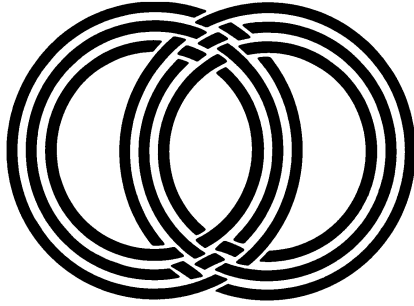


DIALOGUE

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.*

CONTENTS

LETTERS	4
---------	---

ARTICLES AND ESSAYS

WHO WE ARE, WHERE WE COME FROM	<i>Linda Sillitoe</i>	9
DEMOGRAPHICS OF THE CONTEMPORARY MORMON FAMILY	<i>Tim B. Heaton</i>	19
HEAVENLY FATHER OR CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD?: HOW ORGANIZATIONAL METAPHORS CAN DEFINE AND CONFINE RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE	<i>John Tarjan</i>	36
JUDAISM AND MORMONISM: PARADIGM AND SUPERSESSION	<i>Seymour Cain</i>	57
AIDS: THE TWENTIETH-CENTURY LEPROSY	<i>Steven J. Sainsbury</i>	68
A CLOSER FOCUS: CHALLENGES IN DOING LOCAL HISTORY	<i>Fayone B. Willes</i>	78
BEING MORMON: THE ELKTON BRANCH, 1976-81	<i>Susan B. Taber</i>	87

PERSONAL VOICES

STREET SYMPHONY	<i>Valerie Holladay</i>	115
SENPAI	<i>Marcia Flanders Stornetta</i>	131
SACRED CLOTHING: AN INSIDE-OUTSIDE PERSPECTIVE	<i>Helen Beach Cannon</i>	138
WONDER AND WONDERING: FIVE MEDITATIONS	<i>Alison Craig</i>	149
ON BEING FEMALE: A VOICE OF CONTENTMENT	<i>Barbara Elliott Snedecor</i>	155
AFTERTHOUGHT	<i>Marlene Harris Austin</i>	164

FICTION

MISCARRIAGE	<i>Karin Anderson England</i>	175
LAST TAG	<i>Ron Molen</i>	183

POETRY

I AM WATCHING FOUR CANADA GEESE	<i>Susan Elizabeth Howe</i>	7
LATE	<i>Jerrilyn Black</i>	35
MISSIONARY COURT	<i>Lance Larsen</i>	56
HANDS	<i>Philip White</i>	66

WOMAN BATHING	<i>Marilyn Bushman-Carlton</i>	86
AUTHORITY	<i>Marilyn Bushman-Carlton</i>	86
ECCLESIASTICAL CHECK	<i>Richard Wiman</i>	113
THE 20/20 LEAP	<i>William Passera</i>	154
REVIEWS		
YOUNG AT HEART Set for Life <i>by Judith Freeman</i>	<i>Levi S. Peterson</i>	190
ASSESSING CONFLICT Let Contention Cease: The Dynamics of Dissent in the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints <i>edited by Roger D. Launius and W. B. "Pat" Spillman</i>	<i>Danny Jorgenson</i>	192
MORMON-GENTILE CONFLICT IN ILLINOIS RECONSIDERED? Mormonism in Conflict: The Nauvoo Years <i>by Annette P. Hampshire</i>	<i>Donald R. Shaffer</i>	194
A MODERN PROPHET AND HIS TIMES Things in Heaven and Earth: The Life and Times of Wilford Woodruff, a Mormon Prophet <i>by Thomas G. Alexander</i>	<i>Newell G. Bringham</i>	195
THE ADMINISTRATIVE ROLE OF THE PRESIDENCY The Founding Prophet: An Administrative Biography of Joseph Smith, Jr. <i>by Maurice L. Draper</i>	<i>Ronald E. Romig</i>	197
UTAH'S DARKEST SIDE The Unforgiven—Utah's Executed Men <i>by L. Kay Gillespie</i>	<i>Donald B. Lindsey</i>	198
BRIEF NOTICES		200
ABOUT THE ARTIST/ART CREDITS	Inside back cover	

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. Contents copyright © 1989 by the Dialogue Foundation. 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

Two More Bereavements

The eloquent expression of grief by Ed Hart ("Reflections on a Bereavement," Spring 1991), akin as it is to C. S. Lewis's *A Grief Observed*, has given me the courage to write of my own grief, a task I kept putting off. It has also motivated me to make a financial contribution to DIALOGUE to honor my husband, Charles H. ("Chick") Bradford, who died of cancer on 11 December 1991, his sixty-third birthday.

Chick's support of DIALOGUE was long and faithful. He once totaled the economic cost of putting up DIALOGUE in our basement. I have lost that calculation now, but it was considerable. Nevertheless, his loving support of all that the journal was then—and is now—never wavered.

On Christmas Eve, 1991, Virginia Sorensen, my mentor and one of Mormon literature's finest flowers, also died of cancer. Perhaps my contribution will remind you of your duty—to honor her in the pages of DIALOGUE.

Mary L. Bradford
Arlington, Virginia

Serious Matters of Morality

Although I have been a faithful DIALOGUE subscriber for the entire twenty-four plus years of the journal's existence, this is my first written communication to those responsible for it. DIALOGUE has been the source of ideas and concepts that have strengthened my appreciation for the gospel of Jesus Christ and helped me to function more effectively in Church callings. I am deeply indebted to those who have made this possible. I realize that those who have been the instruments of

putting out DIALOGUE have, on occasion, had to sacrifice careers, personal time, and Church relationships to get the publication to its eager subscribers.

I write specifically regarding Robert Rees's "Bearing Our Crosses Gracefully: Sex and the Single Mormon" (Winter 1991). This splendid essay treated sexual intimacy in a dignified manner that stressed the positive aspects of sexuality while actively reinforcing the essentially negative mandates of "Thou shalt not commit adultery or fornication."

In serving the past six years as bishop of a ward similar to the Los Angeles First Ward, I have found my experience parallels that of Rees—the major demand on my time and resources has been to counsel with Church members and friends who have tested, strained, broken, or decimated the law of sexual morality. His carefully crafted discussion of this subject concisely verbalizes much of what I have concluded but could not so clearly enunciate. I wish the article had been available to me when the mantle was first placed on my shoulders. I would have been a better bishop.

One additional observation. The current generation of young Church members is far more likely to be tolerant and forgiving of violations of the law of sexual chastity than was mine. In the ward where I am bishop, several unmarried mothers have been welcomed into full participation. Many others guilty of known sexual improprieties have been accepted and involved in social and religious functions.

Most of us who matured in the fifties and sixties were incapable of dealing with such serious matters in any manner that would have done justice to the concepts which Jesus taught and practiced. Regret-

tably, I remember being so fettered by my personal insecurities and insensitivity.

Toby Pingree
Walnut Creek, California

Insight Into Eternal Principles

I was pleased to see Robert Rees address the important topic of sexuality as it relates to single people ("Bearing Our Crosses Gracefully: Sex and the Single Mormon," Winter 1991). His identification of popular "myths" concerning sexuality was generally valid and useful. I was disappointed, however, to find that in many respects, he only scratched the surface, failing to go beyond the relatively easy questions.

Stating that the basis of sexual expression can or should be more spiritual than sensual, Rees danced tantalizingly close to saying something profound and illuminating; then he retreated to the safety of more well-traveled paths. Raw lust and pornography are only straw men. Few would claim that an addiction to pornography is morally superior to (or more satisfying than) a marriage of fidelity, love, and support; yet Rees seemed to offer just such a juxtaposition. The article largely failed to acknowledge that most human relationships, even those with some component of sexual intimacy, cannot be neatly categorized as "giving in to sexual temptation" or marriage. Rees identifies "sacrifice, discipline, gentleness, consideration, patience, and, especially, love" (p.107) as hallmarks of proper sexual relations. Might these attributes be found outside marriage? What then? Might they be found between two people of the same sex?

The central question is this: What is it that makes sexual intimacy good or holy in one context and sinful in another? What does marriage have that makes such a difference? Surely, the morality of an act depends not solely on a person's marital status, but also on other characteristics of the relationship. What are those other salient characteristics? If right and

wrong reflect eternal principles rather than divine caprice, we should address that underlying structure. While it is certainly true that our limited and temporal perspective precludes having all the answers, I suspect that asking the right questions would be fruitful.

Rees pointed out the folly of trying to sort specific sexual acts as being within or beyond the pale, though he had already identified specific acts as improper, and then failed to describe how individuals could identify impropriety for themselves. According to Rees, we should be concerned with the spirit of the law rather than the letter, but he neglected to explain what constitutes the spirit of the law. By studying a matter in one's own mind and praying, a person can obtain divine guidance, but this article has not provided the logical framework by which a person can do that studying.

By reminding readers of Church teachings and the Savior's burden of the cross, Rees offers encouragement for those Mormons who feel isolated from the world and unsupported in their beliefs; insight into eternal principles, however, is surely more useful than encouragement.

Peter Ashcroft
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Amazing Grace

As I read over the table of contents in the Spring 1992 issue of *DIALOGUE*, the word *grace* immediately caught my eye, and I was soon buried in Erin R. Silva's article. Even now I struggle to find words for my feelings. Grace has for a long time been an enigmatic term for me, one I have sought to understand for years. Silva's sensitive and elegant prose have led me to a better understanding. I must identify personally with the concepts Silva so starkly challenges. I have been there and have considerable feelings of guilt as well as a deeper understanding of the marvelous lesson taught by the Master in John 8:1-11. How I wish that the Silva family lived in Tallahassee, where we in the Tal-

lahassee Florida Stake could be exposed to such a sweet and compassionate spirit.

Don F. Driggs
Tallahassee, Florida

Mental Health Resource

As a psychologist-in-training interested in providing services to an LDS population, I consider *DIALOGUE* to be a valuable resource. It is my opinion that LDS church members are a unique group with their own specialized needs, fears, and conflicts. Your journal addresses important elements directly relating to the work of mental health professionals as they serve this population. I look forward to the day when I can make a scholarly contribution to *DIALOGUE*, adding to our understanding of what it means to be a Latter-day Saint.

David K. Carlson
Springfield, Missouri

Where's Oliver?

"Is there a soul so dead, who never to himself has said" (to paraphrase), *where in the world has Oliver Cowdery gone?*

That diminutive gentle person who stepped out of the schoolroom into the greatest event of the era stepped forward to assist in the work of preparing the Book of Mormon, Book of Commandments, and other key publications. He was the person selected by God to share witness of Jesus and the great prophets in Kirtland's Temple. He shared the bestowal of the restoration of the Priesthood—then faded away—not quietly—but surely: Out of sight, out of mind.

I observed that the *DIALOGUE* twenty-year Index, like most recent publications, completely omits references to him.

So far as I can see, he got lost between the cracks, as did many others in those early days when personalities and events were so plentiful that, like converts, they appeared and disappeared without undue alarm. However, in his case, there is too much to let fade away. He was at God's command, the Second Elder, and he labored with the best of this dispensation. Right or wrong, he is Mormon history.

Several very taxing questions come to my mind when I think about Oliver.

1. What did Phineas Young's dealings with Oliver Cowdery (his brother-in-law) over the years reveal about Cowdery's relationship with the Church during the last decades of his life?

2. Did Brigham Young ever offer special inducements to Oliver Cowdery, such as restoration of Second Elder and business opportunities like exclusive nursery sales in Utah?

3. Did Oliver Cowdery and his family have any ties or dealings with the Joseph Smith family before 1828?

4. Why did Joseph Smith order that both temple property deeds and other valuable lands be ceded to Oliver Cowdery's wife and children in 1839?

5. Did Oliver Cowdery ever receive compensation for services to the Church after his excommunication?

6. Has recent research modified the supporting facts regarding Oliver Cowdery's trip in the fall of 1848 to Kanesville?

The questions multiply—because he never really was laid to rest, only to bide his time for the day when it will be "opened like the pages of a book" for all to see.

T. C. Hilton
Spartanburg, South Carolina

I Am Watching Four Canada Geese

Susan Elizabeth Howe

in a perfect diamond of flight
slip between me and the sky, circle
toward rest and cover for the night.
The lake is a polished absurdity
so they settle for the center
of the ploughed field, spiral down,
angling toward a breathless last glide.
My brothers would shoot them, but birds
whose wings have beat a thousand miles
through immortal cold won't end here.
Won't end up. They're too smart.
Once down, they turn into the field,
just more dirty snow, frozen lumps
against black sod. Their safety is emptiness;
out there they can see two hundred yards
in all directions, whatever tries to stalk.
No food, though. The earth's been folded
in upon itself till every trace of
last year's grain is buried.
Things get lost under what goes round.
They'll huddle through the night, wait
to feed till morning, when wheat fields are hard
and ice crystals glitter through the air:
winters, they recover the value of light.
Till then, they'll be fine. While skeletons
of trees etch themselves into the stillness
and the blue world sinks toward black,
the geese watch, sleep, wait.
Death is not a subject.
But dawn is what will lift them
back into the sky.

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.



Who We Are, Where We Come From

Linda Sillitoe

TELLING THE TRUTH ABOUT HISTORY is most essentially, I think, knowing who we are and where we come from.

When Mormon historians began to shed additional light on the beginnings of Joseph Smith and the LDS Church, the “new Mormon history” was born, wailing and kicking. Not knowing who we are and where we come from brings a particular pain. In recent decades, this pain has prompted a surge in women’s and ethnic histories so that, like adopted children searching for their biological parents, we can more fully know ourselves.

As a writer, I am compelled by unheard, unseen, and untold stories, whether I encounter them in an individual, a culture, or an organization. I offer two examples of how a subtext for the story itself may appear.

I spent 1 December 1979, the Saturday of Sonia Johnson’s excommunication trial, in her home. As I researched, I also observed her mother, who had come from Logan, Utah, roasting a turkey for Sunday, even as the family fasted. That evening Sonia’s father telephoned from Logan, scolded her, and commanded her to kneel before her bishop and beg forgiveness rather than be thrown out of the Church. These incidents and others told me volumes about who Sonia Johnson was and where she came from.

Salt Lake City writer LINDA SILLITOE co-produced “Native AND American” for KUED-TV. She is a founder of Bridgewalker: Cross-cultural Communications and is completing an ethnobiography, One Voice Rising, with Clifford Duncan for the University of Utah Press. This essay was first presented at the B. H. Roberts Forum, 17 October 1991, part of a panel presentation entitled “Telling the Truth About Our History.”

Similarly, during the five weeks in the spring of 1986 that I spent in a courtroom with Mark Hofmann, I observed his father driving Mark to court in Mark's van, pushing Mark's wheelchair, sitting behind Mark's shoulder and taking notes of the testimony, then conferring with Mark during breaks while Mark paid him the scantest attention. All that, added to the complete absence of Mark's mother from the hearing, told me volumes about who Mark Hofmann was and where he came from.

Lying awake as I tried to "sleep on" my decision whether to take part in a discussion of "Telling the Truth About Our History," I recalled some recent readings on spiritual experience. A discussion of "initiatory experiences" had identified the experiences that rock our sense of reality. Within the Mormon context, such experiences might include the difficult encounter with a Church authority whom one knows, trusts, or even loves. An initiatory experience might come through a clinical depression when our own thoughts betray us, when what makes sense is distorted. It might be a near-death experience that reveals death not what we had imagined and life not exactly what we thought it was, either. It might come with the loss of health or loss of a loved one or through viewing or giving birth. An initiatory experience might also come when, after a long inward struggle, we enter our own sacred grove and find a vision.

The movies—which have become a common medium in our time for society's messages and wisdom—often use an initial sexual encounter between two leading characters to signal an initiatory experience. If that is the purpose of scripting the tryst, the lovemaking will transform the relationship or the protagonists' world. As we watch the two characters attract and unite, the experienced viewer decodes the action not as, "Oh yes, this is exactly my experience in real life," but as, "Oh, now nothing will be the same."

However it comes, the initiatory experience leaves us reeling—things are not as we thought they were, and nothing will ever again be the same. These experiences are not limited to one per customer. In Mormon culture, truth-telling—unless it conforms to what has been correlated for group comfort—tends to heighten or trigger initiatory experience for the speaker. However, that experience affects not only the individual who speaks out but widens to touch those who identify with what is said or with what occurs.

Yet when truth-telling elicits prohibitive reactions, these reactions are often viewed as separate, unrelated instances, especially if those centrally involved differ from us in belief, opinion, or culture. When we analyze these experiences, measure them according to severity, or compare them according to type, we are thinking in what is sometimes

called the first perspective—the perspective of objective thought in which everything is separate. This is the perspective most of us have been taught formally and informally. A simple example: you attend your child's school conference and are shown her spelling tests, marked A, and her handwriting samples, also marked A. Then you look at her history report, which is difficult to read and red-penciled with spelling errors. It is marked A also, graded for history content, not for spelling or handwriting.

In more sophisticated settings, we are listened to and praised when we use analytical thinking and distinct categories and sometimes laughed at if we don't. For instance, the business executive who attends a conference despite a migraine headache, a dead car battery, and a snowstorm is considered a minor hero who has overcome separate, coincidental obstacles. The business executive who reads the migraine, the stalled car, and the snowstorm as signs that something is out of kilter related to attending the conference is likely to be laughed out of a job.

We view this analytical perspective as the way we must handle the business of our lives. This perspective is true, as far as it goes, but it is limited. The abused spouse who sees each incident as unrelated will cope and forgive endlessly, engage fully with each battle, and refuse to draw the connections that might alter her strategy.

About the time the "Arrington spring" began to feel hot and sticky, I began to see my own and others' experiences as linked, using the second perspective in which everything is connected. This is the perspective that has prompted environmental consciousness in many communities, when people see that garbage thrown into the air, or onto the earth, or into the river remains in our world—it is not thrown *away*. This second perspective of connection is true, and it is also limited. In connecting events, whether sharing "horror stories" or "delving into the mysteries" of the past, it is easy to become overwhelmed without finding any peace.

Before discussing the other two perspectives, let me pause in the everything-is-connected mode. In considering the truths and consequences of telling our history, who we are and where we come from strongly influences our individual and communal perceptions. The community that supports the symposia and publications confronting these issues may be unaware, in dealing with its own pressures, that another community, at least as large and probably larger, has, in the last few years, also been dealing with a painful, disruptive, and disorienting event. This event has not only affected those centrally involved but has raised religious, cultural, and identity issues for thousands of individuals. Many of them, including those who have talked to me,

have found their worlds shaken. Reality is not what they thought it was, and it will never again be the same.

For the most part, both communities, mostly unaware of one another, have viewed this event, to some degree, in the everything-is-separate perspective. For me, aware of both communities, everything has been connected. Many Church members remember where they were and what they were doing when they first heard that black men would be given the priesthood or when bombs exploded in Salt Lake City. The members of the second community remember exactly where they were and what they were doing when they heard that Elder George P. Lee had been excommunicated.

I remember, too. Since then I have listened as my Native American friends and sometimes brand-new acquaintances have unburdened their thoughts and feelings. I have hoped that someone more credible and qualified in the Native American world, or just less battered in the truth-and-consequences game, would write or say everything I felt. Some things have been written and said, and I hope there will be more.

Nevertheless, I believe that George Lee belongs in a discussion of telling the truth and reaping the consequences. I know that many concerned with this issue will hear. I also see my opportunity and responsibility to place him in that discussion partly because I have a stake in each community, partly because I am a communicator, but mainly because I am indebted.

Much has been made of the opportunities the Church has given Native Americans to gain an education and assimilation skills. My own experience has been somewhat different. Since 1982 when, as a *Deseret News* reporter, I began to research and write about Indian issues in Utah, my world view has been challenged and altered. As I educated myself in American Indian history and learned how the West was lost—and the East, the North, and the South—as I read contemporary Native American literature and cultural myth, as I listened to people of different tribes discuss current issues, reservation and urban life, and eventually native cultures and religions, I found myself encountering numerous small but jarring experiences. In effect, I was leaving my own isolated ethnic reservation and entering an extraordinarily complex world.

Later, when I emerged from investigating a dark corner of my own culture, it was the light in the Native American world that I instinctively sought. I know who I am and where I come from. But I am profoundly grateful that, despite the vigorous efforts of my people, Native Americans have preserved a world in which everything is alive and aware, everything has spirit and meaning, the four perspectives

are all operative, and that, directly and indirectly, Indian people have been and are my teachers.

Before we can understand George P. Lee facing the Council of Twelve and their decision of excommunication, we must know at least a little of his background. In his book, *Silent Courage* (Deseret Book, 1987), he describes how he was born at a tiny clinic some distance from his mesa home near the Four Corners. After resting on the floor for a bit, his mother wrapped him in her shawl and painfully climbed the cliffs to the family hogan.

Like many mystics or spiritual leaders, George was seriously ill several times in his childhood and once was actually placed in his grave. He was healed each time through native ceremony and powerful prayers. His father was a native healer *and* an alcoholic, spiritual power and physical weakness not being mutually exclusive in the Navajo world. George grew up in a world that was both rich and impoverished. Sharing was a virtue that ensured survival, and people who accumulated too much material wealth and did not share with their relatives (meaning an extensive clan) were seen as unnatural and therefore suspect.

George and his many siblings sometimes found their hogan was shared not only by family but by rattlesnakes that slithered in, seeking warmth in the cold desert night. As a young child, George learned how to lift the rattlesnakes on sticks, carry them out of the hogan and down the mesa, then explain to them, as his father had taught him, the need for them to live separately, respectfully, in peace.

As an older child, George Lee learned city ways and became the superstar of the placement program, an experience shared by most of the community leaders I interviewed. I concluded that the placement program and the extensive American Indian program at Brigham Young University had a significant impact on developing the skills that placed Native Americans in the positions where a reporter would encounter them. But I heard many stories of the disorientation and pain experienced by some taken out of their families and taught that who they were, where they came from, and how their families lived were all invalid and inferior. If they would only behave, think, and believe in ways entirely different, they could be accepted in a supposedly superior world. Those young travelers, winter and summer between the cities and the reservations, made adjustments—if they survived psychologically and physically—that few of us can understand.

“Why did they always call us ‘little Lamanites?’” one woman asked me in a long conversation. “It was as if they could only deal with us if we were small.”

I've yet to find any survivors, no matter how acculturated, who did not fiercely honor their tribal heritage and who did not come to appreciate the sacrifice of parents on the reservation, or honor them or grandparents as their first spiritual teachers. George Lee did survive in the Church programs; in fact, he shone. Some of his peers at BYU who protested the temporary discontinuation of powwows thought maybe George trusted the white man a little too much. Nevertheless, as a college graduate, college president, doctoral candidate, and mission president, he became Mormonism's example of its success. He also became a role model for many Native Americans, especially for the eventual tens of thousands of Navajos who were also Mormons.

George Lee and the others had a book of scripture placed in their hands and were told this was the story of their grandfathers. (Unlike their own origin stories, Book of Mormon stories didn't give their grandmothers much press.) They were taught that the day of the Lamanite was coming, that once again the Indian people would lead, that they were its harbingers. George P. Lee was ordained a General Authority to that end.

Years passed, and ultimately George Lee's brethren, virtually all businessmen, decided—as was related to Native Americans who then told me—that the Church was not getting a “good return on its investment” in the Indian programs. For instance, some Navajo bishops and clerks could hardly be constrained to keep all the statistics and fill out all the paperwork required of a branch. They had other things to do. A talented institute teacher would not restrain himself or his family from taking part in powwows and other cultural activities, or even stop wearing turquoise and silver. In fact, and this was especially maddening, many Indian people seemed to feel that religion itself was good; they'd combine Church programs with their own native ceremonies and songs. That tendency might be understandable, to a degree, in Africa or Tonga or South America—but not in the enlightened United States. Some tribes were also beginning to resist and criticize the non-Indian adoption, education, or assimilation of their children.

Before long, some LDS Native Americans began to feel less “special” within the Church. The Christ in the Americas program disappeared from the presentations on Temple Square. The Church's Indian seminary and institute program vanished, and other programs rapidly eroded. For some LDS Native Americans, well grounded in both worlds, these changes presented no problem. For others, whose pride in heritage and expectation of prophecy had melded into a belief system or who viewed the changes as a political downturn, the apparent fall from promise, if not grace, was alarming.

Elder George P. Lee had long been the example, the token, the spokesman for his people. He did not protest the political reasons why these programs were no longer in vogue so much as he insisted that the spiritual issues that he and others had been taught were being ignored. The day of the Lamanite seemed to have passed without ever fully arriving. Also, the racism, materialism, and elitism, strong in both the American and Mormon cultures, were taking a personal toll. Many Native Americans who visited with Lee knew that he was unhappy, that he felt ineffectual, frustrated. As the situation worsened, the businessmen who led the Church concluded, evidently, they were no longer getting a “good return on their investment” in George Lee.

Many of you have read Lee’s statement in *Sunstone* or other media. Some of you have copies of the original paper he read at his hearing, photocopies of which hit the Mormon grapevine very quickly. Those of you who saw a copy know that it is not the sophisticated treatise of a doctor of education, nor is it politically astute, nor was it typewritten, edited, or faxed to the media. It is the attempt of a man who sat up half the night with a pen in his hand to express the truth of who he was, where he came from, and what burned in his heart. He pleaded for his brethren’s love, understanding, and approval; but he also told them he could no longer bear the racism and materialism he perceived, nor the “scriptural and spiritual slaughter” of his people.

Perhaps they could have released him from his position or sent him back to the Australia Mission, or put him on emeritus status if they felt discipline was necessary. They didn’t. After the vote of his brethren, George Lee walked a couple of blocks to the *Salt Lake Tribune* office. A reporter, trying to figure out how to find this General Authority he’d just heard of named George P. Lee, looked up to see a weary Indian man leaning on the counter. They went into a room and sat down, and the man told the reporter, “I’m George Lee. I had everything. I just gave it all up.”

I don’t mean to suggest that all Native Americans, all LDS Native Americans, all Navajos, or all LDS Navajos agree on the subject of George P. Lee and his excommunication. As I said earlier, this event has polarized and disrupted that community and has harrowed the feelings of many people. There are many issues it is not my place or any other community’s place to judge.

But what did George Lee do to reap these drastic consequences for himself, his family, and others? Well, some say that his judgment was poor, that he offended people while denouncing materialism. Some say his interpretation of doctrine was unorthodox or even apostate—the reason given for his excommunication. Some say he was extreme—

he went too far in defending and promoting his own concerns, his own people, and criticizing his brethren for their decisions on inspired programs and policies.

For the moment, let's grant that any or even all of these assertions are true, and let's connect this incident within a broader context.

Has there been in recent memory a General Authority who disagreed on a doctrinal issues—the theory of evolution, for instance—and who publicly and repeatedly opposed the view of the Church president and others of his brethren? And was this General Authority excommunicated? No. Joseph Fielding Smith became Church president.

Has there been in recent memory a General Authority whose personal convictions were so strong that he mixed his religious authority with his political life? Who embraced political groups with statements that offended many Church members and that his brethren deemed unwise, untrue, and extreme even to the point of issuing official statements in correction? Was he excommunicated? No. Ezra Taft Benson became president of the Church.

Has there been in recent memory a General Authority who was downright wrong on an issue of ethnicity and destiny? Who wrote, published, and defended the teaching in *Mormon Doctrine* that black men would never in this life hold the priesthood? Was he excommunicated? No. Bruce R. McConkie was simply allowed to change his mind.

Has there been in recent memory a General Authority who erred in judgment—who, with ecclesiastical approval, arranged a large, unsecured bank loan to an insolvent scammer and forger who would soon become a murderer? And was he or were his superiors excommunicated? No. Hugh Pinnock's position was soon elevated.

Has there been in recent memory a General Authority who erred in truth-telling? Paul H. Dunn received unspecified Church discipline, not when his brethren learned of his fabrications, but after numerous and flagrant misrepresentations were exposed by the media. Even then the distributors who propagated Dunn's books and tapes were urged to continue to carry his materials. Both before and after public exposure, Dunn's reputation and his resulting income from royalties and other ventures were protected by the Church. This raises in stark relief the very issue of materialism that so offended George Lee.

We know all this—these separate incidents. We know, too, that General Authorities are human. The truth is they make mistakes. But the rest of that truth is this: George P. Lee is human, and so are others who speak from their innermost selves—of who they are and where they come from—and then meet with unpleasant consequences. People in the Church are not perfect versus imperfect, but protected

versus unprotected. Official action is often met on the stake, ward, neighborhood, business, family, or symposia levels with unofficial silence, shunning, and a general withdrawal of credibility.

One reason these events are so difficult and so painful is that they are sometimes unsolvable within the rational everything-is-separate perspective or even within the everything-is-connected perspective. Each perspective gives a true vision of what has happened but may offer no solution or healing.

The third perspective is the everything-is-symbolic view. This perspective involves ritual, ordinance, covenant, and ceremony; within this perspective we talk about taking our journeys, choosing our battles, following our stars. The secret of operating effectively within this perspective lies in securing the insights gained in this mode and using them to guide our individual encounters and decisions.

One symbol that has stayed with me most of my life came to me when I was a teenager working in my parents' business. I ran a precursor of the computer, which typed a letter, pausing for me to fill in the customer's name, address, and other information. Once when the seasons changed, the office was invaded by ants. I noticed, during an idle moment while the machine typed along, an ant traversing a blank piece of paper. On impulse, I picked up a pen and drew a blue circle around the ant.

To my surprise, the ant stopped short at the line, traced it all the way around, and paused, evidently perplexed by its imprisonment. It began racing from one side of the circle to another and then, quite accidentally, skidded over the line, found itself free, and continued on. That afternoon I was happily occupied playing this game with ants during each typing break. Some would freeze when they saw the circle drawn and not want to leave it. Others paid no heed at all and went on their way.

Since then, whenever I have felt trapped, the image of the ant in the ink circle has returned to me. Truth-tellers are often identified as troublemakers by the drawing of that circle. A decision is necessary then—whether to pay no attention and bolt the circle, whether to travel the perimeter looking for the right path, whether to stay inside the circle or re-enter it if you skid over the edge. The symbol doesn't tell me my decision. But it reminds me that confinement is only a matter of perception.

In order to envision the fourth perspective, we return to another circle, the hogan in which George Lee grew up. This was his home, a home full of children that was sometimes invaded by potentially dangerous or even deadly rattlesnakes. When we find our homes invaded—our innermost selves where we really live—we again have choices. We

can deny that anything alarming has happened and ignore the rattlesnakes. We can become intimate with the rattlesnakes, proving our nice intentions and trusting their natures to change. We can battle the rattlesnakes and see who dies. Or we can realize, as George Lee was taught, that everything is one.

George Lee's parents taught him that the rattlesnakes were co-inhabitants of the earth, his relatives. They had invaded the hogan because that was their nature. Since they didn't belong in the hogan, they could not stay. Because they were relatives, they should not be destroyed. Their nature also allowed them to be lifted and carried from the hogan so that humans and snakes could pursue their related-but-separate lives.

Within this fourth, everything-is-one perspective we can also realize what we too often forget, especially when times are tense. *We* are all one. Communities torn by controversy can, through love, become one. Communities that seem quite separate do experience many of the same struggles and challenges. People who are different are also our brothers and sisters, friends and teachers. People who find their worlds rocking need love and support, not isolation and censure.

What happened to George P. Lee happened earlier, as well. What happened earlier happened even before that. When it happened, it happened to us all. What happens now will happen in the future, as well. I believe that when we can acknowledge that what happens to one happens to all, we will find in our oneness courage, healing, and strength.

Demographics of the Contemporary Mormon Family

Tim B. Heaton

CERTAIN CHARACTERISTICS OF MORMON FAMILIES are consistent with the social and theological emphasis the LDS Church places on family life. For example, in 1987 I wrote about the four C's of the Mormon family: Chastity (less sex outside of marriage); Children (above average family size); Conjugalinity (stronger preference for marriage); and Chauvinism (the belief that men should have authority in family decision making and that traditional gender roles are best).

A more recent analysis of data from a 1987 national study confirms these differences but suggests that many other aspects of Mormon family life may not be very different from the national pattern (Heaton, Goodman, and Holman 1989). Mormon family violence, time spent with children, relationships with relatives, family stress, division of household tasks, marital satisfaction, evaluation of family roles, and frequency of sexual intercourse appear to be comparable to the national average. It appears that Mormons deviate from national norms in distinctive ways.

Two concerns motivate the analysis presented here. First, is the data used to compare Mormons with other groups really comparable? Most comparisons are based either on a single study that uses only a very small sample of Mormons, or on studies that vary in sampling, question wording, and data gathering procedures. For example, in 1985 Kristen Goodman and I compared Church members in a Church-

TIM HEATON teaches sociology at Brigham Young University and is a fellow with the Center for Studies of the Family. He is interested in demographic trends both in the U.S. and among Mormons. As a ward clerk, he is also intimately involved in the demographics of the Springcreek Eighth Ward. A version of this essay was presented at the August 1991 Sunstone Symposium in Salt Lake City.

sponsored study (based on mail surveys supplemented with information from membership records, interviews with bishops, and telephone interviews with Mormons) included in a national sample based on personal interviews. Church-sponsored studies might not be very effective in locating alienated or less active members of the Church, and Church auspices may bias response rates. On the other hand, the small number of Mormons generally found in national studies are insufficient samples for detailed analysis and do not yield reliable population estimates.

The second concern emerges from the dramatic changes in family life that have occurred in the last few decades. Cohabitation, premarital sex, divorce, nonmarital childbearing, and delayed marriage have altered the family life course of recent generations beyond anything we would have predicted a few decades ago. Are these changes as evident in the Mormon family as they are nationally? Or are Mormons maintaining their distinctiveness? Will the Mormon family of a permanently married couple, a traditional housewife, and many children go the way of polygamy? Because family change has been so dramatic, current data are imperative.

In an attempt to assess contemporary family patterns, I have combined three national surveys taken in the 1980s to create data that are relatively current and that also include enough Mormons for separate analysis. The three surveys are the 1982 and 1988 rounds of the National Survey of Family Growth (1982-88) and the 1987 National Survey of Families and Households (1988). Each of these surveys involved face-to-face interviews and used national probability samples. The National Survey of Family Growth included females aged fourteen through forty-four, and the National Survey of Families and Households included persons aged eighteen and over. Combining these sources is not wholly satisfactory; differences in methodology and question wording occur across the three surveys. However, because any differences across surveys are evident in each of the groups considered, we will assume that comparisons between Mormons and other groups are valid. And since two of the national surveys were restricted to women, this analysis will report only on women. Although demographic surveys often focus on women because they give more accurate information on dates of births, marriage, and marriage termination, it is plausible that male comparisons would yield similar results because reported family behaviors include each partner.

Combining several surveys has a further advantage: it yields sufficient sample sizes to compare other, more detailed religious groups. Past research has often presented only Catholic-Protestant differences, masking important distinctions within the Protestant category. In addi-

tion, racial and ethnic variations within religious categories are also substantial. Thus, our analysis includes seventeen ethno-religious groups. Together these groups account for over 90 percent of the respondents in the three surveys. The Mormon category includes only white non-Hispanics (this constitutes 86 percent of Mormon respondents) to make it racially comparable to white Protestant groups. Using these newly aligned categories, we were able to compare three general areas of family-demographic behavior.

The first area is sexual behavior. Specifically, the surveys include information on premarital sex, age at first sexual intercourse, and cohabitation. Previous studies have indicated that Mormons are less involved in nonmarital sex, which is consistent with the Church's teaching that sexual transgressions are very serious sins. Thus, we would expect to find a less than average incidence of premarital sex and cohabitation among Mormons. A pattern of early family formation, however, may result in younger age at first intercourse.

The second area of focus is marital behavior. This includes the percentage of respondents who are married, age at first marriage, and marital stability. The Latter-day Saint emphasis on marriage has been evident in previous research. A higher proportion of respondents are married, they marry at younger ages, and report greater marital stability. This stability finding has been challenged, however; the Utah divorce rate is above the national average (Goodman and Heaton 1986).

The third focus is on childbearing. This includes the mother's age at the birth of her first child, premarital birth, and number of children desired. Although religious group differences in current family size correspond closely with differences in desired family size, desired family size is used because many families are not yet complete. On the basis of the Church's stand against premarital sex and the Mormon tendency to marry young, we might predict that Mormon women are less likely to give birth premaritally, even though a mother might be comparatively young at the birth of her first child. Perhaps the most salient demographic feature of the Mormon family has been its size. We expect to find the same tendency toward larger families in these data.

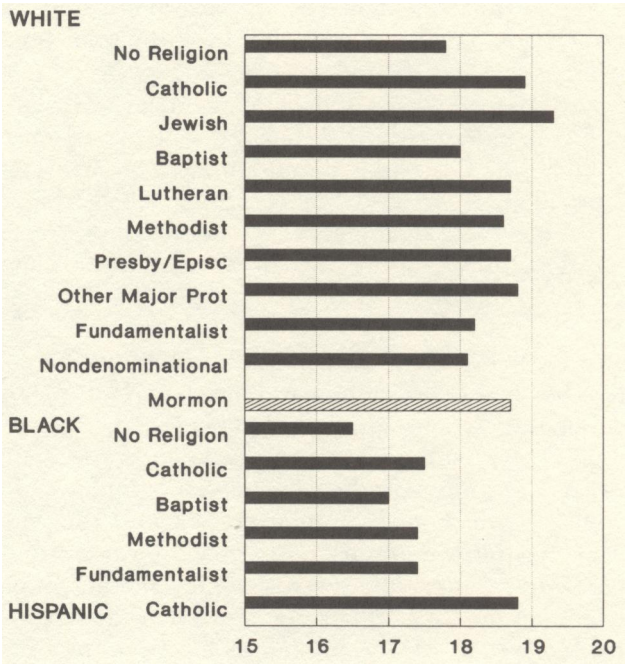
When we find Mormon difference, we also need to ask why the difference and whether the difference has been increasing or decreasing. I will make a very modest attempt in this study to compare correlates of family demographics such as the year subjects were born, whether they lived with both parents at age fourteen, frequency of their church attendance, level of education, and their current employment status. We will also include age at marriage and occurrence of a premarital birth as correlates of marital stability.

RESULTS

Sexual Behavior

Mormon females report an age at first sexual intercourse somewhat above the average for all groups considered (Figure 1). Blacks, in particular, report comparatively young ages at sexual debut, but several white religious groups also tend to initiate sexual activity at younger ages than do Mormons. Only Jews have a median age noticeably higher than do Mormons.

FIGURE 1
MEDIAN AGE AT FIRST SEXUAL INTERCOURSE

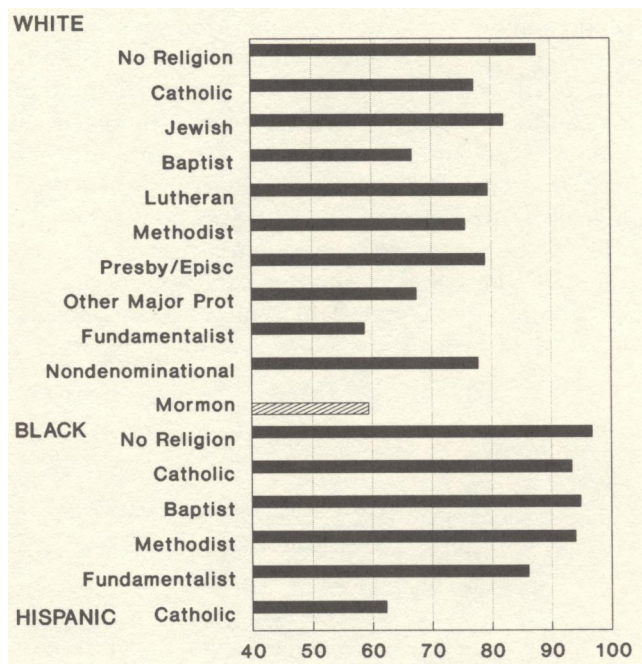


A comparison of correlates of age at first intercourse suggests that the LDS age has been declining at a faster pace than is evident in most other groups. However, growing up in a two-parent family, attending Church frequently, attaining higher education, and being employed are associated with a later sexual debut, and these statistical relationships are stronger for Mormons than for most other groups.

It is helpful to consider age at first intercourse in conjunction with premarital sex. These data indicate that 60 percent of LDS women

will have had sex before marriage (Figure 2). This percentage seems very high given the emphasis on chastity and indicates that a majority do not measure up to the Church's standard. The increase in premarital sex appears to have been greater for Mormons than for most other groups considered here.

FIGURE 2
PERCENTAGE HAVING PREMARITAL SEX

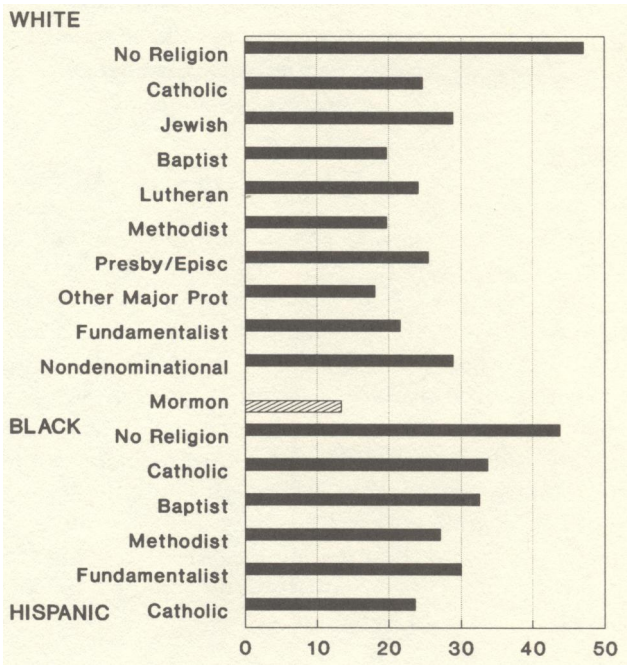


Sexual sins have always been considered grave offenses, although a distinction is usually made between fornication (sex between unmarried people) and adultery. Adultery is an even more serious offense when compounded by breaking of temple covenants. Mormon beliefs would place adultery “next to murder” in gravity. It seems unlikely that Church leaders would place a majority of adolescents in a category next to murderers. Rather, it appears that Church leaders are becoming increasingly aware of deviations from sexual standards, but that they feel somewhat frustrated in knowing how to deal with immorality. Changes in sexual norms may have also created a generation gap between the youth and their leaders or parents. These trends could make it more difficult to deal with the discrepancy between official codes of conduct and actual behavior.

The other side of the coin is that most religious groups have a higher incidence of premarital sex than do Latter-day Saints. Only the white Protestant fundamentalist group has a percentage comparable to Mormons. Church attendance is also more strongly related to a lower incidence of premarital sex for Mormons than it is for most other groups. Religious involvement does seem to play an important role in discouraging premarital sex, especially among Latter-day Saints.

Mormons are noticeably less likely ever to have cohabited than the members of any other group considered (Figure 3). Only 13 percent of Mormons report having cohabited compared to 26 percent of the total sample and to 47 percent of whites with no religious preference. Moreover, the increase in cohabitation is lower for Mormons than for most other groups, and the tendency for religiously involved members to avoid cohabitation is stronger for Mormons than for many other groups. In short, the LDS emphasis on chastity is evident in reported behavior, even though a substantial group fails to comply completely with Church standards. The above-average increase in premarital sex contrasted with below-average increase in cohabitation suggests that even though Mormons are changing, they remain reluctant to establish living arrangements that deviate from the Church's sexual code of conduct.

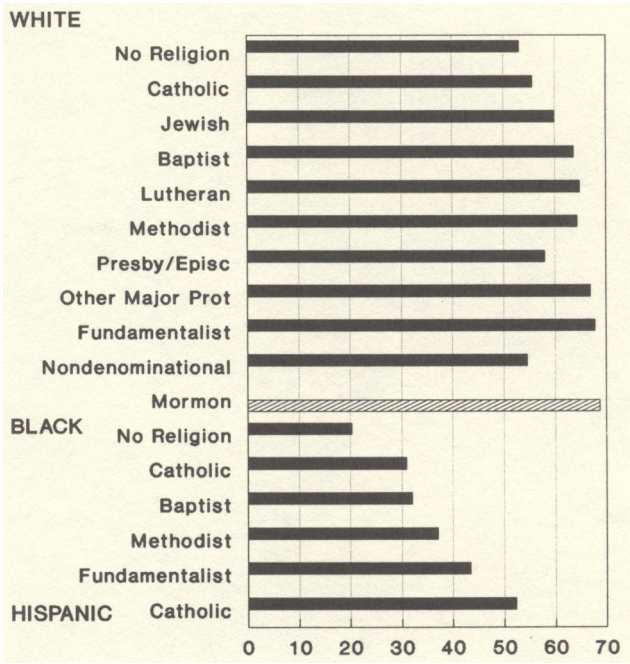
FIGURE 3
PERCENTAGE WHO HAVE EVER COHABITED



Marriage

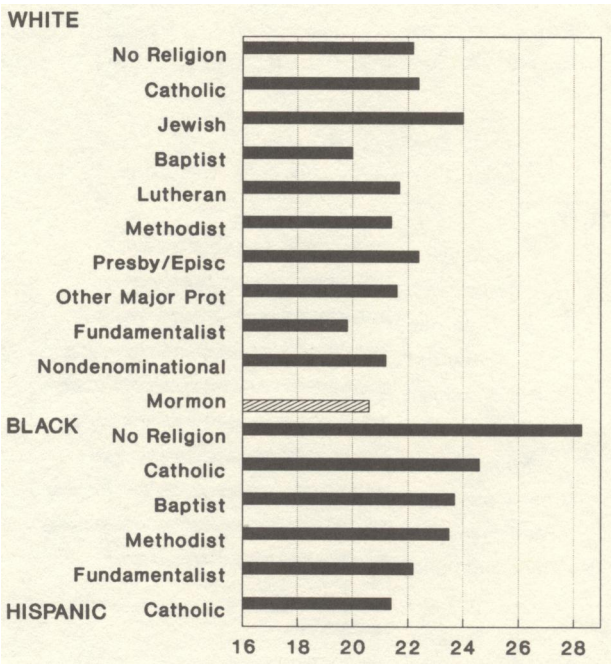
The reluctance to cohabit is consistent with the LDS emphasis on the desirability of legal marriage. No other group has as high a percentage of members currently married as do Mormons, although white Protestant fundamentalists and some other Protestant groups are nearly as high (Figure 4). More detailed statistical analysis (not shown) indicates that the recent decline in the percentage married is also less evident for Mormons than for most other groups. As with many other groups, higher education is positively associated with the percent of Mormons married. Being gainfully employed is negatively associated with being married, especially among Mormons. The high percentage married is consistent with the LDS emphasis on family life. But the study also shows that for every two married women there is one single sister. An overemphasis on married couples by Church leaders and programs could overshadow a substantial percentage of singles.

FIGURE 4
PERCENTAGE CURRENTLY MARRIED



Marriage age among Latter-day Saints, lower than in most other groups (Figure 5), also indicates a strong emphasis on marriage. Half of LDS women are married before their twenty-first birthday. (Only white Baptists and Protestant fundamentalists marry younger.) Early marriage helps account for both the high percentage married and the low rate of cohabitation. Although the recent trend has been to delay marriage, the longer term trend for Mormons is to marry earlier. Not only is higher educational attainment associated with later marriage, but interestingly, so is Church attendance, especially among Mormons.

