

I think that when we can arrive at some reconciliation of the opposites of male and female, when they are held in creative tension, then we are not either/or, but are both. Maybe even something better than both.

RECONCILING THE OPPOSITES

By Helen Candland Stark

WHEN ESTHER EGERTSEN Peterson occupied this spot, she looked back over the significant events of her relatively long life.¹ Her conclusion asked the audience to judge what kind of Mormon they thought she was. She had recounted events undergirded by the Mormon values of her pioneer heritage: hard work, integrity, and sacrifice. These values became central to her later achievements in the labor movement and in politics.

Often physically impaired, I never expected, nor even wanted, to live so long. I felt I was just an ordinary person whose oddity was to set down in words my experiences and concerns—in letters (to women, to editors, to friends and family at Christmas), in diaries, in verse, and in assorted articles—which I felt surprised and pleased to see occasionally published. Apparently, by some quirk of genes, I am a writing woman now grown old.

When I was first approached about talking tonight, I was overwhelmed. What could I say? I have never been a public individual. Would it suffice to



HENRY M. AND HELEN CANDLAND STARK

My experiences have taught me something of the dark night of the soul. Out of that struggle, there has emerged a sense of awe at the goodness of God.

conclusion of this talk.

WORK

Those who are too busy with their affairs cannot heed their Lord.

IN the beginning God created the earth, the seas, and all that in them are. He separated the light from the darkness in the six days of creation. Male and female, created he them. And

rework a rough draft essay titled "Women and Symbols"? It is, after all, the Age of Aquarius, a female symbol.

But I thought you deserved more from me. At age ninety, I might look back on my years to see if any themes stood out. Several did. They have become facets of the crystal that symbolizes my psyche. Quoting mostly from my writings, I hope to explore my experiences in these areas: (1) work, (2) grief and loss, (3) Mother Earth, and (4) patriarchy. This sounds like a much too ambitious outline, sort of covering the cosmos. Be reassured that I will deal only with my own limited experiences, mostly from my published or unpublished material. I will conclude with the reconciling process, which came to me in mid-life from the Society of Friends.

So what kind of a Mormon am I? I will tell you up front: I am a Quaker-Mormon, as I hope you will agree at the

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then on the Sabbath day, he rested. God was a creator; he was not a workaholic.

Like Esther Peterson, I grew up with the Mormon pioneer work ethic: "Put your shoulder to the wheel, push along." One is lucky if the work is fulfilling; but even if it is tedious, boring, and dull, "the work to do is here for you," so "do your duty with a heart full of song." For certainly, "there is work enough to do ere the sun goes down."

I was, alas, a rebellious spirit, but even so, I was a hard worker. You can be little else as the eldest of nine brothers and sisters. We spent our summers on a Sanpete County ranch and our winters in Provo going to school. We canned, dried fruit, made soap from mutton tallow, and sewed on an ancient treadle sewing machine that I had reconditioned with coal oil.

One day my assignment was to turn a bolt of outing flannel into winter pajamas for my five brothers. At day's end I was so tired that I began to weep. My mother took me for a walk along a dusty country road. She held my arm, but said nothing. Now, these many years later, I understand the words she did not say: "This is the way it is, Helen. This is the way it is."

I was an accepting participant in the way it was. But two limits I insisted upon. Sunday afternoons on the ranch were to be mine. I spent those hours putting together a newsletter, complete with columns, headlines, short stories, and editorials, for three absent college friends. And I would not darn. If I managed, purposely, to complete an assigned task early, my mother was wont to say, "Good, Helen. Now you have time for a little darning." No way. The basket of hose for eleven people was bottomless.

But chores were evidence of a good woman, so when I married belatedly and gratefully, I was determined to be the best wife known to man. That meant that I would never just open a can of beans; I would do tedious and intricate things to them.

And as the years went by, the pioneer work ethic remained important. Our children remember their early lives on our five acres in Delaware as picking and selling raspberries eleven months out of the year. In the struggle of our small LDS group to earn money for a chapel, our family raised and sold—in addition to the raspberries—corn, apples, and squash. I operated a bread route. With a laden basket, once a week one of the children delivered loaves to the neighbors. And I was known as a specialist in salvaging borderline produce. Seventeen split cantaloupes in the morning became seventeen jars of cantaloupe butter by night. The celery crop that wasn't supposed to freeze, but one night did, became quarts of puree for soup. A blender and assorted ingredients turned overripe corn into pudding. Eastern guests got the grand tour of our house and gawked at the row on row of bottled produce.

