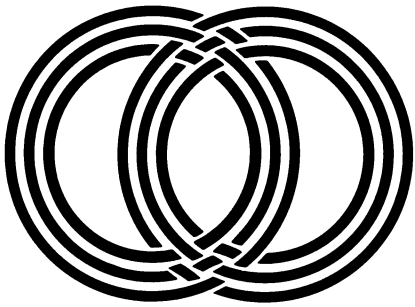
DIALOGUE

A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT



DIALOGUE

A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT

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

DIALOGUE: A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT, Vol. 25, No. 1, March 1992

CONTENTS

REVIEWS

DIALOGUE: A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT is published quarterly by the Dialogue Foundation, University Station—UMC 7805, Logan, Utah 84322-7805, 801-750-1154. DIALOGUE has no official connection with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Third class postage paid at Salt Lake City, Utah. ISSN 002-2157.

Subscription rate is $25 per year; students and senior citizens $18 per year; single copies $7. A catalogue of back issues is available upon request. DIALOGUE is also available on microforms through University Microfilms International, 300 N. Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, Michigan 48106-1346, and 18 Bedford Row, London, WC1R 4EJ, England.

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

Irreplaceable to Spiritual Life

No issue of DIALOGUE is unrewarding or unnourishing, but the fall issue surpassed even your usual high standard. I am constantly hungry to understand how other people experience their religious and spiritual lives, both personally, historically, and in community—not only the facts of what happened but what it meant.

I was refreshed and renewed by the candor of Kevin Jones's faithful struggle with his physical affliction, the tenderness and reverence of Levi Peterson's tribute to his mother, the clarity and charity of Carmon Hardy's reconstruction of the great burden the Church membership took upon itself at the cessation of plural marriage, the steady affirmations of Lowell Bennion, and the lavishly loving story of Phyllis Barber.

DIALOGUE is an irreplaceable component in the spiritual life of the Mormon community.

Lavina Fielding Anderson
Salt Lake City, Utah

Shades of the Medieval Church

It has taken me over a month to simmer down enough to write a reasonably calm letter. Its purpose is to protest the Church's August 23rd condemnation of a paper read at the latest Sunstone Symposium and of intellectuals in general. My husband and I have been married fifty-one years; one of the years before our marriage, Elder Henry D. Moyle spoke at the Washington, D.C. branch we were attending. I remember only one sentence: "When the General Authorities have spoken, your thinking has been done." Shades of the medieval church!

Our daughter Meg, whom we lost to cancer over five years ago, was a contributor to DIALOGUE and a participant in the Sunstone Symposia for several years. She was also a faithful Church member, as was her husband, Russell. They decided jointly to accept Russell's call to be bishop of the Kensington Ward during the years she was fighting her cancer war. During that time, she served as Relief Society president and taught an adult class.

I myself have been inactive since the International Women's Year (IWY) conference in 1977. It was the most overwhelming encounter with collective hate I have ever experienced.

My protest is on behalf of Meg and myself. My mother, Leah Ivins Cardon, would be right in there with us.

I just want you to know I am on your side.

Lucybeth Rampton
Salt Lake City, Utah

Published Statement

I have neither heard nor read the speeches given at the August Sunstone Symposium in Salt Lake City. But I must comment on the statement by Church leaders about such symposia, published in the 24 August 1991 *Deseret News*. It seems that some speakers at the symposium offended Church leaders, who then became displeased with those responsible for the offensive remarks.

The issue here is censorship by intimidation.

Much of Mormonism (history, doctrine, and practice) is off limits for open, honest, and meaningful discussion in a Church setting. Because of this, publica-

tions such as DIALOGUE and *Sunstone* and forums such as the Sunstone Symposia have a special appeal to Church members who wish to explore all interesting aspects of their faith.

I had been led to believe that Church leaders tolerated these journals and symposia for the following reasons:

1. They served somewhat as a safety valve for members whose religious needs were not being met in the usual Church setting.
2. They were published/sponsored by Latter-day Saints.
3. Most of the articles and presentations were by Church members.
4. Very few, if any, participants leave the Church.

Evidently I have been wrong. I am now distressed to discover that Church leaders exert considerable pressure on some members who participate in these publications and symposia.

I feel that any public (not Church-sponsored) presentation about Mormonism should be in good taste and should respect the feelings of Church leaders and members. I believe strongly in freedom of speech and freedom of the press. I openly deplore censorship, including censorship by intimidation. With very few exceptions, Mormonism should be open to honest and meaningful discussion.

Reed S. Roberts
Logan, Utah

Adult Points of View

It was a very pleasant surprise to discover and read a couple of issues of DIALOGUE (Summer and Fall 1989)—pleasant, because of the quality of the articles, allying scholarship and broad human qualities, and a surprise, because as a recent convert, I'm more used to the prose of the Dutch version of the *Ensign* than to the very adult points of view developed by the various authors in your journal.

I very much appreciate the open-minded approach to subjects I find in DIALOGUE and long to read more of this kind of literature.

Willy Debandt
Antwerp, Belgium

More on Prayer Language

A misunderstanding about language prevails in the Church. It appeared again in Richard C. Russell's letter to DIALOGUE (Summer 1991) and Lavina Fielding Anderson's article "The Grammar of Inequity" (Winter 1990). Church members and leaders sometimes say that we should use "thou," "thee," "thy," and "thine" in our prayers because they are more formal, and therefore more respectful, than "you" and its cases. They are mistaken. "Thou" is the *familiar* second person pronoun; "you," the formal.

> Beginning in Middle English, *you*, originally a plural form, came to be used as a mark of polite address to a single person. More and more, the use of *thou* was limited to addressing a person with whom the speaker was familiar or intimate: children, social inferiors, God. . . . Eventually, *you* became the normal singular form, and *thou* was retained only in a few dialects, in some literary styles, and in the religious use. (*The American Heritage Dictionary* 1982, "thou")

For me, "thou" and the other words become special because I use them only in calling on God. The fact that they are obsolete in everyday conversation is a plus; my using them implies that Heavenly Father is my most intimate friend. Yes, it would be a little easier to say "you." But it's worth the extra effort to speak to my Father as intimately as I can.

The reason we always hear for using "thou" is to show humility, respect, and reverence. This isn't totally wrong. Especially where our relationship with God is concerned, these feelings really *equal* love and familiarity. If we humbly revere God, we will know and love him; if we love him, we will honor him. The Savior, for

example, personified reverence and conversed more intimately with God than any other.

Sharon L. Wilson
Logan, Utah

Ethnocentric Saints

I read with interest Marjorie Newton's article on the American socialization of Australian converts (Fall 1991). She writes very well, and I think her article is a good challenge to all of us, but I think the lady "protesteth too much." To make her point, she has collected stories, some of which apply no more to Australians than to Americans, or others. The admonition for all bishops to visit all nonmembers within their ward boundaries applied as vainly to all bishops in big cities everywhere as to those in Australia. The same is true of the "Light the Way to MIA" idea. Moreover, the "dismal record of home and visiting teaching in most Australian wards" is not unique to Australia, or necessarily due to Australian resentment of "imposed relationships" (p. 17). Many American wards, especially where members are widely scattered, have the same record. I have a hard enough time getting my priesthood holders to do their home teaching to families which all live within one hundred yards of each other.

I would also take issue with her discomfort in Church meetings in Utah where much time was spent lauding the importance of the 4th of July. I felt no such discomfort in France when Church members honored the downfall of the Bastille, or in New Zealand when Church members remembered ANZAC Day or Guy Fawkes Day. The consequences of all of these days reach far beyond one country and are important enough to be remembered and honored. The 24th of July is more than just a Utah holiday, and it certainly is not an American holiday. It is a remembrance of brave souls who defied the United States government which would not protect the rights of its citizens.

I wonder if Marjorie Newton's pique is not more of an indication of her own parochial ethnocentrism than a valid criticism of Church practices. Does she seriously believe that any thinking person in the Church would argue that being born outside of the United States is an indication of inferior status in the preexistence or that nationalistic statements of young American missionaries, often teasingly made, properly show their feelings toward Australia?

Early in her article, she states that "no Latter-day Saint would argue with the premise that America is a choice land, a promised land" (p. 10). It seems to me that despite that acknowledgement, she resents the fact. It bothers her that American members of the Church act like Americans. Perhaps, as she argues, it is time for Americans to be less ethnocentric when Church matters are concerned, but she herself concludes that "perhaps none of this has been particularly damaging to the Church in Australia. It has not even been unanimously resisted; many Australian members and leaders do not see any problem at all" (p. 15). Then isn't the "problem" more one of her own making than one of reality, even though we all should be sensitive to the potential harm of perpetuating the conditions that offend her?

In 1938 as a missionary in Korongata, New Zealand, I visited Rangi Puriri, a 105-year-old Maori member of the Church. He was reading the Book of Mormon as I entered his little shack. He lifted up his head and began reciting it from memory. He then went on to say that he knew the Church was true, and he was very grateful to the missionaries who had taken the gospel to his people. He added that many people said that the missionaries were taking advantage of the ignorant Maori, and he resented such statements which implied that because he was a Maori and did not know English, he was ignorant. He was grateful to the missionaries, he said, but the Church did not belong to them. It was as much his church

as theirs, and he knew the gospel as well as they did.

I had a missionary companion, E. Boley Bigler, who had been a football star on a famous Catholic university team. At that university, he had to take religion classes, from which he learned much. In one class on comparative religions, the teacher (a priest) said that the distinctive characteristic of Mormonism was that it allowed each person to be his or her own philosopher. No one had to accept another as infallible.

In 1983 at a mission presidents' conference in Sydney, President Howard W. Hunter advised a mission president that he had been called to solve mission problems and President Hunter was glad not to have the responsibility. That is the way it is in the "corporate church." From Joseph Smith's day until now, members have been expected to think for themselves and not wait to be told what to do. Accepting prophetic guidance does not relieve any member from being personally accountable for his or her actions, and the nation in which one lives has nothing to do with salvation.

Wilford E. Smith
Provo, Utah

Providences

Intellectual history often gives the reasons behind historical actions. Years ago we were told by Klaus Hansen (DIALOGUE, Autumn 1966) that the Mormon pioneers were trying to found their own country out west. This answered a lot of questions I had about the "Trek."

Now we are told by B. Carmon Hardy (Fall 1991) that the Church's reason for suspending polygamy was that God was not at all happy with the manner in which the Saints practiced the art. The membership (or rather the men) had been a little long on lust, and a little short on procreative intent. This reminds me of the reason for giving up the United Order—i.e., that the Saints were a little too selfish to be good communists.

Hardy's self-flagulation theme on polygamy (i.e., that the Mormons weren't righteous enough to practice it properly) is consistent with the earlier world of the New England Puritans out of which Mormonism emerged. The Puritans had what we might call a "group covenant," by the terms of which God gave the covenanting community earthly blessings (or punishments) in exchange for their abiding (or not abiding) his commandments. Thus it followed that when bad times came, the group assumed they had offended God. They gathered together in a mode of "fasting and humiliation" (their term) to promise God their future obedience in exchange for his lifting the Indian attack (or other privation they were enduring).

The analysis got more and more sophisticated: In the early seventeenth century, if a drunk walked down the streets of Boston, the citizenry feared God might send a plague upon the city. A century later, they came to view the drunk *as* the punishment (rather than as a harbinger of calamities to come). This accent on "providences" is in the writings of scholars such as Harvard's Increase Mather, those of his son Cotton, and even in the diary of Governor John Winthrop (who thought he must have been good because a mole ate through his Book of Common Prayer, but missed the New Testament).

Because of this aspect of mind in the Puritan backdrop to the Mormon movement, I am much inclined to respect Hardy's thesis.

Joseph Jeppson
Woodside, California

Electronic Discussion Group

We would like to announce the creation of MORMON-L, an electronic discussion group for Mormon studies on the BITNET network. This group hopes to provide an open forum for serious discussion of such topics as Mormon history, literature, fine arts, theology, and church life. It is open to all interested individu-

als inside and outside academia, Mormon and non-Mormon alike.

BITNET primarily links academic and research institutions with one another. Because open forums draw heavy traffic that sometimes amounts to little more than casual chitchat, discussions on the MORMON-L will be minimally moderated. Our moderation does not suppress controversial or volatile topics, but rather limits casual chatter and personal attacks. Active evangelism, either pro- or anti-Mormon, is inappropriate. Content or style will never be altered.

To join MORMON-L, you must have access to the BITNET computer communications network. For information regarding computer communications, contact the computer support personnel at your institution or at your local computer store. If you are affiliated with a university or other large institution, you probably already have potential access to BITNET. If you have no such affiliation, you may be able to send and receive MORMON-L postings through such services as Compuserve.

To subscribe to MORMON-L, send the following message to LISTSERV @BYUVM: "Subscribe MORMON-L name," leaving the subject header blank. Your name will then be added to the list.

To communicate directly with the list moderators without having your communication posted to the list itself, contact J. Michael Allen <HISJMA@BYUVM.BITNET>, William J. Hamblin <HISWJH@BYUVM.BITNET>, or David C. Wright <WRIGHT@HUSC3>.

Two Sisters Visit Dieppe

Mary Ann Losee

We leave the town at noon
For a beach of white pebbles
And small, clean bones. The wind
Whips our sensible skirts, and sun glints
From the bronze plaque, marking
This place where a thousand Canadians
Died crawling up from their ships.

At the end of the pier,
A fisherman, arced
Like a hunter's bow, struggles
To bring in his catch.
England is too far to see.
The edge of the world is water.

Dropping a franc in the telescope,
You swing it around, you examine the dark
Green land. *Look, there's a line of silver—*
The railroad tracks are quite clear.

MARY ANN LOSEE teaches English as a second language at Salt Lake Community High School.

Down beyond the Seine,
We have grasped the metal bars, we've gone flying
Through the underground of Paris.
And near dusk when the sky is still burning,
We've returned to the buildings,
To the stairwells that smell of mildew
And dogs, where women stare out of the peepholes
And children lean into the walls,
Searching their pockets for keys.

Our words fill the hallways and trainyards.
We have tried to be understood.

Your sleeves are white sails. There's so much
We might say. Look up—
Let me take one more picture. You smile
For the sky, for the camera.
Each wave rushes nearer our feet.

On Becoming a Universal Church: Some Historical Perspectives

James B. Allen

> Remember all thy church, O Lord, with all their families, and all their immediate connections, with all their sick and afflicted ones, with all the poor and the meek of the earth; that the kingdom, which thou hast set up without hands, may become a great mountain and fill the whole earth. (D&C 109:72)

IN THE SOUTH AFRICAN TOWNSHIP OF SOWETO lives Julia Mavimbela, a seventy-three-year-old black woman. In 1955 her husband, John, died, leaving Julia with five children under the age of ten. After moving from Johannesburg to Soweto, she took up organic gardening in the rocky soil on the hillside outside her home to raise food for her family. Soon she began not only to redeem the soil but also to redeem downtrodden local children, teaching them how to raise successful gardens in areas often no larger than doorways. She also became an expert in natural remedies, somehow found time to obtain a formal education, became fluent in seven languages, and became a teacher. She has also owned several businesses, including a restaurant, a bakery, a butchery, and an herb shop.

In addition, Julia has been deeply involved in social action. She organized the Junior Gumboots, a youth club for boys eight to fourteen years old. After the brutal 1976 race riots in Soweto, she organized groups to help repair not only the physical damages but also the painful mental and moral injuries. She was a founding member and eventual co-national president (1984–86) of Women for Peace, which eventually grew to fifteen thousand members worldwide. She has fought for prison reform and integrated playgrounds for children ("South African" 1989; LeBaron 1990, 141–52).

In 1981 this remarkable black woman met two white Mormon missionaries from America. She invited them to her little home and was especially touched by their teachings about salvation for the dead. She soon joined the Church and eventually became Relief Society

---

JAMES B. ALLEN is the Lemuel H. Redd, Jr., Professor of Western American History at Brigham Young University. *This essay was originally delivered at the annual meeting of the Mormon History Association, Laie, Hawaii, 11 June 1990.*

president of her little branch in Soweto. Later she became an ordinance worker in the Johannesburg South Africa Temple.

The story of Julia Mavimbela is just one dramatic illustration of how far the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints has come since 1950. Forty years ago, missionaries were discouraged from working among blacks anywhere and, despite Church leaders' stated disapproval of racial prejudice, the priesthood policy not only helped justify some members' biases but also created a public image of a discriminatory Church. Today official racial barriers are gone, a black was recently named as a General Authority of the Church, and a black woman can be a Relief Society president in apartheid-ridden South Africa. This is not to imply that there are no racial problems in the 1990s Church, but it is a dramatic reminder that we have made considerable progress in the past forty years.

CHANGES AND DIRECTIONS SINCE 1950

Julia Mavimbela's conversion also epitomizes the modern effort of Latter-day Saints to fulfill Joseph Smith's vision that the gospel eventually would be taught "unto all nations, kindreds, tongues and people" (D&C 42:58) and that the kingdom would fill the world. President David O. McKay spelled out that vision again, though in a different way, in April 1955. After traveling extensively to the missions of the Church in Europe, Africa, Latin America, and the South Pacific, he stressed in a general conference address the need "to put forth every effort within reason and practicability to place within reach of Church members in . . . distant missions every educational and spiritual privilege that the Church has to offer" (CR, April 1955, 25). The Church was embarking upon an irreversible effort not only to convert people around the world but also, at long last, to be more effective in persuading them to remain in their homelands.

Problems, however, kept the Church from achieving the full potential of that vision. Among them was a kind of cultural imperialism; missionaries and other American Saints often had difficulty distinguishing between the *essentials* of their faith and the cultural baggage they were carrying. The priesthood policy inhibited missionary work among blacks worldwide, and political realities as well as frequent strong exhortations against Communism by prominent Church leaders made it practically unthinkable that the Church could gain recognition or even approval to function in at least a third of the world.

The spirit, nevertheless, was there, and the mark of President McKay's administration, historian Spencer Palmer has observed, "was a conscious effort to give dignity and strength to the Church in areas

outside the United States" (1978, 39). Stakes were organized under his direction in the South Pacific and Europe; temples were constructed in New Zealand, Switzerland, and England; missions were organized in several nations where they had never been before; and the physical gathering of the Saints to the "Utah Zion" came almost to an end. A constant theme in the 1960s and 1970s was that the essence of the gospel transcended national and cultural boundaries. The 1970s saw a noticeable decline, and finally a disappearance, of political utterances that could offend other governments, particularly socialist governments. In the 1980s the Church gained recognition in many countries behind the so-called "iron curtain" and even built a temple in the German Democratic Republic. Finally, the dramatic revolutions of 1989-90 opened many iron curtain countries, and it suddenly became apparent that at last Mormon missionaries would be free to come and go—even in the Soviet Union.

Change within the Church came in many ways, but numerical and geographic growth was the most outwardly apparent symbol of what was happening and presented the most easily observable challenges. "No longer might this church be thought of as the 'Utah Church,' or as an 'American church,' " said President Harold B. Lee in April 1973, declaring that "this greatly expanded Church population is today our most challenging problem."

That challenge has continued, and the comparative statistics for the past four decades are enlightening. Church membership grew from about 1,100,000 in 1950 to 7,300,000 in 1990 (Watson 1990). The number of organized stakes jumped from 180, about 47 percent of them in Utah, to 1700, over half of which had been created since 1978 and only about 23 percent of which were in Utah (Watson 1990; *Deseret News* 1989-90 *Church Almanac*).

In 1950 the Church functioned in less than fifty nations or territories, but forty years later it had expanded to 128 nations. In 1950 some 7.7 percent of Church members lived outside the United States and Canada. By the end of 1989, this had changed to 40.5 percent.[1]

In 1950 less than six thousand missionaries served in the field, but in 1990 there were nearly forty thousand. In 1950 most missionaries received a minimum of formal training during the ten days or so they spent in a mission home in Salt Lake City. Today they receive intensive language and missionary training in fourteen missionary training centers around the world, and 23 percent of all the missionaries trained go to centers outside Provo, Utah.

---

[1] The 1991-92 *Church Almanac*; p. 328, shows 4,343,000 in the United States and Canada and 2,958,000 in other countries.

In 1950 the Church operated eight temples, only one of which was outside the United States. By 1990 twenty-two of the Church's forty-three temples were outside the United States. In 1950 some 38,400 students were enrolled in Church educational programs, including seminaries, institutes, colleges, and Brigham Young University. By 1990 that figure had increased nearly twelvefold, to 442,500.

The number of General Authorities tripled during the same period: about thirty managed the administrative work of the Church in 1950, and ninety did the job in 1990. The First Quorum of the Seventy was organized in 1976 and the Second Quorum of the Seventy in 1989. In the 1950s the Church was administered through stake and mission organizations, with leaders reporting directly to the Quorum of the Twelve (though some broader units operated, such as the European Mission, with other missions as subdivisions). In 1991, after a complex series of changes, the Church was administered through twenty-two area organizations around the world, each presided over by Seventies, with stake and mission presidents reporting to them.

Such statistics dramatize some aspects of what has happened, including the logistical challenge of maintaining unified administration and of placing missionaries, buildings, and the full program of the Church among diverse peoples and cultures worldwide. All this has necessitated a number of significant innovations and suggests that the Saints should be prepared for additional changes in the future.

The most important changes, however, may be those that cannot be quantified or illustrated by administrative innovation. These are changes in attitude and perspectives that may, in fact, reflect not just numerical growth but an important spiritual thrust in the direction of more universal brotherhood and sisterhood. In 1950, for example, it might have been possible to identify the number of black members, and perhaps those of some other races, not just through estimates but through membership records. It was Church policy, at least in some areas, to identify some racial groups with a special letter on membership records. Though this only reflected the social realities of the time, I am happy that today it would be impossible to identify race through such records. The Church identifies its members as brothers and sisters, without distinguishing racial backgrounds. This was one result of President Spencer W. Kimball's momentous June 1978 revelation on priesthood. This revelation was a pivotal event in Church history, not because of what it did for Church growth but because of what it did to help build closer bonds of brotherhood and sisterhood within the Church and across racial barriers.

President Kimball also did much more to stimulate the international growth of the Church. He exhorted every young man to serve a mission and urged the Saints to study languages. Under his administration, area general conferences became regular occurrences (though they have subsided now), and the Church Educational System expanded worldwide. By 1988 seminaries and institutes operated in at least seventy-four nations or territories.[2] In 1973 President Kimball appointed David M. Kennedy as the Church's ambassador to the world. Kennedy drew upon his vast American diplomatic experience to help the Church gain recognition in many places and to open more doors for missionaries (Hickman 1987). President Kimball placed the main responsibility for the growth of Zion, however, squarely on the shoulders of the Saints themselves. In 1975 he called for a Churchwide prayer campaign, a "serious, continuous petition to the Lord" for two things: (1) enough missionaries to "cover the world as with a blanket," and (2) open gates, allowing those missionaries to carry the gospel to inaccessible nations ("Insights" 1975, 70).

The Church would hardly be ready for genuine universal brotherhood and sisterhood, however, without a great deal of soul-searching. All Saints, especially those living along Utah's Wasatch Front, would need to distinguish more clearly than ever before just which Church teachings and practices were really essential to the gospel and which were merely convenient reflections of particular cultures. Church leaders recognized this, and in 1971, at a "Korean Night" program, Elder Bruce R. McConkie of the Council of the Twelve reminded his mostly American audience of the "considerable difficulty and turmoil" faced in New Testament times when the apostles themselves "had been so completely indoctrinated with the fact that the plan of salvation was limited to a particular people and a particular nation that they found it exceedingly difficult to completely reverse the field and begin going to the gentile nations and to the ends of the earth." The process, he said, involved "conflict, turmoil, contention, difficulty, and differences of opinion," and he aptly applied the lesson to the modern Church as it grew to incorporate diverse peoples. "There are going to be some struggles and some difficulties, some prejudices, and some uncertainties along the way. There are going to be members of the Church who are prejudiced against this nation or that, because of the color of the people's hair, or their eyes, or their skin, or because of some social circumstance. . . . These things . . .

---

[2] For a discussion of the international growth of the Church Educational System, see William E. Berrett, *A Miracle in Weekday Religious Education* (Salt Lake City: William E. Berrett, 1988), chapters 14–17 and appendixes.

we will have to rise above,"[3] he forcefully declared to the American Saints.

> Koreans have a different background than we have, of course, which is of no moment to the Lord[!] . . . What counts is whether we receive the gospel of Jesus Christ and live its laws. We're not trying to change the cultural background for anyone. . . . It is no different to have different social customs than it is to have different languages. . . . And the Lord knows all languages. . . . It ought to be one of the aims of the Korean people to preserve their culture, to keep their own dances, and their own dress, and their own mores and ways of life alive, as long as they are not inharmonious with gospel principles. This is what the Church is saying to the Koreans and to all the people of Asia today. (McConkie 1971, 138-9, 142-3, 147)

Other leaders demonstrated the same spirit. In 1985 Elder Boyd K. Packer said: "Now we are moving into those countries, but we can't move *there* with all the baggage we produce and carry *here*! We can't move with a 1947 Utah Church! Could it be that we are not prepared to take the *gospel* because we are not prepared to take (and they are not prepared to receive) all of the things we have wrapped up with it as extra baggage" (in Copeland 1988, 97). In addition, many general conference addresses in recent years have seemed to pay particular attention to defining Sainthood not just in terms of Church membership but, more particularly, in terms of what Elder M. Russell Ballard called in April 1990, the "small and simple things" (Ballard 1990). Love, service, home, family, and worship of the Savior: these universals constituted the essence of Mormonism so far as the message of that conference was concerned.[4]

THE RESTORATION WORLDWIDE: SOME SELECTED BEGINNINGS

In a sense, taking the gospel to diverse nations might be thought of as a series of new restorations, roughly analogous to the restoration in

---

[3] The last sentence was in the original manuscript of the talk, but for some reason was eliminated from the published version. It is included here for emphasis, however.

[4] See the conference addresses in the May 1990 *Ensign*, particularly those by M. Russell Ballard ("Small and Simple Things"), Rex D. Pinegar ("Home First"), Derek A. Cuthbert ("The Spirituality of Service"), Richard P. Lindsay ("Ye Have Done It Unto Me"), L. Tom Perry ("Family Traditions"), Joseph B. Wirthlin ("Personal Integrity"), Malcolm S. Jeppsen ("Who Is a True Friend?"), Thomas S. Monson ("My Brother's Keeper" and "A Little Child Shall Lead Them"), Marvin J. Ashton ("Neither Boast of Faith nor of Mighty Works"), Gordon B. Hinckley ("Blessed Are the Merciful"), Dallin H. Oaks ("World Peace"). This does not mean, of course, that general conference speakers have not also emphasized some things that are peculiarly American. Note the surge of American patriotic rhetoric that came in April 1991 as a response to the crisis in the Persian Gulf.

America in the 1830s, when particular social and political conditions made the time "just right."[5] In Japan, for example, early efforts to introduce the gospel were relatively unsuccessful, and the mission was closed in 1924. After World War II, however, conditions were ripe and missionaries returned to reintroduce the gospel in 1948. Forty years later, Japan had eighty-five thousand members, twenty-three stakes, and a temple.

As each new area has been opened, converts with little or no previous contact with Mormonism have had to learn the gospel from "scratch," with few helps in their own language. In many cases, only the scriptures have been available, but in some ways this may have been a blessing. The paucity of instructional materials has allowed the new Saints to learn the gospel in its simplicity, without the American cultural paraphernalia often added by a profusion of manuals, outlines, and built-in social attitudes.

Paradoxically, however, the American presence in several areas was what paved the way for missionaries and, in some cases, helped keep them there. English-born BYU professor Arthur Henry King once observed that the United States was the "matrix of the Church," and the gospel is spread to other nations largely because of its, and their, relationship to the United States (King 1978, 4). Scholars may debate the merits of this interpretation, but the historic relationship between America and the Church, and America's role as a catalyst in the spread of Mormonism, can hardly be denied.

South Korea is a case in point. Many LDS American servicemen were stationed there during the Korean War, and it did not take them long to organize and begin holding meetings. Some told their military buddies about the Church, and soon a few were baptized. The servicemen also became acquainted with Dr. Kim Ho Jik, a South Korean educator and government official who had been educated in the United States and joined the Church there. Through him they met other Koreans and taught the gospel to several. They also began holding English classes, which became the stimuli for many gospel discussions. On 2 August 1952, they baptized four Koreans, including two of Dr. Kim's children, in the ocean near Pusan.

---

[5] In America the rise of democracy, the religious upheavals following the Second Great Awakening, the quest for the primitive gospel among many religious groups, and various other factors created conditions that, according to some historians, made that the only time and place where a religion such as Mormonism could arise. One American historian who takes this point of view is Gordon S. Wood, "Evangelical America and Early Mormonism," *New York History* 61 (October 1980): 359–86.

One person baptized that day was a Sister Han, a former student of Kim's. In the testimony meeting that followed the baptism, she mustered enough courage to stand and express her gratitude. Though she spoke in halting, broken English, she nevertheless elegantly captured what the gospel brought by these American servicemen meant to some people whose lives had been devastated by war:

> It was the last December before last Christmas that I have been this church firstly. And at the time I was a real depressed refugee, as during the last two years I have seen a many tragic things with the result of war and I also have seen many guiltless people were killed by the Communists and numerous property burnt to ashes. Beside we had to run away from the old familiar city Seoul. At last we came down to the Southern extremity of Korea. The Communists have taken away my father and my mother-in-law died on the way. We came down to Pusan having nothing but our bodies. At first we didn't know any way to making money, but we didn't want to do wrong. I thought that if I had no children I should like to die, just at this time Brother Kim came back to Korea from his abroad States. He introduced this church to me and I knew this Church is truthful church. I knew nothing about the Gospel at all before I came here and was not even a Christian. I liked atmosphere of this church and I felt a great happiness in my mind attending to meeting of the Church. I knew every member of the church are sincere at their faith and their conduct are very truthful and clean. I wondered how much a wonderful church can be in this trouble days. I know many American soldiers are doing the ungraceful conduct at the front, though I wonder why there is big difference between other soldiers and LDS men, and finally I found out the reason of it and I say it is because LDS men have a strong faith and the conduct [?] thing with such a noble minds. I am thankful for God that he gave me a happiness even I have nothing for him. I feel a responsibility to making a good church by our Korean people ownself. (in Yardley and Jones n.d., 4–5)

By May 1953, the congregation in Pusan had twenty-seven Korean members and several investigators. All of them, however, were students at the Seoul National University, which had taken temporary refuge in Pusan. In September the university moved back to Seoul, and all the Korean Saints but one returned with it. The servicemen persisted nevertheless and soon baptized more converts and had more investigators attending their weekday meetings. In Seoul, meanwhile, the newly arrived Korean converts contacted servicemen there and before long found a meeting place off the military base, where they organized a Korean Sunday School and staffed it entirely with Korean Saints (Yardley and Jones n.d.; see also Choi 1990).

On 2 August 1955, President Joseph Fielding Smith of the Council of the Twelve, in the company of President Hilton A. Robertson of the Northern Far East Mission and others, stood on a hill overlooking Seoul and dedicated Korea for the preaching of the gospel. Later that

evening, President Smith set apart Elder Kim Ho Jik as district president of the New Korean District of the Northern Far East Mission.

This was the beginning of Mormonism in Korea—the restoration, if you will, of the gospel in a new land. Many Koreans were especially well prepared for Mormonism, partly because it gave them hope after the hopelessness they had experienced during the war, and partly because elements of their traditional culture prepared them for the gospel message (Choi 1990, 76). The American matrix, however, played an essential role in laying the foundation before the first full-time missionaries arrived in 1956. The Korean mission was organized in 1962, and by the end of 1987, the country had 44,000 Saints, fourteen stakes, four missions, a temple, and a missionary training center. With the exception of the temple president, all local leadership positions were filled by native Koreans, and a significant portion of the missionary force was Korean.

Asia was not the only place where an American presence helped pave the way for the introduction of Mormonism. In 1962 an American Latter-day Saint, John Duns, Jr., was working on a Lockheed Aircraft project at the Fiat plant in Torino, Italy. Other American Mormons, including several servicemen, also lived in the area. Italy was under the jurisdiction of the Swiss Mission, and at the first opportunity the new mission president, John M. Russon, went to Torino and set apart Duns as district president and servicemen's coordinator. Leavitt Christensen, a civilian employee of the military, was sustained as one of Duns's counsellors, and Captain Paul Kelley of the United States Air Force became the other. These and other Americans formed the nucleus of the Church in Italy. They felt deeply their responsibility to instruct and fellowship Italians who were eventually converted. At President Russon's suggestion, some of them even learned to speak Italian (Russon 1975, 22–33).

Ironically, a certain kind of inter-European cultural tension, unfortunate as it was, also contributed to the growth of the Church in Italy. Both Switzerland and Germany were experiencing labor shortages, and the respective governments allowed Italian laborers to emigrate and work for up to six months. Such workers often stayed as long as possible, returned briefly to their families, then came back again. They did not assimilate well into the non-Italian cultures, however, and in Switzerland President Russon assigned missionaries with Italian surnames to learn their language and work among them. Several baptisms resulted, and the new converts eventually took the gospel message home to Italy with them. Something similar happened in Germany, where the Bavarian Mission, the South German Mission, and the North German Mission each created Italian zones. In some

cases, then, it was Italian converts from Switzerland and Germany who, working with American businessmen and servicemen in their homeland, helped lay the foundation for the growth of the Church in Italy itself.

Early in 1965, President Russon sent twenty Italian-speaking missionaries into Italy—the first full-time missionaries to go to that country in over a hundred years. His successor, Rendell Mabey, expanded the work and finally, on 2 August 1966, Elder Ezra Taft Benson organized the Italian Mission. John Duns, Jr., who by then had returned to California, came back as the first mission president. Two decades later, at the end of 1987, Italy had two stakes, three missions, and thirteen thousand Saints (Russon 1975, 16–22; MH 1966).

Mormonism found its way into new areas in other ways too. In Ghana and Nigeria, American Mormons sometimes visited as scholars, business representatives, or in other capacities. Before 1978 these visitors were not at liberty to proselytize among the blacks, but they often left literature with interested people and did whatever else seemed appropriate. At the same time, hundreds, perhaps thousands, of blacks in these two countries received literature about the Church through various other sources, believed what they read, and corresponded with the Missionary Department in Salt Lake City. LaMar S. Williams, an employee of that department, sent out literature when requested and kept up correspondence.

Requests continued to pour into Church headquarters from African people, pleading for missionaries or for the establishment of the Church among them. When the Church did not respond, some blacks organized their own churches with the name "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints," or with very similar names. In the early 1960s, the First Presidency and Quorum of the Twelve finally agreed to open a mission in Nigeria, so that people there pleading for the gospel could at least be organized and, under the direction of white priesthood holders, receive the sacrament and other blessings of the Church. The plan was aborted in 1963 after bad publicity about the priesthood denial to blacks caused the Nigerian government to refuse visas to any prospective Mormon missionaries (see Allen 1991; Mabey and Allred 1984; Lebaron 1990; Morrison 1990).

Almost immediately after the 1978 revelation, however, missionary couples were sent into Nigeria and Ghana. Convert baptisms were immediately overwhelming. After a year or so, however, new missionaries were instructed to take their time and consolidate before expanding too rapidly. One American couple, who arrived in 1979, found twenty-six branches with about 1000 to 1500 members who

knew virtually nothing about Church procedure. Some had not even been visited after their baptisms and were, according to these missionaries, still "Pentecostal Protestants." This couple set about encouraging the new African Saints to hold sacrament meetings that at least "reasonably" resembled those the Americans were used to. They also translated Joseph Smith's story and other basic gospel information into the native languages, using tape recorders rather than the printed page to communicate the material because of widespread illiteracy. In addition, they attempted to provide agricultural training for the new Saints (Bartholomew 1983, 20–25, 30). It took some time for the African Saints to catch the full vision of what the Church was all about, but it also took time for some American Saints to catch the vision that the gospel may not include everything they once thought it did.

The Spirit was also brooding behind the so-called "iron curtain" in eastern Europe, where in most places missionary work completely stopped after World War II. Mission presidents in Switzerland and Austria, however, and other Church members and representatives maintained contact as well as they could, and by the late 1980s, the Church enjoyed at least an open presence in Poland, Yugoslavia, Hungary, and East Germany (Condie 1989). Significantly, the Communist East German government even allowed the Church to build a temple in Freiberg, and the building was dedicated in 1985. The government also allowed East German Latter-day Saints to serve as missionaries, even outside their country. These seemingly amazing concessions resulted from good relations built by General Authorities, who convinced the government that Latter-day Saints would be good citizens, would not leave their country permanently, and would always, in the spirit of the twelfth Article of Faith, obey, honor, and sustain the law.

Then, in 1989, the world was stunned as a series of democratic revolutions swept eastern Europe. "Iron curtain" countries began to move away from Soviet domination, freedom of speech and of the press became realities, religious restrictions were lifted, and the Berlin Wall, that frightful symbol of the separation and suppression that had been forced on East Europeans for nearly half a century, came tumbling down. For the Church, this meant a sudden new opportunity, but one it was prepared for. In March 1990, Czechoslovakia opened its doors to the Church, and of the eight new European missions announced that month, three were in East bloc countries: Poland, Hungary, and Czechoslovakia. Ironically, however, East Germans now felt a hint of disfavor toward the Mormons who, in the minds of the non-Communists, had in their quest

for acceptance drawn too close to the Communists.[6] Change plays strange tricks on a people who are trying only to be at peace with their neighbors and spread the gospel message.

There are still many areas where the Church cannot send missionaries but which have a Mormon presence nevertheless because active Latter-day Saints work there as businessmen, American government officials, foreign employees of local governments, or in special service capacities. Although these people are not authorized to do missionary work, they usually create positive images for the Church. A number of Church members, for example, teach English in Chinese universities, under an agreement between the government of the People's Republic of China and the David M. Kennedy Center for International Studies at Brigham Young University. Usually retired couples who have volunteered to live and teach in China for a year, these people clearly understand that they are not missionaries but have been chosen because they will represent Brigham Young University well. Clearly, their presence in China has the potential also of doing good for the Church. In addition, beginning in the late 1980s, Elders Russell M. Nelson and Dallin H. Oaks of the Council of the Twelve became personal ambassadors of good will as they held many discussions with Chinese leaders. They were assured that the Latter-day Saints could practice their religious beliefs freely, though missionary work is still not allowed. In February 1990, Elder Nelson presented the Chinese ambassador to the United States a check for $25,000, on behalf of the Church, to assist in reconstruction after a disastrous earthquake.

PROBLEMS AND CHALLENGES

Opening the door to the world, however, has unleashed a myriad of challenges and problems, many of them unanticipated, that the Church may wrestle with for generations. One such challenge can be seen in the experience of Winfield Q. Cannon who, in 1979, was finishing a term as mission president in Singapore. Early in September, he received a sudden visit from James E. Faust of the Council of the Twelve, who had been sent by President Kimball to ordain Cannon to the office of patriarch. Cannon was to spend the last part of his mission traveling throughout Southeast Asia giving patriarchal blessings to whoever needed them. About a month later, he started on a series of tours throughout Singapore, Thailand, Indonesia, Malaysia, and even to India.

---

[6] This according to BYU historian Douglas Tobler, who maintains close contact with people and events in Germany.

The days were incredibly long for the itinerant patriarch, who flew or used whatever transportation was available to reach the eager Saints waiting in each city or town. During one week in Indonesia, he visited seven or eight cities and gave seventy-six blessings. On Sunday, December 2 in Bangkok, Thailand, he gave twenty-four more blessings. From there he went to a small town near the northeastern border of Thailand where, almost in the midst of the war between the Vietnamese and the Laotians, he gave twenty-four more blessings, listening all the while to guns roaring only ten or fifteen miles away. The people had traveled forty to fifty miles to see him, some after paying what might have been a month's wages to ride in an old flatbed truck that they called a bus.

Cannon's patriarchal tours lasted through November, December, and January, though not always at the same dizzying pace. By the time he finished, he had given a total of 176 blessings. To record the blessings for transcription and later translation, he carried with him "stacks of tapes" and a tape recorder capable of operating on anything between 110 and 250 volts. He was only hoping, he said, "that the thing would not konk out in the middle of somewhere and I'd be stranded."

Only about 20 percent of the people Patriarch Cannon blessed were even "somewhat conversant" with English. Moreover, the translator who introduced him to the people was never present in the room during the blessing, so most members heard their blessings given in a language they did not understand, no doubt felt the spirit of what was happening, then waited for the day when the translated blessing would arrive. Before he left for America, Cannon made sure that every blessing was translated. He then checked each one for accuracy and had it sent to the proper individual.

Even so, a few people did not receive transcripts of their blessings. A young BYU student from Thailand later visited Cannon at his home in Provo and told him she had never received her transcript. Fortunately he had a copy. As he reviewed it, he found that she was one of the twenty-four who had received blessings on that hectic day in the little village near the northeast border. He had promised her that she would go to the temple and receive her endowments, fulfill a mission, then be married in the temple. "Now I don't know why I made promises like that," he said later, "but you stick your neck out sometimes." True to the promise, however, she eventually obtained financial backing to go to school at BYU-Hawaii and went through the temple while she was there. Later she was called on a mission to Arcadia, California, and it was in preparation for that experience that she found where Winfield Cannon lived and went to get a copy of her blessing. Still

later she returned to BYU in Provo and married in the temple (Cannon 1989).

Cannon's story is not unique; people both before and after him have been called to do the same thing. His experience is significant, however, for it illustrates the unique challenges confronting the Church as it attempts to take its full program to the Saints in diverse parts of the earth. It also shows that, despite cultural differences, some things are universal among the Saints—in this case, the desire for a patriarchal blessing. Future historians looking for illustrations of continuity amid change could find no better example.

In 1976 many of the problems related to becoming a worldwide Church were aired at an important three-day symposium at Brigham Young University. The thirty-eight participants themselves symbolized the Church's new international posture; they included Church leaders from Salt Lake City, academics from Brigham Young University and elsewhere, and Church members from Britain, France, Germany, Guatemala, Japan, Korea, Mexico, the Philippines, Sweden, and the United States. Two years later, the essays resulting from that symposium were published in a book that is still perhaps the most important introduction to the problems involved in the internationalization and interculturalization of the Church. (See Tullis 1978).

In a general discussion, BYU philosophy professor Noel B. Reynolds provided some telling examples of the fact that the cultural challenges facing the Church include a variety of value conflicts, largely connected with the American terms with which the gospel is often interpreted and transmitted:

> A Melchizedek Priesthood manual exhorts a husband to observe the highest standards of modesty and chastity and to treat his wife with love and respect. But when the instruction is elaborated to include kissing his wife as he leaves the house or returns, it raises a serious problem, for example, in a Japanese home where the children protest, demanding to know why he is "biting" their mother.
>
> The Saints in Latin American countries are less enthralled with capitalism than the Americans, who link it with the universal values of personal freedom and work. Capital in these countries is often identified with a protected wealthy upper class and the absence of what we would call free markets. (Reynolds 1978, 15)

A Mexican convert, Reynolds said, once asked: "How much of what has through the years evolved as 'LDS doctrine' is merely the expression of the collective neurosis of that culture to which the gospel has been restored?" Such thoughts sent this convert "scurrying back to the simplicity of the gospel: Christ and Him crucified," and caused him to plead that "this wholesale exportation of cultural/collective neurosis has to be stopped. Let each heal himself of the traditions of his

fathers without having to adopt a whole new set of hangups as a prerequisite to discipleship in Christ" (in Reynolds 1978, 18).

Orlando A. Rivera's discussion of the dilemma of American Chicanos in the Church provided a powerful illustration of another dimension of cultural difficulties: intercultural problems within the United States. In Mexico, he observed, the Church was growing rapidly; in one mission, a handful of missionaries baptized a thousand people in a month. In the United States, however, the Church was making few converts from among those same Latin-Americans. The reason, Rivera speculated, was two-pronged. At first immigrants left their old ways behind and tried to assimilate into American culture. As they discovered that Americans would not accept them, however, the Mexican-Americans became culturally entrenched and began to resent anything that seemed alien to their traditional culture. "Consequently," Rivera said, "when something as American as Mormonism is presented to us, my people do not find in it anything to embrace very readily." At the same time, he observed, Anglo-American Mormon missionaries find it hard to cross the cultural boundaries, partly because of their own built-in psychological barriers and partly because of the suspicions of the Mexican-Americans themselves. In Mexico a missionary could learn to understand, love, and teach the people effectively, but in the United States "when the Anglo-American hangups are coupled with the inherent environmentally induced suspicion and cultural retrenchment that exists among Mexican-Americans . . . , it is nearly impossible to bridge the barriers" (Rivera 1978, 121).

