

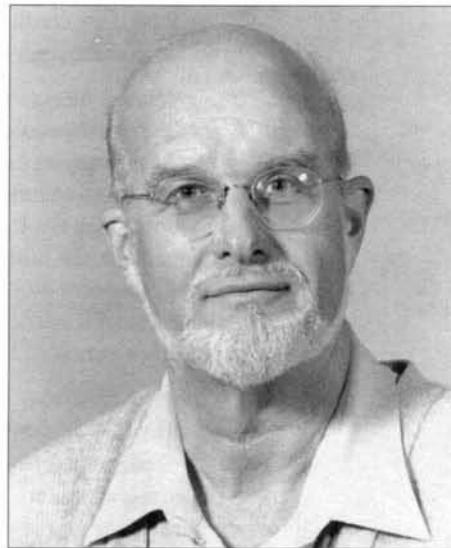

CORNUCOPIA

My Creed

ALWAYS LOOKING AND REACHING

1. *MY CREED BEGINS WITH A COMMITMENT TO THE gospel of Jesus Christ as the framework for living this life and preparing for the next, whatever it might bring.* Having completed the first seven decades of mortality, I have grown more certain about the validity of gospel teachings for this life even as I have learned to live with increasing uncertainty about the next. I hope and trust that the cosmological process we call the Plan of Salvation will indeed culminate in a divine destiny with eternal relationships, as promised; but I have many questions and little understanding about the meaning and implications of that destiny. I have learned to live with such ambiguity—doing so is an attribute of intellectual adulthood—and to enjoy it, because it leaves so much to think about!

2. *I thus choose to believe in a meaningful, progressive life after mortality, or at least to proceed as though it is real.* Such a belief is my overarching “hypothesis for living,” which, like any hypothesis, does not require final proof to provide guidance for the “experiment” we call mortality. Nor do I apologize for embracing what philosophers of science might call an “unfalsifiable” hypothesis, i.e., one that can be neither proven nor disproven in the empirical present. Whether we realize it or not, everyone lives according to some propositions that cannot be verified in this life, or at least not until some distant—even unspecified—point in the future. Think of the investor whose pay-off will come, if not next year, then the year after that, or the year after that. Think of the commitments to uncertainty we make at marriage, in the expectation of more happiness and fulfillment in the future than in the past, or our willingness to devote twenty-five years to bearing and rearing children in the hope that they will bring us more satisfaction than pain. Even in the rare ozone of academia, entire careers have been built on unfalsifiable theoretical frameworks like psychoanalysis, dialectical materialism, or a sanguine commitment to the inherent goodness and perfectibility of the human being.



“The longer I live, the more repentant I feel, and the more I seek the forgiveness of others.”

3. *Meanwhile, we have to cope with earth life, and I find my inspiration in the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth.* I am not ignorant of the comparable, and often sublime, teachings of other great prophets, but I find in Jesus a combination of idealism and realism that has special appeal. I cannot comprehend the full meaning of his atonement, but I don’t need a full understanding in order to apply the principle of repentance on which the Atonement depends for its efficacy. Indeed, the longer I live, the more repentant I feel, and the more I seek the forgiveness of others, especially but not only those nearest and dearest, for the sorrow inflicted on them by my weakness and selfishness across the years.

Another increasingly important sentiment of my mature years is gratitude, especially to God, but also to countless others inside and outside my family and the Church who have looked past my weaknesses to enrich my life with opportunity, encouragement, and sustenance, both material and spiritual. Such are the ideals for earthly living that I find especially meaningful in the gospel: repentance, forgiveness, gratitude, and related ideals like empathy, all of which comprise a general syndrome that we might call “charity.” These are not my only ethical ideals, but they are the ones that have become increasingly important in my later life.

