

SUNSTONE

LEVI PETERSON ON JUANITA BROOKS
KATE KIRKHAM ON INTEGRATION IN THE CHURCH



BEARING THE WEIGHT

KATHLEEN FLAKE



SUNSTONE

MORMON EXPERIENCE, SCHOLARSHIP, ISSUES, AND ART

October 1989

Volume 13:5

Issue 73



SUNSTONE (ISSN 0363-1370) is published by the Sunstone Foundation, a non-profit corporation with no official connection to The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Articles represent the attitudes of the writers only and not necessarily those of the editors or the LDS church.

Manuscripts should be submitted on floppy diskettes, IBM PC compatible and written with Word Perfect format. Manuscripts may also be double-spaced typewritten. Submissions should not exceed nine thousand words and must be accompanied by a signed cover letter giving permission for the manuscript to be filed in the Sunstone Collection at the University of Utah Marriott Library Archives (all literary rights are retained by the author). Unsolicited manuscripts will not be returned; authors will be notified concerning acceptance within sixty days.

SUNSTONE is interested in feature and column length articles relevant to Mormonism from a variety of perspectives; news stories about Mormons and the LDS church are also desired. Send all correspondence and manuscripts to:

SUNSTONE
331 South Rio Grande Street
Suite 30
Salt Lake City, UT 84101-1136
801/355-5926

United States Subscriptions to SUNSTONE are \$32 for twelve issues. International subscriptions are \$45 (U.S.) for Canada and Mexico and for surface mail to all other countries. Airmail subscriptions are \$62 for Europe and South America and \$70 for Asia, Africa, Australia and the Pacific. Bond fide student and missionary subscriptions are \$10 less than the above rates.



This magazine is printed on acid-free paper.

Copyright © 1989 by the Sunstone Foundation.

All rights reserved.

Printed in the United States of America.

2	<i>Our Readers</i>	READERS FORUM
		FEATURES
8	<i>Eliza Roxcy Snow</i>	PSALM: Song of Praise
12	<i>Frank Whaling</i>	THE INTERTWINING OF THE WORLD'S RELIGIONS
16	<i>Marshall Hamilton</i>	THOMAS SHARP'S TURNING POINT: BIRTH OF AN ANTI-MORMON
22	<i>Kira Pratt Davis</i>	THE DEDICATION Second Place, 1987 D.K. Brown Fiction Contest
28	<i>Kate L. Kirkham</i>	CAN WHITES "DO" INTEGRATION?
33	<i>Kathleen Flake</i>	BEARING THE WEIGHT
		POETRY
11	<i>Timothy Liu</i>	THE ELECT
11	<i>Timothy Liu</i>	THE UNTOLD STORY
15	<i>Timothy Liu</i>	THE JOKE
27	<i>Donnell Hunter</i>	IN THE PROGRAM NOTES I FIND MY GRANDMOTHER'S NAME
27	<i>Donnell Hunter</i>	THE DYING MAN
37	<i>Penny Allen</i>	VEGETABLES FROM MY GARDEN
		COLUMNS
5	<i>Elbert Eugene Peck</i>	FROM THE EDITOR Plotting Zion
6	<i>Levi S. Peterson</i>	IN MEMORIAM Juanita Brooks
9	<i>David H. Bailey</i>	TURNING THE TIME OVER TO... Mediocrity, Materialism, and Mormonism
38	<i>Allen D. Roberts</i>	ARTICULTURE Selling the LDS Sacred: A Visit to the LDS Booksellers Convention
51	LIGHTER MINDS Books for the 1989 Christmas Season
		REVIEWS
42	<i>Jessie Embry</i>	AN UNFRUITFUL HISTORY <i>A Fruitful Season: Reflection on the Challenging Years of the Relief Society, 1974-1984</i> by Barbara B. Smith
44	<i>Newell Bringham</i>	A PRACTICAL MAN OF ACTION <i>Joseph Smith III: Pragmatic Prophet</i> by Roger D. Launius
		NEWS
46	<i>Sunstone Correspondents</i>	WOMEN RETREAT FOR SUPPORT, STRENGTH LDS THERAPISTS APPLY MORMON VALUES TO PROFESSION LDS BOOKSELLERS MEET, PLOT, AND PLAN TO EXPAND SUNSPOTS

Cover Doug Himes

SUNSTONE

Founded in 1975
SCOTT KENNEY 1975-1978
ALLEN D. ROBERTS 1978-1980
PEGGY FLETCHER 1978-1986

*Publisher and
Foundation President*
DANIEL H. RECTOR

Editor
ELBERT EUGENE PECK

Associate Editor
MARTI DICKEY ESPLIN

Production Manager
JAN STUCKI

News
HAND CARRÉ

Missionary
HINCKLEY JONES

Advisory Editorial Board

PATRICK BAGLEY, BRIAN BEAN
T.E. BEHREND, fiction; JAY S. BYBEE
DENNIS CLARK, poetry; CONNIE DISNEY
MICHAEL HARWARD, DANIEL MARYON, reviews
PEGGY FLETCHER STACK
Contributing Columnists
ORSON SCOTT CARD, MARIE CORNWALL
KIRA PRATT DAVIS, DORICE WILLIAMS ELLIOTT
MARK GUSTAVSON, MICHAEL HICKS, MARYBETH RAYNES
ROBERT REES, PETER SORENSEN

Cartoonists

CALVIN GRONDAHL, PAT BAGLEY
DANA JACQUES, STEVE KROPP

Symposium Chairs

MOLLY BENNION, Seattle; STEVE ECCLES, Los Angeles
DON GUSTAVSON & PAR RASMUSSEN, Washington, D.C.
TED IZATT, New York
LYNNE KANAVAL WHITESIDES, Salt Lake City

Volunteers

PENNY ALLEN, BARBARA HAUGSON
TERRY TILTON, ROBERT VERNON, TERESA WHITING

U.S. Correspondents

NANCY HARWARD, Newark, De.
JACK & RENEE CARLSON, Potomac, Md.
ALICE ALLRED POTTMAYER, Arlington, Va.
JEFF AND CATHY JARVIS, Richmond
NEAL & REBECCA CHANDLER, Shaker Heights, Oh.
JONATHAN & COLLEEN THOMAS, Chicago
KARL SANDBERG, St. Paul; JOHN DURHAM PETERS, Iowa City
KENT ROBERTS, Dallas; SHERMAN SMOOT, Arvada, Co.
JEFFREY KELLER, Idaho Falls; JOHN COX, Boise
CHARLES SCHMALZ, Burley, Id.; RON PRIDDIS, Salt Lake
ERIN SILVA, San Diego; JOHN & JANET TARIAN, Bakersfield
IRENE BATES, Pacific Palisades; KAREN MOLONEY, Los Angeles
T. EUGENE SHOEMAKER, Sacramento; BONNIE BOBET, Berkeley
MICHAEL PALMER, Hawaii
International Correspondents
PAUL CARPENTER, MARJORIE NEWTON, Australia
WILFRIED DECOO, Belgium
ROGER MORRISON, JAMES F. REA, Canada
JAMES FIELD, WERNER H. HOCK, Germany
WILLIAM P. COLLINS, Israel; IAN BARBER, New Zealand

Board of Trustees

MARTHA S. BRADLEY, chair
KENT FROGLEY, EDWARD L. KIMBALL, BRIAN C. M. GAVIN
GLEN LAMBERT, MARYBETH RAYNES, J. BONNER RITCHIE
DANIEL H. RECTOR, ELBERT EUGENE PECK

National Advisory Board

ALAN ACKROYD, MOLLY BENNION, ROBERT L. BRINTON
BELLAMY BROWN, TONY & ANN CANNON
RICHARD K. CIRCUIT, DOUGLAS CONDIE, D. JAMES CROFT
ROBERT FILLERUP, JEFFREY R. HARDYMAN, SAM HOLMES
REED HUNTER, JERRY KINDRED, GREG KOFFORD
FARRELL LINES, ANN & GARY LOBB, PATRICK MCKENZIE
RONALD L. MOLEN, GRANT OSBORN, JOEL & DIANA PETERSON
STUART POELMAN, HARDY REDD, ELLEN RICHARDSON
ANNETTE ROGERS, JON & MARILYN ROSENLOF
RICHARD SHERLOCK, GEORGE D. SMITH, JR.
NICK SORENSEN, ROY W. SPEAR, RICHARD SOUTHWICK
SAM STEWART, R. JAN STOUT, LORIE WINDER STROMBERG
DAVID USHIO, NOLA W. WALLACE, DENNIS YOUNKSTETTER

READERS FORUM

A PARALLEL OF GREAT PRICE?

I READ WITH great interest Fred Buchanan's article, "Perilous Ponderings" (SUNSTONE 13:3). I have been researching the same things.

He mentioned Oliver Goldsmith's *A History of the Earth and Animated Nature* in which "curlews" and "cummin" are mentioned on the same page. The Book of Mormon also mentions "cureloms and cumoms" on the same page.

However, since Buchanan claims to have an "almost religious commitment to being a 'Scot'" and is "fiercely proud of [his] homeland's traditions," I wonder why he didn't mention James Macpherson's much more famous work, *The Poems of Ossian*.

Like the Book of Mormon, it claims to be the history of an ancient race. Like the Book of Mormon, it tells of many warring factions and battles, written by the warrior chieftan, Fingal, finished and deposited by his son, Ossian, after Fingal's death. Like the Book of Mormon it has an extermination battle in 384 A.D. Whereas the Book of Mormon extermination battle took place on the Hill Cumorah, in New York, *Ossian* has a battle at Mora-cum-Temora (listed as Hill Connor Temora elsewhere). *Ossian* does not have a Moroni, but it does have a Morni. It also has an Alma, a sword of Luno, and many other themes similar to the Book of Mormon. (Also similar to the familiar Solomon Spalding *Manuscript Story*).

Centuries later, in 1827, Joseph Smith claimed to have found and translated the history of the ancient Nephites; around 1762 James Macpherson claimed to have found the history of the ancient Celts in Scotland. Although Macpherson used some genuine manuscripts and oral traditions, time has judged his "history" to be fictitious. In spite of this, and the fact that it is virtually unknown today (although still in print!), it influenced many of the well known classic poets and writers that came after him. His work inspired not only the English, but the Europeans and Americans as well.

It's too bad Buchanan avoided mentioning this "parallel of great price."

PHYLLIS FARKAS
Webster, NY

SEEING THROUGH A LENS DARKLY

I READ WITH interest the article "Perilous Ponderings" by Fred Buchanan (SUNSTONE 13:3). However right though he may be about the etymological vulnerability of the words "Comorah" and "Moroni," I have an alternative hypothesis in which the overarching theme tying these two words together is that of secret societies and not treasure hunting. This hypothesis is immediately stronger because of the explicit concern in the Book of Mormon with this theme. There was much concern with secret societies during Joseph Smith's time and is one of many important ingredients to understanding the mindset of the period. Joseph Smith, according to this hypothesis, absorbed this subject much in the same way he absorbed his concern over religious ideas, he breathed it in through the richly saturated air of his times.

Through acquaintances or written accounts, Joseph learned of an Italian secret society called the Camorra (c. 1820) which is phonetically closer to the Book of Mormon Cumorah than Buchanan's island of Comoro. Whether this information fell into his hands or whether he sought it out is difficult to ascertain. The word Moroni is simply an Italian surname which he may have come across during his study of Italian secret societies. These associations can be further strengthened. Both words were borrowed with little modification. Though the jump from Camorra to Cumorah seems greater, it is less so when one understands that the word *camorra* is Italian for assault with violence. Therefore, in naming the hill Cumorah Joseph tied the site in with the event which gave the hill significance: the violence which is the concluding scene of the Book of Mormon. This is, I believe, a plausible and internally consistent hypothesis as credible as Buchanan's. Both hypotheses are interesting to the scholar but should be relegated to the study of unlikely coincidences, not of the validity of Joseph Smith's claims.

The real interest in Buchanan's essay is not the coincidence he unravels but the current infatuation of Mormon intelligentsia with the Salamander letter and related folk magic view. There is little mystery that seeing through this lens the world suddenly seems shaded a

different hue. Which brings us to a broader concern. In the Mark Hofmann Salamander affair we see condemnation heaped upon nearly everyone. Blame was given to supposedly greedy churchmen who wanted to suppress the folk magic view. Church leaders and members alike were portrayed as gullible or naive. It seems no one escaped except Mormon intellectuals who more than anyone else should have seen through the hoax. But rather than shouldering their responsibility, we are given the excuse that the great genius of the hoax was that it "could have been authentic." Hence, the Mormon intelligentsia proves people cannot escape what they desire. There were people who felt the document was a fraud before absolute proof emerged. Historian A.J. Simmons at Utah State University, who is not a member of the Church, simply stated that he wasn't sure if it was a nineteenth or a twentieth century forgery. Unlike his Mormon counterparts, he was apparently unimpressed by the supposed genius of the document.

The desire of Mormon scholars to preempt the Church's critics is perhaps not totally unjustifiable. But the time has come to stop treating the Salamander letter as if it were real-

ity and to view Joseph Smith through a medium larger than the microscope of money-digging and related folk magic.

Fred Buchanan, momentarily blinded by the fervor over Joseph Smith's money-digging activities and associated folk magic practices, provides us a good example of how this recent acquisition of knowledge, instead of broadening our understanding of Joseph's contribution, has nearly eclipsed it.

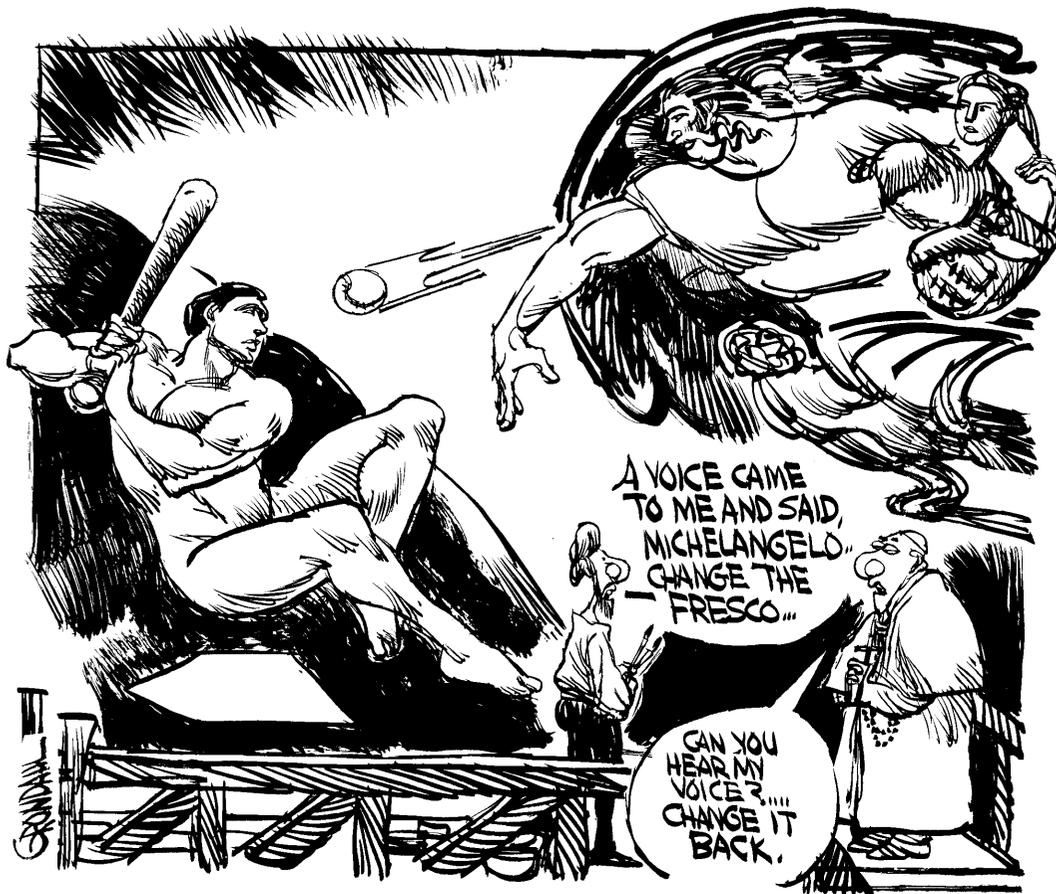
BRAD TEARE
Cornwall Bridge, CT

A VERY DISTANT VIEW

HUGH NIBLEY'S "What Is Zion? A Distant View" (SUNSTONE 13:2) was right on the mark. I was haunted by his statement that "One of the disturbing things about Zion is that its appeal, according to the scriptures, is all to the poor." One of my first real disillusionments with the Church came about ten years after I joined, when I was a brand new, zealous and idealistic seventy. A General Authority spoke at a stake conference priesthood leadership session in which he told us about the Lord's plan for expanding the

Church into all the world. The gist of the talk was that only two countries "paid their own way" in the Church, and in poorer countries the missionary effort was aimed at the more accomplished segments of society to provide local leadership and to control demand on Church financial resources. Orderly growth was the Lord's plan. I recall thinking this was also a good plan for franchising fast food restaurants, but I accepted what I'd heard as God's wisdom and suppressed my gut reaction.

A few years later I was contemplating a job in Surinam, South America. Finding that the Church wasn't organized there I contacted Church headquarters and suggested that if I did move there I could, perhaps, become the nucleus for a branch and eventual missionary work. I received a call from another General Authority who counseled along these lines: The people of Surinam were idlers and consequently impoverished. They would flock to the Church for its relief program. The Church was working on the Lord's timetable, and when the spirit of the work ethic penetrated that realm the missionaries would not be far behind. This sounded like a good approach for siting a factory requiring semi-



skilled labor. He also offered me some sound personal advice about the inadvisability of taking a job in that country because I would not be able to bring my salary savings back to the U.S. if I returned. He cautioned me that I'd be taking my family into an underdeveloped tropical area with essentially no health care. That was good advice and I withdrew my application, but I wondered whether someone had comforted the incarcerated John the Baptist by falsely telling him that the gospel was being preached to the poor.

I wonder if Nibley is aware of how much his view of Zion is in tune with Francis of Assisi's vision of the Kingdom of God? As Murray Bodo recounts the legend of the Franciscan vision, "one day while Francis was praying fervently to God, he receives his answer. 'Oh, Francis, if you want to know my will, you will have to hate and detest everything which until this moment you have loved and longed to make your own. And once you begin to do this, everything that previously seemed sweet and pleasant to you will become bitter and unbearable; and the things you once shuddered over will bring you great sweetness and you will be at peace'" (*The Way of St. Francis*, 12). Francis obeyed, embraced Lady Poverty, and found the Kingdom of God in her Bosom.

Bodo commented, Nibley-like, that "it is not what we do that brings about the Kingdom, but what we embrace that God might dwell among us." Francis's rejection of property and ownership was "a way of acting, a way of choosing, rather than a passive victimhood that lets things happen to him. It is love and not . . . self hatred," according to Bodo. When Nibley cited Brigham Young's praise for the angelic work of those who "travel the earth over, preach the Gospel without purse or scrip" he is speaking of those who labored under the missionary rule (D&C 84:77-91, 105). The rule of St. Francis is identical to this rule, which was also the rule of the original Twelve according to St. Francis and Doctrine and Covenants 84:77 and 108.

Surely it is no accident that Christianity's apostolic legacy, the spiritual renewal of Catholicism in the High Middle Ages, and the powerful first generation of Latter-day Saint leaders are all associated with the influence of men living part of their lives according to this rule. There seems to be great spiritual power in living in total dependence on God's daily grace. Living daily in total rejection of one's allegiance to Babylon, whether it be of the capitalist or communist persuasion, by rejecting the material security it offers, places one daily in God's presence: Zion. Who

among us will be the first to sell and give all to the poor?

When will Zion come? Alas, for me it is a very, very distant view.

ABRAHAM VAN LUIK
Chantilly, VA

IF IT'S NOT BROKE . . .

I ATTENDED THE 1989 Salt Lake Symposium session on "Why Women Shouldn't Want This Priesthood" and would like to add my alternate voice on behalf of the millions of unsuspecting women who are not aware of the danger they are in. (Many of us didn't even know that there is a group of women advocating that we receive the priesthood.) The Lord has been known to grant the wishes of petitioners who keep on pestering him, even for dumb things (see Jacob 4:4). Thanks to the feminists of the last decade women now "have it all"—all the office work and all the housework. In *The Second Shift*, Arlie Hochschild's thesis is that in normal two-career marriages, most men—even those who talk equality—do not really do much child rearing, cooking, cleaning, food shopping, or enough other chores to count. According to *Time* magazine, what Hochschild describes, in fact, is so gloomy, at least for two-career couples who are trying to raise children, that the information should be withheld from the young, or the race may not reproduce. It may not anyway, since the two-career marriage means the certain end of week-day sex, and toil-sharing men are known to be subject to Saturday night headaches.

Now, with the discussion about women holding the priesthood, I ask: "Can women handle a third shift?"—bishopric meetings, quorum activities, world-wide stake conferences, etc. Every day I give thanks for the blessings of non-priesthood. I take it as a compliment that as a woman I already embody the virtues of priesthood and don't have to go through the discipline men are given in order to bring them up to our standard. Priesthood is a service organization. Women serve naturally—men have to be taught. Women already do more than their share of housework and church work. If women held the priesthood, they would soon be exercising it better than men do, and then we really would need polygamy.

This brings us to the basic problem—the innate differences between the sexes. Many feminists deny any such differences, attributing almost everything to nurture. There are

psychological studies which demonstrate innate differences between boys and girls. One recent scientific study indicates that even our genes are differentiated. A 7 August 1989 *Time* article, "Sexy Genes," says that there may be many more differences in male and female genes than previously thought. Except for the sex chromosomes, genes had been believed to be interchangeable. Not anymore. "This is just absolutely mind boggling," said Judith Hall, a geneticist from the University of British Columbia. "It's a new way of thinking."

To explore my argument, please assume psychological differences include: the male is more aggressive, competitive, decisive, domineering, likes power more than women do, and has a more sensitive ego. If the priesthood didn't appeal to a man's natural desire for power, ego status, and dominance, he would likely revert to what men do naturally—watch football, go hunting, fishing, drink beer, and chase women.

When I see a man exercising his priesthood as outlined in Doctrine and Covenants 121:41-42, I say hurrah and hallelujah. Such a man is a jewel to be prized and appreciated, but he is no more advanced spiritually than a woman who properly exercises her feminine nature in pursuit of spiritual and intellectual progress.

Women should welcome the power that can give men the kind of masculinity that women love. Women are not happy with wimpy men. They like the strength and protection of a strong masculine man. If women "horn in" on the priesthood, they will be shooting themselves in the foot. It would only lead to a power struggle which unfortunately women would win because they are naturally better at priesthooding than men. Men's sensitive egos could not take the loss, they would turn to other pursuits which they could win.

Let me close with another cliché: if it ain't broke, don't fix it.

ANN PEREZ
Tijuana, Mexico

SUNSTONE WELCOMES CORRESPONDENCE. LETTERS FOR PUBLICATION SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO "READERS FORUM." WE EDIT FOR SPACE, CLARITY, AND TONE. ☺

FROM THE EDITOR

PLOTTING ZION

By Elbert Eugene Peck

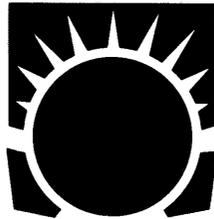
AS A TEENAGER enchanted by the idealism of the sixties, Terry Warner's promise that

if you are young, uncynical, and idealistic. . . . everything in life that seems to you good—whether culturally, or intellectually, or aesthetically, or socially, or economically, or creatively, or medicinally, or athletically, or in any other way, good—is infinitely better . . . through the power of Christ.¹

deeply touched me and helped direct my utopian quest through religion.

Six years later as a result of reading *The Autobiography of Parley P. Pratt* while my missionary companion drove through the deserts of Nevada, my idealism became framed in the LDS millennial desire for Zion—God's peaceful kingdom. I saw the current Church as Zion in embryo; as described in the parables it would grow and mature and eventually become the celestial kingdom on earth, with branches strong enough for the eagles of the world to nest on. This progressing vision of the Church gave me patience with the current infant organization and directed my zeal in helping to "establish" its destiny.

Since then, Zion, more than any other concept, has informed and motivated my public and private thoughts and activities: study groups; countless priesthood lessons with abundant handouts; fanatical and depressing quests for a pure heart; the discovery of God's Grace; political science and public administration degrees; compulsive personal studies, including city planning and community building, bureaucracy and revelation, theocracy and participative leadership, meditation and ritual, unity and diversity, materialism and the poor, and the dynamic between the individual and the community. Hence, it comes as no surprise to my friends that Sunstone is co-sponsoring a conference on Zion.



CALL FOR PROPOSALS

PLOTTING ZION

3-5 MAY 1990
EXCELSIOR HOTEL
PROVO, UTAH

SPONSORED BY
THE SUNSTONE FOUNDATION
AND
THE NATIONAL HISTORIC
COMMUNAL SOCIETIES
ASSOCIATION

This coming May we're hosting an interdisciplinary conference exploring Mormon communitarianism. We've titled the conference "Plotting Zion," playing on the different definitions of "plot"—outline, storyline, plan, conspire, scheme, graph, chart, map out. I hope that all those things occur at the conference: we'll tell the story of LDS communitarian experiments, we'll chart the twentieth century challenges to creating better community, we'll outline the theological vision, and we'll map out possibilities for building better religious communities and

individuals, and there probably will be some hallway scheming.

Since the conference is co-sponsored by the National Historic Communal Societies Association (Pacific Coast Chapter) there will be sessions considering other communitarian movements, providing useful comparisons. But this is *not* a historical conference. We solicit insights from all academic disciplines: sociology, psychology, science, theology, philosophy, history, political science, organizational behavior, anthropology, economics, humanities, and the arts—any presentation that can better our understanding of how to build community and "to live together in love" (D&C 42:45).

In the Mormon spirit of "The Gathering," this conference provides a chance for interested Saints to meet and strengthen their desires and thoughts about how to build God's earthly kingdom with the challenges of the twentieth and twenty-first centuries. By embracing insights outside of the boundaries of traditional Mormonism, "Plotting Zion" has the potential of stretching our thinking beyond the standard nineteenth-century categories and well-worn analyses. I hope it will prove to be a watershed in Mormon thinking on this topic. Of course, Sunstone plans on publishing the best presentations.

The conference will be held at the Excelsior Hotel in Provo, Utah, on May 3-5 (Thursday night, all-day Friday and Saturday). Write and let us know if you want to receive registration information; please tell others who might be interested or send us their names and addresses.

The LDS church has a long way to go before it gathers from all diverse good sources God's revelations on how flawed mortals can live together and practices them, blessing the world by its example. Thankfully, God's genius in establishing the Church with a theology and a history questing for the ideal millennial community prevents Mormonism from lapsing into a permanent contentedness at its current level of Christian living. Because of that commanding mission, I believe we will indeed help create a society on earth where people are of one heart, one mind, dwell in righteousness, and have no poor. And when that happens I really believe the heaven above will come down and meet the heaven below and Christ and his people will be one. ☪

NOTE

1. C. Terry Warner, "If You Are Young, Uncynical, and Idealistic—There is a Way to Realize Your Dreams," *Speeches of the Year* [BYU Devotional, 17 February 1970] (Provo, UT: BYU Press), 11.

IN MEMORIAM

JUANITA BROOKS

By Levi S. Peterson

JUANITA BROOKS was born 15 January 1898 in Bunkerville, Nevada, a village culturally connected to that arid southwestern corner of Utah called Dixie. Her parents were Henry Leavitt and Mary Hafen. During her childhood, Bunkerville was little changed from frontier conditions, a fact which contributed to her later achievement as a historian of pioneer Dixie. Juanita died on Saturday, 26 August 1989, after a long debility from Alzheimer's disease. I felt greatly honored to be asked to speak at her funeral in the St. George tabernacle on the following Wednesday. I will here relate what I learned from that experience. I will also review Juanita's accomplishments, hopeful that this essay will serve as a tribute to her.

When I began research for my biography of Juanita in 1985, she already lay in a near coma and could contribute nothing to my work. It seemed to me, as it did to many others, that nature had paid a particular affront to the human species by destroying the mind of this remarkable woman without according her the mercy of a timely death. Sometimes I fancied only a subliminal perversity kept her alive. On the day before she died, a friend asked me how long she might last. "Who knows?" I said. "She was always tough and tenacious, and it would be just like her to hang on for another five years." The next day her daughter phoned, saying Juanita had "slipped away" during the early morning. After Willa had hung up, an image entered my mind. About a month earlier, my wife Althea and I had climbed to Angels Landing in Zion Park. While we toiled up the final precarious half mile, we heard the exultant cry of a high-circling hawk. I think on the morning of her death the spirit of Juanita Brooks, ascending at last from an atrophied body, emitted a similar cry of exultation.

On the day before the funeral Althea and I drove from Ogden to St. George on the fast, uncrowded lanes of Interstate 15, which follows the route of the now supplanted Highway 91. Our destination, Juanita's home

for most of her adult life, reminded me less of her than did the open land through which we passed en route. A growing retirement city, St. George reflects the entrepreneurial spirit of Los Angeles, fully accoutred with subdivisions, condominiums, and smog. The spirit of Juanita Brooks is not urban. When Juanita first traveled it, Highway 91 was unpaved south of Nephi. Today, the interstate still passes through broad, uninhabited sagebrush valleys, skirts timbered mountains, and offers vistas of sun, sky, and cloud. As I drove to Juanita's funeral, the beauty of southern Utah both comforted and grieved me. I was awake to the land's eloquent promises but keenly aware of my limited prerogative to own and exploit them. Juanita's passing had shaken me from the lethargy of the routine. It had reminded me that my tenure on the blessed earth is brief and unutterably precious.

The next morning Althea and I went to the viewing at a St. George mortuary, accompanied by my brother Charles, who had known Juanita longer and better than I. There we expressed our condolences to Juanita's children and their spouses, who stood in a long line near the casket. A gathering of intelligent, good-willed human beings, they were living proof of Juanita's unflagging devotion to family. In 1919, Juanita Leavitt married Ernest Pulsipher, who died of cancer less than a year and a half later. A son was born of this union. An impoverished but plucky Juanita Pulsipher pursued an education, acquiring a bachelor's degree from BYU and a master's from Columbia. Securing a position at Dixie College in St. George, she became an instructor of English and debate and later the dean of women. In 1933 she resigned from the college to marry widower Will Brooks, with whom she composed a compound-complex family, as she liked to call it. From the beginning there were her son, Ernest, and Will's four sons, Walter, Robert, Grant, and Clair. Quickly the couple added a daughter, Willa, and three other sons, Karl, Kay, and Tony. Only Grant, who died in 1955, was

absent from Juanita's viewing. In his place stood his widow, Maxine, with her present husband, Jesse Phillips. That this remarried sister-in-law retains her place among the Brookses is indicative of the magnetic force of family which Juanita and Will exerted. I will add that Will, who died in 1970, was the most affectionate and congenial of men.

Ordinarily I dislike looking at a corpse. In Juanita's case, I seemed unable to finish looking. She was remarkably serene, remarkably like herself. Her beaked nose, her stubbornly set jaw were precisely from life. She wore the white, pleated robe and green apron of the temple, marks of the faithful Mormon she had always insisted she was. Willa, who stood next to the casket, stroked her hair, saying, "Isn't it beautiful?" Truly it was. It was black, streaked by white, and delicately waved. Willa spoke bravely yet struggled against tears. Why did she weep when Juanita had at last been released from her ruined body? The answer, of course, is that funerals are never happy, not even when they follow a death long overdue. That body had persisted as a concrete reminder, a palpable symbol, of the vital, loving person Juanita had once been, and now, dear even in its ruin, it had to be relinquished to the earth from which it came.

