

**MORMON
EXPERIENCE
SCHOLARSHIP
ISSUES & ART**

FEATURES

**MORMONS &
SUBSTANCE
ABUSE** by Mark
Koltko (p. 46)

**PILLARS OF
MY FAITH** by
Linda Hoffman
and Chris Kimball
(pp. 22, 26)

**ROBERT
KIRBY** on
phrases for the
Mo faithful (p. 59)

**A MORMON
JAPANESE
READERS'
DIGEST** by Jiro
Numano (p. 57)

**DANGEROUS
PLAY** rock
climber, single
Carter Mackley
reflects on inti-
macy and relation-
ships (p. 13)

NEWS

Two independent
Mormon colleges
are organized (p. 67)

Apostle Maxwell
featured on PBS
(p. 73)

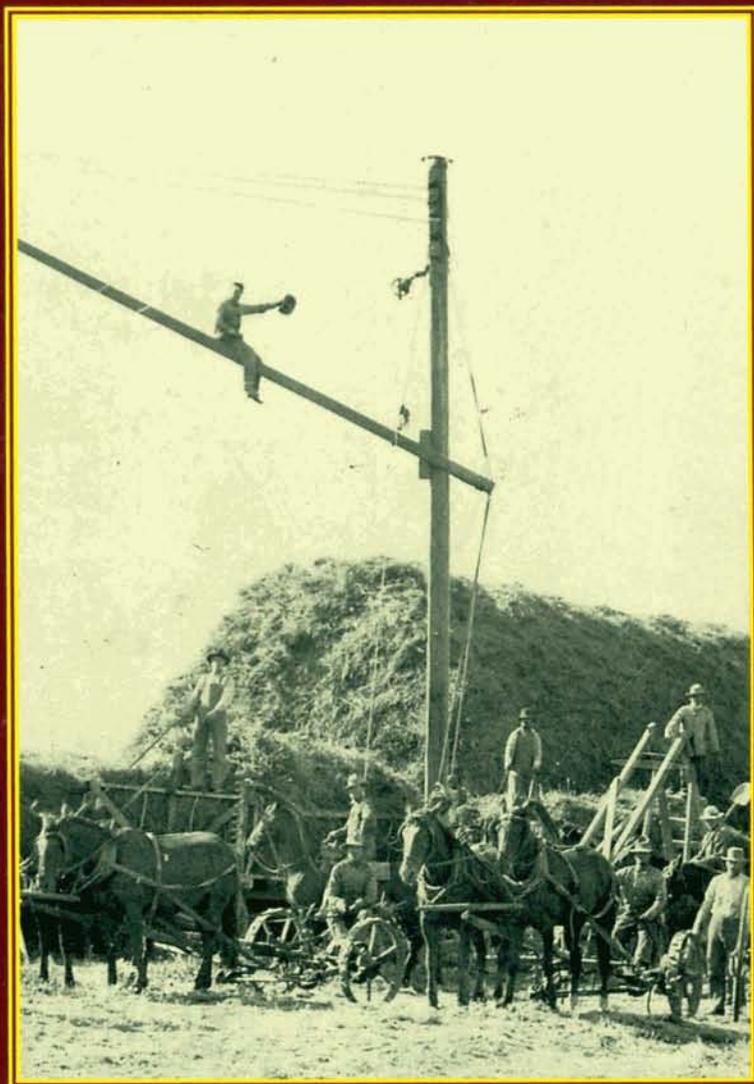
BYU President
Bateman responds
to plagiarism
charges (p. 68)

Michael Quinn
comes out (p. 73)

Church opposes
wine-serving
restaurants by
Pioneer Park (71)

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SUNSTONE



THE LONG SHADOW OF THE UNITED ORDER

BY KARL SANDBERG



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22 Linda Hoffman Kimball

26 Christian E. Kimball

30 Margaret Blair Young

37 Karl C. Sandberg

46 Mark Edward Koltko

17 Walter Thompson III

25 Niranjan Mohanty

29 Niranjan Mohanty

36 Jack Rickard

45 Carol Hamilton

51 Sean Brendan-Brown

55 Niranjan Mohanty

58 R. S. Carlson

9 Henri J. M. Nouwen

10 Elbert Eugene Peck

13 Carter Mackley

18 Dennis W. Nielson

21 Edgar C. Snow Jr.

20

20 Joseph Garske

20 Garold and Norma Davis

19 Joanna Brooks

21

52 Julie Thatcher

57 Jiro Numano

59 Robert Kirby

80 Neal A. Maxwell

60 Jay S. Bybee

65 Michael Tiedemann

65 John Sillito

65 Michael Fillerup

66 Will Quist

67

FEATURES

THOUGHTS ON SARCASM, SOLITUDE, AND HOLINESS

CHOICE, DESIRE, EXPERIENCE

ZOO SOUNDS

Brookie & D. K. Brown Fiction Contest Winner

GETTING UP A HISTORY OF MONROE: THE LONG SHADOW OF THE UNITED ORDER

LDS PERSPECTIVES ON SUBSTANCE ABUSE AND ADDICTION

POETRY

SHIP WRECKED

REMEMBERING YOU

MYSTERY

MAVERICKS AND SAINTS

AUTUMN'S PESTO

MAN AND NATURE

GRIEF

THE GALLERY AFTER HOURS

COLUMNS

OF GOOD REPORT: "Fulfillment in Dependence"

FROM THE EDITOR

On My Sleeve

TURNING THE TIME OVER TO . . .

Dangerous Play

CORNUCOPIA

MY CREED: A Work in Progress

BOOK OF MORMON MUSINGS: The Boredom of Bliss

PECULIAR PEOPLE: Annual Growth Rate by Region

TWENTY YEARS AGO: Mormon Parochialism

OUT OF THE BEST BOOKS: Burning the Manuals, Books, Tracts

A PSALM: Via Practica

TOP TEN: Top 10 Ways to Know You Were Born in Utah County

THIS SIDE OF THE TRACTS: Addiction in an LDS Family: A Personal Perspective

INTERVIEW: A Mormon Japanese Reader's Digest

LIGHTER MINDS: In a Mo Tif? Then Check Mo Phrases for a Mo Ment

AN OLIVE LEAF: "Tactical Revelation"

REVIEWS

PRINCE'S PIECE

Power from on High: The Development of Mormon Priesthood by Gregory A. Prince

BOOKNOTES

When Truth Was Treason: German Youth Against Hitler: The Story of the Helmuth Huebener Group by Karl-Heinz Schnibbe

Restless: The Memoirs of Labor and Consumer Activist Esther Peterson

Last Buckaroo by Mackey Hedges

RECENTLY RELEASED

NEWS

FAUX BYU'S: THE MAKING OF TWO INDEPENDENT MORMON COLLEGES

PRESIDENT BATEMAN RESPONDS TO CHARGES

UPDATE • MORMON MEDIA IMAGE • PEOPLE BYUPDATE • THE MORMON UNIVERSE
SUNSTONE CALENDAR • SUNSPOTS

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PROVO HONORS

A PARAGRAPH IN "Clipped and Controlled" (SUNSTONE, Aug. 1996) criticized me for "dismantling General Education and Honors as the intellectual center of the University." Your anonymous author reported that the BYU Honors Program "underwent several debilitating changes" including declaring service learning to be "undesirable at BYU," cancelling "concert and lecture series in favor of Sunday Firesides" and discontinuing faculty seminars, replacing them "several summers later only by nuts-and-bolts seminars."

Service learning continues to be a requirement for Honors graduation. The Honors Program has helped support student thesis research in Africa, Central and South America, and the South Pacific. This year, an Honors graduate who studied entrepreneurship in Zimbabwe started her own bank there, specializing in small business loans. University-subsidized travel for service learning has been centralized under the Kennedy Center, where it seems to be flourishing.

We have hosted noted scholars including Yale law Professor Stephen Carter, Brown University philosopher Martha Nussbaum, Northwestern University Russian Professor Gary Saul Morson, and Rhodes scholar Paul Rahe. We have organized concerts performed by ECM recording artists Danny Zeitlan and Charlie Haden, and Kurt Bestor.

We continue to hold spring faculty seminars with distinguished visiting lecturers including Jamie Sethian (Berkeley), Eric Mazur (Harvard), and John Paulos (Temple). We do not have a Sunday fireside series but have organized an evening lecture series featuring among others members of the Quorum of the Twelve. These lectures are published in *On Becoming a Disciple-Scholar* (Bookcraft). I did ask the editors of the off-campus newspaper *Student Review* not to meet in the Maeser Building, but your author failed to mention that I made the same request of the board of FARMS. We have supported student academic journals including *Insight*, *Journal of Environmental Studies*, *Aporia*, *Thetan*, and *Journal of International and Area Studies*. Students in our Honors 200 freshman composition course have written, edited, and published their own textbook, *There are Dinosaurs Beneath the Stadium*.

PAUL ALAN COX
dean, General Education & Honors
Brigham Young University

UNWRITTEN RULES

"CLIPPED AND CONTROLLED" gave a remarkable, accurate, and effective catalog of recent problems and difficulties at Brigham Young University—I was very glad you had the courage to publish it. At the same time, however, I think it unfortunate that the article appeared under "Anonymous" rather than the author's name or even a pseudonym since that may make some people question the validity of the article.

Since I was the object of an anonymous letter while at Brigham Young, I think it might be worth explaining why I see the anonymity of the article as of a different type than the anonymous letters that BYU seems sometimes to accept and use against its faculty. Though it provides an unfortunate level of complication, the anonymity of the article is no reason to ignore the truth of "Clipped and Controlled's" claims.

Anonymous letters operate behind the scenes at Brigham Young and certain other institutions. Often a person is not aware that such a letter has been written and taken seriously, sometimes even filed for later reference. Anonymous letters accuse individuals and make claims about peoples' characters that institutions often do not bother to substantiate. Unacknowledged, they infect members of the institutional hierarchy's views of an individual. Even when administrators know the identity of the accuser, they often act to protect the accuser and keep his or her identity concealed, letting these functions as if they were anonymous, and with the same negative effects. Anonymous letters and hidden statements are something that are used by hierarchies in institutions to secretly undermine the position of individuals, to fix the odds against the individual, and to give the institution further leverage.

In my case, an anonymous letter was used as a means of asking me to justify my work. I was asked to write a response to a person I had never seen and whose identity still has never been revealed to me. Later, the BYU administration claimed that this anonymous letter was of no importance because there were "other concerns." Despite repeated queries, however, I was never honestly told who had these other concerns nor what the concerns were. I was faced, then, with a screen of double anonymity, an anonymous letter was used to shield other people who wished to remain anonymous. I was thus put in a position where I was forced to try to an-

swer and address concerns without knowing where those concerns originated or what exactly they were. Though this is a particularly blatant example, many of the other faculty members discussed in "Clipped and Controlled" faced a similar difficulty, discovering too late that anonymous decisions had been made privately about them which visible committees and administrators felt they had to ratify.

By contrast, "Clipped and Controlled" does not operate behind the scenes but in the public arena. Its statements can be independently verified, and anyone can read the article and know exactly what the issues are. It is not slanderous (though it says things that the administration of BYU is not likely to want to hear), sticking largely to the fact. When it does move from fact to judgment, it does so openly instead of privately.

The author chooses anonymity because he or she fears repercussions from BYU and from the Church for speaking what I know many faculty at Brigham Young are feeling. My experience with BYU suggests to me that he or she is right to fear this. At BYU, there is

very little to protect those who choose to speak out against flaws they see in the institution. BYU's so-called academic freedom document has been written in a way that allows it to be interpreted to protect the institution rather than the individual, as Bruce Hafen made remarkably clear in my own case. In addition, now that the president of BYU is a general authority, any statements against his policies or even pointing out his plagiarism could be interpreted as "criticizing a general authority," and thus make the anonymous author subject to the loss of his or her job, and even excommunication.

If this is not enough to satisfy some readers, I will further say that though I did not write the article, I have done sufficient research to be satisfied with the accuracy of the author's statements in all but one or two minor points. The cases are accurately portrayed, and comparison to Himmelfarb's original article shows that Bateman clearly, though perhaps unwittingly, plagiarized Himmelfarb. (Since university presidents are often chosen for something other than their academic prowess, I am less offended by this

initial plagiarism than by Bateman's later grudging half-apologies and his Nixon-esque refusal to admit wrongdoing.) I agree with the article and admire the person who was willing to state directly what so many have been discussing and feeling.

Currently, there seem to be two general problems at Brigham Young, problems that make it nearly impossible for BYU to be an effective university—problems which have bred and which will continue to breed a host of more specific difficulties. First, I think that people who want BYU to be a religious institution—which I think is, in every way, a worthy and worthwhile endeavor—too often are unclear about what it takes to make a university function effectively. If the students are going to have the kind of experience that allows them to grow and to experience the benefits of a university education, there must be space for students and faculty to take certain risks. The university should support the faith, but at the same time allow people to ask hard questions. True learning is a dialectical process, and if we are not allowed to ask questions, the whole process will suffer and

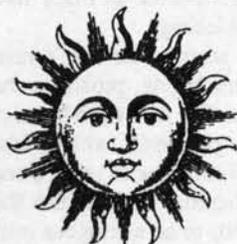


we will fail to help our students develop the ability to cope with the difficult issues they are sure to encounter.

Second, and related, the biggest problem

at BYU is the attempt of administrators, some faculty, and some students to anticipate the concerns of the general authorities. I was told by the dean of Humanities that I just should

have known that my book was inappropriate, that they shouldn't have had to tell me. This seems to be a common attitude among administrators. The result is a system that



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controls and intimidates. Here, the supposed concerns of general authorities never have to be stated since the administration feels they know in advance what the board of trustees wants: in the name of general authorities things are done that I would hope most of them would not approve of. Unwritten rules operate in the same way as anonymous letters; they remain hidden to all but a select few. If you don't follow them without having been told about them, it is clear you do not belong. BYU is becoming an institution where there is a higher premium placed on obedience than on integrity, where academic excellence is sacrificed in favor of wearing white shirts and conforming one's will.

BRIAN EVENSON
Stillwater, OK

ALIVE AND HEALTHY

YOUR REPORT THAT the BYU self-study recommends "eliminating sixteen Family, Home, and Social Sciences degrees such as the anthropology B.A." is an error ("Self-Study: BYU Basically Healthy," SUNSTONE, June 1996).

Apparently you misunderstood. We recommended, and the self-study approved, dropping the "B.A.—Secondary Teaching Emphasis" track. In the fifteen years the track has been available, only three students have taken it. After all, the demand for anthropology courses in high schools is limited. Students with an interest in teaching anthropology were better advised to have a triple-minor program in history, geography, and anthropology.

The anthropology department is recognized as central to the general education mission of the university and the increasingly international LDS church. Indeed, the self-study document recommended that we be allocated another faculty teaching slot. Our revised undergraduate B.A. curriculum includes a four-semester sequence in the theoretical underpinnings of anthropology and the most current trends in the social sciences. Our undergraduates do supervised field work in Guatemala, Namibia, India, and the U.S. We have instituted a five-year, integrated B.A./M.A. as well as a graduate non-thesis option in Mesoamerican studies. We have never been healthier, and we invite your readers to the archaeological conferences, ethnographic film festival, and related social events during the 1996–1997 academic year that celebrates the department's fiftieth anniversary.

JOHN HAWKINS
*department chair, anthropology
Brigham Young University*

KIDDIE DIP

I WAS IMPRESSED with the even-handedness of Richard Mavin's treatment of the phenomenon known in England as "Baseball Baptisms" ("The Woodbury Years: An Insider's Look at Baseball Baptisms in Britain," SUNSTONE, Mar. 1996). He didn't try to lay the blame on any one person or system. People can sometimes be caught up in their enthusiasm for an apparently fool-proof success formula that later seems fraught with unforeseen consequences. My wife and I lived through the "Kiddie Dip" program in the U.S. South. It caused a great deal of harm and little permanent good. Many children were baptized without proper teaching, and some were baptized without their parents' knowledge or permission. But the most damaging consequences of this ill-advised program were the breakdown of trust between missionaries and members and the agony of later missionaries and local leaders in taking thousands of names off Church records. This was extremely demoralizing—facing parents who didn't know their child had been baptized into a church they hardly understood. Then, too, it was clearly impossible to provide transportation for all the children baptized even if their parents let them come to church. Of the 120 or so children baptized in the Lexington (North Carolina) Branch, only two (to my knowledge) stayed active in the Church.

I have thought a lot about how something

like the "Kiddie Dip" program could have gotten so perverted from normal missionary procedures. I conclude that the race for statistics became all-important. This episode has hurt me for years; now I have gotten it off my chest. Thank you, Brother Mavin.

CHARLES L. SELLERS
Knoxville, TN

GOLDEN NUGGETS

ELBERT PECK mentioned in his one-hundredth-issue editorial that no one ever comments on the articles. Well, I think about them, and here are some comments.

1. When the magazine comes, my family all says that they see I am still an apostate. Is this really the message you want to send?

2. Sometimes, I wonder why I subscribe, but occasionally there's a gold nugget.

3. My reaction to Quinn's article on baseball baptisms was furthered by Richard Mavin's. I feel Quinn continually writes in the spirit of pointing the finger of disgust and shame and tries to demoralize and debunk the good in the Church. Mavin put the episode in a much truer light, especially when Mavin told what happened in three missions, not just one. (See Quinn, "I-Thou vs. I-It Conversions: The Mormon 'Baseball Baptism' Era," SUNSTONE, Dec. 1993).

4. I was moved to tears by the celibate homosexual, "Oliver Alden," and his struggles. It's a gold nugget. I wonder how his eventual salvation will end up. I have had enough ex-



"You wouldn't display glass grapes in the '60s.
I'd say that shows you're a woman of independence."

MEMBER MISSIONARY MOMENTS



With the carpool

"Do you prefer Spencer Kimball on 'Christ the Perfect Leader' or Truman Madsen on Joseph Smith?"



At the supermarket

"I'm buying all this food to store in our basement because a living prophet told me to just like Joseph of old told Pharaoh."



While traveling

"Have you ever wondered, 'Why am I here?' and 'Where am I going?' ..."

periences with spiritual "messages" like his that I know we don't know everything.

5. The Mormon Alliance disturbs me (see Paul Toscano, "Dealing with Spiritual Abuse: The Role of the Mormon Alliance" *SUNSTONE*, July 1993). Devoted to exposing and debunking abuse of power, they trade in the devil's coin. They immerse themselves in qualities the Savior warned us against. Concerning their critique of general conference ("Mormon Alliance Deconstructs Conference," *SUNSTONE*, Dec. 1995), I shake my head and think, the *gall* of them.

EUNICE PACE
West Jordan, UT

Lavina Fielding Anderson responds:

The Mormon Alliance takes seriously the injunction that begins: "No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the priesthood, only by persuasion, by long-suffering, by gentleness. . . ." (see D&C 121:40-44). When power is exercised for unrighteous dominion, the whole Church suffers. Recognizing abuses of power is the first step in correcting abuses of power so that we may experience "an increase of love."

Perhaps your negative feelings about the Alliance's conference critique come from a too-limited definition of "critique." To critique is "to consider the merits and demerits of and judge accordingly." Everyone who listens to Conference performs such a critique with every talk, with every session, around the dinner table afterwards, and with friends. The conference critique is an opportunity to do the same thing in a larger forum. We invite your participation.

OLD HAS BECOME NEW

I AGREE WITH Sheldon Greaves: Mormon liberals need fewer Jeremiahs and more social activism ("Old Testament Sunstone, New Testament Sunstone," *SUNSTONE*, Mar. 1996). But his two categories, Old and New Testaments, are oversimplistic and downright wrong. The Old Testament prophets preached the social justice he ascribes to the New. We do need a new spirit, one that transcends religious legalism to principled, spirit-filled living, which was the point of the N.T. authors, but also of those O.T. guys who talked about things like, oh, a "new covenant." Quit bashing that venerable scripture; choose some other metaphor.

But Greaves is right, the call is between *talking* and *doing*. It's an omni-dispensational dynamic, and it afflicts Mormon liberals today. Sunstone's forums can, indeed, be a marketplace for such activism. But Sunstone is

ahead of its constituency. In recent years, symposiums have featured numerous sessions on LDS humanitarian organizations, which have been poorly attended; people choose the more sensational sessions.

MARK BRENT
Belmont, CA

MIND GAMES

AFTER READING "The Manti Mormons" by Becky Johns (*SUNSTONE*, JUNE 1996), I can imagine that Jim and Elaine Harmston devoted their lives to the Church and expected to participate in all the big happenings of the "Last Days" as promised by Brother Cleon Skousen and others. When some of us realize that that view isn't reality or that institutions change and, like the old grey mare, "ain't what she used to be many long years ago" we react in different ways. It is okay with me if the Harmstons want to talk with Joseph Smith and have a polygamous marriage. Sadly, children always get dragged through all this religious stupidity.

As far back as I remember, I have been taught to look forward to the Second Coming. What I look forward to now is a time when we stop messing with each others minds in the name of the Lord so that we don't end up with a spiritual crisis and go out and build an endowment house in Manti that looks like a build-it-yourself barn.

TIM GARRARD
Stockton, CA

COULD SCRIPTURAL SCHOLARSHIP SAVE MORMON LIBERALS?

I ENDORSE THE conclusions of Carol Lynn Pearson's "Could Feminism have Changed the Nephites." Female voices in the Mormon canon would benefit us all. And if the official canon is not changed, let us informally change it. Pearson has articulately and successfully read a woman's perspective into a patriarchal book.

But her article disturbed as it inspired. Pearson manifests a scriptural illiteracy common among Mormon writers. She compares the Book of Mormon statements on women with statements in the New Testament, especially Jesus'. She argues that the Book of Mormon has been edited by a warrior who for the most part ignored the female society of the Nephites and used several negative female images. She looks to the New Testament for exemplary treatment of women. She simply pulls out her King James

Version to find the real Jesus and his words. She cites stories and dialogue that are not historical to support the picture of Jesus she wants. Even then, she distorts the evidence.

First, the woman caught in adultery. Jesus stated that anyone without sin should cast the first stone (John 8:1-8.) It's a wonderful story. Unfortunately, it was almost certainly not part of the original Gospel of John. It was added by a later editor, and it is therefore difficult to argue for its historicity. Mormonism has correctly asserted that the Bible has been greatly modified. Why, then, do we think that we can naively pretend that it is perfect, as Pearson does?

In other instances, Pearson seriously misreads texts. Pearson has searched her New Testament for the history and words of Jesus to see if there are any negative female images or negative statements about females. She reports that there are "None. Not one." (She forgives Jesus' use of negative male imagery as non-sexist because it is balanced by an exclusively male concept of God.)

It is difficult to overestimate the importance of this issue. What is at stake is the truth and who has a claim to it. Scriptural arguments such as Pearson's cannot be taken seriously because their premises are incorrect. The question facing us is whether or not we are searching for truth or for just a well-turned phrase. Why do the best Mormon essayists distort scriptural texts so blatantly?

Recently, Mormon scholars have been excommunicated (some of them scriptural scholars). Liberal Mormons have paraded these excommunications as a gross offense, yet the work of these scholars is ignored by those of us who claim to support them. Liberal Mormonism cannot claim to stand on ground higher than any other Mormon institution unless the careful search for truth is our highest priority. At present, it is not.

I hope that SUNSTONE continues to publish articles like Pearson's. It was passionate and thought-provoking. But please provide better guidance to help eliminate our profound illiteracy regarding our holy texts.

MARK D. THOMAS
Lynnwood, WA

OUT OF THE CLOSET

I RESPOND TO "Anonymous Bishop" and the pseudonymous gay Mormon, "Oliver Alden" (see "My God, My God, Why Hast Thou Forsaken Me" by "Oliver Alden," SUNSTONE, Aug. 1995; "Stay with God: A Response to 'Oliver Alden'" by "Anonymous Bishop," June 1996; and "The Lord Stands

Ready to Help When No One Else Can" by "Oliver Alden," June 1996).