4. *My Church membership is an altogether separate matter from my life’s creed.*

The Church is important to me, and I feel intensely loyal to it. The leaders with whom I have dealt over the years have always proved loyal to me. I believe the Church has a divine origin, though other churches might share such an origin to greater or lesser degrees. My study of LDS history convinces me, however, that since its origin, the Church has operated mainly as a human institution, given into our hands by a loving God as a structure, somewhat like the family, within which we must learn to tolerate, love, and serve each other.

Each of us, in the Church or in a family, is entitled to divine guidance for our roles or callings to the extent that we seek it and prepare for it. Scriptures teach that divine revelation typically begins with human initiative, with our formulating propositions to be presented for spiritual confirmation. This process takes a lot of thought, effort, and humility to get beyond the preconceptions and prejudices of our human condi-

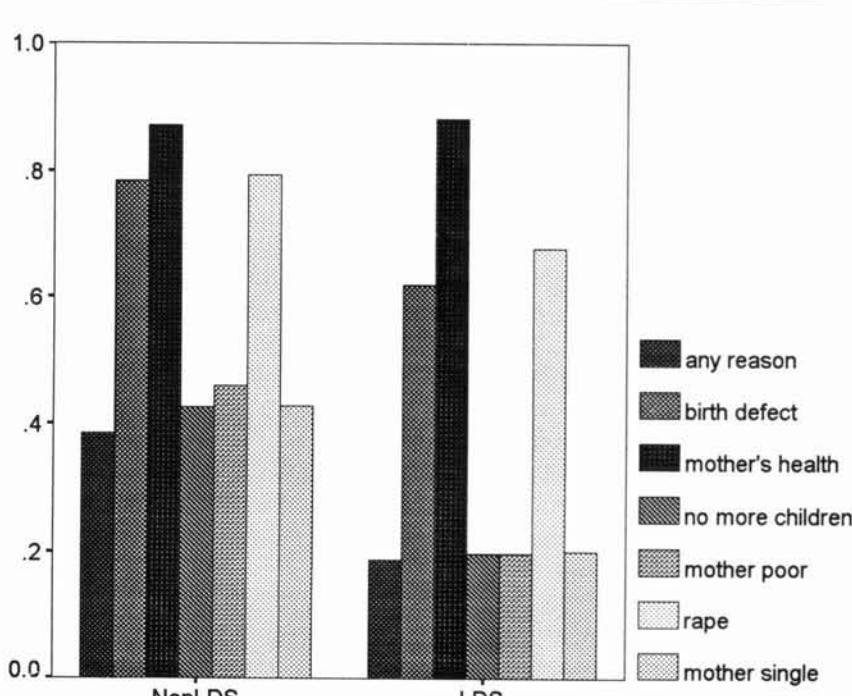
tion and produce confirmable propositions. Sometimes we and our leaders go to that effort, and sometimes we don't. That's why the Church and its programs seem so often to muddle through, rather than to succeed fully; that's why leaders and members sometimes treat each other with arrogance and insensitivity; and that's why the Lord is not always pleased with what happens in the Church. Yet the Church is the means and not the end. Though we are assured that the family is eternal, we have been given no reason to believe that the Church exists in the next world. That is why we must keep an eternal perspective on what occurs in the Church, whether in the slights we receive or in the honors bestowed through high office.

At its best, the Church is a community of caring if deeply flawed souls where we can love and be loved, forgive and be forgiven, serve and be served, strengthen the weak and receive strength in our weaknesses. The Church does not always function at its best; nor do we as members. Any of us at any time can thus find ourselves among the alienated and marginalized. We must nevertheless always be looking and reaching for each other across categorical margins and boundaries in hopes of maintaining community bonds of eternal love; for eternal life must ultimately be a collective accomplishment, a triumph of enduring relationships over preoccupation with self.