The funeral began at eleven. Grandsons and nephews bore the casket into the tabernacle, followed by a mass of relatives who seated themselves in reserved front pews. Except for the balcony, the historic building was full. The sun cast an opulent light through great high windows. The pulpit, from which it is said all presidents of the Church except Joseph Smith have preached, loomed before the congregation. The All Seeing Eye, an icon attached high on the wall behind the pulpit, stared down upon the gathering. In 1906, the eight-year-old Juanita had first entered this famous hall and noted how the large, mysterious eye seemed to follow her no matter where she positioned herself.

The proceedings were largely a family affair. Juanita's son, Kay, a bishop from Mapleton, directed the service. The invocation was offered by a son, Walter, the benediction by a brother, Francis. A friend sang "Lead, Kindly Light," significant to those who knew Juanita. On a lonely September evening in 1928 when she had first arrived at Columbia University, Juanita threw open her window and heard the comforting strains of "Lead, Kindly Light" from the carillon of a nearby church. She resolved to listen to vespers every evening thereafter, and when, nearly a year later, she returned safely home to her son and parents, she carried with her an indelible

fondness for that beautiful hymn.

I was the first speaker. Five others, Juanita's children, followed. Clair, Tony, Willa, and Karl reminisced affectionately. Clair spoke of the time Juanita had ministered to his sunburned back soon after her wedding to Will; at that instant, the thirty-five year old woman and the eight-year-old boy bonded to one another as surely as if she had carried him in her womb. Willa spoke of the Christian care Juanita gave an ailing, aged neighbor. Tony recalled how he had returned home in tears because other children had said he would belong to Juanita's first husband in the Hereafter. It was true that Juanita had been sealed to Ernest Pulsipher in a temple marriage; according to a common Latter-day Saint belief, the children she bore with Will would be aligned with her eternal mate. Juanita calmed Tony by assuring him the matter was of no practical importance because God would adjudicate it for the good of all. Karl remembered his mother as an exacting teacher of English after she had rejoined the faculty of Dixie College during the 1950s. She once gave him a C on a theme, and he asked why. She answered, "Because I didn't want to give you a D." Finally, Kay, a bishop, as I have said, appropriately concluded the funeral with a brief and moving sermon on the resurrection.

As for my remarks, I began them with ambivalent feelings. The truth is that, while writing Juanita's biography, I had often fantasized about speaking at her funeral. I fancied that I could somehow declare her achievement more forcefully amidst the fervent emotions a funeral arouses. But as I composed my remarks during the several days preceding the funeral, I realized I had absolutely nothing to say that I had not already expressed many times over in print and in speech, and I doubted that a congregation composed of Juanita's relatives and friends stood in need of any special persuasion as to her significance. As I delivered my speech, however, an intuition of its propriety came over me, and by the time my wife and I had attended the interment at the cemetery and had participated in that most benign of Mormon customs, the funeral dinner provided by the local Relief Society, I had realized that, yes, Juanita's professional achievement requires a constant reiteration and defense among her fellow Mormons. Juanita was, after all, a rebel among a people who valued conformity above almost every other virtue. From all appearances, her descendants are devout, church-going Latter-day Saints. I think her children, knowing her personally, had no reason to doubt her loyalty to Mormonism.

I'm not sure her grandchildren and great-grandchildren, when they first learn of it, do not find her express defiance of a president of the Church disloyal and shocking. I hope my speech helped assure them of her faithfulness to the Latter-day Saint cause.

I will briefly summarize my remarks. After she married Will Brooks in 1933, Juanita compensated for her interrupted academic career by becoming a historian of her native region. Though she always thought of herself as an amateur, her achievement was that of a professional. She was exceptionally good at locating pioneer diaries, which she collected as a field agent for the WPA and the Huntington Library. She edited a number of pioneer diaries, those of John D. Lee and Hosea Stout being of first rank. She wrote numerous essays, articles, and sketches about the history of Dixie; of special note were her *Harper's* essays on polygamy and desert irrigation and her articles about Jacob Hamblin and the Indians of southern Utah. She authored a variety of family narratives, including a biography of her pioneer grandfather, Dudley Leavitt, and her own autobiography, *Quicksand and Cactus*. She served twenty-four years on the board of the Utah Historical Society. She traveled widely in Utah, usually at her own expense, to deliver speeches on historical topics and gave generous research assistance to many scholars.

It was Juanita's elaboration of a single complex theme within the history of Dixie which made her into, not merely a respected historian, but an authentic Utah hero. That theme was the Mountain Meadows massacre and the consequent scapegoating of John D. Lee. Her history, *The Mountain Meadows Massacre* (1950), and her biography, *John Doyle Lee: Zealot, Pioneer Builder, Scapegoat* (1961), demonstrated that Mormon militia, acting upon prior orders, assisted Indians in the treacherous massacre of nearly a hundred California-bound emigrants in 1857 and that Lee, excommunicated from the Church and tried and executed for the massacre, was unjustly singled out from among a number of responsible officers.

Juanita feared from the beginning that this subject endangered her standing in the Church. Most Latter-day Saints, eager to preserve the good name of the Church, believed it better to let the massacre slip into the oblivion of the past. As the publication of her history of the bloody event approached in 1950, her non-Mormon publisher asked for her response to the possibility of excommunication. She replied: "I do not want to be excommunicated from my church for many

reasons, but if that is the price that I must pay for intellectual honesty, I shall pay it—I hope without bitterness!" I think we can scarcely conceive of the courage required of Juanita, enmeshed in a large and loving Mormon family, to write those words. Confronted by two great virtues which had come into conflict—the good name of the Church on the one hand and truth on the other—Juanita chose truth.

Although Juanita was not excommunicated for her history of the massacre, she resented bitterly the atmosphere of disgrace which descended upon her and her loyal husband. With great excitement, therefore, she learned, in the spring of 1961, that the First Presidency had ordered the posthumous reinstatement of John D. Lee to his former status in the Church. Feeling vindicated, Juanita wanted to include the reinstatement in her biography of Lee, which was at that very moment in process of publication. President David O. McKay assigned Elder Delbert Stapley to dissuade Juanita; he would, he threatened, rescind the reinstatement should Juanita publish it. Ultimately an agonized Juanita decided to include the reinstatement, knowing that her decision put her into the greatest jeopardy of excommunication of her entire life. She did so not from mere stubbornness but from a sense that, in the case of a prominent public figure like John D. Lee, the suppression of an important fact was a violation of the integrity of all who knew of that suppression. Time has proven Juanita's instinct sound on this matter. Happily she was not excommunicated, nor was the reinstatement rescinded, and readers of her biography, Mormon and non-Mormon alike, have universally congratulated, rather than condemned, the Church for the reinstatement.

In all of this, Juanita became something larger and greater than simply a respectable historian, as I reminded those who attended her funeral. For the numerous Mormons who, early or late, have accepted her interpretation of the massacre, she has served as a tragedian and a shriver. She has confronted us with grisly, disillusioning facts, roused us to grief and vicarious contrition, then led us to understanding and forgiveness of our errant ancestors. Equally important, this courageous little housewife inspired and encouraged non-conformists and protesters of all varieties among the Mormons. Her files are replete with letters and manuscripts from dissenters on both the fundamentalist and liberal sides of Mormonism, some timid and secretive, others angry and bold. Unquestionably, Juanita Brooks will remain famous as one of the

foremost champions of free inquiry and open debate in the history of Mormonism.

I hope I left this point in the minds and hearts of Juanita's young descendants as I concluded my remarks at her funeral: in no sense of the word was she an apostate. She loved the Church and valued her membership in it enormously. Dissent does not necessarily mean apostasy. There is such a thing as loyal

opposition. Organizations desperately need loyal opposition. Without it, they become complacent and autocratic. In her preface to the history of the massacre, Juanita wrote: "This study is not designed either to smear or to clear any individual; its purpose is to present the truth. I feel sure that nothing but the truth can be good enough for the church to which I belong."² God grant that such

integrity may long flourish among the Mormons. ☞

NOTES

1. Juanita Brooks to Donald Bean, 11 July 1949. Operational Files, Stanford University Press.

2. Juanita Brooks, *The Mountain Meadows Massacre* (Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press, 1950), vi.

PSALM

SONG OF PRAISE*

I will praise Thee, O my God.

In the midst of the daughters of Zion—in the presence of the honorable Judges in Israel, I will exalt Thy name.

The first fruits of all the nations of the earth, are here—Thou hast associated me with choice spirits, even those who have done nobly from the beginning.

Thou hast cast my lot with those whose faith is more precious than all the glittering treasures which our small mother Earth is now folding in her bosom; and whose integrity is a brighter ornament than the most brilliant diadem that ever decorated the head of an earthly monarch.

Thou hast imparted to me a portion of the pure oil of gladness, even thy Spirit, which creates in my bosom, a perpetual fountain of joy; and which constitutes both the law of affinity and the power of attraction, to lift my heart upwards, and give me faith and confidence, to trust in Thee.

Thou hast committed to thy servants, the key of knowledge with which they have unlock'd the treasures of wisdom & understanding, and have opened the fountains of light to this generation.

Thou hast delivered Thy people—Thou hast led them forth from under the hand of oppression; and although they sacrificed their rightful possessions in the lands of their nativity; they know that the cattle upon the thousand western hills—the earth and the fulness thereof, are Thine; and they rejoice in the deliverance which Thou hast wrought out for them.

Thou didst sustain Thy Saints in the midst of the ordeal of affliction—Thou hast brought them forth from the fiery furnace.

As Thy Son Ahman stood by the three Hebrews, who anciently were cast into the flames according to the edict of Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon; as Thou Ahman wast in the midst of Thy people, the Latter-day Saints—they have come forth unhurt, and the smell of fire is not on their garments.

Those who have turned their backs on their brethren, have perished; and those that have halted by the way, thro' fear, have been enticed to revel at the waters of Lethe until the dark shadows of Oblivion have swallowed them up forever!

But those that adhered to Thy statutes and have maintained their steadfastness in the sacred covenants of the Holy Priesthood; have been led forth from the foaming vortex of mobocracy and from the contaminating corruptions of the nations—they have landed safely on the terra-firma of peace—their feet are established on the mountains of Israel, the chambers of the West; in the strongholds which Thou Ahman, had prepared for them with the strength of the everlasting hills—the munition of rocks for their bulwark and defence.

Thou has placed the sceptre of Government in the hand of Thine anointed, even Thy servant Brigham, on whom has fallen the mantle of Joseph. Thou hast endowed him with knowledge & understanding—His councillors are men of wisdom—his administration is that of justice and equity; and Thy people dwell safely, and rejoice in the multitude of blessings of the reign of peace.

Well may Thy praises resound throughout all the rich vallies of Ephraim; and let the lofty snow-crown'd mountains reverberate with shouts of hosanna to Thy name.

I rejoice in Thy statutes and in the holy ordinances of Thy House—my lips shall praise Thee in the social assemblies of Thy Saints.

In the silent meditations of the night, when my thoughts reach after thee, and when the vision of my mind seems to penetrate the dark curtain of mortality; I am swallowed up in the contemplations of Thy greatness & majesty, and the condescensions of Thy love for Thy degenerate children.

Then I feel to say in my heart; although it might be through the furnace of affliction—though it should be by draining the cup of bitterness to the dregs, if that, in Thy wisdom, is deemed necessary, to purify and prepare me; let me be prepared, that I may behold Thy face—that I may come up and dwell in Thy presence.

Then, and not till then will my soul be fully satisfied, O, my God, Adam, Ahman, the King, the Lord of Hosts.

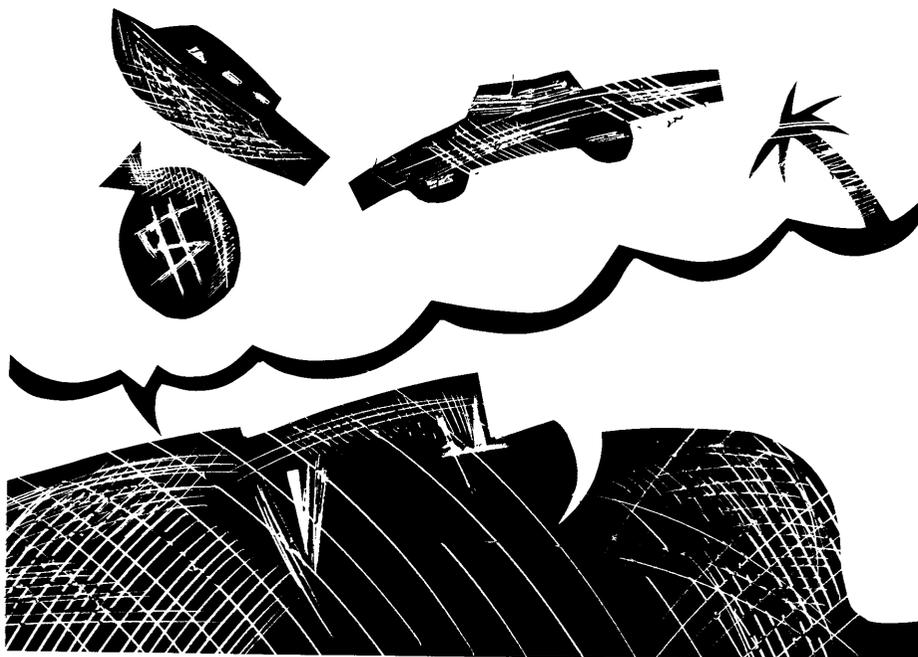
—ELIZA R. SNOW

* ELIZA ROXCY SNOW. Diary and Notebook, 1842 ff., holograph. Relief Society General Presidency Vault, Relief Society Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, photocopy in LDS Church Archives. Published in *Deseret News*, 25 April 1855, and *St. Louis Luminary*, 1 September 1855. This was text prepared from the original by Maureen Ursenbach Beecher. The word Adam in the last line appears in the *Deseret News* version but is not in the holograph. The poem was first read before the Polysophical Society, Salt Lake City, 6 February 1855.

TURNING THE TIME OVER TO . . .

David H. Bailey

MEDIOCRITY, MATERIALISM, AND MORMONISM



MEDIOCRITY

ONE BANE OF modern American society is the increasing tendency to be content with mediocre levels of performance and achievement in a wide range of endeavors. This trend is particularly noticeable in the academic arena, as evidenced by declining scores on achievement tests, increasing high school dropout rates, and a rising tendency for both institutions and students to restrict education to minimal, utilitarian, watered-down course work, seriously compromising the ideal of academic excellence.

Five years ago a national commission released the stinging report "A Nation at Risk"

DAVID H. BAILEY is a computer scientist at NASA Ames Research Center in Mountain View, California.

which concluded that "the educational foundations of our society are presently being eroded by a rising tide of mediocrity that threatens our very future."¹ Although much effort has been made to reverse this trend in the intervening years, progress has been disappointing. For example, in a recent study comparing U.S. elementary and secondary school students with those of other countries, the performance of the U.S. students in mathematics ranked eighteenth out of the twenty countries studied.² In another study of basic geographic knowledge, eighteen to twenty-four-year-old Americans ranked last out of the nine nations studied.³ Similar discouraging results have been reported in other fields, such as economics and foreign languages.

Although all fields have suffered to some extent, science and engineering have been

particularly hard hit. One manifestation of this problem is the sharp decline of students entering these fields in recent years. For example, the number of freshmen university students entering fields of engineering has dropped 25 percent since 1982. The number of freshmen selecting computer science has dropped a precipitous 64 percent since 1982.⁴

The decline is particularly pronounced at the masters and doctorate levels. It appears that American students are opting to seek employment immediately upon graduating with a bachelor's degree. One consequence is that universities are turning more and more to the large pool of qualified foreign students, particularly for graduate programs. In some fields, such as computer engineering, over 50 percent of the recent Ph.D. graduates of U.S. universities are foreign nationals. A related consequence is that many U.S. high-technology research centers are becoming highly dependent on foreign scientists.⁵

One reason that the declines in the fields of science and engineering are so significant is that most of these fields have experienced strong demand for new graduates at all levels. Thus it clearly cannot be argued that these trends are driven by job market forces. Rather, a fundamental shift of values is taking place in U.S. society.

Some of the other results of Alexander Astin's freshman study shed light on this shift of values. When asked in 1977 which objectives they consider to be essential or very important in life, 59 percent of university freshmen listed "developing a meaningful philosophy of life." By fall 1987, this number had dropped to only 39 percent. The number selecting "making a theoretical contribution to science" and "writing original works of literature" also have declined. The principal item in this category showing significant increase was the desire to "be very well off financially" (note the word *very*), which was selected by 76 percent in 1987, up from only 58 percent in 1977.⁶

MATERIALISM

IT is ironic that materialism is on the rise in the U.S. at a time when it should be obvious to everyone that we are not as wealthy as we once were, and that the upcoming generation will be hard-pressed to achieve the same level of material wealth as their parents. This trend is evidently related with the rise of mediocrity. Since Americans no longer take much pride in the excellence of their skills and knowledge, many may be turning to the pursuit of material wealth in a pathetic

attempt to fill the vacuum.

Some clarification is in order here. In criticizing materialism, I do not wish to imply that possessing wealth by itself is evil. Indeed, many of those fortunate enough to be unusually wealthy have done much good with this wealth. Further, I do not object to such persons living in a manner that is commensurate with their wealth, within limits. What I mean by materialism is the pervasive trend in U.S. society for persons of all income levels to consume extravagantly, frequently beyond their means, to equate status in society with the level of material wealth, and to consider the acquisition of material wealth as the highest priority. This trend is manifest in many ways, from the rising popularity of luxury sports cars to the transformation of the tedious chore of shopping into a favored recreational pastime.

Particularly serious is the extent to which the current high level of material consumption is financed by staggering amounts of public and private debt. Indeed, consumer debt is at an all-time high, and the consumer savings rate is near an all-time low. The U.S. national debt should also be mentioned—the result of chronic federal spending beyond the level at which the public is willing to be taxed. The national debt now totals nearly three trillion dollars, or about \$12,000 for every man, woman, and child in the country. More than half of this amount has accrued during the last six years.

Some suggest that these embarrassing economic statistics are the result of incompetent national leadership, and that if only the right president were elected, or if only the right formula of economic stimulus were applied, then all problems would vanish. If we are looking for someone to blame for spendthrift habits, we only need to look to ourselves. After all, it is we who have elected and re-elected politicians who promise increased spending and decreased taxes. It is we who have slavishly followed the direction of Madison Avenue to consume extravagantly. It is we who have borrowed to spend now instead of saving for the future. And it is we who have defined one's standing in society in terms of material wealth.

THE MORMON SUBCULTURE

IN his book *Rocky Mountain Empire*, Samuel W. Taylor concludes his historical overview of the modern LDS church with a chapter entitled "Latter-day Profits." He described how in the aftermath of the polygamy ordeal, the Church abandoned several

of its distinctive practices, not just polygamy but also its communitarian economic system. He then argues that the Church, in its struggle to gain respectability, elevated public commerce and capitalism to the level of desirable ideals and then beat the government at its own game—making money.⁷ Whether or not one agrees with Taylor's conclusions, it is certainly true that the Church's emphasis on wealth, both institutionally and individually, has come before the public eye in recent years.⁸ Especially distressing are the instances in which Mormons have publicly flaunted their wealth or have become involved in unethical financial dealings.

Utah has a reputation in financial circles as the American investment fraud capital. It is true that in some cases naive Mormons have placed their trust in unscrupulous investment purveyors who were not LDS. However, even in such cases it must be acknowledged that the desire on the part of the investors to make a quick "killing" was an important factor. And there are many other cases where both the perpetrators and victims were "good" Mormons.

It is clear that the younger generation of Mormonism is picking up the values of the older generation. J. R. Kearl, the dean of Honors and General Education at BYU, has lamented "It's pretty clear that we have a student body who come here only for job training. They're bright, they're capable, but they're not interested in liberal arts. I visit high schools in an effort to help recruit good students: 'Tell me about your dreams and aspirations and hopes.' It's always 'money and a job.' None of them dream of becoming educated people."⁹

It is true that Mormonism, more than most other faiths, has emphasized the need for temporal well-being and has recognized that building the kingdom of God requires substantial resources. Additionally, with the pervasive influence of materialism permeating the larger society, it is perhaps inevitable that Mormons would follow the same trend. Nevertheless, the present emphasis on material prosperity in the LDS church is puzzling in light of scriptures, both ancient and modern, in which its members profess belief (see 1 Timothy 6:10, 2 Nephi 9:30, Mormon 8:37).

While many people recognize that the Church is increasingly preoccupied with wealth, many point to its high levels of achievement in education and in academic professions. For example, in one study Utah ranked first among the fifty states in the percentage of the population over twenty-five

with a high school diploma, and first in the percentage of the population with between one and three years of college.¹⁰ In Hardy's 1974 study of the social origin of American scientists and scholars, Utah ranked third among the fifty states in production of physical scientists, first in biological scientists, first in social scientists, and first in all fields combined.¹¹ These statistics are based on a weighted percentage of the number of baccalaureate graduates who go on to receive a doctorate in the specified field.

However, there are some dark clouds gathering behind these complimentary statistics. For example, while a high percentage of Utah students complete high school, their performance on college entrance examinations is not outstanding and indicates a disturbing downward trend. In 1972, the composite ACT score for Utah was 19.7, ranking the state fourteenth out of the twenty-eight states where the ACT is administered. But by 1982, Utah's composite score had dropped to 18.4 placing the state seventeenth.¹²

Hardy's statistics on the production of scholars are somewhat dated and reflect the values prevailing in the Mormon culture more than twenty years ago. In 1988 Hardy updated his study to include data from 1972 to 1981, and there is good news and bad news for the Mormon culture. The good news is that Utah still ranks second in all fields combined. The bad news is that this represents a sharp drop from the previous study, where Utah greatly outdistanced all other states (with a rating of 52.5 as compared with 40.4 for second-place Iowa).¹³ The apparent trend is that Utah's excellent showing is rapidly slipping, and when future statistics are collected, Utah will likely no longer be a leader.

Data from Astin's survey of university freshmen is available for BYU for the years 1971, 1980, 1985, and 1986.¹⁴ This data generally parallels the above-mentioned national trends in major selections, and it provides valuable insight into the changes of values among BYU students. The percentage of BYU freshmen who chose "achieving in performing arts" as essential or very important dropped from 27 percent to 21 percent in the period from 1971 to 1986. Similarly, the percentage who selected "developing a meaningful philosophy of life" dropped from 80 percent in 1971 to only 55 percent in 1986. But the percentage who selected "being very well off financially" increased from 37 percent to 62 percent in this time period.

Many in the Church claim that these trends originate with the Church leadership—for instance, the fact that the Church hier-

archy largely consists of wealthy businessmen. I disagree. If we are looking for someone to blame for the trends of mediocrity and materialism in the Church, perhaps we should look inward. After all, it is *we* who, like society in general, have apparently lowered the priority of academic excellence. It is *we* who have striven to match our neighbor's level of material consumption, even if it requires heavy indebtedness. It is *we* who have become infatuated with the possibility of quick profits on speculative investments. And it is *we* who evidently have conveyed these values to the youth.

For example, how often do perfectly intelligent, even college-educated Mormons sit through superficial, elementary Church lessons without complaint? If many of us are frustrated with the boring content of these lessons, why don't more of us accept the invitation, which is given in all recent lesson manuals, to express our feelings to the LDS curriculum department? While it may be true that these manuals must be kept fairly basic in order to accommodate the throngs of newly baptized members, if enough long-time members insisted on some advanced supplementary material for use in established areas of the Church, it probably would be provided. At the very least, greater latitude might be given to instructors to present advanced material of their own selection. One reason that manuals are filled with simplistic, mind-numbing lessons has to be that most members, even well-educated ones, actually prefer this type of material. Most members evidently have no desire to learn anything new, and instead wish only to be comforted by the soothing repetition of familiar catechism. "Wo be unto him that shall say: We have received the word of God, and we need no more of the word of God, for we have enough!" (2 Nephi 28:29).

We also have to ask ourselves whether well-meaning attempts to always be positive in complimenting speakers, performers, and the like may be perpetuating mediocrity in the Church. Young people, in particular, quickly get the message that extraordinary efforts to produce high-quality talks or musical performances are praised just as much as half-hearted efforts. As a result, few of these young performers ever get the benefit of the sort of detailed criticism that would enable them to polish their skills to high levels of excellence.

In a similar vein, some may argue that the current trend of anti-intellectualism in the Church is the result of critical comments made by certain General Authorities. While it is doubtless true that such statements have

had a negative effect, the main body of the Church, including many fairly well-educated members, prefers to believe that "all is well in Zion." Most members evidently prefer to believe that literal interpretations of a few scriptures, together with some stock quotes from certain General Authorities, provide all the answers to life's questions. This eliminates the need to confront difficult issues, and thus makes life simple and comfortable—the essence of mediocrity.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

EARLY in the history of the Church, Orson Pratt traveled to Europe and, with his able pen fearlessly attacked the decadence of the established Catholic, Lutheran, and Anglican sects. He called upon the citizens of these countries to cast off these "corrupted" religions, and to come out of Babylon to a new Zion. A few independent thinkers heeded these teachings and they formed the core of a prodigious harvest of converts.¹⁵ Perhaps the same approach will work in the United States. Maybe it is time for the American missionary effort to stop exclusively appealing to the "lowest common denominator," and instead to start appealing to those few diligent seekers of truth, excellence, and righteousness, who may be willing to cast off the decadence of the established religion (i.e., the U.S. popular culture) in favor of a better society.

However, an appeal based on examples of excellence and material temperance will fall on deaf ears if the LDS society does not have its own house in order. To the extent that the Mormon culture follows the national trend of mediocrity, it loses its moral authority to lead the nation in a rededication to excellence. To the extent that the Mormon culture becomes identified with the pursuit of material prosperity, it will be tainted with the stain of materialism. In addition, if the LDS society continues to be preoccupied with temporal, material, or financial concerns, then the LDS church may ultimately lose its universality. In the words of Alexis de Tocqueville:

As long as a religion is sustained by those feelings, propensities and passions which are found to occur under the same forms at all periods of history, it may defy the efforts of time; or at least it can be destroyed only by another religion. But when religion clings to the interests of the world, it becomes almost as fragile a thing as the powers of the earth.¹⁶



1. *A Nation at Risk*, U.S. Department of Education, 1983.
 2. Ezra Bowen, "Bad News About Math," *Time* 130 (26 January 1987):65.
 3. "A Lost Generation," *Time* 130 (8 August 1988): 19.

4. Alexander W. Austin, et al. *The American Freshman: National Norms for Fall 1977*. Higher Education Research Institute, University of California, Los Angeles, 1977. Similar publications for 1968-1988.

5. "Foreign Dependency: Silicon Valley Relying on Immigrant Engineers," *San Jose Mercury News* (15 May 1988): 1A.

6. Astin.

7. Samuel W. Taylor, *Rocky Mountain Empire*, (New York: Macmillan, 1978).

8. John Heinerman and Anson Shupe, *The Mormon Corporate Empire* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1985).

9. "Brigham Young University: Five Views," *BYU Today* 41 (April 1987): 46-54.

10. Thomas K. Martin, Tim B. Heaton, and Stephen J. Bahr, *Utah in Demographic Perspective* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1986), pp. 198, 199.

11. Kenneth Hardy, "Social Origins of American Scientists and Scholars," *Science* 185 (1974): 497-506.

12. Martin, et al., pp. 198, 199.

13. Kenneth Hardy, Personal communication, data in author's possession, 1988.

14. H. Bruce Higley, "A Summary of Surveys Administered to BYU Freshmen through the Cooperative Institutional Research Program." Office of Institutional Studies, BYU, June 1988.

15. Breck England, *The Life and Thought of Orson Pratt* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1985).

16. Alexis de Tocqueville, "Principal Causes Which Render Religion Powerful in America" (1835), in Fred Krinsky, ed., *The Politics of Religion in America*, (Beverly Hills: Glencoe, 1968). The author acknowledges Heinerman and Shupe for this reference.

THE ELECT

That sparkle in his eyes
 made my bosom burn.
 With his newly-baptized smile
 immersing the room,
 my nephew stands at the pulpit,
 microphone to his forehead.
 Like a Vienna Choir boy,
 he confirms that God
 had heard his prayers, had
 saved his hamster's life,
 as if such miracles happen
 only once in six million.

—TIMOTHY LIU

THE UNTOLD STORY

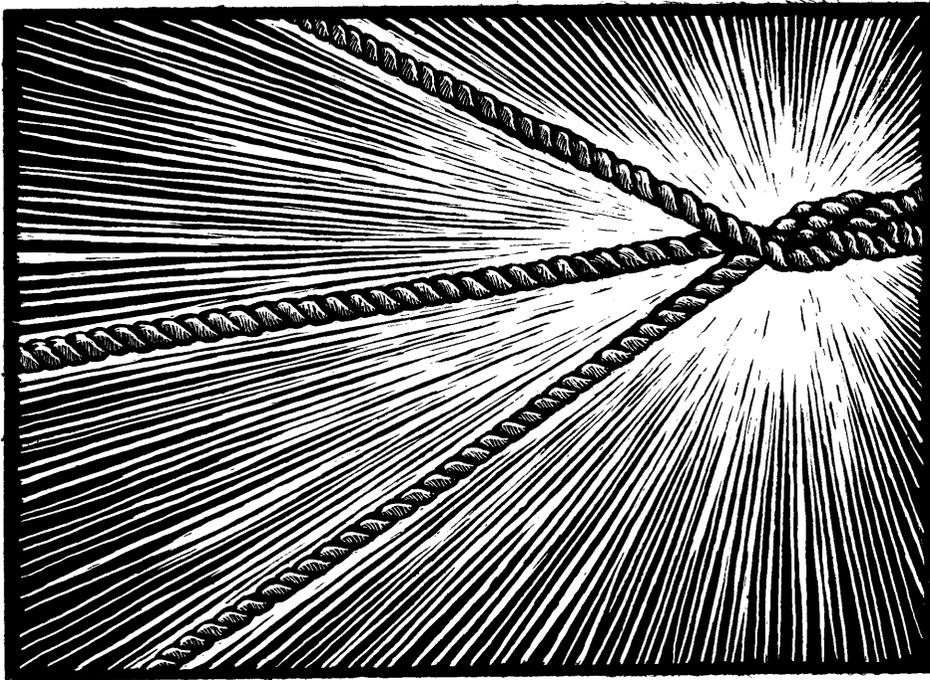
Blood is not enough. I need more
 understanding than the living
 water down your wrist, your
 face cracked open with a smile
 on the sink. Your last thought still
 lingers in the air like the steam
 from a hot bath, which dissipates
 when the door is opened, when
 the water is drained. The mortician
 shook my hand and sat me next
 to your shrink who led the silence
 in the circle. There were so many
 stories I had to tell you, but now
 I see you said it all—I left you
 for the paramedics, only to find
 your voice rising in my throat.

—TIMOTHY LIU

INTERVIEW

THE INTERTWINING OF THE WORLD'S RELIGIONS

A conversation with Frank Whaling



BRAD TEARE

WHAT ARE THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN HINDU AND CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALITY?

There are obvious differences. To a large extent Christian spirituality tends to stress devotion, love, and relationships over knowledge; it is based upon guarding Christ; it's specific to that effect. Whereas Hindu spirituality is wider—in a way, more all-encompassing. It tends to focus on understanding

Frank Whaling, an internationally honored professor of religious studies at Edinburgh University, is the author of numerous books on religion including, An Approach to Dialogue: Hinduism and Christianity, Christian Theology and World Religions: A Global Approach, and Contemporary Approaches to the Study of Religion: Vols. I & II. He has also edited The World's Religious Traditions: Current Perspectives in Religious Studies and Religion in Today's World. This interview was conducted by Elbert Peck.

and knowledge—yoga, in the sense of knowledge—as well as on a sense of union and spirituality. But that's a somewhat superficial distinction because both traditions have elements of knowledge and wisdom, and both have elements of devotion. But having said that there are differences, I, in fact, think to some extent the traditions converge.

CAN A CHRISTIAN BE CENTERED ON CHRIST AND ALSO FOLLOW THE HINDU MYSTICAL JOURNEY?