Anonymity on either side of the issue is a sad commentary on the state of forgiveness and understanding in our community. It is also unnecessary. It damages the numerous gay and lesbian Mormons and their families who are crying out for answers and role models. It is time to stop supporting the shame of the closet and start speaking and publishing, openly, the many honest and healing stories men and women are sharing.

"Anonymous Bishop" speaks of the miracle of overcoming a life of unhappiness and sexual temptation. Yet he does not stand by his words or speak from a place of gratitude enough to be a real example to his flock or to the other LDS men who struggle with their homosexual feelings. I doubt the bishop's story. It has too many holes. The gay man whom he quotes has similar sentence construction, word choice, and outcome as does the bishop. Where is the honesty? Where can we verify the cure?

One homosexual experience does not a gay man make. Numerous studies show that a significant number of men have had a same-sex experience but consider themselves heterosexual. This bishop does not sound like he was ever a homosexual. Perhaps he had dissonance over his sexual experimentation, but nothing told me he had walked a similar path as I had, nor did I find any answers in his sterile and simple story. President Gordon B. Hinckley admonished the Church to stop encouraging homosexuals to marry as therapy, yet this bishop encour-

ages us to marry, promising that the "temptations" of same-sex attraction will disappear. There are enough broken Mormon families. There are enough hurting homosexuals married to hurting heterosexuals.

"Oliver Alden," also speaking from a closet and unwilling to meet the public, or even his gay and lesbian brothers and sisters, openly, is no different from "Anonymous Bishop." Like "Bishop," "Alden's" fear is translated to shame by hiding. He, seemingly, has not learned to be proud of the spiritual confirmation that he is whole as he is. We are bereft of knowing him and fellowshiping with him in our common journey.

Anonymous stories lose their power when a light is shone on them. Until people are willing to back up their story with themselves, we need not listen or believe what they have to say. The work of healing and growing among gays and lesbians has been an incredible miracle to witness. Many share their stories without shame, without apology.

As a gay Mormon who spent two decades attempting to find the cure for my homosexuality in faithful Church service, sincere prayer, fasting, LDS Social Services therapies, and self-hatred, I now proudly acknowledge the gifts of my life that I feel are God-given and beautiful, including my sexuality. My personal journey, like that of many of my gay and lesbian siblings, has been one that is most powerfully a spiritual one. It has been most about healing and community building.

ROB KILLIAN
Rochester, NY



"No, no, no . . . Billy Casper helped our image much more than Ty Detmer did."

GET REAL!

BRAVO for "Oliver Alden"! He is to be admired for his integrity in how he handles his homosexuality and for his courage to be open (although anonymous). He has remained a good, faithful Mormon while approaching his homosexuality according to Joseph Smith's admonition to study it out in his mind. He is familiar with how God speaks to him, he knows God's voice, and he feels secure that he is living his life with God's approval. He encourages others to consult with God, but he does not advise other homosexuals how to live their lives.

In contrast, "Anonymous Bishop" appears to believe that all gay Mormon men can and should live their lives as he has done, married with children. **WRONG!** It may work for the bishop (but does it for his wife?), but it won't work for all gay Mormon men.

As God gave Adam and Eve seemingly opposite commandments, he also puts us in situations that don't have easy solutions. Lavina Fielding Anderson has said that we need to be not "children of God," but "adults of God," willing to work out difficult problems on our own, daring at times to not live the "letter of the law."

I speak from the experience of having been married for twenty-six years to a gay Mormon man who also served as a bishop.

By his own admission, during the early years of our marriage, he gave in to the temptation of homosexual sex many times. I knew none of this until many years into the marriage, after all of our children were born. He was miserable. Because he hated himself, he could not love his family.

It is possible that "Anonymous Bishop's" marriage is working great. Mine didn't. If my husband had been able to somehow make peace with himself and God, he would have been a wonderful, talented person. But that wasn't the case; we had a very dysfunctional family, and our children do not feel that they were blessed having a gay father, as the "Bishop" suggests they might.

People who think that all a gay man has to do is find a nice girl, get married and everything will be great, don't have a clue! It's like sacrificing a virgin. Get real!

ANONYMOUS FORMER WIFE
West Valley City, UT

IN THE DARK AGES

SHAME on SUNSTONE for printing the article by "Anonymous Bishop," who thinks he's cured himself of being gay. Is this guy from the Dark Ages? With all the research and experience showing that one's sexual orientation can *not* be changed, I was amazed someone still believes that with

enough prayer a gay can become straight. I am amazed SUNSTONE would print such a relic of outdated and misinformed thinking.

"Anonymous Bishop" quotes from other closeted friends about how they were happy only after leaving the gay life. What absurdity! How can anyone be happy when pretending to be something other than what they really are in order to fit into the heterosexual Mormon pigeon hole. I have been happier than I ever dreamed possible since I formed a union with another woman. I wish other gays and lesbians might find the joy of loving and being loved. They might also end the self-hatred that leads numerous gays and lesbians to suicide.

JENNIFER R. GOODFELLOW
Arlington, MA

ROOM FOR BOTH TYPES

I APPRECIATE "Oliver Alden's" courage in sharing his struggle with homosexuality and trying to retain morals, ethics, and religious values. Most LDS gays go through this, and there are precious few LDS gay role models. "Alden's" articles help me be more patient with God. I was moved while reading them. Likewise, I appreciate "Anonymous Bishop's" current journey. It is a very personal thing. It is harder when a family is involved. We need to make room for both types of experiences in our Mormon culture and theology.

"Anonymous Bishop's" article disturbs me because it implies that homosexuality, morality, and spirituality are mutually exclusive. This is reflected in the title asking "Alden" to "stay with God" and how "Bishop" suggests that God has given him great gifts as a result of not "choosing" to be gay. Does this mean that "Alden," in trying to keep his moral standards, is not close to God? I know gays closer to God than some straight LDS church members are.

I'm glad heterosexual marriage worked for "Bishop." However, I know gays who wanted to throw up every time they had sex with their wives. When these men became intimate with a partner of the same sex, they found the intimacy, emotional bonding, and the love they had been missing. We cannot confine the desire for an intimate relationship to heterosexuals; it is a basic human desire and need. To categorically exclude homosexuals is cruel, harmful, and sinful.

"Bishop" believes homosexuality is a "burden," a disability, to be "corrected" in the next life. Correcting such a fundamental element as sexuality in the hereafter is not like fixing pimples or bad eyesight. If one's whole personality is going to change in the next life,



"Bro. Firth, you have a choice—you can be scoutmaster, genealogy instructor, or have the calling in the envelope that our sweet spirit Kimberly is holding."

what is the point of living this one? Is homosexuality a disability as left-handedness once was considered? As with left-handedness, it is society's view of homosexuality that has caused it to be a burden.

Concerning "Alden's" personal revelation, I know righteous blacks who, before the 1978 revelation, received personal revelation about receiving the priesthood. Like "Alden," they recognized it was meant only for them.

God did not give them a schedule, just an assurance that they would receive.

"Bishop" presupposes gays are selfish. As with heterosexuals, some are, many aren't. Consider a lesbian couple I know. One partner is confined to a wheelchair. She is a wonderful artist and works every day. Her partner lovingly helps her. I have a friend who nursed his partner through AIDS. He wanted him to live and die with dignity. He wasn't

looking for another sexual conquest. Hetero- and homosexual love are more than sex.

JAY BELL
Orem, UT

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OF GOOD REPORT

"FULFILLMENT IN DEPENDENCE"

Through the indignities of old age—passivity, loss of control, suffering—we model Jesus' life from one of action to one of "passion."

JESUS MOVED IN HIS LIFE FROM ACTION TO PASSION.

For several years, he was extremely active preaching, teaching, and helping, always surrounded by large crowds and always moving from place to place. But in the Garden of Gethsemane, after his last supper with his disciples, he was handed over to those who resented him and his words. He was handed over to be the object of actions by others. From that moment, Jesus no longer took initiatives. He no longer did anything. Everything was done to him. He was arrested, put in prison, ridiculed, tortured, condemned, and crucified. All action was gone. The mystery of Jesus' life is that he fulfilled his vocation not through action but through becoming the subject of other people's actions. When he finally said, "It is fulfilled" (John 19:30), he meant not only "All I needed to do I have done," but also "All that needed to be done to me has been done to me." Jesus completed his mission on earth through being the passive subject of what others did to him.

What Jesus lived we also are called to live. Our lives, when lived in the spirit of Jesus, will find their fulfillment in a similar kind of dependence. Jesus made this clear when he said to Peter, "When you were young, you put on your belt and walked where you liked, but when you grow old, you will stretch out your hands and somebody else will put a belt round you and take you where you rather would not go" (John 21:18). We, too, must move from action to "passion," from being in control to being dependent, from taking initiatives to having to wait, from living to dying.

Painful and nearly impossible as this move seems to be, it is in this movement that our true fruitfulness is hidden. Our years of action are years of success and accomplishment. During these years, we do things about which we can speak with pride. But much of this success and many of these accomplishments will soon lie behind us. We might still point to them in the form of trophies, medals, or artistic products. But what is beyond our success and productivity? Fruitfulness lies beyond and that fruitfulness comes through passion, or suffering. Just as the ground can only bear fruit if broken by the plow, our own lives can only be fruitful if opened through passion. Suffering is precisely "undergoing" action by others, over which we have no control. Dying is always suffering, because dying always puts us in the place where others do to us whatever they decide to do, good or bad.

It is not easy to trust that our lives will bear fruit through this sort of dependence because, for the most part, we ourselves experience dependence as uselessness and as burdensome. We often feel discomfort, fatigue, confusion, disorientation, and pain, and it is hard to see any fruit coming from such vulnerability. We see only a body and a mind broken to pieces by the plow that others hold in their hands.

Believing that our lives come to fulfillment in dependence requires a tremendous leap of faith. Everything that we see or feel and everything that our society suggests to us through the values and ideas it holds up to us point in the opposite direction. Success counts, not fruitfulness—and certainly not fruitfulness that comes through passivity. But passion is God's way, shown to us through the cross of Jesus. It's the way we try to avoid at all costs, but it is the way to salvation. This explains why it is so important to care for the dying. To care for the dying is to help the dying make that hard move from action to passion, from success to fruitfulness, from wondering how much they can still accomplish to making their very lives a gift for others. Caring for the dying means helping the dying discover that, in their increasing weakness, God's strength becomes visible.

The well-known words of the apostle Paul, "God chose those who by human standards are weak to shame the strong" (1 Cor. 1:27), take on new meaning here because the weak are not only the poor, the disabled, and the mentally ill, but also the dying—and all of us will be dying one day. We must trust that it is also in *this* weakness that God shames the strong and reveals true human fruitfulness. That's the mystery of the cross. When Jesus was on the cross, his life became infinitely fruitful. There, the greatest weakness and the greatest strength met. We can participate in this mystery through our death. To help each other die well is to help each other claim the fruitfulness in our weakness. Thus our dying enables us to embrace our cross with the trust that new life will emerge. Much of this becomes concrete when we are with people who must come to terms with their approaching death. ☐

HENRI J. M. NOUWEN

from *Our Greatest Gift: A Meditation on Dying and Caring*
HarperSanFrancisco, 1994, 91–95; reprinted by permission
Sunstone welcomes submissions for this section.

FROM THE EDITOR

On My Sleeve

(for Mark Brent Hill)



By Eugene Elbert Peck

SUN BUSINESS

All in favor . . .

FIRST, some announcements:.....
Cast change. Brian Kagel's move to Las Vegas necessitates his release as managing editor; he will continue editing the news section. The incredible Eric Jones joins us in "managing" this "business."

New address. On 2 November, Sunstone moved to 343 N. Third West, Salt Lake, Utah, 84103. Thanks to the movers listed in the staff box. Our phone/fax/e-mail remain the same. Drop by and visit.

Book signing. Sunstone is hosting an auto-graphing party for symposium comic Sister Fonda AlaMode's (Laurie Johnson) new book, *Special Living Lessons for Relief Society Sisters*, on Saturday, 14 December, at the Waking Owl Bookstore (208 S. 1300 E., Salt Lake City) from 6:30–8:30 P.M.

Now, the sermon:

THE HEART OF THE MATTER

Pure religion

DURING MISSIONARY personal scripture study, the topic "heart" became my passion. I glued relevant verses on 3x5s: from "The refining pot is for silver, and the furnace for gold: but the Lord trieth the hearts" (Prov. 17:3) and "where your treasure is, there will your heart be also" (Matt. 6:21) to "I will tell you in your mind and in your heart" (D&C 8:2) and "they were of one heart and one mind" (Moses 7:18). With help from Strong and Reynolds, I catalogued all sorts of hearts: merry hearts, stony hearts, educated hearts, willing hearts, circumcised hearts, lion hearts. Pick any adjective and our fickle heart can be it. In scripture, hearts fail and faint, wax or wane, and ponder, plot, and prevaricate. Hearts can be (and it helps to read this list out loud): big, cold, tender, perfect, turned, prepared, upright, glad, wounded, fixed, foolish,

wicked, proud, washed, rebellious, evil, haughty, receptive, light, weak, stout, covetous, deep, changed, divided, rent, understanding, doubting, slow, burning, single, seared, troubled, enlarged, exercised, stiff, wise, softened, lowly, fat, poor, sincere, stubborn, meek, and blind. Finally, God puts his law inside every heart—so each can find it.

Life pivots on the heart, where core identity decisions are made, the Spirit whispers, wisdom is learned, and the word of faith is planted and grows. But it's also where sins are scripted, lusts incubated, and evils indulged. One's heart is the crossroads of her soul—all virtues and vices pass through; some we let homestead. What we choose to love determines our end. Each pulse-beat billows the fire that forges our beloved vices and virtues into iron soul-states; each moral dilemma is a pop-test, and our answers reinforce our final grade. "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life" (Prov. 4:23) was my motto. The heart is our true self: both the source of our conflicting passions *and* decisions, hates *and* loves, cravings *and* intimations and also their end product. God requires *all* of our heart; he'll like only part of mine.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

Spare the discipline; spoil the heart

AS an RM, my dream for the ideal "Zion society" of the pure in heart linked my quest for holiness with others': salvation is collective and individual. I feared being impure. Hugh Nibley said purity meant "not mixed with any impurities, unalloyed. . . . [A]ny flaw, no matter how small, must be removed from a system designed to be timeless. . . . Babylon and Zion cannot mix in any degree: Zion that makes concessions is no longer Zion."¹ I weighed my heart in the scales; it was wanting. Drawn to light *and* darkness, it was an alloy and, unlike metals, wasn't strengthened. How does one purge impurities? Following Terry

Warner's preachings, I yielded my heart to its moral impulses (my conscience) and resisted its immoral ones. I felt spiritual, which, according to President McKay, was the "consciousness of victory over self."²

"Know the world by heart / Or never know it!" penned poet Archibald MacLeish.³ I determined to open up my heart. I bared mushy, sentimental feelings and idealistic dreams and harvested reciprocal love and hope and comradeship. I acted on naive, unrealistic, but good-hearted assumptions and reaped ridicule, failure, and unintended outcomes. The heart's loves determine salvation, but pragmatic analysis checks pollyanna fancies and prevents well-meaning horrors. Good motives, unaided, just as easily create hell as heaven. Be "harmless as doves," Jesus said—right *after* he said "be wise as serpents" (Matt. 10:16). So I constricted my sappy vulnerabilities and focused on understanding people and society, on achieving good through intelligence. Zion needs clear minds as much as good hearts.

On Arthur Henry King's praise, I read *David Copperfield*, the tale of an abandoned waif who develops a "disciplined heart" through his odyssey of colorful associates. Late in life, Copperfield reflected on his youthful annoyances with his saintly, if simple, dead, first wife as "the first mistaken impulse of an undisciplined heart."⁴ I determined to discipline my heart to see and celebrate the Frank-Capra goodness in people, to love more purely and unselfishly.

Hearts can, indeed, be disciplined, trained. Heber Grant's oft-recited Emerson quote works for affections, too: "That which we persist in doing [or thinking or feeling] becomes easier for us to do. Not that the nature of the thing itself is changed, but our ability to do is increased."⁵

God warns us against setting our hearts on wrong things because we become them, or at least we're distracted from better things (see D&C 121:35). To set your heart is to train it through choosing what you love. Things can be set weakly or immutably. Set can mean *to place*, as to set a cup on a table. Hair is set in degrees by water, spray, gel, or chemical permanents. Concrete sets firmly. Things, like hair, get set whether planned or not. The heart's affections are also set with or without design. God wants us to mindfully set our hearts totally right, forever.

When something sets wrong, it must be unset to be reset. The firmer the set, the more severe the unsetting. Cups can be easily moved, hair rewet and recurled, but undoing a stylist's depraved permanent requires rearranging molecules, and hardened concrete is shattered with a jackhammer (ouch!). Fixing

a badly set heart—breaking and resetting it—is self-torture: destroying what we've trained ourselves to love. A civil war of the double-hearted soul, brother against brother; but how else to obtain a more perfect union? Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn wrote in *The Gulag Archipelago*: "If only there were evil people somewhere insidiously committing evil deeds, and it were necessary to separate them from the rest of us and destroy them. But the line dividing good and evil cuts through the heart of every human being. And who is willing to destroy a piece of his own heart?"

Can Paul's (and Mormon's) gift of charity (is that a pure heart?) be acquired through Ben Franklin-like, single-minded disciplined repetition? Many traits are, including charity's attributes (patience, kindness, long-suffering). But practicing the piano can bring proficiency without soul, and character self-mastery, only superficial manners. God's spiritual gift, which we're to pray for fervently, is an endowment beyond our works.

Still, controlling thoughts does affect feelings. For Kierkegaard, "purity of heart is to will one thing."⁶ Yet, one can only will so much of his heart—the habits of the heart are constructed, taught, modeled, and reinforced by community, by society⁷ (to say nothing of biology). Zion is not one pure heart; it's a believing, gathered people of pure hearts. Can hearts be totally purified only within a group? Most sins, even sins of thought, are interpersonal and social.

Upon leaving BYU, I doubted whether a pure heart could be won by strict obedience. Discipline had focused my thoughts and feelings, with spiritual benefits, but it had repressed others, with accompanying dysfunctions. Discipline was not just overcoming, it was denial, hypocrisy. How long can one accentuate the positive and not see that the negative is not eliminated? Given Nibley's strict definition of purity, self-reflection on one's divided heart is self-loathing, and the drive for control dims passions and neuters life. Too many upright, yet heavy-hearted, Mormon zombies walk our wards. In trying to repress bad feelings—anger, envy, pride, vanity, greed, and (sigh) lust—I was haunted more by their ever-present shadows. Purity has perfection's pitfalls: it's not humanly attainable. The direct striving for it—there are so many things to master—brings despair, as Luther discovered, plus an unhealthy self-obsession. Doesn't finding self come from self-forgetting? I decided not to fight the dark side of my life-force; I'd simply compartmentalize. I'd acknowledge it, then ignore it (yeah, right!), and compensate by cultivating more good. "Be ye therefore perfect . . ."

(Matt. 5:48) is better translated as "There must be no limit to your goodness . . ." (New English Bible); even my mixed heart could be fruitful, yea, overflowing with goodness.⁸

DISCIPLES OF LOVE Covering up our inevitable sins

IN the *Oxford English Dictionary*, "discipline" comes from "disciple," which is learning by following a *guide*, a mentor you model. It's contrasted to learning by abstract *concepts*. Much of the Mormon quest for purity and perfection is rooted in mastering ever-multiplying principles, rules, and behaviors, which often skirt soul-making. Being a *disciple* of Christ, on the other hand, focuses on a relationship, one rooted in love. Could setting my heart on God mean to fall in love with him? While no unclean thing is in his kingdom, somehow Jesus loved me now, in my sins, with my wavering loves. I loved him because he first, and always, loved me. The soul reforms from that friendship were more thorough than those driven by my Pharisaic quest. They were organic and uncoerced, as they are in every true romance. The times when I have felt the purest, or holiest—when I feel an abundance of meekness, kindness, forgiveness, patience, connectedness, and regard for others—are when I am in love with God and feel his accepting spirit. His love purified me without my obsessing on my moles and beams.

My heart wasn't purged of all dross, but because of Jesus' love and my own introspections, I now knew it was a kind heart, a loving heart, and a loved heart. A good heart was enough; many had worse. Hope replaced despair. My heart-quest became a "journey"—as long as "the *course* of life which [I am] pursuing is according to His will,"⁹ I'm okay. I didn't have to arrive yet. I was a good person trying, often failing. Because I had learned to like myself, I learned to forgive myself, to cut myself slack. Lowell Bennion loved to quote Apostle Matthew Cowley: "Man is greater than all his sins."¹⁰ I sensed God felt that way about me—I was, after all, only human.

My judging of and discontent with others had roots in self-judgment and self-discontent. Learning to forgive and love myself, I loved others better because "the same heart beats in every human breast!"¹¹ Are we not all flaw-filled, vulnerable, insecure, needy beggars pleading for slack, forgiveness, grace, acceptance, and encouragement? Freely receive; freely give. This charity based on our common humanness embraced Church leaders, past and present. Likening them to

me, I weep and pray and cheer and laugh and help and forgive their very human attempts at superhuman tasks.

Discovering that God works through people no better than we are brings hope and faith—a benefit of honest, human history. My charity for others increased, ironically, not from overcoming my impure heart but from accepting it. Perhaps the new creature the Spirit transforms us into is, initially, a loving and forgiving one, not a pure and sinless one. Even the next-to-Christ Prophet Joseph, who like Jesus was loved because of his love, needed his comrades to overlook his glaring sins. And somehow the pure Jesus lived with lowlives and loved their company, and they his. Life is a ship of fools; we should find joy in our human comedy of errors. Ultimately, the pure-in-heart see God; here and now, the abundant-in-heart see the God in sinners. Love, not disciplined purity, was now the key.

In contrast to this including of sinners in Zion, the quest for ideal individual and collective purity necessitates an Essene-like exclusion of Babylon-infested others, which cascades into narrowing schisms. It precludes King Benjamin's we-are-all-beggars Christian love. Whatever heaven we build on earth will be populated by good-hearted but impure

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Saints, and that means differences and tensions, and not just sins of defect but sins of malice, too. No matter how saintly, *all* act unrighteously toward others when tempted to scratch their vanities, ambitions, or egos, which itch hourly. To imagine any other earth-heaven, such as one where purity eliminates all problems, is science fiction as theology. It creates a Xanadu-Zion populated with a race of non-humans. That kind of theology generates horrifying policy, which coerces conformity for the appearance of oneness. The inevitable tensions between jointly fitting members of the one Body won't be eliminated by the changed heart of even every member. They may be reduced by self-reform and spiritual renewal, but in Zion the many remaining frictions are lubricated by the mutual covering of sins with love and forgiveness so no one will accuse another at the judgment bar. That very human Order of Love is the *possible* dream for utopia, and we taste intimations of it in our wards and families. I now see Zion as sin-immunized by love (and forgiveness), not sin-purged by control.

CONQUER THROUGH SURRENDER
A *detente* with our inner opponents

THE continuing presence of evil among good is not only unavoidable, but I am less sure about the goodness and badness of many things that once were so loathsome and black and white and delightful. Not only does the line dividing good and evil cut through every heart, it cleaves through virtues and vices. Character traits, weaknesses, and sins I once despised I now value, although I check them. My prized strengths come not only by overcoming weaknesses, as Moroni taught, but also by being grafted onto them. The two are so blended I can't identify, let alone separate, the motives of one from the other. They are sides of the same coin; discarding one eliminates the other, too. There's a Hegelian dialectic in my soul; good and bad are yin-yang opposites whose resolution can only be some transcending synthesis that incorporates *both*. There must be opposition in all things, or we would be "as dead, having no life," said Lehi. Will a pure heart, then, have opposing passions in it to give it life? My alloyed heart and soul are certainly a "compound of all things in one" (2 Ne. 2:10–11). Woven in my most spiritual attainments are damned pride, guile, ambition, vanity—grimy fuel that propels my humble and righteous successes. Such bitter self-knowledge comes from seeking an honest heart.