Rivera, who once served as bishop of the all Mexican-American Lucero Ward in Salt Lake City, also raised the issue of whether there exists a distinctive Mormon culture that transcends all other cultures. Partly deferring to other participants in the symposium, who had implied as much, he conceded that there may be, for just as Mormon Americans seem different from non-Mormon Americans, so Mormon Chicanos seem different from non-Mormon Chicanos. The Mormon way of life partially bridges the cultural gap but, he also observed, "even on the bridge we encounter cultural tension and misunderstanding." "LDS" is not a complete culture, independent of anything else, he argued, for

> we still have those old traditions and certain cultural characteristics that we simply do not want to leave behind. This raises conflicts with the Church between us and some Mormon Americans who perceive their own total cultural package as somehow being synonymous with the "LDS culture." This uncritical assumption prescribes that we "foreigners" should change culturally but that no such requirement is imposed up on those of the "central Mormon culture." (1978, 122–23)

Perhaps Rivera judged too harshly, for today, at least, Church leaders seem to speak out with complete unity against such cultural imperialism. His feelings, nevertheless, were based on long experience with reality at the level of ordinary Saints, and he knew whereof he spoke. It was for this reason, he said, that Chicanos generally felt more comfortable in their own wards, where they could maintain their cultural heritage along with their Mormonism.[7]

Some people have suggested that separating Spanish-speaking people, blacks (Embry 1990), or other ethnic groups into their own wards and branches defeats the purpose of the gospel; the practice smacks of segregation and allows no opportunities for different peoples to mingle and get to know each other. On the other hand, the enhanced opportunity for leadership as well as the blessing of keeping alive one's distinctive cultural heritage "on an island in a vast sea" argues the other way. Orlando Rivera summarized it this way:

> The many lines of discussion I have laid out in this essay illustrate some of the reasons why we preserve and strengthen our own culture on an island in a vast sea. And it is interesting to me to see that some of the best of our own youth who are in college are some of the first to go back and learn about their own traditions and their own culture and their own heritage. I wonder if we have the

---

[7] Though Rivera used his Salt Lake City ward as an example, he could also have referred to the Spanish-speaking members in the Los Angeles area. As their numbers slowly grew, they tried for years to integrate with the Anglo wards. They met with mixed success, partly because of some unfortunate prejudice among Anglo Latter-day Saints and partly because the Spanish-speaking Saints also wanted to attend services where they could worship and be taught in their own language and where they could preserve some of their own cultural traditions. By the end of 1964, they were holding their own sacrament meetings, and eventually a small dependent branch was created for them. Unfortunately, however, even then a few Anglos publicly objected to incorporating the Chicanos into the Los Angeles Stake in any way. A few members of the Wilshire Ward even advised the bishop not to accept Chicano tithing. During all this time, however, other enlightened leaders in the stake did what they could to stamp out prejudice and to strengthen the Spanish-speaking members, including opening a seminary program for their young people.

Finally, in 1984, a Spanish-speaking stake, the Huntington Park West Stake, was created. This did not, of course, solve all the problems. As young members became well integrated into the Anglo way of life, they had less desire to attend Spanish-speaking wards and branches. For those parents who wanted to pass on their cultural traditions, and especially those who did not speak English, this presented a particularly difficult dilemma. Nevertheless, the historian of the Los Angeles Stake has noted, even though the organization of a Spanish stake was controversial, "everything that has happened so far suggests not only that it will work, but also that it was the desirable thing to do." Chad M. Orton, *More Faith than Fear: The Los Angeles Stake Story* (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1987): 308. Chapter 12 of this excellent book, "A Vision That We Must Cause to Be Fulfilled," deals in detail with the history of the Spanish-speaking people in the Los Angeles area.

> capacity in this country—or the capacity within the Church in this country—to have the mutual respect for one another that does not require us all to be alike, that permits us to enjoy one another's association despite our diverse backgrounds.
>
> Success in the lines I have laid out will take a lot of thought—even changes in what we are doing. I talked to a sister who came to general conference; she says that in her area they no longer have a Spanish-speaking branch. They go to church with the rest of the people but sit in the corner and put earphones on in order to receive a translation of the proceedings. I do not know if that reflects full participation in the Church. It may be the best we can do. I hope not. (Rivera 1978, 125)

Besides such problems related to integration, another challenge confronting the Church in its quest for worldwide acceptance is that of creating a more positive public image. The fact that it is viewed as an American Church, for example, creates problems in areas where anti-Americanism is rampant. Incidents of violence against Church members or buildings in Latin America may be less attacks upon the Church as upon a visible sign of American influence. In May 1989, for example, two missionaries were killed in Bolivia; in July a group of Saints were held hostage in a chapel in Chile; and the same month a chapel in Santa Cruz, Bolivia, was bombed. All of these were perceived as the work of anti-American terrorists (*Daily Universe*, 13 July 1989). In Bolivia, Church leaders responded by drastically reducing the number of American missionaries and greatly increasing the role of local missionaries, all in an effort to change the Church's public image.

Other image problems are connected with social changes in America. One is the Church's practice of restricting the priesthood to males, which draws criticism from feminists at a time when equal rights is a major political and social concern. The Church's public stance against the Equal Rights Amendment only added to the criticism. Utah's refusal to ratify the ERA was laid at the feet of the Church in the press; some groups even cited that refusal as a reason to cancel conventions scheduled in the state.

In black Africa, too, despite the amazing success of the Church, its public image has suffered. In 1989 Ghana suspended not only missionary work but all Church activity. Though the reasons were not clear, there seems to have been a suspicion that this American church was subverting the cultural and political loyalties of the Ghanian Saints. By the end of 1990, however, confidence in the integrity of the Church was restored, and it resumed its full program. In the meantime, it has also grown in other black African nations, though cultural perceptions may still create stumbling blocks.[8]

---

[8] R. Bay Hutchings, a retired physician from Provo, Utah, was the first LDS mission president in Zaire. An experience he had suggests that, at least in part,

Other challenges remain. If, for example, blatant racial prejudice were not a serious problem, stereotyping (which is, in fact, another form of bias) still would be. Many Americans are surprised to find that new converts in Africa and other third-world countries are not necessarily uneducated and unskilled, as they often expect, but can be well educated, highly skilled, with musical and artistic tastes similar to Americans. Some white Mormons continue to believe that all blacks share the same values and cultural traits. For example, when asked to "tell us how to approach black people," one black woman replied simply, "Which ones?" In another case, members of a ward talked down to a young black man, assuming that he had little or no education. In fact, he had more than one college degree. As Jessie Embry has observed, "Those in integrated wards who were unable to shed the old stereotypes might have turned blacks away from the Church just as certainly as those who were openly prejudiced" (Embry 1990, 32).

Music, and particularly the question of what music is acceptable for worship services, has been at the heart of some intercultural conflict. BYU professor Michael Hicks's recent book, *Mormonism and Music*, tells what happened as the musical traditions of Native Americans, Samoans, and Africans seemingly came in conflict with traditional Mormon values and perceptions. When BYU's director of Indian Affairs tried to stamp out Native American music on campus, some Native American students accepted the ban, but others fought it, and one even left the Church and became actively anti-Mormon. In Africa, a mission president's attempt to eradicate tribal music from the Church (on the assumption that it was satanic) had some success but, in the process, drove away hundreds of people. Then, according to Hicks, "as the church shrank in the bush areas, it flourished in port cities, urban centers where European- and American-trained blacks could lead the services" (Hicks 1989, 221). These more cosmopolitan, urban

---

cultural misperceptions came from a curious mixture of African cultural nationalism and African Protestantism. In a letter to their family, dated 20 November 1987, his wife, Jean, told of a new Church member whose wife had received two missionary discussions and wanted to continue. Her older brother, however, refused to allow it. The Mormon Church was no good, he said, and raised several questions. "Why do we have a Casio for music rather than native drums and horns? The Catholic Church has pianos and organs and they don't teach the truth so pianos and organs are no good. How can women go into church without wearing a scarf? Paul said that women should cover their heads. And it is awful for women to wear any jewelry in church. Also this church works Magic!! For example the Urim & Thumim." Clearly these objections were based on mixed cultural perceptions: the man's reverence for native musical instruments on the one hand and ideas received from Protestantism on the other. Nevertheless, Jean Hutchings said to her family, "This is very interesting work!! You would love it like we do! Try it—you'll like it!"

blacks were less likely to be tied to their cultural traditions, but Hicks's summary succinctly captured the continuing dilemma of trying to become a truly intercultural church:

> Mormons now aspire to penetrate further into the Third World and Communist Asia. As they encounter some of the world's most ancient musical traditions, they will grapple with a longstanding dilemma: whether to pry their converts away from those traditions or to preserve the traditions from cultural erosion. And as Zion implants itself in nations whose identities are inseparable from their music, it will find fresh dilemmas about its own music, its own identity. (1989, 222)

Still another facet of the complex problem of cultural tolerance was described in 1976 by Rhee Ho Nam, then president of the Seoul Korea Stake. Korean marriages are traditionally arranged by parents, who base their selections on certain astrological and zoological signs. If the signs for the prospective couple do not match positively, the marriage is forbidden. Rhee noted, however, that this often conflicts with the Church's effort to encourage young people to marry within the faith. One young couple fell in love through their Church association but were forbidden to marry because the practitioner the young man's parents consulted told them that if they married, the bride would become a widow. "In our society," observed Rhee, "this traditional way of thinking, the *kunghap* idea, prevents us from freely doing what we may want" (1976, 166). Such experiences suggest that, in some cases, the emphasis on respecting ethnic and national culture may be modified as native Saints themselves begin to view some traditions as being partly in conflict, not with American Mormonism but, rather, with the essential and unchangeable values of the gospel itself. Social historians may well be interested in how far such inroads into cultural traditions can go.

Some Positive Things

The difficulties unloosed in the quest for universalism are almost endless, but historians should examine not only the problems, but also the positive achievements and possibilities. No doubt there will be many, and I would like to conclude by commenting on just a few.

First, an inherent flexibility in Mormonism, connected to the doctrine of continuing revelation, makes changes easier than some people have expected. After the 1978 revelation on priesthood, for example, Elder Bruce R. McConkie, in a significant statement to religion teachers in the Church Educational System, put the revelation in historical perspective, then commented on various statements made by Church leaders prior to its reception:

> There are statements in our literature by the early brethren which we have interpreted to mean that the Negroes would not receive the priesthood in mortality. I have said the same things, and the people write me letters and say, "You said such and such, and how is it now that we do such and such?" And all I can say to that is that it is time disbelieving people repented and got in line and believed in a living, modern prophet. Forget everything that I have said, or what Brigham Young or President George Q. Cannon or whomsoever has said in days past that is contrary to the present revelation. We spoke with a limited understanding and without the light and knowledge that now has come into the world.
>
> We get our truth and our light line upon line and precept upon precept. We have now had added a new flood of intelligence and light on this particular subject, and it erases all the darkness and all the views and all the thoughts of the past. They don't matter any more. . . . It is a new day and a new arrangement. (McConkie 1978)

At the same time, flexibility has its limits, which raises the question again of separating the essentials from the non-essentials. Historians should study not just what has changed, but also what has remained constant.

If Mormonism is becoming truly universal in spirit, then one would expect even the Saints in Utah to feel the impact, and I believe some noteworthy things are happening. For one thing, Utah Mormons seem to be increasingly aware of the Church elsewhere and willingly participate in the Church's foreign missionary fund which supports missionaries from other countries who simply cannot afford to support themselves. Many members donate generously every year; in 1990 members of the Orem, Utah Sharon Stake alone contributed approximately $80,000.[9] In addition, the Wasatch Front Saints, who are generally more affluent than members in some other parts of the world, are directly affected by the Church's new policy of paying 100 percent of the cost of construction of all new chapels. It cuts two ways: as building needs have burgeoned outside America, smaller, more austere chapels are being erected, and even more affluent wards are beginning to get by with less elaborate facilities in their new buildings. In addition, the budget program implemented in 1990 in the United States and Canada is part of an over-all reform in Church financing designed to promote more equal spending throughout the Church. Church members no longer pay annual budget assessments to maintain buildings and support ward and stake activities. Rather, all expenditures come from the tithing funds of the Church. The impact will be considerable

---

[9] A special foreign missionary fund drive is conducted early each year in this stake, and this figure represents the total from this drive and other money that had come into the fund by the end of May 1990. Information received from President Robert J. Parsons of the Orem, Utah, Sharon Stake.

belt-tightening in some areas of the Church and considerably more program support in others.

All this, and more, is the result of stepped-up efforts to spread the gospel worldwide; but that desire was also seen in the enthusiasm of many private, voluntary activities. One example was the remarkable family-to-family Book of Mormon program, which had its beginnings along the Wasatch front. One pioneer was Arlene Crawley, a Kaysville, Utah, Primary teacher. In 1969 she told hosts at the Visitor's Center on Temple Square of her family's and her Primary class's desire to "send the Book of Mormon on a mission" by placing copies in the Visitor's Center. Each book contained a picture and address of the donor, as well as a special message. The delighted hosts helped the Primary children place copies of the Book of Mormon with various missionaries and families in different parts of the world. As a result, at least three children received letters from missionaries and at least one family, in Holland, joined the Church.

The program grew as members of the Church in several countries began to donate books, and in 1975 it was adopted Churchwide. Wards and branches all over the Church began to support it and appointed representatives to take the donations, photograph the donors, place pictures and messages in the books, and get the books to Salt Lake City for distribution. At first Church-service missionaries in Salt Lake City took care of the work, but as enthusiastic responses poured in from around the world, the project became so huge that a full-time employee of the Missionary Department was placed in charge. By 1990 the program alone was annually placing over two million copies of the Book of Mormon around the world (England 1989, 5–7: Crawley 1989, 10-19). The program was discontinued in 1991 because of the complexity of the administrative burden. However, during its lifetime it was a remarkable example of Saintly enthusiasm for promoting missionary work around the world.

With all this new cultural awareness and desire to reach out to brothers and sisters throughout the world, it is only natural to ask, what, then, is the Church becoming? With this question in mind, I found myself going through an interesting evolution as I tried to title this essay. I began with "The Worldwide Church," then changed to "International Church," then to "Intercultural Church." Certainly the Church is striving to become all of these, but do any of these expressions describe the *essence* of Mormonism, or its divine potential? Gospel essentials begin with faith, repentance from sin, baptism by immersion, and then the gift of the Holy Ghost. These steps should lead to a change in nature, moving all of us closer to becoming the kind of people described in the Book of Mormon: those who are "willing to

bear one another's burdens, that they may be light; Yea, and are willing to mourn with those that mourn; yea, and comfort those that stand in need of comfort" (Mosiah 18:8-9), and also those who "will not have a mind to injure one another, but to live peaceably, and to render to every man according to that which is his due," and "will not suffer your children that they go hungry, or naked . . . [nor] transgress the laws of God, and fight and quarrel one with another . . . [but] walk always in soberness; . . . [and] love one another, and . . . serve one another" (Mosiah 4:13-15). It is these things that make the gospel universal, and one test historians of the future may well apply to our generation is how well the Saints succeeded in applying them everywhere.

These thoughts finally led me to the term "universal" to characterize what I think the Church is trying to become. "Including or covering all or a whole collectively or distributively without limit or exception" is Webster's formal definition of the word. It captures, I believe, the spirit with which the modern Church is attempting to promote its expansion worldwide. In the process, instead of expecting converts to melt into the American pot, as was the case a hundred years ago, it seems to be adopting the more realistic image of a cultural salad bowl. Today's Saints have clearly identifiable differences, both as individuals and as cultural groups, though they are held together by certain common boundaries. What's more, there is a growing recognition that these differences are desirable; part of the essence of the salad is that each element contributes something distinctive to the whole. If any one element is missing, the salad will be that much less desirable. Just as our unity in essentials is to be treasured, so are our differences in nonessentials, for they help keep us from imagining that someday we will be part of a huge, undiversified nirvana where we would have no individual consciousness at all.

I hope that some future historian will look back on this evolutionary time and maintain that not just new policies but, more important, new perspectives and attitudes among the Saints worldwide helped Mormonism to become a truly universal church: one where people like Julia Mavimbela, Rhee Ho Nam, Orlando Rivera, Seiji Katanuma, and Arthur Henry King were comfortable in their diversity, delighted in their unity, and exemplary in their Sainthood.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Unless otherwise noted, all manuscript materials are from the LDS Church Archives, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Allen, James B. "Would-Be Saints: West Africa Before the 1978 Priesthood Revelation." *Journal of Mormon History* 17 (1991): 207-47.

Ballard, M. Russell. "Small and Simple Things." *Ensign* 20 (May 1990): 6-8.

Bartholomew, William V., and Eleanor M. Bartholomew. Oral history interview with Gordon Irving, 1983, Salt Lake City. Typescript.

Cannon, Winfield. Personal interview with the author, 21 March 1989. Notes in possession of the author.

CR. *Conference Report*, April 1955. Salt Lake City: Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Choi, Dong Sull. "A History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Korea, 1950-1985." Ph.D. dissertation, Brigham Young University, 1990.

Condie, Spencer J. Oral history interview with James B. Allen, March 1989. Typescript.

Copeland, Lee. "From Calcutta to Kaysville: Is Righteousness Color-coded?" DIALOGUE 21 (Fall 1988): 89-99.

Crawley, Arlene. "The Beginnings of the Family to Family Program." In *Converted to Christ Through the Book of Mormon*, edited by Eugene England, 10-19. Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1989.

Deseret News 1989-1990 Church Almanac. Salt Lake City: Deseret News, c1988.

Deseret News 1991-92 Church Almanac. Salt Lake City: Deseret News, c1990.

Embry, Jessie L. " 'Separate but Equal?': Black Branches, Genesis Groups, or Integrated Wards?" DIALOGUE 23 (Spring 1990): 11-37.

England, Eugene. "The Spirit of Christ Comes from Every Page." In *Converted to Christ Through the Book of Mormon*, edited by Eugene England, 5-7. Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1989.

"Insights from June Conference." *Ensign* 5 (Oct. 1975): 70-71.

Hickman, Martin B. *David Matthew Kennedy: Banker, Statesman, Churchman*. Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1987.

Hicks, Michael. *Mormonism and Music*. Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1989.

Hutchings, Jean. Letter to her family, 20 November 1987. Copy in possession of the author, used by permission.

King, Arthur Henry. Introduction to "Cultural Diversity in the Universal Church." In Tullis 1978, 3-6.

LeBaron, E. Dale, ed. *"All Are Alike Unto God."* Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1990.

Lee, Harold B. "Strengthen the Stakes of Zion." *Ensign* 3 (July 1973): 2-6.

Mabey, Rendell, and Gordon T. Allred. *Brother to Brother: The Story of the Latter-day Saint Missionaries Who Took the Gospel to Africa*. Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1984.

McConkie, Bruce R. "To the Koreans, and All the Peoples of Asia." Address delivered 5 March 1971 at a "Korean Night Program" held at the Sharon East Stake Center, Provo, Utah. In Spencer J. Palmer, 137-48. This is a slightly revised version of the original address titled "To the Koreans, and to All the Peoples of Asia," copy in possession of the author.

————. "All Are Alike Unto God." Address to the Church Educators Symposium, Brigham Young University, 18 August 1978. Copy in possession of the author.

MH. Manuscript History of the Italian Mission, Quarterly Historical Report. 30 September 1966.

Morrison, Alexander B. *The Dawning of a Brighter Day: The Church in Black Africa*. Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1990.

Palmer, Spencer J. *The Church Encounters Asia*. Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1970.

———. *The Expanding Church*. Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1978.

Reynolds, Noel B. "Cultural Diversity in the Universal Church." In Tullis 1978, 7-22.

Rhee Ho Nam. "The Church in Korea." In Tullis 1978, 163-69.

Rivera, Orlando A. "Mormonism and the Chicano." In Tullis 1978, 115-26.

Russon, John M. Oral history interview with Richard L. Jensen, June, October 1975. Typescript.

"South African Woman to Highlight Women's Confab." [Provo, Utah] *Daily Herald*, 22 March 1989, B4-B5.

Tullis, F. Lamont. *Mormonism: A Faith for All Cultures*. Provo, Utah: Brigham Young University Press, 1978.

Watson, F. Michael. "Statistical Report 1989." *Ensign* 20 (May 1990): 22.

Yardley, Gilbert T., and John K. Jones, comps. "Korea and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." N.d. In Northern Far East Mission Manuscript History, vol. 1. Quoted material courtesy of Historical Department Archives of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Used by permission.

Comments on the Theological and Philosophical Foundations of Christianity

Sterling M. McMurrin

HISTORICAL CHRISTIANITY IS A remarkable composite of diverse religious cultures, a mixture that even today, after two millennia, is still mixing, blending things that often will not blend and fusing the unfusible. Sometimes severe, chaste, and utterly simple, at other times a confusing concoction of antithetical ingredients, Christianity exhibits at once the human capacity for cultural syncretism, the human need for religious satisfaction, and the human propensity to credulity. In this religion there is something for everyone: Roman hierarchy for the authoritarians, Jewish law for the moralists, Greek metaphysics for the rationalists, Syrian mysticism for the mystics, Persian eschatology for the millenarians, Egyptian asceticism for the masochists, Alexandrian cosmogony for the theologs, priesthood for the priestly, original sin for the sinners, redemption for the regenerate.

The Roman world in which Christianity was born was a marvelous pageant of gods, saviors, temples, priests, prophets, messiahs, mystics, philosophers, holy books, moral law, traditions, processions, incense, vestments, sacrificial ritual, and every manner of holy magic. From the fourth century B.C.E., with the conquests of Alexander and by the grace of empire and Greek language and literature, the eastern Mediterranean world was progressively saturated with Hellenistic culture, a culture hungrily embraced by the Romans, who had an impressive talent for adopting, adapting, and converting ideas to practice, science to engineering, ethics to morals, and metaphysics to religion. Never has there been a civilization more saturated with

---

STERLING M. MCMURRIN is the E. E. Ericksen Distinguished Professor Emeritus at the University of Utah. *This essay was delivered at the Sunstone Symposium West, Los Angeles, California, 15 January 1988.*

religion—religious cults and religious philosophies imported and transported throughout the Empire by commerce and the military. By the end of the fourth century C.E., Christianity had triumphed and had displaced all of them—displaced them in part by defeating them, in part by absorbing them. It had become the religious mainstream that issued from the confluence of the multiple cultures of the Judaic-Hellenistic-Roman world.

Most Christians regard themselves as the successors of the people of the Bible, the heirs of their religion. But, strangely, they seem to forget, or want to forget, that Jesus was a believing, practicing Jew, that his religion was simply a liberal form of the messianic, eschatological Judaism common among the Jewish sects of his time. His message was the imminence of the kingdom of God, though it has never been quite clear what he meant by kingdom; he clearly was not obsessed with sin, as most Christians have been. As a faithful Jew, he believed in the observance of the Torah; he preached in the synagogue; he honored the moral law and the prophetic traditions of his people; he accepted and respected the temple; and he founded no church.

The early followers of Jesus after Pentecost were Jews or Jewish converts who believed that the Messiah had come. He had apparently failed in his Messianic mission, but he would return in glory. Under the leadership of James, the brother of Jesus, and Peter the apostle, they became a community of the believers in Christ, but not a church opposed to Judaism and its institutions. However, this Jewish Christianity, the closest thing to the religion of Jesus himself, did not survive as a historical movement much beyond the first century. The disastrous Jewish revolt that led to the destruction of Jerusalem and the temple in the year 70 seriously injured the Christian community. There were migrations of the faithful and difficulties with the Jewish authorities; by the end of the century, the Jewish Christians had effectively disappeared from history. But the non-Jewish Christianity created by Paul and the Hellenizers survived; it not only survived but flourished. Incredible as it may seem, it eventually conquered the Empire, became the culture of medieval Europe, and, though somewhat decadent and at times corrupt, it is still with us in diverse forms and with disparate strength.

To say the least, it would be interesting to know what Jesus would say to the leaders of the churches which carry his name if he were in fact to return now and do a survey of Christendom. What would he think of the pomp and circumstance of the Roman Church, its doctrine of infallibility, or the magical practice of its communicants in drinking the substance of his blood and eating the substance of his flesh? When he met him, what did Jesus say to Luther about his extreme

doctrine of salvation by grace only, or to Calvin when he discussed with him the doctrine of divine election and predestination? What would his attitude be toward the millions of born-agains today who think they have achieved salvation and a bit of divinity by confessing him as their savior, or his opinion of the charismatics with their superstitious nonsense? Or what would he think of the obscene carryings-on of some of the electronic evangelists? And what would he say to those Mormons who believe that through ritual and obedience to their leaders they can actually earn and deserve a piece of eternal glory?

It would have been utterly fascinating to have overheard Jesus' conversation with the Apostle Paul when they first met in heaven, if, indeed, Paul made it to heaven and they were on speaking terms. What did he say to this powerful, sin-obsessed preacher who converted the simple faith of the followers of Jesus into a Hellenistic-Roman mystery and who was the chief inventor of the concept of original sin, arguably the worst idea that ever infected the human mind?

We know very little for sure about Jesus. Here we are dependent almost entirely on the Synoptic Gospels—not on the Gospel of John, which is essentially a theological treatise affected by gnosticism and the Greek concept of the logos; and we learn almost nothing of him from the extant writings of Paul, who, like most of the theologs who followed him, was consumed with concern for salvation through faith in the dying and rising savior God and who almost totally ignored Jesus as a living person in Galilee and Judea. But even the Synoptics tell us very little that is known for sure, and they severely distort the picture of the Jewish religion, as expressed in Pharisaism, and Jesus' reaction to it. The Gospel of John, probably written after the break with Judaism, is a frankly anti-Semitic document.

But enough of this. I will leave aside consideration of the ecclesiastical facets of the early church, its structure and forms, the influence of classical polytheism and the mystery religions on the Christian cult and its hagiology, the clash with civil authority, the life-and-death struggle of the church with gnosticism, and even the internal contentions on the nature of Christ which led at Nicaea and Constantinople to the classical Christology. I prefer, rather, to call your attention to the fundamental impact of Greek metaphysics on the foundation idea of religion, the concept of God.

First, a word of caution—two words of caution. It is a common error, especially among non-Catholics, to describe the early centuries of Christianity as a good religion gone bad, corrupted by an invasion of foreign ideas and practices. But this is an inversion of the facts. It was the Christian religion that did the invading, thanks to the missionary zeal of Paul and the other Hellenists, whoever they were. They

can be accused of corrupting the pagan religions by the infusion of Jewish-Christian elements. Who won out and who lost in the long run is a matter of one's point of view. Christianity is a Graeco-Roman religion as well as a biblical religion, but the defeat of the anti-Semitic gnostic Christians guaranteed a continuing tie of Christianity with the Bible and the biblical tradition. So the people of the Book were the good guys, at least back when the Book was being written, and the Greek philosophers who so greatly influenced Christian theology turn out to be bad.

Now my other word of caution. There was really nothing all that bad about those Greek philosophers. It has been mainly the anti-Greek prejudices of the Protestant reformers, especially Luther, that have made so much of a great apostasy of Christianity, the corruption of an initially pure, religious faith. Actually the faith was never all that pure, and the corruptors were simply doing what they did best—trying to make some kind of sense of the Christian beliefs in terms of the accepted ideas, attitudes, and methods of their own culture. That is the task of the theologian, to make sense of the people's beliefs. These people, the early gentile Christians, belonged to two cultures, very much as most of us today belong to the same two cultures, the Greek and the Judaic. They were attempting, as we are often attempting, to produce some kind of harmony of the two, a culture which was scientifically and philosophically grounded, whose dominant method was the processes of reason, and a culture which was grounded in commandment, whose method was dogmatic and authoritative. When a person today undertakes to make a case, for instance, for evolution and also for the book of Genesis, he or she is doing in principle what these early theologians were doing. They became branded as apostates, for the heretics and apostates are those who lose the argument. The winners are the orthodox. It's a little like Bertrand Russell's comments some years ago on the question "What is truth?" Russell belonged to the great era when Britannia ruled the waves. The truth, he said, is the majority opinion of the party in power in the nation that has the most battleships.

There were some, of course, who simply held that the two cultures, Jewish and Hellenistic, were entirely discordant and incommensurable. "What has Jerusalem to do with Athens?" asked Tertullian, the first of the great Latin theologians. "Nothing," was his reply. But this was the same Tertullian who, turning his back on the attempt to create a rational theology, wrote the famous statement, "Credo quia absurdum"—"I believe because it is absurd." Now a surprising number of people do believe absurdities; absurdities are what they prefer to believe; we can hear them carrying on any Sunday morning on TV. But most of us would like to believe in things that make sense. So we

often go to absurd lengths in trying to make sense of what we believe. At least we support the theologians who do it for us.

Strange as it may seem, the chief creator of Christian theology was a Jew, Philo Judaeus of Alexandria, a contemporary of Jesus who was the foremost Jewish philosopher of antiquity and who probably never heard of Jesus or the Christians. Like most of us, Philo belonged to two intellectual cultures, the Mosaic culture of Judaism, and the Platonic-Stoic culture of Alexandria, in his day the intellectual capital of the Empire. Judaism was and is a religion grounded in law and practice. In part thanks to Philo, Christianity is a religion grounded in theology, the most theologized of all the world's religions. Philo was determined to produce a harmony of the two cultures, of Moses and Plato. What God had given by revelation to Moses, he had given through the processes of reason to Plato. Philo undertook to establish this identity through a quite tortuous use of allegory, a popular Stoic literary device of that time.

When Christian theology really got going in the second and third centuries, its most enduring developments were centered in Alexandria, and its foremost theologians, Clement of Alexandria and Origen, followed the pattern of speculative theology laid down by Philo. These men and numerous others like them, who were in direct and indirect ways responsible for the character of Christian theology, were involved quite inevitably in building Greek ideas into the structure of the theology. They were Greek in education, Hebraic in belief. That the product was a corruption of the original beliefs of Jesus and the early Jewish Christians is entirely obvious. But that in itself doesn't mean that the ideas were bad. Ideas, whether in religion or anywhere else, are to be judged on their own merit, not simply on their origin.

Without the attempt at accommodation of the two intellectual cultures, Christianity would have disappeared even before Clement and Origen came along and would not have been heard of again. There would have been no Christianity today. Perhaps we would have been Mithraics, except that we wouldn't be we. Now, of course, maybe that would have been a good thing. It all depends on your point of view, your biases and prejudices. In the fourth century, Constantine favored Christianity and legalized its practice. But an early successor of Constantine, the Emperor Julian, a classical scholar of no mean accomplishment, was quite sure that Christianity was bad for the Empire, and he tried to turn things around in favor of the old ways and the old religion. Poor Julian failed in this venture and has been known ever since as Julian the Apostate. Even Edward Gibbon in his great work *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* held that Christianity was a major cause of the Empire's demise. He was probably right.

But now to the concept of God. Here the main thrust of Greek thought and the doctrines of Philo, taken from the mixture of Platonism and Stoicism popular in his place and time, were to affect the Christian creeds down to the present. Philo held that the existence of God can be known, but his essence, his nature, cannot be known. God is "unnamable," "ineffable," and "incomprehensible." God, said Philo, is a transcendent, absolute being, neither in space nor in time. This was a derivative from the metaphysics of the Pythagoreans, Parmenides, and Plato, the idea that ultimate being in its highest ontological reaches is in utter contrast to the sensible world of things in space and events in time. The ultimate reality has neither place, shape, nor position; it is spaceless. And it has neither past, present, nor future; it is timeless. Not timeless in the poetic sense of a very long or endless time, but timeless in the sense of its not being in time at all. This idea of eternity has dominated Christian theology to the present time. As the creator of time and space, God is not *in* time or space. To say that God is spaceless and eternal does not mean that space and time are unreal. They are real because God created them. But they are subject to him, not him to them.

"The great Cause of all things," wrote Philo, "does not exist in time, nor at all in place, but he is superior to both time and place; for, having made all created things in subjection to himself, he is surrounded by nothing, but he is superior to everything" (1890, 1:289). This idea had implications that reached into every facet of theology; and when, in the Christian doctrine of creation *ex nihilo*, it was joined with the biblical conception of God as a personal creator, it generated enough problems to keep the theologians busy for centuries. The worst of those problems are still with us, or at least with the theologians, because God described in these terms is an absolute—not just an absolute being among others, but *the* absolute—and the absolute is the unconditioned and unrelated. How can it, or he, be in any way related to the world, the world of things in space and events in time, for he is spaceless and timeless? And how can he be a he—or even a she?

Aristotle, Plato's student and the chief intellectual ornament of the human race, was in on this piece of metaphysics. Aristotle's God does not even know that the world exists, because he is pure thought and his absolute perfection means that he can think only himself. He can have no experience of the world. More than two thousand years later, Alfred North Whitehead wisely observed that Aristotle's metaphysics "did not lead him very far towards the production of a God available for religious purposes" (1927, 249).

Now, although his God was defined by Greek descriptions, Philo was a believing Jew who accepted the Hebrew scriptures, and for him

God was also the biblical creator who had relations with the spatial world of things, to say nothing of his involvement with time and even human history. To handle this problem, Philo, who was not at all consistent in his views, provided for intermediaries which did relate to the world—especially the logos, a divine reason, God's instrument through whom the world was created. This was supposed to take care of the problem of the unrelated absolute. Whether this idea was borrowed from Philo for the prologue of the Fourth Gospel, which identifies the logos with Christ, is not known. But it became and remains a foundation of Christology, an indispensable element of Christian theology.

Now, to make a very long and involved story short and oversimplified, as Christian theology developed, achieving its classical form in St. Augustine in the fourth and fifth centuries, a conception of God emerged as a living person of moral will and purpose, the biblical creator God and Lord of history, defined by descriptions taken from elements of Greek philosophy that described God by the impersonal categories of an absolutistic metaphysics. Here, in a compound of contradictory ingredients, especially the personal and the impersonal, was the making of centuries' worth of theological dispute, vain speculation, and doctoral dissertations.

One of the remarkable things about Christian theology has been the success of certain of its basic creeds that have satisfied the disparate branches of the church. The Nicene creed of 325 is the most notable example, accepted by both Catholics and Protestants as the foundation of Christology. It holds that the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are one in substance, an ingenious attempt to preserve monotheism by the employment of an Aristotelian conception of substance. Equally impressive has been the general acceptance of the common view, as found in both Catholic and Protestant creeds, that God is without body, parts, or passions. The First Article of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Church of England, for instance, contains the familiar formula, "There is but one living and true God, everlasting, without body, parts, or passions; of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness. . . . "

Now, I don't much like this description, but when I say that it is more Greek than biblical, I don't mean that it is therefore a bad one, because I am as pleased with our Greek heritage as with our Hebrew. Much that is of greatest worth in our culture—our entire scientific tradition, for instance—is essentially Greek in origin. But what does this formula mean? That God is without a body, that is, that he doesn't fill any space, is not very startling. Just how he can be a living person without a body is a bit of a problem, but most Christians have grown accustomed to the idea. In a sense, it is believed that because God is

not anywhere in particular, he is everywhere in general. It is less common, however, for Christians to recognize that the theology holds that since God is timeless, he is everywhen in general without being anywhen in particular.

Here, of course, is an idea that is more Greek than Hebrew, although mention of God as spirit and not body is not uncommon in the Bible. As in so many other matters, you can't make a case here simply on the Bible, because the Bible was written by many persons over a long period of time, and you can find God there both with a body and without a body. But the Hebraic religion has never been anti-materialistic; except in uncommon aberrations, it has never regarded matter as evil or as unreal. But immaterial reality is commonplace in Platonic thought, and for Plato matter is the lowest level of reality, nonbeing, and the source of evil. The gnostics were intensely anti-materialistic, some regarding the God of Genesis who created the material world as the evil demon who tempted Christ in the wilderness. Paul and especially the author of the Fourth Gospel held gnostic beliefs on matter as the source of evil. The Jews, or at least those of the Pharisaic tradition, believed in the resurrection of the body—one of the most Hebraic of the inheritances of Christianity—an indication of a positive attitude toward matter. Plato held to the immortality of the immaterial soul, a typical Greek belief. Some Christians, of course, always alert to the possibilities of eternal insurance, believe in both the immortality of the soul or spirit and the resurrection of the body.

But to return to the creed, what about God being without parts? This isn't quite as simple as it appears to be. It is again a Greek idea that shows up in Plato and Platonism. The concept of a God without parts is the notion of simplicity, and simplicity follows from the idea of divine perfection. God's simplicity is his unity and indestructibility. Anything that is a compound, that is, that has parts, is capable in principle of coming apart; anything that has parts is a composition, and whatever is composed can in principle decompose, something unthinkable in discussing God. In the *Phaedo*, one of Plato's arguments for the immortality of the soul, an argument that appeals to the Christian theologians, is the soul's simplicity. Being simple, it is by its very nature indestructible and therefore immortal. Plato never lets us in on just how Socrates knows that the soul is simple.

Now what about God being without passions? There are passages in the Bible where God has parts, and certainly he comes through as a being of intense passion. The idea of God as impassive clearly is a Greek element of the theology. It expresses especially the Aristotelian idea that God is pure act, that is, that God can only act and cannot be acted upon. This same conception of God was advanced by Philo and

became a staple of Christian theology. To be acted upon is to be affected by something, to be passive, to have passions. God is in the active voice, never in the passive. For him to be subject to influence would be imperfection. This is a little rough on the believers who want to influence God through their prayers, but it makes good sense to the theologians who probably don't do much praying anyway. Besides, they have ways of taking care of such things—through the trinitarian conceptions, the mediation of the Virgin, or the intercession of the Saints.

Of all the classical descriptions of God, his eternity or timelessness is, it seems to me, the most important. Plato's timeless entities, the universals, were impersonal, but the Christian theologians, of course, regard God as personal. This is their chief attachment to the biblical faith. The basic problem persists of whether it makes sense to hold that a timeless and spaceless entity, which includes the world but is related to nothing whatsoever, can be regarded as personal. This is a difficulty that will not go away. But an even more interesting issue is the endless chain of implication of the concept of God's timelessness. Plato, influenced by Pythagorean mathematics and the absolutism of Parmenides, held that the universals, the absolute entities, being timeless, are also changeless. Nothing happens to them or for them. They are processless, for change and motion or process of any kind involves time. The ultimate reality is absolutely static being. Motion, change, and process are found only in the world known by our senses; the world of thought, the intelligible world, is eternal *being*, never *becoming*.

This problem of being and becoming is a permanent and persistent issue in metaphysics, and it is always present in the discussion of the nature of God. If God is an absolute, static, processless, timeless being, what is to be said for the world, for human history, for human souls, their freedom and moral strivings, their victories and defeats. In classical theology, both the past and future of the world, and the past and future of human beings, are in a constant, timeless present for God. Here is the main ground for the multitude of omnis that define the divine nature—omnipotence, omniscience, and, we might add, omni-indifference—and it is the justification for divine election and predestination.

I have long believed that the key factor in any theology is the question of God's relation to time. Is God eternal in the classical sense of timeless, or is he a temporal being with an active, ongoing relation to a world which is temporal? For traditional Christianity, the eternal God entered into the horizontal stream of time only once, by descending vertically into human history and becoming incarnate in Jesus Christ. But fortunately this has not satisfied some who are on the cut-

ting edge of the philosophy of religion in this century. Now there is an impressive movement in so-called process theology that draws on the work of recent philosophers whose thought is oriented to the theory that reality is dynamic, changing, always becoming; that the world is unfinished and that life in it is a creative adventure in which new things are happening, things that make a genuine difference to the world. This movement, of which Charles Hartshorne is the recognized leader, shows the influence of such persons as William James, Gustav Fechner, Henri Bergson, and especially Alfred North Whitehead, whose work *Process and Reality* is the most celebrated piece of metaphysics produced in many decades. Here is a philosophy that breaks with the tradition that Christianity inherited from its Greek ancestry, insisting that, in some respects at least, God is not eternal and is not absolute, that he is related to the world of his creation and that things are happening for him as well as for the rest of us. What we do makes a difference to him and to the world.

William James, the most vigorous of all enemies of the absolute, summed it up when he objected to those who constantly remind us that God is in his heaven and all is well. He said, in effect, that in times like these God has no business hanging around heaven. He should be, and is, down in all of the muck and dirt of the universe trying to clean it up.

Latter-day Saints might well have been leaders in moving theology away from absolutism, considering that their prophet made a clean break with the absolutistic tradition. But words like "finite" and "limited" don't go over very well at the pulpit or in the publications of the pious. Good pulpit oratory calls for words that are drenched with piety like "eternal," "infinite," and "omnipotent." Besides, most people don't want to take their problems to a God who has problems of his own. So today, in a conservative and even reactionary mood, Mormonism, which never trusted serious work in the philosophy of religion anyway, is lusting for the linguistic fleshpots of orthodoxy and is turning its back on its own best insights.

Religion does not depend for its truth or worth on the absolutistic metaphysics with which it has been so commonly involved and which has created insoluble problems for its theologians. There is a question of whether it must be involved in rational theology at all, but we should not be too rough on the theologians, even though most of what they come up with is nonsense. Without the theologians, the religious devotees would run wild, as many of them do anyway. Without theology of some kind, which is the rational formulation of religious belief, Christianity would be simply a matter of passion and emotion and would go up in the smoke of unbridled enthusiasm.

In the words of the classical scholar Gilbert Murray, Christianity was born when the Mediterranean world was plagued by "a failure of nerve." In his *Five Stages of Greek Religion*, Murray wrote,

> Any one who turns from the great writers of classical Athens, say Sophocles or Aristotle, to those of the Christian era must be conscious of a great difference in tone. . . . The new quality is not specifically Christian: it is just as marked in the Gnostics and the Mithras-worshippers as in the Gospels and the Apocalypse, in Julian and Plotinus as in Gregory and Jerome. It is hard to describe. It is a rise of asceticism, of mysticism, in a sense, of pessimism; a loss of self-confidence, of hope in this life and of faith in normal human effort; a despair of patient inquiry, a cry for infallible revelation; an indifference to the welfare of the state, a conversion of the soul to God. It is an atmosphere in which the aim of the good man is not so much to live justly, to help the society to which he belongs and enjoy the esteem of his fellow creatures; but rather, by means of a burning faith, by contempt for the world and its standards, by ecstasy, suffering, and martyrdom, to be granted pardon for his unspeakable unworthiness, his immeasurable sins. There is an intensifying of certain spiritual emotions; an increase of sensitiveness, a failure of nerve. (1946, 123)

Our world of scientific intelligence is turning away from the central message of Christianity, but we are experiencing a new failure of nerve. Yet notwithstanding the strength of the critical attacks upon it, Christianity is a religion with a remarkably profound meaning for the human spirit, and that meaning is the source of its power of endurance. Whether its foundation is actual event or poetic myth, Christianity as a religion of redemption is the faith that the Almighty God at a moment in time entered the stream of history and suffered the agony of humanity to overcome the tragedy of existence and death to redeem and save his creation. A religion that transmutes tragedy into a victorious faith and brings the multitudes both comfort and hope will survive the onslaught of the cynicism, doubt, and incredulity of a generation whose reason, knowledge, and wisdom now threaten it with disenchantment, anguish, and a kind of cosmic sadness.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Murray, Gilbert. *Five Stages of Greek Religion*. London: Watts & Co., 1946.

Philo. *The Collected Works of Philo Judaeus*. 4 vols. Translated by C. D. Yonge. London: George Bell and Sons, 1890.

Whitehead, Alfred North. *Science and the Modern World*. New York: The MacMillan Co., 1927.

A Vision of Judas

Timothy Liu

The light was too harsh
in the South. All day
I sat beneath that tree
growing darker and darker
until I was all shade.

Looking up he saw
the feet dangling . . .

I left without a trace.
Now miles from that tree,
no water, no rope,
just this one leaf left
to hold up to my face.

TIMOTHY LIU lives in Houston, Texas. His recent work will appear in The Kenyon Review, The New Republic, *and* The Quarterly.

"And They Shall Be One Flesh": Sexuality and Contemporary Mormonism

Romel W Mackelprang

SEVERAL YEARS AGO, I presented a series of guest lectures on sexuality to undergraduate nursing classes at Brigham Young University's Salt Lake Center. My presentations were aimed at preparing students for their work with patients with severe neurological disabilities. During my first presentation, I was dismayed at the total lack of student interaction in a subject that in other settings usually met with lively discussion. I was even more surprised after the class by the number of students (all of them LDS) who wanted to talk privately about personal sexual matters. When it came to highly personal questions related to sexuality and Church policy, students were extremely anxious to talk privately with someone who shared their religious beliefs but who did not know them personally or was not in an ecclesiastical position over them. As I spoke with these students, I was struck by the uncertainty and, in some cases, guilt some were experiencing as they attempted to fit their sexuality with their religious convictions. In subsequent presentations at BYU, in speeches to Church groups, and in counseling sessions with Church members, I have noted the same phenomenon.