I think so. For example, my good friend, Raimundo Panikkar's mother was a Spanish Roman Catholic and his father was a Hindu Indian. He's a world class scholar and is quite sure that he can combine Hindu and Christian spirituality in his own living, thought, prayer life, and so on. Of course, it's in his genes in a sense. There are other people who have set up Christian ashrams in India who

are experimenting with this very thing: to incorporate Hindu spirituality into Christian spirituality in a way to do justice to both; to creatively borrow—if that's the right way of putting it—from Hindu spirituality while at the same time focusing on Christian spirituality.

I sometimes refer to this movement as "passing over": Christians, for example, can pass over into the Hindu tradition or any other tradition and get deep inside it. Having done that, they then pass back again into their own tradition, bringing back what they've learned. They're then able to authentically incorporate this new discovery into their own spirituality. I'm sure this is happening on a global scale and will happen more as the world becomes smaller.

DOES THE ABILITY TO "PASS OVER" REQUIRE THAT YOU'RE ROOTED IN A RELIGION?

There are two main ways of studying religion. One is a phenomenological route taken by some American and European scholars whereby you study religion objectively, putting your own religious convictions in brackets in order to understand other religious traditions. To what extent one can really do this is open to debate.

The other method is to study different religions from the roots that you already have within one tradition and branch out into others. More often it's theologians who do this, although not always. In a sense, one's own religious convictions are still bracketed in order to understand the world view of the other person or tradition—to get underneath their skin, to see the universe as they see it. Having done that, your own Christian world view, if that's from where you start, is in fact going to be subtly changed. Nevertheless, your roots are in that tradition and that's where your basis is, and that's what you fall back on.

CAN YOU LOSE YOUR ROOTEDNESS WHEN CONFRONTING OTHER RELIGIONS?

Different individuals take different attitudes to other religions. I've worked out seven possibilities.

The first is *exclusivistic*—that one's own religion is right and the others are wrong, that there is no salvation outside the church. I doubt whether absolute exclusivism has ever been held 100 percent. But, in fact, there are approximations to it in most religions.

The second possibility deals with the perceived distinction between revelation and

religion—that on the one hand, there's revelation which is God's revelation of himself to the world; on the other hand, there's religion which is human, upward groping, trying to find God and bring him down. This is the position of Karl Barth. Now, if Barth had argued that the two met somewhere on the path, that would be one thing. But he's really saying that the two pass each other in the night and there's no connection between revelation and religion. So it's not quite exclusivism, but it's clearly toward that end.

The third possibility is more sociological, what I call "secularization" thinking. Christians tend to use this although recently there is a counter-attack from what I presently call "spiritualization." The argument here has been that science and secularization arose in the Western world for very clear reasons. (Hypothetically, they could have arisen in China, for example, which was well ahead of the West at one time, and so was the Muslim Arab world. But they didn't.) Thus the theological and ideological roots for the rise of modern science were within the Judeo-Christian world view because of notions such as: creation; meaningful history moving in a certain direction; incarnation, that God found it worthwhile to actually become flesh in this world; belief that the body is meaningful and so is matter rather than everything being pure spirit; and the concept of prophecy. Taken together, this cluster of ideas made it more likely that modern science—with its stress upon this world, upon matter, upon progress, upon history, and so on—and the process of secularization would arise in the West. Some thinkers also argue that since the Judeo-Christian world view—especially Christianity—gave the ground roots for the rise of modern science and secularization, it can cope with them; whereas other religions are likely to wither away before the onslaught of science and secularization. (I don't see any clear evidence for this. It seems to me the Hindus, for example, have coped reasonably well with secularization.)

The fourth possibility is fulfillment—that all religions have some truth, all have God, all have spirituality, but that one's own religion fulfills the true intuitions that are already there in other religions.

The fifth possibility is universalization theology—the argument of anonymous Christianity, the idea that salvation is by faith which is present in all religions, not just one. Therefore the possibility of salvation by faith is a universal possibility. Catholic theologians Raimundo Panikkar and Hans Kung would

argue that there is one Lord and mediator—Jesus Christ. This seems to be an exclusivist position, but they argue that Christ is a universal possibility and the universal Word and cannot be confined to the world view of Jesus of Nazareth.

The sixth attitude toward other religions is rooted in the desire for dialogue. It's possible to argue from one point of view that dialogue is a method, an approach, that can be combined with one of these other viewpoints. Nevertheless I think it's becoming a distinctive position which argues the need for understanding, the need for loving others, the need for getting inside other world views, and so on.

The seventh possibility is pluralism or relativism—the notion that all religions are relative to culture. If you're born in Saudi Arabia, you've a 99 percent chance of being a Muslim; if you're born in India, you've a reasonable chance of being a Hindu. Religion is relative to culture. This attitude can also take an epistemological approach—the notion that religious truth is relative to the people who are expressing it. So that Christ is true for Mr. Brown of Birmingham, England, and Krishna is true for Mr. Gupta in Bombay, India, and the Buddha is true for Mr. Jayawardana in Colombo, Sri Lanka, and so forth. It can also take the form of teleological relativism, that all religions are different, but they're different paths to the same telos, the same goal, the same destination.

These seven possibilities are probably present in all the major religious traditions. If you looked around the world you could identify Christians in each of these positions who feel that it is authentic for them.

WHICH POSITION DO YOU TAKE?

I'm not sure really; it's toward the end of the spectrum. I don't think one has to give up one's own roots, one's own distinctive viewpoint, in order to understand and have friendly relationships with other religions. But I do think that we've entered a time of creative borrowing, a crossing over between religions whereby religions are no longer distinct parochial entities which stick to themselves and have no traffic with the other world religions. In the long run that's not an option any longer. We've moved into a global world and, at the general level, religions are increasingly seeing the need to speak to the global situation by asking, "How can we create for our children and our grandchildren in the twenty-first century a world which will be

viable for them in ecological, in humane, and in spiritual terms?" If one really asks that question in great depth, I think the next logical question would be, "How can world religions look at each other not only as competitive rivals but as human beings and religious traditions which, together, can help to build up a new world for the twenty-first and twenty-second centuries?"

We don't have to give up our roots, but increasingly we have to come to terms with the global world. I don't believe there's going to be one great world religion, but I do think that the different religions are going to have to survey the global scene, and ask, "How can we come together and share the spiritual riches that are present in this world at this moment in order to bring into being a new global world which will be creative rather than destructive, positive rather than negative?" That's a new question. We are theologically unequipped to deal with it at this moment because of our separate past histories—our separate tracks—that have brought us to this point in 1989. These tracks, these past histories, these traditions, are important, but I think we're going to have to address this question more and more.

DIDN'T GANDHI CONFRONT THAT INTERFAITH QUESTION?

The Mahatma died forty years ago, and events have happened since then which have conspired together to cause us to think in terms of those new vistas and new horizons—what scientists call paradigm shifts. We're now aware that ecologically we live in one world. The forests are being cut down, the deserts are growing, the ozone layer is being punctured, and these affect the whole world. Religious traditions have increasingly got to come to terms with the one-world situation in which we live—at the ecological level, at the humane level of human beings. No nation, no culture, no civilization, no religion can exist as an island any longer. We're all in it together at the level of helping and understanding one another as human beings on a worldwide basis. And certainly at the spiritual level we are moving into an era of global spirituality. I don't mean that we all have to share the same spirituality, but I do mean that increasingly there will be an inter-borrowing of intuitions from different religious traditions whereby each will help the other. At any rate, through the work of individuals or small groups, I think this is increasingly going to be the case.

IN A SUNSTONE INTERVIEW, DONALD WORSTER WASN'T OPTIMISTIC THAT CHRISTIAN AND OTHER RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS CAN CONFRONT THE GLOBAL ECOLOGICAL CHALLENGES.

I can't deny that completely, it depends on what one means by Christianity. At the moment the Christian tradition is in the middle of a shift in the balance of power. Up to now, power has been clearly in the hands of Western Christians. In 1900, 87 percent of the Christians in the world lived in the West. The balance has now shifted: around 53 percent live outside the West, and eventually that shift will be reflected in the institutions. There's an increasing weight of authority and power going to the Third World Christians. And they, because they live among other religions and enter into dialogue with them and because of their own intuitions from within their culture, are already picking up some of these ecological points and bringing them into the Christian world.

As for institutions, it's a fair bet that two popes from now, the pope will be from outside Europe. There's a good possibility that the next archbishop of Canterbury will not be British, he'll be from the worldwide Anglican Church. And if, in fact, the World Council of Churches were to move its headquarters from Geneva, it certainly wouldn't go into Europe or the U.S., it would move to somewhere like Nairobi.

In addition, there is a tension between the Third World's need for modernization, which tends to ignore ecological questions, and its sense that it has something distinctive to offer to the modern world which comes from its own native traditions, cultures, and religions. There is a feeling that Third World countries (and other countries as well) must not just ape the Western world, that they must modernize in their own way.

This idea is growing and ecological perspectives from within Buddhism and Hinduism and Chinese religions are bound to have an effect. Last year I was in Hong Kong at the first world symposium on Christianity and Confucianism, and this came up quite a lot. Neo-Confucian thought emphasizes the holding together of three different elements: heaven—Tien; humanity—Jen (a distinctive Confucian notion); and the world of nature. Actually, the notion of Jen incorporates all three: transcendence, humaneness, and nature—and it holds them together. It's the holding together of these elements that the West has split asunder. The Genesis text, in a sense, hints at this: God created the world; God created man in his own image; God gave

man dominion over the world. That sets up a hierarchy—God, then man, then world—which has been widened and widened so that it's almost become a split of consciousness in our Western view of what the world is all about.

Other cultures, such as the Confucians, haven't done this. To some extent, they've maintained the integral nature of these three. In China today there is a return to Confucius after the chaos of the Cultural Revolution. There have been institutes set up in his home place and in another part of China as well. But let's be honest about this, there are deep vested interests at the levels of global industry, nation states, and people who tend to have or believe in power. Yet, more and more people at the grassroots level in different parts of the world are becoming very aware, not only of the disaster facing them existentially in Bangladesh, Ethiopia, the Sudan, and the West Indies, but of the existential disaster facing us as a human race if we don't crack this ecological problem which threatens us all. It seems to me that the more this awareness grows the more vested interests are going to have to acknowledge that this is the case.

People are realizing that you cannot divorce economics and ecology. There's a growing intertwining of scholarship between economists and ecologists, between natural scientists and social scientists, between people in the humanities and people in theology, and so on. Increasingly we're becoming aware that true knowledge, Truth with a capital "T"—cannot be split into myriads of different compartments; ultimately, it is one. But once one realizes that, one comes to realize also that knowledge and Truth, the work of universities, the work of global educational institutions, more and more have to be seen in terms of what these global scholars, global institutions, global centers of knowledge can give to one another and take from one another, and share with one another. This is all part of what I would see as the whole movement toward the arising of a global world consciousness that we are beginning to witness.

ISN'T THAT JUST WHAT FUNDAMENTALISTS CALL "SECULAR HUMANISM"—A BROTHERHOOD OF MAN WITHOUT THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD.

It seems to me that this movement is going through three stages. First, in the early 1970s, there was the Club of Rome report which first outlined the crisis that faced us in regard to growing pollution, nuclear threat, ecological disaster, and so on. The first intuition of these

world thinkers was that science and technology created these problems and the answer to the problems was to be found in science and technology.

But quickly it became clear to a number of people that that was far too superficial, that lying beneath the problems raised by science and technology were prior questions. For example, "What is man and what are human values?" That it is human beings who have exalted science and technology. Hence, in order to solve the problems raised by science and technology you have to get beneath science and technology to the level of human beings and human values. And so, the second stage confronted these questions: "What are the human values underlying science and technology?" "What are human beings all about?" "What is the illusion of technique that we have created for ourselves?" "How can we get beneath that to human values and a humane vision?"

I think the third stage has now been reached. The early thinkers who thought along these lines tended to be scientists or technologists or humane humanist thinkers. There's nothing wrong with that: there's a creative humaneness and a creative humanism that we all applaud and share in. But a significant number of creative people and groups have come to feel that even if you get through to the level of humane values sought in stage two, you're still not deep enough because beneath them, ultimately, there is something else again. Let's call it spirituality, though that's not really the right word. It's the level of spirituality and it's the level of transcendence (again, I'm not sure that is the right word) that underlies the superficial matters of our outward body and our material life (stage 1). It is even beneath the deeper values of our humaneness, our mind, our human characteristics (stage 2). It's something that cannot be measured in scientific or even in humane terms. It's another level, another dimension, another horizon. It's difficult to describe because you can't pin it down. In a way, that's the point. You can't pin it down in words or in specifics because it is spiritual, it has to do with awe and imagination and ultimate values, with beauty, truth, and goodness—which you cannot put into a test tube or write directly into a book in the normal sense. But, nevertheless, this dimension is clearly there. And I think we're now at this stage: building this dimension into a new type of thinking about our global values. All three levels are important.

Now that there is a growing consensus that we are in the third stage, we can all—reli-

gionists, scientists, people in the humanities and social sciences—engage in creative thinking. That is my plea: that we engage in creative thinking and creative dialogue. It's not that spiritual people have not, in fact, got involved in the past discussions, but to a large degree they have not inserted their spiritual viewpoint into those debates. They are now doing so. The more often this happens the better. The People who would not normally have been involved are now becoming engaged and seeing how very important it really is.

IS THIS WHAT THE ICIS IS ABOUT?

The International Center for Integrative Studies is two hundred people from different cultures and academic disciplines from around the world who for the last fifteen years have written articles about these kinds of issues. They recently raised the question about what the year 2000 will bring. They asked us to try and outline the five main global problems facing us up to the year 2000, the underlying causes, and what, if anything, was already being done to address those five key problems. Some of the concepts I've been talking about are ideas that all of us raised. There are other important groups engaged in these questions on the world level. There is the exciting realization that there is this spiritual world and this spiritual dimension and that it is potentially available to everybody: it is a human birthright. It is the kingdom of God or the Buddha nature or whatever *within* them. I think there's a growing awareness that we are re-thinking certain elements of our world view that, up to this time, have been myths. The point about a myth is that you take it for granted. It's a presupposition. You don't even question it; you just accept that that is the way things are. Now we're beginning to bring these myths to the surface and, therefore, they're no longer myths. They're things that we no longer take for granted. We're bringing them up to the surface and putting them out on the table and examining them in a new way for the first time.

I think we live in a very exciting stage of human history. It's a stage that is potentially explosive and potentially disastrous. It could go wrong. There could be a nuclear holocaust, there may well be an ecological disaster. We now know that we have to live on the surface of this planet in a new way if we are to continue life into the long-distant future. But we're also aware that the resources that are available to us are far greater than we ever imagined. We don't just have the resources

of our Western experience, we have the resources of the experience of our friends in China, Japan, and other Asian countries, of Africa, Latin America, Australasia, and so on. In building up a global future, we have greater resources in the way of communications, satellites, and computers, but, until now, we've blocked off the spiritual resources because our Western culture had gone in a technological direction. We now have those areas available to us, and I think if we can take hold of our providential moments, we can, under God, create a new global, humane, ecological, theological, spiritual vision that will enable us, not only to survive into the twenty-first century, but to survive creatively, heroically, victoriously.

HISTORICALLY, REVIVALS OF RELIGIOUS ZEAL HAVE BROUGHT DISASTER AT LEAST AS OFTEN AS PEACE.

It clearly is a possibility and, if one's honest, if one looks at the world today, there are areas where religious revival is not helping the global scenario: Iran and Iraq, the Middle East, Northern Ireland, the Punjab of India, Sri Lanka. But my own view is that good things might just be happening. At the time of the Reykjavik meeting between Gorbachev and Reagan, The Dalai Lama, the Pope, the Archbishop of Canterbury, various Hindu, Buddhist, and Muslim leaders all met at Assisi to talk about ecology as well as spiritual matters. Since then there's been another meeting in Japan involving world religious leaders, and it's a movement that's clearly going to continue. There are the seeds of new beginnings including new initiatives between nations. There seems to be movement at the institutional top levels of world religions and in other spheres, too. So, although there are geographical areas in the world where things seem to be negative as far as religion is concerned, I feel the basic long-term movement is in the more positive, global direction.

SOME BELIEVE THAT RELIGION SHOULDN'T SPEND ITS TIME ON EARTHLY MATTERS.

Some religious people argue that there's going to be a second coming of Christ, or the tenth avatar of Vishnu, Kalki is going to wind things up, or the Muslim Mahdi is going to come along, or the Messiah is going to appear, or whatever. We're after a spiritual denouement, they say, not a worldly one. There is some truth in this. There are elements within all religions—especially, perhaps, within the

Christian tradition—which underline the point that we're not just looking for a worldly kingdom of the future; we're looking for a spiritual denouement. Clearly, as human beings under God, we have to create images in our minds and create plans for the future, otherwise we're not being true to God. But we should not imprison ourselves within the models that we create nor should we pretend that they are a blueprint, a final truth, because at the end of the day it's impossible to parcel all this up because there is the element of surprise; there is the element of God; there is the element of grace and divine initiative that we cannot pin down. We can create models of the future which incorporate spiritual elements whereby we pray for and work for a time when human beings all around the globe will not have to live under the threat of horror, poverty, torture, or disaster. We can create models of a humane future and a new world. We can work for this. But underlying them all is the element of surprise and the element of God.

There's a tension between grace and human effort. It comes down to the perennial tension between the need for us as human beings to use our human effort under God to serve God, and the element within ourselves as spiritual beings to realize that our best efforts, plans, and intentions would not have been created anyway if there wasn't a sense that God himself was urging us along the lines that we create humanely and spiritually in order to bring about the future for ourselves and for our world. And even when we, under God, have created these plans and visions, ultimately, we are not bound by them; those visions can change according to circumstances because God himself is not bound by them either. We, under God, contain within ourselves the elements of awe and surprise and ingenuity and new discovery that we cannot pin down in our plans or horizons, however seemingly deep and seemingly creative they may be. ☩

THE JOKE

I spend hours telling myself
that everything I want
I have already given away
in another life, when nothing
I wanted was kept from me.
There was no need to guess
what the next day would bring.
Every hour was the same.
And I died not wanting
to be reborn. I don't get it.

—TIMOTHY LIU

Press Relations, Nauvoo Style

THOMAS SHARP'S TURNING POINT: BIRTH OF AN ANTI-MORMON

By Marshall Hamilton

BOOSTERS OF WARSAW, ILLINOIS, HAD LOTS TO BRAG about in 1840. The town of around 800 souls was about the same size it had been in 1825, when Hancock County had been formed from Pike County. Although the biggest town around was Carthage, the county seat, about twelve miles inland, many argued that Warsaw had the commercial advantages.¹

After all, Warsaw stood on the eastern bank of the mighty Mississippi River, the Father of Waters. Just opposite, the Des Moines River flowed into the Mississippi. The Des Moines was not navigable, and its mouth had the unfortunate effect of causing rapids in the Mississippi. The Des Moines Rapids just north of Warsaw forced northbound riverboats to offload their cargoes at Warsaw, except in the months with the highest river levels.

And the frontier was growing—offering huge opportunities for trade and commerce. If Warsaw could establish itself as the town through which upper Mississippi freight would pass, it could grow to the importance of St. Louis or Cincinnati—and it would far outstrip the backwater town of Chicago, up in the uncivilized northeast corner of the state.

Many people had noticed the advantages of Warsaw. In 1840, the town boasted two steam sawmills, one steam flouring mill, thirteen stores, three hotels, two gunsmiths, three blacksmiths, four coopers, two cabinet makers, one tannery, three tailors, a bakery, two bootmakers, two plasterers, two wagonmakers, a silversmith, three physicians, and a metal shop.² More newcomers were coming. Among those who moved to Warsaw in 1840 were D. N. White, who opened Warsaw's first newspaper and printing shop, and a young lawyer from Carlisle, Pennsylvania, named Thomas Coke Sharp.

The Missouri River branches off the Mississippi just above St. Louis, then heads in a westerly direction across the middle of the state of Missouri. Several years earlier, the Mormons had followed the Missouri River upstream to the site of their New

Jerusalem, which they planned to build at Independence, Missouri. The Mormons were plagued by bad relations with their neighbors throughout their stay in Missouri.

In 1834 they had abandoned Independence in favor of frontier areas farther north. Finally they had formed their own county—Caldwell—but it became apparent to their neighbors that they might also gain the balance of political power in Daviess County. Their neighbors tried to keep them from exercising their political might, shots were exchanged, and Mormon leader Joseph Smith was arrested, tried, convicted of high treason, and sentenced to death. The designated executioner, General Alexander Doniphan, refused to carry out the sentence, and Smith was jailed to await a civil trial. Meanwhile, the Mormon people were told to leave Missouri under the terms of the “Extermination Order” issued by Missouri Governor Lilburn Boggs.³

The folks in Warsaw, Quincy, and other towns in western Illinois thought that most Missourians were less civilized than they. After all, Missouri was closer to the frontier and farther from the more established east. Missouri settlers were leaving civilization behind.⁴ Besides, under the terms of the Missouri Compromise which allowed statehood to Missouri, slaveholders were allowed to bring slaves into Missouri, which Illinois did not allow.

The more cultured people in Illinois could understand that the Mormons would not be accepted by the roughnecks in Missouri. Tolerance and civility were scarce commodities on the western shore of the Mississippi. If the Mormons decided to flee their uncivilized oppressors in Missouri, the people of Illinois were happy to welcome the displaced families to their state.

And they did. The Mormons were given clothing and blankets to replace those they had been forced to leave behind. They were invited to settle near Quincy, but after their prophet Joseph Smith was allowed to escape custody, he came to Illinois and led the Mormons to a site 12 miles north of Warsaw, about 50 miles from Quincy. Isaac Galland, a local land speculator, arranged the sale on liberal credit terms of about 700 acres in Illinois and 20,000 acres of what was known as the Half-

MARSHALL HAMILTON is marketing director for Phillips Publishing, a publisher of financial newsletters. He lives in Middletown, MD. This paper was presented at the 1988 Washington Sunstone Symposium.

Breed Lands across the river in Iowa Territory. The Mormons began building a new city which they called Nauvoo and they designated Montrose, Iowa, in the Half-Breed Lands, as the city of Zarahemla.⁵

Most people in Warsaw received the Mormon immigration with sympathy and kind regard, including D. N. White, the editor of Warsaw's new newspaper, the *Western World*.

EACH Wednesday the *Western World* came out in a 4-page edition. Page one usually carried reprints from other publications, perhaps the weekly *New Yorker* or other eastern periodicals, and poetry or agrarian news. Page two was devoted mostly to local and national political matters, including the upcoming presidential election, in which Whig William Henry Harrison was contending with Democrat Martin Van Buren. The *Western World's* masthead each week trumpeted the Whig ticket, and the editorial matter constantly promoted Whig issues such as a national bank and a protective tariff. Pages three and four carried market reports and other agricultural news, along with advertising for local merchants and mechanics. The newspaper office ran several house ads each week, many of them promoting patent medicines and publications available at the printing office.

The first issue of the *Western World* was published on 13 May 1840. Under the headline "Latest from the Mormons" was the following friendly notice:

It is known that these people, since their dispersion in Missouri, have collected in great numbers in and around Commerce in this state, on the Mississippi river. The name of Commerce, as we have heretofore stated, they have changed to Nauvoo, from the Hebrew or Egyptian, though of the signification of the term we are ignorant. They hold two great conferences every year,--in the spring and fall; and that appointed for the present spring took place last week, commencing on the 6th, and ending on the 9th of April. We learn that between 2000 and 3000 persons were present, and that considerable accessions were made to the church from the surrounding neighborhood. Our informant states that the number was 74, all received by baptism, and that at the same time thirty of the ablest men were ordained to preach [sic] the gospel.⁶

The *Western World* took little notice of the Mormons in Nauvoo, just 12 miles away, during the first months of the paper's existence. The few articles that appeared were generally favorable. Even a stealing incident, which foreshadowed serious charges of theft that would later be leveled against the Mormons, was handled in a way that can only be considered positive to the Church.

In July 1840, the newspaper reported that some residents of Hancock had begun to complain of "petty depredations. . . such as the loss of various small instruments of agriculture."⁷ Particularly aggrieved were some residents of Tully, Missouri, who complained of the loss of a variety of items. A depot of stolen goods identified as the Tully items was found on a farm not far from Warsaw. Tully residents staked out the depot, and

took four Mormons prisoner who were found in the vicinity of the stolen items. They kidnapped the four, took them across the river into Missouri, and extracted confessions from three of them by tying them to trees and beating them.⁸

The *Western World's* reaction was swift and unambiguous—the editor was outraged that the Mormons had been "arrested" in such a way—he called it a "high-handed and daring violation of the rights and laws of this State." He also published, at length, the resolution of the Mormons calling on Governor Carlin of Illinois to seek extradition of the Missouri residents involved in the incident.⁹

Throughout White's tenure at the *Western World*, he treated the Mormons with sympathy. Regrettably for the Mormons, his stay in Warsaw was brief. Citing unspecified family health problems, White sold his paper to lawyer Thomas Sharp and James Gamble.¹⁰ Sharp took over as editor on 11 November 1840. White moved to Pittsburgh and bought the *Pittsburgh Gazette* newspaper.¹¹

SHARP was born 25 September 1818 at Mount Holly, New Jersey. His father, Solomon Sharp, was a locally prominent Methodist minister.¹² In 1835 Thomas moved to Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and entered Dickinson College which had recently changed affiliation from Presbyterian to Methodist. Two years later, he joined the law school in Carlisle conducted by Judge John Reed. He graduated in 1840.¹³ In September of that same year, he moved to Illinois for the first time and opened a law office in Warsaw.

Sharp came to be very closely identified with the anti-Mormon movement in Hancock County. After the departure of the Mormons, Sharp was elected the first mayor of the town of Warsaw. In 1856 he ran unsuccessfully for Congress from the fifth district of Illinois.¹⁴ In 1865 he was elected county judge from Hancock County, and served one four-year term.¹⁵ From that time until his death in 1894, Sharp was known as Judge Sharp. No doubt that nickname did not hurt his law practice, which he maintained until he suffered a stroke in 1890 at the age of 72. Although he spent the last four years of his life in a wheelchair, there is no evidence that he had been singled out for divine retribution in this life, contrary to what some overzealous writers of Mormon history have asserted.¹⁶

Sharp would later become a bitter critic of the Mormons, but in the first few months of his editorship showed no signs of the bitterness which would later cause the Mormon *Nauvoo Wasp* newspaper to refer to him as "Thom-ass" Sharp or "Long-nose" Sharp. Sharp's first issue was dated 11 November 1840. In his inaugural article, titled "Salutatory," he mentioned some of the goals he had set for himself as editor. His references to the Mormons were oblique, not pointed. This excerpt shows that if his anti-Mormonism was already forming, it had not yet solidified.

An editor of a public journal is expected to spread a table that shall please the tastes and gratify the appetites of all his patrons; to pamper the prejudices and wink at

the fanaticism of every sect and party. To do this, and yet be consistent, is impossible. Hence our aim shall be to please ourselves, pursuing an independent and unyielding course; on the one hand battling with tyranny in all its forms, whether in the trappings of royalty or in the more insidious garb of pretended democracy; and on the other upholding the high and lofty principles of republicanism and equal rights. . . .

In our columns private character shall ever be held sacred; but we will never use our endeavors to elevate to office any man whose moral character we believe to be utterly corrupt and depraved; our doctrine is "PRINCIPLES AND MEN," believing that a "corrupt tree cannot bring forth good fruit," and that whenever the people repose confidence in a dishonest man they have no security, other than his own selfishness, that it will not be betrayed.¹⁷

Sharp may well have been sincere in his intention to "wink at the fanaticism of every sect or party." He may well have felt that doing so would be sufficient notice of the Mormons. On the other hand, he may already have been planning to "battle with tyranny . . . of pretended democracy," believing that to be the appropriate response to Mormonism.

IT is not clear what Sharp thought of the Mormons during the early part of his tenure. From 11 November 1840 until 19 May 1841, Sharp mentioned the Mormons only sparingly. He reported, without much editorial comment, on the awarding of the Nauvoo Charter by the legislature in late 1840. Here is the entire article from the 13 January 1841 issue:

The "Times and Seasons," of the 1st instant, states that General Bennet had just returned from Springfield, with a law embracing three Charters—one for the "City of Nauvoo," another for the "Nauvoo Legion," and a third for the "University of the City of Nauvoo," all of which are of the most liberal character. For the many favors already conferred upon them by our State Government, the Mormons express, in the most ardent language, their doubtlessly sincere gratitude.¹⁸

In this report, Sharp refers to "General Bennet," who was John Cook Bennett, the Quartermaster General of the Illinois Militia, who had moved within the last few months to Nauvoo. The Mormons were largely devoid of leadership, many of the early leaders having already fallen away from the faith during the turmoil in Missouri and before.

Bennett was alleged to be an abortionist; clearly he was an opportunist who was more than willing to rush in to fill the vacuum at the top. The Mormons found themselves in such a weakened condition that Bennett seemed to some to be a godsend—after all, he was acquainted with the politicians in Springfield, the state capital, and he had a rather grand way of speaking, favoring the dramatic use of foreign words and phrases. Such diction seemed to lend importance to the communications of a small, impoverished group of exiles. And Ben-

nett's skills were not all oratorical; he successfully pushed charters for the city, for a militia, and for a university through the state legislature. Such were Bennett's powers of persuasion that the three charters were never read in the legislative chambers—they were passed by a voice vote in their original form.¹⁹

But despite Bennett's skills as a lobbyist, he was to prove a terrible plague to the Saints. Based on his early help, he was appointed Assistant President of the Church, with ecclesiastical as well as civic duties. He was elected mayor of Nauvoo and appointed major general in the Nauvoo Legion. Upon accepting his commission in the Legion, he gave up his post as quartermaster general of the state militia.²⁰

However, his devotion to the faith and to the Mormons themselves proved to be shallow. Within months after the founding of Nauvoo, common wisdom, as reported in the non-Mormon press, had it that Bennett was a non-believer, imposing himself upon the Mormons to get gain.²¹ Within eighteen months, Bennett had left the Church and published a lurid account of affairs at Nauvoo.²² Surprisingly enough, several years later Bennett was accepted back among a splinter group of Mormons who settled in Wisconsin after the exodus from Nauvoo.²³

One week after noting that the Nauvoo charter had been granted, Sharp reported on the Prophet Joseph Smith's call for new converts and other Church members to gather to Nauvoo. Later, such calls would provoke outrage and fear from Sharp because the growing political and economic power of the Mormons threatened to overwhelm the old citizens of Hancock County. But this proclamation was recorded objectively and calmly with an added note of admiration for what the Mormons had already been able to accomplish at Nauvoo. Here is Sharp's comment:

A proclamation has been recently issued by the Presidents of the Church of Latter day Saints (Mormons) calling upon all who are converts to the new faith to take up their residence as soon as practicable at or in the vicinity of Nauvoo. This City having recently received a charter of the most liberal character, the Mormons have determined to make it the gathering place of the Saints throughout the earth.

Whatever may be thought of the tenets of this sect, it is certainly an imposing spectacle to witness the moral power which in so short a period they have exerted . . . —Already, in obedience to this call, have hundreds left their homes in Europe, and thousands are now preparing to leave and take up their residence in a far distant land.²⁴

Sharp concluded his report on the Prophet's announcement by quoting, without comment and at some length from the proclamation itself. Clearly he did not yet feel the disdain and fear that later came to characterize his attitude toward the Saints.

In fact, for several months, Sharp's reporting on the Mormons was very evenhanded, perhaps even tending to favor the interests of the Mormons. In fact, he heard criticism during that

period that his paper was pro-Mormon.²⁵ Such criticism was a serious charge, especially since virtually all of the newspaper's business came from non-Mormons.

After reporting the Prophet's proclamation calling for Mormons to gather at Nauvoo in late January, Sharp mentioned the Saints only twice before the semi-annual Mormon conference in April. One article discussed efforts to obtain compensation for Mormon losses in Missouri, and referred to the Nauvoo community as "that persecuted people,"²⁶ with no apparent hint of irony.