But with all this work, I found myself in a dilemma that came out in a poem titled "Martha Speaks":

My sister, when our Lord had gone,
Brought me a drink fresh from the well.
I said, "O worthless one." I struck
The cup of water so it fell.

She laid her fingers on my arm.
I threw them off. I would not stay.
The heavy house is quiet now;
She sought my Lord and went away.

My hands are Martha's hands, alert,
Skillful, strong, and swift to hurt:
But, ah, my soul, could I surprise
The look of Mary in my eyes.

The story of Mary and Martha in the New Testament became for me a recurring riddle, laden with perplexities. The account from Luke reads like this:

Now it came to pass, as they went, that [Jesus] entered into a certain village; and a certain woman named Martha received him into her house.

And she had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word.

But Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to him and said, Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me.

And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things:

But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her. (Luke 10:38-42.)

Why should Jesus reprove Martha? By her industry he was fed. Order, cleanliness, and physical comforts are not the fruits of contemplation. Is not Martha the worker-bee? Is not household proficiency a high good? (Prov. 31:10-31.)

Why should Jesus commend Mary? The obvious answer is that she sat at the Lord's feet and listened to his words. She sat and listened. What is the nature of this higher life for which she has become the symbol?

Modern analytical psychology has advanced the theory that in every human being, whether male or female, there exist two contradictory but at the same time complementary approaches to life: the masculine and the feminine, the animus and the anima, the *yang* and the *yin*. The masculine concerns itself with doing, accomplishing, performing, executing. It is the driving force. The feminine is deeply aware. It feels and intuits and broods.

Each of us faces the problem of expressing intelligently and with balance these two sides of the psyche. No man should be all drive and purpose; conversely, no woman should be all feeling.

There are few such women today. The pendulum has swung in the opposite direction. The woman of today lives in a world where the test of worth is deeds. From the Who's Who of the high school annual to the final obituary notice, the emphasis is laid not on being or becoming, but on doing.

However, the other side of the scale hangs heavy with deprivation. To the edge of insanity, humanity has been over-masculinized. The machismo of competition, aggression, and brute force has thrust us all to a cultural brink. Both now and in the past, we have relied on war and aggression as the means of solving problems and dealing with insecurities. In this jockeying for power by both sexes, who will be left to mind the creative storehouses of compassion and intuition?

There is still, as in olden time, a mystery that broods upon the waters and a voice that speaks out of the whirlwind. Whether they be managing a factory, working in an office, or running a home, those who are too busy with affairs cannot heed their Lord. Their spirits cannot sit and listen. The shape of the daffodil, the sound of dry leaves, the stricken eyes of a returned soldier, these must fall into the dark cup of the heart as the seed is taken into the womb, to be nourished in silence and respect.

The conditions of mortality require that we continue with our Martha tasks. They are essential to our physical survival and to our achieving the work of the world. But I wish I could pass along my realization that there is a creative blending of roles possible. We must all become both Martha and Mary so that we can "sit at the Lord's feet and listen." Part of a poem I wrote to my husband Henry on our first wedding anniversary talks of our own struggle to learn the balance that will make us truly blessed:

From "Sequence for the First Marriage Anniversary"

II

Across resisting waters our Norse sires
Exhorted struggling settlers to apply
Force. Their legendary funeral pyres,
Crimson and dark against a hostile sky,
Stand stark against the years that followed after,
A monument to strain. As heritage we
Have the drive of effort. The heavy rafters
And the perverse steel must yield to urgency;
Utmost endeavor only can oppose
The parching earth; you muscle down defeat.
By labor deserts blossom as the rose;
Weariness choked off yields shining wheat.

So came we to marriage, bent to wrest
From it tranquility, to shape its good
By resolutions—only to find a best
That is of other kind: as of a wood
Sweet with the peace of pause or linnets trill,
Or one of our hushed mountain peaks above
The checkered fields at home, serene and still.
So in repose we learned to find our love.

Roses from deserts are a brilliant yield
If we prize, too, the lilies of the field.

