

SUNSTONE



A CHRISTIAN BY YEARNING

LEVI S. PETERSON

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READERS FORUM

CORRELATING INDEPENDENT STUDY GROUPS

AS A CO-FOUNDER and managing director of a local LDS study group, I started wondering what other groups were in existence, what they did, how they were organized and financed, and who was leading the discussions or speaking to the groups?

Our group has primarily invited speakers on Mormon history to come to our area and talk to the group about their field. We have had Leonard Arrington, Mike Quinn, Jan Shippis, Paul Edwards, Elder Dallin H. Oaks (then Utah Supreme Court Justice Oaks), Elder Eldred G. Smith, Ron Walker, Jim Allen, and many other speakers over the past eight years. Although most of our speakers have come from Utah, we have also had speakers from the East Coast and from other areas of California.

I am interested in hearing from the leaders of other groups throughout the U.S., and even overseas, to share ideas on format, topics of discussion, and methods of funding the general costs of programs. If any of your readers have organized a group such as ours, and would like to share ideas, please drop me a line. If there aren't too many, perhaps we can exchange newsletters on a regular basis.

I have found SUNSTONE to be a rich source of ideas and a great source of speakers for our group. Without such publications, my job would be much harder, if not impossible.

*Stephen L. Eccles, managing director
The Miller-Eccles Study Group
91482 Winston Court
Upland, CA 91786*

GLASNOST AND THE BYU BOOKSTORE

I WAS HARDLY surprised to hear about the BYU Bookstore's attempt to . . . first cancel and then relocate and downplay the autographing session for Calvin Grondahl's recently released *Marketing Precedes the Miracle*.

In 1987-1988, when I attended BYU as a freshman (I'm presently serving a mission) the bookstore decided to discontinue their line of Soviet Union t-shirts. This decision coin-

cided with pressure from a political organization called "The College Americans." One day several of the members of this right-wing group went to the bookstore and bought out all the t-shirts. One member said: "You might as well have a pro-Soviet rally out in front of the library."

The *Student Review* never got a hold on the store, but several people I worked with politically in the "peace vigil" and "Response Club" did some investigating. They found that the management of the bookstore told the producer of the t-shirts that ". . . they had received some complaints about the Soviet t-shirts, and it was their policy to cancel a product when consumers complain." When we talked to the producer, he seemed to think that was a hint to stop producing the Soviet shirts. Of course, he didn't want to lose his other business so he promptly discontinued the Soviet shirts. Later, when we asked the management why they had stopped selling Soviet shirts they merely explained that "the producer had quit making them."

This was a sly move, and we had the information to blow it all open. However, we restrained our overwhelming desires to bring this matter to light because we didn't want to endanger "our source's" business. Ironically, the Missionary Emporium in University Mall (in Orem) now carries the shirts. I bought one for my P-days.

*Elder Dennis Potter
Porto, Portugal*

BORN AGAIN MORMON ORTHODOXY

WHO TOOK MY church away?" demanded Armand Mauss in his review of Kendall White's *Mormon Neo-Orthodoxy: A Crisis Theology*. I got the feeling that when he lays his hands on the culprit, it won't be a pretty sight.

For Mauss, Neo-Orthodoxy is not merely misguided, it is the enemy. It is a criminal conspiracy. It is a disease. His message is in his metaphors. Though an occasional general authority has "given aid and comfort to the movement," he observes, "general authorities are not much implicated in it." And he writes, "This theological syndrome is called 'neo-orthodoxy.'"

As a neo-orthodox Mormon, I'm not sure

whether Brother Mauss wants to attack me, arrest me, or medicate me. But perhaps that's the kind of violent reaction Kendall White would predict from a believer in the midst of a crisis.

Because of what White calls traditional Mormonism—Mauss's church—the Church is in crisis today. Its liberal catechism ultimately abandoned Jesus Christ, and even Joseph Smith, except for a single piercing, luminous insight into man's godly potential. That one insight seemed to satisfy, even liberate, Mauss's generation, especially those in academe.

But many Mormons now find building upon the human foundation at once too difficult and too facile. Too difficult because it denies the sinful side of our nature; too facile because it denies the paradoxical nature of our world. Hence the resurgence of interest in Neo-Orthodox—Christian—Mormonism: the dying God silently answers more questions than the god-in-embryo sees.

As for Kendall White's analysis, it is splendid as far as it goes. The book was unfortunately dated on publication because only the earliest expressions of current Neo-Orthodox writers were available at the time.

Neo-Orthodoxy has now laid, or rather exposed, the Christian foundations of the Mormon religion. This is not the final statement, but the opening statement, of Mormon Neo-Orthodoxy.

Mormon humanism is moribund. Something more inclusive, more tolerant, more Christian, is trying to be born. White's traditional Mormons would do well to lend a hand. Or at least not stand in the way.

*J. Frederic Voros, Jr.
Salt Lake City, UT*

Armand Mauss replies:

Brother Voros correctly perceives my hostility to Neo-orthodoxy, whether the Protestant strain or its Mormon derivative. As a believing Mormon, I can hardly be expected to look with equanimity upon the apparently growing influence in Mormonism of doctrines which Joseph Smith was told were "an abomination" in the sight of God. Yet, I suppose it is inevitable that if reasonable people can disagree over what Jesus *really* taught, they can also disagree over what Joseph Smith really taught.

I am puzzled, though, by Voros's dismis-

sal of "traditional Mormonism" as "humanism" and "liberal catechism." Perhaps I shouldn't be, since these are the standard pejoratives used by today's Protestant fundamentalists (especially if the humanism is "secular"!). Yet, I don't see how the teachings of Mormonism during its first 75-80 years (which is what I mean by "traditional Mormonism") can be reduced to such characterizations. Humanitarianism is more than humanism, and libertarianism more than liberalism. So, I plead not guilty on that count, as I do also to any suspicion that I would like either to attack, arrest, or medicate the Neo-fundamentalists. I will, however, plead guilty as charged to standing in their way as long and as vigorously as I can, lest my Mormon grandchildren end up thinking like Southern Baptists.

My next obstructionist effort in this regard will appear in the Spring 1989 issue of *Dialogue*. If Brother Voros believes that "Neo-orthodoxy has . . . exposed the Christian foundations" of the Mormon religion," I would say that White and I have exposed the sectarian sources of Mormon Neo-orthodoxy, which has been borrowed in large part from Protestant fundamentalism. It is the resort of



"What kind of church is this . . . when the first thing they do after arriving in the Salt Lake Valley is build a basketball court?"

a spiritually and intellectually insecure folk and is ultimately alien to both the spirit and the letter of traditional Mormonism.

A WIFE'S STORY

I WAS INTERESTED in reading Ron Ker-shaw's article on serving homosexuals with AIDS (SUNSTONE 12:3). Much has been said and written about the homosexual and this is good. But what about the spouses of homosexuals? I am 27 years old and my real name is not Lynn Conley. I use a fictitious name because my husband is gay. Jim (also fictitious) and I have been married a little over three years, and we have a 20 month old son. We have filed for divorce which will be finalized 1 January 1989. I don't blame Jim for what has happened in my life. I went through a stage where I wanted to blame anyone and everyone, but not any more.

I was born into an active Mormon family, and lived a typical Mormon life including going to BYU, completing a degree in nursing, and serving a full-time mission. I continued to follow this path by marrying in the temple a fine young man with many talents and spiritual qualities. We had a wonderful marriage. It wasn't perfect, but we are now fond of saying that we had a better marriage in three years than many couples have in a lifetime.

Jim first expressed his true feelings to me when our son was two weeks old. Even though he didn't completely understand his desires, he believed that the Church held the solutions to help him. To this point he had been true to his marriage vows and had never been sexually involved with another man. He knew he had some homosexual feelings growing up, but comforted himself by concluding that others must have similar feelings, and that an active sexual relationship with a woman would decrease his homosexual urges. With time, righteous living, and a temple marriage, he was led to believe these feelings would pass. They did not, they intensified. That was not because of lack of trying. He has always been a good person. He fulfilled a productive mission and was called to be an assistant to the president. He has served well in many responsible positions in the Church, and at the time of our marriage Jim was a member of the bishopric. I realize these are only titles, but I knew the man behind them and he truly strived to be a man of God.

Homosexuality—the word had hardly entered my sheltered life and now it consumed me. I searched my mind desperately

for information connected with this word. Something about evil people and strange men waiting in the dark to abduct children. It made no sense and it was all too much for me to face, so we put it aside, almost pretending it didn't exist. Jim continued to be faithful, but he grew restless and extremely depressed.

Life was a nightmare of confusion and pain. Finally we had to have some answers. Jim was always afraid to ask because his greatest fear was that there were no answers. Many months and thousands of dollars later his fear was confirmed. This was a time of great hope, severe disappointment, and bitter despair. Counselors both in and out of the Church basically told us there was nothing that could be done to change Jim's sexual orientation. And yet we continued, because we both desperately wanted to stay married and continue our family. As bitter as it all has been, at least we can look back without regret and with the assurance that we tried everything we could.

During this time of searching, we had decided not to tell anyone. It was a very long and painful year of silence. Jim knew I needed to talk to someone. I had felt that I was the only one in the universe who had gone through this. After hearing Carol Lynn Pearson speak at a conference, Jim knew she would be understanding and empathetic. It took me three months to get up the courage to write her. Thank God for Carol Lynn! Two days later her letter was in my mailbox. I drove to the hills. I remember sitting there looking at it and shaking. Finally I opened it and read. She didn't say anything earth-shattering. She didn't even have the answers to my questions, but it was like the weight of the world had been lifted off my shoulders. Someone else had gone through what I was going through, and survived it.

I love the Church, but in all honesty it was not there for Jim and me in this time of crisis. We finally spoke to our bishop who couldn't have been more supportive. God was also there for me, as he always is for his children. I had many more questions than God felt I should have answered, but he gave me what I needed to make it through. Early on, God let me know this was something I was supposed to be going through, which brought some comfort. He also let me know that he loves homosexuals and that he expected me to love them also.

Love them? I didn't even know who they were. At first I hated them. They were the enemy. Whoever they were, it was their fault that my life was falling apart. And yet, I felt a desire to know them and understand them.

I started by joining an AIDS task force, which has become one of the most rewarding experiences of my life. I also met with the other gay people both in and out of the Church. I was afraid at first. What would they do to me? How would they accept me? What would we say? It now seems silly asking these questions because I have many gay friends. Although homosexuals are as varied as heterosexuals, I find that generally they are a very kind, loving, and caring group of human beings. I am grateful for the blessings that this trial has brought into my life.

I felt guided to start a support group. When I had looked for something—anything—there was nothing to be found. I felt strongly about providing support for other women who might also be making this same journey. This was a challenge for me because I had never gone to any support, let alone start one of my own. My biggest challenge was finding the women. We are a very closeted group. When a husband "comes out of the closet" his wife goes in. I didn't know where the wives were but I knew where some of the husbands were. I made flyers and posted them in the gay bars and gave information to gay groups, gay publications, and other community organizations.

Slowly I started getting calls. My life will never be the same. I wish that I could express the hurt and pain of these women. I am constantly amazed at the stories I hear and the number of women who call. Our group meets twice a month and we have a phone list that can be used by both those who attend and those who cannot. Some women drive over 70 miles and rarely miss a meeting. I have had calls from throughout the United States, even from men married to lesbian women.

I need to mention the issue of openness and honesty. This was one of the hardest things I had to deal with. I believe that no matter what comes along, if you deal with it honestly it can be dealt with. Fictitious names and secret lives go against my way of thinking. Yet, did I have a choice due to the misunderstandings of the Church and society? I have slowly been able to open up to family and friends as I have gotten over my own paranoia and become more self-confident. Only then did the healing begin. I hope soon to stand open to the Church and society as who I really am—the wife of a gay man. I am not alone in these feelings. Others from my group have expressed the desire for "no more lies" and "no more hiding."

I hope we can all work together for a better understanding of each other, regardless of our situation, so we can live honestly and love unconditionally as Christ taught us.

For more information on the support group or if you have any questions, please call me at 415/432-9123.

Lynn Conley
Contra Costa County, CA

A POOR WAYFARING MAN WITH AIDS

I ENJOYED THE frankness of Ronald Kershaw's article, "AIDS, Leprosy, and Disease: The Christian Resoponse" (SUNSTONE 12:3), and am discouraged that the response of some Mormons towards homosexuals and persons with AIDS is uncharitable. Consider a 1980s parable of the Good Samaritan (a person in Jesus' day who was considered not chosen by God).

"John," a person travelling on life's journey, is stricken with AIDS and falls to the side of the road. A Mormon bishop sees John lying by the road and says, "He's done wrong. I cannot give him welfare because he will be excommunicated." The bishop turns away and hurriedly walks past on his way to a Priesthood Correlation Committee meeting.

Next, a band of Mormons approach and walk past John. They are on their way to picket a Gay Pride celebration. As they hurry along, John sees the messages of their homemade sign, "AIDS is God's Punishment," and "Homosexuality is Sin: Go Back Into the Closet."

John lies near death by the road. It is getting late in the day. A Mormon who isn't currently active in the Church approaches John on the road. John's sores are bandaged by the person who takes John to a hospice for further medical treatment. At the hospice, John is cared for, regardless of his past, his religious standing, or religious interest.

Which person was living their religion?

Thank you for publishing Mr. Kershaw's article.

Judy Yoshiko Shim
West Hollywood, CA

CALL FOR PAPERS

I AM PRESENTLY compiling a collection of personal essays celebrating the complexities of homosexuality among Mormons. Issues to be treated include relationship, feelings, attitudes, peer reactions, etc. These essays will help to enlarge the reader's understanding of the uniqueness of gay individuals, their challenges and joys, their contributions to

church and society. Such a compilation is long overdue. If you are interested in contributing to such a work please contact me.

Phillippe Lussier
4014 South Highland Drive #442
Salt Lake City, UT 84124-1617

BOOK OF MORMON CONVERSION STORIES NEEDED

AT THE BEGINNING of October General Conference, President Benson challenged "our Church writers, teachers, and leaders to relate more Book of Mormon conversion stories that will strengthen our faith and prepare great missionaries" and to "let us know how [the Book of Mormon] leads us to Christ." My heart immediately responded, and I have arranged with Deseret Book to edit a collection of personal narratives of conversion to Christ and his Gospel through the Book of Mormon, with a focus on first-person accounts from all over the world-wide Church. Royalties will go to the family Book of Mormon program. This is an invitation to SUNSTONE readers to participate.

If you are willing to have your own conversion story considered, please send it to me as soon as you can. Please encourage others to send such testimonies, also. Tell your story in your own words, simply but completely,

with as many specific details about what happened and what you felt as you can provide. I want to include not only accounts of initial conversion to Christ, but also accounts of the impact and continuing influence of the Book of Mormon as members of the Church come to know Christ better and try to live his Gospel.

I deeply appreciate any assistance. I believe this proposed collection of testimonies can help President Benson's goal "to move the Book of Mormon forward now in a marvelous manner" and that our efforts can be one way to respond to his charge to "help with this burden and with this blessing which [God] has placed on the whole Church."

Eugene England
1775 Andrus Lane
Provo, UT 84604

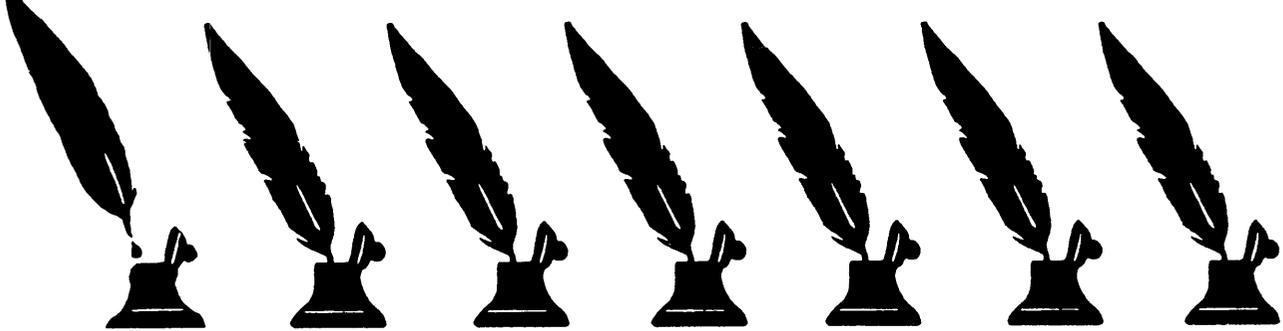
OUR MOTHER IN HEAVEN

I AM PREPARING a paper on personal experiences with Mother in Heaven to be presented at the February Mormon Women's Forum. I invite Mormon women (and men) to send their personal experiences with Mother God to me, c/o SUNSTONE.

Martha Pierce
Salt Lake City



"I'm your 'computer-matched' escort to the singles' dance.
We both read *Exponent III*!"



Choose the Write!

THE 1989 BROOKIE & D.K. BROWN MEMORIAL FICTION CONTEST

SUNSTONE'S annual fiction contest is sponsored in behalf of the memory of Brookie and Donald Kenneth Brown, a nationally respected law enforcement officer and locally admired Arizona religious leader with a great love for literature.

Sunstone encourages any interested writer to submit material. All entries should relate in some manner to the experience of the Latter-day Saints. All varieties of theme, tone, and attitude are encouraged. Both traditional and experimental short story forms will be considered. Entries will be judged by a board of independent judges. Awards will be announced at the concluding banquet at the Sunstone Symposium on 26 August 1989.

RULES

1. The Brookie & D.K. Brown Memorial Fiction Contest is open to all writers. Entries must be delivered to the Sunstone Foundation office or be postmarked by 15 June 1989.
2. Stories must be typewritten, double-spaced, on one side of 8-1/2 by 11 inch paper (not onion skin). Since manuscripts will not be returned, contestants should keep a copy of their entry. The stories should not exceed 25 double-spaced pages. One author may submit no more than three stories.
3. Each entry must be accompanied by a signed statement from the author attesting that it is the author's original work, that it is not being considered elsewhere for publication, and that it will not be submitted elsewhere until the contest results have been announced. Contest winners will be published in Sunstone magazine.

1988 BROOKIE & D.K. BROWN AWARDS

FIRST PLACE	Susan Howe	"Getting to Disneyland"
SECOND PLACE	Lewis Horne	"Mona's Family"
THIRD PLACE	Michael Fillerup	"Daddy-Daughter Date"

SUNSTONE was gratified by the number of excellent entries submitted to the 1988 fiction contest. On behalf of the Brown estate, the first place winner will receive \$500, second place \$250, third place \$100.

FROM A TRUSTEE

BUSINESS ETHICS ALONG THE WASATCH FRONT



By Brian C. McGavin

DURING MY TWELVE years of practice in public accounting, I have developed a clientele with tremendous diversity. Even though I am LDS, a majority of my clients are non-LDS; I am fairly conservative in my politics, but my clientele reads like the who's who of the liberal community; my practice is located on the Wasatch Front, yet I have clients throughout the Western United States and even in foreign countries.

As I travel and carry on commerce outside Utah, I am increasingly impressed by how (without exception) people I visit view Mormons as having a standard of integrity higher than that of the community as a whole. Each instance seems to be not just a cultural perception but is backed up by personal experience with a Mormon, usually a neighbor, professional colleague, or schoolmate.

In contrast, within our community there has been considerable discussion asserting that in many instances Mormons have levels of integrity which are lower than the community as a whole and that somehow this propensity is endemic in the Mormon culture. I do not share this conclusion. Which is not to say that I believe the opposite. It is my opinion that the vast majority of people—LDS or non-LDS—are basically honest. I have never met a person who is so maliciously inclined that he or she is capable of plotting from the very outset a scheme to defraud the public. Of course such persons do exist, but I have never to my knowledge crossed paths with one.

Why then do we hear about so much fraud among and by Mormons? One of the things I have learned is that desperate peo-

ple do desperate things. When I ponder the meaning of being honest in one's dealings with one's fellow man, I remember the two-and-a-half minute Sunday School talk about the three applicants for the stage-coach driver position. The prospective employer asks them how close they can bring the wheels of the stage-coach to the edge. The first applicant drives the coach to within six inches of the ledge. The second very skillfully drives the coach within two inches. The third applicant—who gets the job—keeps the precious cargo as far away as possible. Similarly, I have found that dealing honestly with one's fellow man often means staying as far away from a potential dishonest act as possible—certain types of transactions lend themselves to erosion and compromise more than others.

How does this relate to some of the more highly publicized "schemes" in the LDS community, schemes which have victimized a number of my clients and resulted in prison terms for the perpetrators? I believe many of these began as legitimate endeavors which had the potential for treating investors very well. These organizations (often real estate related) then became victims of a circumstance beyond their control: the economy. As the organization started to erode, the officers, committed to their investors and the success of the company, began to compromise in small ways. Little white lies were told for the greater good of the whole. They often were told to "buy time" until the company could orchestrate its redemption. Usually at this point the management had convinced itself that it was only a matter of time before the "Japanese bail-out" came through (or a Republican was elected president, or the prime rate dropped, or the real estate market came back) and the company would be saved. Then, when the redemption does not occur, the

white lies become securities violations or other felonious acts which may result in prison terms.

The Wasatch Front is slowly maturing from a wage-earner to an entrepreneurial economy. As we go through this maturation process, there is a lag time until our cultural assumptions catch up with the change. This lack of sophistication often manifests itself in falsely attributing to others criminal-like behavior when they are really guilty of nothing more than business misfortunes, as in the following examples:

—If a fellow Mormon is also one of your debtors and his or her debt to you is past due, it does not naturally follow that he or she is dishonest. The reality of the eighties is that most households have more obligations than they have resources. Each month prioritizing occurs which means that some bills go unpaid. You, of course, are free to pursue reasonable collection efforts or determine credit worthiness before credit is extended.

—If two parties are involved in a civil lawsuit, it does not naturally follow that one of the parties is a criminal. Modern-day society is so complex that disputes are frequent and often need judges and juries to sort them out. When a judge hands down a decision there is a *winner* and a *loser*, but that doesn't mean there is a *right* and a *wrong*.

—In and of itself, the business failure of a Mormon does not reflect on his or her standing in the Church. Whenever a business fails there are victims. In this economy, business failures are a regular occurrence. No matter how disappointing it is to be notified that a debtor has filed for protection under bankruptcy laws, it is unsophisticated to accuse him or her of being a crook.

Sometimes it is easier to identify individuals likely to be victims than it is to identify ill-fated investment opportunities. Victims of business failures usually are unfulfilled by their employment, are under a lot of stress, and have less than \$50,000 to invest (frequently the money they invest is *borrowed*). In other words, they drive too close to the edge.

Our objective must be to find fulfillment in life's pursuits, to eliminate stress, and to be patient with the slow accumulation of savings. If we can be patient, we will gain more than the wealth promised by reckless investment; we will gain peace of mind.

I think the old saying, "people are to love and money is to use and not the other way around," is a good guiding principle for LDS businessmen and women; it should be the Golden Rule for all investments.

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TURNING THE TIME OVER TO . . .

Paul Douglas Mallamo

SONIA JOHNSON AND MY JOURNEY WITH DISSENT



ON A THURSDAY evening early in September I drove to San Francisco to hear Sonia Johnson speak. This radical feminist/presidential candidate/mother/divorcee first gained notoriety during a well-publicized battle with Mormon leaders over the Equal Rights Amendment and free speech in the Church. Sonia's more or less public excommunication was an agony both for the largely defenseless defendant and for a church which meticulously preens its public image. Who won that battle I can't say. Sonia lost the church of her heritage and birth, and later the ERA as well. The Church lost a good deal of national respect, and worse, the mind and heart of that true rarity in Mormondom: a committed

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member who dares to speak strongly, intelligently, and, most unforgivably, openly, in opposition to an official position which she considers to be morally wrong.

In my own personal struggles in the Church, Sonia played an important role. Persons like myself who, for various reasons, begin to question a religion to which they have been committed for many years, a religion which claims sole possession of the essential core of divine truth and sanction, and which continually reinforces this teaching in the minds and hearts of its members, face difficult challenges.

The groping struggler often seeks the blazings of those who went before. Sonia was one of those blazers for me. She chronicled the story of her break from the Church in her first book, *From Housewife to Heretic*, a volume that will endure as a classic of emancipatory biog-

raphy. Much of what she said there gave me new insights into the destructive personal impact of patriarchy and its inevitable brother, authoritarianism, and the dangers inherent in literalism. In my own struggle it was an unexpected blessing, a rational voice telling me that I was not evil or crazy, that others had passed this way and seen these same things, that individual members could think creatively on their own, individually, truthfully, even heretically if that was necessary.

That Thursday night I drove to Old Wives' Tales bookstore on Twenty-first and Valencia to listen to Sonia discuss her new ideas and her new book, *Going Out of Our Minds—The Metaphysics of Liberation*. After she spoke, Sonia asked as many women as would to stand and talk about themselves. It was a room full of the pain of women. In that brief time, in those intense personal expressions, the gathering was very much like the gathering of a church, one in which a common bond or a common faith was pain and anger, where the only relief was to turn in upon themselves as women, and abandon the world of the enemy, the world of men.

That night I felt like a creature absolutely out of its element. I felt more out of place in that room, among those women, in my blue corduroys, permanent-press blue shirt, penny loafers, and shaved face than anywhere else I have ever been or anywhere else I can imagine. Sonia spoke of the otherness of the sexes, of the unbridgeable canyons of understanding separating females from males—new ideas indeed, a startling evolution, for me at any rate, from the more communitarian ideals expressed in *Housewife*. I felt that otherness among those women. And yet, near the end, when Sonia requested that we stand with our arms around each other to sing a feminist hymn, the woman next to me did not pull back as I expected her to, but embraced me as I embraced her while we sang. Had she known that I was a Mormon elder she might have been appalled, perhaps angry. I laughed out loud later to think what my Mormon brothers would have thought to have seen me standing there, arm in arm with 200 feminists, singing a song their wives must never sing. The word "appalled" would not do justice to their feelings.

I have a persistent mental image from that night. I see Sonia Johnson the radical feminist standing before a group of women in San Francisco, proclaiming the irreducible otherness of women, the depravity, stupidity, and arrogance of men, and freely admitting her sexual relations with other females. Then I see Sonia Johnson the wife and mother, active,

faithful Mormon, attending to her prescribed ecclesiastical and family duties within the strictured otherness of Mormonism. That's the only "otherness" I can really understand, and I stress that in a vain attempt to express the incredible psychic distance Sonia has travelled in those years since her excommunication.

I believe I understand the basics of what she said that night, and for what it's worth I agree with most of it: that in the best struggle the means must be the ends, and that those means/ends do not involve struggle at all, especially using tactics the opponent is more adept with anyway, having used them himself for literally thousands of years; that the more one struggles in certain arenas, the stronger the opposition grows (witness the political defeat of the ERA); that the follies of patriarchy, of the moral squalor peculiar to authoritarianism and the abuse of strength, are responsible for a host of the world's most urgent problems, including almost all the horrors inflicted upon women since the species emerged; that the wide influence of women is indispensable if the world is to be saved from humankind; that to save the world you must first save yourself, change yourself, that simply *being* what you want to be (if that's possible) is infinitely superior to *becoming* what you want to be. Take *now* for yourselves the attitudes of the person you ideally envision. You are your own reality. *Be* it!

But then she said—Don't involve the men. They are not us. They are the other, and even if some of the kindlier members of that sex wanted to help, they couldn't.

It's what she had been saying, one way or another, all evening, but it sounded so sudden, so new. Upon reflection, it also sounded old and familiar. She stung me with that one because I was *there*, I cared enough to be there, if I may say that much for myself.

What distinguishes Mormonism from so many other religions are its claims to authority and exclusivity. Only Mormonism offers those saving truths and divinely sanctioned ordinances that will be efficacious in the hereafter. There is no compromise with other religious systems, other than to concede that they are probably better than nothing for most folks. They might contain a portion of the truth, but what they have serves at best as an introduction to the full program that only Mormonism offers. And since the true church is administered by men who alone on earth understand, interpret, and proclaim the full word of God, they had better be listened to.