The other article reported the organization of the city government of Nauvoo, which took place on 3 February 1841. There is faint criticism of John Bennett, who was installed as mayor on that occasion, but even Bennett, on balance, was treated positively:

His Honor appears rather bombastic notwithstanding severe criticisms which he adopts on the verbosity of modern literature. On the whole, however, the address is a creditable production, and appears to maintain throughout a high moral bearing.²⁷

At the April conference, the Saints intended to lay the cornerstone for their proposed Nauvoo Temple. The Nauvoo Legion would parade, and the day would be a grand spectacle. They expected the crowd to number about 7000, the largest gathering yet assembled in the state of Illinois.

In an apparent effort to obtain Thomas Sharp's allegiance, the Mormon leaders invited him to attend the festivities as an honored guest. A boy was assigned to care for Sharp's every need, and Sharp was seated on the reviewing platform in a prominent spot. Between conference sessions, he was treated to a turkey dinner at Joseph Smith's home. The cornerstone laying was on Tuesday, 6 April 1841. Not having much time to report on the event for his Wednesday, 7 April edition, Sharp limited his comments to the following:

THE MORMONS.—The ceremony of laying the cornerstone of the Temple at Nauvoo, passed off yesterday (6th) with great parade. The number assembled is variously estimated; we should think however about 7000 or 8000, some say as high as 12,000. The Nauvoo Legion consisting of 650 men, was in attendance, and, considering the short time they have had to prepare, made a very respectable appearance. Mr. Rigdon officiated at the laying of the chief corner stone, and addressed the assembly in a very energetic manner in a speech of about an hour's length. On the whole the exercises passed off with the utmost order, without accident or the slightest disturbance. Gen. Bennett commanded the legion, under the direction of the Prophet, and acquitted himself in a truly officer-like manner.—We have no time for further comments this week.²⁸

Thomas Sharp's 7 April article implied that more information on his impressions of the Nauvoo ceremony would follow in future issues. Later, the Mormons would suggest that Sharp was fearful when he saw the strength of the Saints and turned against them during his 6 April 1841 visit.²⁹ However,

there is scant evidence to support that view, and no evidence at all from Sharp himself. Sharp's comments of the day after conference suggest no ill will toward the Saints. In fact, for five issues after 7 April, the *Western World* did not even mention the Mormons.

NO doubt part of the reason for ignoring the Church for that period was that the county was preoccupied with national events. There was very little local news in those issues of the paper, for William Henry Harrison, the new Whig president, was sworn into office on 4 March 1841. His inauguration was held outdoors on a blustery Washington day. Not wanting to diminish the macho mystique that had attached to him as "Old Tippecanoe," Harrison braved the elements without a hat. He developed pneumonia and died on 4 April 1841. So slow were the communications of the time that the first rumors of the president's death had not reached Warsaw in time for the 7 April issue. Rumors were reported a week later, but the complete story did not appear until 21 April, seventeen days after Harrison's death.³⁰

After the *Western World* reported the succession of John Tyler, and reprinted his inaugural address, the Nauvoo celebration was weeks in the past. Like any good newsman, Sharp recognized that old news is no news and did not refer back to the event.

If Sharp had in fact turned against the Mormons at the temple cornerstone meeting, there is little doubt that he would have been vindictive in his next references to the Church. However, such was not the case.

Once the national succession had been fully covered, the *Western World* celebrated its first birthday and the six-month mark of Thomas Sharp's ownership. In the 12 May 1841 edition he wrote an essay entitled "The New Volume" in which he reflected on the past year. One change he implemented at that time was to change the paper's name from the *Western World* to the *Warsaw Signal*. Sharp justified the change by saying that the *Western World* title was too grand for a paper of such limited circulation as his.

Thomas Sharp also reviewed his goals for the forthcoming year. Those goals were modest—to remain a Whig paper (although Sharp never made any attempt to be as fervent a Whig as the original owner; within a year he would shift the paper to political neutrality) and to render the paper "interesting" to the readers.³¹ Sharp did achieve widespread interest and assured continued interest in his paper by developing a strong anti-Mormon theme, which would be fully developed within a month of his paper's first anniversary. The fact that Sharp did not even mention the Mormons in his essay on the new volume is further evidence that he had not yet become an anti-Mormon. The transformation did not take place for a few weeks after the cornerstone-laying.

THE catalyst for the change was a pair of articles Sharp

published in his issue of 19 May 1841. Under the title of "Appointment" Sharp wrote:

We have no disposition to complain of the official acts of Judge Douglass, for whom, as a man and an officer, we maintain the highest regard, but there is one act of his which receives our unqualified disapprobation; and we speak advisedly when we say that it is frowned on with indignity by nine-tenths of the substantial citizens of the county—we speak of the appointment of Gen. BENNETT to be Master in Chancery. Whether from political motives or personal regard, it is certainly an act that has astonished the members of both parties, by its indiscretion. Bennett has but recently become an inhabitant of this state. He came here followed by evil report—he joins a sect and advocates a creed in which no one believes he has any faith—his true character is not known to our citizens, nor have they any confidence in him—under such circumstances we believe, and we are not alone in this belief, that Judge Douglass has committed an error in countenancing and encouraging such a man by the gift of a responsible office—an office involving the rights, and in certain instances the liberties of freemen. We, for one, say, let the citizens of this county remonstrate against the appointment.³²

John Bennett's appointment, while deplored by "gentiles," as the Mormons called their neighbors, was widely applauded at Nauvoo. The importance of Mayor Bennett in civic affairs was a source of pride for the Mormons, and that growing importance seemed to validate the Prophet's appointment of Bennett to be Assistant President of the Church. Nevertheless, this reference to a current political appointment seems more a political than a personal attack, and it does not appear to be an attack against Mormons, just against Bennett. Perhaps the Mormons would not have been upset by the article on Bennett if it had not been accompanied by a second article titled "The Mormons."

We understand that great dissatisfaction exists at Nauvoo, amongst those who have lately arrived from England. It is said that many have determined to leave—and that letters have been sent to England, warning their friends, who had designed to emigrate, of the sad state of things in the City of the Church. Mr. Rigdon, on the contrary, informed us last week, that, in general, the new comers were well satisfied. Be it as it may, it is certain that some have left both the City and the Church—not believing, on the one hand, in the mission of the Prophet, and on the other, dissatisfied with the temporal government which is exercised over them.

But this is no concern of ours. While on the subject, however, we will notice an accusation which has been made against us—that of having, for political effect, flattered the Mormons. This is not true.—We have occasionally noticed their doings, but not with any such design. We believe they have the same rights as other religious bodies possess, and ought to be protected in the just and proper exercise of those rights. We do not believe in perse-

cution for opinion's sake. But whenever they, as a people, step beyond the proper sphere of a religious denomination, and become a political body, as many of our citizens are beginning to apprehend will be the case, then this press stands pledged to take a stand against them. On religious questions it is and shall remain neutral; but it is bound to oppose the concentration of political power in a religious body, or in the hands of a few individuals.³³

Again, this article seems to fall into the category of fair comment. Unfortunately, though, the Mormons of 1841 had too-recent memories of the extermination order that had caused their expulsion from Missouri. They were unable to accept these articles, side by side in the county's major newspaper, as reflecting a reasonable opinion. After all, Sharp had derided the religious faith of one of the highest leaders of the Church, then he seemed to have questioned a proclamation from the Prophet that all faithful Saints should gather to Nauvoo. If Sharp's opinion that conditions for immigrants to Nauvoo were less than ideal were to become widespread, and keep converts from gathering, Sharp would then be an instrument to thwart the success of the Lord's work on earth. In addition, Sharp, in his comment that it was a mistake to say that he flattered the Mormons, sounded ready to take a distinctly anti-Mormon point of view.

THE reaction in Nauvoo was surprisingly sudden and vehement. Thomas Sharp was seen as a threat to the future of the Church. Was he? Perhaps, but it seems that his anti-Mormon viewpoint was not yet fully formed. In the following issue of the *Signal*, published on 26 May Sharp did not pursue the issue; he failed to mention the Mormons at all.

Although there is no mention of the articles from the *Warsaw Signal* in Joseph Smith's official history, it is clear that those articles stirred up a hornet's nest in Nauvoo.³⁴ Thomas Sharp seemed surprised by the vehemence of the Mormons' reaction, and his surprise was probably genuine. His article prompted a letter from Joseph Smith himself, which the *Signal* quoted in the 2 June 1841 issue.

NAUVOO, Ill., May 26, 1841

Sharp, Editor of the Warsaw Signal

SIR—You will discontinue my paper—its contents are calculated to pollute me, and to patronize the filthy sheet—that tissue of lies—that sink of iniquity—is disgraceful to any moral man.

Yours, with utter contempt,
JOSEPH SMITH.

P.S. Please publish the above in your contemptible paper.

J.S.

The Prophet's letter triggered an immediate sarcastic response from Sharp. As Joseph requested, the letter was published, but with the following head:

Highly Important!!

A New Revelation, from Joe Smith, the Mormon Prophet,

for the especial benefit of the Editor of the "WARSAW SIGNAL."

The *Signal* sought to explain the context of Joseph Smith's letter with these words:

In our paper of week before last, we took occasion to express an honest opinion in relation to the Mormons, and some of their leaders—an opinion which we believe is concurred in by nine-tenths of the community. No sooner, however, had our paper reached Nauvoo, than it caused the following highly important revelation to be forwarded us, from his holiness, the Prophet.

This is the first published sarcasm by Thomas Sharp against Joseph Smith. After this, Sharp routinely gave the Prophet the sarcastic title "His Holiness," but as we have seen, until this article Sharp had kept his appearance of objectivity. Continuing his bitter sarcasm toward the Prophet's letter, Sharp wrote a "Revelation" of his own, for the benefit of Joseph Smith, apparently taken from the *Signal's* Accounts Receivable files:

Now, as one good turn deserves another, we annex below, for the benefit of the aforesaid Prophet, a revelation from our books, in this wise:

WARSAW, ILL., June 2, 1841

JOSEPH SMITH, Prophet, &c., &c.,

To Sharp & Gamble,

DR

To one year's subscription to "*Western World*, \$3.00

Come, Josey, fork over, and for mercy's sake don't get a revelation that it is not to be paid. For if thou dost, we will send a prophet after thee mightier than thou.³⁵

With these opening salvos, Thomas Sharp was irrevocably converted from objective observer to combatant. Despite at least one attempt by Joseph Smith to calm the waters—he sent the money due for his subscription on Sunday, 6 June, when he passed near Warsaw under arrest on a warrant from Missouri on the old treason charges³⁶—once the sarcasm and bitterness surfaced, there was no turning back.

In stark contrast to the objective reporting on the Prophet's January 1841 proclamation urging Mormons to gather to Nauvoo, Sharp could not resist adding a harsh editorial comment when the Prophet reiterated his earlier advice:

READ AND PONDER—to those citizens if any there be—who apprehend no danger from a Mormon ascendancy in this county, we say, read the following proclamation and ponder well upon it. If the leader and head of the church can exercise such an all-powerful influence over his deluded followers, as to "instruct" them in their most weighty temporal concerns—if he can command them to settle where he pleases—if his will is to be their law, and he their God—what may—nay, what WILL—become of your dearest rights and most valued privileges, when that ascendancy is gained which the following proclamation is intended to effect:

TO THE SAINTS ABROAD

The First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, anxious to promote the

prosperity of said church, feel it their duty to call upon the saints who reside out of this county, to MAKE PREPARATIONS TO COME IN, without delay. This is important, and should be attended to by all who feel an interest in the prosperity of this the corner stone of Zion. Here the temple must be raised, the university be built, and other edifices erected which are necessary for the great work of the last days; and which can only be done by a concentration of energy and enterprise. LET IT THEREFORE BE UNDERSTOOD, that all the stakes, excepting those in this county, and in Lee county, Iowa, ARE DISCONTINUED, AND THE SAINTS INSTRUCTED TO SETTLE IN THIS COUNTY AS SOON AS CIRCUMSTANCES WILL PERMIT.

JOSEPH SMITH

Nauvoo, Hancock Co., Ill. May 24, 1841³⁷

Along with the crystallization of Sharp's fears about the political power of the growing number of Mormons in Hancock County, the Mormons kept stirring up the issue by attacking Sharp through their newspaper, the *Times and Seasons*. The reaction to one such attack, as published in the 9 June 1841 issue of the *Signal*, is not too different from the probable reaction of a modern reporter whose motives were questioned:

"The more we reflect on the subject, the more we are satisfied of the baseness of the motives which have induced the Editor (of the *Warsaw Signal*) to make an attack upon this community: a community that has never done him any harm, but ever treated him with hospitality and kindness."

We copy the above from the "Times and Seasons." It was written in reference to the editor of the *Signal*, and on reflection, it does make us feel right bad, that we have been so ungrateful to the Mormon brotherhood. Just think, reader!—after having been invited to Nauvoo, on the 6th of April, by the Mayor of the city—and after having gone there, impelled by curiosity, to see all that was to be seen—after having ridden to the Temple on that great day, in presence of assembled thousands, by the side of the Holy Prophet—after having an officer ordered to escort [sic] us to the stand when the great orator held forth—after sitting by his side during the discourse, and during the laying of the chief cornerstone, meaning the most prominent honors conferred on any stranger—after being invited in the presence of the congregation to dine with the Prophet—after dining with him on mince pies and sweet meats—after proceeding with him in the afternoon (although we tried our hardest to steal off and make for home)—after again visiting the Temple, and occupying a distinguished place at the laying of the remaining cornerstones—after supping with the Prophet, and eating heartily of his stall-fed turkey—after being caressed and having all manner of attentions paid us, in order to bribe us to flattery, and make a great noise over their splendid parade, in our editorials—and then after disappointing them—

how exceedingly ungrateful must we be, to make an attack upon such "kind" and "hospitable" people! How "infamous" must we be, in daring to say one word that does not meet their approbation!³⁸

IT'S impossible to say to what extent Thomas Sharp's later anti-Mormon activities were prompted by this 1841 exchange. It is clear that until the Mormons overreacted to Sharp's comments about Bennett and about immigrants' problems, he publicly maintained a fair, even sympathetic posture toward the Church.

Later, Sharp's anti-Mormonism grew in vehemence. After Bennett left the Church, the *Signal* published his letters purporting to expose "spiritual wifery" and other evils of the Church.³⁹ Sharp continued to call for strong political action against the Church. After the destruction of the *Nauvoo Expositor* in 1844, Thomas Sharp called the non-Mormon population to arms against the Mormons.⁴⁰ After Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum were taken into custody under the governor's protection, Sharp spoke to members of the Warsaw militia from a soap box, and told them not to miss such a golden opportunity to dispose of the prophet.⁴¹ The militiamen took Sharp's advice, and they went to the jail in Carthage and shot and killed Joseph and Hyrum. After the Prophet's death, Thomas Sharp was tried and acquitted for his role in the killing. Through the columns of his newspaper, Sharp continued to campaign for the expulsion of the Mormons.⁴²

In years to come, many insults and charges flew back and forth between Sharp and the Mormons, but these 1841 newspaper articles appear to represent the turning point in their relationship. Had the early Church leaders been able to accept quietly Sharp's fair comments about their affairs, there is little doubt that they would have enjoyed more time of peace in their early years at Nauvoo. It is interesting to speculate what they might have been able to accomplish had their opposition been less vehement in those early years.

But there is little doubt that the Mormons themselves were largely responsible for the escalation of the conflict until it reached levels where accommodation was difficult or impossible. Thomas Sharp's conversion from fair-minded observer to anti-Mormon activist proved to be a scourge to the Church; unfortunately, he was a scourge of their own making. ☹

NOTES

1. See, for example, the *Western World* (Warsaw, IL), "Latest from the Mormons," 13 May 1840; "Rare Chance for a Whig Printer," 30 September 1840; "Division of the County," 28 January 1843. All references to the *Western World* (Warsaw, IL) and the *Warsaw Signal* are taken from microfilmed copies of extant newspapers on deposit at the New York Public Library. The microfilm record, on two reels, is referenced by the call number ZZAN-898, and is available from the NYPL. Copies are also available through the LDS Family History Library and other library collections.

2. See "Our Town and County," the *Western World* (Warsaw, IL), 13 May 1840, p. 2.

3. For a discussion of the Mormons' difficulties in Missouri, see Joseph Smith, *History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints*, B.H. Roberts, ed. (Salt Lake City, 1978) vol. 1-3. Other general sources include Donna Hill's *Joseph Smith, The First Mormon* (New York, 1977) and Leonard J. Arrington and Davis Bitton's *The Mormon Experience* (New York, 1979).

4. See, for example, Letter of Sidney H. Little, the *Western World* (Warsaw, IL), 19 August 1840, pp. 2-3.

5. For an excellent discussion of the circumstances surrounding the Mormons' settlement in Illinois, and their land purchase contracts there, see Robert Bruce Flanders, *Nauvoo, Kingdom on the Mississippi* (Urbana, IL, 1965), pp. 39-44 et seq.

6. See "Latest from the Mormons," the *Western World* (Warsaw, IL), 13 May 1840, p. 2-3.

7. See "Wholesale Stealing," the *Western World* (Warsaw, IL), 15 July 1840, p. 2.

8. For discussions of the Tully incident, see Kenneth W. Godfrey, "Causes of Mormon Non-Mormon Conflict in Hancock County, Illinois, 1839-1846" (Ph.D. Diss., Brigham Young University, 1967), pp. 155-156; and a fictionalized account in Samuel W. Taylor, *Nightfall at Nauvoo* (New York, 1971), pp. 64-67. Contemporaneous newspaper accounts include the *Western World* for 15 July 1840; 29 July 1840; 5 August 1840; 19 August 1840; 16 September 1840; and the *Quincy Whig* for 25 July 1840.

9. "Shameful Outrage," the *Western World* (Warsaw, IL), 29 July 1840, p. 2.

10. See "Rare Chance for a Whig Printer," the *Western World* (Warsaw, IL), 30 September 1840, p. 2; 28 October 1840, p. 2.

11. The *Western World* (Warsaw, IL), 20 January 1840, p. 2.

12. See Thomas Gregg, *History of Hancock County* (Chicago, 1880), pp. 748-57 for detailed information on Sharp's life. See also *Portrait and Biographical Record of Hancock, McDonough and Henderson Counties, Illinois* (Chicago, 1894) and *Biographical Review of Hancock County, Illinois* (Chicago, 1907).

13. See George Leffingwell Reed, ed., *Alumni Record, Dickinson College* (Carlisle, PA, 1905), p. 96. For a description of Judge Reed's law school and its connection with Dickinson College, see Burton R. Laub, "History of the Dickinson School of Law 1834 to 1966," pamphlet published by the Cumberland County Historical Society (Carlisle, PA, 1968).

14. See Election Returns, "General Representative Districts at a general Election Tuesday November 4th 1856," Illinois State Archives. Sharp lost to Jacob Cunningham Davis, a fellow Warsaw resident—and fellow defendant in the trial for the murder of Joseph Smith! Davis tallied 12,212 votes to Sharp's 8,182. Davis was elected as a Democrat; Sharp ran as a Republican, completing his transformation from Whig to Democrat to Republican. For additional information about Davis, see *Biographical Directory of the American Congress 1774-1949* (U.S. Government Printing Office, 1950), and Dallin H. Oaks and Marvin S. Hill, *The Carthage Conspiracy* (Urbana, IL, 1975).

15. See Executive Record 1865, Vol. 11, p. 29.

16. For example, see N.B. Lundwall, ed., *The Fate of the Persecutors of the Prophet Joseph Smith* (Salt Lake City, 1952).

17. "Salutatory," the *Western World* (Warsaw, IL), 11 November 1840, p. 2.

18. The *Western World* (Warsaw, IL), 13 January 1841, p. 2.

19. For a contemporaneous view of Bennett, see Thomas Ford, *A History of Illinois from Its Commencement as a State in 1818 to 1847*, (Chicago, 1854; republished Ann Arbor, MI, 1968), p. 263. For background on Bennett and the Mormons, see, generally, D. Hill, pp. 279 ff.; Taylor, pp. 67ff.; Flanders, pp. 93ff.; Arrington and Bitton, pp. 72ff. and Fawn M. Brodie, *No Man Know My History* (New York, 1945).

20. "We understand," *Warsaw Signal*, 9 June 1841, p. 2; "We stated some weeks since," *Warsaw Signal*, 14 July 1841, p. 2.

21. See "Appointment," *Warsaw Signal*, 19 May 1841, p. 2; and Ford, p. 263.

22. See *Warsaw Signal*, 23 July 1842, pp. 1, 2, 4. Some of Bennett's letters were first published in the *Sangamo Journal* (Springfield, IL) and the *Louisville Journal*. His letters were compiled, with other information, into a book, *The History of the Saints*, (Boston, 1842).

23. See "Zion's Revelle," the *Warsaw Signal*, 16 January 1847, p. 2.

24. The *Western World* (Warsaw, IL), 20 January 1841, p. 2. For the official text of the actual proclamation, see *History of the Church*, Vol. IV, pp. 267-73.

25. "The Mormons," *Warsaw Signal*, 19 May 1841, p. 2.

26. "The Mormons," the *Western World* (Warsaw, IL), 3 February 1841, p. 2. This article was published by Sharp, but was apparently reprinted from the *Sangamo Journal* (Springfield, IL).

27. "The Mormons," the *Western World* (Warsaw, IL), 24 February 1841, p. 2.

28. "The Mormons," the *Western World* (Warsaw, IL), 7 April 1841, p. 3. For descriptions of Sharp's visit to the cornerstone ceremony, see Arrington and Bitton, p. 72; and Taylor, pp. 97-100.

29. See the record of Norton Jacobs [or Jacob], Mormon Collection, The Huntington Library and Art Gallery, San Marino, California.

30. The *Western World* (Warsaw, IL), 14 April 1841; 21 April 1841.

31. "Change," the *Western World* (Warsaw, IL), 5 May 1841; "According to a promise," *Warsaw Signal*, 12 May 1841.

32. "Appointment," *Warsaw Signal*, 19 May 1841, p. 2.

33. "The Mormons," *Warsaw Signal*, 19 May 1841, p. 2.

34. See Smith, *History of the Church*, Vol. 4, chapter 19.

35. "HIGHLY IMPORTANT!!," *Warsaw Signal*, 2 June 1841, p. 2.

36. "JOE SMITH ARRESTED," *Warsaw Signal*, 9 June 1841, p. 2.

37. "Read and Ponder," *Warsaw Signal*, 9 June 1841, p. 2. For the official text of the resolution, which differs from the *Warsaw Signal* version only in emphasis and in inconsequential differences in spelling and wording, see Smith, *History of the Church*, Vol. 4, p. 362.

38. "The more we reflect," *Warsaw Signal*, 9 June 1841, p. 2.

39. "Bennett's Letter," *Warsaw Signal*, 23 July 1842, pp. 1, 4; "Bennett's 3d Letter," *Warsaw Signal*, 23 July 1841, p. 2; "Miss Brotherton's Statement," *Warsaw Signal*, 30 July 1842, p. 2.

40. "Unparalleled Outrage at Nauvoo," *Warsaw Signal*, 12 June 1844.

41. See, generally, Oaks and Hill. A contemporaneous account which has been debunked in part, but which is not contradicted on this point, is William M. Daniels, *A Correct Account of the Murder of Generals Joseph and Hyrum Smith at Carthage on the 27th Day of June, 1844*, by Wm. M. Daniels, an Eyewitness, (Nauvoo, 1844). Copy in possession of the author; original at the Newberry Library. Chicago. Oaks and Hill mention that originals also exist in the LDS Church Archives and the Willford C. Wood Museum in Bountiful, Utah.

42. For example, see "Last Move," *Warsaw Signal*, 24 July 1844, p. 2; "The Mormon Difficulties," *Warsaw Signal*, 31 July 1844, p. 2; and many other articles throughout the remainder of the Mormons' stay in Nauvoo.

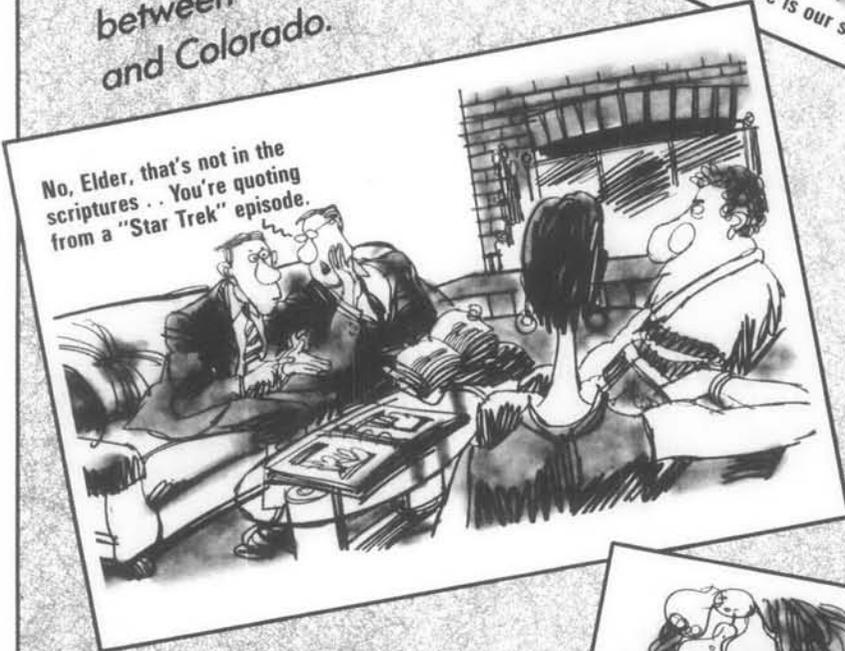
UTAH and All That Jazz

Calvin Grondahl

Once again, Grondahl successfully lampoons America's favorite twilight zone, that stretch of hilarity between California and Colorado.



"Jack here is our sales rep in Utah."



No, Elder, that's not in the scriptures . . . You're quoting from a "Star Trek" episode.

Grondahl is editorial cartoonist for the Ogden Standard Examiner.

Signature Books

Paper. 100 pages. \$6.95.



"The serpent beguiled me and I went out and got a job . . . I suggest you do too."

Second Place Winner in the 1987 D. K. Brown Fiction Contest

THE DEDICATION

By Kira Pratt Davis

THE SEMINARY BUILDING HAD BEEN FINISHED JUST BEFORE school started the day after Labor Day. It still smelled of paint and plaster dust and the carpets were still acrid, like the smell of the foam rubber padding of the chair Barbara's mother had reupholstered herself when Barbara was a baby and which now sat in Barbara's room, the covering coming loose and letting that smell out into the room when you sat on it. It made it hard to breathe, thinking about all those tiny particles of rubber going into your nose—someone had told her once that's what a smell really was, little particles of the thing you were smelling actually going up into your nose. So Barbara tried not to breathe too much in the seminary building. It was bright in there too, and still pretty bare, although Brother Whitney, the ninth grade seminary teacher, had already put up a bulletin board in the front of the room: "Tokens of the True Church," with early Christians and pioneers and regular Mormons all doing the same things in little oval splotches of the same colors. But otherwise the room was plain light yellow cinderblock walls, with big windows along one side, looking out onto the newly laid turf, where a Rainbird was hiss, hiss, hissis-siss-sisssting over the yard in between the seminary building and the junior high. The windows even seemed unnaturally blank, not that windows in seminary buildings were ever decorated, except for Christmas, but these were so clean, not just clean, untouched—no dead flies, no accumulations in the corners where the janitor's sponge hadn't been able to reach; and there was no gum under any of the desks either. Barbara stared out the window at the Rainbird making rainbows in the spray over the new turf. Brother Whitney was giving his lecture on "saving yourself for Celestial Marriage." He gave this lecture every year at the first of the year to the new ninth grade seminary students, knowing how subject to temptation kids are at that age, and how enticing the standards of the World are.

"Girls," he was saying, "My little sisters in the gospel. Keep yourselves pure in thought, word, and dress. Don't lead these young men astray. You have within you the power to pull them and yourselves down into degradation and sin. I knew a girl once, when I was in high school, that led away a very good friend of mine into immoral thoughts and actions, and what do you think? She hardly realized it at the time! No she didn't.

Because she was not aware of the effect her way of dressing and speaking had on the boys!" There were some smirks and slight stifled giggles, and a lot of blushing. Barbara kept staring out the window, wondering if the Rainbird would come all the way around and perhaps leave a big dark wet spray mark on the new beige bricks of the seminary building, like from some great big dog.

But she was listening, listening and drawing away from what he said with every word, half chanting inside, "That's dumb, that's dumb, no way, no way." Her heart was beating fast however. How could her "way of dressing" affect the boys? Who ever looked at her? She didn't have any clothes she really liked; she wore mostly corduroy pants and cotton blouses with wrinkled collars. Nobody ironed anything at their house. They just pretended that everything was permanent press and that it didn't matter anyway.

Once in a great while she would feel a strange tension inside about to break her apart after looking at her *Co-ed* magazines, which came for free from the home-ed department, all the clear faced models with lip gloss and perfect hair and just the right amount of eye makeup "for the thirteen to seventeen age bracket"; especially the make-overs where they took plain looking girls with stringy hair and cut that stringy hair into beautiful sweeps, and put rouge and eye makeup and lip gloss on them and then they looked like all the other models in the book—flawless and serene. Then she would feel a choking long-ing build up inside her and she would beg her mother and father for money to go shopping. "Because I haven't got anything, not one thing! Everything I have is stupid!" And her mother would patiently ask, "What about that blue shirt you bought last time," and she would blush and say it got a tear in the sleeve, and besides it was too small.

"Oh, you've put on a little weight lately, haven't you Tunker?" her Dad would say and she would fume. "No! It shrunk in the dumb washer!"

"Well, Kitten, it doesn't sound like you're happy with any clothes; I don't think you'd like it no matter what you bought; you'd find some little thing wrong with it and you'd let it sit there in the drawer, and that's a waste of money, you know. Besides you look fine. Who you dressin' up for anyway, you got a boyfriend besides your old Dad?" He tried to grab her playfully and tug her over onto his lap. "Daddy!" She slapped

KIRA PRATT DAVIS is a freelance writer.

his arms and struggled away and ran upstairs to her room.

"What'd I say?" he shrugged at her mother, who sighed and said, "Well, maybe she does need something; let me give her ten dollars and maybe she can find something at Lerner's."

That was always about how it went. And then Barbara would take her ten or her fifteen dollars and buy something fiercely stylish, something she had seen Lori Wilson, voted best-dressed girl in the eighth grade class last year, wearing—blue mascara, or a shirt with enormous puffy sleeves, or stockings with a bright flower pattern printed on them. She bought stealthily, guiltily, and brought the things home and tried them on. She never tried anything on in a store, in one of the little dressing rooms with just a limp curtain that didn't quite reach the sides of the doorway, and a big mirror to show the view from behind. Barbara did not want to know what her view from behind was; and above all she did not want any well-dressed salesclerk to come peek at her in her shabby underwear, "Everything all right? Can I get you anything?" Mortifying, even to think.

So at home she would try the things on in her room and stand on tip-toe to see as much of herself as she could in the mirror above the dresser. And she might even wear them the next day to school, if her courage was up. With the patterned stockings, however, she made it only as far as the corner and then came running back; she had been imagining herself at every step, plain blue skirt and white scraggly blouse with flowers all over her stocky legs. She hated her legs; they were muscley and thick, not a thing like the legs of the transparent models in *Co-ed*. So she had run back home and put on some pants and had kept the flowered stockings buried in her drawer ever since.

BROTHER Whitney was still talking, "Girls, it is your sacred obligation to support the priesthood. Do not bring them down, do not tempt them into evil thoughts by showing your bodies to them in such a way that they are aroused." Barbara writhed at the word "bodies" and "aroused." How could he say those words? It was so disgusting—smelly bodies, lumpy bodies. And she sat on her hands and bit her lip. She knew what he would say next:

"And do not even start down the path, my young brothers and sisters, because, married people could tell you, it all starts with a single touch; a single unwholesome touch of your bodies and your passions are inflamed, and then it is very, very hard to stop. So do not linger in cars, do not be alone with members of the opposite sex; save your first kiss for over the altar—yes! Why not? And ensure the sacredness of your relationship in purity."

