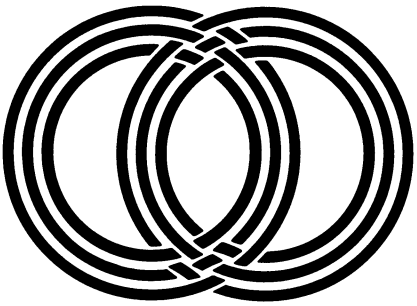
DIALOGUE

A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT



DIALOGUE

A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT

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

DIALOGUE: A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT, Vol. 25, No. 4, Winter 1992

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LETTERS

Willing Service

I enjoyed Rebecca Worthen Chandler's "The Wake of a Media Crisis: Guilt by Association or Innocence by Proclamation" (Summer 1992). Many of her suggestions have merit. However, I thought her last two paragraphs gave the Church a bad rap. She failed to consider many facets of Latter-day Saint service, such as the thousands of non-grandstanding public service projects provided worldwide and the trillions of hours of compassionate service.

I am glad that we are no longer having rummage sales like many of our Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish friends. Perhaps Chandler would also like us to emulate their bingo nights, drawings, and other fund-raising schemes to support their churches and paid clergy? No thanks! Perhaps she has forgotten or is unaware that their day care centers and musical productions are money-making programs with salaried staffs, paid music ministers, paid conductors, paid organists, and some paid soloists.

The synagogue blood testing example she used appears to me to be just another example of the kind of grandstanding to which she objects. The Turlock California Ward cultural hall has for over two decades served for blood drives for the regional blood bank. Wards throughout the Church provide their communities with the free use of facilities and free activities, with no donation asked. LDS church groups are also appearing on Adopt-a-Highway project signs in many parts of the U.S. and participating in keeping food banks for the homeless stocked or in actually serving food.

Chandler notes that "our buildings sit almost vacant nearly six days of most weeks." I don't think this is anything unique to Mormon chapels. Most LDS chapels are scheduled so tightly with evening and Saturday activities that it is often difficult to make room for musical and dramatic productions, art exhibits, troop and district-wide scout courts of honor, scouting merit badge conferences, girl and boy scouts, sports activities, baptisms, fee-free wedding receptions, and family reunions. Day use includes early-morning seminary, aerobics groups, and no-fee funeral services and civil weddings. Many of these events and activities include nonmembers.

Chandler also failed to acknowledge the marvelous community service provided worldwide by the over 1,650 Family History Centers, all of which are open free to anyone who wishes to enter. Between 60 and 70 percent of those who use the Family History Centers are not LDS. Among their ranks are scholars and ministers of other denominations who have become fast friends of the Church. When the Centers were started over three decades ago, the Church did not do it for public relations, but simply as a service. The majority of the centers are open at least three midweek days and nights, and many have additional days and evenings of volunteered service. I have been a director of such a center for over twenty-four years and have worked with many, many volunteers, including a few nonmembers.

Let's not forget that all of us in the Church are volunteers, whether we are preaching Sunday sermons; leading Primary; teaching youth groups, the women's auxiliary, or priesthood; directing music; or organizing activities.

J. Carlyle Parker
Turlock, California

Positive Perspective

When it seems that I want to apostatize from DIALOGUE, you present a refreshing and truthful article like " 'And They Shall Be One Flesh' ": Sexuality and Contemporary Mormonism" by Romel W. Mackelprang (Spring 1992).

Mackelprang's essay reinforced what I had recently learned in a class on human sexuality at San Jose State University.

Information can be very enlightening and liberating. Our text, *Sexuality Today: The Human Perspective* (Gary F. Kelly, 2d ed., Dushkin Publishing Group, 1990) offered some interesting insights that compliment Mackelprang's thesis: "People who are old today grew up in times during which negative and repressive sexual codes were taught, and many have carried these values with them into old age where they may become self-fulfilling prophecies" (p. 180); "We know that what is learned and incorporated into the depth of one's being exerts some influence on later life and behavior" (p. 158); and, finally, "The repressive sexual attitudes of childhood [have] led to disastrous effects on adult sexual functioning" (p. 10).

Unfortunately, Church leaders seem to teach how evil sex is and wholly forget that there is a good side that should be taught. What about the spiritual side of sex, the bonding, the oneness a couple can feel that transcends the physical experience. The secular world doesn't teach this; I believe the Church should. But will our history of negative thoughts allow us? I have chosen to share and teach my new insights about the true and healthy role of sex with my family. We must never condone ignorance. Our children deserve to learn about sex in a positive, healthy, and spiritual way. We need to educate ourselves through courses and books and then not to be afraid to talk to our children. I wish you well in your efforts to keep publishing such good articles.

Dean Purser
Los Gatos, California

Back to Earth

Romel Mackelprang's comments about sex in the Spring 1992 issue indicate that he is a sensitive and caring individual and has undoubtedly helped some tortured people. However, I find a few fallacies in his thinking.

Fallacy 1: *Church members pay careful attention to what General Authorities say and have said.* Any scholar should know that only the very few, oft-repeated messages get through at all—and usually only those backed up by loving, explaining parents and local leaders. Only those that filter down to individuals really count. Mormons don't rebel against old, impractical General Authority statements—that would be disloyal. They, like newer General Authorities, simply ignore them. A more accurate but equally irrelevant title for Mackelprang's article could have been: "Sexuality and *Historical* Mormonism."

Fallacy 2: *Mormons live in a vaccuum unaffected by the outside world.* According to Mackelprang, "An affirming sexual culture will likely prevent, and even eliminate, sexual problems for many Church members" (p. 65). The fact is, we are living in the most affirming sexual culture in history; I'll leave it up to the scholars to decide if that has eliminated most sexual problems. General Authority statements about sex must be taken in the context that the average member probably receives 1000 sexually affirming messages for every one urging self-restraint. While it's nice to hear sexually affirming statements from the Church, those in our culture are not receiving an unbalanced number of cautionary messages, as Mackelprang claims.

In fifeen years of teaching teenagers at Church (admittedly in "sex-ridden" California), I've found that the oft-repeated urgings of the prophets and scriptures, when filtered through pop culture and the immense rationalizing abilities of the average teenage Mormon brain, evolves into little more than: "Premarital sex is a sin . . . sort of; easily cleaned up by fifteen minutes with your bishop. Once you're married, go for the gusto." Most bishops resort to encouraging confession to parents only because few kids take sex seriously enough. Obviously, some are more or less serious than others. I doubt if any otherwise-normal youngsters take prophetic counsel as such a negative as to make their lives dysfunctional. Many, however, encounter enormous problems by ignoring prophetic counsel.

As for marital sex, people I know seem to have imperfect but vigorous and active sex lives. Yes, women do experience anxiety—about stretch marks, sagging breasts, and about the young girls at their husband's offices without such things—but not about the details, devices, and positions noted. Men have equally serious anxieties, but not about having too much lust for their own wives. That, simply, is not the problem.

The concern of most bishops I've known is *not* that there is too much sex in marriage but too little. I have known both men and women who have withheld sex, but it has always been during a time of drifting away from the church ideal, not towards it.

Fallacy 3: *Active Mormons are stereotypically repressed, unhappy, and ignorant.* All the Mormons I know really do think oral sex means kissing— thanks for explaining it to us hillbillies.

On the contrary, at a family reunion, I jokingly introduced my wife as "the *only* woman in our ward this year who had *not* had either an affair, a divorce, or a breast implant." If that seems simplistic and a gross exaggeration of average Mormon mores, then you know exactly how I felt upon reading Brother Mackelprang's paper. Back to earth, folks.

Jon Christopher
Los Angeles, California

Whining Women

Maybe DIALOGUE's current editors prefer a sniveling style of writing, but this reader doesn't and I doubt that many do. An issue or two back, an article whined about the paucity of memorable "stories" in the Book of Mormon. With that attitude, the author probably never told any for his children to remember. At least one commercially successful writer does find in them fodder for inside humor woven into pretty interesting fantasy.

The latest issue concentrates on sniveling about Primary. I used to jokingly call Junior Sunday School "Outer Siberia," and believe me, Primary is front and center by comparison. Should members be required to sign in blood that they will "never be late, always be there, promptly at ten in the morning," and all for the glory? People do shirk. But they also rise to need, serve others well, and grow in the process. Lavina Fielding Anderson has been in Primary too long and needs a different perspective. I resent her inference—no, her outright assertion—that one age group is not as important as another before the Lord—or as easily disregarded. Furthermore, you'd have to be a politician to think of leadership positions as promotions.

Dawn Hall Anderson put her finger quite accurately on the number one problem, inability to appreciate and hence dedicate oneself to callings. Talents might never be discovered without opportunities to try. Unfortunately, her whining went on for pages before she summed up with that point.

I predict that some of today's teachers will be loved and remembered as affectionately as Susette Fletcher Green remembers the Stirlands—or my inactive brother remembers his Blazer teacher. Sorry, the old system had drop-outs, too. The block program with less travel and meetings and more family and community time—and activity days—is better suited to this age when hedonism is eroding youth programs of all kinds.

I appreciate Kathryn Lindquist for showing us the "Bambara Mirror." I can even appreciate her attempt to identify with those women. But self-flagellation and male bashing didn't just hold up a mirror, they painted a false caricature.

And the lady missionary who broke a rule and blames it on her second president who didn't please her so well as her first is still whining because of his discipline?

Back to the Book of Mormon: it's true, the figurative language and master storytellers, legacies of centuries of development in the Bible, are missing. Nevertheless, your writers could use a dose of

Ammon's patience, perseverance, and hope.

Frankly, DIALOGUE has been beating the "women are picked on" theme to death. If there is another volume dedicated to it, I'll probably ignore it. I hope you don't encourage that habit, for I usually find something worth reading. I'm not suggesting the drone of the party line to which official publications must conform, but, please, not the whine of the party line of NOW, either.

Alice H. Dunn
Rio Dell, California

More to Mormonism

I purchased a copy of your Spring 1992 issue the other day at the Deseret Book store in San Diego. From the comments of the clerk, not many LDS bookstores carry your journal. Frankly, the fewer that agree to carry it, the better you must be! Congratulations.

I'm not a Mormon, but I've been studying your faith for about six months. It is, honestly, one of the most fascinating and complex belief systems I have ever run across. And I find it quite attractive. The overall doctrinal position seems sound and healthy; the organizational structure, however, leaves me cold.

I especially enjoyed reading Sterling McMurrin's "Comments on the Theological and Philosophical Foundations of Christianity" (p. 37). As the author of several books on church history and doctrine, I particularly appreciated his frank view of pluralism in the early church. I chuckled at his musings over whether Jesus and Paul were on speaking terms. Perhaps Jesus is less appreciative of Paul's Christianity than we in the Protestant world are.

I commend you for your publication and am glad to discover that there is more to the Mormon faith than those who seem intent on keeping it in the conservative corner of our society.

Jeffrey Needle
Chula Vista, California

1992 DIALOGUE WRITING AWARD WINNERS

LOWELL L. BENNION ESSAY AWARD

$350 Erin R. Silva, "Ecclesiastical Implications of Grace"

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$150 Marian Nelson, "Drinking, and Flirting with the Mormon Church"

$150 Kim Simpson, "Crows"

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$100 Lance Larsen, "Missionary Court"

$100 William Powley, "Jackrabbits"

Yellow Hair

Michael Gray

. . . and their daughters became exceedingly fair.

3 Nephi 2:16

I have got a blond, it's true.
The others comment,
laugh behind their hands:
where did that one come from?
can't you see he's bewitched?
watch what he does with her hair—
see, he is holding it up to the sun!

Well. Only look at her.
See how tall she grows,
how straight and trim.
How smooth her skin,
how clear and light.
In motion always, never limp,
she glows even in sleep.

One day perhaps a few will
wish to join us. They may sit
here with me and watch her play
beside the water. I admit,
she is hard on the eyes.
In this daughter is
no darkness at all.

MICHAEL GRAY lives in Corvallis, Oregon.

Before the Wall Fell: Mormons in the German Democratic Republic, 1945–89

Douglas F. Tobler

ON 9 NOVEMBER 1989 the world stood transfixed as television sets around the globe transmitted the fall of the Berlin Wall. Hundreds of thousands of East Germans streamed into Berlin to mount the wall or walk through the hastily broken holes in that once formidable barrier. What virtually all of them had longed for for so many years—to leave their fortress prison and travel into the West[1]—had become a reality. Some Latter-day Saints were among the throngs throughout East Germany on that historic evening who ran out of their houses to ask each other if what they had seen on television was actually true—forty years of official lying and deception had bred skepticism—and then hugged each other in glee when their hopes were confirmed (Schulz 1991).

Since that memorable day, much has happened: Once invincible, swaggering tyrants have been overthrown and are being brought to trial; secret police files have been confiscated and are being processed; free and open elections have been held; Germany is once again united. One somber epoch of German history has come to a close, and a new one has begun. German Latter-day Saints are also beginning anew. Members like Andreas and Ingrid Ortlieb and other Berlin Saints, formerly part of the cloistered GDR Mormon community, are now members of stakes realigned to include Saints from both the German Democratic Republic (GDR) and the Federal Republic of Germany (FRG). Missionaries from all over the world arrive weekly in Dresden

DOUGLAS F. TOBLER is a professor of history at Brigham Young University.

[1] In August 1989 I was visiting East Germany, and our tour guide, Johanna Koncynski, articulated this frustration when we dropped her off before driving our bus into West Berlin: "I like my country. I can't understand why they won't let us see the rest of the world. I'd come back. I'm tired of being locked in here."

and Berlin while local missionaries depart regularly for the four corners of the earth.

With this change comes the opportunity to sketch for the first time an outline of the unique experience of the largest Latter-day Saint community in the Communist world, and to consider how both local members and Church leaders coped with a regime and society whose official principles, leaders, and institutions were largely antithetical to Mormon doctrines and ethics.

Is there something here that may have wider application? Does the German experience provide any guidance for dealing with other authoritarian and non-democratic societies? How did those forty years affect the Church in the GDR, its leaders, and members? What has been the dialectical relationship between continuity and change in this Communist setting? I believe the answers to these questions are, in general, positive. There is a great deal that Latter-day Saints, and other Christians, learned from this kafkaesque prison society about the nearness of God and the human condition. These four decades reveal extraordinary examples of faith, commitment, sacrifice, patience, familial and brotherly love, and dedication. But there is also much to be learned about discouragement, desperation, disappointment, resignation, impatience, and waywardness. Despite the stabilizing and protective cocoon of Church values and fellow members support, Saints in the German Democratic Republic did not live in a vacuum. Alongside their fellow citizens, they had to cope day in and day out with an insecure and arbitrary Communist society, its ubiquitous, informer-ridden police-state and single-party system, educational indoctrination, propaganda, and its fundamental antipathy toward religion. Everywhere there was, as Gerd Skibbe has written, the violation of the right of agency, the heart of the Communist system. In addition, they experienced an even distribution of poverty (except for privileged party officials), a drab, often polluted environment, and everywhere dilapidation, deprivation, political bondage, and often hopelessness, at least for this life. Above all, there was the ever-present angst[2] and the conviction that only Christ's coming would overthrow the system.

Another side of the story, however, must be considered. Communist leaders loudly trumpeted ideals of a new society built upon real social justice, with unbelievably low costs for basic foods and tolerable housing, freedom from the fear of unemployment, a high standard of living—ironically propagandized as western-style "materialism"—

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[2] For the degree of angst felt by everyone, including the churches and even the Evangelical Lutheran Church, see Hans-Jürgen Röder, " 'Fall Stolpe' längstein 'Fall Kirche,' " *Deutschland Archiv* 25 (May 1992): 449–50.

"cradle to the grave" medical care, and the absence of crime, pornography, violence, and a host of other social ills that plague free societies. Most of these utopian dreams never materialized, but some features in the GDR society did correspond to Christian ideals, such as narrowing the gap between rich and poor and minimizing capitalist greed.

Over our fifteen-year association, Walter and Edith Krause, lifetime residents of Prenzlau, often spoke of some "positive" features of the GDR. They had as little affection for the excesses of capitalism as they had for the limitations on personal freedom of the GDR Communism. In a letter dated 22 March 1990, Edith wrote, "Not everything in the DDR [Deutsche Democratic Republic] was bad and may the good now save all Germans." Similarly, many intellectuals in what were formerly East and West Germany, like Günter Grass, Stefan Heym, and Christa Wolf, lamented after reunification the crude materialistic avalanche of Western capitalism, the harsh and greedy elbowing aside [*Ellenbogen-rammelei*] of local people with little attention paid to what they considered significant social gains in the GDR.

The Mormon history in the GDR is scarcely intelligible without some historical background. Since the 1850s Mormonism had, by German standards and with some setbacks, prospered in this overwhelmingly Protestant area.[3] In fact, in 1930 there were more Saints in Germany (11,596) than in any other country of the world outside the United States, including Canada (11,306).[4] In addition, this small but significant Mormon presence had been strengthened by many families, like the Max Schade family in Dresden, who, like many other LDS families following the counsel of Church leaders, had long since decided *not* to emigrate to the United States (Krause 1991).[5]

By the 1930s, then, approximately 8,000 members lived in eastern Germany, roughly east of the former FRG-GDR border. They were

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[3] Even after thirty years of Communist rule, in 1977 the census showed over seven Protestants for every Catholic or sectarian, 7.9 million to 1.4 million. Over half of the population listed no religious preference (Zimmerman et al. 1985, 1:715).

[4] In 1940 Germany was in third place behind Canada (and remained there through 1960), but just barely, with 13,480 to 13,801. After 1960 Church growth elsewhere, particularly in Central and South America, left Germany in the dust (Scharffs 1970, xiv).

[5] Many GDR LDS families believed implicitly that God had called them to stay there, as Elder Ezra Taft Benson counseled them in 1946, and help build up the Church. Walter Krause remembered that after the wall went up in 1961, one brother upbraided him for having advised him to stay: "Brother Krause, I will hold this against you eternally. You counseled us to remain and endure here. Now my children will grow up in Communism, and everything will turn out wrong" (Krause 1990).

scattered among more than sixty small branches and several larger ones (over 500 members) in Dresden, Chemnitz, and Berlin, as well as in the smaller branches in Königsberg, Stettin, Schneidemühl and Breslau. All these latter branches were dissolved in the spring of 1945 as their members fled west before the advancing Red Army and Eastern Germany was annexed either to the Soviet Union or to Poland.

Although the wars, especially World War II, had exacted a heavy toll of the young LDS men[6] in a church where men were needed and less plentiful, partly because they were less often converted, devastation and existential consciousness had also strengthened the survivors' faith. According to Manfred Schuetze, former president of the Leipzig Stake, who in the late 1980s conducted a series of interviews with eleven elderly GDR Saints, most were more determined than ever to adhere to their religion. Many had found that Mormonism, even without the full organization or temple ordinances, more than met their spiritual needs in the most trying of times (Schuetze ca.1989). There were those—and not just a few—who, uprooted by the incredible turmoil of war, were part of a massive twelve-million-strong refugee band that clogged the roads going west ahead of the triumphant Russian army. Some had decided that only America—usually meaning Utah—offered them the security they craved. Others were content to relocate in what later became the Federal Republic of Germany; but many, with some anticipation of eventually returning to their homeland and recovering their lost property now annexed to Poland or incorporated into the USSR, settled in the area that would soon become the GDR and quickly found needed places of acceptance and serenity in the Mormon communities there. Walter and Edith Krause, Hans and Elli Polzin, the Meyer family, Walter Schmeichel, and Otto Krakow are a few of those refugees who settled in the GDR (Schuetze ca.1989).

Here, then, was a chastened folk, most of whom had been subjected to the horrors and humiliations of war. In fact, many of the early Church leaders in the GDR had been prisoners of war, most often in the hands of the Russians.

Some also suffered a sense of guilt for having helped bring to power a Hitler who had unleashed his hatred and misery on the world. These shaken survivors now clung to a faith and community that had sustained them in difficult times. Little did they know that, with the exception of the actual war years, the challenges that lay before them

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[6] According to Scharffs, 400 LDS soldiers from the East German and about 150 from the West German Mission died in World War II (1970, 116). Arthur Gaeth, former Czechoslovakian mission president commented in June 1946 how "few young men" there were in the branches (Gaeth 1946).

would include hardships and trials even more difficult, longer lasting, and more corrosive than ever.

With some exceptions, the Mormon experience in the GDR conforms to the larger history of other Christian churches and sects in Communist-dominated countries. That is, the same policies governed Mormons that were applied to all churches, even though throughout the forty years the Mormon church, considered a "sect," a term more pejorative in German than in English, had little institutional contact and no common program with other Christian churches, a policy carried over from earlier and less happy decades.[7] Churches were, in fact, the only large organizations in the country that were not Socialist (Communist) and not state controlled. This condition of limited independence had also existed during Hitler's Third Reich. Moreover, almost from the first, the GDR constitution, especially Article 39, guaranteed autonomy for all churches and later a modicum of religious freedom (Zimmerman et al. 1985, 1:715).

At the same time, the ruling SED (Socialist Unity Party) and all of its appendages were from the outset resolutely anti-church and anti-Christian. Marxism-Leninism was the official new "religion," and the "enlightened" were not only to believe it but to promote it. Party faithful and other aspirants for power were encouraged to renounce church membership and any religious commitments. Church membership did, in fact, decline throughout the period (Zimmerman et al. 1985, 1:715).

The history of all GDR churches can be further divided into five different eras, each reflecting a particular government policy: (1) 1945-49, the years of Soviet Army Occupation (SMAD); (2) 1949-58, the period from the founding of the GDR through the harsh Stalinist fifties; (3) 1958-68/9, when party boss Walter Ulbricht worked diligently to establish international legitimacy as well as a separate identity for the GDR both at home and abroad, in part, by separating Protestants from their ties with the Protestant Church in the FRG; (4) 1969-78, when the government, under Erich Honecker, using a more-carrot and less-stick approach, worked to weaken religion as a promoter of German unity and strengthen instead GDR Protestants' loyalty to the GDR state. This put Mormons in a somewhat better light because of the Church's long-term policy of encouraging members to stay in the GDR and get along with, if not necessarily support, the regime; (5) 1978-89, when churches were encouraged to accept "socialism"—and, in part, did—and contribute to the building up of the socialist society under the rubric of "limited cooperation with tension."

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[7] Many older GDR Saints carried with them a resentment against the dominant churches who had persecuted them in the past.

I will now briefly sketch both the external and internal dynamics for each of these periods and then draw some conclusions.

1945-49

For those raised during the long Cold War period, it may be difficult to comprehend the general good feeling that prevailed among the wartime Allies for a short time after World War II until the Iron Curtain fell in 1946. The vaunted Nazis had been conquered, and there was great hope that Allied cooperation might have dispelled the pre-war threat of Communist aggression. Such optimism did not, however, extend to most Germans, especially to the refugees from the Eastern territories who had only recently experienced harrowing brutality, barbarism, and rapine at the hands of Russian soldiers.

As the war ended, however, Russian-occupying authorities exhibited unusual goodwill to Church leaders and members. According to Arthur Gaeth, an American correspondent in the Russian Zone and former Mormon missionary in Germany, General Vasili Sokolovsky's 1946 order permitted regular Church services; Church representatives were allowed to travel freely (there were thirty-one local German missionaries in 1946), and a 60,000-volume cache of genealogical and Church records was sent to Utah. In addition, two automobiles were made available by Russian occupation authorities to Church authorities. The Church would be permitted to publish tracts when paper became available and in June 1946 held a mission conference in Leipzig. One Russian general, Dratwin, upon learning that the Russians were more cooperative than the Allies, even suggested the Church move its headquarters into their zone (Gaeth 1946).

It would be difficult to overstate the importance of Elder Ezra Taft Benson's 1946 visit to Europe, but especially to the Saints in the Russian Zone. Not only did he bring them hope for welfare support and relief—food and clothing for a cold and starving people—but nourishment for their spirits as well. He strengthened their faith and, as Walter Krause remembered, counseled them to "put away your hatred and bitterness and help build up the work of the Lord" (Krause 1990). German Saints were euphoric to see and hear an apostle and learn that the Church—its authorities and people—was aware of them. This meant that the spiritual lifeline that had been severed in 1939 was again restored. They were once again united with the Mother Church in Zion.

Don Corbett, an American serviceman, vividly described Benson's visit to a badly damaged schoolhouse where 480 Saints and friends had gathered in the summer of 1946:

> The German Saints were in their places when Elder Benson arrived. They all stood up when he entered and made his way to the stand. It was a wonderful sight to look into their faces and feel their devotion and gratitude. An air of great expectancy was there as well as a certain tenseness. Everyone anxiously awaited for the servant of the Lord to commence speaking. There was also a note of sadness. As the eye took in the scene and beheld the emaciated faces, etched with sorrow and tragedy, a feeling of sympathy was kindled for them. Many were suffering from stages of malnutrition. Some were in great need of medical care. On this day, however, their spiritual desires transcended their temporal wants. These were the faithful, the backbone of the Church in Berlin, but many of them needed encouragement and needed light and guidance to set their thinking straight. (in Babbel 1972, 61)

Elder Benson's message, spirit, dynamism, love, and concern, together with numerous spiritual manifestations, also reassured these bereft Saints of God's love and concern and strengthened their courage to meet the formidable rebuilding challenges ahead.

Welfare supplies, which began to arrive in 1947, reinforced their hope, and Walter Stover, the gentle, generous, ingenious man who had been called as East German Mission president, followed in Benson's footsteps. Time and again Stover displayed generosity and resourcefulness as a traveling minister and shepherd. His big Pontiac was recognized everywhere, and his unadorned plea to President Cornelius Zappey in the Netherlands for food captures his heartfelt solicitude for his people: "My people are so hungry" (in Sonne 1988, 167).

Equally important in those first post-war years were the extraordinary expressions of faith exhibited by families who, in those most dire conditions, accepted calls extended primarily to fathers and sons to serve as missionaries. They went without purse or scrip, gathered the faithful together in branches, found places to meet, preached the gospel, baptized converts, and presided over branches. Probably because of the humbling experiences of the war, they found many fellow Germans interested in their message, a condition less noticeable in the more prosperous times that followed.

Missionaries later spoke of their experiences: Walter Krause left on 1 December 1945 "with 20 marks in my pocket, a piece of dry bread and a bottle of tee"; Eberhard Gäbler, who served for thirty-eight months beginning in 1947 said: "It was the most profitable time of my life"; Walter Böhme, Walter Ritter, and Herbert Schreiter, who left a wife and children behind on his second mission, also served; and Paul Schmidt left in the summer of 1946 at age forty-one and served fifty months (ca.1989, 3, 30, 46, 50). The Saints' commitment in those early days also appears in the numbers who attended the first mission-wide conference held after the war (Leipzig, 5–12 June 1946). A later description gave the details:

> The Russian authorities permitted extensive advertising. The radio carried announcements three times each day for two weeks in advance, posters were on every billboard in the city and in every streetcar, so that by the time the conference began, nearly every person in the area knew it.
>
> A total attendance of 11,981 participated [in all combined meetings]. The Sunday evening meeting alone was attended by 2,082 persons—by far the greatest attendance even (to this time) to be present at a meeting of the Latter-day Saints in Europe. At a special concert, featuring a mission-wide chorus of 250 voices and an orchestra of 85 pieces, which was held on Monday afternoon[,] 1,021 were in attendance, and at the Gold and Green Ball that evening 1,261 participated. (European Mission History, in Babbel 1972, 112)

For many these years, building upon powerful spiritual experiences from the war years, were a time of enormous spiritual growth which would, in fact, nourish them for a lifetime and beyond. Many of these Saints would not only become stalwarts in raising strong Latter-day Saint families which became the backbone of the Church as converts diminished under government censures, but they would, for three and four decades, also provide the leadership for the Church in the GDR until a new generation could be reared to take their place. Many leaders served for twenty years and longer. Henry Burkhart, the de facto mission president, for example, served in a leadership capacity for over forty-six years.

1949-58

As the occupation era ended and the German Democratic Republic was founded in 1949, the Mormon community had, in fact, taken shape, although some Saints continued to emigrate. An estimated 4,000 Saints lived in the Russian Zone in 1946; twenty-one years later the official number was little different, 4,740 (Gaeth 1946; MH, East German Mission, ca.1968).

By 1949, the Cold War had chilled conditions. The Berlin blockade symbolized the new reality; Stalinism, which would characterize much of the fifties and sixties, descended on the GDR in all its fury. An entire generation was, as Röder has argued, indelibly stamped with the experiences with the Stalinistic regime of terror (Röder 1992, 449). Government policies and attitudes toward religion, which would permeate the whole era and the new bureaucracy, were slammed into place. Strong atheistic and anti-Church propaganda dominated the era; party leaders and government functionaries of every level were encouraged to withdraw from church membership. Many did so. During the next twenty-seven years, Protestant ranks in the GDR were cut in half (Zimmerman et al. 1985, 1:715, 721). The Catholic Church does not appear to have suffered comparable losses, although in a

survey of fifteen- and sixteen-year-olds in the former GDR, over half said they did not believe in God and 86 percent did not belong to any religious group ("Growing Up" 1990, 14). Religious education was taken out of the schools; church activities, outside of worship, were severely curtailed as the SED, in true totalitarian fashion, moved into many of the social and cultural realms churches had previously filled.

Churches were hampered economically as well as ideologically. Church buildings were neither built nor rebuilt, and materials for repairs were difficult to come by. Finding and retaining branch meeting places was extremely difficult (Schuetze ca.1989, 11, 18, 19, 31, 34). Walter Krause's job was to keep the meeting places in repair, but it was often a hopeless task because of bureaucratic red tape, lack of building materials, and endless waiting in lines. The traditional church tax became a voluntary offering, and party leaders attacked church youth groups. Though the assault was full scale, pastors and priests could still be educated, and church-owned land was still exempt from collectivization (Zimmerman et al. 1985, 721).

Latter-day Saints experienced even more difficulty because of their small size and American connections. Very soon, the government and the ubiquitous *Stasi* (secret police) labeled the Church as an American spy organization and regularly placed informers in its meetings. The Saints hunkered down to battle for self-preservation. Missionaries from the West were cut off, as was most contact with Church leadership. Manuals had to be smuggled across the ever-tightening border or exchanged with mission presidents limited to visits at the internationally famous Leipzig Fair.

The Leipzig Fair, a traditional industrial and commercial exhibition held in the spring of each year, usually in March, enjoyed a long history. For decades, perhaps centuries, the city had invited businessmen and visitors to this display of local and national products. In order to promote international trade and the purchase of their goods, GDR leaders, even in the early years, relaxed restrictions, if only for a time, so more visitors and buyers would come. It was also a time of celebration for GDR citizens. Church leaders in both the GDR and USA utilized the event to schedule conferences where General Authorities could more easily attend. For Gerd Skibbe and most other Saints, it was a time of spiritual uplift, encouragement, and rejoicing. Aware already before 1961 that they were living in a "cage," he treasured the visits of Henry D. Moyle, Marion G. Romney, Theodore M. Burton, Thomas S. Monson, Percy Fetzer, Joel Tate, and others who visited them. "It was a time when we felt very blessed as the Holy Ghost comforted us" (Skibbe 28 April 1992, 6).

Donald Q. Cannon, a missionary in East Germany in the late 1950s, visited the Leipzig Conference in 1959. Meetings, he reported, were held in a dilapidated hall with armed GDR soldiers at the back of the room. Speakers were told to say nothing about America. Although the atmosphere was tense, there was a great closeness among the members (Cannon 1990).

Some Saints continued to escape, but the process became even more dangerous and problematic. Escapes ensured repercussions for the faithful who remained.

Life for GDR Mormons was not made easier by the militantly anti-Communist McCarthy era in the U.S. or, especially, by the vigorous Mormon anti-Communist rhetoric coming out of both Salt Lake City and Washington. Walter Krause remembers how the anti-Communist speeches of President David O. McKay and Elder Ezra Taft Benson were monitored in East Berlin. Police and government officials fattened their files with speech after speech that stigmatized "godless Communism" as the incarnation of evil (Krause 1974). Still, for the Krauses and especially for Gerd Skibbe and most East German Saints, what the prophet and the apostle were saying was a "pleasing clarification" (Wohltuende Klarstellung) of what Latter-day Saints really believed. It was, to them, the "word of the Lord for our day" and constituted a "moral necessity" to speak out against the evil of Communism and to thereby

> counteract one of its most powerful tools: to force people to remain quiet out of consideration for others. At the same time, Latter-day Saints repeatedly asked themselves: Will this [what I say or do] hurt my children? Will it compromise my brothers and sisters [in the Gospel]? Does it endanger the Church? For these reasons among some members there was a certain rejection (Ablehnung) of the anti-Communist expressions of General Authorities. (Skibbe 1992, 3)

For Saints both in and outside the GDR, accommodation between the two world views seemed impossible. Both would have to wait for God to change the system.

The Berlin Wall with its stretched barbed-wire fence, its guard towers, mine fields, dogs, and trip-wire shooting devices along hundreds of miles stopped the demographic hemorrhaging. Between 1949 and 1961 some 2.7 million East Germans had fled to the West—including some Latter-day Saints (*Der Fischer* 1990, 111). But it was not simply the numbers but the type of people who were leaving—the young, educated, and productive just beginning their careers—which demanded such drastic measures.

1958–68

Most Latter-day Saints were largely and intentionally uninvolved in political matters, although the Wall created a new and depressing condition for all. The safety valve had been removed; they now had to stay and come to some kind of terms with the new order. Some Latter-day Saints loosened, or even broke, their ties to the Church; Communist society forced this kind of either/or choice. If, for example, a young person wished to study at the university, if an individual hoped to find a better job, if married couples were to have some hope for getting an apartment or even a car sooner, they often found it necessary to make some kind of peace with this nearly omnipotent order. Others had difficulty finding suitable LDS marriage partners—especially with the declining numbers as some drifted away or lost faith in the gospel and few new members were converted. During the fifties, only one missionary tract was available, and copies of the Book of Mormon were passed around so much that they looked soiled and embarrassed the members.

There were, indeed, many reasons why, especially after 1961, the East German Saints' attachment to the Church might be loosened or cut. Wisely, Church leaders usually put these memberships at the back of the file to await a better and more just day. On a visit to Dresden in the late 1970s, I was shown membership records listed as "de-activated."

But, like the pioneer Saints in Nauvoo, the large majority remained faithful. They chose the Church, and it became their life. These Saints, cut off from the body of the Church, came to rely heavily on each other, on the scriptures, and upon God. They became a large, extended family or clan, with considerable intermarriage among prominent families and leaders, both men and women, who served long terms—some said too long—in their branches, districts, and organizations. These were people of deep faith, devotion, and commitment. The Church, its preservation, and the retention of family members within the gospel net became the focal points of their lives. They nurtured one another's faith in God and in his servants—in whom they had implicit trust. These members treasured the occasional visits of such good friends as mission presidents Joel Tate and Percy Fetzer; in the darker days of the fifties and sixties, such visits were the continuing evidence of ties with the main body of the Church.

By 1966 concern was mounting among GDR Church leaders about their long-term prospects. There were so many aging members and so few new ones coming in. Some full-time missionaries served there until 1961 when the last group was condemned by the Communist press in Saxony for being "lazy" and not taking "regular jobs." One of these

missionaries even spent some time in jail. Thus, from then on the work had to be done by members. Between 1959 and 1967, there were only 182 convert baptisms in the entire mission and only 251 babies blessed. In 1966 the mission did receive 2,000 hymnbooks and 500 triple combinations, but many members were anxious to have other helps such as Family Home Evening Manuals. As for priesthood leadership, in 1967, there were 418 elders organized into six quorums; this constituted one elder (there were no other Melchizedek priesthood holders) for every eleven members (MH).

Throughout this period of enforced separation, the Church's most important leader in the GDR was Henry Burkhart, a full-time Church official who became the mission president and later the first Freiberg Temple president. Burkhart literally lived his life in service to his fellow East German Saints and the Church, meeting and interceding with government authorities, answering questions, pleading the Church's case, and accounting to government interrogators both for the leaders abroad and the Saints at home. His strong and faithful counselors, Walter Krause and Gottfried Richter helped him tend the flock and hold back the wolves during those precarious times.

1969–78

The seventies brought the beginnings of a slight thaw in government relations with all denominations, including the Mormons. Although as early as 1960, party boss Walter Ulbricht had announced an end to the party's strong anti-church campaign by declaring that "Christianity and the humanistic goals of Socialism are not antithetical," virtually no Christian in the GDR believed him. Little changed during the sixties (Zimmerman et al. 1985, 721–22). Unfortunately, it took a very long time for this more tolerant official attitude to percolate down into the entrenched and indoctrinated party and government apparatus. Discrimination against Christians in education, work, and housing continued on the regional and local levels to the end of the regime. Still, with the publication of the new constitution in 1968, Christians seemed more inclined to cooperate with the state and to take a position labeled "critical solidarity" with the government (Zimmerman et al. 1985, 722). One visible sign of this slight improvement was that in 1976, for the first time in twenty years, the government permitted the building of churches in some newer housing developments. At the same time, government leaders decided that churches strengthened families and trained people to be law-abiding citizens, an attitude that later redounded to the benefit of the Mormons.

The lessening antagonism toward Christianity was generously reciprocated by the Mormon community and the larger Church. While many GDR Saints detested the Communist system, most understood the need to get along with authorities in the spirit of accommodation with different political systems promoted by the twelfth Article of Faith. Some even thought it important to recognize the social benefits that the Communist order had brought.

In the late sixties, Elder Thomas S. Monson of the Council of Twelve was assigned to Europe and began his special ministry among the GDR Saints. Like the Jesuit Peter Canisius of Counter-Reformation Days, he embraced the role of "apostle to the Germans." Monson's interest and familiarity with German history and culture as well as an obvious and reciprocated affection for the people won him a special place in the hearts of many GDR members, particularly as he began to understand the "system" and to see how, working within it, the needs of both the Saints and the Church could best be served. Elder Monson's many public addresses clearly indicate that he was impressed by the GDR Saints' faith and devotion and wanted desperately to serve them and the Church in that unique setting. He became their special shepherd and advocate.

Elder Monson was not the only Church authority interested in the GDR Saints. At a Munich regional conference in 1972, President Harold B. Lee may have disappointed some of them—including the few who had been permitted by the government to attend—by reaffirming the earlier Church position counseling them to return to their homes. The GDR, he said, was where God wanted them to be. This counsel, along with the already established policy of compliance with the regime, continued to build credibility and trust for Mormons at the highest level of SED leadership.

Policy and leadership changes within the Church in the 1970s eventually resulted in significant changes for Latter-day Saints in the GDR. Let me briefly mention a few of them. The doors of the "cage" began to open slightly as GDR Mormon leaders were permitted to regularly spend a week or two in Salt Lake City during general conference. During these visits, conditions and problems could be more fully, completely, and privately discussed than had been possible in frequent but limited parking lot conversations in the GDR. Still, the police checked and interrogated these visitors carefully upon their return and probably also monitored their activities in the United States. Walter Krause, for one, was always amazed at what police authorities knew about his travels after visits to general conference.

In 1973, for example, he had been ordained a patriarch during his first visit to Salt Lake City. This was the first of many small steps to

bring the "fullness of the blessings of membership to more deserving, but second-class Saints." Only a small fraction of GDR Saints had received patriarchal blessings from former mission president Percy Fetzer on his, by then, infrequent visits, and prior to the building of the Wall in 1961, only 250 Saints—almost all retirees—had been to the temple. Thus Walter Krause's ordination enabled him to bring for the first time to the larger GDR Church membership the blessing, direction, and comfort many Saints hungered for. Through his ministry, eventually over 1600 Saints gained reassurance and direction for their lives.

Two years later in 1975, the same year the Helsinki Final Act for Human Rights was passed and signed by the GDR government, Elder Monson rededicated the land for the preaching of the gospel and promised German members all of the blessings of the Church, including the blessing of the temple, something that weighed heavily on the minds and hearts of an aging Church population. Those in attendance that day were convinced that this dedication and promise found divine approval both at the moment and thereafter. For them, God had spoken; they would now work and wait to bring about the fulfillment of the dedication promises (E. Krause 1991). For many of them, including Walter Krause, things began to get steadily better. Government authorities began to treat them with more respect, and there were signs of improvement in what little missionary work they could do. Looking back, it even seemed to them that this was the beginning of the revolution that God was bringing about in his own way (Krause 1990).

Other events also boded well: Mormon anti-Communist rhetoric ceased abruptly in the early seventies after the death of David O. McKay. Spencer W. Kimball, a man with little interest in politics and a consuming passion for moving the Church forward worldwide, became president in 1972. Very early in his presidency, Kimball spoke favorably of what Communism had brought to China and, accompanied by his assistant, David M. Kennedy, traveled to Poland in 1977 to dedicate that Communist country for the preaching of the gospel. Poland was now opened to the Church. On his return, he reassured members in the GDR gathered in Dresden of his continuing love and interest.

Kimball's approach was revolutionary in ways that would affect the GDR. For example, he did not advocate waiting for some divine overthrow of Communist power, wherever it existed, before attempting to begin missionary or other Church work. Church representatives were, instead, to work to obtain whatever concessions they could from governments to allow proselyting, to permit GDR citizens to attend the temple more easily, and to carry out more fully the Church's spiritual

mission. He defined the political realm, which interested the Church little, very broadly and to that end encouraged Mormon leaders in the GDR to develop a better relationship with government authorities.

He also sought to multiply the number of temples throughout the world on the principle that they need not be monumental in size. If, in different parts of the world, people could seldom afford to travel to a temple, perhaps the Church could take the temples to the people. All of these changes found resonance in the GDR.

1978-89

In March 1978, SED leader Erich Honecker announced a considerable improvement in government relationships with all churches, especially the majority Protestants. Henceforth, the government would more fully recognize the "positive role of the churches in socialism" and their right to "autonomous cooperation" in the achievement of "deeply humanitarian goals." In addition, all citizens were to have an "equal opportunity" in society regardless of religious affiliation. In short, religious people in the GDR were to have a more amiable existence, even, Honecker promised, on the local level where tension was often greatest (Zimmerman et al. 1985, 724-25).

But all was not sweetness and light. The eighties brought a new and different source of tension arising from the militant pacifism of the emerging Peace Movement, whose motto was transforming "Swords into Plowshares." This Peace Movement, developing over the years, provided much of the basis, inspiration, and organization for the rallying forces which later in 1989 bloodlessly and magnificently toppled the rotten Communist order. Paradoxically, the Movement improved government relations with GDR Mormons, who lacked the pacifist tradition as well as any heritage of cooperation with other German churches. That, combined with resolute Mormon adherence to the twelfth Article of Faith, and a changed awareness that Mormons were among the most productive and wholesome citizens, led to the Church being identified as among those groups who were more supportive of the existing order. Thus, ironically, one of the churches which had in the beginning of Communist rule been singled out for its denunciations of Communism was now looked to as a source of support. It was a dubious honor.

In the 1980s Mormons also began to see the fruits of their earlier diplomatic labors. Besieged by hundreds of requests from older Saints to travel to the temple in Switzerland and unwilling and unable to explain what was viewed by religious and other groups as preferential treatment, the government now, with greater trust, inquired why the

Church did not build its own temple in the GDR. Documents detailing the temple-building and its cost are not yet all available; but by 1985 the temple had been dedicated, and thousands of GDR Mormons were able to attend for the first time (Backman 1987). Over 80,000 GDR citizens attended an open house prior to dedication and marveled that it was even possible to get materials for, much less finance, such a beautiful building. They assumed—incorrectly—that all the money had come from the United States. Stylistically the temple blended well with surrounding buildings with a grace missing in other modern temples. For most devout Latter-day Saints, Elder Monson's prophetic promise a decade earlier had been fulfilled.