What Sonia said that Thursday night was different in substance, but identical in spirit. Only the words had been changed. The

authority was there—herself and, I assume, a few of the other lights of feminism. If you were not a female you could not participate in what Sonia called "the greatest spiritual revolution in history." It was like a religion. It was a lot like Mormonism. But at least among the Latter-day Saints the outsider can be admitted into the embrace of its promises and protections through baptism. In Sonia's faith there is no baptism for the sex that shaves its face.

Sonia had much to say about the responsibilities of women in saving humankind from its own destruction, and she spoke well and truthfully; but she had absolutely nothing good to say about one half of humanity—a remarkable blind spot. The Mormon Church, likewise, says much about the dreadful condition of the modern world, and of its special responsibility to it as a divinely sanctioned body—in fact, as the *only* divinely sanctioned body—yet the Church's own blind spot consisting of apathy in the face of chronic human problems is legendary. (Mormons rarely mobilize to address a problem that doesn't involve substantial numbers of other Mormons, that is not likely to generate a good deal of positive publicity leading to more converts or political influence, or that is not seen as a threat to institutional integrity.)

The sincere questioner of the claims and activities of a religion to which he or she is heavily committed only needs the support of kindred souls until his or her questioning takes on a life of its own, which, if it is honest, deep, thorough, and persistent enough, it will most certainly do. Sonia helped see me through until my questioning was alive and well of its own accord, until the problems that had initiated the questioning seemed paltry by contrast. Eventually I was able to see clearly that the picture the Latter-day Saints paint of the Church, its origins, subsequent historical development, and its current goals, is sometimes at wide variance with scholarly evidence, contained in studies unknown and unread by the vast majority of Mormons.

It is worse than ironic that in questioning, in turn, what Sonia now advocates, I perceive an all too familiar pattern. She should have learned from her years of experience within the Church a basic human law: any person or organization that claims to have cornered the market on truth or moral authority most certainly has not. Sonia had much more to offer her listeners that night than what they heard. She said what her audience wanted to hear instead of enlarging their vision to include more than just themselves. The world is made of all of us. Mormons alone can't save or change it, and neither can feminists. We

all are needed in the endless struggle to improve the life we live together, like it or not.

It is sad and discouraging to add that Sonia could have done much for a church that today desperately needs reform and new directions. Sonia's excommunication was seen as her badge of honor among the Mormon intelligentsia. Her influence is missed in the battles now being waged to forge a more humane Mormonism, actively focusing its tremendous energies and organizational skills on the real problems of the world, less concerned with accumulating additional wealth, power, prestige, and converts; a more egalitarian Mormonism, valuing women as much as men, acknowledging their adulthood, their right to autonomy and to proportional representation in the halls of power; a more open and honest Mormonism, unafraid to finally unlock and examine all aspects of its controversial origins and development as it charts its future; a more tolerant Mormonism, less prone to stifle dissent and punish dissenters, more willing to listen and learn, to acknowledge and correct past mistakes; a Mormonism which functions less as a multinational corporation and more as a vital and humanitarian world faith.

Instead, her exclusionary brand of feminism alienates her Mormon supporters and those who need her support, and confirms Mormon leaders in their reactionary behavior, justifying to them in retrospect their unfortunate treatment of a woman who dared to speak her mind.

MARY

Can even morning dew wet the dust
Of Palestine? Cracked callous rimmed each
heel

As she returned to cook the morning meal
And clouds were golden grapes bunched just
Above. Before her sight was full to trust
His presence in the doorway to be real,
The air between them swelled, and she
could feel
It split like bread baking through its crust.

Behind her eyes a flute intoned the choir,
The sheep and shepherds clustered on the
plains,
The star along whose rays voiced fire
Sang to a central blaze, and, by her heart,
A field of lilies whose light perfumed her
veins
And did not dim beneath the "Touch me
not."

—KATHRYN R ASHWORTH

 Proving All Things While Holding Fast to the Good

MODES OF BELIEF:

DAVID WHITMER, B. H. ROBERTS, WERNER HEISENBERG

By Karl C. Sandberg

THE QUESTION PUT TO PETER AND THE OTHER APOSTLES on the day of Pentecost, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?," presupposes a more basic question: "Brothers and sisters, what shall we believe?," which in turn presupposes one more basic still, "Brothers and sisters, *how* shall we believe?" The manner of our belief selects the content of our belief, and both together set our course and determine how we act in those things that matter most and touch us at our deepest places. Where the human questions and the religious questions are one.

At a time when talk about religious belief within Mormonism turns increasingly upon the relation of the individual to institutional authority,¹ three unlikely companions of the road, David Whitmer, B. H. Roberts, and Werner Heisenberg, exemplify three diverse modes of belief, among the many possible modes, which may help us to think about the question in its larger dimensions as well as in its particular Mormon context.

THE FAITHFUL WITNESS

DAVID WHITMER (1805-1888) is remembered in the Mormon world principally for the fact that as one of the Three Witnesses of the Book of Mormon, he never denied his testimony, even though he apostatized from the Church. However, if we read his last statement to the world, a pamphlet written in 1887 entitled *An Address to All Believers in Christ*, we can see that he left the Church not because he became faithless but because he remained faithful in his fashion.² Formed in a culture remote from the present, he nonetheless exemplifies a recurring way of believing and a kind of Mormonism. He represents, in sum, the type of the *faithful witness*.

The testimony of the faithful witness begins with a private experience, one not available to everyone, which sets the course for the rest of his or her life, by establishing an external authority

to which all subsequent questions are addressed. The experience of David Whitmer, so he testifies, was that an angel showed him the plates of the Book of Mormon and that he heard the voice of God declare the translation of them to be correct. Established by the experience was the Book of Mormon, which, containing the fullness of the doctrine of Christ, became the standard by which all further religious questions were to be decided.³

The eminently private character of the experience of the witness will sometimes require him or her *to stand alone against the many*. In the 1887 pamphlet, David Whitmer was ostensibly speaking to all believers in Christ, but was in fact addressing the three churches which accepted the Book of Mormon: the Church of Christ (of which Whitmer was an elder), the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in Independence, Missouri, and the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints under John Taylor in Utah. He wanted to leave a clarified testimony of the Book of Mormon before the world which would disassociate the Book of Mormon from the errors of doctrine, ordinances, and organization into which the latter two churches had fallen under the direction of Joseph Smith.⁴ In the last year of his life, as the three Restoration churches ignored his counsel and followed their various paths, David Whitmer was left alone, like Mormon, standing against all of his generation.⁵

The faithful witness has the additional conviction that he or she has laid hold of *the infallible criterion of truth*, which he or she subsequently does not question further.

For David Whitmer, infallibility came from the seer stone which Joseph used to translate the Book of Mormon. It was only after giving up the stone in early 1830 that Joseph began to drift into error and speak revelations out of his own heart.⁶ Just *why* the seer stone guarantees authenticity is a question which Whitmer appears not to have asked, but the authority of the stone runs like a leitmotif through the entire pamphlet.

For others, the infallible mark of truth might be the phrase "Thus saith the Lord," or the fact that a statement appears in a Church publication, or, for those of a secular persuasion, that the Party has decreed it thus, or that it occurs among the thoughts of Chairman Mao. Every group that lays claim to the

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truth has its seer stone.

From the notion of infallibility derives the conviction that the message is *unchangeable*. It has been finalized. Once the Word of God is written down, it becomes the standard by which all subsequent revelations are judged.⁷ To trust in any person rather than in the written word is to put one's trust in the arm of flesh.⁸ When some revelations were changed from their original form in the Book of Commandments (1833) and republished in the Doctrine and Covenants (1835), David Whitmer says, "as if God had changed his mind after giving his word. No, brethren! God does not change and work in any such manner as this. . . ." The faithful witness is not infallible, for David Whitmer confesses the errors he had fallen into, but he corrects them by returning to the infallible and unchangeable written word and hewing to it.

Allied to the belief in immutability is the conviction in the faithful witness of having *the fullness of the truth*, and for David Whitmer, the Book of Mormon was the fullness of God's word.¹⁰ "The Book of Mormon is full concerning all spiritual matters pertaining to the Church of Christ . . . and we have no need of the Doctrine and Covenants or any other creed."¹¹ If the Book of Mormon contains a fullness, how can it get fuller? The part of the faithful witness then is not to move forward, but to abide, neither adding to the truth nor taking from it.

And it is on the conviction of the fullness and the unchangeableness of the Book of Mormon that David Whitmer came out from the Saints and testified of the errors of the LDS and RLDS churches.¹² The errors of Joseph and others were many, and in the pamphlet we get a picture of what Mormonism would be like if it had been shaped by the faithful witness holding to the unchangeable original views expressed in the Book of Mormon.

First, there would be no prophet, seer, and revelator to the Church because neither the primitive church in Jerusalem nor the Nephite church on the American continent had one. The members of the Church received the revealed will of God individually by the gifts of the Holy Ghost. If any of you lack wisdom, let *him* ask of God, and not ask the prophet, seer, and

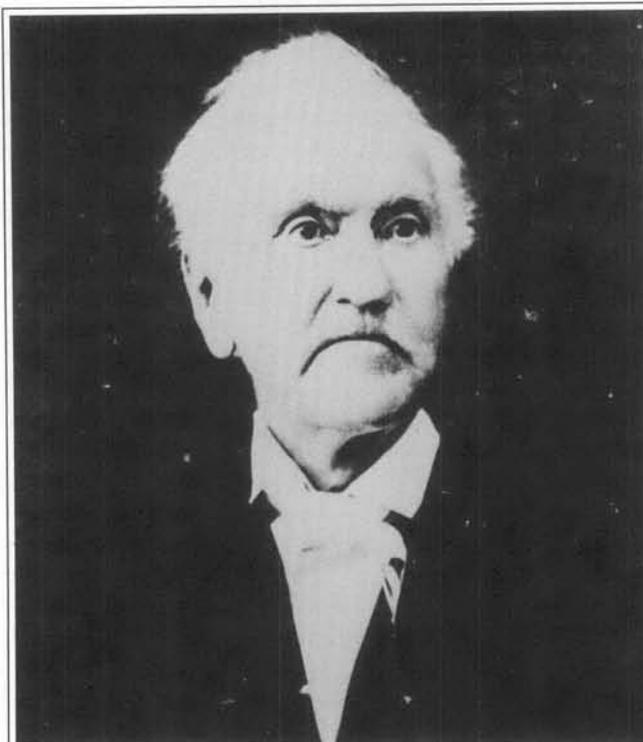
revelator to inquire for him.¹³

A Book of Mormon Mormonism would have no high priests, since nowhere in the New Testament or the equivalent parts of the Book of Mormon is the office of high priest mentioned as an office or a calling in the church—Christ himself is the only high priest.¹⁴ The church organization among the Nephites included elders, priests, and teachers, but no high priests.¹⁵

A Book of Mormon church would have no polygamy, for the Book of Mormon is an anti-polygamy document. Here David Whitmer bears down hard on the contradiction between the Book of Mormon and later books purporting to be scripture, for the Doctrine and Covenants says that God approved of the multiple wives and concubines of David and Solomon (D&C 132:38-39), whereas the Book of Mormon describes them as being abominable to God (Jacob 2:24).

David Whitmer goes on to cite the errors of publishing early revelations when they were commanded not to,¹⁶ changing or adding to revelations published in the 1833 Book of Commandments when they were republished in the Doctrine and Covenants in 1835,¹⁷ changing the name of the Church from the Church of Christ, which name had been stipulated by the Book of Mormon, to the Church of the Latter-day Saints (1834, under the influence of Sidney Rigdon),¹⁸ and of undertaking too hastily to build up the New Jerusalem in Jackson County when the Book of Mormon teaches quite explicitly that the New Jerusalem is to be built up by the seed of Lehi, with the Gentiles and others of the House of Israel merely assisting them.¹⁹

In this light and seen from the inside out, David Whitmer's separation from the Church appears not as an apostasy but rather as an expression of his testimony. The year of 1838 was a time of moral crisis for a believer in the Book of Mormon, which glories in openness and plainness (2 Nephi 25:4, 33:5,6) and speaks of oaths and secret combinations as coming from the devil (Helaman 6:26), because here in Missouri a secret organization (the Danites) was being formed which bound members by oath to support the leaders of the Church in everything they should teach, and affixed penalties



*The witness is not to
move forward, but to abide,
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from the truth.*

to deviations therefrom. All those who refused to take the oath were regarded as dissidents from the Church.²⁰ One senses David Whitmer's repugnance at the thought of swearing to do vengeance in the name of the Lord.²¹ When he tried to show these people their error, he said, his persecutions became such that he was forced to leave the community. According to Whitmer, as he rode out of Far West in June 1838, "God spake to me again with his own voice from the heavens, and told me to 'separate myself from the Latter Day Saints, for as they sought to do to me, so should it be done unto them.'"²²

THE MAGNIFYING DISCIPLE

BH. ROBERTS (1857-1933) is remembered among Mormons as one of their foremost defenders of the faith, rising to defend the cause of Mormonism in any situation where it was challenged²³ and always stating and confronting the strongest criticisms that could be raised against it.²⁴ He exemplifies a second mode of belief. Roberts overcame the adversity of poverty and a bleak adolescence in a mining camp in Park City; he experienced Mormonism as a counterbalance to the downward drag of his environment.²⁵ He became the type of the *magnifying disciple*.

He summarized his mode of belief himself in a 1906 article in *The Improvement Era*. He first quoted Josiah Royce as saying that

Disciples and partisans, in the world of religious and of philosophical opinion are of two sorts. There are, first, the disciples pure and simple—people who fall under the spell of a person or of a doctrine, and whose whole intellectual life thenceforth consists in their partisanship. They expound, and defend, and ward off foes, and live and die in one formula. Such disciples may be indispensable at first in helping a new teaching get a popular hearing, but in the long run they rather hinder than help the wholesome growth of the very ideas they defend; for great ideas live by growing, and a doctrine that has merely to be preached, over and over, in the same terms, cannot possibly be the whole truth. No man ought to be a mere disciple even of himself. We live spiritually by outliving our formulas and by thus enriching our sense of their deeper meaning. Now the disciples of the first sort do not live in this larger and more spiritual sense. They repeat. And true life is never mere repetition.

On the other hand there are disciples of a second sort. They are . . . attracted to a new doctrine by the fact that it gave expression in a novel way to some large and deep interest that had already grown up in themselves, and which had already come, more or less independently, to their own consciousness. They thus bring to the new teaching, from the first, their own personal contribution, and the truth that they gain is changed as it enters their souls. The seed that the sower strews upon their fields springs up in their soil, and bears fruit—thirty, sixty, and one hundred fold. They return

to their master his own with usury. Such . . . are the disciples that it is worthwhile for a master to have. Disciples of the first sort often become as Schopenhauer said, mere magnifying mirrors within which one sees enlarged, all the defects of a doctrine. Disciples of the second sort cooperate in the works of the spirit; and even if they always remain disciples rather than originators, they help to lead the thought that they accept to a truer expression. They force it beyond its earlier and cruder stages of development.

Roberts then comments,

I believe Mormonism affords opportunities for disciples of the second sort; nay, its crying need is for such disciples. It calls for thoughtful disciples who will not be content with merely repeating some of its truths, but will develop its truths and enlarge it by that development. Not half—not one-hundredth part—not a thousandth part of what Joseph Smith revealed to the Church has yet been unfolded, either to the Church or to the world. The work of the expounder has scarcely begun. The Prophet planted by teaching the germ-truths of the great dispensation of the fullness of times. The watering and weeding is going on and God is giving the increase, and will give it more abundantly in the future as more intelligent discipleship shall obtain. The disciples of Mormonism growing discontent with the necessarily primitive methods which have hitherto prevailed in sustaining the doctrine, will yet take profounder and broader views of the great doctrines committed to the Church; and departing from mere repetition, will cast them into new formulas; cooperating in the works of the Spirit, until they help to give to the truths received a more forceful expression, and carry it beyond the earlier and cruder stages of its development.²⁶

The magnifying disciple thus sees the world as dynamic, not static, and is ready to respond to changing situations. The fundamental law of the universe is in becoming, not in being. Moreover, for Roberts the genius of Mormonism was not that it possessed a fullness of anything, but that it held the key to increase. In a conference address he said, "In the truth of principles we have received from God we are strong; not so much, either, because of the little truth that has been revealed to us; the little knowledge to which we have attained, but more because of the great ocean of knowledge we have access to, through one of the great principles we announce as a doctrine to the world, namely: revelation."²⁷ For this disciple, the truth, the vitality, and the value of a doctrine are not in what it states but in what it implies, and it is the disciple's task to draw out its implications.

The disciple should therefore expect that a doctrine will change as it is magnified. Faith is best defended by living and growing in response to the flux of the world and its permutations, even if it entails casting off old suppositions or forms.

If the disciple fulfills the task of seeing the doctrine in increas-

ingly larger perspectives, he or she will be a perpetual candidate, in Ionesco's phrase, for the total doctorate. The magnifying disciple has the same taste in the mouth, the same hankering, as Orson Pratt felt when he undertook to preach a "Funeral Sermon for All Saints and Sinners, and also the Heavens and the Earth." Being so moved, the disciple cannot *a priori* eliminate or refuse to contemplate any facet of human existence or refuse truth from any source.

For B. H. Roberts this notion implied acceptance of the truths of science no less than the truths of revelation. A challenge has not been answered, he felt, until it has been stated in its strongest terms and answered on its own grounds. To leave out the truths established by science would mean leaving out a large portion of Mormonism.

In the composition of Roberts' magnum opus, *The Truth, the Way, the Life*, and in the controversy surrounding its proposed publication (ca. 1928-31) we can see the role of the magnifying disciple being acted out as well as its disjunction with the way of the faithful witness.

Around 1926 Roberts encountered Herbert Spencer's comprehensive account of the earth and human life within a framework of Darwinian evolution, as rendered by Will Durant in his *Story of Philosophy*. Durant recognized the implications of the Darwinian world view as the most profound and powerful challenge to any and all religions in the twentieth century especially as Spencer had extended the principle of evolution from biology to politics, economics, ethics, and aesthetics, making it the basis for a total explanation of humanity's relation to the cosmos. Spencer first concluded that since knowledge cannot overstep experience, we have no knowledge of any of the ultimates, whether scientific or religious. Within this framework, Spencer's succeeding volumes examine the evolution of life, mind, and society, ending with the ethics implied in the materialistic view. And the final word is grim—individuals, societies, races, and species will grow and then disintegrate. The earth itself will wind down and dissolve. On the cosmic scale, everything will begin again, endlessly. Defeat of the human enterprise is written into the elements.²⁸

Roberts was horrified at the gloom and profound pessimism of the views Spencer had worked out over forty years and ten volumes, and he wanted to get into the ring with him to see how Mormonism would measure against this new world view.²⁹ For Roberts as a defender of the faith, it was imperative to respond because "religion, to be effective, must appeal to the understanding as well as to the emotions of man."³⁰ He consequently shaped *The Truth, the Way, the Life* into a response to the Spencerian view of man and his world, even to following the general organization of Spencer's work.

Like Spencer, Roberts begins with knowledge, but makes a place for revelation, thus furnishing a larger context than materialistic evolution for the formation of the earth and the development of life. Spencer's notions about the evolution of societies are leavened by a dispensational view of history with the infinite atonement of Christ at the center of it. And like Spencer, he concludes with a consideration of ethics ("the Life") implied in the previous views. What Spencer had done with materialistic evolution, B. H. Roberts would do with Mormonism, but on a grander scale.

To get a coherent picture of human life, Roberts had to part company with the 6,000-year-old earth. He accepted the record of the rocks as a repository of truth which cannot be ignored or explained away, and which, reaching back hundreds of millions of years gives evidence of human-like races that peopled the earth long before 4000 B.C. Roberts therefore introduced the concept of pre-Adamites that were destroyed in some general catastrophe, leaving the earth empty and ready to be replenished, much as in the time of Noah after the flood. And

thereby hangs a tale.

The Truth, the Way, the Life did not get published, because of the opposition of another defender of the faith, Apostle Joseph Fielding Smith, who possessed all the characteristics of the faithful witness. Though the entire world might oppose him, he held firmly to the concept of an infallible and immutable scripture and to a world view formed in Mormonism in the 1830s. His conclusion was that the 6000-year-old earth was the lynch pin of the Plan of Salvation. The atonement of Christ depended



The value of a doctrine is in what it implies; it is the disciple's task to draw out its implications."

on there having been a Fall, and the Fall depended on there having been an Adam and Eve who introduced death into the world. Since the scriptures indicate that Adam and Eve lived 6,000 years ago, nothing could have died before then, and no fossils could be more than 6,000 years old without overturning the Plan of Salvation. Smith felt that no responsible apostle could dissent publicly from this position. Since Roberts refused to delete the offending passages from his work, the two men fought a long and bitter battle over its publication.

During the controversy about publishing *The Truth, the Way, the Life* neither side was able to satisfy the other, and the First Presidency, whose permission was necessary because of Roberts's stature as a Church spokesman, concluded that continued public discussion of the matter would lead simply to "confusion, division, and misunderstanding."³¹ In order to avoid controversy *The Truth, the Way, the Life* was not published.³²

This confrontation provides some basis for reflecting on the two modes of belief involved. Had the work been published, it would have had to have been corrected. The science upon which the work was based has changed. Moreover, the theology upon which it was based has also changed. In getting the world peopled, Roberts developed an elaborate scheme whereby those who were less valiant in a pre-existence, i.e., the blacks, would be denied access to the priesthood. This priesthood policy was supposedly written into the very structure of the cosmos, but the change of policy in 1978 unhinged this particular theological notion. The test of the way of the magnifying disciple as defender of the faith would then be seen in the degree that it provides for self-correction.

The effect of not publishing also shows implications for the way of the faithful witness. Holding fast to a finalized doctrine resulted in a *de facto* repudiation of science in its principles and findings. Although John A. Widtsoe as an apostle continued to present a view compatible with science in the *Improvement Era* during the 1940s, the tide had turned, and the official church presented the picture of withdrawing behind a wall to assume a strictly defensive posture, culminating in the publication of Joseph Fielding Smith's *Man, His Origin and Destiny* in 1954 and in Bruce McConkie's attempt to stake out and delimit Mormonism within a strictly dogmatic theology in *Mormon Doctrine* (1960).

To the extent that it repudiated science, the Church lost both the ability to speak with the part of society dominated by science and the ability to exercise the prophetic role of challenging the secular society, since the challenge must necessarily be in terms which the society can understand. It began a current which ended in the standardization of the missionary plan and in the standardization of all Church lessons and programs through the Correlation Committee, whereby controversy is avoided by not asking the pertinent questions and by providing the predetermined correct answers to the ones it does raise. Something may have been gained by avoiding controversy, but certainly much was lost. During the nineteenth century, Mormonism met every challenge head on, from sectarian

attackers to the U.S. government. In confronting the most important and far-reaching intellectual challenge of the twentieth century, it flinched. Let us own the debt.

THE UNFETTERED SEEKER

AFTER a certain amount of eavesdropping on the family discussions and tensions in the household of faith and reason, it is refreshing to get out of the house and take a walk with someone unconnected with the family to see the questions from a new perspective. Such a friend is Werner Heisenberg, one of the key figures in the "Copenhagen group" of physicists who developed quantum physics during the 1920s and effected a revolution in scientific thought. The formation of this body of theory made possible the development of nuclear energy, the new biology (DNA), and the microchip.³³ In attempting to explore the atomic and subatomic world, physicists of this group concluded that the Newtonian principles and models which had served so well for exploring visible nature for over 200 years were not sufficient for the new task, and they proceeded to rethink the whole enterprise of science. At a time when a positivistic, deterministic science dominated Western thought generally, the Copenhagen group came to reject determinism and objectivity as principles, demonstrating that material reality depends in part on how we choose to observe it and that the cosmos is in a fundamental way open and participatory.³⁴ Heisenberg himself is remembered for having established the uncertainty principle—that it is impossible to know both the location and the velocity of a subatomic particle at any given moment. Without dipping deeper into the bottomless sea of quantum physics, I would like to consider only the qualities of mind and spirit that made Heisenberg a type of believer, the *unfettered seeker*.

In his intellectual autobiography, *Physics and Beyond*, Heisenberg describes himself coming into young manhood in the aftermath of World War I. Far from being the defender of a faith, he belonged to a generation which had seen all of the ready-made, received values of religion, society, and ethics fall as casualties in the trenches.³⁵ After much casting about, he settled on physics as a field of study—at a time and place where everything visible was in disorder, the theories of relativity of Einstein and the work of Max Planck and Niels Bohr had opened up unexplored territory, making physics a promising field for pushing closer to a knowledge of the "central order."³⁶

To consider the biblical question, "what does it profit to gain the whole world if one loses one's own soul?", it is helpful to see what is left when one has lost the whole world and still has one's soul. Heisenberg's example is therefore pertinent, in that he shows what resources of belief are possible outside a framework of revelation or dogma after one's inherited, traditional beliefs have been destroyed. The way of the seeker begins with the realization that his or her baggage has been cast overboard and with an act of faith that even when the visible foundations have been shaken, whatever they be, there is an order which is more fundamental still and which undergirds

everything.

Heisenberg also shows another characteristic of the unfettered seeker—being moved by an ultimate seriousness about truth, he or she is never satisfied with secondary questions or partial explanations and thereby joins the seeker in the realm of religion. This characteristic also explains why Heisenberg turned away from the positivistic science of his time. It left too much out. It equated “understanding” with “predictive ability,” but one can predict the path of an airplane in flight, he said, only if we understand the intentions of the pilot, and a discussion of “intentionality” is ruled out *a priori* by the positivistic ethos.³⁷ Moreover, positivists have tended to turn away from universal questions to experimental questions of particular facts. The great values of the positivistic mode have been bought at the price of renouncing discussion of wider issues.³⁸ Science no less than religion turns away from confronting basic or general questions, thereby often turning away as well from the only means available for the solution. As Heisenberg later pointed out, “the genuine solution of a difficult problem is neither more nor less than a glimpse of the wider context. . . .”³⁹

The unfettered seeker must nonetheless cope with established authority. In the 1920s the Copenhagen group, which today is recognized as the creators of modern physics, was looked upon as a kind of lunatic fringe. The field itself was dominated by those who believed that Newtonian physics gave a complete and adequate account of the physical world. The Copenhagen group therefore not only had to contend with the intellectual problem of exploring the nature of matter in new and unimagined ways, they also had to contend with the ubiquitous authority of the scientific establishment. After constructing a larger system that did not so much negate as subsume Newtonian physics—the Mediterranean world did not cease to exist after Columbus, but it did cease to be the entire world—there remained the task of persuading their colleagues that the traditionally established concepts and models did not work in the subatomic realm and that the new ones proposed by quantum theory did. Even Einstein, for example, was never entirely

convinced by the theory of quantum mechanics and went no further than finally giving a grudging, *ad hoc* acquiescence to it. The new theory gained ground only by demonstrating its worth. Every foot of ground was contested.⁴⁰

This example gives a helpful slant on viewing authority, which works in political and scientific arenas as well as in the religion. Authority never gets in place without first filling and continuing to fill some necessary function. The mischief is that its role is most often oriented to the present or to the past; it is of limited value, and is often a hindrance, in grappling with new problems which concern the future. The unfettered seekers may be carrying no excess baggage, but are nonetheless constrained by circumstance to contend with authority by demonstrating the value of what they are doing.

The chief difficulty in the struggle to explore and describe the subatomic order was that people had to learn to think in fundamentally new ways which sometimes seemed to violate the very laws of thought. A tough-minded empirical scientist would have difficulty following the dictum of Niels Bohr, “The opposite of a true statement is a false statement, but the opposite of a profound truth may well be another profound truth.”⁴¹ Nevertheless, the ability and the courage to rethink the fundamentals of one’s world, to accept that the world is not the equivalent of any of the forms people use to think about it or live in it, may be the most salient characteristic of the unfettered seeker. The greatest achievement of Columbus in discovering America, said Heisenberg, was not in believing the earth was round or in sailing west to get to India or that he had prepared carefully or rigged his ships

expertly. Others had thought or done as much. “His most remarkable feat was to leave the known regions of the world and to sail westward far beyond the point from which his provisions could have got him back home again. . . . In science, too, it is impossible to open up new territory unless one is prepared to leave the safe anchorage of established doctrine and run the risk of a hazardous leap forward.”⁴² Usually science is not so hazardous and requires no more than the acceptance or elaboration of new ideas (in the manner of the magnifying



The seeker has a task which is always in process and which will entail rethinking basic suppositions.

disciple), but at the frontiers, when there are new problems to be solved, sometimes the very structure of scientific thought may have to be changed. The mettle of the seeker will be tested by hearing people all around saying that others have tried it, and they really did sail off the edge of the world.