My experience in clinical practice has taught me that to help Church members with sexual problems, it is almost always essential to address contributing religious issues. My LDS clients' sexual problems seem to be no more severe or pervasive than those of members of other religions or of those who profess no religious affiliation. However, when

---

ROMEL W MACKELPRANG is an assistant professor in the School of Social Work and Human Services at Eastern Washington University in Cheney and Spokane. He has provided sexual counseling and has taught courses in human sexuality for eleven years. He and his wife, parents of three daughters and one son, daily wonder at the awe of procreation while at the same time wondering why they ever used it.

sexual problems occur, religious issues are more likely to be a factor for LDS clients than for any others (with the possible exception of Catholics). However unintentional, Church membership can contribute to sexual problems for some members. This essay, therefore, will address sexuality in the context of Mormonism and will explore ways to promote healthy attitudes about sexuality and sexual expression.

MORMON SEXUAL CULTURE

Church leaders, it seems, sometimes convey conflicting messages to members regarding sexuality. On the one hand, they repeatedly and forcefully emphasize that sexual activity is to be reserved for marriage. They characterize masturbation and other autoerotic activity as sins and teach that sexual contact outside the confines of marriage may be grounds for Church action that can jeopardize membership. In fact, leaders stress that adultery is second only to the "shedding of innocent blood" in seriousness. Moral sins of a sexual nature require confession to the Lord *and* bishop or other ecclesiastical leader for the transgressor to receive full forgiveness. Furthermore, some leaders consider homosexuality to be so grievous a sin that they do not differentiate between sexual *orientation* and sexual *activity* in calling for action against the membership of gay men and women.

Church leaders strongly and frequently emphasize the serious nature of sexual sins to members, especially young members. Bishops conduct regular worthiness interviews with adolescents from the age of twelve through young adulthood. Moral cleanliness is a major focus of those interviews. Ironically, "sins of immorality" are almost always defined as sexual in nature, a position that ignores the plethora of other immoral acts in which people engage. These regular opportunities for teens to confess their sexual sins to their Church leaders are intended to help young members remain chaste. Some bishops have even "helped" them by requiring them to confess their sins to their parents as well. Unfortunately, some adolescents learn to avoid the potentially negative consequences of confession simply by withholding information. For example, in one ward in which I lived, the bishop required deacons to tell their parents if they confessed to masturbation in priesthood interviews, whereupon several quickly learned to avoid this embarrassment by denying any such activity.

An all-too-common societal double standard sometimes surfaces in LDS culture as well: while sexual immorality is wrong for members of both genders, it is especially bad for females. This attitude sometimes becomes apparent when my clients and I discuss their sexual histories. For example, LDS men frequently talk about premarital masturbation

as though almost all boys have masturbated. LDS women, on the other hand, are far more likely to display embarrassment and guilt about masturbation.

On the positive side, Church members are taught that sex within marriage is a special way of sharing with one's mate. The act of procreation is as close to being godlike as men and women can become. Sex is sanctioned within marriage, especially when the intent is to bring children into the world. Unfortunately, the messages urging restraint and the warnings against sexual sin, even between husband and wife, greatly outnumber positive messages. Rarely do Church leaders affirm the pleasure and gratification brought about by satisfying intimate physical relationships, choosing instead to focus on the negative aspects of sexuality.

Children and Sexuality

From the time of conception, humans experience the effects of gender. Genetics and, within weeks, hormone production begin a lifelong process of sexual influence. Gender differences are present at birth and, through a combination of biological and environmental influences, continue throughout life. Infant exploration of the genitals is as common and natural as are other attempts to explore the environment. Unfortunately, some of the earliest negative messages about sexuality come from parents who, upon seeing this natural exploration, may react adversely and sometimes even punitively. As children grow, they encounter other similar messages. Boys and girls are taught to not touch themselves and are sometimes told that their genitals are undesirable or "nasty." This may be especially true for girls who, unlike boys, have no "legitimate" reason to regularly touch or view their genitalia. Girls may grow to womanhood without learning what their genitals look like or even the proper names of their sexual organs. An example of this was related to me by the nurse of a young, acutely disabled woman I was counseling. As the nurse began to teach this woman and her mother how to insert a catheter into the bladder, the mother asked about the "little mound of tissue" that was her daughter's clitoris. When the nurse offered an explanation, this mother of five adults expressed surprise, having always assumed that the clitoris was inside the vagina.

As children reach adolescence, they experience greater physiological, social, and psychological changes than at any other time in their lives. They develop new and confusing urges. The attitudes of parents and other adults help create either a positive sexual perspective or confusion and disproportionate feelings of guilt. When adults do not bal-

ance messages about the pitfalls of immorality with reinforcement of the special nature of sexuality, adolescents (and adults) who "fall" may believe that "all is lost," an attitude that often leads to increased promiscuity among those who prematurely engage in sexual activity (Christensen 1976).

Parents have a responsibility to teach their adolescent children not only about morality and the implications of sexual expression, but also about the physical processes their bodies are undergoing as they mature. Those who do so conscientiously will reap great benefits for their efforts. Teaching proper sexual terminology in toddlerhood and progressing to comprehensive sexual discussions in adolescence will promote greater awareness and help circumvent future problems. Parents and Church leaders should present information and counsel in frank, positive ways rather than in negative and moralistic terms. A possible consequence of such a negative, moralistic approach was evident in a woman I treated who had an aversion to sexual intimacy. She related that the most powerful message about sex she received from her parents was, "I would rather see you dead than have you be immoral." Though she was now a married adult, her strong fear of doing something immoral, even with her spouse, continued to plague her.

Discomfort with sexuality is manifest in the numerous euphemisms we use to refer to sexual anatomy. We wouldn't think of using slang to refer to an arm or leg, but sexual slang could fill volumes. Parents who have difficulty using words such as "penis" or "vagina" convey their discomfort to their children, who quickly learn to avoid using accurate sexual terminology. When parents are embarrassed by their children's questions about sex and reproduction, they teach their children to be likewise embarrassed. When parents neglect to discuss sexuality with their children, they almost ensure that their children's education will be inaccurate and inappropriate. Ironically, many of these same parents oppose any attempts by public schools or other groups to provide sexual information.

This negative attitude towards sexual education can be seen in a statement by Rodney Turner, an LDS author and BYU professor who contends, "It was the father of lies who introduced sex education into the world" (1976, 55). When parents do not inform and schools are not allowed to educate, where do young people turn to find answers to their very natural questions? Unfortunately, they frequently rely upon movies, magazines, books, or older friends who provide information that is often as limited as it is inaccurate.

Some parents teach children that sex is dirty and undesirable. People from families where such attitudes are overtly taught or, more often, unwittingly conveyed may come to view sex as base and vulgar.

I find this attitude most often in women who were taught as girls that sex is a responsibility and a duty to be borne solely for the satisfaction of their spouses or the begetting of children. The idea of sex for personal and mutual gratification is a totally foreign concept to them. Most Church leaders would agree that this sentiment is destructive to relationships but seldom offer sexually affirming messages that would reinforce more positive attitudes.

Although there is no evidence that accurate sexual knowledge promotes premature sexual activity, it is clear that the lack of knowledge leads to sexual ignorance and problems. The 1989 *General Handbook of Instructions* for Church leaders is clear on the subject of sex education.

> Parents have primary responsibility for the sex education of their children. Teaching this subject honestly and plainly in the home greatly improves the chance that young people will avoid serious problems. To help parents teach this sensitive and critical information, the Church has published "A Parent's Guide."
>
> When schools have undertaken sex education, it is appropriate for parents to seek to ensure that the instructions given their children are consistent with sound moral and ethical values. (1989, 11-5)

Sex education, then, is the responsibility of parents, first to provide information, and second, to monitor and supplement information children receive from others.

To help LDS parents fulfill this responsibility, specific, Church-produced or—endorsed training materials are essential. Unfortunately, the General Authorities have historically been reluctant to produce such materials. Kenneth Cannon, a Brigham Young University professor, wrote about a project commissioned by Alvin R. Dyer to produce for the Church an educational manual entitled "Human Maturity." Although hundreds of hours were devoted to its production, the manual was never published. Cannon also reports that lessons on sexuality developed for inclusion in Church instructional manuals were likewise never published (1976, 9). In 1985, however, the Church published *A Parent's Guide*, a booklet that includes some open and frank discussions of sex and sexuality designed for parents of children ranging in age from infancy to young adulthood. To date, it is the best effort by the Church to deal with the broad range of sexual issues confronting its members. Unfortunately, the vast majority of those members are unaware of its existence.

The problems of sexual ignorance and the rampant discomfort about sexuality could be ameliorated with a positive, concerted effort by Church leaders to disseminate frank, comprehensive, and positive sexual educational materials. The *Parent's Guide* is a positive step, but much more information, more widely available, is needed.

SEXUALITY AND MARRIAGE

Marriage is the ultimate experience for many Latter-day Saints, who look to it for the emotional and physical bonding it offers. Physical expressions of love have both scriptural and ecclesiastical sanction. In fact, the Lord's first commandment to men and women, recorded in Genesis 2:24, deals specifically with sex and marriage: "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh." There is little doubt about the meaning of this verse. Sexual intercourse was not only approved, it was (and is) strongly encouraged by the Lord. It is important to note that this command was given independent of any reference to having children—becoming "one flesh" was to be an end in and of itself.

In the modern Church, the purpose most often given for sexual relationships between husbands and wives has been procreation. In addition, sex is approved to strengthen the spiritual bonds between spouses. Unfortunately, references by General Authorities to sexual activity solely for enjoyment and physical pleasure, even between marriage partners, are few. Far more common are references to marital sex as being appropriate if restrained and kept within "normal" limits. For example, in *The Miracle of Forgiveness*, Spencer W. Kimball devotes fifteen pages to the pitfalls of sexual impurity, adds a line briefly condoning a "normal and *controlled* sex life," but offers no elaboration on what constitutes controlled sex (1969, 74, emphasis added). Joseph F. Smith had earlier stated, "Sexual union is lawful in wedlock, and if participated in with right intent is honorable and sanctifying" (1939, 309), a notion that President Kimball echoes when he writes that "pure sex life in marriage is approved" (1975, 155). But while he sanctions sexual expression as appropriate, in the same section of the book, he states that "the doctrine that the devil is so eager to establish that sex relations are justified on the grounds that it is a *pleasurable experience in itself* and is beyond moral consideration" is unacceptable (p. 154, emphasis added).

While few Latter-day Saints would argue that marital sex should not be without some moral consideration, many are confused as to whether sex for the "pleasurable experience in itself" is appropriate. Church leaders say little or nothing regarding the physical and emotional pleasure, satisfaction, and bonding that are possible in a healthy sexual relationship. In fact, many messages, whether explicit or not, seem to indicate that "pleasurable" sex for its own sake is inappropriate. The section on "Sex Desires" in Bruce R. McConkie's *Mormon Doctrine* contains no information at all and directs the reader to "see

Sex Immorality," the obvious implication being that sexual desires are sinful and "immoral" (1976, 709).

The primary message most Church members hear is that sex is primarily for procreation. David O. McKay states, "In most cases the desire not to have children has its birth in vanity. Such feelings . . . often tend to put the marriage relationship on a level with the panderer and the courtesan" (in Turner 1976, 227).

Rodney Turner takes this argument and concludes that "apart from parenthood, marriage has no eternal validity." He also emphasizes that marriage does not justify "unrestrained sexual activity" and argues that a couple's love for each other and their desire for sexual intimacy are inversely related. For Turner, the strongest sexual desires between spouses occur when "love is least present" (1976, 226, 263). This line of reasoning suggests that something is wrong with a marriage when a couple feels strong physical attraction for one another. With messages such as this, it is no wonder that LDS couples may become confused or even eschew the wonderful bonding and sharing that come from a mutually satisfying physical relationship.

While Turner's claims may seem extreme, Church leaders, for their part, have taught similar ideas. For example, J. Reuben Clark stated, "As to sex in marriage, the necessary treatise on that for Latter-day Saints can be written in two sentences: Remember the prime purpose of sex desire is to beget children. Sex gratification must be had at that hazard. You husbands: be kind and considerate of your wives. They are not your property; they are not mere conveniences; they are your partners for time and eternity" (in Turner 1976, 227).

President Clark's statement contains several messages. First, he equates sex primarily with procreation and implies that men enjoy sexual intimacy much more than women, a belief shared by much of society. Second, he assumes that men control sexual relationships and activity rather than men and women having an equal partnership. Third, if we take Clark's warning literally, sexual gratification can be hazardous, especially if it is to be had without the concurrent desire to procreate. The important positive message in Clark's statement is that women are the masters of their bodies and not men's possessions, and that men have no right to subjugate women for their own desires, either sexually or otherwise. (This pronouncement, especially at the time it was given, was certainly not in keeping with the sentiment of a major segment of society.)

Related to the discussion of sexuality is the topic of birth control. Since the early days of the Church, contraceptive use has been condemned. The doctrine of premortal existence and the mandate to pro-

vide premortal spirits the opportunity to experience mortality are the foundations for this proscription. For example, Brigham Young stated:

> There are multitudes of pure and holy spirits waiting to take tabernacles. Now what is our duty? To prepare tabernacles for them . . . It is our duty to prepare tabernacles for all the spirits they can. (1941, 197)

Referring specifically to birth control devices, John A. Widtsoe wrote:

> Any contraceptive is unnatural and interferes in one way or another with the physiological processes of life. All of them are in varying degrees injurious to those who use them, especially women. (1943, 247)

Speaking in the October 1965 general conference, President Joseph Fielding Smith reiterated this position, stating:

> I regret that so many young couples are thinking today more of successful contraceptives than of having a posterity. They will have to answer for their sin when the proper time comes and actually may be denied the glorious celestial kingdom. (1965, 29)

However, a First Presidency letter dated 14 April 1969 takes a somewhat different tone:

> We seriously regret that there should exist a sentiment or feeling among any members of the Church to curtail the birth of their children. . . . Where husband and wife enjoy health and vigor . . . it is contrary to the teachings of the church to curtail or prevent the birth of children. . . . However, the mother's health and strength should be conserved. . . . It is our further feeling that married couples should seek inspiration.

While Church leaders have repeatedly condemned the use of birth control, this 1969 statement left some discretion to couples and urged them to seek inspiration when determining the spacing and size of their families.

General Authority pronouncements regarding birth control have become less strident with the passage of time. Unfortunately, some modern Church writers are not so equivocal in their statements. Rodney Turner contends abstinence and natural methods are the only legitimate forms of birth control. Further, he judges that women who experience menstrual irregularities do so as a result of the sins of their female progenitors. In this context, he writes:

> Both husband and wife must exercise self-control . . . [to avoid using] some form of contraception other than that provided by the menstrual cycle. This may appear unfair to those women who are subject to irregular menstrual cycles. However, the admitted inequities of nature's method of birth control are, presumably, to be borne along with all of the rest of life's inequities until a better day comes. In all likelihood, menstrual irregularities . . . came about through the violation of God's laws of health and hygiene. If so, the sins of the mothers of past ages have been

> visited on their daughters living today. But again, are we to free ourselves of the natural consequences of the race's past sins by resorting to new sins [the sins of contraception]? (1976, 235)

According to Turner, women are not only to be blamed for gynecological problems, they must also allow these problems to control their sex lives.

This "blame the victim" mentality both degrades women and leads to unnecessary guilt. The LDS client who first showed me this passage and used it for a guide in her life had denied her husband and herself the intimate closeness they had previously enjoyed because she feared the spiritual and physical consequences the Lord might impose on her. Because of her menstrual irregularities, she and her husband had limited sexual contact. When they "couldn't help it" and had sexual intercourse using contraceptives, they felt guilty. Because they felt comfortable sexually only when she was pregnant or trying to become so, their marriage and family relationships were needlessly damaged. Another couple entered counseling after the husband announced to his pregnant wife that they would not engage in sexual intercourse or other intimate contact during her pregnancy to demonstrate their worthiness and devotion to the Lord. Since procreation was the purpose of sexual intimacy, he concluded, they had met that goal and were now to abstain.

Homer Ellsworth's remarkable comments in the August 1979 *Ensign* differ dramatically from Turner's opinions. In response to a question on family planning in the "I Have a Question" section, Ellsworth, a gynecologist, recommends that couples counsel together and seek the Lord's guidance in family planning matters. He discussed abstinence as *one* form of contraception, but one that could have potentially adverse "side effects" on the marriage relationship.

The latest official guidelines regarding "Birth Control" in the *General Handbook of Instructions* are as liberal as have been provided to date: "Husbands should be considerate of their wives, who have a great responsibility not only for bearing children but also for caring for them through their childhood. Husbands should help their wives conserve their health and strength. Married couples should seek inspiration from the Lord in meeting their marital challenges and rearing their children according to the teachings of the gospel" (1989, 11-4).

This is markedly different from the 1969 First Presidency statement. In a subtle, but very important change from the 1983 *General Handbook of Instructions*, it deletes the statement, "Married couples should exercise self-control in all their relationships" (p. 77). This deletion effectively rescinds the "doctrine" that "natural" birth control is the

only legitimate form of contraception and that sexual pleasure should be avoided. It is addressed primarily to men but acknowledges the mutual responsibility of both men and women in sexual decision-making. Distributed only to Church leaders, the statement would be extremely helpful if made available to Church members. In light of past statements regarding sexuality and the sexual culture that has prevailed in the Church, many members would benefit from wide distribution of policy statements that contain even subtle attitude changes.

In recent years, Church leaders and publications have presented a more positive view of sexuality. For example, in the October 1975 *Ensign*, President Kimball is quoted as saying, "We know of no directive from the Lord that proper sexual experiences between husbands and wives need be limited totally to the procreation of children" (p. 4). On another occasion, he observed, "If you study the divorces, as we have had to do in these past years, you will find . . . sex is the first [reason]. They did not get along sexually. They may not say that in court. They may not even tell that to their attorneys, but that is the reason" (1982, 312).

And while *A Parent's Guide* offers perhaps the most affirming officially sanctioned sexual messages for married couples to date, it presents a very conservative view of sexuality. It describes the sex drive as a myth, counsels engaged couples to seek sexual information separately rather than together, and warns against "sexual excess" on the honeymoon. Yet, it also provides some very positive sexual messages. Referring to sex throughout the duration of marriage, it states: "They [couples] must be the very best of friends on their first occasion when they are able to begin to know one another completely. . . . And they must realize that the greatest passions in marriage lie ahead, to increase over the years through experience and growth. . . . In virtuous marriage passions increase over the years between the couple" (1985, 46).

In the September 1986 *Ensign*, Brent Barlow discusses the joy and intimacy in marriage that couples experience when they nurture their sexual relationships. The 1989 Relief Society manual suggests that within marriage, "sexual expression is ordained of God. It is a strong force in strengthening love, unity, and companionship" (p. 137). Unfortunately, priesthood lesson manuals of recent years offer no similar reinforcement regarding sexual relationships. For example, in the 1990 *Melchizedek Priesthood Personal Study Guide*, the one lesson devoted to marital relationships, "Live Joyfully with Your Wife," contains no mention of physical intimacy between spouses. In fact, even though the authors refer to the "one flesh" scripture, they do so in a completely unrelated context. If it is true, as President Kimball suggests, that "sex is the

first reason" for divorce among LDS couples, why is it so extensively neglected in Church curricula?

Church leaders have softened their stance on sexual expression in marriage significantly in the last two decades, but in subtle and covert ways not easily discernable to many members. Whereas they earlier condoned such expression primarily for procreative purposes, and underscored this message with the recurring theme of sexual restraint, leaders now teach that sexual intimacy for physical pleasure, emotional bonding, and relationship enhancement is acceptable and even approved. While there have been no doctrinal reversals, there have been changes in emphasis. These modifications, however, as I have already noted, have not been widely dispersed to the general Church populace. Unfortunately, many members still operate under the mistaken assumption that sexual self-denial is a virtue and that sexual passions are sinful. Many remain ambivalent as they interpret these conflicting messages.

Now it is true that some people, both in and out of the Church, have little interest in sexual intimacy. Others display aversive reactions. Though this occurs in society in general, in LDS couples, sexually aversive attitudes are more likely to be justified for religious reasons. For example, one couple with whom I worked had had an essentially asexual marriage for five years. The couple had five children, and the youngest was four years old. At the onset of her last pregnancy, the wife informed the husband (just as her mother had done with her father) that since they were finished having children, their sexual life was terminated. In her mind, the gospel taught that sex was for procreation, and that self-control (and, by extension, abstinence) was the ultimate virtue—a virtue she was determined to master.

When sexual problems of this nature occur with LDS couples, it is critical to redefine them as "sexual" rather than "doctrinal" problems. Individuals who rely on past statements of Church leaders or other LDS writers could benefit from the most contemporary statements and references that affirm the role of sexuality in marriage and emphasize personal choice and free agency. By eliminating "doctrine" as the root of sexual problems and the justification for negative sexual attitudes, we are free to emphasize positive relationships, communication, and intimacy. Problems arising from guilt or fear can be ameliorated by emphasizing the Lord's mandate to become "one flesh." (One reframing technique could be to point out that the clitoris is the only anatomical structure with the exclusive purpose of sexual pleasure, and then ask if our Heavenly Parents would create such a structure if they thought sexual pleasure was wrong.) Couples can be encouraged to seek the divine guidance concerning the timing of bringing children into the

world. They should view sexual intimacy and procreation as related, but not synonymous terms. Finally, it is important to emphasize couples' mutual responsibility for decisions regarding sexual intimacy and procreation and a reduced reliance upon outside advice.

Before leaving the topic of sex and marriage, it is important to address a major concern for many LDS couples: appropriate and inappropriate methods of sexual expression. As I mentioned earlier, most of the BYU nursing students' questions revolved around whether or not the sexual activities they were engaging in (or those they thought they might want to try) were ecclesiastically sanctioned. A number of these young people were engaged, and others were married; but their concerns were the same: "What sexual practices can I engage in and not get into trouble with the Church?" (and, by extension, the Lord?). Whereas extramarital sexual contact is unequivocally prohibited, within marriage the question becomes somewhat ambiguous. The *General Handbook of Instructions* counsels, "To be morally clean, a person must refrain from adultery and fornication, from homosexual or lesbian relations and from every other unholy, unnatural, or improper practice" (1989, 11-4).

The uncertainty here comes from the "other" category. What is and what isn't unholy and impure? President Kimball counseled, "There are some who have said that behind the bedroom doors anything goes. This is not true and the Lord would not condone it" (1982, 312). In recent years, some local Church leaders have inquired into the specific sexual practices of married members and have subsequently denied temple recommends to those who, based upon the leader's interpretation, engaged in "unholy" sexual practices. Moreover, stake presidents and bishops have used Church meetings to specify the "unholy and impure" practices members are to avoid within marriage.

A question I have frequently been asked concerns the propriety of oral sex. To address this question, one must first define the term. Is kissing oral sex? How about a mouth on a breast? Or is oral sex limited exclusively to oral-genital contact? (These questions have special significance for disabled persons who are paralyzed and lack sensation in their genitals, arms, and legs and for whom sexual expression is very different from that of able-bodied persons. For some, their mouths may be the only means of active sexual expression.) On 5 January 1982, apparently in response to numerous queries about oral sex, the First Presidency distributed a letter (signed by Spencer W. Kimball, N. Eldon Tanner, Marion G. Romney, and Gordon B. Hinkley) to bishops and stake presidents. In it, they characterized oral sex as impure. However, the letter specifically stated that Church leaders

were not to discuss intimate sexual matters with members. The letter was also not to be shared with the general Church membership. Apparently, a number of the local leaders read the first part of the letter but ignored the second, choosing instead to delve into their members' intimate lives. After the 1982 letter, several of my clients and a number of friends reported experiences in which their bishops or stake presidents inquired into their intimate sex lives. Some reported local leaders using Church meetings to counsel members about sexual practices. Almost all of the inquiries and counsel dealt specifically with oral sex. As a result of these intrusions, many members wrote letters to Church leaders, protesting ecclesiastical meddling. Apparently, in response to these reactions, on 15 October 1982, a second letter was sent to stake and ward leaders that reiterated the January 5 directive to avoid inquiring into couples' intimate sexual practices. Further, it directed leaders that, even if asked by members about specific sexual matters in marriage, they were to avoid giving direct counsel. The latest directive, in the "Instructions for Issuing Recommends to Enter a Temple" (1989), instructs interviewers to ask only, "Do you live the law of chastity?" They are further counseled:

> When interviewing an applicant for a recommend, do not inquire into personal, intimate matters about marital relations between a husband and his wife. Generally, do not deviate from the recommend interview questions. If, during an interview, an applicant asks about the propriety of specific conduct do not pursue the matter. Merely suggest that if the applicant has enough anxiety about the propriety of conduct to ask about it, the best course would be to discontinue it. If you are sensitive and wise, you usually can prevent those being interviewed from asking such explicit questions.

This directive makes it clear that couples, not Church leaders, are responsible for their sexual conduct. They should take their questions to the Lord, not to ecclesiastical leaders, whose suggestions to "discontinue" sexual practices may lead to unnecessary guilt and restriction of physical intimacy. Perhaps the most beneficial recommendation for couples is to counsel together and, when necessary, seek the Lord's guidance.

Finally, in some relationships, couples use sex as a tool to manipulate or control. This type of behavior usually indicates serious marital problems. According to scriptural and ecclesiastical mandates, force or coercion are not to be used. Moses instructed that a man guilty of rape be put to death (Deut. 22:25). Church leaders and publications stress the importance of mutuality and sharing (*Parent's Guide* 1988; Kimball 1969; Barlow 1986). An example of destructive sex occurs when one partner withholds sex and affection to hurt or punish the other. At the other end of the spectrum is a woman I counseled recently

who had filed for divorce, but because of financial difficulties continued to live in the same house with her husband who, despite the impending divorce, continued to demand sexual contact. When the woman sought her bishop's help, he told her that until the divorce was final, she should meet her husband's sexual requests. Subsequently, every time he had sex with her, she felt violated; but because of her bishop's counsel, she also felt helpless to stop his advances. Loving sexual expression carries the possibility of great intimacy, but when used punitively can be extremely damaging.

HETEROSOCIAL RELATIONSHIPS

Related to the discussion of sexuality is the prevailing attitude toward heterosocial relationships between men and women in the Church. The belief expressed by Billy Crystal in the movie, "When Harry Met Sally"—that men and women can never become "just friends" because sex always gets in the way—likewise holds sway in the Church. Most members have known (or at least heard of) people who have committed adultery and have lost Church membership as a result. (Bishop-Relief Society president adultery stories are probably far more prevalent than their actual incidence.) The tragedy of broken families and damaged relationships that stem from infidelity needs no elaboration. The gospel teaches that we should share our affections exclusively with our spouses, advice that is salient for persons in or out of the Church.

Unfortunately, many Church members take the position that all extramarital male-female contacts or friendships are wrong. The following examples clearly illustrate this point. A man and a woman, neighbors in their ward, attended a series of Church-related meetings approximately twenty-five miles from their homes. They drove to these meetings separately and never considered car-pooling. When queried about this, the woman spoke of the impropriety of being alone with someone of the opposite sex and the importance of "avoiding the very appearance of evil." The implication was that during these drives, the two of them might be sexually tempted or, at least, give others the impression that they were romantically involved. This same heterosocial discomfort is evident in the practice of many wards in assigning older men as home teachers to young divorced women rather than sending men of a similar age. At a time when closeness and support of persons of the opposite sex are most needed, in the Church they are often least available. Marybeth Raynes discusses this frustration and suggests that we need to distinguish emotional closeness from erotic feelings (1981). Sexualizing heterosocial relationships often leads people to interpret

the intimate as the sexual and may, in fact, create the very atmosphere that we are attempting to avoid simply because we do not have opportunities for platonic intimacy.

The belief that friendships with members of the opposite sex automatically lead to romantic feelings or sexual relationships effectively separates members along gender lines. This especially damages women, who already have little access to leadership and the decision-making process. Gender separation in interpersonal relationships deprives male Church leaders of female perspectives and opinions. Married men and women must then rely solely on their spouses for opposite-sex interaction and feedback. Access to unmarried individuals is further restricted, especially when they are seen as potential threats to marital relationships. Removing heterosocial taboos would empower both women and men in the Church to take full advantage of the resources offered by others, regardless of their gender. For women to share a more equal voice, intergender desexualization of relationships is necessary, a process that will mitigate some of the pain and isolation felt by many single members of the Church (Oswald 1990; Young 1990; Raynes 1981).

Another negative byproduct of the Church's emphasis on avoiding sexual impropriety and heterosocial interaction is an environment in which single men and women relate to each other primarily as romantic objects or potential mates. After marriage, members avoid male-female friendships because they have not learned to relate to each other on a purely heterosocial basis. This predominantly masculine avoidance of the (nonwife) feminine results in a knowledge deprivation which devalues women's ways of knowing and being. Women, on the other hand, must daily acknowledge men's ways of knowing and doing since men hold virtually all ecclesiastical authority over their spiritual lives. If we can create a culture that validates heterosocial relationships, people will learn to socialize and work together without sexual interference. Gender imbalances that exist in today's Church will begin to disintegrate, especially as men become more aware of and responsive to women's needs and respond to them as intellectual, spiritual, and social equals. Developing healthy heterosocial relationships after marriage may, in fact, reduce marital infidelity and enhance marriages as men and women replace suspicious, fearful attitudes with affirming, nonsexual ones.

Conclusions

Sexuality permeates much of what we do and think. The Church's perspective on sexuality is unique: like our Heavenly Parents, we have

the potential to experience and enjoy eternal marriage relationships, one component of which is sexuality (we can eternally procreate). Attitudes toward sexuality and sexual expression have undergone marked changes in the 161 years since the Church was organized, many of which parallel similar changes in society at large (Hansen 1976). Although Church leaders have historically championed sexual expression for the purposes of procreation, they have only recently begun to sanction physical sexual fulfillment as ends in themselves. More than a decade ago, Kenneth Cannon called for an "LDS philosophy of sex" that emphasizes the full realm of sexuality rather than focusing almost exclusively on chastity (1976, 57). Whether or not we need an institutional "philosophy" on sex, it is certain that a church culture that provides moral guidelines, yet allows individuals and couples to fully develop as sexual beings is preferable to the current cultural ambivalence.

Though sexually affirming statements are gradually appearing in some LDS publications, their numbers are few, and most members are unaware of them. Moreover, of the sexually affirming articles and statements, very few are by General Authorities. However, General Authority statements emphasizing restraint and chastity are voluminous.

It is time for Church leaders to adopt a comprehensive approach to sexuality that includes positive messages emphasizing the joys and rewards of physical intimacy rather than focusing exclusively on the pitfalls of immorality. Ecclesiastical messages, whether in conference addresses, books, or other Church publications, condoning appropriate sexual relationships will engender a sexually affirming institutional environment, wherein members will feel free to seek and gain additional knowledge.

While it is important for members to obtain positive sexual information, it is equally important that they have access to plentiful educational materials. In 1976 Shirley B. Paxman reviewed sexually related books written by LDS authors. The list was sparse at that time, and few titles have been added since. An increased ecclesiastical openness toward sexuality would no doubt encourage a proliferation of writing on the subject. Sexual literature written within a gospel context would teach people about such subjects as sexual anatomy, the physiology of sexual response, sexual intimacy, and common sexual problems and strategies to alleviate them. This information would help dispel myths, promote knowledge-building, and reinforce positive sexual attitudes. Armed with healthy attitudes and accurate knowledge, the Church could next work on skill development. For example, priesthood and Relief Society manuals could include lessons about teaching sexuality

to children and enhancing intimate relationships in marriage. Educational materials designed for youth could provide information about physical growth and development and lessons teaching restraint and chastity.

An open environment that emphasizes the positive aspects of sexuality and promotes the acquisition of accurate sexual information will prepare Church members to teach their children healthy sexual attitudes, beginning with respect for and knowledge of their own bodies. As children mature, parents can balance messages about chastity with a celebration of the wonders of human development. This value-centered education in the home provides young people with the intellectual defenses necessary to counter the explosion of sexual information they receive from larger society and likewise prepares them for dating and, eventually, marriage.

Furthermore, an affirming sexual culture will likely prevent, and even eliminate, sexual problems for many Church members. As leaders and parents complement the teaching of chastity with messages affirming the joys of intimacy and healthy sexual expression, they can shift the emphasis away from restraint and focus on helping couples develop open and honest communication skills. Personal responsibility and spiritual guidance (when necessary) would replace ecclesiastical proscriptions. Couples could then feel free to make their own decisions regarding method and frequency of sexual expression, contraception, family planning, and childbearing. This increased openness and awareness would confirm that sexuality and sexual expression are sacred, not shameful. It would affirm the idea that sexuality is much more than sexual arousal and physical desire. As we institutionally learn to appreciate our sexuality, we will reduce artificial gender separations and enhance our ability to address the full range of sexuality-related issues. A culture that embraces all members will be created.

This paper barely scratches the surface in dealing with LDS notions of sexuality. Ongoing discussion on the broad range of sexual issues is needed. It has been said that procreation, that is the co-creation of children, brings us closer to God than anything else we do. We are taught that we have perfect Heavenly Parents. We can assume, therefore, that their love for each other must be equally perfect. They created us in their images with the desire that we emulate them. It follows, then, that the perfection we seek includes a perfect understanding of our bodies and the capacity to love our spouses completely in every way. One step on the road to perfection is an understanding and respect for our own sexuality and sexual expression, knowledge that will make us ultimately, and eternally, "one flesh."

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Barlow, Brent. "They Twain Shall Be One" *Ensign* 16 (September 1986): 49-53.

Cannon, Kenneth L. "Needed: An LDS Philosophy of Sex." DIALOGUE 10 (Autumn 1976): 57-61.

CR. Conference Report of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. October 1965.

Christensen, Harold T. "Mormon Sexuality in Cross-cultural Perspective." DIALOGUE 10 (Autumn 1976): 62-75.

Ellsworth, Homer G. "I Have a Question." *Ensign 9* (August 1979): 23-24.

First Presidency. Letter to Stake, Ward, and Mission Leaders, 14 April 1969. Copy in author's possession.

————. Letters to local leaders, 5 January 1982, 15 October 1982. Copies in author's possession.

General Handbook of Instructions. Salt Lake City: Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1983.

————. Salt Lake City: Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1989.

Hansen, Klaus J. "Mormon Sexuality and American Culture." DIALOGUE 10 (Autumn 1976): 45-56.

Instructions for Issuing Recommends to Enter a Temple. Salt Lake City: Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, April 1989.

Kimball, Spencer W. *Faith Precedes the Miracle*. Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1975.

————. "The Lord's Plan for Men and Women." *Ensign* 5 (October 1975): 2-5.

————. *The Miracle of Forgiveness*. Salt Lake City: Bookcraft Inc., 1969.

————. *The Teachings of Spencer W. Kimball*. Edited by Edward L. Kimball. Salt Lake City: Bookcraft Inc., 1982.

McConkie, Bruce R. *Mormon Doctrine*. 2d ed. (19th printing) Salt Lake City: Bookcraft Inc., 1976.

Melchizedek Priesthood Personal Study Guide: Lay Hold Upon the Word of God. Salt Lake City: Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1988.

Oswald, Delmont R. "A Lone Man in the Garden." DIALOGUE 23 (Spring 1990): 139-46.

A Parent's Guide. Salt Lake City: Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1985.

Paxman, Shirley B. "Sex Education Materials for Latter-day Saints." DIALOGUE 10 (Autumn 1976): 113-16.

Raynes, Marybeth. "Getting Unmarried in a Married Church." DIALOGUE 14 (Winter 1981): 75-90.

Relief Society Personal Study Guide. Salt Lake City: Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1989.

Smith, Joseph F. *Gospel Doctrine*. 5th ed. Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1939.

Turner, Rodney. *Woman and the Priesthood*. Salt Lake City: Bookcraft Inc., 1976.

Widtsoe, John A. *Evidences and Reconciliations*. Salt Lake City: Bookcraft Inc., 1943.

Young, Brigham. *Discourses of Brigham Young*. Selected and arranged by John A. Widtsoe. Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Inc., 1941.

Young, Lawrence A. "Being Single, Mormon and Male." DIALOGUE 23 (Spring 1990): 146–151.

Waiting

Mark Edward Koltko

The absence of a signal
is itself information,
a zero giving meaning to binary ones.
The call that doesn't ring,
the missing letter,
both are messages of absence, perhaps
indifference, or ruin.
This is what you communicated to me
when you lived,
and how I communicate with you
while you are dead.
We keep each other waiting for the signal
whose absence
is itself information. Do you read me?

I have kept you waiting, father.
Do you sit on a marble bench
in some redone Grand Central of the soul?
Or in some wooded place beside
a stream, watching the bubbles of thought float by
while you await your name to be called?
Or is it behind bars, there as here?

Do the federal bars excuse
your silence? I know better.
I know the years you sat, and stood, and lay
behind locked doors,
waiting for the frigid moments in the exercise yard,
the meal times, the visiting hours.

MARK EDWARD KOLTKO is a psychotherapist and writer who works in New York City and Newark, New Jersey. He is writing a doctoral dissertation in counseling psychology for New York University, as well as a book on his LDS missionary experiences.

Those years you spent locked in are few against
the years I spent locked outside your heart,
unknown and unknowing, waiting
to know the whys and whats of your life,

waiting in vain, I knew at the graveside,
stood up like some cheap cemetery date,
never to know the answers
buried in your ever-silent heart
and newly surgeoned brain.

It is said that when one has unfinished business
with someone dead, one may
put a picture in his place in a chair
and speak.
I could speak to the dead
but not to a stranger.
And so it is that in my undone business
I have kept you waiting.
I could go into water and set you free by proxy,
through the signal of your promise to God, if not to me.
I could. I should, some say.
But if I cannot speak with you,
then let the absence of my signal
speak at you: I retain my pain.
Unholy, yes, but it is mine,
and all I had when you I could not have.

Ecclesiastical Implications of Grace

Erin R. Silva

WHILE LIVING IN PHILADELPHIA several years ago, I served for three years as liaison from the Philadelphia Stake High Council to the Philadelphia Spanish Branch located in the Puerto Rican and black barrios of North Philadelphia. The Church members I visited there live in the highest crime rate area of Philadelphia, where mugging and murder are a way of life and where alcohol, sex, and drugs seem the only way to stop the pain and suffering of barrio life.

As difficult, dangerous, and depressing as barrio life was for our branch members, their greatest pain came from the social, economic, cultural, and even geographical alienation from their sisters and brothers in the stake. Their alienation was difficult to accept because the gospel of Christ holds out so much promise of fellowship, compassion, understanding, comfort, and help. But each week that they received no help, that stake visitors avoided them, their alienation deepened. Their poverty was confirmed every time they came to the extravagantly decorated, catered parties and dances held in the four other ward buildings located in the safe, tree-lined suburbs of western Philadelphia.

Of course, one does not have to live in an inner-city barrio to experience humiliation, shame, anger, and pain. One does not have to be poor or socially oppressed to need comfort, encouragement, understanding, and love. We have all been injured, we are all stranded, as essayist Donlu Thayer reminds us in her 1989 "Unrighteous Dominion: We Want Some Too." We all labor under the burden of sin, the disappointment of unrealized dreams and unrealistic expectations.

ERIN SILVA lives with his wife, Charlotte, and their six children in San Diego, where he practices architecture, writes, throws pottery, and cooks enchiladas.

Almost all of us, to one extent or another, have been hurt by the "poisonous pedagogy" of emotional and physical abuse. Some have even been sexually abused (Bradshaw 1988, 1–16; see also Miller 1984a, 1984b, 1984c).

Latter-day Saints, trained and conditioned to look at the positive, continue to share the great myth that "all is well." We think we are somehow immune to such abuse, but we are not. Abuse and neglect are not unknown to us. Sexual abuse in a Mormon home seems too horrible to think about. But I'm forced to acknowledge its reality every time I see one of my friends whose father, a bishop, molested her up until the night before her temple wedding.

Many of us will carry emotional scars for the rest of our lives. Even those Church members living in relative ease and comfort sometimes find life confusing, difficult, and almost too much to bear. Some, who find it *is* too much to bear, take their own lives just to stop the pain. Even if our own lives have not been touched by this kind of intense pain, surely we all suffer because of personal sin, we all need comfort, and we all need to be healed.

Jesus Christ asks us to come unto him and lay these burdens at his feet. He is our Savior and Redeemer. Through his grace he will bear it all. When we allow his arms of love and grace to be wrapped around us, we are loved, comforted, and healed. But while his grace is sufficient for us all, too often in the Church, our grace is not sufficient for each other. Many of us who have been raised in the gospel of works find ourselves racing so intently toward the celestial kingdom (see Thayer 1989b) that we are sometimes blinded to the pain and suffering of others. Because we are so interested in self-exaltation and in seeking approval through our own works, we often fail to recognize opportunities for service beyond ourselves. In our misunderstanding of salvation, many of us spend our lives trying to earn eternal life through personal, self-centered works and obedience to ecclesiastical rules and regulations.

I believe that we as Church members need to pause in our rush to the celestial kingdom and ask what our emphasis on works has wrought, not only in the way we think of Christ and his atonement, but in the way we think about priesthood, Church leadership, and, most important, in the way we treat each other. It is true that the gospel of works has produced good, dedicated, hard-working people and has done much worthy of our praise and respect. But a gospel of works tends also to promote self-righteousness, pride, arrogance among those who believe they are doing all the right stuff, and despair among those who believe they are failing (see Toscano 1990, 116–29). Ultimately a gospel of works displaces Christ's works and replaces them with our own, thus rejecting Christ's gift of atonement to us.

I believe that we, as a Church and as a people, must reject our belief in a gospel of works and focus on understanding and living a gospel of grace. The ecclesiastical implications of the gospel of grace will help us understand how to make the Church more of a safe harbor, a place of comfort, of love, and of peace. We, as members of the Church, need to understand the difference between works that we think earn us exaltation and the works of Christ. Where the traditional gospel of works is self-centered, self-saving, and self-promoting, the works of Christ are self-less, motivated by love. They focus our attention away from ourselves and into the lives of others. They teach us through service to each other to be loving and gracious. As we grow grace for grace, we learn increased compassion.

As I examine the ecclesiastical implications of Christ's grace, I hope to reinforce the notion, which has been convincingly advanced in other places, that the doctrine of salvation and exaltation by grace is fundamental and central to the teachings of Mormonism (see Bennion 1966; Olsen 1984; Toscano and Toscano 1990; Voros 1986, 1987). I also hope to advance the notion that to believe in the grace of Christ is to correctly understand the doctrine of salvation and of his atonement as a gift that is freely given to us out of love rather than something we earn.

I understand that we have been taught most, if not all, of our Church lives that we are exalted by how hard we work, by what we do. I tried in vain for two years in my Book of Mormon Gospel Doctrine class to discuss the notion of grace without someone reminding the class that "faith without works is dead" or that "we are saved by grace, but only after all we can do" (2 Ne. 25:23). Invariably someone would try to direct the class into a lengthy discussion of such Church works as tuna canning or temple work. It was difficult, if not impossible, to engage them in a class discussion that questioned their belief in the value of personal works or impugned their own social, professional, or spiritual achievements. Our most difficult discussions focused on the teachings of King Benjamin, the notions of pride and costly apparel found throughout the Book of Mormon, and the sobering discussion in chapter 8 of Mormon, as well as Moroni's farewell injunction in the final verses of Moroni, chapter 10. During one particularly difficult lesson on "costly apparel," at least half a dozen class members got up and walked out of the class. Two others came to me privately after class to assure me that their fake Rolex watches cost no more than a good Casio.

In our meetings we sing, "Let us all press on in the work of the Lord, That when life is o'er we may gain a reward." We are prisoners of the Puritan work ethic. We work hard for both material goods and

for our eternal exaltation and believe that those things either belong to us now or will someday be ours because we have earned them. Our understanding of the traditional work ethic has given many Latter-day Saints a sense of accomplishment and is a source of pride and recognition. It's what made America great, it's the American way, and all too sadly I have come to believe that, in general, it's the Mormon way.

Bruce R. McConkie has told us that "work is the law of life; it is the ruling principle in the lives of the Saints. We cannot, while physically able, voluntarily shift the burden of our own support to others. Doles abound in evils. Industry, thrift, and self-respect are essential to salvation" (1979, 132). Somehow we make the quantum leap from American work ethic to salvation and exaltation by works. I still remember hearing a high priest group leader in my Philadelphia ward remark in quorum meeting one Sunday that "I'm working in God's business. He's my boss, and exaltation is my paycheck."