The U.S.S. *Enterprise's* Captain Jean-Luc Picard was given a chance by the omnipotent

"Q" to relive and avoid a rash incident in his youth that he had regretted. To his horror, Picard discovered that when he successfully eliminated his brash, impulsive side, he radically changed: in his resulting new life, he became an overly cautious, bureaucratic functionary who lacked the confidence and drive to be a Starfleet captain. After recovering his former life, Picard reflected, "There were many parts of my youth that I'm not proud of. There were loose threads, untidy parts of me that I would like to remove. But when I pulled on one of those threads, it unraveled the tapestry of my life."¹²

So, too, with me. I believe in good and bad, but labeling and separating them is like detecting tares from wheat. Further, self-reform through force or control often does harm, as premature tare weeding does.

Recently, I've practiced Buddhist meditations that invite me to "stop warring"—against others outside and against myself within. This Eastern approach to purifying the heart begins not through opposing and purging inner evil but through accepting it. In silence, you contemplate the negative feelings or thoughts with which you struggle, fight, deny, and avoid. Notice them with *kind* attention and interest; consider how you have fought them within yourself, and with what results. Then, gently, with openness, allow each experience to be present; give it its legitimate place. "Invite all parts of yourself to join you at the peace table in your heart." Making place in your heart by acknowledging and accepting your vices reduces inner tension and permits fuller growth. "When we let ourselves feel the fear, the discontent, the difficulties we have always avoided, our heart softens"¹³ and, absent of hardened defenses, the heart is easier to influence because we have commerce with all of it.

Actions create equal reactions: opposing vices strengthens them; accepting vices shrinks them. Jesus enigmatically said, "resist not evil" (Matt 5:38). Did he mean to not resist even the evil within ourselves? The verse means "do not resist those who wrong you" (Revised English Bible), but can you love your offending neighbor with Jesus' meek, non-resisting response unless you similarly love yourself, even the offenses inside you?

HOLINESS and purity elude me, but I do feel growth. My journey now is more a pleasant walk, less a battle march—accepting dark clouds, welcoming sunrays. Is this non-violent accommodation the inner peace Jesus promised? No, but it's a step. So, too, is Quaker-taught meditation, where waiting during an hour of silent worship I may watch the water clear in my

murky being. In that stillness, for once, then, something—I see-hear-feel, what? God? Truth? Myself? Deep in the heart's silent red river, there really is a waiting whisper, a tiny voice that limns ever-living, never-moving iron thoughts, which go with you.¹⁴

This heart that beats so wild, so deep within us is a mystery. Knowing the world by heart means living life with passion, love, emotion, and that means welcoming the accompanying mess of humanness, being open to unplanned adventures. It also means learning through practice how to feel and love better, purer. That active, teeter-totter between intentioned soul reforms and the unpredictable chaos of grace makes us alive.

Before we can have a pure heart (whatever that is), we need an honest heart to acknowledge our mixed drives, a forgiving heart to postpone judgment of ourselves and others, an accepting heart to be content with the person we are and are becoming, a loving heart to be one and joyful with others on the journey, a listening heart to converse with the Light, a willing heart to follow its unpredictable path, and a believing heart for hope through Jesus' grace and friendship. We need many other hearts, too. I am in the middle of my journey; even if I grow old, I will be in the middle. Comfortingly, God judges us, in part, by our heart's desires. Not all my desires are holy, but I do have a desiring heart. God wants all of it. Such as it is, messy and mixed, I give it. ☞

NOTES

1. Hugh Nibley, "What Is Zion?: A Distant View," *SUNSTONE*, April 1989, 21–22.
2. David O. McKay said this many times, including in *Treasures of Life* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1970), 437.
3. Archibald M. MacLeish, "Theory of Poetry" in *New and Collected Poems, 1917–1976* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1976), 418.
4. Charles Dickens, *David Copperfield* (New York: Signet, 1962), 694.
5. Quoted in Gerrit de Jong Jr., *The Testimony of President Heber J. Grant* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1965), 41.
6. Søren Kierkegaard, *Purity of Heart Is to Will One Thing*, trans. Douglas V. Steere (New York: Harper and Row, 1956).
7. Robert Bellah, et. al., *Habits of the Heart: Individualism and Commitment in American Life* (New York: Harper and Row, 1985).
8. See John Durham Peters, "Perfection: A Social Criticism and a Theological Alternative," *SUNSTONE*, May 1987, 20–24.
9. Joseph Smith, "Third Lecture," *Lectures on Faith* (Salt Lake: Deseret Book, 1985), 38, *emph. added*, "His" capitalized.
10. Lowell Bennion often quoted this, including in *Jesus the Master Teacher* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1980), 80.
11. Matthew Arnold, "The Buried Life" in *The Portable Matthew Arnold*, ed. Lionel Trilling (New York: Penguin, 1980), 124–127.
12. Ronald D. Moore, "Tapestry" episode of *Star Trek: The Next Generation* television series. (Thanks to Jani [Star]Fleet.)
13. Jack Kornfield, *A Path With Heart: A Guide through the Perils and Promises of Spiritual Life* (New York: Bantam Books, 1993), 22–30; this whole paragraph is really a paraphrase.
14. I am alluding to Robert Frost's "For Once, Then, Something" in *The Poetry of Robert Frost*, ed. Edward Connery Lathem (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1969), 225; and T. S. Eliot's "Virginia" in *The Wasteland and Other Poems* (New York: Harcourt, Brace and World., 1934), 77–78.

TURNING THE TIME OVER TO...

Carter Mackley

DANGEROUS PLAY



In my hour of suffering I could offer no justification for having placed myself in my difficult circumstances. I couldn't bring myself to ask God for help.

“WHAT AM I doing here?” I muttered to myself in disgust. I was six hundred feet up Cannon Cliff in New Hampshire on the popular rock-climbing route, Moby Grape. We had two hundred feet to go, had been rained on twice, and it was starting to get late. This rare expanse of East Coast granite I had craved for months had lost its appeal. And familiar feelings of guilt at engaging in risky recreation were resurfacing.

Michelle, my partner, had been climbing slower than I had hoped. She was new to climbing but learning fast; I had been a little too ambitious for her on this climb. The day

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before, we had spent a pleasant, sunny afternoon climbing the classic Whitney-Gilman route, well within her ability; we had literally taken naps on the ledges while we waited for parties above us to move on. But this route was two grades harder, and she was at the threshold of her ability. She had already fallen twice between the second and sixth pitches, both times taking a ten foot pendulum across the face. It can be frightening to test the integrity of your belay system that high up. I didn't want her to think it was a big deal, so, both times, I smiled down at her and said nothing. The first time she looked up at me inquisitively as if waiting for an explanation or a critique. When I said nothing, she went about making the sometimes awkward transition from hanging on a springy

climbing rope to supporting her own weight on the rock. The next time she fell she didn't even look at me but continued to climb. Now, as she pulled herself up onto the belay ledge, she smiled at me. She did not seem to be aware of the implication of the late hour.

Michelle had been a wonderful climbing partner. I had introduced her to ice climbing and cold winter camping—she would go anywhere with me at the drop of the hat. I believe Michelle continued to accompany me on these adventures, and seemed to enjoy them, because she is one of those rare people who are slow to recognize when they are not having fun anymore. Hard work and suffering are conditions of life that people like Michelle innately accept and adapt to. My father is like that. Some of the guilt I was feeling as I considered our situation on Cannon Cliff could be attributed to his influence.

I WAS raised in a devout Mormon home on the Snake River Plain, within sight of the Teton peaks. In our family, recreation, though it occurred, never seemed to be a legitimate activity, at least not as an end in itself. I attribute this more to my father's personality than to any LDS tenet. Dad had a severely underdeveloped sense of play. When he was home from his real job as a nuclear engineer he had to be digging, hammering, or milking something or he was not happy. Saturdays and after work he labored on our unprofitable hobby farm, my brothers and I at his side, absent a good excuse. Our only respite was when Dad was away performing some Church function, which happened frequently, though sometimes that, too, required our assistance, as when we helped him irrigate the Church welfare farm.

Hence, like five generations of my family before me that grew up within sight of those fabulous Teton peaks, I never made an effort to climb them. I read stories of mountain climbers—of fellow Idahoan Paul Petzolt's youthful summit of the Grand Teton and of George Mallory's long fateful quest to summit Everest. As a youngster, I cast my eyes on the Grand Teton, and thought I might climb it someday, but I pushed away dreams of ever becoming a serious climber like Petzolt or Mallory. I had learned to believe, like my parents, that the perfect role model for living was Jesus. I had read the gospels and had concluded that Jesus was as down on recreation as my father was. The implication of his teaching that those who sought their own life would lose it was painfully obvious to me (Matt. 16). Early climbers were able to justify their efforts as exploratory and scientific. But

modern climbing is elective, self-interested; it is play, pure and simple. As a boy, I knew it couldn't be right to devote weeks, even months, to something so self-interested. Especially when engaging in such dangerous activity could potentially bring sorrow to anyone who loved or depended on me.

My interest in climbing wasn't rekindled until after I studied law in New York City. Initially attracted to the diverse humanity of Manhattan, the difficulties of living with three million others on a twenty-one-square-mile island gradually became oppressive. I looked forward to my semi-annual vacations home with greater and greater anticipation. Living in the city, it was hard to remember the seemingly unlimited, unpeopled space I was raised in. In Idaho, I spent less time with family and more in the mountains or desert. I stopped at the house long enough to grab a friend or a family member, then enveloped myself in back country. I had to burn the wilderness in, etch an imprint that would see me through the next six months. With every trip home, the deserts grew more compelling and the mountains more dear. A basic place to grow potatoes and test nuclear fission became much more precious.

By the time I graduated from law school, I had long since abandoned either my father's or Jesus' standard with respect to recreation. I couldn't live happily in modern society without regular exposure to unpeopled places. Perhaps if I had spent my life trekking in sandals and braving storms in fishing boats my attitude would have been different.

As it was, I found a law firm in Washington, D.C., that granted me thirty-two days in the wilderness a year, not counting weekends—and I wasn't planning on fasting.

ROCK climbers often seek wilderness on expansive rock faces ("big walls" in climbers' parlance) which tower 1000 to 3000 feet and higher. At 800 feet Cannon Cliff was the closest thing to a big wall on the East Coast. So, on Labor Day weekend, Michelle and I drove the eleven hours to New Hampshire in search of vertical solitude.

Even when close to roads, big walls can be wilderness because technique and technology requirements severely limit the number of people who can even start a climb. Once on a wall, the wilderness aspect is compounded by the inability to retreat easily in most cases. Once committed to the expanse, a climber must be like a kayaker at sea—always mindful of the nearest shore—which, in the case of big walls, means climbing to the top of the cliff or rappelling back down. Rappelling a pitch (a ropelength) is usually faster than climbing a pitch, but most climbers avoid rappelling long routes if they can walk down from the summit. Ropes can get hung-up as you pull them down, and it can be difficult to "link up" rappels if the climb has wandered across the face.

After waiting out the first rain I had looked at the tiny trees below and made a novice's mistake of overestimating the distance we had climbed. I should have made

the decision then to rap off and call it a day, but the lure of the granite above was too strong. Now, at the top of the sixth pitch, I decided that it would be less risky climbing one pitch in the dark than trying to find five rappel stations.

The next pitch turned out to contain the crux—the most difficult section of the entire climb. It was visible from our belay—a shallow, cave-like chimney that narrowed sharply at the top, forcing one to exit the small overhang by going out and around to the right. Negotiating the overhang required the body to be almost horizontal for a time. The move was rated 5.8, two levels of difficulty down from what I was normally willing to lead. I attacked it rashly, allowing my top-heavy pack to dangle from my shoulders as I fumbled around, horizontal, trying to find a decent handhold above the overhang. My arms gave out before I found a workable combination of moves, and I was forced to back off, embarrassed. When it took me two more tries to get through the crux I knew we were in trouble. Hanging out on her arms was not Michelle's forte, and I knew she would be intimidated having seen me fail twice as she belayed me from below.

Finally, I established a belay above the overhang. Unfortunately, I could not see Michelle to offer her any visual assistance. She followed fairly quickly through the easier part of the pitch, but as she moved out of view her progress became painfully slow (painful to my peace of mind, that is). As our available light ticked away, I suppressed the urge to ask her (respectfully, of course) about her progress. Finally, I yelled her name loudly—the sort of volume that is ideal and proper for communicating with a climbing partner when hearing is difficult—but I didn't suppress a harsher edge betraying my impatience and my growing nervousness. I told her she needed to hurry; we would soon be climbing in the dark. She responded with her frequent query: "How did you do this? I can't believe you did this!"

"Get through it anyway you can," I told her. "Use the rope if you have to." I gathered my dissipating strands of patience and resigned myself to the fact that we would finish the climb in the dark. I just hoped Michelle would be able to climb this overhang before it got too dark to see the handholds. If she could finish this pitch, then I could give her my headlamp.

I waited a long time before saying anything again, knowing there was not much I could do. The rock obstacle separating her from me (and us from home) was her problem to work out. With the rope pulled



"Yeah, but is that God speaking, or is it just Alma's culture, or maybe Joseph Smith's?"

“Risky recreation is an excuse, an affected environment we create to experience character. Good friends make climbing better, but good climbing can also make good people better.”

tightly over the edge of the rock I could give her very little assistance. Mostly, all I could do was sit and wait, hoping she could work this difficulty out.

For long stretches (that probably lasted a couple of minutes, but seemed like fifteen or twenty) there would be absolutely no movement on the rope. Then suddenly there would be a little slack. I would reel in a few inches, but then her weight would come back on the rope and I'd let her down. This pattern continued for quite some time. Sometimes she would gain a couple of feet—the waiting would begin again.

The minutes ticked by as I anxiously followed the rope to where it disappeared over the edge, wondering just how far below she was. The hardest section was a matter of only four or five feet. Michelle's slow but steady progress indicated that she had not even reached the hardest part yet. I hadn't expected this. The last light of the sun was fading on the western horizon, turning the heavens a beautiful but ominous deep blue. “Splash,” I whispered to myself. If only I could backflip into the void, I mused, and stroke through that thick color to flatland somewhere. The rope slackened and I pulled in two or three feet. Then Michelle called for slack on the rope. She was at the overhang, and had been unable to pull it. She wanted to retreat to a place inside the chimney where she could rest. “Carter . . . I don't think I can do it,” she called weakly.

When she was first learning to climb, Michelle had been naive about her body's capabilities. She spent fifteen minutes staring at the bottom of her first 5.4 top-roped problem, making a few timid attempts, but repeatedly backing off, declaring the climb too difficult without having flexed a forearm. She seemed to think that rock climbing was supposed to be as effortless and obvious as climbing a ladder. After watching a few others scamper up the same place, however, she soon learned that what looked like a blank wall was chock full of great jags and knobs to cling to and stand on—to make upward progress required observation, thoughtfulness, and inputs of energy. Once she learned that a little physical effort would produce results, she began to push herself on the harder problems until muscle failure, and she improved rapidly.

I considered our situation, and though I knew she had not failed from lack of effort, I hoped I would be able to motivate her to regroup and try again. I spoke slowly and firmly, “Michelle, we are almost out of light. You have got to do it, one way or another. Use the rope if you have to.”

After a short rest, she made a few more attempts. I knew that by now her arms would be totally shot and that the only way she would be able to get over the overhang was to stand in a prussic loop. A prussic loop is a specially knotted cord that, when looped around the climbing rope, creates enough friction to support one's weight when pulled downward. Using two of these devices, a climber can mechanically ascend up the rope.

I stopped letting the rope back down after she made attempts to climb up, forcing her to hang in her harness while she rested. There were some more quivers on the rope, then she called again, “Carter, I can't do it.”

“Michelle,” I said sternly, “I cannot help you. You have got to do it or we are going to be here all night. Use a prussic loop.”

“I tried, there's nothing to grab onto with my hands,” she called back.

“Use two prussic loops then,” I replied. “You've done it before.”

Unfortunately, we had not reviewed this lesson more than once or twice since I taught it to her. I recalled with regret my half-joking words to her a few weeks before as I led up the first few feet of a climb: “You remember how to tie a prussic loop don't you? No? Well, I guess it's too late to show you now.”

There were some quivers on the rope, and plenty of groans. Anytime the tension relaxed at all I pulled in a few more inches. At last I saw a hand, then, a few drawn-out groans later, a helmet. Incrementally, we inched her over the edge: first her forearms, then her whole arms up to her armpits. I had no idea what her feet might be finding to support her weight. Getting herself high enough to swing her torso over the top was the hardest. When she made it, she collapsed, resting her upper body on the edge of the overhang, her lower body still dangling over the edge. “Oh-h, I am so glad to be up here,” she almost wept.

I was also relieved, and now that the main danger had passed, and she was more or less

home free, I expected her to respond to my stern words of a few minutes before. I waited for her to lay in to me for my impatience, my route-finding wanderings that had also caused us delay, and for suggesting the climb in the first place. I expected it because it was justified. I was stunned when she weakly told me that she was sorry for taking so long to get through the crux. She actually apologized for her ineptitude and said she would understand if I never took her climbing with me again. On the contrary, I was amazed that at that point she would even consider climbing again. In all of our experiences she hadn't absorbed the message that her partnership was a significant element of my “recreation”—that she added something to the climbing experience that others did not contribute.

I stared down at her in bemused wonderment, considering the possible source of such attitude. Genes? Environment? Experiencing good character is one of the most satisfying of human activities. Sometimes it happens incrementally, like over a long partnership or when I worked by my father's side on weekends. We often underestimate the pleasure of such associations until later reflection. But serious circumstances elicit character that can awe us even as it unfolds. Like the time I watched my father labor all day in minus-thirty degree weather to keep the ice-clogged waters of the Snake River from flooding our neighbor's home. I watched as my father and my brother, with wheelbarrow, pick, and shovel, repaired leak after leak remaining in the barely adequate dike left by me and other members of the community the previous night. I confronted a significant gap in attitude between me and my father that day. And the relationship between my father and Mr. Esplin, who owed the integrity of his basement to my father, was altered permanently.

So, now my relationship with Michelle had undergone a discrete shift. I had suddenly been exposed to part of her character that even members of her family were probably unaware of. It had not taken long for me to figure out that the pleasure of the climbing experience depended heavily on the quality of one's partner. Now I was beginning to see a converse perspective—risky recreation is an excuse, an affected environment we create to

experience character. Good friends make climbing better, but good climbing can also make good people better.

THE fading sun had nearly gone. There was a large moon, however, and we could still see fairly well. I gave Michelle my headlamp and quickly led us through the easy fifth-class rock to the top. She followed right behind me. Incredibly relieved, we gathered our gear and changed our shoes. We were not home yet, but we were free of the relentless verticality of the wall. With our lights, the descent should be just a matter of perseverance—once we found the trail down.

The guidebook simply said that there was a trail at the top that went off to the right and down. So, we made our way over boulders and underbrush. It was not too difficult, although the difficulty increased as the grade flattened and the number of bushes and trees increased. Just as I was beginning to have doubts about easily finding the trail, my searching flashlight beam landed on a rock cairn. We were home free. We simply had to follow the cairns, from one to the next, until we reached the more beaten path. I said as

much to Michelle.

I started to follow the cairns, careful to spot the next one with my light before moving on. This relatively slow process was slowed further by a fog that had moved in. The cairns led us off to the right and down, which our intuition and the guidebook suggested was the direction the descent trail should go. However, instead of becoming easier, the "trail" became rougher. We were forced to push through more bushes and climb over and around more boulders. Eventually, I could not see the next cairn. We backed up to the last one, tried several possible avenues, but ran into dead-end entanglements every time. Then it dawned on me that these cairns were probably meant to lead climbers from the tops of other climbs to the trail. And we were following them back down to the edge of the cliff! So much time and effort wasted. We were only wearing tights and rain jackets. Pushing through the mist-soaked bushes had left our lower bodies soaking wet, and we were beginning to get cold. We reversed our direction. There were more cairns beyond the first one we had spotted, but these quickly ran out as well.

Our situation was uncomfortable, bor-

dering on serious. As we traced the cairns back and forth across the top, we were exposed to the wind and were beginning to get cold. These New Hampshire mountains, though low by western standards, were notorious for attracting sudden, deadly storms. I had a rough idea of my body's limits to hypothermia from an experience as a Boy Scout. Working to earn my lifesaving merit badge in a cold lake, I had shivered all afternoon until I eventually passed out. An alert buddy saved me.

I knew Michelle and I could not continue to lose heat at the rate we were. It was time to make my first emergency bivy. We looked for a cavity under one of the large boulders we had been forced to crawl around, finally finding a space about the length of our bodies and just high enough to squeeze into. We dumped out the climbing gear for ground insulation. Michelle crawled in first, then I squeezed in beside her with my head next to her feet (the only way it would fit). I stuffed the empty pack between me and the rock to seal off as much of the cold air as possible. My head was conveniently jammed at an odd angle in the rock to keep from rolling sideways out our "door." We stayed this way for awhile, uncomfortable, but not so cold that I thought I wouldn't be able to endure the night. But though she wasn't complaining, I could feel Michelle begin to shiver steadily. Her lycra tights did not insulate as well as my polypropylene ones. Entwining our arms and legs helped, but not enough. I thought we might be warmer if we could find a hole just large enough to let us crouch together in a fetal position, our legs in our pack, as I had seen recommended in climbing texts.

We decided to look for a new hole while searching for the trail. After more difficult going we eventually reasoned that it would make sense to bushwhack our way south, to the trail at the top of the Whitney-Gilman route, which couldn't be more than a mile away.

I had never experienced this kind of frustration—to want so badly not to be in the place I was in, knowing that I was physically capable of removing myself, but lacking that little bit of critical knowledge. The whole time we had been searching for the trail I had wanted to pray to God to help us out of this situation, but I could not do it: it seemed disingenuous to ask God to help us out of a situation we had purposefully put ourselves in simply for recreation. But I quietly hoped he would know me well enough to understand why I was compelled to engage in such activity. I hoped he could perceive that this



"Has Jerry cross-checked our naughty and nice list with Mormon temple recommend holders yet?"

dangerous play was proxy for never having had to brave my way across the plains as my ancestors had. I allowed myself to hope that he would ignore my arrogance and help us even if I couldn't come up with a good reason.

We blindly plunged into the bushes after the last cairn, heading south as far as I could estimate in the fog, trying to find the easiest way over the boulders and through the bushes. We hadn't gone far when I almost fell into an opening created by a wide footpath. "Look," I pointed dumbly. A sign reading such-and-such Lookout pointed the direction we had come. Another sign indicated that this well-built trail was put in by the local chapter of the Appalachian Trail Club. Two or three times we must have passed within twenty or thirty feet of the trail, simply missing it in the fog and darkness.

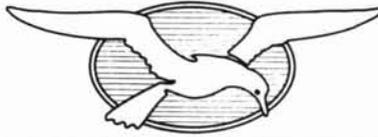
WE were safe now. A path this wide had to lead eventually to the valley floor—we could follow something this well-prepared all night

if we had to. And we did, because in my relief I misinterpreted a second sign and headed off in the wrong direction for a while. It didn't matter, though. The trees on either side of the path sheltered it from the wind and we began to warm up as we hiked. The incessant anxiety caused by an uncertain future was gone.

As we hiked along I experienced deep feelings of gratitude and debt to God, the Appalachian Trail Club, and Michelle for things that had been given freely. I was alive and warm. Michelle was alive and warm, and, as far as I could tell, didn't hate me for risking her life and causing her such suffering. In fact, she had never once complained or offered a word of blame.