CONCLUSIONS

WE have then, in summary, the picture of three types of believers. The faithful witness has the infallible criterion of truth and a fullness of the unchanging message of truth. The magnifying disciple has a core of truth and the key to getting more, from which to draw out the implications of truth in response to the challenges from without. Both work within a framework of revelation. The unfettered seeker has no revelation and therefore no core, but is moved by the faith and the desire of penetrating to the central order of things, a task which is always in process and which will eventually entail rethinking the basic suppositions of the system, whatever it is. Though unfettered in mind, the seeker is nonetheless constrained by circumstance to demonstrate the pragmatic value of his or her supposed advances.

The example of David Whitmer as the faithful witness shows forth plainly the subjective character of the spiritual experiences that are the headwaters of belief and provides the basis for three remarks.

The first is in the form of a question: How shall we respond to the experience of someone who affirms an immediate experience and communication with divine beings? We cannot know the experience subjectively, although we may have our own subjective feelings about it. We cannot replicate it. We cannot get inside of it to see it from the inside out. On the other hand, if we approach it analytically and objectively, we find ourselves outsiders, much like the men who accompanied Saul of Tarsus to Damascus. They saw Saul fall from his horse and heard him speaking with a voice that they did not hear. Subjectively, Saul saw the resurrected Jesus and heard him speak, but all that those with him could see, practicing empiricists as they were, was a man hallucinating in the sun. For Saul, the reality of the experience was such that he spent the rest of his life trying to understand it and to live out its implications. The men with him presumably went back to Jerusalem, and having put in their time, drew their pay.

Spiritual experiences are supremely authoritative for the one who has them, as William James points out, but not for others.⁴³ We can only know our own experiences, and the responsibility for the significance we attach to them is total. Whether we be the fiddle upon which the forces of the numinous world improvise in their revels, or whether we be among those in whom that cord is unstrung or broken, the testimony of the faithful witness causes us to look inward. To what, and on what basis, will we stand as witnesses? If we pledge to remain true and faithful, on what basis will we answer the questions, to whom? to what? and why? In terms of the religious life, these questions may turn out to be more valua-

ble than ready acceptance of what the witness testifies. "With the endless burrowing," said Henry Miller, "a certitude develops which is greater than faith or belief."⁴⁴

The second remark we may make about David Whitmer is that in observing the changes in the new church, he was right. The forms of Mormonism—doctrines, organization, and ordinances—had changed in important ways between 1828 and 1838, and have continued to change right through the present time. But in assuming that the flood of revelation could be turned back once it had started, he was egregiously mistaken. A continuing revelation turns out to mean in practice that every revelation is in some way partial and to that extent tentative, often with the effect of triggering a new revelation to elaborate the old one, making change inevitable.

A third remark is that the faithful witness, who finalizes and then holds to a fixed truth at all costs, cannot accommodate change. The type has nonetheless recurred many times in Mormonism, as elsewhere—the mode remains constant and only the content of belief changes. David Whitmer could accept the Book of Mormon but not the Doctrine and Covenants. Others, such as William Marks, could accept the Doctrine and Covenants up to but not including section 132. John Taylor could accept section 132, but could not imagine a Mormonism without plural marriage as the very bones of the world, and many tenacious and courageous souls since that time have also acted out the part of the faithful witness maintaining the pattern of the nineteenth-century church at all costs. And it may be that we also partake of this mode any time that we say "I have a testimony of _____" and mean thereby that we have baked the ship's biscuit so hard that we hold unimproveable views.

It is at times when the flux of the world is most evident that the shortcomings of the stance of the faithful witness are seen most clearly. In a church undergoing change, David Whitmer, who held faithfully to what was immutable and infallible, lasted ten years. In the end, the sure way to prove unfaithful to a doctrine is to try to finalize it and to hold to it exactly. One thinks of the late Bishop Pike's rendition of the first commandment: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me, not even the best idea you have of me."

In contemporary Mormonism, the same difficulty awaits the magnifying disciple: what he or she says is likewise never more than partial, and in responding to the challenges of changing times, there is the risk that the faith will merely be absorbed by the prevailing fashion, with all of its vagaries and faddish transiency. Nonetheless, it is only individuals or churches imbued with the spirit of the magnifying disciple that can exercise the prophetic calling of challenging a changing and secular world, because they are the only ones who have the means of understanding it in its own terms and thus speaking with it.

A further observation is that both the mind that believes it possesses a fullness and the mind that believes it possesses only a core to be added to are permanent features of Mormonism. Neither will completely displace the other, and the loss would probably be immense if either prevailed totally. But

a more interesting question is whether the metaphor of the tensions between the way of the faithful witness and that of the magnifying disciple adequately express what Mormonism is about. As Mormonism encounters new cultures in its missionary outreach, we may think of the white man who took a stick and drew a circle, saying, "This is what the Indian knows" then, drew a larger circle around it and said, "This is what the white man knows." The Indian took the stick, and drawing a huge circle around both, said, "This is where the white man and the Indian know nothing." Heisenberg as Indian will not let us forget that there are still other dimensions and questions of belief and unbelief in the twentieth century—such as those centering around the world views of science and the disappearance of traditional ways of belief—that have not been explored or delimited. Mormonism at one time turned away from them or did not encounter them, and yet it must eventually face them if it is to fulfill its professed mission.

Expressing the situation in these terms suggests yet another Heisenbergian aspect of belief. When the movement toward specialization in science and the separation of faith from secular knowledge in religion have resulted in an intellectual and cultural fragmentation, it is reassuring to have the picture that Heisenberg gives of a mind always moving toward the discussion of larger issues and toward the connectedness of knowledge. His example also suggests that in enlarging one's view of the world in the manner of the magnifying disciple, there comes a point when what seem to be fundamental views have to be rethought in new ways, when there must be new wineskins for new wine. What happened in the scientific world of the twentieth century has already happened at other times in religious contexts, e.g., Jesus and the religious traditionalists of his time. The same kind of situation currently seems to be urging, even forcing itself upon Mormonism, and Heisenberg's approach is as much a part of Mormonism as the Golden Plates.

But here someone will surely cry out, "Could there even be a Mormon Heisenberg? Doesn't the very fact of accepting membership and discipleship impose fetters?" And the answer is, "No, not necessarily." Fetters can take the form of creeds or of attitudes. Now the idea is old in Mormonism that creeds are an abomination in the sight of God, not because they are false creeds, but because they are creeds. This idea about creeds is as old as the idea of authority, to which it stands in tension. As for the intellectual fetters abetted by the social pressures and expectations of the group, we may remember that just as the limits of the oppressor are always set by the oppressed, so fetters of mind and spirit are always self-imposed. But can one unfetter oneself comfortably and safely within the bosom of the Church? No, but Joseph Smith, probably the most unfettered Mormon, could not do it comfortably and safely, either.

But isn't such a statement fanciful, one might ask, when the whole Church appears to be acting out the part of the faithful witness, endlessly repeating the same message in the same terms, as if the current manuals had arrived at a definitive statement of truth? It would seem so when one visits wards across the land and around the world and hears the same pre-formed ques-

tions asked and the same pre-formed answers read as the appropriate response of the class members.

On the other hand, when the role of the magnifying disciple with its accompanying independence of thought was eased out of the official church, it merely went underground like the Snake River, to emerge at a different point downstream in such forms as *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought*, SUNSTONE, and the new generation of Mormon historians. There is good reason to believe that the intellectual activity of Mormonism has never been livelier, and that the forces moving within Mormonism and the larger society will inevitably bring a recasting of yet more forms that were once thought to be unalterable, which brings us to a final surmise.

Mormonism is not identical to or synonymous with any or all of its forms. None of its views are unimprovable. Its genius is to push beyond. Its scope will be enlarged by those who are drawn by the tug of its spirit and who will combine the attributes of the magnifying disciple and the unfettered seeker, who will not wait further for the Church to give them what God has already given them. The Apostle Paul said, "We have this treasure in earthen vessels" (2 Corinthians 4:7). In a time of thinking anew, the urgent task of the seeker and the believer is to ask, "Which is the treasure, and which the vessel?"

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MY YELLOW LIGHT

Darkness takes the room,
First the table, then the rug,
Walls, books, pushing my
Yellow light to the window
Then dumps it
Down
Into the street.

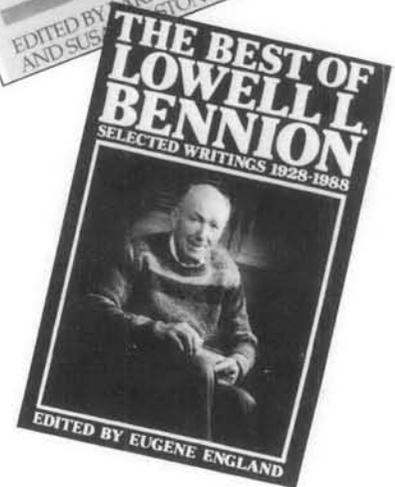
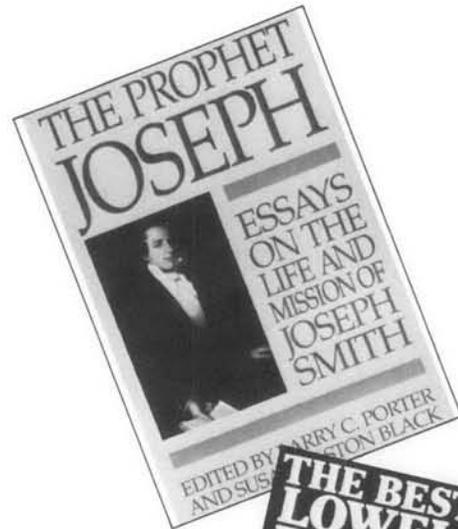
I stumble into the hall,
Down the black stairwell,
Then out the door
Onto the sidewalk where
My yellow light lies quivering,
Trying not to slide
Down
The storm drain.

I put my foot on its tail
And grasp it by the scruff
Of the neck and carry it back
To my room and spread it
Liberally on the walls
and ceiling, tacking it with
Nails to keep the darkness
From pushing it back
Down
Into the street.

—GAVIN DOUGLAS

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Pillars of My Faith

A CHRISTIAN BY YEARNING

By Levi S. Peterson

I BELONG TO A LARGE AND AFFECTIONATE FAMILY. Through phone calls, letters, and reunions I keep in touch with brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces, and innumerable cousins, most of whom are faithful Latter-day Saints. I converse amicably with my relatives on many subjects. However, when I take up the topic of religion, they often become wary and reserved. They know I am a doubter, and they wish to avoid an unseemly confrontation.

I acknowledge that it is my own provocative and ribald behavior that places a barrier between me and my relatives. That fact does not diminish my regret, for I love them very much. On occasion I suffer from the perception that I am dangerous to them. I am like Rappaccini's daughter in Hawthorne's famous story. The unearthly flowers which the scientist Rappaccini had created imbued his daughter with a lethal emanation. She could not associate with ordinary mortals because her very breath would kill them. As I say, I find in Hawthorne's story an apt figure for my relationship with those faithful Mormons who hold me in greatest affection. At times I feel my mere presence is a poison.

Four or five years ago my sister Mary surprised me by confiding to me a spiritual manifestation she had experienced in the Mesa temple. I see Mary only once or twice a year on my visits to Arizona. She always greets me with a warm embrace and chats affably about our mutual concerns. Yet I believe she feels vulnerable and cautiously avoids challenges to her faith. With many apologies she returned unread a book of my short stories which I had mailed her as a gift. I therefore recognized an extraordinary courage and generosity when she shared with me her remarkable experience with deity. I think she risked my rebuttal and scorn, which I am happy to say I neither felt nor expressed, because she hoped to help me. I think she hoped the unusual manifestation given her would help turn me toward a more complete obedience to the commandments.

When I was a child I both believed and doubted. When my brothers told me God's eyes could pierce concrete or could penetrate the dark recesses of a root cellar where I had taken refuge to pursue unhallowed impulses, I doubted that they could. On the other hand I often found myself directing silent sentences toward God, as if I truly believed that he had hid himself within the sound of my imagined voice. Now that I am an adult, I no longer hold conversations with God. I am too much a doubter, having no gift for intuiting spirit beyond the world of matter. Yet I am still a Christian and a Latter-day Saint. To many, my Christian aspirations will seem paltry. I have no thoughts about exaltation in the celestial kingdom, no ambitions to be a king, priest, and ruler over worlds without end. Instead I concentrate upon that most incredible miracle, the resurrection of the dead. I will thank my Lord with an utter fervor if he will again give form and fire to my cold ashes.

I became a confirmed doubter within a few days after my arrival in the French mission in November 1954. Late one afternoon my senior companion and I arrived in La Chaux de Fonds, a small watch-making city in the Jura Mountains of Switzerland. Without pause we deposited our trunks in our new quarters and conscientiously went out tracting. For a couple of hours we knocked on doors without gaining entrance. In that brief period I reassessed the nature of my mission. Its novelty and achievement had already faded and its tedium and frustration loomed. Clearly the vast majority of people in the world were apathetic toward the Latter-day Saint message. I was therefore doubly grateful when at last a man invited us in. Although his bristling grey hair and round wire-rimmed spectacles gave him a stern, ascetic appearance, he seated us with polite dignity and asked his wife to serve us mint tea and cookies. He informed us that he favored the Jehovah's Witnesses but would value any new light we might throw upon the Bible. He listened attentively and scrutinized each biblical passage to which we referred. He agreed that we could return on another day and again on another. At the end of our third meeting he politely said he had heard enough. He could not find sufficient evidence for the Joseph Smith story in his Bible to justify further lessons.

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This turn of events, minor though it was, precipitated a spiritual crisis for me. According to the faith in which I had been raised, this man stood condemned. He could make no excuse on Judgment Day. He could not claim that the missionaries had failed to reach him and that the glad tidings had never been preached to him. He had examined the truth closely yet had denied it. This was a crisis, I say, because I simply could not believe that a man of such evident kindness and sincerity could stand in any manner condemned before God. And by extension, I had suddenly lost my ability to believe that all the other good and sincere people in the world would stand condemned for failing to accept the particular interpretation of the gospel which the Mormon missionaries carried. It no longer seemed imperative to me that everyone in the world become a Latter-day Saint. And with the fall of this premise, a long line of other premises tumbled like dominoes in my mind.

I do not need to say that my mission proved a difficult experience. At one moment, after I had been made a senior companion and transferred to Charleroi, Belgium, I made arrangements to abandon my mission and only at the last moment decided to carry on, principally because I couldn't think of a single person who would welcome me home. I knocked on thousands of doors and delivered the missionary lessons hundreds of times in a strictly matter-of-fact, expository vein. I refused to bear a testimony, and I lived with a constant dread that someone might ask me point-blank whether I believed what I preached. Luckily no one ever did. I baptized three persons and was the initial contact for a family who later proved, as most converts in those days did not, permanent, sustaining members of their branch. In addition, I regularly saved a third to a half of my monthly stipend and gave it to the poor I met while tracting, and I used my beloved Louis Segond translation of the Bible to comfort and encourage the downhearted I met in any context, regardless of their attitude toward the Latter-day Saint message. A Mormon missionary could be, I learned, a kind of roving free-lance minister of the universal gospel. It now seems, thirty-one years following my return, that my mission was a rare and invaluable experience and that I am fortunate to have been persuaded to carry it to an honorable end.

Today I am a more or less active Mormon. I attend sacrament meeting regularly, I am a home teacher, I am a half-time instructor of my ward high priests' group. I am uninterested in what I will call secondary theological questions such as the authenticity of the Book of Mormon, the prophetic character of Joseph Smith, and the doctrine of the three degrees of glory. I do not quarrel with those doctrines. If my fellow Mormons consider them important, I too will stand by them, and I will certainly not fail to give them an orthodox cast when I lead discussions in my high priests' group. But in my private ruminations I dwell instead upon the more primary matters of the fatherhood of God, the redemptive sacrifice of Jesus Christ, and the immortality of the human soul.

Predictably, I sense that my worship differs from that of many with whom I share a pew in sacrament meeting. This difference arises, I think, from a difference in the focus of our fundamental human anxiety. Christians have traditionally been anxious chiefly over the salvation of their soul. I speak here of salvation in the broad Christian usage signifying the entrance of the soul after death into the bliss of God's eternal presence. The late medieval English play *Everyman* expresses this traditional anxiety in a forthright manner. At the beginning of this simple allegory, God commands Death to summon Everyman before him for judgment. When Death informs Everyman that he must descend into the grave, this representative of universal humanity frantically begs time to arrange his affairs. Death allows him only to canvass his acquaintances to determine who will accompany him into the grave. Everyman is greatly disillusioned to discover that, despite their earlier promises, his hearty comrades Fellowship, Kindred, and Goods refuse to go with him. Even his old allies Strength, Discretion, Beauty, and Five Wits ultimately fail to accompany him. Only Good Deeds, much attenuated by Everyman's long neglect, is willing to go with him to judgment. As the play ends and Everyman and Good Deeds, newly fortified by Knowledge and Confession, descend into the grave, Everyman prays: "Into thy hands, Lord, my soul I commend. Receive it, Lord, that it be not lost. As thou me boughtest, so me defend. And save me from the fiend's boast, That I may appear with that blessed host, That shall be saved at the day of doom."

Although Latter-day Saints assert that their theology has abolished the doctrine of hell, they actually fear eternal punishment in much the same manner as other Christians. The outer darkness to which Mormons relegate those who deny the Holy Ghost is in its own way as frightening as the fiery hell in which their Puritan ancestors believed. Of course, Mormons commonly reassure one another that most sinners will be assigned to the lesser kingdoms of glory, the telestial and terrestrial kingdoms. These kingdoms are not thought of as places of active torment; their inhabitants will suffer chiefly because they will recognize the infinite opportunities of the celestial kingdom which they have failed to inherit. The blessed inhabitants of the celestial kingdom will enjoy the presence of God and will become the creators of worlds and the parents of spiritual children. As benign as this teaching seems, the prospect of failing to achieve the celestial kingdom fills many Latter-day Saints with dread. Even faithful, meticulous Mormons frequently express anxiety that they will not prove worthy of that blissful condition. In effect they suffer a traditional Christian anxiety over damnation.

If I differ from the typical Latter-day Saint, it is because my anxiety is focused not upon whether my immortal soul may suffer damnation but upon whether I have an immortal soul. I find my kind of anxiety well expressed in *The Seventh Seal*, a movie by the contemporary Swedish director Ingmar Bergman. I have viewed this movie numerous times during the past thirty years. Like *Everyman*, this movie is an allegory. It is about

a medieval knight who encounters Death while returning from a crusade. Whimsically Death agrees to a game of chess, to be played intermittently as the knight and his companions ride cross-country toward the knight's castle. As long as the knight can forestall the checkmating of his king, Death will allow him to live. Everywhere are grisly reminders of Death's dominion, for the plague is sweeping the land. An entire village has been decimated; an unburied corpse rots by the roadside; a villainous priest dies in agony before the horrified eyes of the knight and his retinue. Furthermore, the knight is a doubter consumed by the question of whether God exists and, contingently, whether the human soul will persist beyond the grave. At one point he asks a young witch who is being burned at the stake whether she has truly had commerce with Satan, since the existence of Satan would imply the existence of God. Her ambiguous reply gives him no satisfaction, and her cruel demise only exacerbates his anxiety. His question remains unanswered. As the movie closes, Death claims the knight and his companions, leading them in a *danse macabre* across a distant skyline.

Like the knight of *The Seventh Seal* I fear that the human soul evaporates with death. I live in anxiety of annihilation, and this anxiety conditions the nature of my worship. I will not argue that my kind of worship is better than, or even equal to, the worship of conventional Mormons. I will argue, however, that it merits consideration. It seems to me that I respond to Christian meanings which many others ignore. As paradoxical as it may seem, there are religious advantages to doubt.

One advantage of doubt is the perspective it offers upon the rite of the Lord's Last Supper, to which Mormons give the distinguishing title of the *sacrament*. The prayers of the sacrament enjoin participants to remember the mutilated body and spilled blood of the crucified Lord and to obey his commandments in order to have his spirit to be with them. The Latter-day Saints observe a reverent silence during the sacrament, making it a period of meditation and recollectedness. Although I can't know with certainty what my fellow worshipers meditate upon, I believe that most of them contemplate their successes and failures in living a Christian life. They do this because the Church has chosen to emphasize the sacrament as a renewal of one's vows to live righteously. The Latter-day Saints are, as my priesthood lesson manual informs me, a covenant-making people who perpetually refresh their commitment to obey God's commandments by partaking of the sacrament. I trust that for most Mormons the renewal of this commitment is a propitious and rejuvenating experience. Undoubtedly they yield themselves to God's designs and rejoice in the sheltering sweep of his providence. Perhaps they contemplate the agonies of the Lord on the cross and experience gratitude for the redemptive sacrifice which effaces the desperate consequences of their sins and opens before them the stairway to glory.

Often as I partake of the sacrament I vicariously borrow a like response from my fellow worshipers. As the deacons distribute the bread and water, I think about my baptism long ago in an icy creek and about the obligation of obedience that even at the age of eight I understood myself to be under.

Moreover, I imagine myself to be contrite over my infractions of the commandments and resolute about mastering my imperfections. Finally, however, I return to my private reality. This is not my own true response to the rite of the Lord's Last Supper.

For about ten years following my mission, on those infrequent occasions when I attended church, I partook of the sacrament from motives that seemed strictly social. I partook of it in order not to disturb the meditations of my neighbors by rousing their curiosity as to my reasons for not partaking of it. When our daughter turned three, my wife and I agreed that she should be raised a Mormon and we began to attend meetings with greater regularity. It did not take me long to recognize that I responded to the sacrament with an apprehensive grief. Often I had to halt my singing during the sacrament hymn and clench my teeth in order not to weep. In time a curious symbolism grew on me. During each service the sacrament table and its plates of bread and trays of water sat before the congregation covered by a white satin cloth. Irresistibly I identified the sacrament table with my father's coffin. When my father died when I was nine, a local craftsman constructed a coffin and Relief Society sisters covered it with white satin. During the funeral, the coffin sat immediately in front of the congregation.

Unquestionably the sacrament had become a tragic ceremony for me. Its tragic meanings, of course, ranged far beyond the connection I made between my father's coffin and the particular setting of the sacrament table in my ward. Its tragic meanings derived from nothing less than the premise that God himself, in the person of Jesus Christ, suffered and died. Even the faithful are sobered by the contemplation that Christ endured an agony so vast that it could redeem the sins of an entire world and that he lapsed, if only momentarily, into the cold immobility of death. But, of course, the faithful are sheltered from utter grief by their belief in the resurrection. The Lord's Last Supper has always been taken as a symbol of hope. According to the account of its first occurrence, Jesus broke bread and poured wine for his apostles and expressly urged them to remember him. He had given them a tangible sign of his transcendent reality. It would remind them in the dark times of his absence that he had risen and would return. But for me, doubting alike Jesus's immortality and my own, the sacrament seemed an adumbration of despair, a weekly reminder that bright landscapes and beloved personalities from my past were irretrievably lost.

Time has elapsed and I have become even more consistent in attending meetings and performing my minor ecclesiastical duties. My response to the sacrament has evolved or at least has enlarged and become more complex. Often when I partake of the bread and water my mood is such that I ignore the numbing possibility that human destiny is eternal death. Instead I contemplate the egregious, absurd, astonishing, miraculous proposition that on a certain resplendent morning the graves of all history will open and the incarcerated dead, one and all, will emerge into a new and everlasting life. In such a mood I allow my imagination to construct a Christian future. I pay no heed to the conjecture of my associates regarding the

furnishings of the resurrected world. I reject out of hand an earth transfigured by glory like a sea of glass. Furthermore, I pay no heed to the belief of many that because of my perversity I will be denied the presence of God and my loved ones. If I have surrendered to a miracle, I insist that it be an entire miracle. On the morning of the resurrection I will greet my wife, my daughter, my father and mother, my brothers and sisters, and a host of other dear relatives and friends, as I knew them in the finest moments of their mortality, clothed as I once knew them, speaking as I once heard them. Around them I will see the friendly surface of the earth as I once knew it, broad and fair with plains and mountains, forests and rivers, farms, villages, and cities. And soon I will see the architect of this miracle threading his way among the crowds of the resurrected, speaking kindly, giving reassurances, recognizing all as if indeed he has had with each a long and perfect familiarity. His countenance will be radiant with grace.

I am a Christian by yearning. Opposed to my doubt and perversity is a longing that the gospel be true. Christians are made, said the apostle Paul, of faith, hope, and charity. Though I have little charity and less faith, perhaps I have hope in some abundance. Often when I recognize how intensely I yearn for eternal life, I find myself elevated and encouraged. I find that my yearning has transformed itself into hope and I find myself responding to the sacrament as a ceremony of hope. On many Sundays while I participate in this solemn ritual, I ponder the possibility that Christ will one day resurrect me, and I am filled with gratitude that such a thing might come to pass.

When I attended a family reunion in Arizona a little more than a year ago, I found my brother Arley absent. His sons reported him to be very frail and ailing. When the reunion was over, I drove to Mesa and on an early evening dropped in on Arley. He made his way from the supper table to an easy chair with trembling legs, and he sat with his shoulders so slumped and his head so drooped that I wondered whether his chin would touch his knees. I asked him questions about our father and about our father's first wife, Arley's mother, and about the penurious homestead they had struggled to develop. Narrating anecdotes from the family's past, Arley seemed invigorated and greatly pleased. I too was greatly pleased. We each discerned in the other a vital trace of our father. For a couple of hours there in Arley's Mesa home we evoked our father's pulsing, blooming presence.

At leave taking I gripped Arley's hand and hugged his frail shoulders. It was an extraordinary goodbye. I feared, with good reason as it turned out, that he would die before I saw him again. A sense of the sacred accompanied me as I left his house and walked toward the home of my sister Mary, where I would spend the night. My way led past the Mesa temple. It was dark and the temple was illuminated. I remembered that the temple is a holy place, and I remembered that I had just come from a holy place, a living room made sacred by the fervent goodbye of two brothers. I spoke of this to Mary when I arrived at her

house. Mary had been at the reunion and had returned early to Mesa largely for my convenience. I stood with her at her kitchen sink while she tidied up a few dishes. I said a person could find the sacred in places other than a temple. I said holiness is as wild and free as the air. It circulates everywhere. I have felt it often in the presence of the newborn and the dead. I have felt it in a sunrise or along a mountain stream. In a soft voice Mary agreed. She said she too had met the sacred in unexpected places. Then we fell silent, each cherishing the proximity of the other.