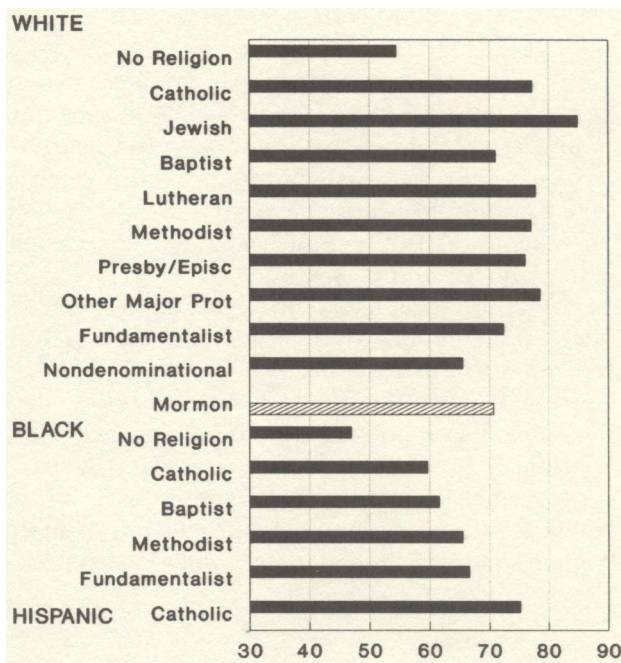
FIGURE 5
MEDIAN AGE AT FIRST MARRIAGE



Contrary to previous research findings, these data indicate a relatively high level of marital instability among Mormons (Figure 6). White Catholics, Jews, and several major Protestant groups have greater marital stability than do Mormons. It is somewhat difficult to reconcile this finding with that of previous studies that showed relatively low divorce rates among LDS members (Heaton and Goodman 1985).

Divorce may be underestimated in Church-sponsored studies, which may have some difficulty locating single or less active members. Perhaps divorced members who were raised on the idea that failure in the home is the only real failure may be reluctant to admit to a failed marriage when the Church sponsors the surveys. Moreover, the increase in instability appears to be greater for Mormons than for most other groups.

FIGURE 6
MARRIAGES INTACT AFTER TEN YEARS (%)



Frequent explanations for the increasing rate of LDS divorce are first, that since Mormons tend to marry young, we can expect a higher rate of divorce, and second, that the doctrine of eternal marriage may create unrealistic expectations of what an acceptable marriage should be. These studies offer no evidence of what expectations before marriage might be, but when we analyze age at marriage, an intriguing pattern emerges. For Mormons, age at marriage actually shows a negative relationship with marital stability. Apparently, some Mormon women who marry relatively late (that is, after age twenty-two) terminate their marriages within a short time. This tendency is not evident

in several white Protestant groups. Perhaps the LDS singles feel great pressure to marry as they get older, pressure that could lead to poor judgement in the choice of a partner. Previous studies of older singles show a substantial mismatch in the numbers and characteristics of males and females. Mismatched couples are more likely to divorce. Although most divorces and separations occur with couples who marry earlier, this does not completely account for the relatively high LDS divorce rate. It could be that the Church's encouragement of marriage may influence some persons to enter into difficult and potentially unstable marriages.

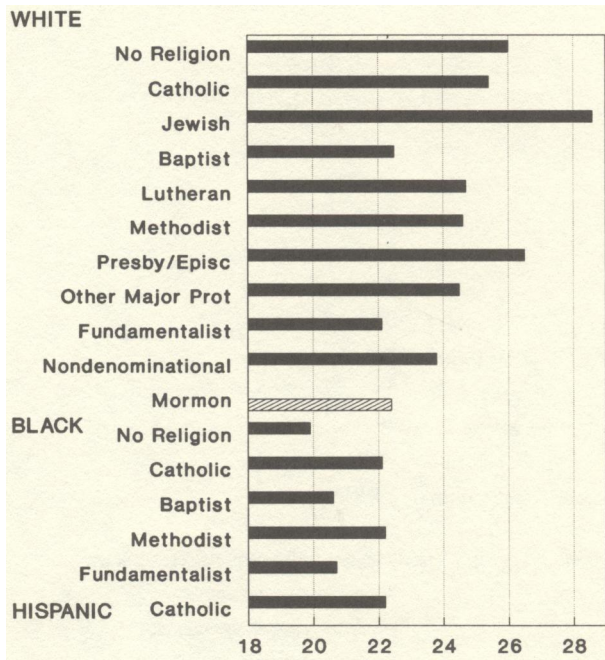
Whatever the explanation for the LDS divorce rate, these findings suggest a need to consider the quality of LDS marriages. It appears that the Church's emphasis on chastity and marriage is more effective in shaping Mormon behavior than it is in promoting marital commitment and quality. If projections are accurate—that nearly two-thirds of recent marriages in the U.S. will end in divorce or separation—and if these projections apply to Mormons as well (and these data suggest they do), then marital disruption will become an increasingly important issue for the Church and its members.

When we observe that high marriage rates are coupled with relatively high rates of dissolution, we may also expect to see remarriage becoming even more common. Indeed, if the Church is to encourage the state of matrimony, then it will also need to encourage remarriage. For example, gender-biased policies which make it easier for men than for women to remarry in the temple could stand in the way of a positive remarital experience for women. Balancing support for the divorced and those who wish to remarry with encouragement of marital stability in first marriages poses a challenge for a marriage-centered church.

Childbearing

Mormon women begin having children when relatively young (Figure 7). Half of LDS women have a child before their twenty-third birthday. While black religious groups tend to begin having children at a lower age than do Mormons, they are more likely to do so before marriage. Of the white religious groups, only Baptists and Protestant fundamentalist groups begin parenthood as early as do Latter-day Saints. The mother's age at the birth of the first child has also declined somewhat more for the Mormon group than for most white Protestant groups, suggesting that Mormons continue a pattern of early family formation. However, women who were raised in a two-parent family, who have higher educational attainment, and who have a job delay childbearing.

FIGURE 7
MEDIAN AGE AT FIRST CHILD'S BIRTH

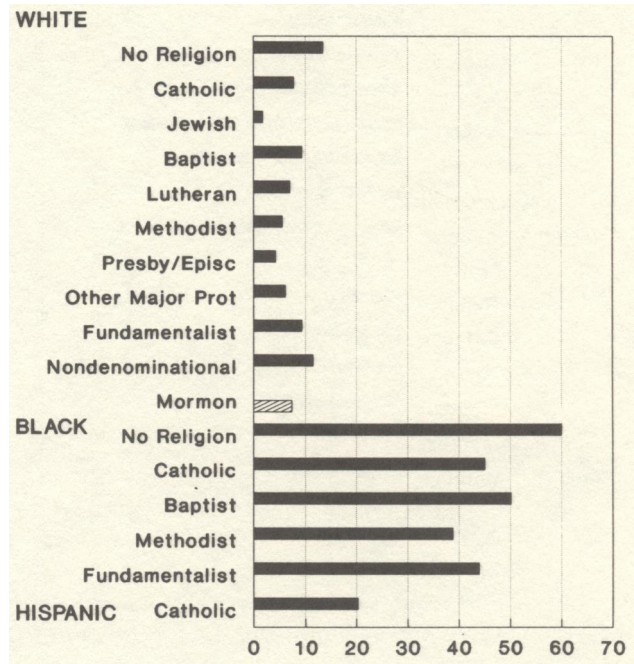


Despite relatively low rates of premarital sex and high rates of marriage, Mormons are not particularly low on premarital births (Figure 8). The 7.4 percent of Mormon women who have their first child before marriage is roughly comparable to several other white groups including Catholics, Baptists, Lutherans, and Methodists, but is notably higher than that for Jews. Black groups, in particular, have a high rate of premarital childbearing. Mormons have also experienced a relatively high increase in premarital births.

One explanation for the frequency of premarital births is that Mormons are less likely than others to prevent births. Mormon young people may be more reluctant to use birth control measures because of normative pressures discouraging sexual behavior. Parents and other adults in the community may be less willing to provide access to birth control information and products, and the young men and women themselves may prefer to let a sexual encounter happen than to consciously plan ahead. Once pregnancy occurs, abortion may not be an acceptable option, since the Church condemns abortion for all but exceptional cases and Mormons generally favor a Pro-Life position.

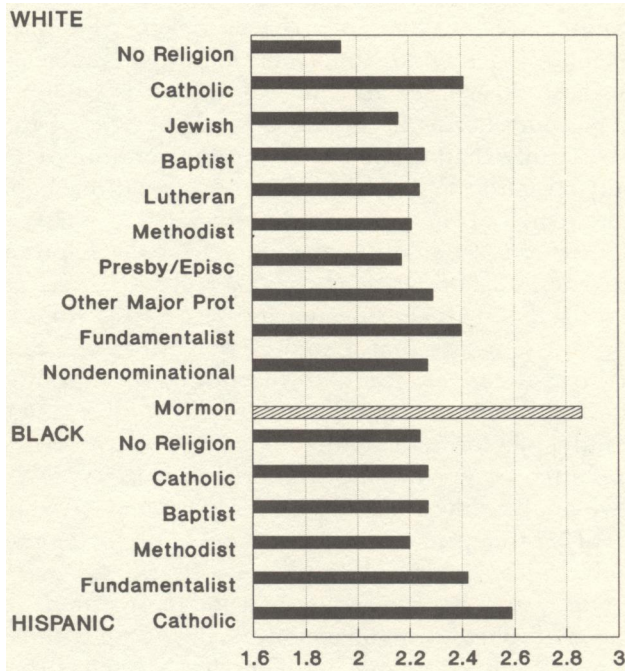
(the abortion rate in Utah is about one-third the national average). Whatever the explanation, unwed parenthood is as salient an issue for Mormons as it is for most other religious groups.

FIGURE 8
PERCENTAGE GIVING A BIRTH PREMARITALLY



These data also confirm the LDS preference for large families (Figure 9). No other group comes close to the LDS average of nearly three children per woman. Although a family size of three is small when compared to the size of nineteenth-century Utah families, or even with the size of the baby-boom families in which the mothers were children, it is still about 40 percent higher than for many white Protestant groups. The positive association between frequency of church attendance and family size also shows the connection between religion and family size; this association is greater for Mormons than for most other groups. It is also interesting to note that women who work prefer smaller families than those who do not work, and this difference is larger between Mormon women than for the women in other groups. In short, Mormon women who are not employed and who attend church regularly are especially important in creating large families.

FIGURE 9
DESIRED NUMBER OF CHILDREN



SUMMARY

National surveys taken in the 1980s indicate that Mormons have maintained their distinctive family demographics. When we perform a summary analysis of the several characteristics reported here, we find that most groups fall within a triangle. The three groups defining the extremes of the triangle are blacks with no religious preference, Jews, and Mormons. Blacks with no religious preference mark the extreme of low marriage rates and less traditional sexual behavior. Jews are characterized by late family formation and smaller families, but also by low premarital births. Mormons have the largest desired family size, the highest percentage of marriages, the lowest percentage of cohabitation, and are near the extreme for several other characteristics.

It is not easy to summarize trends in LDS behavior as indicated by age of the women surveyed. Some behaviors, such as engaging in premarital sex, appear to be converging toward the national average. Other trends, such as increasing cohabitation and decreasing marriage, are less pronounced for Mormons than for most other groups.

LDS rates of marital dissolution may be shifting from a position below that of most other white groups to one of *above* average divorce and separation. Finally, since for Mormons age at marriage and large family size are changing at about the same pace as for other groups, Mormons continue to maintain their distinctiveness. Simple generalizations do not capture these diverse trends. For example, it is wholly inaccurate to assume that Mormons merely lag behind the rest of the country. Nevertheless, family demographics are in flux, and any characterization of family structure at a given point in time will probably provide an inaccurate model of the past or the future.

Although Mormon demographics do reflect the Church's promotion of marriage and family life, behavior still falls short of ideals in several respects. Even though premarital sex is less common among Mormons, it still appears that a majority of Mormons did have sex before marriage. Relatively frequent marital disruption indicates that Mormons have their share of family problems. Emphasizing the importance of family life from the pulpit does not spare Mormons from confronting family issues that face the broader society.

When we analyze the correlates of family behavior, some distinctive features of Mormonism emerge. Frequent church attendance relates more strongly to less divorce, less premarital sex, delayed marriage, and larger family size for Mormons than for most groups, suggesting the importance of religious involvement. Growing up with two parents also has a more traditionalizing influence for Mormons than for several other groups, which suggests the importance of socialization into a particular family lifestyle. Mormon women's employment is more strongly associated with smaller families, being single, and delayed family formation than is the case with many other groups. Perhaps female employment has some tendency to reduce commitment to a more traditional LDS family lifestyle.

The data presented here must be interpreted with caution. I have combined results from several surveys and have noted a potential response bias on sensitive questions. Assessment of trends is also problematic. All these considerations make it impossible to make exact conclusions about any particular statistic. Rather, we should look only for a general sense of how LDS family behavior compares with that of other groups. A second problem that could skew results in ways difficult to determine is the retrospective nature of several characteristics. Converts could have been sexually active, married, or have given premarital birth before they became converted. Unfortunately, information regarding conversion is not available. Thus, the behaviors reported describe people according to their current religious affiliation rather than their affiliation when the event occurred. Finally, we must be

cognizant that relationships among characteristics do not necessarily imply causation. For example, the close relationship between church attendance and marital stability for Mormons could occur either because religiously involved members are less likely to divorce or because those who go through divorce become less active.

Given this demographic data, the first problem is usually deciding if there is a problem. Some would become alarmed or disenchanted at a mismatch between codes of conduct and behavior, and with changes in patterns of family formation. They would claim that cultural patterns such as hasty entrance into marriage arising from fear of staying single, a mission president's advice, or a desire to legitimate a birth could easily create a rocky marriage. High expectations for an ideal marriage or overly structured role expectations may get in the way of forgiveness, negotiation, and change. On the other hand, we may find evidence in these data to show that Mormon family life is less troubled than that of most Americans. We may emphasize the LDS belief in the eternal nature of families and the norms of fidelity and chastity which strengthen marital commitment and a willingness to work out family problems. In short, these data suggest that there is much in Mormon family orientation that should be valued and preserved, but there are also expectations and folkways which may actually detract from the quality of family life. To those more interested in improvement than in polemics, the obvious question is, which aspects of Mormon belief and practice strengthen and which aspects diminish the quality of family life?

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Goodman, Kristen L., and Tim B. Heaton. "Divorce." In *Utah in Demographic Perspective*, edited by Thomas K. Martin, Tim B. Heaton, and Stephen J. Bahr, 121-44. Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1986.
- Heaton, Tim B. "Four Characteristics of the Mormon Family: Contemporary Research on Chastity, Conjugalilty, Children, and Chauvinism." *DIALOGUE* 20 (Summer 1987): 101-14.
- Heaton, Tim B., and Kristen L. Goodman. "Religion and Family Formation." *Review of Religious Research* 26, no. 4 (1985): 343-59.
- Heaton, Tim B., Kristen L. Goodman, and Thomas B. Holman. "In Search of a Peculiar People: Are Mormon Families Really Different?" Paper presented at the annual meeting of the Society for the Scientific Study of Religion, Salt Lake City, Utah, 1989.
- National Survey of Family Growth. [Machine readable data file] U.S. Department of Health and Human Services, Public Health Service, Center for Disease Control, National Center for Health Statistics. Hyattsville, Maryland, 1982-88.
- National Survey of Families and Households. 1988. [Machine readable data file] James Sweet and Larry Bumpass, principal investigators. Distributed by the Center for

Demography and Ecology, University of Wisconsin-Madison, Madison, Wis., 1988. For a description of this study see James Sweet, Larry Bumpass, and Vaughn Call, *The Design and Content of The National Survey of Families and Households*. Working Paper NSFH-1, Center for Demography and Ecology, University of Wisconsin-Madison, 1988.



Late

Jerrilyn Black

I mourn my father.
I am afraid to relive him
lest my heart break.

He had circled outside my perimeter,
did not intrude, but hovered
undetected. I rejected.

To the end of his days
I was no partaker of his feast.
I had no taste.

He ate in barrenness, at the last
in cold hospital nights, calling
my name. I did not wait.

Once I hugged his sedated body
bridled to tubes, bitten with sores.
Said Goodnight, turned.

Surprisingly, he answered,
a gruff solid sound,
a deep last greeting.

Had he always heard me, waited
my lifetime to answer to words
I did not speak,

always ready to say Goodnight?
Tears tremble, tears I dare not loosen.
I will drown.

JERRILYN BLACK is a retired English teacher.

Heavenly Father or Chairman of the Board?: How Organizational Metaphors Can Define and Confine Religious Experience

John Tarjan

MANY LATTER-DAY SAINTS WORRY that as the Mormon Church has become more corporate in nature, it has not retained its strictly religious focus. Some have argued that its extensive financial holdings have made the Church a major political power, and numerous essays, studies, and even books have analyzed the Church's bureaucratic, corporate, and financial aspects. However, while the corporate aspects of the Church have created problems for leaders and members alike, some form of bureaucracy is essential if the Church is to accomplish its goals. Organizational tools such as authority, rules, chains of command, professional training, and positions awarded by merit are clearly useful and necessary for large organizations such as the Church. When I began my doctoral studies in organizational behavior, I expected not only that I would understand my Church experience more fully but that my studies would be of great value in my future service to the Church. I continue to believe that organizational studies have much to offer the Church and its members.

In this essay, I will first introduce the concept of organizational culture as a device for understanding organizations such as the Church, then explore three dominant cultural metaphors that have shaped the Church and its members' identity through the years, and finally, propose that the current dominant metaphor be replaced.

JOHN TARJAN is associate professor of management and MIS at CSU, Bakersfield. He and his wife, Janet, are Sunstone correspondents.

STUDYING AN ORGANIZATION: CULTURAL ARTIFACTS

One lens through which to view the Church is organization theory—specifically, the concept of organizational culture, which has been popularized in such books as *In Search of Excellence* (Peters and Waterman 1982) and *Corporate Culture* (Deal and Kennedy 1982). Organizational culture is a way to view an organization by examining how beliefs, values, meanings, and assumptions are transmitted to individuals. To do so, we may apply the methods of anthropology and investigate how rituals, stories, symbols, heroes, and specialized language communicate and reinforce values at both a societal and organizational level. These observable evidences of culture, which can be referred to as artifacts, are relatively easy to identify. More difficult to identify are the shared values, beliefs, meanings, and basic assumptions about the world which define the core of an organization. While some shared values and assumptions may be obvious, others are difficult for even organization members to detect or articulate (Robey 1986).

Five types of artifacts help shape our identity as a Mormon community of believers: rituals, stories, symbols, heroes, and language.

Rituals

Rituals, including rites and ceremonies, are instrumental in reinforcing and preserving beliefs. For example, the ritual of the sacrament reminds us of the centrality of Christ and the atonement to our worship. Less sacred practices, such as missionary farewells or family home evenings also fall in the category of ritual. Mormon anthropologist John L. Sorenson has enumerated more than seventy of these religious and quasi-religious rituals within Mormonism (1981). Secular scholars (Trice and Beyer 1984) identify six distinct types of ritual—rites of passage, rites of degradation, rites of enhancement, rites of renewal, rites of conflict reduction, and rites of integration—by which we may also classify the rituals of Mormonism.

Rites of passage help individuals form their identity, identify points of transition, celebrate progress, and bring closure to life changes. Such rites appear in all cultures. Perhaps the most noticeable rite of passage in the Church is the missionary farewell, which marks the passage to manhood for many male members. Missionaries become full-fledged members and are treated as equals for the first time. One reason many capable young women may have problems with the Church in their late teens is that fewer women go on missions, and then at a later age; the only comparable alternative rite of passage for females is marriage. Other examples of rites of passage in the Church

are Primary graduation and Aaronic Priesthood ordination, marking the entrance to puberty for Mormon children.

Rites of degradation communicate to a person and the group that a person is no longer a member of the community or has performed inadequately. The processes of excommunication and disfellowshipment serve this function for Latter-day Saints, even though some features of the rites, such as public confession, are now less common and the rite is becoming less public. Although I welcome the change, I believe that these rituals are becoming less meaningful as a result.

Rites of enhancement recognize a person's standing or accomplishments. Achieving a Duty to God award or Eagle Scout rank has always been a significant event in the wards I have attended. As a father of two daughters, I worry what message is being conveyed when we don't have equivalent rites for girls in the Church, the new Young Women's programs notwithstanding.

Rites of renewal help organizational members assess the organization's progress and identify ways in which the organization can be improved. Stake and ward leaders' yearly goal-setting may fall into this category, as do the general conference reports on Church growth and activity. On a personal level, Family Home Evenings offer the opportunity to take stock of progress and problems on a weekly basis within our own families. For some families a monthly father's interview may also serve this function.

Rites of conflict reduction may be disappearing from Church. These rites offer ways to resolve conflict in legitimate and sanctioned ways. In the early days of Church colonization when both ecclesiastic and civil authority resided in the bishop, the bishop's court afforded a way for members to resolve issues. And the Brethren in those days engaged in organized debates as part of the process of resolving questions of doctrine or policy. Today, however, there appears to be a desire within the Church to deny that conflict exists or has an appropriate place within a church community. Conflict and differences of opinion among leaders and lay members are more often glossed over or suppressed than allowed free expression. I believe this lack of a rite of conflict resolution is more damaging to the health of the Church and its members than any underlying conflict could ever be.

Rites of integration occur when an organization's members assemble to increase their solidarity and shared identification with the organization. Latter-day Saints are known for mass meetings and conferences. We hold conferences at the general church, area, regional, stake, and ward level. We even broadcast firesides throughout the world. These meetings serve to pool spiritual strength and increase unity and dedication to the gospel.

Stories

A second important cultural artifact is stories, known also as myths or folklore, depending upon their supposed origin or degree of factuality. When assessing its influence on organizational culture, however, a story's factuality is largely irrelevant. Rather, the content of those stories which tend to be told and retold are what convey the values of the community. Such stories communicate meanings above and beyond the actual events in question. Folklorist William A. Wilson, for instance, has shown how missionary stories can convey a sense of community, communicate the importance of mission rules, reassure missionaries of ultimate success, and emphasize the need for proper conduct (1982). Wayland D. Hand has explored how many Utah tales of magic and the supernatural communicate important Church values (1983).

Scholars have identified as many as seven types of recurring stories in corporate organizations, including those which deal with basic issues of equitable treatment of members, job security, and the degree of control that the organization has over its future (Martin *et al* 1983). I find these categories less relevant to the LDS community, and have classified the stories I have heard (and sometimes retold) within Latter-day Saint circles into three groups: Kingdom-of-God, Persevere-to-the-End, and This-People stories.

Kingdom-of-God stories strengthen and renew our basic faith in the restored Church. These stories are of three basic types. The first communicates to us that our leaders are inspiring and inspired. One of my favorites tells how President Kimball never missed a Primary meeting. A second type attests to temporal presence of the kingdom of God by demonstrating God's intervention in our daily lives. As a boy, I remember listening in fast and testimony meeting to inspiring stories about how the Lord's hand guided one sister in her genealogical research around the globe. Three Nephite stories are perhaps the most dramatic of this genre, but the humbler accounts of God's intervention in saving a child's life or making a college education possible serve the same faith-confirming function. The third type of Kingdom-of-God story centers around archaeological finds and their support for Joseph Smith's work. I have heard the same story several times, with certain details changed, of Church archaeologists in the Middle East who were busily translating an ancient version of the temple ceremonies and were called on the telephone by one of the Brethren and requested to stop just prior to revealing sacred truths. Many stories circulate about archaeological finds in South and Central America which confound the experts and support the historicity of the Book of Mormon.

Persevere-to-the-End stories also come in three basic varieties. All three would motivate receptive listeners to be diligent and avoid temptation. The first variety teaches us that punishment always awaits the sinner. My favorite, found in various forms in many missions, is about the two missionaries, stationed far from the mission home, who go to some forbidden, exotic location for a short vacation. In Chile, the location was Easter Island. Though they are absent for two weeks, the missionaries have planned carefully, leaving two bogus weekly reports for the landlady to mail. But no one can sin so blatantly and get away with it: the landlady gets mixed up and sends in the second weekly report first. The punishment is usually an early return home for the senior companion and severe censure for the junior companion.

Another variety of *Persevere-to-the-End* stories depicts hard-working, obedient Saints whose effort and diligence are rewarded with spiritual or temporal blessings. The oft-told stories of Heber J. Grant's success in singing, baseball, and business are familiar examples.

The last of the *Persevering* variety centers around the faithfulness of members worldwide—stories about the diligent tithe-payer in Tahiti, the faithful Primary child in Tokyo, the member missionary in Quebec. Beyond encouragements to similar diligence and sacrifice is a broader, underlying message: We are part of a winning team composed of faithful individuals engaged in a worthwhile cause.

This-People stories, of which there are at least two types, help us feel good about being Latter-day Saints. The first type deals with world leaders or other famous people who have shown an interest in the gospel. Some revolve around the travels of General Authorities or influential Mormons such as Church ambassador David M. Kennedy. Any time a high level politician visits Salt Lake City or the Polynesian Cultural Center, these stories invariably appear in the *Church News*. When I was at BYU, a favorite story was about the Pope's nephew joining the Church and choosing to attend BYU. The second type of *This-People* story addresses the value society places upon Church members collectively. I heard many times about how Howard Hughes surrounded himself with Latter-day Saint employees because he found them to be so trustworthy. Other stories abound about how corporate recruiters flock to hire BYU graduates or how Church members are over-represented in the CIA, the FBI, and the executive ranks of business.

Let me reemphasize that the factuality of these stories is not an issue in the study of Mormonism's organizational culture. Some stories are factual; some are not. What is important is the message these repeated stories convey to Church members.

Symbols

Symbols are the most tangible artifacts of all. Allen D. Roberts has chronicled the widespread use of symbolism in the early Church as well as its purposes and meanings (1985). Perhaps the most ubiquitous symbol in Utah is the beehive, which signifies the value Latter-day Saints place upon thrift and industry. Temples symbolize of the beauty, peace, and glory of God's presence and help us to feel that his presence is attainable.

Heroes

Our history is replete with revered heroes. Many have argued that official Church history has been written with less concern for full historical detail than for making the participants appear larger than life. We have only to peruse an issue of the *New Era* or the *Ensign* to realize that hero-making is a continuing process—and rightly so. Heroes serve a valuable communal purpose by signaling to us what in life is worth striving for. For example, stories told about President Kimball, one of our latter-day heroes, stress the importance of humble, diligent service and the possibility of overcoming almost any physical impairment. The desire to be a heroic model that young people want to emulate has been demonstrated in Paul Dunn's now notorious storytelling. When he argues that the end results at least in part justify his fictionalizings, I believe that he makes a strong point.

Language

As a community, I think we Latter-day Saints are keenly aware that our language sets us apart. No verb form of the word "fellowship" appears in my university edition dictionary, yet "fellowshipping" has a unique and forceful meaning within the LDS community. "Morality," "correlation," and "priesthood" are a few more among many terms with meanings unique to our culture.

ORGANIZATIONAL METAPHORS IN MORMONISM

When artifacts associated with an organization's culture are highly cohesive and work together to communicate values and beliefs, a cultural organizational metaphor may be said to exist. What is the benefit to organizations and their members of studying these metaphors? My concern is that organizational metaphors not only reflect, but also powerfully influence group and individual values, beliefs, and actions, and

that an organization's culture does not necessarily arise deliberately or consciously. Although some strong, perceptive leaders have consciously created cultures which support the goals they have for their organizations, this is not always the case. In fact, many of the beliefs, values, and meanings that a dominant metaphor communicates may be undesired and unintended by the organization's leaders and members. For example, organizational scholar J. Bonner Ritchie has enumerated the sometimes undesirable consequences of using a court as a metaphor for the process of control and discipline within the Church. He argues that terms like accused, trial, judge, sentence, and summons are incongruous with notions of love and concern (1983).

At least three strong metaphors have existed in the Latter-day Saint community at different periods in its history. While all three metaphors have proved durable and coexist to some extent today, each has in turn been the dominant metaphor.

Family of Believers

The family metaphor came into use during the earliest days of the Church when members viewed themselves as a closely knit community or family of believers. This collective family identity was nurtured daily as the Saints addressed each other as "Brother" and "Sister." The early Saints' attempts to practice the law of consecration also contributed to their sense of family connectedness. During this period, Church members were in close, frequent contact with Church leaders and other lay members. The lack of chapels for separate ward meetings may also have reinforced a family feeling as the Saints often met as a collective family unit to receive the word of the Lord from their leaders.

Several factors contributed to the waning of the family metaphor. The death of the Prophet Joseph and the forced exodus from Nauvoo marked a period of transition in many ways. During the trek westward and the colonization period, many members were dispersed geographically and separated from the main body of the Church. The explosive growth in membership also affected the family metaphor. New converts streamed in by the hundreds and then thousands beginning in the Nauvoo era. Dispersal and the sheer numbers of converts made it impossible for fellow Church members to know one another as intimately as before.

The third and likely most significant factor in changing the family metaphor was an increased level of dissent within the Church family. The inevitable power struggles that accompanied Church growth and repeated relocation diminished the feelings of unity and cohesion needed to sustain a Churchwide family atmosphere. While David Whitmer,

Oliver Cowdery, Sidney Rigdon, Thomas B. Marsh, and other early leaders could accept a family structure with Joseph the first among many equal brothers, they resisted a hierarchy of power within that brotherhood. While some dissention was evident in Kirtland and Far West, it seems to have erupted most forcefully in Nauvoo. It existed within the highest councils of the Church and rocked the infant organization to its foundations.

The family metaphor did not disappear completely, of course. In fact, the Church went through a period when many of its top leaders, particularly Brigham Young, ceremonially adopted other adults into their families through temple sealings. And we still speak of reuniting all of the family of Adam through genealogical and temple work. The family metaphor lingers on at the ward level also where the bishop is sometimes referred to as "father" of the ward and the Relief Society president or bishop's wife as "mother."

Camp of Israel

The Camp of Israel metaphor, reinforcing the necessity of uniting to fight against Israel's enemies and to build Zion first, surfaced in the Zion's Camp trek to Missouri in 1834, flourished during the trek westward, and continued throughout much of the colonization period. Just as ancient Israel fought Pharaoh and the Canaanites, the new Camp of Israel fought against Illinois mobs and Johnston's army. Ancient Israel united to battle its way through the Sinai, and modern Israel battled its way across the plains. Ancient Israel followed Joshua into the Promised Land; the Saints followed Brigham to a new Promised Land.

Polygamy played a compelling role in the acceptance and propagation of the Camp of Israel metaphor. Restored by Joseph Smith in the 1830s and first openly practiced during the colonization era, polygamy has been described as an Abrahamic trial of faith for the Saints (England 1978). By practicing plural marriage, faithful Church members felt their lives reflected the patriarchs of old. They faced opposition with a fortress mentality which provided a fertile ground for Camp of Israel imagery.

This metaphor was promulgated in many ways. Church leaders compared the Church to ancient Israel countless times from the pulpit. In fact, Doctrine and Covenants 135 refers to the body of Saints explicitly as the Camp of Israel and proposes an organizational structure similar to the one Moses received in ancient times. Unmistakable parallels were drawn between the Great Salt Lake and Utah Lake, and the Dead Sea and the Sea of Galilee, even to the naming of the

Jordan River which joins them. The naming of other Great Basin locations also recalls ancient Israel—in Utah you can hike Mount Nebo and travel to Moab or Goshen. Perhaps the strongest symbol of all was Brigham himself. This forceful latter-day Moses combined spiritual, military, financial, and governmental authority to create a limited theocracy reminiscent of Old Testament times.

The completion of the transcontinental railroad, the issuance of the Manifesto which paved the way to statehood and the end of Utah isolationism, and the Church's decision to build stakes of Zion outside the intermountain West all contributed to the decline of the Camp of Israel metaphor. As the Church was thrust into contact with the outside world and into the twentieth century, the viability, and indeed the necessity, of the Camp of Israel metaphor diminished greatly.

Nevertheless, vestiges of the Camp of Israel mentality remain today. Language in our Sunday lessons still casts us as God's chosen people who must constantly be on guard against the "world," meaning non-Mormons. The defensive reaction to even mildly critical stories in the press can still be characterized as "circling the wagons."

Corporation

The current cultural metaphor, that of a corporation, germinated during the presidency of David O. McKay, when the Church completed its transition to an international church. The rise in the number of members, the accompanying building boom across the continent and around the world, the burgeoning Church educational system, and the rise of the Church as a financial power all necessitated a change in Church organization and procedure. New layers of bureaucracy were created to meet the increased administrative burden. More general and regional authorities were called and the number of career, nonecclesiastical Church employees mushroomed. The Church began recruiting employees for permanent administrative careers directly from college campuses. Committees whose members remain anonymous to the vast majority of Church members now make and implement many of the Church's policies. This proliferation of bureaucracy, while necessary to administer the Church's many affairs, has resulted in the relative isolation of rank-and-file members from the highest levels of Church leadership and has given the Church organization the semblance of a modern multi-national corporation.

The corporate image is reinforced in many ways, including language. Increasingly we hear terms like efficiency, standardization, and correlation to describe how decisions are made within the Church. The Church has always had clerks and presidents. Now we also have

executive secretaries, area presidencies, regional representatives, and a host of committees and boards at all levels. Many of us have had the experience of writing checks payable to the Corporation of the President.

Symbols also reinforce this corporate image. While the Salt Lake Temple will always be a cherished symbol of the Church's presence in the Great Salt Lake Valley, I fear that the Church Office Building has surpassed it as the dominant physical symbol of that presence. Most of our printed material and buildings are now graced by a handsome, standardized logo reminiscent of other corporate logos. Our heroes also seem in keeping with this image. Many of our top leaders not only have business backgrounds but sit on the boards of large corporations. Church-sponsored periodicals and magazines such as *This People* and *BYU Today* have, over the years, contained glowing stories of many active Latter-day Saints with successful business careers.

DRAWBACKS OF THE CORPORATE METAPHOR

In many ways I find this new corporate metaphor apt and useful. However, just as Stephen L. Tanner (1982) has cautioned that Christianity must only employ war as a guiding metaphor with great care, I think we need to consider the drawbacks of using a corporate metaphor. I believe the corporate metaphor has proved to be dysfunctional in a number of cases.

Mission Field

One example of this metaphor gone astray was my missionary experience. Missionaries could not help but view that particular mission at times as a glorified sales organization. Mission leaders used motivational language that was often more appropriate for salespersons than for ministers of the gospel. Although goal-setting and performance appraisal were omnipresent topics, I rarely heard terms such as "conversion" and "saving lives" during mission, zone, and district meetings. Just as there are award ceremonies and free vacation incentives for salespersons, missionaries with the most baptisms had their pictures prominently displayed within the mission home and were invited to the capital city for dinner with the mission president. From time to time, a leader would assure us that the numbers themselves were not important. But when a mission in another South American country finally succeeded in baptizing more converts in one month than we did, mission leaders reacted much as I suppose Coca-

Cola headquarters would after hearing that Pepsi had just exceeded Coke's market share. Although missionaries are indeed engaged in a type of selling, the sales metaphor was used too often, too intensively, and perhaps inappropriately with such a naive and impressionable group.

Doing Versus Being

On a day-to-day basis, the corporate metaphor may also make our religious practice overly mechanical. Many ostensibly religious books targeted at the Mormon audience read more like self-help and motivational books promising success in business careers, financial dealings, or personal goals. The problem with this approach is that it may create a "checklist religion" which emphasizes efficiency and achievements rather than caring, integrity, and inner conversion. To-do lists have now migrated from refrigerator doors to handsomely bound day planners. While goals and accomplishments are important in any religion, one's motives, feelings, and character are the true measures of spiritual health. Corporations reward accomplishments, but character should be its own reward within the context of religion.

CALL FOR A RETURN TO THE FAMILY METAPHOR

I would like to propose a return to the family as the dominant church metaphor. I recognize that some families function quite well following some aspects of the corporate model (at least on the surface) and that some corporations succeed while following the family model. In fact, a good deal of management literature suggests that many of the traits I have assigned to the prototypical family unit actually describe the ideal corporation. And many businesses now hire consultants to help them become more like families, a fact I find ironic given that the Church appears to have moved in the opposite direction. To me, church as family has much more to offer than church as corporation. To illustrate, let me enumerate several of the important ways in which a family organization differs from a corporate organization.

As I contrast the corporate and family models in the six areas diagrammed on the next page, I freely admit to having oversimplified to make my arguments clearer. At times, I may seem to be describing Beaver Cleaver's TV family. What is important is the difference in idealized values that families and corporations represent to organizational members.

	CORPORATIONS	FAMILIES
1. DECISION-MAKING PREMISES	Rationality, Political Model	Altruism
2. RELATIONSHIPS WITH OTHERS	Competition	Cooperation
3. MEASURES OF EFFECTIVENESS	Efficiency, External	Internal
4. POSITIONAL FOCUS	Career	Calling
5. REWARDS	Position, Material Rewards	Relationships
6. PRIMARY ALLEGIANCE	Organization	Family Members

1. *Decision-Making Premises*

In corporations, the president or other officer with the most clout makes decisions. Underlings obey and often seek to curry favor. Decision making is centralized. Power and influence flow from the top down.

We follow the corporate church model when we base our decisions on organizational logic or positional power rather than on benevolence; when we implement programs regardless of their appropriateness for individual members; when we regard top-down decision making and flow of information to be the only legitimate means of influence and control; when overcentralization of decision-making leaves little room for local autonomy or the exercise of talents and abilities of local leaders and members.

In a model family, members sacrifice for the good of others. While decisions are made in an effort to preserve the family, the focus is on benefiting all family members.

We follow the family church model when we do what is good for ward members regardless of how difficult it is or how unfamiliar or uncomfortable it feels; when the needs of individuals are stressed over conforming to Salt Lake-initiated programs or pleasing someone in authority; when members are encouraged to innovate and grow within the structure of the Church.

2. *Relationships with Others*

In corporations, cutthroat competition for promotions means people produce or they are severed from the organization. Competition is the key to survival both within and between organizations. The organization gets ahead at the expense of other competing organizations.

We follow a corporate church model when we compete for callings, esteem, or recognition rather than helping one another to succeed; when quorum members are chided rather than encouraged or helped; when we adamantly fight for our views, preferred activities, and proposals rather than finding a common ground; when we judge others and compare our relative worth rather than helping others to become better or happier.

In families, all members work together to make the family succeed. Members are interested in each other's welfare and growth, and family survival is contingent upon cooperation.

I saw a nearly perfect example of the family church model in action in my newly divided ward in Monterey. Leaders pulled together to consider people's needs with no notions of separation of concerns or duties. There was no "territory" or concern over who was in charge. In addition, not once did I hear statistical or other comparisons with other wards in the stake.

3. Measures of Effectiveness

Corporations focus on efficiency. Profits are the bottom line. Corporations also tend to concentrate on external success by using measures of effectiveness such as market share and the ability to attract financial and other resources.

We follow a corporate church model when we stress the number of converts over the retention or development of our members; when leaders discuss sacrament meeting attendance rather than edification, enjoyment, or spiritual content; when we consistently stress home teaching statistics but ignore the spiritual health of the ward. Efficiency and standardization are usually poor criteria by which to make decisions about worship or religion. In my opinion, efficiency should not be our overriding concern in designing buildings, in determining meeting schedules and the functions of the auxiliary organizations, or in producing Church educational materials. Standardization is not the answer for meeting the diverse needs of an international church.

Families stress effectiveness rather than efficiency with such measures as love, respect, closeness, and openness. Families also focus on the internal dynamics and experiences of family members rather than comparing themselves to other family units.

We follow the family church model when we discuss things such as spiritual health, enjoyment, and faithfulness; when we concentrate on our progress as a ward or other unit without the need to compare ourselves to other similar groups.

Positional Focus

Getting ahead is the ultimate goal in corporations. Positions are stepping stones. Career advancement is equated with success.

We adopt a corporate church model when we view our responsibilities as rewards for merit and as stepping stones for greater influence, prestige, or future degree of glory rather than as opportunities to benefit others and to take responsibility for their well-being.

In families, membership ideally is regarded as a sacred calling to help one another. Family membership entails responsibilities to one another as parents, children, siblings, grandparents, aunts, uncles, and so on.

We are operating under the family church model when we view our worth not by positions or financial success but by the quality and depth of our compassion and service to others; when we approach our calling as prophets rather than priests (see Erickson 1979)—that is, when hierarchy, authorities, ritual, and organizational demands are subordinated to our relationships with one another.

Rewards

If we work hard in corporations, we will in due course be promoted and offered other tangible rewards such as money and recognition.

We follow the corporate church model when we spend our time in pursuit of prestigious positions or wealth rather than improving relationships; when the need to be a successful provider or leading light or Church leader outweighs parental responsibilities; when temporal blessings or promised blessings in the life to come motivate our choices. Widespread and continuing financial fraud within the Utah Mormon culture indicates that a confusion of secular and spiritual values may well be commonplace. In fact, one study argues that “spiritual roots” are a selling point in these fraudulent schemes, a falsely religious approach to financial success to which many Mormons are particularly susceptible (Witham 1987).

In families, the chief rewards are the closeness and love of family members and the satisfaction of seeing them grow, succeed, and be happy.

We operate under the family church model when we gain our Church-related satisfaction from being a part of the ward family, a community of believers; when service and brother or sisterhood are their own reward.

6. *Primary Allegiance*

For corporate women or men, the corporation is all important. It determines where they live and when and how they relate to others. If the corporation beckons, family needs come second. Organizational requirements are transcendent. With the exception of the past couple of years, bishops have been pressured to add more and more administrative responsibilities to their pastoral roles. Many ward auxiliary and priesthood leaders report to and receive directions from stake leaders, which may redirect their focus toward following Salt Lake- or stake-initiated programs and away from the varying individual needs of ward members. These leaders may feel that their callings entail as much responsibility toward a larger administrative hierarchy as to the ward family.

Some Church members express special satisfaction in knowing that the same Sunday School lesson is being taught on precisely the same day throughout the Church. But does such standardization mean the educational needs of all members are being met in the best way possible? Ron Molen has argued persuasively the drawbacks of a "corporate correlated ward," explaining that the true strength of the Church has always been the ward community (1985). To be strong and thriving, however, these ward communities must be self-determined and committed to their individual members while at the same time functioning within larger communities. According to Molen, "over the years the community's commitment to the member has continually receded into something smaller, less ambitious, less communal, and therefore less dynamic" (1985, 31).

In families, family members come first. The family must be preserved at all costs.

Under the family church model, callings are accepted after consulting all immediate family members about their feelings. Ward members can indicate which callings they would or would not like to fill. As for Church programs and activities, individuals choose to participate according to their desires and needs. Stake presidents do not use a heavy hand to impose organizational conformity, to discipline bishops or others, or to pursue numerical goals. Members and local leaders are allowed to modify or reject programs based upon local needs.

SUMMARY

In conclusion, I feel that a corporate metaphor is inappropriate and confusing for members of a religious community. Business organizations and religious organizations are and should be very different

types of entities. While churches can learn many helpful lessons and principles from corporations, their goals are, or at least should be, very different from those of a corporation.

In the early Church, our cultural metaphors were congruent with our religious heritage—the family of believers was not foreign to readers of the New Testament, and the Camp of Israel metaphor was borrowed from the Old Testament. But in drawing upon the corporate organization of the twentieth century, the Church has adopted a nonreligious concept in forming its dominant cultural metaphor. Just as the Camp of Israel and war metaphors can be exaggerated and evoke excessively militaristic images which lead away from fundamental Christian values, the corporate metaphor can lead to a substitution of a temporal focus for religious experience. It is sobering to think that if this metaphor is not appropriate even in the United States, how bizarre and dysfunctional it must be in other cultures.

It will not be easy to change. The corporate model pervades our modern industrial society. Church members, by virtue of their involvement in the business world, will import aspects of that culture into their religious life (Woodworth 1987).

HOW CAN THE METAPHOR BE CHANGED?

Then what are we, as a church, to do if we wish to get back to our roots? And can we successfully, willfully change metaphors? The answer to the second question is yes. A whole new industry has arisen in the management consulting field which has as its goal changing organizations' cultures. Changing cultures means changing the beliefs, values, and actions of the individuals in the organization. This involves first deciding upon the desired predominant values, beliefs, and behaviors and then changing and/or manipulating cultural artifacts to reinforce the desired culture.

As for the first question, "What are we, as a church, to do in order to change?" I have several suggestions, assuming that we want to change and that we can agree on our common values and beliefs—two big assumptions, I grant you.

1. Use More Family-Oriented Rituals

Allow and encourage missionary farewells. This tradition not only serves as a rite of passage but also reinforces the ward-as-family metaphor. Family and friends gather to bid farewell to a departing son or daughter, sister or brother. Enhance the Primary advancement and seminary graduation ceremonies. Strengthening these rites of passage

helps signify to the young women as well as the young men that the ward family cares for them and celebrates their accomplishments. Allow women to stand in blessing circles and young women to prepare the sacrament table and pass the sacrament. As far as I can tell, there is no scriptural injunction against these changes. In fact, past practice in health blessings and current temple practice seem to indicate that females can assume at least secondary roles in ordinances (Newell 1981). Allowing this participation would strongly convey that women and girls are full-fledged, valued members of the ward family.

2. Revise Our Stories

The mix of stories in formal meetings and lesson manuals should emphasize love, brother- and sisterhood, and caring rather than winning, success, and reward. Donlu Thayer's "Top Kingdom: The Mormon Race for the Celestial Gates" (1989) illustrates how metaphors from our competitive business culture have contaminated our religious practices and beliefs. We can consciously resist and attempt to reverse this trend as we have occasion to teach and speak in our own ward communities.

3. Change Our Symbols

Many practices with symbolic content have evolved which might easily be changed. For instance, I often wonder why so many people sit in front of the congregation during meetings. Having leaders sit with their families instead, especially when they are not conducting, rather than on the stand peering down on the congregation would help convey the message that we as a Church are a family rather than a hierarchical organization. Male authorities might also select formal attire which differed from the traditional conservative business suits. Dressing for success and dressing for Church are so parallel in Mormon culture that it has the unfortunate effect of confusing the two concepts in the minds of some.

Changes in our meetinghouses could also emphasize the sacred rather than secular character of church services. If meetinghouses are supposed to symbolize the dwelling place of God's spirit, then they should admit sunlight in the chapels, feature religious paintings, and be designed with stained glass or other aesthetically appropriate adornments. Currently, standard chapel plans would require few modifications, especially in adornment, to be adapted to serve as office buildings. As far as the great symbol of the corporate church, the Church

Office Building, is concerned, the most we can do is pretend it wasn't really built right next to the temple.

4. *Change Our Heroes*

All leadership callings which require nurturing should be filled by people who are experienced and capable of ministering to people's needs. Bishops and stake presidents should be given training in mental health and family dysfunctions. To communicate the value of a life of service, great educators, social workers, nurses, and Peace Corps volunteers should be featured more often in our publications in addition to those who have been more financially successful or famous with lucrative careers. Allowing women to fill all callings at the ward level except within bishoprics, quorums, and Young Men's organizations would not only increase the local leadership pool but would help more individuals to feel truly a part of the ward family.

5. *Modify Our Language*

In order to deemphasize corporate thinking, we need to change our vocabulary. Some examples readily come to mind. The words *correlation*, *efficiency*, and *standardization* should be banned. We could refer to mission leaders as mission father and mission mother. We could replace the word "president" with "leader."

6. *Decentralize Most Decision Making*

By allowing ward members to take more control over their religious experience, we would strengthen the ward family metaphor and weaken the perception of church as bureaucracy. We could do away with many largely symbolic stake leaders such as high council members and auxiliary presidencies. As with the recent change in the annual Primary children's sacrament meeting program or the Relief Society's sesquicentennial guidelines which stress local initiative, we could encourage members to be more creative and to utilize their talents in developing lessons, programs, and activities within Church-wide guidelines.