—ARMAND L. MAUSS
professor, sociology, Washington State University

IN THE JANUARY/FEBRUARY 1978 ISSUE OF SUNSTONE, then lobbyist, now U.S. Senator (R-Utah), Robert F. Bennett said in an interview:

"I remember a remark made about a candidate who was not as faithful in the Church as he might have been, at least in



pregnancy, if the family has a very low income and cannot afford any more children, if she became pregnant as a result of rape, if she is not married and does not want to marry the man, or the woman wants it for any reason." Mormons were as likely as the national population to say abortion should be legal if the mother's health is seriously endangered. In each other case, Mormons were more opposed to legal abortion.

Robert Bennett:

Mormon Lobbyist, Campaign Manager, Nixon Appointee, Hughes P.R. Director
Interviewed by Peggy Fletcher



Sunstone, Volume Three, Number Two, page 15.

Robert Foster Bennett, director of public relations for the Summa Corporation, is the son of Francis G. and Wallace F. Bennett, Republican Senator from Utah (1953-1977). He graduated from the University of Utah in 1965, taught at the University of Utah, worked as a lobbyist in Washington, D.C., and served as a congressional liaison for the Nixon Administration. He then joined the White House Communications Agency, a Washington public relations firm, and served as a brazier in Virginia. In 1978 there was media speculation that he had once been the "Dad" mentioned in the "Woodward-Bernstein book. All the President's Men," a theory which both he and Woodward have consistently denied. He is presently living in Los Angeles with his wife, Joyce McKay Bennett, and their children.

Sunstone: What role did you play in your father's senatorial campaign?

Bennett: I worked in every one of his campaigns in one capacity or another. The first one was in 1950 when I was 16. In 1952 I worked on his campaign to get him elected to the Senate. In 1954 I was in college and was involved at a little higher level. But it wasn't until the 1956 campaign that I really got involved in it. It was Dad's most difficult campaign—the only one (with the exception of the first) where he did not lead in the polls all the way.

Sunstone: Was religion an issue in that campaign?

Bennett: David King, the incumbent Democratic Congressman running for Dad's Senate seat, had been a member of the General Superintendence of the LDS Church. He ran a campaign on that issue. Dad, on the other hand, had been a member of the General Superintendence of the Sunday

Twenty Years Ago in Sunstone

A SMOKING, MORMON CONGRESSMAN

ABORTION ATTITUDES

MEMBERS OF THE LDS CHURCH are less likely to say abortion should be legal than are non-LDS residents of the United States. This finding comes from responses to the General Social Survey conducted by the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago from 1972 to 1996. The cumulative survey includes over 35,000 responses, 452 of which said they were LDS. Respondents to national surveys were asked if they thought "it should be possible for a pregnant woman to obtain a legal abortion if there is a strong chance of serious defect in the baby, if she is married and does not want any more children, if the woman's own health is seriously endangered by the

terms of some of his personal habits. Some of the people in the party complained bitterly that he wasn't living up to Church standards. One of the wiser heads, in my view, responded, 'Look, we're not running him for President of the Church; we're running him for that particular political office.' I think that members of the Church should remember that the man can be a smoking elder or a drinking seventy [stake missionary] and still be an excellent congressman. At the same time, if he professes to be a good member of the Church while he's in Utah and then sheds his religion when he crosses the state line and gets back to Washington, I think voters of any religious stripe should seriously question his intellectual honesty."