But there was to be more. In rapid succession, new chapels were built in Dresden, Leipzig, and Zwickau, with plans on the books for nine or ten more. In 1984 Bishop Walter Müller proudly showed our visiting BYU group where the new Leipzig branch would be built. Five years later, in August 1989, we actually worshipped with the Saints in their beautiful new building. The visible presence of the Mormons had changed dramatically, as if overnight.

The apogee of this transformed relationship was reached both symbolically and actually on 28 October 1988 at a meeting of President Monson and his associates with Erich Honecker and members of the Politbüro. As reported the following day in the official party newspaper, *Neues Deutschland*, Honecker repeated his post-1978 equal opportunity policy toward churches and lauded the Mormons for their work ethic, their strong families, and the moral development of their youth. The GDR, he said, could certainly use people like the Mormons ("Begegnung" 1988, 1).

In response, President Monson mentioned how the Church and state could cooperate in improving the environment and the lives of both individuals and nations, "even when they may not agree on everything." Monson and Burkhart both praised the "balanced" policy of the state toward all churches, not just the larger ones, a hint at the appreciation Mormons felt toward the government for putting their long-time nemeses in their place ("Begegnung" 1988).

The Church benefitted considerably from this encounter. It appears that Honecker granted its requests, including the right to do missionary work again for the first time since 1961, an extremely urgent matter given the declining and aging membership. New members were desperately needed. In April 1989, Garold and Norma David, both professors at BYU, were among the first Western missionaries to open the new mission in Dresden (1991, 22–27).

Equally important was a further concession that young GDR Latter-day Saint men and women would be permitted to leave the GDR to

serve as missionaries. The first group of ten arrived in Salt Lake City on Memorial Day 1989 and were scattered throughout the U.S., Canada, and Latin America as that part of the Church was integrated into the worldwide missionary program.

In late August 1989 I was participating in a BYU Vienna Study Abroad Group. We visited the GDR Saints, totally unaware of what revolutionary changes the next few months would bring. GDR Saints were euphoric about the missionaries and even more ecstatic about the over 200 converts they had gained in just a few months. Spirits were higher than they had been at any time since 1969.

By late October 1989, Honecker had already received the "kiss of death" from Mikhail Gorbachev in Berlin. Two of our BYU students, Amy Goeckeritz and Toni Lambert, had received permission to spend the traditional "Live-In" week (a time for students to spend with a family speaking their studied language). Upon their return to Vienna, they told unbelievable tales of going with their "families" to the Leipzig demonstrations on Monday evenings for Home Evening. They described the GDR Saints' guarded but hopeful optimism about what all of this fervor might bring. According to Edith Krause, GDR Saints not only participated in the demonstrations, but several voted "with their feet," joining the throngs who left the GDR for the West and thus put pressure on the regime and attracted worldwide attention to conditions in the GDR (1990).

Other Saints, such as Andreas and Ingrid Ortlieb living further north in Schwerin, regretted that they, on the counsel of their stake president, had not participated in the demonstrations that eventually brought the hated government down. Mormons, on the whole, played only a direct minor role, participating individually, not as a church, in the turn of events that eventually brought political freedom, real religious freedom, and eventually unification to Germany. Of course, over the years, Mormons had also played an indirect role by joining their prayers with others to petition God to bring about the change. In any event, as Edith Krause wrote, she, Walter, and other GDR Saints were very grateful for the more politically active role the Protestant and Catholic Churches played in the revolutions (1990).

In retrospect, some meaningful questions may be asked. For instance, how are our individual destinies tied to the divine destiny of the world? From the GDR Saints' perspective, the *Heilsgeschichte*, the history of salvation, appears to be a process carried out by both God and humans, each doing what is possible and necessary to bring about the divine destiny of the world and the salvation of God's children. Forty-five years is probably not very long in the divine scheme of

things, but it seemed like an eternity for those who lived in bondage. Still, their faith was rewarded; it survived a long and bitter trial.

Their experience raises questions about continuity and change. BYU history professor Thomas Alexander recently published an informative and enlightening article on the Church's change of perspective at the turn of the twentieth century. Shifting away from an emphasis upon political conformity and economic autarky, while discontinuing the practice of plural marriage, the Church laid greater emphasis upon its spiritual and religious mission. In this way, it accommodated itself to the United States and paved the way for its spiritual, economic, and demographic prosperity in the twentieth century (1991, 21-27). This policy seems to have served the Church well as it has reached out to other nations of the world.

Such policies, interpreted on a worldwide scale, were applied first to Hitler's Germany and again to the German Democratic Republic. In one sense, they appeared to have worked: the Church was preserved to pursue its primary mission without surrendering its teachings, beliefs, or institutions. No Latter-day Saints were forced to deny Christ or covenants they had made. And now the tyrants have been dethroned and freedom established.

But nagging doubts remain: Has the policy of accommodation perhaps been taken too far? Is it time for a change? When, in fact, does a political issue become a moral issue, and who decides that point, both for the individual and for the Church? Should a Church with an universal spiritual mission not also serve as a universal conscience? Why is pornography a moral issue, but apparently the violation of basic human rights is not? How far should a church go in accommodating atheistic and swinish dictators—remaining silent during a Holocaust or while every inalienable freedom "which belong to all flesh" is violated—in order to preserve itself or promote its own interest? Should our Church withhold cooperation with Christian and other churches willing to put their lives on the line to bring about a people's God-given freedoms in the here and now?

Perhaps on this last matter it is time for a change; that change may, indeed, be underway. It's time to "bury the hatchet" with churches—Christian or otherwise—and recognize that a major challenge of the twenty-first century is still to bring all to the gospel of Christ, particularly the secular and the unchurched. Perhaps the GDR experience can guide us toward cooperation in this enormous task.

Finally, and again paradoxically, the latest challenge for GDR Saints may be their most trying. It may not have been very difficult to be obedient to Church authority when tradition, history, and an author-

itarian social order had trained GDR Saints to be largely quiescent. Today's challenge, after the wall has fallen, may be the most difficult of all: to live in a free but intensely materialistic world—ironically not the materialism that Marxism promised but failed to create—but the free market economy where materialism actually holds sway. Only then will we discover if the coming generations of German Saints—both those in the East and in the West—will, in fact, fulfill Elder Spencer W. Kimball's prophecy given 22 August 1955 in Berlin:

> 'Do you see this glorious vision? Do you see what can happen if we stay here and do our part unselfishlessly to build up this great kingdom?' He prophesied that temples would be built in Europe in great numbers. He foresaw the day when Latter-day Saints would partake of the same high esteem in the eyes of the German people as they do in the eyes of the public in general in America. He said Latter-day Saints would hold influential positions in government; would be professional men and women; should be school teachers, surgeons, lawyers—people of high esteem. He told the members it was no longer necessary for them to go across the ocean to enjoy every blessing necessary for exaltation. Every person in the audience was truly moved by this great discourse under the influence of the Holy Ghost. (in Ernst n.d., 97)

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The Pulpit

Marilyn Bushman-Carlton

It is a last bastion,
The pulpit. Prominent
Among muscular box shapes;
Fenced off and jutting skyward
Like a miniature city;
Elevated by just enough steps
To let it glow
In its own halo.

It is solid;
Sunday-washed
And clean as boiled water;
Tailored as a missionary.
An invitation is required
To lean there.
One must be
As professional as a seminar,
As navy blue as midnight.

But don't think
Anything feminine is missing.
Notice the milkvase
Fussed up
With seasonal flowers,
The flowers stiffened with spritz.
You hardly notice
When the petals detach
And lie,
Reverently wilted,
Under the paling roses.

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Latter-day Myths About Counseling and Psychotherapy

Mark Edward Koltko

JOHN[1] WAS DEEPLY DEPRESSED and believed there was no chance that he would get better. He felt worthless, unworthy, and vile and was certain that the world would be better off without him. Occasionally the depression would lift, only to return later. At one point, this roller-coaster ride became too much to handle. He went to a secluded spot, put a gun to his head, and attempted to kill himself. The gun misfired, and he went home to his wife and children.

Julie, too, held a very low opinion of herself, although for a somewhat different reason than John. Julie had been sexually abused by relatives on several occasions when she was young. She felt unworthy before God and thought she would be better off dead. It took great effort to extract from Julie a promise not to kill herself over a three-month period after beginning therapy—and that promise came only as she began to understand the consequences that her suicide might have on her child.

A married couple, Jim and Jane, had no dramatic symptoms or backgrounds, but they were unhappy. After more than ten years of marriage, they found it impossible to live with each other. They argued, threw things at each other, and were miserable. One wanted a divorce, which the other ruled out entirely. Even without an open discussion of their difficulties, their children knew that something was very wrong in their home.

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[1] All names of clients in this article have been changed, along with other identifying details.

I have met all these individuals in the course of my practice as a counselor and psychotherapist. They are all active, participating Latter-day Saints, have testimonies, and strive to fulfill their callings. They, and people like them, can benefit greatly from the experience of counseling and psychotherapy. Consider a typical LDS ward with 200 adults. Over the course of any six-month period, we would expect fourteen people to suffer from an "anxiety disorder," such as a tendency to panic attacks, obsessive thoughts, compulsive actions, or phobias (Myers et al. 1984). Seven to twelve ward members in that six-month period would suffer from a serious "mood disorder," such as major depression. And what about the long-range forecast? At some time during their lives, about 20 percent of all American adults will experience an anxiety disorder, a mood disorder, or other serious mental or emotional disorders, *not including* marital difficulties, substance abuse problems, or what therapy professionals call "problems in living." This also does not include psychosexual disorders, which will afflict one adult in four during the course of their lives (Robins et al. 1984).

Finally, it has become apparent that sexual abuse of children has been far more widespread than was imagined as recently as a generation ago. Unbelievable as it may seem, it appears that a realistic conservative estimate of the rates of sexual abuse of children in the United States is *60 percent for girls and 45 percent for boys* (deMause 1991, 136). Sexual abuse is very frequently followed by serious symptoms of depression and anxiety, although these symptoms are sometimes hidden for many years after the abuse occurred.

Although many Latter-day Saints could benefit from therapy, Mormons carry a particular burden when it comes to this subject. Many people carry misconceptions about therapy, but Mormons hold mistaken ideas that are peculiar to LDS culture. Because of these misunderstandings, many Mormons prevent themselves from receiving the benefits that therapy has to offer. In this essay I will explore six myths that Latter-day Saints often believe about therapy and counseling.

The Myth of Invincible Righteousness

Consider this snippet of conversation, heard in various forms among many Saints: "We have the true gospel. The answers to all problems can be found in the gospel. 'Outside' counseling and psychotherapy are not necessary if people are living the gospel as they should." In short, Mormons tend to feel that if they live their religion, they should never need therapy. Going to therapy denies the power of the faith.

On the surface, this myth sounds plausible. Mormons believe that the gospel is a comprehensive guide to life that provides a powerful set

of tools for handling life's difficulties. It is tempting to believe that if we are having trouble dealing with our problems, we simply aren't trying hard enough to live the gospel. As this line of thought goes, if we read our scriptures more, attend our meetings and the temple regularly, fast, do our home and visiting teaching, and especially pray more regularly and with more devotion, then we will be able to deal with our problems. This sounds like a theologically "safe" way to deal with personal challenges. The problem is that, in many instances, it does not work.

The basic practices of personal spirituality have a purpose: to help us turn from sin to God and to attain salvation and exaltation. Period. The basic practices of personal spirituality are not meant to prevent natural disasters, put bread on the table, fix the car, or cure our depressions.

Gospel living is not guaranteed to prevent mental or emotional disorders or problems in living. It is true that the practice of gospel living may make us more effective in our everyday lives. But even people who live the gospel make poor investments, lose their jobs, suffer with cancer, and have panic attacks and obsessions. Gospel living is not a shield that protects us from all serious personal problems. To think that the gospel is that kind of shield is not to believe in the gospel, but to believe in magic. Even those who live the gospel to the fullest extent possible may still suffer from emotional difficulties or personal challenges for which counseling or therapy would be useful.

Just as gospel living does not prevent serious personal problems, it also is not an infallible *cure* for mental or emotional difficulties once they occur. To seek a cure for these illnesses through personal spirituality alone while ignoring other resources is to seek after signs or miracles. The Lord expects us to use the resources available to us to meet our challenges, as much as possible.

An example of this principle is Brigham Young's response when he heard of the tribulations of the Martin handcart company, which had been caught in early winter storms while attempting to reach Deseret. President Young dismissed the day's Sabbath meetings and sent the Saints home to arrange food and care for the survivors, rather than stay in their meetings and pray. As he put it, "Prayer is good, but when baked potatoes and milk are needed, prayer will not supply their place" (in England 1984, 30). In a similar way, when someone is suffering and needs professional intervention, prayer (or any other element of personal spirituality) will not take its place.

As Marlene Payne, an LDS psychiatrist, put it: "The teachings of the Church cannot banish personality problems; they can only offer a program for achieving maturity" (1980, 117). Therapy is not meant to

be a substitute for the gospel, any more than plumbing or accounting or any other practical art or science is a substitute for religion. Therapy is a set of technologies, a set of techniques and methods, *and* a special relationship between the therapist and the client, all of which have the specific purpose of enhancing the client's life. In this sense, a therapist is much like a dietician, an athletic trainer, or a physician. Turning to one of these professionals is not a denial of the power of the faith. Neither is turning to a therapist.

Two fears underlie the Myth of Invincible Righteousness. First, many Saints fear that therapy will somehow endanger their testimonies; they may defend the gospel by putting down therapy. Second, the Saints—like many people outside the Church—are wary of therapy because it deals with delicate, even frightening issues. Therapy probes into our personalities, into the essence of who we are. When it comes to our thoughts and emotions, anything powerful enough to help us is also powerful enough to harm us. How can one trust fallible human beings to fiddle around in the mind and soul? Yet when one undergoes surgery and is under anesthesia, one has no control or influence and is completely vulnerable. When faced with this fear of dealing with personal issues, it is natural to seek help from people who, we believe, have the special privilege of receiving revelation from God for others: the priesthood line of authority. This may explain the existence of the second myth.

The Myth of In-House Therapists

According to this myth, we have bishops and other priesthood leaders to handle all our counseling needs. These men are entitled to receive revelation from God on behalf of the members under their stewardship, so we should trust solely in their guidance rather than involve ourselves with so-called "professionals."

Although bishops and others can receive revelation to meet the needs of the people under their stewardships and do much useful counseling with their members, this myth illustrates a serious misunderstanding of Church policy and the role of a bishop. Church handbooks encourage bishops to make appropriate referrals when necessary to local resources for counseling and therapy. Leaders are specifically encouraged to find counselors and therapists who can provide a supportive atmosphere for LDS beliefs and values. Knowing when and where to make a referral for professional counseling and therapy is an essential responsibility of a bishop.

Bishops are spiritual advisors. Most of the time they are not also car mechanics, surgeons, or therapy professionals. It is not a sign of

weakness for a bishop to refer a member for professional help in any area of life when necessary.

It is true that therapy presents a special case. Where does spiritual guidance leave off and therapy begin? The truth is that often, maybe even usually, a person who has concerns that are appropriate for therapy also has concerns that are appropriate for spiritual guidance. Life does not divide up neatly into "therapy concerns" versus "spiritual concerns." It is often useful to approach a given problem from several different angles at the same time.

For example, depression often has not only psychological dimensions, but spiritual and physical ones as well. People with bipolar disorder, popularly known as manic depression, may feel on top of the world one day—brilliant, beautiful, and blessed—but soon afterward may see themselves as the worst pond scum, someone the world would well be rid of. It is often appropriate for such people to meet with the bishop for spiritual guidance and support, to meet with a psychotherapist for counseling and therapy, and to meet with a psychiatrist for a program of medication. A singular approach does not make sense for many emotional or mental disorders.

In many cases, it is not a matter of choosing between a bishop *or* a therapy professional. It is really a matter of collaboration between a bishop *and* a therapy professional.[2] One does not take the place of the other; they each speak to different aspects of a person's experience, and ideally they do so in harmony.

The third myth focuses on therapy professionals themselves.

THE MYTH OF THE UNGODLY THERAPIST

This myth supposes that psychotherapists are anti-religious, and

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[2] "Collaboration" does not mean that therapists tell bishops whatever their clients say in therapy. Bishops who refer a ward member to a therapist often like to keep track of a client's progress or status. However, a professional standard of confidentiality requires a therapist to have a client's permission before discussing a client's matters with anyone else, including a bishop. A wise therapist discusses with a client exactly what, if anything, is to be described to a third party, and to what degree of detail. Overall, therapists and bishops can collaborate without compromising either professional standards of therapeutic confidentiality or ecclesiastical standards of priesthood authority.

Note that "collaboration" primarily applies to those situations where a client is referred to a therapist by a bishop. When a client is self-referred, the situation is completely different. Although a therapist might in some instances suggest that a client would find it helpful to discuss with a bishop some of the things the client has mentioned in therapy, professional standards of confidentiality prohibit a therapist from taking the initiative in contacting a bishop.

non-LDS psychotherapists are *particularly* anti-religious. This is simply not a true description of most therapists. Of course, there are some prominent anti-religious therapists. Sigmund Freud was well known for his attitude that religion as a guide to life is an illusion. More recently, Albert Ellis has characterized deeply held religious beliefs—what he calls "dogmatic beliefs"—as psychologically unhealthy.

It is also true that these two gentlemen have had a large influence on therapy. Psychoanalysis, which is largely the work of Freud, until recently has had a decidedly anti-religious tilt. It was not uncommon in earlier years for psychoanalysts to use devout religious belief to explain only mental illness, rather than healthy development as well. And Rational-Emotive Therapy, which is largely the work of Ellis, sometimes shows a similar slant.

However, there is no reason to issue a blanket denunciation of psychotherapists as anti-religious. Although, compared to the population at large, therapists show lower rates of religious affiliation and participation, a recent national survey indicates that a substantial number still participate in the religious life (Bergin and Jensen 1990). Forty-one percent of the psychotherapists surveyed stated that they were "regular" attenders at religious services. Seventy-seven percent agreed with the statement, "I try hard to live my life according to my religious beliefs." Forty-six percent agreed with the statement, "My whole approach to life is based on my religion." In another recent survey, only 28 percent of the therapists interviewed agreed with the statement, "The notions of God or the transcendent are illusory products of human imagination" (Shafranske and Maloney 1990). In the face of these findings, it is patently inaccurate to say that most psychotherapists are anti-religious.

In fact, a growing movement among psychotherapists insists that therapists should strive to understand and empathize with their clients' religious beliefs. When LDS psychologist Allen Bergin published an article entitled "Psychotherapy and Religious Values" (1980) in a prominent professional journal, he received over one thousand comments and requests for reprints (Bergin 1991). The American Psychological Association has a thriving Division of Psychologists Interested in Religious Issues, and the American Counseling Association has a similar active division, the Association for Religious and Value Issues in Counseling. *Psychotherapy*, published by the Division of Psychotherapy in the American Psychological Association, recently devoted an issue to the topic of "Psychotherapy and Religion"; the articles included were overwhelmingly sympathetic to religion (Bradford and Spero 1990). One such article was a sympathetic introduction to the psychotherapeutic issues raised by Mormonism (Koltko 1990).

Even Freudian psychoanalysis has shown flexibility about religion: one of the prominent psychoanalysts of our day is a Jesuit priest. Many therapists have been able to implement Rational-Emotive Therapy without the anti-religious bias of its founders.

As for LDS counselors, members of the Association of Mormon Counselors and Psychotherapists (AMCAP) are typically fine and upstanding members of the Church. My conversion to the Church came largely through the example of one member of that organization. Since there are many nonreligious therapists, however, who have had little or no preparation to deal with religious or spiritual issues, one must evaluate and seek recommendations on a case-by-case basis.

Many Latter-day Saints believe that even if therapists are not anti-religious, they will still encourage clients to engage in activities that violate LDS moral standards. This does happen on occasion. Here again, however, this behavior is not typical of the profession. One should determine how far a professional can support LDS standards when one is interviewing potential therapists. Competent therapists will determine their clients's standards, not to change them or to test them, but to discover them and to explore their clients' feelings about them. That might mean asking a client, for example, "Have you ever wanted to have an affair?" But that is a far cry from *suggesting* one. In addition, most professionals conduct therapy by listening to whatever their clients bring up without much open emotional reaction. LDS clients sometimes make a mistake here. As Louis G. Moench, LDS psychiatrist, put it: "The patient may misinterpret as approval the psychiatrist who listens without passing judgment or without falling off his chair in shocked amazement or disapproval. Recognition and study of the patient's irresponsible behavior, as a step in learning more about himself and learning more mature control, may be mistaken for forgiveness or encouragement of the irresponsible behavior" (1970, 51).

It is important, then, for clients to understand that exploring feelings about real or imagined behavior is not the same as *encouraging* that behavior.

The LDS client may also feel unsafe around the non-LDS therapist when discussing personal spiritual experiences and revelation. For example, suppose during the course of therapy, a client tells a therapist about receiving personal guidance from God, feeling the presence of the Spirit, participating in a healing, or some other kind of very special spiritual experience. A client could have a very real fear that the therapist will not understand and may attribute these experiences to mental illness. This is unlikely. Again, individual therapists may treat spiritual experiences as evidence of mental illness. However, most non-LDS therapists are willing to treat personal spiritual experiences

with respect. The American Psychiatric Association has encouraged its members in this direction. According to the official psychiatric diagnostic manual: "Beliefs or experiences of members of religious or other cultural groups may be difficult to distinguish from delusions or hallucinations. When such experiences are shared and accepted by a cultural group, they should not be considered evidence of psychosis" (American Psychiatric Association 1987, 193).

This does *not* mean that the typical therapist will *believe* you when you say that the Lord revealed to you that the Church is true. But the therapist will probably still consider you sane and will accept the idea that from some source, you received a message that works for you. Some forms of therapy, such as Jungian analytic therapy and many forms of transpersonal psychotherapy, give a lot of attention and respect to personal inspiration. Keep in mind that many non-LDS therapists, even in the Intermountain West, may know little or nothing about the inner spiritual life of Mormonism. You may need to educate your therapist concerning what is accepted as spiritual experience among Latter-day Saints.

In sum, therapists *as a group* are not anti-religious, will not try to entice a Latter-day Saint to violate Church teachings, and will not treat spiritual experiences as evidence of insanity. It is worthwhile, when shopping around for a prospective therapist, to find out about the therapist's attitudes about a client's religious and moral values and spiritual experiences. At the same time, the LDS client must understand that therapy involves *investigating* values, experiences, and feelings about them. This leads to the fourth myth.

The Myth of the Safe Basement

This myth is expressed in statements like the following: "In psychotherapy, a person talks about all sorts of unworthy desires and unpleasant episodes that are better off left alone rather than indulged or recalled. Therapy focuses on things like sex and how you hated your parents. Normal people don't talk about things like that with strangers."

Many people try to put certain troubling wishes or parts of their personal histories into a locked corner of the mental basement, as if locking up something in the basement makes the rest of the house safe. But, as a good many horror movies show, the house with the thing in the basement really *isn't* safe. What we deny, what we block out, what we say to ourselves didn't happen (when we know it really did), what we say happened (when we know it really didn't), what we have not allowed ourselves to have feelings about—all these things gain power

over us and get in the way of our stability and our development (Koltko 1991).

Personal growth and healthy change may require investigating that material. This process doesn't have to be spectacular. It might mean facing up to the real feelings we have toward important people in our backgrounds or in our present lives. In other cases, a therapist and client might have to investigate deeply painful incidents, such as child abuse. Therapy is not fun. Dealing with this material is often unpleasant, but often it is necessary for the sake of the emotional, mental, and spiritual health of the individual.

Are there people who simply cannot face up to what has happened to them in the past? Are there people who will simply crumble and fall to pieces when confronting their traumatic backgrounds? Yes, there are, although this happens more often on television than in the consulting room. A good therapist knows when to uncover the past and when to leave well enough alone. This is frightening territory. But with proper preparation and support, people often are able to learn and deal with more than we might expect. Preparation and support make the difference, though; that is largely why one goes to a professional for counseling and therapy.

Does all this mean that therapists will *force* their clients to dig up all sorts of painful material, no matter what their clients came to therapy for in the first place? Most therapists will focus on the issue that brought their clients to them in the first place, working on goals that the client and the therapist set mutually. These goals may change over time, but the basic nature of the relationship stays the same: working on the client's concerns. However, sometimes working on these concerns necessitates going into deep water. It is important to remember that investigating the painful is fearful, but it is sometimes necessary. Dealing with that fear bring us to the fifth myth.

THE MYTH OF THE VULNERABLE TESTIMONY

This myth reflects a fear that psychotherapy undermines faith. This resembles the myth that psychotherapists are ungodly people who will try to "cure" you of your religion, but goes deeper.

Many Latter-day Saints have testimonies based on spiritual experience. But some Saints have "social testimonies," based on enjoying the group, not fired by a burning witness. A fair number of Saints fall in between these categories: they remember having experiences that felt like inspiration but may now be coasting. Given these possibilities, a Saint may wonder, "If I enter therapy, will I find that I don't really

have a testimony and that I am involved in the Church for the wrong reasons?"

In other words, what this myth reflects is not so much a fear about therapy or therapists, but a fear about the nature of our own testimonies. Consider how much of a Latter-day Saint's personal identity is associated with gospel doctrines and feelings about these doctrines. A fear about the stability of your testimony is a fear about the stability of something as central as the way you deal with reality.

Psychotherapy with a responsible professional should not undermine your testimony, though it may well lead you to look at your testimony and its underpinnings with a more honest eye. A person who begins therapy with a shaky testimony may find that therapy helps put that testimony on a *firmer* foundation, regardless of whether or not the therapist is LDS. Therapy provides a nonjudgmental environment in which a client is safe to explore issues at his or her own pace without fear of social rejection. That exploration could lead to a firmer commitment to gospel values. It could also, in rarer instances in my experience, lead to a person leaving the Church, a decision the person likely would have arrived at anyway without therapy, although perhaps in a more painful and alienating fashion.

The Myth of the Moral Powerboat

This sixth and final myth is the belief that normal people should always be able to solve their own problems "under their own power." We are taught in the Church to be self-reliant; psychotherapy seems to be a crutch. The fine print of this myth says, "If you go to therapy, you are crazy or mentally ill or whatever you want to call it, but 'normal' you are not. Going to therapy is an admission of deep-seated weakness and deficiency."

The experience of therapy professionals suggests otherwise. People who enter therapy are often in a great deal of emotional pain, even agony; but usually they are not what other people would call "crazy." Many of my clients are extremely competent business executives, homemakers, professionals, and tradespeople—people who serve in important leadership positions in their branches, wards, and stakes—who suffer from debilitating anxiety, obsession, and depression that tends to the suicidal. Many were sexually abused as children; many have come from severely dysfunctional families; some have been rejected at love (if married, by their spouses) or laid off from work. Sometimes chemical imbalances have complicated other stresses. Frequently my clients have had to deal with several of these factors simultaneously. They are lucid and responsive to reality (and hence are not "crazy"),

but they are at the end of their ropes. My marital clients have often been locked into relationships of emotional warfare for years, because of their inability to see beyond their own limited approaches to life and communication. Fortunately, these people all chose to seek help rather than buy into the myth.

My own personal experience also refutes this myth. I have been in therapy myself. The year before I entered therapy, I worked at a demanding full-time job and simultaneously pursued full-time doctoral studies. I earned a promotion at work, received excellent grades at school, and had my first professional presentations and publications. I purchased my own home, served in a bishopric, and attended at the birth of my third child. This does not happen when someone is weak, deficient as a human being, or crazy. (A little hyper, maybe, but not crazy.) I entered therapy because, in spite of these successes—in fact, maybe *because* of my successes—I needed help in dealing with certain other issues in my personal life (such as the death of my father a few months previously).

Incidentally, it is interesting to note that in a national sample over 70 percent of psychotherapists indicated that they had been through at least one episode of personal therapy (Norcross, Strausser-Kirtland, and Missar 1988). Most therapists have been in therapy themselves, I suspect, because their own professional experience indicates that therapy is not an admission of weakness, but rather a strategic move to deal creatively with human limitations and the unavoidable pain of life.

When we recognize our limits and reach out for help, it is not a sign of craziness. It is an indication of a deeper sanity and an attempt to take responsibility for life in a major way.

CONCLUSION

I would like to conclude by appealing to a classic and central concept of LDS theology: free agency. I have found in my life and in the lives of my clients that therapy can greatly help a person to exercise free agency in an intelligent, mature, and fulfilling manner. It is hard to exercise one's agency when one is beholden to repressed feelings or memories, out-of-control emotions, crushing depression, debilitating anxiety, or blinding obsession. When appropriately pursued with a carefully chosen and skilled professional, therapy can be a powerful way to reach a higher level of responsibility, capability, and spirituality.

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Women Alone: The Economic and Emotional Plight of Early LDS Women

Linda Thatcher

EVEN UNDER THE BEST OF CIRCUMSTANCES, life in the mid-nineteenth century was not easy for Mormon women. Often repeatedly uprooted from their homes, they left behind family, friends, neighbors, and community to pursue their new religious beliefs and, often once they reached Utah, to resettle in new areas. In addition to losing the support of what was familiar, many of these women also stayed behind, most often with children, while their husbands served missions, marched with the Mormon Battalion, explored new areas, or lived with polygamous wives. Death and divorce left still other women to fend for themselves.

This essay is not meant to be an exhaustive study of Mormon women's plight but rather an introduction to circumstances and situations that affected many women. Between 1830 and 1899, for example, 12,825 missionaries, most of them married, were set apart (*Deseret News* 1981, 214); their service, inevitably far from home, lasted from a few months to as long as six years. In 1846–47 approximately 500 men started the long march from Iowa to California with the Mormon Battalion, leaving behind their families. Add to this during the same period the 20 percent of men who eventually set up polygamous households and the women who were widowed, divorced, or never married. While Utah had a lower percentage of never-married women than the nation

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at large, its divorce rate between 1870 and 1900 was two to three times higher (Scadron 1988, 162–63). Ninety-six percent of plural wives either fully or partially supported themselves and their children. A women left alone had to face much more than loneliness. An absent husband usually could not provide for his family. Women—who were used to producing goods for the family in addition to caring for children—now had the husband's responsibilities thrust on them. They also struggled with the Church's attitude toward families alone, which tended to vacillate, with their own and their husbands' feelings about the long absences, and with the reality of their living conditions.

From its founding, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints encouraged an aggressive missionary program. Even before the Church was officially organized in 1830, Joseph Smith received a revelation (D&C 4:3–4) commanding missionary work. Fired with religious zeal, early converts were not shy about pursuing new members. The first missionaries canvassed areas close to their homes but soon began traveling to other states and foreign lands.

While Protestant churches during the period usually financially supported their missionaries, early Mormon elders traveled without "purse or scrip." And unlike missionaries from other faiths, who often traveled as a family, Mormon missionaries traveled alone or with a male companion.

The early missionary program was a far cry from today's sophisticated operation. According to historian George Ellsworth, "It was not uncommon, in the earliest days of the movement, for a man to hear Mormonism preached one day, be baptized the next, be ordained an elder on the following day and the day after that to be preaching Mormonism" (1951, 38–39). Designed to promote faith on the part of the missionaries and sacrifice amongst those they visited, traveling without "purse or scrip" was undoubtedly a test for both.

As more and more men left their homes, it became apparent that families left behind were struggling. The problem was prominent enough to be addressed at the 1831 general conference: "Brother Frederick G. Williams enquired if it were the business of this conference to take into consideration the situation of the families of the absent Elders. Br. Sidney Rigdon said that he supposed that it was, saying, I bear testimony that God will have a pure people who will give up all for Christ's sake and when this is done they will be sealed up unto eternal life." Joseph Smith responded "that the Lord held the Church bound to provide for the families of the absent Elders while proclaiming the Gospel" (in Cannon and Cook 1983, 21, 23).

Even with the Prophet's support, however, families were still left destitute. In 1837, when they left for their missions to England, mem-

bers of the Twelve left their families in "the most trying circumstances"—many ill with malaria, and in rough cabins (Ellsworth 1951, 225).

Between 1846 and 1847 members of the Mormon Battalion marched westward, leaving their wives and families behind on the plains. In his diary, William Hyde recorded the conditions of Mormon Battalion families:

> The thoughts of leaving my family at this critical time are indescribable. They were far from the land of their nativity, situated upon a lonely prairie with no dwelling but a wagon, the scorching sun beating upon them, with the prospect of the cold winds of December finding them in the same bleak, dreary place.
>
> My family consisted of a wife and two small children, who were left in company with an aged father and mother and a brother. The most of the Battalion left families, some in care of the Church and some in the care of relatives, with some in their own care. When we were to meet with them again, God only knew. Nevertheless, we did not feel to murmer. (in Tyler 1969, 128)

Fanny Parks Taggart, wife of a Mormon Battalion member, was perhaps more tempted to murmur. In her autobiography she noted that when she arrived in Council Bluffs, she had no money and no one to look after her. The midwestern wilderness was a hard place for a woman alone. She wrote:

> I went to President Brigham Young for council and he told me to look up some of my acquaintances and get in with them until I could get me a house.
>
> My husband had written to me in a letter that I received before leaving Nauvoo that there would be some provisions made for the families of those that went in the Mormon Battalion, and this had kept up my courage on the way, but the answer I received from President Young made me feel like bursting into tears, and to hide them I turned quickly away and walked a few steps, and on looking up I saw a woman standing in the door of a tent, I wiped my eyes and went to her and inquired for Asa Davis, and she showed me his house and I went there and was made welcome to such accommodations as they had. (n.d.)

Sarah Beriah Fiske Allen Ricks was left alone in Musketol, Iowa, while her husband served with the battalion. In her autobiography she noted:

> Before leaving, my husband made arrangements for me to draw provisions from the store of a trader . . . but for some reason the provisions never reached me. . . . The company now prepared to move to a better location. Having received no means, I thought it best to remain where I was. My goods were put into a small shanty; my cow was separated from the other stock, and the company moved away. . . . My cow seemed determined to follow the herd and shortly she broke through the corral and ran after them. I could not leave my babe and little girl to follow her. Overcome by the desolate situation that confronted me alone and in a wilderness, and unprotected, I wept bitterly.

For nearly two years, Sarah managed and in the spring of 1848 began looking forward to her husband's return, when "his strong arms would lift these burdens of care from my shoulders. I gathered grapes from the lowlands near the river and made wine, and prepared such dainties as I could that would please him." She waited at home, watching and "listening to the sound of every footstep that approached" her door. After several days, she learned that someone was bringing her a leather purse, stained with blood and containing $120 in gold dust, found on the body of her husband, who had been killed by Indians in the California mountains. She wrote, "Thus were my hopes and expectations blasted in a moment. What could I do now but trust in God? I had no relatives in the Church, two small children, and a journey of a thousand miles before me. For some time I felt as if I would sink under my burden of grief and anguish of heart" (n.d., 4-5).

But she didn't sink. In time she pulled herself together, exchanged the gold dust for cash and goods, hired a wagon made, and with the help of another couple made the journey to Salt Lake City.

After Utah was settled, a letter from "Box B" or a call to serve a mission from the pulpit at general conference usually left a family feeling ambivalent. While most men felt it a duty and an honor to serve the Church, they knew it meant leaving their homes, families, farms, and businesses for an indefinite period of time. Departing missionaries were not given a release date upon leaving and could return home only when they received a letter from the First Presidency.

Even with their abundance of religious zeal, many men had difficulty leaving their families. Curtis E. Bolton reported that after he was called on a mission, his wife felt it unfair that she would be left "destitute" in Salt Lake City. She later recanted and told him to go, that she would take care of herself (in Bitton 1982, 114). We can only wonder what tone of voice she used when she said that. Unfortunately I can find far more men's accounts of leavings than women's. John Farr reported that when he left for his mission, his wife stood "not saying a word, with great streams of tears rolling down her cheeks. Of course, my tears came also, notwithstanding I tried so hard to hold out. A mission, for a man with a large family was a tough assignment" (1957, 81). John Farr also wrote:

> In the early days, there were but few conveniences for the family left at home: hard work and lonesome hours for the wife, care and sickness all hours of the night for the wife and children. There was fuel to be gathered in, the cows to milk and feed, the pigs to slop and bed, chickens to tend, and water to carry. There was the churning and butter molding; yes, and a thousand other chores to be done, not counting the daily washing for the kiddies. The family was often deprived of necessities—all this to make it possible to keep the husband in the mission field. (1957, 81-82)

Even with a husband, a pioneer woman's work was hard. She cleaned, cooked, gardened, sewed, cared for livestock, chopped wood, hauled water, as well as caring for children. In the husband's absence, she added to her tasks the responsibility of holding the family together with meager resources. Martha C. Browning Middleton's husband, C. Y. Middleton, left for a mission in 1856, leaving her in Ogden in an unfinished house with two small children. Her biography notes that "with no door to keep out the cold of winter, she bravely kept willow fires burning in the fireplace while nursing to health her sick child" (Middleton n.d., 3).

Most missionaries attempted to make arrangements for their families before leaving. Whenever possible they placed their families in the care of another family member. But this too was often a difficult situation, and women must have felt keenly the burden they were on another family. William Kimball asked his father, Heber C. Kimball, to help his family while he was on a mission. In a letter dated 13 April 1856, Heber C. Kimball wrote to his son:

> My family, with yours, have only one half a pound of bread stuff to a person, a day. We have vegetables and a little meat. We are doing first rate, and have no cause but to be very thankful; still I feed hundreds of others, a little, or they must suffer. . . . I shall be very glad when you return home to take a little of my burthen [sic] off my shoulders, for it has been extremely hard for me and your mother, to calculate, devise, and administer to near one hundred that are dependent on us, besides hundreds of others that are teasing us constantly for something to eat. (Kimball 1856, 476)

Andrew M. Israelsen noted in his autobiography that when he was called on a mission in 1883, "it was decided that my wife should go back and live with her parents while I was away" (1938, 44). Other men placed their families in the care of a business partner. Carl A. Carlquist, who did this, returned to find that not only was his wife ill, but

> that the business I left two years ago in a prosperous condition had all gone to pieces. We then had about $5,000 monthly sales together with some $8,000 outstanding good accounts, which brought good monthly returns. Now there were less than $1500 monthly sales, . . . When I pressed my old partner for an explanation he did not know. He said: "Partner, all I know is that $20,000 have slipped through my hands in two years, but I do not know how it happened." Thus I had lost every dollar I had in the business, I was in debt on my home, my wife was sick and I was destitute, without income of any kind. (n.d., 19)

Adding to this problem was the fact that most families only had a short period of time to get their affairs in order before the husband had to leave. Benjamin F. Johnson, who received his mission call in 1852 and had only ten days to prepare, wrote:

> At first I could not believe it, but when I found it a reality I was dazed. How could I be prepared in ten days—or even ten months—to leave my family, now separated 100 miles; with a U.S. mail contract, and unsettled business almost everywhere, from north of the city to Manti. . . . All this, and only ten days to rent out my farms, gather up my family, dispose of my mail contract, settle all business, and get ready for a start. Reason said, "No, you cannot go; it is not just to require it under such circumstances." Three wives with eight small children—to be increased by two in my absence; and what a loss of means! Such a needless sacrifice! (1947, 193)

Women were probably even more distressed. Louisa Barnes Pratt wrote in her journal:

> In 1843 Mr. Pratt was called to go on a mission to the South Pacific Islands; . . . I had greatly desired that he might be sent to our kindred in the eastern states, but never had such a thought entered my mind that he would be sent to a foreign land. My four children had to be schooled and clothed, and no money would be left with me. In those days nearly everything was trade; making it more difficult for a mother to be left to provide for herself and children. (in Carter 1947, 189)

Sophronia Moore Martin wrote in her autobiography:

> In the year '53 my husband was called to go on a mission to England. In two weeks after he left for his mission another little baby girl came to stay with us. . . . So you see I was left with three babies to take care of while he was gone. He was gone four years and four months from the time he left . . . . The Lord blessed me with health and strength and I was able to work at anything I could get to do, and I was able to get food and clothing we needed. When he came home from his mission, about the first thing he did was to get another wife. (n.d., 3)

Most missionaries did all that they could to provide for their families in their absence, but the problem of indigent families and needy missionaries continued to concern Church leaders. Church policy regarding the support of missionary families fluctuated. Missionaries often spent their time begging not only for their own, but for their families', support as well. In April 1843 Brigham Young, then president of the Quorum of the Twelve, called a special conference to ordain elders and call them as missionaries. During the conference Young instructed the elders on the care of their families. He told them "not to go from church to church, for the purpose of [getting a] living [for] themselves, or begging for their families." He also said:

> It is wisdom for the elders to leave their families in this place, when they have any thing to leave with them; and let not the elders go on their mission, until they have provided for their families. No man need say again "I have a call to travel and preach," while he has not a comfortable house for his family—a lot fenced, and one year's provisions in store, or sufficient to last his family during his mission.

> The Lord will not condemn any man for following counsel, and keeping the commandments; and a faithful man will have dreams about the work he is engaged in. If he is engaged in building the Temple, he will dream about it; and if in preaching he will dream about that, and not, when he is laboring on the temple, dream that it is his duty to run off preaching, and leave his family to starve; such dreams are not of God.
>
> When I was sick last winter, some of the sisters came and whispered in my ear, "I have nothing to eat." "Where is your husband?" "He is gone a preaching." Who sent him? said I, *for the Lord never sent him* to leave his family to *starve*.
>
> When the twelve went to England, they went on a special mission, and by special commandment; and they left their families sick and destitute, God having promised that they should be provided for; but God does not require the same thing of the elders now, neither does he promise to provide for their families when they leave them contrary to counsel. *The elders must provide for their families.* (*Times and Seasons* 4:1 April 1983, 158-59)

Once the Saints were well settled in the West, Church leaders attempted to get Church members to support both the missionaries and their families. In 1860 Brigham Young stated:

> I will now inform the Latter-day Saints in this Territory that I wish them to fit out our Missionaries, who are going into the world to preach, with means to go to their fields of labor, and then sustain their families while they are gone. . . . I was with the Bishops last Thursday evening, and I requested them to notify the brethern to come here prepared to donate their half-eagles, eagles, fifty dollar pieces, horses, mules, waggons, wheat by the twenty and hundred bushels, and other available means, that we may send these brethren away rejoicing; and then we will give them a promise that we will provide for their families after they are gone, so far as they are unable to provide for themselves. (*Millennial Star*, 24 November 1860)

At the April 1863 general conference, George A. Smith asked members to donate cotton, wool, and flax to the families of the absent elders—"some of whom had been absent six out of eight years in foreign land"—so that they could make some homespun clothing (JD 10:144). At October conference that year, Orson Hyde reiterated that missionaries were not supposed to beg for support while serving, and whatever money they gained from voluntary contributions over and above their needs should be used to help new members immigrate. He also told the congregation:

> Their families are here, and have not harvested in abundance of the temporal comforts of the earth, but they have managed to live along from hand to mouth. There were contributions and subscriptions made last year to aid the families of our absent missionaries, but how many of them have been faithfully and frankly paid in and how many remain yet unpaid, I am not prepared to say, but it has been suggested to me that there are still many delinquents who did really feel liberal, but have not since found a convenient time to honor that liberal feeling by paying in what they have subscribed. (JD 10:262)

By 1876 it appears from an address given by John Taylor in Logan that the missionary families were still being left without means. Taylor chastised the local Saints for not supporting absent missionaries' families, saying:

> My feelings are, never to ask the Lord to do anything I would not do myself. If I were a woman—but then I am not, you know, and I do not know much about it; but if I were a woman, the wife of one of our missionaries abroad, I would much rather have a sack of flour; a little meat, some butter and cheese, a little fire-wood or coal, and a little cloth for myself and family, than all the prayers you could offer up for me. And if you want to see these folks taken care of, you must see to it yourselves. And you sisters of the Relief Society, do not give your husbands any rest until these families are all provided for. And do not spare the Bishop if they are not provided for but go after him and "ding" it into him; and perhaps by your continued teasing and worrying him, he may harken to your prayers. And I will risk it if the sisters get after him. (20:47)

But the fact is, the Church only sporatically offered aid to these struggling women. Most likely it simply could not consistently afford to support the families of missionaries and so had to rely on the local communities to do so.