7. *Separate General Authorities from Day-to-Day Business Decisions*

By hiring a professional group of managers with some sort of civil servant protection or other insulating device to avoid undue ecclesiastical influence, the distinction between economic and spiritual matters would be much easier to keep clear for both leaders and members.

CONCLUSION

How important are these issues? I believe they are critical. They go to the core of our religious experience; they define and confine the nature of how we relate to the Church and how the Church relates to us. Am I optimistic that things can change for the better? I am. The LDS Church has thrived throughout the years precisely because it has changed and adapted to meet its members' needs. I can only hope that the changes the future holds will help us all to feel even more like brothers and sisters.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Deal, Terrence E., and Allan A. Kennedy. *Corporate Cultures: The Rites and Rituals of Corporate Life*. Reading, Mass.: Addison-Wesley Publishing, 1982.
- England, Eugene. "On Fidelity, Polygamy, and Celestial Marriage." *DIALOGUE* 20 (Winter 1987): 138-54.
- Ericksen, Ephraim E. "Priesthood and Philosophy." *Sunstone* 4 (July, August 1979): 9-12.
- Hand, Wayland D. "Magic and the Supernatural in Utah Folklore." *DIALOGUE* 16 (Winter 1983): 51-64.
- Martin, Joanne, Martha S. Feldman, Mary Jo Hatch, and Sim B. Simkin. "The Uniqueness Paradox in Organizational Stories." *Administrative Science Quarterly* 28 (1983): 428-53.
- Molen, Ronald L. "Franchising the Faith: From Village Unity to the Global Village." *Sunstone* 10 (November 1986): 30-37.
- Newell, Linda King. "A Gift Given, A Gift Taken: Washing, Anointing, and Blessing the Sick Among Mormon Women." *Sunstone* 6 (September/October 1981): 16-25.
- Peters, Thomas J., and Robert H. Waterman, Jr. *In Search of Excellence*. New York: Harper & Row, 1982.
- Ritchie, J. Bonner. "Excommunication: Metaphors of Discipline." *Sunstone* 8 (July-August 1983): 34-36.
- Roberts, Allen D. "Where Are the All-Seeing Eyes?: The Origin, Use, and Decline of Early Mormon Symbolism." *Sunstone* 10 (May 1985): 36-48.
- Robey, Daniel. *Designing Organizations*. 2d ed. Homewood, Ill.: Irwin, 1986.
- Sorenson, John L. "Ritual as Theology." *Sunstone* 6 (May/June 1981): 11-14.
- Tanner, Stephen L. "We Are All Enlisted: War as Metaphor." *Sunstone* 7 (July-August 1982): 27-31.
- Thayer, Donlu Dewitt. "Top Kingdom: The Mormon Race for the Celestial Gates." *DIALOGUE* 22 (Fall 1989): 12-31.
- Trice, Harrison M., and Janice M. Beyer. "Studying Organizational Cultures through Rites and Ceremonials." *Academy of Management Review* 9 (October 1984): 653-69.
- Wilson, William A. "On Being Human: The Folklore of Mormon Missionaries." *Sunstone* 7 (January-February 1982): 32-40.

Witham, Craig. "Mormon Fraud Brokers: A Cultural and Doctrinal Approach to Understanding Investment Fraud among Latter-day Saints." Unpublished paper, 1987. Presented at the Sunstone Symposium in Salt Lake City. Copy in author's possession.

Woodworth, Warner P. "Brave New Bureaucracy." *DIALOGUE* 20 (Fall 1987): 25-36.



Missionary Court

Lance Larsen

Hunched over and rocking a little,
he answered the president in stutters,
and I wrote it all down in the ledger—
the girl's name, how many times, my pen touching
each detail, *the garden, the grape trellis,*
the blanket until the whole room ached.
Finally the recess: silence mostly,
with the president shaking his head.
When the elder shuffled back in, I stared
at the locked closet filled with blue reports,
fifteen years' worth, faded and filed away,
but never faded enough if you had a bad one.
Then the president said the elder's name,
his first name this time, and the room
found its breathing and seemed to relax,
then he said church membership, and the elder
began to moan, a low grinding cry,
his broken shoes digging into the carpet,
the room tightening, and I smelled sweat,
the acidic bite of something like excrement,
an oily scared smell that could have been
any of us, but wasn't, and the president hugged
the elder breast to breast, and held him
for a long time. After the final prayer,
the president motioned me over: *They'll run*
sometimes, he said, *or sneak out to see*
the girl again, so watch him—which I did,
the entire night, eyes glued to his back,
though the bile in my throat was my own.

LANCE LARSEN is a Ph.D. candidate in literature and creative writing at the University of Houston. His poetry has recently appeared or is forthcoming in the New Republic, Shenandoah, Western Humanities Review, and the Hudson Review.

Judaism and Mormonism: Paradigm and Supersession

Seymour Cain

FOR SOME TIME NOW, especially since World War II and the shock and guilt evoked in the Western world by the virtual extermination of the European Jews, traditional Christian views of the role of the Jewish people and religion in the divine economy have been considered and reconsidered. The most obvious of these views, going back to the first Christian century, has been that the role of the Jews and Judaism was superseded by the Christ-event—the person, teachings, ministry, and death of Jesus of Nazareth—and the emergence of Christianity out of that event. Taken literally, that meant that Israel in the religious sense was *de trop*, finished, archaic, its wretched condition an example of punishment for unbelief in the Christian faith, even an evidence for its truth. On some final day the Jews' anomalous situation was to be solved by their conversion to that faith. Judaism had been replaced by the Christian Church, the new and true Israel, Torah by Christ, the final and full revelation. This is the viewpoint that I term "supersession."

At the same time biblical Israel served as an exemplary model for those Christian thinkers and groups who took seriously the Old Testament example of life lived in faith, despite all catastrophes and sufferings, of the presence of holiness in the concrete world of nature and history. The Judaic emphasis on personal ethics and social justice evoked an affirmative response. For the learned this attraction manifested itself in a serious study of the Hebrew language and scriptures; for laymen, in an intensive reading of the Old Testament in vernacular translations and in the bestowal of Old Testament names on their children—

SEYMOUR CAIN, a historian of religions presently engaged in the study of Mormonism, was senior editor for religion at Encyclopaedia Britannica. He is the author of Gabriel Marcel and other works.

a borrowing still continued in many areas. To this view I give the term "paradigm."

Granted that this interest did not usually extend to a knowledge of Rabbinic Judaism, which had also emerged from the rubble of first-century Jerusalem and which was the religious culture of the existing Jews who lived in the host nations of Christendom.¹ For most Christians the Jews who provided the glowing example were in the pages of the Old Testament, not the little-known, odd, often humiliated and despised people who occupied the Jewish quarters in Christian town and cities. For most Christian theologians the continuing existence of the Jewish people and religion has been a problem. (For some the return of Jews to Palestine and the creation of a Jewish state in our unredeemed time contradicted a long-held belief foreclosing this possibility [Friedman 1989, 430]). Indeed, shortly after World War II, an ecumenical conference in Europe looked forward to a "spiritual final solution" of the Jewish problem, to the "spiritual destruction of Judaism" (Cain 1980, 24).² Is it going too far to say that this implied a final supersession?

Edmund Wilson, in his fascinating essay "The Jews," reminds us that at least one Christian group was so intensely attached to the Judaic paradigm that they sedulously emulated Jewish religious customs: the New England Puritans and their latter-day descendants. "The Puritanism of New England," he asserts, "was a kind of new Judaism, a Judaism transposed into Anglo-Saxon terms" (Wilson 1956, 90). He cites Harriet Beecher Stowe recalling how her grandfather adopted the Orthodox Jewish prayer stance, erect and leaning on a chair, and of her husband's wearing of the *yarmulke*, the traditional Jewish headgear for prayer and study, while he perused the Hebrew Bible and the Talmud in what Wilson terms a "rabbinical metamorphosis." Rudolf Glanz in *Jews and Mormons* (1963) mentions far more extreme examples among English "Anglo-Israelites," including circumcision and seventh-day sabbatarianism. Wilson notes that a New Englander in Santayana's novel *The Last Puritan* metaphorizes that drastic sacrament, saying, "We were always a circumcised people, consecrated to great expectations" (1956, 92). For a deep and broad presentation of paradigm and replication among English and New England Puritans, see Rex Cooper's magnificent study of Mormon covenant organization (1990, esp. 1-48).

¹ Exception must be made of the medieval scholastics, such as Aquinas, who were acquainted with Maimonides and other Jewish religious philosophers.

² This occurred at the meeting of the World Council of Churches in Amsterdam in 1948.

Mormons never engaged in such extreme imitations of the Judaic paradigm as the *davenning* posture, *yarmulke*-wearing, or seventh-day sabbatarianism (Glanz states that only the Beaver Island group observed the Saturday sabbath). Yet the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints provides the classical example of the stress on biblical Israel as paradigm. Its replication of biblical Israel was to be no merely metaphorical or symbolic enterprise; it was, in Buberian terms, to be “done up into life,” through creating a holy commonwealth in the concrete here and now, not only a new religious community but a new society. Much has been written on this kind of replication of the paradigm, including the ill-fated imitation of Israelite polygamy.

But beyond this familiar aspect of Mormon doctrine and practice, paradigm in traditional Mormon belief became literal identification, not only in spirit but in flesh. Sterling McMurrin, the eminent Utah philosopher and explicator of Mormon theology, in personal correspondence with me, and New Testament scholar W. D. Davies in his essay “Israel, Mormons and the Land” refer to a doctrine of direct “blood” relationship between biblical Israelites and Mormons of European descent (McMurrin 1990; Davies 1978). We are all familiar with the story of direct descent of the American Indians from the Lamanites in the Book of Mormon, what Fawn Brody calls the “red sons of Israel.” Not so familiar is the doctrine of literal biological descent of Mormons of European stock. I have experienced vehement objections and incredulity when I mentioned the doctrine to younger Mormons, who thought I had confused latter-day European converts with the Lamanites.

To my suggestion that Joseph Smith was speaking “spiritually” and not literally when he referred to the change wrought by the Holy Ghost on Gentile converts, making them “of the seed of Abraham,” McMurrin responded with documents that emphasized the literal intent of the doctrine. For example, Joseph Smith said, “The effect of the Holy Ghost upon a Gentile is to purge out the old blood and make him actually of the seed of Abraham” (HC 3:380; Smith 1951, 149f). Brigham Young repeated this teaching in an April 1855 discourse on “the gathering of Israel” and emphasized the direct descent of Mormons from Ephraim, the youngest son of Joseph, as well as the mixture of Israelite blood with all the peoples of the world (JD 2:268f). According to Joseph Smith, a visible, physical change could occur during the cleansing of Gentile blood, extending even to spasms and apparent fits. McMurrin states that when he was a high-school student, he heard an apostle testify to a complete physical change in a Gentile recipient of the Holy Ghost, so that his friends could no longer recognize him.

Although some teachings seem to make mere belief in the gospel by a Gentile the occasion of the work of the Holy Spirit, this is usually ascribed to the inspired declaration of lineage in the patriarchal blessing; that is, that the Gentile is a lineal descendant of Ephraim. Daniel Ludlow, in a recent *Ensign* article, notes that “the clear teaching of the prophets” is that the great majority of Gentile converts are already of the blood of Abraham by birth, through the scattering of Israel among the nations, so that only a relatively few need be “adopted into the House of Israel” (1991, 54). But why, then, the patriarchal declaration, and what the answer to the question put aptly to me by Davis Bitton: “Who is a Goy?” Joseph Smith, “a pure Emphraimite?” Converts “from China, Russia, England, California, North or South America” already of Abrahamic lineage? All this comes under the heading of “the gathering of Israel” (Ludlow 1991, 53).

For an illuminating scholarly discussion of the doctrine of direct blood lineage, see Cooper’s depiction of the shifting emphases on “shared genetic substance” and “code of conduct,” descent and assent, blood and faith, in the history of Mormon doctrine (1990, ch. 4–5, *passim*). A strikingly similar alternation in the history of Judaism is found in Menachem Kellner’s distinction between the two varying norms of Jewish identity: the Abrahamic, through biological descent; and the Mosaic, through Torah adherence (Kellner 1991, ch. 5–7). Jan Shipps, in a monumental discussion of “saintmaking,” also signals the alternation of emphases, in the various phases of Mormon history, on descent and consent, birth and obedience (Shipps 1991). B. H. Roberts notes in his autobiography that “because of the completeness of her faith,” his mother was regarded as a “natural-born Israelite,” confirmed by her obedience to the requirement to gather into the Utah Zion despite the agonizing break-up of her family in England (1990, 7).

James E. Talmage presents a clearly metaphorical interpretation of the claim in his commentary on the Articles of Faith: “The name Israel, thus held with commendable pride by the remnant of a once mighty nation, was used in a figurative manner to designate the covenant people who constituted the Church of Christ [in the 1st century]; *and in this sense it is still employed*” (Talmage 1987, ch. 17, 316, bracketed phrase and italics added). Obviously, despite allegations of Mormon literal-mindedness, a respected Mormon thinker may take the road of “spiritual” interpretation.

Cooper notes that the New England Puritans “saw themselves as the ‘spiritual’ children of Abraham, and as a new or ‘surrogate’ Israel” (1990, 23). Going further back to a great systematic thinker of the Protestant Reformation, he cites this passage from Calvin’s *Institutes*, opting for adoption rather than direct descent:

The children of Abraham, under the old dispensation, were those who derived their origin from his seed, but that appellation is now given to those who imitate his faith. [Thus] we are called his sons, though we have no natural relation with him. And we in comparison of them are called posthumous, or abortive children of Abraham, and that not by nature, but by adoption, just as if a twig were broken from its tree and ingrafted on another stock. (in Cooper 1990, 23-24)

This perhaps tedious piling up of citations is by no means a digression from our main theme, paradigm and/or supersession. This becomes clear when we absorb Davies' "Israel, the Mormons and the Land," presented at a conference of non-Mormon scholars, Christian and Jewish, shepherded by Truman Madsen at Brigham Young University in 1978 (Davies 1978). Davies draws mainly from the Book of Mormon and Doctrine and Covenants. In addition, he utilizes the insights and analyses he developed in his research on the salient attitudes of first-century Christianity towards the people and land of Israel (Davies 1974). He concludes plausibly that the LDS scriptures assert that the Mormons are literal descendants of the ancient Israelites and that the Mormon community and people are the direct continuation of the faith and people of Israel. Hence, for Mormons there is no "Old Israel" set off against a "New Israel," since Mormonism is simply a new stage in a new locale in the ongoing history of Israel. Davies holds similarly that there can be no "supersession of the old covenant by the new" in Mormonism or even a doctrine that the one is preparatory to the other, since it asserts the eternity of covenants. However, he admits that Joseph Smith in D&C 22:1-4 states that all the old covenants are abolished by "the new and everlasting covenant" of baptism (Davies 1974, 95, n. 18). In any case, Davies seems to opt for paradigm as the Mormon emphasis rather than supersession, the traditional Christian stance.

Furthermore, Davies finds in the doctrine of biological continuity between ancient Israel and the Latter-day Saints something absolutely unique in the history of Christianity, which never claimed a fleshly bond or transformation for Gentile converts. He finds in this extraordinary claim a potential ground for what he sees as an absence of anti-Semitism and anti-Judaism in Mormonism, in contrast with their perennial occurrence in traditional Christianity. He asserts a basically pro-Jewish, even pro-Judaic stance for the LDS Church, which believes it is the continuation of ancient Israel. He claims a complete absence of anti-Jewish bias in the Mormon scriptures, including a "benign attitude towards the Jewish dispersion" after the fall of Jerusalem (1978, 83). This is indeed heartening for Jews and Christians of good will. Naturally the question arises for the pesky historical mind, "Is it true?" (Wilson has demonstrated that "an atavistic obsession with the Jews," to the point of blood descent as well as spiritual identity, resulted in

anti-Semitism as well as pro-Semitism in the case of some latter-day heirs of New England Puritanism [1956, 94–106]).

To answer this pesky historical question, I did a close textual examination of the first two books of the Book of Mormon, 1 and 2 Nephi, to see just what attitudes they expressed toward the Jews and Judaism. I compared them with Davies' assertion that Mormon scriptures, in contrast with traditional Christian writings, offer no condemnation of the Jews for the trial and crucifixion of Jesus of Nazareth, no interpretation of the destruction of Jerusalem and worldwide dispersion of the Jews as divine punishment, no vilification of the Jewish people as inherently and uniquely evil. Yet this is what I found: the examined texts state that "the Jews" are responsible for the passion and death of Christ, that they are deicides. The destruction of their holy center and their dispersal among the nations of the world were a direct result of their sins. They have been punished not only for their actions, but also for their unbelief, their rejection of Jesus of Nazareth as Messiah (see 1 Ne. 19:13–14; 22:3–5). The Pauline olive-tree metaphor is used to express the view that the "natural" have been replaced by the "wild" branches, so that the full gospel now comes from the Gentiles to the Jews, superseding the former Jews-to-Gentiles message (1 Ne. 10:13–14; 15:12–16; 22:8–9). All this, we may note, is familiar Christian doctrine.

There are also charges that the works of the Jews "were works of darkness and their doings were doings of abominations," that they have been destroyed from generation to generation because of their iniquities (2 Ne. 25:2, 9). Here we obviously have a reflection of the Hebrew prophets' fulminations against their people for their sins. But in 2 Nephi 10:3 the special wickedness of the Jewish people is asserted, culminating in deicide. There it is prophesied, supposedly in the sixth century B.C.E., that Christ would "come among the Jews, among those who are the more wicked part of the world; and they shall crucify him . . . and there is none other nation on earth that would crucify their God." Not only wickedness is attributed to the Jews, but an especially loathsome wickedness. Is there anything in traditional Christian expressions about the Jews more vilifying than this?

At the same time there are many expressions of admiration for the Jews in the Book of Mormon, as well as admonitions against cursing and hating them. The Bible comes from the Jews, the Book of Mormon counsels, and Gentiles should thank the Jews for that. To the Jews are due thanks for not only the history of the patriarchs, kings, and prophets, but also the records of the Mosaic law, which have gone forth to all peoples. Christ has come to save all humans in all times and places. Yet the original law must be retained to order human lives, and the

Jews have given us that law. Thus, both eternal salvation (through Christ) and the ordering of temporal life for all humankind are from the Jews.

Davies' tripartite analysis of the Mormon claim to a direct continuation of biblical Israel into *return*, *restoration*, and *reinterpretation* promises a more illuminating view of the incidence of paradigm and supersession in Mormonism than his claim of the relatively benign attitude in Mormon scriptures toward first-century Jews and Judaism. The nineteenth-century founders of Mormonism, he notes, were not satisfied with an abstract, ideological claim of connection with ancient Israel, a mere theoretical return. Instead they insisted on a concrete restoration of its life and institutions in the life and community of American Latter-day Saints. This included not only the emulation of the biblical patriarchs' practice of polygamy, but also the restoration of the biblical priesthoods and the offices of patriarchs and prophets, as well as of the twelve apostles and the seventy. (No need to note for the knowing reader that restorationism extended to the renewal of the original Christian church, as well as of ancient Israel.)

More important than these ecclesiastical institutions and offices is the intense identification of the early generations of Mormons with the quest and hope of ancient Israel. The Saints saw themselves as also arising out of the wilderness and journeying to the promised land, persisting in their quest despite daunting catastrophes and the fierce enmity of other peoples. Zion, the New Jerusalem, the Holy City, was their ultimate goal, a real city in a real land, a special place for a special people. So not only was there to be a millennial return of original Judaite Jews to Palestine and Jerusalem, but also an ingathering of latter-day members of the House of Israel to a center in America. This shift from a place in West Asia to a place in North America signaled the necessity for Mormons to reinterpret the Israelite paradigm. The traditional Jewish emphasis on a holy land and a holy city was to be emulated, but it was directed to a quite different locale.

This holy place had to be somewhere on the North American continent, but just where was uncertain, shifting from Kirtland, Ohio, to several other places, finally ending in the Great Basin area and Salt Lake City, though retaining Jackson County, Missouri, as the ideal and ultimate center. Thus Mormonism emulated Judaism's this-worldly, "materialistic" centering on a particular place, an especially holy territory on this earth, though redirecting it to an American locale. Mormons accepted and emulated Israelite traditions, customs, and hopes; but they also reinterpreted them to fit their own place and time. As Davies says, they "Americanized" the ancient territorial emphasis and

even internationalized and "spiritualized" it as they spread out to world-wide missions, so that now Zion may be said to be located "in the heart" rather than in some geographical locale.

Here we may ask another pesky question. Does "reinterpretation" really imply supersession, as does "fulfillment" in Davies' analysis of first-century Christian attitudes towards Judaism? Like many other Christian movements, Mormonism had both to acknowledge its archaic origin in biblical Israel and at the same time announce its supersession, even if that be interpreted irenically as "fulfillment" or "completion." As a potential universal religion, open to all human beings, Mormonism paradoxically had to distance itself from the people and religion of Israel while at the same time identifying with it and emulating its institutions and customs. Going beyond Christianity, Mormonism parallels Islam, where a founder-prophet announced a new, final, and full revelation for all humankind, and Judaism, along with Christianity, was assigned a respected but minor role as a People of the Book. Doctrinally and effectually Judaism and Christianity were superseded by the Islamic socioreligious community.

The relevant question for us now is not whether there is supersession in Mormon scriptures and doctrines—I have shown that it is there. A new, unique dispensation is proclaimed, effectively leaving all former dispensations behind in the history of salvation. The Old Law has been superseded by the New Gospel, to which all Jews will be converted in the millennial age. The relevant question for us here and now in late-twentieth century America is whether the verses cited in Mormon scriptures denigrating the Jews have affected the attitudes of present-day Mormons.

So far, the testimonies I have seen, written or oral and necessarily anecdotal, have been almost entirely from Jews who have lived and worked in the Great Basin area. They unanimously commend Mormon tolerance, a witness to philo-Semitism if not philo-Judaism. Is Judaism regarded as a respected forerunner, on a lesser subordinate level, as in Islam and many Christian faiths, or as a contemporary fellow-traveler in the history of religions, still very much alive and creative, even a present-day exemplar? Perhaps oral interviews by persons skilled in the art of drawing out actual attitudes and beliefs, done on a fairly large scale, and concentrating on members of the LDS Church, may help to answer these questions, for which scriptural reading and interpretation, however deep and broad, cannot suffice.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Cain, Seymour. "Commemorating the Holocaust." *Midstream* 26 (April 1980): 23-25.

- Calvin, John. *Institutes of the Christian Religion*. 2 vols. Translated from Latin by Henry Beveridge. Grand Rapids, Mich.: William B. Eerdmans, 1957.
- Cooper, Rex Eugene. *Promises Made to the Fathers: Mormon Covenant Organization*. Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1990.
- Davies, W. D. *The Gospel and the Land: Early Christianity and Jewish Territorial Doctrine*. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1974.
- . "Israel, the Mormons and the Land." In *Reflections on Mormonism*, edited by Truman Madsen, 79–97. Provo: Religious Studies Center, Brigham Young University, 1978.
- Friedman, Thomas L. *From Beirut to Jerusalem*. New York: Anchor Books/Doubleday, 1990.
- Glanz, Rudolf. *Jew and Mormon: Historic Group Relations and Religious Outlook*. New York: Published with the help of the Lucius N. Littauer Foundation, 1963.
- HC. Joseph Smith, Jr. *History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*. Edited by B. H. Roberts. 7 vols. Rev. ed. Salt Lake City: Deseret News, 1948.
- JD. *Journal of Discourses*. 26 vols. Liverpool: F. D. Richards, 1856. Rprt. ed. Salt Lake City: Photo Lithographic Reprint, 1966.
- Kellner, Menachem. "What Is a Jew? From Abraham to Moses." In *Maimonides on Judaism and the Jewish People*. Albany: SUNY University Press, 1991.
- Ludlow, Daniel H. "Of the House of Israel." *Ensign* 21 (January 1991): 51–55.
- McMurrin, Sterling M. Letter to Seymour Cain, 13 November 1991. Copy in possession of the author.
- Roberts, B. H. *The Autobiography of B. H. Roberts*. Edited by Gary James Bergera; foreword by Sterling M. McMurrin. Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1990.
- Santayana, George. *The Last Puritan: A Memoir in the Form of a Novel*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1935.
- Shipps, Jan. "Making Saints in the Early Days and the Later Days." Typescript of revised version of paper presented at the plenary session of the Society for the Scientific Study of Religion, Salt Lake City, 27 October 1989. Copy in possession of the author.
- Joseph Smith, Jr. *Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*. Selected and arranged by Joseph Fielding Smith. Seventh Printing. Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1951.
- Talmage, James E. *A Study of the Articles of Faith*. Salt Lake City: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Forty-Second Edition, 1987.
- Wilson, Edmund. *A Piece of My Mind: Reflections at Sixty*. New York: Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, 1956.

Hands

Philip White

In the chapel,
In the straightbacked
Ache of the pew,
We held them—lap toys
Tendered at arm's length
To keep us quiet,
To weigh in our hands
Like stones and turn
Over, to conjure up
Hornblende and pyrite,
The inscrutable surface,
Dark bloodvein, fissure . . .
And again in sickness
We held them, in the fever
Of bedsheets, the drugged
Nightmare. These
Were the only times.

Whispered out of sleep
Early, we stood there.
Between the poised finger and thumb
We could imagine
The mechanical pencil,
In our heads the world's last wonder,
And over the slack wrist,
The watch with the seven hands . . .

Lost treasurer of flasks and lozenge tins,
We find you in the jarred pencil drawer,
In hung shirts, breastpockets filled with nails,
In axe-helve and trowel, the curled glove,
In bedsheets each night, the hand
We give back to wristbone, stilled blood . . .

AIDS: The Twentieth-Century Leprosy

Steven J. Sainsbury

TYPICALLY, WHEN AN INDIVIDUAL CONTRACTS A DISEASE, friends and relatives rally to provide needed support. Even terminal illnesses, though reminders of our own mortality, elicit comfort and sympathy. Friends and family form support groups, dispense selfless care, and with empathy nurture and sustain the disabled and the dying. Most of us would find it reprehensible to criticize or ostracize these suffering individuals.

Now, contrast these images with the vilification often directed at those diagnosed with Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome (AIDS). If the victim happens to be a Latter-day Saint and is gay or an intravenous drug user, Church members often harbor such feelings as “they asked for it,” or “AIDS is God’s punishment for their sins.” Though not always verbalized, these unnecessarily cruel and divisive attitudes are surprisingly common.

I work as an emergency medicine physician and treat AIDS patients as they, too often in complete isolation, suffer the painful and fatal complications of their disease. To me these deaths seem no less tragic, no more justifiable than any other. Some of these patients are LDS. One such LDS patient’s ties to the Church were extremely tenuous, not entirely of his own choice, and in some aspects had been severed. When I phoned members of his ward (with his permission) to arrange for some supportive care, the response was less than enthusiastic.

This type of response is not unusual. Despite the relatively few numbers of infected health care professionals, AIDS continues to inspire

STEVEN J. SAINSBURY lives with his wife and six children in San Luis Obispo, California, where he serves as bishop of the San Luis Obispo First Ward, practices emergency medicine, and plays basketball. Most of his specialty training was in the inner city, where he encountered active AIDS on a daily basis.

unwarranted fear and revulsion ("AIDS" 1991). My experience working with the young LDS man prompted my analogy of AIDS sufferers as modern-day lepers.

AIDS has joined the select group of diseases that not only cause physical deterioration and death but also stigmatize the afflicted as "outcast" or "unclean." Ostracized by and alienated from strangers, friends, and even families, these patients often experience psycho-social suffering that equals, and sometimes surpasses, their physical pain. Susan Sontag, in her essays "Illness as Metaphor" and "AIDS and Its Metaphors," describes two diseases, cancer and tuberculosis, which are encumbered by these "trappings of metaphor" (1989). She examines the historical fantasies inspired by each illness: ruthless invaders consuming the body. (Note the term "consumption" for tuberculosis.) Elevated beyond the status of a common disease, cancer and tuberculosis became synonymous with death. They also assumed a role as "punishers"—comprehensive, all-encompassing illnesses sent as a rebuke for unnamed transgressions. Surrounded by metaphorical interpretation and myth, tuberculosis and cancer transcended beyond mere illnesses to become symbolic of a polluted soul.

Now consider leprosy. Leprosy, or Hansen's disease as it is now called, has plagued humans throughout history. Up to twenty million people, most of whom live in tropical climates, currently suffer from the disease. Caused by bacteria similar to the one resulting in tuberculosis, leprosy is a relentlessly degenerative disease that initially attacks the cooler regions of the body, such as the face and extremities, eventually spreading to the nerves and soft tissues. Although it does not directly or immediately kill, it leaves the patient maimed or disfigured. Since 1940 leprosy has been treatable with dapsone, a sulfa antibiotic that arrests and often completely eradicates the malady (Cohn 1989, 25–27). Thus we are now able to control leprosy's spread, and we fully understand its unique symptoms.

This was not always the case. For example, Old Testament writers undoubtedly used the term "leprosy" to refer to a variety of symptomatically similar illnesses. Biblical scholar James Hastings, who authored a dictionary of the Bible at the turn of the century, describes leprosy as "a genus of diseases" and suggests that biblical peoples diagnosed almost any rash or skin affliction as leprosy. Only with the advent of modern bacteriology and epidemiology were scientists and physicians able to distinguish skin problems such as psoriasis or eczema from true Hansen's disease. In fact, people applied the term "leprosy" to clothing or walls if they contained patches of mildew or other fungal growths. The Persians even went so far as to destroy all white pigeons, believing them to be leprosy (Hastings 1902, 95–98).

No other disease dominates the scriptural record as does leprosy. Compare its incidence (eighty-one verses) with that of blindness (102 verses, the vast majority of which refer to spiritual blindness), lameness (thirty-six verses), or palsy (fourteen verses). Despite the fact that many righteous biblical characters were lepers (namely Moses [Ex. 4:6-7], his sister Miriam [Num. 12:10], Naaman [2 Kgs. 5], and King Uzziah [2 Chr. 26: 19-21]), having leprosy implied, and continues to connote, evil and both spiritual and physical uncleanness. Lepers were not cured, they were cleansed.

This societal willingness to link individual behavior with the acquisition of a specific disease closely parallels our society's response to the AIDS phenomenon. Most people, for example, recognize the causal connection between smoking and lung cancer and yet rarely, if ever, condemn or reject the dying smoker on the basis of how he or she acquired the disease. On the other hand, AIDS patients, like the lepers of old, must often labor under the double burden of disease itself *and* societal ostracism. Perceiving, as it does, AIDS as a homosexual disease (and since homosexuality is a sin, God's punishment for homosexuality), society routinely marginalizes AIDS sufferers, thereby excusing itself from any responsibility towards them. Why? I would argue that these two diseases—leprosy and AIDS—share three unique properties which leave them open to this unwarranted social stigmatization.

COMMUNICABILITY

The communicability, or contagiousness, of both Hansen's disease and AIDS is essential to our understanding of the accusatory stereotyping and negative attitudes with which society approaches these diseases. Although the germ theory of disease was not understood until the eighteenth century, the Jews considered leprosy to be a contagious ailment and enacted proscriptions against contact with lepers in order to arrest its spread. AIDS is likewise known to be communicable.

But contrary to popular opinion, leprosy is not highly contagious; its contraction seems to require prolonged exposure. The incubation period (the time from initial contact until active symptoms appear) for leprosy is three to ten *years*. Doctors and nurses who treat lepers rarely catch it themselves. Adults involved in close, intimate relationship with lepers, familial or sexual, for instance, contract the disease only 5 to 10 percent of the time. Children, on the other hand, frequently develop mild manifestations of leprosy which often arrest themselves without any medical treatment (Cohn 1989, 25).

The communicability of AIDS is similar to that of leprosy. The development of full-blown AIDS also seems to require prolonged expo-

sure, despite some documented evidence of apparent exceptions. To contract the Human Immunodeficiency Virus (HIV—the AIDS precursor virus) individuals must exchange bodily fluids—generally blood or semen—with infected carriers. Thus, transmission is most likely to occur under very specific conditions: anal intercourse, the sharing of needles by intravenous drug users, and HIV-tainted blood transfusions. Even the recent revelation by Earvin “Magic” Johnson, all-star performer for the Los Angeles Lakers professional basketball team, who presumably acquired his HIV infection through heterosexual contact, does not alter the risk hierarchy of behaviors associated with HIV transmission. Singular participation in these activities, however, does not necessarily result in immediate infection with the virus.

According to *Consumer Reports*, the chance of becoming infected from a single act of sexual intercourse with an infected person is one in one hundred to five hundred. Anal intercourse, particularly for the receiving partner, increases this risk (“Questions” 1989). Many homosexual men, despite continued warning, continue to engage in high-risk sexual behaviors and remain AIDS-free. It would seem that the body’s own immune system naturally resists HIV infection. According to the Centers for Disease Control, of an estimated five million gay males in the United States, most of whom were practicing unprotected anal intercourse prior to and during the initial stages of the AIDS epidemic, about 500,000 to 750,000 are infected with HIV. This represents about 10 to 15 percent of the high-risk gay male population.¹

Furthermore, active AIDS often appears only years after actual HIV transmission. This long delay between infection and the development of symptoms (during which the carrier can continually transmit the disease) has heightened public hysteria toward AIDS.

As a physician, I am aware of many instances when my own body came in direct contact with the blood and secretions of AIDS patients. These contacts occurred several years before universal precautions against such contacts were instituted for health-care personnel. Such precautions, an established procedure of protecting health-care workers from direct contact with a patient’s bodily secretions, may include using gloves, mask, gowns, eye protection, booties, and in some cases, even respiratory apparatus. I now use such precautions and will con-

¹ This information comes from the CDC’s estimate of the total number of the people infected with the AIDS virus [800,000–1.3 million], and their estimate that 62 percent of U.S. AIDS cases involve gay or bisexual men who acquired the disease sexually. The information therefore comes from two sources: *US News and World Report* for the 800,000–1.3 million figure (Findlay 1990, 28), and *Consumer Reports* for the 62 percent number.

tinue to undergo HIV testing until I am reasonably certain that the incubation period has passed.

Even for the general population, every sexual partner becomes suspect. Moreover, society regards known HIV carriers, especially those who continue to practice unsafe sex, as virtual murderers. Some states have even enacted legislation that makes the knowing transmission of HIV a capital offense. Biblical peoples enacted similar social and religious taboos which severely restricted and proscribed acceptable contact with lepers.

AIDS, LEPROSY, AND ISOLATION

Twentieth-century ostracism of AIDS sufferers is not significantly different from the biblical isolation of those afflicted with leprosy. Once diagnosed and pronounced unclean, the leper was banished from the community. Male lepers were obliged to rend their clothing, and spiritual law required lepers of both sexes to cover their upper lips and warn passersby with the cry of "Unclean!" Although walled cities were forever off limits, leaders allowed unwalled communities to reserve special areas of the synagogue for the unclean. However, they had to enter prior to the rest of the congregation and leave after all the others had departed. Violation of these rules meant forty stripes (Hastings 1902, 97).

But seclusion was not enough. If a leper merely entered a home, he or she rendered the dwelling unclean. By lying under a tree, the leper defiled anyone passing beneath its shade. To contract leprosy meant a life of isolation from family and friends and targeted infected individuals as objects of scorn and ridicule.

The first biblical mention of leprosy is in connection with Moses who, according to Josephus (quoting Manetho), was driven from Egypt because of his leprosy. Manetho additionally suggests that Pharaoh permitted the Israelites to leave primarily because they carried the disease.

AIDS patients currently face similarly dismal prospects. Many businesses and government officials have enacted discriminatory policies designed specifically to withhold employment, housing, insurance, immigration, and recreational opportunities from AIDS sufferers ("Barring" 1989). Even nursing homes and hospitals have occasionally refused admission to AIDS-infected persons. In an effort to identify those who test positive for HIV, many states have introduced legislation requiring mandatory testing of high-risk individuals and groups. Some groups suggest the use of tatoos (or other visible forms of identification) as a means of identifying AIDS carriers to the noninfected

public. More radical anti-AIDS activists advocated the segregation, and even complete banishment, of AIDS patients from society. Such drastic proposals would likely result in prescribed modes of dress (to expose tatoos) and the creation of AIDS communities which would be similar to the ancient leper colonies. It only remains to require infected individuals to cover their faces and cry "Unclean!"²

On a more personal level, family members and friends often shun the AIDS patient, whether out of fear of catching the virus, ignorance, or simply because they feel emotionally uncomfortable in the person's presence. They avoid embraces, kisses, or any other physical contact with the sufferer, effectively denying their loved ones the very closeness they so desperately need. Furthermore, I have observed medical professionals, those who intellectually know better, hesitate to touch even the clothing or other personal effects of AIDS patients, despite the minimal risk of contracting the deadly disease. When afflicted individuals see this behavior in those ethically committed to their care, their sense of emotional abandonment becomes even more acute, leading some to withdraw and others to depression and possibly similar psychological and emotional distress.

AIDS AND LEPROSY AS CONSEQUENCES OF SIN

The Bible does not specifically identify leprosy as a sin. Neither does it suggest that the disease is always a consequence of sinful acts. In several instances, however, biblical scribes seem to link the two. For example, writers consistently refer to lepers as "defiled," a description which syntactically connects leprosy with sin. This linkage is further supported by the statutory requirement that lepers identify themselves to the public as "unclean." The Israelite may have understandably reached this conclusion after witnessing the rather sudden afflictions of Miriam, Gehazi, and Uzziah, whose leprosy was indeed the consequence of divine judgment. Yet the scriptural record mentions many other lepers, such as Naaman, from the Old Testament, and the ten lepers who approached Christ for healing, who are not connected with

² The current controversy surrounding doctors and other health-care workers and their likelihood of transmitting AIDS illustrates the hysteria surrounding this disease. The Centers for Disease Control estimate that the possibility of contracting AIDS from an infected health professional is one in 100,000, and one in one million operations. (The question of how several patients of one infected Florida dentist acquired the virus remains a mystery.) A patient runs a greater risk of being killed driving to a medical appointment than of catching AIDS from a nurse or doctor. Despite this relatively low incidence of infection, there is a strong public outcry to test all health-care professionals for HIV (Cowley 1991; Breo 1990; Elden 1991).

the same leprosy-punishment assertions. Given these biblical inconsistencies, then, it would seem that the causal connection between sin and leprosy is at best sinner-specific and at worst arbitrary and tenuous.

One might wonder why society continues to regard leprosy as evil when other afflictions have been similarly linked with sinful behavior. For example, Saul's blinding on the road to Damascus (Acts 9) and Zachariah's deafness and muteness (Luke 1) were both direct results of their willful disobedience. Or consider the episode found in the gospel of John, wherein a man, blind from birth, is brought before Christ by his disciples. Through their inquiry ("Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" John 9:2), they imply that many diseases were the consequence of divine retribution. Ironically, Christ's response: "Neither hath this man sinned nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him," does not directly refute this supposition. Although the scriptures link these afflictions with sinful acts, they have not retained the aura of evil that surrounds leprosy. Why this is so remains a mystery.³

The Bible likewise defines the cure for leprosy in sin-related terms, reinforcing the punishment-leprosy connection. Moses, writing in Leviticus, refers to the treatment as cleansing and mandates an elaborate set of procedures which must be followed before the priests could pronounce the leper clean. The ritual required two living, unblemished birds. The priest then killed the first bird and sprinkled its blood over the leper seven times. (Some have theorized this to be the "blood of life," symbolizing the infusion of new life into one who has been dead.) The living bird was set free, the symbol of release from evil. The leper's clothes must then be washed, the head shaved, and then the leper remained outdoors for seven days. Finally, the leper had to present a complex animal offering to the priests at the temple. No other biblical malady required such intricate procedures to effect a cure (Lev. 13-14).

Like their ancient counterparts, modern societies often associate the contraction of AIDS with the violation of traditional Judeo-Christian principles, specifically scriptural proscriptions against homosexuality. Indeed, the majority of Americans accept the premise that AIDS infection is primarily the consequence of anal (read homosexual) inter-

³ The connection between sin and leprosy was not confined to the children of Israel. According to Herodotus, the Persians believed that leprosy was the result of some personal offense against the sun; every stranger afflicted with the disease was driven out of the land (Hastings 1902).

course.⁴ However, HIV transmission also occurs between other, nonhomosexual individuals. Consider the following:

Intravenous drug abusers—The sharing of needles, with its consequent blood transference, has caused a dramatic rise in the number of AIDS cases reported among intravenous drug users in the inner cities. In New York City, for example, the incidence of AIDS cases among IV drug users rivals that of homosexual men (“Mortality” 1991, 840).

Heterosexuals—AIDS transmission requires direct contact between the blood and/or bodily secretions (semen, saliva) of infected persons and those of their noninfected partners. Small anal, oral, or vaginal tears may provide the virus the necessary access into the recipient’s circulatory system. Consequently, even those engaging in so-called “normal” sexual practices run the risk of HIV infection, particularly if they have sex with a large number of partners. The increased incidence of AIDS infection in the heterosexual population (especially among women and children) now represents the area of greatest HIV growth.

A percentage of the population once considered “safe” (after all, AIDS was supposedly a gay male’s disease) is now at increased risk for AIDS, and this enlarging risk is occurring despite the use of condoms and other imperfect barriers to the AIDS virus. Thus, Magic Johnson’s original message, “I should have worn condoms,” has evolved to “I should have had fewer sex partners.” The double standard surrounding heterosexual versus homosexual sex and the acquisition of AIDS is disappearing along with the myth that AIDS “is God’s way of punishing homosexuals.”⁵

Children of AIDS-infected mothers—The AIDS virus can cross the placenta and infect a growing fetus. As a result, babies born to HIV-positive mothers stand a very good chance of contracting the virus. In fact, 30 to 40 percent of children born to infected women will eventually test HIV positive (Cowley 1991).

Transfusion recipients—Only recently have researchers been able to perfect screening procedures that correctly identify AIDS-infected blood.

⁴ The number of new AIDS cases in the United States in 1989 totaled 19,731. Of these, 66 percent involved gay or bisexual men, 27 percent were IV drug users, 5 percent were heterosexuals, and 2 percent were newborns (Centers for Disease Control).

⁵ The east African country of Uganda has perhaps the highest national incidence of AIDS worldwide. In some communities, 10 to 30 percent of the population is infected. Several factors are believed to be responsible, including the customs of multiple heterosexual partners for married males and the use of anal intercourse as a means of birth control (Goodgame 1990, 303; Parlez 1991, P2[N]).

Prior to the development of this process, many hospital patients (those requiring blood or blood-product transfusions) inadvertently received contaminated blood. How can we forget, for example, the images of emaciated Romanian AIDS babies who were infected through tainted transfusions? Taking into consideration human error and the incubation period for AIDS, which is at least five years (some estimate as high as ten), we can expect a substantial increase in the number of reported cases as the dormant HIV virus matures into full-blown AIDS.

Miscellaneous sources—Several cases of AIDS transmission have been documented among health-care workers. Some were accidentally pricked with AIDS-tainted needles during routine medical procedures. Infected blood has occasionally splashed into the worker's eyes or into minor skin abrasions, resulting in HIV contamination. Thus, the number of infected health-care professionals will undoubtedly continue to rise.

Medical practices in poorer or impoverished nations likewise contribute to the spread of AIDS. In Eastern Europe and Africa, for example, the scarcity of medical supplies often necessitates the repeated reuse of syringes and needles. Experts point to this as the major cause of the inordinately high incidence of AIDS among African children.

Despite the many cases of AIDS that do not result from either sinful or socially unacceptable behavior, AIDS (and those infected with the disease) continues to carry with it an incredibly negative cultural stigma. However, the stereotypical vilification is problematic. What about homosexuals and IV drug abusers who do not contract AIDS? Are their sins less severe than those who do? If AIDS is, in fact, divine retribution for disobedience, why would God punish one group of individuals and not another?

Moreover, what about promiscuous heterosexuals? Are they less guilty of sexual transgression than homosexuals? What about drug addicts who do not use intravenous drugs as part of their habits—alcoholics, marijuana smokers, LSD users, or those addicted to nasal cocaine? Although they will never contract AIDS as a result of their addiction, are their sins any less damning in God's eyes? Society should at least attempt to confront these contradictions before it callously marginalizes AIDS sufferers.

Leprosy and AIDS are among the few (if not the only) diseases in which society holds the afflicted personally and pejoratively culpable for their suffering. These harsh judgments betray a certain smugness, a "they got what they deserve" attitude that defies common sense and Christian charity. In the case of AIDS, there is undoubtedly a link between high-risk behavior and actual infection with the disease. Yet unlike smokers who contract lung cancer and emphysema, or drinkers

who develop cirrhosis and liver cancer, AIDS sufferers must frequently assume the blame for their disease, blame that causes emotional suffering equal to or greater than the physical pain of the disease itself. To be a leper in Israel or an AIDS patient in Zion merits a condemnation and ostracism that is as reprehensible and harsh as it is, for followers of Christ, inexcusable.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- "Barring Aliens with AIDS." *Time*, 5 May 1989, 27.
- Breo, Dennis. "The Slippery Slope: Handling HIV-Infected Health-Care Workers." *Journal of the American Medical Association* 204 (Sept. 1990): 1404.
- Cohn, Jeffery. "Leprosy, Out of the Dark Ages." *EDA Consumer* 23 (September 1989): 25-27.
- Cowley, Geoffrey. "AIDS." *Newsweek*, 25 June 1991, 20-27.
- . "A Ruling on Doctors with AIDS: Is Full Disclosure Really Necessary?" *Newsweek*, 10 September 1990, 84.
- Elden, Janet. "Many Favor Wider Testing for AIDS." *New York Times*, 10 May 1991, Sec. 1: 13, 21.
- Findlay, Steven. "The Worsening Spread of the AIDS Crises," *U.S. News and World Report*, 29 January 1990, 28.
- Goodgame, Richard. "AIDS in Uganda." *New England Journal of Medicine* 323 (August 1990): 303.
- Hastings, James. *Dictionary of the Bible*. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1902.
- "Mortality Attributable to HIV Infection/AIDS." *Journal of the American Medical Association* 205 (February 1991): 840-41.
- Perlez, Jan. "Ugandan Wife Confronts a Custom to Avoid AIDS." *New York Times*, 2 March 1991, 2A.
- "Questions About AIDS." *Consumer Reports* 54 (March 1989): 142.
- Sontag, Susan. *Illness as Metaphor and AIDS and Its Metaphors*. New York: Doubleday, 1989.

A Closer Focus: Challenges in Doing Local History

Fayone B. Willes

THE SWEEP OF WIDE-ANGLE MORMON HISTORY is impressive, offering a comprehensive panorama of the Church's worldwide workings, progress, and achievements. But to see Mormon history only through this wide-angle lens is to miss the rich and productive study of local history. Local history—and by that I mean the stories of LDS congregations and communities or areas where Mormonism has grown—carefully researched and written is, I believe, a largely untapped reservoir of historical richness.

Viewing history through a close-up lens means bringing a detail, representative example, or unusual phenomenon to the foreground, while temporarily subordinating the larger, wide-angle history. Seen close up, local Mormon history provides sharply focused examples of how Mormon beliefs have been interpreted and how institutional directives and practices have been implemented in a given congregation and in the collective lives of its members. A closer focus shows the subtle and unique impact of Mormonism on individuals, families, and institutional units as they functioned within the larger constraints of their often non-Mormon communities.