My relationship with her had evolved during our experience, and I began to see how I had been unfair to her. I had been holding back something she desired, and I had no excuse. I used the technicalities of finding our way down the steep trail in the dark as an excuse to wait until we reached

the valley floor to express my feelings. But when we arrived there, I still couldn't bring myself to do it. We talked quietly as we followed the highway back to our car. I must have seemed distracted. I would start a sentence—"I, uh . . .," then I would chicken out and make up something to end the sentence—"I wonder what time it is." We reached the car. I had to tell her soon. The farther away from our danger the less real it would seem, and the less intense our emotions would be. I couldn't do it as we opened the trunk of her car and put in the packs. It was 4 A.M. We decided to sleep in the car. We folded down the back seat of her Honda Civic and pushed our sleeping bags into the trunk space. As we sat in our bags and chewed on bagels and tuna fish, I finally mustered enough gumption. I looked at her and said "Michelle, I love you . . . and I'm glad we're back safe," I quickly continued to deflect attention from the first part of the sentence. And I thanked God for overlooking my pride and being full of grace. ☐



SHIP WRECKED

Sailing the Seventh World
Sinbad and the genie of love
You're alone in your quest,
to be centered

Something to look forward to
Seeing what needs to be done

In a prison of time where you get three wishes
Trapped by all that's decent and new
Yet reality to the old may be the song of blues
Bessie Smith and the great Holiday,
send messages to the plain folk,
of how we all may suffer,
and yet live this life with a little peace

You speak to me in Chinese
I want to sail with you far to the Orient
Marco Polo and the memories of the Ming Dynasty,
bath me with two cultures,
East meeting West in a magical rite,
please pass the noodles and the seasoned rice
Your blues singer for my enlightened chants
Your Seventh World, my ancient past

—WALTER THOMPSON III



My Creed



DAN COGAN OLSEN

What would you say when invited to write your personal creed, to explore that nebulous space between faith and doubt?

A WORK IN PROGRESS

For millennia, Christians have distilled their beliefs into short statements, similar to Joseph Smith's Articles of Faith. While the practice of doctrinal creeds is anathema to Mormons, the use of the literary form by individuals is a helpful spiritual discipline. It forces one to confront the questions, "Just what do I believe?" and "What are the issues, ideas, concepts that animate my religious life?" This creed was shared at the 1996 Sunstone Symposium.

I COME FROM A FAMILY WITH A STRONG AND abiding faith and a long history in the LDS church. I conscientiously attended church for many years, completed a mission, married in the temple, and served in any calling I received. I worked hard to be a standard Mormon, but I am not. Through all the years of striving to be a regular, I grappled, usually quietly, with troubling questions about church and God. But in mid-life, I, gratefully, gave up the struggle. I tell you this so that you have in mind the source of this creed. It is mine alone. I make no claim of divine inspiration or authorship. I have absolutely no reason to suppose it will work for anyone else, and I don't even know how long it will work for me. Like my life in general, it is a work in progress. Progress is the key word.

Over 3,000 years ago, Lao Tzu wrote:

The Way that can be told is not the Eternal Way,

The name that can be named is not the eternal Name.
The unnamable is the eternally real.
Naming is the origin of all particular things.
Free from desire, you realize the mystery.
Caught in desire, you see only the manifestations.
Yet mystery and manifestations arise from the same source.

This source is called darkness.

The gateway to all mystery.

1. *I admit that I do not and probably never will understand the nature of the Eternal.* In fact, I consider such questions unanswerable and, therefore, unimportant, and I am content to live with unanswered questions. The poet Rainer Maria Rilke's advice to a young man reflects my own belief: "Be patient toward all that is unsolved in your heart and try to love the questions themselves like locked rooms and like books that are written in a foreign tongue. Do not now seek the answers . . . Live the questions." I believe that in such living we find the gateways to all of the really important mysteries of life.

2. *I must live the best life I can, without regard to reward or punishment in another world.* It seems to me that attaching God's reward or punishment to my actions cheapens whatever good I do and invariably magnifies the stupidity of my mistakes. I want to be trusted to do the right thing for the right reason. I want to grow up.

3. *I believe that the first principles of a good life are: love and kindness.* I suspect a lifetime is not long enough to learn perfect love and kindness, but pursuing these two ideals increases compassion, integrity, and wisdom, and engenders continual growth. I believe there is nothing more powerful we can do to make a positive and lasting difference in the world than to love and be kind to all our brother and sister humans.

4. *I believe that life is the greatest miracle and that within it exist many smaller miracles.* James Michener said that "an age is called dark, not because the light fails to shine, but because people refuse to see it." The Age of Miracles is not past; we simply refuse to see those that surround us every day. As a pediatrician who cares for children with chronic lung problems, I spend a good deal of time with young children afflicted with serious, life-shortening illnesses. They share their miracles with me. They remind me to keep my eyes open for my own miracles. I am blessed to have them and their parents in my life.

5. *Everyone has something important to teach me.* All I have to do is pay attention. That is the secret, simple, but oh, so difficult to do consistently. Pay attention.

6. *I don't own much in this world.* The things I pay for with

the money I am paid for doing what I love, those things quickly break, wear out, go out of fashion, or disappear into my children's rooms. I don't own success; it is a slippery substance that arrives at its own whimsy and leaves quietly when it tires of my company. I don't own health. It has faded at the most inconvenient times. Someday someone else will live in the place I call home. Someday I will lose my wife, or she will lose me. Yes, I don't own much in this world.

7. *Joy is terrific, but suffering (while paying attention) is my best teacher.* It's not that I seek suffering, but when it comes, I now understand that it presents an opportunity to learn something new and important. Sometimes it is very hard at first to

see the opportunity, but it becomes apparent if I keep my heart and mind open.

8. *People who believe in the apocalyptic vision of the future have the perfect excuse to overpopulate our world, destroy the environment, and extinguish species (including our own).* They expect that God will correct all of our mistakes on the last day, at the very last moment, with a glorious transformation of our sickly planet. I prefer to take responsibility for my own actions and believe that we all should do the same. The outcome is less predictable than prophetic foreknowledge, but the world might turn out better than it would otherwise.

9. *From time to time, I experience what I half-jestingly refer to*

A Psalm



VIA PRACTICA

How long, O God, have I prayed to you in secret?

When central casting trots out its god (he who blames, he who binds up roots) to set clocks and write new dress codes, I flee, taking you with me. I run to the groves in my nightgown. I guard my secret Jesus like a childhood nightlight. I tend my faith like a precious bruise.

I pray, digging, begging that you are secretly kind, secretly mother, secretly father. I try to name my hunger—working until the words are wrung out, fervent place holders, the very shape of hope.

There is nothing in hope that is not God, nothing in hunger not holy.

This prayer is an ache that answers itself—the shape of things hoped for, my vote for what's unseen.

This prayer is a room I have built for you to walk out of—a tomb to leave behind, a dry wound in the hillside.

This prayer is a scar—both the shape of hurt and the shape of healing.

Your scars, God, are both the braille of this world's hurt and the signs of its sure resurrection:

the now silver spot where my cousin, once desperate, wrecked on drugs, shot himself, between the eyes

the skid row cathedral where my great grandfather was christened, its bell tower cracked, the poor cast out, even the statues wearing crowns of nails to keep the pigeons off

the learned wince of children raised amidst violence

red badlands built by erosion
backs stooped by the short handled hoe
fifty burnt-out churches

a gang kid walking with a cane
a tear drop tattooed under an eye
a Book of Mormon in a Hollywood gutter
a breast removed

a catch in the throat
callused knees

the empty seat at the table
my great-grandmother's willed silence

a lost rib
the rent veil

I run into you everywhere, God: the black man downtown who calls himself "Jesus," the Salvadorean seamstress on the picket line.

When we meet on the street, you who see in secret touch my lips, my hair, my scarred heart for all to see.

I will not be ashamed of my God, for my God is not ashamed of me.

—JOANNA BROOKS

as my *State of Grace*. I don't know exactly where it comes from or why it happens. It lasts for minutes or perhaps a few hours. I can't make it happen, but I must be open to it. Its visits started some years ago after I decided to take time for myself each day, to give more of myself to friends and family, to slow down, to give up self-centered ambition. When I am in my State of Grace, I am vitally and vibrantly connected with life, I feel ever so grateful for every breath, I see the extraordinary in the ordinary, the color of everything is brighter, I seem to understand everything more clearly, I am at peace with the world and with myself. I recommend it highly to all of you, whatever you might wish to name it. It might be an illusion, but then again, it might be heaven.

—DENNIS W. NIELSON.

20 Years Ago in Sunstone

MORMON PAROCHIALISM

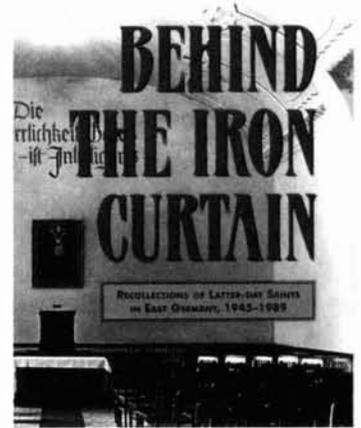
JOSEPH GARSKE ASKED AUTHOR WILLIAM STAFFORD the following question during an interview that was published in the fall 1976 issue: *What are some of the problems of writing in an exclusively Mormon group?* Stafford answered, "One hazard would be that you might begin to plume yourself on differences that don't make any difference, or very much difference. You might sort of count on an already organized public that would accept anything you do. That's very bad. We're under no obligation to like someone's talk or poem or story because they're in our conscientious objector camp or church group or college. Human life is larger than these distinctions. One of the dangers would be that you'd begin to treat these distinctions as justification for all kinds of shortcuts and lapses."

Out of the Best Books

BURNING THE MANUALS, BOOKS, TRACTS

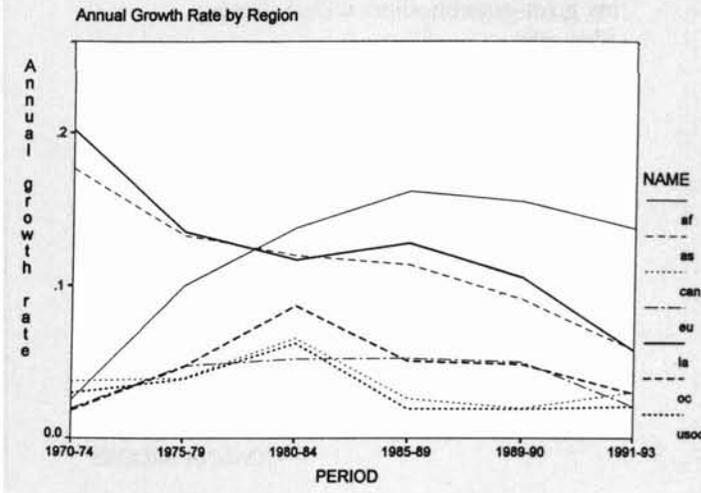
What was life like for Saints on the other side of the Cold War? Personal stories of those who struggled through forty years of oppression to maintain their faith and their Mormonism have been recorded by Garold and Norma Davis in *Behind the Iron Curtain: Recollections of Latter-day Saints in East Germany, 1945–1989*. The following excerpt is from an interview with Joachim Albrecht, who lives in East Germany.

JOACHIM: . . . we smuggled in a lot of teaching materials. We had a saying in the mission, "We go out without purse or script but come home with a box of books." I remember that I was sending new books here to Bautzen and had a box so big I couldn't get it to the train station because it was so heavy. I had to unpack it and put the books into three boxes when I sent all my things home from my mission.



Suddenly one day I received a message from our mission president that all of the manuals, books, tracts, etc., we had smuggled into the country somehow, illegally, could be very harmful to the Church. The authorities had already searched a few of our apartments, and we were instructed that we had to destroy all of these materials. I sat down in front of our open

Peculiar People



ANNUAL GROWTH RATE BY REGION

MEMBERSHIP STATISTICS REPORTED in the *Church Almanac* show significant changes in growth rates by region. Membership growth in Africa was small in the 1970s but increased in the 1980s such that it now has the highest rate of growth in the Church. Asia and Latin America had the highest growth rates in the 1970s. Although the rates in Asia and Latin America have dropped, they remain higher than those for most other areas of the world. In the 1990s, growth rates have declined noticeably in most areas of the world.

stove with a big pile of books and kept telling myself, "You have to keep that one" and "You have to keep that one" and "You can't burn that one," but for two days, we kept the fire going without coal, just paper. It was pretty warm. But in the end, I did keep one book. It was four years of priesthood manuals I had saved and had bound into one volume. "I don't care if they throw me in prison," I thought to myself. "This is one book I am not going to burn!"

I can say that at that time I was obedient. I did it because I was told to. But somehow I couldn't see how anyone could get into trouble because of these manuals. Then one day I received an unexpected visit from a certain office.

G. DAVIS: Secret police?

JOACHIM: Of course! They asked me a few questions about the branch and wanted to know this and that. Then they wanted to have a look at my bookcase and wanted to know what kind of books I had. I was able to open my bookcase without a pounding heart and show them what books we had.

G. DAVIS: What about those four years of priesthood manuals?

JOACHIM: I didn't show them. But I had the *Stern*, which we were permitted to receive up until 1949, and they wanted to see the later volumes. I told them I didn't receive them. Then they asked me if anyone from "over there" [West Germany] was sending them to me, relatives, etc. "No," I said, "you can see that this is all I have." I was so happy that I was finally shown a reason, some sense, for burning my books. I must say that I really mourned over my books. But in the end, this actually gave us more encouragement to study our lessons more thoroughly from the standard works. The whole thing made us a little sulky, but it taught us a good lesson.

Book of Mormon Musings

THE BOREDOM OF BLISS

And how blessed were they! For the Lord did bless them in all their doings; yea, even they were blessed and prospered until an hundred and ten years had passed away; and the first generation from Christ had passed away, and there was no contention in all the land. (4 Ne. 18.)

HAVEN FORBID WE SHOULD CONDUCT A POLL to determine the slowest sections of the Book of Mormon, but if we did, my guess is that the 2 Nephi Isaiah passages would just barely beat 4 Nephi. Why? Fourth Nephi seems like a cake-walk—it's only one chapter long. I can get through that chapter with my eyes shut, you may say (I'm afraid we may do that all too often). What could be boring with reading one chapter about a people who lived in a utopian society?

That is exactly the problem. Stories about utopian societies are often frightfully boring. Utopian societies have to be described in negative terms or negative behavior—they didn't



"Stories about utopian societies are often frightfully boring."

murder, steal, cheat, etc.—since negative behavior is the only thing that, unfortunately, keeps our interest. (See Hugh Nibley, *Temple and Cosmos*, 546) The slaying of Laban is spell-binding reading since it involves intrigue, decapitation, chase scenes, and other cliff-hangers. That is probably why the news on television is predominantly bad news.

But just because reports about ideal societies may be boring, it doesn't mean that the people in those societies lived boring lives. If I spent the rest of this year without any major problems, tragedies, or bad news reports, I would be perfectly happy. If I get bored, I'll read a book.

—EDGAR C. SNOW JR.

Top Ten

TOP 10 WAYS TO KNOW YOU WERE BORN IN UTAH COUNTY

DIRECT FROM OUR HOME OFFICE IN MERCUR, Utah—the top ten ways to know you were born in Utah County:

10. At least two of your salad bowls are at the neighbors house.
9. You drink coke from a paper bag.
8. You watch the NFL on Sunday only if there is a past BYU player on the team.
7. Your family considers a trip to McDonald's a night out.
6. Your kids believe the deer hunt is a national holiday.
5. Your father-in-law thinks Ronald Reagan was a liberal.
4. You think Jack Daniels is a country-western singer.
3. Your spouse's mother was pregnant at your wedding.
2. When you shop on Sunday, you postdate your checks.

and the number one way to know you were born in Utah County:

1. You consider a temple recommend a credit reference.

Pillars of My Faith

Learning to live for God meant listening to what felt deepest and richest and most holy inside myself—despite rebuttals, evidence to the contrary, sarcasm, exasperation, or selfish meanness.

THOUGHTS ON SARCASM, SOLITUDE, AND HOLINESS

By Linda Hoffman Kimball

THOSE WHO PLAN THE PROGRAMS FOR THE Longfellow Park Ward in Cambridge, Massachusetts, heard that I was going to be speaking at the symposium and asked if I would share my remarks the next day at Church. This is great practicality; two birds with one Sunstone, as it were. Knowing that I would share these thoughts twice, and in settings as distinct as a symposium and a sacrament meeting, made me ask myself a number of revealing questions. Would I be more honest at one setting than at another? Which one would get the “realer” me? Am I comfortable enough to admit my uncertainties in this group but not at Church? Am I comfortable enough to admit my spirituality at Church but not in this group? The questions keep pecking at me. As it turned out, I didn’t alter the talk.

MY assignment is to share the “Pillars of My Faith,” or, as a New Englander might say, “the pillahs of my faith.” Locals call me “Linder,” and I love the name. When I came from Chicago to Wellesley for college in 1969, Massachusetts friends warned me of the “shahks in the ocean” and trotted out a tired old saw about a cah pahkin’ problem in Cambridge. I was a new convert to Mormonism that year, and so I also had to process the Westernisms of many ward friends. I saw a certain comic truth to a group of Utah friends singing what sounded to me like, “Hell, hell, the gang’s all here . . .” Perhaps my favorite Western noise is the one in the word “ultimate” or “culture.” A Westerner says that “u” sound as if the uvula has made a very deep, downward dangle.

LINDA HOFFMAN KIMBALL is the author of *Home to Roost (Hatrack River, 1995)*. This address was given at the *Mormons as Americans* conference on 18 November 1995, which was co-sponsored by The Sunstone Foundation and Boston University’s American and New England Studies Program, (tape #BS95-9).

I love the linguistic varieties of American English speech. I believe that we *mostly* understand each other, that we sometimes frustrate each other, that we sometimes amuse each other. I love the histories and interchanges and seclusions that contribute to the differences. Each region, each accent has its story, valid and unique and part of the whole.

Distilling my story, my little part of the spiritual whole, is impossible, of course. I cannot boil down my spiritual life’s blood when I still need it pumping through my veins. So I offer a few ruminations on how I came to be numbered among the Mormons.

MY best friend in high school in suburban Chicago was a Mormon, although at that time she and her family rarely went to church. I was deeply, happily, and actively Christian (a United Methodist). I enjoyed talking with my friend about spiritual things. We thought a lot alike. I was curious about what my friend’s church taught and decided to hear the formal missionary lessons.

I remember my mother commenting, “Oh, those Mormons. They’re so clannish. They take care of their own, but they never help anyone else.” I knew nothing about Mormons except what my friend and I had talked about, and of course she hadn’t kept to herself. I thought my mother’s gripe mild enough at the time, and being a teenager, I discounted a lot of what she thought anyway.

I was intrigued and troubled and inspired by much of what I heard from the missionaries. I remember telling them when I first met them, “I know that Christ is my Savior. If anything you can say can help me know him better, I’m willing to listen.” Though the vocabulary was different, I found a way to read what the missionaries taught me about Jesus’ mission as consistent with what I already knew—that the Atonement was profound and personally meaningful and that Jesus was the

Savior of the world. That was a given. If they hadn't assured me of common ground there, I would have been out the door.

Some other ideas drew me with magnetic force. One was the concept that the gospel includes all that is true. Brigham Young said:

"Mormonism" so called embraces every principle pertaining to life and salvation, for time and eternity. No matter who has it. If the infidel has got truth it belongs to "Mormonism." The truth and the sound doctrine of the . . . world all belong to this Church. All that is good, lovely, and praiseworthy belongs to this Church and Kingdom. "Mormonism" includes all truth. There is no truth but what belongs to the Gospel. . . . I want to say to my friends that we believe in all good. If you can find a truth in heaven, earth or hell, it belongs to our doctrine. We believe it; it is ours; we claim it. Truth is all over the earth. The earth could not stand but for the light and truth it contains.¹

This expansiveness was delicious to me and completely consistent with my spiritual growth to that point. Who wouldn't want a gospel that includes all truth? This expansiveness also glittered in the definition of scriptures as that which is revealed by the Holy Ghost. That appealed to me immediately. I also thrilled then, as I do now, to the concept of common service—that each person's service in the Kingdom, whether lofty or low by the world's standard, is accepted equally by God. Yes, yes, yes. Such good stuff!

The missionaries asked, "If you knew the Church was true and God wanted you to be baptized, would you?" This seemed obvious to me. Of course I would. But what did they mean by "know" and what did they mean by "true"?

When I went to church with my friend, the words "truth" and "knowledge" got tossed around like bananas in a grocery store. To me, the words were not casual at all. When I told them what faith meant to me—something alive and vibrant and powerful—eyes glazed over and I heard lines about faith without works being dead. I felt lumped into a category: non-member in need of enlightenment.

I spent the rest of the year wrestling and weighing doctrines and peculiarities, personalities and quirks. I wanted to bring all my spirit, all my intellect, all my gifts to this pursuit. I did not want to be snookered by emotionalism, pseudo-spiritual razzle-dazzle, or intellectual "proofs." I was not restless in my own church. No one place had a corner on goodness, close-knit families, morality, service, or selfless devotion to God.

There were saints in both places. And kooks in both places, too.

I didn't know what I was expecting to happen, what I thought would convince me. I knew it was within my power to doubt anything that came my way. At that young age, I had developed the charming combination of moral superiority and over-zealous intellectualism.

When I came out to Wellesley, I had decided that I would be *undecided* all my days. One afternoon I invited the missionaries to come to my dorm—just to chat, to let them know that

I might come to church some time. Something happened that day in my dorm room that changed my life. I can't remember what Elder Jeppson was saying at the time, but I felt something, experienced something that was like yes in liquid form or a voice composed of warmth. Every time I try to describe the feeling (although it was not really a feeling), nothing conveys it totally. Whatever it was, it became my own reference for what I call "truth." Since that time, I have had other experiences made of the same "stuff." They are sacred to me.

On this occasion in my dorm room, I understood a unique and divinely approved "oomph" to the authority within the LDS church. I felt God knew me. I felt God wanted me to live my life of faith among the Mormons. I apparently didn't need to have all my intellectual questions answered. What a surprise that was! After this experience in my dorm, without the waffling of the previous months, I wanted to be baptized.

This did not go over well at home. My mother was convinced that I was overly influenced by my friend and by the cute, clean-cut Mormon missionaries and that I was swept up by an adolescent whim. She still thought the Mormons were odd ducks, and she certainly didn't want me quacking along with 'em. "Yeah, yeah.

Joseph Smith had a vision like I had a vision," she once snickered. Eventually, after two years of being an active, "dry Mormon," I was baptized. My mother wasn't thrilled, but after that long a time she figured it was not a passing fancy.

In a way, it is embarrassing to admit that I have had such profound spiritual experiences. I know of many people who seek truth and knowledge with at least as much vigor as I did and nothing so electric happens with them. I don't know what to make of that. I just offer thanks that it happened to me. My spiritual experiences are not all of the "clobbered by the Spirit" variety. There are whispers and nudges and gentle distillings—often from unexpected places. The range fascinates me and makes me bow my head. These things buoy me through days

M O M

lobbed sarcastic missiles toward the Church because, I now understand, she was uninformed and because she felt threatened, diminished, judged, excluded. Lots of people are critical for the same reasons.

when the tensions that come with Church membership seem too much. I cling to them. They are the real stuff.

MY struggles and joys as a Church member since those early days are stories for other occasions, perhaps. But this being Thanksgiving week, I want to thank my mom, who was never a Mormon, for lessons learned from her about how to be a “good Mormon.” My mother died in July of 1994, and I am still—perhaps forever—sorting through that loss and that love. I miss her tremendously.