GRIEF AND LOSS

*The darkness of loss is a necessary
contrast to the light of wonder.*

TO return to the creation story, Genesis tells us that God divided the light from the darkness, but God did not do away with darkness. This suggests that darkness is a part of creation, of earthly experience, and we must accept it. In fact, standing open-eyed in terrible places is essential; some things can be learned from grief and loss that can be learned in no other way.

My first experience with grief was the death of my mother. We all loved her deeply, especially my father. I remember him asking us at dinner, "Isn't your mother beautiful? Just look at her, children."

In 1931 she became terminally ill with encephalitis. Our stake president blessed her that she would recover and rear her family. Then she died. This was too hard for my father to accept. He never spoke of her again. She was the center, the glue that held us all together. When she died, our family disintegrated. My father, in his grief, decided to move to Salt Lake City to a rented and desolate house—to be near a half-sister who didn't really want to be involved. It was the depths of the Depression. No one came from the ward to counsel, "Don't do this. Stay here in your Provo home where you at least have a roof over your heads and some kind of support group." In Salt Lake my father never found work. The younger children were displaced persons in the big city schools. My sister Louise had no center of reference in her new world as a student nurse. We were left spiritually adrift when we needed help.

As for me, the school where I had been employed closed for lack of funds. I became ill and faced an operation for which I had no money. I met a young man whom I naively believed had come into my life to take the place of my mother. But he soon told me good-bye, leaving me a bound volume of blank pages with a farewell poem on the last page.

When our family moved back to Provo, our world regained some degree of normalcy, though we were never to coalesce as a family again nor to know, as a family, economic security. We were all anchorless, locked into our own grief, and each of us who endured that tragic year set out on a personal and lonely search. The last time my brothers and sisters were together was at our father's funeral in 1938.

Years later I worked with a psychologist who suggested that inside I was still weeping for my mother. Even now I am driven by a desire to gather all of my family members again. I have just completed a project that is my belated attempt to assuage my grief at my mother's death and the disintegration of our family. With two other family members, I have prepared a display of photographs titled "The Candland Family" that shows my parents in the center and each of their children as adults in an arc over their heads. At the bottom of the display is an additional picture of each child as a youth. Between my parents, in calligraphy, is a copy of a sonnet I wrote after my mother's death:

PREFACE FOR AN ALBUM

How she loved life who gave life in such measure;
 Greens from her garden; shining row on row
 Of prisoned plums and pears, a glass-sealed treasure.
 No money in the bank? Then mend and sew.
 Let resolution cut the coat or find
 The fee that sends us paid again to school.
 Tired? Bluebells against a whitewashed wall are kind.
 Sleep gently, she has turned the music stool.
 Now this the ripened grain, the garnered sheaf.
 The harvesting she could not stay to reap
 Is gathered here. Turn us leaf by leaf—
 Nine sons and daughters. Mother, in the deep
 Everlasting where His spirits dwell,
 See us today and find you planted well.

A copy of the display and the photos will go to each of my mother's children, and a photocopy to all of their descendants. Included with the display will be my mother's patriarchal blessing. I am trying, in my mother's memory, to bring our family back together. I feel that with this memorial, everything has come full circle.

I use this example to illustrate one thing I have learned about sorrow and loss. Life may be essentially tragic, and no amount of passive acceptance can make it less painful. But grief can be reconciled by making a memorial or in some other way giving new life to the person who is lost.

For example, Alice Louise Reynolds was a great teacher at Brigham Young University. Her classes influenced both me and my mother, as well as hundreds of other students. In addition to teaching, she headed a community-wide effort to raise enough money to buy the books of a retired judge, which collection became the basis of the entire BYU library. A few years ago Algie Eggertsen Ballif, Naoma Rich Earl, and I began a campaign to establish the Alice Louise Reynolds room in the Lee Library. Her former students donated generously to this fund, and now a beautiful meeting room on the sixth floor of the library bears her name. There is also an annual Alice Louise Reynolds lecture delivered in this room. As often as people gather in the Alice Louise Reynolds room, as long as the yearly lecture is presented, the teaching and the service of Alice Louise Reynolds are remembered and she is given new life.