Neither White Nor Black

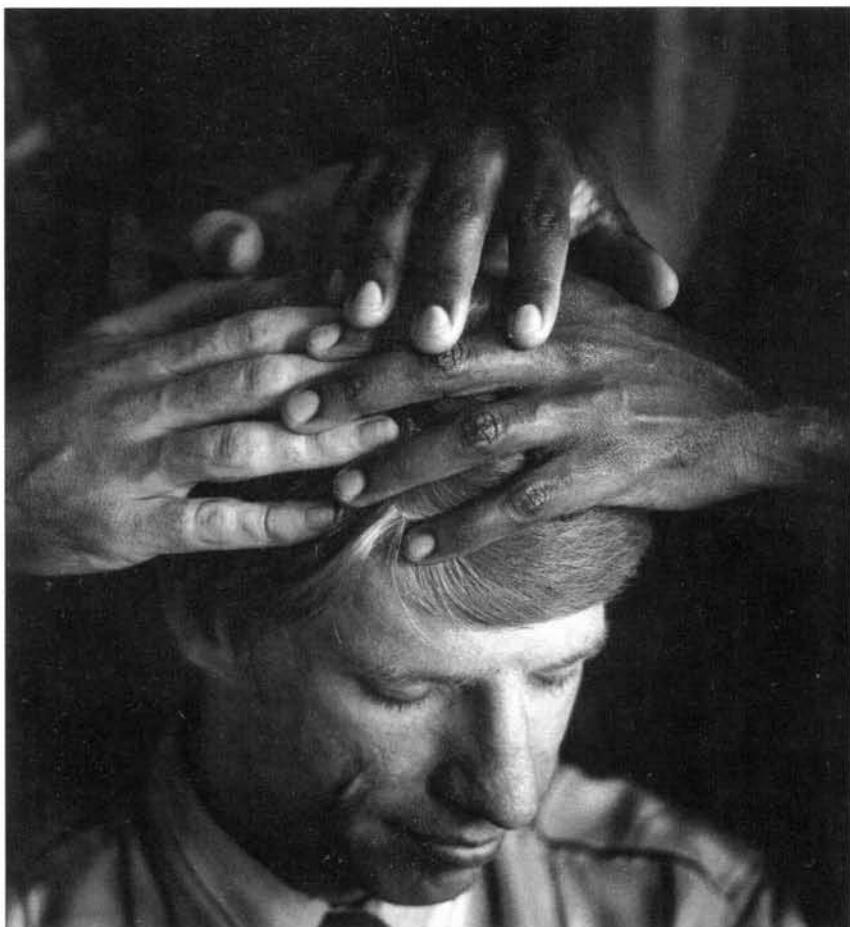
CEASE TO CONCERN YOURSELF

NINETEEN NINETY-EIGHT COMMEMORATES the twentieth anniversary of revelation allowing black men to be ordained to the priesthood and the fulfillment of an important, personal spiritual lesson—having patience to wait for change. In the 1960s, I became concerned with the racial policy of the Church toward people of African ancestry. My concern became acute when I concluded that the practice was a result of cultural influence and historical precedent, not a revelation from God. I fretted and worried over this until a personal revelatory experience put my mind at rest. It occurred during a high council meeting, which was my last since I had taken a new job in a different state. The stake president acknowledged that it was my last meeting, said some very kind things about my efforts as a member of the council, and then asked if I had anything to say.

I spoke without any prior thought and spent a few minutes expressing my genuine affection for the men with whom I had associated and my love for the calling. Suddenly, I was talking about my concerns over the race issue, how much it bothered me, and my conclusion that blacks were being treated improperly in the Church. As I was speaking, there came to my mind as strong an impression as I have ever felt. In effect, it said: "My son, cease to concern yourself. This is my problem, not yours. Stop worrying about it."

From that moment, my mind was at peace, and I was able to function in a wide variety of Church callings without the constant personal struggle over the race matter.

A few years later, the issue came up in a different context



"I fretted and worried that the racial policy of the Church was not a revelation from God until a personal revelatory experience put my mind at rest."

while I was being called to be a bishop. I felt I had to tell the stake president that I would be prepared to give the priesthood to a black man under my jurisdiction if one became a member of my ward and were found to be worthy. I told him of my belief that there was no good cause for denying the priesthood. However, I assured the stake president that I would notify him ahead of time of my intent to deviate from the then-current Church practice so he could release me if he disagreed with my course of action.

The stake president swallowed hard, but he still extended the call because he was convinced that the Lord wanted me to be the bishop. My resolve was never tested; I served only for a year before moving out of the area, and no black people showed any interest in Church membership during that time.

Then, four years later, the change in practice occurred. He who had assured me that it was his problem, not mine, had resolved it in his way.

I believe that lesson in patience is taught again and again.