Some Church members seek personal righteousness by "getting" a certain number of temple endowments each year. We pay tithing against the possibility of future lean times, expecting that God will step in and bail us out with funds already deposited into that great savings and loan in the sky. We begin early in our children's lives to reward them for their Church activity and service with certificates, awards, recognition in sacrament or stake meetings, and praise from bishops or stake presidents. Because they are recognized and rewarded for their Church service as youth, they come to expect advancements in quorum, class, ward, and stake organizations as payment for progress and reward for righteousness.

Many in the Church, as Elder Dallin Oaks has pointed out, serve out of hope for earthly rewards, prominence, or recognition by the ward or stake. Others, he observes, are searching for companionship or possible business connections. Still others, Oaks says, serve out of fear, a sense of duty, or loyalty to friends, family, or traditions. These, he says, "are those . . . good soldiers, who instinctively do what they are asked without question and sometimes without giving much thought to the reasons for their service" (Oaks 1984, 14). As I listened to this talk, the thought struck me that good soldiers are given medals and certificates of commendation to recognize their bravery and service. These tokens are a source of great personal pride, the same kind of pride that we are warned against in the Book of Mormon, as well as in one of President Ezra Taft Benson's recent conference addresses. "Pride is the universal sin, the great vice," he said, "the great stumbling block to Zion" (1989, 6–7). Many of us receive our personal pride, our self-esteem, and our sense of worthiness and validation as good members of the Church from recognition received from our Church service.

We tithe, obey the Word of Wisdom, make our once-at-the-end-of-the-month home-teaching visit, do two or three temple endowments each month, pay our monthly fast offering, can tuna twice a year, hold family home evenings, send our daughters and sons on missions, attend our Church meetings, and give our all to Church assignments.

We attend tithing settlement, where we count our money, and then we attend our yearly temple recommend interviews where we count our blessings and spiritual successes and are validated as worthy members of the Church. It is the gospel of works that assures us that we are doing what is required. It is the gospel of works that tells us we have done sufficient for our needs, and then we convince ourselves that we are worthy.

But it is Christ who reminds us that after we think we have done enough and are worthy; after we come to him and pledge our discipleship, our loyalty, and our love; after we have done all this, we must sell all we have, give it to the poor, and follow him. But many of us, like the rich young man in Mark 10:17-22, would be unwilling to sell our material goods, our costly apparel, our expensive cars, our warm and comfortable houses; many of us are unable to give up our positions of power, our titles, our honors and recognition from the world or the Church. And who can blame us? We believe we have earned it all. We have lived the gospel of works perfectly, and look how we have succeeded!

And our success has not gone unnoticed. We have let our lights shine in what we think are spiritual as well as material things, and our works have been seen and admired by the world. But have they glorified Christ? Have they honored his gospel of grace or his atonement for us?

Our works have been seen by one who speaks to us from the dust. Because they make us uncomfortable, we avoid his words or, worse yet, convince ourselves that he is talking to someone else, someone less worthy. Perhaps, we think, he is talking to members of other churches. But he is not. He is talking to us, members of the restored church of the latter-days.

> Behold, I speak unto you as if ye were present, and yet ye are not. But behold, Jesus Christ hath shown you unto me, and I know your doing.
>
> And I know that ye do walk in the pride of your hearts; and there are none save a few only who do not lift themselves up in the pride of their hearts, unto the wearing of very fine apparel, unto envying, and strifes, and malice, and persecutions, and all manner of iniquities; and your churches, yea, even every one, have become polluted because of the pride of your hearts.
>
> For behold, ye do love money, and your substance, and your fine apparel, and the adorning of your churches, more than ye love the poor and the needy, the sick and the afflicted.

> O ye pollutions, ye hypocrites, ye teachers, who sell yourselves for that which will canker, why have ye polluted the holy church of God? Why are ye ashamed to take upon you the name of Christ? . . .
>
> Why do ye adorn yourselves with that which hath no life, and yet suffer the hungry, and the needy, and the naked, and the sick and the afflicted to pass by you, and notice them not. (Morm. 8:35–39)

The gospel of works has shrunk our vision of the world. Our lives, our possessions, and our achievements are center stage, foreshortening our awareness of the rest of the world's poverty, suffering, and pain. I believe that we Latter-day Saints are good people. But sometimes our goodness and those works that make us feel worthy diminish our ability to reach beyond our material and spiritual achievements, even beyond our Church callings, to really love and take care of each other in or out of the Church. The people in my Philadelphia stake were good and loving people. They simply didn't know how to fit a poor branch of the Church into their personal gospel of works.

My Latino friends in Philadelphia continue to suffer in deplorable circumstances. That suffering can and does bring them spiritual strength, but there is much that we, as a stake family of Latter-day Saints, could have done to make it more bearable. If we were really living the gospel of grace, we would have rallied all our economic, social, and political power to bring relief to those good people. And even if we could not bring economic, political, or even social relief, then members of the stake could have been there more often with loving arms and compassion. It meant so much to branch members when people of the stake cared enough to attend branch meetings, share their rice and beans at branch fiestas, or even visit in their homes.

Many stake members felt overwhelmed by the problems they saw in North Philadelphia. But I learned that it is possible to bring a measure of relief with just a visit, a smile, or an *abrazzo*, that famous Latino hug! One of the tragedies of this life is not that suffering exists, but that we as good people do so little to try and relieve it or make it bearable.

Too often we soothe our souls with a small donation here or there—old clothes to the AmVets, used and broken toys to an orphanage at Christmastime, a loose coin or two to the person in front of the supermarket holding a can marked "FOR THE HOMELESS." Marden Clark sees us in "Begging the Cumberland Question" (1979).

> You've seen them there
> Two legless pencil-sellers
> Old, not feeble yet, sitting all day
> On Center, propped by Penneys or Kress
> With not quite stumps not quite

Sticking out. Yellow pencils in a hat
And hat stuck out, not quite begging,
Not quite selling
There they sit on Christmas eve
Unmoving on a zero walk
Except to lift occasionally a hat
In mute appeal
Like most I hurry past
One, the other,
Looking across to Levens
Or away from Penney's to whatever
Can hold my eye till I am safe.
Forty steps away the nativity
Large and new this year and lighted bright enough
To make all pause with wondering awe.
Inside half a dozen stores a Santa Claus
Too warm in body, color, tone
Takes final orders from a generation
Knowing nothing of hunger, little of cold.
Final orders swell for Mattel.
Speakers swell our peace on earth
Above the swinging doors
Of stores.

Still there.
I can't go past again.
Fingers pull my hands toward coins
That rattle shamelessly and warm.
How much? only a nickel?
Merry Christmas! My quarter drops
Unjingling in the felt. I pick two
Yellow, bright, straight, 3H
Longer and straighter than stumps
That won't balance a man without a store
For support.

The other has no pencils left,
Just the hat, still mutely thrust.
I drop my quarter in.
A last-minute bargain for Christmas Eve:
For two kind words, two bits apiece I purchase pencils and
My Christmas peace.

The atonement of Christ is a gift of salvation. The rescue has already taken place; the price has already been paid. We are free to love and serve each other rather than worrying so much about ourselves. In some personal correspondence, Fred Voros shared this analogy with me: Our rich uncle dies, leaving us millions of dollars. No longer needing to work, we are now free to dedicate our life to volunteer service. Christ's gift, in an eternal and spiritual way, is that

million dollars. It frees us "from the pressure of accumulating good works as spiritual capital and lets us focus on others."

With this understanding, we can see the world outside of ourselves. We are then better prepared to "bear one another's burdens that they may be light . . . to mourn with those who mourn, to comfort those that stand in need of comfort," and, by doing *his works*, to stand "as a witness of God at all times and in all things and in all places" (Mosiah 18:8-9).

Peter and John were on their way to the temple when they saw a lame man. Their quest for personal righteousness or eternal rewards did not blind them to human need. They stopped immediately when they saw the lame man in front of the temple. They didn't ask for his temple recommend, question his motive, blame his handicap on something he should or should not have done. They weren't offended by his appearance, his dirtiness, or his begging. They weren't concerned about proper dress or place or even if they had the proper ordinance memorized. They simply said, "Look on us." The lame beggar looked up, expecting food or money. Instead, Peter offered him some of the most powerful words in the scriptures, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." Peter then reached down, "took him by the right hand, and lifted him up: and immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength. And he leaping up stood, and walked" (Acts 3:1-8). In this one simple act of grace, in forgetting where they were going or what they had to do, Peter and John bore powerful witness of Christ and his teachings. They became leaders as Christ had taught, serving the least of God's children.

Many of our current attitudes about leadership in the Church are based on the doctrine of works. Positions of high leadership presuppose respect and recognition for spiritual, if not professional, achievement. Names are published in the *Church News* in the "New Mission Presidents, New Regional Representatives, New Stake Presidents" sections, along with past positions in the Church.

We are taught to respect the offices of leadership rather than to love the men who occupy them. We seat our leaders on the stand in front of and above us and pass the sacrament to them first. Their positions of leadership bring with them new titles (which we think they have earned)—bishop, president, or elder—rather than their sacred given names by which we knew them as friends. And then, after giving them the position, the title, and the office, we expect them to live perfect lives, be perfect leaders, have a perfect understanding of the gospel, give perfect wisdom and counsel. In short, we expect them to

live up to their resumés. We are taught to defer to their counsel and judgment, which tacitly teaches us to mistrust our own.

Some individuals, as we are cautioned in Doctrine and Covenants 121, believing in their own righteousness, power, and wisdom, begin to "counsel" us on every subject possible. They tell us what is good art, how to vote, how to dress, how to conduct our funerals, how to think, what to write, where to speak, and where to publish. They tell us to keep our thoughts and our questions to ourselves, not to gather together in private study groups, and by no means to lend our "good names" to organizations such as Sunstone and DIALOGUE. Some leaders want us to listen rather than lobby, to follow without question rather than to think and feel for ourselves as God has intended. Still others, believing in the ultimate power and authority of their positions, have used that power against other members of the Church. Ecclesiastical authority under the gospel of grace would never jeopardize a member's livelihood, good name, temple recommend, or even a well-earned pension after years of service in order to silence an alternate voice, to compel obedience, or force compliance with a certain leader's personal counsel or direction. Doctrine and Covenants 121:36–37 needs to be read and reread until we truly understand what the Lord means:

> [T]he rights of the priesthood are inseparably connected with the powers of heaven, and . . . the powers of heaven cannot be controlled nor handled only upon the principles of righteousness.
>
> . . . [T]hey may be conferred upon us, it is true; but when we undertake to cover our sins, or to gratify our pride, our vain ambition, or to exercise control or dominion or compulsion upon the souls of the children of men, in any degree of unrighteousness, behold, the heavens withdraw themselves; the Spirit of the Lord is grieved; and when it is withdrawn, Amen to the priesthood or the authority of that man.

It is the gospel of works which has led us to believe that we must "follow the brethren" because they have earned their leadership positions through dedication, hard work, and spiritual superiority. We seem to have created our own Mormon cult of personality.

Last year I delivered some last minute items (money, of course!) to my son at the Mission Training Center in Provo, Utah. Accompanied by my other children, I met him and his companion in the lobby, gave him his things, took a family photo, and exchanged final goodbyes and hugs before he was to leave for his field of labor. It wasn't until we had the film processed that we discovered, hanging on the wall behind the sofa in the MTC lobby (and I assume along the entire end of the room), the photos of General Authorities. I was surprised at this. Instead of board room photos of Church administrators, I would have expected photos of missionaries in various activities in their fields of labor or

even artists' depictions of scenes from the life of Christ, whose message these young people were about to proclaim to the world.

Those photos on the wall say much about the importance of ecclesiastical position in the Church, in spite of what we read or hear about it not mattering where in the Church we serve, or how one member is not more important in God's eyes than another.

Church members, lesson manuals, and sacrament meeting talks frequently offer more of the counsel, teachings, and writings of General Authorities than the holy words of Christ. Many Saints attempt to follow our leaders' professional and ecclesiastical examples of success. In our desire to be obedient, we sometimes follow leaders through their own personal mazes of mistakes, weaknesses, and sins. And, because they say that obedience is the first law of heaven, if they are wrong, we seem to think we are absolved of any wrong-doing ourselves. In all of this I am confused.

Nephi warned us to not put our trust "in the arm of flesh" (2 Ne. 4:34; D&C 1:16), and Christ himself told us that "it is not meet that we should be commanded in all things" (D&C 58:26–29). Our leaders have much to give us. We should listen to them with love and confirm and validate what they say through the spirit. We are then, as a community of Saints, none better than the other, able to listen to what is said, discuss it together, and even at times disagree in the spirit of love and fellowship.

The gospel of grace teaches us that a leadership position should not presuppose personal perfection or even preeminence in spiritual matters just because of past professional, economic, or ecclesiastical accomplishments. Because of his great humility and genuine love for his people, King Benjamin was able to honestly and publicly say that although he was king, he viewed himself as no better than the people themselves (Mosiah 2:26). Rather than relying on the arm of flesh, Moroni exhorts us to "come unto Christ and be perfected in him" (Moro. 10:32). I believe we mean well when we encourage each other to "follow the brethren"; but it is Christ whom we must follow, through Gethsemane to Golgotha and beyond to our spiritual home.

It is the gospel of grace that persuades me to love and respect Church leaders just as I esteem the sisters and brothers in my own ward. I could not hope to have a finer bishop or stake president. In spite of what they know about my own personal struggles, doubts, and sins, they accept and love me and count me as a friend. Their selflessness and love inform my life and my relationships with others.

I respect the General Authorities of the Church and thrill to watch President Benson stand and sing the hymns with us in general conference. Although he does not know who I am, I feel his special love and

concern for me. I sustain and support our Church leaders and respect their decision to leave the world and dedicate themselves to a full life of service. I appreciate the candor of Boyd K. Packer, not unlike that of King Benjamin (see Mosiah 2:10-11), when he tells us that he and other Church leaders struggle for inspiration just like the rest of us.

> We who have been called to lead the Church are ordinary men and women with ordinary capacities struggling to administer a church which grows at such a pace as to astound even those who watch it closely. Some are disposed to find fault with us; surely that is easy for them to do. A call to lead is not an exemption from the challenges of life. We seek for inspiration in the same way that you do, and we must obey the same laws which apply to every member of the Church. (Packer 1989, 16)

Though I had not felt a particular closeness to Elder Packer in the past, his honest and gracious sharing of personal feelings has brought me closer to him, thus making it easier to listen to him in the future.

I admire the willingness of Church leaders to minister rather than administer. I feel especially close to them when they choose love instead of power. I heed their humble and gentle persuasion to repentance and am touched deeply by their heartfelt and moving pleas, like that of Vaughn J. Featherstone, to those who have left the Church to come back home and enjoy the sweet fellowship of the Saints (Featherstone 1982, 73). I was encouraged by Hugh Pinnock's speech in the April 1989 general conference entitled "Now Is the Time" (ironically delivered in the same conference with three other speeches that essentially told us to stop thinking, writing, or speaking for ourselves). Elder Pinnock suggests it is time to ask, "What is happening to us? Why do we rely upon others for our opinions, our directions, our activities, and even our vocabulary? It is time to say, 'Whoa, stop. I want to take personal responsibility for my actions.' Now is the time to stop blaming others, the government, the Church, or our circumstances for what might disturb us. It is time to take responsibility for ourselves" (1989, 12).

Most of all, however, I am thrilled and spiritually moved when leaders, like Richard G. Scott in a recent conference address, bear with love and spiritual power their special witness of the testimony of Jesus Christ (Scott 1988, 77). Then I feel respected, loved, and motivated to live the gospel of Jesus Christ and to serve my sisters and brothers in love.

In spite of these positive feelings and experiences, the gospel of works still intrudes into what should be the domain of grace. It has influenced the way we conduct our bishop's and high council courts. So-called courts of love actually punish people and make them pay for

their sins. The internal mechanism of the court seems to be discipline, rather than the grace of Christ.

When I was called onto a high council in Philadelphia a few years ago, I was saddened by the courts on which I was called to participate. Though we were dealing only with men, I'm sure women face similar ordeals in bishops' courts. Even the physical arrangement of the court seemed planned to overwhelm and intimidate the one called to account for his actions. Flanked by his counselors, the stake president sat at the head of a large U-shaped table. Down each leg of the U sat six high councilors. The defendant, usually alone, sat away from the end of the open part of the U, out in the open, exposed and vulnerable.

Charges were read by the stake president after which members of the high council questioned the accused. The questions were often unfeeling, immaterial, sometimes humiliating, and often intimate to the point of bordering on voyeurism. The accused was then ushered out of the room while the high council and then the stake presidency deliberated. This usually took at least an hour while the accused waited and thought about his potential fate.

When the stake president finally announced his decision, I would feel empty inside for the man who had been through the ordeal. The president would close the court by reminding us that it was a court of love, conducted for the good of the one who had sinned. If the verdict was excommunication, the man was then ushered into the president's office where, as I was later made to understand, he was reminded that if he came to church meetings he was not to participate in any way, not take the sacrament, not pray, not speak in meetings, and not even pay tithing.

I could not help but compare those experiences with that of the woman taken in adultery by the scribes and Pharisees and brought before Jesus. After presenting her to the Master and explaining her sin, they quoted him the law and asked, "But what sayest thou?" They cared nothing for the woman and were really trying to tempt the Savior, "that they might have to accuse him." But, ignoring them, Jesus bent down and wrote on the ground with his finger. Seeking resolution, they continued to ask until Jesus finally lifted himself up and said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." He then resumed his writing on the ground. When they began to understand what he had said, they went away "one by one, beginning at the eldest, even unto the last: and Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst."

The Master could have then let the woman go her own way but did not. He knew that she had been shamed, humiliated, disgraced.

She did not need punishment, but love. "Woman, where are those thine accusers?" he asked. "Hath no man condemned thee? She said, No man, Lord. And Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more" (John 8:1-11).

Christ, the lawgiver, was not condoning adultery. It was he, the great Jehovah, who had given the law to Moses in the first place. What he was doing was ministering to her, rather than worrying about her sin. After all, he, the Savior of the world, was about to carry her burden of sin, as well as those of all people, into the Garden of Gethsemane. Lowell Bennion has observed, "The woman who stood before him needed encouragement, compassion, mercy. She was greater in the eyes of Jesus than even the law of Moses. So, in his response to the situation, he employed another principle of the gospel—love—because that was what she needed at the moment and under the circumstances" (1980, 26).

The gospel of grace teaches us that the primary function of any ecclesiastical action should be to comfort and love the sinner, to persuade those who have sinned to repent and lay their burden at the feet of Christ and "go and sin no more." The sinner's self-esteem should be rebuilt, and the wounds of sin dressed. Encouragement, compassion, and mercy will enable healing to begin.

Ecclesiastical punishment has no place in a gospel of grace. We are all sinners around the table of judgment. We all need Christ's atoning sacrifice. Who among us, regardless of power, position, or authority, is without sin? Who among us is sufficiently righteous or worthy to cast the first stone? The ecclesiastical requirement of grace is to love and forgive unconditionally and through that love, to gently persuade the sinner to repentance and back into the arms of Christ.

The gospel of grace teaches that people are to be forgiven and loved, to be regarded, regardless of their sins, "as valuable as our own person, as valuable as the person of God" (Toscano 1989, 7). The call to leadership in a gospel of grace is a call to love, to make oneself equal to those served. Whether as bishop, teacher, Relief Society president, or General Authority, our charge is to love those we serve and to treat them with "reciprocal esteem and dignity" (Toscano 1989, 7). Elder Dallin Oaks helps us understand that the gospel of grace calls us to serve each other for "the highest reason of all . . . the love of God and the love of his children. . . . Such service must be free of selfish ambition. It must be motivated only by the pure love of Christ" (1984, 14-15). And, as Donlu Thayer has observed,

> [T]he pure love of Christ can never fail. It is always an extension towards others; always a bond; always kind, patient, generous. It is not blind to faults,

> but there is no self-interest in its discernment of the failings of others. It seeks life and light for all. In feeling this love, this desire for me, I felt regarded by God, seen, called by my name. I saw that he did not descend below all things in order to remain forever remote from the struggling creature below. He descended in order to be with me, so that I could be with him. Seeing this, I understood, at last, what people are for: they are to be with, in their sorrow and in their joy. (1988, 19)

The gospel of grace broadens personal perspective to focus attention outside of self-interest, self-improvement, and self-salvation. It frees us to ask what we can do to help and love those around us, rather than what we must do to be saved. We are free to help make the world a better place, to increase joy and happiness in the lives of our worldwide sisters and brothers. Rather than worrying if we have enough money for our needs, we consider the lilies of the field and ask what we can do to relieve the suffering and pain of the poor among us. We recognize that, as King Benjamin taught, all are deserving of love, compassion, and comfort (see Mosiah 2:18, 4:19–25). This may sound impractical, even overwhelming. But as Mother Teresa has demonstrated, even though we cannot solve the world's problems by ourselves, we can begin to relieve suffering, one person at a time.

For too much of my own life, I was searching everywhere for the face of Christ except where it can truly be found—in the faces of my sisters and brothers in the Spanish Ward, in the faces of my own ward members, in the faces of my children, in the face of my wife. I mentioned earlier that while I believe the grace of Christ is sufficient for us all, sometimes it seems that our grace for each other is not. Our lesson from the doctrine of grace as taught in the Book of Mormon is that "to continue experiencing the Atonement with Christ after we have received his grace, we must extend it to others" (England 1989, 50).

By living the gospel of grace, by selflessly doing the works of Christ, by canning tuna or taking tuna casseroles to the sick, by sharing our daughters and sons in missionary work with the world or by loving our neighbors so that we ourselves are missionaries in our own communities, by loving and teaching each other as Primary teachers or General Authorities, by joining our sisters and brothers in holy ritual at the temple or by sharing our thoughts and feelings in love with each other at the Sunstone Symposium or in "alternate voices" publications, we can extend the grace of Christ to others. As we grow grace for grace, we will begin to find the image of Christ in our own countenances. We will discover ourselves as we really are; not leaders or followers but sisters and brothers, children of God; not Iron Rodders or Liahonas, "not faith or doubt but both, not you and me but us, not the

arching or the straight trajectory [of our concepts of] the world but Zion" (Jolley 1989, 6).

There are those who worry that the doctrine of grace will breed a generation of people in the Church who, on finding grace, will sit back and ride out the journey to salvation on the backs of those who have decided to work and earn their way into the celestial kingdom. It may come as a surprise to those who are critics of the doctrine to know that quite the opposite is true. And if it has not been said clearly enough to be understood before, I hope to do so now. We who believe in grace also believe profoundly in works. We do not, however, believe in those works that are done to consciously earn us merit here on earth and rewards of exaltation in heaven. We believe in doing the works of Christ, the works which, through the gift of the atonement, we are free to do out of peace rather than the stress of self-salvation, out of love rather than compulsion.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Bennion, Lowell. "For by Grace Are Ye Saved." DIALOGUE 1 (Winter 1966): 100-4.

————. *Jesus the Master Teacher.* Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1980.

Benson, Ezra Taft. "Beware of Pride." *Ensign* 19 (May 1989): 4-7.

Bradshaw, John. *Bradshaw On: The Family: A Revolutionary Way of Self-Discovery.* Deerfield Beach, Fla.: Health Communications, Inc., 1988.

Clark, Marden. "Begging the Cumberland Question." In *Moods: Of Late.* Provo: Brigham Young University Press, 1979.

England, Eugene. "Why Nephi Killed Laban: Reflections on the Truth of the Book of Mormon." DIALOGUE 22 (Fall 1989): 32-51.

Featherstone, Vaughn J. "However Faint the Light May Glow." *Ensign* 12 (November 1982): 71-73.

Jolley, Clifton H. "A Response to Richard Saunders and J. Frederic Voros." Presented at the 1989 Sunstone Symposium in Salt Lake City. Copy in possession of the author.

McConkie, Bruce R. "Stand Independent Above All Other Creatures." *Ensign* 9 (May 1979): 92-94.

Miller, Alice. *The Drama of the Gifted Child: The Search for the True Self*, originally published as *Prisoners of Childhood*, translated by Ruth Ward. New York: Basic Books, Inc., 1984.

————. *For Your Own Good: Hidden Cruelty in Child-Rearing and the Roots of Violence*, translated by Hildegarde and Hunter Hannum. New York: Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, 1984a.

————. *Thou Shalt Not Be Aware: Society's Betrayal of the Child.* Translated by Hildegarde and Hunter Hannum. New York: New American Library, 1984b.

Oaks, Dallin H. "Why Do We Serve?" *Ensign* 14 (November 1984): 12-15.

Olsen, Donald P. "Understanding the Scope of the Grace of Christ." *Sunstone* 9 (Autumn 1984): 21-25.

————. "Come Unto Christ." Unpublished manuscript in author's possession. Presented at the 1990 Sunstone West Symposium, Pasadena, California.

Packer, Boyd K. "Revelation in a Changing World." *Ensign* 19 (November 1989): 14-16.

Pinnock, Hugh W. "Now Is the Time." *Ensign* 19 (May 1989): 10-12.

Scott, Richard G. "True Friends That Lift." *Ensign* 18 (November 1988): 76-77.

Thayer, Donlu. "Respite for a Heretic: Jesus Christ and the Language of Desire." *Sunstone* 12 (July 1988): 19.

————. "Unrighteous Dominion: We Want Some Too." Paper presented at the 1989 Sunstone Symposium in Salt Lake City. Copy in possession of the author.

————. "Top Kingdom: The Mormon Race for the Celestial Gates." DIALOGUE 22 (Fall 1989): 12-31.

Toscano, Margaret, and Paul James Toscano. "A Case for Grace." In *Strangers in Paradox: Explorations in Mormon Theology*, 116-29. Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1990.

Toscano, Paul James. "Choose Love, Not Power." Paper presented at the 1989 Sunstone Symposium in Salt Lake City. Copy in possession of the author.

Voros, J. Frederic, Jr. "Response to Joseph B. Romney." Paper presented at the 1986 Sunstone Symposium in Salt Lake City. Copy in possession of the author.

————. "I Am Not Under the Law—Another Look at Joseph's Revision of Romans." Paper presented at the 1987 Sunstone Symposium in Salt Lake City. Copy in possession of the author.

Changes in the Revelations, 1833 to 1835

Karl F. Best

MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS accept as scripture the book of Doctrine and Covenants, a compilation of revelations received by the Prophet Joseph Smith. These revelations cover a variety of subjects and were received under different circumstances over a period of several years. Several revelations have been added to the book since it was published and accepted as scripture in 1835.

Because official Church statements and approved teaching materials emphasize an unchanging doctrine, it may be disconcerting to learn that numerous changes in the Doctrine and Covenants have been made between the time the revelations were received, their first publication, and later publications. This study will examine how these changes were made, how they can be justified, and how the modified revelations can still be considered scripture, the word of God. I will first discuss the history of the receipt and publication of the revelations, then describe the changes themselves and evaluate possible explanations for them.

BACKGROUND OF THE REVELATIONS[1]

Joseph Smith, as prophet and leader of the restored church of Jesus Christ, received revelations to guide him and his followers as the Church grew from a handful of converts in upstate New York to

---

KARL F. BEST, a technical writer for a computer company in Provo, lives in West Jordan, Utah, with his wife and three above-average children.

[1] For detailed discussions of the history of the Book of Commandments and the Doctrine and Covenants, see Crawley 1972, Woodford 1974, Howard 1969, and Cook 1981.

thousands on the shores of the Mississippi River. These revelations dealt with such issues as the translation and publication of the Book of Mormon, the establishment of the Church, and restoration of lost doctrine. As with the epistles and instructions from leaders in the early Apostolic church, revelations to Joseph Smith circulated in manuscript form among Church members and believers; multiple copies of a single revelation were common. For example, a missionary might copy some of his favorite revelations to take on his journeys (Woodford 1974, 14). Newell K. Whitney was one early Church member who copied revelations; a collection of his manuscripts is now in the Brigham Young University library. Edward Partridge also had copies of certain revelations.

In July 1830, Joseph Smith and John Whitmer began to "arrange and copy" for publication the revelations received to date (HC 1:104). More than a year later, at the October/November 1831 conference of the Church in Hiram, Ohio, Church leaders decided that the revelations received by the Prophet should be prepared for publication as the Book of Commandments (HC 1:221–22). The conference appointed Joseph to prepare the revelations for publication and Oliver Cowdery to carry the revelations to Independence, Missouri, the site of the Church press. Joseph spent the next two weeks reviewing the revelations (HC 1:229, 235). During this period, a revelation (now D&C 70)[2] named Joseph Smith, Martin Harris, Oliver Cowdery, John Whitmer, Sidney Rigdon, and W. W. Phelps as "stewards over the revelations and commandments" (v. 3). This group became known as the "Literary Firm," responsible for the temporal concerns related to the publication of the revelations. Cowdery and Whitmer left for Missouri in November 1831, followed by Smith and Rigdon in April 1832 (HC 1:266).

Unfortunately, few, if any, of the original copies of the revelations were available when the time came for publication. Even revelations recorded in an official journal, such as the Kirtland Revelation book, were usually secondary copies (Olson 1971, 336). However, these secondary copies, whether kept in official Church books or in personal records, were sometimes the only available copies (Woodford 1974, 9). Furthermore, the word-for-word accuracy of these secondary copies was not guaranteed as those who transcribed the revelations could have been copying from a copy, may not have cared about strict accuracy, or may not have had the literary skills necessary to make an accurate copy.

---

[2] References to present-day editions are to the LDS edition, not the RLDS.

At a 30 April 1832 meeting in Missouri, the Literary Firm decided that W. W. Phelps, Oliver Cowdery, and John Whitmer should review and select revelations "as dictated by the Spirit" to be included in the Book of Commandments and "make all necessary verbal corrections" (Cannon and Cook 1983, 46). Thus the revelations were already being changed, even before their first publication. Note that responsibility for the changes was given to Phelps, Cowdery, and Whitmer, and not to Joseph Smith. Smith did warn Phelps in a letter, however, to "be careful not to alter the sense of any" of the revelations (Jessee 1984, 247).

Strangely enough, some of the revelations were first published in an anti-Mormon context, just as excerpts from the Book of Mormon had been (HC 1:75–76, note). Ezra Booth, who left the Church in 1831, wrote a series of letters that were published in the Ravenna, Ohio *Ohio Star* between October and December 1831 (HC 1:216–17 and notes; Rowley 1983). These letters contained phrases and entire verses from several of the revelations; one (the current D&C 28) was published in its entirety in letter number 8. These letters were later included in E. D. Howe's 1834 *Mormonism Unvailed.*

Printing of the Book of Commandments on the Church's press in Independence had progressed to chapter sixty-five when on 20 July 1833, a mob of from three to five hundred men "collected, and demanded the discontinuance of the Church printing establishment in Jackson county, the closing of the store, and the cessation of all mechanical labors" (HC 1:390). The mob tore down the printing house, destroyed the press, and scattered the completed pages of the Book of Commandments. However, many printed sheets were rescued by Church members who quickly gathered at the scene; and, from those rescued sheets, a few hundred copies of the unfinished book were bound. These books in makeshift bindings were used by the Saints until 1835, when the Church once again printed the revelations.

Less than a year after the destruction of the press in Missouri, Church leaders in Ohio planned again to publish the revelations. Because the initial printing was generally unavailable to Church members, leaders decided to print the entire text again with additional revelations. The High Council of the Church in Ohio met 24 September 1834 and decided that a committee composed of Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery, Sidney Rigdon, and Frederick G. Williams, the presiding elders of the Church, would "arrange the items of doctrine," include selections from the Bible and Book of Mormon, and add the revelations that had been received to that date. These items were to be published in a "Book of Covenants" (HC 2:165). This com-

mittee was much the same as the Literary Firm which had published the Book of Commandments.

The "Book of Covenants," when finally published as the Doctrine and Covenants, did not include items from the Bible and Book of Mormon as originally planned. Instead, the committee added the "Lectures on Faith" and "arranged" the revelations, which included revising the revelations as they were originally published.

At the general church conference of 17 August 1835, members voted to accept the Doctrine and Covenants, still in the process of being printed, as scripture (HC 2:243-51). Before the vote, the leaders of each of the priesthood quorums of the Church bore testimony, and a written statement by the Twelve was read, all affirming the truthfulness of the revelations printed in the book. Joseph Smith and Frederick G. Williams were absent from this meeting but did sign a letter addressed to Church members, recommending the book to them. There is no record at this time of any discussion of textual changes in the revelations, although David Whitmer later recalled that some of the brethren eventually expressed concerns about the changes (Whitmer 1887, 61).

TEXTUAL CHANGES: ONE EXAMPLE

Editions of the Doctrine and Covenants after 1835 sometimes included minor changes to the text of the revelations, but the number of textual changes between the 1833 and 1835 editions was fifteen times the number in all editions from 1835 to 1921 (Petersen 1955, 119). Because Joseph Smith was on the committee that "arranged" the revelations for publication and signed the committee's letter recommending the 1835 Doctrine and Covenants to the members of the Church, we can assume that he was responsible for the 1833-35 changes, or at least knew and approved of them, even if they originated with other members of the committee. But even if this is so, did he have the right to change revelations from God?

The answer lies partly in one's conception of revelation or scripture. If revelation is the "words of God"—that is, if God dictated the revelation word for word in English to Joseph Smith, who had them written exactly as dictated—then changing a single word or even a punctuation mark would be altering God's word.

If, on the other hand, revelation is the "word of God"—if God revealed thoughts or intentions to Joseph Smith, who then verbalized and interpreted them and dictated them to a scribe—Joseph could have changed the words to better describe what God had placed in his mind. This conception of revelation would allow some changes, and

could allow additions as well, given the possibility that God might inspire the prophet to expand on an existing revelation.

For a person who holds the word-for-word view of revelation, textual changes in a revelation could certainly be disturbing. For example, Lyman Wight, an early Church member, was so affected by such changes that he wrote, "The book of Doctrine and Covenants was a telestial law; and the Book of Commandments . . . was a celestial law" (HC 2:481; Cannon and Cook 1983, 111).

David Whitmer, one of the Three Witnesses to the Book of Mormon and a member of the Literary Firm, was also disturbed by the changes made between publications of the Book of Commandments and the Doctrine and Covenants. In a book he wrote after leaving the Church, *Address to All Believers in Christ*, Whitmer complains about the changes: "In the winter of 1834 they saw that some of the revelations in the Book of Commandments had *to be changed*, because the heads of the church had gone too far, and had done things in which they had already gone ahead of some of the former revelations" (Whitmer 1887, 56; emphasis in original). In other words, according to Whitmer, Church leaders made changes in Church doctrine and organization, then changed the existing revelations to agree with and to authorize the new Church organization. Whitmer cites specifically the addition of the office of high priest in the Melchizedek Priesthood to the Articles and Covenants, what is now section 20 of the Doctrine and Covenants.

To illustrate the kinds of changes that were actually made to these early revelations, I will compare three versions of the revelation we now know as Doctrine and Covenants 5 (see Table 1). The first column includes the text of the oldest existing manuscript of the revelation, written by Newell K. Whitney for his own personal use.[3] The second column includes the revelation as it was first published in the 1833 Book of Commandments. The third column is the revelation as published in the 1835 Doctrine and Covenants. Words that have been deleted from one version to the next appear in italics; words in bold type were added to the previous version. A substitution of a word will appear in italics in the first column and bold in the next.

I have chosen this particular revelation as an example because (1) a manuscript version of it was readily available, (2) the revelation is short enough to work easily with, and (3) it contains an unusually large number of changes. In addition, I will point out other examples

---

[3] The text of the Whitney manuscript is published here by permission of the Department of Special Collections and Manuscripts, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University.

of notable changes made between 1833 and 1835 in the discussion that follows.

Manuscript in Newell K. Whitney collection, Brigham Young University Library	**1833 Book of Commandments, Section 4**	**1835 Doctrine and Covenants, Section 32**
Behold I say unto you that my servant *hath* desired a witness that my servant Joseph *hath* got the things which he has testified that he *hath got*	1. Behold, I say unto you, that my servant **Martin has** desired a witness ***from* my hand**, that my servant Joseph ***has*** got the *things* **of** which *he has* testified, **and borne record** that *he has* **received of me**.	1. Behold I say unto you, that **as** my servant Martin **Harris** has desired a witness **at** my hand, that **you**, my servant Joseph **Smith, jr. have** got the **plates** of which **you have** testified and borne record that **you have** received of me:
and now Behold this shall you say unto him the Lord am God I have given these things unto *him* & I have commanded him that he should stand as a witness of these things	2. And now, behold, this shall you say unto him: — **I** the Lord am God, **and** *I* have given these things unto **my servant Joseph**, and *I* have commanded *him* that *he should* stand as a witness of these things,	and now behold, this shall you say unto him, **He who spake unto you said unto you**, I the Lord am God, and have given these things unto you, my servant Joseph **Smith, jr.** and have commanded **you** that **you** *shall* stand as a witness of these things,
nevertheless I have caused him that he should enter into A covenant with me that he should not show them except I command him & he has no power over them except I grant it unto him	*nevertheless* I have caused *him* that *he* should enter into a covenant with me, that *he* should not show them except I command *him*, and *he has* no power over them except I grant it unto *him*;	**and** I have caused **you** that **you** should enter into a covenant with me that **you** should not show them except **to those persons to whom** I command **you**; and **you have** no power over them except I grant it unto **you**.
& he has a gift to translate the Book & I have commanded that he shall pretend to no other gift for I will grant unto him no other gift	and *he has* a gift to translate the *book*, and I have commanded ***him*** that *he shall* pretend to no other gift, for I will grant *him* no other gift.	And **you have** a gift to translate the **plates; and this is the first gift that I bestowed upon you**, and I have commanded that **you should** pretend to no other gift **until my purpose is fulfilled in this**; for I will grant **unto you** no other gift **until it is finished.**

and verily I say unto you that woe shall come unto the Inhabitants of the Earth if they will not hearken unto my words for	3. *And* verily I say unto you, that wo shall come unto the inhabitants of the earth, if they will not hearken unto my words, for,	2. Verily I say unto you, that wo shall come unto the inhabitants of the earth if they will not hearken unto my words: for **hereafter you shall be ordained and go forth and deliver my words unto the children of men.**
Behold if they will not believe my words they would not believe my *servants* if it were possible that he could show them all things	behold, if they will not believe my words, they would not believe my **servant Joseph**, if it were possible that *he* could show them all things.	Behold if they will not believe my words, they would not believe **you**, my servant Joseph, if it were possible that **you** could show them all **these** things **which I have committed unto you.**
O ye unbelieving ye stiffnecked generation	O *ye* unbelieving, *ye* stiffnecked generation, **mine anger is kindled against *you*!**	O **this** unbelieving **and** stiffnecked generation, mine anger is kindled against **them**.
Behold I have reserved the things which have *been* spoken *of* which I have intrusted to my servant for a wise purpose in me & it shall be made known unto future generations	4. Behold, **verily I say,** I have reserved *the* things *of which I have spoken,* which I have intrusted *to* my servant, for a wise purpose in me, and it shall be made known unto future generations:	3. Behold verily, I say **unto you**, I have reserved **those** things which I have entrusted **unto you**, my servant **Joseph**, for a wise purpose in me, and it shall be made known unto future generations;
but *for* this generation shall have my *word*	But this generation shall have my ***words***,	but this generation shall have my **word through you**;
yea & the testimony of three of my servants shall go forth with my *word* unto this Generation	*yea and* the testimony of three of my servants shall go forth with my **words** *unto this generation*;	**and in addition to your testimony** the testimony of three of my servants, **whom I shall call and ordain, unto whom I will show these things: and they** shall go forth with my words **that are given through you,**
yea three shall know of surety that *those* things are true	yea, *three* shall know of **a** surety that **these** things are true,	yea, **they** shall know of a surety that these things are true: **for from heaven will I declare it unto them:**

for I will give them power that they may Behold & view these things as they are	*for* I will give them power, that they may behold and view these things as they are,	I will give them power that they may behold and view these things as they are;
& to none else will I grant this power among this generation	and to none else will I grant this power, **to receive this same testimony** among this generation.	and to none else will I grant this power, to receive this same testimony, among this generation, **in this, the beginning of the rising up, and the coming forth of my church out of the wilderness—clear as the moon and fair as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.**
& the testimony of three Witnesses will I send forth & my word	And the testimony of three witnesses will I send forth *and* my word,	And the testimony of three witnesses will I send forth **of** my word;
& behold whosoever believeth in my word *him* will I visit with the manifestation of my spirit & they shall be Born of me	and behold, whosoever believeth *in* my *word*, **them** will I visit with the manifestation of my Spirit, and they shall be born of me,	and behold whosoever believeth **on** my **words** them will I visit with the manifestation of my Spirit and they shall be born of me, **even of water and of the Spirit.**
& their testimony Shall also go forth & thus if the People of this generation harden not their hearts I will work a reformation among them & I will put down all lieings & deceivings & Priestcraft & envyings & strifes & Idolatries and sorceries & all manner of Iniquities & I will establish my Church *yea even* the church which was taught by my Disciples & now if this generation do harden their hearts against my *words* Behold I deliver them up unto Satan for he reigneth & hath much Power at this time for he hath got great hold upon the hearts of the People of this generation & *how* far from the iniquities of Sodom and Gomorrah do they come at this time & Behold the Sword of justice	*and their testimony shall also go forth.* *5. And thus, if the people of this generation harden not their hearts, I will work a reformation among them, and I will put down all lyings, and deceivings, and priestcrafts, and envyings, and strifes, and idolatries, and sorceries, and all manner of iniquities, and I will establish my church, **like unto** the church which was taught by my disciples **in the days of old.*** *6. And now if this generation do harden their hearts against my **word**, behold I **will** deliver them up unto satan, for he reigneth and hath much power at this time, for he hath got great hold upon the hearts of the people of this generation: and **not** far from the iniquities of Sodom and Gomorrah, do they come at this time: and behold the sword of justice **hangeth***	**And you must wait yet a little while; for ye are not yet ordained—and their testimony shall also go forth unto the condemnation of this generation if they harden their hearts against them: for a desolating scourge shall go forth among the inhabitants of the earth, and shall continue to be poured out, from time to time, if they repent not, until the earth is empty, and the inhabitants thereof are consumed away, and utterly destroyed by the brightness of my coming.**

doth hang over their heads & if they persist in the hardness of their hearts the time cometh that it must fall upon them	*over their heads, and if they persist in the hardness of their hearts, the time cometh that it must fall upon them.*	
Behold I tell you these things even as I also told the People of the destruction of Jerusalem & my word shall be verified at this time as it hath hitherto been verified	Behold I tell you these things even as I also told the people of the destruction of Jerusalem, and my word shall be verified at this time as it hath hitherto been verified.	Behold, I tell you these things even as I also told the people of the destruction of Jerusalem, and my word shall be verified at this time as it hath hitherto been verified.
& now I command my Servant Joseph *that he repenteth* & *walketh* more uprightly before me & yield to the persuasions of men no more	7. And now I command my servant Joseph **to repent**, and **walk** more uprightly before me, and yield to the persuasions of men no more;	4. And now I command **you**, my servant Joseph, to repent and walk more uprightly before me, and yield to the persuasions of men no more;
& that he be firm in keeping the commandments *which* I have commanded him & if he doeth this Behold I grant unto him Eternal life even if he should be slain	and that *he* be firm in keeping the commandments **wherewith** I have commanded *him*; and if *he doeth* this, behold I grant unto *him* eternal life, even if *he* should be slain.	and that **you** be firm in keeping the commandments wherewith I have commanded **you**, and if **you do** this, behold I grant unto **you** eternal life, even if **you** should be slain.
And now I speak again concerning the man that desireth *the* Witness	8. And now I speak *again* concerning the man that *desireth* **a** witness:	5. And now **again** I speak **unto you, my servant Joseph,** concerning the man that **desires the** witness:
Behold I say unto him he exalteth himself & doth not humble himself sufficiently before me *I will grant unto him no such views* but if will go out & bow down before me and humble himself in mighty prayer & faith in the sincerity of his heart then will I grant unto him a view of the things which he desireth to *view*	behold I say unto him, he *exalteth* himself and *doth* not humble himself sufficiently before me, but if he will *go out and* bow down before me, and humble himself in mighty prayer and faith, in the sincerity of his heart, then will I grant unto him a view of the things which he *desireth* to **know:**	Behold I say unto him he **exalts** himself and **does** not humble himself sufficiently before me: but if he will bow down before me, and humble himself in mighty prayer and faith, in the sincerity of his heart, then will I grant unto him a view of the things which he **desires** to **see**.