Though not all women left their stories, we can discover how they fared by reading their husbands' accounts of what they found when they returned home. After long absences, many men's young children did not recognize them or had died, plural wives had left them, and debt was accumulating, pushing them to return to work immediately to get their affairs in order.

Lorenzo Hill Hatch reported in his journal that his children were afraid of him when he arrived home. Within a few days of his return, he planted peas and on the following Monday "hunted up . . . [his] bench, ground some of . . . [his] rusty tools and plowed some for corn" (in Hilton 1958, 61). It appears from his account that his family did not plant crops while he was gone. We can only wonder what they did for food.

Appleton Milo Harmon, on the other hand, wrote to his wife, Elmeda, just before he came home from his mission and instructed her how to prepare for his return:

> No doubt you will be wanting to know what arrangements to make for the coming summer, but my long absence will prevent me from giving any instructions, but you must do the best you can. If you can manage to get some grain growing it will be well. And any arrangements you can make about building us a good snug house, and I shall try to take some nails, glass, a stove, a carpet, and clock, and if I can't get half of them I will be satisfied. (in Stringham 1970, 176–77)

Women in polygamous marriages were sometimes left alone for long periods of time. In *Dear Ellen*, S. George Ellsworth writes about the forty-six-year marriage of Hiram B. and Ellen Clawson:

> During twenty-six of those years he was gone from home some part of each year—sometimes as near as Provo, sometimes to both coasts visiting New York and San Francisco the same season, and for periods varying from one to eight months. Besides these business trips he sometimes accompanied Brigham Young's company in visiting the settlements, from Logan on the north to St. George on the south. (1974, 54)

Mormon women continued to support themselves into the twentieth century. Ruth May Fox, married polygamously to Jesse Williams Fox, Jr., on 8 May 1873, was forced to run a boarding house in 1900 because of financial setbacks in her husband's business. In 1914 she moved in with one of her sons, Feramorz Y. Fox, and worked as a typist for the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association. She resumed housekeeping only to nurse her husband through illnesses in 1921 and from 1927 until his death in 1928 and lived with her children until she died on 12 April 1958 (Thatcher 1981, 242).

Perhaps the best known example of a Mormon woman left alone is Annie Clark Tanner. Married in 1883 to Joseph Tanner as his second wife, she bore ten children by him before they eventually became estranged. She wrote:

> One Sunday morning as my husband and I stood on the front porch of our home together, he informed me that he would not come to Farmington to see us any more. There had been no previous differences between us except the children's education to which no reference had recently been made, so that statement was a great shock to me at the time. . . . Yet, I am aware now that the years of the preceding struggle to live polygamy had helped to steel me for whatever may come. I thought in those few moments before he departed: "I'll be equal to whatever must come," though I did not for a moment suppose that he intended to contribute no more to our support.
>
> As he stepped from the porch to the walk, he turned to add: "You must look to your brothers for help." (1973, 236)

Hoping to better their situations, some widowed women looked for husbands and married. Clarissa Wilhem wrote in her diary: For awhile I found it hard to get wood and a few other things so I thought to better myself by marrying a man whose name was David Lewis. He promised me to be a good father to my children but he was not. . . . My . . . children were kicked from pillar to post. Finally I decided to get them home and run my own shebang" (1888).

American women participated in the western migration for various reasons, often accompanying husbands upon whom they depended for livelihood, support, and identity. LDS women were little different,

with the added dimension of strong religous beliefs. Marrying to form an eternal family unit, many Mormon women most likely looked forward to a better life in heaven when their earthly support did not fully materialize. It is difficult to know whether they felt bitter and resentful or whether they made the best of difficult circumstances.

In a variety of ways, women struggled and survived. Left on their own for long periods of time, they added to the day-to-day affairs of running a home and performing farm labor the long-term problems of obtaining support for the family.

Most men who left to perform missionary service acted responsibly toward their families, attempting to provide for their needs in their absence. But Church leaders' addresses indicate that some missionaries must have had difficulty finding the means to take care of both their families and themselves, and perhaps some did not act responsibly. The call to serve the Church in any capacity, whether from inner zeal or from Church authorities, was, and still is, an important part of the Mormon lifestyle. Men faced with the choice of serving the Church or providing for their families appear in more than a few instances to have chosen the Church first. Women, often left behind with their children and in a sense sacrificed by this service, seem to have faced their situations with wit and determination.

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Entire Unto Himself

Michael R. Collings

Already cold and stiff by the time I arrived,
It was a shallow shadow, gray against black;
A collar of blood fringed its matted coat.

I picked it up, carefully, and placed it
Between plastic-shrouded seats, and then drove home.
A block away, light glowed through undraped windows.

The telephone sat silently. It had rung once that night;
A stranger's voice described the dog—where
To find it, what had happened . . . that it was dead.

That voice had sent me to the street. Now,
There was no voice, no echo, no sounds in the house—
No cadenced *clicks* of nails against linoleum.

I sagged into a chair. The family would return
Within the hour. The children would not notice,
Perhaps . . . but she would. She would know the loss.

I sat. Phantom weight pressed against
My feet where he had lain—that one place
Where he had not been wanted but that he chose.

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Phantom breathing bled through stiff silences.
Finally, headlights pierced the windowpanes.
Her car pulled up the curving drive, and stopped.

I met her at the door, instead of him.
I whispered . . . something . . . words that held no sense.
And held her as she wept.

Living Histories: Selected Biographies from the Manhattan First Ward

Dian Saderup and William Cottam

Introduction

Two years ago the Manhattan First Ward published a small collection of biographies chronicling the lives of nine senior ward members. Impetus for the project came when news reached Bill Cottam during his initial year as First Ward bishop that several older members had died. They were people he had not known; nobody seemed to have known them. Investigation revealed that some of these members had once been very much involved in the life of the community, but they had grown unable to negotiate the subways and buses in Manhattan to get to meetings and activities. The New York City wards have hundreds of inactive members, bishops change frequently, and few members of any ward go back more than three years. Consequently, once these elder members became homebound, they slipped from sight, gradually forgotten. It seemed that if histories of the First Ward's remaining older members could be collected, such tragedies might be avoided in the future. With their histories available in print to all, senior members could be vividly remembered and therefore more easily served by the Church membership in their remaining years.

The collection of biographies that grew out of this idea is the product of group effort by a number of Manhattan First Ward members. Several individuals interviewed and transcribed the stories of the people whose lives are profiled in the collection. Editing was kept to a minimum, leaving the styles of individual writers and the voices of their subjects—with all of their idiosyncrasies—intact. The senior members of the ward whose lives are detailed have been delighted with the recognition they've received. Indeed, as the histories focused attention

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on them, ward resolve grew to get those members coming to meetings. Drivers volunteered their cars and time and, when necessary, members hired cabs to bring the people to church. Once the ward began to know its seniors a bit better, it discovered they had something substantive to contribute to a predominately young congregation. By giving public prayers, talks, and lessons, the elder population became a key element in the personality of the ward community. The success of this endeavor led us to believe that people outside the Manhattan First Ward could benefit from and enjoy exposure to these stories, of which we have selected three for publication in DIALOGUE.

As time has passed, increasingly complex values have been highlighted by this project which began with a relatively simple goal—to recognize senior ward members. To begin with, those who have read the biographies have learned much about the stunning diversity of background and experience that exists amongst us. Our church—growing, some say, too fast for its own good—has yet to truly embrace the alien cultures it seeks to convert. Too many of us tend to transplant little pieces of Utah throughout the world rather than grafting foreign cultures into our own peculiar tradition. But as the following three representative life histories attest, some hearty "alien" vines have taken root in our sheltered garden. They bring vitality and difference to our collective experience. Recognizing them and accepting them on their own terms, honoring them by giving ear to their sometimes strange yet invariably interesting tales, invigorates and expands all our lives as members of the Church.

The Manhattan First Ward—urban and diverse—is perhaps unique among Mormon wards. It too has its strong "Utah contingent" made up of students drawn to New York by Columbia University and other westerners lured by job opportunities. Yet it also has a sizable population of artists and performers, as well as immigrants from many lands and converts from the East coast and abroad. And the elderly population—members from that foreign land called "Age"—is significant. The ward is faced directly with the challenge that the entire Church now faces at least indirectly: accommodating differences among its membership without eradicating individual cultural identities. The First Ward's book of selected biographies seems to be a real step toward that end—a quiet validation and celebration of varied lives and varied paths toward God.

These stories in and of themselves are entertaining. Further, they are significant cultural documents—authentic records of remarkable lives produced by and for ordinary people. In our Church we hear repeatedly of the importance of keeping personal histories. We Mormons are record keepers. And to what end do we keep our records if not to

transmit experience from one person to another? Too often, we think, Latter-day Saints keep records for posterity's sake without enjoying the fruits of record-keeping here and now. The Manhattan First Ward has put a twist on record-keeping—making it a community endeavor—and in so doing has demonstrated the value of recording the details of our own lives and the lives of our fellows in Christ. These biographies provide an example of one way a ward community may act to bridge difference amongst its members with understanding.

One need not be a brilliant writer or even, for that matter, particularly well educated to capture authentic experience in words. These life histories make that fact plain. We do not submit them as literary masterpieces; clearly, they are not. We submit them as honest—essentially unexpurgated—reports of the life experiences of a handful of elderly Latter-day Saints. Peggy Fletcher Stack interviewed Mary Guluzian and compiled her story. Christine Horne pieced together the tale of Walter D. C. Johnson's life, and William Cottam wrote as closely to her own account as possible Clara Orsi's life history. These narratives reveal cultural expanses perhaps unusual but by no means unique within a standard Mormon ward. And they demonstrate how a ward, working together, can bring not only tolerance but honor to members whose backgrounds are different from so many of our own.

Mary Guluzian

Mary Guluzian is a survivor. She has descended from a royal family. Her mother, Sara Garbissian, was born in 1906 in Zeytoun City, Turkey. At this time, the Turks were expanding their empire by invading Syria and attempting to eliminate all Christians. More than one and a half million Armenian Christians in both countries were murdered. One evening while playing in her backyard, Sara overheard two soldiers describing a massacre planned for her city the next morning. She told her parents what she had heard, but they dismissed the idea and told her not to worry. Her strong sense of foreboding persisted, however, and so at midnight she stole out of the house and was hidden by a Kurdish family. As foretold, the next morning her entire family was slaughtered. Sara was the only one remaining in the family line.

Even as a child Sara Garbissian was very beautiful, with lovely blond curls and stunning brown eyes. It is not surprising, then, that before long the Kurdish family decided that she should marry one of their sons when she grew up. Although grateful for their kindness, she felt strongly that she couldn't marry a Kurdish boy because Kurds are not Christian and she, like most Armenian Christians, was very

religious. So she was forced to flee once again. This time she met up with the French army, which was rescuing young orphans, and joined their group. They gathered forty children in total and together they built a church which they named, "Forty Kids." (The church is still standing today.)

Eventually, Sara was transported to Aleppo, Syria, where she married Garbed Garbissian and had six children, among them, Mary, the second youngest.

Mary's father, Garbed, was in the intelligence unit of the British Army in Syria. He was fluent in many languages, and thus his services were badly needed by the British during World War II. He travelled a great deal. In 1940 he was sent on his first trip to Haifa, Israel. After that he went regularly to Israel for the British. After one such trip, he disappeared. A year later, two captains reported to his wife that Garbed was sent on a mission from which he failed to return, but others said that he had a heart attack in the army camp. The family was never able to discover what happened to him.

Thus Mary's mother was faced with the difficult task of raising six children, from six months to nineteen years old, on her own. She became quite depressed and lonely. One evening she had a dream. In it she saw the face of Jesus in the sky. She called to him, "Jesus. Jesus. Look at me." And he turned and gazed upon her and blessed her. Then he was gone. When she awoke, she felt peaceful, with renewed strength to carry on. And, indeed, she proved herself capable in every way. (In 1965, she even earned an award as the "Mother's Mother of all the Middle East.") She taught her children to love God and the Christian Church; she was very religious. After all, religious persecution had killed her entire family and had caused her to run away from the Kurdish family. Thus, she believed if religious truth was worth dying for, it was a sacred treasure to pass on to one's children. And, indeed, all of the children embraced their mother's religious faith with gladness and gratitude.

It was her brother, Kevork, who became the most deeply immersed in religion. Magnifying his faith one-hundred fold, he became a priest in the Armenian Orthodox Church. He was also Mary's closest sibling, friend, and confidant. She came to recognize his extraordinary spiritual gifts, his leadership ability, his strengths and kindness. All the family was so proud of him.

Sara Garbissian also gave her children a legacy of learning. She loved having students around and opened her home and her library to any who wanted to use them. Reading and studying were very important to her and her family.

Mary was born in Aleppo in 1938, the fifth child. She had two

brothers and three sisters. After graduating from Ousommasirad Elementary School, she began to teach others. She also learned English and studied nursing at Altounian Hospital at a very young age. Every day she poured over the English dictionary, hungry to devour all its contents. She also became a singer and actress at her church. She attended Tarouhi High School where she also participated in various musical productions, including an opera.

After high school, Mary decided to pursue a career in nursing, and so she left her family to study at the American Kennedy Memorial Hospital in Tripoli, Lebanon. She graduated with honors in 1959 and then returned to Syria to work. There she taught operating room techniques to nursing students and was generally in charge of the operating room.

In 1961 the entire family moved to Beirut, Lebanon, and Mary again took charge of an operating room, this time at the American University of Beirut, where she specialized in ear, nose, and throat, gynecology, and open heart surgery. Her brother, known as "Father Kevork," also studied theology at the American University. In addition, he taught in high school and colleges and was in charge of the local Sunday school as well as all the activities at the cathedral there. Everything that he could possibly do for the Armenians of Beirut, he did. His energy was boundless. And he and Mary were inseparable.

It was during this time in Beirut that Mary first fell in love. He was an intern at the hospital, and many women admired his looks and dexterity. But he only had eyes for Mary. They became very close and even discussed marriage, but Mary's brother was against any marriage between the two, because the doctor was a Muslim. Mary eventually realized that she could never change her religious commitments for a man of a Muslim tradition, even if the love were overwhelming. Armenians are Christian and must always remain true to that faith, she felt.

Mary had known Abraham Guluzian since 1952 in Aleppo. Then he, too, moved to Beirut where he was a photographer with a photo shop next to American University where she worked. After breaking up with the doctor, Mary had decided to move to London to pursue her studies further. She had no more interest in matters of the heart. But Abraham had other ideas. After she visited his shop to get passport pictures for her trip abroad, he invited her out for coffee at a little cafe by the seashore. She didn't want to go but reluctantly agreed. There Abraham proposed marriage to Mary. Although she told him she didn't love him, they were married one month later. On their wedding night, she reiterated firmly that she didn't love him, but Abraham was very patient. He promised her that one day she would come to

love him, and she discovered within three months of their wedding day in March 1967 that she loved him mightily—more than anyone in the world, more than she ever could have imagined.

Just about one year later on 17 March 1968, Mary gave birth to their first and only child, a baby boy named Movses. They were a very happy family. While Abraham and Mary worked, Abraham's mother and sister cared for Movses. God was in his heaven and all seemed right in the Guluzian world.

Suddenly, however, war erupted in Beirut in 1970. Palestinian refugees began flooding the borders of Lebanon. The city, once known as the most beautiful of all Middle Eastern cities, indeed a showpiece of the entire region, slowly disintegrated under the burden of bombings and bloodshed. Many of its inhabitants fled to the United States, among them, the Guluzian trio. American University provided glowing recommendations of Mary's work and the U.S. secretary of state sent letters to the American consulate inviting the family to immigrate.

And so they arrived at Kennedy Airport in New York on 22 November 1970 and were greeted with warmth by Dr. Harouth Mekhdjian and his wife (a couple who were to become their best friends and most supportive advocates). They were escorted to the Mekhdjian apartment where they remained for several weeks while trying to get settled. Almost immediately, Mary was offered a position at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital in the operating room as staff registered nurse. The hospital found a furnished apartment for them in the St. Nicholas George Washington Apartments, within walking distance of her work.

Adjusting to life in a new city and new country was both exhilarating and difficult. At first Mary was stunned by the filthiness of the city streets. In Beirut the streets were well-kept, almost gleaming. Also Lebanese dogs were rather small when compared with some of the big dogs people kept in New York. It took her a while to realize that it was the dogs who were dirtying the streets, not the people. She also missed the mountains, rivers, and most of all, her many friends back in Lebanon.

Still, New York was not as bad as some had led Mary to believe. She had been told that there were no fruits, cheeses, and meats in New York, which was obviously untrue. Also, she began to make friends and feel more at home within a very short time. The boxes of their belongings soon arrived and they found an unfurnished apartment, even larger and more accommodating than the first, in the same complex that was to become their permanent home. For the first year Mary worked at the hospital while Abraham took care of their little son at home, but within a year Abraham opened a photo shop which he named, Photo Mosi. There he both worked and cared for the boy.

After one year of working at Columbia Presbyterian, Mary was promoted to head nurse in the operating room. The family continued to build a life in this new country, even though both Mary and Abraham harbored dreams of returning to Lebanon one day. Thus she felt torn when she received a letter in 1975 offering her a position in the open heart surgery room at American University of Beirut. Finally, however, after her brother, Father Kevork, convinced her that the situation in Lebanon was very bad and growing continually worse, she and Abraham decided to stay in the United States. They applied for and received American citizenship shortly thereafter.

In the late 1970s several tragedies struck. First, in 1977, Abraham had to have heart surgery. He was operated on by their friend Dr. Mekhdjian, who replaced his aortic valve. He recovered fully but was always weakened thereafter.

And in 1978, Mary's beloved brother died. He was to have been the head of all the Armenian Orthodox within a week. It seems that for twenty years there had been two camps of Armenian Christians in Beirut, and Father Kevork was responsible for bringing them together. Following the admonitions of Christ, he was a peacemaker. He wore lavender robes and united the people in common virtues. By choosing Father Kevork to lead them, they were choosing peace.

At the time of his death, he was living with another Garbissian sister, Mary Rose, near the ocean. Every morning he would swim for only five minutes or so because there was much bombing near the shore. This one morning, 15 July 1978, he was gone more than 20 minutes, and it was soon discovered that he had drowned in the Mediterranean Sea. In Beirut that day everything stopped, all the bombing, the fighting, the hostilities. The church bells rang in somber notes all day. The entire city mourned his passing. Then the news spread around the world, and Armenians in every nation cried for their loss.

Mary first heard about his death on the television news, but they had spelled his name wrong so she refused to believe it. She had talked with him on the telephone less than a week earlier. He had been planning a trip to America. A millionaire Armenian was bringing him to New York to officiate at his wedding. On the phone Father Kevork had expressed his love for his sister and sent her a kiss over the phone, a thing he had never done before. Finally, when she was forced to admit that he really was dead, she fell into a coma-like condition for seven days.

The next decade would bring many joys to help her heal after her brother's death. Mosi was growing into a lively, imaginative, hard-working teen, and Mary's talents were constantly being rewarded with raises and honors. In 1984 she was overwhelmingly selected to be a

delegate to the New York State Nursing Association. In 1986 she was chosen to represent New York at a conference in Russia on operating room education. When she returned from her sixteen-day stay, she gave two seminars at Columbia Presbyterian Hospital. Then she wrote an essay on the nursing model in *Gyn Nursing*, and it was selected for publication and was widely distributed. Because of her extensive knowledge of languages, including Armenian, French, Arabic, Turkish, and Zey Touni (an Armenian dialect spoken by her mother), she was regularly used as a translator in the hospital.

But the decade brought sorrows as well. Her older brother suffered a heart attack, was in a coma, and died three days later. Her older sister, who had moved with her husband and family to Los Angeles, was hit by a car and was severely brain-damaged so she no longer recognized her family members. In 1984, her mother died. And then, worst of all, in 1987 Mary lost her dearest friend and companion, Abraham, to a heart attack on Easter eve.

After Abraham died, Mary became severely depressed. She had always been a hard worker—indeed enlivened by work—but after her husband died, she couldn't find the energy to do anything in or out of the house. They had been the perfect family, Mary, Abraham, and Mosi; everyone in the building said so. Mary could feel no joy without her brother and husband. Nights and days were consumed with weeping.

One day some months later on her way home from work, she felt prompted to take a different path. It was as if a hand were guiding her. She passed by the George Washington Bus Terminal, near her home, and saw two Mormon elders standing by a table. On top of the table was a picture of Jesus Christ. She felt drawn to it. The elders were teaching the "Life After Death" course that she had seen advertised on television. She began to sob as she unleashed the dam of emotions and sorrow she felt for her husband and brother. The elders listened as she told the stories of the two deaths. They were reassuring about life after death. They hugged her and promised to teach her more.

When Mary returned home, she felt better than she had since her husband's death. Calm, comfort, and some relief. Still, she wasn't certain how involved she should become with these Mormons, she didn't want to betray her husband's Christian beliefs or the life mission of her priest brother. Yet she wanted to hear what the elders had to say. So they began to visit and teach her. After about four months, she found peace. She felt that life could continue for her and her son. She began to take pleasure in cooking as before. She invited the elders to dinner about once a week. They became fast friends. She felt close to her mother, who had loved to have students to fill her house. She felt close

to her brother, who had loved to teach and learn about religion. The elders became a central part of her life.

A sort of crisis came when the elders wanted Mary to join their church. She was unsure what to do. One night she had a dream. In the dream, Elder Orton (the one who had been teaching her all along) opened a door and told her to jump in the sea. When she awoke, she felt strongly that she should be baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Elder Orton. On 19 September 1987 Mary Guluzian became a member of the LDS Church.

In her own words, Mary Guluzian explains what her faith has given her:

> I have learned that the Book of Mormon can strengthen your faith in Christ by providing you with a greater knowledge of the purpose of life and the plan of redemption through Christ. It can help you walk in Christ's way and keep his commandments more faithfully. It can change your life. It changed mine. It relieved my pain and depression. It made my happy days happier and my impossible days possible.
>
> I learned also to love the Lord with all my heart. I learned also there is life after death. This lesson has eased my life a lot and given me peace in my heart because I know that one day I will meet again my brother, Father Kevork, my dearest husband, Abraham, my mother, Sara, and all the others.

Mary Guluzian has come to understand, through a life tinged with tragedies and great love, that we can all be survivors.

Walter David Clinton Johnson

Walter David Clinton (D. C.) Johnson was born 23 December 1909 in Florence, South Carolina, to David and Sarah Lacy. He had four uncles who were preachers—Sarah's older brothers. He also had a brother two years younger than he named Leon and a younger sister named Pauline who died as a child.

His father, David Lacy, was a railroad man who got sick and died when Brother Johnson was very young. His mother, Sarah, died in the 1917–18 flu epidemic when she was only twenty-five and Brother Johnson was eight years old. Many people died during this epidemic, usually after only a few days of illness. Sarah got very sick and was brought home just before she died. She couldn't talk—was only able to make little noises. However, two hours before she died she talked to each of her two children. When she talked to Brother Johnson, she blessed him, saying, "D.C., I want you to be a lover (speaking of divine love). I want you to treat everybody nice and be kind. If you do, the Lord will always take care of you." Brother Johnson says that so far the Lord has.

Sarah's body was buried the day after she died. No one told her brother John that she had died, but somehow he knew because during the funeral he came running through the woods saying, "Oh my sister, oh my sister!" Uncle John was a preacher. He was six feet four and like a giant. People were scared of him. He had traveled everywhere. He was sort of like a scientist. He used to teach Brother Johnson things like how to make a little radio and explained about ideas like perpetual motion. One time there was a problem about a white woman. Some white men tried to kill Uncle John, but they got scared and dropped their knives and ran. The spirit protected him. Uncle John had problems. Some people said that someone must have put root on him—there is a lot of witchcraft in the south. Brother Johnson doesn't believe that, although he has met lots of witch doctors. But his uncle did have spells come on him. Sometimes he went out of his mind. Once Uncle John was talking to his mother (Brother Johnson's grandmother), and he pulled a gun on her. Brother Johnson got between them, and he dropped the gun and ran away. Brother Johnson says he always loved his Uncle John, but no one could help him.

Brother Johnson had another uncle named Arthur who was the only member of the family to serve in the armed forces. Brother Johnson says that his mother and his Uncle Arthur (who was in the army at the time of the funeral) must have been very close because when his mother got sick she wrote a letter to Uncle Arthur and asked him to take care of her oldest son. Brother Johnson's brother, Leon, went to live with another uncle who was a preacher and had a sugar farm. Brother Johnson doesn't know what has happened to his brother—even if he is still alive.

After Sarah died, Brother Johnson lived with his grandmother Marguerite Sare, who owned a little house on Sumpter Street in Florence. His grandfather, Henry Lacy, lived somewhere else. Brother Johnson can't say much about him because he didn't care for him, but he says his grandmother was a nice old lady. She used to tell him jokes. She came from Africa and lived in Jamestown, Virginia, till she married and moved to South Carolina with her husband. Her family name was "Amarato." As Brother Johnson learned and studied, he realized that the family name was the same name as Joseph of Aramathea in the Bible who buried Jesus in his tomb. This means that Brother Johnson is a Hebrew.

Brother Johnson never went to school, but he learned to read the Bible with his grandmother (although she couldn't read herself). He believed that he didn't need school, that the spirit would teach him anything he needed to know. Now he thinks that he was wrong and that having no education is a handicap.

After Sarah died, while Brother Johnson was living with his grandmother, his Uncle Arthur came out of the service. Brother Johnson told him that he had a dream that all the family went to heaven, but that he, Brother Johnson, went to hell and was burning. He told his Uncle Arthur that he (Arthur) would be a Pentecostal preacher. Uncle Arthur didn't believe it—he said he was an army man and was never going to be a preacher.

Uncle Arthur disciplined his nephew. Brother Johnson says that he was a pretty bad boy and liked to be out at night and walk around and imagine things. One night he took his little brother out with him. There was a seaboard train that ran up and down South Carolina. It was a small train with just two coaches. Brother Johnson used to watch it and watch how it was driven. That night, just for devilment, he took his brother out to the train and drove it. He and his brother also cut out some of the carpet on the seats that was good for shining shoes. Brother Johnson was the black sheep of the family. His uncle thought he was bad and used to beat him. One time his uncle beat him and held a gun on him. He got beat so bad he still has the scars. He was put in a dark room for weeks. They couldn't take his clothes off. His clothes were sticking to his body because of the blood.

When he was eleven, Brother Johnson ran away to Florida. He changed his name and traveled around for a long time. When he was about nineteen, somebody who knew his name told him that his uncle had moved to Albany. He had married, and when they split up he had started preaching. Brother Johnson went to Albany to see his uncle and family. His uncle started chastising him for something, and Brother Johnson reminded his uncle of what he used to do and how he had beat him. His uncle denied it and got angry. Brother Johnson says he sort of mugged his uncle, but he didn't hurt him. His grandmother hollered, "Oh my baby!" and Brother Johnson ran away. Later someone told him that his uncle said that he'd kill him if he ever came back. Brother Johnson was excommunicated from his family and has never seen any of them since. He left Albany and traveled around, later coming to New York City.

Brother Johnson says that he always believed in God, but it wasn't till he moved to New York that he came to believe in Jesus Christ. He got sick with constipation and went to Harlem Hospital. His stomach swelled. He didn't pass water and couldn't move his fingers. He couldn't eat or sleep. He just hollered and cried and wanted to die. Then he had a vision. Christ came to him in a vision and said, "Walter, you'll never do right." Brother Johnson said that if he was made better he would. The Lord said, "I'll do what you say, but you won't never do

right." The Lord told him to tell Nurse Johnson to give him a warm glass of milk with sugar and honey in it and he would be all right. Brother Johnson called for the nurse. She was surprised that this delirious man knew her name. She asked him who told him her name. Brother Johnson said that the doctor did and told her that the doctor also said he was supposed to have some warm milk with honey and sugar in it. She gave it to him, and he drank it. After that he passed water and could move his fingers. A white man said, "Walter, get up." Brother Johnson thought the man must be God. He tried to get up and he did.

Someone in the hospital found a place for him to stay and a job. He worked for a lady from Jamaica named Constine Thomason. She owned three private houses. Brother Johnson says that people from the West End used to come to Harlem and get houses and then rent rooms to make money. He worked as a superintendent in these houses. Mrs. Thomason was married to a man who would pass as white. He worked as a white man in an office downtown and then came home at night as a black man.

Brother Johnson had a dream that Mrs. Thomason would have a son named John who would be a great man. Mrs. Thomason just laughed and didn't believe him. Later she did have a son who was named John and who is today a police officer in Brooklyn. Mrs. Thomason also had a daughter. The Thomasons treated Brother Johnson well. They gave him a special table to eat at and paid him thirty dollars a month.

When the war came along, Brother Johnson went to the draft board and said he was a conscientious objector. He told them he didn't believe in killing. They told him he would have to make ammunition. So during the war he worked in ammunitions and washed dishes, but didn't fight. He and another man worked at Perth airport in New Jersey. The chemicals they had to use made his skin break out, and he had to quit the job.

Brother Johnson became a pastor in a pentecostal church. While he was a pastor, he helped people in his congregation get on welfare. His wife took care of the church, and he took care of the money. He used to get contributions for the church and paid the rent. His wife took care of the people and used to give food to the kids. Brother Johnson eventually had to give up the church because he couldn't keep up with the safety regulations.

Since that time, Brother Johnson has remained involved with many religious organizations. When he stopped being a pastor, he joined the St. Jude Methodist Church. The church was named after the Lord's brother, who is the saint of the hopeless and performs miracles.

Brother Johnson has also been a member of the Masonic Order for fifty-three years and is a life member. His great-grandfather had been the grand master of South Carolina, and Brother Johnson had always wanted to be a Mason. He is now a chaplain of the state of New York and a high priest after the order of Melchizedek. Every Monday night he leads prayers. He doesn't hold office but is a "prayin' man."

He has been involved with the Prince Hall Grand Commandery of Knights Templars of New York as a prelate. The Knights are "friends of the cross—defenders of religion." Brother Johnson has also been to the Abyssinian Baptist church where Haile Selassie attended long ago when he was in New York. Brother Johnson was involved with the Bengal society, which is a worldwide religious society—its first American branch opened in Florida.

Brother Johnson has also been involved with the Unification Church. His first contact was some information about an event sent to him by Reverend Moon. Something told him not to go to the event. Later he met girls selling magazines, which he read. He went to meetings and met lots of young people. One of these people offered to pay for him to go to an international conference of ministers in South Korea. Last March Brother Johnson attended this conference for nine days. About 250 attended. They flew through Alaska, refueling there before going on to Seoul. Brother Johnson went to this conference to find out what the Lord wanted him to do and found out that he should come right back here and study.

Brother Johnson never had a family of his own. He married a woman named Susan who had a son who was on drugs. She went a little crazy and pushed Brother Johnson down the stairs. He tried to get a divorce, but she wouldn't sign the papers. He hasn't seen her for a long time, about fifteen years, but recently someone told him she is in a home in Brooklyn. Brother Johnson would like to get married. He is tired of living alone. He had a vision that he would marry a white girl and have a son who would become a great ruler. But this didn't come true.

Brother Johnson has been a member of the Church since 16 August 1981. He had heard about the Mormon church all his life. In 1981 he was working for a woman named Connie Howder as a chauffeur. Mrs. Howder worked for the state taking care of foster children. One day as Brother Johnson was getting the car fixed, some Mormon elders started talking to him. He teased them about Brigham Young and all his wives. Brother Johnson became interested in what the elders were saying when they told him about the plan of salvation. He was interested in what had happened to his mother when she died. She was twenty-five,

and he was only eight. After she died, he heard her voice. She would call "D.C." and he would answer. When he was twenty-five, she called him. He got scared and stopped listening and didn't answer. He wasn't ready to die yet. That was the last time she called him. He still loves his mother and thinks the world of her. The elders taught him about baptism for the dead and told him he would meet his mother again. Someone could be baptized for her and he would see her in the first resurrection. Brother Johnson was very interested in these things the elders were saying. He studied with the missionaries for three months and was baptized on 6 August 1981 in Scarsdale, Westchester County.

Brother Johnson likes the church. When he lost his left eye and was in the hospital for surgery, High Priest Pace came to visit him. Brother Pace was the only one of his friends who came. His visit made him feel good. Two years ago Brother Johnson went to the Washington, D.C. temple and did baptisms for the dead. He thought they were going to drown him, they did it so many times! It wasn't easy like the first time. He says he has to do more preparation before he will go to the temple again. Brother Johnson says the church has a great history. Joseph Smith was true—what he revealed and what he said was true.

Brother Johnson says he's a born solicitor. He's never worked much but always gets what he needs when he asks. The Lord has been good to him. He says he tries to keep his commandments, but the devil is always after you. Brother Johnson says the Lord takes care of simple people and babies. The Lord has always taken care of him. Brother Johnson says that all he wants is to be blessed and to have eternal life.

Clara Solyom Orsi

I was born in Europe in Romania in the state of Erdei in the village of Tote. Our family records were twice lost, in the First World War and then again when Hitler took the records. When I asked my father about the village, he didn't like to remember. On 21 February 1923, I was born.

My father was Alexander Solyom. His mother, Suzana, was a very religious lady, a Presbyterian, but very arrogant, and she didn't seem to like anyone, especially my mother. After Suzana died, my father said she came to him saying she was very tormented, saying she had hurt very much Juhas Terez, my mother. Father was very excited and worried. She told him, "Do something for me." He asked the church to pray for her. I don't know what happened. My father cried very many times. He was very repentant.

Father was Presbyterian and loved my mother, who was Baptist, so he had to become Baptist (was baptized by immersion) and had to wait for a year to marry Mother. Ten children were born to Mother and Father. My brothers and sisters were Dani, Ema, Peter, Juliska, Alexandre, Americo, Jose, Ester, Matil, and myself, Clara. Two boys and two girls died in their first year. Six of us lived. Five came to Brazil. Jose was born in Brazil.

Romania took Hungary's eastern sector, where I lived. I became technically Romanian. But I speak Hungarian—was of the real Hungarian religion, the real Hungarian tradition. Our folks used to anger the Romanians by saying their living room was in Hungary, but their bathroom was now in Romania. There was tension between the two peoples. Rather than live with the Romanians, we left our land with several other families to form a colony in South America, Brazil. Traveling on the train towards Germany, I became extremely sick and nearly died. I was only seven months old when we reached Brazil.

In the colony we had no pastor, but the families wanted to form the pure religion of Hungary, a community religion. The families were of various religious persuasions, but we all came on one ship. We were brothers and sisters, and our children, if one child did something wrong, it affected us all. They wanted to make a paradise there. But when the children and grandchildren grew up, many married with Brazilians and broke up the Hungarian families. (My husband was Italian, born in Brazil.)

The Hungarian colonists had to build their own school, a perfect, beautiful school—with their own hands, their own materials. They began a morning session for the first class and afternoon sessions for the other classes. I attended the first class. Our teacher, Louis Juhas, was a wonderful man. He taught in German (this was considered then the universal language). He was honest, good, a true Hungarian. But the Brazilian people in the area discovered our school, and since they had none of their own, they invaded ours. There was no room then for us. The Brazilians took over completely in the morning, and we were given the afternoon time. But the teacher could not speak Portuguese. Someone else had to teach. I went to school just a few days. I went again later on and tried to study in Portuguese, but the teacher released me saying there was no room for me. They stole our lunches. So I stayed home and played with my brothers and sisters, and cared for the animals which we all loved. I learned to add and that was all. (My husband could reduce figures.) I never went back to school.

My father had twenty acres with some animals, and he grew vegetables. In Hungary, Grandfather was a carriage maker. He never

walked by foot. In the colony my father did the same as his father, but also cut forest wood and raised cattle. Our first house was built by Father from the forest. It is all gone now, replaced by farms, occupied by Brazilians, and the families of the colony now live in Saõ Paulo and elsewhere.

When we arrived in the colony, Mother got pregnant. She helped my brother and father with a building, carrying the bamboo they cut. She got a sliver in her hand, but because she was terrible busy (since I was small and she had a big family) so she didn't pay much attention to the sliver. She went ahead and made wash soap using soda as an ingredient. It affected her hand. She said nothing to my father. But always she hurt and hurt. But she had to wash and cook and do the dishes. So the wound never cured.

When she was very bad, she told my father. He took her to the hospital in Saõ Paulo (the Santa Casa da Mizeri Cordia). But the baby was soon to be delivered. The hand had swollen, and the swelling had moved up her arm. The doctor would not give her an injection, just ointment, because of her pregnancy. She was told to return forty days after the birth of her child. But she didn't tell my father she had to return, because she was sorry to leave my brothers. By the time she finally returned to the hospital she had blood poisoning (Telulo). She had a germ, and it was very hot in the colony.

I remember her, just twice I remember her . . . like a dream. I was crying, "I want my mother, I want my mother. Give her to me." The neighbors put me in the bed with her, and I remember nothing. She was bedridden two weeks before she died.

When Mother was in the coffin in the living room, everyone was crying. When she died, my father called my oldest sister saying, "Your mother died." But I woke up before my sister (who awoke, jumped up, and started to cry). I wanted to see my mother, but Father told me not to bother her, that she was sleeping. Then the congregation came, and I didn't understand why they all cried. No one could calm my little brother. I asked why they all cry. "She travels," they answered. I quit crying, believing that she would return to us. My father was so desperate. He never remarried. He suffered too much.

My father died accidentally when he and my middle brother, Americo, had gone to the jungle to buy wood. Father really liked the jungle and wanted to accompany my brother. My brother bought a cheap German jeep left over from the war. They took water because they were afraid to drink from the rivers of the jungle. My brother went on ahead with another partner and left father. When the water was gone and Americo was delayed, having to wait for the man who sold the wood, Father became so thirsty that he finally had to go to the

river and drink. He got a big, big fever, and when my brother found him, they hurried home—but home was very far away. The doctor said they had no medicine to care for this fever. Americo then took father in a helicopter to the hospital in Curitiba, but it was too late. The fever never broke. Yet, he lived two weeks. He had a terrible strong heart. My brother slept with him.

I had a friend, Maria Bogarsh, who gave me a lead to a child-care job, as a companion, really, to little Jimmy Boot. The work hours gave me a chance to learn to sew in a high fashion industry nearby during the day. I was there three years. The family had a beautiful house. It was in front of Dataligey College (a high school). The students sang in the afternoon at recess. I liked to listen, so I would go to the terrace of the second floor. One of the students watched me from the school grounds. He said that when he graduated, he wanted to meet the girl on the terrace. At night he would walk up and down the street in front of the house.

I was with my friend Yolanda on our way to a party. We passed this young man. My friend commented on what a nice young man walked by us. She said, "Let's walk slowly." After we passed, we looked back, and he had stopped. He came slowly toward us. We stopped in the gate of the house.

"Good evening," he said. "You saw me at the college?"

"There are many students at the college," I answered.

"I know you. You stand in the terrace."

We talked and talked, and when I went to go in, he made a date with me—not with my friend. But on the day of the date came a terrible rain, so that I thought I had lost him. But after the tempest, he came.

Rene and I dated for eight months. He was a very, very elegant man, though he didn't talk much, just when necessary. He was very respectful.

Mrs. Boot took her son Jimmy to England to study. Jimmy wrote inviting me to come with the father to England. I stayed on, however, to watch the house while Mr. Boot settled his affairs and prepared to join his family in England. I told Rene I would leave, too. He seemed desperate. "You don't go," he insisted. "I will quit college, get a job, and we will marry."

"No, you are young and Catholic, and I am Baptist. We are so different," I argued. But he insisted that it didn't matter.

I was alone in the house. He watched me. He came to visit. I made him lemonade. I was twenty-one then. I never thought of marriage. One afternoon . . . I don't know what happened to us. He was terrible respectful. It was like a dream. He took me to meet his grand-

mother. They asked him if he intended to marry "this little thing." I weighed 90 or 100 pounds then. He answered, "Yes! Yes!"

When I told him I was expecting, he was terrible happy. He said, "Don't worry." He insisted we never separate. "Even in eternity we will never leave." He swore it so, but I did not. I did not understand. His mother accepted us. She signed the contract so we could marry, as he was only nineteen. But they tried to talk him out of it. With my brother and some friends, we went to the city office and were married.

Rene was handsome, beautiful, intelligent, everything good. And he was careful with the money—very controlled with money. And we loved each other very much. But there was trouble with his family. We could not find a house to rent (because of the scarcity of building materials and apartments, due to the war) so eventually we went to live with his grandmother. She always troubled me. When the baby was born, my husband's grandfather took care of me. He was a very generous man. She (the grandmother) was no good, she was a misery, but he was a wonderful man. He took me to the hospital, was with me continually.

When our son was three years of age, we decided it was best for me to move out from the grandparents' home, until we could find a house or an apartment of our own. We could not pay big rent, and there was nothing to be had. (I could not work with a little boy.) Our lawyer advised me to go and live with my sister. We signed an agreement, since Brazilian law considered a woman's rights to her husband at an end if she spent even one night away from his home. My husband stayed to search for a house. I left. We met on weekends at the beach and stayed at the hotel and ate at the restaurant.

Rene was operated on for appendicitis (by mistake), but became very sick and so returned to the doctor. Seven specialists examined him, but the cancer developing in his abdomen went undetected. His wealthy grandfather paid for the hospital, for weeks of examinations. It wasn't until he vomited blood that they saw the cancer. It had spread. They operated, but it was too late. I cared for his wound. We took him home, but just for a few days, then back to the hospital. He died four months later. It was 1951. We had married in 1946.

My son and I returned to the grandparents' house. I had to work. Because of the contract, I got nothing from his family for support. Rene's brother married and moved in. They all tried to manage me. I was not independent, so we moved again. I went to sew for a rich family. My son and I lived with them. Then my husband's parents called us back to their home.

While at my husband's parents home, the second time, I started to read the Bible. Sometime I could not read because of my tears. I read

the Bible very firm. I read about when Jesus taught about fasting. I had nothing in my mind. I want to do what Jesus say, but I did not know how to do fasting. Now, my father fasted in very secret. Once a year he would start Thursday night and finish Sunday in the morning, three days. The Bible said we do not have to look like we suffer when we fast. I did exactly that, with no further thought. I went to work Friday and worked Saturday and thought of good things and said to God, "Show me the right."

On Monday, when I went to work, there were people teaching religion in the square. Sometimes they sang and invited me to join them singing. One afternoon I took a bus to my sister's house. The bus was empty and quiet. I feel something touch me inside, touch my feelings. I felt I had to find the truth. This moment is still with me. But when I asked somebody about the "truth," they just gave me a quick shout, "Just keep the commandments." But what commandments, and how, I wondered. I asked the Crusade Church, paid some money, and gave them my Bible. In their service they began to make a miracle. But my nature would not accept this. I didn't feel any.