During the course of my years as a Mormon, my mother softened in her sass about the Church. She benefited from the practical service that she originally assumed was extended to only those within the circle. Mom got help with garage sales and warm meals and visits when she was sick, unofficial visiting teachers, and even a blessing when she was dying. But I refer now to her reactions in those early years to my becoming Mormon. I learned lessons from her about sarcasm and hidden pain, about solitude and holiness.

Mom lobbed sarcastic missiles toward the Church because, I now understand, she was uninformed and because she felt threatened, diminished, judged, excluded. Lots of people are critical for the same reasons. Or they might be grumpy, selfish, and spiteful. If I can get past the emotional impact of rude remarks or the hostile behavior, sometimes I can see which of those particular sore spots brought the nastiness on. I have found that genuine affection, time spent together without ulterior motives, humility, and an apology, when appropriate, can do wonders for bridging chasms brought on by pain and loss. Not a whole lot can help outright, selfish meanness.

Sarcasm doesn't come just from those outside the Church. (Duh.) Within the household of faith, the suction-cup darts we heave at one another still stick to the walls and windows. Sometimes they stick to foreheads. Sometimes the darts are sharp and impale hearts. On the whole, I find sass ineffectual, whining unattractive, and public anger self-defeating. I'm learning, when the impulse is too strong, to froth and foam privately so that I do not contribute to the arrow-flinging fest. Thank heaven for safe friends who will know what to hold onto and what to disregard.

I think that much of the cynical, bitter stuff that gets lobbed in Church settings is also born out of feeling threatened, diminished, judged, or excluded. I wager the same antidotes work here—genuine affection, being together without ulterior motives, humility, and an apology, when appropriate. And time. Sometimes lots and lots of time. It's hard to stay on the right side of good-natured, communal ribbing and mean-spirited evisceration. I believe that honest, intelligent humor paired with kindness does much to diagnose disease and to heal, cure, and nourish the body of believers.

In deciding to become a member of this Church, I knew I was walking a solitary path. This was not new. I had already decided on a life for Christ years before, quietly and basically alone in my family. If I ever got preachy, someone would quickly bring me up short. I learned that most people react to the evangelical zeal of any denomination like they do to a gale

force of bad breath.

The thing that was new about adding the Mormon component was that it was so foreign to my mother's experience. She could see only the oddities of it—a bizarre, nineteenth-century history, a troublesome racial record, a proud rigidity about something as culturally innocuous to her as coffee. To her, it must have felt like I was rejecting what she had offered me, and it hurt her. I could effuse all I wanted about “fulfilling the measure of my creation,” about continuing revelation, about living before this life and living purposefully after this life, about that “oomph” I felt in my dorm room, about any number of things that to this day make me want to wave banners. But it sounded like just so much gobbledygook to her. Like some who look at those 3-D Magic Eye pictures, she focused on the surface images and never got deep into the picture. Her eyes just didn't work that way. Sometimes mine don't either. I get lost and confused when systemic problems and my own fatigue and failures obscure the view of those things I celebrate. But I know I *have* seen deep. I trust that.

My mom found a construct for my conversion that satisfied her. She consoled herself that if I had to have an adolescent rebellion, at least I wasn't “running off to join a commune or the Hare Krishnas” (whom I guess she found stranger still than the Mormons). Even twenty years after my becoming Mormon, she told some friends that I had joined the Church because of the cute missionaries. She developed a scenario that worked for her. She found a place to put me. She filed me under “impressionable youth.” That was something she needed to do to cope. That didn't make it good or right or accurate. It still hurt after all those years to see how alone I was.

Learning to live for God quietly and harmoniously meant learning to love my mother deeply, even though she was clueless about the joys I found in the gospel. It meant forgiving her for not “getting me” when I really would have liked someone as important as she was to “get me.” It meant loving her even if I was always, always alone in that way. It meant a patient search for things we could celebrate together, things we could share. Looking for connections was a treasure hunt, and in the last few years the treasure chest was full. I miss her so.

LEARNING to live for God also means listening to what feels deepest and richest and most holy inside myself—despite rebuttals, despite supposed evidence to the contrary, despite sarcasm, exasperation, or selfish meanness. If I stop going by what qualifies as holiest in my heart, then I have lost my rudder, I have lost my connection with deity. Not only have I lost *things*, I am lost. It has happened from time to time.

In my Church family, I have found this lesson on solitude very valuable. Sometimes what I see as deep or profound is lost on many of the people around me. And the reverse is often true. They see things in talks or meetings or lessons that I don't “get” and I can't in good conscience cheer on. But, to live harmoniously with God, I choose to find a way to love them anyway. Whether or not we ever “get” each other, I choose to find a way to love. Whether or not how I think or beauties I see are countered with rebuttals, I choose to find a way to love.

Whether or not things that trouble me get met with exasperation from others, I choose to find a way to love. That feels holiest. It is not easiest. It is a huge consolation to know that the Messiah was described as a “man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief” (Isa. 53:3). Sometimes I can’t find a way to love, so I offer my inability to God, take a long draft from the fountain of grace and mercy, and pray for help. If I neglect quiet holiness, I get so lost. So lost.

All this talk about how I choose to love makes me squirm. It sounds so noble, so self-laudatory. So I’ll shift focus—and tell two little stories related to death. A friend of mine told me of her girlfriend who had a near-death experience. The woman returned to mortality with two questions, which were her new guides to every experience she would have in her life. The questions were: How well did you love? and What did you learn? Those are questions that now drive my life. I’m glad I didn’t have to die to learn to ask them.

The other story is from an interview with Elisabeth Kubler-Ross, who has spent several years working on establishing hospices in the United States. Every day she works with dying people. The interviewer asked, “Would you do anything differently if you had your life to live over?”

[Kubler-Ross] abruptly rose and went inside the office in her home. When she returned momentarily, she handed me a letter. It was from a 50-year-old woman dying of cancer. The letter read in part, “If I had to live my life over again, I would take more time ‘to smell the roses.’ I would be more of a risk-taker. I would pick more blueberries and wildflowers. And I would eat more chocolate. A lot more chocolate.”²

I am just trying to learn from the experience of those who

are dying or who have died and come back. Eat more chocolate. Learn from everything—even the bad stuff. Learn to love. And, as the angels said at both Jesus’ birth and resurrection, “Fear not.”

I learn the most from Jesus, who lived and died and lives again. He is my Savior. He is my mentor as I learn his language of abundance, grace, and covenant. In the fellowship of Mormonism I long for all the citizens of the household of faith to understand each other. I know that we sometimes frustrate each other and that we sometimes amuse each other. I love the histories and interchanges and seclusions that contribute to the differences among us. Each soul has its own accent—its story, valid and unique and part of the whole. And this week I will add my voice—with flat Midwestern vowels and my adopted New England dropped and added “r’s”—to the Thanksgiving hymn:

Now thank we all our God With hearts and hands
and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done, In whom his earth
rejoices;
Who, from our mothers’ arms, Hath blessed us on
our way
With countless gifts of love, And still is ours today.³ ☞

NOTES

1. John A. Widtsoe, ed., *Discourses of Brigham Young* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1971), 2, 3, 10.

2. “Whole Again,” *Parade* magazine, 11 August 1991, 12.

3. Martin Rinkhart, “Now Thank We All Our God” in *Hymns of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints* (Salt Lake City: The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, 1985), hymn 95.



REMEMBERING YOU

No, I shall do nothing tonight
until it rains.

I would simply clean
the mirror of my memories
to have a closer view
of your smaragdine smile,
so that I can save
the daylight of your love
from the cloud-dark storm
of my own irrelevance.

Would I had taught
my infancy to paint
the window-panes of my youth
with sea-snail-searching dreams!

—NIRANJAN MOHANTY

Pillars of My Faith

"I have been forced by many experiences to pare away at the many things that I might know or believe or experience to some simple essentials."

CHOICE, DESIRE, EXPERIENCE

By Christian E. Kimball

INTRODUCTION

JESUS CHRIST IS MY LORD. I CHOOSE CHRIST. I am a Christian. I am currently serving as a bishop. I am the bishop of the Longfellow Park Ward, meeting in Cambridge, Massachusetts, every Sunday afternoon. I didn't turn off being a bishop to speak at the symposium or turn on being a bishop to speak at sacrament meeting. Being a bishop is a calling, an assignment, a chore, and a blessing. It is part of who I am and what I do right now.

I have found that I am unwilling, and probably unable, to compartmentalize my life so that I can speak with apparent authority and certainty on Sunday, and ask questions about doctrine on Tuesday, and then Friday ask "Do you sustain the other general authorities and local authorities of the Church?" without remembering being angered by some thoughtless comment from a Church leader. One simple response to this inability to compartmentalize is that when I agreed to speak at Sunstone I determined that I would give the same remarks in sacrament meeting. That qualifier may lead some to believe I have necessarily censored myself. It may lead others to believe that there is a wild man serving as bishop in Cambridge. If I had my druthers, I would like you to just think that here is a little man trying to make his way in this world with a smidgen of integrity, who is really trying to give up on the idea of appearances, of looking good.

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ARISTOCRACY

I GREW up in the Church. I grew up going to church. I now understand that I grew up going to a church different than the one many Mormons know.

I grew up in Madison, Wisconsin. As I remember it, the ward included a few local people, a lot of graduate students with their families, and a small, elite group mostly of university professors, with a few of the doctor/lawyer/businessman type. My father was a law school professor, obviously in the elite group, had already been a bishop at age twenty-five. He served in the bishopric essentially all the time I can remember. We were insiders.

I grew up with an aristocratic sense. I didn't know it at the time, of course. I wouldn't have even used the word until a few years ago. What I knew was that I belonged. Even more, whether objectively true or not, I "knew" that I was in training to be a leader. This church was my church, a place to work and serve.

Two quick stories illustrate the kind of world I grew up in.

When I was almost twelve, the youth in the ward visited Nauvoo. It was an almost annual trip, about half a day away. My father thought it would be special for me to be ordained a deacon there. So I was. My father ordained me a deacon, sitting in my great-great-grandfather Heber C. Kimball's desk chair, in a part of his home normally closed to visitors. This all happened ten days before I turned twelve.

I am the only person I have ever met who was ordained to the Aaronic priesthood before he was twelve, although maybe it is more common than I know. I understood that my father secured permission for this "early" ordination from his father, apostle (at the time) Spencer W. Kimball. In fact, Dad probably just asked Grandpa whether there was some inflexible rule,

and then secured permission from our bishop. However, the impression left with me was one of being on an inside track.

It is a privilege to have a father who can give a blessing and perform an ordination. I am grateful for the chance I had this year to ordain my son a deacon. But the combination of father and grandfather and great-great-grandfather, of historic site and exceptions to rules, speaks of a privileged position few can imagine.

The other story that illustrates this aristocratic attitude is from many years later. There is a question Mormons often ask themselves and each other, at least in private, safe settings: "What do you do if a Church leader tells you to do something that is wrong?" I now can see that the question itself reveals volumes about the hierarchical structure of the Church, perceptions about authority, respect for leaders, and so on. But the question never really bothered me, as a kid or as a teenager or as a young adult. I didn't "get it." I didn't understand why it should be difficult. Then one day my wife asked me very directly, "Well, what *would* you do? Really?" I gave my real answer, which had two parts:

(a) Of course it happens. (I understand that in some circles just acknowledging that a Church leader can tell you to do something wrong is viewed as somewhat radical.)

(b) When it happens, you go talk to the individual leader and teach him, help him see where the error is and how he can do better.

For the first of these—the understanding that the Church is made up of people who are flawed and troubled and sometimes in error, although usually with the best of intentions—I am very thankful. Of course it happens. I never thought otherwise. My heritage includes Edwin D. Woolley, who served as bishop of the Salt Lake Thirteenth Ward for twenty-seven years, from 1854 to 1881. As bishop, he had a run-in with Brigham Young, then president of the Church, over some business use of Church property. As the argument went back and forth, Apostle George A. Smith proposed that Bishop Woolley "take a mission in Europe" as a way to solve the problem. At that point, Edwin immediately stood, apologized, asked for forgiveness, and said, "Don't send me on a mission to atone for what I have done. Punish me at home rather." Reading the history, I can't tell who was in the wrong or the right. But after this discussion, or one similar to it, President Young remarked, "Well, I suppose now you are going to go off and apostatize." Edwin Woolley replied "No, I won't. If this were your church I

might, but it's just as much mine as it is yours."

My second response—"When it happens, teach the leader what is wrong and how to do better"—may be the right answer. At least it is a good one, if incomplete. However, I am only gradually learning that it is far from the typical response. In me, it reflects an arrogance and self-assuredness and sense of confidence and ownership about the Church that is embarrassing; it has been an obstacle in my efforts to understand and empathize and see the Church as it is experienced by most.

THE CRACKS

CRACKS started appearing when I got to be eighteen.

That summer, I expected to be ordained an elder, on schedule. Everything had happened on schedule to that point. But the bishop didn't call. Time passed, and still he didn't call. I started to worry that he knew something was wrong with me. I read about the Melchizedek Priesthood. I thought about it. Another month went by. After two or three months, I figured the bishop wasn't going to call. I decided that it was a chance to not follow the program in lock-step but to really decide for myself. I prayed and I fasted and I read the scriptures. I sought a testimony. I sought confirmation.

I knew the answer I wanted, of course. I didn't want to disappoint or make any major change in my life plan, but I wanted confirmation. I spent a lot of time praying and searching.

Nothing happened. No revelation. No burning in the bosom. No still, small voice. Nothing.

I then made a pivotal decision. I decided that the Church made sense—I basically agreed with the teachings. It was how I was taught and how I understood the world. I wanted that life; it looked good to me. So, very clear and conscious of what I was doing, I *chose* the Church. I decided to act as though I knew it was true. To act as though I had a testimony. It seemed to me that I had to make a choice, because I was not directed or told. So I chose.

I do not know the path my life would have taken with a different choice. I will never know. Very possibly, I was psychologically incapable of making a different choice at the time, and so the idea of choice may be false in some deep sense. But to me it felt like choosing. It felt like deciding. It still does. As I learn more, as I grow, as my heart is broken on the wheel again and again, I choose again. I do not guarantee the choice for all time, but for today I choose.

FOR years, I had the feeling that "if they really knew me, they would know that I don't belong." As a bishop, I have listened to confessions and felt an incredible and instant love for the individual. I cannot hold my own shame in the same place that I feel that love.

Choosing is a source of power and strength for me. I have enjoyed a rich variety of spiritual experiences. I have had opportunities to teach and to give blessings and to ordain and to pray. I have been able to take the sacrament. That is important to me. There are numerous ways I can say that it was a good choice. But in the end, as at the beginning, there is a choice. I choose to be here.

The second crack came with my mission. My mission is where I failed:

I wasn't an assistant to the president.

I worked in an area where we could not find anybody to teach, and I didn't work very hard in that area, and I was depressed. I broke a serious mission rule by writing to a girl in the mission. I stopped when I confessed. Perhaps I should never have started, but I now think the greater sin was to abruptly stop writing to someone with whom I had developed a loving, caring, supportive relationship, with never any explanation, with never another word.

So I failed to excel. I failed to do a passable job. I failed even to keep the rules, gaining for myself what I thought was a permanent black mark on the records of the Church and a fall from aristocratic grace. And I committed a greater sin, hurting an individual and turning my back on an important relationship.

When I left the mission home for the last time, I turned off my mission. I went cold. I put it behind me. It was not until the last two years that I have started to acknowledge and explore how difficult my mission was, and how many trails of pain it left in me. Some of the real difficulties became clear only in the last year. For example, against all that I rationally know, I believed in my heart of hearts that there really was a file in Salt Lake City with a black mark in it regarding my mission, and that as a result—an accumulation of all the bad things—I would never be called as a bishop. Nobody would ever trust me to do a temple recommend interview. I guess they let one slip by.

The legacy of my mission is one of brokenness, of displacement. Not that my mission was the only place where I sinned or erred or failed. Far from it. But it was the beginning of feeling broken. For years I had the feeling that "if they really knew me, they would know that I don't belong." Serving as an elders quorum president, a high councilor, and in a bishopric, I kept thinking, "If they really knew, they would reject me." When I walked into the temple, I looked over my shoulder to see if someone was about to tap me on the shoulder, to suggest that it would better for me to leave.

For a long time, this feeling meant hiding. It meant putting on a face to be at church. It meant acting. Gradually, I have learned better. Mostly I have learned by service, by sitting or standing on the other side. I have listened to confessions and felt an incredible and instant love for the individual. I cannot hold my own shame in the same place that I feel that love. I have worked in the temple, not just as a patron, but also as a veil worker and as part of the cleaning crew on a Monday morning. I think the cleaning crew work was the best. I polished woodwork. I can do that work. It is good work.

Another crack occurred in 1988. A very close friend came to a crisis of faith. His tradition was Roman Catholic, but he was distant from and critical of his church. He was broken and hungry and looking for God. It was my missionary opportunity. It was the time to gently teach him about the restored gospel, and guide him to a new understanding. Or so it would seem.

We were in Utah at the time, for one semester. I spent hours walking in the foothills above Provo, mornings in the mountains, praying, trying to figure out what to do. The best I could ever determine was to advise Tom to return to the church of his childhood, to there seek faith, to there seek God. The answer, the conclusion, did not in any way amount to "Mormonism is wrong and Catholicism is right." Right and wrong, truth, priesthood power, restoration and apostasy—none of that seemed to matter. What seemed to matter was that for that man in that time, the next step toward faith and joy and a walk with God was in and through the Catholic Church. Not for me. Not then. Probably not ever, although I have been comfortable and peaceful and spiritually fed at mass in Tom's parish. But for Tom, it was the next step. I have seen Tom grow and learn and feel joy and experience God. I do not doubt or have second thoughts about my suggestion at the time. But it was certainly a break from tradition for me.

There is no way and no need to tell the full story of my life. But for this purpose, the final cracking and creaking has occurred as a bishop. So many questions. So many doubts and challenges and difficulties. So much that I don't know and can't answer. Mostly I listen. Sometimes listening is helpful. Most of us most of the time know what we need to do, if we will take time to think and talk and pray. Sometimes I know what to say. I am grateful that it does happen.

THE PILLARS

AND so, having been broken, having cracked at many seams, what is there to sustain me? Why am I here? I guess my story about the cracks is long because the story about the pillars is short. I have been forced by these many experiences to pare away at the many things that I might know or believe or experience to some simple essentials. I group them in three categories, three pillars of my faith: choice and desire and experience.

First, a note about those words. This is the spot for a testimony. The common language of a testimony is "I know the gospel is true. I know the Church is true." And so on. This pattern suggests that we have a common understanding of what it means to "know" and a common understanding of what "true" means. It also suggests "knowing" that something is "true" is both a necessary and sufficient cause for action.

I missed the cultural boat, somewhere along the way. I don't seem to share a common understanding of "true" or of "know," and so it is difficult to use those words. Most important, to the extent I can put meaning to the words, "knowing" that something is "true" does not seem to be either a necessary or a sufficient cause for action. So I think in terms of *choice* and *desire*

and *experience*. These three work together. To list one first is to misstate their position. No pillar can be first or last. All stand together.

Choice:

- I choose to be here. I am not compelled by knowledge or experience or witness. I choose.
- I choose Christ as my Lord. Again, I am not compelled by knowledge or experience or witness. It is a choice. I choose to be a Christian.

Desire:

- I find that I want to pray. And when I pray, I want to kneel. That is important. It is tangible, physical. I kneel. I don't need analysis. I don't need logic. I want to pray.
- I find that I want to participate in the sacrament. I want to take the bread and the water, in remembrance, in renewal, as the living water and the bread of life. I don't need analysis. I don't need logic. I want to partake.

- I find that I want to be in the temple. I want to participate in the ordinances and ceremonies and rituals there. I don't need analysis. I don't need logic. I want to be there.

Experience:

- I recognize, I acknowledge, I experience God, who knows me—knows me through and through, every fiber, every strand, every experience and lesson and word and deed. That God I love.
- I have given blessings and spoken beyond myself. I have been an instrument for God's work. Sometimes. Not always. Not consistently. But sometimes. Those are joyous experiences.

It is a short list. Three pillars—some choices, some desires, some experiences. That is why I stand. Working out my salvation in fear and trembling. Walking the plain road.

In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen. 



MYSTERY

That increasingly intimidating faculty
of my bee-hive mind, where words
willingly assume the shapes of birds,
of mountain peaks gleaming with gold
sophistries of an undying sun,
and become words once again,
impels me to go down town
when I'm at a poem on
the anomalous expansion of my own
nothingness. A pretty lady lives there:
her eyes butterflies, her whispers
fire-flies. This is what distracts me.

Perhaps I shall never be able to
go back to my poem. How does it matter?
I'm not sure if I could
write poems before the silence.
Yet I'm certain now that my words
would become butterflies, fire-flies.

—NIRANJAN MOHANTY

1993 Brookie & D. K. Brown Fiction Contest Winner

ZOO SOUNDS

By Margaret Blair Young

AVAGRANT IS PREACHING NEAR THE SEALS. Standing in front of the pool fence, he's saying, "Well folks, the world looks on your outward appearance, but God considers your heart." A two-year-old boy in purple overalls peeks between the vagrant's legs to see the seals, as his mother says to the man, "Could you do this somewhere else? You're really blocking the view."

The vagrant looks at her till she jerks her eyes away. He says "Ma'am, if you'd listen to what I'm saying, listen with your heart, you'd see I'm OPENING the view. You want these animals, and I'm offering you God. If you'd listen with your heart."

"Thank you." She executes a tight smile, and stretches her hand for her son.

Ma'am," he says, opening his arms, "may I witness to you?"

The woman strides away.

But Martha stays. Martha listens to the man say, "And then there was that one foolish fellow who built his house on the sand. You know that one, don't you?"

There are two pre-teens beside him, giggling. He doesn't seem to be addressing them. And Martha doesn't think he's talking to her either, doesn't think he can even see her, hidden as she is by the pine. But she stays, listens, because the man looks so much like Dallen, though his jeans are two sizes too big, his beard a dirty red tuft, his hair a mass of frizz, and Dallen is not that bad. Not yet.

She had seen Dallen the day before, and he had sobbed and called her Mommy. "You've got to get me out of here," he cried. "You can't imagine what happens in this place—I can't even tell you, it's so gross. I'll go crazy if I have to stay. Mommy, please!"

She had promised to do all she could, and told her husband when he opened the door that evening, "We've got to get him a good lawyer, Ross. We have got to do that."

Ross was returning from a bishopric meeting—a church court, which she knew he wouldn't discuss with her.

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"Ross?"

He gave her a quick look and a smile that tried to be more than it was. Brushing past her, he said, "Could we chat about this over dinner, please?"

His new way of dealing. Ross had opted out of Dallen's pain, drugged himself with some spiritual endorphine the way Dallen drugged himself with opiates. He was spending his compassion on someone else's son, hearing someone else's son's confessions, then reading him scriptures on mercy.

Ross moved towards the fridge. He was spreading mayo on his bread as she spoke: "It is obvious to me that that agent—" (she thought an unspeakable word) "—he entrapped Dallen. Baited him." Another unspeakable idled between her mind and her mouth. "He threatened him—threatened his life—if he didn't make the deal."

"Answer me this." Ross arranged his cheese and spoke quietly. "Did Dallen buy the pot?" No wait. "Yes. Did Dallen tell the guy where he could get the crack? Yes. So why should we hire a lawyer to pivot around the details of his guilt?"

"Because," she said, eyes burning, "he's my son!"

He glanced at her.

"Our son," she corrected thinly.

"You'd hire a lawyer for Adam and Eve."

"If they were mine," she answered, "and if it would help!"

He bit into his sandwich. "I've seen the way God works, Marti. Tonight, I've seen it."

"Seen what?"

