 to 1883, and though neither graduated, their two years there seem to have broadened and enlightened both of them (Richards 1966, 35–39; Jenson 1971, 1:211).

Golden's call to missionary service was unexpected and abrupt. On 3 April 1883, shortly after finishing the academic year at BYA, family financial affairs brought him to the office of Church President John Taylor. There he was informed that he had been called to serve in the Southern States Mission and that he should be ready to depart

in one week. As he learned later, his name had been crossed off the list of potential missionaries two years earlier because of his use of profanity. Apparently his recent efforts to improve himself had convinced Church authorities that he was now worthy to serve in the mission field. Thus on 10 April 1883, his preparations hastily completed, J. Golden boarded a train at 1:00 P.M. in Salt Lake City and with twenty-three other elders began the long ride to the mission headquarters in Chattanooga (Kimball 1:1-7; MH 9, 11 April 1883).

Dozens of nineteenth-century diaries kept by missionaries who served in the Southern States Mission are now available to researchers in the Church archives in Salt Lake City. Unfortunately, many of them are—to borrow a phrase from Heber Kimball's biographer, Stanley Kimball—"disappointingly routine"—little more than skeletal narratives of the number of miles walked, meetings held, and tracts distributed. J. Golden's five-volume diary is an exception.[2] His somewhat sporadic formal education notwithstanding, Kimball was a man of keen intelligence, insight, and sensitivity. His recorded words, containing little of the strong language for which he became known and sections of intriguingly cryptic narrative, provide a generally excellent description of the life of a traveling elder of that day in the South.

Kimball's call to labor in the Southern States Mission came at a crucial time for both his church and the South. In Utah the 1863 discovery of valuable minerals southwest of the Salt Lake Valley, coupled with the completion of the transcontinental railroad line in 1869, contributed to an economic boom. New economic opportunities brought non-Mormon workers into the territory. Though these newcomers comprised probably no more than 10 percent of Utah's population, they vocally opposed Mormon political control of the territory. As early as 1870, some formed the Liberal Party to contest territorial elections. Constantly outvoted, they repeatedly challenged the election of the territory's congressional delegate. Their protests to Congress helped keep the "Mormon problem" before the nation. To their complaints were added the lamentations of many of the Protestant ministers who led the approximately 14,000 non-Mormons settled in the Utah territory by the mid-1870s. Some sent pleas to the East for teachers, money, and other forms of public support. Finally, the Godbeite movement, made up of William S. Godbe and his followers who harshly criticized the leadership of Brigham Young, complicated territorial matters further. Although this movement, made up of disaffected Mormon businessmen and intellectuals, soon floundered, its publication, *Utah*

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[2] There are actually six volumes in the Kimball collection, but the sixth volume deals with events in Utah after Kimball returned from the South.

Magazine, continued later as the Salt Lake *Daily Tribune* and became the main outlet for the territory's non-Mormon population.

Congress responded to the attacks against the Saints with a flood of anti-Mormon legislation, beginning with Ohio Senator Benjamin Wade's bill of 1866 which, among other provisions, would have eliminated Mormon control over the territorial probate courts and prohibited marriage ceremonies by Mormon religious officials. The proposal did not pass, but others that followed did. The Poland Act of 1874 extended federal judicial control over all criminal, civil, and chancery cases and placed the territory's attorney general and marshal under federal direction. The Edmunds Act of 1882 declared polygamy to be a felony, disfranchised polygamists, barred them from holding public office and serving on juries, and placed territorial elections under the control of a presidential commission. During this crucial period, Brigham Young died in 1877 of complications from a ruptured appendix. As historians Leonard Arrington and Davis Bitton have pointed out, Young's successor, John Taylor, was a man of considerable ability; but the death of the man who had led the Church for over thirty years was a huge loss to the Saints in the midst of such an embittered anti-Mormon crusade (1980, 173-80).

If J. Golden left the Utah territory in turmoil, then he entered a region in little better condition. Indeed the situation was worse for Latter-day Saints, who made up only a minute fraction of the South's population. Having recently used intimidation, chicanery, and violence to overthrow radical Republican rule, the Redeemers—that strange alliance of southern Democrats and Whigs—were determined to maintain their political control over the region and did not hesitate to use these same methods in the post-Reconstruction era (Woodward 1966, 1-22, 51-57). This proclivity toward extralegal means carried over into the realm of the spirit. Many Southerners were as intolerant of spiritual carpetbaggers as they had been of political ones during the postwar period, particularly those they suspected were trying to lure the flower of southern womanhood into the harems of lecherous Mormon patriarchs. Elder Joseph Standing had already been murdered in Georgia in 1879, and troubles would intensify during J. Golden Kimball's mission.

The trip to Chattanooga was largely, though not entirely, routine. As the train crossed the seemingly endless plains of Kansas, J. Golden found the mountainless landscape strange. At Kansas City the elders got off the train and, according to Golden, "we were all collected together like a herd of sheep protecting themselves from the wolves. . . . You could see ridicule on all of [the onlookers] faces." Later that same day, he overheard two men denouncing polygamy as a blot on the

nation, agreeing that the Mormons should be exterminated. Golden flushed with anger at these words. "My blood ran cold," he wrote, "but I had to be a silent listener" (Kimball 1:12–15).

From Kansas City, the missionaries traveled to St. Louis, Cincinnati, and finally southward through Kentucky. During the last leg of the trip, Golden recorded his first impressions of the South and its people. Northern Kentucky's well-groomed towns and beautiful homes delighted him, but he was not impressed with the rocky, hilly landscape in the southern part of the state. He found the Kentuckians he encountered even less attractive. Most who boarded the train seemed to be loggers, and many of these were "drunk, ragged and ignorant." Finally at 10:30 P.M. on 14 April the missionaries reached Chattanooga; and despite the long journey, J. Golden was soon making his self-appointed rounds in the corridors of the Florentine Hotel (Kimball 1:15, 20–22).

The following day, Golden visited popular points of interest in the city, especially Lookout Mountain and the adjacent Civil War battlefields. He also listened to a black Baptist minister preaching to a congregation of about three hundred other blacks and some curious white onlookers, at least one of whom was uproariously drunk. At the end of the service, in a rare demonstration of racial and spiritual unity, the minister baptized "one white woman and two darkies." Around 4:00 P.M. the new elders returned to the Florentine where B. H. Roberts, the assistant mission president, gave them their assignments.[3]

Golden was assigned to the Virginia Conference. On Tuesday, 17 April, he and his first companion, Landon J. Rich of Paris, Idaho, left by train for the extreme southwestern section of Virginia, a pocket of Appalachia first visited by Mormon elders in the late 1830s. Here among poor folk who eked out a living from coal mines and from small farms clinging to the mountainsides, J. Golden Kimball's mission activities in the South began, and his earliest experiences set the tone for much that followed (Kimball 1:24–29; MH 11 April 1883; Sessions 1982, 16–31. See also Berrett 1960).

While his narrative is not entirely clear at this point, it appears that he and his companion stayed about three weeks with Mormon families in the area around Tazewell County, Virginia. Part of this time, the two practiced preaching to each other in the woods. Despite the friendly welcome from their new Virginia friends, Kimball soon tired of being a guest. He noted that one of their hosts, identified only

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[3] 1:22–24. The president of the Southern States Mission at this time was John Morgan, but because of his long service in the South and the pressure of family responsibilities in Utah, he made only occasional visits to the mission. Roberts handled the day-to-day affairs (Roberts, 56; Richardson 1965, 342).

as Aunt Pop, "talked till she fairly made my brain reel." And on 8 May, less than a month after his arrival, he noted simply, "The same old routine" (Kimball 1:29-42; Richards 1966, 48-49).

An unfortunate event occurred at this time which helped give birth to the often lurid rumors that dogged Mormon elders in the South. On 6 May a young girl about eight years old came to the door of a room in which Kimball was bathing. He told her to leave, but she later reported that he had tried to get her to come into the room. This episode cast a pall over Golden's missionary efforts before they had scarcely begun. "I felt sad," he wrote, "but could plainly see the devil had already commence of his warfare against me. It seems foolish for me to notice it; but things of this kind are soon circulated against a Mormon Elder" (1:41-42).

This early gloom eased somewhat on 9 May when Kimball was assigned a new companion, Newell A. Hill of Salt Lake City. The delight that this assignment elicited probably indicates that he and Hill had known each other before their missions. Together they were to labor in Giles, Pulaski, and Wythe counties in southwestern Virginia (Kimball 1:43).

On foot Kimball and Hill canvassed these counties and quickly found that the residents seemed to have no interest in religion. "You have to force it down them like stuffing a goose for baking," Kimball noted. The elders also discovered that indifference could turn quickly to hostility. During one of their first meetings, an angry Methodist minister came into the gathering and preached hotly about the Holy Ghost and spiritual authority, ending with a diatribe against polygamy. But J. Golden felt that, thanks to his companion, they came out on top in this exchange. "Newel wound him up like an eight day clock. Ignorant, O! my" (Kimball 1:46).

Some listeners were more likely to trick the missionaries than to denounce them. The day after their encounter with the Methodist minister, Kimball and Hill were approached by the minister's mother, "a poor old ignorant woman," who asked them to lay their hands on her to cure some unnamed illness. Sensing a trick, the elders replied that she must first accept the principles of their faith and be baptized. Signs, they said, come by faith, not faith by signs. After talking for about an hour and singing some hymns, her attitude toward them had changed considerably, but suddenly her "old man" appeared and threatened to whip her. With a pitiful look, the woman left. A tone of sadness again slipped into Kimball's narrative as he recorded, "God pity the poor souls. I wish I could save them all" (1:48-49).

For the next several weeks, Kimball and Hill walked across the Virginia countryside sharing their message with anyone who would

listen. Most remained largely indifferent, and Kimball noted that he felt friendless and "a wanderer in a strange land" (1:74).

It was not only the indifference of the people that brought on discouragement. The obligation imposed by the Church to travel without purse or scrip, which meant placing your faith in God and often asking total strangers for food and shelter, also caused problems. Fortunately for Kimball and his companions, their first area of Virginia had a scattering of Church members and a fairly substantial number of friends and sympathizers who could usually be counted on for the necessities. But as the elders made their rounds, Kimball sometimes sensed that the hospitality was beginning to wear a little thin in the families that had been visited repeatedly by traveling elders. He understood their feelings and hesitated to intrude. Yet he also realized that he had little choice except to continue to ask for help. He commented, "My sensitiveness has got to be blunted or it will cause me many unpleasant moments" (1:77–78).

He also found that his resolve needed strengthening. Their charge to travel without purse or scrip notwithstanding, many elders often carried a small amount of cash to meet incidental expenses and emergencies. When food and lodging were difficult to acquire, the missionaries sometimes yielded to the temptation to fall back on these resources. Kimball and Hill yielded in early July 1883, spending several nights in hotels around Newport, Virginia. While the food and lodging were apparently satisfactory, the experience was not. Clearly feeling some guilt over this lapse, Kimball wrote in mid-July that he intended henceforth to depend on God and not on money for his bread, butter, and lodging. Within days his determination was sorely tested. On 20 July 1883, he and Hill wandered from door to door until nine at night looking for food and lodging, receiving at every home "a frivolous excuse." Hungry and weary, they finally settled on the bare ground, but the cool mountain air allowed them little rest. At eleven they got up and walked around to warm themselves, arose again at two, and finally got up for good around four. Despite the rigors of this experience and a few others like it, Kimball rarely used money again to pay for food and lodging (1:95–96, 108–9, 116–18).

A welcome respite from missionary labor came in August when Kimball and Hill met with the elders of the Virginia Conference at Burkes Garden, a tiny Tazewell County community nestled in the mountains of southwestern Virginia. A small Mormon congregation had been meeting there for over forty years. Missionaries looked forward to these conferences, annual affairs typically lasting two to three days and usually held out-of-doors on land owned by a Church member or friend. Elders renewed old friendships, made new acquain-

tances, shared experiences, and listened to sermons by representatives from the mission headquarters in Chattanooga. Usually the meetings were led by the president of the Southern States Mission, but this time they were under the direction of the assistant president, B. H. Roberts. Since his first meeting with Roberts during the trip from Salt Lake City to Chattanooga, Kimball had been favorably impressed, and his respect remained undiminished. He found Roberts kind and unassuming, and his two and one-quarter hour sermon at the conference was one of the most powerful Kimball had ever heard. Though Kimball said little in his diary about his own role in the conference, Roberts must have been similarly impressed with him as events would soon demonstrate.

After lingering in the Burkes Garden area for several days, Kimball resumed his mission work in the eastern counties of West Virginia with his new assigned companion, Charles A. Welch of Morgan, Utah (1:24, 136–48; MH 12 Aug. 1883). Their wandering took them north and then slightly west into Mercer County, West Virginia. Overnight lodging was still sometimes difficult to find, and the two spent at least one cold night in late August huddled in an unlocked church. The residents were fully as indifferent to spiritual matters as those in Virginia, and if anything, seemed to the elders even more ignorant and wicked (1:156–57).

Physical and emotional stress soon took its toll on J. Golden. By late August 1883, after only four months in the mission field, he was plagued by a variety of lingering physical ailments—a lame back that frequently made it difficult for him to walk, extreme fatigue, a persistent cold, and boils on various parts of his body.

Yet he never lost his keen insight and sense of humor. As he and Welch talked with a couple near Concord, West Virginia, one evening in early September 1883, the issue of polygamy came up. Kimball attempted to explain the difference between polygamists and adulterers and seducers. The man immediately saw the point and acknowledged it, but his wife was much less impressed. "The old lady had nothing to say," Golden recorded. He also began to note, as would many other elders in the South, the peculiarities of the rural southern speech. Near the end of the first volume of his diary, he recorded idioms that he found most interesting:

Right smart distance
As certain as shooting
No fat out of your gourd
Kivering things up
I felt worse than a yellow dog

Bob looked like a cut but tailed dog
Bless God he has never been here since
(1:157, 168-70, 180-81, 190)

Despite the lack of interest in their message, Kimball and Welch remained in West Virginia, slowly making their way northward into Summers and Greenbrier counties, westward into Fayette County, then gradually southward back toward Mercer County, West Virginia. They walked about twelve miles a day, sometimes preaching to small congregations in schoolhouses or churches but more often talking to family members gathered in the evening around their hearths (2:1-37).

The hospitality extended to the missionaries was sometimes strange. One man agreed to feed and house them for the night but would neither eat nor speak with them once they entered his house. On another occasion, they awoke to find that their host had left for the day and his wife now made no effort to conceal her hostility. She gave back the copy of Parley Pratt's *Voice of Warning* which the two elders had given them the night before and made it quite clear that they were not to return, ever. Kimball wrote: "We took the hurt and retired." Once they were informed that a certain woman wanted to see them, and they went to her house expecting a warm welcome. Instead she intended to give them a piece of her mind. Assuming "a theatrical position" at her front door, she quickly informed them that she had no use for adulterers and whoremongers. When they replied that Abraham had been polygamous, she retorted that God had nothing to do with that part of Abraham's life. Disappointed and disgusted, they left (2:14, 20-21).[4]

Finally, as they made their way southward one day in late October 1883, they requested a meal and a night's lodging after having been refused at two other places. The owner of the house told them they could stay but quickly added that he did not like Mormon preachers. Exhausted from the day's seventeen-mile walk and far less sensitive than a few weeks before, Kimball and his companion ignored the remark and entered the house. Once inside they endured several blasts against polygamy; but despite his sarcasm, their host gave them the best room in the house and "a splendid good supper" (22 Oct. 1883).

As Kimball made his way through the mountains of Virginia and West Virginia, he inevitably had some contact with black residents. Like most other missionary diaries of the period, Kimball's refers only occasionally and incidentally to black people, and the scarcity and

[4] Kimball stopped numbering the pages of his diary after page 37 in Volume 2. Entries beyond that point will be cited by the date of entry.

condescending tone of these remarks indicate that conversion of blacks was not a matter of great concern for most elders in the South. After some early comments when he first reached Chattanooga from Utah, he did not again mention any blacks until late August when he and his companion stopped at "a negro's house" for a drink of water. Several weeks later he was offended when his host for the evening made him and Welch sleep upstairs with "two dirty black negroes." He remarked, "I hardly thought it was treating [us] with respect" (1:158; 2:31; 2 Nov. 1883). There is no indication in his diary that during these and other encounters he made any concerted effort to share the Mormon message with black people.

This is not surprising. Because of the great opposition which the Church already faced in the region, especially over polygamy, few wanted to add to their difficulties by challenging southern racial customs. Further, the common use of words such as "darkey" and "nigger" in missionary diaries indicates that Latter-day Saints were generally no more enlightened on racial matters than most other whites of their time.[5]

By late November 1883, Kimball and Welch had completed their circuit and were back among the Church members in Tazewell County, Virginia. For the first time in four weeks, they bathed and changed clothes, but cleanliness did not produce good health. J. Golden continued to be plagued by a severe cold and boils, as well as an infection in one of his legs that left him so lame he could hardly walk. But as Christmas approached, Kimball's leg improved, and he and Welch were reassigned to Amherst County, just north of Lynchburg. After spending a rather lonely Christmas with fellow Saints in Tazewell County, the two departed on 27 December, traveling by rail and by foot, reaching Amherst County on 30 December 1883 (24 Nov.; 4, 10, 11, 13, 21, 27, 28, 30 Dec. 1883).

Here they joined J. T. Heninger, the president of the Virginia Conference. The towns of the western Piedmont were little different from those they had already visited except they had better organized opposition. Mormon opponents were often either Dunkers (German

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[5] For examples of the use of these racial terms see the diaries and journals of Warren N. Dusenberry, John H. Gibbs, Martin Thomas, and Lucy Emily Woodruff in the LDS Historical Department Archives and the diaries and journals of Joseph E. Johnson, Joseph Morrell (including the collection of Joseph Morrell letters), and Andrew F. Smith at the Harold B. Lee Library at Brigham Young University. The majority of the Southern States Mission diaries and journals I examined make no mention at all of black people, reinforcing my contention that while blacks in the South sometimes responded to the Mormon message, their conversion was not a primary concern of missionaries in the region.

Baptists) or what Kimball called "Iron Side Baptists," apparently the "Hardshell" Baptists who opposed all missionary activities, Baptist included. Despite the antagonism of these two groups, the elders had occasional successes; shortly after their arrival, Kimball and Welch helped baptize one of Heininger's converts, an unmarried woman named Mary Allen. Their first attempt to baptize her on 31 December miscarried, much to the delight of the non-Mormon onlookers, when Miss Allen's father appeared at the creek's edge and voiced his opposition. Trying to keep things in perspective, Kimball wrote on that day, "Priestcraft raged and devils howled but still the world turned on its axis." On 6 January 1884, her commitment renewed, Mary went through with the baptism after a hole was broken in the ice. But that was not the last that Kimball would hear of Mary Allen.

Several weeks of largely unsuccessful preaching followed. Neither Kimball nor Welch was able to speak with force or effectiveness, Kimball possibly because of his continuing health problems. On Sunday, 20 January 1884, both men tried to preach to a group of twenty non-Mormons. Nothing they said inspired anyone present, and Kimball admitted that when they finished not one word was said to them as their small congregation drifted away into the winter chill.[6]

In mid-February, however, he received news which lifted his sagging spirits. He noted in a 15 February diary entry that he had received a letter informing him that his half-brother Hyrum Kimball, who had been called in October 1883 to serve in the southern states, would soon join him. His companion for the past several months, Charles Welch, was to be transferred to Bath County, Virginia.

Hyrum arrived on 22 February, and until mid-April the two Kimballs walked the roads and trails of Amherst and neighboring Nelson County, sharing their message with all who would listen. J. Golden, the older and more experienced of the two, did most of the talking. However, the work did not get any easier. On 6 April, Kimball recorded that only two or three in his audience were listening and, not feeling well either physically or spiritually, he abruptly quit talking and sat down. The mean spirit that prevailed in the area did little to help his sensitive nature. He wrote that most residents believed Mormons could be killed and nothing would be done about it, a common sentiment in many areas of the South at that time (5 April).

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[6] In his candor, Kimball was probably more critical of himself at times than he should have been, for there were occasions when his words found their mark even though he was dissatisfied with his effort. For example, his diary entry on 20 February 1884 notes that he delivered some remarks, though he did not feel like talking, and afterwards "an infidel" in the audience told him, "You fired hot shell at us to night."

There were a few light and pleasant moments, however. In early April 1884, the Kimballs called at the home of a Mrs. Carr who had four or five daughters, one of whom caught J. Golden's eye. Estimating her weight to be 180 pounds, he pronounced her to be "a sample of perfect womanhood" and admired the spirited way she looked the elders squarely in the eye when expressing her views on "the great and important subject" of polygamy. In J. Golden's opinion, the missionaries more than adequately met the women's questions. "They can't withstand the Mormons," he wrote on 4 April. And at the end of the evening, he believed that the ladies' attitude toward them had improved considerably.

His work with Hyrum ended suddenly in mid-April 1884 when J. Golden was summoned to report to the mission headquarters in Chattanooga to work with the assistant president, B. H. Roberts. Though he had always admired Roberts, he did not want to leave Hyrum; and he "grumbled, kicked and felt grieved." But he soon calmed down and decided to go and do his best. With borrowed money, he purchased a train ticket, bid a sorrowful goodbye to Hyrum on 17 April, and two days later arrived in Chattanooga (14, 17-19 April 1884).

Kimball quickly became involved in the work of the mission headquarters, mostly handling mission correspondence and financial records. On 24 April he and Roberts met with a group of elders in Humphreys County, Tennessee, to organize the Northwest Ten- nessee Conference. Their train trip there took them through Nashville, which Kimball found to be the most beautiful city he had ever visited.

After the meetings, Roberts continued on to a meeting of the Middle Tennessee Conference, and Kimball started back to Chattanooga. During a lengthy layover alone in Nashville, Golden was overtaken by depression, a mood that reflects a dichotomy in his personality. On the one hand, he not only needed but cherished a certain amount of solitude. But given too much of it, he often became pensive, melancholy, and self-pitying. As he walked the streets of Nashville by himself, he reflected on his life, concluding that he was nothing but "a poor despised Mormon" with no one to comfort him in his solitude (20-25 April, 2, 4 May 1884). Like his physical ailments, feelings of depression continued to trail J. Golden during his sojourn in the South, especially when he felt most alone or least successful with his ministry. It seems reasonable to assume that the moods contributed to the ailments and the ailments to the moods.

During Roberts' frequent absences from Chattanooga on mission business, Kimball often ventured out into the countryside alone to bear his witness and preach. The results were not always what he hoped for.

On 29 May 1884 in Tullahoma, Tennessee, he went into a store operated by a Methodist minister and received a verbal thrashing so severe that Kimball was left virtually speechless and was tormented by the memory for several days. However, not all his encounters were quite this unpleasant. Back in the Tullahoma area on 22 July, he asked a couple named Sharp for lodging and found himself in the middle of a marital storm. Mr. Sharp seems to have been running around with a girl of nineteen, and after J. Golden's arrival Mrs. Sharp ventured the opinion that Mormonism would suit Mr. Sharp just fine.

J. Golden did have some experiences that touched him and possibly deepened his faith. Mission business took him to a member's home outside Columbia, Tennessee, at the end of July 1884, and he had to walk the last sixteen miles of the journey in stifling heat. Sick with chills and a fever, he was near exhaustion when he encountered a black man named John Tucker who offered to let Kimball ride his horse while he walked. They passed the time pleasantly enough talking politics, something which neither of them knew anything about, but soon parted. "We came to his house," J. Golden recorded in his 31 July diary entry, "and of course this required a separation. I felt thoughtful for the ride and asked myself as to how many white men would have treated a stranger so kind and besides this I told him who I was."

While in Columbia, Kimball learned of a female member of the Church who was sick and had asked for an elder to come administer to her and cure her. Led by another local member, Kimball soon found himself in "a miserable old hovel." The woman was in an old rickety bedstead with ragged and dirty bedclothes, and several ragged, dirty children hovered near her. J. Golden prayed with her and placed his hands on her to try to affect a cure; while she professed to feel much better, he felt sorry that he could do nothing more. He wrote on 7 August that the people of the area thought nothing of such sights; but when he saw them, they caused "feelings of emotion to swell my bosom."

This encounter with sickness and grinding poverty was followed within days by Mormonism's bloodiest hour in the South, the Cane Creek massacre. On Sunday morning, 10 August 1884, an anti-Mormon mob broke into a Mormon worship service in the home of James Condor near the tiny Lewis County community of Cane Creek, just a few miles west of Columbia. In an exchange of gunfire, the leader of the mob, David Hinson, was killed as were two local Church members and two missionary elders, John H. Gibbs and William S. Berry (Hatch 1968, 56–84; Wingfield 1958).

Still working in the Columbia area, Kimball headed for Cane Creek as soon as he heard about the tragedy. About thirteen miles from his destination, he encountered Elder Henry Thompson, who had man-

aged to escape the Condor home unharmed. Thompson convinced Kimball that he too would be killed if he went on. Kimball returned to Columbia and wired news of the killings to Roberts in Chattanooga. Roberts hurried to Columbia, arriving about 10:00 P.M. on 11 August, and he and Kimball made a plea to the governor's office for assistance. Roberts, disguised as a rough, common laborer, made a daring foray into Lewis County and retrieved the bodies of Gibbs and Berry from their shallow graves so that they could be returned to Utah. Kimball, meanwhile, had returned to Chattanooga and borrowed money from a local Jewish merchant, Barnard Moses, to buy caskets for the slain elders (Kimball 10-20 Aug. 1884; Hatch 1968, 69-78).

The stress of these activities took its toll on Kimball. Back in Chattanooga, he began having chills, beginning a long bout with malaria that at times became so severe he was almost forced to return to Utah. But he persevered. Mission activities declined following the Cane Creek massacre, often leaving him with little to do. Though all around him the city was aswirl with such activities as theatrical and operatic productions, Kimball kept to himself, claiming that he preferred his own company (Kimball 30-31 July, 10-12 Sept., 28 Sept.-5 Oct., 7 Oct. 1884).

After an absence of over two months, B. H. Roberts returned to Chattanooga in late October 1884, and he and Kimball began preparing for the fall gathering of southern converts. Included in this year's group, which would depart in early November and migrate to recently established Mormon communities in southern Colorado, were a number of Saints from Cane Creek, forced to leave their homes by threats of further violence. On 29 October Kimball traveled by train to Columbia to help plan these members' move from Cane Creek. The next day he visited a Sister Anderson, "a very fair lady belonging to the church," who insisted that he stay for dinner. He graciously accepted and then without further comment wrote, "Was forced to leave abruptly." We can only speculate on the reason for this cryptic notation.

Kimball returned to Chattanooga in early November, in time for the 1884 presidential election. He had never observed a national election before, and the experience both angered and intrigued him. On election day, 4 November 1884, the city streets teemed with mobs of blacks and whites cheering for Cleveland and Blaine. Kimball witnessed a near riot when a black man who had apparently voted Democratic was set upon by a group of angry black Republicans, and he noted that many blacks were driven to the polls in fine carriages even though he was convinced that they were ignorant of everything except what they knew naturally "as brute beasts." He admitted that his "bosom burned with indignation" as he witnessed these scenes, realizing that

his own people, "the true sons and daughters of God," could not cast ballots in these elections.

Yet as the outcome of the election hung in the balance throughout the day and into the next two, and as the partisan crowds continued to tramp through the city cheering the latest returns, he returned several times to the streets "to have the full benefits of the excitement." During one of these outings, he was shocked to suddenly confront a throng singing "hang Brigham on a sour apple tree," and he thought that if someone should cry "there goes a Mormon" his missionary career "would soon draw to a close." His summation on 6 November: "This to me is a picture of Hell—on earth."

Within days of the presidential election, the southern converts who were about to move to Colorado began arriving in Chattanooga. From small Mormon enclaves in Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, and Virginia, fifty-three converts, including eight "colored people," reached Chattanooga on 12 November. As they huddled in the waiting room of the railway station, their sleeping children scattered about the floor, hundreds of curious onlookers gathered at the terminal door to catch a glimpse of them. Kimball admitted that they did not make a pleasant picture. "Most of them were poorly clad and if we can judge rightly by outward appearances they were poor in riches and deficient in education." Yet as he worked all day and well into the night preparing for their departure, he was bewildered by the world's bitterness towards his church for its effort to lift these people from poverty and degradation and place them in an area of the country "where they can become worthy of the name of human beings." The scene also convinced him that his fellow elders in the South, who had clearly been laboring among the poorest folk in the region, did not seek either praises or the comforts of life. Preparations for the journey finally completed around midnight, J. Golden slept for three hours and then boarded the train with B. H. Roberts and the emigrants at five o'clock on the morning of 13 November.

The trek westward took Kimball and his fellow Saints through Cincinnati where again, on 13 November, as the ragged emigrant party made its way from one train to another, hundreds of onlookers "gave way and stood with abhorance depicted on their countenances at the strange sight." No doubt feeling a degree of embarrassment, Kimball comforted himself with the thought of how these people would be changed in their new homes in the West.

From Cincinnati the group proceeded to St. Louis, Kansas City, and then on to La Jara, Colorado, the railroad town closest to the Mormon communities of Richfield, Manassa, and Ephraim. Despite earlier sympathy Kimball had expressed for these emigrants, as the

journey neared its end, his energy and tolerance were nearly exhausted. He recorded on 18 November: "Together with the crying and squalling of children, the clanging of wheels, I feel that if not mad, [I] will soon be so. Furthermore I am willing to make an affidavit that it takes generalship, patience and many other good qualities to enable a person to lead the Saints to Mt. Zion and retain a pleasant countenance."

His shepherding task completed, Kimball returned alone to Chattanooga. The rainy, gloomy weather of late November and early December matched and reinforced his mood. Lonely and bored by the daily routine of mission affairs, he found little that cheered him. He wrote on 11 December:

> Why is it that we are so often bereft of the greater portion of the spirit and left to wrestle with our grosser passions and superfluity of weaknesses? I can't understand it. If it is to make us the better appreciate the joy, peace and comfort derived from the Holy Spirit, why such frequent doses? . . . It must be because we allow our evil passions to take possession of our bodies and through that cause repulse the pure spirit.