My own writing has become another kind of memorial for me. Two years after I was married I learned that scar tissue from a previous operation had closed my fallopian tubes, so I could not conceive. I wrote this poem expressing my feelings at that time:

BLIGHT

August is the month of broken dreams:
 The amber pear splits in the grass, worm eaten;
 The fish drift sideways in the shrunken streams;
 And in the fields the fecund shocks lie beaten
 With hail. What are those puny stalks of gray
 Seen through a midday dusk of drifting soil?
 Listen! The crickets work on stubbled hay,
 And canker takes the perfect rose as spoil.

And I who kept my body for this fruiting,
 Know now the wandering seed can find no rest—
 Part of the waste of August's heavy looting,
 Part of the waste of nature's heavy jest.
 September, can your gentler hands redeem
 The scattered fragments of the broken dream?

Verse has been for me a way to spiritual insights and release in times of crisis.

As we went through the process of adopting our three children, I was able to write a book about adoption, which helped me to examine my own experience and my own heart, to come to love and be grateful for the process by which we were able to have a family.

My experiences have taught me something of the dark night of the soul. Out of that struggle, there has emerged a sense of awe at the goodness of God. The great wonder of religion to me is that God can turn darkness into light. This power of redemption is at the heart of the universe, and we are able to participate in that redemption as we accept the darkness of grief and loss as a necessary contrast to the great light of peace and wonder.

MOTHER EARTH

We must develop a new tenderness.

ONE of the evidences of the imbalance in our collective psyches toward the masculine qualities of thinking and doing is our lack of sensitivity to the earth and to other creatures that share the earth with us. Read again the radiant first chapter of Genesis, and then ask yourself if it is in this spirit of joy and wonder that we see our world today. Many never consider the vital relationship that exists between humans and the world, that we are able to sustain life only because of it. Rather, we often see the earth as something to exploit economically. Even Brigham Young, in condemning such a vision, uses metaphors of commerce:

[T]here is only so much property in the world. There are the elements that belong to this globe, and no more. We do not go to the moon to borrow; neither send to the sun or any of the planets; all our commercial transactions must be confined to this little earth, and its wealth cannot be increased or diminished; and though the improvements of the arts of life which have taken place within the memory of many now living are very wonderful, there is no question that extravagance has more than kept pace with them.²

Evidence of such extravagance is all around us in the pervasive mentality that is willing to destroy for quick profit. For me, this greedy exploitation and lack of concern for the earth were epitomized in my unsuccessful efforts to preserve a little cattail marsh in Salem, Utah, near the home where Henry and I lived when we returned from Delaware.

Natural wetlands are a vital link in a balanced ecology. A

giant sponge, they can absorb sixteen to eighteen times their weight in water, soaking it up fast enough to prevent flash floods and releasing it slowly enough to replenish the water table. Nutrient-rich, blessed by sunlight and rain, wetlands harbor a complex cycle of plant and animal life, including the beautiful water birds, many now in danger of extinction. Furthermore, wetlands are lovely and gentle; we should seek after them for their own sake and for our own healing.

In the attempt to save our marsh, we tried many things: We enlisted ecology classes at BYU to write a history of Salem Pond. The Nebo School District showed concern by putting out a nature guide, detailing creative uses of the marsh by school children. I published an article in the *Ensign* in 1972, the first on ecological concerns ever to appear in that magazine. We circulated a petition calling for the preservation of the pond. For a while we thought that it would be safe. Eventually, however, the marsh fell prey to those who had something to gain economically from its destruction.

Town officials, looking through the distorted lenses of exploitation, saw the marsh as a potential sight for a landfill. As one of them said, "I hate marshes. They are to be filled or drained." When the city demolished its old city hall and fire station, truckloads of rubble and huge blocks of concrete were dumped into the marsh, irrevocably damaging it. As the expanse of disturbed earth widened, harsh weeds pushed back the benign green of cattails and grasses. The damage was irreversible, and the blight will remain for years. My little marsh has become a symbol to me of all the brutal and irrational desecration perpetrated on whatever is innocent and lovely.

The bulldozer mentality, the attitude that anything is expendable for quick money, has put our earth at risk. We have listened too long to people with vested interests who have the most to gain economically from environmental destruction.