Barbara leaned her chin on her fist on her desk top and sat on her other hand. She was blushing violently. Unwholesome touch. Passions inflamed. Yuck and gross and slimy and how could I have done that! and guilt and worry, afraid he would be able to look out over the students in the class and see, as if with special magic vision, who had sinned; and confusion—her passions had certainly not been inflamed, why? why? why?

she had been more brazen than she had ever been in her whole life, had dared the angels to stop her, had just let him go ahead and—and he had lifted up her tee-shirt and—she squirmed in her chair and rubbed her hands across the sides of her chair, scraping them off.

Brother Whitney was coming around to the object lesson part of his talk. "You see this cake, brothers and sisters?" He held up a bakery decorated cake that looked like the top of a wedding cake. "Now who wants to come up here and help me with this part of the lesson?" He grinned out over the class; "I know you've been eyeing this cake up here, who wants to come and try some?" Hands went up. He chose two students, a boy and a girl, the clean transparent type with neat collars. They came giggling up to the front of the room.

"Here, now I want you two to eat some of the icing, eat all you want, off the top of this cake with your fingers." They giggled and looked out at their friends, the girl with her hand over her mouth, and then the boy shrugged, smiled, and took the first finger full of icing. He made a face and everyone laughed. Then the girl took some, too, and the whole class was nervously giggling, watching them lick the icing off the cake—rosebuds and leaves and delicate sugar filigree.

After a while Brother Whitney stopped them and gave them each a napkin to wipe off their hands and sent them back to their seats, amid general giggling and slugs to the boy's back from the other boys. Then he held the cake up and said, "And now who would like a slice of this beautiful cake?" A couple of the bolder kids in the back of the class held up their hands, but this was obviously not what Brother Whitney wanted and he overlooked them.

"You see, this cake has had all the icing licked off, all the special trimmings that make it so beautiful and sweet." It did look ragged, uneven splotches where the cake underneath showed through, even gouges into the cake and crumbs across the remnants of icing. "Now no one would like to eat this cake; it has been damaged, it has become polluted, it is no longer the desirable thing it once was." He set the cake down.

"Brothers and sisters, do not let this happen to your chastity; do not let it become damaged and polluted like this cake. Save it and savor it for when you enter into the covenants of Celestial Marriage." He paused, the class was a little fidgety. It was nearly the end of the hour.

"But there is always a way to repent if you slip into transgression; if you are truly sorry and wish to make it all right again with your Heavenly Father you can confess your sins to your bishop. Now he won't tell anybody; that's part of his job to listen and to keep your confidences. He may make some suggestions how you can change your behavior if you've slipped into a pattern of transgression. He's there to help you. And then this cake," he held up the battered cake again, "This cake of chastity, will be as if it had been back again to the Celestial Bakery, completely restored, almost as if it had never been damaged."

The time was up. Barbara was miserable and never looked up at him until the bell rang, then gathered up her books and

walked out of the building and across the lawn, ducking and running to avoid the rainbird.

SHE felt sick and warm in her stomach. It hadn't happened very long ago, on their vacation to California last month, in fact. She had been angry at her father, and her mother had seemed so dumb, and this other family, from New York, had been camping across the way, and he was a year older than she was, and she had wanted to just see what it was like, to have someone do something drastic about her, look at her close up and still want her, touch her and still like her, or something. He and his brother had come over and watched them unpack their camping gear in the spot next to the spot they had actually reserved. A brassy woman with bleached blonde hair had moved her things into their reserved spot when the Sanderses had gone off to the ranger station for a few minutes, and she was sitting there, refusing to move, when they came back. Barbara's father fumed in silence, and sprayed gravel as he moved the car into the next spot over. Barbara's mother noticed her Eastern license plates and said, "I bet she's Jewish, I just know she's Jewish!" And Barbara had repeated this to the two boys as they stood watching Mr. Sanders set up their tent, "I bet she's Jewish!" And the older boy, Sam, had turned to his brother and smiled and said, "You want to tell her Seth?" And the younger brother looked at the ground and scooted a rock around with his toe and said, "We're Jewish."

Barbara had been stunned, like someone hit her in the chest; she could hardly talk. "Oh, I didn't mean that, I'm sorry. Jewish is fine. I like the Jews." Nothing could help the awful moment.

But the boys didn't seem to hold it against her for very long. They came over again later, after lunch, and asked Barbara and one of her little brothers to come on a hike with them. On the hike she talked with Sam and told him again how she was sorry and that she was a Mormon and that Mormons like the Jews. "We believe that we're related, that you're from the tribe of Judah and that we're from the tribe of Ephraim and Manasseh. I really can't believe I said that, that earlier; I'm really sorry." And then they talked about the trail and he talked about a cross-country bicycle trip he had been on earlier in the summer, and her little brother and his little brother had walked on past them up the trail and soon they were alone and sat down on a rock to rest and he kissed her. It was so strange and unthinkable almost, that he should kiss her, that she felt numb and almost as if she were outside of herself, watching them.

When she came back her father was mad. "Where have you been young lady?" She glared at him and waved goodbye to Sam as he walked back to his own family camp.

"Daddy, you make me so embarrassed sometimes! You treat me like such a baby! Just leave me alone." He caught her arm as she was huffing past.

"Now look here, you don't talk to me like that. You've been gone for five hours with boys you don't even know and it's nearly dark now and in another five minutes I was going to call out the rangers after you!"

"It's all right! They're nice guys! Now just leave me alone!" He let go of her arm. "Just don't stay away so long next time. Your mother was getting worried."

And her mother had looked at her with such weepy wimpy eyes when she came into the tent, she had wanted to scream at them.

And so the next day: nursing her anger along through the night, half planning, really, half willing it to come around that way, she went off with Sam again after breakfast. And they were climbing around on some boulders off the trail and they found this almost like a cave, only open to the sky, and it was there, it was there, that she let him—but it hadn't been fun, or exciting, she had stopped him after only a few seconds; she was afraid she smelled funny and he was too close and it wasn't fun and she wanted to go back to her camp and she felt damaged, and she felt ugly, and her underwear—it made her feel faint and nauseated now to think a boy had seen her underwear.

She ran across the lawn as fast as she could, as if to escape the thoughts swarming around her. "Hey!" A man leaning on a shovel called after her, "You're going to ruin the new sods!" She ignored him and ran on past.

T HAT night was MIA and Barbara's teacher was showing the girls pictures of the new temple in their area, a pointy white thing with little arches traced in the surfaces of the walls and a hedge of sticker bushes around the parking lot.

"How many of you have been to see our new temple while it's been open before the dedication?" Most of girls raised their hands. Barbara had been, too.

"Then I'm sure you'll remember some of these special rooms." She held up pictures of the sealing rooms, white and green with sparkly chandeliers and mirrors doubling back the reflections on both sides of the room, and a lace covered bench in the middle.

Barbara had seen the sealing room; the chandelier had been sparkly and had swayed in the light just a little, winking and giving off rainbows, sparks of color. It had made her feel very dreamy, staring at it as she filed past along the velvet roping with the other visitors. She had peered in all the rooms, wondering if angels had been there yet—angels came to temples and told people when other people had died, or who they were supposed to marry. She had half expected to see angels there already, and was trying to think what she would say to one if she did; she imagined catching sight of one ducking behind the water fountain as she passed it; the aura of his white robe would glow up from behind the chrome and plastic cooler as he ducked out of sight behind it. It would shudder and wheeze quietly as the thermostat shut off, like a sigh of fulfillment in the holy presence. But that was just after school was out, before their trip to California, before she did that.

"Girls, I've thought of a really wonderful idea for us to do as a class. Wouldn't it be lovely if we could all attend the temple dedication together? This is something special that I don't

think you'll get many more chances to see in your life, so I think we should make sure as many of us as possible get to go see this. Now it's not open to just anybody, you have to have an interview with the bishop, and then he gives you a little recommend, not a regular one, but one special for this dedication, and then you get to come to the chapel that night and see the dedication on closed circuit TV on the video screen and participate in it." Barbara looked at her shoes and bit her lip; she felt her stomach twisting.

"Temple dedications are very spiritual occasions. My brother was at the dedication of the temple in Los Angeles when he was a missionary there, and he heard extra voices singing along with the choir, and many others did, too, and one of the general authorities, I think it was Brother Kimball, said he was sure it was the voices of the spirits whose ordinance work would be performed there in that temple." Barbara loved to hear things like that; it gave her chills and made the hair on the back of her head prickle. And she knew it was all true, too—there were angels everywhere only we can't see them with our natural eyes; but if they wanted to, they could visit. They just don't want us to know for sure. We have to believe, not know for sure. But in temples they could visit whenever they wanted to, because all the people who went into temples believed in them anyway.

But maybe angels wouldn't come if she were there now. Maybe she would keep them away. Or maybe if she went and angels came, they would see her and know that she was unclean and strike her, like that man in the Bible. Or, and this seemed the most likely, maybe if she went and angels came, everybody would be able to see them except her. She would pretend, she decided; she would say she saw them and pray to see them, too. Barbara felt her heart beating very fast and her cheeks felt hot. Even thinking about telling the bishop made her feel as if she might faint. She couldn't speak the words to herself, couldn't even make her mind say the words for what she had done. So she chanted to herself: just forget it. Just don't do it again. Just pray for forgiveness. Just leave it alone. It never never never happened.

BARBARA walked home after MIA with two friends. The neighborhood was bare, with broad streets lit by streetlights, showing pitiful little trees, little sticks with leaves at the top, skinny and braced up next to poles, stuck in the bare yards of the new houses.

One friend picked up a stick and was banging it against all the streetlights they passed, to hear the hollow bonging sound. Then she stopped and scratched something on a lamp-Post with the sharp end of her stick, the others crowded up to see what she was writing.

"There. J.B. plus W.D. And don't tell anybody." The others giggled and gasped appreciatively. "Wendy, do you like him now? Oh, he's cute! Have you ever talked to him? Do you think he likes you too?" The other friend confessed that she liked somebody new, too; somebody who had been at MIA tonight

in fact, playing basketball in the cultural hall afterwards with his shirt off, his chest glistening. "He has the most darling eyes." They talked faster and poked each other and giggled.

"Barbara who do you like now?"

"I met somebody on vacation." She smiled smugly and did a little dance, skipping up the sidewalk and twirling. "And he's real cute and he's a sophomore and he's not a Mormon!" They ran together a half block out of excitement and oohed and aahhed gratifyingly. "How did you meet him? Does he like you?" And Barbara fed them little bits of details, just little bits. She told them they had been on two hikes together and that they had talked a lot, and that she had told him about the Church and that he had given her his address. She turned around to face them and walked backwards as she talked, gesturing broadly and giggling, breathless; they were all breathless.

She didn't say he had kissed her. It had been Barbara's first kiss; the other two girls had never been kissed and they had talked before, on these walks home from the church together, about who they wanted to kiss for the first time and what they thought it would be like. "Eeeyew!" one of them had said then, "Sometimes they do it with their tongues!" Barbara did not want to tell them the slimy part of it.

Barbara's house was first on the way and they called out "See ya, big time lover!" as she opened the door and walked in. "Oh, come on!" she hollered back at them, smiling.

Her mother was vacuuming the edges of the living room as she walked in and shouted, "Take that stack of things upstairs to your's and the boys' rooms, ok?" and she gestured with the hand that was holding the vacuum cord, so it wouldn't get sucked up inside, at a stack of clothes and toys and papers at the base of the stairs. Barbara gathered it all up and trudged up the stairs with it, dumping it emphatically in the hall between the bedrooms, fishing out a sweater of hers and then leaving the rest for the boys to disentangle.

Why did it always smell bad here? The baked bean smell from supper still lingered in the upstairs hall. She held her breath as she walked past the open door of the bathroom. Her littlest brother's wet pants were always sitting in there next to the toilet. And why was the rug so stained and tramped down in the middle? Stacks of things, books, pajamas, blocks, tinker toys, candy wrappers, swarmed on every flat surface in the house. She thought about pushing it all into the middle of the living room with a bulldozer and setting it on fire, just burning it all away, and feeling avenged, smiling in the red flicker of it. She walked into her room and threw her sweater on the floor and flopped down on her bed. The smell of foam rubber eeked into the background of her thoughts and made her try to exhale harshly, and then not inhale, except through her pillow, an old habit, and she hardly noticed she was doing it.

She breathed in her pillow and remembered her conversation with her friends, trying to force her mind to see it like that really, romantic, exciting, enviable. A cute boy, a sophomore, and a non-Mormon, hiking in the mountains—it sounded fun anyway. She rolled over and covered her head with her pillow and rocked back and forth. Creepy, creepy, creepy. Why

couldn't it have been fun? Why did it have to bother her so much? She wondered if the models in her *Co-ed* magazines ever did that, that thing she had done, and if they really liked it. They looked so thin and flat, with nothing to hide, no wrinkles in their clothes or bulges in their bodies—it wasn't fair.

She put on her night gown. She couldn't think of anything she wanted to do besides go to bed. She always put it over her head with her other clothes still on, and let it hang down covering her while she took things off underneath it.

She turned out the light and crept under the scrambled blankets (she never made her bed), and lay there thinking about it, trying, in the dark and the wincing smell of foam rubber, just a little bit, what the touch there had felt like. Why did people think it was so fun, then. Was she just weird? She rolled over and thought about telling the bishop that it didn't count, because she hadn't liked it. It shouldn't count. If you're going to be bad you should at least like it.

She dreamed that night that she was flying, naked, and the wind rushed her into a huge cave with a sparkly ceiling that she knew was the temple, and it was about to blow her into the Holy of Holies, and it looked white hot in there, and the wind blew her stronger and stronger towards it and she tried to hang on to the door frames and she couldn't cover herself—and she woke up crying before she was consumed in the radiance.

TWO weeks later Barbara's MIA class was assembled at the teacher's house for a light dinner and a little lesson before walking over together to the chapel to see the dedication on the video screen. The house was a split level, one of the new ones in the subdivision, with a cream colored thick pile carpet that looked as if it had been combed, all the yarns standing up the same way. Barbara noticed that her feet made footprints in it as she walked on it so she tried to stay sitting down on the puffy flowered couch next to the glass-topped coffee table. The house smelled of air freshener. Her teacher was a round, shiny faced woman, always smiling. She had made a chicken salad with green grapes in it for the dinner. They sat around the living room, ten of the twelve girls in the class, and balanced little paper luncheon plates on their laps and ate the chicken salad with croissants, and sipped Seven-up with maraschino cherries in it. The girls were all wearing their Sunday dresses.

Barbara had on a blue dress that didn't need to be ironed. She felt docile and humble and grateful. The interview was over, she had had hers last Sunday, and she had her yellow and blue recommend, with a drawing of the new temple on it, on her lap. Everything was fine. She had been very nervous before the interview, but had made a bargain with Heavenly Father: "If it is Thy Will that I should tell him, then have him ask me about it. If he asks me about it I promise I'll tell."

And he hadn't asked. He had shaken her hand and smiled at her and asked how her family was doing, and had told her that a temple dedication was a serious occasion and that this recommend was a little bit like the real recommend she would

get later on when she went through the temple when she got married; and that she had to be sure she was worthy. He asked if she were a good girl and kept the commandments. She nodded and looked at him, waiting, just waiting, for him to ask, her heart beating in her ears, and he said, "Well, that's just fine, I don't have any problems signing a recommend like this for you, Barbara. You're a fine, upstanding young lady, and you come from a good family." He signed it and handed it to her. As they got up to leave the office, he held her by the hand a moment and said (now here it comes, she thought), "There's just one more thing I want to ask you." She swallowed.

"You know your mother is awful busy with that Primary job lately and with your three little brothers; will you promise me that you'll give her a hand around the house? I mean, if you see something that needs to be done, like the dishes, or clearing something away, will you just do it and not wait to be asked?" She nodded, a little numb. "Aw, I knew you would." He gave her a one arm hug. She smelled the wool suit and the musty smell of fatherly aftershave as he squeezed her. And that was all. That was the interview. Heavenly Father hadn't told him to ask. So it must not have counted. She was so relieved and grateful she helped her mother set the table after church and cleaned the bathroom the next day. Her mother commented to her father that it was certainly nice to see the kids growing up and starting to accept responsibility around the house.

And now there she was in the clean living room, listening to her teacher read a poem she had written about "Eternity." It had a ballad cadence and a regular rhyme that you could almost predict: "white" and "bright," "spire" and "desire," "temple" and "simple." She finished it with tears in her eyes and said that she had written it just after her marriage, twenty years ago. The girls really wanted to know if angels would be there, but nobody dared ask.

And then it was time to walk over to the chapel. They were all full of the fragile, precious, glowing feeling of the dinner and the teacher's poem. They didn't want to say anything to break it, and then maybe not be in the right spirit for the dedication. Then Barbara thought what if Heavenly Father had gotten the message to the bishop after her interview when it was too late to ask, and what if he were waiting there now, by the door, waiting to grab her out and say no, no unclean thing may enter here! If Heavenly Father knew everything, and the bishop was his true servant, then he could always tell him.

But the bishop was not at the door when they came in. A couple of the older boys stood at the door and checked recommends and showed people where to hang their coats.

It was very crowded, and strangely quiet for how many people there were. The quiet was unsettling in the chapel. The lights were dim and it looked strange with the big screen set up above the podium, as if a giant book, the Book of Life, had been suspended there and all the names of those who were to be saved in the Celestial Kingdom would shortly appear. The girls sat down on a row of folding chairs in the overflow behind the chapel. The pews were already full. They sat and smoothed their dresses and absently rubbed the edges of their recom-

mends under their fingernails. And then the video screen flickered on.

A special choir of people from all over the temple district sat in the upstairs meeting room of the temple all dressed in white, and sang "Holy Temples on Mount Zion." And then the Prophet came to the microphone at the podium in front of the choir, there in the temple. He was dressed in white too, and his hair was white and he looked very shiny in the bright lights for the television cameras. He smiled and said how proud and privileged he felt to take part in this glorious occasion.

"What if the spirit here isn't right and the dedication doesn't work and he'll be able to feel it? He'll know there was somebody unworthy at one of the closed circuit places." As she looked at him, the prophet, she suddenly felt a floor fall away from under her as she saw how her guilt was spreading outside herself like a blob of ink in a glass of water. It wasn't just whether or not it would "count" against her—she knew the dedication would not work.

"But that's not possible," her lower, less imaginative self insisted, atomizing her guilt, smearing it away. "No one like you could do something that harmful. And you had your sign: he didn't ask, so it didn't count."

"But what if you're wrong?" She felt her pulse racing and her head was hot and thick. "If you're wrong then nothing done in hundreds of years by thousands of people working in this temple will work—it will be an unclean temple and unacceptable before God. So get up and leave." She knew she was a celestial being if she did not get up that minute and leave. She looked around. But there was her teacher and all those legs to climb over and the disturbance she would make, rustling dresses and programs and recommends and whispering "excuse me" and everyone turning around to see; she couldn't leave. She couldn't walk past all those legs for the sake of her slippery, half-imagined guilt, and kept talking it down, pushing its head under again, unable to silence it.

And then the newly appointed temple president gave a short talk. He said that he was sure that the spirits of many of those who would shortly have their work done for them in this temple were present, even though we may not see them. After that the choir sang a special number, and then the Prophet came to the microphone to give the dedicatory prayer. Barbara squeezed her eyes shut, praying along with him, praying that her presence there would not undedicate the temple, praying that there might be angels, for the sake of the others, who weren't damned.

It was a long, long prayer. Barbara wanted to look up at the screen, but was afraid. Finally, as he was winding down to the close, she peered through her eyelashes, and then opened her eyes right up and looked. Only him, only the Prophet standing there behind the microphone, his eyes shut, his face serious; only the laps and occasionally flitting hands of the front row of the choir behind him. No angels.

After that the congregation there in the chapel and in the temple itself stood up for the Hosanna Shout. Their MIA teacher had prepared them for this, and they each had a white hand-

kerchief. Everyone stood and shouted the three "Hosannah!"s, waving their white handkerchiefs. It was like the roaring of the sea. Barbara tried to shout the first one with the others and then couldn't go on, just stood and cried. Her teacher, who was standing next to her, put an arm around her shoulders and smiled through her own clean, matronly tears and whispered, "Isn't it beautiful?" and they all joined in together singing "The Spirit of God like a Fire is Burning." 63

IN THE PROGRAM NOTES I FIND MY GRANDMOTHER'S NAME

Her name was Celeste, like the keyboard sound
the orchestra can't cover up at Christmas
time in the concert hall that diverts your mind
from snow. A young wife is playing one now.
In the soundproof booth a technician eats
a sandwich behind glass and adjusts
the controls so she will stay young forever.

Up in the loges the rich adjust noses
and stare us down. When you are rich,
it doesn't take much to be proud. And Grandma
kept her pride even when she turned her back
on home and chased—that was her father's word—
the young musician over the snows to poverty.
He died young, no recordings to keep his voice
alive, and Grandma never went back. never
wrote home, proud to the end to be poor.

—DONNELL HUNTER

THE DYING MAN

The dying man sees neither forest
nor trees. Spring beauty springs fresh
for him and self-heal marks his trail.
When he stops to catch his breath,
he won't admit the meadow is full
of meadowrue, but points to everlasting,
dogwood shoots, crocus in the snow.
We don't tell him he's dying.
It would be too cruel. But busy
ourselves counting wrinkles in the mirror
and scratch the ankle scar that stays
too long for comfort, our own breath
shorter than we dare to think,
where the maple leaf, like a tiny hand,
clings to the earth tighter than the branch
last autumn it surrendered to wind.

—DONNELL HUNTER

 The work of becoming one

CAN WHITES “DO” INTEGRATION?

By Kate L. Kirkham

ON MANY OCCASIONS, I HAVE BEEN IN CONVERSATIONS where race or racism was the central topic. Opinions varied on what racial differences exist, on the nature of prejudice, and on whether or not racial discrimination has lessened over the years. Because I work with race and gender issues in organizational settings, I have also heard many arguments about how each gender relates to an organization's core mission or bottom line. While there is increasing agreement that racial prejudice, discrimination, and racism are not to be tolerated, there is still a lack of consensus on just what must be done to achieve a truly integrated workplace or society.

While people seem to be fairly clear on what they do not want to see happening, they are less able to articulate exactly what should be done by whom in a workplace that values racial and gender differences. I began to confront the question of who contributes what by looking specifically at majority group behavior. In researching the behavior of the traditional majority group members in U.S. organizations (whites and males), I identified some specific characteristics of majority group behavior that help or hinder an organization's efforts to value racial differences. What I have observed is relevant for church, school, business, and community organizations.

I chose to focus on majority group behavior after a poignant early work experience. I worked on a racially integrated staff frequently involved in urban education and school desegregation. We were asked during a workshop to separate into racial caucuses. The group of us who were white never really got together: we waited, played cards, got sodas, etc. When we were asked to report on what we had talked about, we had very little to say about our own racial identity and what our

role was as whites. We re-affirmed our commitment to helping “the others” achieve racial equality.

The impact of our behavior as whites was clearly visible on the faces of my colleagues. With the best intent, we had focused on helping others. But in avoiding a discussion of who we were as a group of whites and the effect of our behavior in the organization, we had less to contribute about our own experiences than the other groups. Members of other groups saw us more as a part of the problem they were encountering than as a part of a solution.

Focusing on majority group behavior is not the same thing as stereotyping the majority group. By looking at majority behavior, and inviting those who are racially different to do the same, we can learn a lot about what the majority does and how they are perceived. In the following discussion, I report specific patterns of white behavior that I have documented; I do not expect all majority group members to exhibit them. These patterns inform us about racial dynamics in the congregation as well as other organizations. Most of my examples in the first part of this article come from non-congregational settings.

FIRST, majority group members often behave as if they assume that their group “owned” the organization—as if their contribution is central to the success of the organization, and the contribution of minority group members is peripheral. This is often evident in the way whites talk about the organization. For example, early in my work with a national volunteer organization, the attitude of many of the majority group members could be summarized as “this is basically our organization and we’re inviting minority group members into it.” When confronted with this summary, they acknowledged that this assumption was operating but also stated that it was not a hostile statement on their part; the minorities were welcome in their organization. As long as whites felt “ownership” it was difficult for them to acknowledge all that was contributed by minorities

KATE KIRKHAM, associate professor of organizational behavior at Brigham Young University, is a managing diversity consultant. This paper was delivered at the Sunstone Symposium X in Salt Lake City. She wishes to thank Loralyn Thompson Forsyth for her assistance in preparing this article.

to the success of “their” organization. Over the years in that organization, as the whites gained more awareness—through a variety of programs and individual efforts—that core assumption changed and became: This is basically everyone’s organization; we don’t need to *invite* anybody in because it is already *everyone’s* organization. The shift in this central assumption was evidenced dramatically in behaviors. Since the organization did belong to everyone, whites expected minority contributions to be more visible, more central, and did not view them as threatening to their own contributions.

What assumptions are operating for whites in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints? Who owns the Church at the many organizational levels experienced by its members in the United States? In other countries? Are whites more comfortable with other cultures when they are racially alike? Do whites really believe that they are a part of a world-wide church in which important contributions to its leadership can and should be made, for example, by black people?

A SECOND pattern is apparent when we examine which group’s behavior is the focus of most discussions of change efforts involving race. Often majority group members focus on the actions of the other groups while ignoring the racial implications of their own behavior. A recent (and typical) conversation with a manager in an organization illustrates this pattern. He said: “Okay, we’re trying to do more to really be an integrated organization, but we have a dilemma which can be illustrated in the cafeteria—where you will see all the black people eating together.” When we went to the cafeteria it was obvious his description was only partially right. White people were also eating together! Black and white people were not eating together! A light went on for the manager; he had been ignoring the behavior of the majority group (i.e., people like him) and focusing on the behavior of black people.

The implication of his original statement that “blacks are eating together” was that *they* were the ones whose behavior would have to change to achieve integration. If majority group members focus on the behavior of others, that is where change will be expected. It is a very similar pattern to the behavior of the white caucus group I mentioned earlier. We focused on the behavior of the other groups and wanted to let them know that we would help them. If our own behavior as whites is not under scrutiny, it will hardly be a target for change. Many whites do not think that being white is a part of the *racial* dynamics in an organization.

There are many reasons why majority group members focus less on their own behavior: Thinking about *white* behavior in an organization is conceptually unfamiliar terrain for many people who are white. They can speak about their individual experiences but often have not thought about any patterns of behavior by members of their group of employees, or in our context, white members of the congregation.

Their definition of race equates prejudice with an *intentional* act on the part of someone; they are not accustomed to examin-

ing the outcome of the way most whites interact with others to discern *unintended* consequences that have racial implications.

LDS examples I frequently hear from students who are black, Hispanic, and Asian concern their arrival in a ward whose membership is predominately white. They report patterns in how whites interact with them. These patterns include whites: (1) telling them that there is a ward where there are more who are like them (such as: “There is a Spanish branch here.”); (2) not asking them about areas of interest that could lead to a calling (only inquiring about their personal comfort in the ward); or (3) assuming that a language barrier exists which would make it harder for them to teach a class; and (4) not calling them to positions where they would conduct or preside over a group of whites.

In order to “see” these patterns, a majority group member must think about what is typical of how whites interact with others *whether or not it is intended as prejudicial* instead of focusing only on the person who is different. Whites, need to be as aware of what others like them are doing as well as of what others who are different from them are doing.

THIRD, for many majority group members, there is often a negative aspect of their racial identity. (I am not saying that whites are the only ones who experience a negative aspect of racial identity; but I want to focus on that part of racial identity that is negative for whites.) In order to explore this with students in my class on diversity and discrimination at BYU, I ask them to interview someone who is racially different from them and discuss what it is like to be (black, Hispanic, Asian, etc.) at BYU. The white majority group students talk to people who are different from them and come back with animated stories about their experiences. There is a lot of interest in the class discussion on these interviews.

The next week, I ask them to interview someone who is like them—white students have to ask other white students what it is like to be white at BYU. They report very short conversations. Some of them admit they cannot ask the questions very directly; they are fearful of the responses they expect to receive. Some of the expected and actual responses are: the white person being interviewed will think they are being accused of being prejudiced; being white will be associated with white racist groups; being asked to think about being white is the same as being asked to be guilty for all white behavior or for all that has happened to those who are not white. The class discussion develops some insights into different experiences of racial identity.

Of these negative dimensions of being white, the most persistent is guilt feelings. In every organization I have worked with there are many whites who cannot talk about being white without saying that they are “being made to feel guilty” for what other whites have done in past generations. It is as if they equate thinking about being white with being indicted. They report feeling attacked, accused, and sometimes immobilized; they

don't know what to do since they did not do what has been done by other whites.

This response to white racial identity makes it hard for white persons to talk about what white people have historically done in an organization and/or to learn about the current experience of people of color. It also helps explain why as whites we are more comfortable focusing our attention on the behavior of the other. This is such a common pattern in white response on racial issues that it is especially frustrating: it can come from a white who is really trying to learn about the racial issues in his or her organization; it can come from a white who feels forced to attend a session on racial equality and sees no point in it. The attitude and motivation of the individual whites is not the determining factor—the guilt feelings seem to have more to do with a general reaction to the task of having to look cumulatively at white behavior.

A recent example deals with a white male manager who told his staff he was “very interested in perceptions of racial equity” in his organization and wanted some specific examples of any problems. The black members of his organization began to supply some examples. He became more and more visibly uncomfortable and finally said “Hey, am I responsible for everything bad that has happened in this organization?” The shift in his thinking from listening to examples to feeling somehow accused was apparent. The black employees, in this case, were honestly trying to respond to his request; they were not charging him with accountability for the examples. Yet, he reported later that as his awareness increased, so did his feeling that the black employees were blaming him for what other whites had done.

It is important for majority group members to learn how to hear examples about the negative behavior of other majority group members (past or present). The information may not be what they see or what they wish were the case, but they need to hear it and contribute more to the discussion than their feelings of guilt. It is possible to discuss perceptions and experiences, and challenge points without feeling personally accused.

FOURTH, majority group members have a different sense of the magnitude of the problems of racial discrimination and racism. Incidents of genuine concern to minority group members may seem to a white person to be merely side issues, and thus are easily overlooked or excused. Frequently, when discussing examples that people of color have identified, a white person will say, “well, all that may be true, but you don't understand, he (or she) is one of our best managers!” (or volunteers, leaders, counselors, etc.). Majority group members often do not share the same sense of the seriousness of the example because they judge a white person first according to competency in the organizational role and consider evidence of prejudice to be a separate and unrelated issue. Many people of color report to me that in their eyes competency in an organizational role *means a person would be effective in working with racially different people*.

As whites, we may excuse the behavior of another white that has racial implications and attribute it to his or her personality, often claiming that nothing racially derogatory was intended. We act as if we think that the attitudes exhibited by a person's racial jokes, inappropriate remarks, or exaggerated defensiveness concerning racial issues, will not be expressed in other ways in his or her organizational role. Yet, race is a part of evaluating, rewarding, promoting, or simply working with someone who is racially different.

What people of color often see as a serious problem of managerial incompetency, whites often see as an “isolated incident.” How can whites think that an organization is valuing racial diversity if the definition of a competent manager does not include the ability to participate in a racially diverse workforce? In contrast, most white managers I have worked with assume that managerial competency, when applied to a black manager, *does* include the ability to work effectively with other racial groups.

While the responsibility for an integrated organization is certainly shared, there are some things that majority group members can and need to do, beginning with an examination of the criteria by which white contributions to an integrated organization are judged. The majority group must not only be against discrimination and prejudice, they must be for something—such as a congregation that affirms the value of each member and reflects the racial or gender diversity of the Church in all aspects. I will give examples of the things that majority group members can do in the context of a congregation.