An element of suspense now entered Kimball's daily routine: Would the Church maintain the Southern States Mission after the murders at Cane Creek? B. H. Roberts had gone on from Colorado to Salt Lake City to discuss this question with Church officials. Many Utah Saints were convinced that the Church had done everything possible for the South and that no more elders' lives should be endangered by sending them into the region. By mid-December Kimball had not yet received any word on the final decision, and he admitted in diary entries on 15 and 20 December that the suspense was breaking him up.

Seeking a respite from both solitude and uncertainty, he left Chattanooga on 23 December and made his way northward to one of his old haunts, Amherst County, Virginia, for the Christmas holidays. Though he received a warm welcome from the Latter-day Saint families in the area, his visit was not entirely pleasant. Among other things, after an absence of several months he had difficulty adjusting again to the mountain diet of such staples as rabbit and cornbread. While in Amherst County, he received a letter from B. H. Roberts informing him that the work of the Southern States Mission would continue; and shortly thereafter his path again crossed that of Miss Mary Allen (23, 24, 28, 30 Dec. 1884).

Since her baptism, Mary Allen had become highly dissatisfied with certain Church doctrines, particularly celestial marriage, and was accused of saying false things about these beliefs. On 11 January 1885 she was summoned to the home of one of the local members to answer the charges against her, and J. Golden presided over the meeting. Mary showed no feeling of repentance, and Kimball wrote that she

spoke with contempt and ridicule, saying several times that she supposed they had reported her "to the head man of the shibang." When asked if she thought theirs was the true Church of Jesus Christ, she replied that all churches were right "if they done right." When Kimball finally offered a motion that she be excommunicated, it passed unanimously, at which point Mary Allen held up a hand, gave thanks to God that she was free, and with "a demonic laugh," left. J. Golden's summation: "She was a she devil personified."

A more pleasant encounter occurred on 13 January when Hyrum Kimball arrived from Bath County. After talking until five in the morning, the two men went back to Bath County where over the course of the next several days they visited a number of Mormon and non-Mormon families. Among the latter was the family of a Mr. Phillips, who shared their home with Phillips' married sister and her daughter Dora. Again, J. Golden was touched by the countenance and demeanor of an attractive southern woman. "The contour of her face was perfect and such a winsome smile as she could give cannot soon be forgotten. It was like shooting fiery darts into a man's heart," he wrote that day. If all that were not enough, she also played the banjo to perfection, sang like a nightingale, and appeared "as innocent as an angel." He concluded his description of the encounter with beautiful Dora with these not-too-convincing words: "Being *old* and full of guile I escaped without serious injury."

After several days of such pleasantries, J. Golden and Hyrum reluctantly parted on 30 January. As Golden made his way back toward Chattanooga, a mood of despondency again washed over him. "I am all alone. None to cheer me. The change is *too* great."

Kimball's work in Chattanooga was suddenly brightened near the middle of February by the arrival of John Morgan, the long-time president of the Southern States Mission. The two men had met earlier, though Kimball's narrative does not explain how, but had not seen each other for fifteen years. As they renewed their friendship, Kimball was impressed by the warm and cordial reception given Morgan by Chattanooga businessmen and public officials. Such deference, Kimball noted, "was quite a treat for this country." Kimball also learned from Morgan why Church officials waited until he was almost thirty to call him on a mission, while they called others in their early and mid-twenties. It seems that his name had come up several years earlier, but an unnamed individual, who had once heard J. Golden swearing while trying to lead a wild horse, objected. At that point, J. Golden's name was crossed from the list of prospective missionaries and was not brought up again for two years. Kimball wrote that language could not express his feelings at this

point, but he thought of the ancient words of Solomon: "Seest thou a man that is hasty in his words, there is more hope of a fool than him." For the time being, at least, he had learned a lesson about proper speech (12-13 Feb. 1885).

As Kimball's time in the South began drawing to a close, he enjoyed a visit from his brother Elias, who had been called on a mission to the southern states in October 1883, serving in various areas of Tennessee. Elias had already spent a few days in Chattanooga with J. Golden in mid-June 1884, and this time the two traveled by rail to New Orleans to attend the World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition. While in the Crescent City, they visited not only the exposition but Tulane University, St. Louis Cathedral, St. Vincent Infant Asylum, and the United States Mint (25 Feb.-9 March 1885).

Back in Chattanooga by 9 March, Kimball again became depressed when his brother left. However, on 23 March 1885 President Morgan informed him that he should return home to Utah because of his precarious health. Many times Kimball had expressed the fear that his illnesses would force him to leave his mission early; but having been in the South now for almost two years, he felt he could return home honorably. In his diary on that day he wrote: "This was in accordance with my feelings."

Things moved quickly. Kimball spent 24 March concluding his affairs at the mission office in Chattanooga and departed the following day. Heading north to visit his mother's family in New Jersey, he stopped en route to see Washington, D.C., where by chance he got a brief glimpse of "the notorious Edmunds," a reference to Vermont's Senator George F. Edmunds, Congress's leading opponent of polygamy. During a side trip to Philadelphia, he watched Edwin Booth perform the role of Iago in *Othello* and while touring the Bowery in New York was amazed by the effrontery of the women and young girls who commented on his appearance and invited him to go with them. While it is not clear if he had a traveling companion, he wrote, "We did not make further investigation, but returned." He next headed toward the West, reaching Ogden, Utah, early on the evening of 30 April 1885. Some of his last diary entries noted disparaging remarks made by fellow travelers about the Latter-day Saints and their leaders, particularly Brigham Young. Thus Kimball ended his journey much as he had begun it, listening to invectives hurled at his people, his beliefs, and his leaders (24-30 March, 16, 20, 28, 30 April 1885).

J. Golden Kimball's missionary diary reveals a great deal about both the Mormon experience in the late nineteenth-century South and the young J. Golden. Fortunately tragedies such as the murders at Cane Creek, Tennessee, were relatively rare in the Southern States

Mission. But the lesser acts of personal violence that batter and bruise the soul—threats of physical harm; cutting, disparaging remarks; derisive laughter; looks of condescension and disgust—were endured daily by Mormon elders, and the wounds left by these were not easily healed. Certainly J. Golden Kimball was not always able to shrug off these experiences. He was, after all, a far more complex man than his popular image would indicate. His wit and insight might well merit his title as "the Mormon Will Rogers"; but beneath, he was a thoughtful, sensitive man who struggled with feelings of inadequacy, who was sometimes moved to tears by the sufferings of others, and who felt deeply the slights that were on occasion inflicted on him.

Perhaps J. Golden best summarized this side of himself and his mission experiences in a poem he entitled simply "Missionary's Chant." Found at the beginning of Volume 2 of his diary and written about five months after his arrival in the South, verses five and six tell us a great deal about his travails, his hopes, and his longing in a strange and sometimes hostile land for what was familiar, nurturing, and warm.

> The scoffs and jeers that people hurl
> At me from every side
> Are enough to cause despondency
> Of a heart that's full of pride
> But I ask the Lord to bless me
> That I may always be
> As humble as our Saviour was
> And enjoy eternity
>
> May this little book be usefull
> To my friends so kind and true
> And may my labors in the land
> Be a comfort unto you
> I hope that you remember me
> While I am here alone
> And may I meet you all again
> Around the dear old home.

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Innocence

Holly Welker

I confess I have invented a word
for the thing I am and the thing I have done.

It is a pleasant word and may be spoken
to young children or written in their books.

The confession this word stands for is appropriate
to some, embarrasses no one, and is almost never a sin.

The confession feels good for a long time, like polished
silver, and the word sounds like water poured in a cup.

The thing I have done and invented the word for
also feels good, like polished silver, but sounds like nothing.

Now I tell you what you expect: the word is a lie and,
unlike most lies, utterly useless.

If you know this word, if you have told this lie,
let us invent another word that contains no confession,

only long loopy vowels and layers of meaning
to linger on or lounge in.

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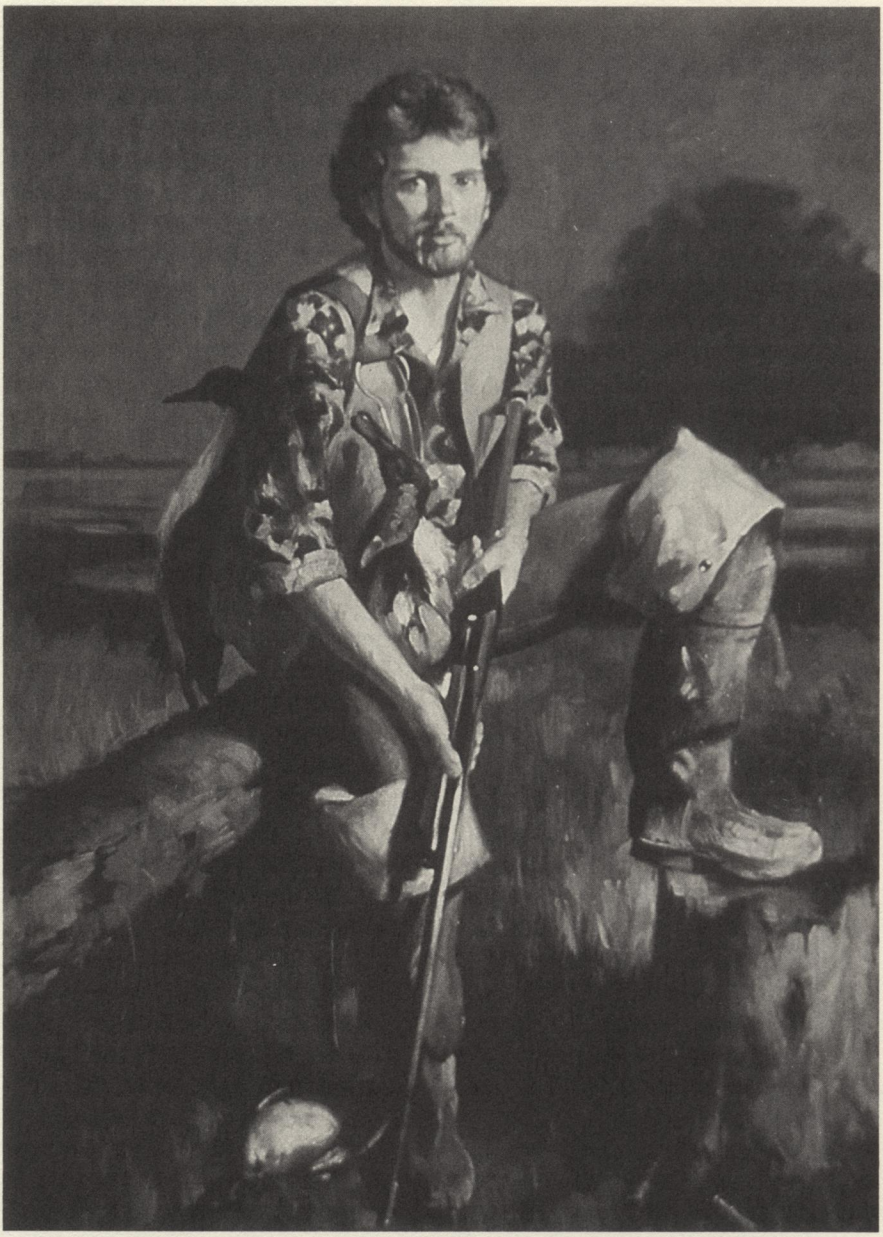

The Development of the Mormon Concept of Grace

Blake T. Ostler

LATTER-DAY SAINTS may be surprised to discover that Joseph Smith did not reject the importance of grace. Indeed, he developed a profound and novel view resolving many problems presented by the grace-freedom dichotomy in classical Christian thought. Moreover, Joseph's concept of grace was consistent through his lifetime, even though it underwent a major shift from Pauline to Johannine categories of thought. The notion of grace presented in the Book of Mormon is essentially the same as Joseph Smith taught in the Nauvoo era. However, some early assumptions underlying the Book of Mormon scheme of grace were abandoned in Nauvoo: notably, the ideas of "original sin" and "regenerating grace." Despite continuity in the underlying concept, the Mormon notion of grace developed from a theology grounded in static states of being to one seeing grace as an ongoing process of growth throughout life and eternity.

For this discussion, I will adopt the following definitions. (These definitions embody concepts about the workings of grace developed largely since Augustine.):

Actual original sin: According to Augustine, Luther, and Calvin, the state of humans before regeneration of the will in which all are morally impotent and unable to freely choose to do any meritorious act.

Common grace: The Arminian notion that God grants saving grace to all persons in the same degree and identical way. This grace is sufficient for salvation if freely accepted.

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Concurring grace: The view of Luis de Molina that saving grace is sufficient only if it combines with the free human will to become efficacious grace.

Efficacious or operative grace: Grace which accomplishes salvation.

Irresistible grace: Grace which cannot be rejected by an evil will.

Original guilt: Moral culpability, shared by all humans, for Adam's acts.

Prevenient grace: Prior to any act of human agency, grace which moves the human will to have faith or to accept efficacious grace.

Preventing or persevering grace: Grace bestowed on those who have accepted sufficient grace so that they can resist sin and persevere "in grace."

Sufficient grace: Grace which is adequate to salvation in the event it is actually accepted.

Theoretical original sin: A status which would exist but for the atonement and which becomes actual in the event humans freely choose evil.

THE MORMON VIEW OF DIVINE GRACE AND HUMAN FREE WILL

Aurelius Augustine, bishop of Hippo (354-430), was primarily responsible for the traditional notion of grace. According to Augustine, humans were free prior to the Fall in the sense that they could choose either good or evil. After the Fall, however, they became slaves to an evil nature unless and until the human will was regenerated through God's gift of irresistible grace. After the Fall, humans could choose only evil unless saved by grace. The Augustinian notion of grace was adopted with very few modifications by Calvin and Luther. It was this notion of grace which the Arminians rejected because it seemed to make God responsible for arbitrarily deciding to damn some persons.

The Book of Mormon

The Book of Mormon reversed the order of states of grace posited by Augustine.[1] In the Book of Mormon, humankind lacked moral

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[1] By comparing Book of Mormon doctrines to Arminian and Calvinist thought, I am not asserting that the Book of Mormon is a nineteenth-century document. However, it is appropriate to compare the Book of Mormon to nineteenth-century religious thought because Joseph Smith could conceptualize the revelation of the ancient text only within his nineteenth-century horizon. See my "The Book of Mormon as a Modern Expansion of an Ancient Source," DIALOGUE 20 (Spring 1987): 66-123.

freedom *before the fall* because at that point they did not have alternatives among which to choose. God gave them freedom when he provided to Adam and Eve contrary commandments: "It must needs be that there is an opposition; even the forbidden fruit in opposition to the tree of life; the one being sweet and the other bitter. Wherefore, the Lord God gave unto man that he should act for himself. Wherefore, man could not act for himself save it should be that he was enticed by the one or the other" (2 Ne. 2:15–16). Before the Fall, therefore, humans were in a state of childlike innocence, not knowing good from evil. If Adam and Eve had not transgressed, "they would have remained in a state of innocence" (2 Ne. 2:22–23). God created Adam and Eve in this innocent state, incapable of either sinning or doing good (2 Ne. 2:23). The Fall was therefore not regarded as a sin in the Book of Mormon, for one cannot sin unless one possesses knowledge of good and evil, and Adam and Eve did not possess such knowledge until *after* the Fall. Rather, the Fall resulted from the "transgression" of God's commandment (2 Ne. 2:22). The Book of Mormon adopted a notion of sin very similar to Zwingli, who held that where there is no law, there can be no sin: "And if ye say there is no law, ye shall say there is no sin. And if ye say there is no sin, ye shall also say there is no righteousness" (2 Ne. 2:13). This passage describes sin as an *act* which violates law, not as a *state of being* which one inherits. The Book of Mormon uniformly distinguishes between "transgression"—which always relates to violation of law without moral culpability—and "sin," which refers to culpable conduct deserving punishment. Pelagius and Zwingli noted that inherited original sin is impossible if one is responsible only for one's own acts.

The paradoxical commandments given to Adam and Eve forced a choice upon them. Adam and Eve had been commanded to multiply and replenish the earth, but they could not do that unless they ate of the tree of knowledge of good and evil (2 Ne. 2:22). Nevertheless, God had also commanded Adam and Eve not to eat the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil (2 Ne. 2:18). God thereby granted Adam and Eve a choice among alternatives—to remain in a state of innocence or to confront opposition that would make spiritual maturity possible, knowing joy because they experienced misery, able to do good because they were able to do evil (2 Ne. 2:23). Moreover, God's plan was that Adam and Eve experience opposition (2 Ne. 2:15). It was "appointed" beforehand that they would partake of the forbidden fruit and die (Alma 42:5–6). The Book of Mormon thus established a very strong concept of free will clearly opposed to the Augustinian/Calvinist tradition. Whereas Calvinists defined free will as the ability to do as one pleases, even if one is only capable of

pleasing to do evil, the Book of Mormon defines free will as being capable of both good and evil choices. The Book of Mormon notion of free will requires choice among alternatives that are genuinely open to agents, what we would now call contra-causal, categorical, or libertarian free will: the ability to do both good or evil given all of the circumstances that obtain at the moment of free decision. The importance of this stronger notion of free will in Mormon thought can hardly be overstated. It is the foundation from which the edifice of Mormon theology was constructed.

As a result of the Fall, humankind was "cut off both temporally and spiritually from the presence of the Lord" (Alma 42:7). That is, humans will die and are no longer in God's presence. *After the Fall*, all persons would be in a state contrary to the state in which God created them and naturally evil (Mosiah 3:19; Alma 41:11, 42:10), captive angels to the devil (2 Ne. 9:8-9), and not free to choose good because they would be subject to the devil (Mosiah 16:3)—or so they would be, that is, *except for the atonement* (2 Ne. 9:6-7; Alma 42:14-16). Because of the atonement, *all* persons overcome spiritual death (alienation from God) and will be resurrected and return to God's presence "to be judged according to their works" (Alma 42:23; 2 Ne. 9:13-16; Alma 41:3-4). Only "through the merits, and mercy, and grace of the Holy Messiah" can persons dwell in the presence of God (2 Ne. 2:8). Because of the atonement, *all* persons are delivered from their servitude to the devil and evil natures and made free to act for themselves:

> And the Messiah cometh in the fullness of time, that he may redeem the children of men from the fall. And *because that they are redeemed from the fall they have become free forever, knowing good from evil; to act for themselves and not to be acted upon*, save it be by the punishment of the law at the great and last day, according to the commandments which God hath given.
>
> Wherefore, men are free according to the flesh; and *all* things are given them which are expedient unto man. And they are free to choose liberty and eternal life, through the great Mediator and *all* men, or to choose captivity and death, according to the captivity of the devil. (2 Ne. 2:26-27, emphasis added)

Joseph Smith has translated Lehi, here, in terminology familiar to Calvinism. Calvinists held that human will is acted upon but does not act for itself in the decision to accept God's grace. The Book of Mormon maintains, to the contrary, that Christ's redemption from the Fall made all persons free to act for themselves and not merely to be acted upon.

The Book of Mormon also teaches that little children do not need baptism because the atonement *automatically* delivers them from the captivity of the devil and sin (Mosiah 15:24-25). Nor are little children capable of choosing between good and evil, and therefore

their decisions are not subject to judgment: "Little children are whole, for they are not capable of committing sin; wherefore, the curse of Adam is taken from them in me" (Moro. 8:8, 12). Further, all those who died in ignorance of Christ's gospel God will also redeem (Mosiah 15:24).

Therefore, no person, according to the Book of Mormon, is actually evil because of depraved nature. At birth, all are automatically delivered by the atonement of Christ from the servitude to evil and all of the effects of the Fall. Thus, although the Book of Mormon promulgates a notion of "original sin," it is a "hypothetical original sin" which does not actually afflict persons unless they reject the atonement. However, those who freely reject Christ during their mortal probation, having a knowledge of good and evil, reject the benefits of the atonement and return to the servitude of the devil and a naturally evil, unredeemed state. That is, persons become evil because of evil choices freely made *after* they become capable of sinning and refraining from sin (unlike little children); evil is not a result of Adam's transgression nor of one's inherently evil nature:

> Thus, all mankind were lost; and behold, they *would have been* endlessly lost *were it not that* God redeemed his people from their lost and fallen state.
>
> But remember that he that *persists* in his own carnal nature, and *goes in the way of sin* and rebellion against God, remaineth in his fallen state and the devil hath all power over him. Therefore, he is *as though* there was no redemption made, being an enemy to God. (Mosiah 16:4–5, emphasis added)

The subjunctive tense here indicates that the notion that persons are lost because of the Fall is counterfactual; because of the atonement, persons are not really lost. However, persons may become continually evil and captives to the devil by evil choices freely made (2 Ne. 2:29, 9:16; Alma 41:5–7, 11–12). The Book of Mormon also stresses that because persons are free to make both good and evil choices, God is just in judging *all* persons and rewarding them according to their works (Alma 41:3–5). Moreover, Alma taught that God is just precisely because *all* can freely respond to his grace and are judged for their own acts and not the acts of another. In his discussion of the justice of God's judgment, Alma taught his son Corianton:

> Therefore, O my son, whosoever will come may come and partake of the waters of life freely; and whosoever will not come the same is not compelled to come; but in the last day it shall all be restored unto him according to his deeds. If he desired to do evil, and has not repented in his days, behold, evil shall be done unto him, according to the restoration of God. . . . O my son, I desire that ye should deny the justice of God no more. (Alma 42:27, 30)

Salvation is thus a free gift available to all to be freely accepted (2 Ne. 2:4). Nevertheless, all are free to choose *only because of* God's

grace—because of the atonement wrought by Christ. Though in the Book of Mormon the word "grace" appears only four times in relation to salvation, the book's view of redemption from Adam's transgression as the basis of human freedom assumes God's saving grace. Persons are free to act and to choose for themselves, but such freedom is made possible by grace:

> Therefore, cheer up your hearts, and remember that ye are free to act for yourselves—to choose the way of everlasting death or the way of eternal life.
>
> Wherefore . . . reconcile yourselves to the will of God, and not to the will of the devil and the flesh; and remember, after ye are reconciled unto God, that it is only in and through the grace of Christ that ye are saved. (2 Ne. 10:23-24)

Because human freedom arises from God's redemption, persons are ultimately saved, after all they can do, not by their works but by God's grace (2 Ne. 25:23). The Book of Mormon asserts, like the Molinists, that all persons are free to choose among alternatives and therefore free to accept or reject God's grace, but the choice is ultimately made possible only by God's grace. One *enters* the way leading to eternal life "by the word of Christ with unshaken faith in him, relying wholly upon the merits of him who is mighty to save" (2 Ne. 31:19). Nevertheless, *once on the path*, the burden is on human agency to persist in faith by God's grace; there is no guarantee of salvation by virtue of *preventing grace*:

> Yea, the words of my Beloved are true and faithful. He that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved. And now, my beloved brethren, I know by this that unless a man shall endure to the end, in following the example of the Son of the living God, he cannot be saved. (2 Ne. 31:15-16)

The Book of Mormon also adopts a notion of sanctification or perfection obtained through grace: "If ye by the grace of God are perfect in Christ . . . then are ye sanctified in Christ by the grace of God" (Moro. 10:32-33). Sanctification apparently referred to holiness added after one has been justified or cleansed from sin. However, this sanctification through grace was made possible only by dedicating all to God: "might, mind and strength" (Moro. 10:32). The Book of Mormon is very close to the notion of grace made famous by Dietrich Bonhoffer, a German theologian who coined the term "cheap grace." "The only man who has a right to say that he is justified by grace alone is the man who has left all to follow Christ. Such a man knows that the call to discipleship is a gift of grace, and that the call is inseparable from the grace" (1961, 55).

The Book of Mormon also emphasizes that God has decreed the times and order of events (Alma 41). Moreover, God's elections to the priesthood are conditional—that is, just as the Arminians taught, God

bases his decrees upon his foreknowledge of an individual's faith and choices:

> This high priesthood being after the order of his Son, which order was from the foundation of the world . . . being prepared from eternity to all eternity, according to his foreknowledge of all things. . . . [T]here were many who were ordained and became high priests of God; and it was on account of their exceeding faith and repentance, and their righteousness before God, they choosing to repent and work righteousness rather than to perish. (Alma 13:7, 10)

The order established "from the foundation of the world" included ordinations based on foreknowledge of who *would* "repent and work righteousness." God's decrees are, then, clearly not arbitrary. Considering the Book of Mormon in relation to other Christian thought further elucidates its particular perspective on the doctrine of grace. Terminology borrowed from Paul is never used to describe the notion of grace in the Book of Mormon. The term "justification" is never used in the Pauline sense, and neither is the key Pauline phrase, "justified by grace." Equally remarkable, the Book of Mormon is rich in concepts and theological distinctions defined primarily in response to Augustine and therefore follows the line of thought represented by Irenaeus, Pelagius, Luis de Molina, and especially Arminius.

As did Irenaeus, the Book of Mormon views Adam and Eve before the Fall as immature and innocent. Both view the Fall as God's plan to enable human growth to spiritual maturity through confronting moral opposition and physical pain. As Irenaeus, the Book of Mormon views humans as neither good nor evil, but capable of freely choosing both. Indeed, the Book of Mormon concurs with Irenaeus on most major points against Augustine. Irenaeus even espoused a doctrine of human deification, although interestingly the Book of Mormon does not—that teaching would come with further revelation. Nevertheless, the doctrine of deification is a natural development from the doctrine of perfection through Christ's sanctifying grace, just as it was for Irenaeus's theology.

The Book of Mormon thus reverses the order of states of grace presented by Augustine/Calvin:

State	Augustine/Calvin	Book of Mormon
Before the Fall	Able to choose both good and evil (*posse non peccare*)	Unable to choose either good or evil (innocent)
After the Fall but before regeneration	Unable to not sin (*non posse non peccare*)	No such persons; the atonement automatically delivers *all* persons from captivity to evil.

After the Fall and after regeneration	Unable to sin; *some* persons are delivered from evil nature by God's prevenient grace (*non posse peccare*).	All persons are able to choose good or evil.
After free choice	No persons are free in this sense (*libero arbitrio*). God damns those he does not choose to save and saves those he chooses.	Those who choose evil return to their naturally evil status; those who choose good receive eternal life.

The Book of Mormon may accurately be discussed as similar to a line of thought developing from Pelagius, but there are also significant differences. Pelagius maintained that persons are free without regeneration of the will, that the Fall of Adam had no effect on his descendants. In contrast, the Book of Mormon views the Fall as disastrous, but for the atonement. Without the atonement, all persons would be captives of the devil. However, the Book of Mormon agrees that *in actuality* no descendants of Adam are by nature inherently culpable as a result of the Fall. Both reject the notion of original sin. However, persons can become evil and be restored to "evil nature" if they freely choose evil. Both Pelagius and the Book of Mormon clearly emphasize the role of free will in salvation.

The Book of Mormon is closest to Arminianism in its doctrine of synergistic grace. The Book of Mormon explains foreordination to priesthood, for instance, as based on foreseen faith and free choice. Foreordination is therefore conditionally merited by human action. The Book of Mormon thus rejects arbitrary election and predestination. Nevertheless, the Book of Mormon view is that salvation is ultimately by grace which is freely accepted. Like Arminianism, the Book of Mormon presents a two-stage operation of grace. The first stage entails the unconditional restoration of will and redemption from servitude to the devil for *all* persons. This grace is similar to prevenient grace in being prior to any act of human will. Instead of merely preparing the will to exert faith, however, this first-stage grace empowers or restores to the will its ability to accept or reject grace and make choices among alternatives. This grace does not merely "strengthen" the will, then, as in Arminianism, for prior to God's restorative action there is no free will. Only God's regenerating atonement makes free will possible.

In the second stage, God grants sufficient grace to all. All persons may choose to accept grace if they so desire: "Whosoever will come may come and partake of the waters of life freely." However, individuals may also choose whether they desire to accept grace: "Whosoever will not come the same is not compelled to come" (Alma 42:27). The Book of Mormon thus rejects every form of irresistible and efficacious

grace. Further, the Book of Mormon is like Arminianism in that it rejects every form of reprobation, for God desires all persons to be saved; but the decision whether to accept grace is ultimately up to individual free will. Further, the Book of Mormon rejects the weaker notion of free will adopted by Augustine and Calvin, for God cannot insure that persons will *freely* "choose eternal life" (2 Ne. 2:26–28). For the Book of Mormon, free will is always and only possible in the presence of alternative choices that are genuinely open and ultimately up to the human agent.

Finally, because the Book of Mormon, like Arminianism, rejects the view that Adam's descendants are culpable for Adam's sin, it also rejects the view that God can justly condemn persons based simply upon their evil nature. Instead, persons are judged solely on the basis of their sins. Let me emphasize that neither the Book of Mormon nor any other scripture supports the view that some persons will be judged not according to their own deeds, but to Christ's merits. The Book of Mormon teaches that all must rely wholly on the merits of Christ to *enter* the way leading to eternal life, but *all* will be judged on the basis of their own works. As in Paul's writings, Book of Mormon writers seem unaware of any tension between the view that persons freely enter into the covenant relationship through God's grace and the view that all persons are judged and rewarded according to *their* works. Indeed, the Book of Mormon emphasizes that it is only because persons are free to choose, including whether or not to accept grace, that they can be judged on the basis of *their* deeds (Alma 40 and 42). The notion that a person may be punished or rewarded for someone else's deeds is rejected as unjust by the Book of Mormon. Pelagius was correct, according to the Book of Mormon, in thinking that a person cannot be held guilty of or rewarded for something unless it springs from his or her own free will.

The Book of Moses

The book of Moses reinforces the Arminian line of thought found in the Book of Mormon. It emphasizes the importance of free will by telling of an alternate plan presented by Satan which would guarantee "that one soul shall not be lost" (Moses 4:1). However, even at the extreme cost that some persons would be lost, the plan was rejected because it would "destroy the agency of man" (Moses 4:3). The book of Moses teaches that Adam and Eve were not created free, for God "gave unto them their knowledge, in the day I created them; and in the Garden of Eden, gave I unto man his agency" (Moses 7:32). God thus gave Adam and Eve agency; it was not theirs by virtue of

creation as Pelagius maintained. Rather, agency arose at the point when God in the Garden of Eden gave Adam and Eve a choice among alternatives.