One day I walked with my son back to the Baptist church, though it was far away. We began to attend every Sunday. We had many friends there. Once the priests gathered to talk about when Jesus comes again. They invited me to the conference, but it was nothing for me.

One Sunday I was holding my son's hand when I saw two elders and three sister missionaries preaching. Though far away, I felt heavy, that this is what I needed. As I got closer, I could hear them teach Jesus Christ, the restoration of the gospel, and Joseph Smith the prophet. There were many in the square screaming at them. But what I heard from the missionaries was good for me. I felt so confident. When they closed, one sister stood on the bench and prayed (in Portuguese, and not very good). She asked God to help people with good intentions find the true church. I want to get closer to talk to them, but they were busy. They did direct me to the Church and gave me Joseph Smith's book. I very like it. This is for me, this is mine. In the book was the meeting schedule.

I went to the Mormon church with my son who was ten. We sat in the back. One of the missionaries invited me to sit in the front. Later they took my son when we separate for the class. The Brazilian missionaries gave their testimony one by one. "This is the true Church." They thanked the Lord they could find it. At the end I took my son to leave. The elders ran after me. "Lady, lady. You like it?" they asked.

"Oh, yes, this is what I look for."

They came in the afternoon. Oh, I was happy. They speak so badly in Portuguese. But everything they taught I remembered like it was a dream. I accepted it so happy.

The missionaries prepared me for baptism. We were living once again with my husband's parents. Sometimes they listened to the Elders but said nothing. My son listened with me, and when the time for baptism came, he said he wanted to be baptized too. I was told to wear a white dress. I bought the white fabric and did it in one night. Still I have it to remember. But the next day in the morning the grandmother seemed long-nosed with me. When I told her how happy we were to be baptized, she threw down the pot she was drying and went out running and screaming. (But she did attend the baptism.) They did not want us there anymore, so we moved again.

Elder Murphy baptized me. I found a job in a beauty parlor. We rent one room with a Polish couple. They had come to Brazil after the Hitler war. It was a beautiful room with a wonderful view. I was there a long time with her. My son went to school. I dressed him well. I had carfare. We built a church and I cooked for the construction crew. I had such help with Heavenly Father. For six years I coordinated the Primary children. They obeyed me. I taught them with love.

I told the missionaries I wanted to go to Utah, that I have such an imagination of Utah, as paradise. They were smiling. I went to the consulate and requested a visa. Before I could go, however, a lady had to check up on me. She spoke Spanish and English. "Bring me all references," she said. I gave her my letter from little Jimmy. She said it was enough. Such a beautiful world. "Come stay with me in my grandmother's house. I'll get you the visa and the ticket." I said, "Just fine, thank you." Soon I was landing in Miami, and with a green card in my hand!

My first job was in New York. Mrs. Kenny was to pick me up at the airport. I was screaming her name, but she never came. Eventually an older taxi cab driver helped locate her address. It was 6 January 1971. I had only a sweater and $35.00. Mrs. Kenny took the $35.00 to pay the cab. She lived in Plainview, on Long Island. I found the Church. They wanted me to go to the Spanish Ward, but we did not understand each other. By September, I was on my way to Utah for general conference. I went to the temple to be sealed to my husband. But something was wrong. I had to talk to one of the First Presidents. He asked me some questions. I told him a dream I had of the Church. He gave me the authority I needed for the temple.

During that fall, I became very sick, with a white throat. I was taken to a clinic and given an injection. It was at this time that I dis-

covered that the other helper working for Mrs. Kenny spoke Hungarian. I did not speak English. We became good friends.

Mrs. Kenny had just given birth to a new baby, her fourth child. Mrs. Kenny very much liked me. I was happy there. But the Relief Society of the Church for some reason decided I should return to Brazil. I did not speak English and did not understand. The president, Mrs. Sealey, came to Mrs. Kenny and demanded my luggage and green card. Mrs. Kenny did not want me to leave and refused to give up my luggage and my green card. Several of the women of the Relief Society were with Sister Sealey and when Mrs. Kenny would not meet their demands, they went next door and called the police. Two officers came and one investigator. The investigator said, "Give it to her now." She did.

I did not return to Brazil but met some Brazilian girls in New York City. They helped me get another job, and with an independent apartment which was beautiful. The lady I cared for was ninety-one years old. She had been an opera singer. She had a boyfriend, age fifty, who would take her out to the clubs and operas. I was there about two years when my son's wife ran away, and I had to return to Brazil.

I found my son desperate and the children like skeletons, without proper clothing. I became very ill (the reaction to an injection given in New York before leaving). A Japanese physician treated me for shock, and I slept for three days, awoke, and was well again. I sold the land my father had given me, bought furniture, a Volkswagen, clothes for the children and my son. One day a message came requesting that I return to New York. Eventually I returned, but to another job. My son called again. Once again I returned to Brazil.

The next time I returned to America I went to work for Mrs. Rosenburg. It was at a good salary. They were so nice. At Christmastime they all gave me a gift of $500.00. But her daughter got cancer and was going to die. One Saturday, during the biggest snowstorm in recent New York history, I went out for the laundry and slipped on the ice, catching my heel. I broke my leg is three places. This was 1977. There was a very slow recovery. (I lived at the time where I now live. I have been fourteen years in this same apartment.)

In 1980 I went to work for Mrs. Spiers and continued there for seven years, until I retired (partially) receiving finally my Social Security. My life and work continue.

Before my husband died, I sat at the foot of his bed for the last time. "Now I feel better," he said. "When I get well, we'll cancel our separation, and go far away, across the ocean." Then he stopped. "You go. I'm going to meet you there. You want to marry me?"

"What are you talking about. We are married."

"But some place in the church," he said. I didn't answer. My son came in. He made frightened eyes. "I will visit you there."

"Where?" I asked.

"On the other side of the ocean."

Ethnic Groups and the LDS Church

Jessie L. Embry

Introduction

From 1820 to 1860, most immigrants to the United States came from northern Europe. As a general American history book explained, "Wave[s] of immigration enhanced the wealth and progress of the country, yet encountered bitter opposition. . . . Sudden influxes of foreigners with strange ways and attitudes always do that, everywhere" (Morison 1965, 481). The discrimination northern European immigrants faced, however, was not nearly as harsh as that experienced by later immigrants from eastern Europe, Mexico, Central and South America, and Asia. African-Americans and Native Americans faced perhaps the most intense prejudice of all.

While whites have dominated this nation since its founding, current research suggests that they will not remain the majority race in the United States. In 1990 three out of four Americans were white; but if current immigration and birth rates continue, by 2020 Hispanic and nonwhite U.S. residents will double, while the white population will remain the same. According to Molefi Asante, chairman of African-American Studies at Temple University, "Once America was a microcosm of European nationalities. . . . Today America is a microcosm of the world" (in Henry 1990, 28–29).

Religions have not been immune from ethnic discrimination. During the nineteenth century, European Protestants resented the arrival of Irish and German Roman Catholics; at the same time, Catholics had to adjust to those who professed the same beliefs but came from other cultures. To deal with these cultural differences, immigrants established national parishes, as Catholic historian Jay P. Dolan put it, "to preserve the religious life of the old country." The local parish served a variety of purposes: "For some it was a reference point, a place that helped them to remember who they were in their adopted homeland, for others . . . a sense of community could be found, for still others it

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gave life meaning, and it helped them cope with life in the emerging metropolis or the small town" (Dolan 1985, 164, 197, 207–8).

During the twentieth century, the Catholic Church began to emphasize integration, realizing that separate parishes "reinforced the ethnic differences of the people and enabled neighbors to build cultural barriers among themselves" (Dolan 1985, 21, 44). In 1980 the National Catholic Council of Bishops "urge[d] all Americans to accept the fact of religious and cultural pluralism not as a historic oddity or a sentimental journey into the past but a vital, fruitful and challenging phenomenon of our society." Rather than encouraging separate ethnic parishes, the church advocated those "that serve more than one nationality." Arguing that such parishes had not worked in the past "because they were ill-conceived, were based on mistaken perceptions of cultural affinities between groups, or were inadequately financed," these new "dual purpose parish centers (based upon the notion that religion will bind the ethnically diverse newcomers)" could "have the advantage of shared resources" and could eliminate the "logistical problem for church authorities" of parishes with different languages and cultures (Liptak 1989, 191–92, 202).

For Euro-Americans, this integration in the Catholic Church eventually ran smoothly. For example, although German Catholics frequently had problems worshipping with the Irish, ultimately "their own desire to enter more fully into mainstream American life . . . and especially their retreat from any position that might be characterized as un-American . . . moved them away from separatist patterns of Catholic identification in the twentieth century." Assimilation, however, was more difficult for people of color. Hispanic and black Catholics, for example, according to one historian, found "their experiences within the American Catholic church tended to be even more painful than that of most European newcomers of the post-Civil War period. Members of each minority had to accept the segregated place set for them by society in general; in much the same way, they found themselves separated from other Catholics" (Liptak 1989, 111, 171).

MORMON ETHNIC WARDS TO THE 1970S

Like the Catholic Church and unlike most Protestant Churches, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints professes to be a church for all the world. Therefore, it has experienced many of the same problems as the Catholic Church in dealing with immigrants. The problems were less intense during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, since the Church was small and new immigrant converts, urged to come to Zion, were eager to "adopt the manners

and customs of the American people, fit themselves to become good and loyal citizens of this country and by their good works show that they [were] true and faithful Latter-day Saints" (McCracken 1986, 107). While the Church supported ethnic branches, organizations, and native-language newspapers, they considered them temporary measures to use until the newcomers learned English and became part of their geographical wards (Embry 1988, 222–35).

However, as the Church grew worldwide, it was no longer practical, or even desirable, for all members to become Great Basin Mormons. Members now came from a variety of cultures rather than from a few European countries. This new growth created for the Church the same dilemmas the Catholic Church had faced at the turn of the century: How can the wards and branches best serve the needs of people whose language, culture, and life experiences are different from those of the majority? As minority people become more prominent in the United States and in Mormon congregations, how can the Church, and particularly its members, truly accept them and avoid discrimination and prejudice?

Like the Catholics, the LDS Church has at times encouraged ethnic congregations. During the 1960s, for example, Apostle Spencer W. Kimball was very active in organizing Indian congregations, generally called Lamanite branches. There were even separate Indian missions in the Southwest and North Central United States (Whittaker 1985, 38–39). These congregations were organized to preserve the Native American culture. During the same time, Kimball and fellow apostle LeGrand Richards organized a German-speaking ward in the Salt Lake Valley. At that ward's initial meeting, Kimball explained that the Quorum of the Twelve favored the arrangement; as the Church expanded to all nations, it was not "not right" to force everyone to learn English. But the General Authorities hoped that as the immigrant members in the United States learned English, they would return to their geographical wards (German-speaking 1963).

Ethnic branches continued throughout the 1960s. However, during the early 1970s, Church leaders questioned the utility of sponsoring separate branches. In a 1972 letter to all the stakes, wards, and branches, Church leaders explained that members should be conscious of "racial, language, or cultural groups." Where language barriers were a problem, special classes could be organized. If there were sufficient need, a stake could ask for authorization from the Quorum of the Twelve to organize a branch, but several stakes could not organize a branch together. Some stakes, like Oakland, thought they were supposed to dissolve their special units. Others, like the Los Angeles Stake, interpreted the letter as authorization to create language branches, but

its request to form one was denied (Larsen and Larsen 1987, 55; Orton 1987, 262-63).

In 1977, the Church introduced the Basic Unit plan, and the idea of ethnic branches returned. Initially planned as a program to help Native Americans, the Basic Unit plan was an effort to provide the essential Church programs for a small group that might not have all the leadership or membership to conduct the complex, regular Church programs. These simplified branch units provided a set-up for restoring ethnic branches. In describing the need for these units, President Spencer W. Kimball told the regional representatives in 1980, "Many challenges face all of us as we fellowship and teach the gospel to the cultural and minority groups living in our midst. . . . When special attention of some kind is not provided for these people, we lose them" ("Aid Minorities" 1980). Several changes led to separate congregations: increasing numbers of Southeast Asians immigrating to the United States, growing Church population in largely black sections of American cities as a result of increased missionary efforts following the priesthood revelation in 1978, and desire by ethnic groups such as Tongans, Samoans, Hispanics, and Native Americans to worship in their own language and with members of their own backgrounds. In 1990 language wards and branches organized in Salt Lake City during the 1960s, such as the German ward and several Tongan wards, were still functioning. Black branches have been organized in Charlotte and Greensboro, North Carolina. Cambodian, Hmong, Laotian, and Vietnamese wards can be found in communities from California to Virginia. Hispanic membership has grown so much in the Los Angeles area that there is now a Spanish-speaking stake.

The roller coaster dilemma of whether to have separate ethnic branches or integrated wards continues, fluctuating according to which of two mutually exclusive concepts has the most official support. The first is the practical management problems posed by multi-cultural, multi-lingual units. Some branches have been organized because General Authorities and local church leaders felt, as Joyce L. Jones, stake Relief Society president of the international Relief Society units in the Oakland California Stake, put it, that "[ethnic groups] would learn better in their own language surrounded by other members who shared the same ethnic/cultural background" (Oakland Stake 1988). The second principle is the ideal—and idealized—view of gospel unity producing social unity. Paul H. Dunn, a member of the First Quorum of Seventy, articulated this view when he was rededicating a chapel in Oakland: "Do you think when we get to the other side of the veil the Lord is going to care whether you came from Tonga or New Zealand or Germany or America? . . . No. That's why we call each other

brothers and sisters. That's why we are in an eternal family. The color of skin, the culture we represent, the interests we have are all quite secondary to the concept of the great eternal family" (Oakland Stake 1988).

In practice, the Church's policy has vacillated because neither ethnic branches nor integrated wards have met the needs of all Church members. Language and cultural differences have often weakened the uniting ties of religion. And whether ethnic Latter-day Saints were Swiss-German immigrants to Logan, Utah, during the early twentieth century, Tongans settling in the Oakland, California, area, or Navajos on the reservation, they have voiced many of the same concerns about their experiences as Church members. The difference, however, is that the Swiss-Germans were usually integrated in one generation; other racial groups have had a longer and more difficult adjustment.

Oral history interviews and manuscript histories give us valuable information about the ways ethnic Latter-day Saints have responded to separate branches. According to these sources, some of the advantages and disadvantages of ethnic groups seem to be universal, regardless of the ethnic group; others are unique to a specific group. It is also clear that segregated branches impacted not only the members of the branches, but white Latter-day Saints as well.

This essay draws heavily on the experiences of Native Americans and Hispanic Americans, using examples from other ethnic groups to support the conclusions. As the Charles Redd Center for Western Studies continues its LDS Ethnic Oral History Project, researchers will be able to test these results with other groups including Tongan Americans, Samoan Americans, Chinese Americans, Vietnamese Americans, Cambodian Americans, and others. My essay "Separate but Equal?: Black Branches, Genesis Groups, or Integrated Wards?" (Embry 1990) covers many of these same issues for LDS African Americans.

Advantages of Ethnic Branches

There is a compelling reason for organizing and maintaining ethnic branches: they genuinely aid Church members with language and cultural differences. An elderly sister in the Spanish-speaking branch in Oakland, California, for example, illiterate in both Spanish and English, could participate once again in meetings, something that had been impossible in an English ward (Larsen and Larsen 1987, 38). The clerk of a Samoan branch in the Long Beach, California Stake declared with pride when the branch was organized in 1966, "Now we are taught in our own mother tongue" (Samoan Branch, 23 October 1966). Esmeralda Meraz, a Mexican American from Southern

California, explained why her parents decided to attend a Spanish-speaking branch: "Even though my dad speaks English, he has not mastered the English language and he can't communicate very well. He is not a very educated man as far as schooling is concerned. My mom has had less schooling than he has. . . . I think [my dad] felt that he would get more out of it and so would his family if we attended the Spanish branch" (Meraz 1991, 5).

Cultural language is often as important as the spoken word. Ernesteen Lynch, a Navajo, recalled going to a Lamanite branch in Upper Fruitland, New Mexico: "When I went to Alma, we were all Navajo and we just automatically understood where the other was coming from. We didn't have to feel uncomfortable about what we did because we were all Navajo and we knew our Navajo-ness" (Lynch 1990). As Gabriel Holyan Cinniginnie, who traveled from Salt Lake City to attend the BYU Lamanite ward explained, "If you don't find good LDS Indian people, then you can lose your culture, get off track, and become more non-Indian. You lose your Indian point of view. You lose interest in being who you are and where you came from. You lose everything about your whole family as an Indian" (1990, 10).

Shirley Esquerra Moore, a Native American, described a Navajo visiting teaching companion she had in the Poston, Arizona Lamanite Branch. That branch has been dissolved, and members are asked to attend a ward in Parker, Arizona. Moore said, "Let me tell you about Sister Redhouse. She's a Navajo woman, and she wears her Navajo clothing. She's what I think of as a typical Navajo woman. I feel like she's a spiritual giant. . . . I feel like people could learn from Sister Redhouse, but I don't know that she'd ever go to the Parker Ward because the cultural contrast would be too much for her to overcome" (1990, 10-11).

Branches also give ethnic members opportunities to serve in a wider range of callings than they might have in a larger ward. In the Alma Branch in Upper Fruitland, New Mexico, "everybody was Navajo. The whole bishopric was Navajo. The Relief Society and everybody was Navajo that had a calling" (Lynch 1990). Carletta O. Yellowjohn, a Shoshone Indian, enjoyed attending the Lamanite branch at Brigham Young University because it gave her an opportunity to serve as a Relief Society president (1990, 18). Edouardo Zondajo explained, "I think the underlying purpose of the Lamanite ward here [at Brigham Young University] is to give leadership training." He questioned why Native Americans were not given the same opportunities to serve in other wards, but added, "It's good for people to get opportunities to do things that they ordinarily wouldn't get a chance to do for some reason or another" (1990, 8). Esmeralda Meraz's parents also

have been able to serve in the Spanish-speaking branches. Her father served as a branch president. When his job forced him to travel more, he was called as a Sunday School president. Her mother "has probably pretty much done about everything. She has worked in the Primary. . . . She has been Relief Society president before. She was the Young Women's president" (1991, 6).

Spencer W. Kimball watched the growth of Native American Church members during his tours of the Southwest Indian Mission during the 1960s. He rejoiced when Native Americans took part in meetings, especially when they played the piano and sang. If their performance was not always the best, he complimented them in his journal on their willingness to participate. He recorded after a district conference in Kayenta in 1962, "It was thrilling indeed to see the beginning of what will become standard procedure in the future with Indian leaders in branches and districts, Indians at the piano, at the baton, Indians at the pulpit, Indians making the arrangements, Indians even furnishing the luncheon" (21 April 1963; 3 June 1962).

Even when ethnic members adjusted to integrated wards, they acquired new skills and deeper spirituality when they could speak their native language or simply be with people from their own culture. Ernesteen Lynch felt a great deal of spirituality in a Lamanite congregation. Although Alma was a branch, she remembered it as being a ward: "Alma Ward was just a struggling Navajo ward that was trying to make ends meet in many different spiritual ways. . . . We all decided that we would make it the very best ward that we could possibly make it. We would be the very best that we could in terms of living the gospel of Jesus Christ. . . . I'm not exaggerating when I say that we grew a lot together" (Lynch 1990).

As an additional benefit, ethnic branches reduced the possibilities of perceived prejudice. Odessa Neaman, a Yakima/Shoshone Indian, recalled that after the Lamanite branch she attended in Washington state was combined with a ward, "things began to be bad, . . . There were different families, mainly white families. We had no grudge with them. I'd say they were pretty snobby." Her brother "became inactive because one of the people there." Because the bishop was concerned about saving money, he would shut off the lights while Indians, members and nonmembers, were playing basketball. Native Americans resented this, viewed it as prejudice, and stopped attending church (1990, 10–11). Helen Taosoga remembered going to a Lamanite branch in Omaha, Nebraska. When the branch was eliminated after she moved from the area, she went back to ask the former branch president, a Native American, about what had happened and why the Indians were

no longer attending church. "He broke down and told me that the reason a lot of the Indians quit the Church was because they pushed them into a basement." For the Native Americans, this was proof that the rich white people did not want them in their meetinghouse (Taosoga 1990).

Ernesteen Lynch was also concerned with economics: "If you go into a ward where people think another group of people of different color or different language are poor, the last thing you want to tell a person is, 'Gosh, you're poor.' But you can say that in so many ways outside of the words" (Lynch 1990). Edouardo Zondajas also described how economics can be expressed through actions. One of the reasons that the Native Americans didn't like to attend the wards in Omaha, he said, was because they would go and "see all of these white faces. Everybody was all dressed up and decked out. The men were wearing suits and ties, and the women were wearing dresses. There are not too many Indian women that wear dresses." In the branch, however, sometimes people would wear "jeans and a shirt." It didn't matter, though, because "no one looks down on anybody" (1990, 8–9).

Esmeralda Meraz enjoyed attending the Spanish-speaking branch in El Centro, California, because "the kids that went there were my friends. I saw them as my friends. I felt very secure. I knew that no one was going . . . to make a reference to my skin color or the fact that I am Mexican. I was in my territory." When she attended seminary with the teenagers from the English-speaking ward, however, she explained, "I felt that they didn't like me, they saw me as a different person, and they didn't care. They would often make remarks and say things that didn't make me feel very good and didn't make me feel like I belonged" (1991, 9).

Varying cultural habits could also be perceived as prejudice. It was hard, for example, for Ernesteen Lynch when she attended a ward in Provo, Utah. "White people don't shake hands like Navajos do. It took a long time for me to realize that just because they didn't shake my hand didn't mean that they didn't like me. In Navajo if you don't shake somebody's hand it's an offense to them. But white people just normally don't shake hands. I noticed they weren't shaking anybody else's hands too although they had all known each other for the last thirty years. I understood that through a long process of observation." But she felt differently about physical contact when she attended a ward in Kirtland, New Mexico. While she viewed shaking hands as an important part of Navajo culture, hugging she felt was inappropriate. "It seemed like I was constantly being reminded that I was a Lamanite. . . . [White] people were constantly telling me how much they loved me. I always got hugs. . . . I just don't consider church to

be a hugging place. That's an action for me that's reserved for your family" (1990).

Ethnic branches also give the Church a presence in ethnic neighborhoods. Navajos became interested in the Church and were more likely to attend an ethnic branch.Ernesteen Lynch said that funerals in the Alma Branch especially attracted nonmembers, who "were impressed by the hope that the bishopric gave in their talks at funeral services. They were impressed by the songs, the chorus, and the music being provided by Navajos and things just proceeding in an orderly and organized fashion." As a result, "people started coming to our church" (Lynch 1990). According to an obituary of Dolores Rivera (Lola) Torres, a member of the Lucero Mexican Ward in Salt Lake City, "The narrative of the ward . . . [and] her life is inseparably connected with its history. It was this fine woman, together with two of her sisters and other limited few who originated the missionary work among the Mexican people of Salt Lake Valley which led to the establishment of what was then the 'Mexican' branch" (Lucera Ward, 23 October 1961).

When the Chinese-American branch was organized in San Francisco in 1962, Latter-day Saints received publicity in the Chinese newspapers and radio stations and sponsored social activities so the residents of Chinatown had an opportunity to be exposed to the Church (Chinese-American Branch 1986).

Ethnic branches often planned activities unique to that culture which were popular and the members enjoyed a sense of home. In addition to its regular meetings, the Lucera Branch sponsored socials, operettas, and Mexican dinners. Its annual "Piñata Party" drew people from throughout the Salt Lake Valley, and its operettas helped fund-raising in other wards. Besides raising money, the annual December "party of Mexican food, excellent talent, and social dancing has served to provide a much desired contact with Latin culture" (Lucero Ward, 6 December 1958).

Parties were also important to the members of the Annandale Asian Branch. Janean Goodsell, an Euro-American who was called to serve as Primary president in the branch, recalled, "Whenever we would have a branch party, it was unbelievable how many people were there. Everybody brought their friends. They loved having parties." Important parts of these socials were the native foods, talents, and dances. As Goodsell remembered, "They just loved the socializing and the food. I remember one time in particular. Maybe it was the Christmas party. They had people do different skits or talents. I just remember the people laughing so hard at this one skit. It was in Cambodian, so I didn't really know what was going on other than just watching what

was happening. They were just laughing so hard. They just enjoyed it so much" (Goodsell 1991).

Activities were very important to Native American members, too, according to Odessa Neaman.

> We had more activities when we were a Lamanite branch. That's because we knew that's how we could get our Indian people involved. It was just to invite them and to get them into the ward. Once they did that, more of them stayed for sacrament. They would stay longer in the Church. I think that's how some of them got converted because they were led to it by what attracted them the most. Then eventually they would start coming to Church and start thinking of spiritual things. (1990, 10)

CULTURAL DIFFERENCES AND ETHNIC BRANCHES

Often members of ethnic branches are all new and have no real perception of how the Church operates. Julius Ray Chavez, a Navajo, felt that the branch he attended in Sawmill, Arizona, was not especially good because "no one there really fully understood the nature of the Church. They only understood the branch and how it worked. They didn't know the whole Church system." Though that lack of understanding led in part to the focus on activities, Chavez saw that as a positive element: "What I liked about the small branch is that the people there were more activity oriented than they were religious oriented. You call a quilting thing and all the ladies will be there, even the nonmembers. You call a planting thing for the Church, and everybody will be there. . . . But call a leadership meeting, hardly anybody will show up" (1990, 22–23).

Ethnic members view cultural differences as positive as well as negative. For example, some ethnic groups have a different concept of time than most Euro-Americans. For Audrey Boone, "time management and being on time" were important reasons for having "a mixture of other cultures, especially the Anglo society" in a ward "because they are so rigid with their time. We need a little bit of them rubbed off with Indian cultures" (1990, 11). But that less-fixed time frame was something Edouardo Zondajas liked. He explained that the BYU Lamanite ward was "really laid back. I guess it's not as formalized. We don't start exactly on time. We don't get out of class exactly on time. There's not as much seriousness" (1990, 8).

While smaller branches give more people the opportunity to hold positions, they often do not have enough members to fully staff the auxiliary organizations. According to Joseph Harlan, who served as a branch president in Macey, Nebraska, "Without the numbers, you can't really have all of the programs in the Church and all of the

auxiliaries. You get a watered down version of the gospel. You have to do a lot of independent study to really get the meat of the gospel" (1990, 14). Esmeralda Meraz had similar experiences attending a Spanish-speaking branch in Southern California. When her family moved from Mexico to California and attended a Spanish-speaking branch there, she had difficulty adjusting. In Mexico, she explained, "I was used to attending these ward meetings, separating into my classes, and seeing my friends." In California, however,

> I felt like we weren't really part of what was going on. It was kind of discouraging to see only ten people, twelve people in the meetings. It was also discouraging not to see any youth. We were the only kids that were attending church. . . . We didn't really have any teachers in Primary or Young Women's. . . . We always had a feeling of not being complete and of not having everyone there that needed to be there to make it a successful experience for us every Sunday.

She went on to explain that the Spanish branch

> didn't have the leaders. It didn't have people that were strong in the gospel. . . . There weren't people there who were examples of returned missionaries . . . or people who had been outside of El Centro or the Imperial Valley. (1991, 5, 10)

Other ethnic groups had trouble fulfilling callings and adapting to the Church's lay ministry. Shirley Esquerra Moore loved attending a Lamanite branch in Poston, Arizona, but added, "It was frustrating. A lot of the members weren't too dedicated to their callings. Sometimes they wouldn't show up or call. At the last minute we'd have to improvise. Sometimes I wanted to shake them and say, 'Get with the program' " (1990, 10). Cambodians, for example, were not used to religious practices that included accepting callings, but they also considered it rude to say no. As a result, some accepted callings but did not attend meetings or perform the duties of the callings, thus confusing the Euro-American members in Oakland (Larsen and Larsen 1987, 45-46).

A similar response in the Annandale Branch made the Asian members seem unreliable, and therefore branch leaders did not extend calls to them. Janean Goodsell, however, watched those attitudes change as Asian members started to feel more comfortable in the Church. "We even had one sister from the branch, Sister Sun, who accepted a call to serve as a counselor in the Primary with enthusiasm!" Because Sun was so new to the Church, Goodsell and the other Primary counselor charted out the responsibilities that they felt she could fulfill. After having her greet the children and observe Primary for a while, they asked her to teach during opening exercises. "Teaching in itself was new to her. So it seemed not overwhelming but a challenge to her. . . . She wanted me to come over and go through it with her. She basically

did it herself, but she just wanted me to know what she was going to talk about and to make sure that it was okay. She did a wonderful job" (Goodsell 1991).

ETHNIC BRANCHES AND WHITE MEMBERS

The perceptions and perspectives of Euro-American members play a major role in the success of ethnic branches. Most traditional members were aware of the obstacles simply because they were often more visible and overwhelming than the successes. Quite often the problems they observed reinforced stereotypes that Euro-Americans had about a particular ethnic group. As mentioned earlier, some whites perceived the Asians as unreliable because they would accept callings and then not perform. Some whites also felt that Native Americans were cold and aloof. In summarizing a trip to the Southwest Indian Mission in 1967, Elder Kimball wrote, "The progress of the Indians in the years is unbelievable nearly. When I began coming to this area the Indians were backward and timid and frightened. When we approached them, they shyed off, hid their faces, stood like a post, and if we would shake hands with them it was a cold . . . hand they gave us. It was impossible to get them out to meetings and especially the men. Today many are coming out" (23 April 1963). The first part of this description fits many stereotypes Euro-Americans have of Indians; the "unbelievable change" involved Indians adapting better to the white's world.

Despite the problems, though, whites recognized positive gains. Foremost among these was how prejudice dissolved when whites worked directly with racial groups. Janean Goodsell had already gained an appreciation for Asians on her mission to the Philippines. Serving in the Asian branch strengthened that commitment as she visited the children in their homes and served as a Primary president. In summarizing her experiences, she explained, "It is a neat experience to associate with people who are different in some ways. Yet you also find and see the common things" (Goodsell 1991). Learning about the hopes, desires, and needs that all people share helped whites called to serve in the branches see individuals rather than stereotypes.

Working within the branches, Euro-Americans also learned about other cultures. White Relief Society helpers in a Ute branch in Gusher, Utah, recalled that their first year "was well spent. We feel we have made endearing friendships, helped them understand some of the Gospel principles, taught them the art of preserving, storing, remodeling, and making new clothes. Indeed they feel they can trust us, and that we really are interested in their welfare and we are trying to help them." These women recognized that the learning was not one-sided.

"Here we got many good points from them. . . . They alone weren't just learning from us. But we also are learning from them, and we all are enjoying it immensely" (Gusher Branch, April–June 1951).

Janean Goodsell recalled one party when the Asians tried to teach the Euro-Americans a dance. "All of us tried to follow, but we were not able to do our hands like we were supposed to." The Asians, according to Goodsell, "always liked to see us eat their food." She added, though, that culture was more than just socials. "It is just a way of life and of thinking." She recalled asking the parents of two Thai children to come watch them perform in a sacrament meeting program. The parents explained to the children: "You kids can go to church on Sunday. We want you to be American. But we can't go because if we go our Gods will leave us" (Goodsell 1991).

Ethnic members had positive and negative reactions to Euro-Americans running the branches. Robert Yellowhair, a counselor in the Snowflake Third Branch presidency, explained at a stake conference that native Americans may not always understand the whites, but they did appreciate their help: "Many times when our white brothers and sisters talk, they use many big words that we do not understand. We need teachers to teach us in words we understand. We need your help to take us by the hand and show us more about the Gospel and the Book of Mormon" (Snowflake Third, 11 September 1966).

Shirley Esquerra Moore, whose husband and father-in-law later served as branch president, resented the constant use of whites in the Poston Branch, noting that "since most of the Brethren were new in the Church and all of them are Lamanites, . . . maybe an advisor will work out very well." Therefore, a white couple was asked to assist (Southwest Indian, 2 May 1954). As a teenager in that branch, Moore had felt whites were used in the branch "because, of course, the Indians couldn't be leaders. What did they know?" (1990, 6). She added, "I'm being sarcastic," but emphasized that she felt that the Native Americans could have served very well in the branch.

In an ethnic ward, however, only a few white members have a chance to appreciate another culture. In an integrated ward, more members have that opportunity if they choose it. The geographical boundaries of the BYU Lamanite ward actually include white members, then any Native Americans at the university are invited to attend. According to Audrey Boone, "It was kind of hard at first because there was a distinct segregation between the Lamanites and the [apartment] complex. It was just obvious there was a division among us." However, as time as passed,

> we've had sort of an education process. Many of the Anglos who are in the ward have learned a lot. They express their appreciation for what they have learned

> from the Lamanites. Not too many white people know a whole lot about Native Americans, the founders of the country. It's been good that way because they've come to appreciate a different culture and a different people. It's also the other way around. We've appreciated getting to know the Anglo ways, culture, and society. (Boone 1990, 11)

Esmeralda Meraz, who attended a Spanish-speaking branch for sacrament meeting and an English-speaking ward for Young Women's meetings, noted:

> I had the opportunity to learn about . . . serving in the Church. I was asked to be the Laurel president. . . . I learned how to deal with people, how to use my English skills, and how to develop my leadership in the Church. I learned how to conduct a meeting.

The adjustment had worked well for Meraz as a teenager; it was more difficult when she was in Primary.

> When I was younger. . . . I depended more on my parents and . . . I didn't have the knowledge of the gospel that I did when I got to be older. . . . When I went to a Spanish branch for sacrament meeting and then switched over to a ward for Primary, I didn't know the people in the ward. Being young, it was difficult to feel comfortable with people that my parents were not friends with. Also, it was difficult for me because I was still struggling to learn the language. (Meraz 1991, 8, 10)

Ethnic members often helped strengthen traditional wards. When Alan Cherry, an LDS Afro-American, started attending the Rego Park Ward in New York City in 1968, a number of Hispanic Americans were joining the Church. Cherry was disappointed when a Spanish-speaking branch was organized. Because a lot of the Hispanic members wanted to become bilingual, he hoped that the English-speaking members would make the same effort to learn Spanish. He felt that the ward's future energy left with the new Hispanic converts (1991).

CONCLUSION

Ethnic members can see the blessings of attending a ward where they can "worship with their own people," but they can also see problems in understanding Church organization and growing in the gospel. They appreciate the help of white Latter-day Saints but sometimes resent being considered part of what might seem to be "the white man's burden." LDS Euro-Americans, on the other hand, also have mixed feelings about working in ethnic branches. While many see the need for the branches, they view the ideal situation as assimilation. Neither group is sure what culture should dominate in an integrated church. Robert Hatch, a Navajo who used to attend the Alma Lamanite Branch, epitomizes the dilemma of many ethnic Latter-day Saints.

When the branch was dissolved and members were asked to go to a geographical ward, Hatch quit attending. "For me it was dissolving this Lamanite Branch," he said. "I just miss it so much. It was joyous. It was always a friendly feeling to go there. . . . It's really sad to see it interrupted now." Yet when asked what he would do for Navajos if he were the stake president, he explained, "I don't know that I'd make such a big deal about Indians or Navajos. . . . Maybe our Lamanite Branch that we used to have wasn't such a good idea. It kept us separate for all these years for no reason really. . . . While I'm sad that Alma Branch is gone, I think it's good that we're all mixed in like this." He wanted the integrated ward, but he did not want to lose his heritage.

> I'd like the Indians to be proud of themselves. I wouldn't want them to hide that. I'd like them to blend in, but at the same time be individuals. . . . I just think that we don't need to bury our heritage, bury our skin color. We don't need to raise it on a flagpole either. We just need to be somehow more aware of who we are but it's not a big deal to anybody. I don't think we need to glorify it, just be content. I don't know what a program like that would be. (Hatch 1989, 9, 11–12).

Like Hatch, other ethnic members have seen both the advantages and disadvantages of separate branches and integrated wards and are unsure which is most beneficial.

This same dilemma faces not only the LDS Church and other religious groups, but American society as a whole. While early immigrants were eager to learn English and "Americanize," Hispanics today want to maintain their language and culture and resent drives in some states to make English the only official language. Yet traditionalists argue that a society must accept some minimal level of common symbols and values to sustain itself. According to Allan Bloom, author of *The Closing of the American Mind*, "The future of America can't be sustained if the people keep only to their own ways and remain perpetual outsiders." The opposite argument is made by scholars like Thomas Bender, a professor at New York University, who feels that "if the center cannot hold, then one must redefine the center" (in Henry 1990, 29, 31). In other words, should immigrants be forced to Americanize, or should the United States attempt to create a multi-cultural society? Within the Church, the debate is much the same: How do members determine what is gospel and what is culture and if there is a difference? Because both proposals have both positive and negative aspects, the topic will continue to be hotly debated.

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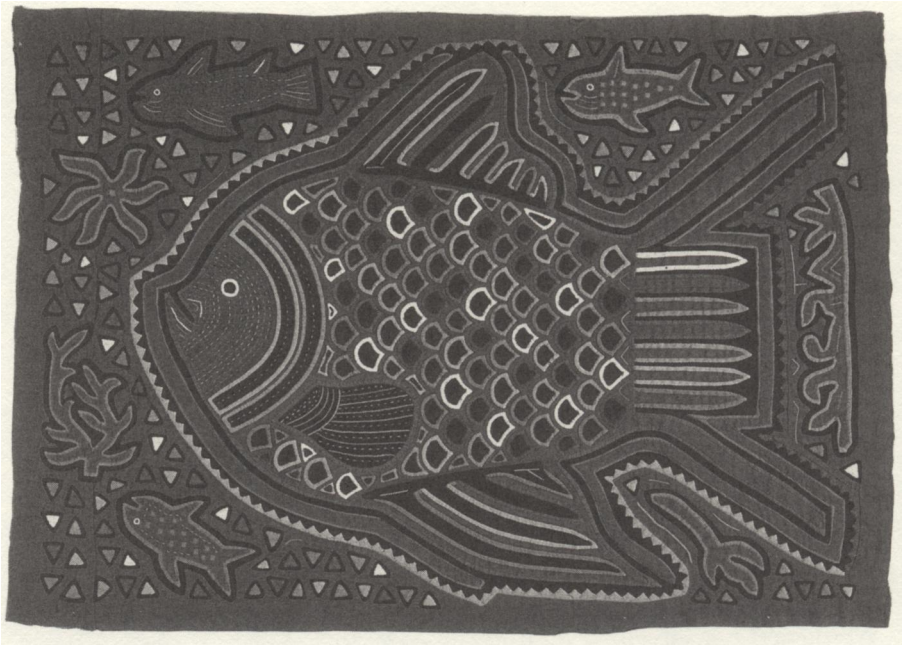

Winter Fast Offerings

Lance Larsen

When no one was faking sick, we were nine—
just enough to cover the routes if someone
doubled up. We argued over the packets,
weighing thickness against distance,
then fumbled ourselves into old coats,
our breath already measuring the cold.

And those stiff blue envelopes, dog-eared,
banded together, with smeared addresses
and dangly strings that wrapped back and forth—
you weren't allowed to look inside them,
but you could feel the money. A check.
A wad of bills from the wealthy.

We smiled and thanked them, carrying with us
a face, a smell, the heft of an old sofa,
until we almost knew them. The Hearing Aid Family.
Sister Coffee and Toast. Or the Clock Man.
If you went exactly on the hour, you'd hear
twenty-seven cuckoos and gongs go off at once.

And Old Lady Allsop, with her mangy black cats
and baby grand, who always took so long at the door.
Everyone wanted to cut her from the list.
We passed her envelope around till every deacon
had felt it. Two quarters. Might keep
a starving cat alive, but no one else.

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Speaking for Themselves: LDS Ethnic Groups Oral History Project

Jessie L. Embry
Spanish translations by Kevin Krogh

In 1985 the Charles Redd Center for Western Studies at Brigham Young University had just completed almost ten years of looking at the experiences of Mormon families—polygamous and monogamous—around the turn of the century. I was in the process of writing *Mormon Polygamous Families: Life in the Principle*, and I was looking for a new oral history topic. Nothing really caught my interest until my friend Alan Cherry, an African-American who joined the Church in 1969, reminded me that because of scanty records, Church members know very little about the diverse experiences of Mormon Afro-Americans.

I began some preliminary research and found that he was right; while several articles have been written about Jane Manning James, a black who lived in Nauvoo and then followed Brigham Young west, all of them were based on James's short autobiography. Cherry pointed out then unless something was done to preserve the history of current black American Mormons, their stories would be lost. Everyone would think that Alan Cherry, Mary Frances Sturlaugson, Joseph Freeman, and Romona Gibbons, blacks who have written books about their experiences in the Church, were typical LDS Afro-Americans. They are not.

Out of that conversation with Alan Cherry, the LDS Afro-American Oral History Project was born. At first financial limitations restricted the project to Utah. But grants from the BYU College of Family, Home, and Social Sciences along with donations from the Silver Foundation and from individual Church members allowed the project to expand throughout the United States. Between 1985 and 1989, Cherry conducted interviews with 224 black Latter-day Saints from Hawaii to New York and from Michigan to Louisiana. These interviews provide a valuable data base from which to look at the experiences of LDS

African Americans. I have published a few articles based on these interviews and am currently working on a book-length manuscript.

As the Redd Center launched its study of black Americans, we recognized other ethnic groups had been neglected as well. We knew that blacks had had unique experiences because of the priesthood restriction and wondered how different their experience might be from other ethnic Church members.

We discovered that obviously blacks have some unique concerns. Whether they joined the Church before or after the priesthood revelation, LDS African Americans had to come to terms with their feelings about the priesthood policy, which previously prevented men from being ordained to the priesthood and men and women from receiving temple blessings. But we also found all ethnic groups—including blacks—found a mixture of integration and cultural misunderstanding/prejudices within the Mormon Church. While often ethnic members felt their concerns were unique, the interviews showed common threads.

After completing our work with blacks, we began interviewing Native Americans. Ernesteen Lynch, a Navajo who taught at a private high school in Farmington, New Mexico, and who took an oral history class from me at BYU, was just starting to interview people in the Four Corners Area when Elder George P. Lee was excommunicated. The members with whom she had scheduled interviews wanted to wait until they had a chance to sort through their feelings. The project was delayed, but when it resumed we were able to ask Native Americans about their reactions to Lee's excommunication. Of the thirty-nine Native Americans who have been asked, "What was your reaction to the excommunication of George P. Lee?", the most common response was "shock." While some of the interviewees felt that Lee was justified in his complaints about the Church's cutbacks in Native American programs and others viewed Lee's excommunication as racism, for the most part those interviewed felt Lee had to work through his own concerns. Their feelings about the Church were the same as when they joined. When they were interviewed, all of the interviewees were still active in the Church ("Reactions" n.d.).

My goal was to have interviewers talk to people from their own ethnic group. I always felt that blacks, for example, would feel more comfortable talking to a black about their experiences as a Latter-day Saint than to a white. After listening to Alan's interviews, I knew I had been right; the interviewees talked about concerns that I am sure they would not have told me. Now I needed to find ethnic interviewers convinced of the importance of preserving their ethnic Mormon history. Three Native Americans—Odessa Neaman, Angela Moore Fields, and Malcolm Pappan—enrolled in my oral history class at BYU. Along

with students Deborah Lewis and Jim M. Dandy, these students conducted interviews with Native Americans. They were not, however, able to donate four years of their lives to the project as had Alan Cherry to the LDS Afro-American Oral History Project. Nevertheless, their work was important.