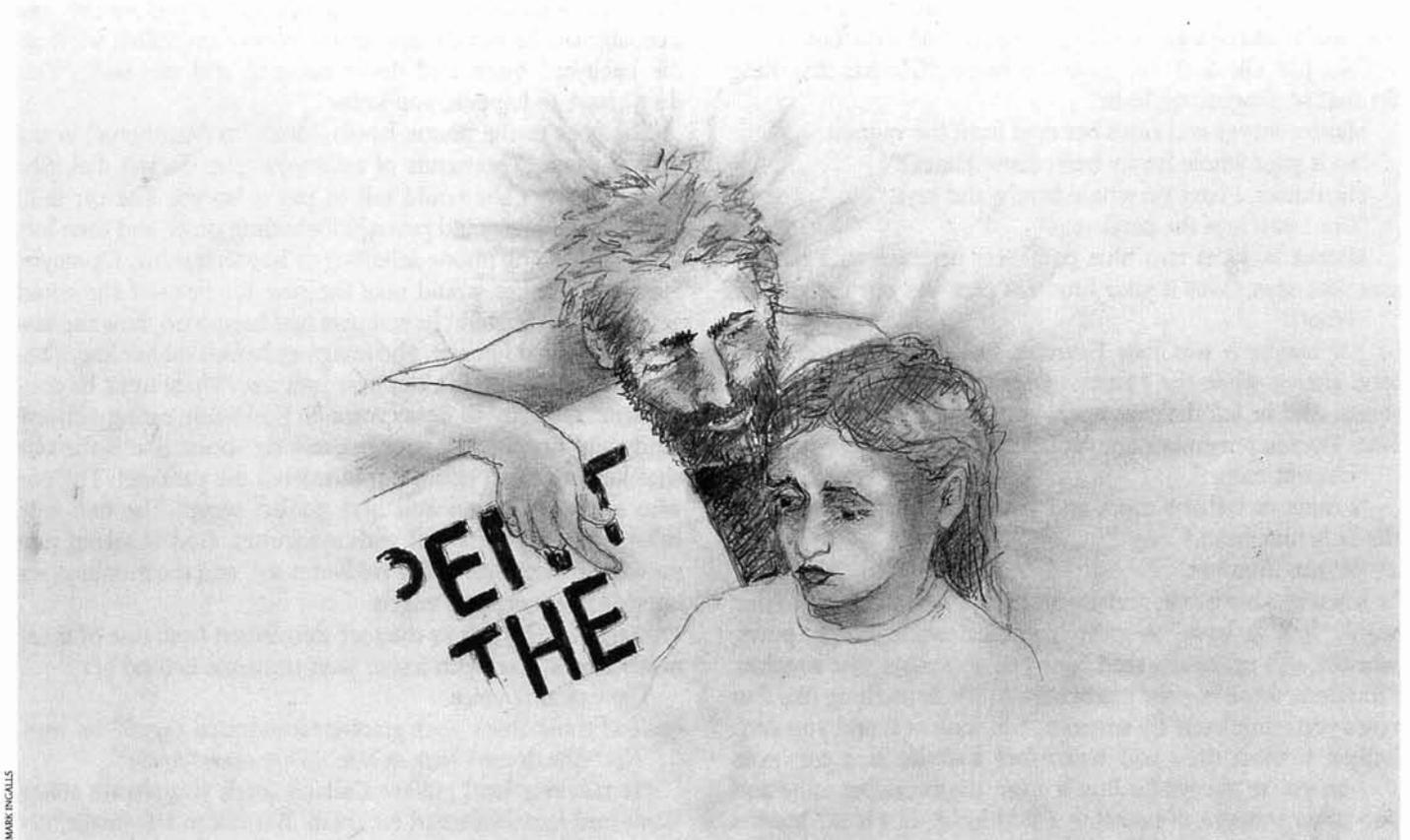
His face was full of fond pity, brimming with goodness, but distant, too. "There have to be consequences," he said softly. "The wages of sin is death, and the wages of dealing is the Youth Detention Center. This may be the greatest lesson he'll ever learn. It may be the only way he comes back. By eating pig slop for awhile. Do you understand me?"

She tried to nod, but couldn't. "They baited him!" she repeated. "That asshole baited him!"

Ross stopped with the sandwich just before his open mouth. "What did you say?"

She ran, grabbing her purse and slamming the front door behind her, muttering all down the walk, "Asshole is what I said. I said asshole, asshole, asshole."

Though the bad words were usually in her mind, they rarely got out. From the first time Dallen had dumped



MARK INGALLS

"Well, here I am, hiking, and there's this guy, this stark naked guy standing on the road. No fooling. He's holding a sign that says 'Repent In The Raw.' And the next thing I know, he's right next to me and he's saying he's been waiting and that God told him I'd be along any minute."

Cheerios on the kitchen floor, or smeared her lipstick over the bathroom mirror, or pulled his sister's hair, bad words had oozed like thick poison into the vocabulary of her heart. Once, when Dallen emptied the syrup bottle into the bathtub, she had said in her mind, God damn you.

The vagrant moves on, and feeders arrive with fish for the seals. Families are filling up the bleachers; there will be a show as the seals earn their keep and let the humans bait them. Martha watches an androgynous teenager dangle a foot-long herring. A seal leaps for it, and two other seals clap the deck and bark for food. A middle-aged father wipes the smudge of pink ice cream on his baby's cheek. A mother says to her boy, "Did you see that one jump? This is better than Chuck E. Cheese any day!" and the boy says softly, "Not."

Martha goes to the birdhouse then, which used to be Dallen's favorite hangout. One Saturday, when he was thinking himself an artist, he had spent four hours there, sketching toucans. And Martha, when he showed her his work, dismissed it with "Nice," and reminded him what chores were waiting.

Dallen had said then, "I used to have this nightmare. You're chasing me with a vacuum cleaner, and you chase me off a cliff. No kidding."

She found the toucans in the trash the next morning.

This is one of the many incidents she punishes herself with as the toucans cock their heads, measuring her.

The birdhouse is domed, mostly glass, with netting to contain the birds but give them that illusion of freedom. Inside it is hot, muggy, an imitation of the tropics. A film of sweat starts on her brow, and she supposes the last traces of her makeup will be compelled into wet beads. She remembers Dallen's toucans in detail, and decides they were remarkable, full of life and color and imagination. She will say that to him, will urge him to be an artist. She repeats it in her mind, twice—*You really should*—as a voice behind her calls, "Sister Hines!"

She turns. It's Stephanie Smith, from the ward. Martha wonders if Stephanie is the first scout of the posse Ross has sent after her. Her watch says 5:25; she has been gone twenty-two hours. And it's September eighth. Her wedding anniversary. She says, "Oh." And "How are you, Stephanie?"

"Awesome. Don't you love this place?"

Stephanie's father is Ross's first counselor in the bishopric. And a lawyer. Stephanie is Dallen's age and on the chubby side of pretty. Dallen and Steph even went on a date, before everything.

Martha says, "Yes, I love this place. Is your whole family here?" She sees the vagrant next to the trash can, and he sees her. She thinks he's going to approach, but he stays put.

"No, just Glo and me," says Stephanie. "Glo has this thing for snakes. Disgusting, huh?"

Martha shrugs and eases her eyes from the vagrant.

"So is your whole family here, Sister Hines?"

She thinks, I have no whole family, and says, "No."

"Don't you love the parakeets?"

Martha looks at two blue parakeets perched on a banana tree. She says, "Was it your brother's parakeet our cat killed?"

"What?"

"Or maybe it was Joey Faltron's. Dallen was supposed to look after it while the Faltrons were on vacation. Yes, it was theirs. And he left the cage open, and our cat got it. Blue parakeet. Do you remember our cat Linny?"

"Hmmm, nope."

"I came in Dallen's room and Linny had her teeth around the little blue head."

"Whoa. Bummer."

Marti lifts her brows and gives a quick, tolerant smile to that word. "Yes, at least." A green parakeet cackle-chirps, purrs, whistles as it pecks at a seed cone just above her. She watches. "You don't think of your pet being a killer. Something like that takes you completely by surprise. You look at it and you can't believe it. And then you remember it really is a cat, even though you're always feeding it from the breakfast table and you never thought of its being a bird killer, but it is." Martha gives her practiced Bishop's Wife's smile, like a change of subject, and sits on the stone wall. She has not slept since the night before last, and she slept poorly then. And she has not eaten since she left home, though her stomach is resisting food. Stephanie is nibbling a huge sugar cookie with pink frosting.

"Well," says Stephanie, "I guess that's true. I've never liked cats, so maybe that's why."

Martha returns to the parakeet and the seed cone. "I gave Linny away," she says. "I took her to the Humane Society, and I don't know what happened after I left. I did that right after I rescued the parakeet, only the parakeet was dead so I shouldn't say I rescued it. If I had gotten there five minutes earlier . . ."

"Yeah." She takes another bite.

"I would have seen what Linny was trying to do."

"Well, that's the way things go, isn't it? I had a dachshund got hit by a car." She sighs and swallows. "Anyway, I love the parakeets. Don't you?"

"I love the finches," says Martha, and looks at her watch again. Then her eyes drift to the vagrant. "Oh my," she says vaguely, "I've got to get home." She stands and backs awkwardly away. "Good to see you, Stephanie," she adds, performing another good Bishop's Wife's smile.

But she doesn't go home. She goes outside the birdhouse, notes that the sun is setting, then makes her way to the monkeys. She watches them swing from plastic trees. She notices their poor little outgrown bottoms, red and sore and unnat-

ural. Monkeys always get that way in captivity, she has heard.

A marmoset makes kissy lips, swings itself across the fake tree, and laughs mutely. She remembers when Dallen fell from the backyard birch and broke his arm and she said, "This didn't have to happen, you know."

She goes to the phone booth, looks up "Attorneys" in the yellow pages. Thousands of attorneys. She doesn't dial. She thinks of what she could sell to pay a lawyer. The car is in Ross's name. She could pawn her wedding rings, and then buy them back doing phone soliciting or housecleaning. Or maybe Stephanie's father would take the case for free—if she could get him to understand how things had happened, how the asshole had baited her son. She imagines herself on her knees before Brother Smith, but can hear him say, "There must be consequences, Marti." In Ross's voice, in Ross's suit, eating a cheese sandwich. And it's her guilt he's talking about. She is the one who kept a perfect house but murdered the parakeet. The one who said God Damn You over spilled syrup. The one who chased her boy off a cliff with a vacuum. God is seeing past outward appearance to her riddled heart, and the monkeys are hooting like hysterical angels.

"Anyone who thinks they are descended from one of those needs a good chat with Jesus," says someone behind her.

The vagrant's voice.

"You think that's your great-great-grandpa there?" he says.

"No." She doesn't look at him. "That one's female."

He makes a loud guffaw. Dallen's laugh was always softer. "Male and female created He them. But not in His image, not those monkeys. You and me, however, we're in God's form. But you know that, I guess, Don't you."

"Sure, I know that."

"Ma'am?"

She does not want to face him, but has no choice. When she turns, her resistant body jerks.

"I saw you by the seals," he says. "I thought maybe you were why God said come here today." He scratches his beard and grins. His teeth are remarkably white and straight, the teeth of an orthodontist's firstborn. "Are you?"

"No," she says. "Sorry."

"Maybe you just don't know it."

She tries to make her voice even and generous; it comes out mean: "Does this mean I'm supposed to invite you home for supper and give you my purse?"

"Well, that's not usually how it works, but I guess if God tells your heart—"

She lets herself see how skinny he is. She says, not wanting to, "Do you have a place to stay?"

"Oh sure. There's this—"

"You're homeless, aren't you."

"Me?" When he smiles, his ruddy cheeks shine. Though his clothes and beard are filthy, his face is immaculate, eyes very blue and bright.

"Where did you stay last night?" She's using the tone that could include phrases like, "This didn't have to happen, you know," and "I'm just disappointed in you, that's all."

But his eyes move into her with abrupt and urgent compas-

sion. "Where'd you stay, ma'am?"

She returns to the monkeys as the vagrant intones, "God loves you. He just told me to mention it. Just now."

"Oh, is that right. Is that what He said."

"And His arms are around you."

She narrows her eyes and whispers, facing him again, "Oh? Well, would you please tell him to go away for now? Could you please translate that into the divine tongue for me?"

"Aw, now, that isn't what you want."

"No?"

The vagrant says something. He's speaking so quietly she has to strain to hear.

"What?" she says.

"What do you want?" he repeats, just above a whisper.

A family—husband, wife, son in a stroller—enters. Martha watches them. They seem so real. They love each other. The baby's white hair curls at his neck. Softly, so only the vagrant can hear, Martha says, "Why did you leave home?"

He folds his arms.

"Did God Say?"

He shifts his weight and uses a more public voice. "Hadn't found God yet."

"Did you have a fight with your mother?"

He smiles big again, and Martha smiles too and knows they've bonded.

"Just one of those things," he says.

She glances away. "The two are not related," she whispers blankly.

"What?"

She hesitates. "Nothing. Do you have a name?"

"Do you care?"

"Yeah. Sure I do."

"Jacob."

"Good one. From the Old Testament."

"Yup." He thrusts his hands into his pockets. "And if God tells me to change it, I will."

"I have no doubt." She can see her image in the glass which separates her from one of the monkey exhibits. She looks hideous, thin and straggly and grey. She is not usually this ugly, and this old. "So," she says, combing her hair with her fingers, "did your mother chase you off with a vacuum?"

She can see his face in the glass, too. His eyes close as he says, "No."

It's two minutes to six now, says a clock by the baboons. A generic voice announces over the microphone that the zoo will close in twenty minutes, and thanks for coming.

So Martha and Jacob leave the monkeys.

In the quiet outside, Martha can hear the tropical birds squawking and twittering and flapping against the confines of their illusion, and the long lonely wails of the seals in the distance. The sounds she spent the night with. She turns to Jacob and says, "I don't have a car with me, and I live three miles away."

When he grins, his whole face shines, and his eyes get bluer. "You're inviting me home, aren't you."

"And maybe for a burger before? You look wan."

"Thank you."

"I didn't mean—"

"For the invitation. It sounds good." He bounces with his steps, like he's jogging, and leads with his hips.

Across the road is the "This Is the Place" monument. She offers to show it to him, and explains when they arrive, "That's not how it happened, you know."

His eyes go quizzical.

"That statue, with Brigham Young standing all powerful and sure of himself? Not how it happened. Truth is, he was sick as a dog. Had the Rocky Mountain spotted fever. From a tick, from this little tiny bug. Took all his strength to just sit up in the wagon and say any damn thing—pardon my French."

Jacob puts his hands on his hips, like he's set to strut. "Then why did they have the statue like that then?"

"Oh, to make him infallible. So we wouldn't think we were his hallucination. So we wouldn't doubt things. Mind if we sit?" She does not sit; she collapses. Prostrate, eyes closed, she says, "The statue should be like this," and holds her hand up. 'This is the place, move on.' I hope you're not dangerous, Jacob." Opening one eye.

"Me?"

"Because I think if I don't rest a minute, I'll keel over and expire right here."

"No no, this is not the place to keel over and expire, Ma'am."

"Martha." Opening the other eye.

"Martha." He nods thoughtfully. "Careful and troubled about many things."

"Oh stop, no more scriptures! Sounds like you're showing off. Like you're baiting me."

He considers this, his head cocked like the toucans'. A breeze moves through the grass and parts his coarse hair, and he looks skyward.

To Martha, the sky seems to be receding, the blue getting deeper and darker. "Listen," she sighs, "I haven't slept in a while. Normally I think scriptures are just great, just peachy keen. But at the moment, at this moment, they exhaust me, okay? At this moment I'm thinking three miles home with a walking New Testament. Were you always like this?" Her words slur; her head throbs.

Jacob breathes in the Utah air deeply and says, "Nah, I've mostly been a lost cause. Left home and went hitchhiking. And somewhere near Bozeman, Montana—ever been there?"

She shakes her head and closes her eyes.

"Well, here I am, hiking, and there's this guy, this stark naked guy standing on the road. No fooling. He's holding a sign that says 'Repent In The Raw.' Cars are honking him down and he's just standing there blowing in the wind. So I'm thinking, well, should I duck down somewhere? Or just run past him? What? And the next thing I know, he's right next to me and he's saying he's been waiting and that God told him I'd be along any minute."

"So you stripped on the spot, right? Went streaking down I-15 together?" Though she doesn't open her eyes, she can tell he's smiling. He doesn't speak until she looks up. Then she

sees his brotherly face. He's on his knees.

"Oh shit, you're not praying, are you?" she says, half sitting. "Nah."

"Because you know what that feels like? Like mockery, is what that feels like." She waits, then murmurs again, "The two are not related."

"The two what?"

Her face suddenly alert, she says, "I didn't mean that. And I'm sorry for interrupting, sorry for everything. You met this nudist on the highway and so you—go on, take it from there."

He shrugs. "So I listened. That's all. I let him preach at me, and then it wasn't like he was preaching, it was like we were having an epiphany together."

"In bed?"

"Nope. Nothing sexual. Sorry to disappoint. I think that disqualifies me for Oprah, though Cosmos maybe could get a half-hour on her show."

"Cosmos?"

"My friend. The naked guy."

"So you had an epiphany." There's a cluster of sego lilies near the road. Martha watches them flutter. The fading light is turning them dingy.

"God said to me, through the stars, and through the trees and in the whispering wind, God said, 'I love you and if you give me your heart, things will be okay.'"

The sego lilies dance. She can imagine them swaying to Jacob's script. "Well I'm glad for you," she says, and gets up on all fours. "I think that's real nice." A waxing moon (she remembers the phrase "Gibbons moon" from a report she helped Dallen with a decade ago) is just above the mountains. She feels she could howl at it. She says, "I'm almost ready. We can start. Fresh courage take, etcetera."

When he offers his hand, she accepts. He doesn't let go once she has her footing. He is holding her hand like he loves her, and she doesn't mind.

They walk up Thirteenth, past the shops and restaurants, past the old houses. At Westminster College, she tells him about the windows—the old ones the college just gave away to anyone with a truck, because they were remodeling. That was when Dallen came up with his Eagle Scout Project. He would build a greenhouse with those windows and grow tomatoes for the poor. She exhales a deep, weary breath and whispers, "The two are not related."

"You said it again."

"What?"

"You said 'the two are not related.'"

"Did I? Yes, I know I did. It's a phrase I got stuck in my head. My own version of La Tourette's. Some people say vulgar nasties because they can't help themselves, and I say 'the two are not related.'"

"So what does it mean, when you say it?"

Martha glances at their joined hands. She wonders if any of her friends or ward members have seen her holding hands with the vagrant. As cars approach, Martha can see herself and Jacob lit up by headlights, can even see her wedding diamonds sparkle briefly, though it's dark enough now that she can't see

who's in the cars, can only imagine which drivers are asking, "Isn't that the bishop's wife? Who's that with her? Holding hands?" She thinks she may have to confess in testimony meeting; she'll say, "Nothing sexual. Sorry to disappoint. I'll never make Oprah, though my friend has a friend who hitchhikes in the nude." When she pulls her hand to free it, he squeezes, then lets it go.

"Liberty Park is down the street six blocks," she says, pointing. "There's an aviary there. Once, a few years back, someone went in and murdered all the most valuable birds—all the ones whose species were dying out. This terrible person, he executed them." She sniffs. "Like some vindictive god of chaos."

Jacob clucks his tongue.

"They never found out who it was," she adds.

"Well, he knows."

"One of the birds was an eagle. Bald eagle."

"Now that's a shame," he breathes. "That one hurt."

"And it was the day after Dallen gave up, though the two are not related." She takes a big breath and sighs it out. Then the words pour. Her voice is higher than usual, and strained; the words sometimes squeak with emphasis: "But I had told him he owed it to me as his mother to be neater and more diligent, and I didn't know he had started the bad things, nobody told me, I didn't see the signs, and I said I was so tired of picking up after him and that damn greenhouse was dismantling the whole backyard, all my work and my garden, and the damn greenhouse would never be done and he was bringing chaos to my home—but I didn't say damn—and I hated the way things were, that God-damned Eagle project, but I didn't say God-damned." She draws a quaking, agonized breath, and her eyes fill. "It was like his face clicked off. And then the next day—The next day—. At the aviary. But the two are not—"

"Martha—"

"The two are *not* related." She is shivering.

"God," says Jacob. "God, you're in such pain," and he brings her head to his chest and cradles it. When she gives in to crying, he holds her tightly and lets her.

It is fully night when she eases herself from his arms, apologizing, and they begin their walk again. She tells him about the undercover agent who baited Dallen. She tells him she wants a lawyer. She tells him she thinks she's the one who should go to jail. "It's the mothers," she says, "who train the children. When a child fails, it's the mother's fault. I heard some say that once. In those words."

"But they were lying," says Jacob.

"My husband said it," she answers. "My husband, my bishop, my judge." She looks away. "He didn't mean me. Not necessarily. It was years ago. In a talk. When a child fails, it's the—"

"He's wrong," Jacob says gently. "Martha, he's wrong." Even in the moonlight, she can see the blue of his eyes and the copper glint in his hair.

"You left because of your mother," she accuses softly. "Didn't you."

"I left to find good things. That's all."

"Martha."

"Please?"

The air is sweet with old roses and marigolds, which they comment on. The streetlamps are glowing, gnats dancing around their yellow lights like pollen. She remembers, when they pass Kentucky Fried Chicken, that she promised him a meal, so they go inside and she buys him a dinner. Her stomach is too nervous for food, though she sips his water. She asks, "Is there straw in my hair?" and he pulls two more bits from her bangs.

"Shit," she says, and abruptly, "Actually, I don't swear. I'm really a very nice person. Well no, that's not quite true." She considers the words. "I seem to be a very nice person." Pausing. "Put it this way: I make a damn good show of it. And I don't swear but in my heart."

"You are a very nice person," he says to her eyes. His mouth hardly moves, but she hears these words clearly.

She likes that he eats with dignity. He cuts up his chicken first and pauses between bites to pay attention to her. He offers her the tomato from his salad, which she declines.

"So," he says after a swallow, "did your son ever grow those tomatoes in the greenhouse?"

"Oh the greenhouse isn't even half-finished. Although I did put our tomato plants there last autumn, to see if the season would stretch some under glass. But there's no roof on it. It's just one big hole in our backyard with four glass walls. Uneven ones."

"Still, that must have been a lot of work." He dabs at his beard with his napkin. Someone, she thinks, has taught him manners.

"It'll never be finished," she says. "That's just the way Dallen's always been. He dreams big, but he can't finish. He gets it from me and Ross—my husband."

"You're dreamers, are you?"

"Well, we want to be gods, you know. We want to have family reunions where we make galaxies for fun."

He laughs and nods. "Yes, I've heard about the Mormons."

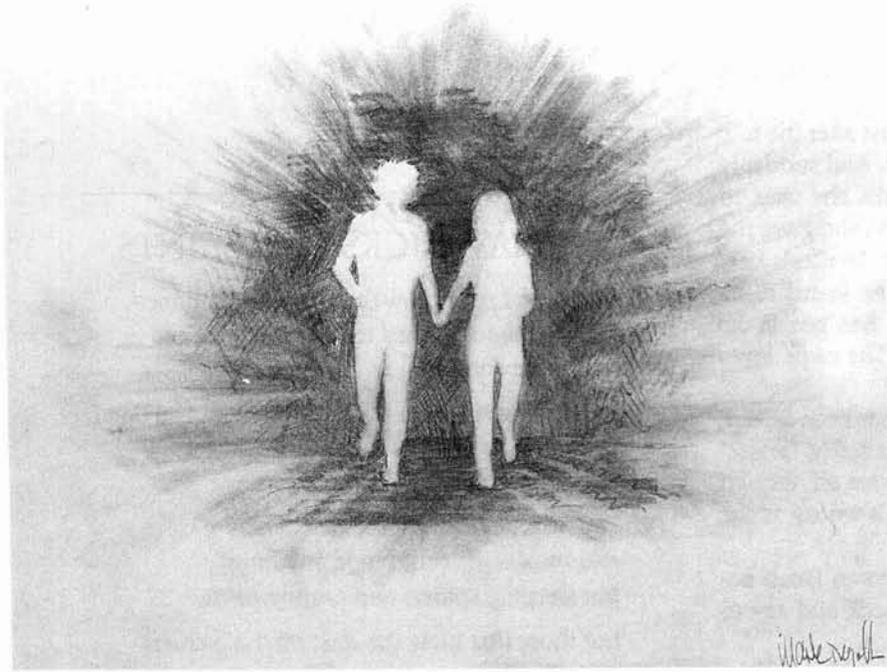
"And right now, our son—"

He reaches across the table, squeezes her hand to stop her. "You can handle some mashed potatoes, can't you?" He holds a spoonful near her mouth.