The book of Moses also emphasizes that persons become "naturally" evil by free choice and are not evil as a result of the Fall. Indeed, the book of Moses uses the precise term "original guilt" and maintains that *all* persons have been redeemed from its effects:

> And the Lord said to Adam: Behold I have forgiven thee thy transgression in the Garden of Eden.
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> Hence came the saying abroad among the people, that the Son of God hath atoned for original guilt, wherein the sins of the parents cannot be answered upon the heads of the children, for they are whole from the foundation of the world. (Moses 6:53-54)

The book of Moses thus teaches that Adam's descendants do not inherit original guilt because Adam himself had been forgiven of his "transgression." When he himself no longer bears that guilt, Adam cannot genetically transmit it. The book of Moses further emphasizes that "evil nature" arises from free choice by showing that Adam's descendants became evil only after their own free choices to reject God:

> And Satan came among them saying: I am also a Son of God; and he commanded them, saying:
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> Believe it not; and they believed it not, and they loved Satan more than God. *And men began from that time forth to be carnal, sensual, and devilish.* (Moses 5:13, emphasis added)

The key is that even if children are "conceived in sin" (6:55) as a result of "original guilt" (6:53), the guilt arises in the hearts of those who are returned to their naturally evil and carnal state because their works were evil (6:49). That is, persons suffer from original guilt only after they have freely chosen to reject the benefits of the atonement. So although a notion of original sin appears to be adopted, it is a "hypothetical original sin" that has no effect unless persons freely choose evil works. And furthermore, the book of Moses records unambiguously that the Fall was not a calamity, but a happy occurrence in accordance with God's plan. Adam and Eve rejoice over the opportunities afforded by God's plan as a result of the Fall:

> Blessed be the name of God, for because of my transgression my eyes are opened, and in this life I shall have joy, and again in the flesh I shall see God.
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> And Eve, his wife, heard all these things and was glad, saying: Were it not for our transgression we never should have had seed, and never should have known good and evil, and the joy of redemption, and the eternal life which God giveth unto all the obedient. (Moses 5:10-11)

The book of Moses shares the views of Irenaeus and Arminius that the Fall offered humankind an opportunity to grow and mature.

This passage also echoes the sentiments of the ancient Roman Easter rite: "O felix culpa, quae talem ac tantum meruit habere Redemptorem" (Leibniz, para. 10). O fortunate fault which allowed us to have a Redeemer! The attitude toward the Fall is even more typically Arminian, however. Eve correctly understood God's plan for their spiritual growth and maturation; she complied by partaking of the fruit forbidden by God. God's purpose in commanding them not to eat was not to punish them arbitrarily for trivial acts, but to provide them options among genuinely open alternatives as a necessary prerequisite to genuine free agency.

Derived from Genesis, the book of Moses was part of Joseph Smith's inspired exposition of the King James Bible. This inspired interpretation, in the spirit of midrashic expansion, clarifies for us the Prophet's understanding of the Bible. Also of particular interest in the present context are the Prophet's emendations of Paul's writings regarding grace. He altered one passage in a way that appears to emphasize *sola gratiae*: "*Therefore*, being justified freely *only* by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus" (JST Romans 3:24, underlined words added in JST).

This modification alters a major Arminian proof-text which supports their view that "salvation is freely offered to all through Christ's redemption." The key word is "offered"; acceptance is up to individual free will, suggesting a synergistic working of grace. The addition of "only" to "by his grace" appears to support a monergistic concept of grace, yet the Prophet altered another passage from Romans in a way that clearly emphasizes a synergistic notion of grace:

> Therefore, ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ye are justified of faith and works, ~~that~~ ~~it~~ ~~might~~ ~~be~~ ~~by~~ through grace; to the end the promise might be sure to all the seed; not to them ~~that~~ only ~~which~~ who ~~is~~ are of the law, but to ~~that~~ them also ~~which~~ who ~~is~~ are of the faith of Abraham; who is father of us all. (JST Romans 4:16, underline indicates additions; strikeover indicates deletion by JS)

The two alterations are not necessarily inconsistent. I see no way to interpret the latter passage except as a statement of synergism: "justified of faith and works." However, the first passage can be interpreted as consistent with the second, if we read it as a statement of justification through Christ alone rather than grace alone. This interpretation is consistent with the Book of Mormon affirmation that salvation can be obtained only through the name of Christ (2 Ne. 25:20, 23–30; Mosiah 3:17, 5:8).

Mormon Thought to 1834

The Mormon view of salvation was initially very similar to the conservative Arminian arm of Protestant thought. Though Arminianism in its many forms in the nineteenth century remained a criticism of Calvinism, both Arminian and Calvinist theologies were interpretations of Paul, primarily from Romans and Galatians. Both thought of salvation in terms of states of being: in a state of grace, in a state of justification, in a state of sanctification. Joseph Smith's earliest revelations also tended to express salvation in terms of states of being derived from Pauline thought. Doctrine & Covenants 20 was first published in the premiere issue of the *Evening and Morning Star* as a statement of the basic tenets and beliefs of the infant church under the title "Articles and Covenants of the Church of Christ." The Articles defined the Church's belief on grace in familiar terms:

> And we know, that Justification through the grace of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, is just and true; and we know, also, that Sanctification through the grace of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, is just and true, to all those who love and serve God with all their mights, minds, and strength, but there is a possibility that men may fall from grace and depart from the living God. Therefore let the church take heed and pray always, lest they fall into temptation; yea, and even he that is sanctified also: . . . (EMS, June 1832, 1:1, p. 1)

The slogans of justification and sanctification by grace were no doubt derived from Paul's letter to the Galatians and Romans and the pseudo-Pauline letter to the Ephesians, but that does not mean that they are used in an identical sense. In almost all instances, Paul used the term "sanctification" synonymously with justification. "Justification" in Paul's thought meant judicially to declare a person not guilty. "Sanctification" meant to regard a person as righteous. Both terms for Paul meant essentially to "right-wise" a person, a phrase coined by Pauline scholar E. P. Sanders meaning in essence to make a person acceptable to entering into a relationship with the holy and right God (1983, 470). These terms took on more technical theological distinctions in discussions of grace after Augustine. "Justification" meant to be regenerated from original sin and thus to be relieved of liability for Adam's guilt. "Sanctification" came to be equated with being so established in grace that perseverance in righteousness was insured. Sanctified persons were unable to sin. Most liberal Arminians in the nineteenth century rejected persevering or preventing grace as inconsistent with free will.

The Articles and Covenants of the Church emphasized that although persons become justified or sanctified by grace, they must persevere in works of love. The Articles reject any notion of a guarantee

of salvation through persevering grace by emphasizing that even "he that is sanctified" must "take heed" because he can "fall from grace" by rejecting God. The Articles are consistent with the Arminian emphasis on human will—but it is expressed in terms of a person's ability to fall from grace. Grace is thus not ineluctable—it can be rejected even after it has been accepted. A notion of ongoing process "in grace" existed from the very beginning of Mormon thought.

Although the Book of Mormon rejected the doctrine of actual original sin, some early Latter-day Saints still spoke of depraved human nature. For instance, Warren Cowdery, Oliver Cowdery's brother, supported his views of natural human sinfulness by attributing "this seed of corruption to the depravity of nature. . . . [B]ecause we were born in sin, the Gospel concludes that we ought to apply all our attentive Endeavors to eradicate the seeds of corruption" (*Evening & Morning Star* (Oct. 1832, p. 77). Nevertheless, Cowdery did not accept the Calvinistic doctrine of utter depravity, for he is encouraging persons to eradicate the seeds of sin from their nature. In fact, according to Cowdery, human nature is never totally lost, for there remains in humans "the image of God, in which we were formed, and which can never be entirely effaced. . . . And, because the image of the Creator is *partly* erased from our hearts, the gospel concludes that we ought to give ourselves wholly to the retracing of it, and so to answer the excellence of our extraction." Warren Cowdery expressed the Arminian view that human nature was wounded, but not fatally injured.

After 1831, Pauline terminology is conspicuously absent from Mormon scripture and discourse. This sudden, resounding silence about humanity's evil nature, justification, or sanctification by grace heralded a major shift of Mormon thought away from Protestant categories to the Prophet Joseph Smith's new understanding and reformulated expression of grace. Discussions of "justification by grace" simply do not appear in Mormon scripture after 1831. This absence of Pauline terminology has often been taken to mean a rejection of the concept of grace and adoption of a gospel of works without grace; however, such a view is mistaken. Mormon scripture adopts a new model of grace; it does not reject all concepts of grace. The change was inconspicuously begun in a June 1831 revelation which stated: "That which is of God is light; and he that receiveth light, and continueth in God, receiveth more light; and that light groweth brighter and brighter until the perfect day" (D&C 40:24). The new model shifted from a notion of grace grounded in states of being to one grounded in an ongoing *process* of growth in the light offered by God. The Mormon expression of God's saving activity abandoned Pauline terminology and adopted the metaphor of light and darkness found in the Gospel of John. The light

metaphor more accurately expressed Mormonism's notion of God's very power and knowledge offered to humans to be freely accepted or rejected.

The seminal statement of the nature of salvation in Mormon thought is found in a February 1832 revelation known as "The Vision," now Doctrine & Covenants 76. This revelation was regarded as doctrine too strong for new converts and thus was not at first widely circulated. Nevertheless, it had tremendous impact on Joseph Smith. I think it is fair to say that the concepts expressed in The Vision caught Joseph Smith by surprise. He was astounded at the implications of this new knowledge from God. The Vision taught that persons abide to varying degrees in the light offered by God, and he saves all persons except a small class who, having full knowledge of him, openly deny him: "Wherefore, he saves all except them" (vv. 42-44). The fullest degree of salvation is reserved for

> they who received the testimony of Jesus, and believed on his name and were baptized after the manner of his burial . . . that by keeping the commandments they might be washed and cleansed from all their sins . . . and who overcome by faith, and are sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise, which the Father sheds on all those who are just and true. (D&C 76:51-53)

Those persons who will abide in the presence of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost are those who share in light that is, by comparison, like the sun (vv. 62, 70). Such persons who "overcome all things" (v. 60) will share fully in divine status: "Wherefore, as it is written, they are gods, even the sons of God" (v. 58). Those who were honorable and good persons, but who did not overcome all things and were "blinded by the craftiness of men," will not receive of the fullness of glory but will have a glory analogous to the light of the moon (vv. 75-78). Those who were murderers, liars, and thieves will also be "saved" or redeemed, but they will have a lesser share of glory analogous to the light of the stars (v. 81).

This revelation became the foundation for several developments in Mormon thought. The reference to being "sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise" was later fleshed out to mean that some persons would achieve such status before God that he would "seal them up to eternal life," making it impossible for them to forfeit their exaltation to divine status by any action except putting Christ to open shame. This notion is very similar to the Augustinian *donum perseverantiae*, or guarantee of perseverance in grace, except that it is not limited to those few whom God predestinated, but is open to all persons. Whether Joseph understood this full concept at the time he received The Vision is not ascertainable from D&C 76, but the very notion of being "sealed" at

least implies a guaranteed status before God. However, the "sealed" status is contingent on "keeping the commandments" until all things have been overcome.

The Vision was also the basis for a fuller understanding of grace in terms of the light God offers to all. The Gospel of John describes the light of Christ as the basis of life: "In him was life; and the life was the light of men: And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not. . . . That was the true Light, which lighteth every man who cometh into the world" (John 1:4-5, 9). The universal gift of light and life spoken of by John expresses well Joseph Smith's own conviction that God bestowed his grace on all persons equally. According to the Prophet, differences in degree of acceptance of the proffered grace are referable solely to human free will. In a December 1832 revelation (D&C 88), the power of God was equated with light as in the Gospel of John, but in ways which expand the meaning of The Vision. In Section 88, the light of Christ is not equated merely with knowledge of what is good and what is evil, or conscience, as it had been in the Book of Mormon (Moro. 7:16-18), but assumes cosmic dimensions as an expression of God's knowledge and power. This divine light figures as the literal, physical basis of order and natural law throughout the cosmos. The divine light, imparted to human beings, is the basis of life itself.

> This is the light of Christ. . . . And the light which shineth, which giveth you light, is through him who enlighteneth your eyes, which is the same light that quickeneth your understandings; Which light proceedeth forth from the presence of God to fill the immensity of space—The light which is in all things, which giveth life to all things, which is the law by which all things are governed, even the power of God. (D&C 88:7, 11-13)

The revelation goes on to explain that the glory one will enjoy in the resurrection depends upon the degree of divine light which will quicken (i.e., give life to) one's resurrected body (88:26-30). All persons will receive that degree of light which they are willing to accept. That Joseph considered the divine light to be a species of grace is apparent from his view that it is a gift bestowed on all without conditions. Nevertheless, the light is a gift of God which can be rejected, even at the time of resurrection:

> And they who remain shall also be quickened; nevertheless, they shall return again to their own place, to enjoy that which they are willing to receive, because they were not willing to enjoy that which they might have received.
>
> For what doth it profit a man if a gift is bestowed upon him, and he receiveth not the gift? Behold, he rejoices not in that which is given unto him, neither rejoices in him who is the giver of the gift. (D&C 88:32-33)

In the emerging scheme of grace, each person will enjoy that degree of glory and light which he or she is willing to receive. Those who reject the gracious gift of light fail to attain that "which they might have received." There is no absolute decree which predestines persons to a certain degree of glory, no punishment for failing to accept the gift. Those who reject the gift simply will not have, as a natural consequence of "eternal law," that degree of enjoyment they otherwise might have had, and God will be deprived of the enjoyment he would have experienced had the gift been accepted. The failure to accept the light God graciously offers constitutes a loss in comparison to what genuinely might have been—but the revelation makes clear that God is not responsible for a person's choice not to accept the gift.

This notion of grace is very similar but not identical to the Molinist notion of concurring grace, or divine grace which is offered but whose acceptance depends upon the concurrence of human choice. For Molina, however, God specifically aided and enabled every act by grace, whether it was an act of concurrence or even an act of evil. In other words, everything occurs either because God specifically wills it to occur or because he specifically enabled it to occur with full knowledge that it would. A person could not accomplish any act without God specifically granting the power to act. Molina's position raises the specter of the problem of evil. How could God lend his gracious assistance to murder and rape? Joseph Smith's notion of concurring grace, on the other hand, entails personal will and very subsistence made possible by grace; however, the specific use of free will once regenerated is not within God's control.

The Prophet understood personal existence to be contingent on God's light: "You shall comprehend even God, being quickened [i.e., made a living soul] in him and by him. . . . I am the true light that is in you, and you are in me; otherwise, ye could not abound" (D&C 88:49–50). Whatever else "abounding in the light of God" may mean, it appears to entail at least the continued conscious existence of individuals somehow contingent on God's grace. Joseph Smith's further understanding of how grace will lead ultimately to godhood was inspired by 1 John 3:2: "Beloved, now we are the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." This notion of knowing as God knows and seeing as God sees because we shall be like him provided the starting context for the revelation of human deification.

Since the time of Augustine and perhaps earlier, conventional Christians have presumed a vast ontological chasm between God and humans. A May 1833 revelation to Joseph Smith (now D&C 93) oblit-

erated that creator/creature dichotomy by viewing Christ as the revelation of both what God is and what humanity may become. The notion of grace drawing humankind toward godhood was expressed in Johannine categories of thought and terminology. The express purpose of the revelation was "that you may understand and know how to worship, and know what you worship" (v. 19). This revelation, as did those of the Greek fathers, begins with Jesus as the unveiling of the true nature of both God and humankind.

Attributes of Christ	Attributes of Humans
"I [Christ] was in the beginning with the Father" (v. 21).	"Ye were also in the beginning with the Father" (v. 23).
I [Christ] "am the Firstborn" (v. 21).	"All those who are begotten through me are partakers of the glory of the same [i.e., the Firstborn], and are the church of the Firstborn" (v. 22).
He [Christ] "received not of the fulness at first, but continued from grace to grace, until he received a fulness (v. 13). [Christ] received grace for grace (v. 12).	Humans must grow in grace and in the knowledge of truth: "You shall receive grace for grace" (v. 20).
[Christ] received a fulness of the glory of the Father . . . the glory of the Father was with him, for he dwelt in him" (vv. 16-17).	"If you keep my commandments you shall receive of his fulness, and be glorified in me as I am in the Father" (v. 20).
"The glory of God is intelligence, or, in other words, light and truth" (v. 36).	"Man was also in the beginning with God. Intelligence, or the light of truth, was not created, neither indeed can be" (v. 29).

This revelation, using the light of God as a metaphor for God's grace shed upon all persons, unmistakably expresses the view that individuals grow in grace. Salvation is an ongoing process, a very different conception from the theology of grace initiated by Augustine, which conceived of grace in states of being. Augustine began with depraved human nature which led to either eternal damnation or eternal bliss. He was committed firmly to God's ultimate sovereignty and to ultimate human powerlessness. Joseph Smith's points of departure—ideas of participation in the divine nature, rebirth through the power of the Spirit, and growth in the light of God—all lead to a concept of deification. Persons would be deified by "growing in the light" offered by God, by sharing fully in the divine power and knowledge: "He that keepeth his commandments receiveth truth and light, until he is glorified in truth and knoweth all things" (93:28). Persons can appropriate the grace offered by God and participate fully in the divine knowledge by keeping God's commandments. However, persons do

not become gods in their own right or merely by keeping the commandments; rather, they become gods to the extent that they participate *as one* in God's glory and his experience. Persons can possess the divine attributes through grace only as they participate in God's divine experience of all reality, for the divine attributes are necessarily shared in relation with all other entities. This theology of grace is the opposite pole from Aquinas's theology premised on divine independence and wholly unrelated simplicity. In contrast, Joseph Smith's view of grace was a theology of perfect dependence.

Though a change of metaphors had enabled Joseph Smith to express the notion of grace in dynamic rather than static terms, the new revelations retained the basic Book of Mormon notion that human agency is made possible only through redemption from the Fall. A person who rejects the spirit or light offered by God to all without condition "groaneth under darkness and under the bondage of sin" (D&C 84:45, 49–51). The concepts of primal innocence and automatic regeneration of the will to choose either good or evil reappear unchanged yet translated in terms of the Johannine light metaphor: "Behold, here is the agency of man, and here is the condemnation of man; because that which was from the beginning is plainly manifest unto them, and they receive not the light. And every man whose spirit receiveth not the light is under condemnation" (D&C 93:31–32). And in the same section, the situation previously explained as "hypothetical original sin" is reformulated without that term: "*Every spirit of man was innocent in the beginning*; and *God having redeemed man from the fall, men became again, in their infant state, innocent* before God. And the wicked one cometh and taketh away light and truth, *through disobedience*" (93:38–39, emphasis added).

Discussions of grace thus no longer required any reference to "original guilt" or evil nature inherited from the Fall. The Mormon concept of grace was freed from the Augustinian matrix which previously had seemed a necessary assumption to understand the necessity of grace. Nor was this a warmed-over Arminian concept of grace. The notion of salvation as an ongoing and eternal process which involved participation in God's own divine attributes through grace required an entirely new metaphysical paradigm. The One gave way to the many, Being surrendered to becoming, the timeless became temporal, and the abstract ideal was transformed into concrete, material beings. Deification of humans was accomplished, in Mormon thought, by perfect participation in all things: "And if your eye be single to my glory, your whole bodies shall be filled with light . . . and that body which is filled with light comprehendeth all things" (D&C 88:67). Apotheosis is accomplished by grace: Godhood is humanity fully mature in the grace of God.

The notion of grace grounded in Johannine terminology has often been compared to nineteenth-century perfectionism, the view first enunciated by Pelagius that persons are capable of freely refraining from all sin. Most Latter-day Saint commentators on this view have mistakenly asserted that many nineteenth-century Protestants believed that persons could "become like God." (See Alexander 1980, 26; Vogel 1988, 167). However, freely refraining from sinning and becoming like God are not the same. Little children do not sin, but they are also not divine. In fact, the Mormon view that persons could eventually participate fully in the divine glory, power, and knowledge went well beyond nineteenth-century perfectionism.

The Mormon Theology of Grace, 1835–44

The expression of saving grace in the new terms of growth over a period of time raised new questions. Mormon scripture maintained from the beginning that accepting Christ entailed both baptism and sacramental participation in Christ's death and resurrection. Moreover, the dynamic notion of grace seemed to presuppose that persons must be old enough to make choices among alternatives and possess knowledge of good and evil. How then could infants, who had no opportunity to grow from grace to grace, be saved? Merely exalting them as innocents would not be possible from the Mormon point of view because the purpose of mortality is to undergo testing in situations of genuine choice between both good and evil. This is a necessary condition to grow from grace to grace. This question was poignant for Joseph Smith personally because his oldest brother, Alvin, had died before the ordinance of baptism could be administered to him. Joseph received the answer to this quandary in a January 1836 revelation:

> Thus came the voice of the Lord unto me, saying: All who have died without a knowledge of this gospel, who would have received it if they had been permitted to tarry, shall be heirs of the celestial kingdom of God; Also all that shall die henceforth without a knowledge of it, who would have received it with all their hearts, shall be heirs of that kingdom. (D&C 137:7–8)

This revelation adopted the notion of "middle knowledge" championed by Luis de Molina. God's knowledge in this case is not based merely on what he foresees will happen, because the persons referred to in the revelation will not in fact accept the gospel in this life. His knowledge is of hypothetical reality. In other words, God must know what persons would have done if reality had been different. For example, God knew what Alvin Smith would have done if he had not

died before the Church was established in 1830. That is, God knew that something else would have been true than actually was true. It follows that God must know what persons will do in all possible situations, not merely in those situations that actually occur. Moreover, this revelation implied that actually experiencing mortality is not necessary for salvation, for God can save persons knowing what they would have done had they survived to adulthood and had the opportunity to accept or reject the gospel. Whatever the merits of this response in terms of personal comfort to Joseph Smith, the notion of middle knowledge on which it is premised faces grave difficulties. (See Adams 1977; Hasker 1986).

The notion of middle knowledge in fact turned out to be inadequate even in the Mormon scheme of things. Joseph Smith later introduced vicarious baptism on behalf of the dead as a means of resolving this same problem (D&C 128). Thus, God need not know what persons "would have received if they had been permitted to tarry," nor have special foreknowledge of their faith. He need only observe whether they *in fact* do accept the gospel in the afterlife when presented with the opportunity provided by vicarious baptism for the dead.

After 1835, Mormon thought turned from the role of grace in salvation and exaltation to the way persons appropriate grace. Subsequent revelations emphasized that salvation is appropriated through gaining a fullness of human experience and knowledge—what the second-century Christians, both orthodox and heterodox, would have denominated *gnosis* or saving knowledge. "Intelligence," designated as the glory of God, appears synonymously with Spirit, Light, experiential knowledge of all things, and divine power manifested as natural law in all places of the physical universe. The highest human goal continued to be full participation in God's glory or intelligence. The road to salvation necessarily required gaining knowledge of all truth from whatsoever source it could be derived (D&C 88:78–79; 93:53). Mormonism thus emphasized both sacred and secular knowledge as a means of divinization: "Whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection. And if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come" (D&C 130:18–19). Joseph Smith could thus consistently maintain that a person can be saved no faster than he gains knowledge.

Joseph Smith also taught that saving knowledge could be gained through sacramental participation in God's experience. In August 1839, Joseph Smith stated: "Being born again comes by the Spirit of God through ordinances" (in Ehat and Cook 1980, 12). Ordinances were a

means of making God's grace or divine power manifest in human lives (D&C 84:20–21). The purpose of ordinances for Joseph Smith was to gain saving knowledge by vicariously experiencing Christ's experiences: "Reading the experiences of others, or the revelations given to them, can never give us a comprehensive view of our condition and true relation to God. Knowledge of these things, can only be obtained by experience in these things, through the ordinance of God set forth for that purpose" (in Ehat and Cook 1980, 253).

Joseph Smith's concept of the efficacious power of ordinances implied a notion of grace similar to the Catholic position. Probably the most familiar description of the necessity of ordinances comes from Thomas Aquinas, who borrowed Augustine's idea of Christ-instituted sacraments as outward signs causing inward grace. The ordinances were not merely outward performances for Aquinas because they caused what they signified. What they cause is grace, and Aquinas held that the grace of ordinances is *effective* only if the sacrament is properly performed (*ex opere operato*) and if the recipient accepts the grace by performing the ordinance (*ex opere operantis*) (*Summa Theologica* 3, 62, 1 and 4). Joseph Smith never worked out a systematic theology of ordinances (or anything else for that matter), but his notion seems to be that ordinances are a means of participating in the divinizing experience of Jesus Christ. For example, one could vicariously experience Christ's death and resurrection through baptism, being born a new person as grace effectuated through the ordinance. The purpose of the endowment ordinances seems to have been similar, namely, a vicarious experience of successfully negotiating mortality: accepting the gospel, growing from grace to grace in an ascent to the highest glory as one obtains the saving knowledge given by God, and finally entering into the presence of the gods.

Joseph Smith focused on one ordinance in particular that would seal a person up to eternal life in a manner similar to persevering grace in Protestant thought. The ordinance in question was often referred to as the "second anointing" and accompanied the reception of the second comforter, or "other comforter" spoken of in the gospel of John (see Buerger 1983). "This Comforter is the promise which I give unto you of eternal life, even the glory of the celestial kingdom" (D&C 88:4). Joseph Smith expressly compared this sealing ordinance and persevering grace in a March 1844 discourse in Nauvoo, Illinois:

> Now we come to talk about election . . . the prespetary [i.e., the Presbyterians] say once in grace always in grace, the Methodist says once in grace can fall from grace and be renewed again. There is truth in both of these statements. Paul says in the 6th chapter of Hebrews that after arriving at a certain knowledge and then fall away it is impossible to renew them again, well Paul the prespratarian

> (i.e., Presbyterian) says once in grace always in grace[.] I say it is not so[.] The Methodist says once in grace can fall from grace and be renewed again I Paul say it is impossible seeing that they crucify to themselves the son of God afresh and put him to open shame.
>
> Make your calling and election sure go from grace to grace until you obtain a promise from God for yourselves that you shall have eternal life. This is eternal life to know God and his son Jesus Christ, it is to be sealed unto eternal life and obtain a promise of posterity. (James Burgess Notebook, 10 March 1844, in Ehat and Cook 1980, 333-34)

Joseph Smith thus acknowledged that the sealing ordinance and promise of eternal life was in some respects similar to the Presbyterian doctrine of persevering grace, rejected by the Methodists in his day. It differed from the Presbyterian view, however, in that a person may fall from this election to eternal life by openly shaming the Son of God—in effect, becoming a son of perdition as outlined in The Vision (D&C 76:35). However, the Methodists were also wrong because once a person had rejected Christ in this manner, there is no possibility of repenting and again entering into a state of persevering grace. For all others, however, the ordinance was a guarantee of eternal life regardless of whatever minor sins they might commit. It should be noted that this calling and election to eternal life was granted only

> after a person hath faith in Christ, repents of his sins and is Baptized for the remission of his sins and received the Holy Ghost (by laying on of hands) which is the first Comforter then let him continue to humble himself before God, hungering and thirsting after righteousness and living by every word of God and the Lord will soon say unto him Son thou shalt be exalted and when the Lord has thoroughly proved him and finds that the man is determined to serve him at all hazard then the man will find his calling and election made sure then it will be his privilege to receive the other Comforter. (Willard Richards Pocket Companion, 27 June 1839, in Ehat and Cook 1980, 5).

The election to eternal life was thus not the result of God's absolute decree as Calvinists maintained, nor was it based upon the foreseen faith of a saint as the Arminians maintained; rather, God promises election will follow actual acceptance of God and proven character.

This emphasis on human endeavor should not be taken as a rejection, even during the Nauvoo period of Mormon theology, of all notions of grace prior to final election. In March of 1841, Joseph Smith reaffirmed the view of grace held since the beginning of Mormonism:

> Joseph said in answer to [Hosea] Stout that Adam did not commit sin in eating the fruits for God had decreed that he should eat and fall—but in compliance with the Decree he should die—only he should die was the saying of the Lord therefore the Lord appointed us to fall and also redeemed us—for where sin abounded grace did much more abound—for Paul say[s] Rom—5.10 for if—when were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much

> more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life. (McIntire Minute Book, 2 March 1841, in Ehat and Cook 1980, 63).

Though the meaning of this passage is not as clear as it could be, it appears to confirm the view that Adam's fall did not result from a sin but from compliance with God's decree. However, God provided a way to redeem all persons automatically from the effects of the Fall. Joseph Smith interpreted Paul as saying that grace reconciles persons to God. The Prophet seems to have adopted fully the Book of Mormon view that prior to all assessments of culpability and moral decisions, Christ's atonement intervened to redeem all persons from their evil nature which otherwise would make them enemies to God.

The thesis that the Mormon view of original sin is one of hypothetical sin that persons would suffer from but for the atonement was reaffirmed by Joseph Smith during the Nauvoo era as well. M. L. Davis, in a letter to his wife, recorded his understanding of a speech delivered by Joseph Smith on 5 February 1840. Joseph dwelt on the details of original sin at some length, "the result of which tended to show his complete disbelief of what is termed *original sin*." With unusual clarity, the letter stated that Joseph Smith believed original sin

> is washed away by the blood of Christ, and that it no longer exists. As a necessary consequence, he believes that we are all born pure and undefiled. That *all* children dying at an early age (say *eight* years) not knowing good from evil, were incapable of sinning; and that all such go to heaven. "I believe," he said, "that man is a moral, responsible, free agent; that although it was foreordained he should fall, and be redeemed, yet after the redemption it was not foreordained that he should sin again. (in Ehat and Cook 1980, 13)

It is thus not merely that children do not suffer from original sin because of Christ's atonement which "washes away" the effects of original sin prior to any choice—indeed prior even to birth—but children are *incapable* of sinning until they appreciate the distinction between good and evil and can act as moral agents. It is not that little children are immunized from actual sin by the atonement until age eight and then God decides to remove the immunity; rather, children are responsible for actual sins only to the extent they appreciate the goodness or evilness of their individual acts. Joseph Smith uniformly treated sin only as specific acts committed by persons, never as a state of being "in" which a person exists prior to regeneration. That is, persons, as morally responsible agents, can be guilty or blameworthy only for the actual sins which they commit and not for any vitiated or evil nature. However, persons are free from original sin not for any act of theirs, but only as a result of Christ's atonement. Of equal importance, once all are delivered from original sin and its effects and become automatically redeemed to free will through the atonement, God did not ordain

that persons should commit actual sins. Adam's "fall" was foreordained because it was a part of God's plan. It accomplished a divine purpose and was good in the sense that it made further growth and experience necessary for apotheosis possible. However, actual sins are not a part of God's plan and are not ultimately for a greater good.