& then *shall he* say unto the People of this generation Behold I have seen the things & I know of a surety that they are true for I have seen them & they have been shown unto me by the Power of God	and then **he shall** say unto the people of this generation, behold I have seen the things and I know of a surety that they are true, for I have seen them, *and* they have been shown unto me by the power of God **and not of man.**	And then he shall say unto the people of this generation, behold I have seen the things **which the Lord has shown unto Joseph Smith, jr.** and I know of a surety that they are true, for I have seen them: **for** they have been shown unto me by the power of God and not of man.
& I command him that he shall say no more unto them except I have seen them & they have been shown unto me by the Power of God & these are the words which he shall say	And I command him that he shall say no more unto them, **concerning these things**, except **he shall say**, I have seen them, and they have been shown unto me by the power of God. 9. And these are the words which he shall say.	And I **the Lord** command him, **my servant Martin Harris**, that he shall say no more unto them concerning these things, except he shall say I have seen them, and they have been shown unto me by the power of God: and these are the words which he shall say.
but if he deny this he *shall* break the covenant which he *hath* covenanted with me & Behold he is condemned	—But if he deny this, he **will** break the covenant which he **has before** covenanted with me, and behold he is condemned.	But if he deny this he will break the covenant which he has before covenanted with me, and behold he is condemned.
& now except he humble himself & acknowledge unto me the things *which* he *hath* done *that is* wrong & covenant with me that he will keep my commandments & exercise faith in me Behold I say unto him he shall have no such views for I will grant unto him no *view* of which I have spoken	And now except he humble himself and acknowledge unto me the things **that** he **has** done, **which are** wrong, and covenant with me that he will keep my commandments, and exercise faith in me, behold I say unto him, he shall have no such views, for I will grant unto him no **views of the things** of which I have spoken.	And now except he humble himself and acknowledge unto me the things that he has done which are wrong, and covenant with me that he will keep my commandments, and exercise faith in me, behold, I say unto him, he shall have no such views; for I will grant unto him no views of the things of which I have spoken.
& if this be the case I command him that he shall do no more nor trouble me more concerning this matter	And if this be the case, I command him that he shall do no more, nor trouble me **any** more concerning this matter.	And if this be the case I command **you, my servant Joseph, that you shall say unto** him, that he shall do no more, nor trouble me any more concerning this matter.

& if this be the case Behold I say unto you Joseph when thou hast translated a few more pages *& then shalt thou* stop for a season even until I command thee again then thou mayest translate	10. And if this be the case, behold I say unto *you*, Joseph, when thou hast translated a few more pages, **thou shalt** stop for a season, even until I command thee again: then thou mayest translate **again**.	6. And if this be the case, behold I say unto **thee** Joseph, when thou hast translated a few more pages thou shalt stop for a season, even until I command thee again: then thou mayest translate again.
& except thou do this Behold thou shalt have no more gift & I will take away the things which I have entrusted with thee	And except thou do this, behold thou shalt have no more gift, and I will take away the things which I have intrusted with thee.	And except thou do this, behold thou shalt have no more gift, and I will take away the things which I have intrusted with thee.
& now because I foresee the lieing in wait to destroy thee yea I foresee that if my Servant humbleth not himself & receive a witness from my hand that he will fall into transgression	11. And now, because I foresee the lying in wait to destroy thee: Yea, I foresee that if my servant humbleth not himself, and receive a witness from my hand, that he will fall into transgression;	And now because I foresee the lying in wait to destroy thee: yea, I foresee that if my servant **Martin Harris** humbleth not himself, and receive a witness from my hand, that he will fall into transgression;
& there are many that lie in wait to destroy thee from off the face of the Earth & for this cause that thy days may be prolonged I have given unto *you* these commandments	and there are many that lie in wait to destroy thee from off the face of the earth: And for this cause, that thy days may be prolonged, I have given unto **thee** these commandments;	and there are many that lie in wait to destroy thee from off the face of the earth: and for this cause, that thy days maybe prolonged, I have given unto thee these commandments;
yea for this cause I have said stop & stand still untill I command thee & I will provide means whereby thou mayest accomplish the thing I have commanded thee	yea, for this cause I have said, stop and stand still until I command thee, and I will provide means whereby thou mayest accomplish the thing **which** I have commanded thee;	yea, for this cause I have said, stop and stand still until I command thee, and I will provide means whereby thou mayest accomplish the thing which I have commanded thee;
& if thou art faithful in keeping my commandments *ye shall* be lifted up at the last day	and if thou art faithful in keeping my commandments, **thou shalt** be lifted up at the last day: — **Amen.**	and if thou art faithful in keeping my commandments, thou shalt be lifted up at the last day. Amen.

In analyzing the three versions of this revelation, I have categorized the changes as either simple or substantive. Simple changes are those which were made for ease of reading (such as changes in punctuation, grammar, and spelling), changes made in person (from second to third person or vice versa), formality (thee/you, hath/has,

repenteth/repent, etc.), or clarification (such as replacing the name of the person referred to with a pronoun). None of these changes affect the actual content of the revelation. Substantive changes, on the other hand, add or delete actual content, thereby altering the meaning or adding new meaning to the revelation.

Most of the changes made between Newell K. Whitney's manuscript version and the 1833 publication of the revelation are simple clarifications, as are the majority of changes in these early revelations. For example, a reader can lose track of who is being addressed, or who the revelation is about; inserting names in appropriate places helped to clarify the subject of the revelation. The Whitney manuscript uses the terms "my servant" and "he" or "him" to talk about two different people, Joseph Smith and Martin Harris. The pronouns were changed in the later versions to the person's name. Other subjects were also clarified by substituting the correct noun; in verse 1, "things" was changed to "plates" to clarify what the Lord is talking about.

While there are a great many changes, few are really substantive. For example, in verse 4 of the 1981 edition, the gift of translation is described as Joseph's only gift in the first manuscript, but the "first gift" in 1835. This could be considered either a clarification or a fraud. If it is a clarification, then the Lord had originally told Joseph only his present task or responsibility, that of translating the plates; Joseph changed the revelation between 1833 and 1835 to bring it up to date, to allow his additional gifts and responsibilities, including his call, in the following verse, to "go forth and deliver my words unto the children of men." One might also see this as fraud by reading "no other gift" very literally: Joseph had one and only one task, that of translating the plates, when he had completed that task, he would have "no other gift." In this interpretation, Joseph would have changed the phrase to justify his later actions: he was not called to be a prophet or to organize a church, but assumed those roles on his own.

Another example of substantive change in section 5 is the deletion of a large amount of text and the addition of new text, in the 1835 verse 3 (our present verses 17 through 19). The newer version talks about much the same subject but does not include potentially offensive statements such as "deliver them up unto Satan" or "the sword of justice hangeth over their heads," which might have been misinterpreted, especially by the Missourians with whom the Mormons had had so much trouble. Softening the message was politically expedient for the Saints who had just lost much to their indignant neighbors.

Another addition, this one more interesting because of its source, is our present verse 14, a quote directly out of the "uninspired" Song of Solomon (6:10). These phrases, "clear as the moon, fair as the sun,

and terrible as an army with banners," also appear in later revelations (105:31 and 109:73). RLDS church historian Richard P. Howard (1969, 106) does not say specifically when Joseph Smith declared the Song "uninspired" during his work on the revision of the Old Testament but shows that the work was completed by 1833, before the revisions for the 1835 Doctrine and Covenants began. Joseph was then adding material that he had already decided was uninspired to a revelation he claimed to be from God.

Other Changes Between 1833 and 1835

Substantive changes were made in many other revelations between their publication in the Book of Commandments and in the Doctrine and Covenants; some of these changes are bothersome if seen from the perspective that revelation is unchanging. I will briefly discuss six of the most notable sections that changed.

Section 7 (1981 edition) is "a translated version of the record made on parchment by John and hidden up by himself" (D&C 7, introduction). Extensive additions to the 1833 text almost doubled the size of the section when it was published in 1835 (see Table 2). Wording from the 1833 version was unaltered. The additions are mostly clarifications, but many add new meaning to the revelation. Joseph originally translated or received the text of the parchment in 1829. Did he then retranslate the parchment before 1835 to include the additional text, or did he add the new text on his own volition to expand the earlier work?

1833 Book of Commandments, Section 6	**1835 Doctrine and Covenants, Section 33**
1. And the Lord said unto me, John my beloved, what desirest thou?	1. And the Lord said unto me, John, my beloved, what desirest thou? **For if ye shall ask, what you will, it shall be granted unto you.**
and I said Lord, give unto me power that I may bring souls unto thee. —	And I said **unto him,** Lord, give unto me power **over death,** that I may **live and** bring souls unto thee.
And the Lord said unto me: Verily, verily I say unto thee, because thou desirest this, thou shalt tarry until I come in my glory:	And the Lord said unto me, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, because thou desirest this thou shalt tarry until I come in my glory, **and shalt prophesy before nations, kindreds, tongues and** people.

2. And for this cause, the Lord said unto Peter:—If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? for he desiredst of me that he might bring souls unto me: but thou desiredst that thou might speedily come unto me in my kingdom:	2. And for this cause the Lord said unto Peter, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? For he desired of me that he might bring souls unto me; but thou desiredst that thou might speedily come unto me in my kingdom.
I say unto thee, Peter, this was a good desire, but my beloved has	I say unto thee, Peter, this was a good desire, but my beloved has **desired that he might do more, or a greater work, yet among men than what he has before done;**
undertaken a greater work.	**yea, he has** undertaken a greater work; **therefore I will make him as flaming fire and a ministering angel: he shall minister for those who shall be heirs of salvation who dwell on the earth; and I will make thee to minister for him and for thy brother James: and unto you three I will give this power and the keys of this ministry until I come.**
3. Verily I say unto you, ye shall both have according to your desires, for ye both joy in that which ye have desired.	3. Verily I say unto you, ye shall both have according to your desires, for ye both joy in that which ye have desired.

Section 8 (1981 edition) is a revelation to Oliver Cowdery giving him the gift of revelation to help in the translation work. In addition, Oliver has another gift, which in the 1833 edition is the gift of "working with the rod," the "rod of nature." In the 1835 version, the "rod of nature" became the "rod of Aaron," probably to distance the growing church from the association of its founders with previously acceptable folk magic (Quinn 1987, 32ff).

Section 19 is a revelation to Martin Harris concerning eternal punishment. The 1833 version of what is now verse 21 reads: "And I command you, that you preach nought but repentance; and show not these things, neither speak these things unto the world, for they can not bear meat, but milk they must receive." Despite this warning that the doctrine taught in the revelation was too strong for the world, the revelation was published anyway. In 1835 the text of the verse was changed to read as it does today, allowing for the doctrine to be publicly taught: "And show not these things unto the world until it is wisdom in me."

Section 20, the Article and Covenants of the Church, was heavily edited between 1833 and 1835. One change, the addition of the office of high priest, has already been mentioned. Also, before 1835 Joseph

Smith and Oliver Cowdery were each called "an elder" of the Church, seemingly on equal standing; the 1835 edition made Smith the "first elder" and Cowdery the "second elder" (v. 2 and 3, 1981 edition). The text or most of the text of verses 10, 15, 41, 50-52, 62-63, 65-67, and 73 was also added in 1835.

Section 25 is a revelation addressed to Emma Smith. In the 1833 version, Emma is told that her "husband shall support thee *from* the church" (italics added), or temporally, while in 1835 he will support her "*in* the church," or spiritually. Also, in the 1833 version, the identity of the voice addressing Emma is not clear: The opening verses read in part, "Emma, my daughter in Zion, a revelation I give unto you, concerning my will." This could be Joseph speaking, or the Lord. Large additions in 1835 make it clear that revelation is from God.

Section 27, concerning the sacrament, was greatly expanded between 1833 and 1835. The long list of those who will share the sacrament at the last day (verses 5b–13, 1981 edition), as well as a description of the armor of God (verses 15b–18), were added, tripling the length of the revelation Joseph Smith received on his way to purchase wine.

The revelations include several more changes between 1833 and 1835 (see Petersen 1955; Howard 1969; Woodford 1974), but those already discussed illustrate the problem that arises in studying the history of the Doctrine and Covenants. The revelations in the 1835 edition are in some instances substantially different from the earliest manuscript and printed versions. But the question remains: did the leaders of the Church go astray in making the changes (as David Whitmer claimed), or were the changes justified? Answers to this question depend on one's interpretation of revelation.

Explanations of Changing Revelation

The substantive changes in the Doctrine and Covenants can be explained in a number of ways. Some explanations, of course, are more palatable to the believer than others.

A few of the studies examining the changes in the revelations seek to explain and justify the changes. As Melvin Petersen pointed out, explanations can usually be categorized by whether the writer is a believer or nonbeliever; the believer usually claims that all changes were made within Joseph's role as prophet, while the nonbeliever usually claims that the changes were some form of fraud or deception. For example, Petersen concludes his own analysis: "A prophet cannot be justly criticized when he rewrites the commandments he received from God, for he is only doing that which is part of his role as prophet"

(1955, 165). A 1977 study by another believer, Robert J. Woodford, also allows changes within Joseph's role as prophet, as does Howard's 1969 study.

On the other hand, nonbelievers have freely criticized changes in what should be God's word. Jerald and Sandra Tanner say, "Although we feel that Joseph Smith had a right to revise his own writings, we do not feel that he had a right to revise the revelations which he claimed to be the word of God. . . . If these were really revelations from God, Joseph Smith would have had no right to revise them" (1987, 27). The Tanners can suggest only that Joseph Smith is a deceiver, a fraud.

Rather than adopting a simple believer/nonbeliever, prophet/fraud explanation, I would suggest that changes could have been made for a variety of reasons.

Fraud

Joseph Smith could have written revelations for his own benefit and purpose, then changed them later as the situation demanded. This is the explanation favored by those who do not accept Smith's calling as a prophet. Both Fawn Brodie's *No Man Knows My History* (1971) and Dale Morgan's unfinished history of early Mormonism (1986) contain extensive arguments supporting the idea that the revelations were Smith's creations, "received" or changed as the situation demanded. The Tanners, whom I have already mentioned, would also favor this explanation.

Pious and personal fraud are different things. Joseph Smith could have changed the revelations to benefit the Church or to benefit himself. Though one method may be more benevolent, they are both still fraud. I point this out only to make a distinction in the purpose of the change (see Hutchinson 1988, 18).

Of course, Joseph Smith may not have been responsible for all of the changes. David Whitmer blames Sidney Rigdon for some changes: "I was told that Sidney Rigdon was the cause of those changes being made: by smooth talk he convinced Brother Joseph and the committee that it was all right" (Whitmer 1887, 61). We also know that Oliver Cowdery once tried to "command" Joseph to make changes (HC 1:105); and Cowdery, together with other members of the Literary Firm, certainly had opportunities to make changes without Joseph's knowledge when they were preparing the manuscripts. However, because Joseph did not reverse any of the changes and used the new scriptures until his death, he must have approved of the changes, regardless of their source.

Social/Political Considerations

Some changes can be explained by social or political considerations. As pointed out earlier, the language of the early versions of today's section 5, and other revelations using similar language, undoubtedly offended the "old settlers" of Jackson County, resulting in hostile action against the Saints. The Mormons very boldly stated, in their published revelations and through editorial statements in the *Evening and Morning Star*, that they intended to obtain all of Jackson County, including the riches of the Gentiles, by whatever means necessary. Joseph Smith changed the language of the revelation to make it less offensive to the Gentiles, who would undoubtedly see it.

> The tragic eviction of the Saints from Jackson County fresh in his memory as he prepared copy for the Doctrine and Covenants in 1834–35, Joseph Smith brought to bear the lessons in diplomacy learned from history in the rephrasing of the above statement: ["for I will consecrate the riches of the Gentiles, unto my people which are of the house of the Israel" (Book of Commandments 44:32) to] "for I will consecrate *of* the riches of *those who embrace my gospel among* the Gentiles, unto *the poor of* my people who are of the house of Israel" (D&C, 1835 edition, 13:11). In a similar frame of mind, Joseph Smith sought to convey in wiser, more restrained language the essence of the ideas which he had earlier written regarding the promises of the Lord to the faithful who respond to the gospel message. (Howard 1969, 210, italics added)

Inaccurate Manuscripts

Another possible explanation is that the manuscripts from which the publisher worked were inaccurate. This is a standard response, but one, as I will show, that does not satisfactorily explain more than minor corrections. B. H. Roberts offers this explanation for the addition of text to section 20 (1981 edition).

> Some of the early revelations first published in the "Book of Commandments," in 1833, were revised by the Prophet himself in the way of correcting errors made by the scribes and publishers; and some additional clauses were inserted to throw increased light upon the subjects treated in the revelations, and paragraphs added, to make the principles or instructions apply to officers not in the church at the time some of the earlier revelations were given. The addition of verses 65, 66, and 67 in sec. xx of the Doctrine and Covenants is an example. (HC 1:173, footnote)

The verses cited by Roberts are those in which the office of high priest was added to the priesthood organization.

The text of the revelations for the Book of Commandments came from various manuscripts, both personal and official, mostly copies of the original. If no original or early copy was available to the 1835 committee, they revised the earliest published copy. Of course, with

original manuscripts lacking, Joseph could have then changed the text, either working from memory or modifying for clarity. This seems to be a likely explanation for the additions of phrases and simple clarifications. Unless we could find the original manuscripts (which the committee had no access to) and compare them to the committee's revisions, it would be impossible to tell if the changes were restorations or additions.

Sidney Rigdon was the first to mention possible inaccuracies, at the November 1831 conference in Hiram, Ohio, where Church leaders decided to compile and publish the revelations. Rigdon expressed concern that the manuscripts of the revelations contained scribal errors.

> Remarks by br. Sidney Rigdon on the errors or mistakes which are in commandments and revelations, made either by the ~~scribe~~ translation in consequence of the slow way of the scribe at the time of receiving or by the scribes themselves.
>
> Resolved by this conference that Br Joseph Smith Jr correct these errors or mistakes which he may discover by the holy Spirit while ~~receiving the revelations~~ reviewing the revelations & commandments & also the fulness of the scriptures. Resolved by this conference that Br Oliver Cowdery shall copy correct and select all the writings which shall go forth to the world ~~which go~~ through the Printing press (except) the revelations and commandments, by the Spirit of the Lord and this according to the commandment given in Missouri July 20, 1831. (Cannon and Cook 1983, 29)

Note that only scribal errors are mentioned and that Joseph Smith was to correct the errors under guidance of the Spirit.

At the April 1832 conference in Independence, W. W. Phelps, Oliver Cowdery, and John Whitmer were appointed to select revelations for printing and "make all necessary verbal corrections" (Cannon and Cook 1983, 46). The conference thereby admitted that the written versions of the revelations did need correcting, but apparently only for grammatical reasons and not to change content.

Due to delays in the planned 1831 publication of the Book of Commandments, W. W. Phelps decided to publish selected revelations in the *Evening and Morning Star* to hasten their availability to the members of the Church, despite an April 1832 order that "revelations be limited to the parties concerned until printed" in the Book of Commandments (Cannon and Cook 1983, 46). The first issue of the *Star* (June 1832) included four of the revelations received by Joseph Smith. Later editions of the newspaper included others, and one was reprinted in a corrected form. The "Articles and Covenants," now known as section 20, was printed in the first issue of the *Star* and then again with changes in number thirteen (June 1833). The editor explained, "We have again inserted the articles and covenants according to our promise in a previous number, for the benefit of our brethren abroad who

have not the first number of the first volume. As there were, some errors which had got into them by transcribing, we have since obtained the original copy and made the necessary corrections" (*Evening and Morning Star*, June 1833, 98).

The only additions were two clarifying words (v. 3 "also"; v. 8 "before") and the phrase "or from time to time as they shall direct or appoint" (v. 61, 1981 edition), clarifying how frequently conferences would be held. Also, the last few verses were left out of the reprinted version; these became section 22 in later editions.

As the 1835 Doctrine and Covenants was being prepared, Oliver Cowdery was also reprinting the *Evening and Morning Star* in Kirtland, where the Jackson County periodical had not been widely available. The prospectus of the reprint edition explained that the revelations would be updated.

> There are many typographical errors in both volumes, and especially in the last, which we shall endeavor carefully to correct, as well as principle, if we discover any. It is also proper for us to say, that in the first 14 numbers, in the Revelations, are many typographical, and others, occasioned by transcribing the manuscript; but as we shall have access to originals, we shall endeavor to make proper corrections. (*Evening and Morning Star* reprint, Sept. 1834, 384)

Cowdery tried to use more accurate manuscripts for this second printing. For example, he wrote to Newell K. Whitney, a bishop of the Church, on 4 February 1835, asking to see his copy of one of the revelations for verification. The sources he used for the Kirtland *Evening and Morning Star* reprint were also used by the committee preparing the 1835 Doctrine and Covenants, so the revelations in the two were identical (Arrington 1952, 354, note). While Cowdery seems to blame all of the changes made between 1833 and 1835 on bad manuscripts and sloppy printers, it is doubtful that such substantial changes and additions of large amounts of text could be caused by printer error. In addition, Cowdery says that the material added in the reprinted version was in the originals. This is also unlikely, as seen in the example of the versions of section 5, unless large numbers of changes occurred between the original and Whitney manuscripts.

Transcription of Revelations

Another possible explanation for changes in the revelations is that Joseph Smith had to interpret or transcribe the ideas that God placed in his mind; the words that he wrote or dictated were only his imperfect interpretation of what God intended. Joseph could then later rewrite or change the revelation to make it better fit what he remembered. (This, of course, fits the "word of God," rather than the "words of

God," model.) This concept could be likened to transcribing a vision, a nonword event: any written account could be edited later to clarify the prophet's memory or interpretation of the experience, or to change the emphasis for a particular audience or purpose. This is basically the approach taken by Dean Jessee in his study of the various accounts of Joseph Smith's First Vision, which were written for various audiences and occasions (Jessee 1969).

Another example that supports this explanation is the vision described in section 76. This vision was verbalized in more than one way: Joseph Smith wrote a poem to W. W. Phelps, expanding upon the ideas presented in the vision.[4] Yet another example is a comparison of the text of section 110, another written account of a vision, with Doctrine and Covenants 128:21; the latter contains the names of additional personages delivering keys and dispensations that were not included in the first account.

However, not many changes could be explained by this theory, as most revelations were "dictated" and not transcribed from visions. Parley P. Pratt, in describing the receipt of the revelation that is now section 51, emphasized that Joseph dictated revelations without revising them.

> After we had joined in prayer in the translating room, he dictated in our presence the following revelation:—(Each sentence was uttered slowly and very distinctly, and with a pause between each, sufficiently long for it to be recorded, by an ordinary writer, in long hand. This was the manner in which all of his written revelations were dictated and written. There was never an hesitation, reviewing, or reading back, in order to keep the run of the subject; neither did any of these communications undergo revisions, interlinings, or corrections. As he dictated them so they stood, so far as I have witnessed; and I was present to witness the dictation of several communications of several pages each.) (Pratt 1874, 65–66)

B. H. Roberts, in the *History of the Church*, qualifies this claim, saying that any changes made were only to bring the revelations up to date (HC 1:173, note). Pratt was mistaken, however, in saying that "this was the manner in which all of his written revelations were dictated and written." As several historians have pointed out, some revelations were received through Joseph's peepstones (later called the Urim and Thummim) in a process that some described as a word-for-word dictation (Van Wagoner and Walker 1982, 61; Woodford 1974, 9).

---

[4] Published in the *Millennial Star* 4:49–55, the poem was part of an exchange of poetic letters between Smith and Phelps upon the latter's return to the Church. See HC 5:253, 288 for Phelps' poem and Smith's note of replying in poem.

Prophetic Expansion

A more complex approach, one which directly addresses the nature of the prophet's role in receiving revelation, is to look at the prophet as one who is authorized to update or expand existing revelations. A basic example of this was noted by Lyman Wight: the addition of the office of high priest to the original list of priesthood offices (D&C 20, 1981 edition). The "Articles and Covenants," as the section was originally known, was first compiled from various revelations and instructions in 1830, and the office of high priest was added to the Church in 1831 (Bushman 1984, 156–57; HC 1:176, note). If Church members knew about the new priesthood office, and the new organization was publicly taught, would it have made sense to continue publishing the incomplete list of priesthood offices? And as other doctrines were expanded or changed, and publicly taught, or as members of the Church were more ready to receive additional doctrines (Smith 1976, 305) was it not proper to include them in the scriptures? For example, the revelation on celestial marriage was first received about 1831, was written in 1843 (HC 5:29–34), but wasn't added to the Doctrine and Covenants until the 1875 edition, after it had been publicly taught.

Orson Pratt used the example of the prophet Jeremiah's expanding a prophetic text to justify Joseph Smith's adding new text to the revelations:

> Indeed, at the time of compilation [of the revelations], the Prophet was inspired in several instances to write additional sentences and paragraphs to the earlier revelations. In this manner the Lord did truly give "line upon line, here a little and there a little," the same as He did to a revelation that Jeremiah received, which, after being burned by the wicked king of Israel, the Lord revealed over again with great numbers of additional words. (in Woodford 1974, 17)

Note that Jeremiah was commanded by the Lord only to "write in it [the scroll] all the former words" (Jer. 36:28). Jeremiah added more words on his own (v. 32) but makes no mention of any condemnation from the Lord. Expansion of prophetic texts by a prophet, then, is nothing new.

Anthony Hutchinson discusses various versions of the creation story in Mormon scripture, commenting that Joseph Smith expanded and rewrote the story as his knowledge and understanding of Egyptian and Hebrew texts grew. He views these expansions from the point of biblical criticism. While Hutchinson's study looks specifically at Joseph's contributions to the creation story, in the books of Abraham and Moses and in the temple account, his analysis also applies to the changes in the revelations. According to Hutchinson,

> people tend to preserve the stories and texts they hold as sacred but often adapt them in light of the new circumstances they experience. Often a particular text sets up a specific problem of faith or point of religious reflection for the believers of the tradition, which they solve by adapting the problematic text. The later text that now seems to contradict an earlier one results simply from efforts at understanding it or making sense of the scenery of thought it produced. (1988, 13)

Hutchinson points out that this process, an example of which is the Hebrew midrash, or interpretation, has been going on for millennia with our biblical texts; changing scriptures is nothing new. He says of Joseph Smith's revelations:

> But inspiration, indeed revelation, can occur through such a process, for many of the texts we confess as inspired or revealed manifest these patterns and tendencies. Similarly, to see midrashic technique in the Joseph Smith scriptures does not imply that he knew anything of ancient targums or midrashism, but rather that like them his works tried to make sense of scripture by playing upon its inherent possibilities. (1988, 69)

Blake Ostler examines changes made to the text of the Book of Mormon in light of the expansion theory, that a prophet can expand a revelation as his understanding of the doctrine increases. He points out that Joseph Smith made changes to the original text without referring back to the plates from which the text was translated, citing the Isaiah sections as an example: "These changes indicate that Joseph Smith had a much freer idea of scripture than many of his contemporaries or his present fundamentalist critics" (1987, 105). He rules out the propositional form, where prophets only write the words that they are given (p. 108). Instead, a prophet interprets as he receives and may later change and expand the text to reflect his feelings and interpretation (p. 109). In fact, Ostler says, differences in language and world view of God and prophet make it impossible for a prophet to receive revelation without imposing some interpretation upon it. All revelation is shaped by human experience.

> The model of revelation I propose here is that of creative co-participation. It seems to me that the Book of Mormon makes most sense if it is seen as both a revelation to Joseph Smith and as Joseph's expansions of the text. This view requires a theology of revelation focusing on interpretation inherent in human experience. This view is grounded in two fundamental premises: (1) There can be no revelation without human experience and, (2) there can be no human experience without interpretation. According to this view, revelation is continuing, dynamic, and incomplete. It results from free human response to God. (1987, 109)

Most of Ostler's points can be applied to the changes in the Doctrine and Covenants as well. The revelations in the Doctrine and Covenants are not translations, but neither (in the strictest sense) was the Book of

Mormon; it was instead a revelation (pp. 104–5). Joseph Smith could not translate/receive the text of the Book of Mormon without imposing, consciously or unconsciously, his own interpretation on it. The same process was at work with other revelations.

This is supported, at least for the Doctrine and Covenants, by Orson Pratt, when he spoke before the School of the Prophets on 9 December 1872 in the Salt Lake Stake:

> Joseph the Prophet in writing the Doctrine & Revelations Covenants, received the ideas from God, but clothed those ideas with such words as came to his mind—but in translating the book of Mormon by the use of the Urim and Thummim, God not only revealed the ideas but the words also—
>
> Pres. D. H. Wells remarked that God revealed such words in translating the Book of Mormon as Joseph understood, and had that been through Orson Pratt, or John Taylor, possibly different words would have been used by each one to convey the same meaning. (in Woodford 1974, 9)

Consider the potential differences between identical revelations received by different prophets, each imposing his or her own interpretation on its meaning. Further, what changes would occur in the same revelation received at different times by the same prophet? Given a revelation received by Joseph Smith in 1828, it seems hardly possible that the same revelation would be written in exactly the same words in 1835. Certainly his expanded understanding of doctrine, and perhaps his changed world view, would affect what he wrote. Thus, it should not be troubling that an 1828 revelation could be reinterpreted and rewritten in 1835. Were Joseph Smith alive today, he might still be rewriting the revelations. Instead, his successors and the membership of the Church have adopted a more propositional view, to use Ostler's term (1987, 108), and have generally preferred to leave existing revelations alone (with the exception of minor changes in the 1921 and 1981 editions of the Book of Mormon).

Conclusion

Admittedly the question of whether Joseph Smith was justified in changing the revelations in the Doctrine and Covenants depends upon our own concepts of revelation and scripture, and upon our testimony and belief in Joseph Smith. Perhaps it doesn't matter at all that the revelations have been changed, unless one believes that God gave the revelations word for word and meant them to be final.

But, assuming that God revealed everything word for word, how do we account for the differences in style between the revelations of the various Old and New Testament writers (Petersen 1955, 129)?

The revelations must have been shaped by the prophet's own experiences, language, and world view. And would an omniscient God make errors in grammar and spelling that needed later correction? These errors undoubtedly come as God's revelation passes through the mind of an unschooled prophet. I personally do not find such changes disturbing.

But what of changes in content, those that change or add new meaning to the revelation? Our concept of the role of a prophet is important to consider here. Is the prophet's role to simply receive a revelation and pass it on to the people, or is he to continue teaching and expanding, giving us more knowledge of God?

It is an easy thing for believers and nonbelievers, respectively, to claim that changes were made prophetically or fraudulently. Does the validity of changes depend only upon our personal beliefs? Must believers necessarily conclude that changes were inspired by God? Or can we believe in Joseph Smith as a prophet but also accept that some of the changes were not by him in that role, or that changes were made through some means other than inspiration?

Our definition of scripture is also important to consider. Must scripture be the "word of God," or can it be any text that we accept as binding upon us as a moral law? The Doctrine and Covenants was accepted as scripture, with changes, at the 1835 conference and continues to be accepted as scripture by the Church today. Does it matter who wrote the text or where it came from as long as we accept it?

Robert Detweiler of Emory University points out that, in the traditional manner, a text becomes canonical when it is accepted as binding over a long period of time by a people or community, as with the Old Testament (1985, 215). This certainly does not fit the Doctrine and Covenants, which has a very limited history. In fact, when the 1835 conference voted to accept the book as scripture, Church members hadn't even seen it yet: it was still on the press. Few had seen the updated revelations in any form (HC 2:243–51). However, as Detweiler states, a text lacking a long tradition can be accepted as canon by a people or community if it is sponsored or endorsed by "particular authoritative figures in a community of believers who work to lend a given text divine endorsement and thus render it sacred" (p. 215). This is exactly what happened with the Doctrine and Covenants: the publication committee, the Twelve, and others influential in the religious community recommended it to the Church as scripture, and the members accepted it. Given the brief history of the Church and its scripture, how else could it have been done?

Joseph Smith learned much over the years about theology. For example, he thought differently about the nature of the godhead in

1843 than he did in 1834 (Alexander 1980). As Joseph Smith learned more, and as members of the Church were ready, he chose to change and add to the scriptures to reflect his new understanding and their new ability to comprehend. What is puzzling, however, is that so many changes were made in the revelations early, between 1833 and 1835, while almost no changes were made between 1835 and 1844, a period of greater growth and change in Mormon theology. Perhaps by then the topics with which Joseph Smith was concerned were best handled with new revelations and public teachings rather than additions to existing scripture. Perhaps after 1835, Church members were ready for new revelations.

Finally, an individual's acceptance of the changes will usually be the same as his or her personal belief in the scripture or the prophet himself. But this is not necessarily an all-or-nothing, black-or-white proposition. While the revelations came initially from God, they were changed to fit the situation by a man who was influenced not only by the Spirit but also by circumstance, his associates, and his understanding.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Alexander, Thomas G. "The Reconstruction of Mormon Doctrine: From Joseph Smith to Progressive Theology." *Sunstone* 4 (July/August 1980): 24–33.

Arrington, Leonard J. "Early Mormon Communitarianism: The Law of Consecration and Stewardship." *Western Humanities Review* 7 (1952–53): 341–69.

A Book of Commandments for the Government of the Church of Christ. Independence, Mo.: W. W. Phelps & Co., 1833. Reprint. Independence, Mo.: Herald House, 1972.

Brodie, Fawn M. *No Man Knows My History.* 2d ed. New York: Knopf, 1971.

Bushman, Richard L. *Joseph Smith and the Beginnings of Mormonism.* Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1984.

Cannon, Donald Q., and Lyndon W. Cook, eds. *Far West Record: Minutes of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints 1830–1844.* Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1983.

Cook, Lyndon W. *The Revelations of the Prophet Joseph Smith: A Historical and Biographical Commentary on the Doctrine and Covenants.* Provo, Utah: Seventy's Missionary Bookstore, 1981.

Cowdery, Oliver. Letter to Newell K. Whitney, 4 February 1835. Special Collections and Manuscripts, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.

Crawley, Peter. "A Bibliography of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in New York, Ohio, and Missouri." *BYU Studies* 12 (Summer 1972): 465–537.

Detweiler, Robert. "What Is Sacred Text?" *Semeia* 31 (1985): 213–29.

Doctrine and Covenants for The Church of the Latter Day Saints. Kirtland, Ohio: F. G. Williams & Co., 1835. Reprint. Independence, Mo.: Herald House, 1971.

Evening and Morning Star. Independence, Missouri, and Kirtland, Ohio. Reprint. Basel, Switzerland: Eugene Wagner, 1969.

HC. Smith, Joseph. *History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*. 7 vols. Edited by B. H. Roberts. Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1902.

Howard, Richard P. *Restoration Scriptures: A Study of Their Textual Development*. Independence, Mo.: Herald House, 1969.

Howe, E. D. *Mormonism Unvailed*. Painesville, Ohio: E. D. Howe, 1834.

Hutchinson, Anthony A. "A Mormon Midrash? LDS Creation Narratives Reconsidered." DIALOGUE 21 (Winter 1988): 11-74.

Jessee, Dean C. "The Early Accounts of Joseph Smith's First Vision." *BYU Studies* 9 (Spring 1969): 275-96.

————, ed. *The Personal Writings of Joseph Smith*. Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1984.

Morgan, Dale L. *Dale Morgan on Early Mormonism: Correspondence and a New History*. Edited by John Phillip Walker. Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1986.

Olson, Earl E. "The Chronology of the Ohio Revelations." *BYU Studies* 11 (Summer 1971): 329-49.

Ostler, Blake. "The Book of Mormon as Modern Expansion of an Ancient Source." DIALOGUE 20 (Spring 1987): 66-123.

Petersen, Melvin J. *A Study of the Nature of and the Significance of the Changes in the Revelations as Found in a Comparison of the Book of Commandments and Subsequent Editions of the Doctrine and Covenants*. Master's thesis, Brigham Young University, 1955.

Quinn, D. Michael. *Early Mormonism and the Magic World View*. Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1987.

Rowley, Dennis. "The Ezra Booth Letters." DIALOGUE 16 (Fall 1983): 133-37.

Smith, Joseph. *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*. Edited by Joseph Fielding Smith. Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1976.

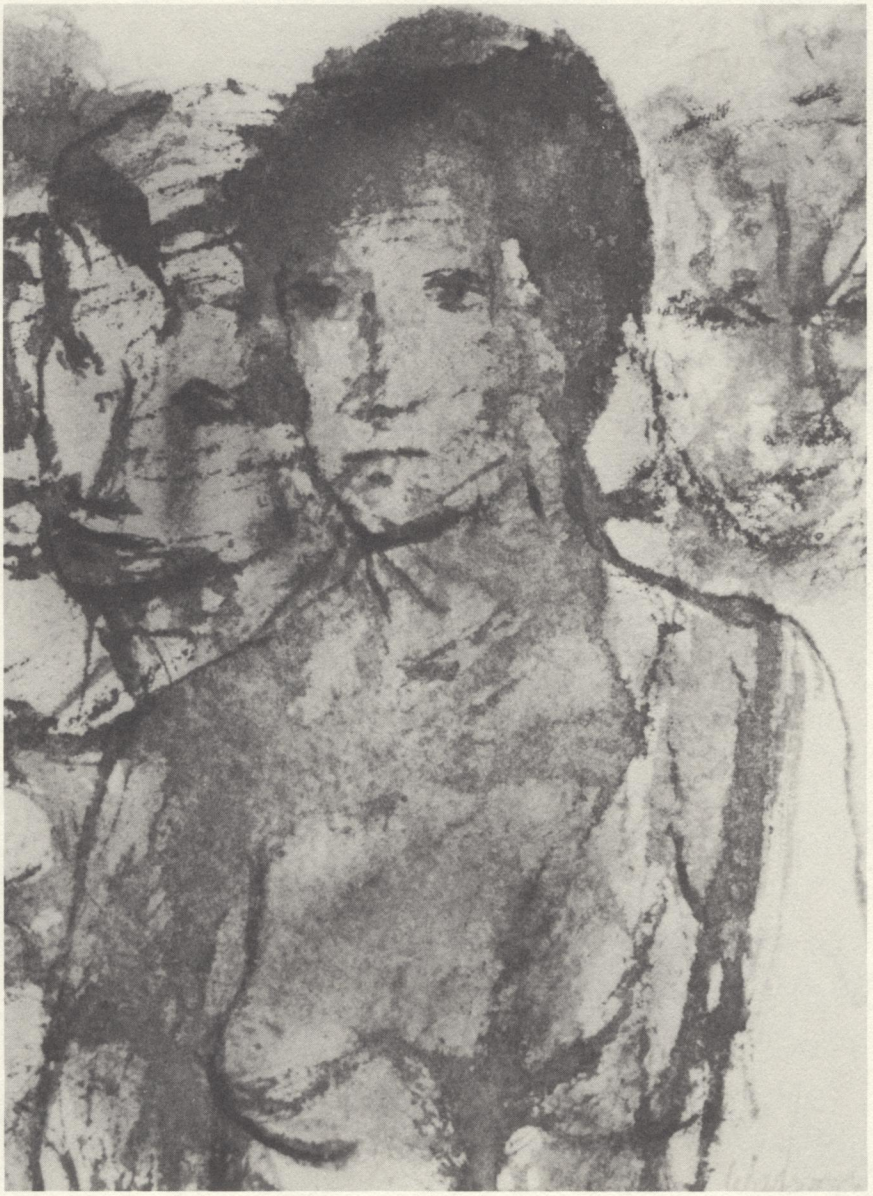
Tanner, Jerald, and Sandra Tanner. *Mormonism—Shadow or Reality*. 5th ed. Salt Lake City: Utah Lighthouse Ministry, 1987.

Van Wagoner, Richard S., and Steven C. Walker. "Joseph Smith: The Gift of Seeing." DIALOGUE 15 (Winter 1982): 49-68.

Whitmer, David. *An Address to All Believers in Christ*. Richmond, Mo.: The Author, 1887.

Whitney, Newell K. Collection. In Special Collections and Manuscripts, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.

Woodford, Robert J. *The Historical Development of the Doctrine and Covenants*. Ph.D. diss., Brigham Young University, 1974.



Jackrabbits

William Powley

for Grandpa

Grandma teased us
for the time it took
to kill one jackrabbit
on our backyard picnic table.
She said one quick chop
to a neck was kindest,
if you meant it.

I watched. You tried.
Each cut a little deeper
and a jackrabbit struggled
on oakwood planks,
rocking a table
into our thighs.

We knew we were wrong.
We were not direct
with the blade. Grandma said,
Mercy acts quickly
and goes for a throat.

WILLIAM POWLEY is a senior at BYU majoring in English. His poems have appeared in Sierra Nevada Review, The New Era, Zarahemlah, *and other journals.*

I learned from you
a precise skill of suffering.
I learned to pull back
at just the right moment,
too late to prevent pain
but never quite cutting through.

And now I have to tell Grandma
you're dying.

She needs me to say it
clean and direct.
I speak of other things
suggesting, swaying, nearing.
She watches me, eyes narrowing.
We wait with you.


Wassmer

Reflections on a Bereavement

Edward L. Hart

MY WIFE, ELEANOR COLEMAN HART, died on Christmas Eve, 24 December 1990, after an unfailingly resolute two-year struggle with systemic lupus. The forty-sixth anniversary of our wedding passed only a few days before her death. A month later, still in profound agony over her loss, I began writing my thoughts in an attempt to obtain a perspective that would allow me to go on. The pages that follow, dated as I wrote them, came as I felt a need to write. Being alone, I could no longer communicate with the only person with whom I have ever been able to share my innermost thoughts.

Although I know that I am not the only person to experience grief, I feel my own pain is unique—as I suspect everyone's grief is unique, though a generic thread runs through all our losses. As life is a mystery, so is death. I can never understand it, and reconciliation to it as a reality requires more than the human powers I possess.

28 January 1991

The worst thing to think of is the unfinished things: the book I brought to the hospital from which I read to her only the first paragraph; the trip we planned "when she got better"; the gray suit purchased in Pakistan that needed altering to fit the figure that had lost over a hundred pounds during the last year. These activities we left unfinished because we never admitted to each other that she was not going to recover. That posture made it possible to go on and face each day. But beneath that posture, which I never dared confront openly, I

EDWARD L. HART, retired BYU professor of English, has written seven books, including a book of poems called To Utah, *and numerous articles, essays, and poems, one of which, "Our Savior's Love," is in the new LDS hymn book. He is listed in* Who's Who in America. *He married Eleanor Coleman in 1944, and they raised four children. She died 24 December 1990.*

think we both knew. And I think that is why her death hit me so hard. Intellectually I knew it was possible, but emotionally I was totally unprepared. But then I think it impossible to know in advance just how deep the emptiness will be, just how inconceivable the knowledge that I will never see her again, never hear her voice again, never touch her again, never do together again any of the things we had done for forty-six years.

There is no way to comprehend the word *never*. I begin to understand it when the vastness of empty space that is *never* hits me with a stunning blow every day. I want to plead, "Come back." By her side just after she died, I did say aloud, "Don't go and leave me here; take me with you." But she went alone and left me to face the world without her—a world from which the focus of meaning had gone. My reason for doing everything had vanished. The lodestone that had drawn me to hearth and home was no longer there. Things we had once shared lost their significance. She had been able to find beauty in things right to the end. She could see the sunsets from our big bedroom window and would call to me to look. On one of her last trips to her doctor before she had to go to the hospital, she looked eastward as we headed home and exclaimed over the beauty of the mountains. So now sunsets and snow-covered mountains are only painful reminders of my lost capacity to share with the one I love. With her loss, "there hath passed away a glory from the earth" (Wordsworth 1892). There can be no consolation for the glory that is irrecoverable. That is one aspect of *never*. It is the black hole into which everything is sucked—and the reason why all the diversions I contrive—exercise, necessary tasks, eating, reading, television—all are drawn into nothingness when I stop diverting myself and confront the fact that she is gone forever.

The last half of Eleanor's last year she was at home—after spending the first six months of 1990 in a hospital and a nursing home. I would not have been deprived of those six months at home for anything. That is why I look frowningly, I'm afraid, at would-be comforters who assure me that now she is out of pain. What I discover is that they are looking at things from her point of view and not from mine. I know that she was often, probably most of the time, in a great deal of pain. Toward the end, nothing I was allowed to give her at home relieved it. The day my son and I took her to see her doctor for her last scheduled appointment, he gave her a shot of morphine on the spot and put her in the hospital immediately—she died exactly ten days later.

If the "now she is out of pain" formula is valid, one would have to reason that she would have been better off dying much earlier. And because I cannot grant that part of the logic, I cannot grant any of it.