Shrugging, she opens. It's delicious, warm and peppery. Her mouth and stomach moisten to accept, and when he offers her the rest, she takes it. His eyes are bluer than Dallen's

"How far to your house?" he says as they leave.

She points to the hill, tells him it's another half-mile. When a police car passes them, lights flashing, she wonders out loud if Ross has the cops after her, and if they should find her now,



*"Isn't that the bishop's wife? Who's that with her?
Holding hands?"*

"She drove you away." She does not want to start crying again, though her voice shakes.

"No," he says, but his tone does not convince her.

"What would you say to her? If she were here right now, what would you say?"

For a long time, he does not speak. Then he puts his hands on her shoulders. "Well," he says, "I'm sorry. And I miss you. And you did the best you could—"

"Damn you!" she shouts, grabbing his hands by the wrists and flinging them off her shoulders. "Damn you, now don't you do that, don't you deceive me like that. You think that's what I want to hear, but it's not what you want to say. You want to tell her she's a bitch and a hypocrite, she should be fed to the lions. She should have her throat slit and her clothes strewn over the park like dead eagle feathers, and—"

"No!" He matches her volume, then smiles generously, even chuckles. "Hold on a minute, wouldja? That's not how he feels. That's not what he thinks. Honest to God!"

Her elbows are V-ed, fingers taut before her, like she could claw out his heart. With a sigh, she lets them relax, and massages her temples. "I need a lawyer," she says. "Bad." She finds a piece of straw in her hair, evidence of last night, when she sat a few yards from the camel's fence and listened to the caged animals sleep or howl or hoot until dawn. Zoo sounds. The straw has been in her hair all day, she realizes, so even Stephanie Smith must have noticed it. "I need a lawyer," she repeats.

"Well, there's always Jesus. Sort of the main celestial advocate, you know. Public Defender. Come on, let me witness to you."

"Oh please don't," she says. "You promised."

would they arrest Jacob for kidnapping? Shoot first and ask questions later? What she thinks as she says this is that the cop, that imagined, impetuous cop, would be some mother's son.

She stumbles on a rock and skins her knee just after the hill. It hurts to walk, she comments, but only a little. And suddenly Jacob is lifting her, carrying her in his arms like she used to carry Dallen to bed. "Point the way," he says, and she gives the address, then lets her head lie against his chest. She feels herself bounce with his jogger's steps, and then she seems to be floating, drifting into a dream. A bald eagle has her in its talons, but she has no fear of being dropped. The eagle loves her.

When Jacob sets her down, she realizes she has been asleep, and that they're in front of her house. She calls softly, "Ross?" she does not have her keys, and the houselights are off, though she sees the garden lights in the back yard. She is woozy as she walks there.

"So what do we do if he's out back?" she says to Jacob behind her. "Should I put a bow around your neck and say to Ross 'Well, Happy Anniversary?'"

Ross is there, in the unfinished greenhouse. He's standing inside the glass, a jar of putty in his hands. The kerosene lantern is on the dirt floor, and lights up his face from below. His face looks very intent, and old, and lost. He's wearing the same white shirt he had on when she left him, though it's streaked with mud and putty now. The silver hairs shine in his brows and on his head, and she loves him achingly. She remembers the warm stream of his tears oozing between her breasts after Dallen's third arrest, when she said, "If God's giving us this trial, He must know we can handle it," and Ross broke down, groaning, "But I can't! I can't! Not this close!"

She says to Jacob, "That's my husband," and moves towards the greenhouse. "Ross," she calls. Ross.

When he sees her, his mouth drops slowly to a grimace of pain and relief. He stands still as she approaches, and they gaze at each other with the glass between. Neither speaks. She can see herself as a ghostly reflection, with Ross—more solid and more unsure—just behind her, their two forms half-merged. Her reflection and his body face her. Both have lifted a hand slightly, either as a half-wave, or an instinctive move to touch. She mouths "I'm sorry" and he closes his eyes like the words hurt him, then climbs up the ladder and leaps from the glass to the earth beside her.

"How could you do that to me?" he whispers.

"I did come back," she says, and lets her other hand rise in uncertain invitation. Ross moans and throws his arms around her, his embrace so hard and desperate it hurts her ribs. "How could you kill me like that?" he breathes into her hair. "Do you know what I've gone through? Do you—"

"Ross," she says, and moves her arms around his familiar waist. "We'll talk. We'll talk."

Jacob is watching. His face seems somehow lit from inside, his clothes less ragged than they had been. He makes a simple, graceful gesture with his arms, upward and out. Martha imagines he'll unfurl wings now, and soar. 



MAVERICKS AND SAINTS

Maps can't show how those well-intentioned entrepreneurs wanted to tear down the old fire house and build an Exxon station,

or how Oscar Capps and his Kingman Kid Band captured the heart of the nation at the 1908 Democratic National Convention.

Few would believe these far corners and back stairs could hide anything but sleeping spiders and peeling paint,

but those that blow the dust off the pictures at the local museum know about the fire that killed the mules,

and Mary Beth Lease who told our clod-kickers to raise more hell and less corn.

You didn't have to be born here to know who drove a tractor in town because the police had taken his drivers license for drunken driving, or why the printer for the local paper dined alone at Jinx's Cafe, singing gospel hymns to himself.

You had to move fast to catch Pete O'Leary who sold the combines to farmers, took the next bus west, saying it's been a wet year on the Canadian River and it may take awhile for delivery.

In a town still trying hard to decide what it wants to be, where clocks don't work and one traffic light goes nowhere, our heroes came and went like spilled marbles.

Few recall Shep Renschley, the city Marshall, crippled in one leg, and his cane loaded with iron that could knock a man down at twenty paces;

John Hines, survivor of Gettysburg, strong as green silage in a hot silo, who always wore the same shirt.

Some still warm car fenders on Saturday night, like "Slats" Driscoll, famous for his stutter, who says if you squint your eyes and listen hard enough, some frosty night you'll see ghosts watching geese fly south over the Ninnescah.

—JACK RICKARD

*I believe letting group exclusivity go to the point of siege mentality
was a mistake then and is now. We need to ask: Unity with whom?
Unity against what? Why? How?*

GETTING UP A HISTORY OF MONROE: THE LONG SHADOW OF THE UNITED ORDER

Karl C. Sandberg

MONROE, "THE LITTLE GREEN VALLEY," IS today a town of about 1700 people, ten miles south of Richfield in Sevier County, Utah. It sits quietly against the east mountains, five miles off the main highway. A creek running down the canyon supplies water for the town, and the canyon sends down cooling breezes every evening during the summer months. The population has turned over several times since the town was established, with families moving in or out, but there is still a core of fourth and fifth generation citizens. It is an ordinary town, but its story is an interesting one, a story of building and rebuilding within Mormonism, a story of the interplay of the forces of unity and division in the forming of a community.

FIGURING THINGS OUT
The Cultural Archaeology of a Town

THE history of Monroe began in the cold of a gray and windy day toward the end of March 1941, when I moved there at the age of ten. Why did I move to Monroe? Well, I wanted to be near my family, and they were moving there to get a second start on a farm after having been dispossessed during the Great Depression. The town was first settled in 1865, then temporarily abandoned due to Indian wars in 1867, and then resettled permanently in 1871, so the

stuff of history was already there—the people, the events, the place. But the act of *doing* history is always personal and happens only when we ask questions of the past to understand where we are in the present, and thus, for me, the history of Monroe began in March 1941.

An initial geographical survey, with the aid of local informants, apprised me of the fact that I now lived in Monkey Town, the area south of Monroe proper. The area northwest of the town was called Gravel Bed, obvious because of the gravel streaks running through most of the farms, and the area just north of town was Frog Town, because of the adjacent river bottoms. But Monkey Town? The answer came only later, with the aid of historical burrowing.

My first project, however, was to do a synchronic anthropological analysis of the town, which yielded the observation that Monroe was divided into two cultures, the Church culture and the Pool Hall culture. The Church culture met in the cream brick and stone building of the South Ward built around the turn of the century, large enough for stake conference, or in the dark brick double building of the North Ward, where movies were shown on Friday and Saturday nights. It was here that we went on Sunday mornings, wearing our best clothes over a freshly washed skin, to rest from our labors, hear the words and sing the hymns, and occasionally commune with the Spirit. The pool hall on Main Street, or on Sunday morning its adjuncts in the cool of some well-appointed potato pit or horse shed, served as the gathering place for other men to rest from their labors, talk about the government, and occasionally commune with the spirits. I moved in both cultures, attending the meetings at church and working for those of the pool hall mileau, men who kept their word, worked hard, built their haystacks square, and even practiced the theological virtue of

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voting Republican.

Further refinement of my methodology, which consisted of continuing to keep my eyes open, led me to notice over time that there was a third division of the population that did not fit in either category, people who did not attend the services held in any of those edifices. They were among the civic-minded citizens who belonged to the Lions Club (for the men) or the Literose Club (for the women). They were educators or merchants, or were prominent in city, county, or state politics. They were among those that gave the town its flavor and balanced tone, for even though about 96 percent of the citizenry were nominally Mormon, the Church Militant, or more correctly the Church Active, was in a distinct minority. Therefore, the Church did not dominate the town, but rather moved as it could by persuasion, one element among several others in a pluralistic society.

As I grew more familiar with the town, I came to realize that many people of the third group were somehow connected to the family of one of the first settlers, a Welsh immigrant by the name of Walter Jones. And thereby hangs a tale, for which we have to go back to an event that by my time had been lost from the lore of the town, that is, the establishment and disestablishment of the United Order in Monroe from 1874 to 1876—in my growing up years in Monroe, I heard a fair amount of gossip that had stayed fresh for forty years but heard nothing about the United Order.

Now to get the whole picture of communitarianism in nineteenth-century Mormonism you should read *Building the City of God* by Arrington, Fox, and May.¹ The study of United Order at Monroe, which was only one of the some 222 orders that were established at about the same time,² will not add anything new or significant to the general picture that has already been so ably drawn. Nevertheless, when I returned to the town two summers ago for a high school class reunion and happened upon a copy of the minutes of the United Order in Monroe,³ it started to appear that the Order had cast a long shadow upon the town and raised some questions which are today just as fresh as the gossip that had made the town interesting.

THE MIND THAT MOVED A THOUSAND HANDS

The continuance of the Kingdom depended on remaining separate from the Gentile culture.

ALTHOUGH the United Order of Monroe was influenced by economic forces generated elsewhere in the world and was formed by the several cultures of the immigrants who gathered there, the moving power behind it was the vision of Brigham Young. It was not a vision opened up by heavenly messengers but rather one which grew out of his life's experiences, reaching back to his earliest years and growing by increments. Living in the most meager circumstances in his childhood, he knew what it was to be poor and what it took to become self-sufficient. In an artisan culture where most of the tasks of life could be performed by each individual, he learned what was involved in building, whether it

be a piece of furniture, a house, a barn, or a community. Moreover, during his missionary years in England, he had lived and preached among the working class of the newly industrialized cities of England, the same ones whose grinding poverty and ruthless exploitation Friedrich Engels saw and described in *The Condition of the Working Class in England*. Whereas in 1844 Engels turned to the vision of a socialist state in conjunction with Karl Marx in the *Communist Manifesto*, Brigham Young started to organize emigration facilities to gather the willing Latter-day Saints out of England and Europe to join the Nauvoo Mormons, in whom the idea of the Kingdom of God on earth was running ever deeper. In a new land with all previous authorities and bonds passed away, all things were possible, perhaps even the kind of community seen temporarily in the Primitive Church, where "the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul: neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things in common" (Acts 4:32). It was, in fact, this kind of communal order that had been in Joseph Smith's mind nearly from the beginning and that Brigham felt an obligation to establish.⁴

All things were possible, but, as it turned out, not right away. Some things required persistence, and a little more. When the attempt to set up a system of consecration of property to the Church failed in the 1850s,⁵ Brigham Young pursued self-sufficiency through establishing the largely successful cooperative movement of the 1860s, including a co-op store in every ward in the territory which would enable the members of the co-op to buy collectively and receive dividends of the profit.⁶

But there was more to Brigham Young's vision of the United Order than a self-sufficient community united within itself for mutual help. It was also intended as a means of protection against enemies. Brigham had gone through the searing experience of expulsion from Missouri and Nauvoo under the threat of extermination, which honed in him a sense of the need of absolute unity and loyalty in facing foes from within and without. And what appeared indispensable to him in the late 1860s was unity against the Gentile incursion—the coming of the railroad meant the end of the geographic isolation of the past twenty years, an event big with peril for the establishing of the temporal Kingdom of God. In fact, in his mind, the continuance of the Kingdom depended on remaining separate from the larger Gentile culture by becoming self-sufficient. Missouri and Nauvoo had set the course for the remainder of his life in Utah and often created a garrison mentality in him and those around him.

We can understand something of the mind set of Brigham Young and his entourage by examining their reaction to the Godbeite movement of the late 1860s and 70s. It will be remembered that this "heresy" consisted principally of differing views on economic policies and freedom of individual expression, as expressed in articles in the newly founded *Utah Magazine*. Said George A. Smith, first counselor to Brigham Young:

Now brethren, . . . we know that all the world are



Monroe South Ward chapel



Pool hall building, now a pharmacy

Monroe was divided into two cultures, the Church culture and the Pool Hall culture. A third division did not fit in either category, although many were connected to the first settlers. And thereby hangs the town's tale of the United Order.

against us. We know that every court, sect, and denomination, and all political organizations are for our destruction. . . . And here rises up some men to unite with the world in getting up a division. . . . [In Kirtland] numbers of Elders, embracing the highest order of the Priesthood, took the ground that they had a right to question [Joseph's] right to dictate the church in temporal things. They acknowledged that Joseph was a prophet, but they said he had gone into darkness and fallen. . . . The same tune is heard over again. "Oh, I have such confidence in Bro. Brigham! Such confidence in these brethren. Such confidence, kindness, and good feeling. I only want to cut their throats! . . . Latter-day Saints do not fellowship a man who draws the sword to destroy them; do not fellowship a man who invites all hell to come here and cut our throats. . . . I think there is a studied scheme to destroy this Church and break it up; and if ever there were a strong evidence of apostasy it is in that protest [i.e. the articles in the *Utah Magazine*]."⁷

This notion of the unified Saints as a phalanx against a world of enemies intent on the destruction of Mormonism was far from the totality of Brigham's vision of the world or of the United Order, but it was a real part. The United Order was a system that from one perspective may be regarded as [Young's] supreme effort to checking disintegrating forces developing within and without the Church, forces that threatened the economic and political independence of the Mormon people.⁸

Consequently, encouraged by the success of the cooperative movement in Brigham City in withstanding the Panic of '73, Brigham Young made the decision during the winter of 1873-74 to go one step further and establish the United Order of Enoch throughout the communities of southern Utah.⁹

THE GRAMMAR OF THE UNITED ORDER

Property—mine, thine, ours, or its?

AND so on 26 April 1874, Joseph A. Young, eldest son of Brigham Young and presiding elder over the settlements in Sevier County, effected the organization of a United Order in Monroe. The members, who had been cast together from different cultures and several different language backgrounds,¹⁰ were baptized into the Order, probably using the formula that had been used at St. George:

Having been commissioned of Jesus Christ, I baptize you for the remission of your sins, for the renewal of your covenants with God and your brethren, and for the observance of the rules of the holy United Order, which have been read in your hearing, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.¹¹

The Order in Monroe, using the model and constitution of the St. George Order, did not stipulate having every kind of property in common and taking all meals in common. Rather, each family had its own garden, and on coming into the Order, a member would transfer control of his productive property (not his total property) to the board. In turn, he would receive the value in capital stock and agree to be directed by the central authority, consisting of a president and a board of directors, who would determine policy and assign work responsibility. Some laborers would be assigned to specific specialized tasks, such as tailoring, shoemaking, or blacksmithing, and nominal wages would be agreed upon to be entered as credits on the books of the Order and against which members would be able to draw in the future. Appraisers were to be appointed to set the value of property coming into the Order or going out. Members could not go outside of the Order to work except by direct permission of the board. Superintendents selected by the directors or by the laborers in each class would direct the work of the respective trades and the operation of

farms and stores. Members of the Order and their families could draw upon the products of the Order for their sustenance. Furthermore, any member could accumulate increased capital stock in the Order by contributing more than he withdrew.¹² The St. George model stated that a member withdrawing after five years could take out one-half of the capital credited to his name, with the balance to remain within the Order, both as a penalty against withdrawal and as a return to the combined labors of the remaining members.¹³ In the Monroe group, the time commitment was extended to twenty-five years.¹⁴

During the first summer four foremen were appointed, each in charge of a twenty-acre field. The members of the Order sowed wheat and oats, looked for land for sugar cane, undertook to build corrals, opened up new land, and started to make plans for a store and a school. When the chance came to do work for the railroad, the Order sent eleven men and teams, the payment to be received by the Order and the men to be credited for their time. The same kind of arrangement was made in connection with the contract for carrying the mail. Thus, the Order enhanced its cash flow for necessary purchases.

In September of 1874, the first withdrawals from the Order began—Jeppa Nielsen had thought it over and decided he did not want to be bound for twenty-five years.¹⁵ Over the next year some 200 acres would be taken out of the Order, but that much would be put in from other sources. At its peak, after one year, the Order consisted of 268 members, including children.¹⁶

When the minutes of the Order end in October 1876, the Order has met with difficulties, but is still planning for the future, and at first glance seems to be prospering. They have just put up a sawmill, although the water has dropped so much that they cannot saw anything until next spring. They are planning to put up a grist mill and finish the shingle-making machine, and they are investigating the possibility of getting their own tannery.¹⁷ In the public meetings there are still people who bear strong testimony of the Order and consider it part of the gospel.

At the same time, we can sense forces moving that foredoom the Order to a short existence. A sharp division is apparent in the community. On the one hand, there are many harsh tales circulating about the board of directors. On the other, rations are being stopped on those who go off to work on their own account without the permission of the board, or on those who are feeding "enemies of the Order." In the last entry in the minutes, the stake president visiting from Richfield speaks darkly of the forces "preponderating against the United Order."¹⁸ Then the Minutes stop, and we must assume that the Monroe Order broke up shortly thereafter. By the time Brigham Young died in 1877, only a small handful of the 222 Orders organized in April–May 1874 were still functioning. Soon after his death, his economic policies, including the ones contested by the Godbeites, were discontinued or substantially changed.

WHAT WENT WRONG?

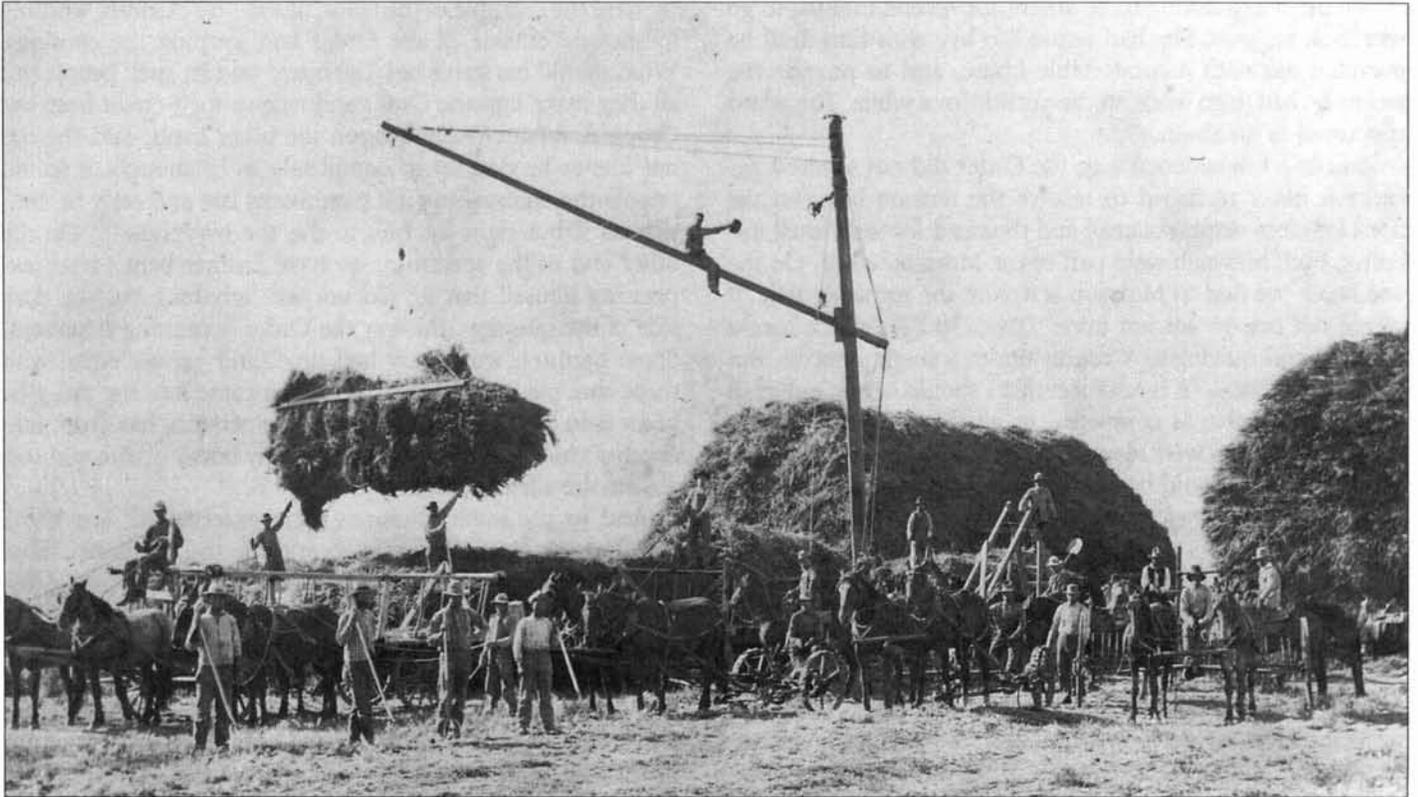
Inner contradictions, human nature, and shortfall in meeting people's needs undermined the Order.

WHAT caused the United Order to fail? Is it the case, as many say, that "the people were not ready to live the higher law?"

It is true that the Minutes give occasional examples, large and small, of selfishness in the Order. One brother felt that other families had gotten more than his had.¹⁹ On another occasion, the Order had come into possession of some Navaho blankets, and one brother was nursing hard feelings because he was dissatisfied with the blanket he got.²⁰ And the term "needs" turned out to be elastic. One family could be going without and sacrificing for the common good, while another could require "a great many things for the comfort of his family that the Order has not supplied him with."²¹ Nonetheless, the level of devotion and sacrifice on the part of a significant portion of the members remained quite high right up to the end, if judged by their recorded testimonies. Perhaps the firmly committed were not numerous enough to form a critical mass, but I believe that the more important reasons for failure lie elsewhere.