Misinterpreting the terms *subdue* and *dominate* has led many into evil ways. Ecologist Don Fabun writes of human insecurity in our relationship with nature: "The purpose of the life of [humankind] . . . was to 'conquer' nature, 'tame' the wilderness, 'make war' on pests and vermin, 'control' the rivers. Life was a 'battle' against the elements; only the fittest survived."

What we were actually commanded to do was not to subdue and dominate the earth by destroying it, but to nourish it

in stewardship. That suggests that we must somehow get back or move forward to a we relationship with the planet. We have much to learn from other people in this regard, particularly from Native Americans. Chief Seattle's oft quoted, but probably apochryphal lament, "The Land Is Sacred to Us," is one of the most beautiful, prophetic statements about a people who understand their relationship to the world:



*We are women who love the Lord, the gospel,
and the Church; we have served, tithed,
and raised righteous children in Zion.*

*We plead for the opportunity to continue to do
so in an atmosphere of respect and justice.*

Every part of this earth is sacred to my people. Every shining pine needle, every sandy shore, every mist in the dark woods, every clearing, and humming insect is holy in the memory and experience of my people. The sap which courses through the trees carries the memories of the red man. . . .

This we know: The earth does not belong to man; man belongs to the earth. This we know: All things are connected like the blood which unites one family. All things are connected.

Whatever befalls the earth befalls the sons of the earth. Man did not weave the web of life; he is merely a strand in it. Whatever he does to the web, he does to himself. . . .

In *Walden*, Henry David Thoreau says, "The laws of the universe are not indifferent, but are forever on the side of the most sensitive."³ Stewardship! It is one of the loveliest words in our language. We must develop a new tenderness toward the earth.

PATRIARCHY

*Our century has valued the masculine traits
more than the feminine traits.*

I HAVE come to believe, in my ninety years of existence, that there is a difference between one acting as a prophet and one acting within a patriarchy. One of Christ's analogies in the Sermon on the Mount has been useful to me in understanding that difference. Christ asks:

Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know

how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him? (Matt. 7:9–11.)

A prophet, like a good parent, will respond to the questions and needs of God's children, will bless them. A representative of the patriarchy will be more concerned with dogma, procedures, or expediencies than with people, and consequently may wind up giving them a stone or a serpent when what they need and are asking for is to be fed.

Let me illustrate with two occasions when I was given a stone rather than bread. For a time during our years in Delaware, I taught a Sunday School class of bright teen-aged girls. Their fathers were Ph.D.s. We could talk freely as mutual friends. During a lesson on the Godhead, we pondered the fact that the Holy Ghost represents compassion, insight, tenderness, and guidance. Someone suggested that if we had a Father and a Son, we have two sides of a triangle. The third side might perhaps be the Mother. We thought this was a great idea, and we could even get it confirmed by an authority, since a young Bruce R. McConkie was our conference visitor. So naively I asked him, "Do you think the Holy Ghost could possibly be the Heavenly Mother?"

He rose to his considerable height and thundered, "Sister Stark, go home and get down on your knees and ask God to forgive you. And if you never sin again the rest of your life, maybe he will."

I did not repent, but I did feel betrayed. Even if Elder McConkie felt I was wrong, I deserved a compassionate response. I was asking a question motivated by sincere religious desire. My need and the needs of these young women for a feminine principle in deity came up from our hearts, like a river bursting forth. But Elder McConkie responded with harshness and anger. He did not just give us a stone; he threw it at us. And I cannot help but wonder about his deep-seated, underlying feelings concerning women, considering that he found it so offensive for me to suggest that a woman might be part of the Godhead.

My second example concerns the opposition of Church leaders to the Equal Rights Amendment. For many thinking and progressive LDS women—women who had been leaders in ward, stake, and community affairs—the Church's adamant stand against the ERA was not only baffling but vindictive. Although some claimed that pro-ERA Mormon women had free agency, the reality was that discrimination against ERA advocates resulted in some women having their temple recommends withdrawn, being released from ward or stake positions, and certainly suffering many instances of ostracism and disapproval.