—J. FREDERICK (TOBY) PINGREE

Sunstone invites similar personal reflections to commemorate the 1978 revelation.

BEING AND NOTHINGNESS

IN ORDER TO FULLY EXPLAIN THIS STORY, I NEED TO tell another one. About six years ago, just south of my hometown of Rochester, New York, two football players from a local college saw a female trying to get help at the roadside. They pulled over, got out of the truck they were in, and asked what the problem was. Seconds later, a man jumped out of the bushes and shot each of the football players three times. He drove off in their truck, and the female drove off in the car that she had said was broken. I read the story later in the newspaper and, of course, was appalled.

But now I'm in Los Angeles—Venice, actually. It's not the nastiest part of town, but it's not all that nice, either. That's actually one of the cool things about it. So I'm off to Hollywood to see the new Parker Posey movie I've been dying to see for so long, but I have to go to the ATM first. It's after dark, so I drive to an ATM not too far from my house, near the Coast Highway. Across the street from the ATM is a red van with drapes in the window. I park behind it, and an old, somewhat grungy-looking man walks up to my car. He asks me to roll down my window, and I inch it down just a hair.

"Do you have jumper cables?" he asks.

Without thinking I answer, "Yeah!" because I did.

"Good, I need a jump. My battery is dead."

I pull my car around to the front of his and realize just how stupid I had been. What was I thinking? This could be any nut, or a killer, mugger, carjacker, or someone like that. I needed an out. I got out of my car, opened the trunk, and looked down at my jumper cables.

"Dude, I guess my cables are at home. I was using them for something else, and I forgot to put them back in my car. Sorry, man."

I drive across the street to use the ATM while the man tries to flag down other drivers. With my money in hand, I scoot back into the car and drive off.

And I feel like crap. I had just lied to a guy and left him stranded on the street. While staring at my cables, I told him they weren't there. I ran through all the questions in my head. What could he have done to me? Would I have

helped him if he was a white guy? How much danger was I in? How awful a person had I become where I wouldn't help somebody who was in trouble?

I pull over, take the jumper cables out of my trunk, and put them on the passenger seat. I want to make it look as if I had gone home and found them. Still nervous, I drive around the block a few times before heading back to the street with the ATM. And there's that guy, still trying to get a jump. I pull up to his car and hold up the cables, yelling, "Behold, yon cables!"

"Thanks. You know, most people are just too scared to even help," he says.

I shrug and give a big sigh. Then his friend comes over. When I was doing my risk vs. morals math, I only factored in one guy. Now there are two. He just sort of stands behind the older guy and looks at me. Absolutely positive that I am going to be on the front page of tomorrow's *L.A. Times*, I hand them the cables.

"Can you help us?" asks the younger guy. "We don't want to blow anything up."

Trying to conceal the sweat that is now forming on my forehead, I quickly attach the cables to my battery. Fifteen seconds

Mormon Media Image

"I HAVE A MOTHER THERE"

ARECENT New York Times Magazine examined religion and belief in American lives. Among individuals of several faith traditions, Mormon Gail Turley Houston, an assistant professor of English at the University of New Mexico, was highlighted in this "What I Believe" sidebar interview:

Q: You were denied tenure by Brigham Young University for "publicly contradicting fundamental church doctrine"—which in your case meant espousing feminism. Has this affected your faith?

A: I've had questions. But my faith has nothing to do with the men who fired me. They cannot touch my soul. My religion is based on my strong, deep and untouchable relationship with God. I know God loves me, and that I've done nothing wrong. I've been given the gift of teaching by God. My mission is to change the world for good by using my gift. My God also keeps telling me to tell people that what happened to me is wrong.



Q: You've spoken of praying to "Mother in heaven." Is God a woman?

A: In the beginning of the church, one of the wives of Joseph Smith—Mormonism's founder—wrote a song that included the lyrics, "Truth tells me that I have a mother there." In other words, the song says that on earth we have a mother and father, and in heaven we do as well.