In an effort to hasten the work on the LDS Native American Oral History Project, I posted a job offer at the BYU Multicultural Office asking for ethnic interviewers who wanted to talk to people from their cultural background. As a result, I hired Emeralda Meraz, a Mexican American, and Katuska Serrano, a recent immigrant from Peru, to interview Hispanic Americans. When ethnic interviewers were hard to find, I asked Janean Goodsell, whom I had hired as a transcriber, to interview Asian Americans. She had served a mission to the Philippines and had been a Primary president in a Southeast Asian branch in the Washington, D.C., area.

I hope in the future to extend interviews to more ethnic groups. I thought I had volunteers to interview LDS Tongan Americans, but the project did not develop as planned. In my research for the project, I discovered that not only is there little information about Mormon Tongans, there is very little written about Tongans in the United States. Just as historians are rewriting American history to represent the multicultural experiences of ethnic groups, Latter- day Saints need to be aware of the history of all of our members. The Redd Center LDS Ethnic Group Oral History Project can help us do that.

It is impossible to find a random sampling when conducting oral history interviews. I am glad Church membership records do not distinguish members by race or ethnic background—but this makes them a researcher's nightmare. Without a numerical ethnic breakdown, it is impossible to know how many black members there are in the Church. With no ethnic statistics, it is also impossible to determine how many Latin Americans should be interviewed in Los Angeles, for example, to have a random sample. Therefore, we gathered interviewees by what some sociologists refer to as the "snowball" method. One person would refer us to someone else. We have tried very hard to represent a variety of ages, occupations, marital status, and educational background in our interviews.

In the excerpts that I offer in this essay, I have included people with a variety of experiences and some with several cultural backgrounds. Ken Sekaquaptewa's father is Hopi, and his mother is Chinese. Shirley Moore, a Native American, is also part Mexican-American. Donna Fifita is a Sioux married to a Tongan. I have selected others because they have lived in a number of places and thus can compare Saints in different areas. Barbara Pixton, who is in the U.S. Navy,

joined the Church in Italy and has lived throughout the world. Elijah Royster has lived only in Hawaii as a Latter-day Saint but previously traveled in the military before he joined the Church. Rosalinda Meraz and Gloria Moreno were selected because they represent a growing number of Latina Americans in the United States who only speak Spanish and attend Spanish-speaking branches. These women were interviewed in Spanish, and Kevin Krough, a professor in the Language and Philosophy Department, at Utah State University, transcribed and translated these interviews. I selected the rest—Annie Wilbur, a black Latter-day Saint from the Pittsburg area; Beverly Ann Perry, an LDS African-American from Southern California; Chester Hawkins, a black librarian from northern Virginia; Ronald Singer, a Navajo who lives in Salt Lake City; Annoulone Viphonsanareth, a Laotian immigrant to Washington, D.C., and a BYU student; Robert Lang and Elizabeth Pulley, LDS African Americans from Los Angeles, and Mason Anderson, a black Mormon from Charlotte, North Carolina, who have attended largely black branches—because I felt they expressed some of the ethnic concerns and dilemmas that I described in my introductory article.

Oral history interviews provide important data for research, but they do more than that. They preserve the "personal voices" of singular Church members, allowing those members to talk openly about their experiences and feelings as Latter-day Saints. The excerpts from the Redd Center interviews that follow are the raw, unedited research data conducted five or six years ago. Because they are free-flowing conversations, they may not always be clear. They do provide a flavor of the individuals interviewed, their faith, and their very real concerns about how they can best fit into the Church's patchwork quilt. These histories are personal. They reflect the experiences of new members and the experiences of those who struggle within wards or branches to accept those who look or seem different. Threads run through all the stories, reminding us that we are all God's children.

Each individual interviewed discussed the process of contact with the Church, subsequent conversion, and then the struggle to maintain activity. Elijah Royster, a native of North Carolina, remained in Hawaii after serving in the military, including a tour in Vietnam. While in the service, Royster promised himself that he would find God. An African-American Mormon invited him to attend church, so Royster gathered his family and, on the way to the chapel, got lost. When they finally arrived, the service had begun. He described his initial impression:

> We sat through the sacrament service. The chapel was full, so we had to sit in the overflow. . . . [In] the churches I had gone to before I had to sit there and

be quiet. I noticed with the children back there there was a lot of noise. We were really trying very hard to listen to the speakers. There was a negative mood there.

Then I noticed how all of the Saints were so friendly and kind and shaking our hands. Having been in life the way that I had, immediately I recognized that it was genuine it wasn't a put-on; it wasn't something phony. That had a great bearing on my feelings and my thoughts about the Church. (Royster 1986, 6)

Barbara Ann Pixton left her home in Canton, Ohio, and joined the Navy when she was in her early twenties. She had been in the Navy for four years when, in Naples, Italy, her supervisor invited her to attend the LDS Church. She went and later married the man who introduced her to the gospel. Her first impression is significant for what did and did not happen:

If you're in the military and stationed thousands of miles away from your family, you can't help but be lonely. The very first time we went to church I was overwhelmed by the love, especially being black. We walked in, we sat down in the back, and everybody's head didn't turn around to see who just came in. In the Baptist church everybody has to turn around and look and see what you're wearing and who came in and who was with whom. Nobody moved. Everybody was paying attention. After the meeting, the majority of the sisters got up, came in the back, introduced themselves to me, and shook my hand. They were very warm. I thought to myself, "I want to learn more." (Pixton 1986, 3–4)

Annie Wilbur, a Pennsylvania-born African-American convert, had a very similar experience. Wilbur had a long-standing bitterness toward whites. Even after becoming a surgical technician, she continued to harbor negative feelings. She met Mormon missionaries, refused at first to attend their all-white church, then finally relented and attended services. She says:

The next Sunday I did go to church. It was the best thing that ever happened to me. It was a beautiful experience. These experiences are hard to talk about because you cannot describe them. There are no words to say what you are going through. It is just a feeling inside of you.

I went, and everybody treated me like I had been a member there all of my life. There were about two or three people that I knew. There was one girl who worked at the hospital and I had seen her. There happened to be a young man there who was from the same area that I was brought up in. He had been converted two years before that, and he had gone on a mission. While I was there, he bore his testimony. I did not know that he was Mormon. I knew his family, and he came from a good family. The family was always very nice. I was just amazed to see him there. (Wilbur 1985, 9)

Royster, Pixton, and Wilbur all joined the Church after the 1978 revelation that extended priesthood membership to all worthy male members. Those African-Americans who were baptized before 1978 faced a much more difficult decision. As Chester Hawkins states:

> I had about eight to ten sets of missionaries. It was in the fall of 1976 and went all the way up to the summer of 1977. I didn't feel like I wanted to be rushed into joining the Church. I wanted to take my time. I had a lot of problems with the priesthood issue, but I felt like I could weather through it. The reason I had a lot of problems with the priesthood issue was because I was strong on the black issue and didn't want to join some church that would tell me that the black race is responsible for what Cain had done. I still have some problems with it, but I am willing to live with the whole problem. (Hawkins 1985, 4)

Beverly Ann Perry of Los Angeles also joined the Church before 1978 and later served a mission. She describes an early phenomena of the Church in Southwest Los Angeles Branch where most of the members were black: "Some good has come out of the branch, a lot of good. But I think the leadership needs to be reinforced. In the beginning I was telling everyone, 'Go because it is so neat.' But now I do not think I would tell anyone to go. It seems like they have gone twenty steps backwards from the beginning" (Perry 1985, 31).

Most African-American converts were adults when they decided to join the LDS Church. Native-Americans, on the other hand, were more likely to be baptized as children and then faced the difficult task of obtaining acceptance within the LDS community and avoiding rejection of and by Native Americans. Ron Singer, a Navajo who spent years on the Church Placement Program, described the reality of balancing Mormonism with Navajo traditions and religion:

> After I joined the LDS Church, it was kind of hard to juggle the two religions. If you really believe your religion, I guess it wouldn't be too hard. Here I was trying to get along with two. My grandparents still live the old traditional ways. I had to learn to respect that.
>
> When I got ready to go on my mission, I sat down with my stepdad, and we talked. He brought in the Navajo religion and how it related to the LDS religion. All of a sudden my eyes just opened. It all fit in. My mission really helped me because that brought more of the Navajo religion into it. After I got back, I studied more of the Navajo religion. My testimony was strengthened. (Singer 1990, 3)

Another Native American member, Shirley Equerra Moore, discusses the difficulty of living her religion when surrounded by practical problems. Originally from Parker, Arizona, Moore (whose own lineage is half Native American and half Hispanic) feels that being a Latter-day Saint creates unique problems for some Indians. She says:

> For one thing, how many Indian kids are born leading music with one hand and playing the piano with the other hand? That's a personal challenge because we weren't raised with any kind of music. It seems like all LDS kids grow up taking piano lessons.
>
> I think that most non-Indians think that Lamanites maybe aren't as bright, and therefore, couldn't possibly have a testimony. I know that sounds sarcastic,

> but it's as if non-Indians think intelligence has to do with spiritual things. (Moore 1990, 5)

Ken Sekaquaptewa had similar experiences. A native of Phoenix, Arizona, Ken had a Hopi father and a Chinese mother from Shanghai. He notes that what may be usual for one culture may be misinterpreted by another: "I think . . . the Indian people and the Chinese people are . . . at a disadvantage in that way because people stay so much within themselves and never show emotion" (1990, 12). Singer, Moore, and Sekaquaptewa all talk about the way a leadership style and behavior based on an Anglo model constricts those cultural groups that are less gregarious. Donna Fifita, a Sioux married to Pona Fifita, a Tongan, recalled how she confronted the stereotype of shy, lazy, and backward people. After living on a reservation in South Dakota, she and her family moved back to Utah. She says:

> I remember feeling really uncomfortable in my regular ward. . . . I wanted to prove to Heavenly Father and to [the ward members] that I wasn't like an Indian that would be inactive, an alcoholic, or whatever stereotypes they had towards Indians. A lot of them used to treat me really indifferently. I remember I would bear my testimony boldly to them in sacrament meeting. I would tell them how I knew this Church was true. (Fifita 1990, 11)

The Fifita, Singer, Moore, and Sekaquaptewa interviews focus on a major problem facing American ethnic Mormons. Most of the individuals interviewed talked about racially segregated branches or wards and were uncertain whether they were better for minorities.

Rosalinda Meraz, a native Mexican, came to the United States in the late 1960s. Already baptized, Rosalinda and her family attended an English-speaking ward, but because Rosalinda spoke only Spanish, her only church job was tending children in the nursery. She never felt very comfortable, and finally the family began attending a Spanish-speaking branch forty-five minutes away. She described her experience:

> The advantage [of a Spanish-speaking branch] for someone who doesn't speak much English is everyone speaks the language, so you can get involved more in your callings. In English you don't feel very good. You don't progress fully because you don't speak the language. We don't understand anything when we don't know English. The English we use outside the Church isn't the same as the English spoken inside the Church. I've seen many members go to an English ward, and within a year they come back to us [to the Spanish-speaking ward] because they haven't progressed at all, because they don't understand. (Meraz 1991)

When asked how she would feel if the Spanish-speaking branch were dissolved, Meraz exclaimed:

> I'd feel bad. I already have to go to Calexico forty-five minutes away. For me, it would be sad if the branch were to be dissolved, unless they then put the branch here in L.A. because I live here. But please don't make me go to the

> English ward. I guess I'd have to go to the English ward, but I think it would be a step backward for me. I like to be helping, working in the Church. (Meraz 1991)

Another Hispanic American member, Gloria Moreno, mentioned the problems she faced in northern California after moving back from Mexico. "Things just weren't like they used to be," she said. "I began to fall away because I didn't feel the same, because they didn't invite me. I think that in the Church to be active, to feel committed, to enjoy it and to learn more and not let things get lukewarm, you've got to be involved in the activities and have responsibilities in the Church. If you don't have responsibilities in the Church, you can't stay active. I think that is what happened to me."

The northern California Spanish-speaking branch was dissolved because the group remained small and leadership developed slowly. Gloria explained that without the Spanish branch, "I felt alone. I felt like I didn't have anybody to support me. I didn't have anything to lean on." She stopped attending the Mormon Church and started going to the Catholic Church with her sister. She explained that at the Catholic Church "[I] began to feel like I used to feel, at home. But I always tell my sister I feel an emptiness" (Moreno 1991). Now when Gloria attends the Mormon church, she is treated like a "visitor" instead of a member.

The Meraz and Moreno experiences highlight a difficulty that is familiar to members of other races. Shirley Moore says about the Native American Poston Branch outside Parker, Arizona: "There was a lot of prejudice in Parker. Somehow or other I started going down to the Poston Branch just for activities. There were almost all Lamanites there except for the leaders, because, of course, the Indians couldn't be leaders. What did they know? I'm being sarcastic" (p. 6).

After Shirley married, she moved back to the reservation and attended the Poston Branch. Her husband became the branch president, and for a while things went well. However, she moved to Utah with her husband and children, and a short time later the Poston Branch was dissolved. Shirley noted, "I feel sad because I know that some of those people won't feel good about going to Parker Ward. But you can't always sit back and say, 'I'm just a poor Indian and people will look down on me,' although I certainly have had those feelings" (Moore 1990, 10).

She worried that Indians would be reluctant to attend a white ward, even though they "have something to offer." She told the following about Sister Redhouse:

> She's a Navajo woman, and she wears her Navajo clothing. She's what I think of as a typical Navajo woman. I feel like she's a spiritual giant. She doesn't

> say very much, but she was my visiting teaching companion. I've never had an easier visiting teaching companion. She was really special. I feel like people could learn from Sister Redhouse, but I don't know that she'd ever go to Parker Ward. (Moore 1990, 10-11)

Donna Fifita also thought Indian branches are helpful. "Not all Indians are going to feel like me or fight like me to be noticed," she said. "They like that feeling of being with other Indians. I imagine that is especially true of Navajos or anybody. I guess I really should say anybody who has been raised on a reservation and then comes here. To be put into a regular white ward would be harder for them" (Fifita 1990, 16).

Each ethnic group has faced this transitional problem. African-Americans have struggled from segregated small groups, to integrated branches, to wards, and back again. Black branches provided valuable opportunities for LDS Afro-Americans to hold a variety of positions new converts might not be called to in large wards. As Robert Lang, president of the Southwest Los Angeles Branch, argued, "A black man gets baptized into a ward with another race of people. What is the chance of this particular black person getting a calling in order to learn leadership? It is kind of slim" (1985, 12). Elizabeth Pulley explained, "I have the opportunity to teach mother education and social relations classes in Relief Society. I have worked in the Primary" (1985, 15). Mason Anderson elected to attend the Charlotte branch because he "felt if I went into a church that was already established, I would not be able to do hardly anything. Rather than being on the fight for the Lord, I might be pushed out and not have the opportunity and might just sit cold over in another church. . . . I might not have the opportunity to be a worker or be active there as I am here. . . . To be able to work is really helping me in my growth in the . . . Church" (1986, 31).

Anoulone Viphonsanarath, a Laotion who joined the Church in northern Virginia, agreed that the ethnic branches provide a necessary transition after conversion. However, she noted that the cultural diversity among Southeast Asians needs to be recognized:

> The major problem in the Asian branches is just basically language communications. It is hard because a lot of people don't speak English. Especially we have Cambodians, Laotians, and Vietnamese together. It is hard because our languages are totally different. Other than that, it is fine. It is not a big barrier. I don't think the problem is so big that it would stop people from going to church.
>
> All of the members of the Asian branches were from the same area, Southeast Asia, but our cultural backgrounds are totally different. The Laotians and the Cambodians are pretty similar. But with the Vietnamese, it is totally different with our attitudes and just how we see life in general. That is why the missionaries said, "It is hard to mix them together." I don't think we have any

> discrimination or prejudice against each other. It is just sometimes hard to get us together just because of the difference in the cultural background. (1991, 20)

Language and ethnic segregation continue to cause problems as well as provide an internal comfort zone. Donna Fifita, who married a Tongan, finds discrimination against Polynesians in wards, at the stake level, and especially in athletics.

> There's a lot of prejudice even against the Tongan people. Tongan people are so gifted in their talents, and I've seen how the white Latter-day Saints are towards them, especially in sports because that's what the Tongans are so gifted in. I would see so many unfair calls in basketball and unfair calls in volleyball. They wouldn't make those calls on their own white people. (Fifita 1990, 12)

The Fifitas are an interesting example of a multi-cultural family. The same is true of Ken Sekaquaptewa, a Hopi-Chinese, whose wife Debbie is from Hawaii but whose ancestry includes Hawaiian, Chinese, and Portugese progenitors. Barbara Ann Pixton, African-American, married the Anglo that introduced her to the Church. All of these individuals have moved from area to area within the Church and discover that unconditional acceptance varies. Elijah Royster chose to stay in Hawaii because he knew race mattered less there, even within the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Throughout the history of the Church, missionaries have taken the gospel to the corners of the world. Originally, converts were encouraged to come to Zion and were then often dispersed to various settlements. Although new converts professed the same religion, difficulties in early times between Danes and English, Germans and Americans, Welsh and Swedes persisted. After a few intermarriages and the passage of time, however, the nineteenth-century European convert became American and Mormon.

Today's ethnic converts face a very similar problem. The Church now advises them to stay at home and strengthen their local areas, but many gather to America and often temporarily to the Rocky Mountains for educational, economic, or family reasons. Their problems are much like those faced by new converts a century ago, yet their commitment to the religion convinces them that they can overcome difficulties and create a better world for their children.

Four of the oral histories highlight shared dreams, hopes, and aspirations. Ken Sekaquaptewa summarized his feelings:

> I think my personal hopes and goals are for my kids. My hope is that they will have an understanding of and appreciation for their Indian culture, their Hawaiian culture, their Chinese culture, and whatever culture they're a part of. Especially, I hope they develop a testimony of the gospel. I think if they have a strong testimony they will be able to cope with trials and problems and successes [of being multicultural]. (Sekaquaptewa 1990, 18)

Donna Fifita believes that children are the key to eradicating prejudice in the future. She said:

> I talk to them about prejudice. I tell them what I went through. I tell them I don't want them to ever feel that they're lower than anybody. I don't let my children feel that they're lower than white people. I let them play right along with the white kids. If my kids come back and tell me that so and so scolded them and treated them unfairly, I'll go right to the mom and tell them, "That really bothers me. You're blaming my kids for something when your kid is just as much involved." My neighbors around here know I'm not an easy pushover for anything. I won't let prejudice interfere with my kids.
>
> I want my kids to have a good self-esteem. I want them to be proud of who they are. They are Sioux and Tongan. They come from strong cultural backgrounds. I want them to learn their dances, both Tongan and Native American dances. They want to. Whenever school projects come up, they go and do their thing. They'll do their Polynesian little dances for them or they'll do their Indian dances at Thanksgiving time. They'll bring their Indian costumes. They're really aware of who they are and where they come from. I want them to be proud of that. (Fifita 1990, 7)

Rosalinda Meraz and Shirley Moore add another dimension to the discussion of ethnic diversity. They point out that love and learning can conquer all. They remind us that the Church has much to offer the people of the world. Meraz states:

> I thank God for all that I have. Almost all that I have I owe to the Church, to our religion, because I've learned so much in Relief Society. I've learned how to be a better mother, how to be a better daughter, how to be a better wife, how to be a better friend, a better neighbor. I was a very timid person. Since I joined the Church, little by little, I have come out of my shell. . . . All that I am now I owe to God and Jesus Christ and to the gospel. I'll never be sorry. I only wish I had learned of the Church earlier. (Meraz, 1991)

Moore elaborated on what she sees as her mission in life:

> I'll tell you what I try to share with other members of the Church. I just want them to know that we're all basically the same. We all have the same needs. We all have the same desires. Hopefully if we're LDS, we all have the same goals. What difference is it that we have different backgrounds? I just don't feel that it's necessary for me to say, "This is what we believe," as far as some kind of cultural background.
>
> I know that ignorance is a problem in a lot of places. I know that ignorance is a problem here. I just feel like since I have this knowledge I should share it. I don't think people should look at me and say, "She's a Lamanite, and she's doing this?" Lamanites can do these things as far as like being Relief Society president. First of all, I don't think there's any big deal about being Relief Society president, but some people seem to think so. I want people to know that I am a brown person, and yes, brown people are capable of doing these things. I never stand up and say, "Look at me. I'm a brown person standing in front of all of you."
>
> I think I just basically treat people like we're all the same. I really try to look at individuals and not look at backgrounds or ethnicity. I think that is something that the gospel can teach us. I think that it can give Native Americans some hope,

> as it would any culture. I think that if any culture would embrace the gospel, then they would feel that they were really children of God, that color of skin doesn't matter. They are just as precious to our Heavenly Father as anyone. It would also do something for their self-esteem. (Moore 1990, 25–26)

In the final analysis, oral history provides insight into the personal experiences of those interviewed. Religion is the common thread that ties these particular histories together. They remind us of the significance of every soul and of our responsibility to work together to guarantee that the larger Church remains a haven for all of God's children.

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The Book Handed Her

Anita Tanner

Wanting to be one of twelve princesses
to disappear down a trap door
underneath her bed each night
and dance to weariness in a haunted place

or to sit in the swing in the cottonwoods,
hear the rope crack
but keep going higher, higher
for the thrill of it,

but she remembers baths in an oblong, tin tub
brought in from a cellar house,
chairs encircling what she wished
were a silver throne,
towels carefully draped
so she could crouch behind.

Her first trip with her father
on his grocery run to the city,
the swift morning she had to dress
with him in the same hotel room.

The book handed her,
Being Born, she and Madge repulsed,
their drawn-out talks,
how they wished for another way,
couldn't imagine the neighbors
or their parents doing that.

When Gram pricked her finger
on the curtain stretchers
as she pulled from one end,
the red stain on white lace
became a revelation—Gram, too.

On long, lonely rides in the back seat
of the green Oldsmobile
she'd stare at each house
as if it were a dark cellar,
her thoughts a vacuous,
tight-lipped bedroom.

How it tasted—being a woman,
not her tongue on a cinnamon stick
but the first try of green olives,
red pimento stuffed inside.

ANITA TANNER resides in Colorado where she enjoys church work with teenagers, a local writer's group, tennis, four-wheeling, poetry writing, and reading. She is the mother of six including one missionary in New York City, wife of one, mother-in-law of two, and grandmother of Brittany.

Selective Bibliography on African-Americans and Mormons 1830–1990

Compiled by Chester Lee Hawkins

Introduction

African-American Mormons until recently have received little attention, at least partly because of the limited bibliographical listings that coordinate the sources available for historical or scholarly research papers on their history. This bibliography, though selective, attempts to change that, to meet the needs of the LDS scholarly and religious community.

This work catalogues a variety of reference materials on the role of African-Americans in Mormon history from 1830 to 1990. Included are books and monographs, general and LDS serials, newspaper articles, theses and dissertations, pamphlets, and unpublished works such as journal entries, letters, and speeches, as well as materials relating to the 1978 revelation that "all worthy males" can be ordained to the priesthood in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

I have divided the bibliography into nine major divisions and have included many annotated entries. It is my hope that this work will assist others who are interested in undertaking research projects that will lead to a more definitive and scholarly study of African-Americans' contributions to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. This Selective Bibliography is important for all who wish to contribute to the study of African-Americans in the Mormon church. It is my hope that Latter-day Saints today will understand and appreciate the joys and struggles that African-Americans have had throughout the history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

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1830-46
THE FORMATIVE PERIOD: JOSEPH SMITH AND JACKSONIAN AMERICA

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Variation on a Love Letter

Holly Welker

I have written this letter to you before
and I will write this letter to you again.
In it I tell you that the days are starkly blue
and unbearably warm, that the cooling storms
of late July seem too far away,
or maybe I say that the cold nights are darkly comforting
as long as I am inside and warm.
Each time I have written this letter to you
I have held my pen still in the air
for just a minute and said to myself,
This is a new page.
I say, You can do a lot with a new page,
but you can't do everything.
Then the pen is down and the ink
flows out and down, like the last time,
like the next time.
In one letter you wrote to me
you said, Repetition with variation.
You said rhyme is repetition with variation.

HOLLY WELKER has poems appearing in TriQuarterly.

When you go away, when you leave
and we have to write these letters,
it is so much easier not to hate them
when we both pretend they are poetry,
that they rhyme because
they are parallel, varied repetitions
of the same old envelopes,
stamped and addressed the same old way,
just as we pretend we are poetry,
that we rhyme because
lying in bed, we are parallel,
and when we get up, we vary the repetitions
of the same old hellos, same old I love yous,
same old good-byes.

Dinner at Sylvia's

Erika Munson

*SYLVIA'S ***$. The most renowned soul food restaurant in Harlem has expanded into a second dining room and during warmer months into an open patio next door. Southern-fried and smothered chicken are stand-outs, as are dumplings, candied yams and dessert puddings. Luncheonette-like atmosphere. Southern M-Sa. 7:30–10 pm; Su. 1–7 pm.*
348 Lenox Ave. (126th–127th Sts) 996–0660.

Richard Saul Wurman
New York City Access
Restaurant Guide

I WAS IN A SCHOOL BUS WITH FIFTY OTHER ADULTS headed down to Harlem. At the time, we didn't know our destination. The invitation had read only, "April Fool's Day Party." Our host, the former bishop, was known for his generosity and love of good times, so the turnout had been high. The mysteriousness of the affair, combined with the capacity of a yellow school bus to bring out the fifth grader in anyone, succeeded in creating a festive atmosphere. There we were, all dressed up in our sacrament meeting clothes, giggling, flirting, talking too loud.

As I looked out the window, affluent middle Westchester County became lower Westchester. I was reminded that the Bronx was fast approaching. It was getting dark and started to rain as we went through Yonkers. From the bus the town looked grim, crowded, as unbeautiful as ever. Only the raceway stood out—a horsetrack always lighted at night. It may have been conceived as sleek and modern in the 1950s, but now the hospital-green raceway was out of date and down around the edges.

ERIKA MUNSON is gaining perspective on her church and her country while she and her husband, Shipley, raise their four children in Düsseldorf, Germany.

The Dewey Thruway became the Deagan Expressway, and we entered the city of New York. When the bus took the 155th Street exit, jokes began to fly. Were we touring New York's most dangerous neighborhoods? White faces disappeared from the streets. The bus came to a stop, and there were more jokes—"Please don't leave us here alone, bus driver!" Letters over the door of the building beside us read, "Sylvia's Soul Food Restaurant." Apparently we had arrived.

Once outside the bus, we knew we were in Harlem, but that is all we knew. The storefronts were crowded and shabby but pulsing with a persistent neon energy. The sidewalks were dirty, but pedestrians seemed to be moving on to their evening destinations with purpose. Was this a good place to be or not? We were not equipped to make the call. Life was happening here in a language different from our own.

Inside the restaurant we tripped over ourselves into a small front room, then squeezed past a busy lunch counter and some crowded tables into a banquet room with long tables. A gaudy floral mural, pictures of Martin Luther King and Malcolm X, and framed restaurant reviews decorated the walls. Tonight someone had hung a sign that read, "Welcome Latter-day Saints." I was delighted to know that someone at Sylvia's was glad to see us. It would be easy, I thought, for the management to resent us: a busload of whites come to gawk.

I grew up in Cambridge, Massachusetts, during the sixties and seventies. Civil rights, equal rights, and human rights were foremost in that academic community's consciousness. But the heart cannot always embrace what the mind will conceive, and amidst the excitement and idealism of that era was plenty of hypocrisy for a child to observe. Sincere soldiers of civil rights were often supported by the lazy postures of the radical chic—quick to shift their allegiance when the wind changed. In my progressive grade school, we studied the teachings of Dr. King and Malcolm X, learned all the verses to the African-American national anthem, "Lift Every Voice and Song." But each class of forty had only two or three black children. They lived in Roxbury, at the end of the subway's red line—and the earth—as far as I was concerned.

So during this period known for its absolutes—justice, freedom, equality—I became comfortable with the gray world of contradictions. And what better place for me, then, than the LDS Church? While I admitted that my church practiced a blatantly racist policy, I did feel that someone was listening when I would cry about the situation to my bishop. I did not feel alone in the Cambridge Ward. We were all suffering through this nonsense. "Wait. Be faithful," we heard. Then, on the same day that Alexander Solzhenitsyn addressed a Harvard commencement crowd about the decadence and immorality of the West,

the word came from Salt Lake City that finally everyone (well, half of everyone) could hold the priesthood.

At Sylvia's, we arranged ourselves just as we would on the basketball court for a ward dinner: young marrieds, old marrieds, a smattering of singles, and an occasional nonmember being anxiously hovered over by a member host. Their introduction to black culture was via another culture that perhaps they knew just as little about. As the water pitchers followed the corn bread, fried chicken, and greens, I felt sorry for the nonmembers. Weren't they dying for a beer?

Thirsty gentiles notwithstanding, most of us were in high spirits. The men forced a bravado to prove they were at ease in what for them was unfamiliar territory. The women smiled with round, wide eyes—amazed to be in this place. Betsy, who was sitting next to me, leaned over and said softly, "You know, I think this is really great. I tell you, times have changed. A lot of ward members were pretty upset about the priesthood revelation."

It was the elder's quorum president's birthday, and three women burst out of the kitchen's double doors with a cake, singing "Happy Birthday" with a lively syncopation that the rest of us couldn't follow. We all sang along anyway, a sluggish chorus to the waitresses' bright counterpoint.

After dinner the owner, Van Wood, came out to greet his guests. To my astonishment, I learned he was a Latter-day Saint, a member of my own ward. I hadn't ever noticed him at meetings, but someone told me his was the fancy silver car I had seen occasionally in the church parking lot. He mingled now, shaking hands and accepting compliments. He told us that he had started with his mother Sylvia's lunch counter, gradually adding rooms to create the Harlem landmark it was today. At some point, a tall, thin man dressed in a brightly colored African-style robe and hat joined the group. He had a Muslim clerical look about him, and Van made a point of introducing him to our bishop. They left Van and walked over to a quiet corner where, I supposed, they talked shop.

We stuffed ourselves with pecan and sweet potato pie. When the meal was over, we all clustered into the front room again to wait for the bus. I sat down next to my friend Debbi, who looked tired. She and her husband had recently moved from BYU to New York with their three young sons. They probably couldn't afford many nights out. I think Sylvia's had disappointed Debbi. Had she been hoping for an evening that would include continental cuisine or a Broadway show? Sitting there in her pastel dress, she looked wilted. She hadn't absorbed any of the energy.

I fell asleep on the bus and in no time was back in the other world of Scarsdale. The fine houses waited quietly on their green lawns, strong against the rain.

Back and forth. That is what the night at Sylvia's was to me. The experience wasn't wrong, but it wasn't entirely right either. I admired our hosts, a former bishop and high priest group leader, for showing us more about Van Wood than his fancy car. I was proud to have a bishop who would respectfully sit down with a Muslim clergyman. But I was disappointed that, as a group, we were treating the event as an April Fool's joke—white folks from Westchester slumming in Harlem. Some ward members considered the magnificent food at Sylvia's greasy and second rate. Not many guests that night recognized soul food as an art created by a people who could only get the scraps.

Well, I can't ask everyone to have the proper liberal sensibilities I received in Cambridge. But I do look forward to the time when there will be no back and forth. "We" will not welcome "them," but you and I will be working on each other's salvation. The white, middle-class American culture that currently presides over the Church is, after all, only temporary. My night at Sylvia's, with all its contradictions, reminded me that a sumptuous feast awaits those who eagerly seek out the variety of human experience. So bring on the chitlins and the jello. Bring on the ribs and the tuna casserole. We will all be filled.


THIZIZTHE
PLACE

Plucked from the Ashes

Clem Bear Chief

WHILE GROWING UP ON THE BLACKFOOT RESERVATION near Gleichen, Alberta, Canada, I lived with my grandparents. On Sundays around noon, two well-dressed white men would drive up to our home. For some unknown reason, I always ran for the nearby forest and hid until they drove away. I learned from friends, neighbors, and our church ministers that these well-dressed men were Mormon missionaries, and not welcome. From then on, and although they had done nothing to me, I had a great hatred for these outsiders and their church.

After getting married and entering the white man's world to earn a living, my wife, Theresa, and I had occasional visits from the Mormons. They had good visits with my family when I wasn't home, but when I was, I either frustrated them out of our house or simply told them to leave. It seemed that this happened about once a year. One time some of our good friends met with the missionaries. I was furious. I told my friends everything I could think of to turn them against the Mormons, and it worked—they told the missionaries not to come back.

Like many of my friends, I became addicted to alcohol; the quality of my life began to drastically decline. By 1975, my marriage was barely holding together; our quarrels were frequent, and Theresa often felt the brunt of my unhappiness. In the late spring of that year, we had a bitter spat during which I chased her and the children out of our house. They went to live with Theresa's parents on the Blood Reservation. I was alone with the house and little else.

CLEM BEAR CHIEF is director of welfare on the Blackfoot Reservation in Gleichen, Alberta, Canada. He is a former branch president of the Arrowwood Branch and is the father of six.

Since my family was no longer with me, and since I still had money, I decided to go downtown and drink myself to death. For many days I was never sober and often awoke to find myself in some back alley. I finally sobered up and went home. It was then that I realized just how empty and alone I truly was. I felt so helpless. Who could I turn to? In my despair, I again headed downtown to drink. During this binge something very odd happened to me, something which, to this day, still causes me to wonder.

Although I had no money, I managed to find friends who bought me enough drinks to start me on my self-destructive path once again. When the alcohol didn't kill me, I went back to the bar and deliberately provoked a fight with some strangers. One of them threatened to cut me up with the knife he held under his table. I thought I had wanted to die, but, when faced with the reality, I backed down and apologized to the strangers. Things seemed okay again, but I sensed they were still angry. I excused myself to go to the bathroom but instead, I went out the rear entrance. To my horror, I now stood face-to-face with the very men with whom I was at odds inside the bar. The one with the knife came towards me and swore that he would teach me not to pick a fight with them. Just then, two men emerged from the shadows. I could not see their faces, but they seemed to be wearing either overcoats or some kind of long robes. When my assailants saw these men, they ran away as if they were frightened. Immediately I approached the two men to thank them for their help, but as I moved closer they too disappeared into the shadows. I tried to follow them but walked straight into a solid wall—there was no door. Now scared and quite sober, I was able to catch the bus home. Throughout the night, I wondered if what I had experienced was real or just a hallucination. And although I was terribly hung over, the next morning I went to town to survey the spot where the previous night's incident had occurred. It was just as I suspected. There were no doors within a block of the door leading into the bar. This caused me to more deeply question the reality of the two men, and what the experience meant. Again, I had no answers.

After a time, I began to suffer the withdrawal symptoms of an alcoholic. I suffered alone with no one to comfort me. I called our local parish priest, but he told me that I must work out my marriage and drinking problems by myself. I called the pastors of other churches that in the past had shown an interest in my family. They offered no solutions, only excuses. They claimed to be either too busy or simply untrained in marriage and alcohol counseling. In desperation, I took out my Catholic missal of prayers and rosary and knelt before a crucifix and a picture of Mary, the mother of God. I recited a number of

"Hail Marys," "Our Fathers," "Acts of Contrition," and whatever else I came to in the missal. Over and over again, hour after hour, I prayed from the prayer book, still utterly alone in my empty house. In spite of my pleadings, I felt no sense of relief. I decided that God must be very angry with me and was simply not listening. He must have given me up to Hell to suffer out my last days. I thought of suicide again. My family was gone, I had no friends, and even the priests and pastors, men who were supposed to be my spiritual guides, had offered me no word of comfort.

Although I managed to get some sleep, my rest was interrupted by terrible nightmares which kept waking me up. During the times I was awake, I knelt before the crucifix, crying and pleading for comfort. As I lay exhausted on the couch, my thoughts went back to my boyhood and to my grandmother. I remembered the times when I would listen to her talking to an unseen being whom she always addressed as "nin'non." My people use this term, meaning "dad" or "daddy," whenever they approach a loving father for some favor or request. As a last resort, I resolved to call on this being from the unseen world. I sat up and addressed "Nin'non" in much the same way as grandmother would: Daddy, Daddy, look down on me with compassion. Look upon me with pity. I am so lonely. I am so sad. I am so sick. If you are real and do exist, please hear me. I have been very bad. I have driven my family out. I have no more family to comfort me. Daddy, Daddy, I want to change. I want my family back with me. If you are real, if you are here, please hear me. If you bring my family to me, I will try my best to be a good father and a good person. Please do this for me if you are real and can hear me. Please send us one of your churches so we can join it without question this time. For the first time that night, I felt comforted and somehow peaceful.

I made a similar plea the next day. However, when the third day came and my family had not returned, I began to doubt. On that same day, the phone rang and I was very relieved to hear my wife's voice. Though I had called before to plead for her return, this time she said that she could no longer live on the reservation because of the overcrowded house, lack of privacy, and the pervasive alcohol. She would rather put up with me than remain where she was. As a condition for her return, she made me promise that I would not repeat the circumstances which led to the split. I agreed.

That same evening, my family came home. As we sat up talking, Theresa and I agreed that we needed God in our marriage and in our personal lives. We wanted to join a church which would truly help us better ourselves. We also agreed that since the Four-Square Gospel Church, the Jehovah's Witnesses, the United Church, the Bahai's, and

the pentecostal churches had all shown great interest in us, we should probably join with one of them, one had to be right for us. We resolved to join, without hesitation, the first church that sent representatives to our door.

Days passed and no one came. I was about to call (without Theresa's knowledge) the Jehovah's Witnesses since they had been quite nice to me on their previous visits. For some reason, though, I never made the call, and that omission would greatly affect our lives. However, that same evening we heard a knock on the door. I was excited because I thought perhaps the Jehovah's Witnesses had decided to visit us. I asked my wife to answer the door. She returned and hesitantly told me that a man and his wife were asking to come in to talk to us. She said that they were Mormon missionaries.

My heart sank to the bottom of my soul, and anger welled up inside me. I thought to myself, "Oh, *Nin'non*, how could you have sent the very people I hate so much?" I rationalized that I could still chase them away since they were not considered Christians and did not count. I then remembered what I had said in my prayer and told my wife to invite them in. I would listen to what they had to say, but I decided to give them as hard a time as I possibly could.

As the weeks went by and they continued to visit, I unloaded all my prejudices on them, but it didn't seem to bother them. They kept on with their lessons and patiently answered all my questions. I asked them all the questions that had stumped representatives of the other churches. These Mormons seemed to have the answers for what the other churches called "holy mysteries," questions pertaining to the unseen world, this world, and the world above. They took us to their Sunday services and to other meetings which were uplifting and inspiring. The other members were so friendly and helpful. Suddenly I began to love the very people I had hated so much. I was sometimes almost afraid to attend because I would be hugged, even by the men. They were ordinary people like us and faced the same difficulties, temptations, and problems that we did. I was also filled with remorse. I wanted to meet all the missionaries who had ever knocked at our door and apologize for the rudeness I had shown them. My chance was lost, though; they had already come and gone. The only thing I could do was express my thankfulness to these new missionaries, Elder and Sister Andrus, for coming to us.

In August 1975, the Andrus's asked us to be baptized, and by then I was convinced that this was the church for us. However, the night before our baptism, something happened that almost shook me to a point of backing out. Theresa and I had stayed up late wondering about our decision when we heard noises we had never heard before.

There were footsteps, creaks and groans, and we felt a presence in the room which we had also never felt before, an unwelcome one. We saw with our own eyes a box move by itself along the hallway and into the kitchen. We saw a knife leave the fireplace mantle and embed its blade in the wooden floor. It seemed that something evil wanted to stop us from joining the Mormons. We were shaken but went ahead with our baptisms on 16 August 1975.

Around September we went to a stake conference. At the time I had no idea what that was, and so I agreed to tell the conference about my conversion. When we arrived, I became frightened. I had never seen so many people. I thought this was something more than I could handle and wanted to back out. However, the missionaries assured me that it would turn out for the good. By the time my turn came, I had this warm pleasant feeling like I was half in the air. While I was talking, I saw myself, whether imagined or not, standing across a river from Satan himself. He stood before what appeared to be an army that was ready to attack. He pointed the tip of his sword at me and shouted a warning that he would try to kill me. For some reason I felt uncomfortable, rather than afraid of his warning. I did not respond, and the scene disappeared. I do not remember much of what I said to the congregation, but as I left the podium I noticed a lot of people with tears in their eyes. I felt extremely ashamed and went back to the safety of the missionaries. I whispered to Brother Andrus that I wanted to leave because I must have said something bad to make these people cry. He tightened his grip around me and whispered back in a reassuring way that I had not said anything out of place. Although this gave me some comfort, what happened in the following months made it seem as if Satan's warning had come to pass.

On 4 October of the same year at 2:30 A.M., we received a telephone call that my wife's father was critically ill and was near death. We gathered ourselves together, knelt, and prayed that he would stay alive at least until we got there. We rushed to his bedside, but he had already passed away. I was very disappointed. I asked the missionaries why he had died after we joined the Church. Why didn't he die before we joined it? Why now? Then a warning from the past came back to haunt me, a warning that our priest had given us years ago. God would punish us, he said, if we ever left the Catholic church. Had God cursed us for joining the Mormon church? The missionaries explained to us that this was a trial of our faith, and I was pacified. Two weeks later, we received another phone call in the morning telling us that my wife's auntie's daughter had been shot to death. I thought about the warning again. I told my wife that for sure God had cursed us and the curse was now spreading to her relatives and maybe will spread to

mine until we renounce our membership in this church. Again the missionaries managed to help me understand.

However, things did not improve. On 7 November 1975, we received another urgent call from my wife's family that her mother was very ill and close to death. Once again we prayed for her recovery or for her to stay alive till we got there. By the time we arrived at the hospital, she had died. This really shook me. I told the missionaries that I now knew that this church was not right and that we must go back to the Catholic church because God was punishing us for leaving. I told them I wasn't going to church anymore and wanted out. With great patience, the missionaries talked to me, explaining and comforting us. Their understanding and love calmed and strengthened us. These missionaries, Doug and Vea Andrus of Idaho Falls, Idaho, stood with and by us throughout all these difficulties and doubting periods, reassuring us that all this should pass and that the Lord would bless us yet.

As the times of trial passed and the year progressed, I came to see that this was true. Before joining the Church, I had accumulated a sizable debt, due primarily to my alcohol problem. The Christmas season was approaching, and I found that I was quite a bit behind on some of my payments, especially my rent. My landlord and the other creditors were constantly hounding me for payment, causing me great pain and worry. In desperation, I confided in the missionaries, hoping that they could help me. Elder Andrus suggested that I should go and ask our bishop for advice.

I went for an interview with the bishop, a man who had been very friendly to us since our baptism. I sat across from him and related my problems. He listened without showing much emotion. He looked at me with compassionate eyes and then asked, "Brother Bear Chief, have you paid your tithing since you were baptized?" I thought to myself, "Oh, oh. They got my soul. Now they want my money, too." I asked him if he heard me correctly the first time. I could not possibly pay tithing. All my money went to debts and rent and food. He seemed to ignore my problem and again asked me if I was paying my tithing. I thought again to myself, "I came to you for some help and all you can ask is if I pay tithing." I became angry and was about to walk out when he stopped and explained tithing to me. He asked me to set aside 10 percent of my paycheck each payday to hand in as tithing and see what happened. I reluctantly agreed to try to do as he suggested.

It was getting close to Christmas, and my landlord and creditors increased their pressure on me. However, I was determined to find out what would happen if I paid my tithing. I admit that I did so more out of curiosity than from any great faith. A week before Christmas, noth-

ing had happened. I was about to complain again when one evening the doorbell rang and the children ran to answer. There was no one at the door, but someone had left two bags of groceries. The next evening the same thing occurred. This time, however, I found an envelope in the mailbox containing a check that was large enough to cover all my bills and the rent.