RACIAL IDENTITY

WE can be more aware of the paradigm shift required for many of us who are white to realize that we are *one of the many* racially different groups who love and serve the Lord. By becoming more comfortable with our own racial identity, and more aware of our impact when interacting with others, we can become less likely to focus primarily on the behavior of the other person.

While it is hard for all of us to “see ourselves as others see us,” it is especially true if the category of behavior does not exist in our way of thinking. If we do not have the category of “what are whites doing here,” it will be hard for us as whites to see how our behavior is like or different from the other whites in the congregation. By attending to the racial implications of our behavior we can “see” racial aspects of decisions that before we may have thought were neutral; we can re-examine assumptions about who is expected to come to certain events or perform certain roles in the ward; we can look at what cultural events are acknowledged or celebrated in the ward, and so on.

Once we are more aware of our own racial identity, we can begin to construct our own “checklist” for learning about race and racism in the congregation and community. Beginning with such questions as: How do I learn about others who are racially

VIGILANT IN OUR EFFORTS

different? Do I initiate conversations? Do I read magazines that reflect other cultures? What do I integrate into a talk or lesson? Am I conversant with issues that racially different members of the ward face? The list will go on fueled by new awareness and a sense of why it is in the self-interest of whites to be more active in creating an integrated organization.

Becoming more comfortable with our racial identity as whites must not mean that we become more complacent about racism. We must be willing to look at that negative aspect of race. We can become better at identifying when the behavior between two people who are different is due to personality and when it is due to racism. We can avoid a frequent and sometimes subtle form of racism: failure to be as critical of someone who is different as we are of one who is like us. Obviously, a bigoted person is very critical of others. What I am identifying here is the well-meaning majority group member who will not challenge someone, who is more accepting of a lower standard of performance because he or she is afraid to confront the other person. Many white managers have said they are afraid to criticize because they might be accused of being racist, or because they do not want to invest the time it would take to talk things through.

INTENT/OUTCOME

WE can learn more about the racial implications of our behavior—even if it is not at all what we intended! Many whites who are trying to become more aware and invite discussion of their own behavior end up defending their actions because they know what they intended. As a colleague of mine once said, there are *two* experts in any behavioral interaction: an expert on what was intended and an expert on what was experienced.

It is not enough for us to mean well. If a white person says “I didn’t intend that to be a racial remark” and then does not make an effort to understand how the remark was experienced and why, the situation is not likely to improve. We also should not excuse other whites because we assume we can account for their intent. I have seen white members of a ward go to a minority person after a class in which a remark was made that had racially derogatory overtones and “explain” the intent of the white person. They have been less likely, in my experience, to confront their white ward member directly. It is vital to learn more about how to influence the person who is racially like us and to invite an examination of the consequences of white behavior.

Intent and outcome do not always mis-match. I am aware that there are still many situations in which the behavior of a white person does match the intent because overt bigotry and racism still exist.

THOSE of us who are white can easily and frequently forget about being white. Even when we work hard at learning about racial identity, we have the luxury of not thinking about our experiences based on our race. It is almost as if we are running a “tag team relay” and others are in a marathon. We can hand off the task of “white racial consciousness” to someone else; on the other hand, people of color are constantly aware of who they are—both by choice and by the behavior of the others.

We need to expend more energy in working toward integration in our congregations and communities. We can assume a variety of roles (collaborator, initiator, etc.), but we must be consistently active and contributing. We can watch the dynamics in the congregation and ask about the racial implications. We can listen to speeches differently, see who is selected for what activities, and coach someone whose lessons or behavior reflect prejudice.

Some of this effort will need to be expended in an all white group. I have a good friend who laughed in response to a racial joke told in a group of whites and then said to me: “If there had been a black person present, I would have said something immediately.” It would have been equally troublesome to me if my friend had said, “if so-and-so were here, she would not have liked that joke.” It is important to act consistent with our values even in all white groups, and not just to react to who is present or how we think someone would respond who is not present.

DEEP WELL OF CHARITY

FINALLY the fundamental principles of the gospel should serve us all in our quest for congregations through which each racially different member feels valued. Charity—an unconditional love for the other as exemplified in Christ’s love—can be a bridge across the difficulties and tensions. We have much in common as we struggle to understand and comprehend racial identity and racism.

Charity has enabled me to transcend the immediate and individual experiences and learn from them. When I am working with those who are racially different from me I can sometimes see what happens because of race, or I can experience the hurt caused by my unintended insensitivity. My immediate reaction is often to move away from the hurt person and from that experience, to excuse, to defend, and not to take in the full impact of the experience—at times to be frightened by the racial injustice reported to me by others.

Instead of moving away (behaviorally or psychologically), we can move toward our racial differences—to fully comprehend racial identity and racism. Whites can invite feedback and look at patterns of white behavior that are experienced

as negative. Believing, as whites, that we can do more to contribute to integration, we can increase our efforts and feel sustained. Some whites I have worked with consistently try to look for ways to make integration more of a reality. When asked about their persistence, they say they fundamentally value integration and the authentic relationships which come from their own commitment joined with that of others.

To truly concentrate on another and be interested in their experience, to believe that you will be sustained, to be willing to hear of the pain in another's experience, realizing that it is not what should be happening, but nevertheless is happening, are all the more possible because of the gift of charity available to each of us. This love is a unique bond that enables us to bring into the congregation all of who we are and, in a very real sense, to wrestle with the challenges of a fully integrated church. ☺



Want to move to Utah? Business For Sale In Salt Lake Valley

Established Fence Company
Since 1959
Specialty Wood Products
Lumberyard · Office Building · Land
Great Family Business
Terms Negotiable
Interested Parties Call

801-484-5971 or write

Kurt Bishop
2154 Lambourne Ave.
Salt Lake City, Utah 84109

Liberating Heartfelt **insightful**
amusing Thought-provoking Tender
Thrilling Controversial
Irresistible Passionate Sincere Profound
Perceptive **Outrageous**
Ingenious SAVVY Distinctive
Empathetic Emotional Probing
Humorous

All of these words describe just one thing:

network®

A Utah publication for women and adventurous men.
Subscribe today!

Mail this coupon to us today with your check for \$12
and your first issue will be in the mail immediately!

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY/ST/ZIP: _____

() BILL ME () PAYMENT ENCLOSED (THANKS!)
network/155 East 4905 South/SLC, UT 84107/(801)262-6682

Pillars of My Faith

BEARING THE WEIGHT

By Kathleen Flake

I WAS NEVER PARTICULARLY AWARE OF HOW MANY PILLARS there were in Washington until being asked to give this speech. The anxiety at having to define my faith was such that it was infinitely easier to analyze pillars. So, as I drove past battery after battery of pillars, passing the Capitol, the National Archives, the National Gallery, even the new high-rise condominium on Pennsylvania Avenue, and especially the various memorials—I would ask why was that put there and what is it about me and my continuing commitment to the Church of Jesus Christ that serves this function.

I noticed that pillars serve a variety of purposes. Some, like those at the Jefferson Memorial, clearly support the weight of the entire structure. Others, like those of the Lincoln Memorial, support only the outer rim or porch. The last use worth mentioning is the pillar's decorative function. In both old and new buildings, pillars would be placed under small ledges or beside doors, not for purposes of bearing weight, but to add grace and line and, of course, prestige.

I began to realize my problem was not so much in identifying The Pillar of My Faith but distinguishing among the various props integrated into my personal house of faith—which were merely decorative, which were supporting porches or ledges; and which were bearing the weight of the entire structure?

From the beginning, the decorative pillars seemed the easiest to recognize. Foremost among them is, I think, my facility in the Mormon culture. I know how to dress like a Mormon. I know how to talk like a Mormon. I know what is a polite question, and I know the helpful responses to the impolite ones. I know the organizational structure of our community and the amount of respect appropriate to give to each layer. Though I have never admitted it, and most would never guess, I like being an insider in this community. I enjoy understanding the nuances of our relationships to each other. Sometimes I imagine it must be like living in a small town that knows no geographical

boundaries. The mayor is my cousin, and I went to school with the sheriff. I know how to avoid indigestion at the local restaurant and can pick the best conversations in front of the dry goods store. I have learned how to avoid the bullies and other doctrinal eccentrics. I know the stories in the town's cemetery, feeling the connectedness of past and present. I know about lost pages of manuscript, oxen who have been healed, potatoes baked for late-coming handcart companies, even wine from Dixie and massacres in meadows.

All of this is a pillar of sorts. It has the look of a pillar. It adds line and image to who I am. It gives me an identity, even credibility, regardless of any interior resources. To the uninitiated, five generations of Mormon progenitors and forty years of experience in the culture, including a two-year mission and BYU education, can even seem to be the cause rather than the effect of my Mormonism. In my experience, however, these cultural experiences and social graces cannot serve the function, though they may ape the form, of a pillar. None of these things are of real help to me when I have to decide the hard questions, such as, whether to support the Equal Rights Amendment or how to support the bishop who doesn't want me to support it. And, when a desirable man offers me his bed, it's not memories of the wonderful conversations in front of the dry goods store that informs my decision. These decorative pillars seem to crumble very easily under stress.

I HAVE a harder time admitting to the second type of pillar, namely, that which supports only a porch without bearing much of the building's weight. Going to what has always seemed the core of the most consistently positive experience for me, I have to admit that my understanding of our theology is merely an appendage to my house and confess that my love of the scriptures and love for the life of the spirit is not what keeps me going back again and again to the Church. Indeed, this secondary pillar includes many exciting experiences, even miracles. If I were to describe them here, you would, no doubt, recognize them from your own experience. Healings and mendings both great and small. Fires of testimony heard and given.

KATHLEEN FLAKE is an attorney living in Washington, D.C. This paper was originally delivered at Sunstone Symposium XI in Salt Lake City.

Revelations of hearts and minds, as well as information. Tongues to speak the ineffable. Even wisdom and understanding. These gifts have spared me much confusion and given me moments of great joy. Yet, however much I love these things, I must confess that their usefulness is limited in the face of demands for sacrifice, obedience, virtue, and consecration. They are supportive. They give me signals of what's important. They even announce a doorway or two. But, I know they do not in themselves sustain me; they do not bear the load of the weight of this building that is my spiritual life.

Indeed, these experiences and my knowledge of what we commonly phrase as "the Church's truthfulness" has in the past seemed to be the very weight bearing down upon, rather than the pillar shoring up, my faith. I have only once said I didn't know whether the Church was true. I was eight or nine years old and each member of my Tucson Ward primary class was to participate in the monthly testimony meeting. Never wanting to do what was expected of me, I stood up and said, "I don't know whether the Church is true or not but hope that someday I will." I remember it so well, not because there were any repercussions, but because I knew I had lied. I did know "it was true" and I searched in vain to remember how or when it first came to me. As the years went on I gave up on trying to find out why. I simply tried to change my mind. It never worked. Finally, twenty years later, having failed to change my mind, I just changed my life.

I left for what turned out to be a surprisingly long time. In those years while I lived the life of a Gentile with as much zeal as I had the life of a Mormon, I never talked myself out of my testimony. I never rationalized my lifestyle as acceptable to God's intentions for me, or a superior choice to that of an active Mormon. I was happier and that was what mattered to me. I was tired of being right. I was ready to try being happy. While in Kobe, Japan, on a mission I would hear the local bishop frequently bear his testimony that in the Church was the way to happiness in this life, not just the life to come. I envied him. The truthfulness of the gospel did not work that way in my life. Instead, it inspired a sadness so profound that it could only be overcome by religious zealotry. Later, as the debate over the ERA led to an airing of our community's, if not our doctrine's, understanding of women, their spiritual nature and potential, their relative value in the Kingdom, and their relationship to God, I found words for some of my old sadness in the fact of the Church's truthfulness. Increasingly, that fact became less of a motivation to act, less of a reason to stay. So, I left. The fact went with me, but I left.

It was in process of consciously deciding to leave that I learned that these pillars of testimony of the institution and dramatic spiritual experience were merely supporting porches in this house of mine. Or, more simply stated, my knowing that the "Church was true" was simply information—a hollow fact—when it came time for me to decide the important stuff. The important stuff, the crisis for me, came and still lies in the ontological questions related to my relationship to God and the opportunity to realize my spiritual potential through the

Church.

IN 1979, I was a second-year law student clerking in San Francisco. The issues raised in the previous five years of acrimonious debate in Utah were not new to me. My first conscious consideration of such questions was at fourteen. I had abstractly wondered what God did with a female Moses. What did he do with women who had the spiritual attributes and potential of a prophet? What happens to the parable of the talents or the doctrines associated with the resurrection when applied to the present and future spiritual state of these women? Or, were there by definition never any women who had these attributes of faith and testimony? I immediately dropped the question, never asking it aloud. I was too intent upon denying the central fact of my life—that I was a woman and no amount of internalizing the male values of the Church would change my ecclesiastical destiny as dictated by my biology. Two years in the mission field finally forced this truth upon me, and I returned to Utah in 1973 intellectually confused about what I was supposed to be. Emotionally, however, I had a level of clarity that escaped me intellectually. For example, when a friend asked me if I had heard of this new magazine called "Ms" and described it to me, I said without hesitation, "I can't afford to feel those feelings." I was shamed by this manifest fear of an idea. In the six years that followed, I did feel "those feelings" and explored in depth the ideas raised by the feminist renaissance of the seventies. That exploration inevitably led to significant involvement in the donnybrook of the Utah State IWY meeting and the National Meeting in Houston. Numbled by the experience and fully terrorized by the raw power of the Church in political matters, I, like so many of my sisters, hit the deck. For me that meant withdrawing from both feminism and Mormonism. I just faded away into law school and benign inactivity in the Church.

But one decision leads to another, as we all know, and in the summer of 1979 I was facing a decision that would take me beyond inactivity and constitute a deliberate act in violation of Church law. I was having a terrible time making this decision but had promised to have it made by the time I picked Mark up at the airport. I took the round about way, all the while muddling through how I would respond to the demands of our relationship. Driving down the East Bay, I noticed the Oakland Temple on the skyline and instinctively drove up the hills to it. I suppose it was a superstitious hope that proximity to it might provide me with some intelligence or strength I could not muster internally.

Because of my attire and the fact of its being Sunday, the missionaries at the Visitor's Center assumed I was not a member of the Church and I did not correct them. I was searching for something and hoped that the uncomplicated dialogue would help—like the rehearsal of a catechism. Maybe there was something I had missed in my education or had forgotten that they could remind me of and restore my strength and desire. When they asked me if I knew much about the Mormon church, I

answered that I was a law student in Salt Lake City and had had many opportunities to discuss the Church. They asked if I could believe that God spoke through prophets today and started to tell me the story of the Restoration. I admitted that I had heard the missionary lessons several times. They turned then to the Book of Mormon story. Again, not wanting to waste their time or to toy with them, I quickly admitted that I had read it and was very moved by it. By this time, they, too, were wondering why I was there. At each juncture in the conversation, they had offered me the balm they had, and I admitted that I had received it but it was not enough to motivate me to affiliate with the Saints and live the law of the gospel. We all sat there for a moment in silence wondering what my problem was. They thinking, why isn't she baptized? Me thinking, why am I leaving this?

Finally, I started to speak in an effort to reassure them that they had done all they could for me. Not having thought it through myself, I heard the words only as I spoke them. "You know how in your church you value the wholeness of the family and emphasize the necessity of each parent's contribution to the emotional and spiritual development and well being of the child. That without the father the son, in particular, will have difficulty knowing himself and what he can become: his rights and duties, obligations and opportunities. And likewise, that without the mother, the daughter is going to suffer confusion?" I said, "I guess your church frightens me because I feel that, together with all these truths we've talked about, it offers me confusion as a daughter of God. While aggressively asserting spiritual distinctions between the sexes, it offers me no understanding of my rights and duties, my path of spiritual development. Or, worse, it entices me to set aside my womanliness and be, for lack of a better word, a spiritual 'tom boy.' "

I left feeling sadly relieved of a great burden—the burden of trying to fit. I felt as if the Lord had heard my soul's complaint and released me. It was as if I had been born in the midst of a Scout-O-Rama and someone had given me permission not to spend my days building campfires, raising tents, and tying knots. As if someone had said to me: "It's okay if this feels like something you don't want to do. You're not crazy." I even heard a hint of "You're right in thinking that things are a little confusing and it can be stunting to your growth in the camp." This was no epiphany revealing a true path. No justification for thinking the Scout-O-Rama was wrong. I simply felt relieved of what had been for me a life on the Procrustean bed of the Church's single-minded interpretation of the gospel through the male experience and values. I was relieved of the social pressure to sleep in the Great Outdoors, talk about cars, or learn what a nautical mile is. Not that there is anything per se wrong with these things. They just were not going to get me anywhere. I was not a boy scout and, for the first time in my life, I felt that was okay. I had asked and He had given me liberally, upbraiding me not.

However, I also lost all the sure measures provided by the Procrustean bed that had secured my life and informed so many of my choices. And, in the years that followed, I wandered far

afield trying to find alternatives. But, before I get to that, permit me to clarify something. There are two central weaknesses to the analogy of my youth in the Church to having been sequestered in a Scout-O-Rama. First, the analogy can seem to trivialize the work which men are doing in the Church today. That is not my meaning at all and takes the metaphor too literally. I believe that men are accomplishing many great and good things in the Church. Second, the analogy trivializes the spiritual effect of male domination of all aspects of the Church structure. This, too, couldn't be further from the truth of what I feel.

BUT back to the story. I left the temple grounds feeling that progress for me required letting go of the Church for a while. I concluded that if I wanted to comprehend and access my rights and obligations as a daughter, I needed a break from the program designed for the sons. Ironically, I needed to do this because I had so fully learned their ways and adopted their spiritual values. When I had heard the stories of Daniel, the Sons of Mosiah, Peter, and Brigham, I not only loved the stories, I wanted to do what they did: face the lions, speak with the tongue of an angel, redeem myself from denial, and demonstrate unfaltering knees. I wanted to put on the whole armor of God, fight the good fight, run the good race. I studied the scriptures, said my prayers, gave talks in increasingly larger forums, learned and practiced the spiritual gifts—only to find myself all dressed up with no place to go. The Church simply had no public use for those arts in women. All the time I had been listening to the stories, the message had been intended for someone else. And, worst of all, I had come out of the experience thinking that something was wrong with me for wanting these things. I was made to feel that I was unnatural, not fully formed, unclean in the finest of Greek and Hebrew traditions, all because I wanted to do what Daniel, Peter, and Brigham—or even my father and brother—did. Once after a lecture series on women and religion, a man said to me incredulously: "You don't want the priesthood do you?" Although it didn't do justice to my thoughts on the subject, I couldn't resist the simple reply: "Don't you?"

If it were not for a patriarchal blessing, I could simply conclude that my expertise at so many of the priestly arts is a result of my attempts to escape the stigma of being female in this church; the attempt to qualify by effort and talent where I couldn't qualify by birth. But the madness of my situation was that I had received the blessing. Does the pot complain why has Thou made me thus? Yes, though it usually doesn't do any good. But now the Potter had told me I didn't have to sit on the shelf. I felt as if God had released me from the gifts and the conflicts. I felt as if God were giving me permission to not try to fit myself, my hopes and gifts into the program of the Church. In the years that followed, though my love for the Church did not diminish, my need for it did. Though my conviction regarding its unique endowment of the keys to the Kingdom did not abate, my trust in its benevolent use of those keys

in my behalf did. I took more responsibility for the care of my own life.

As I have mentioned, for the next several years I lived the life of a "Gentile" as enthusiastically as I had that of a "Saint." I always expected that I would have to report on my stewardship someday—that God would invite me to be more responsive to the facts of spiritual life. Though I took great care not to volunteer to give that report, I would periodically drop in on a ward meeting. I thought of it as taking my pulse, trying to ascertain if it was time to do something about this unfinished business.

By 1982, I was living in Washington, D.C., and I dropped in on the Chevy Chase Ward to take my pulse and left almost in a coma. I knew a few people there, one of whom was the first counselor in the bishopric who took the occasion to ask if I would teach one of the Gospel Doctrine classes every other week. I was thunderstruck with a mixture of foreboding and chagrin. Chagrin because, notwithstanding my studied expectation that God would call for an accounting, I had never expected this. I was filled with foreboding because I had no confidence that I was ready to act within the structure of the Church. Yet I knew this calling could not be rejected. Not that I didn't try. What ensued was a dialogue as strange as the one in Oakland. I asked:

"Does the bishop know about this?"

"Yes, it was his idea."

"Does the bishop even know who I am?"

"Yes."

"No, what I mean is, does the bishop know how I live my life?"

"Well, it never came up."

I tried to reposition my argument:

"Will I have to change how I live my life?"

"He didn't say you did."

I could feel myself trapped, straining at the net. I thought, surely at some point he will set limits I can't abide that will make him withdraw the offer or justify my rejecting it. But, there it stood. I couldn't give up yet though.

"Do I have to attend any meetings besides Sunday School on the week I teach?"

"No."

"Do I have to be sustained?"

"Yes, but you don't have to be present."

"Do I have to be set apart?"

"Yes, but we can do it privately here."

I felt drawn and just short of being quartered. Because I knew this was the Lord's handiwork and because I could not give up the hope of "someday" fitting in the Church, I had to accept this call.

In the year that followed I continued to resist any other involvement with the institution and to respond as purely as possible to the promptings of the Spirit. What I eventually had to do, of course, was to change my life to conform to the law of the Church. I don't want to cause any confusion about that. I now understand that, paradoxically, this was accomplished

by giving me an opportunity to use my gifts without any demands from the Church's structure. Finally, one day having escaped to the Blue Ridge at a Yoga retreat, I sat meditating upon the conflicts which I tolerated, even fostered, in my life in my attempt to ward off the threat I felt from the institution of the Church. It came to me as surely as any revelation I have ever received that, if I truly wanted to know God the Mother and be called her daughter, I would have to conform myself to the law of the gospel and make peace with her Son's church. I bowed to this necessity and in doing so found the pillar to my faith.

In the few months from the time I submitted to his will and travelled the distance from the bar to the temple without so much as a touch of vertigo, Christ has cared for me with a sweet genius I cannot adequately describe. It was in those days of learning him that I found the thing upon which my life could be ordered in such a way as to bear all the old and some new stresses. It is, I think, this pillar that will remain standing into eternity, years after other parts of my temple have worn away. It is most simply and ambiguously stated as the love of God. I fear this answer will disappoint you. That you would have me say something that sounds less sentimental, more exotic. Or, maybe I'm the one who is embarrassed to be talking this way after all the years of intellectual pyrotechnics. Nevertheless, I must say unequivocally, with John, that God is defined by the love he offers us and that this love is enough, his grace is sufficient. To use the metaphor given to me tonight: Just as surely as pillars surrounding the memorial to Thomas Jefferson securely hold the marble canopy high over his head, creating a secure womb-like world, so also the love of God as manifest in his Son shelters the life that is submitted to him. The strength provided by this peace is sufficient to withstand the cruelest neglect and to bear the weight of the most obnoxious of public judgments.

In truth, many of the pressures remain. Generally speaking, women are not valued in our culture at large except as means to collective ends: as mothers and mates. Today, unlike in my youth, women can pray in sacrament meetings and other welcome changes have been made in the way in which women are treated within the structure. However, our roles are still largely perceived as temporal, and we are subject to ambiguous, if any, spiritual direction. Our exaltation is generally taught as derivative of our husbands. Sisters, I do not stand here revealing parts of my life to you in this way merely to encourage you to "bloom where you are planted" or only to say that God's love will make you able to endure.

I am trying to say something else. The power structure of the Church can be very distracting when one is trying to find her way to God. It is more than easy, it is sometimes thought to be required of us, to believe men stand in a relationship to God that we do not, that they have rights to access the powers of heaven that we do not. I am here to say that this is not my experience. Rather, what men have is expectations of and opportunities for empowerment that we do not have. By virtue of the fact that very little in the way of spiritual achievement is

expected or even desired of us, very little is sought by us. By virtue of the fact that we are circumscribed by the type of church callings available to us and by the ecclesiastical authority granted within those callings, we are seldom forced to go to God and to spiritually stretch to perform our duties. Like ladies of the eighteenth century, we have been educated to perform the arts of and to stay within the drawing rooms of our society. Consequently, our grasp exceeds our reach and for fear of having our hands slapped we are waiting for permission to expand into the world that exists outside.

What I have experienced is that, not only is it permissible, but it is incumbent upon us to do other and more than what we have been doing. If we will refocus our attention so that it lies upon Christ, the righteous desires of our hearts will be granted: we will be endowed to receive the rights of the fathers and mothers and be ordained to administer the same, namely, to be saviors upon Mount Zion, even to see the face of God and live. These rights are to be obtained in his House and fulfilled at his hand through the principles and ordinances of the gospel found in this church.

Sisters, the Lord loves you as well. If you love him and come to him with a desire to receive these endowments of earthly rights to heavenly powers, it is then within his power to bestow them upon you and give you the opportunity—yes, even within the Church—to exercise them. This is his work and glory and it can bring you happiness in this life, not just the one to come. That is why we worship him which is what I have tried to do here. ❧

VEGETABLES FROM MY GARDEN

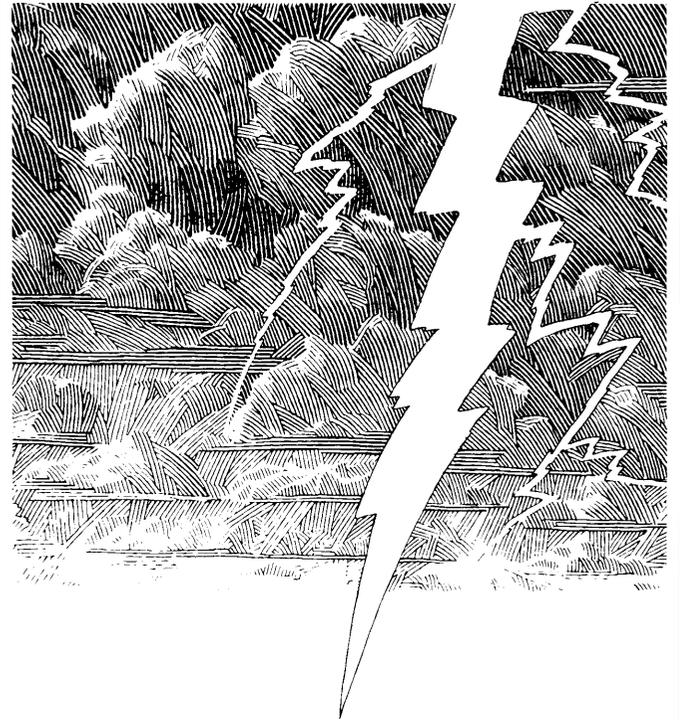
The owner of this land supplies the seed,
The water, and the plot for me to work.
I eat his meat and bread. Within his house
I light his lamp to push away the dark.

I borrow shovel, hoe and rake from him
To cultivate according to his plan.
In truth, how can I call this garden mine
If he gives everything including the sun?

Everything except the will to wake
To turn the furrows silver in the dawn;
The back that holds its bend beyond the row
Is mine; the aching in my arms I own.

And what about the blemished fruit I grow?
The tattered spinach, beetle-crooked beans,
Tomatoes mined by worms. Whose are the flaws?
If not the worm's, then may I claim *them* as mine?

PENNY ALLEN



IT'S NEW! YOU'RE INVITED TO LISTEN TO THE UTAH HOLIDAY WEEKEND MAGAZINE

THAT'S RIGHT, YOU'RE INVITED TO LISTEN
as a new radio show celebrating the Utah lifestyle
will air every weekend beginning November 4, 1989.
It's a "family-oriented" magazine format show featuring
interviews with Utah personalities, a guide to coming
events statewide, and a write-in Utah trivia contest.

You could win dinner for two!

Stations participating in the *Utah Holiday* network are
KALL in Salt Lake City (Sunday 8-9 a.m.),
KSUN in Ogden (Sat. 11-12 noon.) and
KSRR Provo (Saturday 8-9 a.m.).

Utah

UTAH HOLIDAY

ARTICULTURE

SELLING THE LDS SACRED: A VISIT TO THE LDS BOOKSELLERS CONVENTION

By Allen D. Roberts

IT MAY HAVE come as a surprise to Mormons and non-Mormons alike when Methodist historian Jan Shipps concluded in her book that Mormonism has become a new major world religion. Whether we accept Shipps's conclusion, most observers will at least agree that Mormonism has managed to infuse itself into the mainstream of American culture. Some have gone so far as to say that Mormonism—especially its cultural manifestations—is now the standard by which mainstream America can be measured. I have thought this claim to be hyperbolic and even if true, not necessarily a compliment for either Americanism or Mormonism. Nevertheless, Mormonism is deeply interwoven into the fabric of American culture, the standard for which, in almost all categories, is mediocrity.

Late twentieth-century Mormon culture has not elevated itself from its host environment. Its art, architecture, and literature are not distinguished. On the whole, Mormon social statistics follow the national patterns, even in such areas as divorce, suicide, incidence of homosexuality, percentage of working mothers, and a host of other categories in which Mormons, by virtue of their religious beliefs, could be expected to differ significantly. Having experienced all sorts of people from coast to coast, it seems to me that Mormons are no more culturally enlightened than the average American.

I submit the recent LDS Bookseller's Convention and Trade Show as an exhibit in evidence. Held on the third floor of Salt Lake

City's Expomart, the convention/trade show is unfortunately not open to the public. It is an in-house forum where buyers and sellers of Mormon products display and promote their wares. A decade ago, this annual event was organized by and for booksellers. To understand the setting of the today's main exhibit room, picture a sort of religious state fair minus the animals (unless you count all the stuffed ones). Of the eighty-eight booths, less than half sell books. The others advertise the most wide-ranging variety of Mormon-related objects imaginable.

There are the New Age and what I'll call LDS-New Age fusion products, including cassettes of soft, ethereal, subliminal music and self-actualization literature. There was even a "New Age Hearing Instrument" in which the open-hearted sits in a seat within a an open-ended egg-shaped chamber and soaks in mellifluous tones aimed at comforting the troubled soul.

Paintings, prints, scripture covers, portraits in lace, and other materials depicted every conceivable LDS subject. There were the arresting if inevitable plaster statuettes of Jesus, Joseph Smith, Ammon and other Book of Mormon characters, all striking dramatic poses with their Fribergian anatomies. All cultures have religious heroes and mythical figures. Mormons, too, give their heroes mental and spiritual qualities of extra human proportion, but must they look like Rambo or Schwarzenegger to merit our respect? In contrast, the portrayals of Mormon women (none cast heroically) range from Dolly Parton types to emaciated models in long dresses, usually in servile or submissive poses—our culture's ambivalence over the role of Mormon women was clearly presented. I don't mind busts of Jesus appearing like a heavy metal

rock star, we really don't know what he looked like, but one juxtaposition of statues was particularly campy: A bust of Joseph Smith, looking as if he had just swallowed a cup of paregoric, surrounded by stuffed animals—Bugs Bunny, the Pink Panther, and Wily Coyote—whose connections to Mormonism escaped me.

It is natural that the marketers of things Mormon would tailor a large portion of their wares to children and their buying parents. Hence, there were kids toys, books, puzzles, and other juvenile paraphernalia galore. What thoughtful Mormon parent would deny his or her child a "I am a child of God" belt buckle?

As would be expected, genealogical items were available in rich abundance. I found the framed, cross-stitched four generation charts especially compelling. Any family member can stitch in names on the blank lines; and who would dare put a chart on the wall with names missing? What an incentive for getting the research done.

In the self-help category there were the casual books on "Roughing it Easy" and dutch oven cooking, plus a myriad of one-stop, one-solution psychological remedies.

Mormons have always felt a strong affinity for the Jewish and South American people. Thus books, videos, and tours such as "Israel Revealed" and "Lehi's Isle of Promise" were available. I'm sure the come-on offering a "Free Trip to Hawaii" was intended for some Mormon wanting to do temple work there or to perhaps fellowship with his or her Lamanite brothers and sisters.