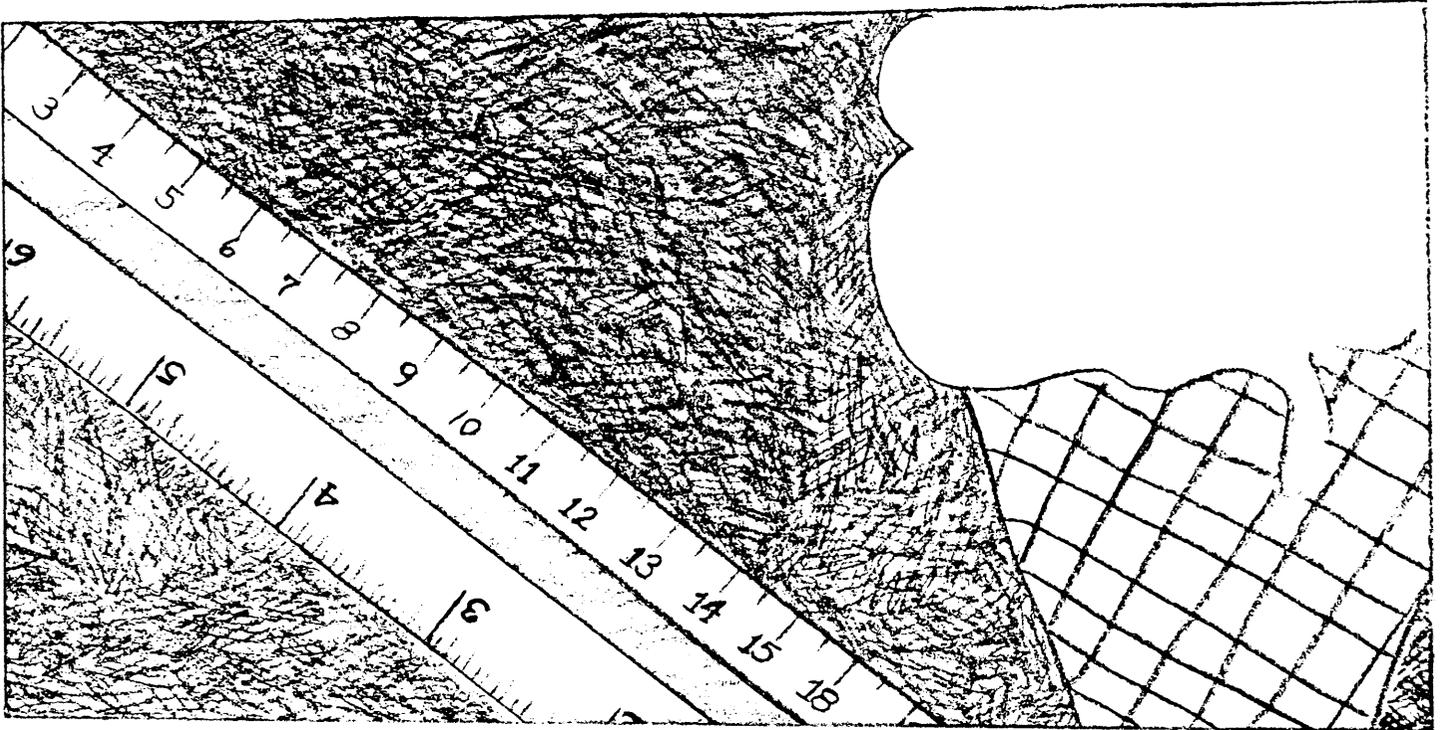
People who have known each other for a lifetime can abruptly resume a topic of conversation after years of leaving it dormant. At her kitchen sink I renewed the discussion Mary had opened when she shared with me her sacred experience in the temple. My literal words concealed a larger meaning. Mary had loved me enough to share a sacred experience in hopes it would give me faith. I loved her enough now to share a sacred experience so that she would at least know that I am not irreligious. I think that was all I meant to say, and perhaps it was enough for the moment. Months or perhaps years from now I will renew my dialogue with Mary, and I will tell her how I feel about the resurrection when I partake of the sacrament. I do not know how I will persuade her not to worry over my poor prospects on Judgment Day. But perhaps she will be comforted to know that even a doubter can hope.

If Christ has indeed purchased eternal life for humanity, I for one will awaken to the reality of his gift with an immeasurable gratitude. In the meantime I will make it the center of my Christian worship to anticipate that gratitude when I partake of the sacrament. I do not belittle the communion of my fellow Mormons. It is not an unworthy way of celebrating the Lord's Last Supper to measure one's successes and failures in keeping the commandments and to renew one's covenants to live righteously. Yet in a sense it seems a pity to take one's immortality for granted, to expect it and count on it. It seems a pity to be so sheltered from the terror of death that one's gratitude for the resurrection is merely dutiful and perfunctory. Perhaps truly there are religious advantages to doubt. Perhaps only a doubter can appreciate the miracle of life without end.

1987 D. K. Brown Fiction Contest Second Place Winner

A GAME OF INCHES

By Michael Fillerup



FIGHTING THE WOOD STOVE, TRYING TO, I'M THINKING OF my high school football coach, Stan Friedman. No particular incident, just the recurring image of that dark Semitic bear stalking our helmeted ranks in blue gym shorts and white T-shirt, shoulders hunched from surplus muscle, forearms curved like clubs, clutching his clipboard like a caveman looking for someone to strike with it.

After the third futile match, I congratulate myself for having suppressed all four-letter expletives. It's been five days since our priesthood lesson, "Tame Thy Tongue," and I'm still battling a thousand. I'm not doing as well in the aftermath of Carla's Family Home Evening Lesson on building positive attitudes. I'm having trouble (as match number four strikes and flares a brilliant moment before fading to a quick ribbon of smoke) convincing myself that today is not going to be one of "Murphy's Days": a million things to do, no time to do them, and everything imaginable or un-going wrong.

Plus a rotten night's sleep. Davy waking up at 2 A.M. scream-

ing bloody murder. Another nuclear nightmare, no thanks to the six o'clock news. Sure, we teach him about resurrection, salvation, exaltation; Carla and I, at home, at church. But how can we refute those atomic mushrooms the networks keep flashing on the screen? The twilight tragedies of the world. Ethiopians, charbroiled skeletons with bloated bellies, giant two-legged spiders limping towards oblivion. Emaciated exodus.

"What's wrong with those people, Dad?"

"They're starving, son."

"How come, Dad?"

Greed, selfishness, politics, ignorance, apathy, megalomania. . . .

"Lots of reasons."

"Are we going to starve?"

"Not tonight . . . No."

"Do we have a year's supply, Dad?"

"We're working on it, son. Almost."

Innocently laying guilt trips on me.

Last night, after I'd calmed him down: "Dad, would you die to save the world?"

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I pause for an uncomfortably long time. "Jesus already has."

"I know, but would you?"

"I suppose—to save the world."

He throws his little arms around me. "Don't, Dad. Please. . . ."

Whatever happened to Sesame Street and the Electric Company?

He never describes his nightmares in details, but they are frequent and very real. At five-and-a-half he's stressed out. Like his old man, he grinds his teeth in his sleep: I can hear the tormented gnashing as he twists and squirms in bed. Every night is a wrestling match with the Angel of Death. Eventually he wakes up shrieking, I hurry to the rescue and find him tangled up in his electric blanket like an animal caught in a net. Usually some soft talk and a glass of milk sedates him.

"It's okay, son. It was only a bad dream."

Sometimes, like last night, he'll ask me to say a prayer.

Kneeling by his bed, half comatose, I'll mumble the words that now seem as fixed and automatic as the sacrament prayer: Father in Heaven . . . bless Davy so he'll get a good night's sleep . . . so he'll think happy thoughts and dream nice dreams . . . so he'll know that you're looking after him and there's no need to fear. . . .

"Dad?"

"Yes?"

"Will you say another?"

He needs more of my time but I have very little to spare now. It's taken me three years to get this job at the university, and I'm struggling. I mustn't blow it. We can't afford another move, financially or emotionally. Six in four years . . . no wonder the kid has problems. No roots, Carla said. No security. That's why we left the reservation, to give them roots. A neighborhood. Permanent friends. I'm still second-guessing. Maybe we didn't have the Golden Arches or a movie theater or a real house with a microwave and VCR, but at least we had time. I won't go into that. Leave nostalgia to the nostalgiacs. Now I'm gone before they're up. Three nights a week, when I'm not teaching classes or at a church meeting (P.E.C., welfare, presidency, P.P.I. . . .), I make it home for a late dinner. I see the kids maybe an hour before bedtime. They want to play—"Dance wif me, Dad, dance!" "Swing me, Dad! Swing me!" But Dad's been up since five. He's too beat to swing and dance but does anyway, cautioning himself that if he doesn't he'll regret it twenty years from now.

Not much time for home teaching. Going the extra mile. Four generation sheets. Friendshipping. Save the world, feed the hungry . . . But but but . . . That old song. Somehow I don't think God is the type who'll sit around patiently patronizing excuses. On Judgement Day we'll be scantroned by a "did you/didn't you" device. No. That's the skeptic in me talking. He's been slinking out of the shadows more regularly, showing his scratchy face.

David—all the kids—need more time, but they've got to eat too. House payments, car payments, food, fuel . . . The Great American Lament. Someone's got to bring home the bacon—

more bread than bacon lately. So far we've always managed on my paycheck. That's going on fifteen years. Carla's been free to raise the kids, manage the home. But we're running counter-culture. Even our good church friends tell us its only a matter of time. Economics, the final word. Get a babysitter, get a job. Carla could teach; she's certified. The temptation is strong. But we've still got the two-year-old, our blue-eyed prodigy, child of our young-old age. We don't want him raised by Mary Moppet Day Care.

Money. Bread. Mammon. Every time it looks like we might get a little ahead, a little breathing room, something comes up. Last year, Carol's braces; this year, a leaky roof.

We bought our log home last spring, a thirteen-year-old artifact, and discovered the leaks during our first big thunderstorm in July. Rain hammered the asphalt shingles, played a hard percussion on the skylights which swelled like giant bubbles ready to burst. As water trickled down the slanted beams, I ran around the living room like a sun-blinded outfielder trying to catch the drips in a frying pan. At night, in bed, gazing up at the thick pine beams as rain pelted the roof, I felt as old Noah must have his first night afloat in the ark.

That was four months ago, monsoon season in the mountains.

Striking lucky match number five, I'm thinking of Stan Friedman again, something he said during pre-game pep talks: *Boys, remember . . . football is a game of inches.* I don't know why this particular quote comes to mind—he had dozens hand-lettered on cardboard strips taped throughout the locker room—unless I'm subconsciously stretching a comparison between the minutia factor in football and my inability to get a fire started (i.e., what split-hair subtlety was making the wadded newspaper so obstinate this morning when it had been so compliant yesterday and the day before and the day before that?).

Coach Friedman also said that football is the game of life, his being a relatively short one—he died five years ago, gang-tackled in mid-life by a stroke and cardiac combo. High blood pressure. Too many championships slipping through his fingers in the closing seconds, one of those slips being mine. I wonder now if his death was a matter of inches and seconds. *If* the paramedics had arrived a few moments earlier . . . *if* so and so had known CPR. . . .

The kindling has caught fire, a mounting flame. Soon the Fisher stove will be giving off laggard heat. I light it first thing when I get up so at least the kitchen will be warm when Carla and the kids wake up (my small sacrifice to the cause). Otherwise the house would be an icebox. No snow yet, but Old Man Winter's definitely here. I can hear him howling, shaking the pines, banging on the door, seeping through the cracks—all my unfinished caulking! I hate getting up now, hate leaving Carla's soft body warmth. Do I have a choice? Like the bumper sticker says:

I owe, I owe,

It's off to work I go . . .

Or from a more authoritative source: By the sweat of thy brow thou shalt labor all thy days. . . .

The kids survive in electric blankets.

This morning I'm groggy and grouchy—lazy, too. I pour myself a bowl of Granola Crunch and pull a chair up close to the stove, barely feeling the stingy heat. The logs snap and crackle as the flames go through their slow preliminaries. Gradually they will tighten and intensify, reducing the wood to red-white coals that will begin to emit true warmth about the time I slip out the back door.

It's my day to take the car. Three days a week I bundle up in wool cap, wool sweater, knickers, gloves, the works, and pedal into town on my Schwinn mountain bike, empathizing with Mr. Amundsen as the wind burns my face and slices through my woolen armor. No matter what or how much I put on my hands and feet, after two miles, my toes and fingertips are ice cubes. I neither beg nor deserve pity: my pioneer forefathers (and mothers) trekked west with frozen legs falling off. To feel at least this small portion of that suffering . . . It keeps me humble (and healthy, they say, though I wonder sometimes, thawing out in the shower at the end of a sub-zero ride, if I'm not bucking for premature arthritis). But today I have the car. I won't deny a certain pleasure in this luxury—more like relief, not to face the cold grind for a day. Mornings like this, on bike-back, I usually grit my teeth from start to finish. (That's ten miles into town and another three to the university.)

Pulling out of the driveway, cinders crunching underneath, the full moon in the mist like an underwater light half-trapped in crab shadows, I try to mentally undermine Mr. Murphy's odds: a razor nick, feckless matches, bloodshot eyes I can handle. But language proficiency scores, two thousand of them, due on the department chairman's desk by 5:00 P.M., with a complete written summary, including recommendations for student placement and follow-up testing? It wouldn't be half bad if Dr. Fisher hadn't casually dumped it on me three days ago. "Oh, Jim, by the way. . . ." My penalty for entering the faculty smoker's lounge.

The annual writing contest is a different story. Sometime today I have to type the last four pages of my article and get it in the mail. The last day again. Always the postmark, the deadline. Every year I resolve to enter but somehow the clock runs out on me, or vice versa. I try (with diminishing success) to reassure myself it isn't fear of failure or procrastination but time—no time. Having the car today should help but won't. Errands, chores—they come with the vehicle. Picayune expedients. Today, Carla's miscellaneous shopping list, hastily scribbled on a scrap of paper: weather stripping at Angel's, a dozen eggs (X-large), two dozen stamps (not the generic kind, please!!!!). Another of her infamous scavenger hunts. The inconvenience of zig-zagging back and forth across town for three items makes me wonder why some genius on the make hasn't designed a store where they sell stamps, eggs, and weather stripping under one roof. Maybe in the millennium.

As I cross the first cattle guard, it occurs to me that here it is, Friday, and once again I have failed in my Sabbath resolution to be a better person during the week. Every Sunday as the sacrament is circulating, noble, humanitarian thoughts

surge through me like new blood. I privately vow to go out of my way to make the world a better, happier place, to do my part, to impact lives.

To date I've done nothing to substantially augment the moans and groans of this planet, but I've done just as little to alleviate them. Every week I fill my sights with good intentions only to lapse into the same old patterns. The spirit is willing, the flesh is fired up, but the dog's got to be fed, the car washed, the papers graded, the firewood split. . . . Noble desires lost in the daily shuffle. "Spiritual fossilization," Brother Sanders calls it. Somehow the malady is a little more palatable once we put a label on it. But I'm as weary of excuses as my superiors must be (meaning my super-superiors). I used to look back on my missionary experience to buoy me up, but now that, too, has become a concession (or confession?).

Crossing the highway underpass, I'm momentarily caught in an open-ended echo chamber: the traffic overhead rumbles like preliminary thunder, a grumbling voice from on high (losing patience?). Voluminous, powerful, like the sea. Full of premonitions. I make a sharp left and cross the second cattle guard. The heater is blowing hot air as I join the parade of headlights, smeared and sticky in the gray light.

As the powdered darkness begins to fade, my thoughts drift like an open boat, destination nowhere. The highway steepens, a sharp incline. The forest is a dark blur, the meadow to my right a blond-on-brown patchwork, an autumn quilt. Frosted, it appears to have grown old overnight. The ponderosa pines lay black lace on the horizon. As the last few stars run out of fuel, pink streamers stretch across the pre-dawn sky. Not candy-colored. More like glorified bandages; the fading aftermath of a hot sky war (the nuclear Angels of Death that visit David in his sleep?).

The skeptic in me wonders if in ten years my children will be hiking through a forest of burned matchsticks. Or hiking at all. And my grandchildren, scorched red deserts, like the Indian lands on the other side of the mountain. A banal lament, like death. I don't think about it often, rarely dwell on it—who can afford to add stress to stress? I'm not worried for my lifetime but my children's. Not hopelessness but helplessness, knowing that one itchy finger could detonate an early Armageddon, counsels me to ignore the thing. Or try to. (Deep down, though, I believe God would intervene. If Abraham bargained to save Sodom and Gomorrah for the sake of a righteous ten, why not the world on behalf of six million? Plus he, too, is something of a showman, and I can't see Him allowing some trigger-happy camel scratcher to upstage his premier production.)

A diesel truck blows its horn and bellows, advancing on me like a mechanical monster aiming to take a bite out of my rear end. An angry arm pokes out the window, waving me out of the fast lane. He is justified: my tiny Honda Civic, an eggshell amidst mastodons, rolling along as aimlessly as my thoughts: Diane Greenbaum, the new graduate assistant, the one with hair like a French poodle that's just come in out of the rain. Hairy armpits, hairy legs, Levi skirt to mid-thigh; the

slogan on her T-shirt: YOU CAN'T HUG WITH NUCLEAR ARMS. Barging into my office like a nightmare from the Sixties, my youth, a *déjà vu* except I'm wearing the suit and tie now. She has organized a campus-wide (hopefully, citywide) anti-nuke campaign. Will I march with the others—will I march with “them”? Professors X, Y, and Z—distinguished men, literary men, humanists—they're all participating.

I invent a reasonable excuse for Diane. To myself, I rationalize: I've got papers to grade, tests to score, an Elders Quorum meeting, hospital visits. I'll be lucky to get home by nine as it is. Who's got time to march? I've got a wife, kids, a family, for crying out loud!

My inner rebuttal—reflected in Ms. Greenbaum's stern green eyes—so does everyone, professor. (That's *assistant* professor. Struggling-to-make-ends-meet assistant professor.)

But I'm embarrassed, ashamed—confused mostly—by my reply. Too busy to march for peace? Or an innate skepticism of marches, protests, playing for the press. What is all this hoopla but misdirected energy? Fanfare. Benevolent socializing. Bandwagon sensibility. Especially a peace march. At best, a necessary futility.

Or is this my rationalization for apathy? Diane Greenbaum dressed like a bag lady and smelled like the men's locker room, but here was commitment, fervor, zeal. Correct or not, well-groomed or not, she had a cause she was willing to fight for, pound on doors, insult her superiors. Which is precisely what she did, insulted me, took a shot: “I should have known . . . from a *Mormon!*”

A Mormon—Mormon! Spoken with such contempt, derision. Mormon. I considered briefly *my* causes: to spread the gospel, the message of peace, truth, salvation. To save the world. Sure. When it's a major effort for me to drag myself out of bed in the morning—to leave my warm wife and face the cold, to drag through another day.

I didn't march yesterday. I graded papers in my office.

I'm driving ultra slow this morning, delaying what? Entering town, I watch the sun climbing out of the pines like a sunburned god. I marvel as it slowly peels the shadows from the mountains. A blue mist circles the peaks like the rings of Saturn. I marvel, but only momentarily: proficiency scores. Writing contest. Errands. Chores.

And the boy.

At primary inservice last week, the theme was, “Reach Out for the One.” They showed *Cipher in the Snow*. I can never watch that film without weeping a little within—guilt and despair for the ciphers in my life, the cipher in myself. Oh yes, Sister Lundquist—*President* Lundquist—zeroing in on me: “Are there any children in your class who might be . . .”

Derek.

This year I'm doing double duty. Second counselor to the Elders Quorum President, I also teach the Blazer A's, the ten-year-old boys. Oh, they all have needs, sure. But Spencer, Eric, Ryan, Reed—they live on Cherry Hill, a stone's throw from the

church house. They are sound and happy fellows, basking in that lapdog conviviality of pre-adolescence. Video games and Mars candy bars.

They are in good, nurturing hands: doting, bread-and-jam mothers; honorable fathers. Doctors, lawyers, professors. They are on their way: Eagle Scout, Duty to God, mission, temple marriage. . . . Anything I do is gravy.

But Derek . . . He lived with his mother and sister—an obese girl with squinting piglet eyes, who wore costumes to church: knee-high boots with pink fur lining and sleeveless sundresses that exposed in vaunting fashion her massive arms and shoulders, patched with button-sized moles and freckles. A recent convert, the mother was short, dumpy, divorced. (Some members said retarded—“mentally handicapped” is the current phrase.) She smelled bad. Body odor. And something else. Urine? I don't know. She dressed in half rags. A goodwill wardrobe.

Derek was a quiet boy with soft blond hair and a vacant look. *Persona non grata*. Disappearing in the woodwork. A victim. I've seen the permanent bruises he tries to cover up on his forearms; the scar like a whip-welt on his cheek. Semi-literate, he stumbled through the simplest scriptures and shook his head when asked to pray in class. The few times he has spoken, his voice was a whisper, soft, apologetic, wind in the grass. During my lessons his eyes drifted off. Where his thoughts were wandering I don't know. But he wasn't with me. His face had the smooth, uncast features and displaced look one associates with Down's. A sad case. *He* needed time. Masculine companionship. Someone to take him fishing, hiking, to the ball game. A dad.

But so did my own kids. They were growing up without me. The little guy, the two-year-old, what's his name? He's learned another dozen words, I'm told. Before I know it he'll be driving, heading off to college. Brother Peterson, get thine own house in order.

But I'd promised myself to touch base with Derek some time this week. *Some* time.

Gaining the summit, the green blur flashing by, I refuse to commit though I've already committed. Another broken resolution? Sacramental good intentions? Play it by ear. . . .

I switch on the radio. 5:58, the DJ says. Stay tuned for the 6 A.M. news. More rioting in South Africa. Shiite hijackers grinning in the driver's seat. AIDS invading the elementary schools. A rape victim claiming it wasn't rape five years *ex post facto*. Arms control talks in Geneva—arms control! (I can't help smiling at a reference to the “positive response” of Soviet negotiators.) Catholics and Protestants slaughtering one another in Northern Ireland, booby trap deaths in Lebanon, primitive villagers expunged in Afghanistan, big league ball players sniffing coke in the on-deck circle . . . More clichés. Hurting human clichés. I switch off the radio as I pass the City Limits sign. By the time I reach the university, frost is smoking in the sunlight. The mist hovers above the pines like gold dust. The aspens and cottonwoods desperately cling to a few token leaves.

I enter the main office and my day is ruined by a memo

in my pigeonhole: emergency faculty meeting at eight sharp. So much for my productive morning. Dr. Fisher is notoriously long-winded. The Faulkner expert has yet to keep a meeting under three hours.

This one drags on until noon. Before it is over, Dr. Fisher has assigned me to write a summary of all department course offerings—mule work for the rookie—due in his office by five o'clock sharp. In addition to the language proficiency report? His silence is a reprieve of sorts.

I skip lunch and plow into it. Outside a naked branch is tapping on my window like a secret warning in Morse Code, trying to remind me of more urgent business. But I'm quickly lost in the task at hand; arms control and apartheid are fading echoes in the seashell of my mind. The tapping persists all afternoon. I ignore it and other promptings.

At 3:45 I drop the ten-page report on the secretary's desk. "Hope you can decipher this," I say with a smile, the best I can manufacture considering the time and task. Friday, an hour before quitting time, she manufactures her best also.

Decision time. Errands. Article. Test scores . . . Test scores can wait. Hopefully my semi-brilliant summary will keep Fisher and other wolves from the door. But eggs, weather stripping, stamps—don't come home without them. No town trips till Monday—we're trying to conserve on gas. It's up to me. Friday driver.

I hustle out to my car. The sky is clear, blue, piqued with an autumn chill, the fallen leaves clicking as they dance across the pavement. At the post office I bump into Steve Boyak, an old friend from the rez. He's moving—no, has moved—to town. Marital problems, he and Doris. He's seeing a shrink. "Too angry—I feel too much anger inside. . . ." His ten-year-old boy still dirties his pants. The seventeen-year-old girl still playing the cello and step-child games.

I listen; we talk. I try to offer consolation. Steve is a godless man with a godlike heart, but he either doesn't know it or won't admit it. I invite him to the football game next weekend. I have no spare money for tickets and no time to go. Steve smiles, the gold in his teeth sparkling. I'll make time; I'll scrounge up the bucks. Break a piggy bank.

At quarter to five I say good-bye, hagoonee. No hope for the article. Wait till next year? I refuse to give up hope. One of these days. . . .

Errands.

Driving across town to Angel's, I try to ignore the nagging little voice inside; I argue internally: What will I do, just show up, ta da! Here I am! Big as life! And then what? If I were taking him hiking or fishing, if we had something to *do*. . . . Postpone until a good weekend? There are no good weekends. You haven't even put up the storm windows. You teach that extension course in Page every other Saturday. Now or never, buddy.

I take a hard left on Switzer Canyon Road. They live "somewhere on the west side." The homes here are nice—A-frames and solar complexes nestled in the pines. On the other side of the hill, though, a village of shanties and battered trailers with dirt lawns. Every home a mini-junkyard; old refrigera-

tors, engine blocks, car shells, junk.

I park in front of trailer number 86. Wary of dogs, I approach tentatively. A rabbit in a wire cage looks at me as if I were an old friend whose face he can't quite place.

I knock. Derek answers. A moment of surprise, then the vacant look, the passive stupor. I smile though I know I've made a mistake. He mumbles something—always a mumble. The mother appears, short and dumpy. The smell of lard and onions reaches me from the kitchen. I hear the crackling of fried grease. An infant sleeps on the floor. Babysitting to make ends meet? The carpet is ragged but clean. A mildewy odor. On the TV screen He-Man is wrestling Skeletor. Masters of the Universe in black and white.

"Hi," she says; her jack-o-lantern smile. Those poor teeth. "Did you want to visit?" She must recognize me. New home teacher?

"No, I. . . ." I gaze around, the TV, the sleeping child, Derek's vacant blue eyes, the hillbilly environs. "I wanted to know if Derek could go out for an ice cream."

The woman's face is a lamp I've suddenly ignited. And the boy—yes, him too. A shade slower, but his eyes, blue eggs bursting. They are two children gazing at me in wonder and awe and joy; I am Santa Claus bringing an early Christmas. I share their surge of joy (some shame, too, at my reluctance).

But now the boy looks puzzled, confused, as if he's just awakened from a dubious dream.

"Go ahead," the mother says. She is positively beaming.

We step outside; he looks around—dismayed? Disappointed? He stops. "Isn't there anyone else?"

"No. Just you."

His face is perplexed but etched with an emotion I've never seen on him before. "Why me?" he asks.

"Because. . . ." I search for something simple and sincere.

"Because you're special!"

Oh, it was trite, it was banal, it was soooo typically the textbook thing to say, but it was true. For the moment anyway. Then a startling thing: I put my arm around him—my gads! I never put my arm around anyone but my own kids; the cold Scandinavian in me. But it isn't hard, near spontaneous, and I don't feel like a phony or a put-on doing it. Walking to the car, I am flying as high as my little friend.

A premature climax.

In the car, we get down to brass tacks: communication, conversation, developing a true relationship. It is not the foster dad-son experience you often see on TV movies—that instantaneous bonding of male companionship. He is shy, quiet, diffident in blue jeans and an old gray sweater. (I note the holes in the elbows, the frayed hem.) I ask several conversation starters, trying to find some common ground. His answers are abortingly brief. Paralinguistic.

"So how's school?"

"Okay."

"What's your favorite subject?"

A shrug.

"Do you like baseball?" I have a World Series follow-up in

mind.

He shakes his head.

"Football?"

"No."

"Water polo?"

He looks at me with a wrinkled eye. "What's that?"

"Just kidding."

At the Dairy Queen he steals glances at the menu board as if he were doing something wrong. Two girls from the junior high school are giggling loudly. The jukebox is deafening. I shout into Derek's ear. "What looks good?"

His face is utter astonishment. "I can have *anything*?"

"Sure," I say, feeling my pockets for change.

He orders a Buster Bar—I order it, actually. He points to the full-color placard featuring a vanilla ice cream and peanut con-trivance coated with milk chocolate.

"You want to eat it here or in the car?"

He points to the door.

In the car he thanks me twice. Another ten minutes of silence and I ask, "You want to run a couple errands with me?"

He nods.

We drive to Angel's in silence. He works on his Buster Bar while I admire the autumn tapestry on the mountains—red and gold arabesques on forest green; a Persian rug. At the store he shadows me as I hunt for weather stripping. He doesn't ask but I explain what it's for anyway.

On the way home, a truck driver pulls up on my left and swears at me for something—driving too slow? Braking prematurely? I don't know. Short fuses at quitting time. Hands clasped meekly on his thighs, gazing at the floor, Derek whispers, "Thanks."

I ask about the rabbit. He answers in complete sentences: it is his, yes; there were two but one died.

Progress, I think to myself. He's opening up.

He tells me, in impressive detail, how he feeds and cares for it. But that is all. Maybe a minute and a half. When he's through, he's through.

So what? So the conversation isn't lively. Is that requisite for a Buster Bar? Better silence than brown-nosing butter talk.

I place my hand on his thigh and give it a gentle squeeze.

It's 5:30 when I drop him off. I say nothing about Church or primary—no stipulations, no nice guy coercion.

He thanks me for the fourth time.