In July of 1843, Joseph Smith explained that God created man "innocent and harmless and spotless bearing the same character and same image as the Gods." However, the Fall impacted the "character of God" which humans originally possessed—that is, humans lost their immortality and participation in God's divine status. As Joseph Smith went on to explain, "When man fell he did not lose [God's] image but his character still retaining the image of his maker." In the resurrection and through the atonement of Christ, however, "we shall again be conformed to the image of his Son Jesus Christ, then we shall have attained to the image, glory and character of God" (in Ehat and Cook 1980, 231). Joseph Smith seems to have retained the Arminian notion that human moral nature was not totally vitiated by the fall, but persons retained the "image" of God. Joseph Smith went beyond Arminianism in his doctrine that persons will again participate in the "character of God."

A FEW CONCLUSIONS

In his brief but excellent overview of *A History of Christian Theology*, William Placher observed that a conflict between grace and works never really developed in Eastern Christian theology, partially because it was unaffected by Augustine's doctrinal revamping and partly because of the Eastern notion of salvation as a process ending in divinization:

> Augustine's claim that we are saved by the grace of God alone, without regard to our works . . . would have seemed too extreme to most Eastern theologians. It is not that the two halves of Christianity disagreed on specific issues so much as that they thought about these matters in different ways. Western theologians thought in terms of states. With Adam's initial sin, humanity had fallen into a state of sin. Christ redeems us, bringing us to a state of grace. The emphasis falls on the moment of conversion, in which one moves from one state to another. Eastern theology, on the other hand, tended to think in terms of processes. We gradually move toward deification. Since Western theologians thought of salvation as occurring at the moment of conversion, they could say that human works had no part in it and still leave an important place for human efforts after conversion in response to God's grace. Eastern theologians . . . thought of deification as a process that continues throughout one's life. Therefore they had to build human works into that process. (1983, 96–97)

Mormonism shifted from thinking of salvation in states to a theology of gradual eternal progress to divinization. Mormonism thus evolved

from a theology reacting to the Western debate over grace and works to a theology more like early Eastern Christianity, seeing no conflict between grace and works. The language of Mormon scripture shifted from terminology derived from Paul (but interpreted through the optic of the Calvinist/Arminian debate) to the participationist theology of the gospel and epistles attributed to the apostle John. The notion is that persons "participate" in God's glory by accepting his grace. Assertions that Latter-day Saints accept or deny grace in human salvation must therefore be qualified.

Some familiarity with the basic notions of grace in Christian thought is necessary to a discussion of the subject in Mormon thought. Mormon scripture does in fact express a coherent theology of grace that, notwithstanding the shift from Pauline terminology to Johannine participationist theology, remained more or less constant even through the Nauvoo period. Mormon scriptures acknowledge a notion of grace that restores persons to the power of acting for themselves and of choosing good or evil prior to any human action. In some respects, this notion of grace is similar to prevenient grace; however, it differs significantly in that it does not involve God's moving the human will to faith. Actual manifestations of faith are left up to individual agency. However, grace is a necessary, even if not a sufficient, condition to the exercise of morally significant choices.

The Mormon scriptures also express a notion that grace assists the human will in making proper decisions. Accepting the divine light—or divine power and knowledge—empowers the human will in a way that involves grace as both concurring and sufficient. This notion of grace is, therefore, properly termed "synergism." The fundamental problem resolved by grace in Mormon soteriology (theory of salvation) is not regeneration from a sinful status prior to free choices, but alienation from God's presence. The goal is to return to God's presence and complete happiness by participating in the divine life (Alma 42). Some have argued that Mormonism retained a notion of original sin (Allred 1983, 12–18; White 1987, 70–74, 90–104). However, Mormon scriptures uniformly reject at least the notion of "actual original sin" taught by Augustine, Luther, and Calvin. As I have endeavored to show, the point of Mormon scripture is that persons suffer from "evil nature" only as a result of free choices. Any notion of original sin is merely hypothetical. Moreover, the affirmation of Mormon scripture that Adam did not sin but merely transgressed obviates any notion of actual original sin in Mormon thought. Because Mormonism rejected the view that persons are naturally and inherently evil, human will may be aided or assisted in salvation without God ultimately having to make all of the decisions regarding salva-

tion. I consider this aspect of the Mormon view of grace to be a source of major theological strength.

Mormon scriptures also recognize a notion of sacramental grace. This aspect of Mormon thought awaits a careful theological treatment, but the possibilities for a rich theology of grace manifested in the ordinances of the priesthood are tantalizing. In particular, the sealing ordinances manifest a form of grace similar to preventing or persevering grace, yet the human will remains free to reject the light offered by God's unconditional grace. In effect, this form of grace is an agreement that God will overlook any sin except openly shaming the Son. This decision to overlook sins is not arbitrary, however, because it is founded on a character established in doing God's will.

Nevertheless, Mormon scriptures clearly repudiate the notions of grace promulgated by Calvinists—salvation by grace alone or judgment based on Christ's works rather than one's own. In particular, Mormonism rejects every form of irresistible, efficient, and operative grace, reprobation, arbitrary election, and predestination. One would have to overlook the major thrust of Mormon scriptures to drag these notions back into Latter-day Saint theology.

The participationist theology adopted primarily in Doctrine and Covenants 84, 88, and 93 provides a rich theology of grace consistent with Mormon affirmations of free will, growing from grace to grace, and divinization. The theology of grace grounded in states of being is not well suited to the possibility of human divinization. The Johannine terminology allowed Joseph Smith to express the notions of human participation in God's knowledge of all reality (D&C 88:49-50; 93:28), in God's power over all things (D&C 132:20), and in the fulness of God's glory (D&C 93:20). This shift allowed Joseph Smith to adequately express Mormonism within the line of thought represented by Irenaeus and the Greek fathers prior to Augustine. However, it must be emphasized that humans become like God—and therefore gods—by participation in *God's* glory and not by virtue of their own glory or ontological status. The Mormon scriptures teach that persons are contingent on God for their status as gods. Persons can participate fully in God's status as gods only through God's grace—not in their own right.

Mormonism restores original Christianity in the sense that it returns to a soteriology of divinization through gradual growth from innocence to fully mature humanity, from grace to grace. It returns to a theology of redemption accepted before the notion of original sin, which arose only with the Ambrosiaster mistranslation of the Greek Bible (see Pagels 1989, 109-11; Kelly 1978, 354). Mormonism avoids the entire conflict over grace and works because it sees the distinction between them as a false dichotomy. Mormonism does not need to

explain how persons can be saved by no act of their own for a sin that was not their own act. It avoids the convoluted debate over how God can justly choose not to save some while choosing others. Further, rather than adopting an arbitrary cut-off between the elect who are saved and the reprobates who are damned, Mormonism adopts a notion of grace accepted in varying degrees.

The metaphor of grace as the light offered by God can be retranslated back into Paul's thought without much straining—so long as Paul's thought is not overlaid with Augustine and Luther. For both Joseph Smith and Paul, God offered a loving relationship to *all* persons without any conditions attached. One enters that relationship by having faith in Christ *through grace*. The relationship is offered through grace because we do not have to—indeed cannot—earn it. None can earn a relationship if that relationship is genuinely offered in unconditional love. Faith, in Paul's thought, has strong overtones of interpersonal relationships. Being faithful to the relationship meant not injuring it through conduct inconsistent with being in the relationship: the terms of the relationship are love. However, both Paul and Joseph Smith taught, I believe, that humans manifest love toward God by keeping his commandments. Both believed loving others is an integral part of loving God. Both also taught that the loving relationship can be severed—persons can fall from their status of being in grace—by failing to observe the law of love. I am not sure that Paul thought of salvation in terms of varying degrees of light—though he does make such distinctions regarding the resurrected but "spiritual" body. Both also thought of persons as sharing in God's experience as a means of salvation. There are, of course, differences between Paul's and Joseph Smith's thought. For example, Joseph Smith did not battle against Judaizers who sought to reinstate the Law of Moses as a condition of salvation. However, both hoped to universalize the scope of Christ's grace, not limit it to Jews or a predestined few. Both regarded God's love as too expansive to be limited to just one small group.

I personally believe that understanding God's grace as an offer to enter into a covenant relationship with him, of an interpersonal union sought by God in unconditional love, is the most profound doctrine of Mormon scripture. God seeks us as a lover seeks the beloved. "In" his grace we find loving union and fulfillment until we are made over in our Heavenly Parent's image. The doctrine of grace, properly understood, is the doctrine that God is love and we are his beloved. It is the doctrine that God became a man so that he could offer himself to us. It is the realization that by accepting his free offer, we become what he is by being transformed to his image and likeness.

The implications and possibilities of Joseph Smith's participationist thought have not even begun to be plumbed by Mormon theologians—that breed so rare that few seem to exist any longer. Nevertheless, the charge that Latter-day Saints have rejected all notions of grace is not quite accurate. It is only that they are all too willing to ignore the notions of grace growing out of their peculiar theology. Some Mormons, though willing to adopt a theology of grace, have traded these distinctively Mormon concepts of grace for the Protestant counterparts—trading a birthright for a mess of pottage in my view. It is time to accept our true inheritance and seek the riches found therein.

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Island Spring

Philip White

Always she is there on that far island
in my mind, where it is always night,
and the moon tears into a world of leaves,
and is torn. A child, she steps
below such slashing, eyes bright
with fear flashing out to find
a way to move through the wayless
dark, where the moon's tatters lie
strewn across thick, bladed shadow.
Her bare wrists push leaves away
from her face. Skin over long bone,
they are thin as that hungry cry
she has never yet known silent
within her. Nothing can appease it.
Not even the dripping spring she
kneels to, whose water has the taste
and coldness of the water of dream.
Yet she will lean to drink and to fill
the bamboo pole she has hollowed out
to hold this moment of peace back
to the stunted hut where voices
of a woman and a man have struggled
against each other all the night
of her remembering. Always I will see
her so, meager of body and singing
in the knife-ridden dark to still
the thudding of her own heart as she
bears under black, moon-lashing trees
her quivering brimful of light.

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The Temple in Zion: A Reorganized Perspective on a Latter Day Saint Institution

Richard A. Brown

BEWILDERMENT ETCHED the man's face. "You mean, there will be *absolutely* no rites or special ordinances *at all* in your temple? Well, then, why build it?"

Such comments may be typical of LDS responses to the RLDS temple in Independence, Missouri—the place Joseph Smith, Jr., designated as the "Center Place of Zion." I am not surprised that Latter-day Saints have a tough time understanding what we "Reorganites" are doing with a temple. A good many RLDS—all along the spectrum from rigid traditionalists to ultra-progressives—are struggling with the idea, too. This is perhaps inevitable when divergent faith communities (both within the Reorganized Church and between the RLDS and LDS) take different paths. The task of understanding each other's religion then becomes ever more difficult.

Even though we frequently share a common vocabulary, scriptures, and a mutual historical starting point, the RLDS and LDS churches now offer radically different expressions of what Joseph Smith, Jr., began more than a century and a half ago. Yet I believe that both churches are *true* Latter Day Saint churches. Historically, we have equated "true" with "only," thereby failing to accept that different communities can exist in a relationship with God without forcing each to deny the validity of others. Therefore, without lapsing too deeply into a critical compare-and-contrast format (old habits are, after all, very hard to break), I shall attempt the difficult task of explaining to a predominately Mormon audience why I believe we RLDS are building

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a temple. Of course, as a faithful member of the Reorganized Church, I cannot speak for the LDS—I can offer only what I *understand* they believe. And I can offer also only *my* perspective on the Reorganized temple, not the official perspective, belief, or doctrine of the Reorganized Church, for there are perhaps no such things. A definition of our faith can be elusive; we have no equivalent to the Articles of Faith that Mormon children learn in Primary.

It is just as difficult to pin down exactly what the temple experience will be like and how it will change the Reorganized Church and its members' spiritual lives. We won't begin to know until after it is built and being used. Why, then, do we choose to build the temple in Independence, Missouri? It is not simply because we have been commanded through divine revelation to do so. It is true that our founding prophet, Joseph Smith, Jr., first issued the call in 1833 that "an house should be built unto me [God] in the land of Zion" (RLDS D&C 94:3a; LDS D&C 97:10),[1] and the prophetic vision was updated in recent years by two of his prophetic successors in the Reorganized Church. W. Wallace Smith recorded this revelation in April 1968:

> The time has come for a start to be made toward building my temple in the Center Place. It shall stand on a portion of the plot of ground set apart for this purpose many years ago by my servant Joseph Smith, Jr. The shape and character of the building is to conform to ministries which will be carried out within its walls. . . . It is also to be noted that the full and complete use of the temple is yet to be revealed but that there is no provision for secret ordinances now or ever. (RLDS D&C 149:6a and 149A:6)[2]

Sixteen years later, in April 1984, Wallace B. Smith received revelation that further clarified the purpose of an RLDS temple:

> The temple shall be dedicated to the pursuit of peace. It shall be for reconciliation and for healing of the spirit. It shall also be for a strengthening of faith and preparation for witness. By its ministries an attitude of wholeness of body, mind, and spirit as a desirable end toward which to strive will be fostered. It shall be the means for providing leadership education for priesthood and member. And it shall be a place in which the essential meaning of the Restoration as healing and redeeming agent is given new life and understanding, inspired by the life and witness of the Redeemer of the world. Therefore, let the work of planning go forward, and let the resources be gathered in, that the building of

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[1] This revelation was given through Joseph Smith, Jr., on 2 August 1833, in Kirtland; word had not yet reached Ohio of the 23 July agreement forced upon the Saints in Independence to leave Jackson County.

[2] This was the first direction in recent times to the Reorganized Church to build a temple in Independence. It caught a good many church members by surprise, because the Conference that year had been embroiled in a controversy over the role of the bishopric, a debate that greatly overshadowed any thought of building a temple.

> my temple may be an ensign to the world of the breadth and depth of the devotion of the Saints. (RLDS D&C 156:5-6)[3]

Obviously, building a temple at the literal and figurative center of our faith community requires more than simply "doing what we're told," even if the source of our instructions is divinity. After all, we are not automatons marching in lockstep to an intelligence separate from our own. God in Christ is "in us" as co-creators and fellow sojourners in the redemptive plan of the world's salvation. The eternal purpose in RLDS temple building is related not to an other-worldly realm but to the redemptive, healing, peacemaking, reconciling ministry of Christ in *this* world. We hope to glorify the one God of the universe through participation in the divine plan of the cause of Zion.

Let me explore some reasons why we are building this temple.

Encounter Christ

When I was a boy, I learned about the second coming of Jesus Christ through the perspective of my grandmother and my very traditional Reorganized Church congregation in eastern Jackson County, Missouri. My understanding was completely literal: The resurrected Jesus would come floating down out of the clouds and land at the front door of the temple on the temple lot—a small acreage separating the RLDS Auditorium (a structure similar to the Salt Lake Tabernacle) from the Reorganized Church's largest congregation, the Stone Church. (For those unfamiliar with the area, the Mormon Visitors' Center is directly to the southeast; the RLDS Temple is being built directly north of the visitors' center.)

I envisioned this millennial Independence Temple as a near clone of the Kirtland Temple with, of course, its main entrance facing east. After entering through that east door, the resurrected Jesus would take up physical residence for a thousand years while the world beat a path to his door. The heathen nations would recognize, finally, that the RLDS should rightfully be put in charge because we possessed the one true and now restored faith with the priesthood power and authority lacking in all other churches. I can clearly remember my grandmother gently persuading me to reconsider my dream of becoming a doctor—you see, there would be no need for medical practitioners during those thousand years, and there was no question that the temple would be built in my lifetime.

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[3] This revelation is best remembered for opening priesthood roles to women.

She was at least right about the latter, but my late-1950s world view has undergone some changes. I no longer look for the Second Coming in such a narrow, literal way. My beliefs have changed, partly because I have since rejected that apocalyptic and millennialist panorama. It conflicts with too many basic scientific realities. As well, firsthand experience with religious pluralism has tempered my belief in the One True Church. I have developed a respect for the beliefs and "temples" of others, and in doing so have reexamined the meaning of a temple for me and for my faith community. But if I no longer expect a resurrected, returned Jesus to walk into the Independence Temple, how then do I connect that holy place with the idea of a Second Coming?

The temple is becoming a symbol for the Reorganized Church of its relationship to the Creator and creation. But that relationship, that connection with our roots, is not based primarily on our past—or humankind's past. (This may be an essential difference between the temple experience for our two churches. I am told that some LDS members faithfully attend the temple for that sense of connectedness, even though they have set aside the more official theological meanings of the vicarious ordinances.) I am beginning to sense that the temple for us RLDS will be a touchstone of the way we understand our *being*; in other words, it will be the central symbol of the cosmic Christ incarnating or coming in us. That's the sort of thing that is tough to channel into ritual, and I hope we never try. But it is appropriate to have a place of special renewal and empowerment where our lives can change direction and begin to more fully reflect the ministry of Jesus, who provides us a pattern. Therefore, I cannot see the "millennial ministry of Jesus Christ" as coming from one individual in the temple. Rather, "one body in Christ" will honor the temple as its soul.

Also, I no longer expect Christ to "come again" to the temple because I realize that in one sense, the Second Coming has already happened: I have encountered Christ in many different people—Anglicans, Catholics, Presbyterians, Mormons, Jews, Canadians, Americans, Africans, women, children, men, and (dare I say it) a secular humanist or two. Why limit the spirit of Christ to a single body, human or divine? As a Reorganized Christian, I reject the notion that Divinity has a body just like mine, along with the idea that Christ has a specific gender, race, or nationality.

Jesus of Nazareth was a Jew who lived in ancient Palestine. But I do not believe that Jesus of Nazareth is the fullness of Christ. Neither is the resurrected Jesus encountered by Saul on his way to Damascus. And, of course, the central theological message of the Book of Mormon narrative is that Christ cannot be limited by time or space but can find

expression in all cultures, in all lands. God wears many faces. It is something like actors in a Greek drama who use different masks to change quickly from one persona or character to the next; yet the being behind the mask is the same, even though the audience perceives a separateness and uniqueness. This same idea was the original intention of early Christian theologians who spoke of the three "personas" of the Godhead. Over the centuries, the word "persons" was substituted, and that means quite a different thing. Perhaps the most important element here is the human perception involved rather than the essence of the being behind the mask.

At the Edge of Our Frontier

The frontiers of the 1990s and beyond are far different from those of the early to mid-1800s. A century and a half ago, the frontier meant the edge of unexplored or unsettled land masses, the end of civilization and the beginning of wilderness. Our frontiers today, however, are not so much matters of space and time as of being, of discovering the unknown within us, both as individuals and communities.

Joseph Smith, Jr., challenged the Saints to begin building the kingdom of God on earth by building a New Jerusalem first in Kirtland, Ohio, then in both Independence and Far West, Missouri, before the Saints finally settled along the Illinois banks of the Mississippi River in Nauvoo. Unquestionably, the rough yet bustling trading town of Independence represented the American frontier in 1831 when Joseph first visited it. But like Kirtland, that latter-day New Jerusalem was set amid gentile neighbors. Joseph dreamed of a new order, yet the vision paid scant attention to gentile wishes and realities. The Saints eventually left both Kirtland and Independence after more than a little prodding by neighbors. Caldwell and Davies counties in northern Missouri allowed a little more isolation. However, gentiles were there, too, and strife was not long in coming.

But the more isolated Nauvoo setting was different, coming as it did after years of persecution and religious experimentation. It provided an opportunity for further evolution of Church practices and kingdom building. The Kirtland Temple had been primarily a place of public worship, a school for priesthood and members, and the headquarters for Church administration. Joseph's plans for the Independence Temple were similar, but they expanded the single, Kirtland-like structure to twenty-four buildings that included space for the First Presidency and other leading quorums, for what was to become the Relief Society, and for a storehouse. Of course, those buildings were never built, even though the Saints purchased and dedicated about

sixty-three acres of land before they were driven out of the county in late 1833. Even though Joseph's vision of a frontier Zion—the New Jerusalem—changed, a temple always remained central in his plans.

The variety of historical models for the temple may lead us to wonder which will be the "right kind" of temple for the Reorganization in the 1990s. Should we copy the pattern for Kirtland, Independence, Far West, or Nauvoo? But the question is fundamentally wrong; all were right for their time and place. Therefore, the Independence Temple built by the Reorganized Church in the 1990s should not seek historical precedent, even though it will incorporate historical elements. Above all, it must be a temple for its time and place and institution—to actualize the dreams of the Saints. As a sacred space where all cultures can be at home, the temple must be at the figurative center of its faith community and must offer a vision of the cause of Zion appropriate for its day.

A New Jerusalem today must take into account more than a single city. It certainly cannot be limited to just one religious group, nor can it attempt the kind of economic, political, social, and theological separateness of Nauvoo, Joseph's "City Beautiful," which served as the forerunner for the nation/state of Deseret. Even the LDS Church was forced, eventually, to scale back the political scope of what was left of Deseret by accepting the 1890 Manifesto.

Our perspective today is much like that of the astronauts who first walked on the moon more than twenty years ago. Until that time, our horizons had been limited by how far up the side of the mountain we climbed or how far into the atmosphere our planes soared. But when we stood on the moon with those astronauts and looked out on a new horizon, we saw for the first time our beautiful blue-and-white planet hanging in the darkness of space. In a spiritual sense, we saw Zion for the first time, too, encompassing the entire globe. And we finally realized (notwithstanding the work of scientific pioneers like Galileo, Copernicus, and Newton) that it is the Creator and not creation that provides the axis of the universe. This expanded and glorious vision of Zion shall have a temple at its center, serving as the crossroads of divine grace and human experience.

EMPOWERED FOR SERVICE

Old Testament imagery of the Israelites' wilderness tabernacle and the New Testament concept of human beings as temples of the Holy Spirit are equally important in the RLDS temple. In Moses' time, the Hebrew tribes reserved a special place, the Tabernacle or Tent of Meeting, for their prophet's deliberate encounters with Yahweh, the God of

their forebears. When Moses entered the tent, the pillar of smoke and fire, which hovered over the Israelite encampment day and night as a symbol of divine presence, descended. Hidden within the smoke, Yahweh spoke to Moses, then ascended into the heavens. With his face covered to protect his people from its brightness, Moses left the tent to let the Israelites know just what Yahweh wanted them to do. His experience with Yahweh was not so much a weighing in the balance of the good and evil deeds of his people but rather a realization that through all the Israelites' experiences, they were still God's chosen ones with a particular mission.

God is no longer hidden within smoke and fire as in Old Testament times but is revealed in the light of a new day—in the persona of Jesus Christ—without the need for a structure in which God could temporarily "tabernacle." As the writer of John's Gospel wrote (drawing upon the same Greek words used in the Septuagint version of the Exodus story), "The Word was made flesh [and] lived among us" (literally, "pitched his tent among us") (John 1:14).[4] The New Testament writers extended the idea that the presence of God in Christ would "encamp" *within* believers as they assumed the function of temples. Most orthodox Christians therefore no longer see a need for any kind of structural temple.

Yet perhaps because we Latter Day Saints have always drawn upon Old Testament symbols, we have been temple builders. Like Moses, we sense the need to approach Divinity to discern what we are to do. But we in the Reorganized Church should not depend on our prophet to represent us for those deliberate encounters, although in some cases that may happen. As a prophetic community, we must go to the temple in unity for insight and empowerment. Perhaps our temple experience will challenge us to grow beyond our reliance on the prophet. This new perspective can offer expanded spiritual horizons, stretching us to see the world's need for God's community, which offers compassionate, humble service in the name of Jesus Christ.

I don't expect to "see Jesus" in the literal sense in the temple. However, I am confident that we will "experience Christ" in ways and forms heretofore unimaginable. That experience cannot come through mere ritual or reenactment of someone else's story, nor can it originate in our own efforts. It must come through grace as God's involvement in the world is met by our selfless service to other human beings and to all of creation. We can "feel good" (awed, inspired, thrilled, challenged, humbled, lifted up) in the holy setting of the temple, but unless we return to our homes empowered with an expanded testimony of

[4] See especially the Jerusalem Bible.

God's love and purpose for creation, the experience serves no lasting purpose. We are like Apostle Paul's Corinthian cymbals and gongs.

KEYS OF THE KINGDOM

The term "keys of the kingdom" is used frequently in our movement, often in regard to priesthood ministry and responsibility. The Kirtland Saints were the first to think of their "House of the Lord" as the place of endowment of such keys. The Nauvoo Saints also used similar terminology in regard to their temple, although the theological underpinning had evolved dramatically by that time to become the ritual observances virtually guaranteeing celestial glory through a step-by-step process, perhaps borrowed in some way from Masonic rites. Perhaps we in the Restoration movement have been impoverished, though, by thinking of these "keys of the kingdom" almost solely as mechanical devices to open doors. While the symbolism is appropriate, it has limitations. Used *only* in this way, keys lose their metaphorical power, becoming things to acquire by doing all the right acts in front of the proper authorities.

Several other metaphors can inform RLDS temple practice in a much broader sense. The keystone of an arch is the one stone that not only completes the arch's shape but gives strength to the entire structure. Seen in this way, the temple in Zion is what has been missing in the Reorganized Church; it will give shape, character, and strength to everything we do in proclaiming the gospel of Christ to a world that groans for redemption. To extend the metaphor, the key in a musical score is vital to keep all the various instruments and voices in harmony. The church is neither a choir singing in unison nor a jumble of miscellaneous noises, each straining to be heard above the din. Members of the body of Christ do not all do the same things or make the same sounds, yet the mysterious blend of our combined efforts achieves the desired end. The temple could provide the key to unify the church the same way that music written in the same key for different instruments can transform mere sound into Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Scientists refer to this as synergism; I call it temple ministry.

One of the obvious characteristics of ministry in the early decades of the Restoration movement—in general and specifically related to temples—was male dominance. The authority, power, and control of an all-male priesthood played a major role in theology and church administration. Perhaps we should accept that dominance merely as part of nineteenth-century American culture. But it is not at all appropriate at the dawn of the twenty-first century. Therefore, the Reorganized Church's temple ministry, I contend, must not be based on such

blatantly male images but should reflect the empowerment that flows from mutuality and equality. The church needs to follow the inspired counsel of a prophetic community more than the accepted authority and control of a male-dominated hierarchical structure which, in turn, supports its leading role with scripture that arises from an even more patriarchal era.

In 1984 our RLDS prophet, Wallace B. Smith, made a crucial step to bring the will of God to the Reorganized Church by extending the call of priesthood ministry: "I say to you now, as I have said in the past, that all are called according to the gifts which have been given them. This applies to priesthood as well as to any other aspects of the work. Therefore, do not wonder that some women of the church are being called to priesthood responsibilities. This is in harmony with my will" (RLDS D&C 156:9b–c).

Some RLDS members contend that God would not or could not do such a "new thing" and have separated themselves from the main body of the Reorganized Church. At the same time, the more than two thousand women who have been ordained have added a new and vital aspect to the church's ministry as Christ's servants and burden-bearers. For those who "have eyes to see," that should be ample evidence that God *does* do new things. Sadly, some choose not to see; and there is division, brokenness, and enmity in our midst.

Center of Healing and Reconciliation

When you are sick, you go to a doctor, who prescribes treatment (medicine, bed rest, exercise, change of habits), and you are "cured." Remember, though, that Jesus didn't cure everybody who came to him. He frequently told even those he did heal not to tell anybody else. They rarely obeyed, however, and so he often was inundated with curiosity seekers who hampered his other ministry.

If the temple became a "healing shrine," there is a risk that hordes of the curious as well as the sick might prevent it from offering other kinds of vitally important service. Perhaps those with chronic, rather than acute, illnesses might be served better in the temple. But should they expect to be "cured" according to the acute-disease model, especially considering that the nature of their illnesses is completely different?

I have a friend who has multiple sclerosis. He is in his thirties, faced with a chronic condition that is also progressive. We don't get to see one another much because we now live more than two thousand miles apart. Some time ago I visited his home for the first time in nine years. Although I could stay only one night, he gently reminded me after greeting me warmly that it was time for his afternoon rest. If he

did not lie down for about forty-five minutes, our planned evening get-together at a mutual friend's home would undoubtedly place a strain on his health and well-being. In short, his MS might flare up if he did not take the time to recharge his energy.

I marveled at his self-discipline. It was a poignant reminder of the different meaning health and wholeness has for him. I wish I had the same level of self-discipline in dealing with my own chronic medical condition. In the twenty years I have lived with Crohn's Disease, an inflammatory bowel syndrome, I have experienced numerous valleys and peaks. Slowly I have come to realize the relativity of healing and wholeness. I don't expect to walk into the temple in Zion someday to have my Crohn's Disease healed any more than I'd expect to have the lengthy, surgically removed portions of my small intestine suddenly grow back. Yet the discipline of the temple may open new vistas of the meaning of healing and reconciliation as inner qualities and outward activities.

One aspect of reconciliation is peace. The RLDS temple is dedicated to the pursuit of peace. This neither supplants the gospel of Jesus Christ, nor is it an end result. A pursuit implies an ongoing process. My grandmother was not alone in believing the peaceable era envisioned by Isaiah and others to be an absence of sickness and discord. But Christ's kingdom on earth will have continual need of healers, reconcilers, and advocates. Can we not see that kingdom as an "end" without placing everything on a time line? The temple could transcend such time/space limitations. Peace, in Christ's kingdom, will become more akin to the Hebrew *shalom* and less an existence to look forward to in "the sweet by and by."