This sharper historical focus, however, should not be confused with “narrow” history. The organizational Church, with its Salt Lake hub, is the common denominator. The way its programs are implemented by different local families and leaders can be specifically pinpointed and roundly explored. Placed within the context of the larger Church, such studies can assume all the scope of the wider view. Patterns, rich-

FAYONE B. WILLES, of Wayzata, Minnesota, is an amateur historian, homemaker, and author of Minnesota Mormons (1990). An earlier draft of this essay was presented at the Mormon History Association annual meeting at Claremont, California, May 1991.

ness of diversity, and the texture of general history glimpsed through the wide-angle lens begin to emerge more clearly in local studies. Local history, said one author, "reveals how things really happen; how things act and react, how the wheels and gears of history mesh and cog with one another" (Lord 1950, 135).

A closer focus yields another benefit. Local history inevitably deals with details in the lives of heretofore unknown individuals acting for themselves as well as collectively. By definition it resists dehumanization. Its sharp, specific details claim an immediacy and intimacy. It celebrates the individual. All general histories were once local histories. To the extent that they remain rooted in the truths of human experience, they still are. Local history brings us face to face with ordinary people who worked and struggled, believed and doubted, hoped and feared, sometimes failed, and often quietly achieved heroic goals. Local history can also have an unmatched poignancy springing from our common humanity. For these reasons, I believe, local history brings with it a special dimension of reality: instead of being lost to sight, the common person is acknowledged and celebrated as a doer and a mover. "The pivot of history," said historian Theodore Blegen, "is not the uncommon, but the usual, and the true makers of history are 'the people'" (in Jarchow 1965, 266).

In the winter of 1987, prompted by an increasing sense of urgency that the story of Mormonism in Minnesota be written, the Minneapolis Stake president called me to write the history of the stake. I had been a self-appointed agitator for such a project, although I never anticipated becoming the author. Because the Minneapolis Stake was the first stake organized in Minnesota, this history was necessarily the story of the LDS Church in the state, covering 150 years of various activities beginning with Nauvoo-era lumbering on the Black River and gradually narrowing in scope and focus after the stake was organized in 1960.

Writing this local history convinced me of several important, even critical, reasons for preserving local history. First was the challenge and adventure of finding sources. There were no local, neatly shelved, or catalogued library or archives to mine. The Church Historical Department had a twenty-year manuscript history of the stake and an eighty-year manuscript history of the two missions which had included Minnesota within their bounds. These were invaluable but only a beginning. The challenge was to locate and search historical sources that had never before been identified and to organize this information in such a way that it could be accessed and examined systematically. To become a sleuth, librarian, and archivist was labor intensive and time consuming but also an exciting adventure. Closets, filing cabinets,

garages, and attics in members' homes proved to be major resources full of surprises. One day a car pulled up to a local chapel, and the driver handed the wondering custodian a box of valuable historical records and scrapbooks, explaining that it had belonged to a deceased aunt who had been a "secretary in the Church." The nonmember family had no interest in the papers now but thoughtfully returned them "in case someone might be interested." Gradually a mass of fact was accumulated which had to be synthesized into a new, untold, and coherent story.

Of all the sources, the personal interviews with almost thirty past and present stake members were most rewarding. Many had been, or were, stake and ward leaders; others were counted among the faithful. Here was intense, personal interaction with history makers. My perspective broadened as I recorded their experiences, trying to see through their eyes, and pieced information and opinions into some kind of uniform whole. Their individual stories were microcosms of the Mormon experience, a marvelous reflection of how the Church affects individuals, works in their lives, and guides them through difficulties.

One particularly moving experience occurred when I drove to Rochester to interview a member suffering from atherio-lateral sclerosis (Lou Gherig's disease). Once a distinguished physician at the Mayo Clinic (as his father and grandfather had been before him), he had been forced into an early retirement. His future held nothing but continued deterioration. With great effort because of his damaged vocal chords, he shared the story of his conversion to Mormonism in the 1950s, when two missionaries knocked on his door. He recounted struggles as a branch president and high councilor to balance church service with a demanding medical career, efforts that bore fruit and others that failed. He spoke of the continuing blessing that the gospel was in his family's life and bore his unshakable testimony in a memorable way as I was leaving. "Brother Anderson," I said as I gave him a goodbye hug, "I am so sorry to see you in this condition." His response sums up the power of Mormonism to change hearts and lives and give strength to endure: "Now Sister Willes, I don't want you to feel sorry for me." He wagged his finger in my direction. "I'm in graduate school—graduate school for godhood." His life story, repeated thousands and even millions of times, is the history of Mormonism.

By the time *Minnesota Mormons* was published two years later, five people whom I had interviewed, including Mark Anderson, were dead. Several had shared important information unobtainable elsewhere. I count getting to them in time among the accomplishments of my research.

The second important aspect of doing local history is the singular challenge of interpreting sources. Accuracy and integrity of interpretation are important for any historian, but particularly so for local historians, whose written errors or omissions may often go unexposed by knowledgeable critical review. This is even truer of the local amateur historian than of the professional academician. I realized this when I was introduced recently as “the only person who knows Minnesota LDS history.” I had never thought of myself as being *any* authority, let alone *the* authority. I wasn’t a big fish in a little pond; I was the *only* fish in a little pond. Because a local history may stand as the only history ever to be written, it will probably never be contradicted or corrected in print. “Attention to detail” takes on a whole new meaning. Meticulous, scrupulous, and exhaustive digging and reporting are absolutely essential to the local historian.

In 1978 the Rochester Minnesota Stake, with barely enough members for stakehood, was created from units spread all over southern Minnesota. The rumor was—and I heard it at least four times from unrelated sources—that the mission president, Douglas Callister, had persuaded his grandfather, Apostle LeGrand Richards, then visiting in Minnesota, to organize a stake on the spur of the moment. Knowing something of the procedures of the Church made me wary, and I dug deeper, finally succeeded in interviewing President Callister, and learned that the strong impetus toward forming the Rochester stake actually came from another—nonfamily—member of the missionary committee who felt the time was right and shepherded the proposal through.

Accurate interpretation of sources demands respect for the whole truth. This means not just avoiding inaccuracies, myths, or hearsay, but telling a story as completely and candidly as possible. It involves an ethical commitment to historical honesty, courage to defend the right to tell the whole truth, a willingness to spend time and energy unearthing as many sources as possible, and an acute judgement in evaluating—probably for the first time—those sources.

For example, the story of the building of the Minneapolis Stake center in the early 1960s is, I think, a delightfully humorous sequence of adjustments and accommodations between the desires of Minneapolis LDS leadership, needs of the local congregations, constraints of the Minnesota climate, and the policies of the Church Building Department imposed from a two thousand-mile distance. When it came to selecting the building site, deciding to include a basement in the building, disagreeing over whether the structure would be air-conditioned, and choosing the dimensions of the Relief Society room, local leaders and the building department were not in complete agreement. The

rich, local oral traditions surrounding these incidents were the first stories shared with my husband and me when we moved to Minnesota fourteen years ago and first whetted my appetite for local history. They were told neither as victories over Salt Lake nor as claims for ecclesiastic superiority, but rather as endorsements of faith in the local leadership and confidence that we had—in Minneapolis—common sense, seasoned leaders, and relevant knowledge to know what was best for ourselves—at least when it came to building buildings.

Let me share just one of those experiences—the decision to air-condition the stake center. At that time Salt Lake guidelines used the year-round mean temperature of an area to determine qualifications for air conditioning. Minnesota summers are very hot and humid with a mean temperature well above that stipulated by Salt Lake; winters, however, are very cold and longer than summers, appreciably reducing the yearly mean. Local leaders, knowing beyond question that air conditioning was desirable, had the duct work installed while they waited for approval for the air conditioning, which never came. At least not until the first stake conference in the new building, when S. Dilworth Young was the visiting General Authority. Temperatures were hovering in the high nineties when the Saints gathered for the Saturday night conference session in August, and the humidity was nearly as high. All the opened windows and doors couldn't catch even a hint of breeze. Since no screens had been provided for the windows, Minnesota's "state birds" (mosquitoes) flew freely through the congregation. Despite their pride in the newly completed structure, the Saints had to agree with Elder Young who, visibly wilted, stood at the pulpit, mopped perspiration from his brow, and called the stake center a "hot and steamy mausoleum" of a building.

Afterward stake president Sherman Russell explained to him that permission to install air conditioning had not been forthcoming. Elder Young told him to resubmit the request immediately; two weeks later, permission arrived. President Russell later thanked Elder Young for his assistance and asked him what had happened. "Oh," said Elder Young, "I just called up Brother So-and-So of the Building Department and told him he was a damn fool."

As I circulated the manuscript before publication, however, this chapter bothered some readers. One thought I should cut the entire chapter because "it might generate bad local publicity for the Church." Another was convinced that it would cause the authorities in Salt Lake to "think less of the Minnesota Saints" should they be reminded of our "shortcomings." Another said that any exposed "differences of opinion" would undermine the "united front" Mormons like to present to the world. In the end, the chapter stayed in the book with majority

approval, written as fairly to both sides as I could make it, because it was what really happened—to the best of my ability to understand and tell the story.

Even through the close-up lens, myths persist and sometimes take on lives of their own. A commitment to the whole truth means unraveling these myths, if necessary, even to the disappointment of some. Among the myths I encountered one turned out to be true.

It had to do with the dimensions of the Relief Society room during construction of the stake center. I had heard the oft-repeated story of the faithful bishop who, realizing that the blueprint dimensions of the room were hopelessly small, surreptitiously slipped over to the building site the night before the footings were scheduled to be dug and, by the light of the moon, pulled up the stakes and moved them, adding about ten feet to the length of the Relief Society room. Everyone said he was only being obedient to the injunction to enlarge Zion's stakes.

Fortunately, the bishop, who was still living in the stake, agreed to be interviewed. His account was practically verbatim to what I had already heard. The only small difference was that he didn't purposely use the cover of night to hide his deeds. He said he was always over at the site at night because his full-time employment kept him busy during the day and the night was the only time he could check on the progress of the building. "And I don't remember if there was a full moon," he added with a wink, "but it makes a pretty good story." When I asked him if he was concerned that I use the story or identify him, he said with a grin "I'm *hoping* you will."

The third important aspect of doing local history is the necessity to mesh the close-up view—the "micro" history that is being written—with the wide-angle or "macro" view, the big picture. This is essentially the process of enlarging the descriptive content of the local story by finding parallel or similar examples elsewhere for comparison and fitting the local experience, both time and dimension, into the big picture of the Church, community, and state.

It helped me to understand that every family, branch, ward, and stake is simply the Church in miniature. Local Church units not only reflect doctrine and programs emanating from Salt Lake, but (because of the strong centralized authority of the Church), they duplicate them locally as nearly as possible. But local translations are not merely clones. They are innovations on a theme, important not only for the melody which is their foundation, but for the flourishes that make them unique. The subtle variations, quirks, lags, experiences, individuals, settings, and circumstances that make Mormon life unique to an area give depth and clarity and reveal much about the people there. In this way, local histories transcend one small sphere. Seen within the bounds of a

larger background, they become a harmonious and instructive detail worthy of attention not only by themselves, but as part of the greater whole.

For example, baptism is an ordinance experienced universally by members of the Church. Before 1914, however, when there was no baptismal font, many local baptisms were performed year-round in rivers and lakes. In many parts of the world ice has been broken to perform a baptism, but when one realizes that in Minnesota natural water is very cold for nine months of the year, frozen for six months, and the ice so thick that cars regularly drive on it for four months, the fact of year-round baptism takes on a poignant element. It also helps one to understand the local members' joy when a wooden font was finally constructed in the basement of the first chapel owned by the Church in Minnesota. For ten years it was the only font in the state, and converts traveled many hours to be baptized indoors. The inadequate water heater, requiring members to spend five hours before each baptism heating large kettles of water on the kitchen stove so ordinances could be performed in relative comfort, was only a minor inconvenience.

Local stories can also provide color and humor. Once two elders baptizing ten new converts in a small Minnesota lake were surprised when the whole town turned out to observe. They later learned that the townspeople were checking out a rumor that water was being brought all the way from Salt Lake for the baptism. The elders soon assured them that, as they put it, "the water of Minnesota is just as good as any other."

Another consideration for writers of local Mormon history is to remember that by definition Mormonism is a religion, a spiritual odyssey, a quest toward eternal truths. Religion enables people to enlarge their individual and collective capacities. When this spiritual energy is directed toward positive goals, it often becomes dramatic and truly heroic. Writing a history of Mormonism means recognizing and acknowledging this energizing spirit, not to glorify or idealize individuals or their cause, but to understand the impulses that move people to act above and beyond themselves. Local historians should, I believe, approach projects with unbiased sympathy, much as they would a room full of people that they wanted to know and understand better. Such a positive spiritual attitude gives historians greater empathy as they try to accurately reconstruct a religious past and allows that same spirit in turn to aid, enlarge, and inspire their work.

Surely this was my experience. The labor on the stake history brought its own special spirit. On numerous occasions, I experienced the clear sensation of being led virtually by the hand—of knowing

whom I should talk to next or whom I should ask for advice. Often information came my way that I didn't even know I needed until I began to evaluate it more closely. Previously unknown people almost miraculously crossed my path and helped fit more pieces of the historical puzzle. I gratefully and humbly acknowledge this guidance. Just as the Spirit moved the Minnesota pioneers to action and achievement, so it in turn helped me as I tried to understand exactly what they did and how they did it.

Most men and women will not make a remarkable contribution to Mormon history. Seen through the wide-angle lens, their names will never be even a footnote to that history. But that does not mean that what they do is unimportant or inconsequential. "What each individual does may frequently seem insignificant," wrote historian Clifford Lord, "but what thousands of insignificant individuals do is vitally important" (in Jarchow 1965, 266). Individual members of the Church may instead be doers and movers on the more proscribed local stage seen through a close-up lens. They cannot augment or diminish the struggles of those who have created their Mormon heritage, but they can preserve that heritage and pass it on, not just as they received it, but enhanced by their own efforts, talents, strengths, and faith. When we reaffirm, through local history, the importance of these individual efforts, we build and nurture a sense of identity and purpose, of continuity and community. We see sharply the spread and influence of the gospel rolling forth as it is played out in the lives of people—just like those next door.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Lord, Clifford L. "The Significance of State and Local History." *Missouri Historical Review* 44 (January 1950): 133–36.
- Jarchow, Merrill E. "Exploring Local History: An Experience of 'Adventure, Anxiety, Exertion, and Success.'" *Minnesota History* 39 (Fall 1954): 265–71.

Woman Bathing

Marilyn Bushman-Carlton

*And if a woman have an issue . . . [of blood], she shall be put apart seven days;
and whosoever toucheth her shall be unclean. . . .*

Leviticus 15:19

She performs the persistent ritual of cleansing,
the splashing of water
upon her scarlet apple flesh
sullied with blood
to expunge the sins the fathers shout.

But can she wash away the distorted reflection,
the accusing leather-bound memorabilia,
she sees in the water you lend,
the rancid water pooled in stained basins
colored with jaundiced eye?

Authority

Protected
in the womb
of your mighty power
I remain.

My dependence
feeds you.

MARILYN BUSHMAN-CARLTON received a B.A. in English from the University of Utah in 1989. She lives in Salt Lake City with her husband and five children.

Becoming Mormon: The Elkton Branch, 1976–81

Susan B. Taber

ON THE SECOND SUNDAY OF DECEMBER 1976, Cloyd Mullins and his two sons, Lynne Whitney and her four children, Bill and Ellen Lilley and their two small children, a pair of missionaries, and Karl Tippets of the New Castle (Delaware) Ward bishopric held sacrament meeting in Cloyd Mullins' living room in Elkton, Maryland. They sang hymns accompanied by a recording of LDS hymns, and the missionaries spoke. "One could not help but think of that first meeting 6 April 1830, when the Church was organized and six members were present," said Lynne Whitney. "We were grateful that the many miles traveled every week to and from the New Castle Ward would be lessened. It was fitting that the first sacrament meeting be held in Ann Mullins' home. She had been a faithful member for many years. Though she died a few months before that day, it was said in more than one talk that this meeting was a fulfillment of her hopes, and her spiritual presence was felt." This scene is typical of many that take place each month in Latter-day Saint homes throughout the world. While LDS publications describe growth in millions, what is significant about that growth is the individuals who are part of it. These oral histories of the members of the Elkton, Maryland, branch typify the sacrifice and commitment that contribute to LDS expansion.

Between 1976 and 1981, the Elkton group became a dependent branch, an independent branch, and then a ward. Some converts were baptized, but most growth came as chunks of territory were transferred from the New Castle Ward to the Elkton Branch. Cloyd Mullins

SUSAN BUHLER TABER became a member of the Elkton Ward when she moved to Newark, Delaware, in 1982. A version of this essay will appear as a chapter of Mormon Lives: A Year in the Elkton Ward, to be published by the University of Illinois Press in 1993.

obtained an old piano from the Wilmington Ward and finished off his basement as a meeting place; but when the branch was organized in 1978, it needed a larger meeting place with classrooms. The branch rented Holly Hall, a pre-Civil War landmark in Elkton, for Sunday meetings, but weeknight meetings were held in homes or with the New Castle Ward twenty-five miles away. When Young Women, Relief Society, and Primary were added to the consolidated Sunday morning schedule in March 1980, the Elkton Branch, with ten new families recently added to its territory, was crowded indeed. The Young Women met in the kitchen, the Relief Society in a storage building. The men stood for priesthood meeting in an eight-by-ten foot room. The members prayed for good weather so that classes could be held outdoors. Then, while visiting his mother-in-law in the hospital, Cloyd Mullins heard that the Assembly of God congregation wanted to sell their church. The Wilmington Stake arranged to rent the building for a year and then to purchase it. The Elkton Branch began meeting there in November 1980, sharing the building for the first year with the Assembly of God congregation. Saints in Newark, Delaware, were added to the Elkton Branch in September 1981, and the Elkton Ward was formed. Cloyd Mullins was released as branch president, and Richard Bushman was called as bishop of the new ward.

Branch members had been proud of their accomplishments, including 90 percent visiting and home teaching during 1978. On 13 March 1979, thirteen members of the branch had made 1,902 fondant Easter eggs, earning \$2058, more than enough to pay the building expenses for the coming year. In May 1979, 75 percent of the branch turned out to plant the welfare garden. For the most part, the members of the Elkton Branch were recent converts to the Church. For them, creating and sustaining this small branch, which eventually covered four hundred square miles, paralleled the metamorphoses they felt in their own lives. Active members were forced by the smallness of the branch to be more involved than they would have been in the New Castle Ward.

In their own words, branch members offer insights into the workings of a small branch.

CLOYD MULLINS

Cloyd Mullins was the first branch president of the Elkton Branch.

We moved to Maryland probably in 1943, maybe '42. I was between six and eight years old. In Maryland, I guess everybody thought they died and went to heaven because we had central heat, we had running water, we had electricity, we cooked on gas. We didn't have to bring wood in at night; all we had to do was just mow a little lawn.

I met my wife, Ann Watson, at school. We started dating real serious in January, and we got married in July. She was seventeen, and I was nineteen. Three days after we came back from our honeymoon to the Eastern Shore, we went to Illinois and I got a job out there.

Chuckie was born the following year. About that time the elders from the Church came around during the day. When I came in from work, my wife said some gentlemen from a church had stopped by to see her and they were going to come back that evening. When they came we just sat around and talked a little bit. The next visit they taught us the first discussion. After the second discussion, I told them I wasn't interested in the church and didn't want to take any more discussions. They asked me if I minded if my wife continued on. I told them, "No. That was her freedom." So she took the lessons, and then she was baptized at the Great Lakes Naval Academy. She must have been nineteen. I went to her baptism. I didn't really want to go, but I thought a lot of her. I really loved her, and I never tried to keep her from doing things she wanted to do. I sat as far as I could in the back.

She couldn't drive at that time, so I would drive her to church. They had rented a little building right beside a park in Waukegan. I drove up in front of that little old shabby building, and there were five or six men and some women standing on the porch. I went on home and said to myself, "Boy she's got herself into some mess." When they started meeting in a town thirteen miles away from Waukegan, I used to drive her over there. It was too far for me to come back home so I would sit out in the parking lot and take care of Chuckie for a couple of hours until she came out.

She never really talked to me about the Church to pressure me, and I wouldn't have listened to her anyway. I had my own habits, and I liked to drink a little bit. She set a good example, and I was proud that she was raising the children in the manner that she was. She believed in going to church; she believed in no drinking, no smoking, no drinking coffee—just different things that I was taught we shouldn't do, but our parents did them. I just never would listen to it. I just couldn't accept Joseph Smith as a prophet.

We moved back to Easton, Maryland, from Waukegan in '59, and Ann was to go to church in Salisbury, seventy miles from home. She would go once in a while, but I never went with her. The home teachers would drive seventy miles one way to visit her. My wife made an agreement with them that a certain week of the month, she would be home on Thursday. When I came in from work, sometimes they would be there. I could see their car way off across the fields, so I'd just go back down to the horse barn until they left. Some nights I'd happen to remember that it was that Thursday they were to show up, so I'd

invite my wife uptown for a sundae or something like that. We'd come back, and there would be a note pinned on the screen: "Your home teachers were here. Sorry we missed you. Maybe we'll catch you the next time."

She'd say, "Oh my goodness, we missed the home teachers." Then we moved to Elkton, and she started going to church more frequently. If anybody came to my house who I thought was from the Church, I'd just back out the lane and wait until the car with Delaware tags had left.

Then she became ill. She had a heart stoppage, and we thought we were going to lose her. The attacks kept getting closer together. They called me to come because they didn't think she was going to make it. When I was in the lounge—just any minute I expected them to come out and say she'd passed away—I said a serious prayer (I'd only said three or four in my life). I promised that if she came out of the hospital I wouldn't drink anymore, I wouldn't smoke, I wouldn't drink coffee, and I would start going to church with her regularly. That was on the twenty-seventh of June 1964. Her brother offered me a beer. I refused that beer, and I never touched another drink after that. That was the only promise that I kept of those I made.

I decided to work two jobs until I got the hospital bill paid. It wasn't very long until I had the bills paid off. As soon as I got them paid off, I said, "I'm not going to quit. I'm going to work, and I'm going to make a downpayment for a home."

I was working at Chrysler from 3:30 or 4:00 in the evening until around 11:30 or 12:00 at night. I was working from 8:00 until 2:30 on construction work. Then on the weekends I was working as a security guard. I can remember so clearly how I stepped from the parking lot up to the curb right at the guard gate at Chrysler, and I asked myself, "What in the world am I working for?" I was just exhausted. I started talking to a Baptist boy at work about religion, just to see what he believed in.

My sister had married a Catholic and converted to the Catholic church. When she and her husband saw I was interested, my brother-in-law's uncle started telling me what they believed in. I believed in their doctrine a little more than other doctrines I heard of. My wife never talked to me about church at that time. She was expecting Danny. I would ask her questions. She wouldn't answer me as much as I thought she should. One day as we were leaving my brother-in-law's house, I said, "How about your religion?"

She said, "You're going to have to make your own decision of what religion you want to join. You can't join my religion because of me. You've got to really search out yourself and see which one you really

want and which one you can live.” She had on a green spring coat, kind of checkered. It just seemed that things were really clear to me.

Maybe the next day, this Baptist boy, Joe, was still talking to me. I went over to get some material out of a big wire basket, and it seemed like I was all by myself in that little corner. There was a fork-lift going down with one of those wire baskets on the end, and I just flipped the cigarettes out of my pocket and tossed them in that basket as it went past. I walked back over to Joe. “Joe, I’ve decided what church I’m going to join.”

“He said, “Which one’s that?”

“I’m joining the Mormon church.”

“Do you know they don’t smoke, they don’t drink coffee?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, when are you going to quit smoking?”

I said, “I just quit about five minutes ago.” I don’t remember when I smoked my last one, but I remember when I threw my pack away. I went home and told my wife I was going to join the Church.

I can remember my baptism day very plain because we were all great hunters—my dad, my brothers, my brothers-in-law. My baptism was on the first day of rabbit season. My sisters and brothers and some cousins were going to see me baptized, my father and mother, too. When I went into my brother-in-law’s to pick up my sister, there sat all the rabbit hunters. I was all dressed up, and they asked, “Where are you going? Aren’t you going hunting today?”

My brother-in-law said, “He’s going to be baptized today.”

They were all sitting there drinking beer. One of them said, “There’s nothing wrong with that.” We went on to church. The hunters went rabbit hunting.

All of my family was crying when I was baptized. Sister Arnold came up to me and said, “I never saw so many tears in my life. It was more like a funeral than a baptism.”

I didn’t accept the priesthood for over a year because I didn’t feel that I was worthy. I was just going to church, going to priesthood meeting, sitting there, and that was it. One day, the teacher read out of the scriptures that a person who doesn’t do his duty in the church is—I forget the word, but anyway it was shirking his duty, and he wasn’t looked upon with favor by the Lord. After he finished talking, we sang “Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel.” Within a week or two I was ordained a deacon in the Aaronic Priesthood. From there on the Church just kept meaning a little more to me.

We went to the temple in 1971. Even though my wife had wanted to go to the temple, I don’t think she ever thought we would because it was so far away. I was working seven days a week, ten hours a day

most of the time because the coker had burned at Getty Oil. I told Ann, "When this is over with we're going to take us a vacation out West." She didn't believe that we were going out West until I started preparing a month before we left. I had a little shell camper on the truck. I fixed the boot and put air conditioning in it because of her health. I heard it was real hot out there. When I put the air conditioner in the truck, that's when she really knew that we were going.

When we left, she said, "Which temple are we going to be sealed in?"

I said, "The first one we come to." We were sealed in the Manti Temple in Utah.

When she became ill, she knew she wasn't going to make it like she had before. She said, "I don't want you to pity me or do anything for me that you didn't do before. I want you to be just as natural as you can around me. I don't want you driving me to the hospital for my treatments every day. I don't want you missing work because of me." I wish I had missed work. I wish I had just gone ahead and done what I felt like doing instead of trying to please her by doing what she wanted.

If I hadn't been a member of the Church and hadn't had the gospel after she died, it's hard to tell what I would have done. I probably would have neglected my family. I'd have probably got worse in drinking because I've never found anyone that I wanted to live with since her. She passed away in July of '76. I was really feeling that I had been cheated. We were happy together. I felt she was taken away right in the middle of my life where we could have really started enjoying our lives. I had a better paying job, we had our house settled down, we were making the mortgage payments.

One day Brother Ridge was giving a talk here in our meeting and he read from the Old Testament where God says that "My thoughts are greater than your thoughts. My ways are greater than your ways. My reasons are greater than yours." When Brother Ridge read that passage I kind of accepted her death a little more. A good while after that, I was sitting on the bed feeling sorry for myself. I remembered when I made the promise that I would quit drinking, I had asked the Lord if he would only spare her until Chuckie was out of high school. I never remembered that part of the prayer until then. If I had known that prayer was going to come true, I would have asked for until she was sixty or eighty. When she passed away, the responsibility of my family was on me. I had to do what she expected me to do. Danny was only nine years old. I couldn't neglect him.

Being branch president was an experience. When it was first presented to me, I started to say no. Now that it's behind me, I'm glad I

said yes. I really feel good about that calling. A lot of people think that was the hardest calling that I'll ever have, but I don't think I've had a calling that was easier—even though we had hardships and people who were burdened with their callings, trying to find meeting houses, all the meetings I had to go to, the sacrifices that Danny did for me. He would go with me in the morning, stay from 7:00 until two or three in the evening. He never complained. I think the Spirit was there with him to comfort him. The members in the branch were really strong people, and they were the ones who really did the work in the branch.

I remember the first day we had our meeting here at the house. Lynne Whitney and her children showed up. I was wondering if anybody would show up. I didn't even know how to say the sacrament prayer. I didn't know how to start it off. We have the true gospel, and I think we should practice what we preach a little more. We get on our children for not doing their chores. The Savior has given us responsibilities: do our home teaching, go to sacrament meetings, priesthood meetings, visit the sick, have family prayers, morning prayers. I'm sure he looks down on us, and he thinks probably the same as we think about our children. "Why do I have to keep telling you to do those things?"

I was over at my sister's house after Ann had passed away. They asked me, "Do you really think that you and Ann are going to be husband and wife in the hereafter?"

I said, "There's not a doubt in my mind. We're going to be married as we are right here."

So my brother-in-law said, "How about me and Lexie?"

I said, "Well, you're going to get just what you believe and what you want. Now how were you married? 'Death do you part,' Ann and I were sealed for time and eternity. There you go. You don't want to be married for time and eternity, or you would do it." There are a lot of people who want what we want, but they don't believe what we teach.

I can understand these people. I think if I had been baptized when Ann was, I don't think I could have been the branch president. I wouldn't have really understood people like I do. The Lord's been good to me. He's given me a lot of experience, and I still had the opportunity to join the Church. I can understand the wife who belongs to the Church and the husband who doesn't. I can accept that husband's ways and his beliefs because I was there once. I can understand what the wife goes through because my wife went through it. I can accept that he doesn't join the Church because he hasn't been converted yet. I have hopes that these brethren will be, because I was.

When my wife moved into Elkton, to our knowledge, she was the only Mormon in the area. I've often thought just how proud she would be if she were here now and could see the activity that there is in Elkton.

LYNNE WHITNEY

Lynne Whitney and her husband moved to Delaware in 1966 with their infant daughter, Elizabeth. The Whitney family's move to Elkton, Maryland, in 1976 contributed to the stake president's decision to organize the Elkton sacrament meeting.

I really was an active churchgoer until I was about nineteen or twenty, then I just really didn't want anything to do with it any more. After we moved out here, I realized I had to start taking the children to church. I couldn't not let them go. Of course, you know the minute you show your face inside the church, they give you a calling.

Nan Johnson, the stake president's wife, knew my family and invited us over one evening for pie and ice cream. I started going to Relief Society a little bit. My neighbor, Genevieve Richards, used to pick me up. I didn't entirely like it. I used to get kind of hostile feelings, but I knew that I couldn't not take the children to church.

Then one day somebody came over and asked me to be the Primary chorister. I had done that when I was in high school, so I said, "Well, yes, I guess I can do that." But I didn't always come. I always had excuses why I wasn't there. I was really just a reprobate. Then I stopped going for a long time. It took quite a few years for me to get back in. I had some bad habits, and I didn't want to change them. I didn't want to cause any conflict in the home. I was afraid of getting totally back into the Church again.

I just slowly started coming around. A wonderful friend helped me a lot. I came to a point in my life where everything was in shambles. There wasn't anything that was going right. That's when I really became converted, because I had to rely totally on the Lord. He helped me get through it and has continued to bless our family. I think I'll never be able to live my life good enough to pay back what he's done for me.

I served in Primary for years and years, and I was learning the gospel right along with the little children. I began to feel a real responsibility to the children—that I had to teach them properly. One time I held up a picture of Jesus in Primary, and I said, "Now this is a picture of Heavenly Father."

They all said, "No. That's a picture of Jesus." They knew more than I did.

I was each of my children's Primary teacher at some time. My husband has been irritated many times because I've been away from him and not been here. But I think we've been married long enough that that doesn't matter any more. I have to be able to do other things, just the same as he has other things that he does in his life. We've matured enough that if it's a problem, it's not a problem for very long. But in the beginning it was a problem. Every time I went to Church, he'd say, "Oh, oh, I know it. I just know you're going to get back into that church. I just know it." Well, he was right.

We adopted Elizabeth in March of 1966 and Stephen in the summer of 1967. All of a sudden I was up at night feeding a baby and washing diapers.

My parents came out to visit when we lived in North Wilmington. We were standing outside waiting for the airport limousine to pick them up when my father said, "Wait a minute. There's something I have to do before we leave. I want you all to go back in the house."

He said, "Lynne, come sit over here. I feel strongly that I must give you a blessing."

This made my mother a little uneasy. I could hear her thinking, "We don't have time to do this now."

He blessed me that I would someday have natural children, and then the limousine came and they were gone. It didn't leave my mind, but I'm not sure that I had a great deal of faith that it would happen. A year later I got pregnant. I called my father and acknowledged to him that I knew I was pregnant because of his blessing. That was the beginning of a lot of things for me.

I was really thrilled with Jane, but I didn't feel any different about her than the others. I was just thrilled to death to have the experience of being pregnant after ten years of marriage. We thought, "Well, this is a nice little family." Then a year later I got pregnant again and had Ben. We had an instant family.

One day Bishop Cross announced that Cloyd Mullins was going to start holding sacrament meeting in his home for those members of the New Castle Ward who lived in Maryland. I took my four children to sacrament meeting at his house. The children enjoyed sacrament meeting because it was very short. We went to New Castle Ward in the morning for Sunday School, then to Cloyd's in the afternoon for sacrament meeting. We weren't really a branch, just experimenting to see if it was possible.

Then the Cherrys were baptized, and the Nielsens moved into the area. We moved down to Cloyd's basement. It was freezing cold in there. When we became a dependent branch, we started meeting in

Holly Hall. The people from below the C & D Canal—the Crowes, the McVickers, the Pierces—were included then.

We had Junior Sunday School, Sunday School, and sacrament meeting. The Young Men and Young Women went to the New Castle Ward for their meetings. We had Primary, but then we had to stop because we didn't have enough people to staff everything. Having home Primary didn't work out. We had a good Junior Sunday School, but we just couldn't do any more. Everybody was just loaded with jobs. I helped with the singing in Junior Sunday School, then I'd run in and do the singing in Sunday School or play the piano. I taught a Sunday School class and a Primary class during the week and helped in Relief Society. It was too much! I was also teaching a Relief Society class in the New Castle Ward during the week for working women.

Then we became an independent branch, and we really got too big for Holly Hall. When we moved into the building we have now, we only filled up a couple of benches. We began to have Primary again in Marcia Nielsen's home. Finally, one day the Bushmans came to church, and I couldn't figure out why they were there. They announced that he was our new bishop, and we've been a ward ever since.

I try not to disagree with anything at Church because I used to disagree so much that I think if I started doing that again I would be *damned*. I would never come out of that. I just don't allow myself to get upset about comments or remarks.

When we had to stop having Primary in the branch, I felt very bad. I bore my testimony and said, "We just have to find a way to have it. We'll find a way, and we'll do it."

Then another woman got up and said, "I'm sorry that we're not going to have Primary, but when President Mullins says we're not going to have Primary, that means we're not going to have Primary."

One of my sisters who's not very active was here visiting at the time. When we got home she said, "Lynne, didn't that upset you that she said that? That was like saying, 'You shouldn't have said what you said.'"

I said, "No, that didn't upset me." But I think some people feel if a member of the priesthood says something, that's *it*, that's the final word. I think women have a right to express their ideas even though maybe in the end the priesthood will have the final word.

ELLEN LILLEY

Ellen and William Lilley, both natives of Newark, Delaware, were also present at the first meeting held in Cloyd Mullins' home and were active in the Elkton Branch until 1981.

Bill and I were two of the original group who met at Cloyd Mullins' home. We weren't even the Elkton Branch yet. We had lived in Pleasant Hill, Maryland, when the idea was conceived. When they finally brought us all together, we had moved, right over the Delaware line. There were so few priesthood holders out that way that they asked us to help start the sacrament meeting in Elkton.

Bill was convinced sooner than I that what the missionaries had to say was true. Finally, Elder Fenton, the missionary who taught us, said something that really touched me, and I was convinced that what they had to say was true. He asked us if we said prayers.

I said, "Well, yes, but not every day. I've always felt my little problems are not of that much importance. Heavenly Father has so many more important things, to look after." I said "thank you" prayers, for instance, when I saw something in nature that was really beautiful. I was holding Robert who was just three or four months old. I usually had to rock him the whole time we were having the discussions.

Elder Fenton said to me, "You know how much you love that baby. I'm sure you're going to love all the children you have just as much as this one. You're not going to love this one more than the others. That's how our Heavenly Father loves you. Even though there are a lot of children, he's interested in everything that happens to you—not just the extraordinary things—just as you and your husband are interested in everything that's going to happen to your son."

That really struck home. I think that convinced me that what they had to say was true. Bill and I were baptized in October 1973 in the New Castle Ward.

Having been an only child, I had never been around children. I still find it very hard to know how to deal with things. What's normal? What's beyond what I should put up with? That's what I enjoyed about Relief Society. I could get another opinion on all these homemaking things—or at least realize that I was not the only one with a problem. I guess I have a real need for what Relief Society has to offer. It's the only place I've found that I can get that.

I enjoyed being the chorister for Primary, too, because I like to sing. I was a Sunday School teacher, too, of seven-year-olds. That helped me get my mind functioning again. At first I had to write down everything I wanted to say. Then, as time went on, I had to jot down only a word or two. I became more at ease in front of children. It helped me a lot because I am a quiet person. That little push was good for me, and the LDS people, as a whole, are very understanding because they know that their turn to stand up in front is coming. They're not too critical. Church callings showed me that I could do a lot of things I didn't think I could do.

There were a lot of times that I think it really took away from time that I needed to put toward my family. My husband found that it was really too much for him to do. A lot of negative feelings were generated. I think going to the consolidated schedule was for the better, but I did enjoy it when Relief Society was on a weekday. Getting everybody up, dressed, and out the door on Sunday was very hard. When we finally came home, everybody was starved to death and fighting and fussing. Instead of an up feeling, we ended up with a negative experience.

We've been inactive for four years now. The first two years we lived the Word of Wisdom, but gradually we crept back into coffee and tea. When my husband was laid off, we had unemployment insurance and he found a temporary job, but our income was a lot lower than it had been. We did have things stored, because of the teachings of having a year's supply, although it wasn't a full year's supply. It did help us at that time, but we didn't have everything we needed. We did can some and buy bulk goods at sales, but a whole year's supply of everything was too much for me to handle. We have slid from having Family Home Evening, too, but that's another positive thing about the Mormon church—that little push to spend time with your kids doing something together.

I think the home teachers are wonderful. We have not been to church in four years, and our home teacher still comes. My visiting teachers get here a lot, too. They don't always make it, but I understand because I've been on the other end. I know how hard it is. It helps you get to know some of the other members. You might see them on Sunday morning, but actually being in their homes, you get a better idea of what they're really like.

There are a lot of things that I admire about the Mormon church and the Mormon religion—things that I think our society needs and that I need as an individual. I also think there are an awful lot of expectations that are really hard.

My mother had a discussion about churches with another lady where she works. My mother said that her daughter had joined the Mormon church. The lady said, "Oh! I've always admired people that can be in the Mormon church. It's too hard for me. I know I couldn't live that." She was an active member of a church, and religion was important in her life. That's kind of how I feel about it.

I wasn't used to the whole idea that you have to do all these things or you're not going to be sent to the celestial kingdom. Having come into the Church at twenty-five and progressing from there, I feel it is insurmountable, that I'm never going to get there, so why should I even try? I do think there's a lot of love taught in the Mormon church.

Besides the belief that God cares about each one of us, we were very impressed by the concern of the people for each other.

Maybe I need to learn not to shut out but to postpone a lot of the things that we're required to do. I feel going to church should give an uplift so we can get through all the worldly confrontations of the next week. Sometimes, with the Mormon church I feel, personally anyway, a negative input. I feel like I'm being told, "Well, you should be doing this and this, too, and you're not." I guess I just have to learn to deal with it—just to put off some of it for now. Perhaps that's what we're supposed to do, and I hadn't realized that until now.

STEPHEN CHERRY

Stephen and Bonita Cherry were baptized in September 1977 and are considered to be the first converts of the Elkton Branch.

In high school I was president of the Future Farmers of America club, and then I was state vice-president of the FFA. I went to the University of Delaware to study agriculture. After I received my associate's degree, I worked on a ranch in Texas for about a year. It was probably the best time of my single life. I knew I would have to have a lot of money to own my own ranch, so I gave it up and came back. I should have given as much effort to my school work as I did to not making any effort. I was a B student, but I never studied. I'm a good writer, I think, but I'm bad at grammar. When I send a letter out to a bishop or a Young Men's president, it bothers me because I know something's not right in that letter.

When I met my wife, Bonita, I was working on her car at the gas station. I still had the idea of becoming an independent businessman. I worked in a restaurant to see how that was. I didn't like it at all—not the hours, the pay, the people. Avon had an excellent reputation as a good place to work. I decided to apply for a job there. I've been working on the loading docks for about seven years. A year ago Avon first approached me about going into management. I was a happy, proud blue-collar worker. I had always been able to speak my mind. Other people looked to me to indicate how to react to a policy decision. About a year ago, I started feeling that I need to start using my mind rather than my body. I have been doing that in my Church responsibilities. About four months ago, I began interviews with the twelve department heads. They were really impressed with the responsibilities I had in Church and in the Boy Scout program. By the end of their interviews, they emphasized that I need not worry about having just an associate's degree because of my church experience.

A year after I had our house built, I was working in the yard one day, and noticed Bonita talking to two young people, who I thought might be insurance agents. While Bonita was talking to them, she said, "If you're going to get Stephen interested at all, you're going to have to overcome the fact that he thinks people who go to church are hypocrites. Stress that just because you pray for something, it doesn't necessarily mean you're going to get it." As we sat talking out on the back porch, they hit those points real quick. We found out two years after we joined the Church that Bonita's mom and dad had sent the missionaries to us. They never joined, but her father saw the possibility of this church's helping our relationship. I guess we were baptized four months after the initial visit.

We went to the New Castle Ward at first. About two and a half months after we began receiving instruction, we were told about a meeting over at Cloyd Mullins' on Sunday afternoons. I had envisioned a Bible study group sitting around talking about scriptures. It was a full sacrament meeting with tape recorded piano music and about twenty people. I was sort of surprised.

When the missionaries said that I shouldn't smoke a pipe, I was concerned. I asked to see the bishop, because I really didn't want to stop smoking. It took about three weeks to get the appointment. By that time I knew we were going to join the Church. The appointment was at ten o'clock. I smoked my pipe at nine o'clock. I told Bishop Cross of my concerns about that and tithing. We spoke for a while, and he asked, "Have you stopped smoking?"

I said, "Yes, Bishop, I've stopped." I haven't smoked since. We were ready. We knew the Church was going to be good for us. It wasn't any problem at all to stop smoking. I still have my pipe in the house. Every once in a while I smell it and hold it.

The Elkton Branch was a typical struggling branch. We lost some members because they had so many callings and responsibilities, but it tested our mettle. It made us appreciate our responsibilities. The buck didn't stop at someone else; it stopped at us. The members who stayed really grew from those experiences. I think a lot of those who fell away have regrets, but their pride is in their way. As a ward, we seem to have lost that "buck stops here" attitude. A lot of the parents don't support the youth programs as they should. That's true throughout the stake. The uniqueness of the Elkton Ward is that we have a variety of people, but we're respectful of each other. We appreciate each other. I don't notice that we have cliques. I don't hear much backbiting here in Elkton. We're a good little ward as far as having basic decency towards other human beings.

I remember telling Bonita just before we joined the Church, "I hope I never have to deal with all those young people because I wouldn't know how to handle that." My first calling was as the branch clerk. I had an opportunity to sit in on branch presidency meetings but didn't actually make any decisions. I was called as Young Men's president about a year after my baptism. The first Sunday, I asked Scott McAlees and Jimmy Andrews, "What does it take to be a good advisor? I have no idea. I want you to tell me."

They said, "You have to be honest with us and care about us and get us to do things." I guess that was my basis for my work with the Young Men. When the boundaries were changed, we had more young men. There were six deacons who were terrors. They were soon going to become teachers, and I had to teach the teachers and priests. I went to the Boy Scout Council to see if they had any sort of program for the older boys because these six boys were losing interest in scouting. They said there was a new program called Varsity Scouting and that our district was one of nineteen that had been selected to pilot the program. We chartered the first Varsity Scout Team in the Delmarva Council. We had to play it by ear a lot. It was a nice program because it taught delegation and gave the boys leadership opportunities. We did all kinds of things. We went to Florida. Danny Mullins, Craig Morris, Tommy Young, Bentley Stanton, and Steve Whitney became Eagle Scouts and we re-activated Arvie Wrang. Serge Bushman earned one merit badge with us, but he really earned his Eagle in the New Castle Ward.

The day I was released as Young Men's president I had an eighteen-month calendar, and I was ready for an easy time because three of the boys had become Eagles, and we were planning all kinds of neat things to do after that. I just didn't feel that I should be on the high council. It took two years to overcome that insecurity. When President Johnson called me to it, he charged me to develop Varsity Scouting in all the wards and branches. It took three years, but this September every ward had a chartered team. About two weeks ago President Johnson told me, "We called you on the advice of the regional representative. He said that we needed someone in that position who had worked with the program and had been successful." He knew of my bitterness at being released as Young Men's president and said, "We gave up one Young Men's president, but we gained a person who has developed five Varsity coaches." I'm in the same position now as I was when I propped my feet up on the table and had that eighteen-month calendar.

When I need to do something better, I'll agonize over it for two or three months, or six months, but then I master it. It's happened

four times since I joined the Church. The first one was overcoming society and becoming LDS. The next was being branch clerk. I've been a very outspoken person, never very humble. I agonized over some of the things that I saw being done in the branch. Even though I had only been a member for a couple of months, I thought they were wrong. I just woke up one morning and became a branch clerk—the way I felt a branch clerk was supposed to be. That humbled me and has helped me at Church and home, not worrying about every little thing.

The third was agonizing over not having children. That was a four-year torment. Bonita would cry at Mother's Day and Christmas. Near the end, before we got Shiloh, I was the one who was weak and she was strong. I asked for a priesthood blessing. I had exercised all the other options. I knew the journey was just about ended, but I was worn out. I'd only received one blessing, right after the explosion at Avon. When I received a blessing after the explosion, I received miracles and the assurance of the Holy Ghost. Four months later we got word about Shiloh.

The fourth time was this past summer. I felt inferior to the people around me. I agonized over that for a long time. I prayed and went about the normal responsibilities as best I could, even though something was missing. I have never asked to be released. That's not the way out. Then I just woke up one morning without that feeling.

If I had to see my Heavenly Father right now I would say I'm failing miserably in missionary work. I just don't have any desire to do it like I should. I give presentations on Varsity Scouting to civic organizations—Kiwanis, police athletic leagues, Catholic church administrators. The first thing I say is that this is an LDS originated program. All the Delmarva Council knows that Steve Cherry's LDS. I'm spreading the word that way, but I have never given a Book of Mormon to one of my co-workers. I need to sit down and analyze it. This might be the next thing I'll break through on.

I feel that our church is a church on the offense. We score points. We are not trying to play catch-up. Thursday night Ron Adamson and I drove down to Salisbury. We didn't have to, because there are only six Seminary students there. But if we hadn't, we would have been on the defensive because they would have said, "Well, you know, they didn't come." That is my hard core, what keeps Steve Cherry going, testimony. Either I'm on the offense or defense with my family. Do I anticipate things or am I always trying to play catch-up? I have a little book where I write down things to follow up. I can be anywhere when a solution to a problem comes to me. I take my religion very seriously, but I don't let it burden me.

TOM ROBINSON

Tom and Joey Robinson joined the Church in Germany in 1971 when Tom was in the Navy. A boundary change in December 1979 made them members of the Elkton Branch. Tom was made elders' quorum president and Joey the president of the Primary.

Joey and I had a great time overseas. We got to go to Amsterdam, Copenhagen, London, Rome, Venice, Paris, Florence, and the Riviera. I guess the greatest thing that happened to us during our three and a half years in Europe was joining the Church.

Joey worked for the U.S. Army in the accounting office, and one lady with whom she worked was LDS. She invited us over to her apartment. The second time we went, two gentlemen with short haircuts and white shirts and ties who spoke fluent German were there. That in itself intrigued us. They said they sold "life insurance." If anyone inquired about my work, I had to turn in their names for an investigation. When they came by our house three days later, I knew who they were. They came in and said again, "We sell life insurance."

I said, "What kind of life insurance do you sell?"

"Eternal life insurance."

I said, "Is that right? Now that's a different approach than I've ever heard from missionaries."