Q: So, God is a couple? A: Absolutely!

Q: Let's hope they get along. A: Oh, they do. They do.



"LOVE KEEPS NO SCORE OF WRONGS"

1 CORINTHIANS 13

KING JAMES VERSION

CHAPTER 13

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

THE REVISED ENGLISH BIBLE

Oxford and Cambridge University Presses, 1989

13 I may speak in tongues of men or of angels, but if I have no love, I am a sounding gong or a clanging cymbal.² I may have the gift of prophecy and the knowledge of every hidden truth; I may have faith enough to move mountains; but if I have no love, I am nothing.³ I may give all I possess to the needy, I may give my body to be burnt, but if I have no love, I gain nothing by it.

⁴ Love is patient and kind. Love envies no one, is never boastful, never conceited, ⁵never rude; love is never selfish, never quick to take offence. Love keeps no score of wrongs, ⁶takes no pleasure in the sins of others, but delights in the truth.⁷ There is nothing love cannot face; there is no limit to its faith, its hope, its endurance.

⁸ Love will never come to an end. Prophecies will cease; tongues of ecstasy will fall silent; knowledge will vanish.⁹ For our knowledge and our prophecy alike are partial,¹⁰ and the partial vanishes when wholeness comes.¹¹ When I was a child I spoke like a child, thought like a child, reasoned like a child; but when I grew up I finished with childish things.¹² At present we see only puzzling reflections in a mirror, but one day we shall see face to face. My knowledge now is partial; then it will be whole, like God's knowledge of me.¹³ There are three things that last for ever: faith, hope, and love; and the greatest of the three is love.

THE NEW JERUSALEM BIBLE

Doubleday, 1985

The order of importance in spiritual gifts. Hymn to Love

Set your mind on the higher gifts. And now I am going to put before you the best way of all.

13 Though I command languages both human and angelic—if I speak without love, I am no more than a gong booming or a cymbal clashing. And though I have the power of prophecy, to penetrate all mysteries and knowledge, and though I have all the faith necessary to move mountains—if I am without love, I am nothing. Though I should give away to the poor all that I possess, and even give up my body to be burned—if I am without love, it will do me no good whatever.

Love is always patient and kind; love is never jealous; love is not boastful or conceited, it is never rude and never seeks its own advantage, it does not take offence or store up grievances. Love does not rejoice at wrongdoing, but finds its joy in the truth. It is always ready to make allowances, to trust, to hope and to endure whatever comes.

Love never comes to an end. But if there are prophecies, they will be done away with; if tongues, they will fall silent; and if knowledge, it will be done away with. For we know only imperfectly, and we prophesy imperfectly; but once perfection comes, all imperfect things will be done away with. When I was a child, I used to talk like a child, and see things as a child does, and think like a child; but now that I have become an adult, I have finished with all childish ways. Now we see only reflections in a mirror, mere riddles, but then we shall be seeing face to face. Now, I can know only imperfectly; but then I shall know just as fully as I am myself known.

As it is, these remain: faith, hope and love, the three of them; and the greatest of them is love.

later, the van is running. They thank me, and I throw my stuff into my Buick and drive quickly away.

And I'm still wired and upset from the adrenaline that is now coursing through my veins. And I'm upset at how upset I am over the incident. And I'm upset that I've been taught to fear the people around me. And I'm upset that fearing the people around me is basically for my own good and pretty much essential for survival in a big city.

And I turn the radio up as loud as it will go. And I keep telling myself, "You are not a liar. You are not a bigot. You are not dead to the suffering of others."

And in a week or two, I may believe that again.