INCLUSIVE MINISTRY

Certainly we RLDS may be tempted to take pride in our efforts, especially once the magnificent spiral-shaped sanctuary begins to rise three times the height of the auditorium across the street. RLDS members and friends will come to Independence by the thousands to view this unique structure, built by a relatively small group that frequently is racked by internal dissention and disagreement. The temple is sure to become many things to many people. We have just begun to explore its role as a planetary symbol, facilitator, sacred space, and advocate for peace in the twenty-first-century church and world. We have a long way to go before all of God's children will feel welcome in the temple.

The temple may encourage many to respond to the call to follow Christ. After all, this temple belongs to Christ and shall stand as a

beacon of Christ's way, which, as scripture tells us, is the way to know God. But it is not a roadmap owned exclusively by Latter Day Saints. It is not marked by specific rituals guaranteeing celestial glory. Jesus, always open to divine grace as healer, reconciler, peacemaker, witness, and humble servant, offers us a glimpse of God's way. He shows us that God is willing to lift us from our human brokenness because of the unmeasurable mystery of divine love. And we are to be like Jesus. At the temple in Independence, we will learn to do that.

Focal Point for Our Future

More than 150 years ago, Joseph Smith prophetically called his people to build the temple in Zion. We have begun the task of raising the temple as an "ensign of peace" on the very spot from which he spoke. Is it mere coincidence that this spot now also represents something quite the opposite from what he envisioned? A few miles from Jackson County, Missouri, some 150 underground missile silos sit amid the fertile farmland of western Missouri. At ground level, they appear to be nothing more than fenced enclosures about 150 feet square containing a large concrete slab and a protruding doorway. Beneath each enclosure, however, sits a gigantic intercontinental missile armed with multiple nuclear warheads, each many times more potent than those dropped on Japan in 1945.

The missiles are aimed at targets in the Soviet Union, ready to be fired, our political and military leaders tell us, in response to nuclear attack. The command center for these missile silos is at Whiteman Air Force Base about fifty miles southeast of Independence. Additional preparations are underway these days to house the newest, most controversial, and most expensive ($525 million apiece) weapon in U.S. military history: the B-2 (Stealth) Bomber. Unfortunately, the Persian Gulf crisis may keep the B-2 from being cancelled or cut back.

What all this means is that Jackson County, Missouri, sits essentially at "ground zero" for the start of World War III and the possible end of humankind as we know it. But the site for the temple can also become the starting point for Christ's kingdom and the peaceable era that prophets have envisioned for centuries. By building the temple, we can respond positively to the choice offered first to Joshua: "I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live" (Deut. 30:19).

At the Crossroads

Israel, the promised land for Yahweh's chosen people, was at the center of several ancient trading routes. A cosmopolitan mix of mer-

chants and warriors interacted with a people that otherwise may have remained a tiny and obscure footnote to history. But instead Israel has profoundly influenced at least the Western world's religious, moral, ethical, and philosophical thought. It rose to its greatest political and economic glory during a brief interval between the dominant eras of ancient superpowers. Who would have thought that a quarrelsome band of ex-slaves who took forty years to complete a three-week trek from Egypt to Canaan would end up influencing the world as it did? But, of course, their influence came not from business or political acumen, but because they remained, by and large, faithful to their divinely appointed task.

Our calling today is not to be an updated version of ancient Israel. There is no need for such an elitist notion of divine chosenness. As well, there is no need to turn the world's peoples into clones of rich, success-oriented Westerners. The easy answers and rituals that can turn attention away from human need and misery provide the wrong path. And of course it is time to abolish subservient roles for women along with autocratic hierarchies (usually patriarchal) which spawn oppression.

The world today does need Christ. And that, in brief, is why I believe God has challenged us to do a new thing by building this temple. It is the response of the Reorganized Church to God's grace as well as a symbol of God's divine love. It is a way to connect the peoples of the Third World with those in the First and Second without oppressing or corrupting anyone. It is a place to encounter God in Christ and then to go forth to build and transform communities which express that incarnation. It is a place to carry our past with us as we look to the future. It is God's sacred place and our sacred place and, most important of all, the world's sacred place. Joseph Smith, Jr., first issued the call to build the temple. But we can transcend his vision as we are touched by Divinity and challenged by our world's needs. Our task will be to do what Apostle Paul counseled long ago: "By the mercies of God, . . . present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God is" (Rom. 12:1-2).

And so, I look forward to the day which is coming soon when I can stand in the temple in Zion with my sisters and brothers to encounter Christ, who will then send us away a changed people. We then shall be, finally, a temple people—the people of God.

A Call Before the Obituary

Jill Hemming

His name, distant to me,
opened your mouth to blackness.

It seemed you laughed before
the half-crow caw fell out.

My brow creased, but I owned nothing.
(two capitals and a few lower cases)

You went down the hall, to empty
a trunk, shut the door.

Cluttered papers on the floor
annoyed me. I stacked them neatly.

JILL HEMMING is currently an undergraduate student of English at BYU.


R. Lake 1897

"A Profound Sense of Community": Mormon Values in Wallace Stegner's *Recapitulation*

Richard H. Cracroft

I

IN HIS CAREFULLY CRAFTED and distinguished novel *Recapitulation* (1979), Wallace Stegner, Iowa-born, Saskatchewan-reared, but Utah-formed, joins his protagonist Bruce Mason on a brief visit to Salt Lake City some forty-five years after leaving home. The seventy-ish Mason, now a successful lawyer, distinguished internationalist and former ambassador, returns to the city of his youth and young manhood to arrange for the burial of his Aunt Margaret. To his surprise, his Gentile return to Zion releases—through an outpouring of nostalgia, memories, dreams and fantasies—the ghosts of unresolved conflicts which have haunted him, consciously and subconsciously, from those early years.

It is evident to those familiar with Stegner's life and works that Bruce Mason is a fictional rendering of the elemental Stegner, who, despite his frequent insistence that his work is not primarily autobiographical (Stegner and Etulain 1983, 81), has in fact been "preoccupied, in much of his very best writing," as Forrest G. Robinson has demonstrated, "with the intimate details of his own life" (1982, 102). It is a double welcome home, then, when Stegner returns in *Recapitulation* to the family saga of Harry (Bo) and Elsa Mason and their two sons, Chet and Bruce, whose story Stegner originally chronicled in his 1943 classic, *The Big Rock Candy Mountain*. For the most part a fictional recasting and examination of the lives of George and Hilda Stegner and their sons, Cecil and Wallace, the earlier novel is, Stegner admits, "family history reasonably straight" (Robinson and Robinson 1977, 18).

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In *The Big Rock Candy Mountain*, Stegner first evokes the theme to which he has since often returned: the elegaic celebration of the mythic West—symbolized in the Big Rock Candy Mountain itself—in contrast with the mundane, even ugly and vulgar realities of the sterile western present. Fictionally, this dichotomy is often embodied in the tension between what Stegner has called, in his essay "History, Myth, and the Western Writer," the "man-wilderness and woman-civilization" theme, in which the "freedom-loving, roving man and the civilized woman" duel for power in a paradoxical conflict in which the winner must also lose something of value (1980, 195-96). Stegner embodies this conflict in the lives of Bo Mason—independent, irresponsible, and restively energetic—and Elsa Mason—domestic, gentle, and cultivated—and portrays their struggle as a symbolic one, "a kind of template," notes Robinson, "for the measurement and understanding of western American history" (Robinson 1982, 102).

This tension is underscored at the end of the novel as Bruce Mason reflects, standing at the grave of his suicide-murderer father, that

> Perhaps it took several generations to make a man, perhaps it took several combinations and re-creations of his mother's gentleness and resilience, his father's enormous energy and appetite for the new, a subtle blending of masculine and feminine, selfish and selfless, stubborn and yielding, before a proper man could be fashioned.
>
> He was the only one left to fulfill the contract and try to justify the labor and the harshness and the mistakes of his parents' lives, and that responsibility was . . . clearly his. (1943, 563)

In *Recapitulation*, published in Stegner's seventieth year, the author recapitulates how Bruce Mason, the survivor, impressively successful but symbolically sterile (unlike Stegner, Mason has, significantly, never married), returns to Salt Lake City and, at last, to the graves of his parents and brother to fulfill that contract.

As in most of his fiction, Stegner presents in *Recapitulation* and Bruce Mason his own "essential mind or spirit" (Stegner and Etulain 1983, 82), his own conservative and optimistic values, which he identifies as western and "square." He artistically transforms the Mason family tensions into microcosmic reflections of what he has described as the central western paradox. To facilitate the reconciliation of this paradox, Stegner naturally and adroitly sets the novel in a region, in a city, and among adherents of a religion which represent for him and his persona, Mason, a culture and a society which have been more successful than most modern societies in resolving the paradox by bridging the gap between the attractive, mythic, pioneer past—with its classic values—and the real, urban and often ugly industrial present—with all of its chaos, relativism, and amorality.

Stegner and Mason believe, albeit grudgingly, that the Saints of Salt Lake City have, by maintaining and promoting family and community values, continued the unity and stability of the Settlement Era in the face of increasing secular opposition in the Urban West and have actually accomplished what regional writers have generally failed to accomplish fictively, in creating in the present (and in a culture no longer confined to the American West) what Stegner has called the "sense of a personal and *possessed* past" (1980, 199).

By setting the Mason family saga and Bruce Mason's own journey toward individuation in Salt Lake City, Stegner is free to evoke not only his own warm memories of growing up among the Mormons but also to recall the enduring conservative, optimistic, and moral values of his literal and spiritual hometown, values with which he has a lifelong affinity. He thereby creates a frame of reference through which he and his fictional counterpart can better understand themselves and their origins, and against which both of them can measure their progress toward reconciliation of the tensions within their real and fictive families. He also sees in Mormon values and cohesive families possible patterns for regional and national resolution of the destructive western paradox.

II

"Why the hell put a book in Salt Lake?" asked Wallace Stegner's agent, on learning of his plan to write *Recapitulation*.

"I didn't see any reason why not," recalled Stegner in his 1980-81 interviews with Richard W. Etulain. "These actions and people *belonged* in Salt Lake City, not in New York City or Boston, or anywhere else." Indeed, Stegner seems to be right in claiming that, until *Recapitulation*, "Salt Lake has never, I suppose, been written about in fiction" (Stegner and Etulain 1983, 80–81). Of course, there are slight exceptions to this assertion, and Stegner himself had set part of *The Big Rock Candy Mountain* in a sketchily evoked Salt Lake City. It remained for the wandering and aging Bruce Mason, however, to use the "city of the Saints" as a rich and emotionally charged stimulus to memory, recapitulation, and even reconciliation in "the museum or diorama where early versions of him were preserved" (1979, 128). Salt Lake City was to become for Mason, as it had earlier become for Stegner, a kind of emotional Sacred Grove, a place for self-rediscovery, and both Mason and Stegner ride various waves of nostalgia which break with floods of insight into their emotionally chaotic earlier lives in the city, lives which contrast sharply with the security and stability which Salt Lake has come to mean for both of them.

Some years ago Stegner explored, in his essay "At Home in the Fields of the Lord," his assertion that "I have always envied people with a hometown" (1980, 157) and concluded that, despite his being "a Gentile in the New Jerusalem," his then recent visits to Salt Lake City, enriched by the distance of "years of absence from Zion," had taught him the truth that, no longer an Ishmael, "I am as rich in a hometown as anyone" (1980, 159).

Salt Lake City, where Stegner lived from 1921 through most of fifteen critical years of youth and early manhood, generates in him a pervasive "associational emotion" often "overlooked for years, and comprehended only in retrospect." He claims that "nostalgia, the recognition of old familiarity, is the surest way to recognize a hometown" (1980, 161) and illustrates his point that "any place deeply lived in . . . can fill the sensory attic with images enough for a lifetime of nostalgia" (p. 166) by sweeping through a spate of recollections of Salt Lake in the 1920s which recall the idyllic chapters in Mark Twain's *Autobiography*. He ranges nostalgically "from Murray to Beck's Hot Springs, and from Saltair to Brighton and Pinecrest," and "how it was, its weathers and its lights, is very clear to me" (p. 164); there are the canyons of memory to the east of the city: City Creek and Dry Canyon, Parley's and Mill Creek and Little Cottonwood; for, lying in the "lap of mountains" as it does, "knowing Salt Lake City means knowing its canyons" (p. 165); and knowing the city means knowing "the late-dusk smell of October on Second South and Twelfth East" with the "shine of the arc light on the split street tipping up the Second South hill"; it means, on later visits, being "all but skinless as I drive down Thirteenth East Street" (p. 166).

In *Recapitulation*, Stegner renders this nostalgic "all but skinlessness" in fiction, as Bruce Mason, late in May 1977, experiences Salt Lake City through every pore. Having rounded the Oquirrhs, driven past "Black Rock and the ratty beaches" and the Saltair Pavilion, Mason enters the city, nods "gravely" to Brigham Young, "the figure with the outstretched hand" (pp. 8-9), and registers at the Hotel Utah (which he jarringly transposes as "Utah Hotel"), from whose familiar lobby and Roof Garden he sallies forth to find those "early versions" of himself in local color pregnant with remembrance. Mason enlivens landmarks which sweep readers from the Deseret Gym, the Temple Square Hotel, and an unnamed mortuary on East South Temple; to Brigham Street Pharmacy, the Avenues, the John R. Park Building and the Circle at the University of Utah; to the Victory Park tennis courts and some of the various Stegner/Mason family homes—across from Liberty Park on Seventh East, at Fifteenth East above East High School (where Miss Van Vliet teaches Latin in place of the real and legendary

Miss Van Pelt), on Ninth East and Fourth South, and Seventh South and Eleventh East, to cite a few. Driving slowly by many of these places during his two-day stay, his memories, says Mason, are made "instantly tangible" (p. 121), unfolding like a sego lily before his heated imagination.

Crossing the Emigration Canyon gully on Seventeenth South and Thirteenth East late on that first evening, Mason smells the hauntingly familiar breeze and insists, "When cottonwoods have been rattling at you all through your childhood, they mean *home*. . . . But one puff of wind through those trees in the gully is enough to tell me, not that I have come home, but that I never left" (p. 123). The houses, buildings, and streets of the present sweep him into such idyllic recollections as this description of the morning of his commencement from the University of Utah:

> Walking along Thirteenth East Street on an absolutely perfect morning, a creation morning. Perhaps there was a shower during the night, but it feels as if prehistoric Lake Bonneville has risen silently in the dark, overflowing its old beach terraces one by one, flooding the Stansbury, then the Provo, on which this street is laid, then finally the Bonneville; filling the valley to overflowing, stretching a hundred miles westward into the desert, lapping against the Wasatch, pushing long fjords into the canyons, washing away all the winter smoke, softening the alluvial gravels, rinsing and freshening every leaf of every shrub and tree, greening every blade of grass; and then before daylight has withdrawn again into its salty remnant, leaving behind this universal sparkle and brightness.
>
> It is such a morning as the old remember and only the young belong in. . . .
>
> At the drugstore on the Second South corner he turns right, up the slope toward where the Park Building's white marble front overlooks the Circle and the treedotted lawn. . . . Ahead, the sun dazzles over the roof of the Park Building. . . . The mountains beyond are backlighted and featureless. (pp. 162–63)

It is "dangerous to squeeze the tube of nostalgia," says Mason (p. 32), who soon realizes he is experiencing "some sort of historical jet lag" (p. 91) which will nudge him into some unsettling confrontations with his past. For Stegner, then, Salt Lake City becomes more than a warm and pleasant bath in nostalgia. The tender evocations of the city lead to long but differently focused retellings of the Mason/Stegner family saga—stories of his restless, bootlegging father, always one step ahead of the law, forcing his family to furtiveness and caution and frequent unstabilizing moves (wildness); of his gentle mother, who longs for self-respect, a home, neighbors, stability (civilization); of his unlucky brother, who dies an untimely death leaving a young bride and child; of Joe Mulder, Mason's friend and tennis partner; of first love and first jilting (Holly), and of his second passion (Nola) and their desultory drift into an unfulfilling sexual relationship gradually cooled when Mason attends law school in Minneapolis; of the lingering death

of his mother from cancer; of his father's suicide and simultaneous murder of a woman creditor.

These generally unsettling events take place against a background of an ordered, friendly city and thus underscore the contrast between the instability of the nomadic and rootless Mason family and the stable, solid benevolence of Salt Lake City, which is, for both Mason and Stegner, a sanctuary. "And it is as sanctuary," Stegner wrote earlier, in "At Home in the Fields of the Lord," "that [the city] persists even in my Gentile mind and insinuates itself as my veritable hometown" (1980, 167). Offering a "provincial security" (1979, 20), as Mason calls it, Salt Lake City and its desert and mountains "wrapped closer around the valley and around him their protective isolation" (p. 128) and accorded him a community solidarity, which he saw and felt all around him, a Mormon security to which he aspired for himself and his family. Joining the Boy Scouts, playing basketball in a hundred Mormon wardhouses, discovering the public library, and negotiating the city's public transportation stirred in young Mason "the beginning of a wary confidence" (p. 82). Stegner, who likewise joined the Boy Scouts, where he earned the Eagle Scout badge by participating in Mormon and Episcopalian troops, and attended Mutual in various Mormon wardhouses, also found in Salt Lake City a sense of belonging, of being "a member of a society, which was actually very good for me" (Stegner and Etulain 1983, 2). And Mason, like Stegner, though occasionally irritated at its wholesome ways and "good Mormon girls," and by its formal public pieties, admits his affection for the city and says gratefully, "Didn't Salt Lake, once, save him, or let him save himself?" (p. 35).

"I feel secure in Salt Lake City," Stegner writes; and "security," he insists elsewhere, showing his affinity with the conservative spirit of the city of his youth, "may be as great a social need as independence, stability as essential a commodity as change." Indeed, "except as we belong to a tradition and a community, we are nothing. We have no language, no history, no lore, no legend, no myth, no custom, no religion, no art, no species memory" (1980, 285). Thus, returning to Salt Lake City after many years' absence affords Stegner "a satisfactory literary experience," for "the present has power to evoke a more orderly version of the past" (1980, 168–69). Bruce Mason expands on this, noting that "memory, sometimes a preservative, sometimes a censor's stamp, could also be an art form" (p. 276), allowing the individual to shape the events of the past into an understandable present.

"Home," which for Stegner/Mason is Salt Lake City and all of the stability and security it represents amidst their respective family disarray, "is what you can take away with you." It is Salt Lake City

which provides for both of them "something real and good and satisfying, and the knowledge that, having had or been or lived these things," says Stegner, "I can never lose them again" (1980, 169).

III

The return of Bruce Mason and Wallace Stegner to Salt Lake City, however, also means a return to the city's Mormon inhabitants and thus to the mixed feelings which Stegner and Mason share about the Latter-day Saints. Salt Lake City, by which he means the Mormons, is "a divided concept, a complex idea," writes Stegner. "To the devout it is more than a place; it is a way of life, a corner of the materially realizable heaven; its soil is held together by the roots of the family and the cornerstones of the temple. In this sense," Stegner adds, "Salt Lake City is forever foreign to me, as to any non-Mormon" (1980, 159).

But Mormon values, the familial and communal stability of the Saints, are not foreign to Stegner; indeed, many of the values which he identifies as "Mormon" are values which the conservative Stegner evokes again and again in his biographies, his histories, and his fiction. It is through these familial and community values that he views, and assesses, and judges the world. It is these square and western values that he finds integral to the roots of Mormon culture and society.

Because he affirms these old verities and ideals and publicly admits to an appreciation of the Mormon people, who go far toward embodying such familial and community values, the Mormon people have embraced Stegner as one of their own, a "dry-land Mormon," "a local boy who made good," a Gentile, in Stegner's words, "who didn't turn out to be a Mormon-hater" (Stegner and Etulain 1983, 121). Because Stegner grew up among the Mormons in Salt Lake City, graduating from East High School and from the University of Utah where he would later teach, "I can talk to Mormons," he points out, "even though they know and I know that we don't talk exactly the same language. . . . They expect that I, as a gentile, will be understanding of their feeling and sympathetic with it. Indeed," he adds, "I am" (Stegner and Etulain 1983, 122).

This mutual affinity does not spring from Stegner's interest in Mormon theology, "which doesn't interest me that much," he admits, but from a youth spent in security among the Latter-day Saints, an affinity heightened by his later historical studies of Mormonism's "usable past," especially in his *Mormon Country* (1941) and *The Gathering of Zion: The Story of the Mormon Trail* (1964). Stegner's historical interest has been intensified by his seeing in Mormon culture, in everything from

polygamy (which he understands and even defends) and the trek, to the United Order and the organization of the modern ward, the embodiment not only of family and community values but also of the old western themes and paradoxes: of the pull between individual and community, between a mythically powerful rural and agrarian past and a confusing, urban and industrial present. He insists that the Mormons, in struggling to preserve and perpetuate the old verities and ideals in an atmosphere fraught with "pressures of the loose and ad lib society" (Stegner and Etulain 1983, 107), have "lost something that Brigham would have had them keep." Still, he continues, "they don't look so different from anybody else, and they do look, in some ways, more successful than anybody else" in preserving values and in retaining, in a modern society essentially inimical to transcendant and traditional western and Mormon values, their original cohesiveness and ability to endure the pressures from within and without (Stegner and Etulain 1983, 119).

He sees Mormons as attempting, then, with at least some success, to accomplish what western American writers seem incapable of accomplishing, despite the clear trumpet call which Stegner has sounded in his essays "Born a Square" and "History, Myth, and the Western Writer"—that is, building a sense of "a personal and *possessed* past." The idealistic values for present possessers of that possessed past, including the naive insistence on optimism and hope and faith and even a sense of Manifest Destiny, provide the continuity between that present sense of a mythic, possessed past and the actual western and Mormon present. Mormons are making a noble though perhaps ultimately futile attempt, in an America where such idealism and cohesiveness seem no longer possible, to fight a rear-guard effort in making Saints—crafting men and women who can stand with pragmatic feet firmly planted on the ground at the same time that their young men and women see visions and their old men and women, visions intact, dream dreams.

Stegner sees as key in this attempt to bridge the gap between the mythic and the actual, the real and the ideal, not only Mormon obedience, a Mormon sense of morality, and a Mormon sense of community and organization, but the family, center stake of the Mormon Zion. It is the Mormon family and its values which Stegner cheers. Writing in *The Gathering of Zion*, Stegner, after confessing his admiration for the tenacious cohesiveness of the Mormon family, insists that "the Kingdom is a more cohesive society even yet than most Americans know" (1964, 300). When asked by Richard Etulain what he meant in expressing admiration for "the everyday virtues of the Mormons," Stegner responds that he

> had in mind . . . precisely what people have in mind when they speak of the New England virtues. The old-fashioned virtues, the virtues that have to do with hospitality, with family life, with the sort of welcome that strays have in a big family. In Utah, then [the 1920s], you could fall in with a family which had nine kids. You probably still can there more than anywhere else. They were big families, and they were warm and open families. *They had a lot of what I'd always missed.* . . . These people were so confident in their family life that they just threw open the doors in every direction. It [was] . . . but part of living their religon. (Stegner and Etulain 1983, 102; italics added)

Stegner points out that "the Mormon family and the beliefs that sanctify it are . . . sources of a profound sense of community. . . . These people belong to one another, to a place, to a faith" (1964, 300). Indeed, Stegner told Etulain, "The family is so important in Mormon religion that without it the religion would hardly exist." The virtues of Mormon family life are, he writes, "essentially virtues of hospitality and familial warmth, and also, quite commonly, a degree of community responsibility" (Stegner and Etulain 1983, 102).

Stegner's and Bruce Mason's admiration for the stability and cohesiveness of the Mormon family is directly linked to the virtual absence of those values in the real Stegner and fictitious Mason homes. In *Recapitulation*, Stegner, who admits that in creating Bo Mason he was exorcising his father (Stegner and Etulain 1983, 42), returns to a theme which he has evoked in a number of his novels—the "wounded and bitter sons" theme (Flora 1987, 982)—and recreates in Mason such a son who, reacting to events which closely parallel George Stegner's real-life conduct, is angry at Bo Mason's bootlegging, at his maintaining speakeasies in the Mason homes, at his treatment of Bruce's mother, at his unfaithfulness even during Elsa's final slide toward death, at his contemptible treatment of his brother and himself, at Bo's shoddy dissolution after Elsa's death, and, finally, at his humiliating murder-suicide.

Mason insists, as does Stegner, that the fictional and the real families each enjoyed a familial closeness (Stegner and Etulain 1983, 102; Stegner 1979, 96) only because, Mason says, "the internal strains that tore them apart also forced them together. Because they lived outside law and community, they had no one but themselves to share themselves with. They belonged to no neighborhood, church, profession, occupation, or club. . . . As a family, they shared nothing with anybody in Salt Lake" (1979, 97).

At one point, young Bruce, a sickly, small high school freshman who evoked only exclamations of disgust from his father, is shattered by an argument between his parents over Bo's illegal liquor trade and flees into the yard, where, looking across to the silence of Liberty Park, he feels, "as if they lived not merely at the edge of the park but

outside the boundaries of all human warmth, all love and companionship and neighborliness, all light and noise and activity, all law" (1979, 51).

In the summer of 1925, however, Elsa purchases for Bruce a second-hand tennis racket and a membership in the Salt Lake Tennis Club—and saves her son's life by introducing him to tennis and thus to Joe Mulder and, through Joe, to the values of the Mormon family. The Mulders, though a Jack-Mormon family, successfully undertake Bruce's permanent reconstruction by showing him the deep-rooted western and Mormon conservative values inherent in a loving, sharing, healing family. Mason recalls that, though the Mulders

> did not tithe or go to meeting, . . . they kept the strenuous Mormon sense of stewardship. Having talents, one improved them. Having money or position, one tried to use it for the public good. Once Bruce had caught on to those attitudes, he had only one way to go. . . . He supposed he was their faith in self-improvement made manifest, the object of a Mormon proselytizing impulse not lost but only redirected. He corroborated their belief that anyone could take hold of himself and make himself into something better, happier, richer. *It was an American, especially a Western, as well as a Mormon notion. Mason had subscribed to it then, and sneakingly still did.* (1979, 116; italics added)

In his essay "Born a Square," Stegner speaks up for the western naiveté that rejects the notion that "modern Man has quit" and proclaims that the "western naiveté of strenuousness, pragmatism, meliorism, optimism, and the stiff upper lip is our tradition" (1980, 184)—traits which sound akin to the characteristic values of the Mormon family.

These American, western and Mormon values, rooted in an essentially conservative world view, become part of Ambassador Mason's values, and of the values of many of Stegner's protagonists who, from Joe Alston in *All the Little Live Things* (1967) and *The Spectator Bird* (1976), to Lyman Ward in the Pulitzer Prize winning *Angle of Repose* (1971), to Larry Morgan in Stegner's most recent novel, *Crossing to Safety* (1987), mirror Stegner's own attitudes in their faulting of many modern ways and in their penchant for surveying the past for elucidation of the present. Thus Mason, in *Recapitulation*, admits to a woman friend that he in fact thinks that sex, if not "holy," "*ought* to be." "I'm that old-fashioned," he confesses. "[Sex is] Mystery, the profoundest agitation and self-sacrifice. Nothing to be cheapened or played with. Not just a jazzy incident on the pleasure circuit. Not the great god Orgasm" (1979, 220).

And when he laughs self-consciously on recalling that he had once told Nola, his date and future lover, that "you're some woman," Mason reveals a Joe Alston-Lyman Ward-like old-fashioned conservatism

(conservative even for the State Department) which would probably elicit (quiet) cheers from the majority of feminist-plagued LDS high priests: in reflecting on 1920s dating customs, Mason says that, "the females they went out with were women, even if they were hardly more than teenyboppers. I've got a date with a woman, they said; or, I'm taking my woman to the picture show."

> They would all be told now, Mason thinks, that they needed their consciousness raised. The contemporary harpies who pass for women would probably spit on this sexism of deference, this disguised momism or whatever it was. But perhaps the boys knew something that the present has forgotten: that the only place one can first learn love is from a woman, that all tenderness, of any kind, derives from what is learned at the breast. Given a learner as insecure as young Bruce Mason, safety may well reside in some woman, mother, or lover or wife or whoever. Whether women have difficulty getting credit cards or not, it is not they who racket around through empty universes hunting for a place on which to rest. They are themselves such a place.
>
> So it seemed to Bruce Mason then. So it seems to Mason now. (1979, 145)

But as Bruce Mason, age seventy, stands by his aunt's new grave in the Salt Lake Cemetery, he is still insecure, still bitter, still suffering from the newly reopened wounds inflicted by his father; he is "the last survivor of a star-crossed family" (1979, 284). Even Aunt Margaret, he learns, has "found a real security" in the rest home. "She was one of our family," the home's supervisor tells Mason, who feels no such sense of belonging. And though, he notes, the Mormon Church's Genealogical Library will order his family and incorporate their names into "its lists of everybody who ever lived on earth, even families as migrant and meaningless as Margaret's," Mason, drawing upon that old longing for Mulder- and Mormon-family stability, opts to order his own family remains and resolves to establish, on that hill in the secure sanctuary of the "city of the Saints," a Mormon kind of cohesiveness for his family, "a quasi-eternal territory for the family" (p. 286), a security, identity, and sense of belonging that they had not enjoyed in life. He orders, for Margaret, and, significantly, for his father's long unmarked grave, headstones to match the stones of his mother and brother, with "Father"—"That will say it," he tells the sexton (p. 267)—to be engraved on Bo's stone. This is Mason's acknowledgement of his willingness, prompted by his intensive recapitulation of the past two days, to take a first step toward effecting a posthumous reconciliation with his father.

IV

In *Recapitulation* Wallace Stegner has brought the familyless wanderer Bruce Mason into a fruitful confrontation with his past. Still

torn by the pull of the old paradoxes of the western land recalled in his own past and present, Mason recapitulates the past, and in his intensive recapitulation he reviews reels of recollection and confronts anew, this time from the vista of hindsight, the unsettling disorder of his earlier personal and family life. His own instability and insecurity, then and now, are heightened by contrast with the sense of stability rooted in his perceptions of Salt Lake City and of the cohesiveness of Mormon families.