Then I told them their mission president's name, and I said, "You have 176 missionaries in Germany."

They said, "No, we only have 172."

I said, "That's wrong. Four more came in two days ago." They gave us the discussions, and six weeks later we were baptized in the swimming pool at the Y.

We were very much ready for it. Joey was an Episcopalian and I was a Methodist, but we had come up with a "Robinson Religion," I suppose. We already knew many of the principles which they presented. At the time we got married, Joey and I had asked the rector if we were going to be married just for time? He had said, "Well, those are the words we use, but of course, we don't know what comes after death." We really couldn't get any answers. When the missionaries flipped the chart over and started talking about eternal marriage, that was it—preexistence, earth life, and afterlife, like a light bulb coming on. We were baptized 17 April 1971. There were fifty-three people in our branch, and fifty-three were active. When we came back to the United States in 1973, we were flabbergasted to see twenty-four or twenty-five percent home teaching and thirty-four percent activity.

Our first Sunday in the New Castle Ward, they sang "America the Beautiful." Joey and I stood up and belted it out. The bishop smiled.

Afterwards he walked off the stand and said, "We haven't met, but my name is Bishop O'Day."

I said, "We're really glad to meet you. You're the first bishop we've ever met."

When President Johnson, at that time a counselor in the stake presidency, interviewed me, I said, "Have you ever been in a military branch? We attended a conference in Berchtesgaden, Germany, in the Bavarian Alps for all the LDS members in Europe, Turkey, and Northern Africa. They brought over Brother Hinckley, President Tanner, and Brother Benson. There were 612 of us who had never been in such a large group of Saints. The spirit was so strong that it could have pushed the walls out. To come back to the States and find 138 duds sitting on pews is just amazing. Somebody has got to light some fire under these people." They made me a seventy, ward mission leader, and stake mission president all on one hand raise.

As I was about to go out the front door one night, Joey yelled down to me from the living room, "I hate you. I hate the Church. And I hate you going out as much as you do." That was the low point. I was splitting with the missionaries twice a week, plus home teaching. I really didn't understand why Joey couldn't understand. "I'm doing all these things for the Church. Why are you upset?" She was sitting home with a six-year-old, a four-year-old, a two-year-old, and a two-month-old. Of course she was upset. Slowly, with her help, I began to understand that the Church is going to keep rolling forward with or without me. At first I really didn't understand that I was doing something wrong by spending too much time in the service of the Church.

When the Wilmington Stake was organized, President Johnson became stake president, and I was the stake mission president. I can remember President Johnson once saying at the beginning of our monthly personal priesthood interview, "How many times have you been out this week, Brother Robinson?"

My counselors were on either side of me, and his counselors were on either side of him. I said, "This is the fourth night I've been out this week."

He said, "It's time for the closing prayer." We had a closing prayer, and we went home. That made an impact on me.

I was the New Castle Ward mission leader when Steve Cherry became a member of the Church, and I was his home teacher when he was burned in the fire. Bishop Cross and I went up to give Steve a blessing. He looked like a mummy, and they said there was a good chance he would die; but the bishop blessed him not only that he would live but that every part of his body would be made whole. Today, he's grown new skin on his hands, skin on his face. He and

Bonita had a child! When that blessing was given, I said to myself, “I know he gave it through the Priesthood, and I know we laid our hands on his head,” but I took that one strictly on faith.

There are some times when even though individuals are given callings with the keys and responsibilities of those callings, they don’t act by virtue of the calling that they have. Instead of the Church being run by the spirit, sometimes it’s run by men. I was elders’ quorum president when Elkton became a ward, and I can remember saying, “Brethren, there will be only one person who will chastise this quorum.” Maybe this doesn’t sound humble; but in my estimation, when it comes time for a quorum as a whole to be chastised, that should only come from the president. There were at that time a number of black people investigating the Church, and we had no black members in the ward. The revelation had been received, but there were a number of jokes being told within the quorum that were literally off-color. Right in Church! I chastised the quorum for doing that. I wasn’t going to put up with it. As a quorum president, it was my responsibility to counsel them not to do those things. It’s just like when someone is considered by the high council for a calling, and right away someone brings up, “Well, you know that individual doesn’t pay income tax.” They don’t get a call in the Church. If people continue to do these things after they’ve been counseled, they get released. We don’t wait any longer for them to grow when it’s detrimental to the other members.

JOEY ROBINSON

When I first called my parents and told them we had joined the Church, my mother said, “Oh, they got you, did they?”—like Hare Krishna, or something. Then she said, “Where did I go wrong?”

I didn’t expect that at all. I’d called up with jubilation, and all of a sudden I got, “Where did I go wrong?”

Now, I think my mother admires and agrees with a lot of what we do, but she agrees with it because she thinks it’s a good idea, not because she has a testimony. She doesn’t believe that Heavenly Father and Jesus came to Joseph Smith. One thing she often says is that as a people we live the way we say we’re going to live. It took her a long while to realize that being a Mormon is not just a Sunday religion; it’s a whole routine.

One day after we joined the Church, I was in the PX looking at dresses with my friends from church, and they said, “Oh, but you can’t wear that one with garments.”

I didn’t say anything, but I went to the next one and I said, “Isn’t this one cute?”

It was another sleeveless one, and they said, "Oh yeah, but you couldn't wear that because of garments." It went on and on. Finally, I said, "What are you talking about?" It was a shock to me that someone would dictate to me what I could wear. I had a long discussion with the missionaries on that. I said, "Okay, if I have a testimony of the Church, I don't have a testimony of part of it, and if the Church is true and right, then the things that come from it are true and right." I'm still not sure I totally understand, but I understand it enough to accept it.

My first Church calling was Sunday School pianist. Of course, I didn't know how any of the hymns were supposed to sound. I hadn't taken piano lessons since I was about fourteen. There was a particular week that I practiced and practiced and I just couldn't get it. I started crying and banging on the piano. Finally, I just asked the Lord to help me. I learned from that that the Lord never said, "Do everything." He said, "Do all you can do."

When we came back to Delaware, we lived in New Castle on The Strand, along the river, which was my parents' second home. They allowed us to pay minimal rent for taxes and water while Tom went to the University of Delaware. We have stayed here because my mother is here, and Tom's parents are here. Even if Tom were to be offered twice what he makes right now, I wouldn't move. I just can't put pricetags on the relationships that my children have with their grandparents. Six years ago after we moved into our house in Bear, they changed the boundaries and put us into the Elkton Branch. I panicked when I knew I was going to be changed to Elkton because I had said so many times to Cloyd Mullins, who was the branch president, "I don't understand why you don't have a Primary. You should have a real Primary. Boy if I was there, you'd have one." I was asked to be Primary president the first week.

I came to a crossroad in my life as far as organizing my Church time and my family time when I was Primary president. I was doing all these wonderful things. We were starting a newsletter for the kids. Half the time the teachers weren't there so I had to teach, and then I had to play the piano because the music person wasn't there. So one day, I went in to see Cloyd Mullins. I walked up to the chalkboard, and I drew a line right down like this—Zzzzzip. A little tiny side of the board was on one side, and then all the rest was on the other. I said, "Do you know what that is?"

He said, "What?"

I said, "See that big area right there?"

He said, "Yeah."

I said, "That's all the time I spend on Primary. All the time I spend. All the time!" I said, "See that little area right there?"

He said, "Yeah."

I said, "That's the time I have left for myself and my family. I want to be released. I cannot keep doing it."

You know what he said? "Nobody asked you to."

All of a sudden it came to me. I was this great big locomotive chugging down the track of righteousness right to self-destruction. They were righteous things and they were good things, but my life wasn't balanced. From that time on there were several people in the branch who probably thought I was going to become the Devil's Advocate because they'd ask me to do something and I'd say, "Sorry." We wiped out the newsletter. We wiped out everything we didn't need and started over with what we had to have.

At this time, I was spending a great deal of time on losing weight. It dominated my brain. I've never been little. I regret that during my pregnancies with Jenny and Mark I was so big. By the time I was up to 255 pounds, everything was just too hard. I would ask Tom, "Would you go get me a glass of soda," and I'd sit. One day I determined that I want to be here to see my grandchildren, my great-grandchildren, whatever. I was killing myself. Tom never complained—never made any hints at all. After I lost twenty pounds, I took a picture to put on my refrigerator, and nobody now can believe that it was me. It took me a while, but I lost about a hundred pounds. It took a tremendous amount of self-discipline. I noticed (it's not something I can stand up in Relief Society and say) that I was much more receptive and spiritual after doing it. The discipline in dieting is only a jump toward disciplining yourself in something else.

Since we came to New Castle, from day one, Tom's always been in leadership positions. We had always done everything together. All of a sudden having him out in the evenings and me sitting home and "supporting" was a whole new thing. People who'd grown up in the Church were used to their father going out or their mother going out; my parents never did that.

One night it came to a head. He was standing down on the landing and I was standing up in the living room. I said, "I can't take this anymore. I can't live with you and I can't live without you, but if something doesn't change, I'm going home."

I can't put my finger right on what happened, but in Family Home Evening he'd say, "I'm going to go home teaching Thursday night, is that okay?" He started planning and keeping a calendar. It wasn't "Oh, yeah! I have to go out tonight."

Tom and I never really had hard, hard times. I remember hearing people say, "I can't go out visiting teaching because I don't have the money for gas." I'd think, "A dollar for gas, come on." Then boom.

DuPont merged two departments, and Tom was out the back door because he was low man on the totem pole. He couldn't find a job right away, so he worked for the National Guard and made several hundred dollars less a month than what we needed. We'd just moved into a new house. I really gained an appreciation for the fact that some people don't have a dollar for gas, some people don't have a dollar to put food on the table. It's been a long time coming out of the big hole that we were in. I think the reason that we didn't is because we did pay our tithing. That's another lesson in self-control.

Being a teenager is probably one of the most traumatic things that ever happened to me. I keep that in mind with Dawn, who will be thirteen in April. As a child, I read a lot of Bible story books, and I thought I wanted to be a minister. Then all of a sudden, I went totally in the opposite direction. My parents had taught me that I should do things because that's what good little girls did. I couldn't see why I couldn't make a choice. That's the way I approached being a teenager. I did things because it was what I wanted to do. Just the reasons, "Well, good little girls don't do that," or "That's just the right thing to do," all of a sudden weren't enough.

That's where I hope that I have an edge with Dawn because we're talking eternity and eternal consequences, soul-binding consequences, not just the only consequences I was ever given.

DEBORAH JOHNSTON

Deborah Johnston moved into the Elkton Ward one week after it became a ward in 1981. She was soon made a counselor in the Relief Society, and a year later became Relief Society president with Joey Robinson as one of her counselors.

I was excited about moving here from California because I was going to be able to see my parents, and the kids were going to get to know their grandparents and my part of the family. The home that we happened to find was in the Elkton Branch. I told Gary, "I grew up in a branch. It doesn't really make any difference to me. They might not have a full program because there aren't as many people, but I turned out fine."

I joined Gary here the week after the branch became a ward. Moving in, I didn't realize that everybody had to learn to know each other. I thought I was the outsider. I found that Elkton Ward was made up of people who had moved here from other places and who had had to make it home. There is a very small group that has been here for a long time.

Years ago, the missionaries came around and taught my mom and dad the gospel. A missionary couple from Idaho wanted them to be

baptized before they went home. My dad said, "Well, if we ever decide, we'll come out to Idaho to be baptized." That sounds like a cop-out, but my mom and dad continued studying. They went to their minister and asked him the questions that they had about the Godhead. They always say it was the minister who convinced them that what the missionaries were saying was right. They went to Idaho and were baptized.

A couple of years later, they went back to Idaho to be sealed in the temple; I was about four years old. We lived in Keyser, West Virginia, when my dad was made president of a branch which met in Cumberland, Maryland. Because my Dad spent more time at Church than he did at home or even at work, we moved to Cumberland, Maryland. I loved the song "Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel" when I was a child. We had to make and sell doughnuts to earn money to build a church. That song always reminds me of the pioneers, and it brings back what I did as a child. I felt I was a pioneer, too.

I wanted to go to BYU because there were only one or two LDS kids in my whole high school. Gary and I were in the same branch. That he was there every Sunday and passed the sacrament impressed me. My major was microbiology, and I wanted to minor in computers. I wanted to work as a lab technician in a hospital, and I knew that they used computers a lot for the testing. But they informed me that if you major in microbiology you have to minor in chemistry. I found that difficult. I liked organic chemistry, but I had to take microbiology twice. I got an A the second time around. I was in classes with all the premed students. I'd finished at the top of my class in high school, but I found BYU a challenge. I was in with a lot of very smart people. I always thought that I would finish college, but Gary and I were married the summer after he graduated. I had completed two and a half years.

I was always determined to marry in the temple. Growing up in the branch, I saw a lot of part-member families, and I knew that I wanted to be married in the temple to someone who was active in the Church. I still feel it would be better not to be married at all than to marry someone who is not active in the Church. My life now is what was my dream: living in a nice home in a suburb with a yard, having children, and having my husband go off to work at a day job. I enjoy making my house clean and presentable, but being Relief Society president conflicts with it. This morning I spent three hours talking to one of the new members. The bishop asked me to find out what her problems are. I brought along the tape recorder, and while I talked with her my three children and the two I babysit sat on the front steps listening to stories.

The spiritual part of being Relief Society president I find difficult. I'm not experienced enough to have all the wisdom and answers for

everybody, but I do enjoy trying to make the organization more functional, to have better socials, better visiting teaching. When the bishop asked me what one thing I wanted to learn from being Relief Society president, I said it was to have . . . love for the sisters. I'm not one to go up and put my arm around somebody, not that I don't think about it, but some people can do that more naturally. Working with people who have problems has made me more understanding. I can see other people's points of view, but when you start understanding everybody's opinion, you sometimes forget where the line is, where the iron rod is. Sometimes I feel wishy-washy. Besides organizing and doing things better, my personal goal is to be more compassionate, to be as the Savior is, to learn what charity really is. It might take a lifetime to accomplish, but I think I'm aware of it now.

Our ward building has an impact on the running of the ward because things aren't so set. I think it's affected me. I used to be a lot more organized, but the library is in the other building and we don't have a Relief Society closet—we share one downstairs with the janitor.

I think maybe the Elkton Ward is a little more laid back, more relaxed about things. Those of us who like to see things cut and dried and organized have had to stand back and take a look at why we're really doing the things we're doing. It's not just paperwork; we're working with people. I've been learning not to take on running this church like a business. We have to work more closely with each other because we don't have the set system and the equipment that make it run smoothly. I think we're a little bit more casual.

Some of that has to do with having been a branch. I've heard people who were in the branch say that everybody in the congregation used to be able to stand up at Fast and Testimony meeting. Well, now sometimes you have to kind of fight for your chance to stand and bear your testimony.

The branch never had supervisors and districts for visiting teaching. The Relief Society president called all the visiting teachers for their reports. Now it's bigger, and it's more organized. Some people say, "Well, it was never done that way before. So why do it?" It's hard to fight against that. We don't have twenty sisters in the ward; we have 150. You can't keep track just by calling them all up every week. I feel I'm just now getting things changed to the way Relief Society should be. I find it hard to have to think of everything that needs to be done to make it organized.

Visiting teaching was easier in California because people were closer together. We went visiting teaching whether or not they wanted us to come. Even if we couldn't get in and we just said, "Hi" at the door, we always got 100 percent. I hear so many times, "Well, I've got a bad

route,” or “They’re difficult,” or “They don’t want to see me.” There are women in “spiritual rags” just like the prophet said. They should have the privilege of wearing the robes that we have. We need to go into those homes, and we need to make the effort. Sure it’s discouraging that they don’t want to accept it, but I don’t think we should take that personally. Would you ask the Lord, “Do you really want me to keep going to visit these people?” Yes, he does. They’re his children. They deserve the knowledge of the gospel. They need that influence, whether they accept it or not. Before I was Relief Society president, I always did it because I was asked to do it and it was my duty, but now I see the purpose.

If we burn out, if it’s not a happy way of life, if after ten years of serving you don’t want to come to church any more, that’s not the way it should be. I don’t know what the answer is because, well, I feel the pressure. I don’t get to do all the things I want to do. But I think we have to realize that the gospel is what’s true. It’s the gospel! That’s why people join the Church.

The experiences of these Elkton Branch members exemplify the interface between individuals and the institution of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. As branch members worked to make the branch function, they also transformed themselves into individuals capable of sustaining and operating a church organization. The costs—in terms of time, energy, and family relationships—seemed overwhelming. Some members chose not to continue; others found ways to accommodate the demands of church activity. New converts in the branch anticipated some life changes, such as keeping the Word of Wisdom and accepting other doctrines. But they were less prepared for others, such as accepting the priesthood, wearing temple garments, taking leadership roles in the organization, and spending evenings and weekends doing church work. The life changes which branch members like Stephen Cherry made also led to significant changes in their lives outside of the church.

Baptisms and new families moving into the area continued to swell the membership of the Elkton congregation after it was made a ward in 1981. In January 1988, the Smyrna Branch was created from the southern part of the Elkton Ward and part of the Dover Ward. In November 1989, the Elkton Ward moved into a new building in Newark, Delaware, and became the Newark Ward. In March 1990, the eastern portion of the Newark Ward combined with part of the Wilmington West Ward to create the Christiana Ward. In November 1991, the Rising Sun Branch was organized from the western part of Cecil County, Maryland. The day the new branch was organized, the

stake president asked Lynne Whitney to bear her testimony. She walked to the pulpit from her place behind the organ, smiled, and said, "Everyone should have a branch experience at least once. I'm fortunate to have it twice."

BIBLIOGRAPHY

All interviews were tape-recorded and transcribed verbatim. Transcripts in possession of the author. Unless otherwise noted, interviews took place in Newark, Delaware.

Early, Heather. "Pioneer Days in Elkton." Unpublished manuscript, 1981.

Mullins, Cloyd. Interview with Heather Early, April 1984, Elkton, Maryland.

Whitney, Lynne. Interview with Susan B. Taber, 3 January 1985, Elkton, Maryland.

Lilley, Ellen. Interview with Susan B. Taber, 1 February 1985.

Cherry, Stephen. Interview with Susan B. Taber, 11 December 1984.

Robinson, Josephine K. Interview with Susan B. Taber, 5 October 1984.

Robinson, Tom. Interview with Susan B. Taber, 2 April 1985.

Johnston, Deborah. Interview with Susan B. Taber, 8 August 1984.



Ecclesiastical Check

Richard Wiman

White pawn moves
forward two steps
onto an open square.
A black knight in grace
jumps over his men
to conquer the lonely pawn.
A white bishop up and stands
behind the pawn
in protection of the rank.
In the twelfth move
a pawn is offered
to advance the bishop
for the defense of the king.

RICHARD WIMAN is a Swedish-American poet whose poetry is a synthesis of the geography of the Great Basin, Swedish culture, and Shoshoni Indians.



Street Symphony

Valerie Holladay

"I SAW CORY YESTERDAY," Mom tells me when I meet her downtown for lunch. She used to play her harmonica outside Crossroads Mall, before she moved to the ZCMI Center. She doesn't play her harmonica as much as she used to, though; the lithium she takes evens out her manic mood swings, so she's staying home a lot more. Now other people have taken over her spot, since it's a good place to hold signs or play the guitar. Still, she is the only one downtown who dresses like a clown. She draws a lot of attention, especially when she plays Beethoven's "Ode to Joy" and "Moonlight Sonata." She also shows me some blues numbers she's been learning. There's a trick to harmonica blues, and she's getting the hang of it—breathing in instead of blowing out. Then she puts her harmonica in her bag and picks up the large, white mug for tips on the sidewalk.

"Don't you want to change?" I ask her.

"No, I'm all right," she answers. Her face is painted white with a large, red smile across her cheeks. Sometimes she draws tears down her cheeks with eyebrow pencil. Today she is wearing her fluorescent green wig; her clown suit is shiny orange, red, and yellow. I bought the clown suit for her myself last Halloween at Pik 'n Save when we were buying new dishes for her. Her old suit was getting shabby, she said.

I lead the way through ZCMI, past accessories, shoes, and perfume as Mom tells me about Cory. "He had some people with him from the clinic, you know. His drug-rehab group. I guess he was taking them out on a day trip."

VALERIE HOLLADAY obtained her master's degree in English from Brigham Young University. She currently lives in Provo and works as an editor.

"How's he doing?" I ask. I don't see my youngest brother often since he married, although I babysit his daughter, Sara, whenever I can. He works full-time at the drug rehab clinic and goes to school full-time. He wants to be a child psychologist. He's very good with people and always has been. At the Orange Julius counter we order two drinks and two California dogs. I open my purse, but Mom wants to pay, so I wait while she counts out the pennies, nickels, dimes, and quarters from her mug. I smile at the cashiers who look at Mom, then at me, then back at Mom. With our dogs and drinks, we find a seat at a table that isn't too dirty. Mom sets her bag on the ground while I wipe the table with a napkin. Mom takes a large bite of her hot dog.

"Well," she says as she chews, "he didn't say much. His people were waiting for him, so I just asked about school and work, and he said okay. Then he said, 'I love you, but I can't have you in my life,' and he went back to his group." Mom swallows and takes another bite before asking, "How can he work in a clinic with depressed and crazy people but not be able to talk to his own mother?" She laughs incongruously, and I shrug.

From the time he was a baby, I always knew that Cory was Mom's favorite child. He was a beautiful baby, with large blue eyes and blond curls, even with his hospital dressings from cleft palate surgery. After his operation, Mom took me to see him at Primary Children's Hospital. He lay in a crib with his arms strapped down and tied to the sides to keep his hands from his fresh stitches. The nurse told Mom she could feed him his bottle which, instead of a nipple, had a long skinny tube.

Cory was only eight when Mom and Dad divorced, and he lived with Mom for several years, moving each time she moved. One year he went to three different elementary schools. For a while he had mononucleosis and missed a lot of school. When he was fourteen, he moved in with me since I lived closer to his high school than either Mom or Dad. We had fun together, and I wondered if I should stay and take care of him or go on a mission. When I decided on a mission, Cory reluctantly moved in with Dad. Then he moved back in with Mom, who had rented a small house a block away from his high school. He stayed with her until he graduated and went on a mission himself.

Even though Cory was seldom home, between his job and his girlfriend, he and Mom had many midnight talks, especially when McKenzie refused to "wait" for him when he went on his mission. She wanted to stop dating Cory, she said, so he could go as a missionary to Taiwan without worrying about what she was doing. Cory took a baseball bat out to the field behind the house and slammed it again and again into a tree. But McKenzie did write, and she came to the MTC

when we took Cory. Cory was tall and blond and handsome that day, with Mom's blue eyes. It was a clear morning and the first time I ever saw my mother cry.

Sometime while Cory was in Taiwan, Mom moved in with Mike and stopped sending money to Cory for his mission. Four months after he came home, Cory married McKenzie. Mike was probably the main reason Cory didn't ever let Mom know where he and McKenzie lived. We all knew about Mike's temper, and Cory was afraid that if she knew where they lived Mom might bring Mike to their house. Mike followed Mom everywhere. Once he stood outside my car waiting while Mom and I talked. I didn't want to talk with her in her apartment with Mike listening, and it was too cold for us to stand outside. So we sat in my car and talked while Mike stood next to the car glowering at me.

After Mom divorced Mike, she shared an apartment with my older sister, Teresa, and Cory started asking us to babysit his new daughter, Sara. Mom became their regular Sunday afternoon babysitter. But she went back to Mike again; and after she left Mike, she moved in with Andrew, so Cory stopped asking her. He knew he couldn't just ask Mom not to bring Andrew along because she pretty much did what she wanted. She had brought Mike to my house, even after he broke in. And she invited Andrew home to the apartment she shared with Teresa even though Andrew had both threatened and propositioned Teresa, who is just his age, thirty-four.

So I don't blame Cory for staying away. He's just trying to have a better life with his family than he had growing up. When he married McKenzie, he cut Mom off completely. At first I thought it was just typical newlywed exclusivity; but when it went on for about three years, I knew Cory was deliberately avoiding Mom. But I understand why he doesn't want Mom around his wife and daughter as long as she's living on the street and seeing men like Mike and Andrew. I've only met Andrew sober once, so I can understand why Cory stays away. But he avoids the rest of the family as well.

When he graduated from the university, he didn't tell anyone in our family; he didn't want any of us there. He didn't tell us when he was accepted to Stanford's MBA program; and then when he changed his mind, he didn't tell us that he had found a job in the area as a teacher in a school for troubled teenagers. I don't know exactly what he said to Dad except that he didn't want him to come to church when Jared was blessed. Dad was so hurt, he wouldn't talk about it. Jared was his first grandson. When I talked to Cory, he said he wouldn't mind if I came, but I had to teach Sunday School that day. I would have found a substitute had I known, I told Cory. "It's not a big deal," he said.

I found out about his new job when I called McKenzie to invite her and Cory to my birthday party. We talked for an hour, and McKenzie told me about Cory's new job. McKenzie actually gets along quite well with Mom and the rest of the family. I can talk to McKenzie like she is my own sister, sometimes even better than I do with Cory. It's Cory who is having a hard time with us.

My party is at Sean's apartment. He is the oldest of the family. Cory and McKenzie apologize for being late and introduce us to Jared, the newest member of the family. Two-year-old Sara entertains us by pulling toys one by one from the cupboards and then putting them back one by one. We laugh and applaud, and she laughs and claps her hands. Cory shows her how to bow, but when she tries to imitate him, she falls forward on her head. She laughs and deliberately falls a second time, enjoying an audience, even though we are strangers to her. Dad and Sean sit on the couch talking about computers, while in the kitchen Sean's wife and Mom talk about dieting. Still, it's the first time I can remember that we've all been together for my birthday. I suppose we must have celebrated it as a family before Mom and Dad divorced, but I don't remember.

This is my happiest birthday ever, I think. My brothers have their own families now, and Mom and Dad have separate lives; but I feel as if we are finally a "real" family. I'm sorry Cory doesn't. He told me once he feels like we're all faking it, pretending to be close, to be a normal family.

I suppose if I had married as he did, I would have exchanged my old family for my new one without regret. As it was, I went to school summers, spent holidays with friends, and never called Mom or Dad. I often forgot that I still had a family, a family that lived only an hour away. It might as well have been five hundred hours away for all that I saw anyone. It wasn't until Sean remarried and bought a house in Salt Lake and started inviting us out for his kids' birthdays and barbecues that we started, uncomfortably at first, getting together. An avid photographer, Sean gathered us together for family pictures, the first ever of our complete family. Only Cory and McKenzie missed those barbecues and parties, even our Thanksgiving dinner. They spent Thanksgiving with her family, as they had since they first married. When Cory married McKenzie, he traded his old family in for a new one and missed the healing. Sometimes I envy him, though; he has put old relationships behind him and created new ones, something I can't do just yet.

Cory tells me I need to get on with my life, to quit trying to salvage the old family and create a new one for myself. He and Sean, both experts on marriage now, tell me this frequently. I need to learn

social skills relating to normal people, or I'll never get married. I laugh since I've dated more than both of them put together, but I wonder if there's some truth to what they say. Still, I think I need this time to learn to love my old family before I look for a new one, to understand my mother before I become one myself.

I didn't love my mother during those difficult years after Dad left. She cried a lot, yelled a lot, and then tried to gather us in family prayer. It took me a long time to forgive her for not being the mother I thought she should have been, and it took an equally long time to forgive Dad as well. Five years ago I felt as Cory does now, stayed away as he is doing. And I didn't even have the excuse that he does of a family in addition to school and work.

Even so, I call him just before Mother's Day to ask him to call Mom and wish her a happy Mother's Day.

"Stop acting like a big sister," he says. "I don't need you to tell me what I should be doing." But when he doesn't call, I am not really surprised.

For Mother's Day I fix Mom dinner and give her a present—a box of Guatemalan trouble dolls. The dolls are barely a quarter of an inch tall and are dressed in colorful threads. They fit in an egg-sized wooden box. The instructions in the box say to tell each of the six tiny dolls your troubles before you go to bed, and they will work on them while you sleep. We watch the second half of an old Tyrone Power movie, and during commercials I run next door to the laundromat to buy a couple of cans of diet Coke. Then I pop popcorn.

After Tyrone Power, "I Remember Mama" comes on. Although we have never seen the movie, we both know the story that the movie is based on—"Mama's Bank Account." It is a good movie for a mother and daughter to share on Mother's Day, and we watch it and drink our diet Cokes and eat our popcorn.

We've seen a lot of movies together. When I was little Mom introduced me to her favorite musicals—"Man of La Mancha" and "The Sound of Music." She took voice lessons and sang songs like "The Impossible Dream," "Climb Every Mountain" and "My Favorite Things." When she was eighteen, she had memorized "Clair de Lune" and could still play it without sheet music. She insisted that my brother, sister, and I learn to play the piano, and she bought a baby grand piano for us—on credit. My father wasn't pleased when he came home and saw it in our living room, but we thought the piano was perfect. Mom often did things that surprised my father—bought new cars, painted the walls, brought a male boarder into the spare bedroom for \$100 a month. My dad didn't like having strangers living in our house, but she didn't listen to him.

I think I loved her when I was little. We all did, even though we didn't understand her. Even though she was never home and no one knew where she was. Even though the house was piled with her collections from secondhand stores and our clothes were never ironed and we fixed ourselves peanut butter sandwiches because she was never home to cook us dinner. And even though she didn't look or act like my friends' mothers and there were no cookies and milk after school, I loved her with a child's unreasoning, protective love.

She took me with her to clean houses or deliver the ironing she did for people all over the valley and paid me a quarter for deliveries. She gave me fifteen cents for ironing shirts or dresses but only ten cents for pillowcases, because they were so easy with the Iron-rite. Just one time through the rollers, and they were smooth and warm. Shirts and dresses took more manipulation to move through the rollers without catching sleeves or buttons. Shirt yokes were more difficult. I had to ease the shirt carefully into the Iron-rite and press down for just a few quick seconds. If I waited a second too long, the shirt rolled too far into the machine and wrinkled the collar.

When Mom ironed, I read aloud to her from whatever books I was reading from the school library. In the morning I lingered at her side, watching her iron until she absent-mindedly told me it was time for school. After I had walked halfway up the street to the school, I would run back to our house. "Mom," I would call back through the door, "I love you." When I heard her reassuring "Bye, love you," I would leave satisfied. Within minutes, however, I was back again to call, "Bye, love you."

"Bye, love you," she would call again patiently, a ritual that repeated itself several times a morning, several times a week, so that I was nearly always late for school.

These days I tell Mom frequently that she was a good mother. She seems to need to hear it. "You must have done something right," I tell her. "I'm not a drug addict or an alcoholic. I'm not in prison. Almost all of your kids have gone on missions and to college, and at least two will have graduate degrees." I think of Cory, who's just beginning a master's social work program—the same one Mom graduated from—and I know from her face that she is thinking of him, too, so I speak rapidly to distract her.

"I spend more time with you than my friends spend with their parents," I say, hoping that she will feel better, and then to make sure I add, "and I do it because I like being with you, not because it's my duty or because I have to."

I don't tell her, though, that I do feel like I have to. Except for Mike and Andrew, she's been alone since her divorce from Dad fifteen

years ago. In the last five years or so, my brothers have all married and started families. Cory works full time and goes to school full time; Sean works two jobs to support his family of six. Even so, Sean meets Mom for lunch downtown once in a while, and Teresa used to before her transfer to Dallas a year ago. Even though Teresa and I call her at least twice a week, Mom is essentially alone.

Since I am a student at BYU, Mom decided to take classes too; senior citizens can audit classes for ten dollars a semester. Last semester she took a writing class; for one assignment she wrote about the summer she was ten. She spent it in a nearly full-length body cast that reached from crown to hips, only her face and arms and legs sticking out. She wore it after her neck operation since she had a weak muscle that caused her head to flop over like wrung-neck chicken. She spent three weeks on her back in the hospital; but when she was out, she spent the rest of the summer climbing the cherry tree in her back yard in spite of her body cast.

She used to tell me the story of how her house burned down on Christmas Eve. As her family walked home together from a church activity, they saw the smoke. They spent Christmas farmed out with the neighbors. Fortunately, most of their presents were still on layaway at different stores, so they didn't lose all of them. She tells me stories about her growing up, but there is so much I don't know. I'd like to know about how she wrote plays and conducted them in her back yard, charging safety pins as the price of admission. I'd like to know how she felt when her head was shaved for her neck operation and she went to school with only a thin, pink ribbon tied around her naked scalp. I'd like to know about the books she read, the classes she took at school, and the boys she dated. She's told me about Harley Hedengren, and Bill Peterson, who looked like Danny Kaye, and Paul, the boy who kissed her in the back room of the drugstore where she worked as a teenager. There's so much of her life I don't know.

While I was away at school, she lived with Mike, then Andrew. When she took Teresa's rent money to get an apartment with Andrew, Teresa told her never to even think of coming back. She changed the locks on her doors—mostly to keep Andrew out should he and Mom try to get in—and Teresa and I joked darkly, "The locks may be changed, Mom, but we want you to know the door's always open."

When Mom left Andrew a few months later, Teresa wanted to take her back, but she was still hurt that Mom had left her stranded without rent money. "It's my turn," I told Teresa. "You've taken care of her for the last several years."

Mom and I found an apartment in Springville, and we had a good time. I tried to keep her from missing Andrew, took her to movies and

shopping, but I could see that I couldn't do enough. Somehow she found Andrew again, and together they moved into a run-down duplex. However, because she lived with me at the time she began to receive disability payments, her checks were issued in my name. So I paid her rent and utilities and took her shopping, never giving her much cash, which would just be used to get Andrew something to drink.

After a few months Andrew assaulted another street person with a bottle and was sentenced to a year in jail, so I moved Mom out after reporting the duplex to the Board of Health. The landlady wasn't pleased to lose a tenant and at the same time receive a warning that she couldn't rent the place until the plumbing and heating were fixed.

I moved Mom into a newly remodeled, rent-adjusted senior citizen complex, although at first she complained about being around old people. Even more insulting was being classified as too "disabled" to handle her own money. To tell the truth, I didn't like managing two checking accounts. But I liked knowing I could find Mom when I wanted to see her. I liked knowing she had food in her apartment, enough to last several weeks, and soap and toilet paper and a television set and a bed. I liked knowing that she wasn't going to spend her monthly welfare check the first few days by eating out, living in a nice hotel, and buying good clothes that she wore once or twice and then threw out. I liked knowing she was sleeping in a bed in a clean, nice apartment now instead of in the run-down, poorly heated duplex, or worse, in an abandoned house or car somewhere, in a hospital waiting room, or even in a field with only cardboard to cover her.

But Mom didn't like being considered too incompetent to handle her money, so she agreed to see a counselor in order to get a recommendation to have her disability check reassigned in her own name. Mom talked with June, a social worker, who set up weekly appointments to see her. June also scheduled Mom to see Dr. James, who prescribed lithium for her chemical imbalance. She has a bipolar affective disorder, he says. People used to call it a manic-depressive condition. I don't know why they changed the name. I'm just glad to have a name at last for what it is that makes my mother different. Dr. James says it's a condition that people may not get until their late twenties—about the time Mom stopped working as a social worker. About the time I was born thirty years ago.

I don't know what happened, or when. It was sometime after she married and started having children. My aunts told me she was a very good student at the university. She was the first one in the family to graduate from college. And she held the same job for the first several years of her marriage, taking time off every other year to have a baby. I've seen the early pictures of Mom and Dad together, of my older

brother, sister, and me. We look happy, I think. We don't have any pictures after that for almost thirty years, and no one can tell me what happened to the young woman who dressed stylishly and groomed herself carefully at one time but now dresses like a bag lady so people will give her a dollar out of pity.

At the same time I see traces of the too-caring heart in her angry loyalty to Mike, the schizophrenic boyfriend she met at the Plasma Donor Center, and to Andrew, her boyfriend, and her sporadic loyalty to her children. Sometimes when we talk I see the competent, thoughtful social worker who listens and offers wise counsel. At other times I see the mother I grew up with—never still, never predictable, always running here and there, coming, going. Dr. James says that being manic feels like being on drugs. Mom has been on a constant “high” for the last thirty years. She's never taken problems seriously because they didn't seem real to her. Now she is calmer most of the time; her medication evens out her moods. At first Mom didn't like feeling like “a zombie”; she missed feeling energetic and ready to take on the world. Since the lithium pulls her out of her fantasy world and makes her drowsy and a bit nauseous, she stays home and reads or watches TV most of the time.

Her books are stacked all over the floor, against the wall, on a chair, on the television. She has a book on AIDS and one on ventriloquism, plus two on writing. I am glad the city library is only two blocks away. She likes to read, especially diet books (as if by reading them she can burn off calories). She's also starting to read romance novels, hoping to learn how to write them herself. She's heard that romance writers make several thousand dollars per book. Danielle Steel is a multi-millionaire with about twenty-seven books in about that many languages. Mom is going to read all twenty-seven, absorb Danielle Steel's style, and then start writing romances herself.

Mom and I are slowly furnishing her apartment. She didn't have any furniture at all when she came here. A friend of mine gave her a bed. I found a table at a secondhand store for five dollars. I keep a list of things she needs and buy them when her monthly disability check comes—dishtowels, rugs, hangers, a frying pan, bookshelves.

When we find some bookshelves on sale, the jigsaw kind you put together—\$8.99 each—I buy two of them and set them up in her apartment. By the time I am finished, it is late and I have a long drive home, so I gather up my coat and purse. As I start to leave, she tells me suddenly, “I have this urge to hug you.” I am startled; she often turns away when I hug or kiss her cheek. As I feel her arms around me, I hear her say softly, “Thank you for being so nice to me.” I recall the words of my patriarchal blessing, “You willingly will help your

family, and they will see your good example and call your name blessed." I feel like I am doing what I am supposed to be doing right now, even though my brothers tell me over and over that I can't keep this up forever.

Leaving Mom's apartment, I see an Indian girl in a wheelchair and an older man riding a motorized cart, but most people in the complex don't appear to be physically disabled. Pete opens the door for me. He used to be Andrew's friend. Pete is a handsome man in his late fifties, tanned, with thick blond hair, a good body, and a mustache. He lost his wife and kids because of his drinking and now goes to AA meetings. Pete won't have anything to do with Andrew anymore, but he'll drink herb tea with Mom and talk about Andrew.

When she and Andrew lived together, he wouldn't let her leave him by himself. His drinking made him paranoid, and Mom liked taking care of him, even cleaning up after him when he threw up. Now that she's living alone, Mom gets tired of staying home reading or watching TV, so she's started playing her harmonica downtown again. She used to be the only woman "entertainer" downtown, and she liked the distinction. A few women hold signs, and Mom saw them making more money than she did, so she tried holding a sign that said, "I will work for food." A veteran signholder came over to her. "Ya gotta say 'Will work for food,'" he said. "No *I*. It don't work the other way." But she got bored just holding a sign. So she plays her harmonica—everything from cowboy to classical. Once she even gave a signholder a harmonica and told him to learn how to play it. But he got more money just holding his sign. Mom likes to entertain people and see them smile. Sometimes she wears her clown suit, sometimes regular clothes, although she wears her oldest ones for playing downtown.

One man has taped crumpled pictures of his children on his sign. He makes five hundred dollars a night. He'll work Trolley Square during the day and Temple Square at night. He's in the spot she likes because you can make a lot of money right there by the gate. Then he'll go over and hold his sign by the Capitol Theatre to get the opera crowd. Mom saw a woman in a Jaguar stop once and give him a hundred-dollar bill.

"He does have a wife on welfare and a couple of kids," Mom tells me, "but a lot of signholders just use the money to pay for their drug habit." She hears people stop and offer them work, but they don't want it. One girl holds a sign—"Pregnant, Homeless, Hungry." Her boyfriend holds it once in a while, but he turns it over to the other side that says, "Man for Hire."

Mom likes to tell me about the different people who hang around Main Street. "That guy always sees God and Jesus in long black coats," she tells me, pointing to a man across the street. Or, "That guy is really sick. He won't even take money. I tried to give him a quarter one day, and he just yelled, 'Get out of here.'" Another man wears a brassiere under his clothing, and another is the alcoholic brother of her schizophrenic second husband. "He's a lot nicer than Mike," she tells me, "but he's weird, too." Mike, her ex, is paranoid. He thinks that the clips showing Neil Armstrong walking on the moon are a government plot to deceive people.

Mom likes the little Irish man who has a thick brogue and plays the guitar. "If you say the magic word, *fabulous*, he'll give you a wish," Mom says, "but he sings terrible. But at least he's not loud." If Mom is playing her harmonica and someone nearby is playing or preaching loud enough to compete with her, she'll play as loud as she can right back.

Sometimes the cashier at the Yogurt Station brings her a cup of frozen yogurt, or the young girls at Becky Sue's Buns bring her a free cinnamon roll. Mom likes it when people offer her free food, though she likes money better. She especially likes it when children give her money. "Thanks, honey," she tells them. She says that to anyone who puts money in the little mug she sets on the sidewalk. She doesn't call anyone in our family "honey." It's her street voice, a costume like her clown suit or mismatched clothes. "The worse you look, the more money you make," she says.

She makes less money these days. "It's the recession," she tells me. I wonder. She's been seeing June, her counselor, for over a year now and has been taking lithium and Prozac, an antidepressant, for about that long. She combs her hair and wears make-up more these days. Her clothes are clean, if not ironed. The last time I took her shopping, she decided to buy some razor blades to shave her legs. "I need to start taking care of myself," she said. She also bought some antiperspirant. When we went to *Giselle* a few weeks ago, she wore a nice dress, made up her face carefully, and combed her hair. She looked like she could be anyone's mother.

As I watched the full white skirts, I asked if Renoir was the artist who painted ballet dancers. "No, Degas," she said. At *Anna Karenina* last year she recognized the composer as Tchaikovsky without even looking at the program. I'm always amazed how much she knows about music until I remind myself that she studied music and art at the University of Utah before she graduated in social work. Even when she worked full time as a social worker for the state, Mom used to find time to take her small children to the symphony dress rehearsals since we could get in free.

I give Mom symphony tickets for a Christmas present, although I draw Sean's name and give his family *The Little Mermaid* video. With all the children and grandchildren in the family, we decided several years ago to draw names for Christmas and set a fifteen dollar limit. Mom drew Cory and McKenzie, and I told her they needed a new telephone; the old one has a lot of static. She was excited to find a Mickey Mouse telephone on sale for nineteen dollars.

McKenzie and Cory drop by Dad's to exchange presents and hugs and hurry home. They apologize for missing the Christmas Eve get-together, but they had already invited a friend who would be alone to spend the evening with them.

After they are gone, Mom and I slice French bread, and I pour glasses half full of grape juice, then add 7-Up while everyone talks and laughs in the front room. Sean's six children all crowd around the table to help fix smoked turkey and creamy Danish havarti cheese sandwiches.

After we eat, we exchange gifts. Even though we are supposed to buy only one present, Sean and his wife give a small package to everyone. I get Oil of Olay, and everyone else gets mixed nuts. Because I don't have a second family to buy for, as my brothers do, I give everyone a food basket, with chili, cocoa mix, marshmallows, and dinner mints. "For a chilly evening sometime when you don't feel like cooking," I tell everyone. While everyone is putting on coats and picking up crumpled wrapping paper, I call Cory at home to thank him for my present, a steel-blue T-shirt. He thanks me for the food basket.

"McKenzie probably doesn't feel like cooking much these days," I say. McKenzie is pregnant again. "How do you like your new phone?" I ask.

"It's great," he says, "I'm talking to you on it. Tell Mom thanks and give her a hug and tell her I love her."

"Do you want to tell Mom thanks yourself?" I ask.

I hear him pause before he answers easily, "Sure, I'll talk to her."

Their conversation isn't long. Mom says she would be happy to help clean their apartment after the holidays. She remembers what it's like to have morning sickness. She laughs, "They should call it 'all-day,' not 'morning,' sickness." She is quiet for a moment, listening. "Love you too," she says quickly and hangs up. I pretend to be busy cleaning up in the kitchen until Sean and his wife say good-bye and we all hug and kiss and wish each other a Merry Christmas.

McKenzie seems happy to see us, and Mom and I quickly clean her kitchen and fold her laundry as we talk about Cory's job, McKenzie's arthritis, and Mom getting her check back in her own name. I signed the papers finally because she is doing so well.

McKenzie tells me that it will be nice not to have to worry about it anymore. I tell her that Mom and I are going to have a bill-paying party every month when her check comes, and I will help her write out her checks.

Yes, Mom announces proudly, she has her own checking account now. I shrug when McKenzie looks at me. The bank asked her if she wanted to open an account, and she said yes. It was that easy. I didn't say much when Mom showed me her new checks. I guess if the bank doesn't mind, it's their business.

McKenzie compliments Mom on how she looks, her pretty earrings. Andrew bought them for me, she says proudly. When they were living together, he took her shopping with some money he earned in a hospital experimentation program—watching TV and staying sober for two weeks while some orderly gave him some new drug and watched his reaction. He earned about \$800 and took Mom shopping for a watch and some earrings. McKenzie just nods her head, and I turn the subject to school. I should be graduating soon, and what I am going to do next always offers fruitful conversation.

I do not realize that Mom is thinking about Andrew from the way she talks to McKenzie, that he is being released from jail early and has already telephoned her to ask for a place to stay. So I am taken by surprise when Mom tells me he is back. She is content to have him quietly drunk in the next room while she watches TV. But she calls me later to say he is gone again. She left him alone to go shopping and came home to an empty apartment. She learned from Pete that Andrew left her apartment on the third floor—without any clothes on—and found his way to the downstairs front lobby, which has a large front window facing a busy street. The manager called the police. Mom says Andrew has already called her from jail to apologize. He wants to come back when he gets out of jail again, but Mom told him she has a nice apartment now and doesn't want him to ruin it for her by getting her thrown out. She asks me to change her phone number.

I don't ask Cory to call Mom on Mother's Day, but he tells me he has a card for her. "Why don't they make cards that say, 'Thanks for not doing more damage than you did?'" he asks me, and we both laugh.

Mom doesn't say anything about Cory not calling. I try to keep her busy by taking her shopping. I buy her a new dress, panties, bra, slip, and a large, pink T-shirt that says "World's Greatest Mother." It's a maternity shirt, but Mom says it's perfect; people always ask her if she is pregnant because of her big stomach. She likes it that people think she still looks young enough to be pregnant.

It is nearly a month before Cory gives Mom her card. She reads it and thanks him, then gives it to me to read. The card has a simple

message: "I wish there were words to say how happy I'd like this day to be for you. Love always." Cory has written:

Dear Mom,

I have a really hard time choosing cards for you and Dad, but this one fit me. You don't fit society's stereotype of motherhood, but that doesn't matter. I appreciate you for who you are. I learned many valuable things from you. I learned how to work by cleaning, to love and associate with those some would rather not, to find humor in painful situations, and most of all to be flexible and adaptable. To compare you to other mothers would be to compare apples and helicopters. You must have your regrets and sadness, but I hope you don't beat yourself about it. You are where you are. You're worthwhile whether or not you do what others expect.

I hope you're happy. I hope you like being a mother. I'm grateful for what you went through to get me here and your effort to get me to the point where I could make it alone. I'm sorry for anything I did growing up that made your job harder than it needed to be. If I have hurt you by anything I've done, please forgive me.

You are one in a million. I love you. Be careful and be happy.

"This is beautiful, Cory," I tell him.

"What does it say?" Cory asks, surprised. "It's been a while since I wrote it, and I've forgotten." I hand it to him, and he reads and then laughs, "Yeah, this is pretty good stuff." Mom says that's what she gets for having a bunch of children who are writers.