And where would the modern Mormon be without new-tech and high-tech, God's latest equipment to promulgate faith more quickly and efficiently? We now have "LDS software" to go with our LDS satellites, carrying general conference and BYU football with equal aplomb into stake centers world wide.

Since Mormons are also well known for their structural lives and organizational abilities, Mormon-oriented estate planners, calendars, and day books should come as no surprise.

Being caught up in the capitalistic spirit of the occasion, I made a marketing suggestion to Vir-Lan Enterprises regarding its "Angel Moroni Auto Emblem and Decal." The inspiration for this product—either a gold-colored, plastic, sticky-sided bas-relief of angel with trumpet, or a paper decal of the same—came when the innovator's family was left helpless in a broken-down car in the Idaho outback one cold December night. They then realized that if their car had had some symbolic emblem identifying them as LDS, other

ALLEN ROBERTS, a Salt Lake City architect and former co-publisher/editor of *SUNSTONE*, is the author of the award-winning article, "Where are the All-Seeing Eyes?: The Origin, Use, and Decline of Early Mormon Symbols."

Saints probably would have stopped and helped. The emblem would also be useful in locating lost cars in parking lots, I was told. Why stop at stick-on Moronis? I inquired. Why not glue two angel halves together and make a three-dimensional angel suitable for a hood ornament? Instead of Pontiac or some reclining woman, interstates and car lots could proclaim the Mormon presence as never before. "Good idea," the proprietor emoted with such enthusiasm that I feared she meant it.

Predictably, missionary goods were popular items, as were Mormonized clothing. For some reason, their makers assume that Mormons wear only t-shirts and sweat suits. Then again, who would want to wear a serious piece of clothing declaring in bold, colored lettering, "I AM AN EIGHT COW WIFE"? On second thought, that kind proclamation would elicit more questions than simply wearing a golden question mark.

Bookselling still remains the single largest sales category at the LDS Booksellers Trade Show. I will not attempt to describe or evaluate the range of publications now available, but there is literature to suit the interest of every type of Mormon. Publishing houses still tend to cater to specific audiences, so Deseret Book, Bookcraft, Horizon, Hawkes, Randall, et. al., provide largely apologetic and faith promoting non-fiction and romanticized Mormon fiction while Signature Books and a few university presses deliver scholarly histories, theological treatises, and thoughtful fiction and poetry. Given the highly competitive nature of book publishing in Utah, it is remarkable that the numbers of titles continues to proliferate at the rate it does. Does this signal a surge in religious literacy? Not really. The consensus among the booksellers is that Mormons generally purchase books for well-intentioned gift giving rather than out of a thirst for knowledge. There must be a lot of mint condition books on LDS shelves.

And as long as Mormons must buy domestic necessities, they may as well achieve the double good of advertising the faith and patronizing Mormon manufacturers at the same time. You can now buy LDS greeting cards, shopping bags, and nametags. Apparently, missionary look-alike nametags are the high volume, low-cost item none of us can excuse ourselves for not donning. The company "Member Marks TM" specializes in "nothing over \$1.25" and offers "tiny name tags for the little missionary in us all."

PERHAPS we need the nametags because we're not sure who we are. In some ways,

Mormon history has been a story of perpetual identity crisis, partly because Mormon culture is always changing and partly because the sub-culture has never fit hand-in-glove into the larger culture. Given the strength of our self-annunciation, one would gather that we are a mature, confident people. We are always shouting "we know who we are and where we're going," but in such boasting I sense the insecurity of an adolescent religion—healthy, growing, but still a little bit uncertain of itself. I don't think this is a problem for Mormonism. On the timeline of world religions, Mormonism occupies only a little 160-year dash on a measuring tape stretching over thousands of years.

Growing pains are expected, but at the booksellers show I saw other disturbing portents, particularly materialism and its erosive effect on spirituality. Of course, there is the familiar scriptural warning about trying to serve God and mammon, and the unlikeliness of the wealthy earning the kingdom of heaven. But its not just that Mormons are becoming so consumer-oriented, thanks in part to the plethora of religious goods they somehow feel obligated to buy, its when ownership of religious material is equated with righteousness that I really worry.

While touring the trade show I thought how David O. McKay taught that we should be concerned with being, not having. Remember the song that begins "I don't care if it rains or freezes, long as I've got my plastic Jesus, sitting on the dashboard of my car. . . ." The fact that Mormons stop short of actually worshipping their icons doesn't release them (and their makers) from responsibility for commercializing, trivializing, and thereby desacrilizing their religion. This issue goes beyond that of taste or art-versus-sacrifice. It has more to do with Jesus' motivation for driving money-changers out of the temple. What do we do to ourselves when we reduce the most sacred to the most common, when we surround ourselves with objects which give the appearance of religious life without requiring real religious experience? Perhaps the dead can be redeemed vicariously but can the living also practice their religion vicariously through possessing religious paraphernalia? Passively watching or listening to videos and tapes seems more escapist entertainment than working out one's salvation through fear and trembling, by trial and error, by acts of faith, regardless of the rigor. I suspect that should Mormonism continue its materialistic, arm-chair style of religion—as evidenced at the booksellers convention—it will eventually be

redefined by our observers and critics accordingly.

There seems to be no end to the possibilities of commercializing Mormonism. Where are the inhibitions? The Church has reportedly decided to reduce the number of products it sells. Given the disparity in economic status between U.S. and Third World Mormons, apparently it has been deemed wisdom to sell only the items absolutely needed by members in good standing (scriptures, correlated manuals and magazines, garments, and the like). A good idea, I think. But rather than follow this lead, private entrepreneurs seem to view this policy as an open invitation to manufacture items previously produced by the Church. And, in truth, until the Church's retreat it never seemed quite right to directly compete with the Church anyway. Unfortunately, those little tinges of guilt or sensitivity have rarely been applied to questions of taste or appropriateness of content. Any figure or subject, no matter how sacred, seems fair game for the icon-makers. Yes, *icon*. The images and representations made are venerated as sacred or they wouldn't be valued and wouldn't sell. It is remarkable that a people who profess such an aversion to Roman Catholic relics have no stronger senses of iconoclasm themselves. Ironically, Mormon meeting houses are, by policy, discouraged from displaying religious art, yet the walls and furniture of Mormon homes contain veritable shrines featuring paintings, sculptures, and sayings of every sort. The fact that the vast majority of this "art" is poorly designed, mass produced kitsch simply demonstrates how middle-American it is.

Ideological considerations of this sort are not the subject of debate in business meetings of the LDS Booksellers Association. Instead, its sometimes heated discussions deal with accusations of unfair unethical practices and other industry-related problems. The acrimonious infighting and splintering is itself reminiscent of the kind of capitalistic brawling we have come to expect in the United States. This behavior is consistent with the nature of the trade show itself: A squarely mainstream American cultural phenomenon with all the strengths and weaknesses that come with the territory. ☞

REVIEWS

AN UNFRUITFUL HISTORY

A FRUITFUL SEASON: REFLECTION ON THE CHALLENGING YEARS
OF THE RELIEF SOCIETY, 1974-1984

by Barbara B. Smith

Bookcraft, 1988, 278 pages, index, \$12.95



Reviewed by Jessie Embry

IN 1977 WHILE I was working for the James Moyle Oral History Program of the LDS church, I had the opportunity to interview Barbara B. Smith, then general president of the Relief Society. It was a challenging time for the Church, the Relief Society, and especially Sister Smith because of the proposed Equal Rights Amendment and the International Women's Year meeting in Salt Lake City. I was impressed with what I felt was her willingness to share her feelings and her candid remarks about what had happened. Later I was explaining her comments to a fellow historian, and she said, "Oh, she just gave you the party line." Eleven years later as I read *A Fruitful Season*, I recognized the "party line." Barbara B. Smith did serve as the general president of the Relief Society during some very "challenging years," and this book is an example of how well she learned to watch carefully what she said. She has carefully

selected each word so it says exactly what she wants and feels she ought to say, no more and no less.

The book's organization reflects the title, *A Fruitful Season*, as Smith compares her life to the growth of a plant. The first part deals with her early life and especially her impressions of Relief Society based on her experiences watching her mother as a ward president; the second describes her years on the Relief Society general board as "A Tender Plant" and her calling as general president of the Relief Society in "In the Season Thereof." The final section is a year-by-year recounting of her years as Relief Society president. An epilogue briefly tells of her experiences since her release, and three appendixes are talks that she gave: in opposition to the Equal Rights Amendment; in request that young LDS women not serve in the military; and on the anti-abortion Right to Life issue. These represent some of the more difficult subjects she dealt with during her years as Relief Society president.

Smith frequently quotes from her journal. For example, in the beginning of one chapter, she writes, "January 30, 1981 . . . Met with Elder Peterson and Elder Larson regarding the restoration of the Sarah Kimball Home" and then adds what "these lines from my jour-

nal reminded me of" (page 170). Most of the book reads as though Smith is going through her journal from the time she was called as general president of the Relief Society until she was released, writing down the ideas that came to mind.

THE organization of the book is almost stream of consciousness as she jumps from talking about the ERA and her appearance on the Phil Donahue show to family illnesses during the same time and her philosophy of the role of women. It leaves the reader guessing what she or he is going to read about next. For example, after describing why she and her husband sold their home to their son and moved into a new ward where "we were warmly welcomed," she tells about a "lovely mature sister" who bore her testimony "that she was to be released as the spiritual living lesson teacher and that she knew she was being put on the shelf." Smith then launches into a discussion that the sister "as all older people . . . instead of expecting a position in the Church" should be "self-motivated" in doing compassionate service and missionary work (page 105). After describing the plans for the restoration of the Sarah Kimball Home, she describes Kimball's life briefly, explaining "that [her] spirit . . . seemed particularly appropriate for the women of the early 1980s," and then explains in detail how she feels women fit into earth life (page 172). There are many other examples where it seems Smith remembers an occasion and then uses that thought to give counsel to the reader.

These tidbits of advice often become the focus of the book, and the reader is left wondering how the story Smith started to tell ended. For example, she explains her concern about women going into the military, her desire to give a talk on the subject at BYU, her discussions with President Dallin Oaks about the talk, and her nervousness when Oaks told her that he had not had time to read her talk or to show it to the military personnel at BYU, and "the whole front row of seats was occupied by the military personnel who worked there." After explaining why she felt the comments were important for the young women of the Church to hear, she wrote, "I was surprised that such comments could cause so much controversy as they did. Pruning the Lord's vineyard and gathering the fruit was much more difficult than I had imagined," leaving the reader to imagine what the controversy turned out to be.

The events that Smith chooses to describe sometimes seem to lack much historical sig-

JESSIE L. EMBRY is the Oral History program director of the Charles Redd Center for Western Studies at Brigham Young University. Her BYU master's thesis was on the history of the Relief Society grain storage program, and she has continued to do research on the history of the LDS church and the role of women within the Church.

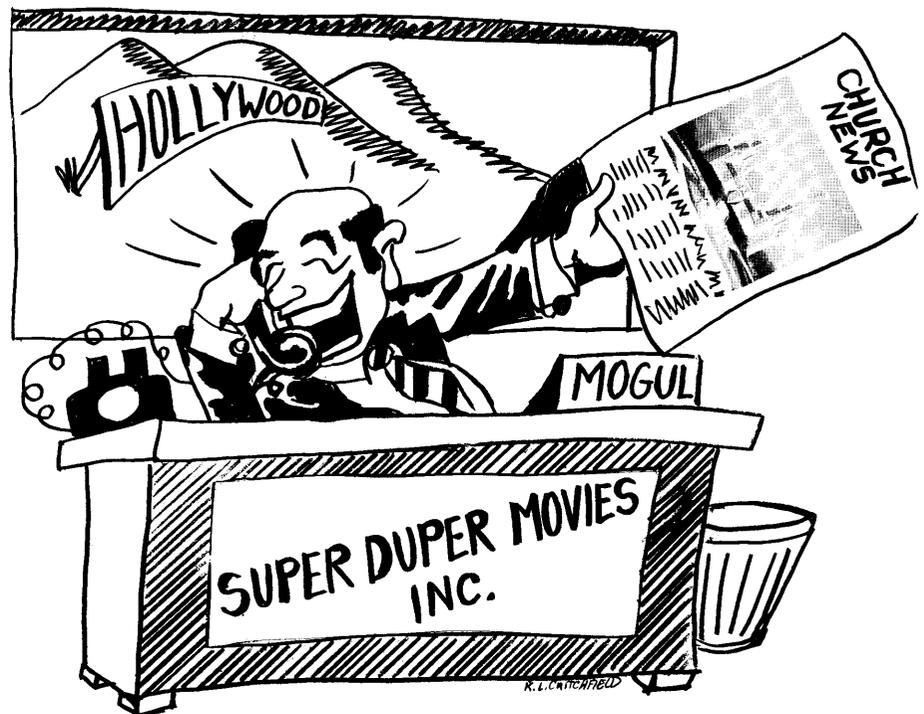
nificance. For example, she tells of her work as chair of the Committee on Child and Family for the national Council on Women and her responsibility for the kick-off event for the International Year of the Child in New York City on 7 December 1978. She mentions the “presenters” as “brilliant,” the “workshops” as “informative,” and the “whole day” as “a very harmonious blend of intelligent action and friendly response,” and then goes on to describe in minute detail the decorations for the luncheon. She tells the experience where “Annie” wanted “Sandy” to sit at the head table, and the stake Relief Society president solved the problem by having the head table extended. Smith concludes, “That special sister had a good solution to a difficult problem and the conference continued flawlessly. Wouldn’t it be nice if all difficult situations could be handled with such grace?” (pages 151-53).

Three of the major areas of discussion during Smith’s administration were the Equal Rights Amendment, the International Women’s Year meetings, and the excommunication of Sonia Johnson. Smith gives a brief discussion of her meeting with the Church’s Special Affairs Committee, the decision that she, as a woman, should take a stand against the ERA, and her talk on the subject at the LDS Institute of Religion at the University of Utah. She tells about the request for LDS women to be involved in the IWY meetings in Salt Lake City, her response of writing to stake Relief Society presidents asking for ten women from each area, the reactions of conservative groups who wanted to speak to Relief Societies about what to say, and the chaos of the meetings where some women appeared to have been told to vote “no” on everything, and who, at first, refused to go home because they feared a motion would be made while they were not there. She relates with no detail how she was asked to appear on the Donahue show with Sonia Johnson and was denied when she requested a time of her own; how at her suggestion Beverly Campbell was scheduled to appear with Johnson but Donahue cancelled her appearance and then stated that no LDS woman would come. She goes on to explain her demand for an apology, her subsequent appearance with Campbell on the show, and her later meeting with Donahue in Salt Lake City. The accounts read like a press release and give no new information. I would not expect Smith to reveal any secrets, but I had hoped for additional insight into what happened.

While I am very disappointed with *A Fruitful Season*, I am more concerned about what

the publication of this book says about Bookcraft than I am with Barbara Smith’s account of her years as Relief Society president. I realize that a publisher needs to sell books in order to stay in business, but it seems that Bookcraft is more interested in putting a familiar person’s name and picture on the cover than in making an important contribution to the understanding of Relief Society history. Recently a friend submitted an autobiographical manuscript to an LDS publisher, and the editor gave him a lecture on how to write a thesis, a topical sentence, and a conclusion, pointing out that these were essential for any book. Yet it seems when the author is well-known and her book will sell simply because of who she is, these good writing techniques are no longer necessary; a rambling year-by-year account of her term as general president of the Relief Society is acceptable if you are Barbara B. Smith. I think preserving Smith’s memories of her years as president is very important. However, a tight, well-organized volume with topical chapters on her experiences dealing with the Equal Rights Amendment, the Pro-Life movement, and other important issues of this decade would have been easier to read and more useful for the general public as well as historians.

Since this book came out at Christmastime when many Latter-day Saint women and men were looking for just the right gift to give family members or the friend with everything, I suspect that Bookcraft sold many books with Barbara Smith’s picture on the cover. Whether the book was ever opened or just put on the shelf to gather dust or was read and enjoyed, only those who received it will ever know. Unfortunately, they probably never will have the opportunity to see a better description of what happened to the Church, the Relief Society, and LDS women during the “Women’s Movement” of the 1970s. ☹



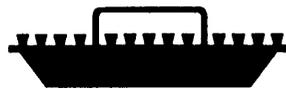
“Call Salt Lake and see if we can strike a deal to use their San Diego Temple as a set for Flash Gordon Returns.”

A PRACTICAL MAN OF ACTION

JOSEPH SMITH III: PRAGMATIC PROPHET

by Roger D. Launius

University of Illinois Press, 1988, 394 pages, \$24.95.



Reviewed by Newell Bringhurst

DURING THE DECADE of the 1980s the field of Mormon studies has been blessed by a steady outpouring of significant, outstanding biographies of prominent Latter-day Saints. These biographies have provided significant insights concerning the role and place of these various individuals within Mormon society during the course of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

Roger D. Launius's *Joseph Smith III: Pragmatic Prophet* is clearly in this tradition and as such makes a significant contribution to the genre of Mormon biography. *Joseph Smith III* is particularly noteworthy in that it represents a sharp departure from previous works of Mormon biography which have all dealt with figures in the early Latter-day Saint movement (prior to 1844) and/or with individuals associated with the Utah Mormon church. Launius's biography is unique in that it deals with a subject whose outstanding activities were within the tradition of the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints—which as a movement did not emerge until the 1850s. As Launius's study clearly demonstrates, Joseph III, the son of the martyred Mormon Prophet, was the central focus for, and major energizing force behind, the emergence of the Reorganized church which by the late nineteenth century had established itself as the major Mormon rival to the Utah-based

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Much of the strength of *Joseph Smith III* lies in the fact that the author conveys to the reader a vivid feeling for his subject not just in terms of the Latter Day Saint leader's actions but also his basic attitudes and personality. Indeed, as the subtitle of the biography suggests, Joseph III was a "pragmatic prophet" who acted and dealt with various problems and issues in a practical way using middle-of-the road, moderate tactics. According to Launius this pragmatic, moderate approach was the key to Joseph III's success as a religious leader, serving him well as Prophet-President of the Reorganized church from 1860 until his death in 1914. What also emerges from the pages of this biography is a sense of the private man—particularly in terms of the relationships that he had with his children and the three women to whom he was married—not concurrently (as in the Utah Mormon tradition), but sequentially during the course of his long life. Launius, moreover, manifesting his keen awareness of Smith's personality, takes note of what he sees as its growth and development throughout the RLDS leader's eventful life. More importantly, the reader gains from the biography a vivid feeling for Joseph III's basic piety and spirituality which were of crucial importance in his thoughts and actions. Chapter 5, "The Search," is particularly effective in projecting, with empathy and poignancy, Smith's personal and spiritual odyssey culminating in his emergence as leader of the Reorganization. Indeed,

the Joseph Smith who emerges from the pages of this biography is a deeply spiritual man who sincerely believed in the divine nature of his mission.

At the same time, however, Launius is not afraid to deal with controversy and certain less-than-heroic aspects of Smith's life. In Chapter 12, "Crisis in the Ranks," the author carefully examines the serious conflicts that developed between Joseph III and several of his top lieutenants over several crucial issues which threatened to undermine the Reorganization during the late nineteenth century. Launius, moreover, despite his own position as a believing, practicing member of the Reorganized church forthrightly and frankly confronts the volatile topic of plural marriage. In Chapter 9, "The Legacy of Plural Marriage," which must be the *most* controversial of the entire biography for members of the Reorganized church, Launius carefully outlines the role of Joseph Smith, Jr., as a prime mover in the implementation of this practice. Launius also takes note of the fact that spokesmen for the Reorganized church initially acknowledged the fact of Joseph, Jr.'s involvement with plural marriage to the point of debating the best way for the Church to deal with this historical reality. It was only later, largely due to the strenuous efforts of Joseph III, himself, that the Reorganized church embraced as historical fact the fabricated myth that polygamy originated with Brigham Young and other Utah Mormons, thereby exonerating his father of any involvement with what the younger Joseph considered an abhorrent practice. The disclosure of this information might cause Utah Mormon readers to feel a bit self-righteous. However, these same readers will find more than a little unsettling the convincing case that Launius makes (based on evidence other than the forged, discredited Mark Hofmann's 1844 "Blessing") indicating that Joseph Smith, Jr., *did* intend that his son Joseph III would, one day, be his successor as leader of the entire Latter Day Saint movement.

Utah Mormon readers will find this biography of interest in other ways as well. Of particular relevance is Launius's discussion of Joseph III's four visits to Utah during the late nineteenth century. Smith was motivated by religious considerations, hoping to convert his "wayward" Utah Mormon brethren into accepting what he considered "correct" Latter Day Saint principles. Also, Utah Mormons will be enlightened by Launius's discussion of the role Joseph III played relative to the emergence of certain distinctive doctrinal practices which stood in contrast to those

NEWELL BRINGHURST is an instructor of history and political science at the College of the Sequoias in Visalia, California.

found within the Utah Mormon church, causing various observers to characterize the Reorganized church as the promoter of "Moderate Mormonism." Thus, the Reorganized church rejected and denounced polygamy, eschewed sacred temple ordinances, rejected the plurality of Gods concept, and provided for the ordination of blacks to their priesthood in 1865 (113 years before a similar move was undertaken by the Utah Mormon church). Utah Mormon readers will also be intrigued by Launius's attempt to contrast the leadership qualities of Joseph, Jr., and Joseph III. He characterized Joseph, Jr., as "a dreamer . . . visionary" (page 6) and "a charismatic leader" (page 363) whereas Joseph III is labeled as a "pragmatist" or "practical man of action" who "distrusted doctrinaire leaders" (pages 365-66). Ironically, with little difficulty the characterization of Joseph III could be applied to his great rival and antagonist, Brigham Young.

Despite the overall excellent quality of this book, there are a few problems which detract from what is otherwise an outstanding presentation. For example, Launius is somewhat mistaken in characterizing Nauvoo "a hotbed of antislavery sentiment [and] major stop on the underground railroad" (page 60). The author, moreover, overstates his case in describing alleged conditions among the Utah Saints immediately following Brigham Young's death in 1877. It is not quite true that there was a "succession struggle" or that "several claimants came forward vying for control of the church" (page 236).

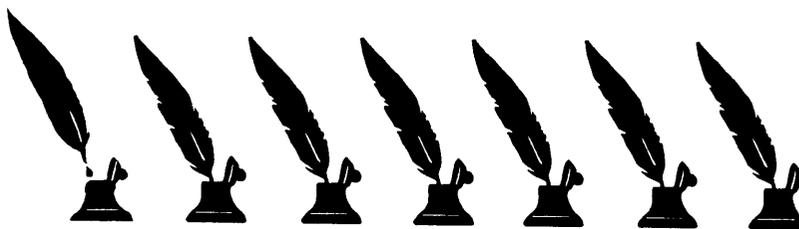
Turning to Joseph III, particularly his youth, there is a paucity of information concerning the important relationships that existed between the future RLDS leader and his parents. One wishes there was more concerning the interactions between the younger Joseph and his father. More perplexing is the author's failure to even mention, let alone explore, the great influence that Emma Hale Smith Bidamon must have had on young Joseph III especially following the tragic death of his father, and which surely must have continued up to the time of her own death in 1879.

On a somewhat different topic, the question arises as to why the generally moderate, pragmatic Joseph III assumed extreme, almost fanatical antipathy towards the particular issues of polygamy and temple ordinances—a stance considered extreme even within the Reorganized church? One wonders what would cause him to make the rather strident statement: "I would not value going through the temple a dollar's worth . . . I cannot see

anything sacred or divine in it" and in characterizing Mormon temple rites as "one of the finest examples of 'priestcraft' he had ever witnessed" (page 156). Indeed, a related question arises as to what exactly Joseph III meant by the term "witnessed." Was he merely using this as term of supposition? Or, had Smith, himself, as a young adolescent prior to his father's death, been involved in temple ordinance work which he later recalled as having been unpleasant and/or which possibly at a later date triggered other unhappy memories?

Despite such omissions and deficiencies, Roger Launius's *Joseph Smith III: Pragmatic*

Prophet is an extremely important book. Indeed, this biography with its extensive documentation and demonstrated mastery of both primary and secondary sources should serve as a model for Mormon biographies. It is well-organized and written in a lucid, engaging style with numerous anecdotes which makes it accessible to both the serious scholar and interested lay person. All of this makes it one of the *best* biographies yet written about any Latter Day Saint leader in either the Reorganized church or Utah Mormon church. As such it is "must reading" for all students of Mormon history. ☞



Choose the Write!

THE 1990 BROOKIE & D.K. BROWN MEMORIAL FICTION CONTEST

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

Sunstone encourages all interested writers to enter. Submissions should relate in some manner to the experience of the Latter-day Saints. All varieties of form, theme, tone, and attitude are encouraged. Entries will be judged by a board of independent judges. Awards will be announced on 25 August 1990 at the Sunstone Symposium XII banquet. Winning stories will be published in *SUNSTONE*.

Cash prizes up to \$400 per story will be awarded by the Brown estate for the best entries in two categories:

SHORT SHORT STORY

Short short stories may not exceed 1,000 words.

SHORT STORY

Short stories may not exceed 6,000 words.

RULES

1. One author may submit no more than three stories. Each story must state whether it is an entry for the short story or the short short story category. Entries must be delivered to the Sunstone Foundation or be postmarked by 15 June 1990.

2. Stories must be typewritten, double-spaced, on one side of 8½ by 11 inch paper (not onion skin). Since manuscripts will not be returned, contestants should keep a copy of their entry.

3. Each entry must be accompanied by a signed statement attesting that it is the author's work, that it is has not been published previously, that it is not being considered elsewhere for publication, and that it will not be submitted elsewhere until the contest results have been announced.

4. Each entry must be accompanied by a signed statement granting permission for the manuscript to be filed in the Sunstone Collection at the University of Utah Marriott Library Archives (all literary rights are retained by the author).

1989 BROOKIE & D.K. BROWN AWARDS

FIRST PLACE	Michael Fillerup	"Things of This World"
SECOND PLACE	Hodgson VanWagoner	"Reflections of the Lost and Found"
THIRD PLACE	J.R. Rodriguez	"Manhattan"

Sunstone, 331 South Rio Grande Street, Suite 30, Salt Lake City, Utah 84101-1136 (801/355-5926)

WOMEN RETREAT FOR SUPPORT, STRENGTH

By Hand Carré

FROM ITS inception over twenty years ago, the LDS feminist movement has been challenged in finding forums to explore its issues. For many twentieth-century Mormon feminists, the Relief Society, an arena available for the exchange of ideas among pioneer women, appeared to be uninterested in the dialogue they desired. The *Exponent II* newspaper in Massachusetts and, more recently, the Mormon Women's Forum in Utah are examples of independent forums which have been created partially in response to this need.

A growing contemporary forum is women's retreats; several were held in 1989. Contemporary LDS women retreats are events which last from a day to a week and are often held in a secluded spot. Once the time and place are selected by the organizing committee, invitations are extended, sometimes open to all interested women and sometimes to a predetermined list. Those who attend mark the event on their calendars months in advance and anticipate the time where they can socialize with sisters and confidentially discuss matters of the heart. Some women trek across the United States to attend a retreat.

At some retreats the primary aim is to informally socialize in a feminine context. At others there are structured activities, discussions, workshops, and encounter groups on women's issues. In the early 1980s the few existing retreats were primarily attended by LDS feminists and cemented a nationwide network of concerned women. Today, however, the number has increased as some ward and stake Relief Societies now plan retreats for their sisters. Despite concern by some Church

authorities, resentment of some men, and charges of elitism from some women, retreats are now a phenomenon on the increase throughout the Church and are occurring in more diverse ways than before.

For example, here is the schedule of events at a retreat held at the Camp Kostopulos lodge this spring which was planned for eighty women by Kate Kirkham, Marie Cornwall, Marti Esplin, and Lynne Whitesides.

The opening Friday night session was a panel discussion on creativity which included small group interaction. The purpose was to help the attenders understand creativity as part of their lives rather than assuming it only belonged to artists or writers.

On Saturday morning the women participated in workshops on mother/daughter relationships and understanding sibling rela-

tionships through patterns in birth order (first child, second child, etc.).

In the afternoon everyone took the Myers-Briggs Type Inventory and determined which of sixteen personality types described them. Then in small groups with the task of planning a trip, they explored and appreciated the differences in others' styles.

Later in the day, through panel discussion and interaction they discussed the dynamic between spiritual development and belonging to a religious community and how change occurs in religious communities.

On Sunday morning the group held its traditional closing soul-bearing meeting where women shared thoughts, feelings, doubts, or new insights gained.

In contrast, some ward Relief Society retreats take just a Saturday morning while others begin with a Friday night cookout, an overnight stay, a morning hike followed by a speaker, and ending with lunch.

Some women go to non-Church sponsored retreats to find a bond of sisterhood with women in other circumstances, or to vent feelings of anger with women who have similar frustrations. Some

seek a renewal of personal power, either through a rootedness to women's shared history or to a deeper awareness of what it is to be female. The orientation of those who attend run the spectrum from those conservatively aligned with the Church's positions on women, to those who advocate radical change in women's roles and perceptions, to those not particularly concerned with LDS feminist issues at all. Some inside observers state that there is a sense in which Mormon retreats are not an LDS phenomenon but an American women's phenomenon occurring within an LDS context.

Modern retreats may have their roots in the sixties and seventies activist culture, but many LDS women cite a nostalgia for teenage pajama parties or MIA girls' camps as inspiration for their retreats. Whatever their psychological origins, the number of retreats and their evolving content serve, in many ways, as a barometer gaging the changes and trends in the Mormon women's movement.

At an early 1970s retreat, *Exponent II* was conceived. Since then, the newspaper has sponsored many such events, including an annual one in New England and one in Utah, which was first



RYAN S. WAMMENT, COURTESY OF THE DAILLY UNIVERSITY

organized by Lisa Arrington and Linda Draper in 1984. Arrington describes herself as "not a radical feminist." Although most retreats entirely exclude the participation of men, the Utah *Exponent II* retreat, also known as the Provo Canyon Retreat, includes a Sunday meeting where men administer the sacrament.

Arrington says that some aspects of the retreat have disturbed conservative newcomers. One year some women were uncomfortable when prayers were addressed to Heavenly Mother. Another year there was tension over women who strongly wanted to pass the sacrament (for which there is no scriptural prohibition).

In such cases, Arrington refuses to pronounce judgement. Retreats, she says, should be "a place where it is safe to feel the way you feel. Radical positions shouldn't be forced on anyone else, but it's fine if you hold them."

In 1983, another annual retreat tradition was founded at Nauvoo when fifty-four women gathered from across the country to the birthplace of the Relief Society to commemorate the roots of Mormon women's spirituality. The Nauvoo Pilgrimage was organized by Lavina Fielding Anderson, Carol Cornwall Madsen, Maureen Ursenbach Beecher, and Jill Mulvay Derr, in cooperation with women in the RLDS Church. The commemoration of the 140th anniversary of the Society had been celebrated earlier in the year with the dedication of the LDS Nauvoo Women's Monument and the Sarah Kimball home. "The Pilgrimage was not meant to upstage that celebration," said Derr, "it was meant to strengthen our ties to one another as well as to the past."

"Something valuable had been lost that was worth regaining," said Anderson, recalling the uneasiness of the time. "Women were doing less significant work than before. There was a feeling of distance and irrelevance with regard to Relief Society programs," which the Church seemed not to perceive. "The Church's position was, and

I think still is, that it's a sin to be angry, and that women don't get angry."

The women expressed so much anger and resentment on the first night of the Nauvoo retreat

that it startled the organizers. Beecher remembers meeting Anderson in the hall "and we said, 'What have we done!?' We were scared spitless." The next morning, the venting of frustrations gave

way to the examination of problems and possible solutions. "After that night," says Beecher, "it seemed that much of the anger was out of the way. We went on to forge connections and friendships."