Like Stegner, these values have become part of Mason, and he sees in these Mormon values the potential for the greening of the American West and the American nation, where such family and community values can provide a continuity of hope between the rejuvenating idealism of the mythic past and the pragmatic realities of the present, just as they have finally influenced Mason to begin to cleanse himself of the bitterness and insecurity which have so long festered within. In ordering the headstone for his father, Bruce Mason takes a firm step toward eventual reconciliation by donning the mantles of forgiveness and love and hope and optimism and meliorism and the stiff upper lip which are central to providing a healthy continuity and cohesiveness between his own past and present. Incorrigibly melioristic, Mason and Stegner thus evoke the same values which can serve to fuse the Mormon and western past with the vitality of the present, and anticipate, in faith and hope, ultimate success in what Stegner has called "the New World's last chance to be something better, the only American society still malleable enough to be formed" (1980, 184).

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Transformation

Jerrilyn Black

I had wanted your wife
to be born to the graces,
elegantly muted
in dove-gray and gloves,
to take tea from fine china,
walk perfumed in silk.

Instead, you brought one
reeking of wrongness—
flawed in her nation,
her speech, faith, and home.
Ungainly, unsmiling,
too small for my height.
How could I seat her
by you, by my side?

Now I watch her fingers
with delicate sweeps
fashion fabric birds flying,
sew black hills
against damask skies,
satin peacocks lambent
on velvet fields.

She hums, enchanted by her art
among trees of twenty greens
in her luminous world,
casting jeweled lights
as a prism
on silk.

JERRILYN BLACK is a retired teacher of English. She lives in Logan, Utah, where she writes intensive journal, poetry, and prose.

PANEL

I Married a Mormon and Lived to Tell This Tale

Introductory Remarks

Karen Marguerite Moloney

MEMBERS OF OTHER RELIGIONS, or persons with no religious affiliation, take on special challenges when they marry Latter-day Saints. In addition to the same problems any inter-faith marriage might encounter—conflicts over church attendance, child-rearing, value and belief systems—non-Mormon spouses also have to deal with the strong community and missionary character of Mormonism. They may feel themselves welcomed with open arms by the Mormon community—only to learn later that the primary motivation for that welcome was a strong desire for their conversion. Conversely, they may find themselves ignored, passed over—or the unintended victims of our in-group humor at, say, a ward dinner. Latter-day Saints, unfortunately, can sometimes appear incredibly insensitive to those among us who do not share our faith, our certainties easily translated into arrogance. Even our best efforts to make non-Mormon spouses feel welcome and accepted may leave them feeling, in so tightly knit a community as our own, the loneliness of an outsider. Within their own Christian religious communities, they may additionally have to deal with the view that the Latter-day Saints they have married are not mainstream Christians, if not actual heretics. Within non-Christian religious communities, reactions may be even more diverse.

The following essays describe the experiences of three of these brave people—people who too often remain fairly mysterious within the context of our everyday ward settings. Their willingness to share their insights with us, though, dispels some of that mystery—and gives

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KAREN MARGUERITE MOLONEY, a lecturer at UCLA Writing Programs, organized the panel for the August 1989 Sunstone Syposium where versions of the following essays were first presented.

us a rare opportunity to learn what such necessarily sensitive observers can teach us about ourselves.

"To Celebrate the Marriage Feast Which Has No End"

Wendy S. Lee

FRIENDS OFTEN ASK ME what it is like to be an active Lutheran layperson married to an active Latter-day Saint. I think I can best describe my marriage experience by addressing my comments to my husband.

Dick, sometimes I think that the best times and the worst times of our marriage have nothing to do with our two religions and our two faith systems. But I can't say that, because upon further reflection I don't believe that it's true. The best times *have* had a great deal to do with our two religions, and so have the worst times.

Let me talk first about the best times. When we met, I had just begun the process of becoming a Lutheran minister. I had recently completed the application to enter seminary, and I was agonizing over having to endure four more years of school beyond college and moving to a different city in a different state where I didn't know anyone. Most of the time, I worried that I would never learn Koine Greek, that I would never be able to translate the New Testament, and that I would be sent down from seminary.

That was when you became my friend, and I was glad to have that friendship. A number of my college friends had stopped talking to me because I had suddenly become too religious for them. Some even ridiculed me for devoting my life to service in the church. But you went out to dinner with me and talked about being a Latter-day Saint in Chicago and how it was different from being a Mormon in Montana or in Utah. You told me, perhaps in not so many words, that the

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people who really cared about me would do so whether I became a minister or something else. When so many of my friends and relatives were telling me either that I was completely unsuited for the ordained ministry, that through my inadequacy I would bring shame upon the church, or that I was wasting myself in service to the church and should look elsewhere for a better career, you simply assumed that what I was doing was right for me. I remember you asked me what my duties would be as a parish minister, what I would learn in seminary, and how many other women ministers would be in my seminary class. You accepted my entrance into seminary as perfectly natural, and I stopped thinking about it as strange.

The best times of our life together have been the intimate conversations we've had about ourselves and our ambitions and dreams for the future. When we talk seriously, usually lingering at the table after dinner or a late-night snack, our faith is always present. We talk about what you believe in, and what I believe in, and how the two are the same and different. We talk about your church on Fifty-fourth Street in Chicago and in Salt Lake City, and we talk about my church on Fifty-fifth Street and on Higgins Road in Chicago. We talk about singing in and directing choirs, about church music, teaching Sunday School, preaching sermons, and the women's group and the men's group. We talk a lot about our faith, our growing up in the faith, and people whose faith we admire and try to emulate. I think that during these conversations you've been honest with me, and I with you; and that has made these the best times of our marriage.

And now I must talk about the worst times. This time while I've been waiting for a call has been a very bad time for me. I've waited patiently for my bishop to nominate me to a parish, and then for the members of that parish to interview me, at great length and in great depth, and then I've waited for them to extend a call to me to serve their parish as a minister of Word and Sacrament. You've watched me literally sit by the telephone, waiting for someone to call. You've watched them not call, and you've watched me not cry. Thirteen times this interview process has fallen through.

I don't know any other profession in which this kind of passive waiting for nomination or placement takes place. Imagine wanting to be a doctor or nurse full time, being guided into the profession by mentors and teachers, putting yourself through school at great personal expense in order to be knowledgeable and well trained. Imagine feeling called, ever since you were a young child, to be that doctor or that nurse, feeling within yourself called by God to heal, to give comfort, to bind up wounds. Then imagine yourself, fully qualified and

graduated, with nobody interested in you—no clinic, no hospital, no doctor's office, no school, no corporation willing to hire you. Imagine that calling, undiluted by time, now even more powerful as you have been surrounded during your studies by medicines, surgical instruments, and machines designed to monitor vital signs. Imagine that calling so powerful in and of itself that not to use it, not to be able to give it expression, causes you to self-destruct. You're trained to watch for vital signs slipping; and now they're your own vital signs, slowly rotting from disuse, from frustration. Imagine eventually being diagnosed as barren. I have spent the past two and a half years trying to prevent myself from self-imploding under the strain of this frustration. They have been the same two and a half years that we've been married. I feel quite often that you've been shortchanged; you haven't been married to a happy woman.

I could hide behind you and blame you because I haven't been able to get a call to serve a Lutheran parish. That would be the easy way to deal with this situation. I could simply say that because you're a Latter-day Saint, I'm not eligible to serve as a pastor.

But you're not the problem, not really. I am the problem. I'm the terribly misguided Lutheran ministerial candidate who thought she could marry anyone she chose. As a result, I've encountered the insurmountable obstacle of one of the most firmly entrenched traditions in Protestant America, the stereotype of the impeccable minister's family. In the rapidly changing culture of twentieth-century America, fewer and fewer nuclear families have a mom, a dad, three children, a dog, and a station wagon. Unfortunately, parishioners deciding the kind of pastor they want, and the kind of pastor's family they want to see living in their parsonage, inevitably envision a Norman Rockwell family and won't settle for anything less. The pastor should be male; some congregations prefer him to be a Lutheran since birth, although some are attracted by a convert. The pastor's wife should be a Lutheran since birth, be able to teach Sunday School and sing in the choir, become active but not dominating in the women's group, and be plain but well groomed. Their children should be very smart, very well behaved, and passably athletic; each should be a miniature version of their father, should be caring toward their friends rather than competitive, and should become ministers or college professors when they grow up. Variations upon this theme are permitted only in regard to the dog and the station wagon.

I think when a parish takes a good long look at me, they see a chipped dish; and they're not about to plunk their money down for imperfection. I'm not a man. While most of my classmates who have

had difficulties obtaining a call have also been women, all of them have received calls. And I'm not married to a Lutheran. Although there are male Lutheran pastors who are married to non-Lutherans, none of them are married to Latter-day Saints; and I know of no female Lutheran pastors who are married to non-Lutherans. Members of call committees have told me that they're concerned about my orthodoxy; they're afraid that my Lutheran theology is not as sound as it could be, or perhaps they're even afraid that you and I have put together a half-Lutheran, half-Mormon religion to suit the two of us. Of course nothing could be further from the truth, but it's still difficult for me to convince them. Then there's the practical issue that parents in these Lutheran congregations simply don't want their children marrying outside the faith; and if their pastor has done it, where will the children look for a correct role model? I've begun to resign myself to the fact that I am a chipped dish in an antique store, still sitting on the shelf, still wasting space.

In the past two and a half years, this has been the worst of our marriage. I know that I am not living up to God's expectation of me, and it's hard for me to contain this knowledge within myself. I've taken it out on others around me, but primarily it's been you who has suffered. If there can be a worst part of the worst part, it's that I simply haven't dealt with this as well as a pastor should. This is the kind of crisis that I want to spend my life meeting, but when it's on my own doorstep, I am hiding my head under the blankets. I avoid and neglect my friends because they always ask me how the call process is going, and I can't be cheerful or optimistic, or even sanguine or patient. So I don't write them, and they probably think that I don't care about them. I don't clean off my desk, because underneath the junk mail I know there are congregational profiles and letters from committees who called other candidates, and I don't even want to look at my failures. You really have been shortchanged, Dick; you haven't been married to a happy woman.

It makes me angry that my marriage, which has been so very good for me throughout these lean times, has made me look somehow flawed to others. I am ashamed of other Lutherans who are too intolerant to accept you as my beloved husband. I resent that their hypocrisy has such an opportunity to put unnecessary stress on our marriage and has spoiled our marriage feast which should have no end. But I believe that each pastor waiting for a call, and each Christian, is imperfect in some way, flawed and not the ideal we all hope to become. That is who we are. But who we are doesn't matter because what is really important is *whose* we are. We are not Christians because we

have already met the criteria for perfection. Rather we are Christians because someone else has met the criteria for us and has given us love as a free gift.

As I sit in a pew at Augustana Lutheran Church on Sunday mornings, I look around at the people worshipping with me, and I don't see a great many nuclear families in the fifties tradition of mother and father and children. I see childless couples, some whose children have grown up and moved on, and some who have not been blessed with children. I see double-parent and single-parent families, and a great many single people of all ages, sitting so close in the pews that it's hard to distinguish who belongs to whom. At Augustana I've been so completely welcomed as a single member that it's hard for me to realize that other congregations and other churches do not completely welcome a married woman without her husband or children. In all honesty, Dick, I'd rather see you go to a different church on Sunday morning, two blocks away from mine, than to have you listed as a member at my church and never attend. I would not want you to be the kind of Christian who thinks he's a member in good standing even though he hasn't been to worship in years, and nobody knows his name. It is of greater value to me that you are a faithful member of a church, even if it isn't mine.

I believe that in every extended family in America it is possible to find at least one person who is a different faith from all the others. I certainly hear about it constantly. Every time I mention that you're a Mormon I hear silence, and then a short while later the person with whom I'm speaking will tell me that her sister-in-law is a Presbyterian, or his father-in-law is a cultural but nonbelieving Jew. I've become somewhat of an expert on interfaith marriages, and I am convinced that this subject needs to be addressed in American church life. We have been told for too long that any nontraditional marriage threatens the family or the church. It's time for caring people to show joy and pleasure when they hear that someone is a faithful member of another church, rather than disdain or discomfort in their presence.

Having discussed the best times, and then the worst times, now I come to the best part of the worst times, and that is that you're with me going through all this. There would have been a long wait for me to get a call anyway. There might have been thirteen call possibilities which fell through no matter whom I was married to, or perhaps even if I wasn't married. I'd rather have it this way: that going through this terribly rough time, and going through all the anxiety and angst and anger, I've had you beside me. It has made the bad times endurable, and the good times very good times indeed.

Through a Stained-Glass Window

Juliana Boerio-Goates

LET ME START BY SAYING that I did not pick the title for this panel—I am not yet convinced that I have survived the experience intact. However, after more than fifteen years of associations with Latter-day Saints, I count many among my closest friends and dearest loved ones. I greatly appreciate these individuals and hope that my words will not offend them in any way.

I would like to share my experiences as an "NM" married to an "RM." For thirteen years I have been married to Steven R. Goates. Steve and I are both associate professors of chemistry at BYU. (Yes, we do get teased about the chemistry being right between us!) We spent the first five years of our marriage in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and New York City. Next we lived in Utah County for seven years, and we have just returned to Utah following an eight-month stay in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where we were on sabbatical leave at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Steve and I are an unusual couple, especially with respect to our religious activity. Before we participated on this panel, we had never met others in "mixed marriages" where both partners were active in their respective religions. By the time we married, the ecumenical aspects of Vatican II were developed in the Catholic Church and so, from my perspective, a marriage between a Catholic and a non-Catholic was not unique. However, the considerably fewer marriages between a Mormon and a non-Mormon that I am aware of have usually involved an inactive Mormon.

Frankly, I hope that Steve doesn't get any more active than he already is. He currently serves as the executive secretary of his ward. Since we have been married, some of his callings have included Sunday School president, elder's quorum counselor and acting president, and first and second counselor in a bishopric. Before I knew him, he served two years in the Zurich Switzerland Mission.

I have always been an active Catholic, yet I think the experience of being a minority in Utah has made me a more committed one. For

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JULIANA BOERIO-GOATES and her husband, Steven Rex Goates, are associate professors of chemistry at BYU and have one daughter. Julie attends St. Francis Catholic Church in Provo and serves there as lector and eucharistic minister.

this I am deeply grateful. I am a product of Catholic schools: grade school, high school, and college. I serve as a Eucharistic minister and lector, have taught catechism classes, and have worked in campus ministry with the Catholic students who attend BYU.

Because religion was important to Steve and me, family and friends were surprised when we decided to marry. Ours was an atypical courtship by Utah standards. We dated for two years (partly via long-distance phone calls) before we were together at the same graduate school. After a year of more normal courtship—that is, we were living in the same city—we married. We delayed so long to be sure that we really knew what would be involved in bringing two strong religious views together in a marriage. But even after the three-year wait, we were still naive about what life would be like.

Some members of my family and friends felt the need to talk us out of our plans. Let me tell two anecdotes, one amusing, the other etched with painful memories. An aunt woke my father at 6:00 A.M. one morning with a frantic phone call. She told him, somewhat hysterically, that he had to call off the wedding, that Julie didn't know what she was getting into, and that she would never have guessed Steve was like "that." It turns out that she had just seen an interview with a Utah polygamist on a morning news program. My father assured her that Steve was not a polygamist and urged her to go back to bed. One very close friend, Paula, told me of her high school teacher who had become a Mormon. According to my friend, this teacher would no longer allow her family in her home because they smoked and drank coffee. In addition, the teacher tried hard to convert Paula, an experience which left her very bitter. Paula pleaded with me not to marry Steve because she was convinced that I would also convert, hurt my family, and abandon all my old friends. When I went along with my plans, she broke off our friendship and never spoke to me again. It is still painful for me to realize that, for many of my Catholic friends like Paula, the label "Mormon" is a stumbling block to friendship with my husband.

For his part, Steve received lectures from a home teacher, who, in many months of visiting his parents, never even bothered to learn the names of the children or show concern for Steve's father's ill health. This home teacher, nonetheless, felt called upon to chide Steve for his weak testimony in marrying outside the temple.

Fortunately, we both had wise parents who counseled us about the difficulties we might face but supported us in our decision, then and to this day. Not until I moved to Utah did I fully realize just how unusual Steve's family's acceptance of me was. Shortly after my arrival, I met with a professional colleague from Salt Lake who knew my in-laws.

During lunch, out of the blue, he commented that Rex and Marcia must have been terribly disappointed when Steve decided to marry me. As I choked on my food, he explained that he didn't mean me personally, but me as a non-Mormon. I mumbled out a reply that in *my* part of the country, it was the non-*Catholic* who was expected to convert. Thus I was introduced to the stigma associated with marrying outside the LDS Church. I will be ever-grateful for the love with which Steve's family welcomed me from the beginning. They continue to support me, both as loving, but noninterfering, grandparents to our daughter and in my Catholic activities. Their attendance at Easter vigil services and midnight Mass on Christmas Eve when I serve as lector helps to ease the pain of being so far away from my own parents at these special times.

Our wedding took place during a Catholic Mass in the chapel of the college where I was an undergraduate, but we incorporated elements of Mormon tradition. Steve's father gave us a blessing in a grotto the night before the wedding; his Mormon bishop was prevented from attending and participating only because of illness. His parents along with mine brought the offertory gifts to the altar. The readings we selected for the liturgy included the beautiful words of Ruth to Naomi: "Do not press me to leave you and to turn back from your company, for wherever you go, I will go, wherever you live, I will live. Your people shall be my people, and your God my God" (Ruth 1:16).

For me, this reading was a proclamation that we would support each other by respecting and, as much as possible, participating in the religious life of the other. For one to have demanded conversion of the other would have required a denial of strongly held convictions. To have done so would have been against my understanding of the teaching found in Matthew and Luke: "Anyone who prefers father or mother to me is not worthy of me. Anyone who prefers son or daughter to me is not worthy of me" (Matt. 10:37–38).

This does not mean that we do not still hope for, pray for, and occasionally invite conversion. It means we entered into the marriage with the realization that, however much we might want a conversion to take place, our happiness could not be predicated upon the assumption that such an event would happen in the immediate future, if at all.

Without a doubt, the most difficult aspect of our dual religious commitments is the rearing of our daughter, Sarah, who is now nine years old.

Long before Sarah was born, during a preparation class required of all those wishing to be married in the Catholic Church, we pledged to each other that we would allow our children to be raised with education in both religions, that the choice of a final religious commitment

would be theirs, and that it would never become an issue of "If you become Catholic you love Mommy better" or "You love Daddy more if you become LDS."

Of course, at the time we made this agreement, I had never lived in Utah and never expected that we would. I believe our plan is made more difficult because we live in Utah County, where our daughter has no other examples of a "good Mormon" married to a "good" something else. Also, I did not realize how strong peer pressure is when every child in the neighborhood, all her classmates, and all her teachers are LDS; nor did I realize how much at the forefront of everyday life religion is here. It is difficult for Sarah to enjoy her Catholic catechism classes. She dislikes being dragged away from her playtime to attend them, and she has no one in the neighborhood with whom to share these experiences. Those of you who have raised children outside of Utah can relate to this, I am sure.

Many people from both religious persuasions are convinced that we will raise a child who will want nothing to do with religion as an adult. Some say that she will develop a confused idea about both religions. I believe that Sarah is smarter than that. For the first eight years of her life, Steve and I stressed the beliefs we share; now we try to answer honestly her newly arising questions, but in a way that denigrates neither of our religions. Having to live with our decision to marry has been harder on Sarah than I would have guessed during those marriage preparation classes. I am no better at predicting the future now than I was thirteen years ago, so I cannot say whether our critics will prove right when Sarah grows up. But I can tell you what we have now. We have a young lady who understands and accepts that good people can have different views on an issue as important as God. She can understand why Dad can eat a hot dog on some Fridays when Mom cannot, and why Mom can drink coffee at home when Dad cannot. I believe this shows a maturity which belies her young age.

The decision to raise Sarah in Utah has proved painful for me, too. Were I to remake any decision of these past years, it would perhaps be the one to move here. I say this, despite the fact that I dearly love my neighbors and my colleagues at BYU. In fact, I doubt that I could have been welcomed anywhere with greater warmth and graciousness than I have been at BYU, the heart of Mormondom.

Perhaps surprisingly, the decision to accept the academic positions at BYU rather than industrial jobs in the Northeast was largely mine rather than Steve's. While Thomas Nielsen, then the director of the LDS Institute at the University of Michigan, was telling students that the Church had great need of them outside Utah, he was telling us that we had a mission to fulfill in Utah, and I believed him.

From the time I married Steve, I have found myself in the often uncomfortable position of playing mediator or translator between Mormons and the rest of the world. (Perhaps that is the mission President Nielsen had in mind.) As I socialize with non-Mormon friends in Utah and listen to the latest Mormon horror story, I feel compelled to remind my friends that Mormons don't hold the patent on insensitivity and that the majority should not be condemned because of a few. On the other hand, I find that Latter-day Saints, particularly those who have served missions in Mexico or South America, have a very skewed view of the American Catholic Church. Many do not realize that crucifixes and holy cards serve the same function in our homes as pictures of prophets or temples do in theirs. A Latter-day Saint will talk about free agency; a Catholic speaks of the formation of conscience. While Catholics agonize over church teachings concerning birth control or a celibate, male clergy, Mormons struggle with counsel on the proper role of women.

I was a young child in pre-Vatican II Catholicism. The changes introduced by the Vatican Council when I was an adolescent proclaimed for me a church that is vibrant and relevant, while for others these changes shook the very foundations of their belief. As a young adult, I have witnessed the strides made in ecumenical activities brought about by this Council.

As this ecumenical spirit grows within my church and as I meet others like Steve who are sincerely convinced of the truth of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, I find that I am no longer comfortable with the idea of one true church that has the answers for all people. In the book *Papa Married a Mormon*, John D. Fitzgerald makes the analogy that "all religions are but windows in the same church letting in the light of God" (Western Epics, Inc., 1976, 283). Let me extend the analogy to suggest that perhaps each religion transmits some part of the truth as the different panes of a stained-glass window transmit the various colors of light.

I am committed to my religion; I would not be happy as a Latter-day Saint. For my husband, the reverse position is equally strong. Can we both be right in our convictions? I am no theologian, and the answer with which I can live is more that of the pragmatic scientist than the abstract philosopher. Can it be that just as we are all given different gifts, different personalities, and different burdens to bear, we may need different support systems to bear those burdens, different approaches to achieve our place in the eternal plan of salvation? Let me give an example. The liturgy of the Mass is for me deeply spiritual. The symbolism of the various actions, the ties to Old Testament traditions, and the organizing structure of the liturgical calendar, create

an environment in which I can be uplifted and renewed. On the other hand, I have attended many sacrament meetings and Sunday School classes in which I have felt deeply moved emotionally, but I have rarely been touched on the spiritual or intellectual level that transcends emotion.

I continue to struggle with the idea of how, ultimately, the Catholic and Latter-day Saint, as well as other, images of God might be resolved in another life. I firmly expect that this, along with quantum-mechanical tunneling and the wave-particle duality of light, will be explained to me someday.

Marriage and family life are never without problems, and Steve's and my religious differences have added a few unique ones to our life together. However, we have not allowed the differences to dominate our marriage, and I have a deeper understanding of God and a wider breadth of vision than I might ever have achieved married to the guy from Notre Dame that I used to date.

East Meets West

Wilma Srob Odell

I HAVE ENTHUSIASTICALLY accepted the invitation to share my experiences as a "cultural Jew" married to a "cultural Mormon." Kenneth and I have been married almost twenty-three years. I have lived in Salt Lake City since 1971 and before that for nine months when we were first married.

I met Ken while we were both working for the New York City Youth Board, a social service organization that worked with ghetto-dwelling gang members and their families. Ken had come to New York as a social worker after graduating from the University of Utah. He was the first Latter-day Saint I had ever met. Back then in 1966, I thought Mormons still dressed in somber suits and long skirts and rode in buggies. This is despite the fact that I was a graduate of an

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WILMA SROB ODELL grew up on a New Jersey dairy farm forty-five minutes from New York City. A graduate of Douglass College, Rutgers University, she now lives in Salt Lake City with her husband, Kenneth, and two teenaged sons. She is working as an interviewer for the National Institute of Mental Health and is a vocational tutor at a local high school. In addition to being a member of all four Jewish women's organizations in Salt Lake City, Wilma is a vice-chair of Friends of Ririe-Woodbury Dance Company and a dues-paying member of such diverse groups as Common Cause, the Utah Symphony Guild, the Simon Weisenthal Center, and the YWCA.

academically challenging university and had traveled to Europe and Israel. I liked Ken before I fell in love with him, though I confess we had been acquainted only three weeks before we knew we'd marry. What's more, I had never thought I'd marry out of my religion. But I was drawn to Ken's sense of humor, his love of learning, his concern for people living in poverty.

Ken recalls being surprised that my parents opposed our marriage plans. He had thought only Mormons were unhappy when their children married out of their religion. My parents were so desperately unhappy that they secretly and uncharacteristically hired a private detective in the hope of discovering something unsavory about Ken or his family. They discovered nothing negative, of course, but that still didn't mean that we received my parents' blessing—quite the opposite.

Orthodox Jews traditionally go into mourning when a child marries a non-Jew, just as if he or she had died. My parents, who ate only Kosher food but attended synagogue in their small New Jersey town only on major holidays, considered doing this but decided not to. While I had always had a warm and loving relationship with my father, he could not bring himself to speak to me for two years. My mother, more practical perhaps, attended our marriage ceremony in a judge's chambers; but we asked her not to attend the party we threw for ourselves, since she was obviously not in a celebrating frame of mind. From my side of the family, only one aunt and uncle, who themselves had a mixed marriage, came to our wedding. We received no gifts from my formerly close-knit family, though my twenty-one-year-old brother was secretly supportive. Fortunately I can report that later my parents grew to love and appreciate Ken and his family; in fact, his mother and mine visited Israel together. My most religiously practicing aunt and uncle enjoy a very close relationship with Ken.

In contrast to the tension from my family, Ken's divorced Mom and I met several months before the marriage and immediately liked each other. A very devout Latter-day Saint, she understood that Ken loved me, and she was never other than supportive of our marriage. I assume that she has hoped I'd convert, but, wisely, she has never actively tried to influence me to do so.

After our honeymoon, she hosted a reception which was my introduction to practicing Latter-day Saints. Used to lavish Jewish receptions that inevitably featured copious amounts of food at a sit-down dinner, I was surprised by large numbers of guests—so many people and so little food! I was very touched, however, when a man in his late seventies, a former bishop, told me, "You're marrying for the best reason . . . love."

After nine months in Salt Lake, we moved back to New York City for Ken to earn his master of social work degree. We cannot recall anyone there discussing religion. Utah had been different, however. People asked me if I were "a member." I remember sarcastically and in culture shock telling Ken that I wanted to reply, "No, I'm not a joiner." This awkward phrase has not been put to me in years, thank goodness. Accustomed to New York City's diverse ethnic culture, I was also caught off guard by the fair-skinned, fair-haired homogeneous appearance of the Latter-day Saints. In a crowd, I was obviously different. I remember hearing an elderly neighbor whisper loudly to her husband as I walked by, "Isn't that the Jewish girl?"

Ken and I returned to Salt Lake City after he earned his master's degree, and he began working as the director of a social services program. Participation in religious services was and has not been a priority for either of us. I now attend synagogue services only when specific programs interest me or when friends' children are being Bar or Bat Mitvahed (ceremonies for thirteen- year-olds). I also attend Holocaust memorial services and Israel independence celebrations. Other than funerals, Ken has attended only two LDS services since we met—the farewell and homecoming meetings for his mother's mission to London. Furthermore, I have not attempted to indoctrinate our children in the teachings of Judaism. Ken and I agreed from the start that our children would be reared with the best moral and ethical code we could provide, but in no formal religion. Our teenage sons have friends who practice their various religions in varying degrees. The boys have not, though, been drawn to any religion whose services they have attended.

While I may not be an observant Jew, I do enthusiastically identify myself as Jewish. I value Judaism's traditions and culture and honor those in my family who have been practicing members. I'm very proud of my heritage, as Ken is of his. However, while I lived in New York City and when we first moved to Salt Lake, I didn't seek out any Jewish organizations or support. But I did always contribute financially to Israel. Maybe I should digress and observe that Ken supports, or at least never minds, my check-writing to charitable causes. Whether or not they are Jewish charitable organizations is beside the point for him. He simply endorses ways to fight poverty or support the arts that go beyond LDS tithing contributions. For my part, I think the LDS practice of tithing is wonderful, and I observe that the contribution and volunteer ethic is especially strong in both of our cultures. As I have knocked on doors and volunteered many hours, so has my dear mother-in-law and so did my very Jewish mother until her death. If volunteerism hadn't been so much a part of Ken's church upbringing,

he might not have been so tolerant of the many hours I have given to many causes, especially to the National Council of Jewish Women here in Salt Lake City.

I must note, however, that when I have solicited for the Cancer Society and the Heart Association, I have gathered that some Latter-day Saints think that because they tithe, they don't need to contribute to other causes. Perhaps their resources are stretched, but I cannot help but wish that they would consider themselves part of a larger whole, not just the LDS community.

Unfortunately, I have not always felt this type of connectedness with those of other faiths. I grew up in a predominantly Catholic community. Because education was not a priority in my New Jersey hometown, my parents sent me to a small Hebrew-English school through eighth grade. I received a wonderful education, but I was embarrassed to be seen leaving for school when the neighborhood kids were enjoying their Christmas and Easter vacations. Townspeople who didn't know my dad was Jewish would often make anti-Semitic statements in his presence. He'd never confront these insensitive people, but he would come home and tell his family. Perhaps because I'm accustomed to being part of the minority, I can accept certain political decisions made by the LDS majority in Utah. However, I am offended when public prayers are made "in the name of Jesus Christ." Ken understands this and has made me feel a little less offended by explaining that to Mormons, it's not a prayer if it's not said this way. I have shared this explanation with Jewish and Catholic friends who have also bristled at such prayers in public.