Before Cory leaves, he asks if we will watch Sara and Jared Friday night so he and McKenzie can see a movie. He hugs me goodnight, then turns to Mom and puts his arms around her. "I want my children to know their grandmother," he says, and then he is gone.

Later that week Mom leaves a message on my answering machine telling me that she doesn't feel well enough to go to her class, that I don't need to meet her on campus. Her voice sounds peculiar, but I want to believe her. I call her to see how she is, and the phone rings and rings. For three days she doesn't answer the phone, and I don't drive up to Salt Lake to her apartment because I am afraid that she will not be alone. She finally answers the phone on the third day. Yes, she says, Andrew is back. She hasn't been picking up the phone because Andrew's old girlfriend keeps calling. "Please don't lie to me anymore," I tell her.

"I don't want to lie to you," she says. "I won't lie to you anymore."

"We still have symphony tickets for this weekend," I remind her. "Will Andrew let you go?" She won't leave him alone when he's drunk.

"Yes," she says, "he's back, but I'm going to have my own life this time. I'm not going to miss any more classes because of him."

I pick her up from her spot outside ZCMI mall and take her home. I wait in the loading zone while she goes up to change into a

dress and put on make-up and comb her hair. I was looking forward to our balcony seats under the chandeliers at Symphony Hall, but now I have a headache, and it is difficult to enjoy the music. I try to listen, my eyes closed, concentrating, but finally at the intermission I ask Mom if we can leave early. "Bartok is pretty dissonant," Mom agrees. She consoles me by saying she can listen to the rest of the symphony when it is broadcast on KBYU Sunday night. Even so, I am sorry to end the evening this way.

As we leave Symphony Hall, we are not protected by the crowds. I consider walking down Main Street, which is better lit, but it is out of our way. So we walk down West Temple to where my car is parked. Salt Lake isn't dangerous, but we are on the west side of the city, which is darker and poorer than the east side. We see the shadow of a man ahead, and I consider jaywalking across the street; but I see he is getting ready to cross. As we approach, he seems to change his mind, because he stands there waiting for us. I wonder if Mom knows him. His nose is red and running, and his cheeks are covered with stubby white bristles.

"My partner is sleeping out," he tells us, "and I just need a little money to buy some food for us. Just fifty cents for a hamburger. My friend and I could split it." I picture myself opening my purse and pulling out money and him grabbing my purse. The smell of beer is strong.

"I'm sorry," I say, as Mom and I keep walking. When he is far enough behind not to hear, I ask Mom, "Should I have given him a dollar?"

"No," she tells me. "He had all day to earn money." Street people share their earnings, Mom has often told me, so I am surprised at her response. But she doesn't know this man, and she is impatient with beggars who, unlike entertainers, do nothing to earn the money they get.

No one else approaches us as we walk, although not far away I hear the lonely sound of a guitar—someone playing the blues, though I don't recognize the tune. When we get to my car, I open the door for Mom, then walk around to my side. I start the car and see that my gas tank is nearly empty, so I drive to the Top-Stop on the corner. I hate to pay nearly double for aspirin there, but it will be an hour before I get home.

"There's that guy I told you about," Mom says suddenly. "He goes up to cars and just asks them for money. He brags he's the best paid panhandler in Salt Lake."

I see a man weaving toward the door and consider driving on, but the nearest gas station is several blocks away. I pull up to the gas

pumps but wait in my car and watch him for a minute before getting out. He goes inside the store and stands, talking to the man at the cash register. I quickly get out and set up the pump, adjust the handle to automatic, and get back in my car. I pull out just enough cash from my wallet for gas.

I see the cashier wave the man outside, and now he shambles toward my car. He is very tall and very thin, with baggy, shapeless clothes. Despite the winter night, he wears no coat and dirty tennis shoes with holes. I am afraid if I stay in the car he will knock the gas nozzle on the ground or bang on my window or something. So I get out of my car and close the door, prepared to tell him what I have already said once tonight.

He smells of liquor and sweat. His skin is covered with a sheen of dirt. He looks at me and holds out something. It is a half-eaten sandwich still in its plastic. He holds it so close to my face that I can see the damp lettuce, the teeth marks in the bread.

"I found this in the garbage," he says.

"I have to buy gas to get home," I tell him.

He starts to speak, but the cashier runs toward us, yelling, "Stop bothering the customers. Get off this property and don't come back." The man limps off holding his sandwich. Mom sits silent in the car. I fill up my tank.

When my tank is full, I put the gas nozzle back in its nook and tighten the gas cap. When I pay for the gas the cashier apologizes, but I thank him for his help anyway.

"My mom warned me about him," I tell the cashier. "She sees him downtown, and she warned me."

I pay for the gas and say goodnight to the cashier. I am almost to my car when I realize that my headache is back, so I go back for the aspirin. "I almost forgot what I came for," I tell the cashier. As he rings it up I open the bottle and swallow three aspirin. He smiles sympathetically, and I wish him a quiet evening.

"It is most of the time," he says with a salute of his hand. As I step outside it is quiet underneath the sky, the air is cool, and I can still hear faraway blues in the night.

Senpai

Marcia Flanders Stornetta

THE FIRST THREE WEEKS OF MY MISSION in Koshigaya, a small city outside of Tokyo, Japan, breezed by. Despite two months at the Missionary Training Center in Provo, I still couldn't understand the gibberish that rattled over train station loudspeakers and spewed from thousands of mouths. Nor could I make any sense of the delicate brush strokes on shop window signs, the flashing neon lights of evening, or the sprawling train maps at every train stop. Fractured grammar made even familiar English words on shop signs and T-shirts seem foreign. But it didn't matter. My assigned companion was an American. As my senior companion, she could translate the gibberish and read the signs.

Even though I was twenty-two, I followed Smith Shimai around like a little puppy those first three weeks. In theory, I knew missionaries lived and worked together in pairs because it was safer (morally and physically), more efficient, and more economical. In actuality, my companion created sense and order from chaos for me. Two sticks became eating utensils; the covered square tank with a gas heater became a bath after her patient instruction. She taught me to squat for the toilet, to sleep on *tatami* mats with a *futon*, to remove my shoes quickly just inside the doorstep, to push through crowded trains, and to bow politely. But after our third week together, her eighteen-month mission ended, and she went home. I was assigned a new companion, Shimizu Shimai. She was from Sapporo in northern Japan and spoke no English.

MARCIA FLANDERS STORNETTA, a freelance writer, lives with her husband, Scott, and their two children in Morristown, New Jersey. She and her daughter have recently written a children's book about diabetes.

Those first few days in our tiny third-floor apartment were difficult. We briefly introduced ourselves to each other that first morning in *seisa* position, sitting upright on the *tatami* mats, my thighs resting uncomfortably on my calves and heels. After I had spoken all the Japanese I knew and she all the Japanese I could understand, we relaxed our sitting positions. The wind blew the stifling warmth of humid summer through the open window. I smiled. She smiled. What in the world are we going to do for the rest of the morning? I wondered.

It soon became obvious that my days as an admiring puppy dog were over. Instead of an indulgent master for a senior companion, I now had a drill sergeant. Shimizu Shimai took her role as senior companion seriously. Later that first afternoon when we returned to our apartment, she motioned to a stack of written records that Smith Shimai had left her on the table. She offered some sort of explanation and then turned to me and said slowly, “Yū-shoku o tsukutte kudasai.”

For a long moment I looked at her, trying to decipher the short sentence. *Yū* meant evening, *shoku*, meal. We were going to eat dinner. I was hungry, too. I nodded approvingly.

“Yū-shoku o tsukutte kudasai,” she repeated, emphasizing the word *tsukutte*. *Kudasai* was a polite request form. But what did *tsukutte* mean? I ran through the base forms of all the verbs I knew, but I couldn’t figure out what she wanted me to do. I shrugged my shoulders and gave my helpless foreigner’s look.

Irritated, she threw open the door to our small refrigerator, removed a package of noodles, a cabbage, onions, and carrots. She piled them in my arms and repeated more slowly and loudly, “Yū-shoku o tsukutte.”

I looked down at my arms, then at her. I began to panic. “Shirimasen. Shirimasen,” I repeated. “I don’t know. I don’t know.” That was all I knew how to say. I couldn’t say “I have never cooked with chopsticks and a wok before” or “Show me how to do it.” Only “I don’t know.”

She grabbed her knife, pointed to the cabbage, carrot, and onion, and made some chopping motions. Next she poured a little oil in the heavy wok, pointed to the vegetables and then the noodles, and made some stirring motions with the cooking chopsticks. Then she went to the table in the other room and buried herself in the records.

In the stuffy kitchen, I slowly chopped the carrots, trying to imitate the precisely chopped vegetables I had seen displayed in the windows of the small eateries we passed each day. As the hot plate flamed the wok, I burned inside, humiliated that I could not communicate, indignant that I was viewed as a cook. Finally I produced my first dish of *yakisoba*.

Small humiliations became a part of everyday life. The next day, my face burned as I stood in a narrow grocery aisle listening to Shimizu Shimai shout at me. The other shoppers scurried past us, heads down, trying not to notice my loss of face. A few days later, using a map I had carefully drawn in the back of my small appointment book, I tried to lead Shimizu Shimai to Tanaka-san's, one of Smith Shimai's golden investigators. I'm not sure where I made the first wrong turn, but we were soon lost in a maze of snaking, narrow pathways. Flustered, I could sense her anger smoldering. I longed for square, even city blocks and street signs written in English. I longed for America, "the wide place," as the Japanese called it.

I never learned to communicate very well with Shimizu Shimai. I didn't even try to explain my panic the morning I fainted in our bathroom from the heat of the *o-furo*, the Japanese style bathtub. Every day I dreaded all the feeble attempts we made to communicate during the fifteen-minute walks to and from the storefront church we used as a chapel on a main street in Koshigaya. Sentence after sentence stopped midway after it became clear I didn't understand, followed by seconds slowly ticking away the silence. It reminded me of my first date, only this silence was more painful. After a few days I no longer tried to understand her small talk, or to answer back. How grateful I was the day we got bicycles. I didn't even care that mine was rusty and had been rummaged from a pile of discards at the train station. That is, until I discovered that one of the branch members had given *me* the shiny green bicycle she slowly pedalled down the street before me each day.

Daily rhythms also rescued me from the need to communicate. At six every morning Shimizu Shimai turned on the gas water heater. Then came bath at six-thirty, wheat cereal at seven, scripture study at eight, language study at nine, and train station at ten. There waves of people rushed in and out as we competed for their attention with cosmetic saleswomen and Moonies. Afternoons and evenings we taught discussions at the church. Tuesdays and Saturdays, I taught free English classes. Sundays we attended church. Mondays were preparation day, when we shopped, cleaned, and washed our clothes. We didn't need to communicate. I tagged along, hoping each day for a transfer to a new city and a new senior companion.

I didn't talk much those days, even with others. There weren't a lot of people particularly interested in hearing my personal introduction or a memorized story about Joseph Smith. I didn't understand the crowded, miniaturized, hurried world that went on around me. There was no one to explain the jingling music at stoplights or the lilting shouts from store owners whenever I walked into a small *misei* or neigh-

borhood store. No one to warn against taking big bites of *wasabi*, sinus-clearing horseradish, or *nattō*, fermented soybeans. But I did understand the leering look and crude gestures of the peanut man who stacked bags of his roasted peanuts on his cart parked outside the train station. I also understood from her gestures and the intonation of her voice that the gospel of love Shimizu Shimai daily preached in private, hour-long discussions at the church was very different from the Utah gospel that nurtured me as I grew. She deviated from the lesson on the commandments that I had methodically memorized, sternly expounding on the Word of Wisdom, adding cola and soft drinks to the tea, coffee, and sake that were forbidden. To naive high school girls, who tittered at the word *sex*, she taught a strict sexual morality new to me. She had expanded the law of chastity to include never wearing T-shirts, sleeveless or low-cut blouses, never entering a man's apartment, and never, but never, being anywhere with a man unchaperoned. I was glad she was not privy to the T-shirts, handholding, and kisses of my damning past.

Her forcefulness intimidated the young girls, who were generally the only audience we had. She ramrodded them through six painful discussions. I breathed a sigh of relief with them at the end of each lesson as they escaped to the real world. I wished I could take them aside and whisper to them about my *kind* Father in Heaven. And I wondered why they came back. Were they afraid she would track them down if they didn't?

But I never objected. I never knew how. Or perhaps I didn't dare until we met another Tanaka-san. (Tanaka is a surname as familiar in Japan as Smith or Jones.) Nineteen-year-old Tanaka-san was different from the other girls we taught. Bubbly and enthusiastic, she believed what we taught her about God, Christ, and baptism. Even so, that Thursday when Shimizu Shimai pressured Tanaka-san, whom we had met only three days earlier, to be baptized on Saturday, I knew I must do something. I didn't doubt Tanaka-san's sincerity or faith, but I did doubt whether she understood what joining the Mormon Church would be like. It was not like joining a social club. In Japan, it was the antithesis. Mormon women did not sip ice coffees with their friends after school or tea with their elders after dinner. They went to church, not movies, on Sunday. They revered their ancestors by doing genealogy, not offering gifts to the family shrine in the corner of the living room. And Mormon women did not have Buddhist weddings, the dream of every young Japanese girl.

I knew it would do no good to try to talk to Shimizu Shimai. Even if through some miracle I was able to express my feelings, she would never have agreed with me. So the next morning when I saw our dis-

strict leader, Elder Brown, an American responsible for the three missionary pairs in the city of Koshigaya, I casually mentioned the baptism planned for Saturday. I also let slip that Tanaka-san had been studying with us for only a few days. I talked with him just long enough to see if he had nibbled my bait. Then I smugly settled into scripture study with the other district members, waiting for justice. When we began language study, Shimizu Shimai left to make some phone calls. Surely Elder Brown will confront her now, I thought. But Shimizu Shimai said nothing when she returned. We went to the train station. She gave no indication that anything was different. We ate lunch. Maybe Elder Brown isn't going to do anything, I thought. We went to the church for English class.

We were early, so I sat on the folding chair in a small second-floor classroom, trying to study Japanese from the small note cards I carried with me everywhere in the sweltering heat. Then I heard Shimizu Shimai talking to Elder Brown in the next room. And suddenly she was there, her stocky five-foot body filling the door frame. She slammed the door behind her.

"Fu-ran-da-zu Shimai," she said slowly and loudly as if addressing a deaf or disabled person. She leaned her face close to mine, invading my personal space. Her dark eyes burned with anger behind the gold squares of her wire frame glasses. Her forehead glistened with perspiration, and an occasional trickle escaped from the fringes of her heavy hair.

She pushed her index finger into her small nose, flattening it, a physical abbreviation for the personal pronoun. "Watakushi wa senpai da yo," she said slowly. "I am the *senpai*," she was saying, using conjugations reserved for children and insult. But the way she conjugated verbs made no difference to my foreign ears. I didn't know what *senpai* meant. Then she began hurling words at me, her nostrils flaring from the pressure of her index finger that seemed to grind into her nose.

"Senpai." The word split me in half, leaving each half in two different worlds. Outside, I watched Shimizu Shimai act before me, staring at her exaggerated actions that dragged along, hearing her angrily repeat the word over and over again at sixteen rpms. Inside, the word pounded twice as fast as my heartbeat.

"Senpai. Senpai."

I know I have heard that word before, I thought. But what does it mean? Mentally I raced through my wordbook and flipped through my pocket dictionary. I willed myself to remember.

Then I remembered. I had heard it with Smith Shimai a few weeks before when we had tracted in a dormitory for young working or college girls. We had surprised one timid girl, who had not expected to

find two gawking Americans at her door. Not knowing what to do, she had looked past us and yelled “senpai” down the hall to get the attention of an older girl passing by. The *senpai* came to her rescue, asking us to leave. As we walked down the hall towards the door, Smith Shimai had explained the order of Japanese society. Even the language reflected this. There were no words for sister or brother, only older and younger sister or brother. Dogs and children, peers, superiors, and the elderly were all addressed using different conjugations and different words. *Senpai* meant senior.

Shimizu Shimai then jabbed her finger toward me, stopping a few inches from my chest. “Anata wa cohai da.”

I had never heard the word *cohai*, but I knew that it must mean “junior.” I also knew from the anger in her voice that I had not understood all the implications of that word. In going to the district leader, I had caused her to lose face.

I wanted to cry. But I would not. I had never cried in front of Mrs. Henry, my piano teacher, no matter how much she harangued and humiliated me. I would not cry now. I used my handkerchief instead, as the Japanese do, to wipe my brow. Convinced I had understood her tirade, Shimizu Shimai stormed out of the room.

The stifling heat blew through the open window. I moved closer to the electric fan, staring at the blades whirring round and round. I wanted to rush to the safety of my mother’s waiting car as I had after my piano lessons. But there I sat in a small, hot room, on a rickety folding chair, staring at a fan. No mother to cry to, only a fan. I wanted to go home. I didn’t want to speak Japanese. I didn’t want to live like the Japanese. But I couldn’t go home. It was time for English class to begin, time for me to assume the role of *sensei*, honored teacher.

After that confrontation, I played the role of the dutiful junior companion. At times I thought I would go crazy. But after two long months, I was transferred north to the cool mountains of Takasaki City, where the three-story, concrete statue of *Kannon no Yama*, the goddess of mercy, and my new senior companion, Andō Shimai, protected me. Shimizu Shimai seemed genuinely sad to see me go. I was not.

After I left, she wrote me a few simple letters. By then, my hand had mastered the curves and squiggles of *hiragana*, a simple phonetic alphabet that young Japanese school children learn before they study the more complicated two thousand characters of modern Japanese. After I received her second letter, a guilty conscience and proper etiquette told me I really must send a reply. By then I had realized she was not the only one at fault. But each time I poised my hand above the paper, I could not bring my hand to write.



Sacred Clothing: An Inside-Outside Perspective

Helen Beach Cannon

LAST SUMMER I WAS ASKED TO RESPOND to a paper on the LDS garment, given by Colleen McDannell at the Salt Lake City Sunstone Symposium. Her paper, to appear as a chapter in her forthcoming book examining the relationships between people's beliefs and the objects they use, she titles "Garments: An Outside View," since she is not of the LDS faith and culture. Considering her research and perceptions caused me to face a difficult set of values in my own life and to do some reassessing of how I regard sacred symbols in my own life. I could call what I write here, "An Inside View," but that might not be entirely accurate. Let me be quite personal and open in explaining why.

I do not wear the LDS garment and haven't for some twenty years, though I was married in the Salt Lake Temple and at one time attended the temple occasionally in Logan. My parents were also married in the Salt Lake Temple, though I never remember their having worn garments when I was growing up. Their only other visit to a temple was at my marriage, when they were given permission to witness our wedding ceremony. My husband wears his garments and sometimes attends the temple. Two of our three children are married and consecrated their marriages in the temple. I did not attend those marriages; I stayed outside the Logan Temple and cried. I have told my tender daughter I would do anything for her, but I've choked on the words, realizing I could not do what she and I so much wanted.

HELEN B. CANNON is a member of the English department at Utah State University and serves as an editorial associate for DIALOGUE.

So, while I am of the faith, some would say I am marginal in it, having failed to claim my full spiritual inheritance. I do have my own set of garment stories and lore, though. My favorite is of a maverick aunt who was careful and observant about wearing the garment at all times. But she also had her vanities and a certain spunk and imagination. When she bought a party dress with a black lace bodice, she decided it would be inappropriate and maybe even wrong to have her sacred garment show through the lace. Her solution was to dye the top of her one-piece garment black.

Then there was my grandfather and his mercantile store in Emery County, Utah—a general store in a tiny town called Ferron. Times were hard and payments were seldom on time. He said he liked dealing least of all with those in the town who had “pie-marks in their underwear.” They were the last to pay up.

There’s also the story of a young woman in Cache Valley who firmly subscribed to the Mormon folk belief that the garment should never be completely removed. So convinced was she that while she was in labor, she argued with her obstetrician over whether her garments could be taken off while she gave birth to her baby. He was adamant that they should come off; she was equally determined that they stay on. As the coming child increased in urgency, they finally reached a compromise. She would keep one leg of her garments on. A nonmember friend to whom I told this story marvelled, “I can’t understand how she got pregnant in the first place.”

Some of us who don’t wear garments have, nevertheless, a high reverence for them. One such friend writes that her only direct contact with garments is when she washes them for her daughters and their husbands when they are home visiting. She has qualms, she says, about throwing their garments in the wash. She wonders if there might not be “special care instructions” to keep the holy underwear untainted. “It doesn’t seem kosher,” she says, “to put these sacred garments with secular undies.” Knowing the protection stories, she wonders sometimes if the obverse could be true. Could a sullied garment transmit sin? Taking it to the metaphorical, if synthetic fibers become grey when washed with other things, could holy underwear take on shades of spiritual dinginess? Does a fall from spotless white constitute a loss of protective power?

Another favorite, possibly apocryphal, story—one that I use in my classes on argumentative writing when we’re talking about “plain-folks” propaganda—is one told about former Utah governor Simon Bamberger. As I heard it (and I can’t remember where), when Bamberger was campaigning in 1916, he was keenly aware of his Jewishness in a Mormon electorate. A shrewd politician, he made sure that when he

gave whistlestop speeches in the Mormon hinterland, he had a string—easily mistaken for the old style garment string—hanging out of his shirt front. As he toyed with it while speaking, Mormon listeners had the comfortable feeling that he was one of them.

As it turned out, Bamberger was one of the most popular governors the state has ever known, and, as a matter of fact, his Jewishness has significance to my consideration here because what I will say about LDS garments and their levels of meaning for me centers around Judaism. Why? Because it is through my exposure to Judaism that I've come to a deeper understanding of my own positions, beliefs, and actions in the Church. I owe much to Steve and Ona Siporin who have taught me the meaning of *communitas* and have shown me ways to be intelligently and thoughtfully observant, making me receptive to symbol and sanctification in ways new to me. They have brought me to a receptive naiveté regarding my own faith. Steve's classes in Jewish folklore and religion have been pivotal for me. Even more important, however, are the new insights into ceremonies and symbols in Mormonism the Siporins have given our family by including us in certain sacred ceremonies and celebrations.

Anthropologist Victor Turner, in his introduction to Barbara Myerhoff's *Number Our Days* (1976, xiii) suggests that anthropologists are thrice born—first in natal birth into a particular culture, second as they work and come to understand an exotic culture, and third, when they come back to their native culture and discover that the familiar is exoticized because they are seeing it with new eyes. For me the second birth happened as I gained some understanding of a religion (Judaism) that for me was exotic and new.

Preparing this essay has forced me to look closer at my own curious spiritual position—to ask myself why I've chosen to return to liminal membership when I had once been an initiate. Why did I stop wearing the garment? I did so at a time when I considered my faith to be strong and intact, and I have never since imagined myself as a lapsed Mormon. The time spent pondering this essay hasn't been the only time I've tried to answer that question for myself, but it has been a time of deeper probing—of a self-examination that would not have been possible before I met and admired the Siporins, devout and faithful in the context of their Jewish faith.

One answer to my question—but not the most important for me—is that I was not prepared for, or comfortable with, material objects as religious symbols. I grew up, as have most Utah Church members, attending services that seemed stripped of ritual or symbol. Paul and Margaret Toscano call this the “symbol-poor” aspect of our worship services, as contrasted with the temple's “symbol-rich” emphasis (1990,

284). I remember my chagrin as a teenager when in planning a young women's party, I brought candles for the table. "In our Church we don't use candles in the church house," I was told. I also knew we didn't wear crosses around our necks, that our leaders didn't wear collars or robes, habits or vestments. We didn't adorn ourselves with such wearable, observable symbols. There is a workaday quality to our belief that partakes of modernity's loss of capacity to feel symbols. Mircea Eliade, in his classic study *The Sacred and the Profane* contrasts religious man—"homo religiosus"—with rational man (1959, 15). He finds in our modern mode a world view that fails to give credence to a world charged with symbols and compares it to a less sophisticated world in which not only time and place are sacralized and valorized, but objects too are sanctified. On one level Mormons live in a desacralized world. In some ways we could be thought to have excessive reverence for the rational and a dismissiveness for things beyond reason. Every miracle, so the teaching goes, can eventually be explained in terms of natural law. When the veil is lifted there will be no mystery.

I think many readers of Michael Quinn's *Early Mormonism and the Magic World View* (1987) had a profound distaste for the book partly because they felt uncomfortable with his claims that Joseph Smith's world view accepted that some material objects possessed magic power—seer-stones, daggers, divining rods, magic parchments, hankies, capes and certain amulets and talismans. We would rather view the Prophet as a rational man, granting him the miraculous revelatory visions, of course, but rejecting thoughts of his having embraced a world view foreign to our own which to us lacks genuineness and depth and which we might even consider spurious and unenlightened. We view ourselves as liberated from mystery and myth and reject what historian Morris Berman calls "misguided world views we have happily outgrown" (in Quinn 1987, xi). We are not conditioned in our daily attitudes to acknowledge that objects are capable of being transfigured. Things, we think, ought to signify no more than what is visible. With this as my background, however mistaken it might have been, how could I step suddenly from a view divested of sanctification of the material world to a world in which symbol reigned? How could I put on sacred garb when all I had known prior to the temple experience had been my own wrongful disdain for clothing as symbol? In my unwillingness to acknowledge that every human experience is capable of being lived on a different plane, it logically followed that the garment could signify no more than is visible. It could be no more than an item of underclothing, uncomfortable not only in its spiritual fit but in its physical feel as well.

Again, it is through an analogue in Judaism that I now find a willingness to concede the potential sacredness of a piece of cloth—to a realization that a physical object can effectively concretize belief. Consider Barbara Kirshenblatt-Gimblett's paper, "The Cut That Binds: The Western Ashkenazic Torah Binder as Nexus between Circumcision and Torah." The Torah, she writes, "is like a human, . . . The scroll is dressed in its finery, and when it is beyond repair, it is buried in a cemetery. Like a queen, the scroll wears a regal mantle. . . . All must stand in the presence of the scroll. Should the scroll be dropped, the community must fast. The 'naked scroll' is not to be touched with the bare hands. The scroll must always be covered except when it is being read" (1982, 136).

Among some western Ashkenazic Jews, the binder was the cloth on which the child was presented at circumcision. The cloth was then embroidered and given to the child as a sacred object, and thereby the link between the child and the Torah became concretized. This binding cloth used during circumcision symbolically bound the child into the covenant and later became an actual physical binder to the Torah. The cloth was thus both a physical and symbolic binder to the covenant in much the same way that the garment serves a dual purpose—it symbolically binds our bodies while ideally binding mind and spirit to temple covenants. Gimblett concludes: "Ritual acts and utterances may be experienced as ephemeral, even though their effects endure. Ritual objects, in contrast, provide a sustained physical presence, a constant tangible reminder of the rituals of which they have formed a part. They serve not only as a reminder, but also as a stimulus, focus, affirmation, guide, and resource for ritual activity. They are activated by ritual acts and utterances, at the same time they possess a power of their own" (1982, 146).

We activate the symbolism of the garment by renewal—by ritual acts and covenants we perform and make within the temple. Here then is a partial answer to my question, but only a partial answer: I felt discomfort with symbol—symbols I am now beginning to embrace as I see them used in a religion in which discussion of them is not taboo and in which they are more openly acknowledged as avenues to higher spirituality. But I perceive separation as another, deeper reason that I need to explore and come to grips with.

Anthropologist Mark P. Leone has identified one of the functions of the garment as that of separator—of a way by which Mormons resolve the charge to be in the world but not of it (1978, 13). I had sensed the way the garment symbolized separation—not only from the world, but from less devout and observant members and from the uninitiated. In nonverbal ways my garments seemed to separate me

from my parents who had put the garment by. Though worn as an undergarment, it does mark an outward separation. Let me illustrate.

The first illustration is silly and something I hate to confess. In the past year I have helped to teach the Gospel Doctrine class in our ward. As I've been getting ready and deciding what to wear, I've half-consciously been aware that certain blouses, though not sheer, would clearly reveal that I'm not wearing garments. I don't necessarily decide against such blouses, but I realize that when I turn my back to write on the board, certain class members will be quite aware of the absence of a clothing item that might lend me credibility. It's back to Simon Bamberger and the garment string again. So not only am I a woman, an academic, and not conventionally active in the Church, but I wear no garments. In my ward those four descriptions constitute four near-heresies when it comes to Gospel Doctrine teachers. My lessons therefore are not above suspicion.

I feel sad and estranged, but I am the stranger. As members of the Church, even though we have made the ritual passage, we can later return to liminality by taking off our spiritual separator. But with Jewish circumcision that cannot be so easily done. *Europa, Europa*, a new film based on a memoir by Salomon Perel, a German Jew, illustrates that clothing and even the body itself can be made into physical separators. In the film, Solly, on the eve of his bar mitzvah, must flee his bath, naked and in terror, when Nazi soldiers enter his home. He secures a Nazi uniform to clothe himself and returns to find his sister raped and murdered upon the very table where his circumcision had taken place thirteen years before. That Nazi uniform became his armor and protection, ironically concealing what is his unambiguous and irreversible sign of identity as a Jew. While the Nazi uniform is his means for deception, his circumcision "keeps him honest," as we say. He can't risk being "caught with his pants down," for though he is young and virile, allowing himself to be seduced would mean certain death. In a scene I am unable to visualize and am not sure I want to see, according to a review, he "attempts in the privacy of a bathroom stall to erase the last vestige of his Jewishness. Working painfully with bits of thread, he tries to extend the flesh of his penis into something resembling a foreskin." His Nazi uniform lends physical protection; his circumcised penis lends moral protection, literally preventing him from succumbing to temptation (Rafferty 1991, 81-83).

There are many garment protection stories in the lore of Mormonism. One finds its analogue in a Jewish folktale. The Mormon version tells of a young Mormon missionary in France. He has become separated from his companion and has wandered into one of Paris' infamous red light districts. He is propositioned by a woman of the streets,

goes with her to her room, and begins to disrobe. She is amazed (even amused) by his curious garment. He, in turn, allows it to remind him of his covenants, and he is then prompted to ask the golden questions, "What do you know about Mormonism," and "Do you want to know more?" The harlot listens and is converted; they turn from sin, he completes his mission honorably, and returns to marry her (in the temple, no doubt).

The Jewish story is alike in almost every particular. What we need to know first, though, is a little terminology. The Jewish prayer shawl, the *tallith*, has no holy meaning on its own; it exists only to hold the holy fringes (the *tzitzit*). Similarly, the body of the garment has no holy investiture, existing solely to provide a place for the sacred markings. With this knowledge we can better understand the story, which begins with the commandment in the Book of Numbers: "That shall be your tassel: look at it and recall all the commandments of the Lord and observe them. . . . Thus you shall be reminded to observe all My commandments and be holy to your God" (Numbers 15:39-41, as quoted in Milgrom 1981, 1). A certain student, so the story goes, was particularly careful and observant regarding the commandment of the *tzitzit*. The man hears about a fabulously wealthy Roman prostitute. He goes to her and finds her seated naked on her golden bed. At that point the four fringes at each corner of the *tallith* gather themselves and appear to him as four witnesses (one version has it that they even strike him across the face). He falls to the earth, fully ashamed. The prostitute is nonplused and says, "I shall not let you be until you tell me what blemish or defect you have seen on my body." He swears that she has no blemish but that the *tzitzit* caused him to fear for his soul (1981, 5). Furthermore, the woman divides up all her possessions, giving them equally to the King, the Pope, and to the school. Then she comes before the Rabbi and asks that he immerse her and make a Jewess of her, since she wants to accept the faith of Israel. Upon hearing the details of the story, the Rabbi not only baptizes the woman into the faith, but adjures her to marry the student who had been saved from temptation by the wearing of the *tzitzit*. The student takes her as wife, and disciples of sages were her children. In both stories a man is not only saved from transgression by something he wears that is invested with holy power, but a sinner is also converted through interest in that holy garment.

A young, newly married couple of my acquaintance candidly told me that they were sorely tempted while they were courting. As a returned missionary, he wore the garment; she did not, and he found her body more sexually vulnerable than his. They decided, therefore, to give her an "invisible garment" so that her body would be no longer

more vulnerable than his. This helped, they are convinced, to keep them morally clean.

Jewish scholar of liturgy Jacob Milgrom, in his essay "The Tassel and the Tallith" (1981), further looks at the prayer shawl as an equalizer of men, and I use the word "men" advisedly and appropriately here. The wearing of the tallith, Milgrom points out, is not the prerogative solely of those men at the top of a hierarchy; it is worn by all faithful men. The LDS garment is even more democratic; all—men and women alike—may wear it. Garments do not constitute a spiritual identification in terms of rank. Milgrom calls the tallith "the epitome of democratic thrust within Judaism, which equalizes not by leveling but by elevating." In it all Israel is "enjoined to be a nation of priests" (1981, 9). Those of us in the Church, both women and men, share a common priestly heritage in the wearing of the garment. Worn next to the skin, it does not dramatically set us apart as an outer vestment might, except perhaps in the locker room. Followers of many other religions may wear clothing that visibly sets them apart, which to the religious mind is often desirable. It is important, in fact, to separate the sacred from the profane. Both the garment and the tallith are mainly observable only to the wearer, and they both set apart the wearer primarily in inner ways. They separate the wearer not only from the outside world, but from the spiritually marginal and the less devout in the faith as well. In addition, they both separate the wearer from past lives, and they both represent and define boundaries. With the tzitzit and with the garment's markings the purpose is, as the commandment says, to look . . . to recall . . . to observe the commandments. In both cases a material item of clothing is intended to lead to loftier ethical behavior; in both cases something is worn as a spiritual mnemonic to look, to remember, to observe, and thereby to become holy.

Clothing often serves as a rite of passage. Recently I encountered one such rite that I had not originally interpreted as such. In *The Horse of Pride*, Pierre Jakez Helias recounts the trouser ceremony in his own Breton village as a boy's rite of passage. The little boy, formerly dressed as a girl, passes ceremonially into the world of men with the donning of his first pair of trousers. The whole town marks the change with celebrations and special foods (1975, 50–51).

When people marry in the temple, they also experience a rite of passage marked in part by the putting on of the garment. I watched my own daughter wrestle with this step into another world—the putting away of sleeveless summer frocks and pretty undies. Sometimes the wearing of this unfamiliar garment next to her skin might have seemed not only a blessing but a privation. Those who wore hair shirts

next to their skin to prove themselves might not have seemed so remote to her. Ruth Whitman, in her poem, "Cutting the Jewish Bride's Hair," notes the trauma of passage: "This little amputation/will shift the balance of the universe" (1990, 112).

The garment also separates wearers from those of us who may be classed as at the fringe (that expression, "at the fringe," is upended when considered in the light of the prayer shawl's fringe, which is of the essence). To me, wearing the garment seemed to separate me from my family, my roots, my people, my own identity. I believe that a deep spiritual impetus and faith prompted me to make my decision and prevents me now from wearing the garment and entering the temple. I believe in the power and symbolism of the garment. I do not at this time consider myself worthy to wear it. If and when I decide to put the garment back on, I will not take that act lightly. It will have utter significance. I've thought sometimes that perhaps I should just "do it" with less commitment, less honesty. I think of the opening of Judith Guest's book *Ordinary People*. The young narrator, recovering from a suicide attempt, is trying to find normalcy—a way to move through the days. "Get the motions right; the motives will follow" (1976, 5). But something in me will not allow myself that mechanical way. I cannot go back to the temple without full commitment, and full commitment, as I've said, separates me. I've long responded to Francis Thomson's poem, "The Hound of Heaven," in which Christ, the hound of Heaven, pursues the recalcitrant one—the one who ever flees what is good: "I fled Him, down the nights and down the days; / I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways / of my own mind; and in the mist of tears / I hid from Him, . . . / For, though I knew His love Who followed, / Yet was I sore adread / Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside" (1940, 510).

And what of the inconsistencies of my position? Doesn't my refusal separate me as well from my own husband—separate in profounder ways than I imagine a separation from my parents and my roots? Doesn't it separate me from my children?

And why do I permit myself to partake of the sacrament, that renewal of vows to Christ, when I won't permit myself renewal of temple vows? Is the holy sacrament of less importance than temple ordinances?

I come back, in conclusion, to Judaism to find a tentative answer as well as a promise. Anthropologist Barbara Myerhoff, in the final study of her life just prior to her death from cancer, returns to Judaism, to an ultraorthodox community in Los Angeles. In the course of this final video study, she visits a Baal Teshuvah couple—those who have returned to the faith after having been secular—whose study has

bookcases on two walls, one filled with books of profoundly questioning minds—Dostoevsky, Lessing, Schopenhauer, Marx, Spinoza. She looks then at the bookcase of Jewish laws—a library for the believing mind. She asks the young woman who has returned to orthodoxy, “How can you reconcile these two sides of your belief?” Then Barbara answers her own question by recalling a saying: “When the heart is truly open, there is room for yes and no.”

While Myerhoff earnestly studies a community of Jewish orthodoxy, her own students, out of love and respect for their teacher, chronicle on film her methods and her last days. They film the increasingly frail Barbara as she observes a wedding and as she consents to accept from devout believers their own religio-magic attempt to save her. She goes through a ceremonial ritual renaming, hoping to trick death by changing her name. Not only does she change her name, she changes her view of magic—for her no longer metaphor. She comes to find in that seemingly rigid, restrictive culture what we all search for—community and spirituality—or as Dostoevsky said, “bread and miracles.” She came to that old orthodox culture with certain antipathies—a dislike for the patriarchal society, the place of women, the narrow laws. She came to that culture, “able to see through the membrane, but unable to walk through it.” There gradually comes—and you can see it in her face in the film—a move toward true belief. She comes to love the restrictions, when before she had been profoundly rebellious and questioning. She sees the restrictions become freedoms because they are chosen. They are not restrictions imposed by God or man but are internal. With the time she didn’t have, she turned to a deeply believing people; she entered their envelope of belief and accepted the saving rituals that they as a community offered her. “I can’t think of any other people to whom I could have turned,” she said. “They gave me what was mine without my knowing it.”

I still harbor the hope that I too will someday reclaim what is mine.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Berman, Morris. *The Reenchantment of the World*. Ithaca, N.Y.: Cornell University Press, 1981.
- Eliade, Mircea. *The Sacred and the Profane*. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1959.
- Guest, Judith. *Ordinary People*. New York: Viking Press, 1976.
- Helias, Pierre-Jakez. *The Horse of Pride*. New Haven: Yale University Press, 1975.
- Kirshenblatt-Gimblett, Barbara. “The Cut That Binds: The Western Ashkenazic Torah Binder as Nexus between Circumcision and Torah.” In *Celebration: Studies in Festi-*

- vals and Ritual*, edited by Victor Turner. Washington, D.C.: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1982.
- Leone, Mark P. "The Mormon Temple Experience." *Sunstone* 3 (Sept.-Oct. 1978): 10-13.
- Milgrom, Jacob. "The Tassel and the Tallith." The Fourth Annual Rabbi Louis Feinberg Memorial Lecture in Judaic Studies, 1-9. Cincinnati: University of Cincinnati Press, 1981.
- Myerhoff, Barbara. *Number Our Days*. New York: Touchstone Books (Simon & Schuster), 1976.
- Quinn, D. Michael. *Early Mormonism and the Magic World View*. Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1987.
- Rafferty, Terrence. "Divided Self." (The Current Cinema). *The New Yorker*, 8 July 1991, 81-83.
- Thompson, Francis. "The Hound of Heaven." In *The Oxford Book of Christian Verse*, edited by David Cecil, 510. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1940.
- Toscano, Margaret, and Paul Toscano. *Strangers in Paradox*. Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1990.
- Whitman, Ruth. "Cutting the Jewish Bride's Hair." In *Sarah's Daughters Sing: A Sampler of Poems by Jewish Women*, edited by Henry Wenkart, 112. Hoboken, N.J.: KATV, 1990.



Wonder and Wondering: Five Meditations

Alison Craig

I

I THOUGHT AGAIN TODAY OF HOW I USED TO SIT at forums and devotionals so that I could watch the signer for the deaf club. I knew the manual alphabet and recognized a sign or two, but mostly I watched without understanding, the signer's hands, eloquent and expressive, echoing the words of the speaker. I'd see "thank you," a hand to the lips and then out; I'd identify the rapid-fire finger spelling of a name—much too fast for me to read. And at the end of the prayers, that beautiful sign "the Lord, Jesus Christ," the letter "L" moving diagonally from the left shoulder to the right hip, and then a finger in the palm of each hand. I was always crying long before the prayer.

I couldn't really understand why I cried—perhaps it was that I was seeing speech made visible, and it was utterly beautiful. But as I think of it now, it was not just speech revealed, it was the beauty of language itself, language as poetry—each gesture and movement standing for an idea, a thought, a name. It was the embodiment of my belief that in the beginning of language, every word was a metaphor—a tiny moment of poetry—and that in each of us there is a poet, one who understands and creates with poem-words.

I've also thought again of how beautiful the Salzburg dialect was to me when I first heard it—and could not understand it. It was lilting, almost singing, the vowels rich, the consonants dropped, swallowed, or changed. But as I learned to understand the dialect, I could no longer hear its beauty—instead I heard, "The paper costs ten shillings" or "We do not sell calendars."

If I learn sign language, will I no longer see the beauty and only see the meaning: "Please exit to the right"; "Dress for Success"; "Vote Republican"?

ALISON CRAIG is a single mother working on a master's degree in English at Brigham Young University, where she teaches a variety of writing courses. This essay won first place in the personal essay division of BYU's 1991 Vera Hinckley Mayhew Contest.

The newly sighted people Annie Dillard reads about in Marius van Senden's *Sight and Sound* see a world of "color patches . . . the tree with lights in it" (Dillard 1974, 28, 30). Those of us who have seen since birth don't see that beauty anymore. Instead we see leaves, a tree, the meaning without the wonder.

My Greek teacher ridiculed the King James translation that describes the shepherds as simply "wondering" at the appearance of the heavenly hosts; but it's the perfect word for me, since it combines the idea of awe or amazement with the notion of not understanding. We seem to lose both kinds of wondering once we know.

Is that tension always there? The tension between knowing and wondering? Once we know the name, we lose the wonder—both the wondering what it means and the wondering, the awe? In losing the one wonder, the other wonder also disappears.

Does this paradox apply to everything—that I can either see beauty and experience wonder or see meaning and not wonder? I fear it may. Dillard says, "[Beauty] is condemned to an eternal danse macabre with meaning. . . . [T]he color patches of infancy are lost" (1974, 31).

Did Adam and Eve actually have to leave the Garden? Or with their new and knowledgeable eyes did they simply no longer see the paradise they had in their innocence seen?

The distressing conclusion to all this is that the more knowledge I gain, the less beauty I can experience, until at last I'm the perfect encyclopedia—knowing it all, appreciating nothing.

But I reject this conclusion. I cannot accept that to gain the good of knowledge, I must forfeit the good of beauty. Surely God, who knows so much, still sees beauty. He declared his creations "good"; he can't have meant just mechanically accurate, all parts in place. Surely he also meant beautiful.

But where can I again find that beauty? Is it waiting for me to reclaim it?

When and how will the beauty return?

Will reclaiming the beauty be part of becoming as a little child? Again seeing with new eyes—eyes not dimmed but made young, ignorant, capable of Eden?

Does this mean I have to progress again to ignorance as well as to knowledge?

How does God see?

II

I remember hearing my father tell about a time when he reclaimed beauty and wonder. He spent a year on a ship in the Aleutian Islands

during World War II. For most of the year, he was based on the outermost island of any size. There were no trees on the island, only low-growing shrubs on the hillsides. There was no town either, only a military base of quonset huts and temporary shacks.

But my father wasn't on the base; he was aboard his ship, his first command. And although he was involved in no battles that year, he felt the tension of his new position and the stress of constant wind and fog attacking his small, lightweight ship.

At the end of the year, my father was transferred. He arrived in Seattle at night; the next morning—his first day back in the States—he boarded a bus for Tacoma. As he rode along, standing in the aisle of the overcrowded bus, he saw out the window a dense pine forest lining both sides of the road and, then, scattered among the tall evergreens, a New England-style village with a white church and houses. This peaceful scene and the majestic trees were familiar to him from the past; but seeing them again after his year away, he began to weep and couldn't stop. A woman made room for him to sit on the armrest next to her as he continued to weep at the wonder of what he had seen.

III

I remember when I saw it happen to my sister, when she found the wonder again. She had her first child at a birthing center, and I was there as the family helper—the person to see that someone attended to the husband's needs.

Much of that long night I have forgotten, but I remember my sister, just a few hours into her labor, leaning against her husband as a contraction gripped her and moaning that she couldn't take any more. She was already beyond her strength, and she had so far yet to go.

By morning, we were all on the bed with her, each holding an arm or a leg. The baby's head had crowned, but then it had stuck there for hours without moving. "Nothing can be worth this agony," my sister moaned.

When, finally, the midwife, kneeling in a pool of blood, caught the baby, we all wept in joy and relief. And my sister, holding her daughter for the first time, said with awe, "It's already worth it!"

IV

There was a time, too, when I saw the beauty again: the summer I worked in the recreation department at the state school for the mentally and physically impaired.

Devon had little motor control and his movements were stiff and jerky. He couldn't talk, and he couldn't eat regular food because he couldn't chew. But he could sit in a wheelchair, didn't need constant medication, and seemed to enjoy trips. I was assigned to take him everywhere.

I was dragging Devon's wheelchair around the zoo for the fourth time that summer, and just to make some conversation, I said, "Where's the deer, Devon? Point to the deer." He jerked in his chair, his arms flew up in front of him and seemed to lock together, crossed. I glanced away as he jerked again. When I looked back, his arm was stretched out, a finger pointing at the deer.

Why hadn't I tried before to communicate with Devon like that? I had only talked at him, or worse, down to him. After that I asked Devon to point at everything until he would finally wear himself out and stop.

Margaret was my swimming partner that summer, her legs permanently crossed, her arms drawn up tightly at her sides, her hands curled over. I would roll her rigid body from her bed onto the gurney and wheel her down the hall to the swimming pool. Then I'd dress her, diaper and all, in a swimming suit and carry her into the pool. For five minutes or so, I would hold her while her body warmed in the hot water. Then another worker and I would hold her leg, above and below the knee and, pressing gently, would try to bend her knee—half an inch, an inch—and slowly straighten it again. Then her other leg, each ankle, each arm, each hand, slowly, gently. Margaret began to recognize me as the summer wore on. And I could tell how much she liked the water—and how much the movement hurt.

All the summer workers loved eighteen-month-old Miles because he would grin and gurgle when you talked to him. He couldn't sit up because his head was too large, but we took him to the Fourth of July parade anyway and tied his balloon to his wrist so he'd have something above him to watch as he lay on his back.

As I sat there beside Miles, waiting for the parade to start, I saw a child about his age running along the street in front of us. Nothing special, just a child running along the empty street. And suddenly I was crying. The beauty, the grace, the precision and timing of his body; it moved together with such ease, each part in perfect harmony with all the rest. The miracle of it! And all that day, each child I saw was another miracle, each motion a surprise, a relief, a joy.

And throughout the summer, off and on, it would happen again. We'd stop in our special bus for gas, and I would see normal children playing and weep again at the beauty of their going.

V

How do these experiences apply to everything else? To learning to see again the beauty?

Perhaps there is a universal process at work here. Perhaps when I was a child—before I knew the names of things—another child in motion was poetry to me. But as I learned the name, I lost the wonder of the thing itself; its mystery faded. It became an ordinary and common thing—running. Instead of the beauty, I saw the meaning, the name. But when the bodies of Miles, Devon, and Margaret became ordinary to me, I could see again that poem in motion that is a child running.