"We accomplished a kind of instant community," says Anderson. "What we were talking about wasn't so important; what was important was that we were talking." There were discussions on pertinent issues, hymn singing, a testimony-bearing "Quaker meeting," and a readers' theater about the Relief Society's establishment. "Many, including myself, felt that some of those women [in the early Relief Society] were present," remembers Anderson.

The dramatic camaraderie experienced at Nauvoo sparked retreats throughout the Church. Among other places, retreats have been held in Texas, Georgia, Illinois, California, New Hampshire, Michigan, Colorado, and Arizona. In one region of Germany, Relief Societies annually retreat on a boat excursion up the Rhine. "It's a bigger movement than we think," Beecher says.

(In fact, for the last five years a group of Salt Lake Mormons sponsors a one-day men and women's retreat where both sexes [singles and marrieds] meet and explore relevant issues. This year's conference focused on community building and the different experiences of being male and female.)

In a way, the first Pilgrimage's transition from bitterness to resolve typifies the changes in the women's movement since the 1970s. The specific opportunities which have been denied women—blessing children, passing the sacrament, etc.—are still actively sought by some women, but others contentedly pursue a different kind of equality.

"The last Pilgrimage retreat," says Madsen, "was far more a place to ask questions than to vent anger." She said the subjects discussed have changed from theological issues about female divinity and

The First Presidency
The General Relief Society Presidency
The Church Office Building
50 East North Temple
Salt Lake City, Utah

June 16, 1989

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

We are a group of LDS women who believe in and receive great strength from our active participation in the church. We are a diverse and geographically representative group ranging in age from 21-80, from housewives to doctors, married and single. We applaud the sensitivity of the church leaders to current pressing issues in our society. To support this growing awareness in the church we want to share with you some issues of great concern to us.

- We feel that involving more women in decision-making councils in the ward, stake, and regional levels would add great strength to the fulfillment of the objectives of the church.

- We are thrilled to see women speaking now in General Conference and also to have a few women's talks included in our Relief Society Manual. Seeing women in visible positions gives a strong message both to the women of the church and to the world that the church values women. Please continue to expand your efforts to include women.

- We appreciate the sensitivity shown to the genuine concerns of women that is appearing in the Relief Society Manual. For example, the manual teaches the concept that parents preside together in the home. We would like to see this idea paralleled in the priesthood and youth manuals.

- Music and poetry was also a part of our gathering, and singing the line from "O My Father" — "Truth is reason, truth eternal, tell me I've a mother there" — was a moving and spiritual experience for us.

We sustain you as our leaders and have faith that you have seen our pain and that we can work together as sisters and brothers in the gospel, equal in the eyes of God.

If you feel that it would be constructive, we would be pleased to have a small group meet with you.

Jan Adams Cooper	Doreen Gieson	Phyllis Spivey, Jr.
Carol Atkinson	Jan P. Gofflow	Ann Stevens
Ann Bradstreet	Virginia R. Haas	Maureen Ursenbach
Deborah Swinton Butler	Christ Howard	Sylvia Russell
Maureen Ursenbach	Susan Howe	Bara Salaman
Jan Adams Cooper	Kathryn L. Kurbell	Jean Schmitz
Valerie Smith	Constance J. Pembert	Camille Hill
Patricia Curtis	Ellen Perry Lambert	Kelly Smithwick
Nancy Dredge	Beverly Lindsey	Barbara Taylor
Judy Osburn	Frances Madsen	Virginia W. Wenzel
Dorice Elliott	Janice McPherson	Christy Wood
El B	Janice McPherson	Elaine Zimmer
	Ann Marie Fain	

priesthood to "more personal topics" such as "how do you cope with wayward children, the loss of a spouse, divorce. These are much more immediate concerns. . . . I'm somewhat exhausted with discussing such issues [as theology]."

Those questions are by no means dead, however. "The questions are the same, but the answers are changing," says Anderson. Derr agrees that "the focus has shifted. Women have realized that if they simply seek to be like men, they may be giving up some other things that are extremely important."

"Of the women I speak to," said Betina Lindsey, a frequent retreat attendee and an organizer of the Mormon Women's Forum, "three out of four say they have enough to do already; they don't want the priesthood. The other one has never thought about it."

Not all Mormon feminists agree. At the August 1988 meeting of the Mormon Women's Forum, Margaret Toscano spoke on why she believes women should receive priesthood, and Karen Case said that allowing women to share priesthood only indirectly, through men, cannot be reconciled with Christ's teachings.

Lindsey says that "some men are more willing than women to move in the direction of equality" because they are closer to the center of power where the imbalance originates and so see the problem more clearly. Still, "it's more dangerous for a man to speak out," she adds. Those women who have grown up in a climate where feminist issues are discussed are more prone to seek employment and less likely to feel subservient to men, Lindsey feels. In fact, she believes "there is a schism between older and younger women in the Church."

Madsen hopes that retreats may help to heal such rifts. "I'm convinced," she says, "that tensions between working and nonworking women come mainly from not knowing each other."

Another example of retreat-motivated activism occurred this

spring at the *Exponent II* retreat in New England. As a result of the conversations at the retreat, a committee of women drafted a very diplomatic letter to Church leaders which thirty-nine women at the conference signed (see sidebar for text of letter).

Partly in consequence of the reduced social time in Church meetings, many women who attend say retreats partially fill that need. Space restrictions have made the *Exponent II* and Utah Pilgrimage retreats either invitational or first-come, first-serve, which has led many women to complain that such retreats are elitist, involving a relatively small number of the liberal, activist, women intelligentsia. Arrington, however, reports that 30 to 40 percent of the women who attend the *Exponent II* retreat are newcomers, and Madsen says that most women at the 1989 Pilgrimage were not at the first one.

In contrast, many new retreats are organized by and for ward Relief Societies, a sign that the stigma of radicalism is beginning to be removed from the ward. At these retreats, women with assignments that keep them from attending Relief Society sometimes have their first opportunities to speak with other women in the ward. "We didn't discuss issues," said Madsen of the retreat she planned as ward Relief Society president. "We talked, socialized, and had fun. This is a way to make our relationships within the ward work. In a sense, our ward is the Church for us. Taiwan isn't, or Samoa, or Brazil, just this ward. If the ward doesn't work, then the Church doesn't."

Not all retreats serve this function; in fact, Lindsey considers the *Exponent II* retreats to be "a place for women who don't understand why they don't fit in their wards." As Nancy Dredge noted in "Retreat and Rejuvenate" (*Exponent II*, Winter 1981), "it is difficult to describe any retreat because it is a different experience for each woman." In her article Dredge tells of women who received help with

specific problems, who gained support to get through "crises of faith, of depression, of loneliness," and who "felt bonds with sisters who were having experiences similar to their own."

The annual *Exponent II* New England retreat (which primarily includes women, couples, and men involved with *Exponent II*) begins with an opening session where everyone shares why they came and what issues they are currently dealing with. Helped by a reminder that because of limited time the usual preliminaries to friendship must be skipped, this activity affords a climate of "open honesty" which allows immediate bonding and friendships. Through the workshops and other scheduled activities, the retreat provides "a place where people can say the truth about their lives and not feel judged, but loved and supported," says Susan Howe. "No one apologizes for who he or she is or what he or she believes."

Social bonding is the prevalent motivation rather than resisting patriarchal authority or participating in controversial forms of worship. "We almost always pray to both Father and Mother in Heaven. We do not hold temple prayer circles. We do give some blessings, privately and quietly, where they are needed," said one frequent retreat attendee. But what draws

her to retreats is "a feeling of sisterhood you don't get anywhere else."

Such reassurances do little to alleviate the concerns of some Church leaders. Said one retreat organizer, "The word 'retreat' still has, if not a red flag, at least a pink flag attached to it." And any practice by women giving blessings, no matter how quiet, historical, or scriptural, is an anomaly to many Church authorities. Too, some men resent their total exclusion from retreats and from certain wings of feminism in general, although "men's issues" seem to be an emerging area of discussion.

Nevertheless, retreats have been very influential in empowering many Latter-day Saint women. "Retreats help us to validate our own individuality," says Anderson. "When we share our experiences as individuals, not as roles, it reaffirms something that lies at the heart of anyone's personhood, male or female."

Derr agrees. "Ultimately," she says, "the difference individuals make may be more important than a decision handed down from the top."

This affirmation of the strength of individuality in community is the common thread among retreats. Says Beecher, "it's the kind of thing that makes us think we could cross the plains again." ❧

LDS THERAPISTS APPLY MORMON VALUES TO PROFESSION

THE SEMI-ANNUAL convention of the Association of Mormon Counselors and Psychotherapists (AMCAP) convened at the Salt Lake Doubletree Hotel on 28-29 September to explore "Identity Issues: The Making of a Mormon Psychotherapist."

Thursday morning keynote speaker Carlfred Broderick spoke on "Starting with Values: The Need to be Introspective." He told how

after seriously studying the gospel as a youth he was disappointed the first time he went to the temple because he didn't learn the answers to his gospel questions—"the mysteries." However, he said, after years of continued temple-going he eventually learned that the "mysteries of godliness are few and not secret"; they are only mysteries "because our hearts are shallow." According to him there are

three mysteries: (1) the nature of God; (2) the nature of man and womankind; (3) the Nature of the relationship between the two.

Broderick then said that over the years his methodology as a therapist has become simpler—fewer techniques, less gimmicks—applying the above mysteries. As a father, a therapist, and through Church callings he has learned about God's nature: the love of a parent; a humility in the greatness of the agency of man; a regard for undetectable righteousness; no compulsion to "yank people into positions they don't want to be in."

Concerning the nature of humankind, Broderick said he has come to value the worth of the human soul, that all things—the Sabbath, Church programs, offices, etc.—are for people. "God doesn't get clouded with things not important," he said. "If I focus on the work of souls it keeps me from burnout, their pain is important." He quoted Elder Boyd K. Packer's 1982 AMCAP address, "When dealing with the children of men, take off your shoes for you are on sacred ground." Broderick said the sacredness of people means that therapists treat them with respect and avoid gimmicks.

Concerning the relationship with God, Broderick said that men and women should respect and defer to God's wisdom and knowledge. "God did not get to be God by being stupid," he said. "I don't argue with the Lord," he explained, giving examples of times when he obeyed the Spirit even when he thought it was wrong (and sometimes still does). On God's part, Broderick said He respects man's agency and through Christ's suffering and atonement heals us.

Broderick concluded by encouraging the counselors to "probe and plumb the mysteries" to be better "healers in the same mold of Christ."

In the next session two speakers discussed the topic, "Male and Female Roles as Therapists: Is There A Difference?" Deborah Christensen discussed how the

understanding of the female experience has been contaminated by the male myths and categories which have been inappropriately applied to women by both male and female counselors. She challenged the counselling profession to increase its understanding of the female experience so that in therapy women can be validated in their female experiences. She challenged the audience to recognize the feminine and masculine in each person and cautioned that overemphasizing the masculine hurts both male and female clients.

In answering the session's title question, Christensen concluded that with excellent therapists it makes no difference whether they are men or women, but that to become excellent, therapists need to realize the difference in gender experience.

Former AMCAP President Clyde Parker said that the therapist should possess the best of both sexes by using Christ as a model. He said the effective counselor is both male and female: they are a mother when empathy is needed and a father when direction is needed.

Next humorists Margaret Baker and Jesse Crisler, both BYU-Hawaii English faculty, jointly presented a paper on "Laughter In Paradise: Humor and Mental Health." They explained how humor helps turn negative experiences to positive ones, relieves stress, is a defensive outlet for hostility, and has a social bonding effect. Their presentation was punctuated by numerous jokes and included a discussion of the Mormon cartoons of Calvin Grondahl.

The Thursday afternoon program featured concurrent workshops on "Secular Issues with Eternal Consequences" including sessions on Satanism, LDS fundamentalist families, and singleness and divorce.

Friday's meeting began with the traditional General Authority address. This year Elder Richard Lindsey, recently called member of the Seventy and former director of LDS Public Communications,

spoke. He told the association that he was proud of what it did and commended them for not being embarrassed about their Mormon connection and for holding its conference just prior to general conference.

"When we depart from the eternal verities to solve human problems we only complicate them," Elder Lindsey counseled. He challenged members to use faith and priesthood power as well as professional knowledge in their therapy. He commended Carlfred Broderick for using priesthood blessings in his counseling and quoted the late Elder Bruce R. McConkie about "cleansing from sin in everything we do."

"I don't presume to counsel you in your professional aspects," Elder Lindsey concluded, "but I do suggest that the more you draw people to the atonement the more you will bless the lives of those you touch."

In his presidential address, outgoing AMCAP President Brent Scharman discussed how the gospel gives counselors a framework but does not provide all the answers. He acknowledged that obedient, active LDS patients experience emotional pain, sometimes from things such as religious overzealousness, poor theology, and unrealized blessings. He challenged those gathered to "grapple bravely with the uncertainties" with patience and wisdom.

In what seemed to some as a direct contrast to Broderick's disdain of technique, Scharman championed accurate diagnoses and praised the profession for getting better and better at finding specific techniques for specific syndromes.

After a moving panel of four therapists who shared their personal and spiritual journeys in their profession, the Friday afternoon workshops focused on "Personal and Spiritual Survival on Therapy's Front Lines." Sessions included "Applying the Book of Mormon to Psychotherapy," "The Use of Religiosity as a Weapon," "Therapists Don't Need to be Com-

manded in All Things," "The Place of the Scriptures in Therapy," and "Developing a Sensitivity to Non-LDS Clients."

At the business meeting BYU counselor Elvin Tanner was elected president-elect, Utah State University psychology professor Joan Kleinke was elected secretary/treasurer, and BYU counselor Kayleen Mitchell and LDS Social Services counselor Alan Westover were elected to the AMCAP board.

In an open discussion about the direction of the association, many members encouraged AMCAP to sponsor more regional conferences and other events. The editor of AMCAP's journal explained the referee process for submitted articles and said that the journal is only interested in articles which grapple with integrating the restored gospel and the counseling profession.

Elder John Carmack, a member of the Seventy, was presented AMCAP's Distinguished Service to Humanity Award for his work with homosexual individuals and for helping families cope with suicide. "The only advice I can offer you is to keep on trying," said Elder Carmack, speaking about working with individuals. "Don't give up, keep on trying." ☞

RESEARCH REQUESTS

JOHN DAWSON, 36 Marlborough Court, Kingston Park, Newcastle Upon Tyne, NE3 2YY, England, is researching various groups and denominations of the Restoration Movement. He is especially looking for addresses for Art Bulla, Jack Thackston, Leland Des Combes, and the Company of Sisterhood.

CONNIE LUNDGREN-HIATT, 14036 SE 200, Kent, WA 98042, is a psychotherapist preparing an anthology of personal experiences that offer hope and healing for survivors of incest. She is looking for men and women who have survived and prospered as they maintained activity and faith in the Church.

LDS BOOKSELLERS MEET, PLOT, AND PLAN TO EXPAND

By Greg Kofford

EACH YEAR members of the LDS church purchase an estimated \$35 million of books, tapes, and other paraphernalia related to the Mormon faith. Serving this market are the over 300 members of the LDS Booksellers Association of which 130 are manufacturers and/or wholesalers with the remainder being bookstores and retail outlets. In dollar terms, Deseret Book's eight primary stores and seventeen secondary stores account for around \$10 million of the retail sales, ZCMI book departments account for \$3 million, BYU Bookstore \$1+ million, two or three privately owned bookstores sell in the range of \$750,000 to \$1,000,000, and six or eight privately owned bookstores \$500,000 to \$750,000.

Dividing the market up by manufacturer, Desert Book has around 50 percent of the market share, Bookcraft has 20 percent, Covenant Recordings has 18 percent, and Horizon Publishing, 5 percent. Desert Book is in both breakdowns because it is currently the only company that both publishes books and owns bookstores. However, Bookcraft has announced its intention of acquiring retailers to form a Bookcraft bookstore chain; among others it has offered to buy the LDS Pavilion Bookstore in the shadow of the Los Angeles Temple.

The LDS Booksellers Association held its annual convention 16-19 August in Salt Lake City. The convention consisted of displays, workshops, a concert, and a banquet. A brief rundown of the convention follows.

Wednesday, the convention began with a booksellers school. Classes covered such topics as inventory control, second selling (getting customers to purchase something in addition to what they originally intended), accounting, seasonal marketing, and spe-

cial displays. During the evening, the booksellers were treated to various vendor-sponsored author/artist parties.

Thursday morning Deseret Book hosted a convention-goer breakfast. Then the display floor was opened and wholesalers tried to peddle wares for the upcoming holiday season. All available booths were rented, disappointing a waiting list of hopefuls. Among the more notable new items was an Angel Moroni car ornament and several striking new flannel board kits. The former seminary teachers, Blaine and Brent Yorgason, had an amazing 27 new titles this year scattered among Deseret Book, Bookcraft, Covenant, and Keepsake Paperback. With that volume they must average almost two weeks developing each title! Bookcraft has a new book edited by one of Bruce R. McConkie's children who is editing the editions that his father made of his own writings (no pedigree chart with book).

A variety show of musicians, dramatists, and comedians was held on Thursday evening, produced by Embryo Music President Lex de Azevedo and featuring primarily Embryo artists. The program overall was very entertaining, but the capacity crowd of last year was not present due to poor planning and lack of publicity. James Arrington stole the show with a selection from his play, *Farley Family Reunion*.

On Friday Bookcraft held a luncheon for their top twenty-five dealers. The afternoon was taken up by the general business meeting. One member made the comment that she only came to see the new manufacturers and thought that everyone should be limited to one booth since several potential displayers were turned away. Caroline Olson, business manager of Bookcraft, responded that if

limited to one booth Bookcraft would drop out "and then see how many show up." Perhaps in this situation an old law of economics might be helpful: If demand exceeds supply then raise prices until demand equals supply. Raising booth prices above \$250 might discourage a few of the trinket dealers.

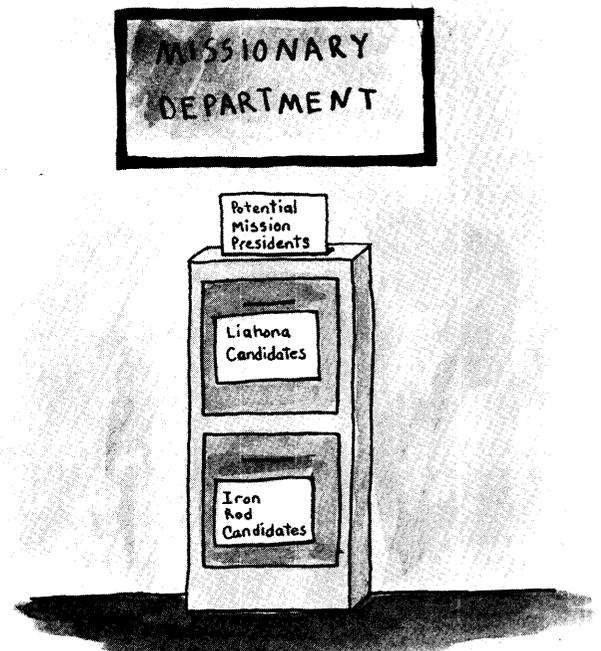
Someone asked about retailing the Church genealogical software package. The association reported that it was told by the Presiding Bishopric's office that the software would not be made available to bookstores for resale because that would be competing with private industry software. Then one member asked if anything was being done about the Church competing with privately owned bookstores.

Another angry member stated that the association was originally formed to stop cut-throat discounters like Seagull Discount LDS Books and Tapes, a chain of franchised bookstores, that Seagull is an example of what inspired the organization of the association. (LDSBS was organized eight years

ago and Seagull has been in existence only two years.)

William Wait spoke during the Friday evening banquet. His comments on bookselling and his personal life were met with loud laughter and applause.

Signature Books hosted a Friday morning breakfast featuring Calvin Grondahl previewing his next cartoon book. At the same time there was a secret meeting to form an "Independent Booksellers Association." The hush-hush meeting was by invitation only and was a well-kept secret, unless one happened to check the schedule of events on the hotel video bulletin board. The smaller family-owned bookstores are feeling threatened by Deseret Book's expansion plans and future plans for Bookcraft bookstores. The continued growth of Seagull Discount LDS Books and Tapes, too, has not calmed fears. Some envision a market shakeout. Should a consolidation occur, the consumer will probably benefit because increased competition and professionalism usually mean better selection and lower prices. ☐



LIGHTER MINDS

BOOKS FOR THE 1989 CHRISTMAS SEASON

(Available from BenchMiss Books)

WE SPEAK OF MONEY, WE REJOICE IN MONEY. By John Huntsmamon. A self-aggrandizing approach to the economies of public charity.

BYU: A HOUSE OF CARDS. By Gary Priddis. The author now refutes the existence of BYU and claims that records from the Lee Library archives prove that BYU is merely a Hollywood set.

PLEASE TOLERATE ME. By Evan Meecham. The outspoken and controversial ex-governor of Arizona pleads with "queers and pickaninnies" to treat him with Christian respect. Forward by W. Clingon Skousen.

MARK HOFMANN: A RETROSPECTIVE. By Gordon B. Hinckley. A look at the mastery and art of Mark Hofmann forgeries by the man closest to him and possibly most abused. Soon to be a full-length animated feature film with screenplay by Orson Scott Bard.

GOODBYE, I LIKE YOU. By Careless Person. A romance novel of doomed love when a foolish R.M. tries to come between an executive and her money.

JAMES D'ARCIVIST. By David Witmaker. Describes the persecution of the BYU Lee Library film archivist who feels commanded of God to assemble every biblical film ever produced, and the threat on his life by the Ayatollah if he persisted.

PROPHET TRIUMPHANT. By Read Mark Benson. A son looks at his father's ascension to the prophethip. It reveals for the first time that the prophet's son really wanted a triumphal procession similar to Aida's but was informed that elephants would not be allowed in the tabernacle so he settled for his sister's solo.

THE BRONZE MEDAL FAMILY. By Bozo Macbride. For those families who find going for the gold too strenuous and bothersome, and who are willing to settle for the Telestial realms.

THAT ALL MAY BE HOMOGENIZED. By Boyd K. Packit. With the same forthrightness of his other controversial epistles, the author states that the proper way to prepare food is to completely puree it in an osterizer.

A MARVELOUS WORK AND A PROFIT. By Richard LeGrand. Shows the compatibility of gospel principles and business practices, and how if you increase one the other automatically follows.

BLESSED BY HIM ESPECIALLY FOR HER. By Richard Ire. Discusses the role of the priesthood in the perfect Mormon home, and how to dominate a woman with it.

BLESSED BY HER ESPECIALLY FOR HIM. By Linda Ire. Tells how to make your husband think he has the upper hand in the relationship without his knowing that he is being manipulated.

MESSAGES FOR A SAPIER LIFE. By Bland Yourgason. Dares to venture into areas too sentimental, simplistic, and stupid even for *Especially for Mormons*.

DEMONS FROM THE FAR SIDE. By Don Whiteand Black. Written by a seminary teacher who publishes and won't perish. Another poke at music as a tool of the devil, but a book which is sure to make lots of money for the author.

LATTER-DAY PROPHETS SLEEP. By Daniel Laidlow. A photo-journalistic look at the last eight General Conferences. Includes shots from all sessions, including General Priesthood Meetings.

IM DEFINITELY A CANDIDATE. By Saul Toscanit. This lawyer-turned-mystic, and the apparent author of neo-Mormonism, discusses his possibilities of becoming the next apostle of the LDS church.

I AM COME THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE LIFE MORE PROFITABLY. By Howard Ruffian. Here Ruffian shows how one can make millions selling food storage to widows who are always moved by the "three sons on a mission" sales pitch.

SLENDER THIGHS, TIGHTER TUMMIES, AND FATTER TESTIMONIES. How to find physical fitness and God through aerobics (also available on videocassette).

WHY THE PROPHET IS AS TRUE AS THE CHURCH. By Eugene Scotland. Another book from the well-known Mormon apologist who this time attempts to show the members of the Church why senility is in the Lord's plan and fits well in the mission of the organization.

THE SACRED AND THE PROFANE. By Lavell Backwards. How members of the BYU football team overcome injuries, bad motels, and wet jockstraps to spread the gospel to heathens on other teams.

RETURN FROM BANKRUPTCY. By Ima Welch. A how-to book on shielding money and property from the courts while declaring bankruptcy, and how to recover from the initial stigma by openly paying twice the requested ward budget.

THIS DEATH WE CALL HIGH PRIEST GROUPS. By Zeke Francis. A book detailing how God uses "Insta-sleep" and "Nod-Off" in high priest group meetings to insure that false doctrine and speculation of the mysteries falls on deaf ears.

DIALOGUES WITH MYSELF, TOO. By Surely McLame. The author conducts a seance with all her former selves.

SEVEN HABITS OF HAIRLESS PEOPLE. By Steven R. Covet, Jr. Tells the world of his father's annoying habits which include playing comb music at all family outings and sitting on the floor in bowling alleys masquerading as a pink bowling ball.

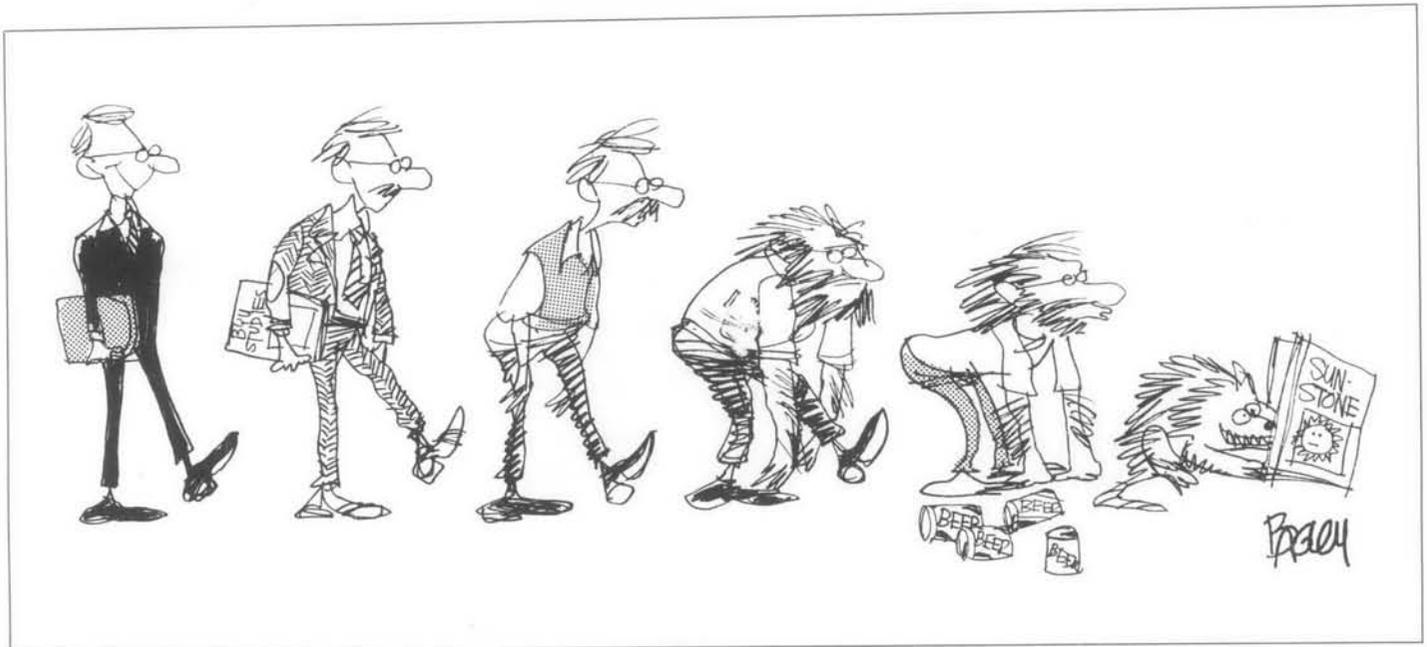
POWER TOOLS FOR TEACHING. Innovative ways to use electrical tools to capture attention in Primary classes, including "disciplining with dental drills."

LDS CLIP ART. By Grant Affleck. The tell-it-all story of a man who tapped into the Mormon gullibility and made millions.

U2 CAN PLAY HYMNS. A new concert tour CD by the foremost socially responsible rock band in recent memory. The fourteen-city tour began with a family home evening concert in Helper, Utah, at the newly refurbished rodeo grounds.

AN ANCIENT AMERICAN SETTING FOR THE MORMON CONCEPT OF SPENDING. By Soring Johnson. Written by a recently retired anthropologist who has spent the bulk of his life tracking the "Wealthiness is the next to godliness" theme in the Book of Mormon.

OXYMORMONS



SUN SPOTS

A TAXING RECOMMEND

AN INTERESTING note came out of a recent Supreme Court decision. The Supreme Court held that members of the Church of Scientology were not entitled to claim charitable contributions for income tax purposes for "fixed donations" made to the church for one-on-one training sessions between a church member and a church official. A majority of the Supreme Court held that since the donations were for counseling sessions, the members had received value in return for their "donation" and, accordingly, they had not made a contribution or gift within the meaning of the income tax laws. Justice Sandra Day O'Connor dissented on the grounds that what the members received in return was of personal, religious and, therefore, intangible value. She then drew an analogy between the Scientologists' practices and certain quid pro quo exchanges unique to other religions which are considered to be charitable contributions: Christians who

make payments for "pew rents"; Jews who purchase admission tickets for services on High Holy Days; and Catholics who pay to have a Mass said on their behalf. She further argued that "Mormons must tithe 10 percent of their income as a necessary but not sufficient condition to obtaining a 'temple recommend,' i.e., the right to be admitted into the temple." Tithing, she wrote, is "the fixed payment necessary for a temple recommend."

Not only was this a somewhat irreligious view of tithing, but Justice O'Connor's cited sources were a little unorthodox: she referred first to III Nephi 24:7-12, which is Christ's rendering of Malachi 3, but she then referred to Doctrine and Covenants 106:1b. If that reference does not look quite right to the Latter-day Saint reader, it will to the RLDS. Justice O'Connor used the Reorganized Church's Doctrine and Covenants; section 106:1b of the RLDS version corresponds to LDS Doctrine

and Covenants 119:4. The irony was surely lost on the Court that the Justice had used the RLDS Doctrine and Covenants to show that a 10 percent tithe is a prerequisite to obtaining a temple

recommend. The RLDS do not regard tithing as a fixed percent of income and do not have a temple (at least yet) or issue temple recommends.



MANHATTAN SUNSTONE SPOT

FOR OVER 50 years George Rutkin's newsstand near the New York City Public Library on 42nd Street between 5th and 6th Avenues has been one spot in Manhattan where professional journals and hard-to-find periodicals have been sold. Recently Rutkin added SUNSTONE to his lively

collection of capitalist, communist, anarchist, Zen Buddhist, Jewish, Catholic, Arabic, and many other assorted political, religious, and academic publications. SUNSTONE is also now available at the New York magazine store on the northeast corner of 6th Avenue and 11th Street.

The Mormon Women's Forum and a Coalition of Utah Women's Groups presents:

MOTHER WOVE THE MORNING

"I know in my heart that the Creator that brought us here is in some marvelous way both Father and Mother. Perhaps, in the beginning, on that primordial day, Mother wove the morning and Father made the evening. Why, then did I grow up feeling that I was living in a Motherless house?"



A one-woman play
written and
performed by

**Carol Lynn
Pearson**

Sixteen women throughout history answer that question, a paleolithic woman, an Egyptian priestess, a biblical woman who watched the rape of the Levite's concubine, a Gnostic woman, a medieval witch, a Shaker deaconess, and others. Their dramatic stories show that the human family has always longed for its Mother in Heaven, has often exiled Her, and is now inviting Her to come home.

Salt Lake Art Center • 20 South West Temple

January 5-6, 10-13, 17-19, 24-27 • 7:30 p.m.

Utah Valley Community College • January 20, 1990 • 7:30 p.m. • Student Center Ballroom

Tickets: \$10.00 in advance • \$12.00 at the door • Tickets available through SmithTix: 467-5996