The next day more groceries arrived at our doorstep. At work, I was approached by a co-worker who was a United Church lady. She asked if we could use some groceries for Christmas because they had some left over from their annual giveaways. That evening the United Church members arrived in a pickup whose bed was loaded with groceries of all kinds. We ended up with so many groceries that we did not have the room to store them. We had to leave some in the hallways and in the living room. I was able to provide presents for my children in addition to those that were mysteriously left at our door. For days, my eyes watered my desk at work. My co-workers wondered if they could help me with whatever was bothering me. All I could say to them was, "No thank you." The Lord and his people were truly good to us, and I have grown to love them and have come to know the kind of people they are. All the bad things I heard about Mormons were dashed to pieces.

At this point it seemed that God had blessed us with more than we deserved. However, he was not yet finished with us. About this time, I began to have experiences which prepared me for even greater blessings. Not long after the holidays, I had a strange dream. I was in an open field lit only, it seemed, by moonlight. A man in white clothing stood beside me and asked me to go with him. I followed until we came to a hole in the ground large enough to walk in. I saw that there were stairs leading down into the ground. We went down the steps to the bottom where we entered a long, dark hallway. I immediately noticed a lot of commotion which seemed to be coming from the walls themselves. Above the sound of all the other voices, I heard people calling my name. I tried to answer, but they could not hear me. I recognized some of the voices as those of friends and relatives who had passed on long ago. For a moment, it seemed that the walls were transparent and that I could almost make out who these people were. Finally we came to a small, dimly lit room where I had to squint in order to see. I recognized friends who had recently died. Though I waved to them, they made no move to indicate they knew me.

We then came to a huge, open room which resembled a church cultural hall. Many people were sitting around the room holding their personal belongings. Occasionally a voice called out a name over what sounded like a loudspeaker. When this happened, one of the people

would get up and ascend some stairs leading to an upper room. As they opened the door, a very bright light poured out, a light so bright that it almost blinded me. I turned and asked my guide what was happening. He explained that all these people were waiting for people on the other side of the room to be baptized on their behalf so that they could enter that brightly lit room. As I had not been to the temple nor been instructed about it, this seemed quite strange. I was curious and asked if I could go up to that room and just look in. He told me that I could not go in since I was not dead. He then motioned that it was time for me to go back.

As I passed back through the rooms and the hallway, I again heard the people calling my name and again I tried to answer them, all to no avail. They knocked on the wall as they called my name. I'm not sure why, but I avoided them. For no apparent reason, I became very sad and started to cry. My companion and I climbed the stairs to the open field where once again I found myself alone. I felt afraid and very sad, and I wept for those people down there. It was then that I awoke from this dream to find that both my pillow and my eyes were wet with tears. As I mentioned I had no idea what the dream meant because I knew nothing about temple work. Much later, my wife and I did some temple work for our parents, grandparents, and others. We were seated on some benches around the temple baptismal font when I suddenly had the strange feeling that I had been there before. My mind wandered back to the dream, and as I looked around me, it appeared that this must be the same place. This time there were no people waiting, but I noticed the stairs leading up to a door which led to the main part of the temple. I could not help but feel that I was doing the work that those on the other side desired of me. I dare not say that this was the same room, but I knew that those who had been calling my name could now hear me answer through the work I was doing for them. God had allowed me to see what must be done, and granted me the opportunity to do so.

On 25 August 1976, my children, wife and I were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple. Brother and Sister Andrus, who by this time were like grandparents to us, accompanied us. I remember that before I had ever heard of temples, I had seen a picture of the one in Salt Lake City. Even then I revered it above all other churches. So when the time came for my family to be sealed, it seemed the natural place.

After our sealings, we were treated to a wonderful surprise. Brother Andrus invited us to tour Temple Square, then told us that we were going to meet a very special person. We went to the Church Office Building, and Brother Andrus told us we were going to meet the Prophet of the Church. In the elevator I centered my thoughts on this

man called "Prophet." I thought to myself, "I'll bet we will be seated in a huge room with gold-covered things all around. Huge doors will suddenly open and in will come this man clad in fine golden clothing. He will be seated on a throne borne by six servants. Perhaps we will then have to bow to him and possibly kiss his huge, diamond-studded ring of authority. He will greet us and then be carried back into his comfortable quarters.

We left the elevator and met Brother Boyd Packer, who greeted us with great respect and ushered us into a small office decorated simply with souvenirs from other lands. As I entered the office, I passed a humble looking old man dressed in an ordinary suit. I paid little attention to him, thinking that he might be one of the servants, perhaps the doorman. Brother Packer brought the old man forward and introduced him as the prophet of the Church, Spencer W. Kimball. My immediate thought was, This humble, ordinary looking man is the prophet? You've got to be kidding. Where is his scepter? His cloak of authority?

He hugged each of us and shook our hands. He had us sit down, asked me to push my chair a little closer to him, and looked me directly in the eyes. Then he said something to us that I had never heard from any leader of any church or organization. He said, "Brother Bear Chief, I want you to know that I love the Indian people." This one sentence gave me more spiritual peace than any other words of comfort that I had ever been offered. Even though a man had spoken them, the words seemed to come from a higher source. In those few moments, I recalled the many times that my family had been driven from place to place, searching for good neighbors with whom we could live and work. How I had hated those who shunned us. How I had wished bad things upon them. President Kimball's words touched me so deeply that I melted inside. I felt as if I had found a long-lost father who had greeted me with open arms and would remain with me forever. I knew then that he had to be a prophet of God.

God, through his missionaries, plucked us from the ashes of a miserable existence and led us to one of joy, peace, and happiness. Although we still suffer many afflictions as a result of the environment in which we live, we praise our God for finding us and bringing us to the new life we now enjoy. Had we not passed through these many experiences, good and bad, our testimonies would have crumpled and we would have fallen away long ago. God has taken away all the hatred I had towards this church. I have come to believe that those who hate the Church do so because they still do not understand its teachings. We do not profess to fully understand it either. But we do know this: the Lord has shown us through his church and its people the real

meaning of Christian love. He has caused us to feel that we are in the arms of loving parents.

The Church has not made us rich financially. Nor has it caused us to have stiff necks toward others. It has, however, given us a fuller understanding of life, a more comprehensive view of why God bothered to create us and put us on this earth and what his total plan is for all of his children. It gives us a sense of where we really came from, what is the point of our existence here, and what happens after we leave this earth. We have learned to view life in terms of an eternal existence. Most important, the gospel gives us identity. It answers for us the slippery questions that still perplex so many of my people: What am I? An Indian? An Aborigine? An indigenous person? A grassroots person? First nation? The Church, through its prophets and scriptures, answers these questions. Because of them, and as a result of my many personal experiences, I cannot and do not doubt.

Manna in the Desert

Tom Riley

"The satisfaction brought by morning dew
is more than human stomachs can endure,"
the men insist, hoping that they will die.
"The satisfaction brought by morning dew
makes a great famine of the earthly day,
makes the heart wish for more than man should dare:
the satisfaction brought by morning dew
is more than human stomachs can endure."

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Crows

Kim Simpson

19 JANUARY: Belgrade must be the smoggiest of all cities. If you look closely, you can see farmers through the haze plowing fields between runways. President told us in Vienna that if it ever does happen, it will happen now.

Actually, my most vivid memory of Belgrade must be the flock of crows that darted out of the smoggy sky upon my arrival. It was a scene neither sinister nor ecstatic, as I was both enthusiastic and clueless, completely unprepared for the tangible melancholy of the Serbian winter. The farmers reminded me of Arabian men on camels working under the Moroccan sun at the Fez airport. Their country, however, seemed somewhat less enchanted.

Elder Packard and I had served in the world-in-general mission for seven months—Provo to Chicago to Budapest to Frankfurt—until we finally received legal permission to work in Yugoslavia. My companion, Elder Bradshaw, and I were the only two missionaries in a city of two million. Packard was on his way to Bačka Palanka, a village of black skirts and scarves, accordions and bicycles—straight from those naive paintings of Kovačić.

25 January: Crows cut through the Serbian fog and perch on the steeple across the street. All is the glory of God.

The next thing to adjust to (aside from the relentlessly smoggy days and absence of sun) was the dirt—caked and crusted on every automobile, smudged across trolley bus floors. I remember feeling anxious that I was finally in the land to which I was called and was now expected to do real missionary work. No more mission hopping.

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Elder Bradshaw and I stood on the balcony of the church building that first night and looked out at the city with its overcast sky. Could God see us through such a thick haze? The Rakisits, a missionary couple who had complained of the smog and gone to work in Austria, said you could feel a burden lift once you crossed the border. Maybe it was just leaving behind that caustic smell of burning coal, or the liquid air so dirty and thick you could choke if you swallowed too fast, or the heavy brandy-drenched atmosphere in the bus that took us from the airport home. I tried to interpret the profanity someone had fingered in on my steamy bus window that night, forgetting, then remembering that I was expected to start teaching about God . . .

1 February: We'll do it. We'll have to do it. We'll take blows, we'll take our cheap shots. Satan's had it too easy too long over here.

If serving in Yugoslavia seemed a formidable task upon arrival, it seemed impossible later. The mission goal was to build the kingdom in a hurry. To do otherwise would be to fail. The Belgrade Branch had three strong members with memorable stories: one was baptized drunk, one worked in a Jewish synagogue, the third was hopelessly America-sick. They would do.

Since tracting was off-limits in Belgrade, we were instructed to walk the streets, strike up conversations with passers-by, and draw commitments from them—ignoring the nude, pin-up women taped to street windows, looking on, deaf and dumb, leering at the sides of our heads, so undeniably present, yet so inappropriate to talk about . . .

I remember gazing out over the city from the top floor of Robna Kuća Beograd, the city's highest skyscraper, and seeing the city at once from a heavenly perspective, even though smog still oozed through the streets, and crows still circled the spires of Sveti Marko. "It almost seems do-able," said Elder Bradshaw.

16 February: Šemo, the nine-year-old gypsy boy, will remember the Church forever, no matter where life takes him. He'll always remember what Jesus means to him.

Šemo's father, droopy-eyed and transient, traded junk at the marketplace. If Šemo stayed at the church too late, his father never called. "*Isus je sve*," Šemo would tell his uncles, the missionaries. "Jesus is everything." Why, of all the needy children in Belgrade, was he fortunate enough to be adopted by the rich *americanci*? Because, he'd tell us, in a dirty-faced and abominably smelly representation of his mother city, Jesus was everything. He'd come over every afternoon to watch our church video in which a bewigged and made-up Joseph Smith scared the boots off an entire mob. Šemo filled us with hope.

And we eventually brought other people to church. We had some euphoric Sundays, even though the fruit-selling lady rang the buzzer

for the umpteenth time in the middle of the sacrament. The chapel, at least, was never completely empty.

20 February: The crows know ecstasy just below the ceiling of smog. Government or science has no say in their travels.

How did we find some of them? Ljiljana, a troll-like, schizophrenic woman, was first impressed with our dedication, for boys so young. But the plum brandy she started drinking in the middle of the third discussion made her crazy. Even after she kicked that habit, she still seemed a bit overly concerned that we might baptize her naked against her will. When she finally agreed to be baptized, who could forget the swishing water and the sight of her, almost reformed, dressed in white, pacing nervously through the waist-high waters of the portable baptismal font, ringing her hands, repeating, "I don't know . . . I don't know" as Elder Bradshaw stood by patiently. We could find only the Ljiljanas, it seemed. Or the Gordanas, who smoked their last cigarettes between baptism and confirmation. Where was God hiding? What did he want us to do with these people once we'd found them?

28 February: Mission policy confines us to our apartments whenever demonstrators hit the streets. Today was particularly turbulent, but when things quieted down, we went for a walk. We arrived home late, about eleven o'clock. Vlado, the five-foot Macedonian, was waiting at our door, urging us to baptize him, but he just wasn't ready. You join the Church, the Church doesn't join you.

There's something about Yugoslavia that causes them to mistrust foreign intervention of any sort. In the Iron Curtain era, they deliberately separated themselves from the Communist block, doing Communism their own way. Today they're shattering ceasefires, saying one thing, doing another, breaking promises to the European community. I think most of us prefer doing things our own way, but when Yugoslavs say they're peculiar, they mean it. They are who they are.

A Mormon missionary is a foreign intruder. The missionary formula for success doesn't take into consideration the basic nature of the Yugoslav. But what about when the precepts you're telling them come from God? Well, God lives a good long distance away. If the Yugoslavs want to kill each other in a civil war, no outsider can prevent them. No one, after all, understands the deep roots of their ethnic hatreds the way they do.

A recent cartoon neatly sums up the American view of the Yugoslav situation. The caption reads, "Updated map of Yugoslavia." Each new republic has been relabeled: Insania, Suicidinia, Moronia, Bozona, Crankistan, Maniakistan, Crazia, Lunacia. Maybe that's all there is to it. I remember sitting in Sister Ivanović's living room, barely understanding the specifics of current events, yet assuring her that Yugoslavia had a bright future. I believed it. Hadn't President Monson said so

in his dedication? She laughed. Old Štefania Horvat used to just sigh and whisper, "Just as long as there won't be any war." We took refuge in such peoples' needs, ministering peace, pleasance, and agreement. Could the situation in Yugoslavia possibly get any worse? Insania.

17 April: I dreamed that I died last night. I sat in the lobby of the spirit world waiting, wondering if I could ever go back. I would most likely end up here in Belgrade.

Why is it that when I think back, I see the crows most clearly? Will I ever forget the frustration and disappointment? I do remember the hope, the perfect brightness of it still glimmering. *If it ever does happen, it will happen now.* That was then. I don't know if it ever happened for us. All missionaries are confused or frustrated at one point, but we wanted to see the branch explode. At least we wanted to see a more firm foundation. Sometimes it's just too obvious that being tested is the nature of existence.

20 May: Steady rain is soaking the wicked city. So shall thy word be that goeth out of thy mouth: it shall not return unto thee void, Father, but it shall accomplish that which thou pleasest, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto thou hast sent it.

Elder Bradshaw and I cringed at the complaints of any new missionaries. We could complain about the people, but we'd be damned if anyone else did. Gradually we became hardened, cynical. When new missionaries arrived with their baptismal goals, we wanted to run them ragged. We'd acquaint them with ten-hour extroversion, canned conversation, and street contacting till bedtime. Sometimes tracting illegally, we were chased by men with pitchforks. Or, we'd trip over drunken men with noses split open and minister to them. Somehow we couldn't wait to see the new missionaries develop the same cynicism we had. But we'd jump on them if they said anything negative about these people even we hadn't had sufficient time to fully understand.

11 December: Just a minute ago, while I was waiting for my companion to get ready, I stood looking out the window at the same old park, the same old people from the same old block, and felt myself asking that old missionary cliché question so seriously it scared me—"Is it really worth it?" Then immediately I rediscovered the Comforter, was purged, and sat down to write about it. Of course it's worth it.

At the marketplace I watched the crows dash overhead as the noonday cannon fired into the haze, scaring and ruffling the pigeons that pecked at scattered *burek* crumbs. How we used to scour that marketplace for people.

In the main square of Zagreb, where I spent my last ten months, two men, young and energetic, played Croatian national songs on a fiddle and guitar every morning, wearing Santa Claus hats. One was

short and stocky with a big nose, the other tall and thug-like. They always nodded, recognizing us in our trenchcoats and nametags. Since then I've associated Croatian nationalism almost exclusively with those songs, and whenever I think of the Croatian rebels, I imagine those two in their Santa Claus hats, strolling the battlefields, defiantly playing "Ustani Bane" in the face of the federal army.

Maybe I don't understand the complexities of war and its questions of commitment and patriotism. But I do understand enough about war to know that I hate it. Missionaries baptized a man named Ivo Babin, the future of Yugoslavia, just after I left. He apparently filled that priesthood gap that seems to always reopen in the Zagreb Branch. This month he stepped on a land mine, opening the gap once again. I wondered if he had a Latter-day Saint wife. If so, did she utter the same curses any other wife would?

3 February: If it weren't so true, I would have quit long ago.

Yugoslavia is a footnote, an exception. Does God deliberately treat it this way? Does anyone there know the meaning of happiness? Who can define ecstasy better than crows swooping under orange barriers of sky? Could ecstasy be, in the case of Yugoslavia, a defiantly troubled lifestyle? Perhaps some people actually learn to feed on the opposition in their lives.

27 March: A General Authority finally came to Yugoslavia. He had that look—pure white hair brushed forward in a Joseph Smith manner, bald on top, clean and angelic, his eyes gem-blue. He could look right into you, and you could look right into him. He said that through our diligence the Lord would bless us and our investigators.

We were working with the pot lady at the time. She smelled like weed, coughed up a storm, wore dark lipstick, black frills, and Keds. And there was Predrag, a fifty-year-old friend of a member, who had hair like Robin Hood, listened to Chuck Berry or Barry White when the missionaries came over, doused his whiskey breath with mints and the tobacco on his coat with cheap cologne. After one of our discussions, he said no one had talked to him so sternly since before his father died.

There was Darko, who creaked the door open in a nervous sweat. He introduced us to Jasna, his girlfriend. Their palms seemed a bit too hot upon handshaking. . . . Ivan stood on the street corners, where we found him, bearded and barefoot, pirouetting like a dancing Moses. . . . Zvonko locked himself in his room, alternately strumming his guitar and painting forests with ghostly faces in the foliage. On the surface his strange lifestyle looked like imprisonment, or at least seclusion. To me it almost looked like freedom. . . . Branka, the old bread lady listened to us on the same park bench, cackling

under a warm coat of pigeons. "*Grubi smo*," she'd tell us. "We're all so coarse." Jordan and Rade, gypsies, sat cross-legged under the trees before we came to teach them, singing Arabesque odes to women and God.

And Žarko Kumičić, the hard-line mayor of Trnje, unshaven and in his undershirt, whittled at onions, chain-smoked, and listened to us between outbursts of history and tirades of nationalistic propaganda. In a fit of nostalgia, I recently told my Croatian friend Mladen that Žarko was a good man. "And he could even be better" was his mild reply.

4 June: A hundred-year-old lady let us in after a sorry stretch of illegal tracting. She was a widow, typically dressed in black, but tonight she was all toothless smiles and laughter. Said the only book she could read was her Catholic prayer book with its enormous print, wouldn't take a Book of Mormon, and wouldn't let us leave without giving us 100,000 dinars.

We had our methods of escape, though. Sometimes we'd just go up on the old city wall, crack chestnuts, and talk about the NBA. Sometimes we'd walk along the Sava River, following the barges with our eyes as we imagined the ecstasy of sailing away. Even now when I long for escape, I still remember a single light atop a high tower on Tkalčićeva street in Zagreb. What was this thing about refuge? Escape? It must have had something to do with the formidability of our task. Sometimes all we could do was look at the sky and search for some kind of connection with the rest of the world.

5 June: This is the kingdom, the Yugoslav sector of Zion. Someday this country will be converted. Zion will fill the earth.

One of our most blatant assertions of Mormonism was conducting a funeral service in a land where funeral traditions were of grave seriousness. The deceased was Stanko Vuković, a man who had converted in Paris, then spent the rest of his days dying in Zagreb. Three traditions made this funeral particularly Mormon: our branch president's speech on eternal life just before Stanko was lowered, our dedication of the grave, and our smiling faces.

Still present, however, were the pale, sallow Catholics; the comically sad, lumbering music of the death march; and Stanko's grieving wife, Jagoda, dressed all in crow-black. I thought of Cousin Carl's funeral way back when and shook my head over the sheer Mormonness of it all. Uncle Ted would give out candy to the children at the graveside while Cousin Robert laughed boisterously over anything but the jaws of death, always in the distance.

20 June: I already miss the place. . . . I miss the crows. . . .

At least I miss that particular image of whatever the crows symbolized. Where did they come from, and what brings them back? Out-

side on the balcony at night, you could lose yourself in the Milky Way when summer came. You could find genuine inspiration in the simple sky. What happened? Sometimes I read my journal with its bold and naive statements: *Milan* (a man we drank Coke with at a cafe) *will recognize truth someday; Aleksander* (where is he now?) *beamed when he read the promise; Svetlana* (one of our members—AWOL again) *says she'll speak on Sunday.* . . . and I draw no conclusions.

Drinking, and Flirting with the Mormon Church

Marian Nelson

I STARTED DRINKING IN HIGH SCHOOL. I love to push the limits, and hearing that something was prohibited enticed me to go after it. Being both devious and smart, I indulged in forbidden behavior without my parents knowing. Drugs didn't tempt me then because they weren't available. Guys would take me to little beer joints just outside of town, and we would dance, drink beer, and smoke cigarettes. In Salt Lake City in 1950 that was wicked enough.

When I was eighteen, I married a jack-Mormon, like me; perhaps we were a good match because neither of us followed the Word of Wisdom. We found many others like us, and that reinforced our flaunting of the Church. One time we lived in a neighborhood in Orem, Utah, where the Church was trying to raise money to build a new meetinghouse. The bishop gave each family a few dollars and told us to follow the parable of the talents and let the money generate more funds for the building.

Some families bought flour, sugar, and eggs and baked cookies or bread to sell to their neighbors. Others bought cloth and made aprons. In my neighborhood we pooled the money from the bishop, bought a Texas fifth of whiskey, and sold raffle tickets with the whiskey as the prize. We turned in more money than any of the others in the ward. We thought we were very clever until the ward clerk called several of

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us wives in to see the bishop. I had the first appointment and felt sick at heart as my judgement hour arrived. I went into his office and sat stiffly in the hard chair. He asked if I would be the accompanist for Primary. I was so relieved, I accepted the calling.

All my adult life I flirted with the Church. Sometimes I was drawn to the love expressed through caring members. Sometimes I felt the peace of the gospel. Then friends would say, "Let's party!" and I was easily lured away again. My excursions into Mormondom neither helped nor hindered my faltering marriage. Ironically, one of the reasons I divorced my husband was that he began drinking excessively. Hindsight tells me that my wantonness before marriage turned to coldness afterward and drove him to alcohol.

At thirty-five I was suddenly single; single with five children aged nine to seventeen. When I started dating again, I became dependent on alcohol for a good time. Although I rarely attended church meetings, I kept up a pretense of sobriety for the sake of my children. I sent them to church, therefore many of their friends were Mormon. My children would have been embarrassed if their friends had been aware of my drinking.

When we lived in Scottsdale, Arizona, my friend Patricia and I began attending night Relief Society. After a few months we started going to a nearby bar to dance instead. We had a lot more fun drinking and slow dancing with good-looking guys than sitting in Relief Society being taught about Chinese opera. When my children became adults, they told me they knew back then what I was doing; they told me they knew and that they worried. I worried about them also, especially when they were teenagers. But I didn't worry enough to change. I loved to party with my drinking buddies. I would often stay out until all hours of the night and invent excuses to tell my children.

The bishop visited my home once. My children explained to him that their mother was gone for the weekend to Las Vegas with a friend. When I returned, he called me into his office for a talk. Although I considered what I did none of his business, I did go talk with him. He shamed me by telling me the effect I was having on my children. That hurt. For a while my bishop and I tried to deal with my transgressions. I cannot recall my motivations, or whether I was sincere, yet I recall the look on his face and his comment after our last session. He said he usually had a good feeling when someone confessed their sins, but he didn't have that feeling with me. He looked troubled, with good reason, for I was soon back to lies and drinking—and sins worse than drinking.

When my children married or left for college, I solved the "empty nest" problem by packing up and moving to Marina del Rey, California.

I was on my own for the first time in my life. I chose to live in a singles complex, where drugs of every sort were the norm. I got caught up in that scene with a passion, and only my abhorrence for needles stopped me from experimenting with the hard stuff that was readily available.

I came home from a business trip to Seattle one warm day in January to find a party going on in my apartment. About twenty-five people were crowded into the small one-bedroom place. They were drinking champagne, eating caviar on stone-ground wheat crackers with a squeeze of lemon, and snorting cocaine. The cocaine was carefully measured out in lines on a mirror placed on the kitchen table. I took a glass of champagne and sat at the table waiting my turn. Later I went toward the bathroom, and my roommate said, "Don't go in there." The door was slightly ajar, so I ignored him.

A young woman was seated on the closed toilet lid with a bright red scarf wound tightly about her upper arm. She held her arm palm up, and in the crook of her elbow the vein bulged dark blue. A guy inserted a needle into the vein and slowly pushed the liquid into her arm. I watched, fascinated: the pulsing vein, the liquid draining ever-so-slowly into her arm, the euphoric look on her face as she drifted into some heavenly, sweet place. Although I was stoned, I said "no" when offered a hit of heroin. I was intrigued by the place where the young woman seemed to go, but I didn't want anything to do with a needle. The next morning I cleaned away the dried blood splattered around the bathroom.

After several years in Marina del Rey, I moved to Dallas, perhaps for a better job, or to get away from the traffic and pollution of California, or maybe I was tired of life in the fast lane. Unfortunately, moving to Texas didn't slow me down. I remember reading a quiz about alcoholism in the local newspaper. According to the writers, if your score summed 100 or more, you were probably an alcoholic. My score was 205. I didn't drink daily, and I was able to function in my profession despite my use of alcohol, but I fit into most of the categories. When I did drink, I always overindulged.

The quiz disturbed me. I had never put a label on my drinking. I lived by myself and didn't have to answer to anyone. The article said that many people drink to bolster their self-esteem, to feel socially acceptable. I saw that in myself. Although I was a successful manager of computer projects, and confident in the business world, I didn't have social confidence. Before going out dancing or to a party, I would drink a few beers or smoke some pot at home to get "loosened up."

There was another reason for my drinking. I purposely drank enough to put my conscience to sleep. For example, at a company

party I met the wife of a man who worked with me. I wondered if she had figured out why he wasn't in his room at five in the morning when she called, when he and I were on a business trip together in New York. As I talked with her at the party, I wondered, with a pang of guilt, what my involvement with her husband might be doing to their marriage. However, the next time he called, I watered down the guilt with a few glasses of wine and kept ignoring his marital status.

I often heard a voice within me say I was doing things I shouldn't, but I anesthetized myself to drown out the warnings. That's not to say I considered the seriousness of my moral transgressions; I had completely turned my back on the Church. My records still caught up with me sooner or later each time I moved, and I became adept at handling telephone calls from the Relief Society president or home teachers. I told them I appreciated the concern and would certainly call if ever I needed them. I never did call.

Once I wanted to go to church. On a sunny December day in Dallas, I received a Christmas card that showed snow falling in a little village. In the picture warm light glowed from the windows of an old steepled church. From somewhere deep inside me there arose a nostalgic longing to sing "Silent Night." One Sunday before Christmas, I went to a nearby Mormon chapel. I enjoyed singing carols during the sacrament meeting, but then I made the mistake of going into Relief Society. The very pregnant teacher was talking about journals. She had stacks of elaborate albums, journals, and books of remembrance and said how important it was to write daily. She even suggested that the ladies start a journal for a child while it was still in the womb, describing such things as the feeling when it kicked! In my mind I can still see the scrapbook, covered with a blue quilt-like fabric with lace around the edges. I wondered if next she would show us how to put in the results of the rabbit test with her hot-glue gun. I thought, good grief what will they think up next? I wondered why the Mormon church asked so much of its people. I got out of there as soon as I could and vowed never to go back.

Although I didn't give much thought to the moral reasons to stop drinking, I often thought about the practical ones. Every time I got intoxicated (at least once a week), I suffered excruciatingly painful headaches. I also felt deathly ill in other ways, sometimes throwing up violently. The headaches scared me; several times I even reached for the telephone to call the paramedics, convinced I was going to die.

I thought I was killing myself. And if the headaches didn't kill me, I figured the driving would. I'd be out drinking, and people would offer to drive me home. They would plead with me to let them drive; but no, I insisted I was perfectly capable of driving. Sometimes I had

no idea how I got home, no recollection at all. Many nights I got confused on the way home and ended up in Frisco, Texas, miles north of Dallas.

One time I drove home, very drunk, and came to the place in the road, about three miles from my destination, where the sign says RIGHT LANE, RIGHT TURN ONLY. I was in the right lane, ignored the sign, and went straight ahead across the intersection. My car sailed into a culvert, bounced down onto a cement block, and then lurched onto the parking lot of the 7-Eleven store. I got out of the car, unhurt. I laughed. Even the blown-out tire seemed funny to me. I got back into my broken Honda and drove home. The car tried to die on me, but I kept urging it on because I needed to go to the bathroom. To keep the car going, I drove the last mile or two in low gear.

My hangover the next day got even worse when I discovered that the oil pan had been knocked off in the accident: I had driven home with no oil. The motor was completely burned out. That little episode cost me three thousand dollars. When sober enough to think about it, I realized I got off cheap. I could have been killed, or killed someone else. I thought of the many times I had driven while intoxicated or stoned and felt fortunate I hadn't killed someone or been picked up by the police for driving under the influence. But still I didn't stop. I worried I would die from the headaches or kill myself in an accident, but I couldn't give up drinking. Sometimes I gave it a half-hearted try but was too weak to leave booze and drugs alone. It was going to take a miracle to save me from myself.

In December of 1985 I went to Flagstaff, Arizona, to spend Christmas with my twenty-six-year-old daughter, Nancy. The day after Christmas she wanted to show me the beautiful sunset in the national forest behind the towering San Francisco peaks. Four of us piled into her little Honda Civic: Nancy, her friend Kathy, my two-year-old granddaughter, Leah, and me. We planned on arriving behind the peaks as the sun was going down, and our timing was perfect. We drove about six miles on the unplowed forest service road. There were tracks to follow because people had been there before Christmas to cut trees. That day there were no other vehicles out there in the biting cold. People were snug at home enjoying their Christmas trees and a roaring blaze in the fireplace.

The Honda was going along like a hydroplane because it was so close to the ground and the truck tracks we were following went deep into the snow. Nancy had a hard time keeping the car in the tracks. Finally, she lost control, and the car plowed into a snowbank. Nancy pushed on the gas pedal, but the wheels only spun. We put branches under the tires and pushed and pulled but could not get the car to

budge. Nancy said we would have to hike to the highway. She figured it was about three miles ahead. I already felt chilled in the bitter cold, even though I was dressed warmly and had boots. Leah had on a snowsuit, but Nancy and Kathy had only canvas shoes and light denim jackets.

Nancy hoisted Leah onto her shoulders. We started walking. The snow was about eighteen inches deep and crusted on top. I would step and sink, step and sink, step and sink. We hadn't gone far when the truck tracks we were following ended, but Nancy insisted she knew the way. After going about a hundred feet further, my heart began to thump, and my breathing was very labored. I told Nancy I couldn't go on. I didn't even walk in Dallas, where the elevation was not seven thousand feet, and the temperature was not thirty degrees with eighteen inches of snow on the ground.

Nancy reminded me it was too cold to wait all night, and no one knew we were out there. She said nobody would be along that way for days—to hike out was our only hope. I asked Nancy to let Leah stay with me in the car while she and Kathy went to the highway. Nancy wouldn't hear of it. She said that she got Leah into this and she had to get her out. So I went back to the car by myself to wait for them to bring help. Soon I could no longer see them.

The fear gnawing in my stomach violated my peaceful surroundings. The silent woods were like a cathedral to me. Pine trees were thick off to the right, and to the left I could see the purple silhouette of the San Francisco peaks rising in the distance beyond a snow-covered meadow. The full moon gave a soft glow to the meadow and to the snow hugging the boughs of the pine trees. There was not a sound. I became a frightened, silent part of that still, white universe.

Then off in the distance, from the direction where Nancy had gone, I heard a coyote howling. I pictured Nancy fighting off a snarling coyote to save Leah. Cold tears filled my eyes; I felt helpless. After a few hushed minutes, I stepped out of the car, looked up at the moonlit sky, and said, "Hi God, remember me?"

I didn't know how to pray. I didn't even know if someone was up there. But it was worth a chance; I had to do something to help Nancy. I asked this God, whom I didn't even know, if he could help them. I thought I would have to pay something for his help, kind of make a bargain with him. I said if he would help them I would . . . I would . . . I would go to church! It occurred to me I ought not make any promises I had no intention of keeping, so I told the God up in the sky that if he would help Nancy, I would go to church for one month—four times.

I didn't feel any instant comfort, no warm peace inside I have heard other people describe. I didn't hear any bells ringing in my forest

cathedral, and I didn't repeat my plea, although I sat there for hours waiting and worrying. Much later I saw car lights off in the distance, and soon Nancy's friends had the Honda out of its snow trap. I didn't offer up any thanks as we drove back to Flagstaff; I laughed and told Nancy what the rescue was going to cost me—four times at church.

The first Sunday in January, back in Dallas, I thought about my bargain. I had convinced myself that Nancy, Kathy, and Leah made the trek through the forest safely because they were in good physical condition, and the full moon lighted the way. But a part of me said that I had made a promise and should keep it. I debated with myself aloud and finally, just to shut myself up, I called to find the meeting time, put on my burgundy wool suit, drove to the chapel on Meandering Way, and marched myself into the building.

Each week I counted: one down, three to go; two down, two to go; until I reached the fourth Sunday. The first week I sat on the very back row, my arms folded across my chest, ready to bolt for the door the minute the last amen was uttered. I felt something that first Sunday, but I didn't want to feel it. I worked hard to deny it. The people were friendly, seemed genuinely happy to see me there, but I was not going to get involved. Four Sundays, and that would be the end of it. But my home teacher saw me—I have no idea how he recognized me. He suggested I would enjoy the Sunday School class because they were studying the Old Testament. I thought that very amusing, yet went the next Sunday, maybe out of curiosity. The class was in the Relief Society room, and I had to move pretty fast to get out of there before all those horribly nice ladies were all over me trying to get me to stay.

I experienced a touch of sadness as I sat in sacrament meeting for the fourth and last time. However, I was glad my little bargain with God was finished. Four down and none to go. And yet on the fifth Sunday, I went to church.

During the first few months of church-going, my lifestyle didn't change; I wasn't exactly acting like an angel. Then gradually I became uneasy with what I was doing and entertained the idea of changing. One Sunday in June my home teacher cornered me at church and invited me to attend a temple preparation seminar. He said a group would meet each Sunday evening, and one of the High Priests would give the lesson in his own home. I told him he was pushing too far this time, that he had the wrong girl, that I had no desire whatsoever to go to the temple, never had, never would, no, no, no! I thought I spoke clearly, but he didn't seem to understand. He told me to think about it and he would come and get me later that night for the first lesson at his home.

At seven o'clock his wife rang my doorbell and then drove me to their home. It was decorated in warm pastel colors of yellow, pink, and blue, yet I felt cold and uncomfortable. The lesson my home teacher presented was about our acceptance of God the Father and his Son Jesus Christ. I was interested, but when he asked if I really believed that Heavenly Father answered my prayers, I had to say I didn't know; I had read that he did, maybe wanted to believe it, but I just didn't know. He asked what I knew about Christ's atonement. I answered: "Jesus died that we might live." That's all I knew.

After a couple of sessions, my home teacher suggested I read some passages in the Book of Mormon. The writer warned, "I beseech of you that ye do not procrastinate the day of your repentance . . . for that same spirit which doth possess your bodies at the time that ye go out of this life, that same spirit will have power to possess your body in that eternal world," and he said that the devil would "seal you his" (Alma 34:33-35). I had considered myself close to death many times in the past few years. What would it be like to live as I had been living, for an eternity? The enormity of my sins started to frighten me. I began to pray earnestly.

The fifth Sunday we met at the home of an airline pilot. When I walked in the door, I thought this must be what heaven is like, all spacious and light, all white, light blue, and pale peach. It surprised me that this time I didn't feel out of place. When our host appeared, I was shocked to see that his face was beet red and covered with burn salve. He explained that driving home from the airport that day, he had had car trouble. When he looked under the hood, the battery exploded, severely burning his arm and face. He asked my home teacher to give him a blessing.

The pilot sat in a straight-backed chair; another man anointed his head with consecrated oil, and then he and my home teacher placed their hands upon the pilot's head. We bowed our heads and closed our eyes. While my home teacher was speaking the blessing, I felt a shiver run through my body. I began to weep. I opened my eyes for a few moments, expecting to see a glow around the three men, or a bright light fill the room. I saw nothing out of the ordinary—but I sensed a change. I felt the power of Christ and the power of the priesthood come into the room. Tears ran down my cheeks as I experienced, perhaps for the first time, Christ's love for us, his ability to heal us.

But the stubborn part of me was still fighting. Later that night when asked, "Have you determined to serve Jesus Christ to the end of your life?" I answered, "That's a long time; I want to be very sure before committing." But the experience caused me to feel something

that was most difficult to deny. Perhaps I could change, could believe in the healing as the pilot believed. I felt hope.

The next Sunday night, however, I was jolted out of my complacency. The subject of the lesson was obedience to the Lord's commandments, and when the law of chastity was discussed, I got a sick feeling in my gut. The man giving the lesson said immorality was a sin next in seriousness to murder. I suppose I had heard that before, but never with the impact it had that night. I couldn't look anyone in the eyes the rest of the evening. I realized the horrible condition of my soul. It didn't take me long to figure out that I wasn't heading for the temple, but rather toward some serious repenting. For the first time, I knew how much I needed Christ's atonement.

I began to pray, really pray, knowing I sorely needed help from my God and from Jesus. Now I knew what had happened that cold moonlit night by the San Francisco peaks when I said, "Hi God, remember me?" He was there, and Christ was there—reaching out to me.

I asked my home teacher to tell me more about Christ's atonement. He explained that Christ experienced all of our sins, as he knelt and prayed to his Father in Gethsemane. I felt so ashamed. He suggested I read Christ's own words. I read Christ's account of trembling because of pain, bleeding at every pore and suffering both body and spirit. I realized, with exquisite pain of my own, that it was my years and years of ugly sins that were heaped upon Christ in Gethsemane. I caused his pain. I caused the bleeding and the agony. I ached to go back and change what I had done. I wanted to spare him from all the horror. And I couldn't. All I could do was say, I'm so sorry—I'm so sorry. I knew then I would rather die than place one more sin upon Christ's shoulders. I quit the drinking, and the drugs, and the sleeping around.

When the eight-week temple preparation seminar ended, I went to the seashore at Padre Island off Corpus Christi, where I could be alone for a week. I needed to know that Christ had forgiven me. I found a quiet spot along the shore and walked inland, up the side of a barren sand dune. I saw a secluded crater completely surrounded by hills of white sand. I walked down into the crater and knelt on the hot sand and prayed. I wanted some manifestation that my repentance was accepted. Nothing happened. I felt foolish kneeling there in the glaring sun. I walked away from the sand dune into the surf.

Day after day—in the morning, in the heat of the day, late at night—I walked barefoot along the surf, letting my past course through my memory to exorcise the evil. I knew I would have to confess all those years of sins to my stake president. I recoiled at the thought of telling him those incidents. I wept with shame. I waded further out

into the surf, praying vocally and singing loudly, "Come unto Jesus, he'll ever heed you though in the darkness you've gone astray," and "I stand all amazed at the love Jesus offers me." The surf drowned out my off-key voice. I listened to hear him say I was forgiven. I prayed and pleaded and read the scriptures and sang the songs over and over that week and waited for something miraculous to happen. No bolt of lightening came, no instant peace flooded my soul; I didn't feel any warm glow within my breast. I was devastated.

Toward the end of the week I noticed how beautiful the sky was, particularly when the sun set. The rosy hue of the clouds met the blue of the sky, and I would sit on the sand and watch until the last reflection in the water faded away. I pictured God up there, watching me. I wondered why he didn't talk to me. I also wondered why the sky wasn't so beautiful in Dallas as in Corpus Christi. When I went home to Dallas, to face the ordeal of the confession, I was amazed to see the sunsets were just as fine there. Why hadn't I noticed before?

I met with the stake president many times, in his office and at his home. He counseled me and prepared me for my confession. His wife opened the door on the appointed night, and I told him that I felt I was defiling his home to even mention my past. He assured me everything would be all right, and after we knelt in prayer, I found the courage to tell him all. I recited my transgressions as best I could, not in explicit detail, but not whitewashing anything either. We both wept. We prayed again.

Because of the gravity of the sins and the many years they had continued, my stake president convened a High Council court. On a gloomy, rainy Sunday morning, I was ushered into the room where the twelve councilmen and the stake presidency sat around a conference table. I felt ashamed. After the stake president told the gentlemen the nature of my transgressions, they asked if I wanted to say anything. I told them, with tears streaming down my face, that when he recited my sins they didn't sound nearly as horrid as they should. I expected to see distaste on their faces; instead I saw love. I felt love and concern radiating out from them to me.

I waited in a small room for their verdict; the stake president and his counselors were in another room praying about the decision, which they would then take to the High Council for confirmation. I also prayed. I prayed most fervently. Did I kneel? I don't remember. But I remember how earnestly I wanted to be excommunicated so I could be baptized again. I needed to be baptized. I had read so many scriptures that said, "Repent and be baptized." I was afraid that because they could see I had repented—had changed—they would just gently

slap my hand and tell me to sin no more. I wept and prayed and pleaded that they would excommunicate me.

When we were back in the High Council room, the stake president told me their decision was excommunication. I thanked them from the depths of my heart. I doubt if I will ever again feel such an outpouring of hope and love as I experienced in that room that Sunday morning. When I walked out of the building, the sun was breaking through the clouds, and I thought it had come out to celebrate my joy.

I was baptized again. All my sins were washed away; I became clean and pure. Gradually, seeping into my bones, came the knowledge I had been heard—even at the seashore—and I was forgiven. Now all I have to do is forgive myself.

Berries, Babies, and Santa Claus
(from a collection of Mostly True Stories)

Joleen Ashman Robison

MY COUSIN CHARLES CHOMPED DOWN handfuls of the red honeysuckle berries that my parents said were poison. And he didn't die. No, sir—ee. He grinned, the little seeds clinging to his gums, and said, "Don't believe even half of what your parents tell ya."

The summer of our eighth birthdays we spent afternoons in Grandpa Anderson's apple tree having deep discussions while eating green apples or throwing them at whatever hit our fancy. In addition to telling me that honeysuckle berries have no poison, Charles told me how babies are made and about Santa Claus. Although only eighteen days older than I, Charles had light years more knowledge.

At night I'd lie in bed pondering the afternoon's discussions and wondering. Did Charles speak the truth? One indisputable point was that he didn't die from eating the berries my parents told me never to put in my mouth or I would drop dead on the spot. And for several years I'd had a strong suspicion babies didn't come from Dr. Evan's black bag.

The Santa part was what caused me to question Charles' knowledge of everything true or untrue. After all, I'd seen Santa with my own brown eyes. How could I deny that experience? I knew it. And Santa knew I knew it.

Christmas Eve when I was five years old, I sat whining while my mother tried to untangle my wet hair with a metal bristled hairbrush. It was late and we expected no one that night, so the stomping on the

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front wood porch startled us. Mother and I looked at each other quizzically and a bit fearfully. Suddenly the front door flew open, and Santa Claus stood before us. I remember it as though the scene were frozen for all eternity.

I sat on a green metal stool in the kitchen facing the living room lighted only by bubble lights from the Christmas tree. My mother stood behind me patiently twisting my paintbrush straight bangs onto a curler.

Santa Claus took three big steps through the living room, stood in the light of the kitchen, and said, "Little girl, you'd better get to bed or I can't bring you any toys."

I sat with my mouth open, unable to utter a word, wet hair dripping onto the towel wrapped around my shoulders. Santa handed me a tiny brown bag filled with candy and peanuts in the shell. My hand shook as I reached to take the sack. Then he turned, with his back to us, walked across to the front room to the door, and went out. Very faint and far away I could hear the bells on his flying sleigh long after he shut the door.