I was one in a group of Mormon feminists from Provo who wrote to President Kimball about this issue. An excerpt from our first letter suggests our concerns:

We desperately need to know whether, after serious consideration, soul-searching, and prayer, you indeed and in fact find us unworthy, a minority open to

attack, and ultimately expendable. If not, *can the word get out* that Mormon feminists are not to be subjected to intimidations, rejection for Church assignments, loss of employment, and psychological excommunication. . . . We are women who love the Lord, the Gospel, and the Church; we have served, tithed, and raised righteous children in Zion. We plead for the opportunity to continue to do so in an atmosphere of respect and justice.⁴

President Kimball, in a departure from his usual prophetic leadership, did not reply to our letter himself; inexplicably he turned the matter over to a secretary who wrote to ask for permission to send copies of our letter to our stake presidents. The next correspondence we sent brought the same results. After eight letters we realized that we were going to be left to our own resources for solutions. Our final letter ended, "Sometimes I feel like a motherless child."

These examples show what a patriarchy lacks—compassion. Those who try to deal with a patriarchy may feel that it has no regard or concern for them personally, but for following channels or upholding doctrines or maintaining the proper forms or appearances. The symbol that represents patriarchy is a man behind a desk or a pulpit, with his arms folded, concerned with protecting himself, his institution, and the status quo. A prophet, on the other hand, stands in the open with arms uplifted before the people. This gesture makes a prophet vulnerable, but it is a gesture of inclusion, love, and support.

Elined Kotschnig, a Quaker psychologist who had studied with Carl Jung, was the one who most greatly altered my viewpoint about prophets, as well as my entire perspective about life. She taught me that Jung believes people to operate in four ways: mind (thinking), hands (sensory), heart (feeling), and intuition (extra-sensory). These functions may be visualized in a simple mandala, a chart of four quadrants. On the right are the masculine quadrants of thinking and doing. On the left are the feminine quadrants of feeling and intuition. (These are not, of course, to be construed in explicitly sexual terms but in the spirit of the yang and yin opposites.) Those at the top of the chart are the extroverted functions, intuition and thinking. Those at the bottom are the introverted ones, feeling and doing.

A person's genetic endowment along with his or her environment tends to strengthen one or another of these four functions, to the minimizing of its opposite. Thus, the individual who is overly the organizer, overseer, delegator, or administrator too often represses the feeling or "heart side" of life. This then becomes a "shadow" or unlived experience, which one may fear, repress, or project onto others.

Repressing, fearing, and projecting are things we all do, thus creating the dark side of our psyches. Each of us has a witch or a warlock within, whom it is very difficult for us to acknowledge. The tendency is not to recognize what one is projecting onto others. For example, often we are guilty of the very behavior that most angers us when we see it in another. As Eliza R. Snow's hymn teaches:

Once I said unto another,
 "In thine eye there is a mote;
 If thou art a friend, a brother,
 Hold and let me pull it out."
 But I could not see it fairly,
 For my sight was very dim.
 When I came to search more clearly,
 In mine eye there was a beam.⁵

Rather than looking within for the source of our reaction, we project evil intent onto the other, thus blinding ourselves to that person's divine spark.

What we should do is to recognize our own witch, but not to punish her—to invite her in, to acknowledge and listen to her, and try to understand her. Healing can begin when I befriend my alienated self. I must honor the creative potential within my own witch. She may help me learn what I have feared about the quadrant where I am uncomfortable and how to act more authentically there. She may help me to reconcile my weakest quadrant.

The ideal is to find a balance, to be able to move from one quadrant to another as circumstances require, using mind, hands, heart, and spirit. This is a process of a lifetime. We don't just learn the truths of life once and then have them under our control. We have to go back and back and back as though we've never learned them before. Certainly we will make progress, but no one experience should be considered definitive or final. There is always more to take in, each experience adding a new facet to the crystal of the psyche, or in some cases re-polishing an old one.

This approach to life helped me to feel increased wholeness. I began perceiving life as a mandala with a central core of self. The Church had always provided me with form and structure; the Quakers gave me openness and experimentation.

But as I said in my discussion of work, our century has valued the masculine traits of thinking and doing more than the feminine traits of feeling and intuiting. In fact, I am beginning to wonder if all of us, given the opportunity, would not choose the power quadrant as our preferred dominant quadrant. None of us wants to risk the pain that comes with feeling; we aren't willing to sit and listen to others or to be still enough to understand the great power in the universe that might teach us. Or perhaps our desire for power goes back to the war in heaven:

We still are attracted by Satan's plan. Everyone wants to take away the free agency of others and impose his or her own will. And perhaps this tendency to power is what characterizes the natural man that is an enemy to God.