I am aware that I am speaking selfishly and because the pain was hers, not mine. Though I tried to empathize with her, I wept silently over her suffering, never letting her see my tears for fear she would think I had given up hope—and hope was all we lived on.

Even in the midst of all the pain, we had good times—intervals when she seemed relatively comfortable, when I would read to her, or we would talk, or visit with our children when they came or phoned. For a time, she was able to get out of bed by herself and walk with a walker to the far end of the house. For a time, she was even able to walk down the steps to the car and go out to dinner (just like old times except for the wheelchair), and then walk back up the steps to the porch and into the house again. Once she even walked down all the stairs to the lower level of the house and back up. She had something of a relapse after that, and at the time, in my own mind, I blamed the therapist for overdoing the exercise. In retrospect, I think it was the deteriorating gall bladder manifesting itself, and that would have happened with or without the exercise. I'm glad that she was able to achieve one goal that she had set. But again, I am probably looking from my own selfish viewpoint. Still, I can't help thinking that she, like me, would not have wanted to miss that six months at home in spite of escalating pain from lupus ulcers on her legs, fractured vertebrae (resulting, probably, from the cortisone she had to take), and a diseased gall bladder. It is as impossible now as it was then to know which pains came from which source.

Toward the end the pains became excruciating. But before that, she had relatively good days when she enjoyed three good meals a day, when she could get out of bed unassisted and take care of her own needs, walk to the car, go out to dinner sitting in a wheelchair. It seemed almost, as I said, like old times, both of us believing she was on the road to a full recovery. We were not able to take into account the diseased gall bladder or the body so weakened by lupus that it could not endure surgery to remove it. It is as well we didn't realize it. Those were sweet times, and on a real-life scale, as in the literary construct of a tragedy, the good times outweigh the bad. Just as the reunion and reconciliation of King Lear and Cordelia, even though they are prisoners, make up for all the bad things that have happened and will happen, so our time together more than compensated for her pain and my heartbreak. I know I am not empowered to speak for her, but I would not have missed those last six months.

All of this is why I cannot take comfort when someone says, "Now she is out of pain." To be out of pain is to be out of life, since there is no stage of life free from pain. She clung to life desperately with the kind of courage and fortitude I hope I can muster for my last days.

29 January 1991

What is the right thing to do about the thoughts that torment me? Should I suppress them as much as possible and hope that with time, enough time, they will disappear or at least be submerged so that I can go through a day (not to mention a night) without being overwhelmed by them? I have thought this and done this up to now. Is it morbid of me to try to write about them now? There seems to be no way to write my thoughts down exactly. As soon as thoughts become words, the words intrude with their own life, a life that has had accretions of meaning unrelated to the purpose for which they were selected. They carry with them overtones that existed in them before they were chosen. These overtones lead off in directions in which the original ideas never thought of going. And so the original thought is muddied—sometimes even completely lost.

I know from the start that this enterprise of writing will fall short of accurate expression of my thoughts, but I proceed anyway because to write nothing—to just wait for time to erase my memories and my pain—would be to hope that she would be expunged from the mind of the one person who knew and loved her best. That, I hope, is thinking of her. For myself, perhaps what I write will help me in some way to come to terms with my experience. Therefore, I have written this, not for posterity, not to be self-serving, but to try to understand why I am alone in a house in which everything reminds me of her and of my total inability to communicate with her ever again; to understand why everything in my life has changed and to realize that nothing will ever be as it was. These thoughts ambush me unexpectedly, not just at home but anywhere and everywhere. My eyes blur, my chest tightens, and the bottom drops out of my life through the pit of my stomach, leaving me inexpressibly lost and lonely.

2 February 1991

I am searching for her essence, especially the part of her that makes up part of me. I know I should not torture myself with this search. It is too painful, and it is impossible. I go through her things in an attempt to get the house in order. What I sort through reminds me that the past two years have not been the same as any other period of our life together. The medicine I have thrown away, the bandages I used when changing the dressings on her lupus sores every day, the paraphernalia of the sick room—all these have quite a different reality from household items we used before, when it seemed we were on a course of gradually growing old together. Of course, even then I was aware that we couldn't do all the things we used to do, but despite the

recognition of the diminished scope of our activities, I never really felt old. And now I do.

No wonder I want to recapture a past that had a wholeness. It's strange. When she was here and all right, I could go through a day similar in all outward appearances to today—just following a routine—and not feel that my life was anything but satisfactory, even though Eleanor might not have been home for some reason. Now I go through the same routine and am overwhelmed by the change. Each familiar object, my solitary meal, even television programs remind me of her, of her likes and dislikes, and I am overwhelmed by sadness. Nothing will ever again be what it was, and it is vain to seek to restore it.

I am reminded of a few words my father taught me to write years ago in a grade school autograph book: "Look not mournfully into the past: it cometh not back again; but boldly improve the future: it is thine." I'm afraid this sage advice is easier to remember than it is to follow. I can neither restore the past nor see the future as anything other than as Andrew Marvell described it: "Deserts of vast eternity" (1974, 308-9). Whatever time I have left—a year, ten years—seems too long.

I went to the cemetery yesterday and just stood by her grave. I know she isn't there, but where is she? I go through her things and look at her pictures. I spent half an hour before dinner going through a scrapbook she kept of our meeting, first date, wedding, honeymoon. There I found the picture of a baby she once put on my pillow. "Propaganda," she labeled it. But those days were a reality we both knew had developed into something richer and deeper as our life together continued. So those early years are not the reality of her any more than an entry in her diary (which I have been using to prop up the other side of this journal). It is the entry for 26 September 1989: "I am in a lot of pain if I move at all. Put more heat on it but didn't help. Poor Ed must do everything besides coping with my screams of pain when trying to get out of bed." Neither the beginning nor the end of our life together—nor yet all the years of growing together in between—have left mementos that revive a lost reality. The sad truth remains that all the artifacts from the past fail to convey anything more than a sense of loss.

The reality that *was* has come to an end. I believe that we will be re-united. But that will be a new reality—one of which I as yet know nothing. While we are mortals, we think and understand as mortals. It is all we know. There is something grand and awesome about mortality that demands—and absorbs—my full attention on its own terms. And as long as I am alive, these are terms that I must learn to deal with.

I have never been touched so closely by death before. Never before has my life been changed to the root by it. Now I have no choice but to experience it, and because I cannot now rationalize it and put it out of my mind, I have to learn to accept it and go step by blind step into the unknown.

I remember feeling as a child that I was missing something—that somehow I did not have all the equipment for sensing what was going on. Perhaps the glasses that I wore after the age of six put an insulation between me and the earth and rendered all things two-dimensionally. When I was a university student, I remember coming out of a classroom one spring day, taking off my glasses, and feeling the depth of the scene beneath the Japanese cherries, sensing that the trees and buildings were three-dimensional and that I was moving through space, not against a flat backdrop. But I think that realization came from more than just taking off my glasses, something I had done countless times before. It was a wakening fully to the realization of what I only sensed vaguely as a child—that reality has a spatial existence we can never fully know, but toward an understanding of which I aspire.

5 February 1991

I have already noted that there is something grand and awesome about mortal life. Knowing that we are mortal, that we are subject to pain and death, that there are finite limits to time and our capacity to enjoy, puts a sharp edge on our earthly experiences. I cannot imagine an immortal beholder standing at the edge of the Grand Canyon or Niagara Falls getting the same breathless sensation that a mortal gets.

With our limitation of time and space, we know that no moment will ever be repeated and that no scene will ever come again just the same. Subtle changes (in light and color, for instance) always take place, but we also change from one moment to the next. Have you ever tried to recapture a lost experience? An odor, a sound, a rhythm, a color may act upon us strongly, but what comes back in memory is not the same as the original experience. Every moment in mortality is unique. We feel *dejá vu* so strongly because we sense that a *temps perdu* is truly lost forever, no matter how much we may want it back. What we can retrieve is a vague essence at best, tauntingly familiar in some ways, but always beyond grasp.

This is part of the reason why I cannot reconstruct Eleanor's essence. Each moment flees as I reach to grasp it. And yet a sense of her floods over me as I go on living in the house we shared. Her touch, her values, her opinions, her choices are a presence that I am unaware of only temporarily when I become engrossed in a problem, a televi-

sion program, or bills. Always the knowledge that she has gone from me floods back in. I doubt it would be different if I moved to a new house. But why would I want to escape something so much a part of my being? What I want to do is understand it and thus reconcile myself to it; not by running from it but by running into it, by being assimilated into the truth, the reality of her and of her death.

6 February 1991

I saw my friend Dr. Richard Parkinson this morning, and he advised me, "Keep busy. I know the urge is to do nothing, to sit around and think. So many men in your situation just deteriorate and go downhill. You mustn't do that." He is right, of course. It would be so easy to do nothing. That is one reason I walk at the mall every day, steadily increasing my distance. I am looking for something I can respond to with eagerness. And that is a problem. There are tasks I must do—household chores, sorting out and keeping track of the hospital and doctor bills as they still come in. I eat, though nothing tastes good. These are obligations. Today I went out to dinner by myself—for the first time since Eleanor's death. I hesitated to go. Because the restaurant was one of *our* favorites, I thought I might have to explain why I was alone. But the server who waited on me knew and only squeezed my arm.

Reading helps me pass the time, but I haven't the energy to take on anything that requires much of me. I read a number of books to Eleanor while she was in the hospital and the nursing home—several Tony Hillermans and those cat books of Lilian Braun that she had not already read. I read to her almost every day (as problems with cataracts made reading increasingly difficult for her). I can still forget myself for a time in books, but I do not expect, in fact do not want, to be excited by the mystery fiction I read. Books are a good intellectual diversion, and for a time they take my mind off realities that are painful.

I still search for something to respond to with eagerness. Television is little help. A good mystery there serves the same function as a good mystery book, but I shun programs that purport to have a serious purpose, partly because I know from experience that they will be pretentious and that their serious message, if they have one, will not be serious to me. (One exception was the PBS series on the Civil War, which Eleanor and I watched together and thoroughly enjoyed.) Even if I could find an honest depiction of love, I would not be able to handle it right now. All television seems to offer instead is sex. I have nothing against sex as a part (an essential part, I might add) of the whole spectrum of love. It was an essential and satisfying part of my relationship with Eleanor, and I have every reason to believe that she

felt the same. But I cannot respond to it now, nor can it play a part in my life. I watched the dear flesh of her body shrink and waste away. Helping her get into and out of bed, at home or in the nursing home, I saw her poor wasted hips and thighs and went away and cried. During the six months she was home just before the end, before her last visit to the hospital and the operation from which she never recovered, I took care of her every need.

Any portrayal on the screen now of naked female flesh reminds me only of what it can become. I have changed; I cannot see anything without seeing its mortality. Perhaps this is what Holbein was getting at in his "Dance of Death" series. Though my responses may sound morbid, I could not have felt otherwise, banishing from me all thoughts except concern for Eleanor's welfare. But in truth, I did not banish anything. Thoughts not related to immediate needs just fled of their own accord, and I cannot say I am sorry for that. I can only say that now that the center of my focus is gone, now that I have no one to take care of, a great void yawns before me.

10 February 1991

My old teacher, friend, and poetic guide, Brewster Ghiselin, wrote this: "Dear Ed, Your loss of Eleanor is grievous beyond consolation, I know. Yet I hope it will be lightened by the influence of your church and by the poetic spirit that has shaped your life and art. . . . " When I first received this note, I knew the first part was true, that my loss is grievous beyond consolation. My religious beliefs seemed to remain intact but the whole of the rest of my life stretched between me and a future reunion with Eleanor. I reeled from my sense of present loss, and my poetic spirit had no immediate response except to loss.

I wrote the following lines a day or two after all my children had gone after the funeral and I was left alone in the house. It doesn't seem very poetic to me now—just stark, bare, and raw—and certainly offers no consolation.

> The word alone
> Has an empty tone
> Like heavy tread
> On hollow bone.
> My heart turns stone
> By her coffin. Dead.

That sounds like the end of everything; and to me, it was.

I used the past tense deliberately with the word *was*, hoping, perhaps, that saying it would make the feeling of total loss stay in the past—that the little respite I felt today will grow and maybe shape and in time give meaning to my grief. I went to church this morning,

expecting that like the past few Sundays I would feel pain at many points and would have to fight tears in public, something the men in the Hart family have never permitted. I tried to sing along with John Henry Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light" and did fine till the last line's ending: "And with the morn those angel faces smile, / Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile." Even before, I had never been able to sing through those lines, thinking of my mother and father and my older sister, who died in a car accident. Last week, as members of my ward sang, my pain was so intense I don't know how I kept from screaming out loud.

But today was different. The speakers were George and Karen Tate. George lost his wife a few years ago from a gradually debilitating disease, and I'm not sure what happened with Karen's former husband. Between them they have five children, I think. Karen spoke first, about gratitude. As she developed her subject, I had a growing awareness of my own ingratitude. My daily prayers have included thanks for my health and that of my children and their families. And thanks for their accomplishments. But I hadn't really *felt* the thanks until today. How churlish of me to have been so lost in my own grief as to say that all was lost! How selfish! when all along I know that the children Eleanor and I jointly gave life to and nourished are living proof, along with our grandchildren, that our past together has not been wiped out but will continue on earth as long as we have a posterity. And I realized that instead of complaining that our life together as husband and wife had come to an irreversible earthly conclusion, I ought to be thankful for the wonderful forty-six years we had together—rich, fruitful, full of achieved dreams and plans.

How many times had we felt dark despair over some dire event threatening us or our children—only in the end to be delivered, knowing, both of us, that our prayers had been answered and that forces were at work seeing us through life's difficulties. Never did we breathe a word outside the closed circle of our two conjoined souls for fear of sounding boastful and losing the blessing! How ungrateful to forget this, the binding together that will never come asunder, simply because our last, most fervent and sincere prayer of the past two years, that Eleanor would be restored to health, was not answered the way we wanted. I have to acknowledge that the power that worked things out for our best good in the past, in ways beyond our understanding, may well be continuing to do so, though I expect never to understand in this life and must rely on faith that this is so. Job wasn't given an answer when he demanded that God tell him why there is injustice and why the innocent suffer. I suspect the answer is not given because it is beyond human comprehension. In the midst of my pressing sor-

row, I must learn to be grateful for what has been given rather than angry or resentful over what has been taken away—though the weight of the loss is at times greater than I believe myself able to bear.

When George came to the pulpit, he spoke about peace—a good topic with the Gulf War going on at the time. But the peace he spoke of was not the absence of war. It was, rather, peace of the soul, a topic he developed from scriptural and poetic sources. That kind of peace has eluded me lately, and my mind has been in constant turmoil. While George was speaking, a feeling something akin to peace came over me. I no longer looked around at women in the congregation and said to myself, "What right have you to be alive when my wife is dead?" The words of King Lear no longer rang in my ears, the words he spoke over the dead body of his daughter Cordelia: "Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life! / And thou no breath at all?" Especially, I no longer wondered why I should be alive.

I feel a change in myself. Today I looked at the snow on Timpanogos (insofar as I could see it through the smog—a good metaphor for my state of mind) and felt thankful that I am alive and well. I was able to go home and walk through the door without my heart sinking. At least the seeds of peace have been planted. I am beginning to feel as I would have hoped Eleanor would feel if I had gone first. And I know what she would say to me now if she could: "Put this behind you and get on with your life." She always was more practical in a crisis.

While I have been acutely aware of so many doors being closed on former joys, I have also, in the overwhelming grief of the moment, lost sight of one important door that remains open. Instead of staying lost in grief and pain, I can lose myself in service to others. I have the example of my two sons and two daughters, who were thoughtfully devoted to their mother while she was alive, spending time and money and traveling long distances to be with her often. They are what she had expended the greatest store of her life upon—they and her husband—and they returned her affection in great and full measure, to her and to me since, comforting me and concerning themselves with my welfare. And I have the examples before me every day of friends, acquaintances, and of people I have never met performing deeds of service to others.

That is part of my belief too, that the best way to show love of God is to show love to his children. So I have a door open if I will walk through it. I do not mean to say that I am out of the woods. The house is still empty when I come home. And my first reaction, when I learn something of interest, is and will continue to be that I want to share it with Eleanor. It happens a hundred times a day, and each time I realize that I cannot will be like a blow to the solar plexus. I can see no

immediate dulling of the sharp edge of sorrow. I hope to keep Eleanor alive, not by sealing off rooms and keeping them just as they were, but by keeping alive in me that most important part of me that she quickened into existence and shaped during the forty-six years of our life together. This, I think, is what it will mean to be at peace.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Wordsworth, William. "Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood." In *Works*, 403. New York: Thos. Y. Crowell and Co., 1892.

Marvell, Andrew. "To His Coy Mistress." In *Poets of the Seventeenth Century*, vol. 1, 308-9. New York: Signet, 1974.

The Good Life

Edward L. Hart

Why do I strain for a freedom found outside,
Where worlds in time and space lie wide and full?
My room is closed and airless while the tide
Slaps up the pier and churns me in its pull.
And yet old times of weary venturing pall.
Ulysses, wandering, always yearned toward home
In spite of being lured by sirens' call.
If home were gone, would he still have to roam?
As this world's seams begin to pull apart,
I think of one to come and wonder whether
Life without pain could ever reach the heart.
Perhaps, if we once more should be together.
But talk about how to live is wasted breath
On me, who must every day relive her death.

There's No Place Like Home

Nellie Brown

IT HAD BEEN THE PERFECT DAY. We had learned how to write cursive L's and mine were the best, so Miss Handy hung my paper on the board for the rest of the class to see. The last hour of school Miss Handy read us *James and the Giant Peach*, and I could just imagine this huge peach, rolling over his two nasty aunts. I could hardly sit still. I didn't know which was better, my cursive L's, the story, or the fact that Mom was taking me to Grandma's after school. There was no place like Grandma's. She always had treats—Pecan Sandies or Deluxe Grahams, ice cream sandwiches, or candy bars. Her cupboards and closets overflowed with treasures: ceramic figurines and glass bowls; earrings and necklaces; chiffon formals and velvet dresses with long zippers down the side; high-heeled shoes of brown, black velvet, and ivory; hats of velvet, felt, crepe, and fur, adorned with veils, bows, flowers, and beads; and black leather bags and purses, with gold and silver clasps. Grandma loved fashion shows. She reminisced as we clomped in front of her in the too-large shoes, her velvet and chiffon skirts dragging along the floor behind us. She called us her little princesses.

The bell finally rang, and I hurried outside. The car wasn't there. I watched impatiently, craning my neck to see down the road. Finally the station wagon rounded the corner, coming so fast that Mom went right past me. When she finally stopped, I ran to open the door. There was something scary about her face. I got in, noticing that Kristi and Julie, my younger sisters, were cowering, strangely quiet in the back of our old brown station wagon. The air was thick. We drove the block to the post office in silence.

NELLIE BROWN graduated from BYU with a degree in English and is currently a writer at Novell.

"Nellie, go in and get the mail," Mom snapped.

"I don't know how to open the box," I said.

"How many times have I told you the combination? Get in there and get the mail. Now!"

"What's the combination?" I asked timidly. I knew better than to refuse again.

"Clear it. F. Back past F to between E and F, then again to F. Hurry up."

"What if I can't do it? What if it won't open?"

"Nellie, don't push me. Now get the mail!"

I scurried out of the car and into the post office. Sweat made my fingers slippery as I fumbled to turn the knob. My stomach hurt, my pulse raced. I turned the knob, but it didn't open. Again I turned the knob whispering, "Please, God, let it open. Please, please help me get it open."

It didn't open. I fumbled with it again, clearing it. Please, please, please open. The left side of my index finger ached from twisting the knob. My eyes blurred with tears. My hands shook. Please, Heavenly Father, help me. Please let it open this time or Mom will be mad. Please hurry. Please let it open.

I turned the knob again, F, EF, F. It didn't open.

The post office door flew open. A figure stood in the doorway, silhouetted against the bright light outside. Mom.

"I told you to hurry!"

"Mom, I am. It won't open. I can't do it," I wailed desperately.

She moved in front of me; I backed up and felt the wall of little knobbed doors poking me in the back. She grabbed my hair on either side of my head and banged my head back against the knobs. Bright flashes shot across my eyes, then pain in my head, then a warm, stinging feeling where the knobs had hit the back of my head. A small, warm trickle ran down my skull.

"Now watch me do this," she shouted, her voice wavering, "because you're going to open this before we leave."

Blinking back tears, I watched. She opened it, then closed it again and stood back to watch.

Trembling, my fingers slipped on the knob. I grabbed it tighter and started to turn it. My hand shook. I whispered the directions as I turned the knob. My knees almost gave way when I turned the other knob and the door opened.

"Now get to the car and don't go telling the girls or Grandma about this."

As I stumbled to the car, hands shaking and knees trembling, I put my hand to my aching head and felt warm, wet stickiness on my

fingers. I looked at my fingers—blood. It might get on my new green dress, I thought. I looked at Mom who had seen my fingers and was glaring at me. I hid my fingers in my lap.

Riding to Grandma's I thought about how I had wanted the afternoon to happen—I rehearsed the scenario over and over.

When the bell finally rang and Mom came to pick me up, my excitement mounted. Kristi and Julie played in the back of the station wagon with their Barbies, and when I got in, two-year-old Julie said, "We'w goin to gwamma's."

"I know," I said, "Mom told me this morning."

Mom said, "We need to get the mail since we're in town. I don't know when anyone else will be coming up." We drove the block to the post office.

"Nellie, run in and get the mail, will you?" Mom asked.

"I don't know how to open the box," I said.

"Haven't I told you the combination before? You need to learn it in case you ever have to get the mail. Come on then, and I'll show you how to open it."

We got out of the car and walked in together. "What did you learn in school today?" she asked.

"I learned how to write a cursive L," I said, "and mine was the best so Miss Handy hung my paper on the board for the whole class to see."

"L's were my favorite letter to learn," Mom said. "I'm glad you are doing so well in school."

We stood in front of our box. "First you have to clear it," Mom instructed, grasping the knob and turning it several times. "Then you turn that little arrow to F. Back past F to between E and F, then to F again." She turned the other knob and the door swung open. She closed it, then turned to me. "Now you try it."

I grabbed the knob and turned it to F.

"First you have to clear it," Mom said.

I turned the knob a couple of turns, then went to F. I whispered the directions as I turned the knob. I tried the other knob and laughed when it turned and the door opened.

"Good," Mom nodded and patted my shoulder. "You can open the box by yourself now." I pulled the mail from the box, and we turned to go out the door. "I'm so proud of you."

My head hurt, but I didn't move until we got to Grandma's house. As soon as we pulled into the driveway, I jumped out of the car and raced inside. I hugged Grandma tightly. I had really missed her.

I am ashamed of this memory. It forces me to admit that my mother was a child abuser. Mom and I often fought, and afterward I usually went to school with bruises. When I got older, girls in drill team or volleyball practice sometimes asked me about the bruises. Too ashamed to tell them my mother beat me with a stick or wooden spoon, I lied.

When I reveal details about my relationship with my mother, like this episode, I feel that I should say I love my mother, that she is a good woman just trying to do her best, that she was raised by a stern, horse-trainer father whose child-rearing theories reflected his profession: "Break their spirits; you've got to get their attention." "Spare the rod, spoil the child" seems to be the motto of that era, and my mother just carried it through. But I can't defend her. Saying those things doesn't change our relationship. It doesn't make the memories go away. It doesn't change *her*.

When I left home for college, I thought things could change. Distance will help, I thought. I invited her to Mother's Week at Ricks. But a month before she was to come, when I was visiting home, Mom got hold of my journal. She said she wanted to find out what I was doing, to get to know me better. We parted angry and didn't speak for a month. Mom came for Mother's Week but spent the time with my roommate.

I thought more distance, such as the Netherlands where I served a mission, would help. We wrote weekly, and Mom mentioned many times how I had changed. When I came home, I was patient. I worked to love her, to make things work out. For almost two months, I fought to have a relationship with her, to laugh things off, to hold my tongue. But when I lost my temper once, she said, "See, I knew you hadn't changed." No, *nothing* had really changed.

When I got engaged, she was furious that my fiance and I hadn't asked her permission. John encouraged me to talk with Mom, to try one more time to work things out. Together we approached her, and I tried gently and carefully to tell her I needed to feel love from her. I asked her about the problems in our relationship and the way she handled her anger, about the post office incident and the fights. She denied everything. "It's all in your head," she said and promised never to forgive me for embarrassing her with stories like that in front of John.

I thought marriage would help because we would finally have something in common, but she feels now that I don't need her, that I don't call enough, don't make a big enough effort. The chasm widens between us.

I have tried to talk to her, to build a relationship with her, but my attempts backfire. One of us loses control eventually. I want to give up. I've tried to learn to love her, but what I feel for her is not love.

Even understanding her doesn't help. Defending her can't make me feel loved by her or love for her. It doesn't change my fear of having children, of losing control when I discipline them. It doesn't change the panic I feel when I tend my nieces and nephews, the frightening desire I have to force them to do what I want when they want to be independent or headstrong, as children do.

One evening I tended two of my nieces, one just a year old and the other ten months. Suddenly they both began crying. I was home alone, and for the first ten minutes I laughed, able to find humor in the situation. But when they cried on and on, anger welled up in me, and I wanted to shake them both. I wanted to make them stop, to hurt them until they didn't cry any more. Then I cried, too, loving them both desperately and fighting my anger, fighting the impulse to react to them as I was often reacted to.

How I treat others, how I react to situations is up to me, but I fear that violence has been bred in me. I fear my anger. I have almost not wanted to have children because, if pushed that one last time, I might strike one of them. Not because I can't overcome my past, but because maybe, without knowing, I haven't overcome it yet.

Ovum

Susan Elizabeth Howe

The egg insists on its own reality,
So I go along, easy, not one
To counter what I don't know.

And then there are egg shapes
In every day, egg hills, dips,
And the spherical yolk
Crossing the sky and the body,
Common mystery nobody quite knows.

If one egg would linger, identify
Itself in the cramped web of days,
Stand up and tell me here and now,
I'd blossom like morning, wheat fields
In the rain, open like a vein of rare gold.

SUSAN ELIZABETH HOWE teaches English and creative writing at BYU. Her poems have appeared in Shenandoah, The New Yorker, The Literary Review, *and other journals.*

Luke's Train Ride

Garth N. Jones

LUKE HAD A DREAM. When I first married his daughter Marie, she warned me that he believed dreams were a form of personal revelation. But it was not until the summer of 1952 that I first experienced one of his dreams. Luke and I and Edward, his nine-year-old grandson, took a trip to Yellowstone National Park. Luke dreamed that the crudely built log hotel where we had just bedded down for the night was going to burn down. At one-thirty in the morning, Luke bolted upright in bed. We hurriedly packed our bags and drove twenty miles through the dark until we finally found lodging at a primitive motel. I never learned whether that hotel burned, but I'd wager extremely high odds that it didn't.

So, late on a March day in 1961, when Marie hesitatingly informed me that her Dad had had another dream and I might not be too pleased about it, she was right. It seems Luke had dreamed that he and his wife Dolly would soon be taking a trip around the world. En route they would stop over in Indonesia for a three-week visit with us. Marie and I and our three children lived dangerously in Indonesia. This new nation, established in 1945, was desperately poor. During the 1930s, when it was still a Dutch colony, the entire country was ravaged by the Great Depression. Then during World War II, the Japanese army of occupation ruthlessly exploited the nation. To win independence, the Indonesian nationalists fought a bitter five-year war against their former colonial masters that ended with a peace treaty signed in December 1950. In spite of victory, Indonesia was still far

---

GARTH N. JONES has been a scholar and observer of South and Southeast Asian politics and development for the last thirty-five years. Presently he is professor emeritus of public policy and organizational theory at the University of Alaska at Anchorage.

from being a unified nation. Ethnic and regional rivalries were exacerbated by Islamic revivalism and intrusive Communism. The nascent civil war brewing in early 1961 erupted five years later into an abortive Communist coup. Nearly 600,000 people perished and tens of thousands of Communist sympathizers and suspects were imprisoned in Gulags.

As a U.S. foreign service officer, I assisted the Indonesian government in establishing a viable subnational government. I understood the tenuous political situation and could feel the tensions building between the political and religious factions. For four years I had crisscrossed this far-flung archipelago nation and had witnessed firsthand the agonies of nation building. Three decades of confusion and chaos had pushed community after community back to primordial conditions. I heard reports of a *santri* (conservative belief) Muslim village attacking a neighboring *abangan* (indigenous belief) village, killing over one hundred people, mostly women and children, all because the *abangan* village elders resisted building a mosque.

In the cities inflation was rampant. Food and other necessities were scarce and expensive. Through shrewdness and much good fortune, my family and I learned to survive by surreptitiously securing sugar, flour, rice, cooking oil, gasoline, and kerosene on the black market. Chinese merchants miraculously provided these products—at a price. Arab money dealers eagerly exchanged American checks for nearly worthless Indonesian rupiahs. This corner of the world was neither a safe place nor an easy place to live.

Luke knew nothing about the treacherous world to which I had brought his only daughter and three choice grandchildren. I had hoped to maintain that ignorance, but now that would be impossible. He had his revelatory dream, and I would be part of its "promise." What Luke's dream didn't tell him was that just a few weeks before he and Dolly were to arrive in Indonesia, our house had been plastered with signs in both Indonesian and English saying, "Go home you American Dogs." I had learned that our lives were in jeopardy and neither the Indonesian government nor the United States government could guarantee our safety. Luke's visit would be the Jones' *Gotterdammerung* in Indonesia.

But even if Luke had known the situation in Indonesia, he would not have been dissuaded from fulfilling his dream. My father-in-law was the quintessential nineteenth-century American. He accepted unquestioningly the pervasive notion of America's "exceptionalism" and had adopted Herman Melville's philosophy that "We Americans are the peculiar chosen people . . . the Israel of our time; we bear the ark of liberties of the world" (*White-Jacket*, New York: Rinehart Publishers, 1967, p. 15). This was Luke's destiny, and so plans went forward.

He was a methodical man, minimizing risk by meticulous planning and attention to detail. He drafted plans for his trip around the world with the same kind of precision used by bored peacetime generals to plan their war games. He left no room for error or serendipity. One day stopovers were scheduled for Seattle, Fairbanks, Tokyo, and Hong Kong. He allocated two days each for Bangkok and Singapore and three or more days for important cities in India and Egypt. He and Dolly would travel the entire distance on Pan American Airlines because Luke didn't feel safe on any foreign airline.

As expected, Luke and Dolly arrived in Jakarta on schedule. Marie met them at the Kebayoran International Airport. She had traveled to Jakarta on a UCLA contract team Chevrolet carry-all truck with an Indonesian driver. After sundown travel in West Java was not safe because the *Darul Islam* (fanatical Muslims) were staging revolts in the region along her route, so the three hundred mile trip took her two full days. She had made arrangements for overnight accommodations at the U.S. Government Staff House. Although this was contrary to government regulations, she had no other choice. Hotel rooms were extremely difficult to find.

Marie's problem was now to find a way to bring her parents in blissful innocence safely to Jogjakarta. This was not an easy matter. Unwilling to put her parents at risk on a two-day automobile trip with hotel accommodations a virtual impossibility, she decided to go by plane.

Marie is a quick observer and master of human behavior. Where she learned this unusual capacity is hard for me to say. She can out-bargain the natives. She knows when to cry, when to shout, when to laugh. Somehow she managed to secure three tickets on an Indonesian Garuda Airline flight to Jogjakarta—without paying under-the-table money.

At that time, Jogjakarta was supposed to have airline service once a week, but the flights were not dependable. Sometimes all the booked passengers would be summarily dismissed to make space for some Indonesian general and his entourage. This happened once to me, but I managed to get back on the plane when I showed the aide to the general my stamped epistle from the secretary general of Home Affairs urging government officers to accord me special privilege. Marie had this letter, but when her plane was commandeered by Chief of Staff General Muhammed Nasution, she chose not to use it. Instead, she used her female wiles trained and sharpened in the Jogjakarta bazaar to keep their seats on the flight home.

General Nasution, a great figure in Indonesia and a strong anti-Communist, was extremely courteous to the three Americans. When the plane landed in Jogjakarta, the general and his staff were greeted with full military honors. I grabbed the luggage, stowed it in my offi-

cial black Ford station wagon, and joined the motorcycle-led entourage to the heart of the city. Luke and Dolly were impressed! They were unwittingly accorded the ceremony and protocol of a visiting foreign ambassador. Hence, rumors flowed in and out of official Jogjakarta circles that Marie's father was an important American official.

For the rest of the visit, Marie took complete command. The next three weeks were packed with activities. The distinguished state senator from Utah was given a reception attended by over one hundred leading Indonesian citizens. He met Sultan Hamengku Buwono IX and a multitude of other government officials. For three consecutive evenings we hosted dances with native entertainment from the principal ethnic areas of Indonesia: Java, Sunda, Sumatra, and Bali. Luke and Dolly were escorted to the sultan's palace, to ancient sites of Hindu and Buddhist kingdoms, and to hill stations or mountain resorts for relaxation. They had little free time. Marie was loved and respected in Jogjakarta, and her countless Indonesian friends helped make her parents' visit memorable.

When it came time for Luke and Dolly to resume their trip, another problem presented itself. The flight from Jakarta had done nothing to assuage Luke's morbid fear of flying. He was convinced that no Asian could master the skill of piloting an aircraft. He dreaded the thought of returning to Jakarta on an Indonesian plane. And he had seen enough of the congested traffic on Indonesian roads to know that he did not want to travel that distance via automobile. The matter was resolved in his mind when he reported to the family at an evening meal that he had had a dream which emphatically revealed that a train was the only way by which he and Dolly should return to Jakarta and continue on their trip around the world. I was to work out the details.

For help I contacted my dear friend and Indonesian counterpart Lt. Colonel Warsito. I would need military assistance to secure three reserve train tickets on the early morning Surabaya Express. Warsito was an extremely likeable and accommodating person. He accompanied me to the busy train station where he had no trouble buying three first-class tickets. Although he was pleased with this accomplishment, I noticed some agitation on the part of the ticket agent. I could see that he was not as optimistic as Warsito that all was "on track."

Two days later, we were ready to board the Surabaya Express. The name "Surabaya Express" was a misnomer. The train didn't go anywhere near Surabaya (a city some three hundred miles to the east), and it wasn't an express. It was a remnant of a line used in Dutch colonial days. In the 1920s, the Surabaya Express averaged sixty miles per hour over seven hundred miles of track. Our train would average

at best twenty-five miles an hour over three hundred miles of track. Sometimes it took a day and a night to make this distance. One could never be certain what kind of locomotive would pull the train. Sometimes it was the president's special diesel-electric engine; other times it was a 1930 oil-burning steam engine; but too often it was an 1890 wood-burning steam engine. As the locomotive rounded the bend to the Jogjakarta train station, the rising smoke signaled old wood-burning steam engine.

Seating would be in short supply since the ticket agents invariably oversold the number of seats, but I had anticipated this probability. Beginning about four hundred yards ahead of the train station's passenger loading platform, I strategically placed eight Indonesian students along each side of the track. As the train slowed, each of these young students leaped into the first carriage and raced to occupy empty seats. When the train stopped at the station's loading platform, I felt confident that we would have at least three reserved for us.

Marie and I carefully shepherded Luke and Dolly through the pandemonium to the first-class carriage. Inside all the seats were taken, and the corridor was almost filled with standing passengers. But there, in the middle of the carriage, were four of our student friends occupying four seats. They graciously arose one at a time to seat Dolly and Luke and their grateful teacher. Marie remained behind in Jogjakarta to take care of our two sons. The remaining seat, on the aisle, they gave to a young soldier.

We carefully loaded the luggage on an overhead rack where we could keep an eye on it and settled in for the ride. As the train was about to pull out, an Indonesian man with his wife and two small children showed his train tickets to Luke and demanded in Indonesian that he and Dolly move. I quietly told Luke not to move and spoke to the man in broken Indonesian, "I do not understand the Indonesian language." Then I opened up my briefcase, took out a book, and began to read. The Indonesian (assuming all white people were Dutch) spewed out vile epithets against Dutch colonialists.

I had noticed our first-class coach was manufactured in 1890, as the stamped markings on the couplings indicated. American soldiers in France during World War I ridiculed just this kind of four-wheel carriage. The seats were rattan, and the windows were covered with movable louvers. It was first class only in the sense that there was ample fresh air if the train was moving.

This train was not equipped with air brakes. Sitting on the top of nearly every small carriage was a small man with an upright wheel between his legs which he violently twisted according to the number of steam whistle signals sent by the engineer. Stopping the line of car-

riages was as jerky and noisy as starting, and far more dangerous. If these brakemen did not coordinate their efforts well, a carriage or even a series of carriages could easily jump track. Seldom did the Surabaya Express make a run to or from Jakarta without at least one of its carriages derailing, because of either faulty braking or wheel flanges spinning off. If a wheel flange came off, the carriage was slowly dragged to a rail siding and left, along with its passengers and cargo. This had happened to me several times, and I'd learned to quickly abandon the carriage and bribe the conductor for a seat on the tool box located between two carriage couplings. If this didn't work I'd bribe the engineer for a seat in his engine cabin.

Other alternatives were possible, such as riding in a carriage loaded with chickens, goats, or peasants. But the stench generated from such concentrations of living creatures brought on stupor or nausea in a very short time. In several instances, I joined the soldiers on one of the two armored flatcars in front of the steam locomotive. The fresh air was worth the risk of attack by some *Darul Islam* brigands.

So with considerable puffing and smoking of the engine, the Surabaya Express pulled its six carriages from the Jogjakarta Station on the morning of 10 June 1961, at 7:00 A.M.. We were only one hour late. Soon we were traveling along at thirty-five miles per hour, which I could compute by counting the number of carefully spaced telegraph poles we passed in one minute. At this rate the train would reach Jakarta within ten hours or so. "This isn't too bad," Luke commented. "We can manage. Marie packed us a big lunch, and we have a gallon of water. Our pioneer ancestors traveled under worse conditions." Dolly didn't comment. Luke was fascinated with the undulating rice fields set against the backdrop of smoking volcanoes. Dolly preferred the clean environs of her Provo home set against the backdrop of Mt. Timpanogas. Nevertheless, she never closed her eyes and took in all that she saw.

After about thirty-five minutes, the train halted abruptly and people streamed down the hills to board the six carriages. Before, our carriage corridor was only loosely packed with people standing or sitting on their luggage. Now it was densely packed. Luke angrily spoke up, "Don't they ever limit the number of people?" I told him they never did and by Indonesian standards there was still a lot of people space. And I reminded him to watch the suitcases carefully the next time the train stopped because they had a way of vanishing.

With more people and luggage aboard, the train reached its maximum speed of thirty-five miles per hour even more slowly than before. It was now rocking to and fro as the track bed became increasingly uneven. Several people became nauseated and fitfully lost their

morning meals. The stench was intense, so we opened the louvers on the windows. The train slowed to twenty-five miles per hour as it struggled up a slight incline. Smoke from its engine filtered into the carriage.

As the train rounded a steep bend, the countryside ahead stretched into view. The tracks twisted their way through a broad plateau guarded by two beautiful smoking volcanoes. Rice fields terraced the hillsides from the valley floor to the top of the steep apexes. I was apprehensive since this was the kind of country where Indonesia's lawless elements and insurgents often hide. The young soldier sitting with us told me that a month before a band of rebels had blown a train engine off the tracks. Many of the passengers who weren't killed in the wreck were murdered by these men. Luke and Dolly knew nothing about this kind of cruelty. All they saw was exquisite beauty and exotic people laboring on their small plots of land. They were dazzled by the shades of green laced with sparkling streams, and spotted here and there with splashes of red earth. It was a fantasia of beauty and quietude.

In time Luke and Dolly got used to the stopping and the starting, the loading and the unloading. But they never got used to the beggars: naked children with distended bellies, lepers with grotesque hands and feet, yaws victims with no noses or ears, blind men led by pitiful children, mothers with filthy, whining children. They never got used to the black flies that swarmed over the stations, fed and rested unmolested on the beggars' faces, and blanketed the vendors' glasses of tea. When these unfortunate souls saw our three white faces looking out the train window, they whimpered and begged more incessantly. Periodically, I would toss out a few Indonesian coins to divert their attention. Luke and Dolly were rather sickened by the ensuing struggle as the people flung themselves onto the dirt to retrieve the small coins. Finally in exasperation Luke exclaimed to me, "Don't these people ever stop having babies?"

"No," I responded. "They believe children are gifts from God." He never mentioned the subject again.

After about four hours, Luke became very restless. "Don't we ever get off?" he asked. I explained that if he left his seat, he would probably lose it. "I've sat in one seat for twenty hours." Another time I stood on top of my suitcase for twelve hours. In both instances I could hardly move.

Luke replied, "I can believe it."

In time the carriage was so densely packed that virtually no bodily movement was possible. Luke was experiencing extreme stress as he tried to flex his short arms and legs. Dolly remained poised and remarkably cool tempered.

At one stop an intense argument erupted between several of the passengers and a woman who had barely managed to board the train with her infant child and several large pieces of luggage. The passengers sneered, "Why didn't you hire a buffalo cart? There isn't enough room for you, your kid, and all your rubbish." The atmosphere became explosive.

The peasant woman began to cry. This was the first Indonesian peasant woman I had ever seen cry. She looked plaintively toward Luke, who was at a loss how to respond. I said to him, "If you move a bit to let her in, it will be extremely cramped, but under the circumstances there may be no alternative." I talked it over with my Indonesian seatmate and he agreed. The tension of the standing passengers mounted, but they quickly agreed that there was no choice but to permit the peasant woman to sit on her luggage the best she could.

The woman was all smiles as she stretched out on top of her luggage, with her head only about eighteen inches from Luke's face. She jabbered incoherent thanks in both Javanese and Indonesian and immediately began to assemble an assortment of precooked food—ghastly looking and terrible smelling stuff—from her bamboo luggage. The food was heavily flavored with a sauce derived from putrified fish which Indonesians regard as a delicacy.

With wide smiles exposing her betel nut black-stained teeth, she generously offered Luke large portions of food which she dug out of the containers with dirty fingers and plopped on banana leaves. She licked her fingers between each handful. Luke placed his hands to his face and smiling said, "No, no. I've already eaten." The peasant woman did not give up easily. She insisted that Luke eat the food, shoving it near his nose. Luke still refused, so she ate each item with great relish and made sure those around her knew that she was willing to share her meager food with the old bald "Dutchman" who was so kind to her when everyone else was rude. Her prattle further incensed the packed passengers.

The peasant woman continued to stuff large globs of rice and other food in her mouth and then to chew strenuously with loud smacking noises. Saliva streamed down the corners of her full lips, and she wiped it away with the thumb and forefinger of her greasy right hand, then cleaned the entire hand by vigorously rubbing it throughout her stringy black hair. At the same time, she would sedulously move her body, exposing her ample breasts and full stomach. She was uncouth, a *perupuan kasar*, totally unlike the typical Javanese peasant woman who, in spite of limited formal education, is always courteous and polite.

She had barely finished eating when her infant started to fidget. She quickly removed the child from a sling on her side and exposed its

bottom to a small clear space on the floor between her legs, where the female child promptly relieved herself. The peasant woman cleaned the anal area with her left hand and replaced the infant in the sling. The infant kept whimpering and crying so the woman laboriously undid her upper garments and exposed her full left breast within two feet of Luke's head. She removed the child from the sling and placed its head to her breast, where the infant hungrily sucked and slobbered while the mother stretched and reclined in gratification—cramping Luke even more tightly in his window seat. Luke was steadily losing precious space to this repulsive person, but he tried to handle the situation with decorum.

About seven hours out of Jogjakarta Luke was obviously in great distress. "Where is the next big station?" he asked. "I need to go to the bathroom. Don't these people ever go to the bathroom?"

I looked at my watch and told him it would probably be two to three hours until we got to Chirebon where there was usually a forty-five minute stopover while our train linked up with another train. If I only need to urinate, I told him, I usually use the entrance door. I warned him, though, to be careful of the wind direction. If it was more than that, it would be more difficult. I told him I had relieved myself on moving trains in fits of diarrhea attacks.

Luke frowned at this suggestion and emphatically replied, "I'll wait."

Then Dolly leaned over and explained to me, "Dad has a prostate problem. I think you had better help him, even if it means that he has to relieve himself from the moving train or against a wall at a small station like the Indonesians do. He cannot wait. He's scheduled to have an operation when we get home, but I'm concerned about him now."

With this bit of information, I quickly decided what we should do. I asked the Indonesian soldier to protect our places and instructed Dolly to put some of our belongings on our vacant seats when we left. Luke and I would try to make our way through the crowd to the door at the front of the carriage. Luke was only five feet five inches tall, but he had the bulk of a football tackle. Such a massive two-hundred-pound physique may be useful for tossing eighty-pound bales of hay all day long, but it is a handicap in trying to move through a sardine-packed corridor of tired and resentful people.