I note, in my rearview mirror, how he stands on the doorstep beside the rabbit cage watching me drive away as if he is Cinderella and I'm his fairy godmother.

I pick up a dozen eggs at Safeway and get on the highway heading south. The sundown sky is a peppermint swirl. Cruising along the pavement, the green woods flashing by, I feel as fluid and buoyant as my vehicle. I switch on the radio—habit or latent masochism? More of the same: Book burnings, cult heroes, sex in the Southwest, Jesus in ragtime, network religion, contaminated kisses . . . Local: Diane Greenbaum's anti-nuke march

creating some ripples in town, favorable and unfavorable. Threats. Arrests. Follow-ups? America the Beautiful to the rescue. Counting calories as we quarrel over the fat of the land. Physician, heal thyself. This Cabbage Patch Society. The Great American Utopia? A bomb shelter in every basement, two MX missiles in every garage . . . Cockroach mentality. Survivorhood.

The sun is sluggish going down, a red light glowing in a fog. Martian skies. I switch off the radio before it takes back what little has been gained. As the sun bleeds into the pines, I am thinking peace is not the absence of guns but of hate; as long as there are rocks to throw and sticks to swing. . . .

I ease down the off-ramp and take a sharp right, over the cattle guards and up the hill, leaving behind highway, city, test scores, faculty lounges. Another sharp right and my tires are grinding over the cinder-coated driveway, the nuggety crunch alerting my little two-year-old playing in the sandbox. He freezes like a frightened fawn—that instant of bewilderment: the cat scampers across the porch; a squirrel waves its bushy tail and scurries up a pine, pausing once to scold me with a shriek. But the boy: his eyes light up like holiday lights. He drops his little hand shovel, the plastic bucket, and toddles towards me on funky Charlie Chaplin feet, a frenzied penguin, his diaper-padded behind swinging comically.

We have this little game . . . I drop to my knees and hold out both arms while he runs full-speed into me like a linebacker hitting a tackling dummy. On impact, I fall backwards and benchpress him into the sky. He spreads his arms and legs: "I'm a bird, Dad! I'm a bird!" He smiles—those dimples belong in Hollywood. I pack him over my shoulder like a sack of flour. He laughs, shouts: "Da-dee! Da-dee-eee!" (Sometimes less dauntlessly; My Papa's Waltz.)

Pausing at the door, I smell enchiladas cooking. I'm a sucker for Mexican food; Carla knows that. Peeking through the window, I see the three girls and the other boy huddled by the wood stove, wearing blankets like Indians (more for fun than warmth), watching Wheel of Fortune. Cindy, the three-year-old, is sucking her forefingers and clutching the rag blanket she refuses to trade in for a newer, silkier model ("It's not a rag!"). Norman Rockwell would have done cartwheels. . . .

I am filled with simple joy. The scene isn't always this idyllic. Some days, bike days, I come home wet and dripping, pooped and pissed. The boy is in bed—a late nap, forewarning trouble. A lousy rotten bad day. Outside the door I hear Carla screaming—is that really my wife? Or the Wicked Witch of the West? I hear, vaguely, the name of each child enunciated in vain. She is at the stove, stirring a large pot (to boil them in?).

But those days are exceptions. Usually my homecomings are like today, when I feel such a rush of simple peace and happiness it almost frightens me, wondering how long it can possibly last. *Can* joy be everlasting? Or is the balance too delicate? Father Lehi's pleasure-pain formula, a little of this, a little of that. . . .

Gripping the doorknob, entering, the shuffle of excited feet, the shouts, "Daddy's home! Daddy's. . . ." I'm thinking that life, too, is a game of inches.



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INTERVIEW

EXPANDING OUR MORAL VISION BEYOND THE HUMAN COMMUNITY

A Conversation with Donald Worster



Donald Worster, a native of Needles, California, is the Meyerhoff Professor of American Environmental Studies at Brandeis University. He is the author of *Dust Bowl: The Southern Plains in the 1930s*, which was awarded the 1980 Bancroft Prize in American History, and of *Rivers of Empire: Water, Aridity and the Growth of the American West*, a provocative 1985 book which explores how the manipulation of water in combination with frontier myths propelled the Western United States to exceed its natural limitations and become overpopulated. This interview was conducted by Elbert Peck in August 1988.

IN RIVERS OF EMPIRE YOUR CHAPTER ON THE MORMONS IS ENTITLED "THE LORD'S BEAVERS"

That's because the role that water has played in Mormon history has not been given enough attention. Generally, people who study their own religion tend to take an idealist approach—they see those ideas as having an independent life and an ideal set of origins. But

material conditions do affect the way people think, even the way they think religiously. I think it is hard to understand Mormonism as we know it today apart from its Utah setting, its setting in the arid west, its relation to water.

The reference to beavers was not meant to be degrading. I've always been amazed at how much identification there has been with the bee and the beehive in Utah; but it seems to me to be a mischosen or inappropriate metaphor, given the role of water in Utah history and in the formation of its communal culture and religion.

Like bees, beavers are communal; they are very family centered. There's probably no more appropriate totem for this state and its people. It strikes me as interesting how in many societies we identify with animals—sometimes insects, but mainly the larger animals. Even today within the Judeo-Christian tradition we do what native peoples in North America did: we often identify ourselves with an animal. A number of American Indian tribes identified with the bear. Mormons have done that with

the bee. The point is we continue to do this, and yet it strikes me that in modern society we don't take seriously the implications of doing it. For us it's simply a kind of symbolic relationship; it's not a genuine ethical relationship, it's not a spiritual relationship with what we've chosen. That makes us different from, say, the Australian aborigines who choose the wallaby, with which they have a fraternal as well as a symbolic relationship. They're allied together in a spiritual harmony and unity, and I doubt if that really ever developed here in Utah, not just with the bee but with all of what was here before, with the natural world.

DID THE SCRIPTURAL COMMAND TO HAVE DOMINION PREVENT THAT UNITY?

Anyone who came West in the middle of the nineteenth century, Mormons included, came with a lot of cultural attitudes about water and land. It was hard to grow up in America at that point and avoid developing an ethos of domination over the natural world. Curiously, at the same time Americans were generally celebrating the natural world. That was all we had to give us a sense of identity in terms of the world of nations. We didn't have cathedrals, we didn't have an old civilization, old cultural institutions, and so on, but what we had was nature in abundance. So in the nineteenth century America became "nature's nation." A nation that was peculiarly blessed by nature, a nation that had a peculiarly close relationship with the natural world. However, at the same time we were saying all that endlessly to ourselves, we were also bent on domination and conquest over the natural world; people saw no real contradiction in their set of attitudes.

I think the Mormons who came to Utah had precisely that same sort of contradiction, a deep contradiction that they were not aware of. It looks like a contradiction to us today because it is hard to see how you can celebrate something you are in the process of dominating, but that was a common American characteristic. We've done this with American Indians, too. We celebrated them at the same time we were setting out to dominate and even in some cases exterminate them. That is an old pattern in American society—ruining, spoiling, and killing what we most cherish. Even today, from the president on down, we somehow consider ourselves a more natural people than others. When Reagan gets on his horse and rides around the ranch that he cherishes, I'm sure he feels in some sense that he is an environmentalist. But his political policies don't follow that; in fact they're almost diametrically opposed to it. It's not just his peculiar con-

tradition, it's a national and cultural contradiction. It's so in Utah, and it's so in Massachusetts.

At some point we must become more self-aware of the contradiction between our values and policies, and that's where we seem to be arriving in the country as a whole. When you become more aware of the contradiction, you try to resolve it. That greater self-awareness is what environmentalism is about, and I must say that Utah is still not on the cutting edge of the environmental movement. There is still not much awareness of contradiction in this state.

IDEALLY, WHAT IS THE CORRECT RELATIONSHIP TO THE LAND, ESPECIALLY FOR THE DESERT?

The primary thing that is necessary today, for anyone living anywhere in the country, but especially for people living in areas such as Utah where vital natural resources are scarce, is to get control of one's needs. That is, to determine which are our real needs and which are the needs that we've just invented, created, or thought up. This is a challenge which we have to face all through the American West.

I often quote William Mulholland, the water and power director for Los Angeles in the early part of the twentieth century, who said, "If we don't get the water we won't need it." That is, go and get everything you can get out of the environment and then discover how you can use it later. That same philosophy has been applied up and down the whole Colorado River Basin—"Let's get the water before someone else gets it and then we'll discover how to put it to use." So, the primary challenge in every state is to put some limits on our sense of need. Until we do that we are vulnerable to manipulative, powerful forces that move us this way and that, and then our lives are out of our control. Unless you can control your needs, which partly means to define them, then you have no control over yourself, over your community, over your destiny.

That is a very abstract answer, but it speaks on the deepest metaphysical, spiritual and psychological levels about what is needed in the West. What is the amount of water we really need in this state to serve vital human functions, to provide a sense of community, to preserve our traditions, and to provide a home for our children? We have to identify our values and personal values and then ask, what do we need in the way of natural resources to get them? That's not been done so far in any advanced consumer society.

In Utah, any extension of large-scale intensive agriculture is clearly out of the question;

it cannot even be sustained at present levels. I think small-scale agricultural uses of water in various valleys can probably be sustained for a long time to come. But large-scale intensive uses, involving inter-basin transfers of water that tie in up and down the Colorado River and so forth, are responsible for a whole series of environmental problems. We have assumed for the last 100 to 150 years that we could turn the West into a major agricultural producer. That was unrealistic. It can't be sustained, and over the next fifty years everybody in the West is going to have to accept a much smaller agricultural base than what we now have or what we wanted to have. Agriculture is going to migrate back East where there is more natural rainfall and where the environmental and ecological problems are less overwhelming. Water in the West is going to be increasingly used for other purposes, urban and industrial. We also have to arrive at some idea of how many people we can optimally support. Again, we have had extravagant ideas: the nineteenth century had a vision of hundreds of millions of people living here. I think Westerners are beginning to recognize that extravagance, but we must ask very specifically, "How big should Salt Lake City be?" "How can it possibly go on and on?" "How can we sustain Los Angeles as the second biggest city in this country—a city in a desert?" At some point those questions must bring us to consider population control—the size of families, etc. I realize that this is a particularly sensitive issue in pro-family Utah. But we have almost a quarter of a billion of people in this country, and if you consider not just our numbers but the demands those numbers make on the environment, we are one of the most overpopulated countries on earth. In a great many ways the American West is one of the most overpopulated regions of this continent. We don't want to think of ourselves in that way—overpopulation is supposed to be a problem in Calcutta, not Salt Lake City. How can you endlessly sustain that American lifestyle in a desert? Especially a lifestyle which is bent on endless economic growth, endless want, endless proliferation of demand.

SEEMS LIKE YOU'RE ANTI-CAPITALISTIC.

There isn't going to be a solution to the challenge of environmental limits anywhere on the planet within a purely capitalistic framework. I'm not anti-capitalistic in some absolute sense. Capitalism is a great system in many respects, certainly for its achievements in production and technology. The whole world

recognizes those achievements. But it's not a system that is well designed for living within ecological limits because it's premised not only on endless economic growth but on endless envy.

There are other disadvantages: I don't see how you can sustain forever a system that is based on calling vice a virtue. I don't know of any other system that has tried to make greed a virtue. We all know that it's a trick, a trick we've tried to learn to play on ourselves, but I don't see how we can continue to fool ourselves that greed is a virtue or believe that we can find a virtuous society emerging from the pursuit of personal greed. In environmental terms it leads to endless emulation and endless envy, so that no matter how much you have you've got to have more to be worthy in the eyes of society. How can you sustain that in the desert? How can you sustain that in a shrinking biosphere?

THE MORMON COMMUNITARIAN EXPERIMENT TRIED TO MASTER NATURE THROUGH TECHNOLOGY, BUT IT WAS ALSO ANTI-CAPITALISTIC. WAS IT A FAILED ATTEMPT?

It represented an important exception to what was going on in the culture at that time. Mormons felt that the idea of turning vice into virtue was phony; I don't think they felt that way for environmental reasons, but their stance had important environmental implications. Maybe we will come back to such religious responses as the best way to deal with capitalism. I'm not personally convinced, however, that any traditional religion has been very successful in returning us to a sense of values. It may be that Christianity and all the religious traditions of the world still have the possibility of an important function here, and I would include Mormonism in that. But they will have to go a step further than they did in the nineteenth century. That is, Mormonism will have to correct its indifference to our ecological situation—the predicament we're in as far as resources—and will have to expand its old moral vision beyond the human community, to accept moral responsibility for the whole community of life on this planet, which includes a great deal more than the people sitting in church.

We cannot get an effective solution to any of our environmental problems—water scarcity and so forth—until we develop what Aldo Leopold called the "land ethic." That is not, as far as I can see, on the agenda of any of the traditional religions in this country. It's about time that they began to take the idea of a land

ethic seriously and to expand their moral horizons—to grow ethically. That's one kind of growth I'm in favor of—ethical growth. The next step in such growth in the country must be to move beyond a narrow anthropocentrism in our attitude toward the land. I mean "land" in the collective sense—plants, animals, the soils, the river systems, the whole biosphere. We need to understand that now that we have power over the biosphere, we also must have moral responsibility. We must develop a community sense, a sense of mutual interaction and mutual benefit. This is what was missing in the nineteenth century generally, and what was missing in the Mormon experiment here in Utah. I don't mean to say having it would have changed things, but only that it just wasn't there. It wasn't a possibility for the culture at that point. It may be a possibility for the culture today, for Utah today and for Mormonism.

Since it was founded, Mormonism has been through some significant changes in its moral vision, and it seems to me that it is possible for people like Ezra Taft Benson and others to lead the Church to a land ethic; to lead others to become more ecocentric instead of anthropocentric. I see that not just as a Utopian ideal but as a practical necessity if we're to develop new ways of making a safe and sustainable living here in the West. I'm quite skeptical that our religions' leaders are willing to do that. Some of them are taking seriously our moral responsibility to the poor and suffering of the Third World, and that's a step forward. But I don't see many churchmen, many key religious leaders anywhere in this country, who really address the environmental and ecological issues. In Japan there are thousands of local environmental organizations, and many of them are led by Buddhist monks. It may be that the only way we can come up with a strong counterforce to our economic institutions is to use some sort of religious counterforce. If so, our religions do not yet appear ready or willing to do that.

IS THIS "RELIGIOUS COUNTERFORCE" ROOTED IN SPIRITUAL MOTIVATION?

Call it pantheism, call it bio-regional consciousness, there are lots of labels being thrown around. Call it an ecological consciousness. Some kind of *holism* is what I'm getting at. That is, a sense that there is a whole out there that includes more than the human species, and that it is in our own self-interest to develop a sense of that whole and a responsibility for it. Otherwise we will continue to have power without responsibility. That is what I see in our water projects all over the West: we've got enor-

mous technological power without any kind of moral responsibility to everything that lives, that is a part of those river systems. We've abstracted water out of all those complex living systems, and we've denied moral responsibility for the consequences. So we have power without responsibility. That cannot go on very long in any culture or society. If you do not expand your ethics along with your power—your capacity to do harm—you self destruct. That's what the history of ethics on this planet teaches.

DOES ADDRESSING WATER ISSUES ADDRESS ALL ECOLOGICAL ISSUES?

Of course not everything. It wouldn't help us solve our problems with the grizzly bear population in Yellowstone, or a lot of other issues. But if we began to put water back into rivers, instead of extracting it as a commodity and ignoring the whole complex of ecological relations of which water is a part; if we began to think about rivers and watersheds and their limits and all that lives in them and the cycles in them, we would cover most of the issues affecting the American West today. I think it would be the single biggest step forward we could take. To see the West not simply as a struggle of Utah versus Arizona versus California over water, but to understand that the Colorado River was once a living entity, and to see that we've killed it, it's dead. There are bits and pieces of it that are struggling to stay alive, but it's "a river no more," as one author calls it. It never reaches the ocean in most years. We've dismantled a lot of living systems in the West, dismantled whole watersheds because we somehow couldn't conceive of them as whole entities. The same thing is true of the Missouri river, it's been totally taken apart. We thought we knew what we were doing, but there is an enormous illusion in all of this.

If we began to think about all of our major rivers in the West as living entities based around water but including all kinds of organisms, vegetation patterns, climate cycles, the whole complex of nature—in other words, if we began to think about them holistically—that would have a profound effect on the politics and economics of this region. Undoubtedly we'd begin to ask questions about the extent which the West has been committed to military and atomic development. All of that gets into the water in some way or another—radiation, for example—everything finally gets into the water. You can't think holistically about rivers without thinking about everything else that goes on in the West. This is true in the East, too, but it is especially true

out here where life is on the biological edge, where there are very strict limits to the key natural resource that life needs to sustain itself.

WHAT ABOUT THE PROMISE OF NEW TECHNOLOGICAL ADVANCES?

Every recent technological panacea we've come up with has encountered more and more problems as we began to deploy it. I do believe in new technologies; I'm just leery of big technological panaceas.

The latest one that is clearly a disaster is the nuclear power industry. It is the biggest failure in the history of industrial civilization. We now know that it is not going to be the great way to the future. Some people still won't accept that outcome, but, by and large, people all over the world are beginning to do so. It is an enormous failure in which we've invested hundreds of billions of dollars as a way out of our problems.

I can't believe that any administration in Washington is going to revive the project to turn around Arctic rivers to make them flow to Arizona. They would be in the U.S. and Canadian courts for decades trying to push that scheme through. It would involve so many complex issues, and there would be so many people angry about it, that it is just not going to be the way out.

We thought we could desalinate the ocean water; that sounded like a great scheme if we could build the nuclear power plants to provide endless energy to do it. Now, not only do we not have an energy source for the scheme, but we don't even know where we are going to dump all the brine we're going to have left over. Who's going to get it? Where is it going to go?

Yes, I think there is a need for new technologies, for some technological solutions. But like more and more Americans I am skeptical of these big solutions. Finally, I don't think we've got the capital surplus we once had. We're in an economic struggle with very powerful competitors in Western Europe, Japan, and East Asia; how are we going to find the capital to address that kind of competition and at the same time push forward these enormous water and energy projects? The projects we have now were begun at a time when we could ignore cost-effectiveness or any kind of rational economic analysis.

SUPPOSE WE DON'T ADOPT A HOLISTIC APPROACH, HOW WILL WE THEN DEAL WITH THIS APPROACHING CRISIS?

If we fail to adapt and find new ways of

producing a living, and if we don't get control of our numbers and demands, we'll simply disappear as a nation. Large numbers of people may actually die. The risks will get more and more scary.

ARE WE GOING TO SEE VIOLENT MOBS SEARCHING FOR FOOD?

Not in the United States, because for a while we've got a comfortable surplus of food. But certainly in other parts of the world that will be the case. Especially if we simply seek short-term solutions to food supplies for the rest of the world, which would probably undermine our capacity to provide long-range food supplies. We've got to do both.

I'm not really a prophet of doom. I'm a little more optimistic than I may sound. I am a believer in the possibility of change. We're not the first society to face problems of depletion of resources and undermining our resource base. I teach environmental history, and if you look at the world from that perspective it seems clear to me that most societies have been driven by environmental and ecological constraints—demands to adapt and change their ways of thinking—to reinvent what they do. There are societies that have disappeared in the past, and we could face that fate in this country. If we believe that we have to go down with all of our economic solutions intact, all our water projects intact, then we'll probably disappear as a people. But I suspect that this country is a little more adaptive and flexible than that. We are already beginning to rethink most of these questions. I don't think there is much popular sentiment nationally, and less and less in the West, for building new water projects, although there's a sense that we've got to finish the projects we've started like the Central Utah Project. California is a bellwether state when it comes to water. Nobody knows what Los Angeles is going to do over the next fifty years, but the defeat of the Peripheral Canal, stopping the diversion of more water from Northern California, is clear evidence that Californians are not going to follow old patterns. The states are not going to come up with the money on their own for big projects, and the Federal government certainly is not going to do it.

SO WE'RE ADOPTING THE HOLISTIC VIEW ONLY BECAUSE WE HAVE TO?

It may be that when we look back fifty or a hundred years from now we will see that we lived through a cultural revolution. We wouldn't have wanted to call it that at the time, of course.

As far as urban centers are concerned,

there's enough water in the West to sustain urban development for some time to come. The people who are not going to get more water in the future, who are going to be forced to sell their existing water, are the farmers. What we'll do then with that water, until we learn differently, will be to build more swimming pools and do less irrigating of cotton. But already researchers are working on new varieties of grass that require half as much water. We won't give up our lawns, but we won't be growing Kentucky Blue Grass in L.A. We will search every way we can to find solutions. We've done rather well in energy conservation, and we can do even better in water conservation in the West, and that will stave off any absolute growth ceiling for a while.

Most people won't do much adapting strictly out of total altruism for the whole ecosphere. I don't have any faith in pure altruism to find our way to the future, but I do think altruism will be part of the solution. There is a growing sense of responsibility to the land and other forms of life in this country. It may not be the only reason we do things, it may not even be the most important reason. Sometimes, it is true, we give reasons that are really not the real reason—we give economic reasons when we want to give moral reasons. But I have no quarrel with the idea that we are likely to find our way to the future through economic pressures changing our economic thinking, that there will be a lot of fundamental self-interest at work. I see nothing wrong with self-interest being a factor. If it is self-interest to develop a broader holistic vision, then I don't find any real contradiction.

HOW WOULD SELF-INTEREST MOVE US TOWARD GREATER RESPONSIBILITY TOWARD OTHER ANIMALS?

Probably the biggest environmental issue on this planet right now is the loss of biological diversity. And most of that is happening in the Third World through the destruction of the rain forest. Preserving biological diversity on this planet is a moral and altruistic ideal, but it is also in our self-interest. I don't mean to say that every plant we save is going to contain a cure for cancer, but arguments like that are part of the self-interest aspect. We can't separate our health and well being on this planet from the survival and health of so many other organisms and whole communities of organisms. In the past we have thought that our self-interest was totally insulated from the well being and survival of other species, that if we eliminated the passenger pigeon in North America it didn't affect us, that we could do these things with

impunity. Maybe we're more aware than we were in the nineteenth century. When we lose a species, it has become a moral issue and we see that it can affect us; it can affect our future and our survival on this planet.

SOME CHRISTIANS TAKE THE BIBLICAL COMMANDS TO TEND THE GARDEN AND TO HAVE DOMINION OVER THE EARTH AS AN ACTIVE STEWARDSHIP OF RESPONSIBILITY FOR NATURE.

There are people who criticize the idea of stewardship because it is nothing more than enlightened anthropocentrism. That is, it still tends to assume that the earth was created for humans and their welfare. Also, with that sort of thinking the creation becomes a piece of property. The concept of stewardship comes out of a lord and master social world, where the steward was commanded to look after the lord's property to ensure that when he came back it would be in good shape, humming along and producing. Of course, one doesn't have to approach stewardship in so property-conscious a way. Stewardship, for all its faults, would certainly be an advance over what we have now; it would be a form of moral responsibility.

I don't go as far as some critics who believe that our environmental problems today are due to the Book of Genesis. That's much too simplistic. The Judeo-Christian tradition got bent pretty far out of shape by the rise of modern technology, industrialism, and capitalism, and themes of domination were given a lot more emphasis than they had received in the traditional religion. The Christian concept of the natural world is essentially the concept of the Creation—and that's a holistic concept. The Creation is a whole. You can take the view that the whole has got to be understood and appreciated, valued and saved. If that's what one means by stewardship then it seems about as effective as anything else we could invent or create.

I'm a little more nervous about the idea of stewardship as a chain of hierarchy, because that way of thinking seems to be full of possibilities for exploitation. What we need is a much more democratic sense of our relationship to that whole, one that does not place us near the top of a chain of being, somewhere between the angels and the apes, enjoying a special privilege to use and appropriate. I think the direction that we must move is toward a more egalitarian relationship with the natural world. If stewardship can be expanded to include that, then I think it's a useful teaching.

WHAT ABOUT OTHER RELIGIOUS TRADITIONS?

The other religions have not seen much thinking about our environmental predicament. I mentioned the Japanese Buddhist monks leading environmental causes, but Japan has also been driving the whales to extinction. They've been polluting the world. Recently, I read about a group of Japanese businessmen who want to set up a penguin hide factory in Patagonia and make penguin gloves to sell to American teenagers. Apparently, this is going to be a hot new consumer item. A lot of Buddhist businessmen, like their Christian counterparts, have not yet begun to see the contradictions in what they're doing. We've got to get some new awareness of our responsibility awakened in many religious traditions.

Islam has great potential for taking moral responsibility toward the earth, but I don't find the Moslems who are eager to sell oil to the rest of the world and to bring Kentucky Fried Chicken into their countries have discovered that potential. There has been little self-analysis about how to enter a capitalistic economy, little asking how they can build an industrial society and still maintain their traditional moral insights, let alone strengthen them and allow them to grow.

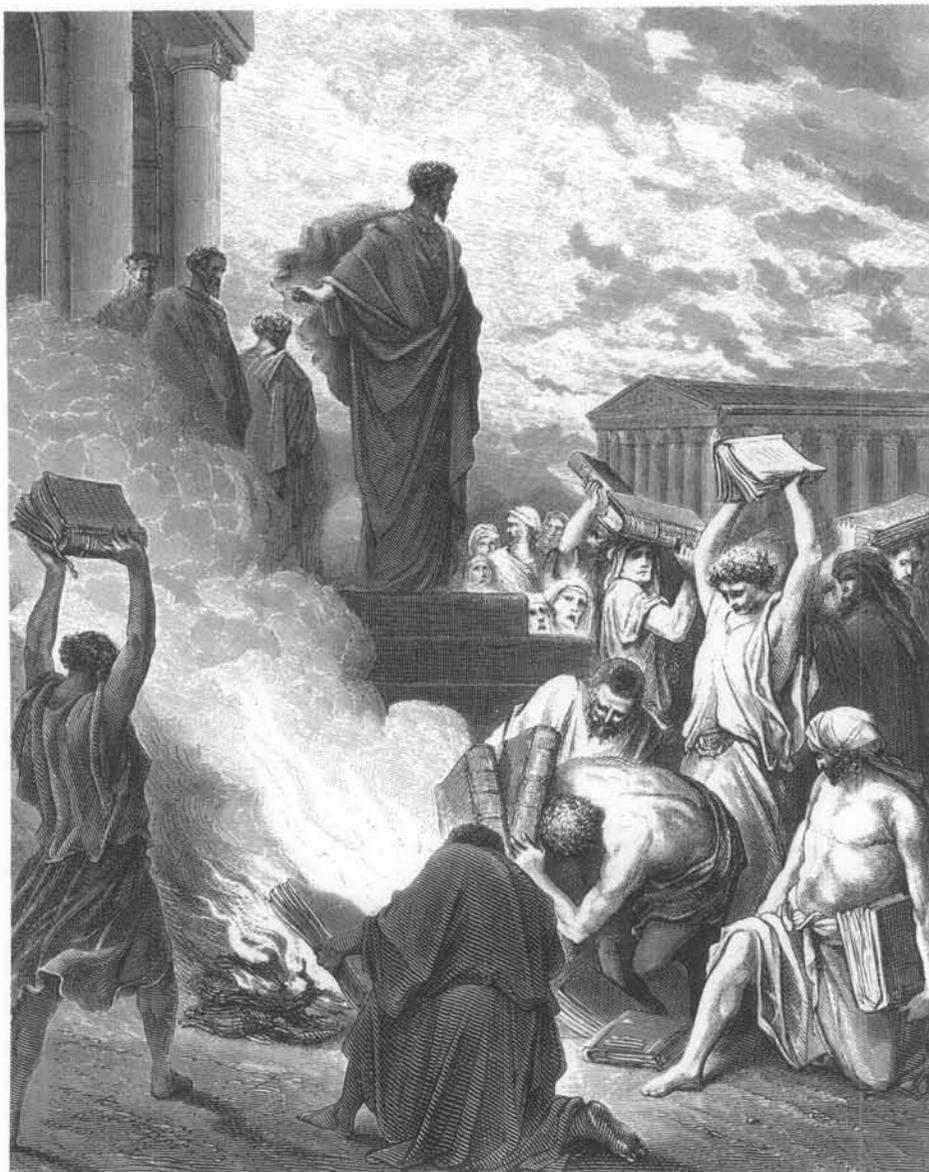
I don't see most of the world's religious leaders doing all that they could to promote this holistic point of view and vision. In the future, the even larger challenge is going to be: How can we move from our multiplicity of religious traditions to a common environmental ethic? That is clearly what we will need. It is too small a planet these days for people to simply go off in completely different, conflicting moral directions. We've got to come together on some sort of planetary consciousness and planetary environmental ethic. Traditionally our ethics have grown out of our religious traditions. But if our religious traditions continue to be as disparate as they have been, then we have to wonder what language we are going to use to talk about these things. We have lots of such communication trouble in this country. Try inviting a Protestant clergyman, a Jewish rabbi, a Catholic priest and a Mormon bishop to discuss these issues: "Give us an answer as to what we are going to do with water in Utah or with endangered species in Alaska;" "Tell us what the earth was made for;" "What is the proper role of humans on this earth?" You know what chaos that is likely to produce. I don't know how we get beyond such chaos except by sitting around and talking at great length and by finding common ground within these moral traditions. The environmental issues of this country require that sort of dis-

cussion. We simply can't withdraw into our different religious sects and expect each of them to come up with its own environmental ethic based on its own tradition. You can look at the abortion issue and see what kind of difficulties there are in trying to reach a consensus among these religious traditions. It's a serious dilemma we're facing, and when you stretch that to the world it's going to be even more serious. How does an American environmentalist raised in a Protestant tradition, for example, talk to a Japanese businessman about whaling?