At any rate, this will to choose power may account for the current preponderance of patriarchy over prophets. For indeed, prophetic inspiration comes from feeling and intuition, which are feminine qualities.

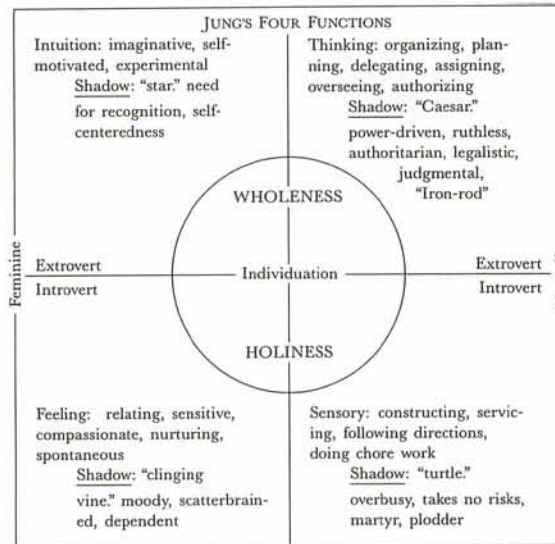
Consequently, a prophet is not necessarily male. Nor female. Prophet is a generic title, available to anyone who nurtures the qualities that allow her or him to receive revelation. It is in the nature of prophets to be individualistic, imaginative, open, and risk-oriented. They are also perceptive and loving. Our Western culture has not overly rewarded such voices, not even in women. The Church, for example, mandates that women be assigned the two quadrants of feeling (providing nurture) and sensory (doing chores).

Across the spectrum of our institutions and governments, the thinking, organizing, administrative quadrant has become increasingly manipulative, legalistic, and power-driven. Workers under such an authoritarian regime grow inert, non-creative, hopeless, or dangerously rebellious. How it must pain God to see his creatures more and more addicted to greater and greater manic forces.

Many men as well as women have been wounded by the patriarchy. They, too, require healing in the feminine quadrants of feeling and intuition, but they must heal themselves. For too long women have been assigned or designated to feel and nurture for men. Men must reclaim the feminine aspects of their being. Women cannot do this for them. I do not think that giving women the priesthood is the answer. Like men, women do not need to further emphasize the masculine qualities. Moving

women into the management quadrant, without having men make a corresponding shift into the feeling quadrant, will only create a new set of problems.

Rather, women's power should arise from its own creative center, not from rituals created by men. Women need the space to evolve, in our own time, unique images that express our being. What does it mean to be a woman, wholly and in holiness? This is a question for women to answer, and it is a question that is crucial to our time. This knowing must come from a deep well within ourselves, some inner wisdom that cannot be handed to us by a patriarchy, no matter how silver



Carl Jung believed people operated in four ways: thinking, sensory, feeling, and extra-sensory. A person's genetic endowment along with his or her environment tends to strengthen one or another of these four functions, to the minimizing of its opposite. The ideal is to find a balance, to be able to move from one quadrant to another as circumstances require, using mind, hands, heart, and spirit.

the platter nor how golden the pedestal. After all, to date revelation has given us very few feminine symbols.

A decade ago, I was ill for most of a year. Before a blessing for healing I was asked, "Sister Helen, what is the desire of your heart?"

I answered, "I need insight. What am I supposed to learn from all this pain?"

Not long after this, I chanced upon a magazine containing a photographic essay on women. One shot showed an older woman with her hands touching in prayer. The caption, a line from Gerard Manley Hopkins, read, "Mine, O Lord of life, send my roots rain."⁶ In my need I began to weep. Strangely I found myself amending the poem: Mine, O Mother of Life, send my roots rain.

Rain is a feminine symbol. Soft, gentle, nurturing rain. I cried out from a great deprivation not only for myself but for our missile-ridden, power-drunk culture. Send our roots rain!