Ken and I were the first in our families to receive college degrees, and our parents were especially proud of our educational achievements. To an extent, our cultures share a love of words, books, and knowledge. There is a difference even here, though. When I asked a friend, Jewish by descent only, what he thought made our shared culture unique, he replied after some thought: "We have more books per capita in our homes. The only other comparable group is the Boston Brahmins, and they have more money and have been educated for more generations." The Sunstone Mormons I know love books too, but in some segments of the LDS populace I sense a reluctance to study and probe, an attitude totally foreign to my culture. I am also distressed by a persistent, vocal, ultra-conservative element in the Mormon population.

I see connections between our cultures in regard to family emphasis too, but even here there are shades of difference. We all say we love children. Jewish people feel they are demonstrating this when they

choose to have two or three children to whom they can give all the enrichment they can afford and spend as much time as possible nurturing. By contrast, I sometimes sense that in the Mormon culture the emphasis is on quantity. On this point, Ken sides with me and my culture. We waited six years and had a home and nest egg before our first child was born.

On related themes, both of us feel that people with many children in public schools should pay more in taxes toward their children's education, but Ken is less comfortable than I am with pro-choice stands. His discomfort, I maintain, can be directly traced to his religious background.

Conservative people in Utah see me as a "spunky woman"—the opposite of passive. Perhaps I would have had the same spunk had I been raised a Latter-day Saint. Ken's paternal grandmother, reared in the home of a Manti, Utah, patriarch, I'm told, was unconventional enough to succeed in door-to-door sales in the thirties at the same time pursuing her love of opera singing and rearing five children. My maternal grandmother and mother were not passive either. I have taught my own brand of assertiveness to a number of LDS friends—as the Jewish ones haven't shown a need. My Mormon subjects have been eager students. I have helped them handle problems with everyone from school administrators to plumbers, husbands to divorce lawyers.

As for Ken, his reaction to my refusal to passively accept what I feel to be unjust ranges from cheers of support to mild amusement to downright horror. During the height of debates about the E.R.A., he received a letter from Church authorities lamenting the lack of involvement of some Mormon wives in Relief Society and instructing him to tell me to get involved! It isn't the nature of our relationship to tell each other what to do, and, to be honest, I had to read the letter twice. It was so foreign to my culture, I couldn't believe what I had read. On the other hand, if I were an Ultra-Orthodox Jew, this sort of dictum would be expected.

I am here to share my perspective with you, and my Jewish friends see me as one who knows more about LDS religion and culture than they do. Am I right in counseling my Jewish friends to be honest with Mormon missionaries and other proselytizing people instead of simply being gracious but feeling inwardly resentful? I confess I was taken aback when four members of the bishopric arrived unannounced one evening as Ken and I were unpacking in our new home. It was without malice that I said, "I hope you didn't come to talk about religion." The bishop didn't miss a beat and replied, "No, we just want to meet our new neighbors"; Ken and I and the four men had an enjoyable chat. Latter-day Saints should be aware that the Jewish religion not only

doesn't encourage proselytizing, it makes it difficult for people who seek to convert. Perhaps this explains my extreme reaction when the bishopric came to call. A visit with missionary motive was alien, if not antithetical, to my background.

While the Word of Wisdom was not something I was aware of before I met Ken, it was not an issue on which we differed at heart. Moderation in all things. Wine is used in the practice of the Jewish religion, but Jewish people have traditionally had a low alcoholism rate, although this is changing among the less practicing. My parents would always offer guests one drink. I never saw anyone drunk, and I drink very little. On the other hand, until he moved to New York City, Ken had never been at a party with alcohol where he didn't witness drunken behavior. His active LDS friends would ask him why he wasn't wild, since he didn't have the constraints of his religion. His answer was that he isn't basically a wild person. I am happy that smoking is anathema in his culture. I stopped smoking my one cigarette a day when we began dating. I've never been sorry.

For all of our cultural and religious differences, Ken and I have as much or more that we share. Both enrich our marriage and our lives. We still share what brought us together: the arts, travel, political discussions, our many and varied friends, and of course parenthood.

When Karen Moloney, who organized this panel, asked the only rabbi in Utah to come up with a synagogue-attending Jewish person married to a practicing Latter-day Saint, he drew a total blank. Hence you're hearing from me. When I asked a close friend who is president of the synagogue's women's group if she thought I was qualified to offer this presentation, she replied, "Wilma, you're the most Jewish person I know."

You figure it.

The Next Weird Sister Builds a Dog Run

Laura Hamblin

With fortune's damned
  quarreling smile,
    the neighbors complain

as they do with each move.
  She snarls and follows bloody
    instructions, measuring off

a corner of cruelty,
  figuring, in metrical codes,
    the division of her loves,

her errors. Her dogs
  pace the length of chain
    link, jump with

vaulting ambition,
  snap at the crossed
    purpose of penning.

Dog nights she stands
  on the edge of enclosure
    and listens

to nasal whines,
  while disciples of
    lies call her to

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this sacrilege.
  Here laws cease to
    operate. With the opposite

of faith she submits
  to this new religion.
    Still, through locked gates

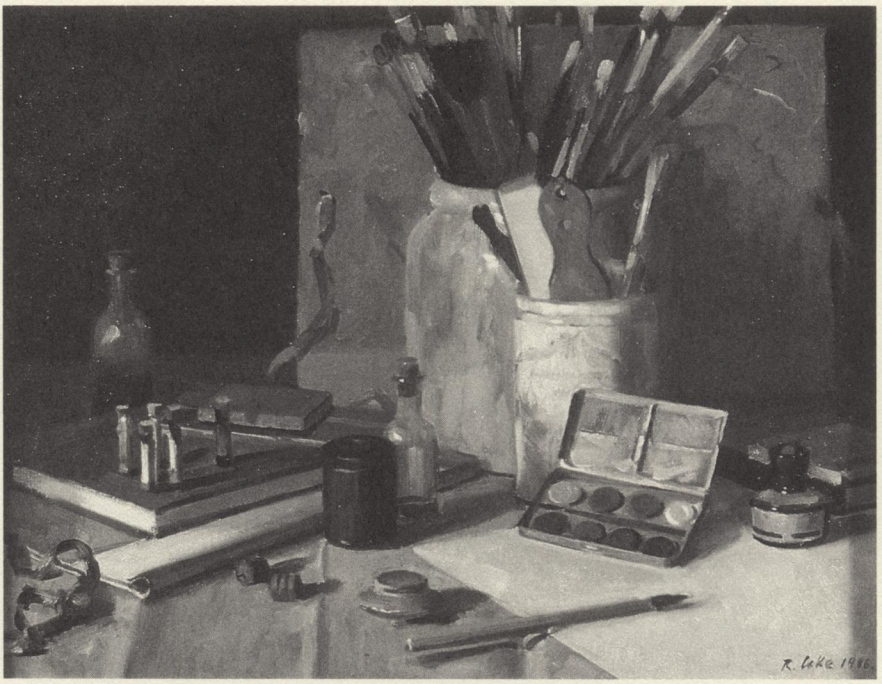
she pets dull fur,
  whispers pet names,
    serves each mouth red milk.

Neighbors console themselves
  in steel and wire dreams. As if a run
    will hold dogged thoughts.

She knows better and moves
  out a straw mat, if not
    for to sleep, then

to lie with obsession,
  comforting some poor dog
    a hundred choices ago.

What name shall we give it
  —this pain, this pain—
    so public and private?


R. Lake 1986

Sand Dollars Gracing a Shore Within Reach

Brian J. Fogg

"HEY, BRIAN!" DAD LEANED into my room. "Be ready to leave in about thirty minutes."

"Fine," I replied, not worried that I hadn't even begun to pack. I rummaged through my drawers and closet and threw what I needed onto my bed.

I was looking forward to this family retreat at Pajaro Dunes: no phone calls, no visitors, no errands—and for Dad, no hospital rounds or church meetings. A week with just family and a sleepy stretch of Pacific coastline. That strip of sand on Monterey Bay not only had sentimental value—vacationing at Pajaro was a family tradition—but it also soothed me, gave me perspective.

As I finished stuffing my backpack with red sweats, old sneakers, and a small flashlight, I thought how different things might have been. I could have been packing to go work on a Third World relief project. While traveling abroad a few years back, I had run into Peace Corps workers building aqueducts in Thailand, studying leech disease in Malawi, teaching village crafts outside of Calcutta. The volunteers were articulate and idealistic; I was impressed.

Ever since high school, I had been prepared for the interview question that no one ever asked: "What one word best describes you?" I had the answer planned: "*Visionary*," I would say, with just enough hesitation for effect. Then I would explain that I was able to see how things should be, how they could be.

I carried my pack out to the van—the "Love Van" my brothers and I called it, deepening and inflecting our voices on the word *love*. We mocked its opulence: the multiple cassette players, the carpeted ceiling, the VCR, and the back seat that folded down into a bed at the

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BRIAN J. FOGG is a graduate of BYU and the founder and a former publisher of Student Review, *the university's unofficial weekly magazine. His parents recently returned from a medical mission in Zimbabwe.* *An earlier version of this essay was published with the winners of the David O. McKay Essay Contest at BYU.*

touch of a button. When my parents bought it, I had laughed and rolled my eyes. They retaliated, threatening to send it back to school with me. Never. I felt as rich and empty as cotton candy every time the shag carpet oozed up between my toes.

It was all that "stuff," like the Love Van and the endless choices at Albertson's, that had led me to the Peace Corps idea. But when investigating, I found obstacles: first, I had no skill to share; I wasn't an engineer, an epidemiologist, or an agronomist. At that time I was simply a pre-med student with a strong interest in Third World medicine. And I knew idealism alone didn't relieve the poor and hungry. Next, the commitment was for two years. That meant delaying graduation, which meant delaying medical school. But I later changed my major, dropped my plans for medical school, and filed the Peace Corps pamphlets away. No, the Peace Corps wasn't for me, but the idea of saving the world was.

When I walked back into the house, Mom asked me to pack our new Christmas games. I found them, Scruples and Trivial Pursuit, behind Dad's chair in the study.

Two years earlier, Dad had sat in this same study chair while I tried to talk him into going on a summer relief project, maybe to Guatemala or Peru. I told him how I wanted to start working in Third World development. His skills as an eye surgeon would be in demand, and I could go along as his assistant. Although Dad was less enthusiastic than I'd hoped, he did say he could arrange to take three weeks off—maybe a month—to go with me. But I had to do the research and make the preparations.

Dad called me the next week at school to say he was sending an article he'd clipped from an ophthalmology magazine. A group called Seva Foundation was doing cataract surgeries in Nepal. The article described how people in remote Himalayan villages had no idea that a routine cataract operation would allow them to see again. A thirty-minute miracle.

I imagined how Dad and I could bring new light to the people of Nepal. I made phone calls and wrote letters. Seva Foundation was interested in Dad's help and would allow me to go along as an assistant. But they wanted at least a two-month commitment.

I phoned Dad. "But Brian," he said, "there is just no way I can drop my responsibilities at work and at church for two months." My face burned. How could he deny those people his skills and their vision? If he couldn't go, then I would—by myself.

"All right, Mom," I said. "The games are packed; the food's in. Anything else?"

"Just make sure all the doors are closed so we can turn on the alarm."

Once in the van, I thought how simple it was to pack now that we no longer had seven kids to get ready. Dad backed out of the driveway and headed for the house of my oldest sister, Linda. She and her family were going with us to Pajaro.

After I abandoned the relief project options, I signed up for a premedical internship in Mexico. But, as far as actually serving the Mexican people and making an impact in the world, my stay there was a disappointment. Because I was untrained, I spent most of my time just watching the doctors and medical students.

My frustration at being unable to help peaked the morning I went to the university hospital to check the day's operation schedule. A team of surgeons were working frantically on a gunshot victim—a husky man of thirty-five. Every organ inside his chest and abdomen was exposed; he looked like one of those take-apart mannequins in anatomy classes. The doctors had been working since 3 A.M. trying to repair the internal injuries. One of the interns whispered to me in Spanish, "We're not sure if he was shot with five or with six bullets. Anyway, he'll probably die. We had another case just like him last week."

Although I was right next to the surgeons, I felt like I was watching a drive-in movie, as if I weren't there at all. The scrub nurses used rags to soak up the blood that pooled in the chest cavity and then wrung red streams into a stainless steel bucket on the floor. Like bailing out a sinking ship. The bouncing green spark on the monitor slowed—then went flat. When no one was watching, I changed back into my street clothes and went home early.

At Linda's house, Mom and the girls started repacking the van while Dad and I went to find Linda. I didn't like this house. Scarred by tenants long since gone, it smelled of wet dogs and stale cigarettes. We walked in without knocking and found Linda on the kitchen floor, huddled against the cabinet below the sink with her left arm resting on the open dishwasher. She tried to wipe away her running mascara when she saw us. "We've had a hard morning," her husband explained. "Brittany's got an infection in her broviac. Her white count's down. May need to put her in the hospital. I don't see how we can go with you guys to Pajaro."

Dad sat down on the floor with Linda. Her new baby, Garrett, played happily in his wind-up swing. Three-year-old Brandon was using the couch for a trampoline. Brittany, a serious five-year-old, worked intently on the carpet with crayolas and a coloring book.

I walked back out to the van and told Mom it looked like we'd be there a while. She and the girls headed into the house; I stayed outside and walked down the curb, balancing myself with arms outstretched to stay out of the gutter. I looked at the sky. There seemed little chance that the fog and chill would lift from the San Joaquin Valley today. Finally, I struggled with what was going on inside.

Our family first worried about broviacs and white counts when Gregory, my youngest brother, was diagnosed with leukemia at age three. We then filled our lives with family vacations and looked to the future with hope, with faith, and with resolve. A General Authority gave Gregory a blessing that reassured us. We would defy the odds and beat leukemia. Yes, with God's help we would win. We had the faith. And I believed.

But after four years Gregory had a relapse. He then moved toward death like a raft toward a waterfall. Our only chance was a risky bone-marrow transplant. We tested family members to find a donor. Linda was a perfect match for Gregory; the eldest child would give new life to the youngest. But after a seemingly endless summer at the UCLA Medical Center, Gregory's body simply couldn't survive the treatment any longer. It just gave out. We returned home without him, shattered, distraught.

For the next two years, we tried to repair the damage. Then, unexpectedly, this rare disease—with no genetic link—struck again. Linda's oldest child, Brittany, was diagnosed with leukemia. "We've had our trial already," I anguished. Yet this time it was even worse: We now had no illusions about chemotherapy—the hair loss, the mood swings, the weight gain, the overwhelming damage the treatment caused to produce such a specific and precarious good. This time around, we would not only witness Brittany's pain, but also relive Gregory's.

To get the right treatment for Brittany, Linda and her husband, Brent, decided to move from Las Vegas to Fresno. Brent had multiple job offers, but the corporate health insurance wouldn't transfer. Because Gregory's bill had reached nearly a half-million dollars, Linda and Brent knew what a major consideration insurance was. Finally, Brent decided to commute between Las Vegas and Fresno for the next nine very long months of treatment. Their young family was torn apart by disease, geography, and insurance agencies that refused to cooperate.

They held onto the hope that after Christmas, with most of Brittany's chemotherapy over, they could move back to Las Vegas and live under the same roof. Visiting Pajaro Dunes just before the move was to be a much-needed respite from doctors' offices and U-Haul outlets.

I opened the front door and looked around Linda's living room. For the last few days, I'd been helping Linda pack. Cardboard boxes filled the room, just as I had left them. I heard my parents' muffled voices in the kitchen. Not knowing what else to do, I taped up a box and started packing again. Slowly, reflectively, I wrapped a porcelain vase in clear cellophane bubbles, as if the whole world depended on that vase arriving in Vegas without breaking. I carried the sealed box out to the garage.

On my way back through the kitchen, I saw Dad still on the floor with his arm around Linda. They weren't saying anything, just sitting. Linda leaned her head against Dad's. He took his glasses off, set them on the floor, and wiped his eyes. The scene was troubling and yet somehow comforting. I'd never seen Dad like that until Gregory got sick, and then he'd often hold Mom. They'd just stand, motionless, while the world walked by.

I sat on Linda's couch and watched Brittany race her crayon back and forth across a page. Finally Linda said, "I'm sorry. I wish I weren't such a boob about all this." She wiped her hand across her eyes and tried to laugh. "It's just that I'm so . . . so disappointed."

We talked for a while and decided that Brandon should give the couch (and his mother) a break and go with us in the van. But Brandon didn't want to go to the beach anymore. "Hey, buddy," I struggled to muster some enthusiasm, "go get your boots so we can find some sand dollars on the beach!" I got him dressed, while his dad packed a suitcase, then raced him out to the van. We drove away with little hope that the rest of Linda's family would be able to join us. They promised to phone us at the beach.

I rode in the back seat with Brandon. My sister Becky listened to her Walkman while miming her high school cheerleading routines. Kim stared out the window. I thought a lot about healing, about relieving suffering, about what was going on at Linda's house. I had become aware only recently of the way my parents reached out and shared heavy burdens. They hadn't built any aqueducts in Thailand, but I was now seeing how effective their simple ways were.

A few weeks before, Mom had selected a needy family for our annual Sub-for-Santa project. And as usual, just a few days before Christmas, the shopping still needed to be done. Mom handed me

some money and a list of names and ages and asked if I would take my sisters to Toys-R-Us. I wasn't very excited about the idea. Over the years, our Sub-for-Santa ritual had seemed to me a token effort at best, one to soothe my parents' consciences. Besides, I had no idea what to buy kids age six, nine, eleven, and sixteen.

But once at the store, Kim and Becky—high school girls who insisted on designer labels—caught the vision. I followed them from aisle to aisle as they discussed why a radio would be better than a chemistry set or wondered if the youngest would rather have toy trucks or teddy bears. We stayed longer than we'd planned.

Back at home, Kim and Becky wrapped the gifts without being asked. After adding food for Christmas dinner and putting it all in a big box, we went to play Santa in secret. Sure, I was happy to help another family have a better Christmas, but I then realized another purpose of the project: I could see the change in my sisters.

Just out of Los Banos, Dad began to nod at the wheel. "You want me to drive?" I volunteered.

But he continued on until the San Luis Reservoir, when Mom finally insisted, "Come on, Gary. Let Brian drive. Climb in the back and take a nap."

I drove up into the hills. As the van crossed over Pacheco Pass, we left the last of the valley fog and found the crisp winter sun. Mom handed me carrot sticks and Triscuits at regular intervals until we reached the coast.

We checked in at Pajaro Dunes and pulled up to our assigned beach house: Shorebirds, Number 21. Mom hesitated as we approached the door. "We were in this unit when we found out that Brittany had leukemia," she said. "I remember how hard it rained that night. We had to pack up and go home after we'd been here only a few hours."

I was at school when they made that trip, but Mom's memories were hard for me to deal with. Perhaps it would be best if the rest of Linda's family didn't come to the beach after all.

After unloading the van, I walked out onto the balcony and leaned against the weathered wood railing. Watching the white crests build, fall, and roll, I tried to absorb the warmth of the late-afternoon sun. The tide was out, the beach wide and deserted. I could remember my first time at Pajaro, about twenty years before. I thought about how things had changed—how *I* had changed again and again; yet the waves and the sand were the same.

Mom interrupted my thoughts. "Linda just called. They're on their way. The doctor thought Brittany would be okay here until the weekend."

After a while, I went looking for Brandon. "Hey, big guy, let's go comb that beach and find some sand dollars like I promised." I helped him with his boots, and we walked down the boardwalk steps to the soft sand. The waves crawled slowly up the beach and slipped back out to sea, a soothing metronome. The surf seemed unusually calm. So quiet, careful. Brandon searched for my hand, remembering the wave that had given him a chilly baptism on the last trip.

We dodged the surf for some time, occasionally finding an unbroken sand dollar. We traced our fingers over the white edges, made smooth by churning waves and sand. Brandon loaded his coat pockets and opened his arms wide to show me how many more sand dollars he wanted to find. I looked out to the immense Pacific. Full of sand dollars, I told Brandon, but no way to find them all. We'd just have to be patient, look along the shore, and wait for another one to turn up.

We started to walk again, Brandon still clutching my hand. Although I wished I had a way to explain things to him, I was happy simply to hold his hand, to have him rely on me until he could understand.

Heartbreak Hill

R. A. Christmas

I go to Brenda's wedding wearing
her ex-husband's cast-off temple garments.

After the kiss, Chuck starts to pull
the veil back down over Brenda's face—
(the audience laughs)—
she gives him a look, and he flips it back up.
"I'm not a professional at this," he cracks.
(We laugh even harder.)

At the reception, which just happens
to be under the brow of the Stake Center,
I sit at the gays' table
listening to Country Rock on the patio
while my second wife nurses my seventh child.

Brenda smears cake all over Chuck's face,
a drunk sings "Desperado,"
and my kids won't dance with each other.
They want my strawberries
injected with Grand Marnier.

Just over the back fence
looms "Heartbreak Hill," where the elders eternally
weed, where once the bishop's son caught
a nest of yellow jackets up his pant leg—
I light a cigarette and glance over my plastic
champagne glass at some avocados I planted,
only last year.

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"Proving" the Book of Mormon: Archaeology Vs. Faith

David S. King

STAN LARSON'S ARTICLE "The Odyssey of Thomas Stuart Ferguson" (DIALOGUE, Spring 1990) showed the world some of the backstage drama accompanying efforts of Book of Mormon enthusiasts to link the book with demonstrable reality. As a warning against the dangers of misguided zeal, Larson's piece reminds us that efforts to "prove" the Book of Mormon have produced not only startling successes but wrenching disappointments.

Ferguson's determination to vindicate the Book of Mormon drove him on innumerable occasions into the remotest reaches of the Mesoamerican jungles to carry on his archaeological research. It is cruelly ironic that although he found abundant archaeological evidence supporting the Book of Mormon, and authored a number of publications to that effect, in his own mind, he had failed. He had started out believing himself destined to find the kind of ultimate proof that the world would be compelled to accept. He envisioned something like a Mesoamerican Rosetta Stone—ancient native inscriptions that could be matched with corresponding Book of Mormon passages. After twenty-five years, time ran out, and his stone remained undiscovered. According to Larson's account, Ferguson was shattered by cruel disappointment. Plagued by failures and by serious questions about the Book of Abraham, his walls of faith came tumbling down, and he recanted.

This loss of faith was all the more remarkable because he had previously committed such prodigious amounts of physical and emotional effort to the success of his venture. Significantly, his previous well-publicized discoveries had given him a taste of success and recognition

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that made it even more difficult to cope with his ultimate failure and rendered his experience all the more humiliating.

Ironically, the spiritual strength to be found within the covers of the Book of Mormon itself could have buttressed his sagging faith at this critical juncture, but apparently his passion for exploring exotic ruins had never led him to serious exploration of the labyrinthine interior passageways of the book itself.

As Larson's article pointed out, however, Ferguson did not give up. The faith-doubt-faith cycle, familiar to many in their youth, ran its course for him in mid-life. Not surprisingly, therefore, he mellowed as he advanced in years and, according to his son Larry, regained his paradise lost by the time he died in 1983. Whether or not this was the case, let it be remembered that during his lifetime he made an undeniable contribution to our understanding of the physical setting of the Book of Mormon. No one can now rob him of this contribution, not even he himself.

My principal concern here is not to assess the scientific validity of Ferguson's conclusions but rather to consider the role of faith in his search for confirmation of the Book of Mormon's assertions. It would not be inappropriate, however, to observe that one of Ferguson's errors, apart from the question of his faith, was in not anticipating how rapidly newly discovered scientific information would accumulate, even within his lifetime. If indeed he was unable to find evidence of such things as wheat, figs, grapes, wheels, horses, and elephants in ancient Mesoamerica, it is undeniable that considerable scientifically respectable evidence of these items is now being discovered, albeit still somewhat equivocal in its probative value (see Sorenson 1985; Warren and Ferguson 1987; Hauck 1988; Wirth 1886). But further supportive scientific evidence is continuing to accumulate, in crescendo.

Stated simply, Ferguson's strategic error was in fixing a time frame at the outset within which all of his miraculous discoveries were to be completed. He assumed that the Lord, without whose help he knew he could never succeed, would agree with him that all of the key discoveries needed to establish the truth of the Book of Mormon should be made by him well within the limits of his own lifetime. He was shocked when the Lord did not comply.

Viewed even from a strictly scientific point of view, his fixing of certain arbitrary time parameters for finishing the job seems both unrealistic and presumptuous. He apparently forgot that scientific exploration must also abide by its own inflexible timetable. Mesoamerican archaeology is still in its infancy, and the preponderance of recoverable archaeological evidence is still awaiting discovery. The exploration and interpretation of multiple Mesoamerican civilizations, piled

atop one another, stretched over hundreds of miles of densely vegetated jungles, is not a work for impatient archaeologists with unrealistic deadlines.

Perhaps a more fundamental error was Ferguson's gradual adoption of the narrow assumption (often voiced by detractors of the Book of Mormon) that the discovery of certain yet-undiscovered artifacts is a *sine qua non* to the establishment of the book's validity. But in doing so, he totally failed to call attention to the overwhelming amount of virtually uncontested historical and archaeological evidence establishing the book's authenticity. By applying the *sine qua non* argument in reverse, one might with equal validity reason that until this mass of favorable evidence is convincingly refuted, one is logically required to accept the book's authenticity.

For example, it is self-evident to all serious readers that the Book of Mormon contains an amazing complexity of diverse compositional systems—theological treatises and innovations, sequential narratives, prophetic utterances, literary styles, and commentaries on historical, economic, sociological, political, and numerous other subjects. The component elements of this awesome literary mixture all miraculously fit together without incongruity or anachronism, in perfect harmony and consistency with one another and with the Bible. The book touches upon theological and philosophical truths whose depths still challenge the most profound thinkers. This undeniable reality, resulting from a literary work created in less than three months by an unschooled man of twenty-three, cannot be swept aside as if it did not exist.

Notwithstanding the glamor accompanying the ongoing effort of scholars to "prove" the authenticity of the Book of Mormon through archaeological, literary, or any other type of exploration, their efforts must ultimately be recognized as only tangential to our obtaining that special inner spiritual light requisite to reaching a certainty of its truth (Moro. 10:4). Our tools of enlightenment are not so much a Rosetta Stone and cryptograph as a love of God and complete submission to his will. Our principal effort should be not so much to seek knowledge *about* the Book of Mormon as to seek knowledge *of* the Book of Mormon.

Does the Lord approve our searching for physical corroboration of the truth of this enigmatic book? The Saints are instructed to teach each other "all things that pertain unto the kingdom of God, that are expedient . . . to understand," including things both "in the earth, and under the earth" (D&C 88:78–79). Joseph Smith apparently showed interest in locating various Book of Mormon geographical sites (Sorenson 1985, 1–3). In modern times, the First Presidency has also supported such pursuits (as with Ferguson), but with caution.

It appears that scientific research is praiseworthy as long as we understand that nothing can replace the need for a testimony born of the Spirit and based upon faith, prayer, and study. External evidence can be fascinating and enlightening, but it cannot alone engender faith. If the Lord had intended our conversion to the Book of Mormon to depend on irrefutable *physical* proof, it would have been easy for him to provide such, sprinkled throughout the pages of the book itself. Unfortunately, matters of faith are not that simple. Conversion requires spiritual exertion and a testing (Ether 12:6). Those who bypass this process by relying uniquely on physical proof will find their faith to be built on sand. In New Testament times, a knowledge of the historical Jesus by his contemporaries, based on their eyewitness experiences alone, was not enough to establish in their minds the reality of his atoning sacrifice. Their heaven-endowed knowledge depended on their acceptance of evidence recognizable only through the eyes of faith and illuminated by the power of the Spirit.

"Him [Jesus] God raised up . . . and shewed him openly; not to all the people, but unto witnesses chosen before of God . . . " (Acts 10:40, 42). This scripture leads us to believe that although the resurrected Lord could have appeared to Pontius Pilate, or to anyone else important enough to authoritatively establish the reality of his resurrection, he did not do so. He appeared instead to a handful of faithful witnesses and commissioned them to carry the message to the world, on wings of faith. Thus it is with the Book of Mormon.

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FICTION

Outsiders

M. J. Young

MY FRIEND JUNIE and I were Utah Mormons. We knew no blacks till we were teenagers. The summer I was sixteen and she eighteen, the Peace Corps hired Dad to train volunteers. It was then that Junie and I were initiated into a larger world.

The PCVs, as we called the trainees, would go to Brazil, provided they got through Dad's program at Alta, Utah. They would have to show basic emotional stability and some mastery of Portuguese—or an aptitude to learn it—before the government would pay their ticket to Rio. For now, the government had paid their room and board at the Wintergreen Hotel, where program directors had covered the walls with pictures of Brazil. In the lobby were posters of Sugar Loaf. At every landing in the stairwell were scenes from Carnival: devils, angels, dancers in sheer yellow gowns; fat Negresses with turbans around their heads and bananas hanging over their faces; floats that looked like orchards. In the cafeteria was a huge image of the *Cristo*—Jesus beckoning, arms outstretched against the sea, unrecovered from crucifixion. "Come on in," he seemed to say. "To my arms. To Brazil." The picture took up half the wall.

I worked around the *Cristo*; Dad had got me a job bussing dishes. The work fit me because I was fat. Junie, my glamorous friend Junie, got the artsy job. She drew pictures for the language classes.

We had a hotel room to ourselves, between two newlywed couples, one white, one black. Above us was the lounge. We could feel the drumbeats of In-na-god-da-da-vida and Fresh Garbage when some

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PCV put a quarter in the jukebox. There was someone who played "Heard It Through the Grapevine" every night, sometimes two or three times. Someone else loved "The Age of Aquarius."

My tastes were not so sophisticated. On the lamp table, I had a picture of Bobby Sherman, the deliciously blue-eyed star of "Here Come the Brides," sassy singer of "Hey Little Woman, Please Make Up Your Mind." I would put Bobby face down when I undressed for bed. Other times, when Junie was using the bathroom or wandering outside, I would kiss Bobby's shiny, back-cover lips. Sometimes, when the PCVs were attending culture classes, I would give the jukebox a quarter for Bobby's song:

> Hey, little woman,
> Please make up your mind,
> You've got to
> Come into my world
> And leave your world behind.

I imagined swaying hips.