We Americans have had an extraordinarily confused answer to give to the question of our role in the natural world. We have not yet come up with a single clear, satisfactory answer. Still,

the discussion has moved a long way from what it was when the Puritans arrived in Massachusetts. At least we're much more aware of the many dimensions of the question than we ever were before.

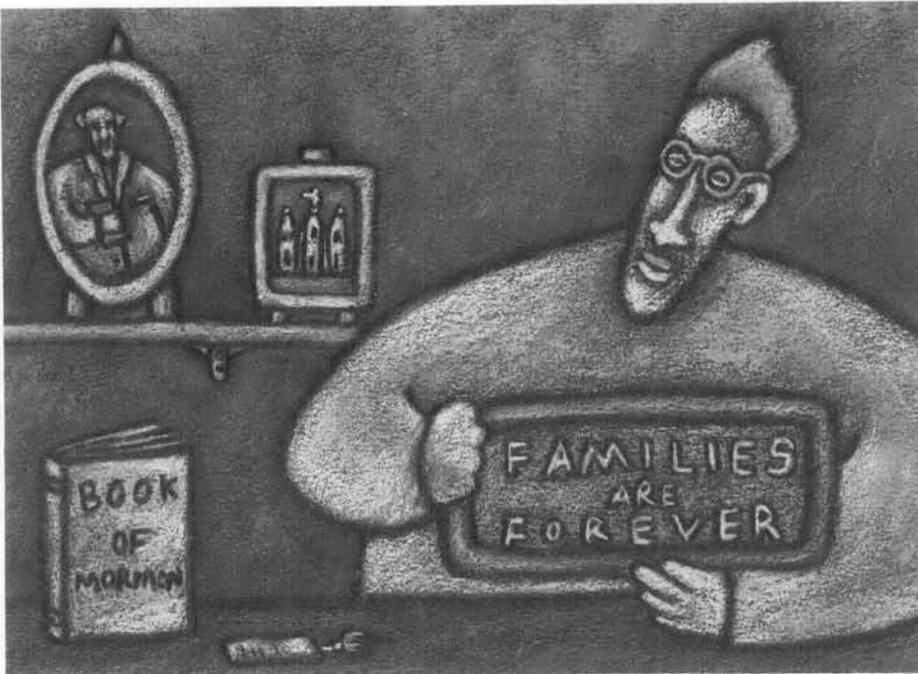
Whatever will emerge, it will have to be pluralistic. It will have to involve a pulling together from various places. This is not the first time we've tackled difficult issues or confronted our differences. We're a diverse nation, racially, ethnically, regionally, and yet we somehow function. We've learned ways to talk to each other. That's what democratic societies are about—that's what democratic pluralism is. An environmental ethic is something we have to find collectively.



"This job as Church historian isn't as hard as I thought it'd be."

THE POSSESSED

By Michael Hicks



I BUY MORE books than I read. Some books have sat on my shelves for years without my having done more than pull them out, flip through them, and replace them. Lately, my shelves have grown thick with such books. And when I study this profusion, I realize that one can rarely be more than a steward over books. One never really owns them. Read or unread, my books remain forever apart from me, heavy, impenetrable, like bricks in an imaginary wall that keeps me from what Wallace Stevens called “nothing that is not there / and the nothing that is.”

The LDS Booksellers Association convention held each August in Salt Lake City isn't about books, but it is about possession. True,

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some books are on display amid the dozens of booths that neatly line the convention hall. A few booths display only books. But their caretakers are generally bored and lonely, bereft of clientele. The busier booths offer more (in the form of less) and less (in the form of more): goods that can be owned, used, manipulated, and consumed in a way that books can't.

Ironically, many of these goods still rely on the power of the word. They not only are inscribed, it is for these inscriptions that the objects exist at all: the otherwise ordinary tote bags that read “Relief Society,” for example, or the iron-on patches that affirm “Families are Forever.” What is troubling is not so much the offhand way in which these objects disseminate the quasi-sacred inscriptions, but rather the objects' contempt for the sanctity of use. To me, an object becomes holy by the use it serves and by the goodness of the per-

son who uses it. In former times, if a good man or woman carried provisions with a bag or kept out the cold with a patch, that was enough to sanctify bags and patches. The modern equivalents require printed messages as guarantors of sanctity. To omit these messages would be to neutralize the objects, to denote “mere” bags and patches.

One also encounters at the convention innumerable inscribed objects of play, from foam-rubber Frisbees that say “Keep on Tractin'” to bags of taffy-pieces whose centers declare “I ♥ the Book of Mormon.” To me, the worth of play is measured in the restoration of vigor it provides to the doer of good works. Amusement is redemption for good people. But the profusion of inscriptions on these recreational objects testifies that, to some people, play's redemptive power has waned; playthings must be sacralized by religious jargon. And the irony is that, as the words try to elevate the objects, the objects end up engulfing the words. For by tying religious sayings to disposable, even ingestible, objects we assert their degradation: the words may sanctify everyday life, but ultimately we own them.

Christian religions usually decry the visual on behalf of the invisible, yet construct enormous repertoires of images. In one sense these images simply supplant the word for the sake of the masses of illiterate faithful. (To paraphrase Savonarola: icons are the bible of the people.) But they also reduce mysteries, those things that are essentially and irrefutably unseen—and thus terrifying—into things that are not only seen but, like books, are portable. This convention hall is coated with portable images, from needlepoint temples to cartoon Joseph Smiths. And as I rummage through some prints depicting pastel scenes from the afterlife, a salesman gently reminds me that “a picture is worth a thousand words.” That worth subsists not in the sharpness of the images, but in the margins and frames. They tell most clearly what the pictures mean: order, enclosure, confinement. To buy an image is to circumscribe one's vision against the terror of the invisible world.

Despite scriptural renunciations of it, jewelry remains inextricable from the image-repository of Christianity. The principle of jewelry is to consecrate potentially useful minerals and ore to useless ornaments. The gods of some religions demand such a consecration to their own worship, yet forbid it to their worshippers. But the arrogance of self-ornamentation seldom fails to seduce religious folk, perhaps because of their obsession with subduing the unruly earth: gems are trophies

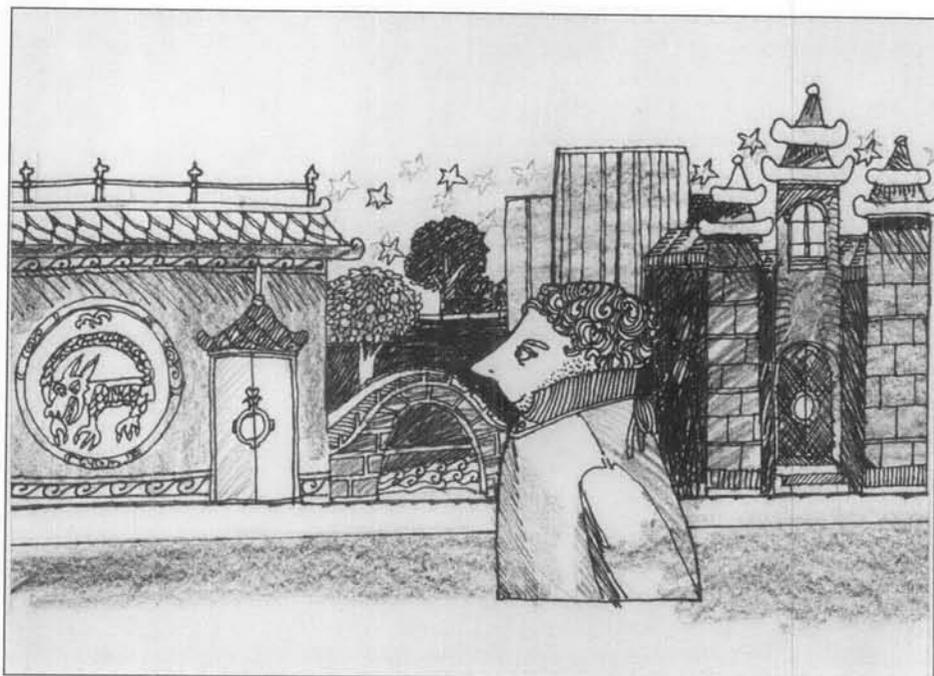
of that subduing. Hence, it comes as no surprise to see jewelry occupying so much space at the convention hall. Some of the jewelry is inscribed ("For Time and All Eternity" necklaces), some not (Moroni tietacks). (One can even be treated to a view of "The World's Largest Sterling Silver CTR Ring," a ring wider than a fist.) I suppose that this plethora of ornaments denotes a rather typical mongrelization of sacred and profane impulses, by which one may adorn oneself with trinkets made holy by their markings or casts. But one is also struck with these ornaments' abundant, subtle parodies of utility. The Moroni tietack, for example, represents itself as a thoroughly useful object. But it is useful only for securing a tie, which is a purely symbolic sort of tether, a gripping of the throat, a leash.

However delectable and bizarre their wares, it is the exhibitors' company names that reveal the obsessions of our culture. Some of the names imply authority, by appealing either to cultural legacies (Pioneer, Homestead) or to assertive metaphors (Cornerstone, Covenant, Trusthouse). Others speak of futurity and progressiveness (Embryo, Rising Generation). But many suggest how much we want to retreat from the marketplace into the house of nature, to recover our bonds to a subdued but estranged earth. Such names run the gamut from macrocosmic to intimate (Sun, Horizon, Great Mountain, Wellspring, Eagle, Acorn). Emblazoned above the convention booths, these names suggest how desperately we want to salvage ourselves from a system whose god is the principle of possession itself. The God of nature is a God who made us, bought us, owns us, yet eternally relinquishes us to ourselves. His antithesis is a god who is made, bought, and owned, inescapable yet forever beyond our grasp.

LIGHTER MINDS

THE UNPLEASANTNESS AT THE SALT LAKE FORTUNE COOKIE FACTORY

By Paul James Toscano



I know this story is true because VerDon Flake, who told it to me, couldn't have made it up. And his sister, LaPreal, who told it to him, had it first hand because she was actually there when it happened. Besides, I have corroborating evidence.

It started right after Ardel Maxfield retired. He had been the message stuffer at the Salt Lake Fortune Cookie Factory since 1968. And when he left, they replaced him with a newcomer named Phil Kajerian, whose profile reminded everybody of the Joseph Smith death mask, except he had black curly hair and a permanent five o'clock shadow.

Anyway, everybody at the factory was sur-

prised that they gave Ardel's old job to someone so young and inexperienced. And, later, people said that this decision was responsible for all the trouble. Phil was the type who kept to himself, read thick books at breaks, and did not contribute to the company birthday fund. But he seemed competent and level-headed.

In spite of what you may think, stuffing messages into fortune cookies is not so easy. In the first place, you're in this room all day by yourself, wearing a surgical gown and gloves, loading the cookies and just the right mix of messages into the stuffing machine. (They don't do it by hand anymore due to high labor costs.)

Everybody agrees that the trouble began within days after Phil's promotion. Com-

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plaints came pouring in from Chinese restaurants all around town. The whole tone and content of the messages suddenly went weird. Instead of the usual "You are a kind and sensitive person," or "Soon you will experience unexpected good fortune," the messages had become eerily specific, like, "Your lost sun glasses are under the passenger seat of your Volvo," and "Your wife wants you to pick up some pizza on the way home."

Incredible you say? Well, here's where the corroborating evidence comes in. One day, when all this was going on and after indulging a craving for egg roll, I broke open my very own fortune cookie and read, "The waitress just over-charged you by 87 cents." I checked the bill, and it was true. It made me shiver. But how could the cookie know?

That's the question they were asking at the Salt Lake Fortune Cookie Factory, where, according to LaPreal Flake, the big wigs were not at all amused. The front office was knee-deep in order cancellations from bulk buyers who were complaining that the fortunes were frightening their ordinary, decent customers, and attracting the lunatic fringe. There was a report that a group of spiritualists had attempted to hold a seance in the Gung Ho Restaurant at high noon and that many peo-

ple were crowding into the effected eateries during peak hours only to order a diet cola and fifty or sixty fortune cookies. The entire Chinese restaurant industry was being threatened. Something had to be done.

It was Callas Harding, the heir-apparent to the presidency of the company, who responded decisively and with dispatch. He hauled Phil up before the board of directors and gave him an ultimatum: "You're making us look like a bunch of crackpots and you're killing our business. It's got to stop!"

Phil seemed genuinely puzzled. Was this not a Fortune Cookie Factory?

Of course it was.

And were not the messages in the cookies supposed to be fortunes?

Of course they were—the kind that say "This is the first day of the rest of your life" and "You can turn defeat into victory."

But those are not really fortunes, protested Phil. They're only sentiments, like what you'd read in a greeting card. A fortune cookie is different. It looks to the future. It predicts. It knows.

The board was appalled and Callas turned red. The effrontery! People don't crack open a fortune cookie so they can be scared out of their wits. All they want is a little, vacuous,

verbal bon-bon. (It's about all the dessert you can expect in a Chinese restaurant.) And who do you think you are to be telling us about fortune cookies. We've been in this business for generations. And you're nothing but a—

a—
LaPreal was not quite sure what they compared Phil to, but it was not complimentary. The upshot was that Phil got the sack that very day. The Salt Lake Fortune Cookie Factory is not unprogressive, but there are limits even for broad-minded people. It wasn't long before business became again business as usual.

And that's the story just as I got it from VerDon. Nobody knows for sure what happened to Phil. But about two weeks ago, I read a curious item buried on one of the back pages of the newspaper. It seems that somewhere in Vermont—I can't recall exactly where now—a local bakery reported that spirit-writing was mysteriously appearing in the icing on cakes.

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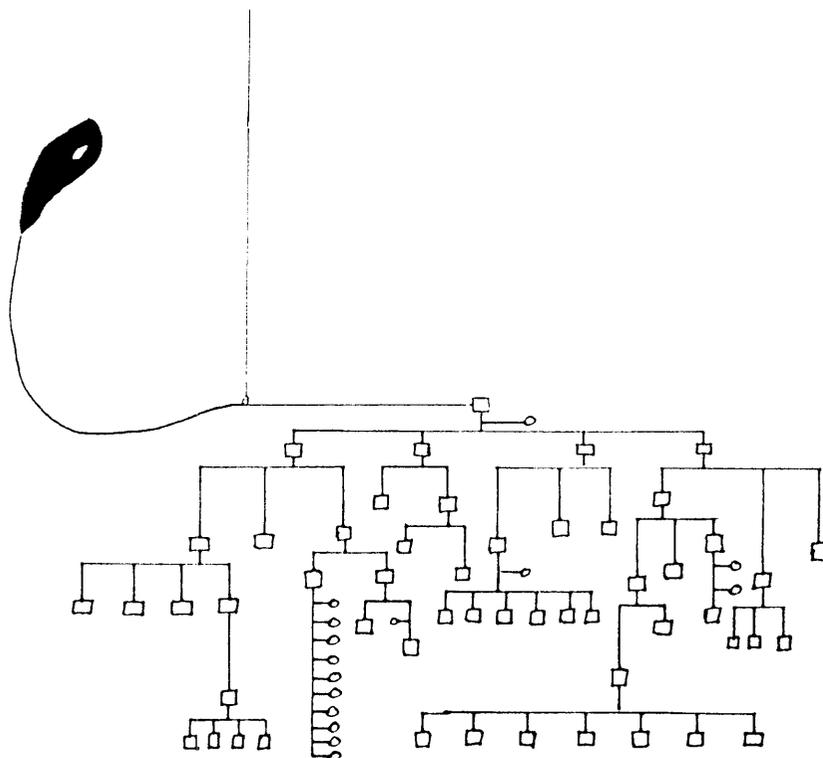
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ANOTHER LOOK

INDIVIDUALISM AND THE CHALLENGE OF COMMUNITY

By Marie Cornwall



WHEN ALEXIS DE Tocqueville visited the United States in the 1830s, he was very interested in the new form of individualism that developed with the new nation. He defined American individualism as a calm and considered feeling which disposes each citizen to isolate himself from the mass of his fellows and withdraw into the circle of family and friends; with this little society formed to his taste, he gladly leaves the greater society to look after itself.¹

He also warned, however, that too great an emphasis on individualism could lead to the fragmentation of American society and

individual isolation.

Recently, there have been a number of scholarly attempts which re-examine American society and its individualistic tendencies (Robert Bellah's *Habits of the Heart*²), take a careful look at our intellectual traditions which sustain or contradict these tendencies (Allan Bloom's *The Closing of the American Mind*³), and examine again the relationship between the individual and society (Scott Peck's *The Different Drum*⁴ and James Fowler's *Becoming Adult, Becoming Christian*⁵). These authors raise important questions: Have we neglected that which is most meaningful? Should more attention be given to defining the common good? Should we pay more attention to our role as citizen and to the relationships which create community and less to the pursuit of

individual self-interest?

These books present questions which Americans must address as they look to their future. They also address questions which American Latter-day Saints should confront, partly because Mormon culture finds its source in America (in what other religion and country can a boy dream of the possibility of becoming either prophet, president, corporate mogul, or football giant?), and partly because American Mormons are not often required to confront their American roots and ideals.

For example, let's look at how individualism is played out in the American dream. After reviewing the philosophical traditions which encourage individuals to seek their own personal destiny and to attain self-fulfillment, James Fowler suggests that "the strategy of self-fulfillment calls for a direct assault on the citadel of 'goodies'. It means maximizing one's accumulation of those qualities and goods that promise to guarantee one's fullness and completion" (p. 102). Is there a parallel in Mormonism in which the pursuit of self-fulfillment produces a campaign on the heavenly "citadel" for God's blessings? Could it be that modern Mormonism's preoccupation with perfection comes from the tendency of Americans to pursue their own self-interest and to accumulate more of the good life than anyone else? (Certainly our view of attaining perfection is more an individual effort than a team project.)

There is another aspect of individualism that also concerns these authors—a lack of concern for the common good. Too little attention, they say, is being given to the paradox inherent in the desire to be free to pursue one's own self-interests and also to belong to something larger than self, to have a sense of community. The paradox is evident in one man's revealing description of his condominium complex: "We have a great little community here, everybody leaves everybody else alone." Absolute independence and autonomy leaves individuals isolated; community is not created by default.

This same paradox exists within Mormonism. As individuals pursue their religious self-interests—the accumulation of blessings for themselves and their families—the common good can be neglected. But, one might argue, personal righteousness *requires* kindness to others, caring for the poor and afflicted, and a sense of sister and brotherhood. And as individuals become converted and begin to seek after righteousness and the blessings which come from living God's commandments they begin to contribute to the common good. The enlightened self-interest of

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good women and men produces a common good (an Ayn Rand kind of social capitalism). Thus, they conclude, there is no paradox. As a political philosophy, this way of thinking is closest to John Locke. Allan Bloom reminds us that although Americans tend to agree with Locke there are other philosophic traditions which explore the relationship between the common good and private interests in different ways. One might say that it is in our self-interest to explore these other traditions so that we fully understand alternatives to this extreme form of individualism.

The combination of American individualism with a bureaucratic system of government produces strange assumptions about how to achieve the common good. In effect, we say, "The good society is created by an effective division of labor (bureaucracy) and by individuals faithfully carrying out their assigned duties." But is it really that simple? For example, a few months ago, I asked my Gospel Doctrine class what they thought they could do to create a greater sense of community within the ward. They struggled with the answer. One woman suggested that it was simple—we should attend our meetings, pay our tithing, and do our home and visiting teaching. Perhaps she was right: That a Zion community is created by perfect individuals who carry out their assigned duties and responsibilities. If so, then Zion's creation merely requires perfect people, a rational division of labor, and leaders who effectively instruct and motivate their subordinates to carry out these duties for the good of all—a buzzing beehive.

It seems to me, however, that this vision of community not only naively assumes a human that doesn't exist (thankfully) but also creates dysfunctional expectations in us. Several years ago I was glad to be available when a friend of mine needed help in a crisis. We lived in the same apartment complex. One Sunday as I was returning home from church, we passed in the parking lot. I could see she was upset and asked if I could help. She was on her way to the hospital—her granddaughter had been hit by a bus. I got into the car with her, knowing that her daughter was a single mother of three and that someone would need to take care of the other two grandchildren. At the hospital, as my friend talked with her daughter and the doctors, I took the other two children and called several people she wanted notified (someone to come give the child a blessing, the bishop, etc.). I was glad to help. The child survived and, after a lengthy recovery, is healthy today.

The incident provides insights about com-

mon notions regarding service, duty, and responsibility. The missionaries wanted to know why I was at the hospital. Was I the visiting teacher? No, just a neighbor. Why wasn't the visiting teacher there? Because I was available and wanted to help. That evening the Relief Society president called to apologize for not being on top of the situation. No problem, I assured her, we had everything taken care of. The next morning, the visiting teacher called to apologize for not coming to pick up the grandchildren and take care of them. No problem, I assured her, they were just fine; it was an opportunity to help a neighbor. Isn't it strange how the concept of institutional duty diminished my contribution at the same time it engendered guilt and frustration in the people to whom responsibility had been assigned. I found myself in a situation where I had to assure those who had been assigned to care for my friend that I wasn't angry with them because they had not fulfilled their duty and I had to do it for them. Individual concern about how well each was performing his or her duty got in the way of community concern about the well-being of the child. The joy of working together to achieve something good was almost destroyed. I am reminded of a comment of a friend of mine describing the response of her ward to a family crisis: "The neighbors were there to offer food and help before the Relief Society President had time to organize it." I don't think it is possible to create an ideal community based on bureaucratic principles.

What would an effective community be like? These authors give us some concepts to consider. Among other things they warn us about too much individualism. Bellah writes that "individuals cannot achieve success or happiness simply by serving themselves" (p. 192). Fowler discusses "a call to partnership with God on behalf of the neighbor" (p. 102). Peck talks of being called to wholeness, but cautions that "we can never be completely whole in and of ourselves" (p. 54). Fowler reminds us that "we are called to personhood *in* relationships. There is no personal fulfillment that is not part of a communal fulfillment" (p. 102). All of these scholars attempt to demonstrate that individualism should only be taken so far, and that a meaningful life is created when individuals become citizens of the good society, rather than simply laborers in it. (To some degree institutional assignments help us become citizens, but they can also limit our involvement and bonding).

These authors give us images of what it might be like to seek the common good

instead of self-interest, however enlightened. Bloom and Bellah point out the destructive implications of a philosophy which encourages individuals to do anything they want as long as it doesn't hurt you or anyone else. Their arguments provide food for thought. There may be reasons, for example, for keeping God's commandments that have more to do with contributing to the common good than with seeking personal righteousness. Bloom writes:

Sex may be treated as a pleasure out of which men and women may make what they will, its promptings followed or rejected, its forms matters of taste, its importance or unimportance in life decided freely by individuals. . . . Or sex can be immediately constitutive of a whole of life, to which self-preservation is subordinated and in which love, marriage and the rearing of infants is the most important business. It cannot be both. (p. 163.)

Fowler provides us with an image of how individuals would act differently if they no longer pursued their own interests, but understood their lives and vocations as partnerships with God.

It is a life in which individuals are freed from the tyranny of competition, anxiety, and jealousy. Community is experienced in the recognition of diversity, in celebrating the gifts and graces of others. Peck describes the stages of community building and provides examples of ways individuals can unknowingly thwart the progress of community.

Religion is community; individuals cannot achieve righteousness without community. That is the ultimate irony. Our scriptures are full of images of community and what individuals must be and do in order to create community. In the Book of Mormon we find images of community such as "the fold of God" in which people are "willing to bear one another's burdens" and "mourn with those that mourn," and "comfort those who stand in need of comfort" (Mosiah 18:8,9). Here, for Alma, the baptismal covenant was not merely a covenant with God, it was a covenant with God *and* neighbor. Another passage shares a peaceful image of community in which there are no "-ites," "no contention . . . envyings . . . strifes . . . nor tumults" (4 Nephi 15-16). How do these scriptural images compare with the images of community provided by Bellah, Fowler, and Peck? What questions must we ask in order to understand how to create community within Mormonism? These are important questions for Latter-day Saints

to explore.

Some may think individualism and the challenge of community are not problems for Mormonism. Some people also actually like the consolidated meeting schedule. Some people like capitalism, American individualism, and the pursuit of self-interest. These things are a part of the Western heritage American Mormons love so much. But I worry about these things, and I think we ought to think again about what it really means to build a society called Zion.

NOTES

1. Alexis de Tocqueville, *Democracy in America*, trans. George Lawrence, ed. J. P. Mayer (New York: Doubleday, Anchor Books, 1969), p. 29.

2. Robert Bellah, et al., *Habits of the Heart* (Berkeley: University of California Press), 1985.

3. Allan Bloom, *The Closing of the American Mind* (New York: Simon and Schuster, Inc.), 1987.

4. M. Scott Peck, *The Different Drum: Community Making and Peace* (New York: Simon & Schuster, Inc., Touchstone Book), 1987.

5. James W. Fowler, *Becoming Adult, Becoming Christian* (San Francisco: Harper and Row Publishers), 1984.

REVIEW

POKING OUR SORE SPOTS

SALAMANDER

by Linda Sillitoe and Allen Roberts

Signature Books, \$17.95

A GATHERING OF SAINTS

by Robert Lindsey

Simon and Schuster, \$18.95

THE MORMON MURDERS

by Steven Naifeh & Gregory White Smith

Weidenfeld & Nicolson, \$19.95



Reviewed by Dale Van Atta and Daryl Gibson

READ ALL OF these books and you will learn more than you ever wanted to know about Mark Hofmann, and still not know why. The hunger to know why led prosecutors to agree to a piddling plea bargain in exchange for the answer, and they were still cheated.

Even behind bars and stripped of his

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smugness, Mark Hofmann—the master forger, bomber, and murderer—continues to baffle. Mormons should be reveling in blessed relief that there was no white salamander to disgrace Joseph Smith, no blessing making his son the heir to the Church, and no Lucy Mack Smith letter to muddy the details of the Restoration.

Yet exposure of Hofmann as a forger has wreaked more havoc than living with Hofmann as a finder of lost letters. And there is an uneasy feeling that Hofmann knew that would happen all along.

The authors of this trio of books try valiantly to answer the question of why Hofmann did it. He couldn't relate to his father. He was tormented by a history of polygamy in his family tree. He was a sociopath. The devil made him do it.

Until Hofmann deigns to tell the truth, we

have only the facts to work with. These authors use the facts to varying degrees of effectiveness, but the most they can do is simply dance around the central enigma, Hofmann, who refused to be interviewed by any and all authors.

SALAMANDER—This is the book for Utahns and Mormon readers. It is the forum for believers to hash out what will go down as one of the most devastating chapters in Church history.

The best factual record of the three, *Salamander* occasionally wallows in its facts. Each chapter begins with a punch and then sinks under the weight of information. Sillitoe and Roberts are meticulous researchers. Sillitoe the poet and fiction writer takes that research and occasionally shines through the clutter of detail. But we longed for her to stop writing the definitive reference book and start telling a story.