I'm coming to see that once we have lost the innocence of Eden, the only way back is through the bitterness of the world, through its injustice and pain and evil. And though I've been thinking of our return to Eden as a return to the "color patches of infancy," it's a return with a difference. We don't return again to the wonder of not knowing. This time we return "and know the place for the first time" (Eliot 1963, 208), and it is utterly beautiful.

Surely that's the goal: to know the name, but to experience again the wonder. Surely that's how God sees.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Dillard, Annie. *Pilgrim at Tinker Creek*. New York: Bantam Books, 1974.
- Eliot, T. S. "Little Gidding." In *Collected Poems 1909-1962*, 200-209. New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1963.

The 20/20 Leap

William Passera

I approach God —
the distance is immense.
My vision is clear,
I am not.

Closer and closer,
the distance is immense.
My vision is clear.
I am.

Dancing eyes find truth.

WILLIAM PASSERA graduated from Tulane University, Tulane University School of Social Work, and the University of New Orleans with degrees in sociology, social work, and fine arts. His poems have appeared in such publications as The Independent Review, Hob-Nob, and Poetry Peddler.

On Being Female: A Voice of Contentment

Barbara Elliott Snedecor

FOR MANY YEARS, I have read with increasing interest the abundance of articles and essays dealing with the way men and women should behave—both within the Church and in the world at large. At varying times, these readings have evoked in me feelings of sympathy, restlessness, dismay, and most often a deepening sense, surprisingly enough, of my own contentedness with being female and non-Melchizedek. My contentment seems somewhat startling to me because for many years I was a passionate tomboy, wishing above almost all else to be a *boy* and to have all their wonderful privileges, athletically, professionally, academically, and spiritually.

It is with some hesitancy, then, that I have decided to add my thoughts to the many tender voices that have already shared their feminine perspectives. I offer here my private feelings on traditional male and female roles, my right to priesthood power, and finally, my sense of the female element in the Godhead.

I was born and raised in New York City. When I was fourteen, after receiving intense spiritual witnesses, my family and I joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Our conversion was by no means a quick and easy process.

I considered my home to be very normal at that time. My kind and gentle parents shared their deep faith liberally with their children. My older sister was a great friend, and my older brother and I had genuinely good times together.

BARBARA ELLIOTT SNEDECOR is most often a wife and mother, and is less often an author, editor, and teacher.

In high school, my innocent perceptions of life changed as I, new convert to the Church, took my now clearly defined values and morals into the classroom. Quickly I learned that my kind and loving home was not necessarily the norm. Many students who came into my high school from urban areas endured regular doses of pain, unhappiness, and abuse.

My experiences in a small women's college in Westchester County, New York, widened my perspectives even more. There I heard that women should actively seek the privilege of being educationally separated from men and that that type of undistracted learning was superior. I also learned that a young girl had a right to be selfish: to be concerned only with herself. In my dormitory I also saw firsthand how drunken and drugged people caroused and partied, how strangers shared the same bed—and parted strangers still—and how some young women loved other women instead of men.

Circumstances forced me to leave that small college and continue my education at Barnard College of Columbia University. I commuted every day beneath the gray sprawl of New York City, thriving intellectually on new enlightenment from my classes, but finding at every subway station the unanswerable contradictions between lofty thoughts espoused at a university and the squalid life so prevalent in my city. My intensive reading, writing, thinking, and observing bruised me; I could not solve the injustices I saw. Life seemed so sad at times; only the message of Jesus Christ offered any final consolation.

At Barnard, too, I learned what it meant to be "liberal"—to think freely, to doubt, to be encouraged to doubt. And I came in contact with young women who were aggressive advocates of women's rights, who saw men as their most imposing enemy.

Then in my last year there, I found myself deeply and unexpectedly in love with a young returned missionary. I came back from a summer semester at Columbia with an engagement ring on my finger, much to the shock and sorrow of many of my friends who had anticipated a far different future for me than the standard married Mormon fare.

All this comes by way of introduction. And although I am aware of the darkness lurking beyond my world, I have never personally experienced abuse, discrimination, or domination at the hands of a powerful male. I know, however, that others have. Though I have tasted mostly the sweet, I have been an observer of the bitter and sometimes a confidante to the suffering.

Despite the terrible realities that I know exist between many men and women, I nevertheless feel great joy in my femaleness. My years of marriage and motherhood have only intensified these feelings, for I

could not have dreamed when I was single, young, and vain that I knew so little about life. Marriage has taught me deep, eternal truths; they are not learned without struggle. My experiences as a wife have expanded my capacity to serve, have widened my view of sacrifice, and have taught me to mold my own needs to another's. I have learned to feel wrenching pain and hurt and disappointment for my unmet expectations and yet to feel, too, a sense of renewal and deepening and merging of love that is the great wonder of marriage, of hearts committed and combined and forgiving.

So, too, my role as mother has moved me in unmeasured ways. Little did I know how intense my feelings of love and caring could become for our children. As I struggle to learn patience, to sacrifice, to teach my children yet also let them choose, I grow in a way I imagine eternal parents must know. Even the raw pain that comes when children err teaches me forgiveness and love in the face of hurt that can split souls in two.

In the deepest part of me, then, I rejoice at the gift of my own femininity. I no longer dream, as I did when a child, of how wonderful it would feel to be a boy. I must gratefully acknowledge, too, that I have reaped many rich benefits from the twentieth-century women's movement that have enlarged my sense of the possibilities available to women.

But I also believe, as I have traced my feminine roots back to Eden, that there *are* basic differences between the assignments given by a loving Father to Adam and Eve—and by extension, to all of us—that should not be ignored or deemed as merely old-fashioned.

I see Eve as the victor in the garden, the one who with great tenderness and foresightedness partook of the fruit that humankind "might be." In some instinctual way, Eve sensed that the power of life and of faith comes in our right to choose. While Adam remained innocent to the Father's plan, Eve actively chose to implement it, allowing them to follow what Father had intended all along.

I believe that the decrees, or "punishments," that followed after Adam and Eve had partaken of the fruit were meted out as any compassionate and loving parent would declare them. Assignments were given that would teach and develop the errant children. To Adam, Father gave the burden or work, that by the sweat of his face he should earn his bread. To Eve, Father promised sorrow, that her children should be born of sorrow and that her husband should rule over her.

The division of roles in the Garden seems clear enough. Man was to work, perhaps developing and drawing upon his own strengths to do so. Woman was to bear children, to draw upon her own gifts to be

the mother of all living, to nurture her sons and daughters, to have her desire be towards her husband. In its simplest sense, these were the heavenly Edenic decrees—man should work and woman should bear children and be ruled over by her husband.

Of course, nothing is as simple as planned. Indeed, most all of life and time has strayed far from the ways of Eden. History is replete with pain and distortions and abuse of the Father's plan as he had intended it for his righteous sons and daughters.

In our own twentieth-century American society, we find many alterations of Father's simplistic Edenic decrees. Although it was Adam's basic assignment to work, the daughters of Eve are joining the work force in large numbers and for many reasons. Even within the Church, more than 50 percent of women work. At various points in my own marriage, I have left the home to work, and at all other points, I have produced additional income from within my home to help in small ways to alleviate the enormous weight that falls mostly on the shoulders of my husband.

But when a mother works, much additional stress is heaped upon her, and changes inevitably occur in the way in which the family runs. Speaking from personal experience, I believe that women should realize that as they take on the additional burdens of employment, some elements of family life will change and some will inevitably suffer.

When a mother *must* work, therefore, because of a death or divorce or because one income is simply not sufficient in today's expensive world, she should be given enormous amounts of emotional support because she is taking on additional burdens beyond those which she was to carry. A woman who must take on both nurturing and bread-winning deserves admiration and emotional support and help with her children from Church leaders, the community, and family.

When a mother freely chooses to work outside the home, *not* out of necessity, she should similarly be aware that she is voluntarily shouldering responsibilities beyond those originally intended her. Her task will be difficult, challenging, and hopefully rewarding enough to compensate for the other areas of home and family that cannot help but be altered in some ways.

Certainly, a woman who is not responsible for nurturing children should have the right to work, to develop her talents, and to receive, as all women should, equal pay for equal performance. Similarly, I would never categorically state that women who are talented intellectually must stay home, only to feel suppressed and miserable and trapped by their assignment of "mother." They should, however, enter the work force with an awareness that life will certainly be more hectic for themselves and for their family.

Finally, let me say a word in behalf of the children who are left in other people's care when mother and father both work. I do believe that Heavenly Father hoped for his children to be given a mother and a father who would care for them and nurture them through their childhood. I am well aware that the steady presence of a mother is not always possible in today's world, but when it is, a woman who is at home should rejoice in that privilege.

I do see the roles given to man and woman, then, as essentially separate assignments. Yet, out of necessity, these roles must sometimes overlap in today's most complicated world. Similarly, when moving to matters of priesthood ordination, I see the assignment of priesthood power as essentially a male ordination. Here, too, however, I find I must make allowance for overlap in times of necessity.

Perhaps my naiveté is glaringly obvious, once again. Perhaps I am a victim of my own happy past, my education, the successes of the women's movement, and my stable and compassionate marriage. Perhaps I simply have not suffered enough. As an eastern convert, I must also recognize that I am not as cognizant as my counterparts in the West of matters of priesthood overbearance and repressive power. Neither do I have the stigma of a polygamous past hanging over me—a version of marriage which, for all my scrutiny of D&C 132, has never conclusively been read in my mind as the eternal way marriage must be, but rather, a practice that we sometimes live, if deemed necessary (see Jacob 2:23–35).

I have observed that when the need to bless arises for my husband, the assignment always evokes in him the greatest feelings of humility, even inadequacy. To speak in the name of God seems a tender and difficult task that often comes unexpectedly to a father or a home teacher or a friend, whether the priesthood bearer feels ready to bless or not.

But in a time of deep need, when my six-month-old's life hung in the balance, I did not hesitate to lay my own female hands on the head of my son and pronounce a mother's blessing on him, invoking the power of the priesthood which I surely shared with my righteous husband—as surely as I shared body and soul with him and had created this now terribly sick child with him.

I acted in a purely instinctive way then, without thinking whether or not I was doing right or wrong, certain that no loving Father in Heaven would refuse my plea for the power of God to sustain such a tiny child. So I blessed my son, pleading for priesthood power, petitioning the Father to keep him alive until I could get him medical help, until he could receive an anointed blessing.

Later, I learned that my own father, hearing of his grandson's terrible plight, left his desk at work and went to the board room of his

office, knelt and called on that same priesthood power to keep my son alive. And my husband, driving madly from work to the hospital, laid his hands on Peter's head without oil and without a companion, inviting the priesthood powers of heaven to keep his son alive.

I believe these three blessings, each bestowed in a less-than-official manner, one by a woman unordained, and two by men operating by themselves, without oil, all helped keep our son alive through many medical trials. I would not hesitate to bless again if circumstances were similarly life-threatening, if I were completely alone, and if my marriage, sealed by the Holy Spirit of Promise, was faithful and steadfast.

Additionally, I believe that a righteous, faithful Mormon female can offer a prayer of blessing in behalf of her child even when she is married to a nonmember or inactive husband, as surely as she can offer a prayer at her child's bedside at night. Certainly there is inherent goodness in the power of a mother's loving plea, as in a father's. Certainly each individual, male or female, claims his or her own right to heaven, irrespective of priesthood power.

Admittedly, I confess I have never felt the need for large administrative or ecclesiastical assignments in the Church. I know there are women who see priesthood ordination as a means of empowering them to become bishops and high priests and General Authorities; but if their desire is for power, I doubt the Lord will quickly grant their wishes. If their private longing is the right to render greater service, then perhaps, in time, the Lord will move in that direction, as he did in granting priesthood to all worthy males. It is clear now that in our temples women *are* ordained to priesthood power to officiate in those ordinances in which women are required to administer to women. My own mother and mother-in-law have officiated in unnumbered washings and anointings, sealing their blessings with priesthood authority. In that sense, priesthood power to administer *is* already held by many women in the church.

Although I have resolved the issues of priesthood and of my womanly role peacefully, I have only recently, after many years of searching, begun to resolve my feelings about the female element in the Godhead. The lack of female in the Godhead first began to gnaw at me when I was a young wife and new mother in Boston. There I came in contact with many *Exponent II* women who were most articulate and sensitive in their desire for a Mother in Heaven and for priesthood power. I began to wonder quietly and to anxiously question, Where *was* the female element in all of creation? Surely life was not an asexual creation, for all around us was evidence to the contrary. Yet how strange that the female was never mentioned. In college, I had been excited by our belief that creation was not "ex nihilo" but rather a

matter of reordering or reorganizing already existing elements and spirits. In charge was the Father, greatest of all spirits. That I could understand and accept.

But surely a male could not spiritually or physically beget life on his own. Friends suggested that perhaps, in the endless eternal scheme, the male and female elements of the Godhead had simply merged into one, and there was no need to distinguish one from the other. Another suggested that the female was so sacred she was not to be mentioned, a notion that made me laugh.

After attending Carol Lynn Pearson's play "Mother Wove the Morning," my wonderings intensified. Where was the Mother in Heaven? Would we never know her and never find consolation in our knowing?

Months after seeing the play, late one Sunday afternoon, I attended a baptismal service for a young woman in our ward. The speakers that afternoon were all young people I knew well. Their talks and prayers had a lucidity and candidness that touched me deeply. One bright, promising young woman startled me as she spoke on the Holy Spirit. "The Holy Ghost," she said, "can only be in one location, yet its influence can be felt among all the children of our Father in Heaven at any given time."

Something moved inside me. Her statement seemed to me the purest definition of a mother I had ever heard. While a mother can physically be in only one place at one time, her deepest desire is for her influence to be among all her children wherever they may be, whispering to them, to guide them, protect them, and help them to choose wisely. Would it be wrong to think of the Holy Spirit as the female element in the Godhead?

I think of the language we use to describe the workings of the Holy Spirit—the way it whispers, the way its power seals marriages, the way it produces warm feelings, working gently and kindly on our hearts. That seems the means by which a Heavenly Mother would want to communicate, gently helping her children along the pathway home.

I imagine the Council in Heaven with Mother and Father wanting so to teach their children the value of good and evil; and when the Son's plan was finally decided upon, I could imagine the fear arising in the Mother's heart, as she realized she would lose many of her children. "So many will be lost! Don't you see?" she might have said to the Father. "Many are following the plan of the Son only because they wish to choose their way in life, not because they wish to return home!" I could imagine her despair and the sorrow of her loss as a third of the hosts of heaven were cast out.

“ . . . And the Lord God called upon men by the Holy Ghost everywhere and commanded them that they should repent” (Moses 5:10, 11, 14).

So, too, was the Spirit there when the Son of God was conceived, accounting for both male and female parents to plant the seed of divinity within Mary (Luke 1:34–35; 1 Ne. 11:18–20). And the Holy Spirit was there at other critical moments in her son’s ministry. When he died, he left the earth with her spirit, with her comfort, once again, to nurture, to minister, and to reveal.

Many times I have heard men and women comment that women seem more susceptible to the promptings of the Spirit, that perhaps a woman’s nature allows her to be so receptive. Perhaps the dialogue of the Holy Spirit to a woman is really the exchange of a loving mother with her daughters, a dialogue of female intimacies, instinctively familiar.

Such ideas were new to me, although perhaps others had already suggested them and been laughed at. My new thoughts tasted strange but also vaguely wonderful, although there was only a feeling—and perhaps a hope—that my perceptions might somehow prove true. Heavenly Mother might have relinquished her being for the right to minister spiritually to her children, to witness to truth, to lead her sons and daughters in the paths of wholeness and truth, the pathway home.

And a part of me felt that whether my thoughts were true or not, I had discovered a new way to look at the Godhead, now wonderfully complete with a Mother—in the form of a Spirit—and a Father. I am intrigued by the thought still, and as I search the scriptures and think on the various evidences and ministrations of the Spirit, I have begun to take comfort in my thoughts as a new way of seeing. I find that as I allow the Holy Spirit’s actions to be those of a Mother, an enormous and rich set of possibilities enters into my own life and into the events recorded in the scriptures.

In final conclusion then, may I state that I see all of life and faith as a process of growth and movement. The notion of perfection has always seemed something more directional than attainable to me. So I present these varied and imperfect notions—some traditional, some exploratory—on man and woman and priesthood and female diety with that feeling in mind. Perhaps these thoughts will cause movement in new directions. At the very least, they may participate in the rich music of dialogue.

Afterthought

Marlene Harris Austin

THE FLASHING RED LIGHTS, which transposed the familiar objects of our yard into illusionary images, seemed no stranger than the events of the evening. Three hours earlier we'd been a happily pregnant couple. Now we were the parents of two critically ill babies. I looked at my husband's anxious face and knew, as his silhouette was blocked from my view by the closing ambulance door, that a part of our lives was closing.

Roy and I had been married a year, members of our ward and community for three months when, on 14 October 1979, I delivered twins three months prematurely. Our son, Anthony, died three days later; our daughter, Elizabeth, born weighing two pounds, spent eight months in the intensive care unit of Boston Children's Hospital. Most "premies" her size are released from the hospital after three months; Elizabeth remained on the respirator nearly that long. A collapsed lung followed, then frequent bouts of congestive heart failure, dangerously unbalanced blood chemistry levels, and finally she was unable to keep down her feedings. Her physical ups and downs became an emotional roller coaster for me. But my crisis was not limited to grieving for Anthony or fearing for Elizabeth.

During the eight months following the birth of our twins, the bishop spoke to me twice—in the foyer. The Relief Society president called me once to get directions to the hospital so she could visit another

MARLENE HARRIS AUSTIN, a BYU graduate, lives in Westford, Massachusetts, with her husband, Roy, and their daughters Jennifer and Elizabeth, who is now a healthy fifth grader. She has published a book of poems, "Daffodils to Thistle Down," and is currently educational director for a butterfly park (the fourth in the USA), maintains her own business, Nature's Fantasia, and writes screenplays.

ward member. Her replacement visited once, as did our home teacher. My visiting teacher, the only person I knew in the ward, seemed uncomfortable, never reciprocated my calls, and finally asked to be replaced. The new visiting teacher never contacted me. Two thousand miles separated us from our families. Our parents' weekly calls and the hand-quilted baby blankets sent by family members could not substitute for the protective shelter of their presence. I felt destitute in a society that had promised to sustain me. It would take many years and laborous study to reconcile Church teachings and my experiences—or rather, my perception of those experiences. Depression and pain permeated those perceptions and the memories that I recall so clearly.

I felt peaceful and calm as we held our son while his sweet spirit quietly slipped from his tiny body. I felt a deep longing for him, a swelling sorrow but also a placid tranquility. This, I thought, was the way truly converted Christians grieved. My testimony of the resurrection and celestial families, my strong faith in God and his love for us would spare me the pain others associated with death. My seminary teacher's words came back to me: "If you have a real testimony and understand the plan of salvation, death will be a joyful event."

But within weeks, the positive feelings gave way to desolating loneliness. Any solace prayer brought rapidly slipped away as I recognized with absolute completeness the implications of my closing words, "Thy will be done." Conversations with my husband helped renew my knowledge of the doctrine concerning life after death but did not reach into the emptiness that engulfed me. Questions overwhelmed me. God had a reason—either a regimented eternal plan or simply a mortal body unable to sustain life. But why Anthony? Why us? If blessings are rewards for goodness, then what are life's difficulties? What had we done to deserve this? Even when you rationally don't believe such things are punishment, it's hard not to think, "If only. . . ." Why did priesthood blessings and joint faith seem ineffective? Consolation from Church members seemed ineffective as I continually feared that Elizabeth, too, would die. Nothing I had ever learned had prepared me for such a devastating ordeal.

Typical conversations with ward members included an inquiry about Elizabeth, a pause for a brief response, then a story about another "premie." Though well meaning, stories of "amazing recoveries" didn't help. Why couldn't our little one make such progress? I wondered. Stories of babies with severe problems sent me into despair. Would Elizabeth, too, develop such problems? I needed to talk, not listen; I needed someone to care about my pain.

After Anthony's death, almost no one acknowledged that we had ever had a son or might grieve for him. Ward members asked about

"our baby." Some could not remember which had died. Other rigid, unfeeling comments were more than I could deal with, frazzled and depressed as I was. Elizabeth, at seven days, began showing signs of a heart problem requiring either an experimental drug or surgery. When I told a close friend that I wanted my daughter to live, she quickly corrected, "No, you want Heavenly Father's will for her." I attempted a compromise. "I want Heavenly Father's will to be for my daughter to live." "No," she replied emphatically, *you want God's will for your daughter.*" This conversation, like others that followed, left me feeling misunderstood, misjudged, and isolated.

Roy and I had few outlets for our fears for Elizabeth during the many months she remained in jeopardy. Some acquaintances wanted us to see the bright side—"You must be happy that your daughter is doing so well," we heard—even though her condition was critical. Few took time to find out how she really was. Others ignored my fear and wanted me to do likewise.

I wanted to know more about celestial families. What did it mean to "raise" a celestial child? To feed him? Teach him to walk? Does a child living in paradise need to learn about baptism or repentance? Other questions seemed more weighty. If our son were in such a wonderful place, was it right to keep his sister from joining him?

The question "Why did this happen to us?" had the most distressing possibilities. Was our son's death and our daughter's inability to get better somehow related to the way we had been or were living? Several ward members had insinuated that I, because of my weaknesses, was responsible for the situation. When I mastered the lessons I was supposed to learn from this, they said, God would make our daughter better. My first reaction was fear that they were right, but the more I thought about these comments, the angrier I got. Why would God use this experience to teach me patience or trust when others learned such lessons by broken washing machines or hectic Seminary schedules? Would God really put our babies through this to teach us a lesson?

It seemed that everything I heard in Church suddenly took on devastating implications. "You can do anything if you have enough faith," heard in its many forms, only filled me with anguish. Did I (or we) simply lack faith? Requirements for celestial glory now seemed threatening. Temple marriage had always meant united and reunited families to me. Now the emphasis was the perfection of the family members. I must be perfect to be with Anthony again. But how could I possibly serve others when I didn't have time to cook? When was I supposed to write in my journal, study scriptures, or become involved in community affairs? My mind was weary and anxious (not faithful)

and filled with anger (not appreciation for those around me). I wanted to scream when we received an article with the line “Worrying is sinful” underlined in red. I felt panicky realizing that I seemed to be rapidly drifting farther and farther from perfection.

By mid-December these feelings, coupled with exhaustion and anxiety, began to affect my health. I frequently lost my balance and had difficulty focusing my eyes—especially on Sundays. Roy suggested that I ignore distressing comments at Church, but nothing seemed to help.

When the hospital social worker who acted as our liaison with the staff asked about my personal health, the floodgates opened. After listening to my story, she explained that good, religious people are not always able to help people in mourning or crisis because they lack experience and because they are coping with their own problems. I felt relieved and revived.

Later I shared this conversation with the woman who had been my visiting teacher, still my only friend. “You talked to the social worker about problems with the Church?” she asked, appalled. “What will she think about the Church now?” I was a traitor.

Subsequent sessions with the social worker were tainted by shame and guilt. Conversations with my “friend” became less frequent and more awkward. But I was not left totally adrift. Two weeks later I received a phone call from Mary, who was to become my confidante. It took the sensitivity of a woman going through strenuous difficulties herself to reach out to me. When I expressed feelings Mary did not understand, she accepted them. When she did understand, she helped me understand myself. Most important, however, Mary cried with me.

Though we had received little emotional support from the ward during Elizabeth’s hospitalization, I assumed we could get help with extensive medical care when Elizabeth was released from the hospital. When I talked to a sister in the visiting teaching program, I expected the usual, “You know you can count on the Relief Society.” Instead she said, “Oh, you’re strong. You’ll do fine.” Even when I asked, I couldn’t get help.

Elizabeth was finally released from the hospital on 16 June 1980. I was elated as I carried her down the hospital steps I had fearfully climbed so many times. But my exultation was short lived. The second night home, she choked, her lips turning a dusky hue we’d seen in the hospital. But this time I was to decide upon and apply any intervention necessary to restore her normal breathing. Should I try chest therapy—pulsating thumps to loosen the secretions that blocked her breath-

ing—or should I force a thin tubing down a nostril to her throat, then try to suck the obstruction out? Her life was literally in my care.

Our stress continued. Elizabeth required oxygen for ten months and had to be fed through a surgically inserted stomach tube. Each of her five daily feedings often extended beyond the usual hour; she frequently regurgitated and had to be fed again, then monitored against choking. I dreaded measuring the seven medications that accompanied each of her feedings. Within weeks the sharp-edged rims of the medicine bottles had cut my fingers until they bled. Fear sent me scurrying each night to her crib to count her respirations. She was at high risk for respiratory infections and Sudden Infant Death Syndrome. The doctors could not guarantee that she would live. I stayed home on Sundays with her, afraid to expose her to infections. I also lost touch with the hospital social worker. Elizabeth's release from the hospital signaled to those around us that life was back to normal, that grieving and worrying were in the past. In spite of Elizabeth's extensive care, I was told to pickle my cucumbers and become a confidante to a distressed neighborhood teenager. Each suggestion pushed me into a deeper depression. With passing months, my pain only intensified. I often fought back tears and longed for just a few moments of respite from the constant pressure and fear.

The thought of my son's small grave covered with snow under a barren maple tree was never far from my mind. But worry about Elizabeth had never allowed me time to grieve, to quietly contemplate or find answers. Now we were on our own with a very sick child, with only winter weather, germs, and hospital appointments to look forward to.

I was alone, sequestered as much by my feelings as by my circumstances. I was separated from my son, frightened for my daughter, and unable to communicate or connect my grief with my husband's grief. In retrospect, I think Mary's deep caring and influence, my husband's and family's quiet support, and the gospel saved me from mental collapse. Though the gospel was a source of strength for me, I felt alienated from its source and the culture created by it. I needed help.

Finally my husband suggested I talk to someone at LDS Social Services. Every week I carried Elizabeth and an oxygen tank tangled with tubing up the stairs to his office. He reinforced some of the concepts the hospital social worker had first shared with me, understood my schism with the Church, and helped me explore my deteriorating relationships with ward members. After nearly a year of counseling, he suggested that I talk with the bishop.

I made an appointment, and on a rainy Sunday I walked into the bishop's office. I remember only his first comment, which interrupted my well-planned dissertation. In one short paragraph, he told me that I had been rude to the sisters and that they had responded to me accordingly.

That night, for the first time during those difficult months, I felt I could no longer go on. I cried, begging my husband to join me in taking our daughter's life, then our own. I felt no darkness or wickedness about those longings. I simply could see no way out, no way to change the situation which (according to the bishop) I had caused. I couldn't deal with my grief any longer. I wanted to be with my son.

Three days after my husband's gentle refusal, the longing left me—but with a new dimension to my devastation. I now understood my potential to do evil. I began seeing a psychiatrist, but real healing did not begin until later, when I met Elaine, then Sandra.

Elaine moved into the ward a year after her three-day-old baby had died. Initially we compared our experiences and shared our grief, but then we began to explore how our experiences affected other facets of our lives. Because of her pain, Elaine had become obsessed with shopping, and the family was on the verge of bankruptcy. She and her husband seldom spoke, but our bishop would not refer her to LDS Social Services. Several weeks later, she tried to commit suicide. She and her husband divorced, then remarried.

Sandra moved into our ward less than a month after her baby died of a congenital problem. I lost contact with her when she and her husband relocated, but many of her comments evoked painful memories and led me to an important discovery: My reactions were normal.

Elaine's and Sandra's responses to loss were startlingly similar to mine. None of us questioned the reality of our babies' external existence or of God, even though we felt a deep loss. We were frustrated by the inability of others to help us and felt misunderstood. We quoted at length similarly painful comments others had made to us. I began to realize that I was not selectively abandoned, nor were my feelings extreme or exaggerated.

Our discussions loosened the unrelenting negativism that had caused me to blot out the kindnesses extended to us. One couple had taken us out to dinner; another had babysat several times; several sisters had driven Elizabeth and me to the hospital for her check-ups; two LDS doctors not only helped save Elizabeth but spent extra hours, precious to any doctor in that unit, giving us emotional and spiritual support. Even being able to recall such things was a breakthrough.

As I began to readjust my perceptions of reality, I understood that my expectations and the expectations of the people in my ward had

been too high. I expected to be the recipient of loaves of lovingly baked bread or to have my house cleaned with a willing smile—like the examples in visiting teaching meetings. My visiting teacher found no reason to clean floors as clean as her own. She'd heard of grief vanquished by prayer and concluded that I did not need comforting. I hoped for an inquiring call—like the calls mentioned in testimonies. Our home teacher seemed to be intimidated by the pain he might encounter. He seemed to find it easier to recall the promises of celestial units and to ignore the agony of broken mortal families. I cried for the wise, loving counsel of a caring bishop—as discussed in *Ensign* articles. The bishop was busy raising money for the building fund and inspecting blueprints. New in his calling, he lacked the training and sensitivity to express his concern or love.

When I realized how inappropriate my expectations were, I was angry at the Church. I had learned those expectations from my fifth-generation Mormon family, from Mormon culture, Mormon meetings, Mormon lessons. I recalled remembering the statement, "The church is the same everywhere. There are always those to love and care about you," while I fed Elizabeth for the second time in an hour, wondering when I could cook dinner, when I could sterilize oxygen equipment and hold compresses on my baby's inflamed gastrostomy incision. I had quit reading Church magazines because I could no longer relate to the rosy idealism I found there. "We grew spiritually," seemed to be their most common response to death or despair.

I didn't doubt the truth of such statements, but they were too easy and incomplete. I also had grown. I had learned about the nature of God (he sustained Elizabeth's life, but only after medical experts had been unable to), mortality, and suffering. I had learned, but not in the one-dimensional way the articles portrayed. I found no mention of the searing, agonizing pain that forced growth. The feelings the articles related were those of the first, numbed days before reality became inescapable, or years later after wounds had healed. At best, the articles refer briefly to the depth and duration of the pain that bridges those two eras. These articles and Church lessons had been my guide on bereavement. I had felt betrayed and frustrated at having been ignored, but this later discovery left me incensed. I felt deceived by an organization that required me to remain a dedicated participant if I wanted to have my baby again.

In time I reevaluated our experience. We had been neglected, but for a reason. The only communication I had received from any of the more than 250 who throng to our family reunions had been a survey for a family history. But we did live two thousand miles away. Clearly we needed more support from our ward, but we had recently moved

into a large, transient ward which was adjusting to a new bishopric and the stresses of building a chapel. We may have made ward members uncomfortable, the death and illness in our lives confirming the same possibilities for other ward members. If I had had appropriate expectations, I'd have been less distressed, more easily and comfortably supported. My assumptions about the grieving process and Heavenly Father's will to remove difficulties from our mortal lives elongated my grieving. I had set myself up for failure, and it had come—accompanied by exhaustion and fear. Guilt and questioning had demoralized me even further. I had expected to continue on normally, pleasing everyone I encountered.

My expectations of others were even more unrealistic. I thought ward members could remove my sorrow and solve my problems. I thought they would intuitively understand my feelings, know what to say, when to call, how to support me. This crisis seemed so immense to me that I supposed it would be important to others. I believed that the welfare system succeeded because members were willing supporters. I didn't realize that friendships were an essential part of the network. Roy and I had had little opportunity to build relationships. But I hadn't thought about that as I waited expectantly for the loving support I'd always heard about.

My talks with Elaine and Sandra helped me understand the ward members' expectations. Observers' assumptions (often learned from the same source as mine) were equally unrealistic in their cases. Some had never experienced grief. Sandra was astonished when an aunt repeatedly told her that she and her husband would have as many babies as Heavenly Father wanted to send them, even if they lost them all.

Most people believe, and I probably did too before this experience, that there are right and wrong ways to grieve. Grieving should only last a few weeks or months; if it continues, the bereaved is not "trying" hard enough. Gratitude for what we have or having another baby will chase away sadness. Longing can be eased, the emptiness in our arms and hearts will subside if we don't spend too much time at the cemetery, or if we keep busy. We must learn from our experience to help others.

Staying busy did not keep us from thinking. Sandra found herself baby-sitting a ten-month-old for a week. Relatives felt she needed "a baby to comfort her" when what she wanted was some time alone. When she asked someone to take care of her children, she was told, "I would think you would want them with you at a time like this." Grieving is not only painful but requires time, energy, and a great deal of thought. The rejection I received when I expressed my need to grieve led me to conclude that such needs were wrong. The guilt I felt

produced more depression. In time I have learned that grief is an individual experience; the only rights and wrongs are in being true to myself.

People were uncomfortable with fears about Elizabeth. "Be patient and have faith," I was told, even though our son had died and her LDS doctor had cautioned us about being too hopeful. I couldn't be totally positive about her convalescence; I had hit rock bottom many times when my expectations (and the doctors' estimations) had proven overly optimistic. "Oh, come on. Where's your faith?" one sister remarked when I told her how long the doctor expected Elizabeth to remain on oxygen. I wondered if she wanted our situation to improve so she wouldn't have to think about it. Later I realized that I was upset because she reinforced my own inner fears that my faith (or something) was lacking.

I was moving in cycles. I felt inadequate and worthless. When others did not relieve my pain, I felt ignored, abandoned, and rejected. This led to more self-condemnation and deeper depression. Those who anticipated that I would react with more visible strength were put off by my despair. Each unfulfilled expectation weighed on me.

I spiraled downward. Who had been at fault? Me for expecting? Them for disregarding? Had there been a fault? And yet the pain had been so intense that I had reluctantly stepped into the bishop's new office on a dreary day and had walked out wanting to take my own life. Elaine had gathered bottles from her medicine cabinet; Sandra had not spoken to her husband for two weeks. What did we need that we did not get?

I needed to know that Heavenly Father loved me, that this awful occurrence was not a punishment or a curse. I needed support from those around me to prove that I was worthy of divine love. My husband and I did not starve without homemade bread, but it would have meant a great deal on any one of those cold, dark nights when we came home late from the hospital and I still had to prepare a meal. I needed it to know that someone cared. I didn't need telephone calls to fill my time or answer my questions—they would have helped during those lonely days while Elizabeth was in the hospital when I, finding it too painful to think of Anthony, thought of her and repeated over and over while the laundry swished in the washer, "Breathe, baby, breathe. Beat, heart, beat." Yes, calls would have helped fill my thoughts, but I needed them more to know that someone else thought of me. I didn't have to have help once Elizabeth came home. But I needed someone to show me that I was still valued.

Now that I know these things, what would I do if another Elaine or Sandra moved into our ward? I would treat those who suffer with dig-

nity. Rather than reminding them how much more bravely, trustingly, or rapidly another has healed from a similar experience, I would compliment their strength and show sincere admiration for the way they are sustaining themselves. I would be loving, realizing that those in great need must use their energies to maintain themselves, mentally, emotionally, and spiritually, sometimes at the expense of others' feelings and needs. I would try to rid myself of any impulse to judge others.

Supporting someone in distress means giving your time, opening your heart, allowing yourself to feel another's pain. Don't expect to heal or even cheer one who is grieving. Don't feel responsible to rid them of their grief. Instead, provide a loving, supportive atmosphere in which they can heal themselves. Be patient. Help them realize they should accept themselves and their feelings. Finally, even though we all want to feel needed, wise, and successful, such desires in these situations must become secondary to those of the bereaved.

Knowing what to say can be difficult. But even the wrong words coming from a loving person can be dismissed. Love and acceptance are the key. Mary knew about love, about sharing pain, about listening, about gentle questions that helped find answers.

Linda knew about love, too. A college friend, Linda was a member of a ward that we visited near the hospital. "I heard about your babies," she said as we stood alone in the chapel. "How are you doing?"

"Oh, we're all right," I replied, in the nonchalant act that had gotten me through numerous recitations of our story.

She took my hand, "How are you *really*?"

I couldn't speak, but I didn't need to; her eyes filled as readily as my own, and for that moment I was not alone.



Miscarriage

Karin Anderson England

WHEN AUNT IONA DIED IN AUGUST, I was glad I didn't have to visit the nursing home anymore. Iona was my great-aunt, my long-dead Grandma's sister. I loved her, of course, but when I heard she'd died that hot summer night, I was relieved. It was the nursing home that I didn't like, not Iona. I had stronger feelings for Iona than for Grandma, since Grandma died when I was eight and I remembered her less. Younger than Grandma and always prettier, Iona was more concerned about growing old and shapeless, gray and slow. When she became mobile after her hip replacement, she walked with her cane to the nursing home beauty parlor once a week to have her bright orange hair recolored or set.

I once told my husband, Philip, that Iona was the kind of old person I wanted to be, if I got old. She stayed alive as long as she was alive. But, especially after I had miscarried a three-month pregnancy in early summer, the nursing home kept reminding me that death was after all of us.

The nursing home was actually a nice place: they took good care of Iona, and it was clean and had big windows. But the residents watched, sometimes called out to me, as I passed them in the halls. For days after my visits, images flashed in my mind of dried-up people, withered like the lawns and gardens in the record-breaking summer drought. My second-grade teacher, Mrs. Chapman, sat in the same chair every day, her once-imposing breasts hanging like shriveled ropes to her lap. I was glad she remembered nothing, glad her

KARIN ANDERSON ENGLAND is the mother of Christian, two, and Amelia, three. She received an M.A. in English from BYU, is currently a member of the English faculty at Utah Valley Community College, and is trying to reproduce her grandmother's garden in Alpine, Utah.

sticky eyes no longer recognized me or any other citizens of the community she had once drilled in spelling, arithmetic, and junior calisthenics. She had been my mother's teacher, too.

Once I had walked into the nursing home lobby to find Clive Johnson waiting for anyone who came through the doors. He strained against the white canvas bodice that kept him upright in his wheelchair and moaned. He was drooling, and his pants were wet. He had been stake president for almost twenty years. I was old enough to remember his last ten.

"Help me," he growled. "Help me out of this."

"I can't," I said.

"What?" He was almost deaf.

"I can't untie this!" I yelled. "You'll fall and hurt yourself!"

He stared from sunken sockets.

"What the hell you talking about? Can't you see when a man needs help? It's tied in the back. Get around behind me."

I backed away. "It's for your own good, President Johnson. You might fall!"

"Help me with this!"

"It's okay! I'll have a nurse come help you with some dry pants." I turned and walked, trying to look unhurried, but quickened as I realized he was trailing me like an insistent child.

"Help me! Help! Help!"

I heard him from Iona's room, coaxing the wheelchair down the hallway with his lower legs. "Help me, lady! Come back and help me out of this!"

Iona didn't seem to notice. Maybe her hearing was failing more than I'd thought. I didn't stay long that day, but I did wait an extra fifteen minutes until one of the harried aides had time to wheel the old man to the TV room.

Two weeks after the funeral, relieved as I was to have no more ties to the nursing home, I thought of Vonda, Iona's roommate—wondered if she'd faded away with Iona gone and me, their most frequent visitor, no longer coming back.

So I returned, after all, and found Vonda sitting quietly in her darkened room. A fetal, balding woman, a century old, was breathing in Iona's old bed.

"I watch the sun rise," Vonda informed me as the vapors cleared from her countenance. "The sun comes back up. In the mornings."

"You get up so early?"

"I'm first. The lady comes." She gestured at her dress with arthritic fingers, her thickened nails opaque with age. I remembered that Vonda's room was first on the wake-up route. The morning aides helped

her dress and then deposited her in the giant chair at the east lobby windows until breakfast. Mornings were coming later with the Indian summer now, so Vonda would see the sunrise. I smiled as I pictured Vonda alone, morning after morning, watching the sun rise over the Wasatch peaks.

I took her outside under a tree since it was still hot, even in September. Leaves were brittle on the edges, and some of the mountain groves above us looked brownish, as if they might die before real autumn could paint them. Vonda breathed deep, glad for the fresh air, and I remembered a conversation we'd all had under this same tree before Iona died.

"You'll get over it," Iona had said, just like everyone else. "You'll have another baby."

"More than one," Vonda snipped, more lucid then. "Born and lost. Don't worry."

I was irritable, tired of the subject. All I really felt was relief at being healthy again.

"I know," I answered. "I'm over it already. We'll just try again."

"You will. Plenty of times," Iona smirked, her orange hair bobbing a little. "Phil will see to that."

"You'll have more than you think you want, once you get going." Vonda looked up at me from between bent shoulders. "I had ten. But I lost three. Two before they was born, but not much. One when she was barely two years old."

"I know, Vonda. Your little girl that drowned."

"Anne. My only girl, then. We always sang a song to her. 'Anne, Anne, Lit-tle lamb . . .' I told Henry not to dam that ditch till I could get my hands free. I was making bread, like every Thursday. He could of sent the water on down through the garden first, but he couldn't do it different from regular. Next thing I know everybody's shouting out at the headgate. I didn't go out. I knew what the matter was. They brought her in . . ."

I'd heard it before, in almost the same words. Like an incantation, "Anne, Anne . . ." It was sad, but I didn't see the point in dwelling on it sixty years after. Vonda was ninety. Anne would have been an old wrinkled woman by now, too, older than the other daughters who came in once a month from Mount Pleasant to visit their mother. This way, at least, Anne will always be a rosy child, a little lamb.

Philip and I went with my parents to Iona's funeral in St. George. It was a nice drive; Phil and I had forgotten that five hours in a car could be anything but misery. Our trip across the Nevada desert to visit his brother last spring had been sixteen hours of hell in a Volkswagen. Riding to St. George in Mom and Dad's Buick felt

decadent—no rattles, no big bumps. The air conditioning made the outside desert seem benign as a mirage.

But when we stepped outside in St. George, 107-degree heat engulfed us. I was surprised at the number of people in the lobby and the Relief Society room when we got to the church. Iona didn't have much real family left, but the locals had known her well and thought enough of her to come out in the heat to pay their respects. Uncle LeRoy, her husband, died thirty years ago. People speculated that maybe LeRoy Junior would come home again to visit after his father died, but he never did. Iona told me once that she didn't expect him ever to come back to the Church. But she'd thought he'd had enough rearing to come back and see his mother before she died.

"He was a good boy," she told me once, defensive. "His daddy just couldn't make sense of him. There's more than one way to lose a baby, you know."

Had he come to the funeral, LeRoy would have been shocked to see his mother against the casket's satin cushions. She hadn't weighed more than a hundred pounds her whole life, and the box she lay in now could have pillowed two of her. At the viewing, I turned away after only a glance. Only the orange-coifed hair told me it was Iona. Her face, sedimented with mortician's makeup, held no trace of the character I wanted to remember. Maybe that's why I didn't cry—it seemed we had gathered to mourn a stranger.

In the old family photograph on the reception table, the same one Iona had hung on the wall over her bed at the nursing home, she looked more familiar. Framed in heavy gold gilt, Iona and Uncle LeRoy stood decorously behind their two seated children. LeRoy Junior looked sweet and naive at ten years old. I wondered what he looked like now. He'd sent some letters, but never pictures. He'd never married. Rose's face was blurry—she'd turned to say something to her brother at just the wrong instant—but everyone said she was beautiful, of course. She was a year older than LeRoy. Her hair was long, yellow, thick, and her pleated white dress immaculate. She died at thirty of the weak heart that had kept her homebound for years. When I was a child, I had thought thirty was old; but now, with that same age only five years away, my own heart seized in revelation. Rose and LeRoy were Iona's only children, because a bad delivery with the boy had left her unable to bear others.

"Brothers and sisters," my father said from the pulpit after we had all gathered in the chapel, "there are not many of us here who could represent the faith and determination of our pioneer heritage like Iona Koenig did."

I sat back, and Phil leaned forward, both of us breathing heavily in the sweaty air, recognizing Dad's sermon voice.

"Her generation is almost past," Dad continued, "and with its passing we break the ties of personal contact with the men and women who settled this desert and, according to prophecy, made it blossom as the rose. Iona's grandparents, whom she knew personally throughout her childhood, crossed the plains from Illinois, escaping hideous persecution and taming a wild land. The spirit that conquered the Virgin River lived on in Iona Koenig. The integrity that converted the wild Indians of this territory was passed directly by example to my Aunt Iona. We, in this generation, can only speculate—"

"Don't be so dramatic," Iona would have interrupted had she been able, but she couldn't, closed in a trunk and smothered with flowers that would wilt as soon as they met the furnace outside. So we listened. I knew what Dad was going to say before he said it: "If only our own children and grandchildren can look back to us with the reverence that we give our ancestors . . ." As if any of us will ever have grandchildren.

The heat at the cemetery nearly killed us. The dry wind off the red cliffs rattled the dead grass around the gravestones. Brown flowers baked on the more recent mounds. I wanted to point it all out to Iona, support for my half of an ongoing dispute about Armageddon.

"Greenhouse effect," I whispered to the coffin, after the dedication. "Can you feel this heat? Highest temperatures in seventy-five years."

"Well, they probably thought it was the end seventy-five years ago, too," she would have answered.

We'd had a similar discussion a few weeks earlier. "Don't be silly," she had snorted after the evening news. "Dan Rather is not God. You think it ain't been hot before? People said the dust bowl was the end of the world. It's still spinning, ain't it?"

"There weren't holes in the ozone then," I argued. "Icebergs weren't melting."

"How much sea water you seen at your doorstep?" Iona demanded.

Vonda glared at me as if I were a ridiculous child. "You ain't outlived a real war yet, either. We been through two big wars and a pack of little arguments. Drought, floods, wars, dying, they come around. They get over with. Things go on."

"They weren't nuclear," I reminded them. "We get a war now and nothing's gonna go on."

"Honey," Iona said, "you've got to stop fretting over that baby."

"What has this got to do with a baby? It wasn't even a baby! It was only a miscarriage!"

"It won't matter so much after you have a live one," said Vonda. "You'll forget more. Things'll seem regular again."

"I'm fine! Everything's regular!"

"You'll get your kids raised," Iona said softly. She touched my arm, and I caught myself before jerking it away.

Nobody stayed long at the cemetery. Quite a few had remained at the chapel to put the casseroles and salads out, and the rest were quick to get out of the sun and back to the food. The heat pulsing from the ground was making me dizzy, but I wanted to push my point. I wanted her to admit that some things used to be easier. I could hear the Buick, the only car left, idling behind me. Phil got out and walked back across the graves to take my hand.

"It's all right, Carrie," he soothed. "You'll get over it. She was so old. Let her go."

"I'm fine," I said. "I'm not out here bawling, you know."

"Well, maybe you ought to be."

We stared at the red dirt.

"I think she kept her hair that crazy orange because it matched these cliffs," he grinned, trying to make me laugh.

"Yeah. Maybe."

"You ready to come? It's hot."

"She could stay out all day in this, hoeing."

"People must have been tougher then. Their lives were awful hard."

"I know! I've already heard about it! 'Times were hard! But we made it through! We had character!' Well, I'd trade any one of them! You think character is gonna get *us* through?"

I stalked to the car and got in the back. The plush seat and frigid air were a shock. Phil let in a short blast of heat when he got in on his side, but it dissipated in seconds.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," I said. Dad glanced back through the rear-view mirror, meeting Phil's eyes for a second before trying to catch mine. Mom looked back at me and opened her mouth to say something, but didn't speak. Shivering, I turned my head toward the shimmering orange cliffs. I could feel my husband's gaze and sensed his hand hovering over my shoulder, but I pressed against the door and didn't respond. He pulled his hand back.

We didn't stay long at the dinner. Mom and Dad talked to some St. George stalwarts in the lobby on our way out, then we walked over the rubbery parking lot to the car. Dad drove slowly through town and sped up on the interstate for the long push to Salt Lake.

When I was a little girl, I always knew when we entered and left St. George because we drove between the cutaway sides of a long, black snake of a ridge. On our way to visit our grandparents, my

brothers and sisters and I would compete to be the first to see the two giant “trains” colliding and would anticipate the thrill of driving between them, speeding past just in time to avoid being smashed to oblivion in the middle. After that, it was only a short drive to Grandma and Grandpa’s house. From their front picture window, we could see the temple, most beautiful at sunrise when the whole eastern face drew light into its broad white surface.