Surely we shall be held to an accounting of why we have chosen to stress the masculine quadrants with their emphasis on *subdue* rather than *stewardship*, *organization* over *becoming*, *form* over *beauty*. But the opposites must become reconciled if we are to achieve wholeness. The intuitive feminine *prophetic* quadrant must become a part of all human experience, available alike to scientist, artist, housewife, and cleric. Only then can we walk in the shadow of the holy of holies, aware of the transcendent nature of human existence. Before that mystery we must stand still and listen.

If we are to survive, we need, I believe, a prophetic shift in the kaleidoscope. It must include a viable, profound feminine symbol—the Great Mother. In the Apocrypha, she is described in the book of Wisdom:

Though she is but one, she can do all things,
and while remaining in herself she renews all things;
In every generation she passes into holy souls
and makes them friends of God and prophets—
For she is more beautiful than the sun,
and excels every constellation of the stars—
She reaches mightily from one end of the earth to the other
And she orders all things well.

(Wisdom of Solomon 7:2–8:1.)

I think that when we can arrive at some reconciliation of the opposites of male and female, when they are held in creative tension, then we are not either/or, but are both. Maybe even something better than both.

The next step of religious insight may well be under way. A Quaker friend wrote, "There is a strange immensity coming. It is there with incredible gentleness, as tender as a new leaf in spring and as easily destroyed. It is utterly vulnerable, and so everlastingly indestructible." To the end of our comprehending this paradox, may our Heavenly Father guide us to understanding, and may our Heavenly Mother nurture us. This is my prayer for each of us. □

NOTES

1. Esther Petersen, "The World Beyond the Valley," *SUNSTONE* 15 (November 1991):21–25.
2. *Journal of Discourses* 13:304.
3. Henry David Thoreau, *Walden* (New York: Signet Classics, 1960), 148.
4. Letter to President Spencer W. Kimball, in author's files, BYU Archives.
5. Eliza R. Snow, "Truth Reflects Upon Our Senses," in *Hymns* (Salt Lake City: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1985), 273.
6. Gerard Manley Hopkins, *The Poetical Works of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, ed. Norma H. Mackenzie (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1990), 201.

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1. "Aging: The Challenge and Rewards," *Exponent II* 13:1 (Fall 1986):2–3.
2. "Another Kind of Tithing," *Ensign* (October 1972):38–43.
3. "An Early Frost" (poem), *Inward Light* (Fall-Winter 1975–76):32.
4. "BYU Student Life in the Twenties," *BYU Studies* 28:2 (Spring 1988):17.
5. "Christmas Sonnets from Other Years," *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* 19:4 (Winter 1986):16–17.
6. "Decisions: A Meditation," *Exponent II* 16 (1991):2.
7. "The Good Woman Syndrome. Or, When is Enough Enough?" *Exponent II* 3:2 (December 1976):16.
8. "Grains of Life: Fragments of a Sonnet Cycle," *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* 19:1 (Spring 1986):18–83.
9. "Making Hay at the Grass Roots Level," *Exponent II* 2:4 (June 1976):10.
10. "My Hands Are Martha's Hands," (BYU Women's Conference address, April 1990), *Women and the Power Within*, (Salt Lake City:Deseret Book, 1991).
11. "My Last Sacrament Meeting Talk," *Exponent II* 11:1 (Fall 1984):13.
12. "Pilgrimage to Bethlehem," *Exponent II* 11:1 (Fall 1984):13.
13. "Prophet: A Meditation," *SUNSTONE* 5:4 (July-August 1980):36–37.
14. "Sabbath" (poem), *Inward Light* 30:72 (Fall 1967):36–37.
15. "The Task," *Exponent II* 14:1 (1987):10.
16. "Three Meditations on Mary and Martha," *Exponent II* 2:2 (December 1975):5.
17. "A Touch of Death," *Exponent II* 4:4 (Summer 1978):6.
18. "An Underground Journey Toward Repentance," *Mormon Women Speak: A Collection of Essays*, ed. Mary L. Bradford (Salt Lake City: Olympus Publishing Co., 1982), 31–36.
19. "The Wheat and the Tares," *Inward Light* (1954):17–21.



POTATOES

Grandpa said, Push
steady, straight
down; feel ground
dig into wet stones.

Grandpa never dug a hole
too deep
or too shallow.
He wanted potatoes to grow,
he wanted me to see
into the earth,
he wanted me to feel
soil in his hand.

—WILLIAM POWLEY