They are “insiders” to this Mormon story, but Sillitoe and Roberts aren’t prissy about their subject. For example, they take a well-deserved shot at Hugh Pinnock when it is clear that he pussy-footed with the police. “All we know is what we read in the papers,” says Pinnock, who negotiated with Hofmann and arranged a loan for him.

If the authors hold back at all, it is to spare the survivors of Hofmann’s mayhem from vivid descriptions of the death of his victims, Kathy Sheets and Steve Christensen. But in the place of horror and grief, *Salamander* rewards the reader with portraits of Sheets, Christensen, and Hofmann that are not matched in either of the other books: Sheets the prankster and eternal optimist; Christensen the young missionary who went out in the alley to scream an obscenity when he was made a district leader; and Hofmann who built little bombs and tortured cats as a child.

None of the other authors comes as close to understanding Hofmann as Sillitoe and Roberts do. The others completely miss his double dealing as a missionary in England where he bought and stole old books. (Only upstate New York would have been a worse place for God to send a boy bent on destroying his church through historical fraud.)

Sillitoe and Roberts are the only authors to make Hofmann the central character of their book—no mean task considering that he refused to be interviewed. Their chapter on Hofmann’s obsession with polygamy sings: “Like poking his tongue into a sore tooth, Mark mulled over a family secret. . . .” It is easy to imagine Hofmann poking around at

the Church’s sore spots and watching others squirm.

When it was Hofmann’s turn to squirm—in court—Sillitoe or Roberts was there and this is where their book becomes impossible to put down. We see Hofmann first hand, not through the eyes of friends and relatives.

Sillitoe and Roberts could have sold more books by telling a better tale, but they were clearly more interested in establishing what happened for the record, dispassionately and with insight. The final proof is the inclusion of 20 pages of analysis by a documents examiner George Throckmorton. Only the most avid Hofmann buff will read the chapter, but we’re glad it’s there.

A GATHERING OF SAINTS—This is the book for non-Mormon readers. Richard Lindsey, who is not a Mormon, does one of the best jobs we have seen of explaining Mormonisms to outsiders. While the others casually use the vocabulary—“warehouse,” “Relief Society,” “The U.”—Lindsey is acutely aware of his audience. A fine writer, his description of William Clayton and the pioneers’ entry into the Salt Lake Valley is as readable as his descriptions of the bombings. There are minor inaccuracies and some interpretations of Mormon history that chafe (“Every man, Smith said, had a right to marry ten virgins.” “A church founded by men who commanded young women to bed down with them with the threat of eternal damnation if they refused. . . .”) But Lindsey is as fair and kind as an outsider can be with a history as unorthodox as ours.

From Lindsey, and not from the other authors, we get the best explanation of Coordinated Financial Services (CFS), Gary Sheets’s struggling business which Hofmann hoped would cover the motives for his murders. Lindsey also comes up with the best treatment of the “Oath of a Freeman,” Hofmann’s most important forgery. None of the authors adequately gives Hofmann a place in world history as a forger with few peers. He is treated as Utah’s little aberration. But at least Lindsey keeps the national perspective of the story with his emphasis on Hofmann’s impact in New York and Boston.

Lindsey figured out early on in his research that Mormons are journal keepers and he quotes from every journal he can get his hands on—the journals of the victims, the police, the attorneys, the documents dealers. In that respect, he is as good an investigator as Dick Forbes of the Salt Lake County Attorney’s Office. Lindsey includes the wry note

that the resourceful Forbes used the Church Genealogical Library to track his prey.

Sillitoe and Roberts are members of “the Mormon underground”—or the intellectuals and historians. But it takes Lindsey to give the best portrait of that community: “Information became a forbidden fruit. Like erotic books circulated surreptitiously in a boarding school, old diaries, journals, letters and other documents took on a mystique that energized efforts to possess them. Secretly, students and instructors at BYU, as well as nonstudents who were interested in Church history, began to photocopy documents and exchange them like collectors of baseball cards.”

Because Lindsey was the late finisher, he has what the other authors don’t—Hofmann’s interview with Michael George of the Salt Lake County Attorney’s Office. From prison, Hofmann mailed a letter to his wife which read like coded gibberish for a plot to kill the members of the Board of Pardons. George was assigned to investigate, and he went straight to the mystery man for what turned out to be a revealing confession. Of his victims, Sheets and Christensen, Hofmann said: “I don’t feel anything for them. My philosophy is that they’re dead. They’re not suffering. I think life is basically worthless. They could have died just as easily in a car accident. . . . I don’t believe in God. I don’t believe in an afterlife. They don’t know they’re dead.”

MORMON MURDERS—This is the book for masochists. Naifeh and Smith begin with a disclaimer—they don’t have anything against the Mormon church. In fact, they barely knew anything about the Church when they began their research. “One of us dated a woman who was a devout Mormon. . . .” they say. She must have jilted him.

From the first page, *Mormon Murders* is a slap in the face of the living and the dead. Mark Hofmann confessed to forgery and murder, but Naifeh and Smith ignore him in their frenzy to convict the Church. Hofmann is lucky to be a minor character in this character assassination. (“By all accounts, Mark William Hofmann was the ideal Mormon child,” Naifeh and Smith write. They must have missed the accounts about how he dropped cats from second-story balconies and set his shirt on fire while building incendiary devices.)

Naifeh and Smith get their version of Mormon history from Gerald and Sandra Tanner. Every innuendo and myth is spilled out in a brutal invective. Fawn Brodie, according to Naifeh and Smith, provided the best “neutral”

history of the Church in "No Man Knows My History." One can debate the accuracy of Brodie's biography of Joseph Smith, but it is no more "neutral" than her biography of Thomas Jefferson which was panned by critics and historians.

To Naifeh and Smith, General Conference is a meeting of the Politburo. The United Order was disbanded during the McCarthy era to avoid the appearance of Communism. Mormons make vows in the temple to commit homicide and suicide. G. Homer Durham is a Mormon Machiavelli who tours the country preaching the gospel of money. The Church security force is "a hotbed of Mormon fanaticism, just the kind of crazies to rid the Church of its enemies." In fact, the gospel according to Smith and Naifeh says that the only thing keeping general authorities from wholesale murder of their critics is the fact that the Church is obsessed with public relations. It wouldn't look good.

Polygamists get a better rap than mainstream Mormons from Naifeh and Smith. They are "peaceful, decent people." But Mormons, while they are rabid, greedy, murderers in the making, are also quite dull. The authors, two New York-bred, Harvard-educated lawyers, describe one flamboyant character in their book as "a welcome relief from the great, grinning goodness of Mormon culture, a crystal of salt on a vast landscape of mashed potatoes." Have these guys never been east of the Hudson River? They remind us of every tourist who comes to Salt Lake City, discovers it's a tough town in which to get a drink, and decides the populace must be the inspiration for *The Stepford Wives*.

We'll give Naifeh and Smith the benefit of the doubt and assume they stumbled upon the Tanners when they got off the bus and didn't know any better. But at best that makes them sloppy researchers.

Out of ignorance or malice, they twist the simplest of facts. For example, they describe Ervil LeBaron as "Mormon polygamist" and treat his bizarre reign of terror as if it were everyday church fare. "Not all the fanatics were as crazy as the LeBarons. . . ." Naifeh and Smith demure. "But, unfortunately, not all the fanatics were safely out in the countryside. Some were right downtown, working in the Church Office Building."

Even the saintly Spencer W. Kimball is made to look a bit off his rocker because he tells visitors to his office that he loves them. That is the unkindest cut of all.

The good news is, the barrage of assaults from Naifeh and Smith eventually becomes amusing, especially when couched in their B-

grade writing style: "What Joe Namath was to football, what Bobby Orr was to hockey, what Joe DiMaggio was to baseball, what Stalлоне was to Rocky, Jerry Taylor was all these and more to the Salt Lake City cops. . . . This was a cop's cop. He didn't look like much—early forties, dark curly hair with a few touches of gray, thin, a bit of a paunch, glasses—not the kind of guy to stop traffic or bring a bar to its feet when he walked in. But appearances could be deceiving."

ALL three of these books are painful reading, but the subject is one that will not go away if it is ignored. Mark Hofmann ripped the rug out from under our history and when we finally got the rug back in place, we real-

ized he was tugging at our faith and culture, too. Indeed, he poked at the sore spots until they festered—the greed for money and recognition, the deification of Church authorities, suppression of the Mormon media, manipulation of history for good and ill.

We should thank Hofmann for blowing himself up. It is clear from his collection of note cards, each carrying one commonly used word from the Book of Mormon, that his ultimate coup was to be the forgery of the lost 116 pages of the manuscript.

And we should thank Brad Christensen, the bystander who blessed Hofmann to live after he blew himself up. Without divine intervention, we might never have known the truth, even if we still don't know the reason.

MORAL ISSUES IN HEALTH CARE: DOES FAITH MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE?

SECOND OPINION: HEALTH, FAITH, AND ETHICS.

The Park Ridge Center.



By Courtney S. Campbell

IN THE BEGINNING of bioethics, a field that in general terms is concerned with the application of ethical values and principles to the biological sciences, medicine, and health care, the dominant mode of discourse and analysis was theological. Two of the early classics in the field, Joseph Fletcher's *Moral and Medicine* (1954) and Paul Ramsey's *The Patient as Person* (1970) respectively drew on the theological themes of *agape* (neighbor-love) and covenant as fundamental premises in their examination of such issues as euthanasia, artificial reproduction, organ transplantation, research on human subjects, determination of death, and the allocation of scarce medical

resources. The pervasive assumption was that religious traditions had an important and indeed indispensable contribution to make in illuminating the questions and directing the answers to bioethical dilemmas.

Over time bioethics became significantly secularized for several reasons. The paradigms and principles that assumed prominence in bioethical literature, and came to have an influence in medical practice, such as concepts of autonomy, rights, contractualism, and informed consent seemed better supported by philosophical premises and even somewhat at odds with the perspectives of religious traditions. As bioethical issues moved from being debated by academics to unavoidable matters of public policy, theological presuppositions appeared too particularistic and a more likely source for disagreement than policy consensus. This transition to secular bioethics was accelerated by the discovery of

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theological ethicists that a faith perspective had, after all, very little *distinctive* to provide at the level of substantive moral conclusions. Religious convictions seemed morally interesting only when they created conflicts with health care professionals, as in refusals of life-saving blood transfusions by Jehovah's Witnesses.

This narrowing of bioethical concerns to a dominantly secular orientation, and the concomitant exclusion of theological ideologies and discourse, has just begun to be challenged by scholars, and *Second Opinion: Health, Faith and Ethics* (c/o The Park Ridge Center, 1875 Dempster St., Suite 175, Park Ridge, Illinois, \$35, 3 issues a year) is a splendid example of the utility and necessity of a more comprehensive approach. The preface to this "book-like journal" identifies its role and unique contribution: while current literature adequately addresses, in various relations, only one or two of the three key concepts expressed in the subtitle, "*Second Opinion* distinctively seeks to address all three." Its self-designated ambitious purpose is to "help form one public out of a number of related constituencies" that will provide an informed, interdisciplinary discussion of ways of relating "ethics and faith to health issues."

Volumes 1-4 of *Second Opinion* go a substantial way towards realizing these ends. These volumes contain an impressive array of articles from contributors in Protestant, Catholic, and humanist backgrounds, as well as clinical practitioners and public policy makers. Volume two, which contains a special focus on medical treatment or nontreatment of impaired infants, is especially informative and balanced, and furnishes a standard that other bioethical journals would do well to achieve. Robert Weir's article on selective nontreatment of some newborns, for example, is simply an outstanding discussion of the medical, moral, and religious dimensions involved in such decisions. A conscious attempt to avoid a narrowly ethnocentric focus on Western religious, ethical, and health traditions is also present. Volume four contained a very enlightening discussion of ethical issues in health care in such diverse places as Nigeria, Guatemala, Hong Kong, and the People's Republic of China. The latter in particular is a signal contribution to the field of bioethics in general. A prospective series of articles on the relation of theology, ethics, and medicine in prominent contemporary theological ethicists will make future issues of *Second Opinion* indispensable for serious scholarship in bioethics.

It does need to be stressed that there is more to *Second Opinion* than the moral quandaries involved in bioethics. There is a refreshing variety in content, ranging from theoretical reflections on the meaning of "illness," descriptive comparisons of the approaches of religious traditions (including Mormonism) to "health" questions, and insightful articles oriented by historical interests or the special challenges of pastoral care of the very ill. The scholarly writing in each issue, which for the most part is of very high quality is complimented by an interview with a leading figure in the health care field, including practitioners, clinical ethicists, and public policy makers.

Second Opinion does not present itself as the "last opinion," which is fortunate, since the contributors raise many issues that, to my view, produce more confusion than clarity. One outstanding problem is the definitions of the basic terms themselves. An undefended assumption in many articles is a very broad notion of "faith," which draws on Paul Tillich's idea of religion as a sense of "ultimate concern" in one's life. At the least such a position needs to be substantiated and its implications thought through more carefully. In a journal devoted to examination of the relations between faith, ethics, and health, the waters are only muddied when Marxism is discussed as a "religious" tradition under the guise of "ultimacy." The same tendency towards all-encompassing terminology can be discerned in the use of the words "health" and "well-being" interchangeably in several articles. The World Health Organization has defined "health" as a state of "complete physical, mental and social well-being," and many authors seem to reflect such a perspective, but surely from the standpoint of faith traditions with an eschatological component, "well-being" is not exhausted by such dimensions, and should be more carefully differentiated from "health."

Despite many provocative analyses, one is still left with the nagging question of what difference a faith perspective makes in ethical decisions about health care issues. For example, in analyzing a case about proposed termination of treatment for a severely impaired infant, Richard McCormick, S.J., equates a "reasonable" decision with a "Christian" decision: Such an answer is fully consonant with the natural law tradition of Catholicism but also implies the same decision could be reached from humanistic or nontheological premises. In addressing the same case, Karen Lebacqz, a Protestant theologian, suggests that the experience of the

parents of the newborn might be comparable to the wanderings of the Israelites in the Sinai desert after liberation from bondage. This reliance on analogical reasoning is instructive, but one can't help but wonder whether the parents themselves would be a bit bewildered by this comparison. Moreover, the analogy needs to be fully played out. What is the meaning of arriving in "the promised land" in this narrative of parental wanderings: the death of their child? Significantly, Lebacqz does not address the impact of this interpretative context on moral deliberation and resolution of the problem.

The assumptions of Lebacqz's commentary do suggest one important direction for future reflection on the role of a faith perspective: while religious convictions may not change the conclusion of a process of moral reasoning, they may be influential at the level of providing an interpretative context that gives different meaning to the problem. For example, the birth of an anencephalic newborn (an infant lacking any higher brain function) should quite obviously have a different meaning to a Latter-day Saint family, because of our theological and soteriological assumptions about the eternal destiny of handicapped infants, than they might to a family without such assumptions, even if no difference can be discerned at the level of making a moral decision about treatment-continuation. Faith can be critical at the level of *perception* and *meaning*, even if less significant at the level of *resolution*.

Second Opinion is a most valuable addition to the relatively sparse literature on the relation between faith, ethics, and health, and to the voluminous literature on bioethics. Its purpose of creating "one public" out of diverse disciplines may be idealistic, but it would be no small contribution to bring these at times adversarial constituencies "within shouting distance" of each other.

MAKING ISAIAH PLAIN & SIMPLE

THE BOOK OF ISAIAH: A NEW TRANSLATION,
WITH INTERPRETIVE KEYS FROM THE BOOK OF MORMON

By Avraham Gileadi

Deseret Book, 1988, 250 pages, \$19.95.



Reviewed by Alfred E. Krause

Before I begin to carp, qualify or equivocate, I must bear witness to the quality and importance of this book. If the popular mind still thinks of Isaiah as a mine of inspired gibberish that can occasionally be drawn upon for useful prooftexts, this book will illuminate and expand the popular mind. If "Liahona" Saints regret that LDS scholars have not made more use of the methods and hypotheses of modern secular biblical scholarship, this book is evidence that one Mormon scholar at least has more than mastered those methods; he has transcended them and stands on the cutting edge of new knowledge of the poetic and historical content of Isaiah.

With this book the diligent reader can begin to grasp the richness, complexity, and immensity of Isaiah's thought and testimony. He can begin to see the book of Isaiah for what it is: possibly the most complex literary artifact from the hand of man. This may not be the only book you can buy to understand Isaiah, it may not be appropriate for someone who has never studied the prophet before, and it offers only a portion of Gileadi's most recent work. It will, however, take the reader deeper into Isaiah than any other book now available.

The past two decades have seen an explo-

sion of LDS studies and commentaries on Isaiah. The few chapters in Sidney Sperry's books have been joined by new works from Monte Nyman, Lamar Adams, Avraham Gileadi (an earlier edition of this translation), Cleon Skousen and Daniel Ludlow. That same generation has seen the emergence of new evidence to shake the consensus views of nineteenth-century liberal biblical scholarship. George Mendenhall's work on the antiquity of covenant forms, Isaac M. Kikawada and Arthur Quinn's survey of large-scale parallelism and chiasm in Genesis, C. S. Mann's arguments for the primacy of Matthew, and Gileadi's own work on structure and rhetoric in Isaiah are all examples of this.

The response of secular biblical scholarship to much of this new data has been an attempt to ignore or even suppress it: to pigeonhole the scholars as fundamentalists or worse. Gileadi, who is seen as neoconservative and who is also LDS, might seem particularly vulnerable to this: even if he did not base some points of his analysis in this work on tools found in the Book of Mormon, the mere fact that his work is published by Deseret Book would normally ensure that it would not reach beyond the community of Latter-day Saints.

Gileadi's work, however, defies pigeonholing. His ideas are known and warmly regarded among biblical scholars of many faiths and viewpoints. He commands respect from Jewish, Adventist, Episcopalian, Evan-

gelical and even some secular scholars. His next work, a *Festschrift* of papers on the Hebrew prophets by scholars inside and outside the Church, has just been printed by Baker Books of Grand Rapids. He might command even greater eminence in the world of LDS biblical scholarship if he belonged to one of the fifty famous LDS families or were a better practitioner of telestial academic office politics.

The Book of Isaiah contains a readable modern translation of Isaiah. The translation follows about ninety pages of introduction dealing with traditional Jewish and Book of Mormon approaches to the study of Isaiah. It touches on large-scale structures within the prophetic books, composite symbolic and ideological figures, and a wide variety of poetic devices (parallelism, chiasm, metaphor, etc.).

At first the translation does not appear drastically different from several other good modern ones, such as those of the New English Bible (NEB) or the New Jerusalem Bible (JB). As other reviewers have noted, Gileadi's translation is significantly less prescriptive than the NEB. Some choices of text and language are indeed powerful and enlightening. For example, his use of the Septuagint "City of Righteousness" in Isaiah 19:18 illuminates the central meaning of that whole chapter: the possibility for conversion by example. Once or twice the translation may go a bit far in "likening" individual verses to our condition, as with the "safe neighborhoods" of 32:18, or when Jerusalem landmarks like Ophel tower or The Keep (32:14) become "highrises and panoramic resorts."

Nevertheless, Gileadi is quite cautious about major alterations or emendations of text; those he does make, appear valid. For example, his reordering of the final verses of Chapter 33 not only makes good sense, but (unknown to him) is consistent with a long chiasm running throughout the whole of 32 and 33. There are a few "zingers," where Isaiah is expressed in terms familiar from Latter-day scriptures or the temple, but these are also common in the JB, NEB or even the King James Version (KJV). Compare, for example, the various translations of Isaiah 22:14-25, where Shebna has provoked both the Lord and his prophet and is being relieved of his temple blessings.

The unique qualities of Gileadi's translation are more subtle, and thus deeper in their effect. To use musical terms, there is a great deal of *legato*—of uninterrupted lyric continuity. This translation is *not* a collection of fragments; it is blended expression of a complex but united whole.

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This conception is also consistent with the ideas of the Book of Mormon. Abinadi does not merely cite fragments of Isaiah 53, but cites it all as a unitary composition. Nephi and Jacob may cite one, two or even thirteen chapters at a time. In the Tree of Life vision and its interpretation, Lehi and Nephi see the choices offered to the individual soul, as the entire process of salvation history is depicted in terms of symbolic or composite figures.

Gileadi's translation is also painstakingly literal in its treatment of words and phrases depicting these composite entities and forces, especially the various means of divine action: words like "sword," "staff," "arm," etc. This makes clear the recurrence and transformation of particular ideas. It also allows readers who do not speak Hebrew to discern citations from earlier prophecies, notably the Song of Moses (Deuteronomy 32:1-43), to better discern the various levels of parallel structures Gileadi has found, and to seek out still other structures (especially chiasmic ones) that are still being discovered. In this sense it is a literal translation where literalism is needed.

This volume is only one of several on Isaiah planned by Gileadi. We see, for example, only a part of Gileadi's full intent in his treatment of Isaiah's relation to the historical events of his own time. To a considerable extent the book reflects the author's views as expressed in his earlier *Apocalyptic Book of Isaiah* (Hebraeus Press, 1982). In the Introduction he apparently writes off Isaiah's treatment of contemporary events as important only within the great overarching scheme of typology: the symbols that describe the recurring problems and opportunities that will occur throughout history, but particularly in the Meridian of Time and the Last Days.

This does not mean that Gileadi views all of Isaiah as intended *only* for the Last Days; that would mean closing off one important dimension of prophecy. It is certainly true that Isaiah saw recurring elements of all human history, such as the external moral and cultural opposition between "Zion" and "Babylon." It is also true that the composite entities in his prophecy encompass the Last Days, including our own times: "Assyria," the military arm of "Babylon" may be any great totalitarian power of this age, while "Egypt," the unreliable ally, may well be the United States. Given that divine revelation and view of the end from the beginning, however, Isaiah was just as powerful and accurate an analyst of the events of his own day.

This contemporary historical dimension is also consistent with the uses of history in the Book of Mormon, where specific events, such

as the ministry to and eventual destruction of Ammonihah, are viewed as a scale model for the events to come upon the Nephites at the coming of Christ and upon the entire world in the last days. Recognized use of typology also offers a potential basis for communication with—or even conversion of—secular biblical scholars. Many people who totally reject the idea of *predictive* prophecy can initially accept the ideas of *projective* prophecy, of rational and accurate analysis of religious, political and social trends and forces. Should it become clear that Isaiah was a systematic historian and sociologist comparable to Toynbee, Spengler, Ibn Khaldun, or Marx—but of greater accuracy—many people may be moved to ask how this was possible in a cultural backwater of the Middle East two hundred years before Herodotus. Isaiah as historian may be another one of those seeds of truth that will allow some people to begin Alma's experiment.

I have personally discussed these points at length with Gileadi since 1985. He proved to be not only aware of them, but far ahead of anyone else in grasping their implications. I suspect that either (a) editorial limitations on space required drastic pruning of certain aspects of Isaiah, including the historical or (b) Gileadi is unwilling to leave the reader with only a partial delineation of areas in which his ideas are still developing.

For the same apparent reasons, the book also omits some of the most striking examples of Gileadi's literary analysis found in his earlier work. Chief among these is the astonishing verse-by-verse antithesis between Babylon with its king (Isaiah 14, with a few verses from Chapter 47) and Zion with its Suffering Servant (Isaiah 52 and 53)—a remarkable argument for the unity of the book and, indirectly, for the identity of the Servant as Jehovah. Another of these is the analysis of the verse-by-verse recurrence of the themes of apostasy, judgment, restoration or repentance, and salvation throughout the first six chapters; this alone opens up another literary dimension, suggesting that there may be not only parallelisms, chiasms, and antitheses, but *tessellations*: building blocks poetically equivalent to the recurring figures found in some of the sketches of M.C. Escher.

For the reader just beginning to study Isaiah, Gileadi's reluctance to infringe upon the unity of the text and to impose his ideas upon the reader may represent another shortcoming. There are no footnotes or commentary in the translation, other than purely linguistic ones. There is no attempt to define the boundaries of individual revelations, to

ascribe dialogue beyond what the prophet himself has done, or to impose anything like modern paragraphing.

There is certainly some fine commentary and exegesis of sample chapters like Isaiah's First Vision (6) or the Garlands of Ephraim (28), but elsewhere the bewildered beginner will need help from Sperry, Nyman or especially Victor Ludlow. Gileadi clearly states in the introduction that his intention is to teach the reader to do his own exegesis, but many readers will still find themselves in a sink-or-swim situation.

Other readers might also wish a fuller discussion of poetic tools. Gileadi's work has touched off studies of chiasm, of the ideas and structure of the Song of Moses as the basic unit of prophecy, and of tessellated units. Some of these, notably the chiasms, can significantly affect the way we read and understand the prophets. Micah, for example, appears to contain two chiasmically opposed lines of history, one running from the fall of Samaria to the eventual fall of Jerusalem (Micah 1-3) and affecting the covenant people, and the other running from the punishment of Israel to the enlightenment of all the nations (6:2-4:1) with the major idea blocks running *backwards*.

When Gileadi began his work, one of his aims was to prove that a single author wrote Isaiah. He has made some powerful arguments for this, and set off other studies that offer other powerful arguments. Directly or indirectly, however, he has opened up so much meaning and possibility as to render his original aims nearly irrelevant. The use of many large-scale poetic structures to express a valid view of the workings of all history, insofar as it is shaped by the nature and aims of God, is not so much a proof of unity but of divinity of authorship. It becomes a manifestation of the "argument from design," the only philosophical proof of the existence of God accepted by ancient prophets of both hemispheres.

Gileadi's translation is only an introduction to his work. It may be too strenuous for some beginners and not full enough for some others who know and value his work. It is, however, an essential tool, a "can opener" for real understanding of Isaiah. If it is true that each reader must be a prophet to understand Isaiah, as was said in the early days of the Church, this is the book that teaches him or her how. It serves the same purpose as the book of Isaiah itself: to allow every righteous person to view the workings of history and not fear them, knowing that behind all events there is at work "that Love which moves the sun and other stars."

NEWS

RLDS ANNOUNCE TEMPLE DESIGN

The schematic design of the temple planned by the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints has been made public, with construction scheduled to begin in 1990. The temple will be located in Independence, Missouri, adjacent to the Auditorium, world headquarters of the RLDS Church.

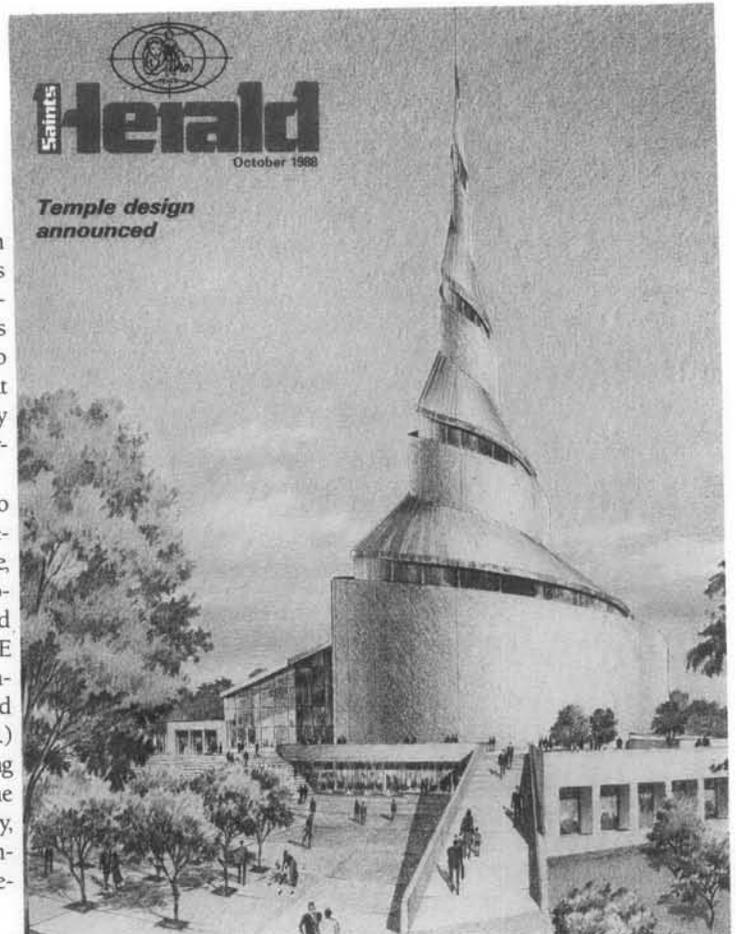
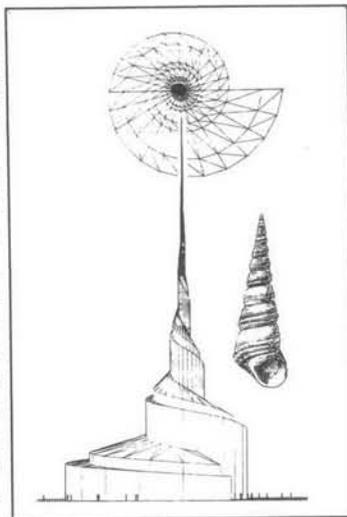
Architect Gyo Obata headed the team that produced the gracefully curving design, which incorporates a natural spiral similar to forms found in sea shells. The temple spire will rise over 300 feet, capping the main sanctuary chamber, a spacious, rounded meeting area with a 200-foot ceiling and seating for 1,800.