I led the way, cajoling in the Indonesian language and asking forbearance. Finally, we reached the end of the corridor and got to the carriage couplings. The mission was a failure! People were standing astraddle the couplings in very dangerous positions and there was no room for Luke. Each side entrance door was completely filled with stacked luggage and precariously perched on top of each of the piles

were toothless betel-chewing peasant women. Even the floor, between the legs of standing passengers, was jammed with small children. Luke could either urinate in his pants or on top of the children.

He decided to wait until the train reached the Chirebon switching station. He and I laboriously returned to our seats, which surprisingly were not taken. The soldier had guarded them well.

The repulsive peasant woman could sense something was wrong. She rummaged in her luggage and soon made a massive chew of betel nut which she offered to Luke with much fanfare. Luke was again flustered and didn't know how to refuse the unwanted gift. The young soldier came to his rescue—he took the chew of betel nut and promptly gave it to an old woman who was sitting across from him. After that everyone settled down and the carriage was quiet except for the rhythmic clanking of the train as it descended from the plateau region. Even the smoke cleared from the cabin, and fresh air brought a measure of relief to the jammed situation. This relief did not last long. Luke looked straight at Dolly and in panic explained, "I must do something. You know the doctor said that if I did not relieve myself frequently my bladder might rupture."

After this distressful pronouncement I stood up and said, "Follow me. I understand that there is a toilet of a sort at the other end of this carriage." (The toilet was actually a hole in the floor.) Again I briefly discussed the matter with the faithful soldier who warned the repulsive peasant woman that an emergency existed and she had better behave herself.

As I moved into the corridor, a tall young Indonesian spoke to me in broken English: "Do old gentleman need help?"

"Yes," I answered.

The young man, who was a student at the University of Indonesia at Jakarta, spoke to the people immediately ahead of him, and the message spread up and down the entire corridor. Bodies twisted and stretched to provide openings for his two-hundred-pound body while the railroad carriage lurched and swayed over its rough railbed.

Panting heavily and sweating profusely, Luke reached the toilet door. Out of luck again! Luggage was stacked five feet high in front of the door and squatting on top of the pile was a small old peasant woman. With no comment, the peasant woman struggled to the floor. Three young Indonesians then bodily lifted Luke over the barrier. Relief at last!

About five minutes later, the door opened and we could see just the top of Luke's head over the stacked luggage. The same three young Indonesians pulled him back over the barrier, and as he reached the

top of the luggage pile, the passengers in the carriage exploded with applause and gleeful cheers.

The tension inside the jammed carriage dissipated. Luke was no longer that ugly, colonial Dutchman, relative of those responsible for so much misery in this country. He was a human being, with real needs! University students traveling in the carriage informed the passengers that these three Americans were friends of Indonesia. The young white man had provided much economic help to their country. The peasants understood.

By late afternoon the train was cautiously making its way over a roadbed flooded from recent rains and silt-clogged canals. If we derailed here, the consequence could be tortuous delay. Strong, young passengers with light luggage would probably walk out of the trouble, using the flooded railroad bed as a walkway. Older travelers and those with lots of baggage would have to wait for repairs or rescue. I'd gone through this sort of disaster once, and it had taken me eight hours to walk to dry land. I staggered into the train station at 2 A.M.

So I apprehensively kept an eye on the level of the flooding over the tracks and counted off the markings on the kilometer posts. As the sun set, I breathed a sigh of relief. The train had crossed the flooded plain and again was on dry roadbed. It was rocking away at its maximum speed of thirty-five miles per hour.

Other passengers also sensed relief, since they knew the arduous trip was about over. As they disembarked at their respective stations on the outskirts of Jakarta, they smiled and nodded to Luke and Dolly. Indonesians respect age, and these two were obviously remarkable.

The Surabaya Express arrived at Gambir Station in the heart of Jakarta at 8:30 P.M., about on schedule. It had averaged the remarkable speed of twenty-five miles per hour. Luke was the last passenger to leave the carriage. He had tears in his eyes as he watched the repulsive peasant woman dicker with three coolies who placed her primitive luggage on their heads. While they were getting the luggage arranged, she adjusted the sling at her waist carrying her sleeping child, and with a proud nod of her head toward Luke, she vanished into the milling crowd.

This time Luke's dream came true. He and Dolly completed their world tour and safely returned home to Provo. Some years later, Luke looked back over the eighty years of his life. He had taught school in a log cabin; he had freighted; he was a postmaster; he served a mission; he enlisted in the Navy when he was fifty; he spent ten years in the state senate; he was a successful businessman who faithfully served his church. He had also lived through years of overwhelming poverty. But nothing opened his eyes or his heart as much as that train ride across Indonesia.


Wasserman

FICTION

Pancha Loca

R. A. Christmas

PANCHA ROBINSON WAS DOING DISHES at her mother's sink and watching her husband Rick, who was out in the backyard with the children. Gloria, Pancha's sister, was sitting at the kitchen table fiddling with a salt shaker and complaining about Larry—her husband—and the rough life she led in the wilds of southern Utah.

"He slapped Vickie so hard the other day," Gloria was saying, "I thought her head'd come off. I almost took her to the doctor. I thought she had a concussion, I really did. Larry just goes, 'She'll get over it.' I could've killed him."

Gloria and her three children were in California on one of their infrequent visits, minus her husband, who usually had something more important to do, like fishing. So she felt perfectly free to run him down.

"All she wanted was a tortilla," Gloria went on. "But when he sees the refrigerator open for more than five seconds he just goes crazy. You'd think it was the end of the world."

"It sounds like it," Pancha said, trying for something neutral.

Pancha hadn't been alone with her sister for several months, so there were lots of complaints to catch up on. What made it bearable, this time, was that while Gloria brought her up to date, she could glance out the window at Rick, who was doing his fatherly duty at the old swingset, making sure each child got a turn and that the smaller ones didn't fall off. She couldn't help but admire the loving, patient way Rick had with children, even though she was painfully aware that he was not the same with adults—face it, with her. But she almost—almost—felt fortunate, compared to what she was hearing.

R. A. CHRISTMAS is a sales representative for ABC Products Company, Ontario, California. He lives in Hemet with his wife, Carol, and their eight children.

Gloria's husband was a tall, muscular redhead—a cowboy type, although for a living he taught elementary school. On those rare occasions when he was around, Pancha always felt a combination of excitement and fear. Larry flirted shamelessly, right in Gloria's face, and he was always inviting Pancha to run errands with him, alone. He would reach out with those big paws and give her a hug or a squeeze on the arm; once he even picked her up and sat her on his lap, which she could see upset Rick—although he never said anything. Although Pancha loved the attention and exulted at how effortlessly she could steal Larry from her older sister, at bottom he was just too big and hairy and macho to be her kind of man. He always looked as if he might suddenly detonate, so it was hardly surprising to hear Gloria confirm (again) that he often did.

When Rick got angry, Pancha reflected, he just got quieter and quieter, until he was mute with rage. The only other sign, she had discovered, was in his eyes, which would change from light blue to icy gray. And when he did explode—on those rare occasions—it was terrible; it destroyed her. But in nine years of marriage only once had there been any violence between them; and this ghastly episode was still, even after a year, too recent for Pancha to be untroubled by the memory. She didn't want to dwell on it, much less share it with her sister.

"If he hasn't calmed down by the time I get back," Gloria announced, "I won't let him touch me for a month."

"I don't blame you," Pancha said, with as much conviction as she could muster. In matters of this kind, she had very little experience. In fact, it puzzled her to realize, again, that in her own marriage (in her life, for that matter), she was almost always the sexual aggressor. If she got angry—supposing—and told Rick she wasn't going to let him "attack" her for a month, he would probably be relieved. Of course, Gloria knew nothing about that. Pancha could only imagine what she might say. There were lots of things that Gloria knew nothing about, thank heaven. With her sister especially, Pancha was quite content with appearances.

Outside, Rick and the children were singing. He always pushed them on the swings when they came to Grandma's, and he always sang, except that this time he was singing something she had never heard before, a song he was probably making up.

> Swinging, swinging—
> first you go up,
> then you go down.

That's all she could make out, over and over, to the rhythm of the swings.

Pancha turned to the table and cleared the last of the dishes. Gloria was going on about the Church now—the lousy southern Utah ward she and Larry lived in—nothing but snobs and old people—you had to live there fifty years before anyone would even say hello. Their home teachers were self-righteous bores who came by once every three months, and their bishop (the local banker) even turned Larry down for a loan—gave him a lecture about staying out of debt, right there in the bank in front of half the town. They talked Larry into playing on the ward basketball team, but most of the time he sat on the bench—a first-string high-school player, how about that? Her Relief Society visiting teachers were gossipy prudes, and so on. Pancha knew she didn't have nearly enough dirty dishes to wear it out.

"I'd give anything to be able to go to church down here," Gloria said.

"We love it," Pancha said, tasting the untruth in her words. She and Rick lived less than an hour away, in a snug townhome complex complete with pool and playground, shaded by massive oaks. Their ward was full of friendly blue- and white-collar folks and was headed by an understanding bishop, a saintly soul who drove a UPS truck for a living. What, then, might Gloria say if she knew that her sister hadn't been to sacrament meeting in over a year? That sitting in any church meeting made Pancha feel suicidal, made her legs and her head ache? That she had no calling and neither did Rick. That they paid hardly any tithing, no fast offerings or budget, and last—but never least—both of them smoked. Here was some grist that Gloria would know how to grind.

Pancha had no complaints about *her* ward, but *her* ward undoubtedly had some complaints about *her*. She was the mother who was always sick, always in the hospital, always forcing Rick to call the Relief Society so the ladies could bring dinner over or clean the house—and then, when she was well, she was the one who didn't attend her meetings and didn't get her visiting teaching done. She was the mother who was always "depressed" and who finally swallowed all of her tranquilizers and ended up in intensive care and then in a psychiatric hospital, leaving Rick to take care of four kids and three jobs until he also collapsed and followed her into the same hospital while the children were rotated from family to family—six months of her life in the toilet, and those seven weeks with Rick down the hall a total hell, while the kids frolicked from pool to pool and from Disneyland to Magic Mountain, turning into spoiled little strangers.

But that was only one way to look at it. The other was to say that Rick *and* the Church *and* her parents and even the kids had sold *her* down the river—as a woman. That the promises they all made, the things that were supposed to come true if you worked your ass off and kept *all* the commandments—which she had done, by the way, for years—that all these promises were in fact lies designed to cheat her out of her happiness and potential. And the only solution, as dear Dr. Levin had said, over and over, was to cut all of it—Rick, the Church, her family, yes, even the kids—cut it all out of her life and save herself.

Save yourself, Dr. Levin told her. Now, while you're still young enough to start over. Don't end up like the rest of them, us. Save yourself.

But she hadn't taken the drastic step. She had left the horror of the hospital a year ago, and she was still trying to do it the old way, the way that hadn't worked but the way she was told would work by everybody but Dr. Levin. She was still trying to adjust, readjust, herself to the "real" world; and since she could not face Dr. Levin anymore, she had found another doctor outside and was keeping (barely keeping) her depression under control with medication and by trying not to think too much about her unhappiness.

And so far so good. But that it wasn't really working was obvious enough. Rick still refused to acknowledge that she even had a problem, that there was anything wrong with their marriage. He just plodded on—earning, nurturing the kids, ignoring his crazy wife. Oh, they went out every weekend (she insisted upon it), and they made love regularly and sometimes even spectacularly (she made sure)—but there was still something wrong, because it didn't fulfill her. Because he didn't love her, that must be it. Oh, he'd say so, if she pressed him, but that didn't mean he really did. He probably didn't even know he didn't love her, he was so out of touch with his feelings, like the doctors in the hospital said. And because he did not love her, the kids picked it up and they did not love her. They only feared her because she was demanding and sick and crazy and they never knew what she would do next.

All I want, Pancha thought, as she rinsed the familiar plates, is for someone to hold me for as long as I want. Just hold me, with no time limit. I promise I'll let him go after a while, but at first there must be no time limit. He's got to be willing to hold me forever. If I can be sure he's absolutely willing to do that, then eventually I'll let him go and I'll be good. But I don't know how long it's going to take.

Rick could never understand this. When she got him to sit down on the couch, or when she sat on his lap, he was soon struggling to get

away. He didn't trust her need, that was it. He thought it would never end, but it would. He always had things to do, but all she felt she ever had to do now (no matter what she *had* to do) was to be happy.

She didn't miss the hospital, but she missed the people she had met in the hospital. They would understand right away what she was talking about. She could find someone to hold her there. She *had* found someone to hold her there, but there had just been no way to bring him into her life. No way, dammit. Still, she felt closer to those people, even now, in memory, than she did to her own family. Phil, the old, overweight, suicidal transvestite that nobody wanted anymore; what fun he was to talk to; he knew what it was like to suffer like she did, and he really cared. He would have done anything for her, and he didn't have to sleep with her either. There were so many like that, and they would have great rap sessions sitting in the lounge and smoking half the night, until the supervisor broke it up and made them take their meds. There was Grace, the girl who cut her legs with razors; Lance, the Mormon doper; Freddy, the alcoholic teenager; Ralph, the smiling half-wit who shot himself in the head and partly missed; and all those weirdos in the born-again Christian unit. At times like this, listening to her sister drone and groan, Pancha missed her hospital friends terribly—the wonderful, unpredictable zaniness of it all, with everyone having time to be concerned with everyone else's problems, joys, and sorrows. The only really bad time had been when Rick was in there, keeping to himself, not relating to her friends, spending most of his time in his room, reading, practicing, writing, and smoking, casting a shadow over the whole hospital, only coming out for group and anger sessions, and late at night to serenade the nurses with his guitar.

Gloria, thank God, knew next to nothing about all this—thanks to their mother's refusal to pass along anything that even hinted at a family tragedy. "Nervous breakdown" and "depression" were not part of Mama's vocabulary—the relatives, near and far, had been told from time to time that Pancha was "sick" or "in the hospital for a few days." And as far as Papa was concerned, it hadn't even happened: during the whole time he had only visited her once, for a "confrontation" with his pathetic daughter at Dr. Levin's insistence; and he hadn't said a word about it since. Six months of her life had vanished, and it was horrible to imagine her sister feasting on the details. But whatever Gloria knew (and she couldn't know the worst, nobody did), it could only be in the most general way, and so far she hadn't mentioned it at all. That was one of the good things about being certified crazy, Pancha reflected. People who knew—even people like Gloria—were afraid to bring it up.

Pancha turned to the stove and checked the beans and rice and made sure there were enough tortillas warming in the oven. Mama was due home from work in minutes, and Pancha didn't want her dinner to get cold. Like always, they would stay until Mama saw the children, and then Rick would be anxious to leave, and that would be fine with Pancha. Being around Gloria for more than an hour depressed her, and she couldn't afford to be depressed, not anymore.

Besides, she was dying for a cigarette, and probably Rick was too. While she stirred her mother's beans, Pancha felt a playful urge to go to her purse and light up a Virginia Slim, just to see the look on her sister's face.

Gloria was going on about the ladies she taught with in the Primary, categorizing their flaws without mercy, threatening to resign her calling as soon as she got back. And Larry was a maverick Mormon who could never get in step with Church programs. Half the time he found some excuse not to go to meetings with her, and she had to sit there with three fidgeting children. She bemoaned the fact that she spent most of her Sundays in the foyer, talking shop with the other young mothers or chasing Brian up and down the halls.

"He was driving me absolutely nuts before we got him on medication," Gloria said. "I'd turn my back for one second and he'd have pots and pans all over the floor, and then he'd pull the drawers straight out on top of them. I'd put everything back, and he'd just stand there waiting for me to finish so he could start all over again. I spent half the day picking up after him, and if I tried to stop him he'd start screaming or throw himself against the wall. He'd get up at night and eat a whole tube of toothpaste or drink my Nyquil or anything else I happened to leave out. Larry put those little plastic childproof thingamajigs on all the cupboards—you know how long it took him to figure those out? Two days. *I* can't even open half of them because Larry put them on so tight I can't get my fingers in. But Brian can. We had to go clear to Cedar to find someone who would prescribe Ritalin for him. One doctor in town hadn't even heard of it, can you believe that? They just look at you like you can't control your child, even after Larry and I beat him practically black and blue. To them it's just a discipline problem. He's so much better now he's like a new kid."

"He is," Pancha said, only because that was what her sister wanted to hear. There was such a contrast in the behavior of their children that it was always a little embarrassing to talk about it. Brian might be "a new kid" to his mom, but he still hit and screamed and was incredibly selfish as far as Pancha was concerned. Through the window she could see that Brian had been on the swing now for twice as long as

any of her children, and Rick, as usual, was letting him have his way. Her kids were so unused to scuffling that when Brian pushed them they just stood there and took it—even the older ones—or came sobbing to her in front of Gloria, which was even more embarrassing, because when Pancha would tell them to go back outside and stop complaining, they would look up at her as if they had been betrayed. "Hitting is wrong, teasing is wrong," their eyes would say, when they didn't say it out loud. "Isn't that what you always say, Mommy?" But she wouldn't say it, and Gloria would be talking about something else all through it and wouldn't even notice, so they would go back out and get punched again. That was why it was nice right now to have Rick out there on duty. Gloria's kids might be favored a little, but at least it prevented someone from losing an eye.

Pancha rechecked her mother's beans on the stove, to make sure they were just right. Mama had beans with every meal. Beans and coffee, no matter what else. She was a true Mexican, whereas all of her children so far had married gringos, and only the two oldest, Pancha and Gloria, could speak Spanish. Jesse and Patty understood only the simplest expressions—it would be ironic if they married Mexicans, but it was difficult for Pancha to imagine them married at all, these babies she had practically raised herself while her parents worked and Gloria was away at college. Patty was twenty, but she looked fifteen, was overweight, worked at McDonald's, and was still living at home. She still rode a bicycle, for goodness sake. Jesse was twenty-two and very bright, but he seemed content with a dead-end job operating a punch press in some nameless factory. He spent most of his free time stoned, up in his treehouse with his girlfriend, a gringa who never spoke more than two words at a time to anyone else in the family. Only Pancha and Gloria had been able to break free of the inertia of family and neighborhood to the point where they could see that there was something else out there, a better way to live. Only by braving their father's wrath, by breaking with Catholicism and joining the Mormons and enduring his total, albeit temporary, rejection, had they been able to create these marriages, these children, and the very different lives they now led, full of promise and horror.

First Gloria, who set all the relatives' tongues wagging by going away to college in Utah, and then Pancha, who followed her, vowing never to give up her childhood faith, only to see it slip away during a nonstop reading of the Book of Mormon one winter night while a snowstorm raged outside. And if she stumbled later and slept around a little, that was mainly because it all happened too fast, the old East L.A. habits took time to wear out. But as soon as she found what she

wanted—Rick, her young, hippie professor (he was fair game, his divorce was final)—she had settled down and tried to become a good wife and mother, her testimony intact. She had taken some big chances and had some terrible times afterward; but she took pride in the fact that she had a respectable husband and four gorgeous children to show for it. So it had been worth it, and with a little luck she could complete the circle, overcome this recent setback, and recapture that calm assurance she had felt on that winter night ten years before.

It was strange. Gloria ranted on and on about the Church, yet Pancha knew she had a strong testimony and was a faithful Primary teacher. Gloria never missed church, had never tasted beer or smoked even one cigarette; and yet her life, by her own admission and from all Pancha could tell, was misery. She was yoked to a renegade husband, and all three children bore scars from this preposterous union. Vickie was a little liar who had once asked Pancha's astonished boys to take down their pants—she was already in therapy because she had a speech impediment and threw terrible tantrums. Craig had been born with one leg shorter than the other and was still wearing diapers at age four ("My diaper is my toilet!" he would scream when Gloria tried to coax him to the bathroom); and Brian was a hyperactive hitter who had to be watched all the time. It was easy to imagine the emotional turmoil that had spawned these lost little souls—Gloria and Larry slugging it out night and day; whereas she and Rick seldom even raised their voices. If something did boil over, it was almost always after the children were asleep. It was worth holding back, to be able to look out the window and see her children growing up beautiful and innocent, virtually untouched.

Pancha stole a final glance at Rick as she put the last of the silver in the drainer and let the water out of the sink. He was still at it, swinging himself now, with Mark on his lap. She should feel so blessed—to have such a dutiful husband, who did more than 50 percent of the housework on top of everything else. Which only made it twice as hard to figure out why she kept screwing up, why she felt so unfulfilled. It didn't make sense. She had a better husband than Gloria, and nicer children. She had made it to the temple and Gloria hadn't. She wore garments and Gloria didn't. Rick was an elder, and Larry was an inactive priest. For two years, she and Rick had done everything right and had had their marriage and their children sealed to them in the L.A. Temple for time and all eternity. She knew what it was like to pay a full tithe, keep the Word of Wisdom, attend all of her meetings, and hold two callings besides. And even though he smoked, Rick was still a home teacher, and he just about always got 100 percent, even now.

Gloria had joined the Church first, but Pancha had gone further in it. Gloria had three children, but she had four. Gloria couldn't get her husband to do anything, and Pancha could. She had known what she wanted, and she had gone out and got it—so what if she was still trying to figure out what to do with it now that she had it. Gloria didn't know how to get anything, so all she could do was whine and complain, which drove Larry even further away. In six months everything in Pancha's life might be back to normal; she and Rick would have their recommends, and it would be as if nothing had ever happened—and Gloria would still be chasing Brian down the halls of some hayseed ward, none the wiser.

Pancha sat down at the table and tried to think of something to say—something that might carry them until her mother came home and she could make a graceful exit. Gloria was suddenly quiet, looking bemused, as if puzzled that after all her complaining, nothing had changed.

"Patty's been reading the Book of Mormon," Pancha said, almost without thinking.

"She's *what*?" An incredulous grin broke out on Gloria's face.

"She was over at the house one night," Pancha backpedaled, "when the missionaries dropped by. And they taught her the first discussion."

"Well," Gloria sighed, "that's the end of my daddy."

My daddy. There was a pause, during which Pancha knew she was supposed to imagine their Papa having a heart attack. Of course, he had never actually had one; it was just that from time to time, when he was under stress, he would collapse; and Pancha had been with him on several occasions when he had fainted and lay gasping on the floor. It had always terrified her to think that if the "big one" ever came, she might be responsible.

"He got over it when we were baptized," Pancha ventured.

"What makes you think he could take another one?" Gloria said. "He's older now, you know."

"Isn't that a chance we have to take?"

"Don't drag me into this!" Gloria exclaimed. "Patty'll believe anything anybody tells her for five minutes. You're wasting your time."

"I don't see how it can hurt," Pancha said. "She needs something. She's just stagnating here."

"He'll disown her. He'll kick her out, just like he did us. But we knew how to survive, and she doesn't."

"He took us back, didn't he?" Pancha said. "It wouldn't last forever."

"Don't count on it," Gloria said. "He might just get fed up. You know how hard he is on her."

Patty was adopted, the baby. Whenever she got in trouble this fact was always stressed, however indirectly. What went for the other children somehow did not go for her. That was why her parents had always been hard on Patty. She wasn't part of the "real" family, so it would be easy to get rid of her. All it would take is an excuse, like joining the Mormon Church. That was Gloria's drift, and just the thought of it made Pancha wince.

"She can always stay with me," Pancha said, trying to salvage something.

"Good luck," Gloria said, with a mixture of resignation and sarcasm that set Pancha's teeth on edge. The truth seemed to be that Patty was just too immature, too ugly, too fat and too stupid to be a Mormon. The truth of Joseph Smith's First Vision was somehow contradicted by the truth about Patty. But Patty wasn't that dumb, Pancha insisted to herself; and Gloria wouldn't miss ten pounds off her tummy either.

"Isn't every member supposed to be a missionary?"

"We aren't supposed to wreck families and give people heart attacks," Gloria said. "We aren't supposed to make people worse off than they were before."

After a pause, Pancha looked at her sister and said, "Aren't *we* worse off than *we* were before?"

"Are you trying to be funny?"

"No."

"That's crazy!" Gloria exclaimed, but then looked down at her salt shaker and for some reason was instantly silent. Her sister let it drop.

Maybe she knows more than I figured, Pancha thought. Oh well, what the hell.

She got up, went to the sink, and scoured it one more time. Rick was playing "monster" with the kids now, staggering around the yard like Frankenstein with his arms straight out while the kids ran screaming and hid in the bushes. The problem would be getting them all calmed down before they started home.

It was a relief to finally see her mother at the front door.

"Mihas," Mama said, as soon as she saw them. Their mother was a small woman, thin and wiry. She wore gold-rimmed glasses, and her graying black hair, full of natural curl, seemed to resist being tied in a bun. She had worked as a nurses' aid at County USC for as long as Pancha could remember. In the heart patient wing. She spent most of her days helping sick men in and out of bed—so her husband would never have to end up like that, so he could work when he felt like it, as a substitute teacher. When she came into the kitchen she looked worn, but her face brightened at the sight of her two oldest, her daughters,

together. She gave them a wide, toothy grin that animated all the lines in her face.

"Where are my babies?" she said as she sat down. Gloria was quickly up, filling her mother's plate with food. Pancha got her a cup of coffee.

"They're out back with Rick," Pancha said.

"You ate?"

"The kids were hungry," Pancha said.

"Where's your father?"

"Where do you think?" Gloria said.

Their father was always in his bedroom on Sunday afternoons, watching old musicals on TV. Fred Astaire and Gene Kelly were his favorites. He had been a great dancer in his day, before his heart started acting up. Not a hoofer, but an expert folk dancer. He had led groups, taught, everything short of turning professional; and when he took the family to the Folklorico Ballet he could still spot every mistake, which gave him great pleasure. He had taught both of his girls to dance, had high hopes for them; but they had both disappointed him in this, as in most things, although Gloria had always been his favorite. He always said she was the better dancer, spoke better Spanish—it was true that she had more education than Pancha, had graduated from college, in fact. But then Gloria had let him down by joining the Mormon Church and marrying a clod. This had temporarily left the door open for Pancha, but she had blown her opportunity by joining the Church too. But at least she had married Rick, who had more degrees than Papa, and now she had given him more grandchildren than Gloria had, and next year she was going back to school; so it would be only a matter of time before she had more education. Pancha felt that her Spanish was every bit as good as Gloria's, and she would take more classes just to make sure. And she still kept her dancing up, a little, whereas Gloria didn't at all—her excuse was she had a bad knee, but Pancha suspected that it was really because she had only danced to please her father, to win the praise he was inclined to give her anyway. Pancha loved to dance, and she felt that in this respect she was his true heir, although he would never admit it. Even at sixty, her father's legs were trim and fit—actually shapely—the legs of a born dancer.

It was painful for Pancha to realize that she would never, could never, stop trying to win her father's approval; even after all these years, even after it helped put her in the hospital and Dr. Levin advised her never to see her father—her whole family—again. Period. Oh, and divorce Rick too, and quick—before his passivity drives you permanently crazy. Not to forget that.

"The menudo is good," their mother said.

"Rick had two helpings himself," Pancha said proudly. She was grateful that Rick loved menudo. It was one of the reasons her parents were so fond of him—in addition to their being grateful to him for taking a troublesome daughter off their hands.

"Larry can't stand the stuff," Gloria piped up, as always. Whenever the subject of menudo came up, this cultural impasse had to be mentioned. Rick was at least trying to be Mexican, but half the time their father couldn't even remember Larry's name.

"How does Carmen like her school?" Grandma said.

"She loves it," Pancha said. Carmen, her four-year-old, had just started preschool. She was "gifted," and the school was private—and expensive. Everything about her children was upbeat, positive, whereas all Gloria had to talk about was runny noses and remedial groups, so Pancha didn't elaborate.

There was a crash at the front door. Patty was coming in, and she had dropped the grocery sack she was carrying; a couple of cans of Coke and some boxes of candy spilled out on the floor. She gathered them up, self-consciously, while they watched in disapproving silence. She was wearing her McDonald's uniform, and her chubby brown face was wet with perspiration.

"Hi guys," she said, as brightly as she could.

"You dropped something," Gloria said.

"I bought some candy for the little kids," Patty panted. "It's a job trying to carry all this stuff on a bicycle."

"You might try learning how to drive," Gloria said.

"Hear that, Mom?"

Her mother made a face, as if to say what everybody already knew—that this was Papa's decision and that he did not approve of young girls doing much of anything outside of dancing and having babies. And has anyone checked the cost of insurance lately?

"Just for the kids?" Gloria laughed, as Patty came in and started piling her little boxes and packages on the kitchen table. Pancha couldn't help but smile.

"I'm a little kid, too," Patty said, but she blushed anyway. There were Good and Plentys, Jujubees, Juicy Fruits, M&Ms—more than one per child. "Where is everybody?"

"Out back with Rick," Pancha said.

Patty put the Cokes in the refrigerator and gathered up most of the candy.

"Dinner's on the stove," her mother said.

"I ate already," Patty said, going out the back door.

"How many times?" Gloria called after her.

"Too much McDonald's," Mama said, with a mother's finality.

Pancha got up and looked out the window. The kids were already crowded around Patty, as if she were the good fairy. Rick was holding hers back, so that Gloria's could get theirs first. Because there was no holding them back.

"I'm going to look after su papa," their mother said. She put her dish and cup in the sink and left the kitchen.

"Well," Gloria said. "Let's see what's left in the bag." She tipped it over and fished out some Sugar Babies. "Want some?" she said, tearing open the package with her teeth.

Pancha nodded. She had to put something in her mouth, and quick. A cigarette always tasted so good after she had been at her folks', but the wait was agony. Rick was probably dying out there, but at least he didn't have much supervising to do. The kids were scattered on the lawn, chewing candy cuds, and he was talking to Patty. Pancha sat down at the table and helped herself to a few morsels.

"Larry wants me to have another baby," Gloria said. Pancha felt her stomach drop. Did that sound like a challenge, or was it just her imagination?

"What does the doctor say?" she got out, as nonchalantly as possible.

"Guess," Gloria said. "But Larry doesn't give a hoot what he says. Once he gets something in his head, he just won't leave me alone until I give in. He's been driving me crazy."

"Have you been trying?" Pancha said, weighing her words carefully.

Gloria laughed. "Whenever I let him. All he does is pester me night and day. If I put the kids down for a nap when he's home I practically have to fight him off. I'm not kidding. If I hadn't married him, I swear he'd've turned into a sex maniac. But so far nothing's happened."

A good thing, Pancha thought, in more ways than one. Gloria had had two miscarriages already, and in her last attempt at pregnancy the placenta had grown right over her cervix and had to be surgically removed. And there wasn't any baby to go with it. Add to that the chance of having another child with a birth defect like Craig's, and the fact that she was over thirty, and it was clearly insane to try again. But she probably would—like she said, she always gave in to Larry eventually; and the people in her snooty ward were probably wondering why she only had three.

"Is Rick like that?" Pancha's reverie was cut short. She felt her skin turn cold.

"Sometimes," she came up with, from somewhere.

Gloria chuckled at this, oblivious to her sister's discomfort.

"What do you do about it?" she said.

Pancha was floored. The request for a little sisterly advice seemed innocent and sincere.

"He gets over it," Pancha said, with a silent prayer that the subject be dropped immediately.

"Of course, he's older," Gloria said, with playful irony.

"Maybe that's it," Pancha managed. It was pretty obvious why Larry pestered Gloria to get pregnant all the time. If he didn't pester, the poor guy wouldn't get anything. As for Rick, he was always so reserved, so—well, reluctant; but good in bed to a fault—once you got him there. Mr. Control. That was the problem. Endless apologies on those rare occasions when he happened to climax before she did. A national catastrophe. As if she cared, as long as she knew she was loved. That was always the question in the background. Well, yes and no. Yes, if she asked him.

Divorce him, Dr. Levin said. Divorce him and save your life. Divorce your parents too, and your brother and your sisters. Cut yourself loose from these people who have ruined your past and will surely ruin your future. Do it—today, now, before you leave the hospital. Please do it.

But what then? Would Dr. Levin love her? Marry her? Would even that be enough? What she had suspected while she was in the hospital seemed perfectly true now. Dr. Levin *had* been in love with her—maybe he still was. She could remember in detail his funny little ways: how he always said, "I'm sorry," over and over, no matter what she told him; how he hated Rick; how tenderly he had held her that day when she was so depressed that she felt like the ceiling was coming down. Yes, it was so clear, he *had* loved her. That was real love, real caring, that was what she wanted in her life. If she had been feeling better, she probably could have seduced him in his office that day. But even if she had, she doubted that he would ever have married her. He had been married three times already; he was still married; and besides, she was crazy. So was he. He admitted it.

Patty came back in, flushed and happy. She doted on the kids and was always buying things for them. She didn't make much at McDonald's and saved nothing.

"Scarfing up on my candy, 'eh," she said. Gloria had finished the Sugar Babies, with some help from Pancha.

"You won't miss it," Gloria quipped.

"Anybody want to split a Coke?" Patty opened the refrigerator.

"No thanks," Gloria said, disapprovingly. Pancha loved Coke, but she shook her head. Gloria was a fanatic about the Word of Wisdom. She wouldn't even take an Excedrin.

Patty opened a can and sat down at the table.

"Mormons aren't supposed to drink Cokes, are they?" she said, as if she were waiting for Gloria's permission to take a swallow.

"Good Mormons don't," Gloria said. Patty glanced at Pancha. They had split Cokes on many a Sunday afternoon, at this very table, sans Gloria.

"It's up to the individual," Pancha countered. With that, Patty took a sip and then set the can gingerly on the table.

"Did you tell Gloria I've been reading the Book of Mormon?" Patty said sheepishly to Pancha.

Pancha nodded. "She thinks it might be a little over your head."

"Don't drag me into this!" Gloria almost shouted.

"It's pretty interesting," Patty said. "It's sort of weird at times, but I kind of like it. I really dig some of the things it says about religion and stuff."

Gloria rolled her eyes, for Pancha's benefit.

"I like the part about cutting off that dude's head. That was cool."

"Does my daddy know?" Gloria said, ominously.

"Know what?"

"That you're reading it, silly."

"I don't know. Sort of, I guess. I don't think he cares what I read."

"Lucky you."

"It's no big deal," Patty said.

"Just try joining the Church and see what happens. He'll kick you out of here so fast it'll make your head spin."

Patty looked at Pancha for reassurance.

"I think they're mellowing out a little," Pancha said.

"Don't bet on it. Either that or my daddy'll have a heart attack."

Patty giggled.

"What's so funny?"

"I don't know," she said. "What you said just struck me as funny, that's all."

"Listen to her," Gloria said to Pancha. Patty stopped giggling and took a big swallow of Coke.

"Did you tell her about that cute missionary?" Patty said to Pancha.

"I told her about the missionaries," Pancha said. Now *she* was embarrassed.

"I loved the sound of his voice," Patty gushed. "I could have listened to him for hours."

Pancha explained that Elder Harrison was from the South and had a very pronounced accent.

"He was so cute," Patty said. "I'd become a Mormon for him any old day."

"He's probably younger than you are," Gloria yawned.

"No way."

"I'll bet he is. They go on missions when they're nineteen. How old are you?"

"Almost twenty-one," Patty said, looking crestfallen, as if she knew she should act her age if she could, but she couldn't.

"I'll bet he's younger than you are," Gloria persisted.

"He didn't look it."

"Neither do you."

"It doesn't really matter," Pancha said, getting up. If she didn't get out of there in five minutes the ceiling was going to start coming down again, and voices would be coming from behind the curtains, if not low out of the dust. She left the kitchen, crossed the living room to the door of her parents' bedroom, and knocked. There was a familiar, muffled "Come in" from the other side.

Her mother was sitting stiffly on the edge of the bed, still in her uniform, and her father was stretched out, in slacks and a Hawaiian shirt, watching television. Her father kept his eyes on the TV, but her mother looked up at her with a kind of pained concern.

"We've got to be going," Pancha said. She felt panicky. There was a metallic taste in her mouth.

"But you just got here," her father sighed. That was about what she expected.

"Rick's tired," she said, hating herself for using the same old lie. "And the kids need to get to bed early. They were up half the night last night."

Her father merely sighed again, took off his glasses, folded them, and swung his legs off the bed. Her mother followed her out of the bedroom, and Pancha sent Patty out to round up Rick and the children. In a matter of seconds the house was filled with chattering, tears, laughter, teasing, empty candy boxes, and lots of dirty hands and faces to be washed and bladders to be emptied before the trip home. Rick supervised the cleanup while Pancha took care of the leftover candy and gathered up jackets, toys, blankets, and whatever else she could recall bringing. Grandpa emerged from the bedroom, and they all assembled in the living room for the ritual of goodbye, which was always the same. Each child and adult gave Grandpa and Grandma a big kiss and hug. Even Great-grandma came out of the back bedroom and gave and got her kisses and hugs and cooed to each little one in Spanish.

"My goodness, you're thin!" her father exclaimed to Rick after they embraced. "Are you sure she's feeding you enough?"

Rick laughed while Pancha edged everyone to the door, from the door to the porch, from the porch to the driveway, and finally to the van, where each child was buckled up for the drive home.

Grandpa went back to his TV, but Gloria and Patty and their mother followed Pancha all the way, making small talk, asking questions. Why did people wait until you were leaving to ask you all these questions, Pancha wondered. Was it because they feared the answers, so they asked them as you were about to drive off, just in case? Have those headaches gone away? No, I have a brain tumor—bye. It was easier to handle things that way. Her mother suddenly wanted to know how her job was going, and of course it was going fine. And how her leg was. Fine. And whether Craig needed new glasses. Not yet. (But as any idiot can see they are so heavy they keep falling off his nose). Nevertheless, everything was fine, fine, fine. And in between, in Spanish, her mother bombarded her with news of the extended family—with about seventy-five cousins, there was always somebody getting married, or unmarried, or having a new baby; and even though Pancha had married a gringo and had gone away to college and hardly saw any of her cousins anymore, it seemed essential for her to know these things.

Patty, meanwhile, played peek-a-boo with the little ones at the van windows, and Gloria stood beside her mother like a sentry, arms folded, studying her sister's family with an enigmatic smile.

"When are you going to come up and see us?" she asked Rick.

Please don't make any commitments, Pancha prayed.

"Sounds like a good idea," Rick said.

She held her breath. It would be just like Rick to throw away next year's vacation, then and there.

"Say hello to Larry," Pancha said.

"If I'm still speaking to him." Gloria broke into a colossal grin and cackled as if it were the greatest joke in the world. She'd be pregnant within three months, of that Pancha was sure. What would *she* do then?

"Take care of yourselves," Gloria said, suddenly a bit wistful. She reached out and gave Pancha's forearm a little squeeze—as if that made up for twenty years of teasing and rejection.

"We'll try," Pancha said.

Finally, politely, Rick eased the van away from the curb, and Pancha rolled her window partway up, feeling relieved and guilty at the same time. No matter how successful the visit, she always felt depressed when she left her parents' home. Her father always found a way to stick in the needle, even if it was only to sigh and to say, "But you just got here," which was still ringing in her ears. Daddy always

found a way to bust her bubble—she knew that now, thanks to Dr. Levin and a $50,000 hospital tab. She remembered again that day in high school when she came home with her arms so full of debate trophies she couldn't even open the front door. She had managed to knock, and her father opened the door and just stood there, looking at her with an annoyed and puzzled expression that made her feel awkward, absurd, and unrecognized, instead of triumphant.

"The door's open," was all he said, and then he turned and walked away without another word.

She still had the trophies, but from that moment they seemed absolutely worthless, nothing more than a load of garbage to be staggered in with and dropped with no ceremony on her bed.

That was Daddy, and there was no changing him. *My* Daddy, she laughed to herself. And yes, the door *was* open, with nothing inside.

They turned the corner and started for the freeway, the familiar path. She and Rick reached for the glove compartment almost at the same instant and sorted out their cigarettes—Rick's Marlboros and her Virginia Slims. Pancha lit up and took a deep drag, passed the lighter to Rick.

"Quiet down back there," she said, almost automatically, over her shoulder. Somebody was teasing, but on the whole the kids were settling pretty well. Pancha was looking forward to just sitting at her own kitchen table, smoking and reading the paper while Rick played his guitar.

"Remind me not to come down here again," Pancha said.

"Okay," her husband said. He was entering the freeway, intent on his mirrors. She knew he didn't take her seriously when she said this, because she had said it so many times. Besides, there were the children to consider. They deserved grandparents, even if one of them was a jerk.

They drove for another mile or two in silence. Pancha glanced back—Mark was already half-asleep, hanging against his safety strap, thumb in mouth and blanket pressed against his nose.

Rick put his cigarette out, very carefully, without taking his eyes off the road. The Sunday evening traffic was heavy.

"I'm feeling bad," she said. She wanted to talk, even if it was about being depressed.

"Any particular reason?" He sounded as if he were bored with the question.

"Just Daddy's little habit of pulling my chain. Like saying I'm starving you to death."

Her husband smiled, but she knew he knew better than to laugh.

"He was only kidding," he ventured.

"He never kids. You ought to know that by now."

"I suppose. I just wonder why you have to make so much out of a casual remark. Maybe you're reading something into it that just isn't there."

"It's there. I had to live with him for eighteen years. I ought to know."

"I guess."

"What doesn't help," she went on, "is that my own husband doesn't believe me. It's like you're on his side."

"All I'm saying is, don't assume that everything the man says is directed in some evil way at you. He was talking to me."

"About me."

"Okay."

"So I'm paranoid."

"I didn't say that."

They drove on. What was there to say that they hadn't said a thousand times? Don't let him get to you. Yes, *do* stop going down there. He will never love you, so stop expecting him to. Rick and Dr. Levin both. She knew it was true, but it wasn't enough to stop her from hoping that it wasn't. When she was born, her father had been in graduate school. She was the reason all he had was a master's, and that was why, when she stood at the door with her arms full of trophies, he had stared at her in surprise, almost as if she had been a stranger. She could still see him there. He had arched his lovely eyebrows, shrugged his shoulders, and sighed—virtually in one motion—and had walked away on his dancer's legs.

"The door's open," he had said, which was a lie. The door had never been open. Never.

And Rick had a doctorate, which made matters worse. She was starving him and had given him so many children and so much trouble that he had quit teaching and gone to work for his father. Resigned his professorship on account of the scandal their marriage had caused at the college, and partly from sheer burnout, and they had left Utah, her beloved state, probably never to return and never to teach again because the teaching market had vanished and there were five hundred applicants for every job.

So now the great professor Rick was a lowly salesman who taught part-time at night at community colleges and delivered papers early in the morning when things got bad or worked at a friend's fast-food joint when things got terrible. And now she was starving him to death, because, as Dr. Levin so acutely pointed out, Rick was a sort of substitute for her father, had the same credentials, and more, and a lot of the same traits, and by marrying him and then subtly destroying him,

she could get back at the father she could never reach and punish. Which was a lot of psychological bull, but with just enough truth in it to hurt when you knew that if it were true you still couldn't stop yourself and would ruin him anyway.

And true to form, over the years Rick had changed from a self-confident, kinky, unpredictable, hell-bent brilliant writer into a responsible, unambitious Super-Dad, keeping to himself, reticent, even timid, in her always-depressed presence. Working as a salesman for his father, assuming more and more of the household duties with each child and each of her breakdowns, writing less and less, forgotten by all but a few of his old professional pals. He hadn't published anything in years, but he didn't complain; and now, if she asked him if he loved her, he would always say yes, but he would never say it spontaneously; in fact, he never had. He was just like her father, defeated by life but getting back at you in all sorts of petty ways. The same outrageous guy who had once tossed her pregnant into his car and drove her to San Francisco and dumped her on some strangers, because he had a career to pursue, was now reduced to a mouse who changed diarrhea diapers without a murmur and massaged her back night after night so she could sleep. And all she could do to keep from doing what she was doing was to kill herself, because nobody could make her behave anymore, not even herself.

Ugly thoughts, Pancha thought to herself as Rick made a smooth transition onto the other freeway. Ugly thoughts were a bad sign. Maybe she would get him to make love to her tonight, and for a few minutes she could forget—in the atmosphere of his total attention—what was happening to them.

"Why did you marry me?" she said, when the silence became too painful.

Rick glanced at her but said nothing. He looked like he might be about to change lanes, so he had an excuse for not answering right away. He had started the left flasher, but then thought better of it and flipped it off. For a moment, Pancha felt almost gleeful, watching him conceal his pondering so artfully. Under her watchful eye, he had become a genius at evasion.

"What do you want me to say?"