Like everyone else in her generation, Grandma defied the desert by planting flowers. The shade lovers proliferated between the house and the titanic cottonwoods, established two generations before, while beds of sun-worshipping blossoms threw light like prisms back into the glare. Aunt Iona would walk the three blocks from her house to see us, or we would go down there. Grandma and Iona would circle the yards, boasting about the day lilies, violets, tulips, irises—forgetting their starting point, raving two or three times over the same flower beds.

Grandpa took me once, alone, no brothers or sisters, to see the old sandstone tabernacle, built before the temple was even begun. No one was there but us, and I stared from the pews at the giant eye painted on the high wall behind the pulpit. I was terrified, yet I didn’t want to leave.

“That’s God’s eye,” Grandpa said.

Since then, both sides of the black mountain have been blasted hundreds of feet back, and it’s harder to perceive the enormous natural barrier that made pioneer access to the valley so excruciating. We passed through it on our way home from the funeral with only vague recognition; and, from the safety of my cool, cushioned seat, I watched the fantastic red and orange ridges fly past. The outer walls of Kolob Canyon looked as if they could ignite the atmosphere, but the inside cliffs and towers softened to a cooler hue, almost purple in the distance. I relaxed, watching them, and slept without knowing it.

Phil woke me later, when we were almost home. The sun was down, and the high Wasatch peaks were blue upon softer, softer blue in the fading light. I didn’t realize I had been crying until I pulled away from the wet seat back and sobbed harder against him, still shaking from a dream I couldn’t remember.

“Carrie,” Mom said, “try to remember just a little bit of it. Phil says this has happened several times.”

I groped for the images, still hovering in the black part of my mind. “No. It’s gone.”

“Can you remember even a part of it?” Mom asked again. “You can’t get over a nightmare until you can talk about it.”

“Well, I just can’t.”

"Let's get her something to drink," Mom suggested, and Dad pulled off in Lehi. They all ordered ice cream and soft drinks, but I only wanted water. I drank three glasses, sucking the ice cubes until they were gone. I wanted more.

I've almost remembered the dream at odd, unrelated moments several times since then. But it was only a day or so ago, when I saw Vonda again at the nursing home, that I retrieved a fragment that stayed: a huge rocking chair, creaking, and a little girl, alluring, but her face a blur as she turns to speak to me, rocking softly, her hair damp in the heat of the room. On the east window behind her I can see the glass shimmer, then drip like melting ice, and I reach into a suddenly, absurdly empty chair, still rocking. Mrs. Chapman breathes behind me, or maybe inside of me, and President Johnson says, "Help me! Get me out of here!" and calls me by my name.

That same visit I realized that Vonda's mind is going fast. If her thoughts connect, her conversations don't reflect it.

"I watch the sun rise," she told me again. "It comes back in the mornings. Beautiful. Beautiful."

I understood. Every extra dawn must be a miracle to her.

"Goodbye, Vonda," I said. "I have to go now."

"Bye-bye, Anne, Anne," she waved. "Come back, little lamb. Come back in the morning."

I promised her I would.

Last Tag

Ron Molen

THE BOY LIKED TO VISIT HIS POLISH GRANDPARENTS in their small, brick bungalow just around the corner from the parish church. The neighborhood was clean, orderly. Almost everyone was Polish or Irish, and everyone was Catholic. The boy and his mother waited on the long front porch, while his father rang the bell. The smell of coffee and baked bread exploded from the doorway when his grandmother appeared. "Dzien dobry," she said. She was short, plump, wore her hair in a bun, and despite her false teeth had a disarming smile. She hugged his mother and father, and as soon as she kissed the boy, she tapped his hand. "Twoja kolej," she said.

He quickly tapped her back. "You're it," he said, then lunged to get away. She got him back, then broke loose and raced through the living room with him right behind. He forgot all about his grandfather, his parents, but they were used to it. He was six, and she was seventy-two. He could outrun her, but she was shrewd.

They circled the dining room table and its ring of heavy oak chairs. He looked at her across the tabletop. Already she was out of breath; moisture sparkled on the fuzz above her lip. She was light on her feet; he never knew which way she would turn.

He took off to the right. She pulled out a chair that stopped him, then chuckled wickedly. He reversed, but by then she was through the kitchen door. He raced after her, and she stepped behind the chrome table. They stood looking at each other. He lunged. She drew him in and buried him in her softness. They laughed uncontrollably. Her

RON MOLEN is a retired architect living in Salt Lake City. He is a board member of Writers at Work, has won several state literary competitions for fiction, and is the author of House Plus Environment, a book on residential architecture.

hands were large, warm. Her long dress, covered with a white apron, smelled like clean sheets. He stayed in her arms until they stopped laughing.

At the moment of letting go, there was a sudden alertness. They were competitors again. She jumped up. He charged. She dodged. He dove. They went around and around. He was finally left *it* when she took his hand and returned with him to the living room, postponing the game until later.

His grandmother sat down and talked to his mother in Polish, while his father and grandfather conversed in English. His father, a Mormon from Utah, had to do most of the talking. The boy was satisfied to play with his grandfather's collection of bent-stemmed pipes carved from deer antlers.

The living room was colorful, filled with pillows and afghans made by his grandmother and crowded with odd bits of furniture his mother said were purchased because the price was right. Surviving the Depression in Chicago took ingenuity. On one wall, a parish calendar showed a haloed Jesus with haunting eyes, looking off, upward. A large, secondhand radio, its dials forming eyes, nose, and mouth, looked like a giant's head coming through the floor. His grandmother insisted it would teach her to speak English, but it didn't succeed. Except for a few words, the boy spoke no Polish. Playing tag was what they did together. She never gave up, and neither did he. She could be baking, scrubbing, sewing, then suddenly the game was on. Nothing was too important to stop.

Even when the boy's grandmother came to his house, the game was continued with equal vigor. His grandmother would even sneak into his room, after he'd gone to bed, to tag him. This bothered his mother. He'd never go to sleep as long as he knew his grandmother was there. Often he'd hide in the closet or crawl under the bed, where his mother would find him asleep the following morning. His mother worried about his grandmother. "Your high blood pressure," she'd say in Polish.

His grandmother would never answer.

The boy was frightened of his grandfather. He was a proud, trim man with white, wavy hair and a handlebar mustache slightly yellowed from his pipe. Sometimes he wore knickers and a loden jacket, and the boy thought he looked quite dashing.

"I think we should be going," his mother said.

His father looked up, surprised. "Already?"

"It's past someone's bedtime." She nodded toward the boy.

His grandmother, sensing what was said, threw her hands up and ran into the kitchen to prepare hot chocolate. The boy smiled. It always

happened this way. But his mother irritated him. Everything had to follow a schedule. She was slightly taller than his grandmother, a thin, wiry dynamo who leaned forward as she raced through the day, cleaning, cooking, keeping him scrubbed and fed better than he ever wanted to be. All her spare time was spent on PTA, church work, bridge club, with nothing left for him.

The boy took as much time as possible with his hot chocolate and coffee cake, while his father tried out some new Polish words. It was a game his father played that included his grandmother. He was fun-loving, charming. Gross errors in pronunciation made his grandparents laugh, and the boy was sure he made them on purpose. Anything to get them to accept a Mormon who had taken their daughter away from the Catholic Church. When the boy finally finished, his father stood and shook hands with his grandfather. "Guess we better go," he said. Smoke curling up from his grandfather's pipe made his father blink.

"I'm not tired," the boy said.

His mother frowned.

"See you at the wedding Saturday morning," his grandfather said.

"We'll be there," his mother said. She kissed his grandfather, and the boy knew he was expected to do the same. His grandfather always smelled like tobacco and whiskey.

His grandmother tagged him as they left, but the boy lunged and got her just before his mother dragged him off.

"People are all alike," his father said on the way home in the car. They lived in a large house in the suburbs, in a neighborhood with large, sweeping lawns and bronze street lamps. "I wonder whether your father will ever accept me."

"It's not just the Church," said his mother. "He doesn't want me to stop being Polish."

"What does that mean?"

"I think you know that as well as I," she said. "And what about your family accepting me?"

"When do you see them?" his father said. "Utah is a long way away. But what about your son?" He looked in the rearview mirror at the boy. "A half-Polish Mormon." He chuckled. "Not exactly a winning combination."

His mother didn't find his father's remark humorous. She hardly understood her new religion. The fact that Mormons didn't smoke or drink was enough for her: abstinence was respectable, that was the important thing.

His father wasn't that religious either. He went to church every Sunday but read Zane Grey instead of the scriptures and often slipped

off to a Cubs game Sunday afternoon. Sometimes he took the boy along. His mother never took the boy anywhere except shopping.

The boy complained when he had to dress up for his cousin's wedding. It was in the parish church, and on the way his mother gave instructions. "Keep your eye on me during the mass," she said. "When I stand, you stand. And when I kneel, you do the same. I still remember what you're supposed to do."

When they arrived, the boy followed his parents into the church foyer. The moment they entered the chapel, a large woman just ahead dropped to her knees. The boy's father struggled to pull her back to her feet. The woman spun around and glared at him. "Excuse me," he said. "I thought you fainted." The woman grunted, then stepped off to the side, knelt down again, and genuflected. The boy snickered, and so did his father.

"What did you do that for?" his mother said.

His father held up both hands. "Sorry."

The boy's cousin looked angelic in her long, white dress as she walked down the aisle. But as soon as the mass began, there was no time to gaze about. The boy and his father were busy trying to keep up with the correct response. The priest spoke in Latin, and the boy thought it sounded like Polish. There was no hint of what to do next. The boy and his father were inevitably left standing when everyone else was kneeling, or sitting when they were standing. Whenever it happened, they chuckled. "I'm ashamed of you," his mother said afterward. "What will people think?"

The wedding reception was more fun than the boy had anticipated. It was held in the church basement. A long table was filled with exotic Polish food and bottles of wine and beer. A small band played polkas while everyone danced, even the boy with his grandmother. The celebration continued all day, and there were many toasts followed by long bouts of laughter. By early evening, two older nuns dressed all in white were giggling, the priest was having difficulty forming words, and his grandfather was still dancing with anyone he could talk into it. His grandmother wasn't even up for a game of tag. An older cousin gave the boy a taste of beer, and even though it was bitter, the boy thought the whole affair was perfect.

The next morning on the way to church, the boy's father pointed out a church surrounded by cars with people going in. "The Dutch Reformed go to church longer than Mormons," his father said. "They go all day."

"What's so good about that?" said the boy.

His father didn't answer.

The boy decided then he preferred the parish church, not because he understood what was going on, but because services were over in a hurry. And he liked to stand and kneel, and there was so much to look at: the statues, the paintings, the arched ceiling, the priest's colorful robes. He thought his own church was ordinary, boring. In Sunday School they sang about mountains and streams and "little purple pansies" while they sat in a dark basement room with cracked plaster walls that leaked water when it rained. Worse, they had to go twice each Sunday: two hours in the morning and more than an hour at night. When they got home, the boy was exhausted. He would have traded with his cousins any day.

Wednesday night of the following week, the boy's grandparents came to visit. The boy and his grandmother had a good game of tag, but the boy agreed to go to bed early, knowing the game really wasn't over. He arranged his bed with extra blankets and pillows to make it look like he was still in it, then crawled up on the dresser top and waited. This was a new move. He snickered, thinking how clever he was.

Before long the door opened a crack. His grandmother slipped in and quickly closed the door, then waited for her eyes to adjust. She always did it that way. She was now only inches away, and he could hear her breathing and smell her apron. She tiptoed forward then lunged at the bed. It was an aggressive act. He leaped from the dresser onto the bed. She jumped. "Oh!" she yelled, and her hands flew up. She grabbed him, and they fell to the bed. When his mother appeared, they were laughing in each other's arms. His grandmother pointed to the dresser and tried to explain, but she was out of breath.

"You're making too much noise," said his mother. She couldn't help laughing either. "You've got to get to sleep." She turned to his grandmother and spoke in Polish. "And your high blood pressure." His grandmother scowled.

They separated, and when his grandmother stood she tapped him on the arm. "Twoja kolej," she whispered. He lunged, missed, and was stopped by his mother. His grandmother looked on with the smile of the victor. The counterattack would have to wait for another day.

"Would you read to me?" the boy said after his grandmother left.

"It's much too late," his mother said.

She always had an excuse. Sometimes he thought he loved his grandmother more than his mother.

A week later his grandmother had a stroke. His mother stayed with her in the hospital until she died.

Many people attended the funeral in the parish church, even though the day was rainy. The shiny, black casket stood surrounded by flow-

ers before the altar. The boy could hear his mother and aunts crying, but he wasn't going to do that. He refused to think of her being inside the casket. She had simply gone away. That was all he could accept.

Above the altar was a huge crucifix, larger than a man. He looked up into the sad eyes of the whitened face. Open wounds from spikes driven through the hands and feet trickled blood. He tried not to look but couldn't help it. He wondered why the crucifix was there and what it meant. He liked the other statues with racks of red and blue candles at their bases and the stained glass windows were a delight. But he was glad to get out of the church and into the rain.

At the graveside, his grandfather looked lost and suddenly much older. His father bent down to the boy and whispered, "You'll have to be extra nice to your mother. She's going to be upset for a while."

The boy looked at his father. What about me, he thought. Then he noticed how distraught his mother looked.

That evening before dinner, he wanted to tell her how he felt, but he couldn't think of the right words. Finally he just said, "Would you read to me?" He knew there wasn't time—she had to fix dinner—but he had to say something.

At first she acted like she didn't understand. Then she drew him in and held him. "Maybe after dinner," she said. But when the time came that evening, she was busy ironing.

He went to bed and was half asleep when he heard the door open and close. He thought of his grandmother, her hands, the smell of her apron. In the half-wakefulness, a new hope surged through him. He felt a soft tap on the hand, then heard the words, "Twoja kolej."

A small, thin figure slipped quietly out the door.



REVIEWS

Young at Heart

Set for Life by Judith Freeman (New York: W. W. Norton, 1991), 312 pp., \$19.95.

Reviewed by Levi S. Peterson, professor of English, Weber State University, Ogden, Utah.

IN FIVE SHORT YEARS Judith Freeman has established herself as a serious contender in the arena of American fiction. Her first major work was a collection of short stories, *Family Attractions*, published by Viking Penguin in 1988. Next came a novel, *The Chinchilla Farm*, published by W. W. Norton in 1989, and then in 1991 the work here reviewed, which is of the same high quality as its predecessors.

Reared a Mormon, Freeman employs Mormon motifs in some of her short stories and in her first novel. Especially powerful is the story "The Death of a Mormon Elder" from *Family Attractions*—a story about a convert from Mexico who in a Utah setting reverts to his native beliefs. *The Chinchilla Farm*, about a woman who sheds both Utah and her Mormon identity, would seem to reflect Freeman's own process of distancing herself from her Mormon past.

Mormons are conspicuously absent from her latest novel, which takes place in the Bear Lake district of southeastern Idaho, with brief sorties into Utah, Wyoming, and California. It abounds with small town characters who might be Mormons but don't have to be, since the precise nature of their religion isn't an issue. Even in her earlier fiction, Freeman has appealed basically to a general American readership. One of her achievements is that she treats regional materials in such

a way that their broader American implications become visible.

Set for Life presents a family affected by a bizarre eventuality. Phil Doucet, a retired carpenter, is ironically restored to health by a transplanted heart salvaged from the brain-dead body of his own grandson. The dead boy's parents, Phil's daughter Joyce and her husband Dan, grieve profoundly, while Phil's other daughter Helen offers comfort and support. Though the daughters no longer live in the town where their father resides, they remain loyally bonded to him. Phil remembers his eccentric wife and her parents, now dead, with gratitude and respect, as do his daughters. Phil's current friends and his daughters' spouses and their relatives enter the scene at various times, contributing to the solidarity of this small family.

This doesn't mean Phil and his daughters are innocent of conflict with one another. Helen admits to herself that she loves many of her friends more than her sister Joyce. Phil too dislikes the conservative religious and political attitudes of Joyce and Dan and at one moment cruelly exposes a well-intentioned deception Joyce has practiced in order to make her invalid father-in-law a little happier. However, the important fact is that the family functions despite its internal frictions. In a time of crisis, these people can rely on one another.

This work features another major character, who remains unconnected from Phil and his family till mid-novel. She is a pregnant sixteen-year-old runaway named Louise. Her stepfather is a white racist and neo-Nazi. He belongs to a paramili-

tary group that intends to purify a rural Idaho county of Jews, blacks, and evolutionists by burning crosses and threatening violence in other ways. When her stepfather knocks her mother down with a blow intended for Louise, Louise decides to run away. Escaping this violent man and seeking an abortion are her only clear objectives. Otherwise, her wanderings are aimless.

Fortunately, she is taken in by a young truck driver, who lets her stay in his apartment in Casper, Wyoming, and eventually conveys her to Los Angeles where she has an abortion. After that, they cohabit for a time in Pocatello, Idaho. Fundamentally a decent person, the truck driver hopes to marry Louise. However, they bicker constantly, and after a quarrelsome ride on a mountain road, Louise escapes from him and begs a ride from Phil Doucet, who happens to be nearby.

Having nowhere else to go, Louise boldly asks Phil to let her stay the night in his house. Then she asks to stay till the weekend, and after that she asks to stay a while longer. Fully aware of the impropriety of taking in a displaced juvenile, Phil agrees to her request reluctantly. He seems prompted to make this imprudent concession by the youthful, generous heart of his dead grandson. Phil's borrowed heart is frequently mentioned throughout the novel. In fact, imagery of the human heart often appears in relation to other characters as well.

Louise and Phil rub against one another in predictable ways. She finds his countrified manners quaint and is disgusted by the fact he hasn't had a working TV for many years. He, for his part, can't tolerate her tough, lewd talk, nor can he understand her passion for stark red lipstick and baggy, worn-out clothes. He inquires into her past but learns only that she comes from a home dominated by an abusive neo-Nazi. Despite their quarreling, he recognizes that he is becoming attached to her. As for Louise, for the first time in her life she understands how a

family should be, and she wants to stay on indefinitely in Phil's house.

There's a good deal of suspense in all this, because Phil's daughters and neighbors quickly become aware of the girl's presence. There seem to be no easy solutions for a girl as troubled and poorly prepared as Louise. However, the novel does arrive at an affirmative ending, whose details will be left for the reader to discover. The important fact is that Louise is put on the road toward a constructive, responsible life through Phil's supporting love.

Louise is the means by which Freeman imports urgent American issues into the tranquil setting of the Bear Lake valley. In modern America, freeways, television, and consumer economics make rural places susceptible to the problems that afflict big cities; in effect, the rural has become suburban. Louise is a walking repository of American problems. She knows a brutal racism intimately. She has been made pregnant during her teen years by an irresponsible male. By the practical fact of her own abortion, she has entered a heated national debate on the pro-choice side. Most important, though she tries to be tough, she is representative of the underparented child, the child who has not known steady love and encouragement from adults.

At one moment Phil remembers a TV interview with an anthropologist who emphasized "the plight of young people in America, the decline of love, the despair she saw on the faces of children who had been abandoned by parents whose own personal lives took precedence. It was the children who really suffered in these times, she said, and the only solution was for everyone to take a child" (p. 203).

This is what Freeman's novel is about. For her, the most important remedy for healing modern America is a sufficient love for the nation's children. That's a profound message. Unloved children become unloving and criminal adults. Furthermore, it's a message Freeman articulates without preaching. It emerges simply from

the circumstances of her novel. Phil and his family have a sufficient love, and they extend it to this child, Louise.

Freeman believes in the therapeutic qualities of beautiful rural places. She violates geography by placing Montpelier, Idaho, Phil's hometown, on the shores of Bear Lake for no other reason than that such a setting makes Phil's home more beautiful. She describes the lake, the surrounding farms, the nearby mountains, the brilliance of the night sky in loving detail. She has Phil hunt doves not far from his own property. Phil takes Louise fishing from a dock on his own shoreline

property. He teaches her the salubrity of working the soil of his backyard garden. Perhaps there is some wishful thinking on Freeman's part in all this. For many, the restorative powers of nature and the soil are no more than an old and venerable myth.

That doesn't matter. *Set for Life* is an excellent novel. It is well plotted, credible in characterization, and cast in a fluid, functional style. It recognizes the anguish of modern America and propounds a potent relief. For its authenticity and hope it deserves to be widely read.

Assessing Conflict

Let Contention Cease: The Dynamics of Dissent in the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints edited by Roger D. Launius and W. B. "Pat" Spillman (Independence, Mo.: Graceland/Park Press, 1991), 304 pp., \$17.50 (paper).

Reviewed by Danny L. Jorgensen, professor of religious studies, University of South Florida, St. Petersburg, Florida.

RELIGIOUS CONFLICT, dissent, and schism rarely have been examined in a critical, balanced, and systematic fashion. Social order, harmony, cooperation, and conformity commonly are considered normal, desirable, and good; while social change, conflict, competition, and nonconformity are considered bad. Religions, however, exhibit at least as much conflict, violence, and fragmentation as equilibrium, tranquility, and cohesion. Paradoxically sectarianism additionally compounds religious conflict: religions commonly assert themselves as the only True Religion, defending and legitimating their claims with literalistic accounts of past and present events. Sacred stories (myths) are invaluable, but they should not be confused with the products of academic discipline. Religious mythologies and scholastic interpretations are different and serve distinctive purposes. To ignore religious conflict or to interpret it as merely

a form of deviance or uniformly detrimental reflects a misunderstanding of the complexity of religion.

This collection of nine original essays, focused on conflict, dissent, and schism within the RLDS Church, is a significant, exploratory effort to treat and overcome persistent deficiencies in scholarly perspective and thought. Most of the authors are RLDS; some are church officials, although none of them speak for the church. They all hold impressive academic credentials. They boldly pronounce the RLDS faith as a tradition of debate, dissent, and nonconformity sometimes resulting in disaffection, repudiation, and fragmentation. The contributors examine conflict and dissent from multiple theoretical viewpoints without prejudice. Their essays enhance our understanding of criticism, disagreement, division, and related social processes within a religious organization and evaluate both the position and the consequences of conflict, as well as ways of ameliorating the problems resulting from discord. The book's organization is coherent and systematic, addressing the history of the RLDS movement and splinter organizations and the politics, sociology, theology, and ethics of dissent, specifically that of the last twenty years. Each essay is credible and readable and several are truly outstanding.

Pat Spillman's preface briefly introduces the book. Roger Launius masterfully interprets Mormonism's early history and the emergent RLDS movement, convincingly arguing the pivotal contention that the Reorganization was a tradition of pluralistic dissent. An efficacious overview of leading dissenters and splinters is supplied by Steven Shields. Kenneth Mulliken's historical narrative illuminates the "supreme directional control controversy" of Frederick Smith's presidency, astutely analyzing and interpreting it through the enigmatic Latter Day Saint concept of theocratic-democracy. The division between RLDS fundamentalists and liberals which developed during the late 1950s, subsequently fueling dissent and segmentation, is described in rich detail by William Russell. His painstaking investigation, penetrating analysis, and sensitive, trenchant interpretation of RLDS fundamentalism enlightens other essays in this collection and establishes the rationale for subsequent inquiries. Separate chapters by Donald Breckon and Maurice Draper furnish useful compendiums of the political and sociological aspects of religious dissention.

Larry Conrad's analysis and interpretation of RLDS theology, focusing on the fundamentalist/progressive fissure, is at once disturbing and fascinating. His assessment of a current crisis in RLDS theology, resulting from a breakdown of previous consensus, is sagacious; yet a more orderly inspection of the dismemberment of the franchise—based on Conrad's superb previous research—would have been fruitful. The "Protestantism" to which RLDS progressives have been attracted is overworked and too vague. His obvious disdain for Mormon orthodoxy is unwarranted, and the use of "mainstream Protestantism" resembles a thinly disguised, secularized sectarianism. His criticisms that progressives have neglected tradition, abused political power through centralized authority, and missed an opportunity to re-examine the priesthood concept in ordaining women are insight-

ful and constructive. His rationalistic concern for theology does not acknowledge adequately that religion *lives* in the experiences, meanings, and activities of its members, notwithstanding theological disarray and ferment. Even so, Conrad's challenge magnifies crucial propositions and promises to promote much needed debate and discussion.

Paul Edwards' essay on the ethics of dissent is personal and deeply moving, filled with witty, yet profound, biting philosophical insights, and always delightfully cynical. In a concluding chapter, Pat Spillman weaves together reviews of the history of dissent in the RLDS Church and a sociological interpretation which sees the movement being transformed from a "sect" into a "denomination." The collection concludes with Roger Launius's "suggestions for further reading."

Though only a beginning, this energizing work should initiate greater scholarly interest in conflict, dissent, and schism within Mormonism. In spite of efforts to expand the discussion to Mormonism generally (especially by Launius and Edwards), this book is about the Reorganization. Though the debated issues may seem strange and unfamiliar to RLDS outsiders, this volume makes them accessible. Confirming the book's central thesis, its contents have aggravated controversy. RLDS fundamentalists have misconstrued scholarly analysis and critique as support for their contentions about the leadership and have complained that they were not asked to contribute—their sympathetic treatment by the essayists notwithstanding. Some RLDS leaders apparently have little appreciation for the merits of self-examination and criticism or the scholarly enterprise. The enlightening studies assembled in this collection exhibit a deep, consequential concern for Mormonism and the RLDS movement. Perhaps rank and file Saints will hear the authors' message as one of principled conviction, genuine respect, and sincere love.

Mormon-Gentile Conflict in Illinois Reconsidered?

Mormonism in Conflict: The Nauvoo Years by Annette P. Hampshire, Studies in Religion and Society, Volume 11 (New York and Toronto: The Edwin Mellen Press, 1985), 343 pp.

Reviewed by Donald R. Shaffer, Ph.D. student in history at the University of Maryland, College Park.

ANNETTE HAMPSHIRE'S *Mormonism in Conflict: The Nauvoo Years* is simultaneously refreshing and exasperating. To her credit, Hampshire strives for a degree of methodological and theoretical rigor that has been sadly absent in most Mormon historiography. This effort is highly laudable, but the result is less so.

Hampshire states the goal of her study is to utilize "sociology in an effort to write better history. . . . to use sociological concepts to help unpick the situation; to ask more searching questions of the primary source material, to move more effectively away from the citation of causes towards the explanation of process" (pp. 8-9).

Hampshire assigns herself a difficult and in some ways contradictory task: she resolves to be both a historian describing the particulars of Mormon-Gentile conflict in 1840s Illinois and a social scientist seeking to generalize in the interest of furthering sociological theory. Alas, Hampshire does not fully succeed in this balancing act nor, more importantly, in formulating a significantly new perspective of her topic. The end result of *Mormonism in Conflict's* "explanation of process" differs little from the "citation of causes" which it seeks to supplant.

Hampshire sets the stage by asserting that non-Mormons in Illinois, before the mass arrival of the Latter-day Saints, exhibited uncertain feelings about the Mormons. These equivocal opinions turned to sympathy as the Mormon refugees arrived from Missouri in a pitiable condition. Enthusiasm for the Saints' presence grew as the Gentile residents of Illinois recognized they represented a poten-

tial economic godsend to the state's depressed economy in the aftermath of the Panic of 1837. In addition, "The people of Illinois now had the opportunity to demonstrate their superiority over slaveholding Missouri in terms of Illinois' higher capacity for tolerance and benevolence" (p. 29). Hampshire plays down the effect of the Mormon swing vote in either state or county politics, as a factor in the initial good feelings.

She contends that Mormon-Gentile conflict in Illinois developed in four distinct phases or "thresholds." First, certain old residents came to realize the Latter-day Saints deviated from and could potentially disrupt the established social order. The Mormons did not integrate into the existing Hancock County citizenry but established a separate community (Nauvoo) within it, while simultaneously seeking to utilize the region's political, economic, and religious institutions for their own ends.

Second, non-Mormons discovered that they could not control Mormon deviance through existing legal means. Lawful methods failed both to repeal the Nauvoo Charter and to extradite Joseph Smith to Missouri. Hampshire believes these critical events contributed to an unevenly growing but serious frustration with the Latter-day Saints after 1841.

Third, as both Mormons and Gentiles came to believe they could not obtain impartial justice, and the Gentiles perceived they had no legal means to control Mormon deviance, extralegal violence in the name of the law became acceptable. Hampshire wisely adds that rioting was not inevitable until a loose anti-Mormon coalition mobilized after the *Expositor* incident, and after a disbanded, anti-Mormon Nauvoo-bound militia was transformed into a lynch mob that successfully assassinated Joseph and Hyrum Smith, who were being held at the Carthage Jail.

Finally, violence persisted after the Smiths' murders, not only because Mor-

mons continued to practice their peculiar faith and hold themselves apart in Hancock County, but also because anti-Mormons now knew they could wrest authority from the legitimate but ineffective agents of the government (notably Governor Ford) and bestow it on themselves. Extralegal violence continued, now directed at the new Gentile residents of Nauvoo in addition to the few remaining Mormons, to further legitimate the earlier use of such tactics.

Despite her novel sociological approach, Hampshire's ultimate interpretation of the Mormon-Gentile conflict differs little from Robert Flanders' in his classic narrative history, *Nauvoo: Kingdom on the Mississippi* (University of Illinois Press, 1965). Both hold that the conflict between Illinois Mormons and Gentiles was a political, social, and economic dispute about different visions of the region's future. While Hampshire's approach has value, the sociology she used to improve the writing of history has produced an interpretation indistinct from that of a narrative historian. She bakes the cake with a new recipe, but it tastes much the same nonetheless.

Indeed, if *Mormonism in Conflict* illustrates anything, it is the value of history for improving sociological theory. Hampshire herself admits about the riots of 1844:

One can see that they aptly illustrate the limits of generalized explanation and the importance of immediate situational factors. One can, in sociological fashion, identify factors predisposing the situation towards a violent outcome. . . . But these are not sufficient conditions for violence—opportunity was also necessary and the circumstances constituting “opportunity” in this case are not generalizable beyond the particular event. (pp. 214–15)

In short, Hampshire recognizes that social science generalizations are limited and depend on historical considerations inherent in any time and place. Her realization reaffirms the value of history in Mormon studies.

I must also mention two minor criticisms. First, *Mormonism in Conflict* does not take the pains, particularly in the introduction, to adequately explain the sociological theories for a lay reader. Second, although Hampshire commendably uses numerous non-Hancock County Illinois newspapers, she could also have profited from using more manuscript sources.

However, despite her inability to wrest a distinctive interpretation of Mormon-Gentile conflict in Illinois from her novel sociological perspective, her work could be valuable to social scientists and to those interested in violence in Mormon history—if, for no other reason, than to remind them of the value of the historical perspective.

A Modern Prophet and His Times

Things in Heaven and Earth: The Life and Times of Wilford Woodruff, a Mormon Prophet by Thomas G. Alexander (Salt Lake City, Utah: Signature Books, 1991), 484 pp., \$28.95.

Reviewed by Newell G. Bringham, instructor of history and political science at College of the Sequoias, Visalia, California.

THOMAS G. ALEXANDER, professor of history at Brigham Young University and prominent scholar of Mormon studies, has

completed his long-awaited biography of Wilford Woodruff. An important nineteenth-century Mormon leader, Woodruff served as fourth president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints from 1889 until his death in 1898 at age ninety-one.

In leadership style and personality, Woodruff contrasted sharply with his three predecessors. According to Alexander, Woodruff lacked “the creative brilliance of Joseph Smith, [shied away] from the public confrontation and ridicule used at

times by Brigham Young, and [eschewed] the stern and uncompromising public pronouncements of John Taylor; Woodruff [by contrast] more frequently sought private compromise and conciliation" (p. 304). Woodruff was, Alexander asserts, "arguably the third most important figure in all of LDS church history after Joseph Smith . . . and Brigham Young" (p. 331).

Alexander effectively presents Woodruff as a devout follower of a nineteenth-century Mormon religion which promoted "a world view that unified the temporal and spiritual realms in God's kingdom and in the lives of church members" (p. xiii). Indeed, the central theme of Alexander's biography is Woodruff asserting a "holistic conception of the temporal and spiritual arena" within a world which he believed on the brink of imminent apocalypse—or mass destruction of all wicked peoples (that is, non-Mormons).

Woodruff anxiously promoted the cause of Mormon millennialism as he rose through the ranks, becoming a member of the Quorum of the Twelve by 1838 and president of that body in 1880. Relentless in his missionary efforts to gather the faithful to Mormonism's Zion to build "a new heaven and new earth," Woodruff sought to prepare for what he saw to be the imminent millennium and Second Coming. He fervently believed that he and his fellow Latter-day Saints were literally living in "the latter-days."

However, by the time Woodruff became Church president in 1889, Mormon millennialistic expectations were in decline. The new president, along with other Church leaders, desired a more peaceful relationship with the secular, non-Mormon world, seeking cooperation rather than confrontation in political and economic arenas. Underscoring this changing position, the Church under Woodruff's leadership moved to abandon its controversial practice of plural marriage by issuing the so-called "Woodruff Manifesto of 1890." By these actions, Woodruff, according to Alexander,

"turned a psychic corner, completing a process begun some years before of dividing the previous holistic kingdom and separating the temporal and spiritual" (p. xiv).

Alexander's account of the life and times of Wilford Woodruff utilizes abundant information from Woodruff's own voluminous journals—a rich primary source dating from the mid-1830s to the late 1890s. Here Woodruff carefully chronicled his activities and impressions of what was happening around him. In addition to the journals, Alexander has effectively utilized throughout his narrative the most recent scholarship in Mormon history, American religious studies, and social history. With some admiration, Alexander presents Wilford Woodruff as a multifaceted man who, with general success, balanced his role as Church leader, businessman, civic leader, and scholar with his primary responsibility as the head of a large polygamous family of nine wives and thirty-three children.

Alexander's portrait of Woodruff is balanced and even-handed. This is no hagiography, as biographies of prominent Latter-day Saints are sometimes prone to be. Woodruff is presented here as a devout Latter-day Saint whose "sense of personal piety [was] unsurpassed by any nineteenth-century Mormon leader" (p. 332). Yet Alexander also discusses his faults and shortcomings. Though Woodruff was aware of "the necessity of compromise and discussion in achieving aims," Alexander notes that the Mormon leader was "critical—perhaps even intolerant—of those who refused to enter into such dialogues" (p. 332).

Woodruff was also so "conservative and orthodox in his views" that "he had no sympathy for friends" who wanted the church to move "more rapidly toward a pluralistic society than [he] . . . thought advisable" (p. 331). His complex family life is forthrightly presented as less than idyllic. Alexander notes that "he did not treat his wives and children equally" (p. 332). Four of his nine wives left him,

and his first wife, Phebe, at best felt ambivalent about plural marriage.

Despite its overall strengths, Alexander's biography is disappointing in places. Only nine out of the narrative's 332 pages are devoted to Woodruff's family background and personal activities before he was twenty—an extremely critical period of his life. Perhaps anticipating a predominantly Mormon audience, Alexander also fails to provide adequate explanation of various Mormon doctrines and beliefs, particularly within the context of Joseph Smith's life and personality. Alexander also could have examined more fully Woodruff's attraction to, interactions with, and impressions of the charismatic Mormon Prophet, as well as of his two immediate predecessors, Brigham Young and John Taylor—strong dynamic personalities in their own right.

More serious, however, are problems with the biography's overall presentation. While presenting his subject within a general chronological framework, Alexander's narrative often skips back and forth in time, making it at times confusing and difficult to follow. Granted, no biography can present its subject absolutely chronologically, especially such a complex, multifaceted individual as Woodruff. However, movement back and forth in time during certain important episodes seriously disturbs the narrative flow. For

example, Alexander describes the drama surrounding Woodruff's involvement in the "traditional topping-out ceremony" of the Salt Lake Temple in March 1893, then notes the formal dedication the following month (p. 290). Over the next six pages, he then skips back and forth in time, discussing difficulties with the temple architect, Joseph Don Carlos Young, during the earlier construction, and problems with dissident apostle Moses Thatcher that occurred before the temple was formally dedicated. One wishes, instead, for a smoother narrative presentation which would convey to the reader a sense of "episodic tension" important in presenting the larger epic drama of a life being lived.

Despite such problems, Thomas G. Alexander's *Things in Heaven and Earth: The Life and Times of Wilford Woodruff, a Mormon Prophet* is an important, noteworthy biography of a significant Latter-day Saint—a study equal in stature to such recent biographies as Stanley Kimball's on Heber C. Kimball (1981), D. Michael Quinn's on J. Reuben Clark (1983), Linda Newell and Valeen Avery's on Emma Hale Smith (1984), Leonard Arrington's on Brigham Young (1985), James B. Allen's on William Clayton (1987), and most recently, Levi Peterson's on Juanita Brooks (1988) and Roger D. Launius' on Joseph Smith III (1988).

The Administrative Role of the Presidency

The Founding Prophet: An Administrative Biography of Joseph Smith, Jr. by Maurice L. Draper (Independence, Mo.: Herald Publishing House, 1991), 255 pp. \$14.00.

Reviewed by Ronald E. Romig, RLDS Church Archivist at the Auditorium, Independence, Missouri.

THIS USEFUL WORK PROVIDES a worthy synopsis of the early history of the Restoration Movement. In particular, it offers important insights about the administrative role of the presidency from Maurice Draper, a member of the RLDS First

Presidency for twenty years.

I began this book expecting to come know Joseph Smith, Jr., more intimately. I was chiefly looking for insights into the motivation, personality, and organizational struggle that forged and shaped the familiar history and experiences of the early Restoration. However, *The Founding Prophet* does not delve deeply into such transformational tensions. While it treats the early movement's organizational history, it uses administrative structures primarily as background for a restatement of historical events. Consequently, it offers

little of Joseph Smith, Jr.'s or the emerging church's administrative personality. Length and format limitations in a work like this unfortunately necessitate generalizations which prove much too limiting for the expansive mind of Maurice Draper.

Nevertheless, Draper does draw the readers' attention to many significant administrative situations. In many cases, these reflect problems and concerns that he himself faced as a member of two leading quorums of the RLDS Church: the Twelve from 1947 to 1958 and the First Presidency from 1958 to 1978. As a result, the book reveals much about RLDS administrative personality, and nearly as much about Maurice Draper as about Joseph Smith, Jr.

Draper initiates an insightful exploration of the impact of experience and circumstance upon Joseph's administrative style. His discussion of individual agency versus authoritative leadership (pp. 168–

69), illustrated by his reference to the First Presidency and High Council's general letter to the "Saints scattered abroad," is especially useful. Yet I still wanted to know more about the evolution of church administration: the struggle over corporate structure and procedure; the role of government; the church's search for and pursuit of authority; priesthood structure; and stewardship procedure, gathering, and temple building, to name a few examples.

It is my hope that Maurice might expand upon this foundation, for his valuable insights would ably serve the scholarly community.

I also look forward to future, perhaps less reserved, commentaries on the administrative actions of the founder of the Restoration. Nevertheless, employing this approach, *The Founding Prophet* provides instructive illustrations of the movement's early organizational and doctrinal development.

Utah's Darkest Side

The Unforgiven — Utah's Executed Men by L. Kay Gillespie (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1991), 199 pp., \$18.95.

Reviewed by Donald B. Lindsey, professor of criminal justice, California State University, San Bernardino, formerly a Salt Lake City police officer and Utah attorney general investigator.

READERS OF L. KAY GILLESPIE'S exposition about Utah's unforgiven should find it thought-provoking—at times, disturbingly so. The picture he paints here is of Utah's darkest side: the deliberate brutishness and ugliness on both sides of the law in matters of life and death, crime and punishment, justice and injustice. Framing the elements in this collage are Mormonism's past preachments about the doctrine of blood atonement. For better or worse depending on one's perspective, Utah stands as a small (forty-seven executions) but sincere champion of capital punishment.

To help interpret this array of images, Gillespie first leads readers into the troubling moral and practical issues posed by lawful bloodletting. He presents an overview of an actual execution and the extensive preparations required to do it right on the first try. Once a key player in these actions, he somberly reflects: "There is no humane way to execute, but we pretend there is" (p. 2). If true, what is there about the concept and utility of this ritually bound practice that justifies the act? What makes capital punishment appealing enough to support it in principle or practice?

Gillespie offers an answer based on the philosophical principle of social utility—general deterrence. "After all," he says, "the purpose of any social sanction is to assure future compliance with and respect for law." This objective cannot be obtained, he opines, "if those who are the objects of societal punishment are forgotten and deaths never reviewed" (p. 9). By

telling the stories of Utah's unforgiven, the author hopes to create a psychodrama in the readers' minds, to stimulate people to seek improvements in matters of due process that might make capital punishment more palatable. Perchance, by vicariously expressing our willingness to actually pull the noose taut around a few evil necks, we might experience enough discomfort to "see to it that society does not carelessly toy with those lives it chooses to forfeit" (p. 9).

Two related issues cannot be side-stepped in any serious consideration of crime and punishment in Utah. First is Mormonism's doctrine of blood atonement, including the moral or ethical strength of the Church's current stance on the death penalty. Second is the unique role the Church plays in dispensing Utah justice. Though the Church hierarchy of this era has denied that blood atonement was ever an official doctrine meant for this dispensation, Gillespie stresses that the matter still lies heavy in the minds of many Latter-day Saints. Some early Mormon leaders powerfully promoted the concept of blood atonement, among them Heber C. Kimball, who claimed it was an "excellent thing for this people to be sanctified from such persons, and have them cleansed from our midst, by making an atonement" (p. 13).

The vagaries surrounding the doctrine's official or unofficial status notwithstanding, the concept has been officially rationalized to fit any type of cleansing motif Utah ever offered its doomed killers. Thus, those executed in the future need not concern themselves about the necessity to literally shed their blood as an atonement, as was Arthur Gary Bishop, executed in 1988. Interestingly, no one ever took the state up on the once available beheading option. Perhaps the thought seemed too atrocious, despite the great inconvenience guillotining would cause the state. Inconveniencing the state was the desire of the most bitter of offenders in choosing death by hanging. And obtaining a guillotine and an executioner

skilled in its use would have been even more troublesome than constructing a gallows and hiring a professional hangman.

With the issues of blood atonement set in the background, the remaining chapters reveal a measured *tour de force* that tracks Utah's mountain-style justice since 1847. Some facts, figures, and encapsulated case studies unveil a black, sometimes outright gory, history at times involving wanton bloodshed and legally sanctioned killing. Sketched out are the highlights surrounding the abhorrent deeds, trials, convictions, sentencing, and societal reactions. Gillespie does not overlook the ritual last meals, final wishes, and words uttered by the damned. We get a look at botched executions and the death throes of forty-seven formally condemned men (Utah has yet to execute a woman). In addition to this relatively small number of official executions is a brief overview of several unofficial or vigilante-style executions. The final two chapters review everyday life on death row for both the inmates and the jailers, a miniature of those who rightly or wrongly escaped paying the ultimate price for their crimes and a brief glimpse of other executions and prison sentences.

Gillespie finishes without finishing, without answering the "many nagging, unanswered questions about the place of capital punishment . . . questions about the why's and how's of crime; about trials, guilt and sentences; about what it means" (p. 198).

Considering the bleak nature of the subject, this book is very sensitively written. It begins to bring together under a unifying umbrella scattered but important pieces of Utah history. Its shortcomings lie in what goes largely untapped or weakly exploited. More specifically, Gillespie says too little about a number of issues and questions raised about a church, a state, and its people. Perhaps the most significant of these is the insufficient explanation of justification of the book's pro-capital punishment slant. Using the justification of social utility or

general deterrence cannot wash away the stain of moral embarrassment that societal punishment leaves without showing that we accomplish a greater good. And that is unverifiable. There are more substantial and morally plausible grounds upon which to justify the death penalty.

The last strokes brushed on the canvas

predict that Utah will "no doubt continue to sanction capital punishment" (p. 198). To follow the author's lead, this is probably true. For in Utah, Mormonism's early religious baggage and its current sanctioning of capital punishment powerfully attune the state toward acceptance of this picture.

BRIEF NOTICES

"A Selective, Evaluative and Annotated Bibliography on Mormonism," *Bulletin of Bibliography* 18 (June 1991) by David Laughlin, pp. 75-101. Greenwood Publishing Group, Westport, CT. \$95.00 per volume year.

THIS BIBLIOGRAPHY merits mention because it provides an example of the way scholars compile, select, and choose material about Mormonism. With each title is a brief synopsis of the work's contents and a concise, thumbnail sketch of content and analysis. The twenty-six double-column pages are not exhaustive, but they do represent significant Mormon titles. The bibliographer has also addressed the periodical literature that discusses Mormon topics.

Laughlin's introductory essay offers a brief overview of Mormon scholarship that is especially significant to bibliographies.

Life and Land: The Farm Security Administration Photographers in Utah, 1936-1941. Essay by Brian Q. Cannon. Logan: Utah State University Press and Nora Eccles Harrison Museum of Art, 1989, 64 pp., 70 pictures, \$9.95.

THIS DELIGHTFUL GUIDE to an exhibition is a must for those who love to view history through photography. The federal photographers who crisscrossed Utah during the Depression captured an amazing period of western history. The photographers, who also wrote the picture captions, brought together rural Utah in a brilliant kaleidoscope. The farms, faces, and land are convincing reminders of a tough and difficult existence. Brian Cannon's introductory essay provides context for the photographs. Using his own historical research, analyzes the depth of commitment to the land. This small volume has tremendous merit and deserves close examination.

ABOUT THE ARTIST

A native of Salt Lake City, J. George Midgley (1882–1979) was an amateur photographer for more than six decades. He learned the gum bichromate technique, his preferred method, by observation, reading, and experimentation. Because Midgley was less interested in the subject matter than in the expression the bromoil process could add to it, he avoided professional beauty spots and concentrated instead on the farms that dominated rural Utah in the early part of this century. He began sending works to exhibitions about 1914 and by the 1920s was exhibiting widely in this country and abroad.

His mature work became steadily more abstract as he sought subjects with pattern as the principal focus. Many of his abstract works are based on details of abandoned rural structures.

Midgley was an artist who found his own way. As a photographer he was largely self-taught, and his choices of subject, treatment, and method were highly personal. He left a body of work that shows a remarkable vision, confidence in his ability, and solid craftsmanship, all factors that account for his acceptance by major salons and prestigious institutions. His legacy is a series of images of an earlier Utah embodied in the unusual form he mastered.

ART CREDITS

Front Cover: "Song of Summer," 13 3/4" X 10 3/8", 1953

Back Cover: "At the Pasture Gate," 18 1/2" X 10 5/8", 1941

p. 8: "The Marsh—Evening," 9 1/2" X 7 1/4", 1928

p. 34: "Harvest at Huntsville," 7 1/4" X 9", 1945, collection of Grant and Marsha Midgley

p. 55: "Flowing Fields," 10 5/8" X 13 1/2", 1935

p. 112: "November," 13 1/4" X 10 3/8", 1940

p. 114: "Harvest in the Valley," 9 5/16" X 11 3/4", undated, Utah Museum of Fine Arts Collection, University of Utah

p. 137: "Harvest Evening," 9" X 9 1/8", 1944

p. 148: "Pasture," 7 1/4" X 9 1/4", 1948

p. 174: "Morning Wheat Field," 9" X 9", c1940

p. 189: "Homeward," 10 1/4" X 10 1/4", 1948

Unless otherwise noted, these bromoil transfer prints are used courtesy of the Museum of Church History and Art, Salt Lake City, Utah. Special thanks to Robert Davis and Ron Reed. Thanks also to the Utah Museum of Fine Arts Exhibition catalog for information about the artist.