For a second or two, I stared at the melted snow left by his black boots. I hopped off the stool, felt the cold water with my bare toes, then climbed back on the stool and said, "Hurry, Mom. Do my hair or I won't get any presents."

From that day forth when classmates pooh-poohed Santa, I smugly listened and grinned. I knew. It didn't matter how unfeasible the Santa Claus business was. Santa did exist because I'd seen him with my very eyes and felt the cold melted snow from his boots with my bare toes.

I could hear all the logic in the world. I heard of presents hid under beds appearing under the tree on Christmas morn. I even saw a red suit and fur beard in Mary Ellen's father's underwear drawer. But no one could convince me there was no such thing as Santa Claus.

That was until the summer we were eight and Charles came to stay with Uncle Parker and Aunt Vinnie. My mother said Charles' parents had separated, whatever that meant, and he'd come to spend the entire summer in Fillmore. The news about honeysuckle berries and the information about how babies were made caused me to question my parent's honesty and their good sense. But the Santa Claus issue was what caused my faith to falter.

After many arguments in the apple tree that summer, Charles said to me one afternoon, "If you don't believe what I say, go and ask your parents." He suggested I find a time that evening when I could have their undivided attention and ask them about the berries, babies, and Santa Claus.

After storytime the moment arrived. I'd brushed my teeth, put on my nightie, and lay in bed with the sheet pulled up tight around my

chin when they walked into the room. Before they could kiss me goodnight, I began. "Mom, Dad . . . "

"Yes?" They sat on the bed smiling sweetly down at me, unaware of what was to come.

I wanted to make things as simple as possible for them. All I needed was a yes or no. "Are honeysuckle berries poison?"

My mother's face became unfamiliar. She said, "Joleen, just do what we say. Don't eat the berries."

I propped myself up and said, "Well, they don't hurt Charles because he eats them all the time, and he says the only problem is they give you the trots."

My dad sounded peeved. "If it's such a big deal, go ahead and eat the damn things. Just remember while you're sitting on the pot, we preferred that you didn't."

If they'd lied all these years, I had to hear with my own ears, so I pressed on. "Are they poison or not?"

After a few seconds' hesitation, my mother acknowledged the truth. "They aren't poison."

With that settled, I looked them in the eye again and said, "Now about babies—how are they made, and how do they get here?" I began to wonder if admitting the honeysuckle berry lie had struck them dumb. Neither spoke. I continued, "Dr. Evan's bag has nothing to do with making or having babies, does it?"

Both started to talk at once—Mom in her nervous, hurried voice and Dad in his gruff, this-is-serious voice. After several stops and starts, they admitted babies didn't come from the doctor's bag. How they are made and where they come from was as repulsive as Charles said.

Now for the important issue. I lay board-stiff in bed and took a deep breath. With their record for truth, I dreaded the answer to what I must ask. "I want to know the truth. What about Santa Claus? You know I did see him."

My parents looked at each other, winked, and began laughing in each others' arms. Amid gales of laughter, I picked up something about Santa and Grandpa Anderson.

The truth slowly settled over me. I stared in disbelief. "Damn." I jumped out of bed, stomped down the hall, tears streaming down my face, and ran outside. Standing barefoot on the grass, I raised my arms to the stars and screamed to all the universe, "This means Charles is right."

How could I ever believe in anything again?

FICTION

Apple Indian

Michael Fillerup

SHE RARELY BLEW HER COOL and never ever swore, but—"Dammit! Hell!"

The metal stirring spoon rebounded off the sink and took a bite out of the kitchen wall.

The real Tracy Sequaptewa?

She glared at the digital clock on the microwave and almost swore again. The meeting started at seven sharp. As program director, she should be there by six-thirty. *Frances* would be there. Frances would be there at six-fifteen. She was probably there now, rearranging tables and chairs, setting up the coffee pot, waiting by the door to greet the other Indian parents, shaking their hands like a log cabin politician.

Tracy retrieved the spoon and dropped it in the sink. She still had to shower, get dressed, and finish the cake. It was baked, cooling on the formica counter, but she still had to ice it.

Cake. Coffee. Punch. Why not just skip refreshments this time? The parents could survive one meeting without a sugar fix. Judging by their figures, they'd be better off.

She gave her waistband a tug. *Et tu*, Tracy?

Dividing the flowered window curtain with her hand, she peeked outside. Still foggy. Gray. The winter void. Leave it to Frances to call a meeting the night before a three-day weekend. Did she just want to rub her nose in it? Tracy gazed across the houndstooth check of dark pines and white rooftops to the southern fringes where the tall cylinders of the lumber mill puffed majestically along the skyline, thickening the fog. The effect was arctic, a strangely cold beauty that made the faint black hairs on her forearms stiffen.

Icing. She snipped open a package with scissors, emptied the pink powder into a Tupperware bowl, and added exactly three-quarters of a cup of water, stirring with quick, methodic strokes. As the mixture

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began to thicken, she released the spoon and watched, a little contemptuously, as it sank into the pink vortex. Tracy the perfectionist. Brad had said it only once, in fun, after making midnight love, laughing extra loudly to assure her he was only joking—which he was, she had supposed, at the time—but still: "Tracy, you're too damn white!"

He was absolutely right and absolutely wrong. And she knew it.

So did Mrs. Brody, her matronly supervisor. At her job interview a year ago: "Tracy, we think you'd be perfect for the position. We know *you* know what we expect from the program."

Of course. To assimilate, to whitewash. To turn the Indian students into football players and cheerleaders, respectable citizens.

"And you know the people. You know the culture."

This was nonsense. But it was a real job—finally! A foot in the door. Indian Program Director.

She picked up the spoon and resumed stirring—a few swift strokes clockwise, then counterclockwise, switching sporadically, occasionally withdrawing the spoon and plunging it back into the thick pink swirl, slapping at it. Angrily. With heat. Bitterly recalling her very first interview, almost twenty years ago, when she was a newlywed with a teaching certificate plus fifteen hours towards her master's and the beginnings of a baby in her belly. Mrs. Brody, who even then seemed to have been around since the dinosaur age, eyeing her maternally and condescendingly: this pleasant little Indian girl with the Prince Valiant bangs and the chocolate chip eyes, sitting with her knees properly touching.

She had praised Tracy's credentials, her composure, her insightful responses to each question. Tracy vaguely recalled a hundred compliments. But only her closing counsel still echoed loud and clear: "We'd like to have you in our school district, Tracy, we really would. But what I *really* think you ought to do is go back to the reservation and get some teaching experience. *Then* come back and see us."

She had almost laughed—a painful laugh. Back to the reservation? She had never been there. Not really.

This was her sad history: she had been raised by an old woman she knew simply as "Auntie," in a wooden shack tucked away in a cove of cottonwood trees at the edge of a wash miles from the mesas of her forefathers. She was called "Sequaptewa," a Hopi name, but it may as well have been Navajo—Benally, Yazzie, Deswood. She was half one, half the other. Half-breed Indian.

As far back as she could recall, the missionaries had been there: tall young men with pale hair, pale eyes, pale faces. Everything bleached out and colorless. Ice People, except they wore dark suits and white shirts and walked from shack to shack smiling and shaking hands.

They carried big books in black cases they unzipped—zzzzzip! She could still hear the sound. They gave her sticks of Wrigley's chewing gum and smiled and called her "Sister Sequaptewa." When she was eight, Auntie told her she would be going away to school. It was better that way, Auntie said. Auntie was getting too old now; her hands were weak and tired and her eyes were growing frost. Tracy cried at first; she cried all night before she left, and on the bus all the way across the desert. But before that the missionaries had to bury her underwater. She wore a heavy white robe and the missionaries smiled and spoke very softly, and they promised punch and cookies after.

Her Levis and sneakers and T-shirt and windbreaker were too dirty and smelly to wear in the big blue house in Woodland Hills. Brother and Sister Williams never said so, but Tracy could tell. They were as white as the moon, especially Brother Williams with his fat round face and shiny head. Mr. Moon Man, Tracy thought, and the name stuck in her mind. Sister Williams was a tall, soft woman with stiff, golden hair who smelled like flowers. She put her arm around Tracy and said you can call me Sister Williams or Doris or Mom, whatever feels most comfortable. At first Tracy answered with a nod or shook her head, although she could understand much more than she let on. It was safer that way.

There were two little boys with little moon faces, Lyle and Kyle, and a girl her age, a moon with a blond ponytail. They called her Debbie, and she wore shiny red shoes like Dorothy of Oz. (Tracy had seen the cover on the book at the public school; she knew more than she let on.)

Tracy had her very own bed in her very own room, and the house was always warm without even lighting a fire. And outside, everywhere she looked, it was green: grass, plants, funny-looking bushes, trees as tall as the mesas. A jungle. There were concrete and blacktop, too. No real dirt anywhere. And noise. It sounded like the desert wind always blowing, but you couldn't feel it in the air. From the hillside she could look down at pools of water the color of Auntie's squashblossom necklace, and the cars were long colored snakes crawling in all directions; and everything else was green or black or gray.

The next morning was Sunday, and everyone rushed around like when the trading post caught fire, except instead of water they sprayed the air with sickly sweet gas that made her hair stiff and sticky and Doris-Sister-Williams-Mom said here, Tracy, you can wear this. And it was a dress, soft and blue as the desert sky. After that she never wore her dirty, smelly clothes from home again.

Her stomach howled from hunger but they didn't eat until after church which was in a great big building, part wood, part brick, and

she had to tilt her head all the way back just to see the top and wondered if those lights in long wooden boxes ever fell down and would that one drop right on top of her, crash, squash! She'd better move, and she did. The benches were soft and padded, and the men all dressed like missionaries and the women all wore gold and silver on their ears and wrists and around their necks. And they smiled at her and asked Doris-Sister-Williams-Mom if this was the little Lamanite girl, and she smiled back and said yes. And they called her that, the "cute little Lamanite girl." And the name stuck.

Her stomach was still howling so loud she hoped the others couldn't hear how embarrassing, stop that stop that please, all through the song and the prayer and the song and the bread and water and the speakers and the song and the prayer and finally it was over and they went home but they still didn't eat for two more hours it seemed, and with the smell of meat cooking all through the house it was pure torture. They're starving me, she thought. They're going to starve me to death. And she started crying again.

Later she learned it was called Fast Sunday, even though it was painfully slow, and they did it every month. Every Sunday they went to church all day and Tracy never complained, no matter how long the meetings or how boring the speakers or how empty her little belly. She did exactly what she was told. At home, at church, at school.

And after a while she got used to it. And after a longer while she liked it. There was magic in the house: you turned a knob and there was fire; another, water. Hot. Cold. In-between. You pressed a button and little people came to life inside a box. The Idiot Box, Mark-Brother-Williams-Dad called it, but he watched it more than anyone.

At school she was slow at first, the teacher said, but she worked very very very hard, her tongue sticking out the side of her mouth as she tried to copy the letters exactly right, and Mrs. Toomey said she's slow, but she's a worker. Yes she is, she's definitely that, Doris-Sister-Williams-Mom said. So Tracy worked even harder even during recess and lunch and after school when Debbie was playing with her friends. Doris-Sister-Williams-Mom said Tracy's slow but she's a hard little worker, and one of these days yes sirree one of these days, you bet. . . .

Tracy got used to it. Then she liked it.

In June when she got on the bus to go home, she cried even harder than when she had left. Yes, she had missed Auntie. And the dances on the mesa. Riding horses in the wash. The smell of desert rain before it even fell, and the way the clouds came out of nowhere, smothering the sun. But she hadn't missed the shack with the wooden floor or the stench—everything had a stench now: fried potatoes, mutton, greasy bread. And she hadn't missed the outhouse or washing from a

tin basin, hauling firewood, hauling water, hauling everything you always had to haul. Hadn't missed at all the forever campfire smell on her clothes, in her hair, everywhere. Hadn't missed especially Charlie Boy the trader's son putting his hand on her narrow thigh, stroking it up and down and up and down, one hand on her thigh, the other between his legs, up and down and up and down, saying what a pretty girl such a pretty pretty little girl she was blossoming into, just like a pretty cactus flower.

One day she told the missionaries who told somebody who told somebody who told somebody, and after that she didn't go home anymore. Not for two more summers and then just to visit. Mark-Brother-Williams-Dad insisted. Don't you want to see your Auntie? You really ought to, don't you think?

Mark-Brother-Williams-Dad drove her across the hot desert in his air-conditioned station wagon, but she had forgotten everything. It looked so dry, dead, barren. She had learned about this place in Sunday School; the Dead Sea looked like this. A piece of Hell. Singed grass, rotting rocks. Everything cursed. Old. Wrinkled and rotting. Like Auntie's face. Her hands were knots and lumps, her fingers shriveled and curled like claws. When she motioned Tracy forward, holding out her droopy arms, Tracy's scalp prickled. Auntie's eyes were gone, the skin had grown tight over them, but she could still see everything. She smiled without teeth, her mouth a wound. Then she said something in her language, but Tracy shook her head. Auntie nodded grimly, as if a sad prophecy had come to pass. Mark-Brother-Williams-Dad prodded Tracy gently: Go on, talk to her. But Tracy had forgotten everything. Or pretended to. Go on. It's okay. Tracy stood between them, lost, confused, afraid. Then angry. Why had they brought her back here? They give, take away, give, take away, give, take away. Who's the Indian giver? She wanted to leave, get out, flee to her dry-wall utopia in southern California. Auntie's shack was depressing. Even swept clean it was dingy and dirty. Chicken wire covered the windows like jail bars. The wooden floor was warped, splitting, stained. With grease? Blood? Did Auntie butcher sheep in there? What was that awful stench? Rotting food. Rotting faces. She glared at the old mattress on the floor in the corner: this was where she had slept, with the bugs and lizards.

She looked at her shriveled old Auntie and felt like crying. This was my mother, she thought. And this is what happens to you here. Then she panicked. Was that why Mark-Brother-Williams-Dad had been so insistent? Had they grown tired of her and brought her back here to stay, where she belonged?

Tracy dashed outside. The sun stabbed her in the eyes, trying to drive her back in. She hid in a scraggly patch of shade. Where were the majestic pueblos she had seen in her history book? Here she saw plywood shacks and dented trailers, tin boxes squatting on cinderblocks. Orthopedic supports. The trading post looked diseased; it had leprosy. She could barely read the freckled red paint on the sign. Obese women with shawled shoulders tottered in and out. A man with a raisin face staggered up to her, breathing stink into her eyes. Another man was sprawled out unconscious, as if he had been shot in the back, pink goup gathering where his lips kissed the sand. More biblical images: "And they will lap up their own vomit."

She was only eleven, just a kid. And kids, especially that age, react spontaneously and hyperbolically to things. But still . . . what was the matter with her? Indians (*real* Indians) weren't supposed to feel this way. They were supposed to have deep connections with the Earth, with their roots, with family. That's what Mr. Margetts, her social studies teacher, had said.

Tracy had no family. Auntie was a stranger now, a grim memory. And then, during her fourth year on Placement (that's what they called it, "Placement") Brother and Sister Williams had started having "personal problems." So Tracy went to live with Brother and Sister Stockman, but in March there was a funeral for their oldest daughter, Saundra. After that, Tracy was transferred from home to home, family to family. But wherever she went, bad things always seemed to follow. Death, divorce, something. Tragedy, Tracy—were they cousins? She always felt somehow responsible. So she behaved herself. She followed every rule. She studied hard and earned A's. She did everything exactly right so nothing would go wrong.

"Isn't that right, Tracy?"

Yes, Mrs. Brody. Of course, Mrs. Brody.

Tracy split the curtain and peeked outside again. The sky seemed to have exploded. Swirling white flakes filled her window like a Pollock painting, padding piecemeal the streets and converting the town into a gingerbread village. Parked beside the curb, her aqua blue Honda Civic was a tarnished jewel, or a giant Easter egg speckled white. The naked aspens flanked it like stick soldiers raising anguished arms.

Usually energetic, tonight she felt like an invalid. She commanded herself to get busy, but nothing budged except her eyes. Textured walls and sculptured carpeting. It was nice, for an apartment, but compared to the four-bedroom home in Elk Run . . . a beehive existence. Communal living without the community. And so bland, generic. Like a motel room. That was partly her fault, partly Brad's. Three months and she was still living out of boxes, most of which she kept neatly

stacked in the spare bedroom. Out of sight, out of mind? No, unpacking meant permanence, defeat. Her penalty for naively signing a fatal prenuptial agreement eighteen years before it had become fashionable.

The white walls remained bald, faceless.

A thought struck her—oddly, because over the years the gap between her and her ancestors had widened to Grand Canyon proportions: they, too, had lived in apartment complexes—adobe cubicles skeletoned with sticks, fleshed out with mud sun-baked hard as concrete. What goes around comes around? Cooking over campfires, carrying water in clay pots, grinding corn stone to stone. A harsh, subservient existence. Who was she, Tracy Sequaptewa, to complain? She trudged into her bedroom, bewildered by these latent feelings.

Plopping down in front of her dresser, she started to unbutton her navy blue pantsuit—why not just wear it? This was another of Brad's criticisms: she was too neat, too well-dressed. Never a hair out of place. She plucked the brush from the dresser and pulled it crisply, angrily, through her perm, a wavy rococo affair she sometimes found satisfactory, other times ludicrous—a black-haired Bach? She smiled at the image. She had come that far at least. Humor was a recovery sign.

She quickly shed her clothing and slipped into the shower. The needling spray helped to perk her flesh and revive her drowsy will. She switched the nozzle to "gentle," and the warm water hummed across her face like old memories, pleasant at first: growing up in the suburbs with the Christensens, the DeWitts, the Ellsworths. Color blind, she had thought. Slumber parties, sock hops, stake dances, girls' softball. And she had always been one of them, had worn miniskirts and fishnet stockings and thought the Beatles were groovy. Then her junior year in high school, John Snyder, the All-Conference quarterback, had asked her to the prom. Why not? She was cute, she was smart, she was popular. Maybe a little too popular? A little too . . . ? She had floated around school for a week, not boasting, just happy, in an elated daze. And her friends? "That's . . . really neat, Tracy."

Mike Mickelsen, the transfer student from Sacramento, was less discrete. Outside the men's locker room, jawing with John: "Tracy See-squaw-twa? She's just a friggin' Indian! She's just a friggin' squaw!"

She had heard, coming around the corner from her gym class. Ducking back behind, her back pressed to the wall, the stucco bit the bare backs of her thighs like army ants. Waiting, listening—for what? A fight? A duel? Fisticuffs at two paces? Of course not. He didn't even . . . Nothing. She'd heard nothing.

Later, hiding in her shower stall as the happy chatter of the other girls echoed through the tile enclosure, she had rammed the heel of her hand into the spout on the metal soap box, forcing the liquid

lather into her palm and smearing it up and down her forearms, her fingernails clawing her flesh furiously, pathetically, as she had tried to remove the dirt, the stain. The curse. Because she had read the book before they had changed the words: the Lamanites were cursed with a dark and loathsome skin, yes, but if they repented and sinned no more, drank blood no more, murdered no more, they too would become white and delightsome like their brothers the Nephites. So people at church were always smiling at her. And Sister Halfred had remarked how Tracy's skin seemed to be getting lighter and lighter, smiling so approvingly. So pleased.

Tracy had prayed day and night; she had gone to all of her Sabbath meetings, had read the scriptures daily, had tried her very best never ever to take the Lord's name in vain; never used coffee, tea, alcohol or tobacco, and never ever let a boy touch her up here or down there or anywhere, really, that wasn't covered by a bathing suit—a *modest* bathing suit, just like Doris-Sister-Williams-Mom used to say. She bore her testimony every fast Sunday: I know this church is true, I love my foster mom and dad, I know Joseph Smith was a prophet. I know I know.

But it wasn't real until her first trip to the temple to do baptisms for the dead. She was twelve. The old people in white kept fussing over her, the cute little Lamanite girl. Only this time she felt truly special. She remembered standing waist-deep in the baptismal font that rested on the shoulders of twelve bronze oxen (she had counted to make sure), and the blue tile floor and how the tall man in the white robe dipped his hand in the water and pasted back her long black hair, smiling at her. His voice raced like an auctioneer's, and the water was so warm each time going under but cool waiting in between, and the heavy white robe stuck to her skinny body (was she showing, was she?), and the white-haired lady waited with a white towel, smiling like a proud grandmother. Tracy had felt so good, so wet and clean and pure. And later, in her pretty pink dress again, walking down the corridor, she saw the mural of young Joseph Smith in a forest of birches handing a black book to an Indian chief wearing a full feathered headdress. Then the puzzle had all come together. The missing pieces had magically fit. After that, reading the book, she could truly feel the words, could see the Savior scooping up the little children in his arms and beckoning to all: black, white, bond, free. Blessed are the meek, the maimed, the merciful, the persecuted. Love thy neighbor, love thine enemy, love and be loved.

After that it had been real, and she thought she couldn't, wouldn't ever deny it. When she got down on her knees and spoke to God, it seemed as if he were right there in the room with her, listening; it felt

like warm water pouring from the top of her head all the way down to her toes. Filling the void.

But that awful afternoon in the showers, noting with derision how much paler her forearms had in fact become, nine years free of the desert sun, she knew it made no difference. None at all. Sixteen and hardly been kissed, staring into the mirror as if for the first time following plastic surgery, beneath the Spiritline smile, the 3.97 G.P.A., the debate team captain, the student body vice-president, the National Honor Society recipient three years running, this was what she had seen: a friggin' Indian. A friggin' squaw.

That was an end and a beginning.

Her first year at UCLA they had tried to put her into dumbbell English. Sequaptewa? Hardly Mayflower material. She protested. They gave her a writing exam and placed her in the Honors Program. ("Quota kid," muttered a cocky white boy her first day in honors calculus.) Later she graduated summa cum laude. Her letters of recommendation could have lit up the L.A. Coliseum. She returned to Arizona, eager, optimistic.

Job interviews. Mrs. Brody, the owl-eyed matron. Her condescending concern: "Tracy, what I *really* think you ought to do is . . . "

Eighteen years of odd jobs, substitute teaching, night classes, piling up credentials and endorsements. Then the bulletin. "IMMEDIATE OPENING. Director of Indian Education. Indian preferred."

In retrospect, Tracy wondered if the posting should not have read "Apple Indian Preferred."

She patted her face, arms, and breasts with after-bath splash and gave herself a light powdering. Better—she felt better now. She pulled her pantyhose up the length of her legs. She liked the feel, snug and smooth, the suntanned look. More camouflage. Another mandatory. Squeezing into a scarlet dress—reds made her appear more formidable, the color analyst had said—she stepped back from the mirror for a three-quarter view. Hopeless! Her calves—gift from her people. If nothing else, they confirmed her tribal identity. She couldn't hide the banana bend without dressing like Miss Grundy. Sucking in her stomach, she laced a thick black belt around her waist and cinched it tight. Now, if she could just hold her breath all night. . . . Fashion, she thought bitterly.

The clock showed two minutes till. She really was going to be late this time. More ammo for Frances. And suppose she just didn't show? Just suppose? Mrs. Brody would call her into her office. She would grimace behind her big walnut desk. Tsk-tsk, Tracy. Shame on you! No, she would more than grimace. More than tsk-tsk. Tracy had assured her she would be there.

"And I trust you'll handle the situation appropriately . . . as usual."

Yes, Mrs. Brody.

"Oh, and Tracy—could you bring a light refreshment? A cake maybe. That would be nice."

By all means, Mrs. Brody.

Tracy smiled invidiously. The old matron would hang without her. She got hives whenever she got too close to red skin. Foreign colors. "I just don't know how to talk to those people," she had confessed over coffee one afternoon. "They stare at you with those hatchet faces, and I think they're either laughing inside or itching to scalp me."

Scalp you?

Rushing down the hall, telling herself not to, Tracy switched off the lights and put on her dark wool overcoat. Clutching the grocery bag of paper cups and napkins in one hand and balancing the cake on the other, she stepped out into the night. Aside from a few truant flakes, the snowfall had stopped. She thought she heard voices—like a choir singing a melancholy song. She paused on her doorstep to listen. Nothing. Maybe Brad was right. Maybe she was paranoid. Maybe she really was losing her marbles. A car cruised by, its tire chains thumping the snow-cushioned streets. A flake or two touched her cheek, like cool kisses. The smell of woodsmoke brought to mind happier times, her honeymoon at the El Tovar Lodge, sipping hot chocolate with Gerald in front of the fireplace. Her bishop had cautioned her against the marriage. Mixing blood was bad enough, but mixing beliefs was suicide. Remember what Paul told the Corinthians: "Be ye not unequally yoked together. . . . " No, there was nothing morally wrong with it, mixing blood or beliefs. But in his experience . . .

Maybe, but what was her alternative? Marry some jerky Mormon who's as intimidated by a woman with melange as he is by a woman with brains? Double-fault, double-suicide?

Bishop Fairchild didn't appreciate her attitude. Not one bit. But it was only the second time in her life that she had spoken out. And it wasn't as if she hadn't tried. Brett the pre-med returned missionary Eagle Scout Mr. Wonderful. He'd had everything but the guts to tell his mother no. It would break her heart, he said. What heart? The stodgy choir director trundled into sacrament meeting like a Sherman tank: Outa my way! Outa my way! A sneak preview of Mrs. Brody. She wanted a smiling little blond to complete the family portrait. Tracy would have been a smudge, a red-brown blotch on their celestial pedigree. No, she'd never come right out and said that, but close enough: "You're a very sweet girl, Tracy. We think the world of you—we really do, but . . . " What we really think you ought to do is go back to the reservation and mate with your own kind.

Was it an act of love, inspiration, or defiance that had finally compelled her and Gerald to see a justice of the peace?

Gerald. She could still picture perfectly the way his reddish-blond eyebrows would twist and squirm like fat caterpillars whenever he flashed his Howdy Doody smile. And he was always smiling, always up. Before Gerald, life had been duty and drudgery. An eternal checklist of do's and don'ts, yeas and nays. He had brought a little craziness into her life. Joy. "Leave it for tomorrow, Trace! Let's go surfing!" Surfing? In the middle of Arizona? "Come on!" And he would drive her out to the sand dunes, march her to the top, stand her on a sheet of plywood, and send her screaming riotously down. "Leave it for tomorrow!" he would say, as if tomorrow were a magical someone who would complete her tasks.

She could recall a few petty quarrels over sex (frequency, not quality) but, otherwise, it had been a good marriage. Yes, they had been student poor. They had lived in a dumpy little trailer park hedged with odorless oleanders, but for the first time in her life she had felt truly at home and part of a family.

That had lasted ten months, almost. While Gerald was working the late shift at the Circle K, some punk hood put a bullet in his chest because he refused to empty the cash register. Gerald the hero; Tracy the widow.

Shortly after that the boy had died. She knew it was a boy, and she knew he was dead. When the doctor finally cut her open, he was an "it," a shriveled little reddish-brown bald rabbit, strangled by the cord. Hers. She couldn't even do *that* right.

She had tried to do it right with Brad, but it had never worked. He used to tell her babies didn't matter, that they were a family, just the two of them. But he'd always throw that failure at her, in a heated moment. Just to stab and hurt.

Tracy had thought it was a strange God who finally gives you something just to take it away. Who's the Indian giver? One, two strikes, you're out. "If ye love me, keep my commandments." "Be ye perfect." Was this her reward for doing, or trying her very best to do, everything exactly right? She wanted to know why, but the women at church just said God works in mysterious ways. He knows best. Your baby's exalted now. He's in a much better, happier place. You'll be reunited in the hereafter—you and the baby, to raise up anew. And Gerald? God knows best. God will deal justly and mercifully. God loves all of his children. . . . They brought her casseroles and every possible cliché of comfort, but it was still her fault, her stupid rotten fault: If she hadn't married a nonmember. . . . A dead husband, a dead baby.

This was her eternal contract? Her one shot at happiness and she had blown it?

She wondered now: had it ever been real to her? Really real? She had been through all the programs, had earned the certificates and awards, had tried so hard to make it real, yet when the other sisters and her home teachers and even the bishop had tried to comfort her, nothing had soothed. They were like well-intentioned parents assuring her that, yes, there is a Santa Claus, yes, a Tooth Fairy too. But she was left feeling nothing but a deep, impossible grief. The bottomless void. She was a slab of flesh floating in limbo.

The phone rang. Well, let it! she thought, even as she slipped back inside with the cake and paper bag to answer it, missing by a ring. Mrs. Brody. It had to be. Are we running on Indian time? Her little jokes. Hurry, Tracy. We're waiting. The parents, Frances.

Frances! A Passamoquoddy from New York, chair—"chief" was more like it—of the Indian parent committee. They had first met at a private conference with Superintendent Brody her first week on the job, a year ago January. Frances had insisted. (Did she always get her way? *Always*? In all things?) Frances wanted to meet the new Indian Program director and discuss some other urgent business. Of course, with Frances everything was urgent. A crisis. "She's a six-foot stick of dynamite," Mrs. Brody had forewarned. "Don't let her intimidate you. And believe you me she'll try!"

Frances had swept into the board room ten minutes late, a double-jointed jangle of arms and legs. Like a spastic stork, Tracy had thought. Or a three-legged giraffe. A long-sleeved pullover sheathed Frances' matchstick arms, and baggy brown corduroys added an illusory ballast to her girlish hips. Bound in a bun, her dirt brown hair sat atop her head like a chocolate cupcake. Her mongoloid jowls labored when she spoke. She's ugly, Tracy thought, and for a moment felt secure as she smoothed the front of her pinstriped dress.

Mrs. Brody settled her buoyant buttocks into a cushioned chair on one side of the huge table while Frances grabbed a metal folding chair and straddled it backwards, opposite her, with Tracy between the two, legs crossed like a stenographer's, on the far end. Frances got right down to business. "Fifteen percent of the school district's student body is Native American, so how come only two percent Indian teachers? What gives? We need more Indian teachers! Fifteen percent at least!"

It got nasty. Mrs. Brody jabbed her finger at Frances: "The school district cannot and will not ascribe to a superficial quota!"

Frances called her a liar, a bigot, a hypocrite. She demanded a letter guaranteeing that more Indians be hired.

Mrs. Brody threw up her hands. "Absolutely not! We can't warranty any special interest group against the effects of budgetary cuts and attrition!"

"Oh, bullshit! Chicken white bullshit!" Frances thrust two fingers in the matron's face: "Mrs. Brody speaks with forked tongue!"

Tracy couldn't believe it. It was like the mouse that roared; like a Chihuahua taking on a St. Bernard.

During a brief lull, both women had turned to Tracy, looking for confirmation, her swing vote. Well, Tracy? What do you think? Where do *you* stand?

Well . . . she was determined not to be a yes-man; wasn't going to be an Uncle Tomahawk. But she wasn't going to be stupid either. Mrs. Brody was partly right. Many Indian applicants *weren't* qualified. At interviews many acted put upon and inconvenienced. Resumes, when submitted, were shabbily conceived. But Frances was right, too. Tracy had been a bird dog, a highly qualified one. She had beat the bushes, knocked on doors. Eighteen years of "Sorry, try again," and "What I really think you ought to do is . . . "

Tracy glanced at the strip of rawhide circling Frances' anemic wrist; at her hungry, energized eyes.

Tracy?

"I know it's not easy, Frances, but I'm afraid I have to agree with Mrs. Brody."

Frances flashed her knife eyes; Mrs. Brody gave Tracy a manly nod, exactly as John Wayne might have.

That night she had gone home filled with a new bitterness. She hadn't been to church in years—she'd gradually just quit going. Internally she had blamed Brad—he'd always made such a subtle stink about it. "Hey, Trace, let's go to Oak Creek Canyon! Have a picnic!" "It's Sunday, Brad. You know that." Football and beer. But that night she had knelt down and tried to pray. Had she forgotten how? She had gazed up at the foamy white ceiling, tongue-tied. Just whom had she been speaking to all those years? The Father, of course, in the name of the Son. Yet while praying, she had always pictured the Savior in her mind. Not the Old Testament God of blood and justice—he played favorites, had his sacred waiting lists. No, she had always seen the Good Shepherd gathering up his lost flocks in the jungle-strangled cities of America. "My bowels are filled with compassion. . . . " Giving eyes to the blind, legs to the crippled, hope to the hopeless. She had always regarded him as a friend, an older brother in the purest sense. "Wonderful, Counselor, the mighty God!" But a desert dweller from a barren land of mud huts, not so much different, surely, from the adobe pueblos of her ancient ancestors. A Jew. A semite whose

skin must have been toasted brown to combat the Judean sun. Born in a manger. A stable. Amidst the fecal stink of animals. Conceived out of wedlock too. If you followed human logic, a bastard—shhh! Tracy! She had tried to edit the thought, but it had given her a strange solace. Harlots, thieves, liars, tax collectors, Samaritans, yes, even Lamanites—Indians: He loved everyone, regardless. He even seemed to have a special thing for the underdogs. "Be ye not as the Scribes and Pharisees. . . . " "The last shall be first. . . . "

No, she wasn't going to be like so many others and blame the Church for taking away something she'd never had to begin with. It wasn't the doctrine but the hushed and tucked-away footnotes underpinning it, the unspoken sermons she had caught in a smirk, a nudge, a look that silently said: yes, you too can become one of us, Tracy, if you do your very very best always. As we are, you too may become: white and delightsome. Pure and delightsome. We. Us. Kings and queens. Gods and goddesses. Eternal white butterflies.

But wait. Was it really so awful? Yes, her life often seemed like a never-ending string of big and little tragedies, but was it really? Of course there were good times, happy moments. When she won the L.A. County spelling bee, she was interviewed by four reporters and appeared on the local TV news. But the headline the next day read, INDIAN STUDENT WINS SPELLING BEE!! with double exclamation marks, as if this were on par with dividing the Red Sea. Every little joy or triumph was discolored by the ugly other.

Then what was it? What? Skin? Or soul? Where the heart is. Yes, where? This: when she was seventeen, she was called as second counselor for her Laurel Class. She overheard her adult advisor, Sister Weaver, telling Sister Price that it would be a wonderful growing opportunity for Tracy. And it was, at first. Everyone said so. "Isn't it wonderful to see that cute little Lamanite girl up there conducting the meeting?"

Lamanite. She had grown to truly hate that word. And "Placement." It should have been "Displacement".

She remembered the day Sister Weaver asked her to give a talk in sacrament meeting on Easter Sunday. "Something on the atonement or the resurrection would be very good," Sister Weaver said, "very appropriate." And that had been Tracy's intent, it really had. But as she had fasted and prayed and searched the Book of Mormon for inspiration, something odd had happened. Perhaps the stench of poverty from her most recent, and final, visit to her homeland was still a little too fresh in her nostrils—something, anyway, had kept drawing her to King Benjamin's address and to the prophecies of Isaiah, the sin of pride and the haughty daughters of Zion.

Easter Sunday she was brutally frank. Glaring down at the sea of white faces, she exhorted, "You shouldn't be wearing fancy clothes and driving flashy cars. Not when countless others are starving and going without. King Benjamin said we're all beggars before God. You shouldn't think, 'He's not poor, he's just lazy! He brought it on himself!' You have no right. You shouldn't judge. You don't know. You shouldn't think you're better than other people just because you have more money. You should use that money to help the poor. That's why God gave it to you, not to buy cars and clothes and big houses."

Tracy's remarks were not well received. Old Brother Dixon harumpfed in the front pew; Sister Connelly, the stake president's wife, pulled her rabbit fur stole indignantly over her shoulders.

Tracy rambled passionately for another ten minutes before Bishop Jenkins, a young plastic surgeon, stood up and whispered in her ear. Tracy flushed, closed her Book of Mormon, and sat down. Bishop Jenkins smiled into the microphone: "We appreciate Tracy's remarks, but we do have a full program and we're running a little short on time . . . "

She was the first of three youth speakers.

Later, at home, Tracy heard her foster parents arguing in the bedroom. Sister Sackman: "How could she *do* that? How could she say those things after all we've given her?"

There was silence; then Brother Sackman, meekly: "Well, maybe she's right."

A witchy shriek from Sister Sackman: "*What*? What do you mean?"

"Just what I said. Maybe—"

"Oh? And you're the one to talk, aren't you? Puttering around in your little BMW! Playing your eighteen holes every Saturday!"

"Like I said, maybe she's right."

"Right? Oh, sure! It's very easy for *her* to stand up there and criticize. Like *she* doesn't have nice clothes and live in a nice house and get a decent education! And this is the thanks we get—a nice big fat slap in the face! Maybe she *is* right. Maybe she should go back to her stinking little reservation and live in a pig sty. Maybe that would make her happy! Or at least make her appreciate what she's got! What we've given her—what the Church has!"

Tracy was not asked to speak in sacrament meeting again. She was not released from her calling as second counselor, but Sister Weaver monitored her very carefully whenever she stood before the other young women. She told her exactly what to say and how to say it and wagged her finger discretely whenever Tracy drifted into questionable waters. This was called "training."

But there were still some good times, some happy moments. Brother Sackman took her—just her, Tracy, as a graduation gift—to the

Ahmanson Theater where they saw Jon Voight and Faye Dunaway in *A Streetcar Named Desire*. But afterwards, idling at a stoplight, staring forlornly at the windshield blistering with raindrops, Brother Sackman had turned to her, sighing sadly: "Tracy, it's a white world. A white church. Someday it may be different, but for now . . . "

The phone rang again. Mrs. Brody in the panic seat. Tracy plunked down on the barstool, waiting, counting, debating: ten, eleven, twelve desperate rings. Furious rings. 7:45. The meeting was half over by now, unless Dolores Manymules was telling her life story for the ninety-ninth time.

Tracy thought she could hear the voices again, sad and distant, like carolers mourning Christmases past. She closed her eyes and set her mind adrift. Soon she was floating past ivory spires, ice castles, forests of giant toadstools. Then white whorls on glass: Auntie's soft white hair like shaving cream against the purple satin of the coffin. Tracy's third and final visit to the reservation, the week before she was asked to speak in sacrament meeting. It was a white man's service, Cope Memorial doing the honors. But the old people had come in droves, wearing blankets and shawls and silver bracelets studded with turquoise. Tracy could still hear the lamentations of the old women as they had filed past the open casket. She remembered, too, the stoic forbearance of their men, the flowers stinking up the little church house with their false sweetness, and her last obligatory look at the old pottery maker: her withered brown fingers, dried up earthworms cupped on her belly; her bloated face (rejecting the embalming fluids of Cope Memorial's "economy package"), her putty lips, already cracked and crumbling, puckered as if for a final kiss, or curse.

She had been seventeen. Once again it was her foster parents who had insisted she cross the great red desert to attend the service. And all the way home she had suffered a nail-in-the-gut nausea for having pouted and complained earlier because she would miss the stake dance, the JV baseball game, whatever excuse she could invent to escape the ordeal. Now she tried to summon up in her mind those brittle twig fingers that had once taken clay, mud, common earth, and turned them into works of simple beauty; that had chopped wood, carried water, ground maize on slabs of rock. As she tried to feel into those hands, she almost wept, not so much at the loss of her Auntie as her inability to generate true tears on her behalf.

She glared at the faded curtains, refusing snow, the voices, the world beyond that flimsy gray veil. If he had chosen a Barbie doll blonde, aerobically streamlined with tight round buttocks and nose cone breasts and a Pepsodent smile, that might have been understandable. Livable. But she was nothing like that. Nothing at all. A few

years younger, yes, but prognathic jowls, fat fish lips, bulgy eyes, sunken cheeks, bee-stinger breasts. Skinny. A broomstick. She was ugly, dammit! Ugly!

Of course Tracy had suspected for some time. Brad's curious comings and goings. Graveyard hours at the office. And when he was home, he always seemed to be looking for a fight, some petty excuse to flee the house in an adolescent rage. But the humiliation, the shame. Stalking him late at night like a private eye: bars, the bowling alley, the movies, the mall. He must have known. He was always clean, always had an alibi.

Naturally she had caught him by accident. She had been in a hurry, as usual, posting the revised agenda for the November parent committee meeting, rushing to meet the twenty-four-hour public notice deadline. As a courtesy, she was taking a copy by Frances' home, an old malpais rock rental on the westside, near Stimson Park. But . . . strange. What was Brad's red Cherokee jeep doing, parked across the street? No. It couldn't—they didn't even know . . . well, wait now. They had met once, briefly, at a parent meeting in October he had deigned to attend on her behalf. That night Frances had jumped on her soapbox, ordering—not asking, but *ordering*, *commanding*—the parents to demand more Indian teachers. Waving her fist like a tomahawk, ranting and raving and making a complete utter ass of—no. It couldn't be. *He* couldn't.

But this was the other image that always came to mind when she thought of Frances. Dusk, storm clouds brewing over the peaks as she tiptoes around back, trying to reduce the autumn crackle of the fallen leaves. Pressing her face to the window, through faded drapes she sees them intertwined on the throw rug like two human pretzels. They are all hands and hair and heat, and she will never ever forget their hungry panting and his final ecstatic shriek followed by the loud horsey laugh flying from her mongoloid mouth.

Of course she was angry. Furious. But what does a woman do when her husband . . . well, what? Grab the culprit by the hair and beat her brains out Roller Derby style? And who's the real culprit? Whose brains do you beat out? Your husband's? His lover's? Or your own?

Of course she could lay blame. She could say he did this and he didn't do that and she shouldn't have done this and she could/would/should have done that. But it was immaterial. Moot. You can't beat love into someone, although you can sometimes beat it out of them. But there was all the stupid other to deal with. Or maybe that didn't matter either. He was a jerk, a moron.

"It's not what you think. It's a cultural thing. I never felt right about you. Not really."

Bullshit! Chicken white bullshit!

Yes, but he had chosen *her*. Ugly pushy pain-in-the-ass Frances. The six-foot stick of dynamite. How was it she wriggled? Passamoquoddy style? In the end only one thing had mattered; only one image survived: their two bodies, one white and one earth-brown, swirled together like a marble fudge dessert. And it had made her hungry.

Listening for the phone again, she was filled with a rage she had never felt before. She clenched her fists and her eyes, her body tightening like a long knot. "Oh God," she groaned, "God-damn-it! God-damn-me!"

When she opened her eyes, she saw her face on the curved chrome of the stove, distorted like a Mercator projection, fat up here, shrunken down there. At first it looked spooky, then comical. Like fat-lipped Frances. She sneered at herself, made a false face. Yes, Mrs. Brody. Certainly, Mrs. Brody. Why of course, Mrs. Brody.

She looked at the cake, perfectly baked, iced, untouched on the counter. She picked it up like a waiter, hefting it gently in one hand. There was her face again, stretched, bulbous. She smiled, made a clown frown, flashed a full set of teeth. By all means, Mrs. Brody. My pleasure, Mrs. Brody! And with a shot-put motion she shoved it at her nemesis—splat! And it was everywhere, little pink pieces spotting the floor, the stove, the wall. She was laughing. Oh my God! Oh my God! She was laughing her head off, a high horsey Frances laugh. She could see her mouth wide open on the chrome like a great cave ready to swallow her whole, like the whale swallowing Jonah. Then it was a volcano surrounded by pink lava, and then her mouth with a frothy pink beard. It was so funny she couldn't stop laughing, not even when the tears came and the phone rang and she looked and it was 9:05. Nine-zero-five, Tracy! Nine-zero-six! Where the hell were you, Tracy? Where the hell—well, I want to see you in my office first thing tomorrow morning!

Tomorrow's Saturday, Mrs. Brody. Indians don't work weekends, remember? Indians don't work period. Especially the apple variety.