Perfect. Whatever she wanted. Not, "I married you because I was madly in love with you," or "Because I was hot for your body," or "Because you made me jealous." Nope. You name it, you got it. You have a kid, I'll raise it. You go crazy and go to the nut house, I'll pay for it. You're the boss. Just don't kill yourself and embarrass me.

"I was just wondering," she said. "There were lots of girls who were dying to go out with you."

"Tell me about it."

"There were."

"I guess." He was down to two words now and seemed inclined, as always, to reduce his response to zero.

"I don't see how you can love me after all I've put you through," she went on. "Saddling you with all these kids and bills, and then going crazy. Why don't you just get rid of me? You could probably find somebody who wouldn't give you half as much trouble."

"I doubt it."

Right. Not that he wouldn't like to. Oh no. Just that he had no confidence in himself. Not anymore.

"Do you love me?"

"Sure."

"Why don't you ever tell me?"

There was a pause, of course. There always was when she asked him *the* question, point blank. They were on the big freeway now, almost home; and Rick, ever the cautious driver, hugged the right-hand side. Pancha lit another cigarette.

"I guess I just forget to," he said. "I'm sorry."

Very good. But that still was not saying it, was it? He would say it if she forced him to, but tonight she didn't feel like it. She knew it would be a lie. Maybe he had loved her once, but not now. If you had to ask, if you didn't know, then you might as well not ask. And if you asked too often, you forced people to lie to you. And the more you asked the less they loved, because you wore them out with the asking.

It was impossible that he still loved her. He stayed with her because of the children, because he was too broke to do anything else, because he was just too passive to ever do anything about it. He will never change, Dr. Levin said. Never. Divorce him and save your life.

If I died or committed suicide, she thought, he would only be relieved. He already knew how to cook, clean, and take care of the children. He wouldn't even break stride.

Too bad, then. Stay alive and stay married and make him suffer. Get even. Wait for someone else to come along, and if that doesn't happen, too bad.

"Why did you hit me in the hospital?" she said. She could almost hear him stiffen as the words came out.

"Do we have to go into that again?" He was making his voice sound tired. His "poor Rick" routine.

"I still can't understand why you did it. Dr. Brown thinks you subconsciously wanted to kill me."

"It was an accident." He fished out a cigarette and lit it without taking his eyes off the road.

"It was pretty hard for an accident. Why didn't you just hold me until the nurses got there?"

"I *was* holding you. And the nurses *were* there. But you wouldn't stop attacking me. You were trying to get your hands on my throat."

"I don't see why the nurses couldn't keep me off you."

"They were trying. When we got you to the nurses' station they thought they had you, so they told me to leave. So I let go. But you broke away and attacked me again."

"So you slugged me."

"If you want to call it that. I caught you with my elbow. That's all there was to it."

She took a deep drag and let it drop. She had heard it all before, but that wasn't all there was to it. There was always more to everything. He was just afraid to dive down into the dirty water and look for the bodies on the bottom. The truth was that he hit her so hard the whole side of her face was black for a month. The truth was she remembered everything, every detail of the struggling and the screaming, the clawing and the warding off—as if she were holding movie film up to the light and examining it frame by frame. But because the blow when it came was so cold and deliberate, so lacking in passion—love or hate or anything—she knew at that instant of shock and pain that he did not love her, that he had no feeling for her whatsoever (which was scarier even than hate). And every time she brought it up, she was hoping he would admit it, express it, face it—something—for his sake as well as hers. She knew she had deserved the blow. She had even expected it. But to have it delivered so coldly was worse than punishment. It was like an ejaculation without an erection.

"Are you happy with me?" she said, after another mile.

"Sure."

"I still don't see why you don't just get rid of me," she said.

"Why should I do that?"

"So you can be happy."

"I'm happy enough."

"Are you sure?"

"Of course."

"What if I go crazy again?"

"You won't."

"But what if I do?"

"If you do, you do. You're a lot better now than you were a year ago."

Better than what? she wondered, lighting another cigarette. What was the use? He made a game out of being evasive and noncommittal. Like Dr. Levin said, the real sickies were on the outside, not in the

hospital. There wouldn't even be hospitals if it weren't for all these cold-hearted so-called sane bastards who get their kicks by withholding love from people. That's why I was never really crazy, Pancha thought. I was just asking the wrong people for something they couldn't give; and because I loved them so easily, because love seemed like such a simple thing to ask for, I went nuts watching them fail at this elementary task—when really I shouldn't have bothered to ask in the first place, like Dr. Levin said. Why bother? Rick, Papa, even Gloria—they obviously don't need or want my love. All they want is my obedience or my body or my attention; and when I can't give any more, they make me feel guilty until I go crazy, and then they put me in the hospital so they won't have to deal with what they've done.

But they've underestimated me, Pancha concluded. All of them. Even sweet Dr. Levin, who really didn't believe I'd act on his advice. They've underestimated how far I'll go to find true happiness. They don't realize that I'm willing, deep down, to leave all of them, *and* the Church, and even—if it comes to that—the kids—to achieve it. That's my secret, my ace in the hole. The only question is when I'll find the strength to play it.

Besides, I'm the only one crazy enough to do it, end it, screw it, Pancha thought, as she stared at the frantic freeway, sucking on her Virginia Slim. The rest of them are just muddling through, making the best of a bad situation, maintaining, adjusting, coping—all those terrible words. Carrying on the madness indefinitely and passing it to the kids. Glorious martyrs, not even aware of how depressed they are.

You've come a long way, baby, she chuckled to herself. But you've still got a long, long way to go.

Now, if I could just quit smoking, Pancha thought. That would really be something.


Waisman

REVIEWS

A Valuable Addition to the Literature

Church, State, and Politics: The Diaries of John Henry Smith edited by Jean Bickmore White (Salt Lake City: Signature Books in association with Smith Research Associates, 1990 [1991], xxx + 703 pp., $75.00.

Reviewed by Thomas G. Alexander, professor of history and director of the Charles Redd Center for Western Studies at Brigham Young University.

REVIEWERS EXPECT TO APPLY somewhat different criteria to an edited diary than to a monograph, interpretive book, or collection of essays. Instead of asking questions about the scope of the research, the felicity of writing style, the selection of facts, and the soundness of the interpretation, we want to know about the importance of the diarist, his or her perceptiveness in understanding and commenting on contemporary events, and his or her candidness in discussing problems. We expect also to comment on the value of the interpretation, supplementary information, and identifications of people, places, and things supplied by the editor.

In general this edition of John Henry Smith's diaries, which he kept at times between 1874 and 1911, stands up very well. Smith, son of Sarah Farr Smith and George Albert Smith of the LDS Church's First Presidency, ranks among the first echelon of Church leaders who kept diaries during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. He served as a missionary in England during the early 1870s, an apostle from 1880 until April 1910, and a member of the First Presidency from then until his death in October 1911. A key figure in the political accommodation of Mormonism with the United States, he helped to organize Utah's Republican Party and presided over the state constitutional convention in 1895. Also active in regional and national affairs, he served in offices in the Irrigation Congresses and the Trans-Mississippi Commercial Congresses. At the time of his death, he was a member of the Capitol Commission, entrusted with overseeing the construction of a building to house Utah's state government.

In addition to politics, Smith helped promote a number of business enterprises, including Cannon, Grant, and Company; the Mexican Colonization and Agricultural Company; ZCMI; Consolidated Wagon and Machine; the Utah-Idaho Sugar Company; the Independent Telephone Company; and the Utah-Mexican Rubber Company. He was, by any measure, a man of importance—one of a handful of those who actively shaped the future of Utah and the Church from the 1880s through the first decade of the twentieth century.

We ask, then, how Smith's diary compares with those kept by other important people of the time. On balance, while the diary is valuable because it chronicles events, it is not as reflective or candid as diaries of Anthon H. Lund and Emmeline B. Wells, or as detailed as those of George F. Richards, Abraham H. Cannon, Franklin D. Richards, and Heber J. Grant.

Smith often passed rapidly over events, noting various facts but failing to comment on them. The entries on the state constitutional convention, for instance, tend to be short notes on what delegates discussed or agreed to without a personal commentary on the events. With some notable exceptions, he treated meetings of the Council of the Twelve and First Presidency similarly.

Some of the exceptions are important. For example, on 6 September 1898, shortly after the death of Wilford Woodruff, Smith reported that Lorenzo Snow sent for him, told him he wanted him to run for United States senator, commented on the indebtedness of the Church, and "said he did not agree with Prest. Geo. Q. Cannon's business methods" (p. 406).

At the same time, the diary provides many valuable insights. Because he operated at the center of political and ecclesiastical power, Smith's comments give us a detailed chronicle of events and personalities. Moreover, his diary presents an intimate portrait of a husband and father dealing with problems of his wives and children. We learn, for instance, a great deal about dividing time and resources between two wives, about George Albert Smith's illness, and about Glenn Smith's wanderings. As social and ecclesiastical history, the diary details the lives of LDS missionaries in the 1870s when the rapid conversions of the 1840s had long since passed and missionaries worked as gleaners rather than reapers. Most important, it tells of the day-to-day activities of a key individual during a period of stress and rapid change.

Jean White's editorial work is competent, though this reviewer would have liked more information. The introductory biographical and family information is very useful. The list and short biographical sketches of the most prominent individuals mentioned in the diary are adequate, though more information would have been useful, and some people are conspicuously absent. For instance, John R. Winder was a counselor in the Presiding Bishopric before his call to the First Presidency, and neither Moses Thatcher nor William Spry is identified in the list.

In addition, we could well use more explanation in the notes of a number of the topics covered in the entries. By the standards I learned as assistant editor for the Ulysses S. Grant papers, the diary is underannotated. For example, I wanted to know more about several of the lesser-known companies in which Smith had invested. What, for instance, were the objectives of the Utah-Mexican Rubber Company? What was its capitalization? Who were the other investors? Was it successful? Some of the information can be gleaned piece by piece from the diary, but some of it cannot, and a succinct note summarizing the story of the company would have helped.

Annotation could also have helped to explain alternative versions of incidents. On Saturday, 18 February 1911, for instance, Smith recorded in his journal:

> John W. Taylor came into the office this morning very much angered at President Francis M. Lyman and the Twelve. He ordered A. H. Lund and John Smith out of the office. He demanded an Interview with Prest. Joseph F. and me. He was quite wild. He staid over two hours. He said he had cursed My son George Albert for something He had said about . . . and had threatened to kill him. He demanded that President J. F. Smith call the Counsel of fifty to protect him from the Twelve in his violations of the law. (p. 666)

Taylor's version of the event as reported in the transcript of his trial is somewhat different. He denied having cursed George Albert Smith but said he had told "John Henry Smith that his son was talking against me and if he did not stop talking the curse of God would rest upon him and I told Brother [Anthony W.] Ivins if George Albert didn't stop he would have to answer to me the first time I met him" (Fred C. Collier and Robert R. Black, eds., *The Trials for the Membership of John W. Taylor and Matthias F. Cowley*, 2nd Printing [n.p., 1976], 9).

The editor could also have directed readers to other diarists who discussed the votes on the Woodruff Manifesto in the 6 October 1890 general conference. Smith, for instance, wrote that "the people voted that he [Wilford Woodruff] had the right to make this manifesto and that it was authoritative" (p. 242). Marriner W. Merrill disparaged the vote with a comment that many did not vote. Franklin D.

Richards saw the vote as unanimous and enthusiastic.

In spite of these criticisms, however, on balance I find the diary a valuable addition to the literature of Mormon history. The publication of primary sources such as the diaries of prominent individuals makes it easier for those interested to get information, to understand, and to more accurately interpret the Latter-day Saint and Utah past. Not everyone can afford the time and expense to visit the libraries and archives in which such diaries are housed. Scholars and lay people alike should applaud Signature Books for its aggressive effort to get this information to the public, and we should thank Jean White for her work on this project.

A Man for All Seasons

An Intimate Chronicle: The Journals of William Clayton edited by George D. Smith (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1991), introduction, 510 pp., appendices, index, maps, illustrations, $75.00.

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

THE WILLIAM CLAYTON JOURNALS elevate Signature Book's series of nineteenth-century Mormon diaries to a high level of primary documentation. Although excellent biographies of Clayton have already been published, George D. Smith has brought six specific journals together in a single volume. The result is an in-depth view of a unique Mormon life between 1840 and 1853, one of Mormonism's most dynamic periods.

Clayton's own words take us from his conversion to Mormonism in England, through his transatlantic crossing, to his position as Joseph Smith's private secretary in Nauvoo. George Smith also chronicles Clayton's 1847 migration to Utah, his polygamous activities, and a missionary journey to England in the 1850s. Clayton lived twenty-six years after these journals end, yet Smith's exceptional introduction gives both context and perspective on his entire life in a biographical sketch. The author's history of the edited documents is beneficial as well. Elaborate notations throughout the text, utilizing a vast array of complementary sources, add significantly to an understanding of the journals and the man who wrote them. The book's appendices, which include a number of notebooks, private books, extracts from writings, and Clayton's written testimony of Joseph Smith, the Book of Mormon, and later leaders, are also helpful additions.

Clayton's view of the amazing internal workings of Church leadership in Nauvoo is fascinating, as is his lengthy discussion of the building of the Nauvoo Temple. An in-depth reading of these documents adds significantly to an understanding of Mormonism during a number of internal and external crises.

Clayton's journals depict the life of a man at the footstool of power who was involved in polygamy at an early stage and who obviously believed in the doctrine, felt he should be an exemplary practitioner, and influenced many others to do likewise. His unabashed pursuit of some young women is rather startling and underscores his fervent belief that a righteous posterity was the key to celestial realms. Ten women married him, and he fathered forty-seven children. Though Clayton never reached the highest level within the Mormon hierarchy, that of General Authority, he did serve on the Council of Fifty, which had hopes of world government. He discussed all of these activities very openly in his journals.

George Smith's careful and detailed presentation of these journals sets a new standard for Signature Books' series of journals. His attention to detail, much like George Ellsworth's in *The Journals of Addison Pratt*, demands elevated standards for editors and publishers. To provide complete historical context, editors of dia-

ries, as Smith has done here, should meticulously research their material, examining and noting contemporary sources.

The fascinating details of a life spent in the councils of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, and other Church leaders—summaries of discussions, off-hand conversations, and reactions to revelatory decisions—give readers a great feel for William Clayton and his times. It is unfortunate that the high price of this edition may limit the number of readers who have access to Clayton's universally appealing story.

The Budding of Mormon History in Italy

Le nuove religioni by Massimo Introvigne (Milano: SugarCo, 1989), 429 pp.

Le sette cristiane: Dai Testimoni di Geova al Reverendo Moon by Massimo Introvigne (Milano: Mondadori, 1989), 187 pp.

"Il canone aperto: rivelazione e nuove rivelazioni nella teologia e nella storia dei Mormoni," in *Le nuove rivelazioni* by Massimo Introvigne (Leumann [Torino]: Elle Di Ci, 1991), 277 pp.

I Mormoni. Leggenda e storia, liturgia e teologia dei Santi degli Ultimi Giorni by Michele Straniero (Milano: Mondadori, 1990), 233 pp.

Reviewed by Michael W. Homer, an attorney practicing in Salt Lake City.

SINCE 1844 NUMEROUS BOOKS have been published in Italy containing the observations of travelers who have visited Nauvoo or Salt Lake City. While some of these travel accounts have been remarkably objective, most have been only short, superficial accounts of Mormonism included in books recounting a much larger travel itinerary than Utah. Before 1989 only four books exclusively devoted to Mormonism (other than Italian translations of Church publications) had been published in Italy. Of these, the only objective treatments were by foreign authors translated into Italian. Other books were proselyting attempts by Italian converts inviting others to join the Church or warnings by Catholic priests to their flocks about the message of Mormon missionaries. During the past two years, however, four new books written by non-Mormon Italians have attempted to present an objective view of Mormonism in Italian. Three of these books, written by Massimo Introvigne, include chapters devoted to Mormon history and doctrines. A patent attorney from Turin, Introvigne lectured at the University of Turin until 1988 when he founded the Center for Studies on New Religions (CESNUR). CESNUR has an international board of religious scholars, holds yearly conferences, and has published numerous articles and books on "new religious movements." Introvigne has also presented papers at three conferences of the Mormon History Association.

Le nuove religioni is an encyclopedic treatment of the world's major "new religious movements." Within the group of religions which originated in the United States, Introvigne recognizes Mormonism as the most famous and, together with Irvingism, as one of the most widespread "restoration movements." Although Introvigne relies exclusively on secondary source material, he is familiar with the latest scholarly works on the history and doctrine of Mormonism and avoids the pitfall of most Italian writers of the past 150 years, who have relied almost exclusively on anti-Mormon and sectarian writers. He is also one of the first Italian writers to recognize the historical roots of Mormonism in Italy: Italy was one of Mormonism's earliest missions, and Mormonism was one of the first sects to actively proselyte in Italy.

In *Le sette cristiane*, Introvigne explores the history and doctrines of Mormonism in more detail. The three chapters regarding Mormonism were originally published in a Catholic weekly for a general (rather than scholarly) audience. As in *Le nuove religioni*, Introvigne has relied on scholarly

works by Leonard Arrington, Davis Bitton, Fawn Brodie, Sterling McMurrin, Thomas O'Dea, Michael Quinn, Jan Shipps, James Allen, and Glen Leonard. He has also relied on Bruce R. McConkie and LeGrand Richards for theological perspective. Because of space limitations, Introvigne in a few instances introduces interesting areas of historical debate without fully developing them. For example, he notes that it has been questioned whether a religious revival actually occurred in upstate New York at the time of Joseph Smith's first vision but does not refer to the various scholarly articles which have responded to this argument. In addition, he notes that even at its height perhaps only 5 percent of the Saints ever practiced polygamy, a fact which warrants fuller discussion in a lengthier treatise. Nevertheless, Introvigne's book is both fair and evenhanded. This alone makes it an anomaly in Italy.

Perhaps the most scholarly article written by Introvigne about the Mormon Church is "Il canone aperto: rivelazione e nuove rivelazioni nella teologia e nella storia dei Mormoni," which was first presented as a paper at a CESNUR conference and has now been published for a wider Italian audience as a chapter in *Le nuove rivelazioni*. This article analyzes the doctrine of continuing revelation, revelations received by Mormon prophets, and the interesting dichotomy created in a church which believes in continuing revelation and past "revelations" contained in the Bible, Book of Mormon, Doctrine and Covenants, and the Pearl of Great Price. Introvigne quotes, probably for the first time in a non-English language, portions of various articles which have been published in DIALOGUE, *Sunstone, Journal of Mormon History*, and *BYU Studies*, as well as the works of authors such as Hugh Nibley and Bruce R. McConkie.

Like Introvigne, Michele Straniero also attempts to present an objective general history of the Mormon Church. Straniero is a free-lance journalist who has written books on Don Bosco, the Waldensians, San Gennaro, and Songs of the Italian Risorgimento. He has been an observer of Mormonism since 1973 when the late Harold B. Lee visited Italy on his return from a visit to Israel, and Straniero wrote an article concerning a press conference held by President Lee in the Milanese weekly magazine *Il Tempo*. He has since visited Utah and written favorable articles in *La Stampa*, Turin's largest newspaper, and in *Il Giornale Della Musica*, a Milanese musical journal.

Straniero's book takes a journalistic rather than academic approach to Mormonism. Like *Le sette cristiane*, it was published by Mondadori for the casual reader and in much larger editions than most books about Mormonism in Italy. Unfortunately, Straniero reviews only the early history of the Church and fails to discuss important historical developments since the Manifesto. However, the book does attempt to present Mormon history accurately, quoting from Mormon sources such as Joseph Smith, which have never previously appeared in the Italian language. In addition, Straniero quotes from the works of B. H. Roberts, Leonard Arrington, Davis Bitton, Marvin Hill, James Allen, and Glenn Leonard. For doctrinal issues, he relies almost exclusively on Talmage and McConkie.

Straniero does not ignore the works of non-Mormons. But he does not conclude, like many anti-Mormon writers (whose works frequently appear in Italy), that non-Mormon historians or ex-Mormons have any greater credibility than Mormons themselves. Yet he does tend to be jocular in his evaluation of Mormon theology and sometimes patronizing about Mormonism in general. Even though this book is not "faith promoting," however, it is nonsectarian and an improvement over most books written by non-Mormons in Italy. Straniero attempts to state the facts accurately; the book's tone is another matter and may offend some devout Saints just as his books about Catholics have offended some church-going parishioners.

Some interesting parts of Straniero's book include a discussion of a book written by a Dominican priest in 1604 who referred to speculation that part of the Ten Tribes of Israel had immigrated to America and were later discovered by Columbus; his comparison of Joseph Smith with Don Bosco, the founder of the Salesian Order who is a canonized saint of the Catholic church; and his mention that Emilio Salgari, a popular Italian writer of romance novels (whom Straniero compares to Arthur Conan Doyle), began to write a romance novel about the Mormons prior to his death in 1911.

Straniero's book also contains a bibliography of about 150 books, most of which are about Mormonism and very few of which would be considered anti-Mormon, and an appendix which lists the text from seven sections of the Doctrine and Covenants; two chapters from the Book of Abraham; ten chapters from the Book of Mormon; Church statistics for 1989; and a brief history of Mormonism in Italy which discusses the nineteenth-century mission of Lorenzo Snow and the conversion of Vincenzo Di Francesca, one of the first Italian converts to Mormonism in the twentieth century.

Introvigne's and Straniero's books represent a budding of the study and publication of Mormon history in Italy and demonstrate that serious authors in that country are beginning to study scholarly material published in the United States about Mormonism in a responsible manner. Mormonism is becoming a subject worthy of serious study rather than the predictable target of sectarian and biased attacks. While these books may not be recommended reading for prospective converts, or general Church membership (like many books published in English about the Church by non-Mormons or by Mormon scholars), they are unique in a country which has no history of religious pluralism.

Songs of the Old/Oldsongs

Only Morning in Her Shoes: Poems about Old Women edited by Leatrice Lifshitz (Logan, Utah: Utah State University Press, 1990), 183 pp., $12.95.

Reviewed by Karen Marguerite Moloney, lecturer, UCLA Writing Programs, Los Angeles, California.

AS LEATRICE LIFSHITZ EXPLAINS in her introduction, this unusual collection of verse represents "an attempt to return old women to the circle, to the continuum of women and of life" (p. viii), and its rich and convincing characterizations succeed ably in doing so. Lifshitz writes also of her desire "to invade the stereotype of the old woman and expose it as the one-dimensional caricature that it is" (p. vii); in these pages again a goal easily, skillfully achieved. In 141 poems, divided thematically into ten roughly twenty-page "chapters," we meet a compelling cross-section of women in a variety of vivid settings. In "Grandmother's House: The Baba Yaga," a vital grandmother vigorously brushes a granddaughter's hair (p. 5); in "Maudie," an avid hobbyist sits on the porch swing, "her Remember the Alamo stamp / blue and quivering / underneath her magnifying glass" (p. 6); in "Flexible Flyer," an eighty-seven-year-old sledder speeds downhill (p. 40); and in "Old Age Must Be Like This," a woman alone and ill "turns the electric blanket higher / wonders who will feed her birds—" (p. 134). The pages turn, and the women we meet grow more feeble: a leaky bladder steals self-respect, a broken hip mocks one's mobility and sense of freedom, senility ravages another's mind. Altogether slower of step, they are irrepressible nonetheless:

> Delight in her voice
> at ninety-five she's made a trip
> of five hundred miles.
> (p. 37)

Highly individualized, flesh-and-blood

women—anything but cardboard stereotypes, anything but women easy to forget.

Last May my ninety-year-old Aunt Cathryn flew from Omaha to Los Angeles to visit my mother—and make a first trip to Disneyland. Though my friends expressed wonder at her vigor, for me it is simply another anecdote among many attesting to the vigor and longevity of my maternal line. I come from a family of old women. Our champion, Great-great-grandma Catharina, received a gold cup from the Kaiser on her hundredth birthday and lived still another three years. Though her record holds, my great aunts, in their eighties and nineties when I was a child, were serious contenders, and my grandmother survived to one week short of ninety-nine—a card-playing, zestful matriarch who still walked to market and the post office in her small Nebraska town. Old age in my family has rarely meant defeat, rarely inspired the general horror with which most of us regard aging. Even so, I recall my seven-year-old distaste as I came upon my grandmother pulling off a blouse: goodness but she was old and wrinkled. Old age frightens us, reminds us forcefully of our own mortality, and often as not, reveals our inadequacy in its face. How indeed should we respond, act around an old woman? And how do we regard our own graying, slowing, and increasing frailty? This book gives us some ideas.

The poems in the anthology have been lovingly collected and arranged. One particularly nice touch is Lifshitz's decision to introduce each section with haiku; and the selections she has made are among the best modern haiku I have read—humorous, as in Carrow De Vries'

> Old woman so fat,
> if she had wheels
> she'd be an omnibus;

poignant, as in Evelyn Bradley's

> Grandmother's quilt
> still hanging on the clothesline
> long after sunset;

even harrowing, as in Francine Porad's

> echoing
> cry of an old woman
> m a m a.
> (pp. 81, 157, 137)

But the excellent haiku, samples of which moved even an introduction-to-literature class swelled by requirement-filling economics majors at their lackadaisical, spring-quarter worst, are only one of the book's attractions.

The poems, more than half published here for the first time and taken from a variety of sources, are relatively recent work. The "oldest" previously published (and dated) poem appeared in 1968; a dozen were published in the 1970s; and the remainder have appeared in scattered collections and poetry journals since 1980. Few have been anthologized elsewhere. These then are "new" poems, and it is unlikely even a poetry aficionado would have encountered many of them before, and certainly not in anything like their current rich clusterings. In this way, discovering the collection becomes all the more startling a pleasure: so many good, unfamiliar poems introduced in one convenient place. Their very quality does, however, make me wish that the book included more detailed notes on the contributors. I want to know more about many of these poets, I want to read more of their work, and Lifshitz could have made it easier for me to track them down. I also wish that the table of contents listed each of the poems by title; it would save me unnecessary hunting trying to locate that particular poem I want to share with someone, or that I simply wish to savor again by rereading.

And these are poems that can be shared and reread. The poets among us may wish for more variety of form in a collection of this length, but the free verse that represents the anthology's bulk (offset only by three sonnets, one unrhymed; four other rhymed poems; and the haiku) commands a wonderful range of approach. The ten chapter titles indicate additional range—as well as suggesting poignant images in and of themselves:

"her eyes still greet me," "with the children raised and gone," "fighting the wind," "she tunes in on crickets," "nana used to say," "two canes—out of step," "an empty cup," "autumn nightfall," "nursing-home hall," and "the sound of foghorns." And the language in these poems is convincing and accessible, often colloquial: few would find the poems obscure. Most memorable, though are the images delineated so forcefully, and on nearly every page: "Mist curls at / her swollen ankles / like a lap dog / she ignores," writes William Pitt Root of the cursing, clever, classically marginal bus passenger in "Passing Go" (p. 90); "I am hanging / my body on a line with clothespins, // it is an old bag, a broken- down / dreamskin, a dilapidated girdle / pickled grey with washing," chants Rachel Loden's liberating narrator in "The Stripper" (p. 132); while "The old woman plays in a shapeless black coat, / button missing, she skips through the orchard," in her delight delighting us all in Virginia Barrett's "Autumn Poet" (p. 76). Such images multiply over and over, and though they evoke responses varying from pleasure to disgust, depending to a large degree upon the viewer's own comfort with the life processes portrayed, they are always arresting.

But it is the women themselves who stay with us long after the book is on its shelf. American mostly, they are also Ukrainian, Irish, French, Jewish, Eskimo, Vietnamese, Armenian; individualized portraits in the main, they are also representative crones, earth mothers; mainly seen through a variety of others' eyes—a daughter's, a son's, a grandchild's, a great-grandchild's, a neighbor's, a friend's, an observer's—we also see her through her own eyes, the lens my personal favorite perhaps. At least I continue to be overcome by one particular dramatic monologue, Geraldine C. Little's "Mary Ludwig in Old Age (Whom history knows as Molly Pitcher" (p. 115–17). Molly is as real to me here as the old women in my own family, women with particular frailties, particular memories, yet it is the quality of resonant imagination in the poem to which I respond most strongly. What indeed happened to Molly after the revolution? An encyclopedia quickly provides the facts; Geraldine Little provides the life. And this Molly does live. Yes, she remembers the war—"Maggots in boyish flesh move through my dreams"—and "makes no apology" that she "aimed to kill." But what she prefers to remember are her years as a new bride: "I / am as young as you are, just married. I see / the beautiful arc of his body over me, hear // lovewords no lady should know, that I *loved*." Indeed, rather than recollect the sweating, "blackened limbs" of the boys to whom she ferried water, she "would like to think only of how it was when he came / to [her] first in the high hard bed, how his hand / round a cup of tea in the kitchen was tawny, and kind." In this poem, Molly is real, she is earthy, she is wise—all the more the heroine for having shed some of her myth.

Only Morning in Her Shoes is a myth-shedding, stereotype-shattering book. Though it holds no *special* appeal for Mormon readers (aside from its publication by a Utah press and three poems by Dixie Partridge), it should nonetheless *appeal* to them very much: all of us, after all, come from a family of old women.

Penetrating the Heart of Mormonism

The Memory of Earth: Homecoming by Orson Scott Card (New York: Tor Books, scheduled for 1991 release).

Reviewed by Michael R. Collings, professor of English, Humanities Division, Pepperdine University.

THE MEMORY OF EARTH begins the five-volume story of the Oversoul, the master computer of the planet Harmony. For forty million years, the Oversoul has preserved peace among humans exiled into space by a nuclear holocaust on Earth.

Aware that its powers are failing, the Oversoul sends premonitory dreams and visions to Wetchik, one of Harmony's leading citizens. Wetchik's four sons respond differently to their father's experiences. The two eldest rebel; the third, crippled and dependent upon technology for his mobility and independence, remains passively loyal. But the fourth and youngest, Nafai, attempts to understand his father's dreams. His actions set him against his older brothers and against the prevailing mores of the city that is their home, Basilica.

If all of this sounds vaguely familiar, it should. In *The Homecoming* Card sets himself an ambitious goal: to reproduce as science fiction the overt narrative structure and underlying ethical, moral, and theological conflicts of the Book of Mormon. As he has done superbly in the *Tales of Alvin Maker* series, his reimagining of the Joseph Smith story in a world of science and religion and magic, Card attempts here to penetrate the surface of religious narrative and analyze the underlying human motivations.

Card insists that his readers recognize both surface and substance when he structures his story in *The Memory of Earth* on the opening chapters of 1 Nephi. All of the essential elements are here, altered to meet the needs of Card's imagined worlds yet retaining the force of their narrative and theological meanings. The relationship of Nafai to Nephi is immediately obvious, but Card is careful to distance himself from other specifics of the Book of Mormon narrative. Nafai's father is not Lehi but Wetchik, a prosperous trader. His older brothers Elemak and Mebbekew parallel Laman and Lemuel in their attitudes but not necessarily in their actions. And—perhaps most intriguing of all—Card's Sam-analogue, Issib, emerges as a fully rounded character, as capable as Nafai but physically handicapped and totally dependent upon technology or other people.

As *The Memory of Earth* unfolds, Card systematically lays the foundation for his narrative. Wetchik is warned in a vision to leave the city of Basilica, situated—as was Jerusalem in Lehi's time—between two rival and warlike nations. His older sons join the opposition party, whose leaders plot to kill Wetchit, while his younger sons struggle to make sense of what is happening. Forced by the unraveling political situation to flee Basilica, the family camps in the desert, where the father speaks a poem modeled on one in 1 Nephi (identified as a "quellenlied" by Hugh Nibley in *Lehi in the Desert*), naming the river for his oldest son and the valley for his second son. While in the desert, Wetchik is told that his sons must return to Basilica for the Palwashantu Index—the computer index of the Oversoul that holds all memories of Earth—currently in the possession of his archrival. The four sons return and attempt to buy the Index; ultimately, Nafai slays a drunken Gaballufix and deceives the servant Zdorab into turning over the brass ball.

At this point *The Memory of Earth* breaks off, having prepared the ground for four subsequent volumes: *The Promise of Earth*, *The Ships of Earth*, *The Voyage to Earth*, and *The People of Earth*. Card has made clear that he is clothing Book of Mormon narratives and themes in the guise of contemporary science fiction. *The Memory of Earth* does not strive for the truthfulness of theological assertion, since that level is never in doubt in Card's fictions; rather it struggles for the truthfulness of human motivation—love, faith, loyalty, greed, ambition, fear, revenge.

In *The Memory of Earth*, Card creates an alien world with complex ecological, historical, and political backgrounds; with a self-destructive social system based on female ownership of property; and with religious and cultural beliefs central to Nafai's development and at the same time frequently illustrative of LDS belief. The elements that define the planet Harmony are essential to Card's narrative, yet they also define our own world, with its often distorted social, sexual, moral, and ethical values.

The Memory of Earth represents, along with *The Worthing Saga*, *Saints*, and the *Tales of Alvin Maker*, sequential steps in Card's attempt to penetrate the heart of Mormonism, to create from its history and teachings and practices an imaginative restructuring of its inherent mythic power. *The Memory of Earth* should not be read as a revision of The Book of Mormon, of course, and certainly not as a replacement for it; but rather as a guide to understanding the human decisions critical not only to The Book of Mormon but to life itself. By reimagining the Book of Mormon narrative on another world, with other people, other cultures, and other spiritual crises, Card allows us a unique opportunity to analyze and assess our own relationship to visions and revelations, to the frequent oppositions of culture and belief.

BRIEF NOTICES

The Life of Andrew Wood Cooley by Myrtle Stevens Hyde and Everett L. Cooley (Provo, Utah: Andrew Wood Cooley Family Association, 1991), xxvi, 287 pp., index, $25.00. (Available from Andrew W. Cooley Family Association, 1825 Oak Lane, Provo, Utah 84604.)

WHEN ANDREW WOOD COOLEY started his westward journey from Michigan in 1863, he hoped to make his fortune in the gold fields. Instead, he joined the Mormon Church, which changed his plans forever.

In this biography, prepared by family members, we follow Cooley through his life until his death in 1887. We learn not about life among the Mormon elite in Salt Lake City but about life on the periphery. Cooley lived and worked mainly in Brighton settlement (west of the Jordan River) and, for a time, in Huntsville.

This volume details his business dealings, plural marriages, and family life. The facts as we follow them from year to year make it clear that life was not easy. His wives endured deprivation, sometimes living in a damp dugout or their parents' homes. This story is not incessantly happy nor idyllic. One is appalled to read of the frequent deaths among children in this growing family. Yet, when all is said and done, this was a family whose members—husband, wives, children—loved one another and stuck together.

One of the most interesting parts of the book is the account of Cooley's incarceration in the Utah Territorial Penitentiary for unlawful cohabitation, an experience he was forced to repeat a second time when he refused to obey the law. He did not keep a diary, and many of the letters from this prison experience have been lost. But enough survive to provide a richly textured description of what it was like to be a "prisoner for conscience sake."

This book provides details on what a more typical life would have been like in early Utah. Sources for this work were taken from many primary works located in repositories in Utah.

The Autobiography of B. H. Roberts edited by Gary James Bergera with Foreword by Sterling M. McMurrin (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1990), 266 pp.

A VISIT TO MOST ANY public or academic library in the state will reveal a substantial collection of books or pamphlets written by or about B. H. Roberts, one of the intellectual giants and General Authorities of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Most noted and recognized of his works are: *A Comprehensive History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints* and *The Life of John Taylor, Third President of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*. Perhaps less well known to the reader of LDS Church history and theology are *Rasha—The Jew: A Message to All Jews*, and *Corianton, A Nephite Story*. However, missing from book collections has been Robert's own autobiography. That is no longer the case. Editor Gary James Bergera has used two extant versions of B. H. Roberts's autobiography to prepare

this autobiography. Sterling M. McMurrin provides a foreword.

The autobiography's twenty-six chapters cover such diverse events in Roberts's life as his sorrowful separation from his mother and unpleasant early years spent with Church members in England until he was able to join family in Utah; to his strong views of how the First Council of Seventy should be called and organized within the Church priesthood structure.

Roberts presents an honest view of his life, his feelings, and appraisals of his friends and associates. In addition to developing close ties with such Utah characters such as Ben Maynard and Alma "Al" Peterson, Roberts is forthright in his criticism of the way the First Presidency and the Quorum of the Twelve direct and manage the Seventies.

Roberts believed that "history to be of any worth must not only tell of your successes but also of your failures or semi-failures" (p. 228). By Roberts's own pen and the honest editorial pen of Gary Bergera, this autobiography reveals the many successes and failures in Roberts's life. Roberts admits to failures, including his first marriage. He confesses: "Among the foolish things done while attending school was to contract a marriage without any forethought or scheme looking to the maintenance of that relationship with dignity and reasonableness of successful negotiation with the consequences involved in such relation" (p. 70). All autobiographies should be so honest and forthright.

Over Coffee, 600 B.C.

Melanie D. Shumway

A friend of mine told me—
so I know it's true—
she saw someone in the road
behind her house
last night. He stumbled,
made a lot of noise. Yelled
obscenities. A drunk. When he
called for help, she shut her door.
Locked it. And so would I
have locked my door
if some drunk had bothered me.

Anyway, this morning
when she looked around
she found the man
lying in the alley—
without his head.
She brought a sheet to cover him—
the only decent thing to do—
even though he was a drunk.
Then she noticed he'd been robbed.
His sword
and breastplate—gone.

MELANIE SHUMWAY graduated from Utah State University with a B.A. degree in creative writing. She is married, has five children, and currently works as a freelance photographic stylist.

But I told her
what my mother always says,
two wrongs don't make a right,
and she agreed.
But now the problem is
a madman roams the streets.
There's no way to know
what he'll do next.
I hope he's caught and put to death
before he kills again and disturbs
us decent people of Jerusalem.

Nickel Girls

Holly Welker

Sometimes boys would stand
on the high school stairs
and throw nickels at girls
in low-cut blouses, hoping
the nickels would lodge
somewhere. They never
dropped nickels on me, and
though my mother liked it
that way, I think it might
have been nice to be a
nickel girl. I don't know
why the inability to trap
coins in an area of my
person compelled me to keep
straight A's, why that made
it logical that my hair
remain short, why it hurt
just a little when my mother
came home each day from work
and thanked me for cooking
dinner, hugging me and saying
how delicious I smelled.

HOLLY WELKER is currently a foreign language expert at the Chinese Academy of Sciences in Shanghai.

ABOUT THE ARTIST

Theodore Milton Wassmer was born 23 February 1910 in Salt Lake City, the eldest of eight children. He was educated in Utah and worked at engraving and wholesale hardware companies from 1925 to 1942. He began to paint in 1927, his interest sparked when he watched Frank Zimbeaux paint a picture of the old Salt Lake Theatre.

During the Depression, though he supported his family of ten for two years, he still managed to sell enough of his paintings for five dollars apiece to finance a trip to the 1934 Chicago World's Fair. There he felt challenged by the old masters to pursue art. He studied five years with Professor Florence E. Ware at the University of Utah, posing and helping paint in the backgrounds of the Kingsbury Hall murals.

Pearl Harbor interrupted his career. At Sheppard Field, Texas, he found ways to continue his art, painting large murals for the Air Force during his off-duty hours. A freak accident in 1944 paralyzed his painting arm. Year-long therapy at Bushnell Hospital in Brigham City helped him regain partial use of the arm; while there, he painted a mural with his left arm.

In 1945 he married Utah artist Judy Lund in New York City, where he studied for four years at the Art Student's League and for two years with Raphael Soyer. He painted portraits for two years in a Carnegie Hall Studio and moved to Woodstock, New York in 1952, where he lived and worked for thirty-three years. He returned to Utah in 1985.

Over two thousand of his works may be found in museums, universities, schools, and private collections. In 1990 the Springville Museum of Art celebrated his eightieth year with a sixty-year retrospective, 1930–1990. Wassmer says about his work, "My art can be no better than I myself as a person and no deeper than my understanding of life."

ART CREDITS

Front cover: "Pensive," 4″ X 3″, watercolor, Chinese white, 1990

Back cover: "Alfred's View of Nature," 4″ X 3″, watercolor, 1990

9 : "Dancers Two," 10″ X 7″, watercolor, Chinese white, 1988

12 : "Backstage," 8″ X 12″, watercolor, acrylic, Chinese white, 1986

86 : "Phoebe," 3.5″ X 2.5″, watercolor, acrylic, Chinese white, 1990

113 : "Helen," 8″ X 6″, watercolor, 1990

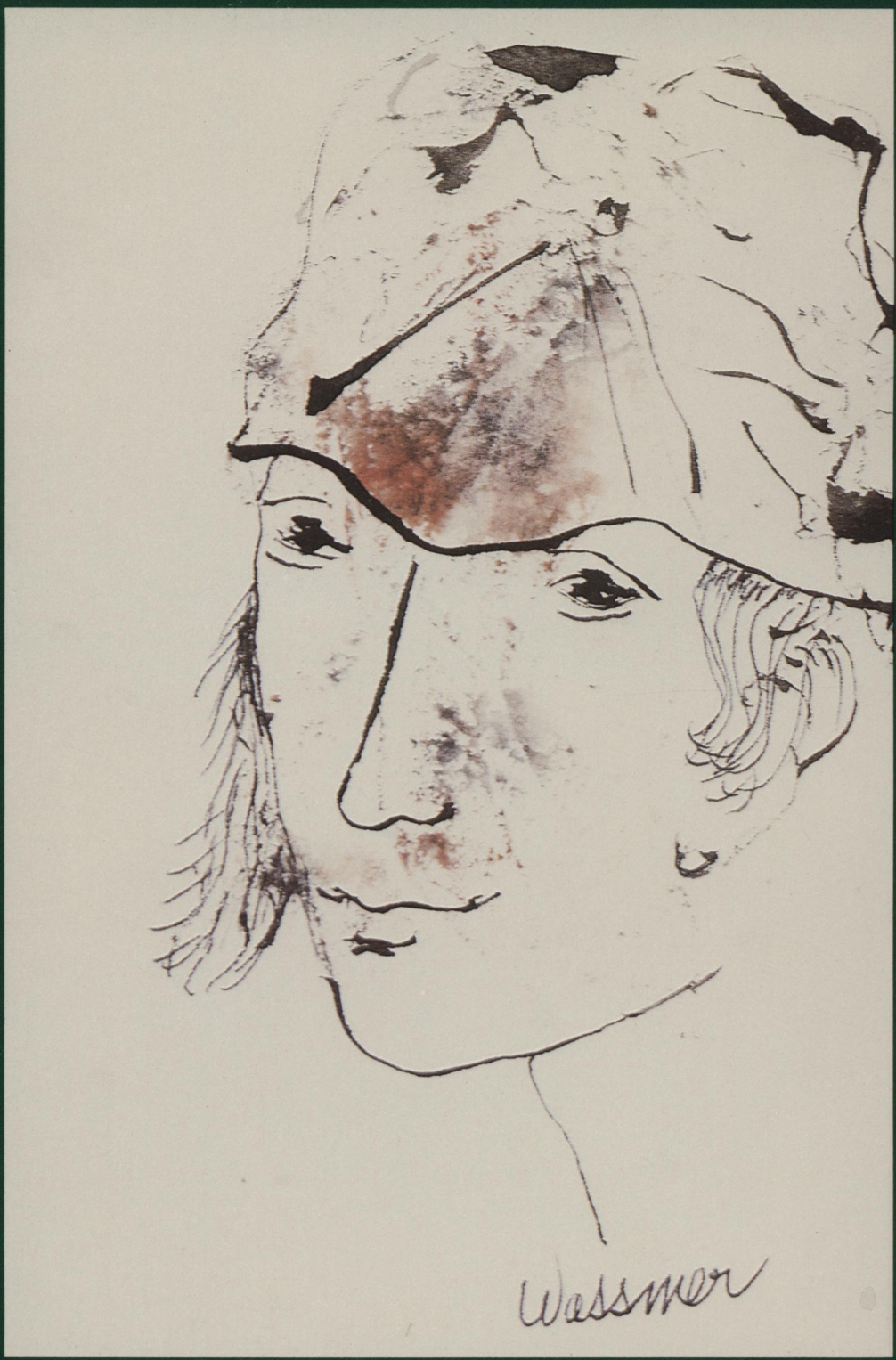
116 : "Louise," 10″ X 8″, watercolor, 1989

146 : "Intermission," 12″ X 9″, watercolor, 1989

170 : "At the Theatre," 11.5″ X 7.5″, watercolor, 1986

181 : "Conversing," 8″ X 10″, watercolor, acrylic, Chinese white, 1990

All artwork courtesy of the Dolores Chase Gallery, Salt Lake City.


Wassmer