—MATTHEW WORKMAN
Los Angeles

Recently Released

"IN A RIGHTEOUS USE"

CONTROVERSIAL MORMON AUTHOR BRIAN Evenson, whose violent novella *Altman's Tongue* has become the symbol for critics and champions of a new kind of Mormon fiction, recently had published two new collections of short stories, *The Din of Celestial Birds* (Wordcraft of Oregon) and the very-Mormon chapbook *Prophets and Brothers* (Rodent Press). The following excerpt is from the short story "The Prophets," which takes a brutal and extreme look at conservative Mormon literalism and its notions of righteousness:

"In a holy vision the Lord came to and told me to buy myself a shovel and employ it in a righteous use, so I went next door and borrowed one off Boyd Laswell and awaited further instruction. I took to pondering and praying, striving to divine what God might have me accomplish by means of a shovel.

"I hauled the shovel through my comings and goings, slung upon my shoulders. I did some walking and standing, praying to God to prompt me where to dig, though I didn't even know if digging was for what the shovel was intended.

"Boyd Laswell saw me at it one noon and came after me shouting at me to render him back his shovel. I tried to dissuade him with *Leave off! God has confiscated this shovel!* but he knocked me off my feet and took it. He is not properly parceled over to the promptings of the spirit as am I.

"I had a few deep and easy nights, then the same fitful vision came awork at me. A few nights and it had harrowed me through, though, and I began to think that if I kept paying the dream no heed I was on course to hell. So I got up in the stark of night and scuffed my way down to the Central Hardware and broke the door window out with a garbage can lid. Would have gone in after a shovel too, but God showed me the glints of the dog's teeth as he waited to devour me. So I went home again and in a while fell asleep.

"Woke up an hour later with my mouth dry and sores on my lips, a vision of the shovel still rutting about my head. So I snuck on over to Boyd's and snipped a crowbar from the back of his truck, then pried the lock off his shed door. I'm no thief—all I took was the shovel. Would have left money for it, too, but figured it better to let God reward Boyd in his own way."

Critical Matters

ON THE PLEASURES OF PAIN IN DEVOTIONAL DISCOURSE

REAL
I like a look of agony,
Because I know it's true;
Men do not sham convulsion,
Nor simulate a throe.

The Eyes glaze once, and that is death.
Impossible to feign
The beads upon the forehead
By homely anguish strung.

—EMILY DICKENSON

MY VOTE IN AN ASSOCIATION FOR MORMON Letters internet list poll—"What is your favorite work of devotional literature"—probably struck some as a bit bizarre—I choose John Bunyan's autobiography, *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners*. Part of this, I'm sure, is because I have an unreasonable fascination with seventeenth-century nonconformist writers (such as Milton, Bunyan, Winstanley, Sprigge, and Defoe), who make up the core of my dissertation project. But my fascination with *Grace Abounding* goes even deeper; I like the book because it is all about pain. Bunyan experiences the pain of sin before his conversion and the pain of his constant doubts about his elect status throughout the book. He goes through bouts of deep depression, conflict, and self-doubt, but, through it all, he remains deeply devoted to his God.

Most of the other books that I would be tempted to nominate are also about pain: *The Book of Job*, Augustine's *Confessions*, Gerard Manley Hopkins's "terrible sonnets," James Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, Primo Levi's *The Drowned and the Saved*, Anne Sexton's *The Awful Rowing towards God*, Maurine Whipple's *The Giant Joshua*, and Levi Peterson's *The Backslider*. These books have no common religious position. They are by Catholics, Protestants, Jews, Mormons, and atheists. Some end with an affirmation of religion, some end with a rejection of it, and some end without any resolution whatsoever. But all of them comment—poignant and powerfully—on the pain and struggle that go along with trying to construct faith in a world that seems more than a little bit conducive to doubt.

Now I am not a masochist. Pain—any kind of pain—is about last on my list of things to experience during a day. But I am also aware that having faith and serving God are not always the easiest things to do. And that is as it should be. Joseph Smith once said that "a religion that does not require the sacrifice of all things never has power sufficient to produce the faith necessary unto life and salvation" (*Lectures on Faith*, lecture 6.7). I believe that this is true and that we can often forget that "the sacrifice of all things" can be very painful.