I had never been kissed. Junie had been kissed many times. She said she couldn't possibly count how many, though I begged her to try; and she tried, remembering details of smell and taste and setting. She said the boy who escorted her to the Junior Prom had tried to unbutton her blouse. "He wanted inside," she said.

"Inside?"

"My pants."

I made voodoo lips. "I might like kissing," I said. "But sex sounds icky."

"I wouldn't know," shrugged Junie.

But she seemed to know a man's body all right. She drew a dozen naked men before she liked one enough to write in the Portuguese names for the body parts. She sat on the bed, surrounded by her nudes, labeling everything in a language neither of us understood. *Cabello*. *Brazo*. Her hair was golden and hip-length. It touched the bed. It touched the naked bodies of her men.

Later, she drew naked women, one for each of her male failures, and matched them up, the best with the best, the worst with the worst. She put my face on one of the women and paired me with a guy whose biceps had turned out square.

"Is that how you picture me?" I said. "With Mr. Robot-arms?"

"It's not you," she insisted, but the likeness was too strong.

"Are you going to save these things or what?" I asked, averting my eyes from their privates.

"Sure. Could be worth money someday. I'm going to autograph them," she said. "Everyone who's kicked out of the Corps will get a pair. Consolation prize, you know? My best work I'm giving to those guys there." She pointed to the wall. On the other side was the black couple.

At night, sometimes, we would listen to them. We put a glass to the wall and took turns pressing our ears against it. We heard them laughing.

Laughing. Silence. Laughing.

Once I said "Icky!" loud enough that Junie clapped her hand over my mouth and whispered, "Shut up!"

The black man had put a sign on their door, which is the only Portuguese phrase I've retained: "*Terra de nunca nunca.*" Never Never Land.

The PCVs were mostly recent graduates of mostly radical universities. They drank beer. They had vats of pungent wine at the Saturday night dances. When Nixon shook Neil Armstrong's hand on the lounge television, the PCVs hissed.

My favorite was David Marx, a gentle, bearded intellectual with wire-rimmed glasses. I heard him tell my father one day that this business of not letting blacks into our Mormon temples was "rather shitty." "You let them join," David said, "but not go to your shrines. It's sort of like not consummating a marriage, isn't it?"

Dad made some response, and David went on, talking about the alleged curse of Cain. He spoke softly; Dad spoke softly. There was love and resistance in their arguing.

Did I mention that I worshipped my father? I did. He was my revered commander, my gentle, omniscient patriarch. When he prayed, he talked to God. Sometimes I felt as if the ceiling would open and angels descend to grant his desires. He prayed for the poor and prayed that his children would grow to empathize with them, to love all nations of the world, to never lose themselves in wealth or lust. He prayed for our prophet, for our missionaries, for the leaders of the nations. He prayed that the Soviet Union would open its doors and let the gospel in. He prayed for the PCVs.

Junie worshipped David Marx. On Saturdays, or after Portuguese lessons and dinner, he took her up into the hills that in winter would be ski slopes but in summer were covered with sego lilies and bluebells and sunflowers. He showed her a waterfall. He kissed her, she told me, the way no one ever had. She did a chalk picture of the waterfall, made it look lacy, surrounded it with dots of pastel that were wildflowers, arched two barely visible rainbows over it. On the grass beside the fall, blurred by its mists, lay a man and a woman, their skin gleaming like chocolate.

"For them?" I asked Junie. I pointed to the wall that divided us from *Terra de Nunca Nunca*.

She shrugged.

The black woman's name was Giselle. Her husband was Adam. Sometimes Giselle talked to me. When I picked up her dishes, she said, "How's my Moh-mon gal?" or "When you joinin' up to the Corps?" She told me once, when we were both in the hall and her husband was using the men's room, about her sunburn.

"Too much time in the pool," she said, pulling her tank top so I could see the rosy-gold line on her shoulder. "Had to sleep unclothed," she said. Her lips were full and burnished. They curved around "unclothed" as though it were a note of music. Her head wagged to some rhythm I could not hear, and I saw that she was testing my innocence. From the lounge, faintly, came croons of betrayal from Marvin Gaye. ("Doncha know, I heard it through the grapevine. Honey, honey, yeeah.")

"I didn't know you could burn," I said to Giselle.

"Honey," said Giselle—at the same instant Marvin Gaye said it—"Honey, ooh, you Moh-mons, you don't know shit 'bout us. Do ya?" She winked playfully, and her hips began to move. Adam came out of the men's room, still zipping up. He left his hand near his crotch as his wife moved to him, slowly, full of music, full of desire.

She laughed the laugh I knew. She said, "My old man didn't mind me naked. Not much. Didja, old man?" Giselle winked at me again. "*Ciao*, Moh-mon," she said. "You sweet li'l thing, you." They moved away from me down the hall, their motion slow, luxurious, painful. They had Afros I wanted to touch.

Junie stayed out late with David, later every night. I listened to Giselle and Adam and kissed Bobby Sherman's slick mouth.

Then, halfway through training, Ernie Kann was hired as a dishwasher, and I fell in love.

Ernie was Mormon too, working to finance his upcoming mission. He owned a red convertible, which he hoped he wouldn't have to sell for his mission but was afraid he might. He had eyes as blue as Bobby Sherman's. And at a Saturday night dance in the lounge, Ernie Kann asked me to "boogie."

I looked at Junie, who was holding David's hand near the wine vat. Junie was mad at me because I hated what she was wearing: a curtain, draped over her right shoulder. I had told her the truth about how she looked—that she was pretending to be Venus. Junie waved, to let me know she had seen me with this boy, but she was mad.

After two dances, Ernie asked if I wanted to jump on the trampoline outside. "It's like flying to heaven," he said and took my hand before I could answer.

The trampoline was barely visible. Its coils glistened in the moonlight.

"Let me jump a minute first," Ernie said. "After all that dancing and stuff, I need to settle down. This settles me down. Maybe it's just the exercise that does it."

His shirt was white, ghostly. He sprang up, arms overhead. "Can you see me?" he said.

"Yes!" I shouted.

"I'm reaching!"

"I see you!"

"God!" he screamed. "GOD!" And again, "GOD!" Leaping up, flying, a rocket—a glorious impotent rocket, launching again and again and again. He was laughing, screaming, dancing in space, then slowing his jumps to little springs. He fell to his stomach and bounced there until he was still. "You probably can't do that," he said. "I mean fall on your—you know—your bosom. At least maybe you shouldn't. You don't want to damage them, right?" Laughing again, he reached out to me. "Come up," he said.

We started small, bouncing. Ernie's hands came around my waist. "Bigger," he said, and I did. I jumped, leapt, soared, higher, higher. We were in sync, Ernie and I, flying together beyond the earth, beyond the support of black canvas. We were dancing to the rhythm of space, the drumbeat of gravity. We were making love to the whole sky. "Hold me," he shouted, and I did that too, then heard him just above my ear, and cried out with him:

"GOD!

GOD!

GOD!"

The air was cold, the stars a cyclone of glitter. I could almost imagine an answer.

Junie, when she came into our room, was wearing the curtain over her left shoulder. It was near midnight.

"So," she said, sitting on my bed. "Can Ernie Kann?"

"Shut up," I answered.

I felt her hand on my forehead, smoothing my virginal nerves. "Don't hate me," she cooed. "Please."

Ernie kissed me a week later. "You don't know how to do this stuff, do you," he said afterwards.

"Not really," I said.

"I'll bet your roommate does."

"Junie? Yeah, Junie knows about kissing."

"How many boys has she kissed?"

"Maybe a million."

He wasn't surprised. He had never seen a girl as good-looking as Junie, he told me, and kissed me again, licking my lips open, pronouncing me "not bad."

I hated him then and never got over it. I knew what he was doing. He wanted me because I was as close as he could come to her. He kissed me with his eyes closed. Both of us pretended I was Junie.

We rarely mentioned her, though once he asked if she was "nice."

"Nice enough," I said.

"Will you tell me something," he said, "and not get mad at me for asking?"

"Depends."

"Does she wear falsies?"

I laughed my child's laugh and said Junie didn't need padding there.

"No padding?"

"She's big enough."

"How big?"

"I've never measured," I said, hating him more for this new, this misguided intimacy.

I remember the conversation so well because that night turned out to be traumatic: Junie never came home. She was in the cafeteria the next morning, avoiding my eyes. I told her I wasn't a virgin anymore. I lied this way to make her think it was her fault. She didn't believe me. She said if I ever talked that way again, she would tell my dad.

"All right," I said. "I'm a virgin."

"No kidding?"

"No kidding," I said. "Are you?"

"Oh, shut up."

"Junie?"

"What?"

"I want you to not do it anymore."

"Just shut up."

"Please."

She started to cry. I cried too.

Dinner the next night was greasy beef stroganoff over greasier noodles. Carrots for the vegetable. Chocolate cake for dessert.

Dad was talking to Giselle and Adam. Junie and David were at the same table, so I joined them. They were all laughing. David was telling a joke about a Jewish nurse, a joke I didn't understand.

"I was raised Baptist," said Adam. "A P.K. Preacher's Kid, you know? So every morning, Daddy sang God's praises in the shower."

"Hallelujah," said Giselle, and then again, making it bluesy. "Hallelooo-jeh." She moved her fingers beside her face. I could imagine them tinkling. "Praise the Lo'd and shake yo' body," she said, fingers moving, rings shimmering.

Adam laughed. "My old man. Loved God. Loved people. Loved dogs 'n cats."

"Rats and mice," put in Giselle. "Cockroaches 'n ants." She was finishing her song. "Dat preacher man," she said, "Lived in a gahbage can. Coon't bear to kill the bugs." She clapped once.

"One time," said Adam, "one time an old junkie took my Daddy's wallet, and my Daddy chased him two blocks, caught him, took him home to supper, and three months later, what do you think, that old junkie's decided to preach the word himself. Far as I know, he is singing God's hymns now."

"That's beautiful," said Dad.

"Another time, this skinny ole' granma, she knocks on our door, says if she could just have a sip of broth she'll live till tomorrow. Daddy gave her soup and bread and two strips of bacon and you know, that granny is living at my house to this day and raising Cain."

"Could be why you left, y'ole buzzard, huh?" said Giselle.

"Could be. Plus that I want to make a difference. Go places I'm needed, right? Wanted."

"So you come to Salt Lake Utah," laughed Giselle. Everybody at the table joined her laughing.

"Here first," said Adam. "Here first."

Giselle turned to my Dad. "We went," she said, "to Temple Square the other day? You shoulda seen the looks we got. I could almost hear the Mormon people locking doors on us. Click. Click. I had to laugh then too. I had to say, 'Hey, y'all, we jus' visitin'! We not goin' try nothin'! Hey, we let you be! You jes' stay right there in yo' temple, now." She laughed again.

Adam didn't laugh with her this time. Adam watched my father. "Must be hard on you," he said. "Cause I know—I *know*— you can't think it's right to keep up walls like that. You can't feel good about a church that locks its doors to someone."

Dad explained that we let blacks join the Church; it was just the priesthood they couldn't have, just the temple they couldn't enter.

"But you can't support that policy," said Adam.

Dad sat up very straight. His eyes were full of compassion, but deadly serious too. You didn't question my father's faith. "I support that policy," he said.

Adam chewed his lip, nodding slowly. Giselle watched him, watched Dad, watched me.

"Why," said Adam, "why do you hate my people?"

"Now listen," said Dad, but Adam slapped the table.

"Who do you think God is?" he demanded, his voice getting full. All the PCVs were watching now. "Who you think he is, some maitre'd of some club?"

"If it were my church—"

"It is your church."

"No, Adam. Not for me it's not. It's God's church for me. God has, for some unseen reason, ordained this trial of faith. Don't you understand how it is for us? For me? I promise you, it is a trial of my faith to be restrained from giving the priesthood to your people."

"Trial of your faith?" Adam mimicked. "Your faith? Hell, man, you're *in*."

"I'm not in charge."

"Come on, Doc."

"When I was a missionary in Brazil," Dad said, "I had three black converts, and Adam, I loved them. Loved them like my kids. Do you know how that felt to tell them—"

"How it felt! You're asking me if I know how it felt? Let me ask you, Mister Sir, what do you know about how it feels?" He stood. "You never been a slave," he whispered, then shouted it for the whole cafeteria to hear, "YOU NEVER BEEN A SLAVE!" He picked up his chocolate cake with both hands and held it ready to throw at my dad. Giselle yelled, "Hey!" and then, quietly, "Lover, calm down." Adam squished the cake in his fists. It came out between his fingers as though it were his pigment. He shook off what was left, then raised both his arms until they were positioned like Christ's, whose hugh image was a shadow behind him. He howled, "FEEL!" and ran for the stairs, Giselle after him. When she caught him, he screamed like he was dying, and she hugged him hard, saying, "Lover, lover, lover, lover."

David pulled Junie close, held her with both arms, just as Giselle was holding Adam.

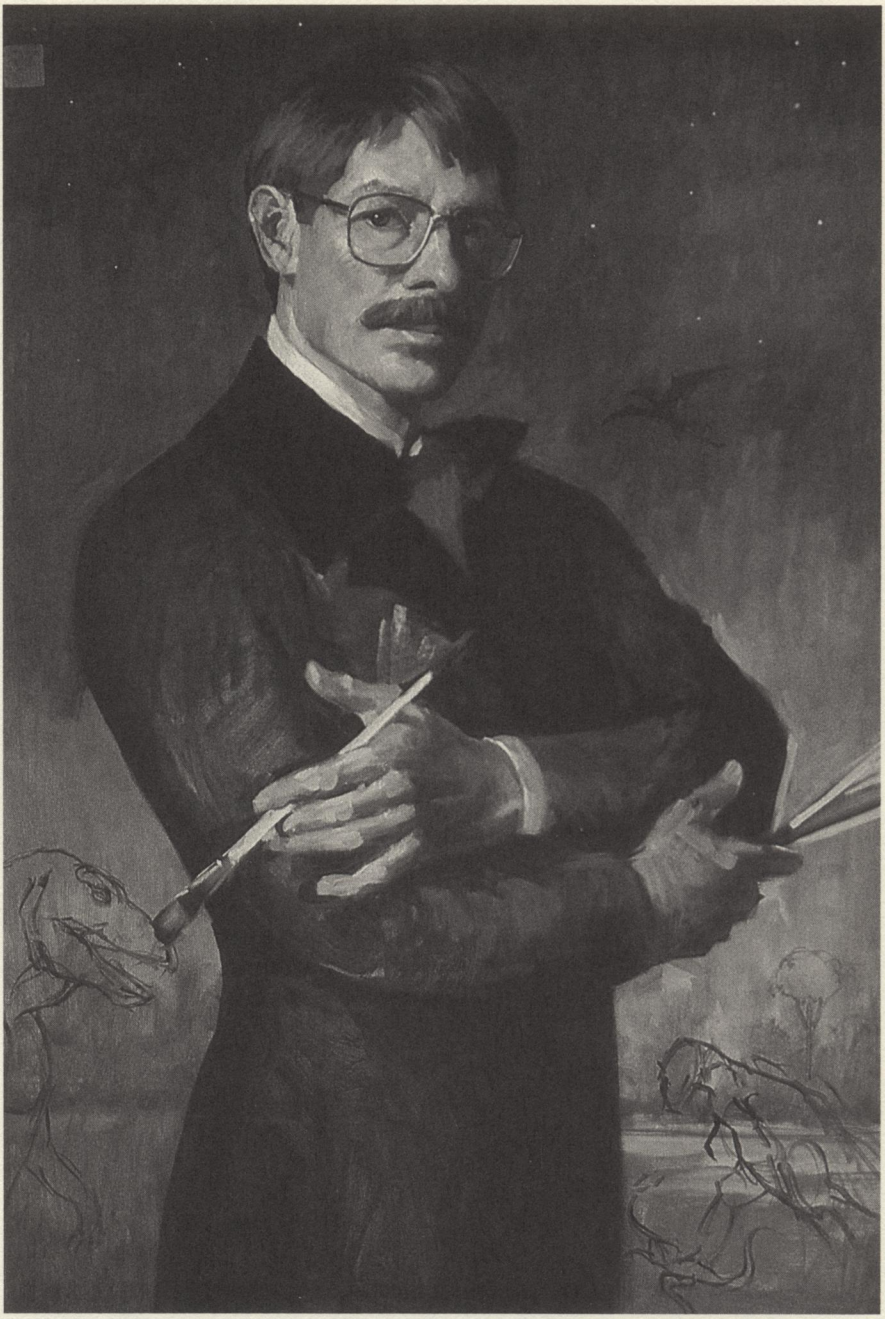
"Lover, lover," Giselle was saying. It looked like she was suckling him.

Dad handed me his dishes, then Adam's and Giselle's. The chocolate cake was glopped on the floor.

"Someone ought to get that up," Dad said softly. "Before a person slips on it." His eyes moved back to the stairs. I thought he might cry.

I wiped the cake with a napkin. When I looked up, Ernie was watching me from the kitchen. He kissed the air as though there were no distance between us and moved his head to sign a rendezvous at the trampoline. I looked away. I did not want to jump for God that night. Not with him, not with him.

Adam and Giselle were going to their room. I knew that when I finished bussing, I could hear them love. They would find that private rhythm, the music only they could hear, that was part anger, part betrayal, part love, part need. Adam would go inside her, groaning, and she would kiss him, touch him, accept him, call him precious names. They would do mysterious, invisible things.



REVIEWS

A Reasonable Approach to History and Faith

History and Faith: Reflections of a Mormon Historian by Richard D. Poll (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1989), 134 pp., $9.95.

Reviewed by F. Ross Peterson, professor of history at Utah State University and co-editor of DIALOGUE.

RICHARD POLL'S CONTRIBUTION to the study of Mormon history is significant. As a scholar and teacher, he has influenced many for decades. In this collection of ten essays, he reflects on his personal experience as a historian and the way that training has helped him interpret contemporary events.

Many readers find in Poll's work a reasonable, flexible approach to both history and faith. Poll gained intellectual immortality with the seminal essay on religious tolerance, "What the Church Means to People Like Me," first published by DIALOGUE in 1967. That essay, reprinted at least five times and still used as a touchstone of the Mormon experience, is reprinted in this volume as a foundation for what follows. Seven of the volume's essays appear in print in their entirety here for the first time.

Each offers readers opportunities to pause and reflect upon themselves and the way they view history. Poll's central binding thread is that Mormon history needs to be open and available. Indeed, he argues that religious faith and conviction are personal; consequently Mormons should not fear proper, well-written, documented history.

In essays entitled "Our Changing Church," "Confronting the Skeletons," and "The Challenge of Living with Change," Poll reminds us that a dynamic, evolving organization cannot remain static nor does it achieve perfection. There is little room in either our religion or its history for fixed interpretations. These essays use concrete personal examples to document Poll's view of history's changing roles. He recalls a lengthy discussion with Joseph Fielding Smith concerning the relationship of faith to the historical and scientific method and concludes that neither gave ground. At another point, he discusses how he became a myth in Denmark. When Poll was recalled from his mission in Germany on the eve of World War II, he stopped in Denmark and spoke in a Danish branch. Because he spoke in Danish, some members concluded he had spoken in tongues. A legend was born. Poll's point is that people base their faith on a variety of experiences, even some that never happened.

This small volume merits close examination. Richard Poll knows the test of faith in history, and his journey can serve as a guidepost for many. However, the path is not straight, and there is always need for a Liahona as well as an Iron Rod.

Just Dead

Baptism for the Dead by Robert Irvine (New York: Pocket Books, 1990), 239 pp., $3.95. [The first of a projected series of detective novels featuring Moroni Traveler.]

Reviewed by Mark Edward Koltko, a psychotherapist and writer who lives in Newark, New Jersey.

LET'S ROLL BACK the clock a hundred years to a time when Catholics or Jews were more

exotic to the American reading public than they are now. If I were an aspiring novelist, I could gain an immediate audience by bringing my readers a behind-the-scenes look at life in these cultures. Of course, to keep the prejudices of my nineteenth-century WASP audience in mind, I would have to make my Jews into scheming Shylocks, with rabbis muttering into their beards about how "We are the Chosen People, and if we have to make ends meet by teasing some extra *gelt* from the *goyim*, then so be it. Blessed art thou, Creator of the Universe, who has made the gentile so stupid." My Catholics would be involved in an international Papist conspiracy, with slick, sinister Jesuits laying plans to assassinate Lincoln. My simple-minded nuns would fall to their knees in prayer whenever a Protestant walked by, making the sign of the cross and saying three Hail Mary's that the misguided sinner would accept baptism into the true church, or else die a sudden and painful death.

Actually, there is a sizable body of nineteenth-century literature like this about various minority cultural groups, Mormons among them. In his novel *Baptism for the Dead*, Robert Irvine attempts to follow where many have tread before. But prejudice is easier to tolerate when it belongs to people who are a century dead. Living prejudice is much less forgivable.

Baptism's plot offers murders, polygamous cults in the desert and the city, and long-hidden documents with scandalous implications for Church history. There are the elements of what could have been a good story here, although it is thinly drawn. But the book fails in its characterization of the Mormons, quasi-Mormons, and apostates who are the center of the story.

Irvine has kept his newsclippings in order, and he does provide "a wealth of local color," as one of the book's blurbs proclaims. He generally gets his Book of Mormon quotes correct. Readers meet fictionalized counterparts of Rulon Allred and Mark Hoffman. However, a good novel requires something more than a few "colorful" details. Good fiction requires that the characters be *real*, even if they are very different from a reader's everyday experience; on those grounds, the author has failed miserably.

In Irvine's Mormondom, not only are faithful Saints narrow-minded proselyting machines, they will beat you up to prove it. Early in the book, the protagonist, a non-Mormon private detective, oddly named Moroni Traveler, meets an old high-school friend who is now a high-level Church Public Relations functionary, Willis Tanner:

> Willis Tanner never seemed to change. . . . His face still screwed itself into a lopsided squint whenever he was under pressure. At the moment, it was completely askew.
>
> "Jesus," Traveler said, "I know that look of yours."
>
> Tanner condemned the blasphemy with a grimace.
>
> "You know me, Willis. A sinner in the land of Zion."
>
> Tanner shook his head sadly and made an obvious effort to relax his face. Then he brushed snow from the shoulders of his overcoat and turned his back as though expecting Traveler to help him out of the garment.
>
> "I'm not one of your wives, Willis."
>
> That brought Tanner whirling around, fists clenched. He was a high official of the church, sworn to defend it against the slander of polygamy.
>
> Traveler raised his hands in mock surrender. "You wouldn't hit a defenseless gentile, would you?" . . .
>
> Tanner was shifting his weight to attack when he slipped on the snow-slick tile underfoot. . . . He had to grab hold of the detective to keep from falling. The office was so small they ended up lurching into a wall.
>
> "I took you once before," Tanner said to cover his embarrassment. "I could do it again." (pp. 22-23)

Get real! People like this are not remotely typical of Latter-day Saints (or "LDSers," as the author calls them). Yet Willis is no isolated crackpot; *every*

Mormon in this book either acts like Dudley Doright in tight underwear or secretly rejects the Church.

Some would defend this portrayal of Mormons on the grounds of artistic license. If I wrote a novel portraying the typical Afro-American as an oversexed, dim-witted yet cunning drug dealer, I suppose I could try to hide behind the label of "author." But I would earn another label as well: "bigot." Simply put, *Baptism for the Dead* is little more than bigotry masquerading as entertainment. Admittedly, it is the fashionable bigotry of our times, the unconscious bigotry of those who simply cannot believe that anyone who believes in modern prophets can really have it all together upstairs—but it is bigotry all the same. Irvine has kept the prejudices of his audience firmly in mind. His contempt for his subject matter seems to be reflected in a comment by Moroni Traveler's father: "Who can figure Mormons? Or real people either for that matter" (p. 196).

I find it irritating that people will take this book as an accurate, if fictionalized, account of Mormons and Mormonism. The blurbs proclaim that "Irvine . . . knows his subject matter"; the author note indicates that "like the hero of *Baptism for the Dead*, Robert Irvine was born in Salt Lake City, Utah." I suppose that this is an argument for "authority by proximity." As it happens, for several years I have lived in a city which is well over half black, but I would not presume to write a novel involving black characters without trying to penetrate the stereotypes.

Usually, I make it a point to review books I can recommend. Life is too short to spend on bad books. (My favorite button, from the Gotham Book Mart in New York City: "So many books, so little time.") Unfortunately, being published by Pocket Books, there are probably more copies of this novel around than there are LDS missionaries in the world. There comes a point, when bad literature is so widespread, that one feels obliged to take up the cudgels and try to beat it back a little.

Irvine is certainly capable of good work. His descriptions of the inner tensions of Moroni Traveler are much more sophisticated than his cardboard descriptions of his Mormon characters (although that wouldn't be difficult). The author note indicates that he is working on his next Traveler mystery. But unless he is going to do a better job than the straw Saints he depicts here, I suggest that he give Moroni Traveler his walking papers.

BRIEF NOTICES

Unveiling Biblical Prophecy: A Summary of Biblical Prophecies Concerning Christ, the Apostasy, and Christ's Latter-day Church by Lenet Hadley Read (San Francisco: Latter-day Light Publications, 1990), 183 pp.

"TYPES," OR EVENTS and prophecies in the Old Testament that foreshadow the mission of Christ, the apostasy, and the restoration, was a system popular among Puritan theologians but which captured the imagination of contemporary Latter-day Saints largely as a result of its use by Bruce R. McConkie in his *Messiah* series. In this slim volume, designed as a companion to the study of the Bible, Lenet Hadley Read moves chronologically and systematically through the Old Testament, documenting "types and shadows" in that volume of scripture that foreshadow the future.

For example, Jacob's second name, Israel, has two meanings: "Prince of God" and "Man who is God," suggesting that "there ought to be strong witnesses of Christ in Jacob's life." Just one such witness from his life is his removing the covering of the well when Rachel, his future wife, brings her flock to water. Read explains: "While this appears to be a simple act, it was actually pro-

phetic. . . . Remember a bride is often a symbol for Christ's convenanted people. . . . Centuries later, Christ appeared at a well called Jacob's well. In response to a woman's question as to whether he was greater than Jacob, the Savior taught, '. . . whosoever drinketh of the water *that I shall give him* shall never thirst; . . . the water *that I shall give him* shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.' . . . Christ's presence and words at Jacob's well implies his fulfillment of a greater watering of bride and sheep than Jacob could ever have performed" (pp. 30–31; author's emphasis).

Information on prices and copies are available from Latter-day Light Publications, 1215 Greenwich, #4A, San Francisco, CA 94109.

A Time to Kill: Reflections on War edited by Denny Roy, Grant P. Skabelund, and Ray C. Hillam (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1990), xii + 288 pp., paper, $12.95.

A TIME TO KILL REPRESENTS Signature Books' first venture into oral history; and what they offer here is significant. The book has three stated purposes: to "[1] preserve the experiences of men who participated in events that have shaped the world. . . . [2] describe war . . . through the eyes of actual participants. . . . the terror, brutality, confusion, heroism, adventure, strength of character and sorrow . . . and [3] describe the religious faith of combatants under extreme stress—the majority of whom . . . are life long members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints" (p. xiii).

Using excerpts of interviews with sixty veterans of five conflicts—World Wars I and II, Korea, the Cuban Missile Crisis, and Vietnam—the editors portray war as it has impacted real people—fathers, brothers, friends, and neighbors. Most excerpts are brief, two to six paragraphs each, and cover seven topics: going to war, fighting on the ground and in the air, killing and being killed, living on foreign soil, being a captive, and being a leader. A few particularly powerful accounts run for several pages. Ray Matheny's experience as a flight engineer shot down over Germany and sent to a prisoner of war camp in Austria was singularly moving, as was Howard Christy's description of a fight with the Viet Cong and its impact on Vietnamese civilians.

Many of those interviewed appear in more than one of the seven sections, and the editors have provided a brief biographical footnote the first time each veteran appears. Forty-one photographs enhance the book's value as a testament to those who fought and a documentary of our times.

ABOUT THE ARTIST

Randall Lake is a painter of twentieth-century subject and nineteenth-century technique. He writes: "My paintings are painted from life. I dislike working from photographs because the photographic image is so static and unchanging that one ends up copying the material rather than interpreting. There is nothing like painting on location for that chemistry bred of urgency, of wanting to get it right, of struggling to capture the momentary, and of having to discern what is essential and what is not."

Born in Long Beach and raised in Southern California, Lake graduated from the University of Colorado. He spent the next four years studying art in Paris, France, at the Ecole Nationale Supérieure des Beaux Arts and at Atelier 17. Returning to Utah, where he lives today, he studied with Alvin Gittins, received his masters in painting and "that wonderful old training that's so hard to come by."

"A recent review referred to my work as 'purebred conservatism,' " Lake says, "probably because I do not try to transform reality but rather represent life with a fidelity that makes most moderns uncomfortable. I may not always continue to paint so realistically, but I believe that artistic freedom begins with a mastery of the fundamentals and a thorough knowledge of traditional painting."

Randall travels extensively every year, trying to capture on canvas the essence of life. Every year is a pilgrimage to the continent, California, central Utah and a studio full of props and figures, and at least one new adventure. "Part of being educated is using the wealth of knowledge that has gone on before you." This Randall has done by applying his craft to the world he sees. If art is a way of life, then Randall's actual handling of paint goes to demonstrate his view.

ART CREDITS

Front Cover: "Rococo Punk," oil on canvas, 50" X 42", 1986
Back Cover: "Sixteen," oil on canvas, 30" X 24", 1984
p. 12: "The Studio Table," oil on canvas, 36" X 30", 1984
p. 34: "The Student," oil on canvas, 72" X 32", 1985
p. 54: "Homage to George Brandriff," oil on canvas, 24" X 30", 1985
p. 56: "The Duck Hunter," oil on canvas, 54" X 40", 1984
p. 100: "The Hat Box," oil on canvas, 18" X 24", 1987
p. 113: "Russian Lunch," oil on canvas, 40" X 54", 1986
p. 134: "Painter's Tools," oil on canvas, 14" X 18", 1987
p. 141: "Red Sneakers," oil on canvas, 21" X 16", 1986
p. 155: "Onions," oil on canvas, 12" X 16", 1985
p. 156: "Self-Portrait," oil on canvas, 38" X 26", 1987