But the phone kept ringing. Ten, twenty, thirty times. Oh, she was fuming! Tracy could feel every ring. It was wonderful! Sweet deliverance! Ring out, wild bells! Ring out!

But then it stopped, and she had to face the winter void again. Cake to clean up. Face to clean up. Life to clean up.

She got a bucket, some damp rags. She listened a moment for the voices. Silence.

When she peeked outside again, the sky was falling like a tickertape parade. Passing headlights momentarily silvered the aspens. She told

herself to get up, get moving, but she remained there for quite some time, arms folded, forehead pressed against the cold glass, watching the snow build tiny pueblos on her window.

Return
(for my father)

Anita Tanner

Over the terra cotta earth
your truck like a cleft-foot goat
grazes homeward.
The down of trees in the hills
reads the dogma of winter coming,
engines winding down and wearing out
even as they whirr,
and the shadows of hawks swooping
overhead, a dissolution.

Riding, a monotony
easily accustomed to,
little altered but the tread
in the tires, lines scored
in your face, how your affections
perceive silence.

Your heart's mewling
urges return.
Heard in the hushed hours,
the moan of homeward.
Things running down, a doom,
but your turning back
into the still of a faraway sun
needs no reputation.

ANITA TANNER resides in Colorado where she enjoys church work with teenagers, a local writer's group, tennis, four-wheeling, poetry writing, and reading. She is the mother of six including one missionary in New York City, wife of one, mother-in-law of two, and grandmother of Brittany.

WardAmerica

My humble plan for the financial salvation
and exaltation of every soul who has the sense to sign up

David R. Trottier

I HAVE SEEN A VISION. I have become a new man. And boy, am I excited! Not that I was asking for any great blessings, but when your number's called—hey!—you've got to go with the flow.

It all began one foggy night on the freeway. I was pondering the difficulties of my stake missionary calling and took a wrong exit. Suddenly I found myself in a dark and dreary suburb. I spotted an iron railing by the sidewalk and followed it right up to a new LDS (Mormon) meetinghouse. On the wall was a sign that read, "WardAmerica—Prosper in the land today!"

Inside, the chapel was jammed with people and a meeting was in progress. In fact, the only seats available were on the front row. I surveyed the back for folded chairs, but they were all in use. I was about to bail out altogether when the speaker paused, smiled at me, and gestured to the front. All heads turned in unison. I was trapped. I flashed an obedient smile and marched down the long, long aisle to the front pew, lengthening my stride with each step.

No sooner had I plunked myself down than the man resumed his discourse and asked, "Is there anyone here against prospering in the land?" The only sound was the crunch of Cheerios beneath my feet. (Probably left there from a previous meeting.)

"Everyone knows tithing is 10 percent," he said. "Well, with WardAmerica you pay 15 percent. Let's look at what happens to that extra 5 percent. I'm sure you'll agree with me that it's very special." I slumped in my seat and yawned. If only I had a child with me, I could take it

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out to the foyer. Then, as two elders rolled in a whiteboard, the man stepped down from the stand, popped the top off a grease pen, and began to write as he continued his presentation right in front of me. I sat up.

"Of that extra 5 percent tithing, 20 percent goes to your sponsor, 20 percent goes to your sponsor's sponsor, and so on unto four generations, just like in the Bible. Then the last 20 percent goes to your ward to supplement fast offerings and reinstate programs that were discontinued after the recent changes in the budget. Yes, brothers and sisters, you can send your scouts to Disneyland after all."

That may help keep the youth active, I thought, but who can afford the extra 5 percent tithing? Then, as if discerning my thoughts, the brother touched me on the shoulder and said, "Be not dismayed, for this plan utilizes the noble principles of American free enterprise to benefit your ward. That's why it's called WardAmerica." I shifted in my seat. I had held those principles dear since first selling pizzas to ward members as a Primary child.

"There are great blessings connected with this," he stated firmly, and then he winked at me with a grin. I eyed him suspiciously but secretly wondered if this talk was meant personally for me. I leaned forward to find out.

"Every time you bring in a new member, you earn a portion of that new member's tithing . . . for life! Not only that, but suppose the new member brings in another new member? You will also earn a percentage on that person, and so on unto four generations."

"Just like in the Bible," I chimed in under my breath. I glanced behind me and marveled that virtually everyone was nodding their heads in agreement. A sister nearby whispered to her friend, "See, and we were the very first ward to know about it." I froze. Could this be a pilot program? A shiver shot up my missionary spine.

"According to the Doctrine and Covenants, if you convert just one soul, great shall be your joy. But let's assume you convert five souls, and that each of them signs up five more and so on. That would give you a total downline of 780 souls. Do you see how the kingdom could roll forth?"

"Like a stone down the mountain of prosperity," I responded involuntarily, obviously under the influence of the spirit. "And great shall be the blessings upon our heads."

"It won't hurt your money market fund either," quipped the good brother. "For behold, if you sign up a member who makes just $20,000 a year, the tithing would amount to $2,000 plus an extra 5 percent into the WardAmerica escrow account of $1,000. Your portion of that

would be $200. That may not sound like a lot, but with a downline of 780 souls, your annual income for life would be $156,000!"

"Windows of Heaven!" I declared to myself. Why, with my good works, I could buy a house on the hill and drive a German car. I could prosper in the land just like the Nephites, just as the Lord intended. If I love anything, I thought, it's correct principles.

And suddenly my eyes were opened. I saw all my friends in my own ward, and all the nonmembers in my neighborhood, and all my co-workers from the beginning of time until the present day. And I sighed: Boy, WardAmerica sure beats the H-E-Double-Toothpicks out of the stake mission I'm on.

And then it occurred to me that my mind was benefitting from the first intimation of intelligence flowing through it, and I comprehended that with the additional incentive of prospering in the land, members everywhere would lovingly escort their neighbors and friends to WardAmerica meetings. Any reluctance to share the gospel would melt away like the hoarfrost before the morning sun. The Church would soon fill the whole earth, and a good portion of those new members could be in my downline!

I was brought out of my reverie by the grease pen squeaking across the whiteboard. "There's more," the great and inspired brother said. More? What more could there be? Already, it was clear that through WardAmerica we could be more effective at not only proclaiming the gospel, but also at perfecting the Saints. We could redeem the dead as well if we could figure out a way to collect their tithing.

"Everyone who signs up today will be a telestial dealer," he announced solemnly. I frowned at the title. "Be of good cheer," he counseled, "For once you have a total downline of one thousand souls, you then become a terrestrial distributor." He stalked the aisle, while silent rapture filled the bosoms of the entire congregation; for we all perceived what level we would advance to next.

"Now to reach the top, you'll need a total downline of three thousand souls. Once you accomplish that, your feet will be beautiful upon the mountains, for you will not only become a celestial executive, but your annual earnings will be close to seven figures *plus* a bonus of $100,000, *plus* you'll be exempt from ever having to be on the cleanup committee of any ward function."

At last! A program where you could be exalted on earth as well as in heaven. Needless to say, I was seriously considering signing up; but before I could make a determination, this marvelous and wonderful leader turned the time over to those who had brought friends.

First, a housewife shuffled up to the pulpit, wrenched the microphone, and meekly said, "You know, I'm the skeptical one in the family,

but I said, Ok, WardAmerica, I'll give you a chance; and it has sure changed my life." She paused to dry her eyes with a handkerchief.

"So far we've brought in ten souls, and our downline is multiplying exceedingly. Next month my husband and I will be terrestrial distributors, and we'll be going to Hawaii. Now *that's* eternal progression." She sat down to the hugs of her husband and kids.

Then a young returned missionary arose and spoke with even more conviction. "When I first attended WardAmerica, I felt real good about it. And we know what that means when we feel good about something." Everyone nodded in unison.

"Well, last month my blessings amounted to $8,157.20. So I made a goal to be a celestial executive in six months and a millionaire by next year so I can help those in need." He looked down and became as serious as soap. "And I just want the people I brought here tonight to know I love 'em and that WardAmerica is an inspired program!"

By this time I was at the very edge of my seat. Then, with a certitude as firm as the mountains around us, I promised then and there to join before that returned missionary got too far ahead of me. And in the ecstatic joy of that transcendent moment, I slipped off the edge of my pew to the carpet and joyously threw Cheerios fragments into the air until the hand of that beloved and faithful brother lifted me up. "I am your sponsor," was all he said, and he handed me a Member Distributor Agreement Form.

With a sob in my throat and a mighty change in my heart, I felt the old me being sloughed off and the new me signing on the dotted line. It was clear that this was the best way for me to help build the kingdom. And that's my goal, to build the kingdom. Everything else will be added unto me. Since next Sunday is fast and testimony meeting, I figure that's as good a time as any to introduce WardAmerica to my ward.

And if you, dear reader, would like to order your very own WardAmerica Gospel Dealer Kit and get off to a fast start before this pilot program sweeps through *your* ward, then please write me today. Soon, you too will be prospering in the land.

Relativity

Ronald Wilcox

While a hummingbird scans it for wires
the red rosebud explodes in slow motion,
the two velocities firing simultaneously.
Riddled with inconsistencies, the rose is
brushed in green air outside a screen door
as if the hummingbird painted by numbers.
Which square—there a moment ago—when
the screen door slammed and Nancy walked
back through the house forever—which
square altered the very form of her?
At what point did she converge with them?
Her shadow's figure disappeared quickly
down the hallway, the sound of her step
on the wooden floor receding in echo,
her laughter calling after, "Come on,
it's time!" Oh, had I known in time,
I would have stopped her with a word.
The hummingbird, there, a moment after,
or was it a moment before the slamming
of the plain screen door, darted in
from nowhere and hung in the frame
of the screen on the air in my eye
from where I sat that moment rocking.
It brushed the air against the rosebush,
burst in its little blur like a droplet
of water on a watercolor painting . . .
That was last spring. It's winter now.
The rose is gone. Nancy's gone. I'm
still here. Rocking. And the humming-
bird's still there. Painting the air.

RONALD WILCOX's poetry was first published in DIALOGUE *in 1967. He lives with his wife, Norma, and their fourteen-year-old schnauzer, Kristi, in Irving, Texas.*

Mormon Women and Families

Women, Family, and Utopia: Communal Experiments of the Shakers, the Oneida Community, and the Mormons by Lawrence Foster (Syracuse: Syracuse University Press, 1991), 343 pp. inc. notes.

Reviewed by Glenda Riley, the Alexander M. Bracken Professor of History at Ball State University and the author of numerous books and articles concerning women in the American West.

IN *WOMEN, FAMILY, AND UTOPIA*, Lawrence Foster, an associate professor of American history at the Georgia Institute of Technology in Atlanta, establishes two goals: to expand on his research regarding "relations between men and women in the early Shaker, Oneida Perfectionist, and Mormon movements for those who may never have heard of their experiments" and to further explore the way these groups dealt with the issues of "the changing role of women, the nature of the family, and the impact of sexuality . . . on society" (p. xiv). To accomplish this, Foster divides this book along the same lines as his 1984 *Religion and Sexuality*; he begins with the Shakers, proceeds to the Oneida Community, and ends with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Unlike the earlier book, however, these sections, and especially their individual chapters, read more like discrete essays than a monograph unified by an overarching theme. Foster maintains that his chief intent is to view these three groups "as part of a total gestalt, system, or way of life" that will offer insight into our own era. But because he has chosen to avoid any application of a "theoretical analysis" or of modern feminist thought to his approach and has instead "let these groups speak for themselves about their attitudes toward the role of women in society," the messages to be drawn from their experiments are not readily apparent (p. xv).

On closer examination, it is clear that Foster has drawn heavily on his *Religion and Sexuality* in ways other than just organizational structure. Although he claims that the previously published portions of this current book have been "substantially revised" (p. xiv), in reality many paragraphs, and even pages, are close paraphrases of material from his earlier volume. For example, comparison with his previous book of sections concerning the difficulties faced by missionaries' wives (p. 131), historians' "head-counts" of Joseph Smith's wives (p. 136), the refusal of Smith's wives to identify the father of their children (p. 141), the account of James J. Strang's birth and childhood (p. 172), a description of Jane Snyder Richards (p. 183), and an analysis of the *Woman's Exponent* (p. 194) show few changes from the original wording. Indeed, a substantial amount of material regarding Mormons seems to have been taken from *Religion and Sexuality* and rearranged without significant revision.

Among the new information Foster does add is his hypothesis that Joseph Smith spent a great deal of time and energy establishing polygamy in the years before his death because he may have suffered from "manic-depressive disease," as did his son David Hyrum and at least six other of Smith's male descendants (p. 162). First alerted to this possibility by a Mormon psychiatrist, Foster examines Smith's expansiveness, grandiosity, and hyper-sexuality between 1841 and 1844, arguing that these characteristics could well have been symptoms of manic-depressive disorder (p. 165).

Foster also adds new material regarding women. In an essay titled "From Activism to Domesticity: The Changing Role of Mormon Women in the Nineteenth and Twentieth Centuries," he vividly demonstrates the switch from early Mormon women's "real power, influence, and independence" to the current "gush and cloying sentimentality" emphasizing domesticity "as the only important role for women" (pp. 202, 209). In a fascinating analysis of the Sonia Johnson case, Foster compares it to heretic Anne Hutchinson's trial of 1637, also a "travesty of justice." He concludes that the Church "seriously miscalculated" its handling of the case which in turn led to tensions and "something of a siege mentality" within the Church (p. 215).

Foster's comments concerning Mormon women, however, would have been more meaningful had he not viewed them as a largely homogeneous group. Throughout the early essays concerning the Church, for example, Foster focuses primarily on polygamy. Although he notes that "at most only 15 to 20 percent were polygamous," he ignores women in nonpolygamous situations. In the later essays, he generalizes his observations to all Mormon women, regardless of social class, race, ethnicity, or age. Certainly, discriminating among Mormon women's experiences according to such characteristics as monogamy, rural or urban, and educational level would add depth and complexity to our understanding of those women.

In addition, it is important to remember that children are an integral part of families. Foster has little to say about babies and children, either in the nineteenth century or the twentieth. Yet, children who lived in communal families differed in numerous crucial ways from other children. And surely such a practice as denying a child's paternity to protect a polygamous father, or telling a child in later life that his or her father was someone else, had a profound effect on family dynamics.

These comments are not meant to suggest that Foster's book is ineffective. On the contrary, Foster has provided an overview of the Shakers, the Oneida Community, and the Mormons; has raised a multitude of intriguing questions; and has opened the way for further significant discussion. He set himself a nigh impossible task here; discussing women, family, and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints could fill a thick volume in itself. Perhaps he will continue his work by elaborating on the complexity of Mormon women and their families.

Is There a New Mormon History?

The New Mormon History: Revisionist Essays on the Past edited by D. Michael Quinn (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1992), 310 pp., $18.95, paper.

Reviewed by Roger D. Launius, NASA Chief Historian.

D. MICHAEL QUINN, one of the foremost practitioners of the type of work distinguished as the "New Mormon History," certainly thinks so. He has assembled in this volume a set of fifteen previously published essays and a short epilogue by B. H. Roberts, all demonstrating most ably the basic trends identified as "New Mormon History" (to Quinn a broadly descriptive rather than polemical label). He notes that this type of historical analysis seeks to attain a "functional objectivity" and avoid the "seven deadly sins of traditional Mormon history" (viii). Quinn's prototype was Juanita Brooks's *Mountain Meadows Massacre* (Stanford University Press, 1950), to whose memory, incidently, he dedicated the book. In characterizing that book, Quinn wrote in the introduction:

> She did not shrink from analyzing a controversial topic. She did not hesitate to follow the evidence to "revisionist" interpretations that ran counter to "traditional" assumptions. She did not use her evidence

> to insult the religious beliefs of Mormons. She did not disappoint the scholarly expectations of academics. She did not cater to public relations preferences. Finally she did not use an "academic" work to proselytize for religious conversion or defection. (p. viii)

"New Mormon historians" have adopted these as cardinal points against which all historical writing must be measured.

The fifteen essays in this volume certainly rise to Brooks's standards. One can quibble over the propriety of labels, but there is no question that something important has happened in Mormon historical writing since *The Mountain Meadows Massacre*. Indeed, perhaps what has been taking place has been not so much a "new" approach toward Mormon history as the rapid and sustained professionalization of the field. The distinguishing features of the "New Mormon History" had been present to some degree long before Brooks published *The Mountain Meadows Massacre* —most assuredly in the work of such early Mormon historians as E. E. Erickson, Joseph A. Geddes, or Nels Anderson— but emphasis on adhering to the "Brooks Rule" became dominant during the latter 1950s. Both the quality and the quantity of the publications taking this approach skyrocketed during the next three decades. This book puts between two covers some of the best of that work.

Quinn's introduction briefly sketches these general trends in the text, and endnotes exhaustively reference historiographical trends. While a serviceable preamble to the articles that follow, the introduction could have presented a more substantial and philosophical discussion of the "New Mormon History" and its role in furthering an understanding of the Mormon past. Quinn is especially well suited to analyze the New Mormon History's importance and the response to it both within and without the Mormon movement. The essays follow in roughly chronological order, making the book a useful text for classroom use. Taken altogether, the fifteen essays, each written by a different specialist and originally appearing between 1966 and 1983—perhaps the golden age of the New Mormon History—represent a powerful explanation of the larger aspects of Mormon history from its origins.

Some narrow and others broadly interpretive, these essays include the first major reassessments of unique topics in the history of the Church. Many of these pathbreaking studies, however, have since been revised by other historians. With the exception of a couple of instances where the authors have inserted some historiographical discussion into their endnotes, the essays do not comment on specific debates over interpretations. This lack of historiographical context is unfortunate, leaving readers with little understanding of the historians' differing perspectives.

Although each of these essays has stood the test of time and can be considered a benchmark study, like most collected works, this book suffers from uneven quality. Some essays are more challenging than others; I found particularly rewarding Thomas G. Alexander's " 'To Maintain Harmony': Adjusting to External and Internal Harmony," first published in DIALOGUE in 1982; Ronald W. Walker's provocative analysis of Mormon militarism, "Sheaves, Bucklers, and the State: Mormon Leaders Respond to the Dilemmas of War," which first appeared in *Sunstone* that same year; and "A Demographic Portrait of the Mormons, 1830-1980" by Dean L. May, first published in 1983, which significantly revised early membership numbers and Utah migration figures.

In addition, the volume's first essay, Leonard J. Arrington's eloquent plea for serious, professional historical inquiry— "The Search for Truth and Meaning in Mormon History"—is an important declaration of intellectual independence that present-day historians of Mormonism should embrace just as fully as did those who first read it in DIALOGUE in 1968. His assertion that "historians ought to be free to suggest interpretations without

placing their faith and loyalty on the line" (p. 5) is a central issue in the current restrictive environment. Arrington's conclusion "that an intensive study of church history, while it will dispel certain myths or half-myths sometimes perpetuated in Sunday school (and other) classes, builds faith rather than weakens it" (p. 6) is especially germane to present debates over the faithfulness of Mormon history that strays from the agreed-upon story. With the current LDS review policy, threat of censorship, and restricted access to the Church Archives, we would do well to listen to such past voices of concern.

Any essay collection of this type has built-in difficulties. Although *The New Mormon History* is an important work encapsulating Mormon history's reinterpretation during the last generation, it views the Mormon experience only through the lens of selected events, institutions, and personalities, leaving huge gaps in the story of Mormonism and representing themes and events unevenly. The Reorganized Church experience, not even discussed, deserves mention in a book such as this and could have provided a useful counterpoint for analyzing such themes as theological developments, political issues, relations with larger society, and organizational structures. The collection also contains very little discussion of twentieth-century Mormonism. The era is ignored, with the exception of the Alexander and Walker essays, already mentioned, and some spillover of their subjects into the first part of this century in articles by Kenneth L. Cannon II, "After the Manifesto: Mormon Polygamy, 1890–1906," and Klaus J. Hansen, "The Metamorphosis of the Kingdom of God: Toward a Reinterpretation of Mormon History." Admittedly Quinn had much less to choose from for this field, although more than half of the Church's history has been in the twentieth century. The volume would also have been enhanced had Quinn incorporated any of his own exemplary work.

Quinn anticipated some of these concerns in his introduction. "I can only apologize in advance," he wrote, "for the omissions and acknowledge that others might choose differently" (p. x). No apologies are necessary. This is an excellent collection in spite of different choices that could have been made. In my recent correspondence with an individual interested in the Mormon past, I have been recommending readings and answering questions as best I can through the mail. I wish that *The New Mormon History* had been available when we first began corresponding. This book would have been one of the first I recommended as a starting place for exploring Mormon history. No doubt this collection of essays will be a fundamentally useful work for scholars and general readers alike. It makes available between a single cover several classic essays —some of the best of the "New Mormon History"—and serves as a fine introduction to a complex and fascinating subject.

Finding Our Voices

Paperdolls: Healing from Sexual Abuse in Mormon Neighborhoods by April Daniels and Carol Scott (Salt Lake City: Palingenesia Press, 1992), 203 pp., $9.95.

Reviewed by Carla S. Western, a director and officer of the Board of Trustees of the Salt Lake Rape Crisis Center and a volunteer staff member of DIALOGUE.

MEDIA ACCOUNTS OF sexual abuse of children regularly remind us that children continue to be sexually assaulted by adults and juveniles in their communities. Almost always, the perpetrator is someone known and trusted by the child, for who else could get close enough to violate in such an intimate and destructive way? Children are easily manipulated; their lack of experience and dependence make them vulnerable to the adults around them. Often abused children exhibit no obvious signs. And too many adults

choose to deny what signs there are rather than cope with the horrible things that are being done to their children.

Paperdolls offers the accounts of two adults, one a survivor of repeated sexual assault by neighbors and family, the other a grandmother of abused children, both who courageously give voice to the reality of this violation of the sacred stewardship given to adults. The authors use pseudonyms, not to protect perpetrators, but out of respect for those who have not yet remembered their abuse. Many adults molested as children are as yet unaware of the abuse or are not ready to deal with it. This book is about remembering abuse, the remembering triggered by a variety of events such as smells, stories, pictures, or dreams. The authors permit the reader to enter the private recesses of their lives, past and present. Woven together beautifully, the stories of these women and children give the reader shocking insight that calls caring adults to action, to open their eyes, empower children and to address the societal ills which allow sexual abuse to continue.

This book reveals more than the abuse endured by these particular children. In a spectacular way, it illuminates the inner workings of the mind and memory. It shows the incredible ability of people to cope, heal, and take control of their lives. It demonstrates the importance of skilled therapists and loving supporters in this healing process. In the literature of sexual abuse, this book will stand out for the pioneering view it presents of memories unfolding, disjointed and nonsensical, until they become connected and incorporated.

April Daniels' story unfolds through journal entries she kept as part of her treatment therapy for bulimia, an illness common in those who have been sexually abused as children. Her memories reveal the language and inexperience of childhood: "Sometimes I got toys from the man across the street. I used to call him the 'Toy Box Man.' He had a shoe box under his bed, and after we played nasty he would give me a toy. I always got to pick which one I wanted. . . . He wasn't a daddy, but he was old" (p. 134).

Her writings also make us look at the images and symbols Latter-day Saints use to teach gospel principles and to consider the perspective of someone whose free agency and body rights have been denied. Many readers will relate to April's Beehive teacher's use of the image of a daisy being plucked to demonstrate the ugliness of sexual sin in a lesson on chastity. April writes, "I didn't know all the meanings of her words, like 'chastity', 'virtue', and 'petting.' But I got the gist of the lesson. I knew that my beauty was gone. I could never be restored. I knew that I was nothing more than a bare bulb. I never went back to Beehives" (p. 79).

As an adult, April visits a friend who is a Beehive teacher and sits in on her lesson, which just happens to be on chastity. Afterwards, she asks her friend, "What about the incest victims? There are kids right here in this ward who are being victimized right now. . . . I'm certain that a couple of them just had their hearts wrung through a wringer" (p. 79).

Carol Scott's story illustrates the difficulty of recognizing sexual abuse and the pernicious methods abusers use to escape detection. A well-educated psychologist, Carol suddenly finds herself dealing with the repeated sexual abuse of her grandchildren by their father and others, including members of their ward and a teenage babysitter. Only with the benefit of hindsight does she recognize the few subtle signs which hinted that something was wrong in her grandchildren's lives. As with most of us, she had not acknowledged that sexual abuse could happen in her family, in her wealthy neighborhood, indeed that it exists in all levels of society.

An additional frustration for Carol is the unresponsive ecclesiastical leaders who value the reputations of seemingly righteous men and women more than the lives of children. The refusal of leaders throughout the hierarchy to believe the undeniable and consistent experiences of these children and their therapists so they

can protect other children under the abuser's care is unconscionable and a function of the low status our society accords children.

Carol Scott writes that her friend who was molested and read the manuscript said, "Tell the perpetrators our greatest weapon against them is our voices. When we were little, we had only silence. We have to find our voices" (p. x). Now that we have their weapon, it is up to all of us to find our voices, to act to protect and believe children, to listen, withhold judgment, and prevent it from continuing. We can become educated and support organizations that are working to eradicate this practice from our neighborhoods. We can talk with our children about sexual abuse, so they will feel safe to question what other adults may be saying and doing.

Reading *Paperdolls* is painful, but the authors' love, sincerity, and compelling accounts make it easier. The compassion of these women and the enormous difficulty of their task of healing were inspiring and a monument to the triumph of the human spirit. In a world where violence is omnipresent, it is refreshing to come in contact with those who seek no revenge or violence in spite of oppressive and outrageous acts committed against them. This book urges the reader to face the reality of the sexual abuse and molestation of Latter-day Saint children by fellow Saints and hopefully to do something about it.

Place and Identity in the Southwest

Sacred Land, Sacred View: Navajo Perceptions of the Four Corners Region by Robert S. McPherson. Charles Redd Monographs in Western History, no. 19 (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, for the Charles Redd Center for Western Studies, Brigham Young University, 1992), 152 pp., $8.95.

Reviewed by David Rich Lewis, assistant professor of history, Utah State University, Logan, Utah.

CHANGE IS AN INEVITABLE though variable process in human societies and natural environments. Each generation perceives changes in their cultural universe, laments what is being lost, and wonders what will persist. They leave behind various records, bits of evidence and wisdom by which future generations will know them and their ways, hoping to justify or perpetuate patterns of behavior and belief which served them well. Each new generation weighs these messages and responds as seems proper. As the pace and scope of change increase, records become cultural signposts of what was and what should be. They provide a link with the past, with tradition. They explain the importance of cultural knowledge and suggest ways to preserve or recapture its meaning. *Sacred Land, Sacred View* is just such a record for the *Diné* or Navajo of the Four Corners region.

Historian Robert McPherson describes the enduring relationships between earth, spiritual forces, and the Navajo people voiced in their stories, ceremonies, and prayers. His purpose is to preserve elements of and inform people about this *Diné* world view. Since there is already an extensive literature on Navajo culture and cosmology, McPherson has selected, edited, and topically ordered bits of legend and modern oral testimony, songs and ceremonies, ethnographic and archaeological evidence to form an interpretive, rather than comprehensive, framework. He focuses on two themes: Navajo sacred geography and the Anasazi—land and ruins which, when interpreted through Navajo systems of belief, symbolize and help shape Navajo reality.

In Part One McPherson describes the Navajo sacred geography of the Four Corners region and the symbiotic relationship of all elements of creation. The Navajo landscape is an animate universe with reciprocal rules and relationships governing humans, nature, and the super-

natural. It is a world of oppositions or dichotomies (female/male, good/evil, wild/domestic) which maintain balance and harmony (*hózhó*). Navajos comprehend this universe and need for *hózhó* through traditional stories and a close observation of and appreciation for the land. In seven short chapters, McPherson describes elements of this landscape—mountains, rock formations, weather, water, flora and fauna—as both natural and supernatural phenomenon.

As McPherson eloquently argues, Navajos are rooted to a physical and spiritual landscape. Land is both place and mnemonic device for the stories and lessons associated with the powers of that place. When people understand and observe the ways of those powers, life becomes the reenactment of the spiritual on a physical plane. Navajos and whites explain the physical world in different ways. Both have rational systems for explaining phenomena in a culturally logical manner. But as Navajo youth are exposed to modern white thinking and values, they have to juggle these competing world views. Increasingly, according to McPherson's informants, young Navajos are forgetting their past. They are responsible for the loss of sacred ritual knowledge, the corresponding loss of sacred places, and the lessened protection and cultural power of the *Diné*.

Navajos see this as the lesson of the Anasazi; they view the "past" as potential "prologue." In Part Two, McPherson discusses the Anasazi as a negative cultural example, a warning of what could happen, an allegory to teach obedience to the Navajo way. According to Navajos, the *'anaasází* ("ancestral aliens or enemies") disappeared because their knowledge and extensive possessions led them into pride, greed, and competition. They abused sacred designs, articles, and actions. They became evil and broke incest taboos. They forgot the powers of place and fell out of harmony with the spiritual universe. According to McPherson's informants, the Anasazi experience parallels Anglo-American and nontraditional Navajo thought and action today, placing them on the same path to destruction. While Navajos consider Anasazi ruins dangerous and best avoided, they also believe they are powerful places for curing and a source of potent artifacts. When used properly by a medicine person, the oppositions of sacred and profane in Anasazi places and objects are extremely useful. According to McPherson, white excavation and preservation of Anasazi sites denies Navajos access to places and artifacts needed to carry on healing ceremonies; by "preserving a 'dead' culture," we are "inadvertently helping to deny a 'living' one" (p. 126).

McPherson's book raises a number of important issues for those interested in native peoples and the environment. While doing a fine job with Navajo cultural geography, McPherson sidesteps the historic and modern reality that numerous groups maintain the Four Corners region as a culturally defined landscape, each with their own stories, values, and claims to the physical and supernatural of the region. Nor does he detail the active human alteration of this landscape over time. While this is a nice summary of Navajo explanations for the natural world and proper human behavior, the two parts of this book remain weakly connected. At times the narrative is monotonously descriptive, reading like a basic piece of salvage ethnography. At other times it is lively and interpretive, elegantly tracing a holistic world view. Specialists will find little new in the material aside from the organization and the oral testimony McPherson collected. Perhaps these are its greatest strengths—the compilation of a limited and structured overview and the modern commentary which connects present events, places, and behaviors with oral tradition—the continuity of cultural explanation and analysis.

Given the current fascination with things Indian, especially environmental and spiritual elements of native thought, *Sacred Land, Sacred View* should and

undoubtedly will attract a popular audience: perhaps New Agers looking for some sort of karmic road map for meaning and authenticity they find lacking in their own lives; probably non-Indians who simply want to understand the complex interrelationships of Indian peoples, cosmologies, and environments; and maybe—as McPherson and the Navajo elders he talked with hope—maybe even Utah Navajo youth looking for a reason and a way to reconsider and perpetuate *Diné* cultural traditions in an increasingly modern and technological world.

Measuring the Measuring Stick

Mormons and the Bible: The Place of the Latter-day Saints in American Religion by Philip L. Barlow (New York: Oxford University Press, 1991), 251 pp., select bibliography, index, pictures, $34.95.

Reviewed by Paul Gutjahr, Ph.D. candidate in the American Studies Program at the University of Iowa.

EVEN WITH THE EXPLOSION of scholarly interest in Mormonism over the past fifteen years, students of American religion still wait for a systematic and synthetic treatment of the development of Mormon theology. Central to such an endeavor would be an analysis of the place and use of the Bible in Mormonism, a topic which has received far too little attention. With considerable success, Philip Barlow's book attempts to correct this deficiency.

Barlow sets out to study Mormon biblical usage by asserting that nothing "captures the evolving but enduring *religious* quintessence of Mormonism and its relationship to the balance of American religion better than a firm, comparative grasp of the Bible's place among the Latter-day Saints" (p. xi). He goes about his analysis by focusing on a series of key individuals "who have had particular impact on Mormon scriptural conceptions and who have themselves reflected major LDS tendencies" (p. xiii). Barlow is well aware of the strengths and weaknesses of his approach. While examining key figures gives a focus to his study, his analysis does not explore issues of ethnicity, nativity, class, or gender.

Barlow begins his study by discussing the place of the Bible in antebellum culture, then examines Mormonism's use of the Bible from 1820 to 1844 by turning to the prophet Joseph Smith. For the second half of the nineteenth century, he looks at Brigham Young and Orson Pratt. Moving into the twentieth century, Barlow focuses next on higher criticism and Mormonism, looking at B. H. Roberts, Joseph Fielding Smith, and William H. Chamberlain, then completes his study with Bruce R. McConkie, Lowell L. Bennion, and the Bible in contemporary Mormon culture.

Barlow makes a forceful case for biblical interpretation being a more flexible and dynamic process in early Mormonism when Smith, Young, and Pratt exercised what he calls "a selective literalism" (p. 32). What set Mormons apart—as exemplified by these leaders—was their ability to select which parts of the Bible they would take literally. They chose to determine God's truth not only by turning to the Bible, but by looking at other forms of both written and oral revelation. Smith, Young, and Pratt had deep misgivings about the ability of human language to capture God's thoughts. Words were too small to convey omniscience. Thus, a more flexible view of scripture and its interpretation were early marks of the Mormon attitude toward the Bible.

Central to Barlow's work is his analysis of the Bible as a measuring stick to help determine the place of the Latter-day Saints in American religion. He argues that Mormons have always been "Bible believers," but their use of the Bible places them somewhere between Timothy Smith's view that Mormons are essentially part of the religious "mainstream" and Jan Shipps' argument that Mormonism rep-

resents a genuinely new religious tradition. Barlow asserts that while Latter-day Saints have long maintained "a traditional faith in the Bible with more 'conservative' elements," they are unique in the American context in the way they combine their use of the Bible with more radical elements of divine revelation, such as belief in an open canon, oral scriptures, and the role of living prophets (pp. 227, 28).

Perhaps the most enlightening part of Barlow's study is his analysis of the twentieth-century trend in Mormonism toward a conservative view of scriptural interpretation. By coupling a wealth of personal interviews with a breadth of primary and secondary source research, Barlow argues that a conservative Mormon leadership has outmaneuvered more liberal voices in the Church's power structures when it comes to issues of biblical interpretation. He explores this line of reasoning by discussing Mormonism's relationship to a number of scriptural, as well as non-scriptural, printed works. By looking at the role of books such as Bruce McConkie's *Mormon Doctrine*, the King James Version of the Bible, and the new LDS edition of the scriptures, Barlow shows that even though these texts lack an official Church imprimatur, their wide use places them as crucial agents of influence on Mormon theological thinking.

Barlow's work has its weaknesses. It has an expensive price tag for a book which is some 250 pages long and has a penchant for generalities. The general nature of the book comes out most clearly in its first three chapters, where the use and analysis of primary source material is uneven and the terminology he employs could often benefit from greater definition. Frequently the text leaves the reader with questions. For example, when Barlow compares the Mormons to "Evangelical Christians" in chapter two, he never specifies which denominations he means (p. 68). Nineteenth-century Protestantism was not monolithic in nature. There are also some bothersome inaccuracies. For instance, the parting of the Red Sea occurs in Exodus. Barlow attributes the event to Genesis (p. 34).

Despite these weaknesses, Barlow's study is well worth reading. It is a lucidly written, thoughtful treatment of a large and unwieldy topic. His observations and analysis, as well as his insight into the limits of his own work and the possibilities for future investigations, make this book a welcome addition to the history of Mormon theology.

Seeking the Past: Noble Quest or Fool's Errand

Faithful History: Essays on Writing Mormon History, edited by George D. Smith (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1992), 314 pp., $18.95.

Reviewed by Richard D. Poll, a former Brigham Young University and Western Illinois University teacher and the author of *History and Faith: Reflections of a Mormon Historian*.

THIS ANTHOLOGY IS DESIGNED for people with a professional interest in Mormon historiography as well as for the much larger number of men and women who have been intrigued or alarmed by the rhetoric about "new" and "traditional" Mormon history, about "the intellect" and "the mantle." The book's range of authors and titles is impressive. Three contributors are RLDS, three are non-Mormon, and the editor and ten writers range across the spectrum of LDS linkages from Iron Rod to Liahona to once upon a time. All but two selections have had authorized publication before, but all are worth more than one reading. Since the articles are not in precise chronological order, the following list notes the year in which each first appeared:

Richard L. Bushman, "Faithful History" (1969)

Paul M. Edwards, "The Irony of Mormon History" (1973)

Robert B. Flanders, "Some Reflections on the New Mormon History" (1974)

Richard Sherlock, "The Gospel Beyond Time: Thoughts on the Relation of Faith and Historical Knowledge" (1980)

Edwin A. Gaustad, "History and Theology: The Mormon Connection" (1980)

D. Michael Quinn, "On Being a Mormon Historian (and Its Aftermath)" (new, based on 1981 address)

Lawrence Foster, "New Perspectives on the Mormon Past: Reflections of a Non-Mormon Historian" (1982)

C. Robert Mesle, "History, Faith, and Myth" (1982)

Neal W. Kramer, "Looking for God in History" (1983)

Melvin T. Smith, "Faithful History/ Secular Religion" (1984)

Kent E. Robson, "Objectivity and History" (1986)

Martin E. Marty, "Two Integrities: An Address to the Crisis in Mormon Historiography" (1983)

Louis Midgley, "The Acids of Modernity and the Crisis in Mormon Historiography" (1990)

David Earl Bohn, "Unfounded Claims and Impossible Expectations: A Critique of New Mormon History" (1983, 1985, 1990)

Malcolm R. Thorp, "Some Reflections on New Mormon History and the Possibilities of a 'New' Traditional History" (1991)

Edward H. Ashment, "Historiography of the Canon" (new)

Leonard J. Arrington, "Epilogue: Myth, Symbol, and Truth" (1985)

The longest and most important essay is Michael Quinn's (pp. 69-112). It includes his 1981 response to Elder Boyd K. Packer's "The Mantle Is Far, Far Greater Than the Intellect," which moved the discussion of the New Mormon History into the national media, and traces Quinn's subsequent professional career, focusing on the circumstances leading to his 1988 resignation from a tenured professorship at BYU. Like all Quinn's professional writing, the annotation (pp. 96-111) is exhaustive and intriguing.

Richard Bushman's pioneering article (pp. 1-17) defines "faithful history" in terms not incompatible with most of the New Mormon History that has been written by men and women who have since World War II brought professional credentials and LDS testimonies to the task. Other authors explore with varying emphases and degrees of sympathy the implications, difficulties, and rewards of this combined approach. Smith (pp. 141-54) argues that it cannot be done, and Kramer (pp. 133-40) argues that it should not be undertaken. Midgley (pp. 189-226) and Bohn (227-62) define the New Mormon History as an impossible quest for "objectivity" in writing about the past and assail its practitioners with a sophisticated array of evidence, reasoning, and testimony.

The contributions of non-Mormons Gaustad (pp. 55-68), Foster (pp. 113-22) and Marty (pp. 169-88) merit special attention. A preeminent student of Christian history, Marty addresses the "crisis in Mormon historiography" in terms of "two integrities"—faith and inquiry. His essay, given as a Tanner Lecture to the Mormon History Association, may comfort many who fear that historical study necessarily destroys faith. In an address to a Sunstone Symposium, Gaustad, another expert on the history of American religions, made these thoughtful observations:

> The Mormon view [of time] intensifies the connection between history and theology even more than does the orthodox Christian view. . . . Mormon theology should not be horrified by the notion that dogma has a history, that doctrine develops, and that revelation is not closed. . . . [In 1978] recognition of the relativities of history certainly made easier the modification of doctrine. Clearly Mormonism has a mechanism for change and development in place. (pp. 59, 65)

Ashment's previously unpublished piece (pp. 281–302) argues that even canonized literature should not be exempt from historical scrutiny, a point made timely by the implications of scriptural inerrancy and prophetic infallibility in some contemporary LDS teaching. None of the articles specifically explores the concept, also found in some contemporary teaching, that LDS historians should present only explicitly faith-promoting information about the Mormon past, a proposition to which no historian, however faithful, is likely to give unconditional assent.

Faithful History is attractively printed, and a short introduction by the editor (who is also the president of Signature Books and a contributor in several senses to Mormon history and literature) sets the selections in a larger context. The anthology provides resources (ammunition) for all sides in the current discussion about what Mormon historians should write. It is most likely to be read—and this is unfortunate—by people who agree most strongly with this statement by British historian B. H. Liddell-Hart: "Faith matters so much in times of crisis. One must have gone deep into history before reaching the conviction that truth matters more" (in Edwards, pp. 32–33). This reviewer, like many friends who have heard Clio's trumpet, agrees with the sentiment implicit in Arrington's autobiographical narrative (pp. 303–10): It need not be an "either/or" proposition.

ABOUT THE ART

The San Blas Islands on the north (Atlantic) coast of Panama are the homeland of the Cuna Indians, creators of the *molas* featured in this issue. While many of the Cuna groups inhabiting about forty of the several hundred islands in the chain have been very reclusive, the San Blas groups have interacted with the outside world at least since the time of Balboa. Their relationship with outsiders, however, has been cordial but somewhat distant. Until very recent times, interracial marriages or births were generally grounds for banishment or death, so the Cuna are virtually pure Indian, one of the purest in the western hemisphere.

Their cultural values of cooperation, honesty, chastity, and benevolence and some of their oral history and written stories bear striking parallels to the Church and its teachings. In the last forty years, the Church has attracted many members on the islands.

Mola, a native art form, literally means "clothing"; but the word has come to mean a multilayered rectangle worked in applique and reverse applique. A good mola has many cutout areas; tiny, almost invisible stitches; and few, if any, large areas without stitching. Even a skilled mola maker may need several weeks to complete a project. Traditionally, molas have been used as the front or back of women's blouses. The techniques of applique and reverse applique used to make mola blouses have developed and flowered over the last 150 years.

Earliest known molas were adaptations of traditional face and body painting. Some of these early designs are still popular today. More common, however, are pictorial molas, taken from nature, everyday activities, books, posters, newspapers, or in our case, Church periodicals and missionary lesson kits.

ART CREDITS

Cover: "Relief Society Mola," 36″ X 22 1/2″, cotton, reverse appliqué, made by Hermana Perrelez, 1966.

p. 10: "Cooking Rice," 14 3/4″ X 13 1/4″, cotton, reverse appliqué made by Coralia Iglesias, ca. 1983

p. 44: "The Proud Little Tiger," 13 7/8″ X 14 3/8″, cotton, reverse appliqué made by Lola Boyd, ca. 1983

p. 80: "The Second Coming of Christ," 12″ X 15 3/8″, cotton, reverse appliqué made by Cunna Indian members of the Church, ca. 1983

p. 97: "The Fish," 20 1/8″ X 14 1/8″, cotton, reverse appliqué made by Hermana Perrelez, ca. 1983

p. 134: "Moroni Raises the Title of Liberty," 19 1/2″ X 17 1/2″, cotton, reverse appliqué made by LDS members from San Blas Islands, 1965

p. 139: "This is the Place Monument," 14 1/4″ X 15 3/4″, cotton, reverse appliqué artist unknown, 1980

p. 168: "An Angel from the Book of Revelations," 14 3/4″ X 13 1/2″, cotton, reverse appliqué Balbina Denia, 1983

p. 172: "Flowers," 13″ X 13 1/2″, cotton, reverse appliqué Aleda Morgan, 1983

p. 191: "Danza Kuna," 16 7/8″ X 13 1/2″, cotton, reverse appliqué made by Albecia Fernandez, ca. 1983

All *molas* used courtesy of the Museum of Church History and Art, Salt Lake City, Utah. Special thanks to Ron Read and Robert Davis.


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