So I firmly believe that devotional literature should show people struggling and suffering. Religious writers are often tempted to show people suffering and struggling until they make the correct religious choices—only to have all their problems cease suddenly once they express the proper devotion. This ultimately creates a false perception. It would be nice if the only people who suffered weren't religious and if righteous actions always resulted in terrestrial rewards, but this is rarely the case. Often good people suffer in spite of their religion and sometimes because of it. Furthermore, my experience has been that religious joy is, for many people, deeply intertwined with less positive emotions like fear, guilt, anxiety, depression, and anger. I do not believe that literature needs to focus on these elements of religious faith to the exclusion of

the great joy that it can bring. But I also do not believe "devotional literature" should ignore all of these very real aspects of spiritual negotiation in an attempt to create a more sanitized—and ultimately less moving—picture of religious experience.

In the end, I suppose I completely agree with Emily Dickinson's poem. "I like a look of agony, / Because I know it's true." When I read the desperate/hopeful/fearful literature of Bunyan, Hopkins, Sexton, and Joyce, I have no doubt that I am getting an authentic portrayal of a religious struggle—and that, independent of context, inspires and uplifts me. I cannot say the same for many of the more intentionally uplifting and inspiring devotional narratives I have read.

—MICHAEL AUSTIN

A version of this first appeared on the AML-List.



MORMON INDEX

Number of Mormons to serve as U.S. Cabinet Secretaries: 5

Number of the seventy-three California singles wards that were dissolved during fall of 1996: 17

Rankings of Rhode Island, New Jersey, and Massachusetts as least Mormon states, by percentages: 1, 2, 3

Percentage of counsellors in the First Presidency to later become president: 19

Number of 1847 pioneers named Joseph Smith: 3

Number named George Washington: 7

Number named John: 102

Number named Mary: 102

Percentage of American Mormon adults who have attended college: 55

Ratio of Church members to Church bureaucrats: 2,744 to 1

Number of bureaucrats in the Church's Salt Lake City offices: 3,367

Number of buildings housing the Church's Salt Lake City bureaucracy: 34

Estimated annual gross income of the Church: \$5.9 billion

Annual non-tithe, investment income received by Church: \$600 million

Ranking of Church-owned Deseret Cattle Ranch among world's largest beef ranches: 1

Number of acres encompassed by the Deseret Cattle Ranch: 312,000

Estimated real estate value of the Deseret Cattle Ranch: \$858 million

Number of Church-owned radio stations: 16

Number of Church-owned television stations: 1

Time a person must get in line to get into the second, afternoon, general conference session: 3:00 A.M.

Number of visitors to the Polynesian Cultural Center in its thirty-four year history: 25,000,000

Number of Saints in Paraguay: 32,000

Percentage increase in Paraguay Church membership during the past four years: 100

Amount Church contributed worldwide during last five years to humanitarian projects: \$172 million

Of the 13 films scheduled for the 1998 winter semester at BYU's Varsity Theatre, number rated R (before BYU editing): 9

1 Jay Parry, Larry Morris, *The Mormon Book of Lists* (Bookcraft), 210; 2 *Salt Lake Tribune*, 15 Mar. 1997, B2; 3,4,5,6,7,8 1997–1998 *Church Almanac* (Deseret News);

9 Rodney Stark, *The Rise of Christianity: A Sociologist Reconsiders History* (Princeton), 42; 10,11,12 D. Michael Quinn, *Mormon Hierarchy: Extensions of Power* (Signature), 159, 159, 159; 13,14,15,16,17,18,19 *Time*, 4 Aug. 1997, 52, 54, 53, 53, 53, 54, 54; 20 *Salt Lake Tribune*, 4 Oct. 1997, C1;

21 *LDS Church News*, 4 Oct. 1997, 11; 22,23 *LDS Church News*, 23 Aug. 1997, 4; 24 *LDS Church News*, 20 Sept. 1997, 5; 25 *Daily Universe*, 7 Jan. 1998, 13.