The natural spiral form of the temple is more than a simple design statement, according to RLDS church President Wallace B. Smith: "By building a temple we are striving to declare that God is active in human history, touching all people at all times. We also are seeking to create space in which the reality of the Divine Presence may be experienced—space which physically bears witness of the incarnation of Jesus Christ in the life of the church," he stated in an article in the October 1988 *Saints Herald*. "The spiral form has a single-point source of origin and emanates outward, expanding infinitely without deviating in form. . . . The spiral is a figure that retains its shape as it grows in one dimension by adding substance at the open end. There is no such thing as a static spiral. And this makes a wonderful symbol for the church."

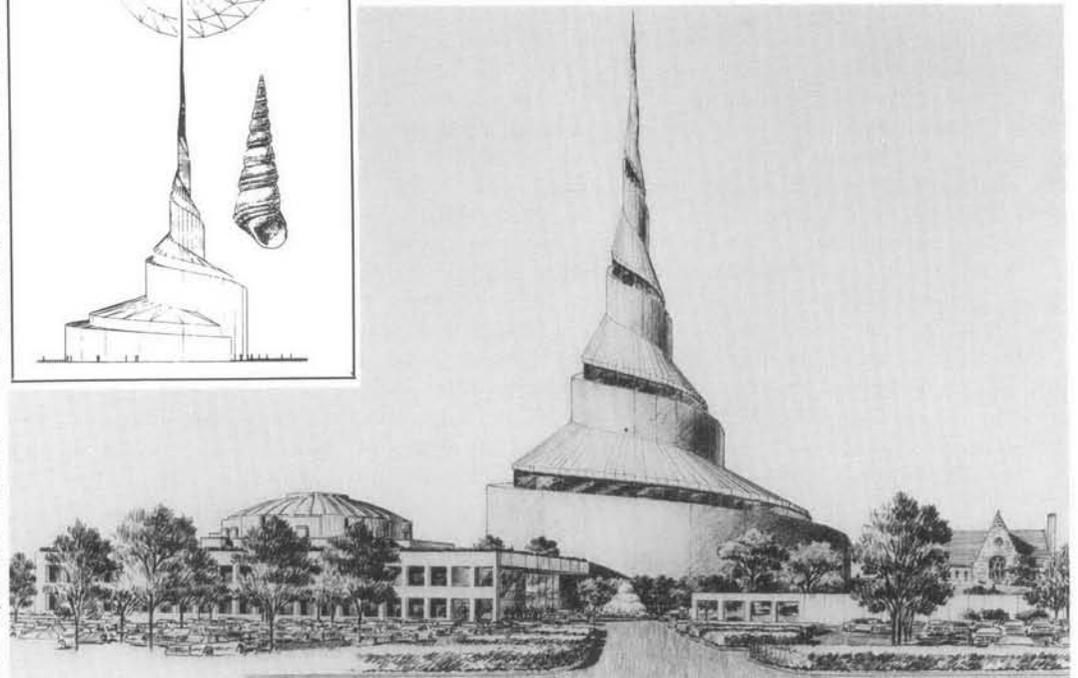
Planning for the temple site began in 1974, and was accelerated in 1984 with the announcement of RLDS Doctrine and Covenants 156, which included a description of the temple's purposes: "The temple shall be dedicated to the pursuit of peace. It shall be for reconciliation and for healing of the spirit. It shall

also be for a strengthening of faith and preparation for witness. By its ministries and attitude of wholeness of body, mind, and spirit as a desirable end toward which to strive will be fostered" (v. 5). At present the plans are preliminary and are "presented for the consideration of the Saints."

While the temple will have no rites or activities not available elsewhere, it is seen as a unique, spiritual setting for the development of the church's ministry and educational goals. (See *SUNSTONE* November 1987, for a more complete description of the history and meaning of the RLDS temple.) Adjoining the temple will be a wing with offices and classrooms for the Temple School, as well as a library, museum, and reception hall. Construction is scheduled for completion in 1993.



Architect's drawings of RLDS temple scheduled for completion in 1993.



CHURCH LEADERS CAMPAIGN AGAINST IDAHO LOTTERY

By Hand Carre

AMID ANGRY allegations regarding LDS opposition to gambling, a state lottery initiative passed in Idaho last November 8. The passing vote is accredited by some to a backlash against LDS church involvement with Consider, the anti-lottery organization which mounted a huge campaign last summer.

The controversy stems from news reports of fund-raising techniques, including assessing donations from wards and stakes, that implied official Church endorsement of Consider. On 31 October 1988, *The Idaho Statesman* reported that "much of Consider's war chest of nearly \$500,000 has been raised through the stake and ward system of the Church." The volatile mixture of religion and politics, the article said, was "polarizing what already was a heated issue."

Some political observers have commented that the "unofficial" Church involvement in the anti-lottery political campaign was similar to the organized LDS influence in the successful attempt to keep the Equal Rights Amendment from being ratified during the 1970s.

The Church's position on the lottery, a political question it considers a "moral issue," was unambiguous. Consider's executive director, Randy Furniss, a Mormon, cited a letter from LDS President Ezra Taft Benson, dated 26 September 1986, just prior to a similar vote in Idaho when a lottery initiative passed by a 60 percent majority vote. (It was later overturned by an Idaho Supreme Court ruling). The letter, addressed to Church leaders from General Authorities to bishops and branch presidents, urged opposition to gambling on moral grounds and expressed sorrow at seeing

"governments now promoting what they once passed laws to prevent."

More recently, the 23 October 1988 broadcast of the Sunday Tabernacle Choir program "Music and the Spoken Word" included a well-timed sermon against gambling. The broadcast lamented that more and more of the estimated 1-3 million American pathological gamblers are women, "the increase due in large part because of the legalization of lotteries, a form of gambling to which experts say women are particularly attracted" and which encourages unrealistic risk-taking.

The "Spoken Word" enumerated the theological ramifications of gambling: "Morally and spirituality, gambling is wrong. The philosophy of getting something for nothing [instead of working] . . . is at odds with the fundamental Christian principle of

stewardship. . . . Even the sacrifice of Jesus Christ—the grace of salvation—is manifested by our good works. . . . Life does not happen by chance, but by choice. Gambling focuses not on life, but on the trappings of life" (emphasis in original).

In addition to hearing sermons, some Idaho Church members were solicited for contributions privately by local Church leaders and some from the pulpit as well. One Pocatello stake president assigned each member of the high council to donate \$100 to Consider.

The *Statesman* quoted an anonymous LDS man who said that requests for donations were made twice during ward priesthood meetings. "The thing that was most offensive to me was that it was a bandwagon thing. If you're an active member of the Church, which I am, you'd best get on the bandwagon and get out your checkbook."

The bishopric of the Boise 20th ward mailed a letter on Church stationery, dated 10 September 1988, to ward members. "In meetings with the area presidency, our stake presidency committed to

raise funds for Consider," the letter read. "The assignment to our ward is to, among its members, raise \$2,000 by September 15th."

"The urgency of this request," the letter continued, "does not allow for individual, person-to-person contact. Please, consider your resources, decide what would be an appropriate response to this request, and make a contribution to Consider. Checks need to be made out directly to Consider and collected on a ward basis. They can be turned in to a member of the bishopric or mailed in the enclosed envelope."

Bishop Gordon J. Stevens, who sent the letter, was quoted in the *Statesman* as saying "We got the money we were asked for. There was no additional request." Ted Johnson, Church spokesperson in southwestern Idaho, who sat on Consider's board of directors, said that although he felt some fundraising methods were inappropriate, "the bishop acted responsibly" by asking ward members to personally weigh what they were able to give rather than assigning specific amounts.

"He wasn't doing anything different from many other



FROM THE WITTENBURG DOOR #102. REPRINTED WITH PERMISSION.

ministers of other denominations," Johnson clarified. "He was urging his congregation to contribute to a cause he felt was worthy." But, he said, Stevens was not at the meeting with the area presidency and specific fund-raising goals were not set between the Church and Consider.

Johnson said that Consider and local Church authorities had talked about how they might work together, but that all Mormon

leaders who worked with Consider did so on their own. "Our people were involved on every level. But those involved were acting in their private capacities."

Johnson said that in the meeting with the area presidency "nothing was said about quotas or money. They talked about the moral problems of gambling and encouraged people to get involved." He insisted that no official directive from Church head-

quarters in Salt Lake City had ever been sent relating to Consider, and that no Church money funded the organization.

In fact, Johnson said that Consider explicitly refused to take checks from ward budgets or checking accounts. He did not recall whether any such checks had been received by Consider, but "the suggestion was made and Consider said they would return them."

Consider was organized as a multi-denominational group. Its religious advisory board included a Methodist, a Nazarene, an Episcopalian, a Seventh-day Adventist, a Mormon, and an evangelical Christian. LDS members make up a significant voting block in the southeastern part Idaho.

Consider's chair, Rev. Ken Wilde, pastor of Boise's Capitol Christian Center, said that the anti-Mormon bias in the area had

SUNSTONE CALENDAR

THE ASSOCIATION OF MORMON LETTERS (AML) annual symposium will be Saturday, 28 January 1988, starting at 9:45 A.M. The morning and afternoon sessions will be held in the Special Collections Room of the Weber State College Library in Ogden, Utah, and will include sessions on Virginia Sorensen and her contemporaries and a panel of working Utah writers on the Literary marketplace in Utah. The luncheon will be held in the college's skyroom and will feature an address by AML President William A. Wilson. Following a break for dinner, the evening social will begin at 6:30 P.M. at the home of Candadai Seshachari (4763 Monroe Boulevard, Ogden), and will feature readings by the recipients of AML's annual awards.

Registration for the symposium, including the luncheon, is \$10.00 (\$6.00 for the luncheon alone) and should be sent to Steven Sondrup, 1346 South 1800 East, Salt Lake City, UT 84108 (801/581-0806).

THE CANADIAN MORMON STUDIES ASSOCIATION was recently organized to promote the study of the Mormon experience in Canada among Mormons and non-Mormons. The association will be publishing the proceedings of The Centennial Conference of 1987, "The Mormon Presence in Canada," and is planning a major conference to be held in June 1990 at the University of Lethbridge on "Mormons in Canada: A Local and Comparative Perspective." Annual memberships are \$12 (\$100 for life) and include the association's newsletter. Write to: The Canadian Mormon Studies Association, 920 Prospect Avenue, S.W., Calgary, Alberta T2Y 0W5, Canada.

HOMOSEXUAL EDUCATION FOR LATTER-DAY SAINT PARENTS (HELP) offers a support group for parents of gay and lesbian children. Confidentiality observed. Contact: HELP, 9200 Alcosta Blvd., H-3, San Ramon, CA 94583 (415/829-8528).

MORMON HISTORY ASSOCIATION (MHA). Anyone interested in presenting a paper as part of an MHA adjunct session at the Western History Association in October 1989 at Tacoma, WA, contact Newell Bringhurst, College of the Sequoias, 915 S. Mooney Blvd., Visalia, CA 93277 (209/733-2050).

The 1989 annual meeting will be held 11-14 May in Quincy, Illinois, at the Holiday Inn, and feature over 50 papers including some at historical sites in Nauvoo, Carthage, and Warsaw. Optional pre- and post-conference tours to Nauvoo are being arranged. The conference theme is "Mormons in Illinois: A Sesquicentennial Consideration." The opening session will address "Many Nauvoos," where scholars from the LDS, RLDS, and non-Mormon academic communities will analyze the differing approaches to the Nauvoo experience. The annual Tanner lecture will be given by Dr. R. Laurence Moore, professor of American Religious

History at Cornell University and author of *Religious Outsiders and the Making of Americans* and "The Occult Connection?: Mormonism, Christian Science, and Spiritualism."

The conference promises to be a fun intellectual activity in a climate of shared vision with scholars committed to understanding. Program chair: Roger D. Launius, 1001 East, Cedar Street, New Baden, IL 62265.

THE MORMON TRAIL has become the **LATTER-DAY SUN**. Matt Duncan, the new owner of the Denver-based regional LDS newspaper, changed the monthly paper's name to one with an LDS acronym because it "is in keeping with counsel from Church leaders to acquaint the public with the proper Church name, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, or for short, Latter-day Saints, or LDS, rather than the more common label, 'Mormon.'" The paper's new address is 8710 S. University, #250, Littleton, CO 80122. Subscriptions are \$10 per year.

MORMON WOMEN'S FORUM. The February 7 meeting on "Reflections on God the Mother" will present three short lectures examining the doctrine of the female deity. As with all lectures, it will be held at the University of Utah Fine Arts Auditorium at 7:00 P.M. A two dollar donation is appreciated.

THE RESTORATION TRAIL FORUM, the newsletter of Restoration Trail Foundation, has been expanded. Steven L. Shields is interested in articles "that would reflect themes of historical importance to the RLDS church as well as persons who have been involved in the history of the church." Write: 1235 West Lexington, Independence, MO 64050.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE SOCIOLOGICAL STUDY OF MORMON LIFE (SSSML). Nominations are desired for the annual Spring SSSML Lectureship, co-sponsored with BYU's Charles Redd Center, which features a research paper on a Mormon-related topic in the social sciences. In the past the lecture has been given at BYU with travel expenses provided, however, SSSML is interested in suggestions for other locations.

SSSML members receive a quarterly newsletter which reviews sociological presentations at professional conferences, recent article and book publications, and announcements of upcoming conferences. Send annual SSSML membership dues (\$3.00) to Secretary/Treasurer Kristen Goodman, 6942 South Hamilton Circle, West Jordan, UT 84084.

Notices should be sent to Sunstone Calendar, 331 South Rio Grande Street, Suite 30, Salt Lake City, UT 84101-1136



From 1981 to 1984 the Sunstone Foundation also published the *Sunstone Review*. This monthly newsprint periodical combined the features found in national magazines and weekly book reviews into one publication. Regular departments included: *Update*, news reports on the Church; *People*, short news stories on visible Mormons; *One Fold*, news of other churches; *Speeches and conferences*, reports of LDS gatherings; *Mormon Media Image*, reports on U.S. media coverage of the Church; *Books*, reviews of LDS books and general books of interest to the educated Mormon; *Articulture*, essays on contemporary LDS culture.

Copies of the *Sunstone Review* are not only collector's items but often provide the only public documentation of events and ideas during its time. Each of the remaining available issues contains numerous entries in the above departments, including the selected highlighted contents noted below. Each issue cost one dollar, postage included. A set of all remaining issues costs fifteen dollars.

1:1 July/August 1981

- Sundance Film Institute in Utah
- MX Fallout in Zion
- Klaus J. Hansen's *Mormonism and the American Experience* reviewed by James L. Clayton
- Thomas L. Shaffer's *On Being a Christian and A Lawyer: Law for the Innocent* reviewed by Christine Durham
- "Scriptural Commentary: David and Perdition" by Steven F. Christensen

1:2 September/October 1981

- Frank Fox's *J. Reuben Clark, The Public Years* reviewed by Douglas D. Alder
- Caroline Eyring Miner and Edward L. Kimball's *Camilla: A Biography of Camilla Eyring Kimball* reviewed by Lavina Fielding Anderson
- Mark P. Leone's *The Roots of Modern Mormonism* reviewed by Jan Shipps
- "Scriptural Commentary: Becoming" by Steven F. Christensen

1:3 November/December 1981

- Fawn Brodie's *Richard Nixon: The Shaping of His Character* reviewed by Davis Bitton
- "Republican Bias Charged at BYU"
- "Sports: Is There a Scoreboard in Heaven?" by Stephen W. Durrant
- Sonia Johnson's *From Housewife to Heretic* reviewed by Dixie Snow Huefner
- Maurine Ward's *From Adam's Rib to Women's Lib: A Mormon Looks at the Women's Movement* reviewed by Reba Keele

2:1 January/February 1982

- "Utahns Spearhead Food for Poland"
- "A Look at the Games People Play" by Stephan Durrant
- Keith and Ann Terry's *Emma: The Dramatic Biography of Emma Smith and Eliza: A Biography of Eliza R. Snow* reviewed by Jill Mulvay Derr
- Jack Weyland's *Charley and Sam* reviewed by Susan Wakefield

2:4 April 1982

- "Who Answers Prayers?" report on Elder McConkie's controversial BYU talk
- "Contraceptives for Teens: Two Views" by Susan Roylance and Stephen Rosenblatt
- "Vernice Pere: A Poet of Conscience" by Marilyn Arnold
- Harold S. Kushner's *When Bad Things Happen to Good People* reviewed by Clifton H. Jolley
- "Sermons in Critical Form" by Orson Scott Card

2:5 May 1982

- "LDS Media Council to Combat Bad Press"
- "When David Puttnam Came to Town" by Peggy Fletcher
- "BYU War and Peace Conference"
- "Of Latter-day Saint Men, Women and Books" by Leonard Arrington

2:6 June 1982

- "Creative Tithepaying" by G. Thomas Stromberg, Jr.
- "Darwin Experts Lecture in Salt Lake"
- "Mormons Plan Private TV Network"
- "Women Make Pilgrimage to Relief Society Birthplace"
- James Arrington's *Farley Family Reunion* reviewed by Elouise Bell

2:7 July 1982

- "Mormon Church: From Cult to World Faith" by Susan Staker Oman
- "Zion in Gomorrah: Mormons and Gambling in Las Vegas, Pt. I" by Bob Gottlieb and Peter Wiley
- "Anti-Mormons on the Move" by Lisa Barlow and Gary James Bergera
- Victor L. Brown's *Human Intimacy: Illusion and Reality* reviewed by Marvin Rytting
- "Mormon Mushies: The Wonderful World of the Sugar-Coated" by Pamela Gillie Carson and Lavina Fielding Anderson

2:8 August 1982

- "Behind the Scenes: The Joseph Smith III Blessing" by Mark Hofmann, Richard Howard, and Donald Schmidt
- "Zion in Gomorrah, Pt. II" by Gottlieb and Wiley
- "Recent Shifts in the RLDS Conception of Scripture" by William D. Russell
- "Mormon Mushies: Thrills and Spills in the Mormon Adventure Novel" by Carson and Anderson

2:9 September 1982

- "Libertarians Court Mormons" by John Sillito
- "Hunting for LDS Documents" Mark Hofmann interviews
- "Mormon Mushies: A Peck of Pretty Parables Pt. III" by Carson and Anderson
- "ET: Celluloid Savior" by Marty Nabhan

2:10 October 1982

- "Chaim Potok Explores the Dilema of Living in Two Cultures"
- Interview with BYU Bookstore Director Linda Brummett
- "Mormon Mushies, Part IV" (on Mormon Historical Romances) by Carson and Anderson
- Michael Novak's *The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism* reviewed by Eugene England

2:12 December 1982

Richard D. Lamm and Michael McCarthy's *How the West was Sold* reviewed by Peter Wiley

"Living in the Shoe: Life in Large Families"

"The Church International Magazine: A Shortened Stride" by Jose Susurro

James Arrington's *J. Golden* reviewed by Richard H. Cracroft

3:1 March 1983

"Behind the Denver Post Story" by Susan Staker Oman

"BYU Sends Student Paper Walking"

Emma Lou Thayne's *Once in Israel* reviewed by James F. Cartwright

Norman Podhoretz's *Why We Were in Vietnam* reviewed by Alan F. Keele

3:4 & 5 April/May 1983

"Mormon Courts Spotlited" by Thomas Powers

"Love is Not Enough" speech by Arthur Bassett

"B.H. Roberts Society on Discipleship"

"Church, State and Politics"

Mormon Women Speak: A Collection of Essays reviewed by Eugene England

"Wallace Stegner: The Writer as Seer" by Gary Topping

"In Search of the Land of Mormon"

3:6 June 1983

"Plight of the Polygamist"

"Historians Meet at Winter Quarters"

Gene Sessions' *Mormon Thunder: A Documentary History of Jedediah Morgan Grant* reviewed by William D. Russell

3:7 & 8 July/August 1983

"Anti-Mormons Gather for Testimonial"

"Humorists Assault Mormon Piety"

"Mormons Meet the Moonies"

"Is Orrin Hatch Faltering in the Conservative Cause?"

3:9 September 1983

"Reporters Lament General Authority Isolation"

"Access To Church Archives: Penetrating the Silence"

"B.H. Roberts Society: A View of the Church from the Outside"

Peter Brown's *The Cult of the Saints: Its Rise and Function in Latin Christianity* reviewed by Davis Bitton

3:10 October 1983

"Sonia Johnson Makes Bid for President"

"LDS Psychologists Meet to Discuss Sex and the Gospel"

"Gay and Lesbian Mormons Gather in San Francisco"

"Censorship at BYU?"

Keith E. Norman reviews *The Myth of Christian Beginnings, Early Christian: Life in the First Years of the Church, and The First Urban Christians: The Social World of the Apostle Paul*

3:11-12 November-December 1983

"A Moment in Time: JFK's Visit to Utah"

"Innocent Mormons Victims of Scam"

"Hugh Nibley Talks About Contemporary Issues"

"Wall Street Journal Expounds on Church"

4:1 January 1984

"Eldridge Cleaver Baptized"

"Mormons and the CIA"

D. Michael Quinn's *J. Reuben Clark: The Church Years* reviewed by Kenneth L. Cannon II

4:2 February 1984

"Singling out Singles"

"Who's Watching You at BYU"

"BYU Performing Groups: For Whom"

Conversations with Wallace Stegner on Western History and Literature reviewed by Joseph M. Flora

4:3 March 1984

"Helmuth Huebener Play Causes Commotion"

"McConkie Speech Ruffles Local Salt Lake Ministers"

"Mormon Sexuality Discussed at B.H. Roberts Society"

M. Scott Peck's *People of the Lie* reviewed by Robert A. Rees

4:4 April 1984

"General Conference: Whence and Whither"

"The Tanners on Trial"

"BYU Peace Symposium"

The Personal Writings of Joseph Smith reviewed by Jan Shipps



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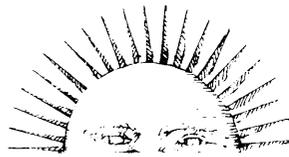
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suggested to him that Consider might be viewed as a wing of the LDS church. "We've tried to be broad-based," he said, to counter that effect.

Such claims were made by Larry La Rocco, chair of Idahoans for the Lottery, who denounced the ecclesiastical influence as unwarranted. "Idahoans don't want to see laws created with only one view involved."

Consider Executive Director Furniss commented at the time, "They [the lottery lobby] have nothing positive to say . . . [but] they're dropping in the polls and they have to say something."

Johnson said he felt that the

allegations had fueled an anti-Mormon reaction. Historically, he said, "if anyone wants to create a diversion to an issue, they kick the Mormons." Although the lottery initiative passed by a narrow 3 percent margin (significantly down from the 60-40 vote two years ago), Johnson suspected that many people had voted for the lottery simply because Mormons opposed it.

"I think we had the lead until this happened," he said. But he reaffirmed the press release Consider gave just after the election, stating that the organization accepted the will of the people.

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3-4 MARCH 1989

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ONE FOLD

CATHOLICS ACCEPT MORMON BAPTISMS

By Hand Carré

In an "official promulgation" on the norms for sacramental practices, Bishop Edward C. O'Leary of the Catholic diocese of Portland, Maine, declared Mormon baptisms to be valid, making their recipients Christians, according to Catholic doctrine. Mark Mutty, director of communications for the diocese, noted that the announcement, made in *The Church World*, 14 April 1988, was a restatement of established Catholic doctrine. Father Paul Stefanko of Portland explained that the criteria for baptismal validity are the method of baptism (immersion, pouring, or sprinkling) and the use of the trinitarian formula.

Mormons meet the criteria, along with Eastern Orthodox, Adventists, Evangelicals, Episcopalians, Baptists, the Polish National church, and many others. "Churches who do not believe in baptism, or whose baptisms are considered invalid include: Christian Scientists, Quakers, Salvation Army, Pentecostal Churches, Church of Divine Science, Unitarian-Universalists, Jehovah's Witnesses," said the article, adding, "the above listing is not intended to be exhaustive."

What does a valid baptism mean in Catholic theology? According to Father Francis Mannion of the Salt Lake diocese, "the doctrine is that any valid baptism brings the person into some kind of relationship with the Catholic Church." But Mormon baptism holds a peculiar place for the scholar of canon law, because although the trinitarian formula is undeniably used, the titles Father, Son, and Holy Ghost have considerably different meanings in Mormon theology. Therefore, said Father Mannion, "the question becomes whether the words alone are efficacious, or whether there has to be one particular kind of belief associated with them."

The issue is unresolved. Father Stefanko noted that Mormon baptisms are determined to be valid chiefly for purposes connected with marriage. The *Canon Law Digest* declares that "the baptism of the

Mormons in relation to the validity of marriage must be held to be valid ; in relation to everything else, however, it is termed "doubtful" (vol. 8 pp. 677-78).

Church tradition establishes certain ramifications when a Catholic marries a non-Catholic; it makes a difference whether the non-Catholic spouse is considered a baptized Christian, since, in order for any Catholic sacrament to be bestowed, the recipient must be baptized. In the sacrament of marriage, the priest functions as a witness to declare the couple man and wife, but the two parties serve as ministers to each other.

In all other Catholic sacraments (e.g., the eucharist, confession, last rites), the priest officiates as the minister, and in order to receive them one must be a member of the Catholic faith. Most non-Catholic Christians who convert to Catholicism go through what is called a "rite of reception into full communion," said Father Mannion, but they do not need to be rebaptized if their former baptism is considered valid.

However, the "doubtful" classification of the LDS baptism makes its case unclear. Father John Hedderman of Salt Lake explained that many Mormons who become Catholics are "conditionally rebaptized"—baptized again in case their Mormon baptism doesn't count. Many canonists, however, feel that this is unnecessary, and that the rite of reception (essentially the equivalent of confirmation) is sufficient. "The issue has been left hanging for a long time," said Father Mannion, "and it needs to be resolved." Father Hedderman noted that the doubtful classification "means that there is some question about it, and where there is doubt you don't take action arbitrarily; there should be serious consideration. Of course, the irony is, Mormons rebaptize everybody."

LDS SINGLE ADULT HOTLINES

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AZ Phoenix	602-230-1455
AZ Tempe	602-986-3321
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CA Chico	916-342-3801
CA Chula Vista	619-421-5422
CA Fairfield	707-426-4950
CA Long Beach	213-498-9205
CA Los Angeles	213-299-7505
CA Los Angeles	213-399-3957
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MO St. Louis	314-997-4676
NV Las Vegas	702-364-5317
NV Reno	702-322-6988
OR Portland	503-244-8585
PA Media	215-565-1151
TX Austin	512-834-1372
TX Houston	713-781-4108
UT Bountiful	801-292-3235
UT Orem	801-225-8444
UT Orem	801-225-5556
UT Salt Lake City	801-966-7116
UT Salt Lake City	801-485-9311
UT Salt Lake City	801-278-6609
WA Seattle	206-632-7220
WA Seattle	206-364-5826
WA Tacoma	206-588-5001