The world is plural, and unity is something that has to be cultivated anew with every group. From the beginning, the new town was marked by large divisions, and what unity existed was still fragile. There was, for example, an unexpectedly large cultural distance between Brigham Young and the immigrants from England, Wales, and Scandinavia who settled Sanpete and Sevier Counties in the 1860s, bringing their own cultural baggage. (When the United Order was established in Richfield, ten miles north, the talks and organizational business had to be translated into Danish to accommodate about half the population.²²) These settlers had not known Missouri and Nauvoo; they had not known Joseph; they had not been bonded by making the trek together across the plains or by the life-and-death struggles and sufferings in Southern Utah, as had the founding group at Orderville. They shared a common conviction of Mormonism as Zion, or as the beginning of the Kingdom of God, but they did not share all the presuppositions of Brigham Young and other Church leaders, especially the urgency of defending themselves against foes by remaining separate; they were not moved strongly, if at all, by the siege mentality. Consequently, a substantial number allowed themselves to think independently about the advisability of entering into the United Order—only about two-thirds of the people in the region actually joined.²³

Such was the case of Moses Gifford and Michael Johnson, both of them among the original settlers of Monroe in 1871, and both evidently adventurous intellectually, since both were readers of Charles Darwin and his views on human evolution. Gifford was made bishop, or presiding elder, of the resettled community in 1872, with Johnson as his clerk. In 1873 these two were co-organizers of the Monroe mercantile co-op, which had seventy-one subscribers. They also initiated the digging of a large canal to bring river water from the Sevier river to the



A Mormon Pioneer haying

*If the United Order is a principle, it might be stated simply in terms like these:
 "We are not in this thing alone. We need to learn how to work together and
 to help each other out."*

fields around Monroe. They were, in sum, de facto leaders of the community. It was natural, then, that when Joseph A. Young proposed the establishment of a United Order in Monroe, he asked Gifford to be the president of it. But Gifford was of another mind—he "could not see the Order." He was then immediately released as bishop, and a relative newcomer, James T. Lisonbee, was appointed president of the Order and acting bishop.²⁴

Lisonbee was of yet another culture. He was a Southerner from Alabama. Zealous for his new faith, he functioned well under the authoritarian aura of Brother Brigham, better than did many of his fractious flock. He developed a loyal following among some, but his authoritarian ways did little to bring along the others. He did not seem to recognize the creative potential of the fluid situation he was placed in. He governed mostly by fiat, ran afoul of the board of directors, held few if any general public meetings, and was replaced after about a year.²⁵ The kind of unity required for success in the Order could not be imposed from above. It had to be cultivated from below, and cultivation was not his strong suit.

And then the United Order in Monroe ran into the same problem as any other utopian community: the immense difficulty, or perhaps impossibility, of finding a group that can start

with a clean slate. Even here on the frontier with new land and open country the people could not get beyond the hold of their previous conditions. In addition to their cultural differences, there was the immediate and visible factor of debt incurred nationwide during the Panic of 1873. The settlers of Monroe were no exception. From the beginning of the Order, the most frequent items of business that the board had to deal with were requests from members to be released for periods of several months so that they could work elsewhere and "square off their debts." In many cases they asked to take out the productive capital they had put in (wagons, teams, oxen, harnesses, ox chains). Moreover, some of these debts, such as those to the Church Perpetual Immigration Fund, had a high priority because of religious convictions. Since the Order, according to bylaw, would not accept responsibility for the debts of those coming in, the board could make no fuss about releasing the members, but then they were not available for the labor necessary to get the Order going. One of the results was that a number of people were half in and half out, with their families drawing rations while they themselves were off working elsewhere.

Occasionally problems arose that neither the board nor Brother Brigham had anticipated. A certain brother appeared

before the board asking to be absent for several months to go win back his wife. She had refused to live with him until he provided her with a comfortable house, and to provide the means he had to go work on the outside for a while. The board concurred to his absence.²⁶

And in a fundamental way, the Order did not succeed because it never managed to resolve the tension between the need for close central control and the need for individual initiative, both of which were part of the Mormon ethos. On the one hand, we find in Mormon scripture the principle that "If ye are not one ye are not mine" (D&C 38:27), which meant working and moving as a cohort under a single director. But on the other hand, "it is not meet that I should command in all things; for he that is compelled in all things, the same is a slothful and not a wise servant; wherefore he receiveth no reward. . . . men should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and do many things of their own free will. . . ." (D&C 58:26–28).

To be efficient, the United Order had to have the members' time at its disposal when the work needed to be done, and one of the conditions people accepted in coming into the Order was that they would work at the direction of the board. If hay needed to be cut and member A had left for a week and member B was off working for himself, the hay didn't get cut. As a matter of fact, the Order put in seventeen acres of potatoes the first summer, which failed because the potatoes did not get planted on time. Why? Because too many people were busy getting in their own gardens.²⁷

In addition, if people were to be totally responsive to the Order, the Order had to be completely adequate for the needs of all, which was not the case in the Monroe Order. In fact, it does not appear that this or any of the other orders organized at this period ever reached the economic "take off point" where they started to generate enough capital from within to sustain future growth. Hence, we find the example of the blacksmith taking jobs from people outside and keeping the payment for himself, justifying himself on the grounds that the Order could not yet take care of his needs.²⁸

But it begins to appear that the collectivist principle was in itself flawed. In the first place, it did nothing to correct the more sluggish aspects of human nature, or so it would seem, as some members tended to become passively obedient. Even when they did everything they were told, they did only what they were told. When people had to be "commanded in all things," they had to be told in every instance what to do. The result? They invested less of themselves and became less punctual in performing their work and more careless about taking care of tools.²⁹ Since the Order appeared to be in charge of everything, they began to expect the Order to take care of them. It appears shocking to find that the rations of a widow were stopped until we learn that she was drawing rations to feed four grown sons who were not members of the Order. Or some people would draw more grain than they needed and then sell it for their own profit.³⁰

The tug between individual initiative and the needs of the collectivity were felt all during the existence of the Order. Here

we have the example of the tailor, like the blacksmith, working for people outside of the Order and keeping the earnings. What should his status be? The board said let such people put all they make into the Order and receive their credit from the Order. Abraham Washburn, on the other hand, said "he did not like to be tied up so completely as he thought it would cripple the enterprising if a man works late and early he considered it but right for him to use the overpluss."³¹ On the other end of the spectrum, we have Brother Bent Larsen expressing himself that he did not see "anything but the dark side of the question, the way the Order is running at present. Some brethren work only half time, and yet get equal with those that put in full time." When he came into the order he knew it to be a revelation, but now experience has given him another view: "I cannot see wherein any board of directors can govern the affairs of others."³²

And so the initial divisions were exacerbated, and those withdrawing from the Order soon came to outnumber those who were joining. What's more, there were divisions on the board. Fifteen months into the effort, the minutes record "A warm dispute entered into by the Pres. and a few members of the board as to the best way of supplying the wants of some of the members of the Order with Butter, Milk, etc."³³ The next week, four members of the board withdrew both from the board and from the Order. Said one of them, "I joined the Gospel for peace, and to stop this chafing and galling, I deem it my duty to withdraw. . . ."³⁴

Some six months later, at a general meeting of the Order's stockholders, "A Turbulent Spirit was strongly manifested by many withdrawing from the Order and urgently demanding an Immediate Settlement." The meeting had to be adjourned, with the board agreeing to meet that night with a delegation of three. Tempers were high at the evening meeting. How much would the board allow on payment of labor credits and capital stock credits? In the casting up of accounts, the debits overbalanced the credits. There had been crop failures in potatoes, cane, and corn. People had therefore been credited for labor that had produced nothing. The withdrawing members were obliged to agree to sustain their share of the losses and of the time spent on civic improvements.³⁵

In the midst of this growing element of dissatisfaction was its counterpart of faith and affirmation, testimony that the United Order is "part of the Gospel."³⁶ Said another, "I see no way of gaining that exaltation that we expect but by living according to the revelations of the Almighty."³⁷ Living the United Order is of the same nature as living baptism or the laying on of hands.³⁸ This people has to join the Order or lose their exaltation. God will despise us if we don't carry out our responsibility to the Order.³⁹ In reading the minutes, one has the impression that the strong were getting stronger and the disaffected more disaffected. Discontent and division were lurking in the background. The center was disappearing.

What happened to Moses Gifford and Michael Johnson in all of this? They became part of the disaffected portion of the town and dropped out of prominent community positions, but their ideas, and especially their discussions of Darwin,

stuck in the craw of others. When they both took up land south of town, someone by the name of McCarty wrote a batch of satirical verses about the descendants of monkeys living out there in Monkey Town, and the name attached itself to the region, making it a monument to the Culture Wars of the 1870s, a tombstone of the original divisions in the town.⁴⁰

THE LONG SHADOW

*Attempts to force unity fracture it instead, but
gentler ways work in the longer run.*

IT would almost seem that the more single-mindedly people cast themselves upon any one practice or principle as the very will of God, the more they incur the results of the Law of Unintended Consequences. The intent of the United Order was to create unity within Zion. One of its effects was to create divisions within this particular Mormon community at the outset. The foes became not the "world" bent on the destruction of Mormonism, but other members of the Mormon group who were of a different persuasion. Membership in the Order was not incumbent on all members of the Church, but when the bishop was also the president of the United Order, departure from the Order was also often accompanied by withdrawal from the Church. If someone withdrew from the Order, it is reasonable to assume that this departure had been preceded by substantial discontent and that this discontent had been voiced. The attempt and failure to establish a totally homogenous order of things at the very beginning of the town exacerbated the normal divisions, to the point that the Enochites (members of the Order) would hold their dances in one building and the outsiders in another.⁴¹ The tighter the control and the greater the unity inside the Order, the greater the alienation of those outside the Order.

Here the case of Walter Jones becomes pertinent. His family had been coal miners in Wales, Walter himself starting in the pits at the age of eight. In 1856 Walter, his brothers, and his parents converted to Mormonism and emigrated to America, first to Illinois where they recouped the family fortunes by working in the coal mines there, and later establishing themselves as farmers. In 1861 Walter and his wife Katherine emigrated to Utah and in 1865 were among the first company to settle Monroe, or Alma, as it was first called.⁴² Walter became first counselor in the bishopric to Moses Gifford when the first ward was organized in 1872, and in 1873 he was trained by Michael Johnson in the procedures of store keeping and merchandising in order to become the clerk of the Co-op store.⁴³

Walter Jones, like Gifford and Johnson, was a man of independent spirit. During the Indian troubles, for example, he was part of a militia taking a load of grain to Manti to be ground into flour. Walter had had a gun accident with his foot which had not healed, but one morning after being en route for a couple of hours, he noticed that he had left his revolver at the campsite. When he expressed his intention to ride back and get it, the commander said he should not go, because it was not safe, Walter persisted, and the commander said he would court martial him if he went back. "Then court martial

and be damned," said Walter. "I'm going after my gun." In spite of his injury, he rode back and retrieved his weapon, and then rejoined the company.⁴⁴

Walter's name is not mentioned in the minutes of the United Order during the thirty months of its existence. What is known through family tradition is that during this time Walter became estranged from the Church over the United Order. The exact cause has not been written down, but it reportedly involved a confrontation with Joseph A. Young, who told Walter one thing in private about the arrangements of the Order and something else in public to the membership.⁴⁵ This event, whatever it was, would most likely have occurred at the beginning of the United Order when Moses Gifford was released as bishop, and hence Jones as counselor. Since the co-op store of which Walter was clerk and manager continued to function during the whole period of the United Order, he undoubtedly aligned with Gifford and Johnson. We can see signs of a growing estrangement in the community when the Order moved to set up its own store because "stores out of the order have no interest in us only to get what means we have."⁴⁶ In any event, Walter left the Church and took his family with him. Most of his children remained in Monroe, marrying and raising their own families there, outside the pale of the Church.

His son Lewis Jones was likewise a strong personality and community leader, serving variously on the town council, as county commissioner, and as president of the school board. But his most significant leadership was in the economic development of the area. He was the president of the South Bend Canal Company, without which there would have been no water brought from the Otter Creek Reservoir and consequently no further economic development of the town.⁴⁷ The spirit of cooperation and community did not die with the United Order, but took a new form in a pluralistic milieu. Where previously it was the United Order that had called men out with their teams and scrapers for civic improvements, it was now the Canal Company. The result in civic improvement was the same. Was the community better or worse off for not all being of one mind and stripe? It is a live question.

The story does not end there. All of Lewis Jones's children grew up outside of the Church, yet those who stayed in Monroe (all of them prominent civic figures) came into the Church as mature adults, serving in bishoprics, stake presidencies, and as temple workers. The unity that had eluded the Church in its grasp for total conformity in the 1870s was achieved three generations later by persuasion and choice, which calls for another example of the pursuit of unity in Monroe.

While I was away on a mission to France from 1950 to 1953, Apostle Matthew Cowley was the visiting authority for a stake conference in Monroe. His instructions to the stake president were for the Saturday night session to consist of a banquet for the senior aaronics, to be served by the high priests. He made it clear that he wanted every drinking man in the stake there as his personal guest. The banquet was held in the high school gym, and the hall was packed. I don't know what

he said, or how much to attribute to his visit, but when I got back to Monroe, the pool hall was gone, and a new elders quorum presidency was being installed. The new president's first words were, "I don't want any of you men ever to forget that the quorum presidency has drunk enough to drown the whole quorum." The Gospel of Regeneration had written a new chapter in the continuing story of unity and community.

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS

The failure of the United Order has lessons for today's struggle against "the world."

WE can draw several observations from the attempt to establish the United Order. The movement was seen by its participants as a step toward the establishment of the temporal and sovereign Kingdom of God. What is apparent now, however, is that the current was moving in another direction. The nation had just fought a great civil war over the question of a possible sovereignty for any of its constituent parts, and the question had been settled in the negative. The United Order's failure to take root was one more step toward that point sometime in the future when one could look back and see that within this twenty-five year period, from the 1870s until the turn of the century, the Church had lost its economic system, its marriage system, its political system, and its judicial system.⁴⁸ It was the beginning of that transition and amalgamation into the national economic system that Brother Brigham had abhorred. Perhaps in the final analysis, the aspect of the United Order that caused it to fail was that it was a reach toward sovereignty, and the sovereignty of God is not of this world.

Some theological questions are likewise raised by the experience of the United Order. Is salvation individual or collective? On the one hand, the Puritan experience of the soul in its peril rescued by the inflooding of God's grace was the most prominent part of early Mormonism. It was Joseph Smith's own original experience, according to his 1832 account of his first vision,⁴⁹ and is strongly paralleled in such texts as Alma 36 in the Book of Mormon.

The United Order, on the other hand, was a covenant group—people entered into it by baptism, by which they made covenants as solemn and binding as the covenants for the remission of sins, which were repeated during the baptism into the Order. Those who cast their lot with the Order did so for the most part because they were convinced that until they were one, they were not fit subjects for the celestial kingdom. It would seem to follow, then, that salvation was not something to be attained by the individual, but rather by the individual's relationship to the group.

The same question reasserts itself today, as we see what seems to be increasing emphasis on the importance of being a "covenant people," that is, a "temple-attending people," bound together by the covenants made in the temple. But how covenant and community work on the soul to bring it to salvation will, I believe, continue to provide the matter for much talk.

When I reflect on the wildness and near anarchy of the nineteenth-century West, I am all the more appreciative of the islands of organization and stability created by the Mormons. Better too much organization than none at all. Nonetheless, I believe that letting group exclusivity go to the point of a siege mentality was a mistake. It was harmful then and is harmful now, when it takes the form of seeing everything in terms of "us" versus "the world." The world, it is true, is full of things, deeds, and attitudes that are ugly, false, destructive, and evil. It is also full of things, deeds, and attitudes that are beautiful, true, lovely, and praiseworthy. To renounce the latter in order to avoid the former is to maim our religion.

It is understandable that Mormons of that time had a lively sense of "enemies," since they had suffered much at the hands of others. At the same time, it is worth meditating on how far that mind set is from the rabbi of Nazareth, who began his ministry with the decision that he would not have enemies.

We read the past to get answers about the present, and we seek the answers about the present in order to get better questions for the future. Out of these probings into the history of Monroe, some fruitful questions might be asked about unity: Unity with whom? Unity against what? Why? How?

At the next-to-the-last meeting of the board of the Monroe Order, the visiting stake president said that "the Order is a principal [sic] and not [a] means, that it would exist as much with five dollars as five hundred dollars."⁵⁰ This notion must have seemed disconcerting to those who believed that every aspect and procedure of the Order had been directly revealed, so much so that if any change were made it would have to be agreeable to God and Brigham Young. The question is nonetheless pertinent today. If the United Order is essentially a form of economic organization, then it is gone and will not come back until the internal contradictions of the plan are resolved, the grasping and greedy part of human nature is purged out, and the Church disentangles itself from the economic system upon which it currently depends for its existence. If, on the other hand, the United Order is a principle, it might be stated simply in terms like these: "We are not in this thing alone. We need to learn how to work together and to help each other out." In that case, far from disappearing, the spirit of the United Order still feeds the core experience of being Mormon and can find expression in an indefinitely large number of situations.

THE HEART OF THE MATTER

Mormonism calls us to better, interconnected lives.

IN early September 1957, I found myself driving through the middle of Wyoming on U.S. 30, my wife and two small children asleep, and all of our goods and chattels in a U-Haul trailer. We were heading for Madison, Wisconsin, and graduate school. The thought occurred to me, "What am I doing here?" Our assigned apartment in student housing was not yet completed, and our only contact point in Madison was the phone number of the branch president, which we dialed as we approached the outskirts of the city. The branch president's

wife answered the phone. Her husband was out of town, and she had just had a new baby a few days before, so she couldn't come downstairs, but if we would come to their address, she would talk to us from the balcony, which we did, and she did. "Go to the corner of such-and-such streets," she said, "and there you will be met by a man in a green Buick." And we did, and we were. Before they went back to Idaho on vacation, Dean and Joy Wilding had left the key to their two-bedroom apartment with the branch president in case any new people might need a temporary place to stay. We were taken to their apartment, where there was already a couple that we had never met before, Malcom and Pat Asplund and their small child. It was comforting at that time to know how these things worked, so we moved in and organized ourselves into a United Order. 

NOTES

1. Leonard Arrington, Feramorz Y. Fox, and Dean L. May, *Building the City of God, Community and Cooperation Among the Mormons*, 2nd ed. (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1992) (first published by Deseret Book in 1976). An account of the Cooperative Movement and the United Order of Enoch is also found in Leonard Arrington, *Great Basin Kingdom: Economic History of the Latter-day Saints 1830-1900* (Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska Press, 1958), 293-349.
2. Arrington, et al., *Building the City of God*, 414-419.
3. I am indebted to Neal Mortensen of Central, Sevier County, Utah, for this copy.
4. Arrington, et al., *Building the City of God*, 1-40.
5. Arrington et al., *Building the City of God*, 63-78. One of the causes of failure was the fact that, under existing federal land laws, people did not yet hold title to the land they were occupying and therefore could not consecrate it to the Church, 77.
6. Arrington, et al., *Building the City of God*, 90, 101. See also Karl Andrew Larsen, *I was Called to Dixie* (St. George, UT: Dixie College Foundation, 1961), 254, 290-91.
7. Leonard Arrington, *Brigham Young, American Moses* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1986), 8-19, 358-59.
8. Arrington et al., *Building the City of God*, 136.
9. Arrington et al., *Building the City of God*, 135-154.
10. There were speakers of English, Welsh, Danish, and probably some Swedish, German, and Norwegian.
11. Arrington, *American Moses*, 380.
12. Arrington, *American Moses*, 379-380.
13. Arrington, et al., *Building the City of God*, 147.
14. "A Minute Book of the United Order Monroe, 1874-1876," 189 pp., 149.
15. Minutes, 11-12, 23, Sept. 1874.
16. Minutes, 31, 19 Feb. 1875.
17. Minutes, 176, 177, 27 Aug. 1876.
18. Minutes, 188, 30 Sept. 1876.
19. Minutes, 106, 31 Jan. 1876.
20. Minutes, 105, 31 Jan. 1876.
21. Minutes, 86, 6 Dec. 1875.
22. Arrington, et al., *Building the City of God*, 179.
23. Ronald O. Barney, "The Life and Times of Lewis Barney," unpublished M.A. thesis, Utah State University, 1978, 89.
24. Barney, 89.
25. Garth Jones, "An Exile in the Covenant: The Missionary Tale of James Thompson Lisonbee Based on His Diary May 1876 to November 1877," unpublished paper, draft in my possession.
26. Minutes, 86, 22 Nov. 1875.
27. Minutes, 17, 11 Nov. 1874.
28. Minutes, 116, 5 May 1876.
29. Minutes, 127, 10 Mar. 1876.
30. Minutes, 53, 4 May 1875.
31. Minutes, 23, 27 Nov. 1874.
32. Minutes, 55-56, 19 May 1875.
33. Minutes, 62, 2 June 1875.
34. Minutes, 66, 7 June 1875.
35. Minutes, 99, 17 Jan. 1876.
36. Minutes, 112, 10 Feb. 1876.
37. Minutes, 121, 2 Mar. 1876.
38. Minutes, 157, 1 June 1876.
39. Minutes, 160, 1 June 1876.
40. Barney, 92. These incidents are also described in an unpublished family history by Clifford Jones, "A History of Monkey Town," n.d.; copy in my possession. Jones is a grandson of Walter Jones.
41. Barney, 94.
42. Clara Jones, *Lewis Jones the Builder* (Provo, UT: Fawcette Publications, 1959), 3-12.
43. Jones, *Lewis Jones*, 14.
44. Jones, *Lewis Jones*, 12.
45. Interview with Neal Jones, age 77, 24 July 1994. Neal is a grandson of Walter Jones.
46. Minutes, 132, in a general meeting 17 March 1876.
47. Jones, *Lewis Jones*, 18-19.
48. These points are discussed in detail by Claude Burtenshaw in "Utah Statehood: The Demise of the Mormon Political Kingdom of God," paper given at the 1996 Sunstone Symposium Salt Lake City, August 17 (tape #SL96-331).
49. Scott H. Faulring, ed., *An American Prophet's Record, the Diaries and Journals of Joseph Smith* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1987), 1-6.
50. Minutes, 188-89, 30 Sept. 1876.



AUTUMN'S PESTO

Rain trickles into my eyes,
and a gray day settles.
I snip parsley and basil
speared with dry seed and flower,
take the clean fragrance
to the sink and listen to Mozart
woodwinded through spicy air.
Later, bright light clips
blue behind everything,
and oranges and golds
pierce afternoon.
The scent of morning,
like good heavy bread,
sustains me all the hours
of falling
falling
off the year.

—CAROL HAMILTON

*What is in LDS belief, practice, or culture that may support substance abuse?
How can Latter-day Saints compensate for these tendencies?*

LDS PERSPECTIVES ON SUBSTANCE ABUSE AND ADDICTION

By Mark Edward Koltko

MY PURPOSE IS TO OFFER CLINICAL PERSPECTIVES on LDS substance abuse and addiction. I have a long-standing love-hate relationship with the study of substance abuse and addiction. On the one hand, this is one of the most important mental and emotional health issues of our day, and I have dealt with LDS substance abuse issues regularly in my psychotherapy practice. On the other hand, this is a painful issue for me personally. My father was both a drug dealer and an abuser of alcohol and cocaine. While I served a mission, my father was serving, too—twenty-five years to life in a maximum-security prison on federal drug charges. I have a clinical perspective to share on these issues, but it is not a detached one.

Since most communities have several resources for dealing with questions families face when addiction enters their lives, I will address some questions of particular interest to Latter-day Saints: What is in LDS belief, practice, or culture that may support substance abuse or addiction? And how can Latter-day Saints compensate for it?

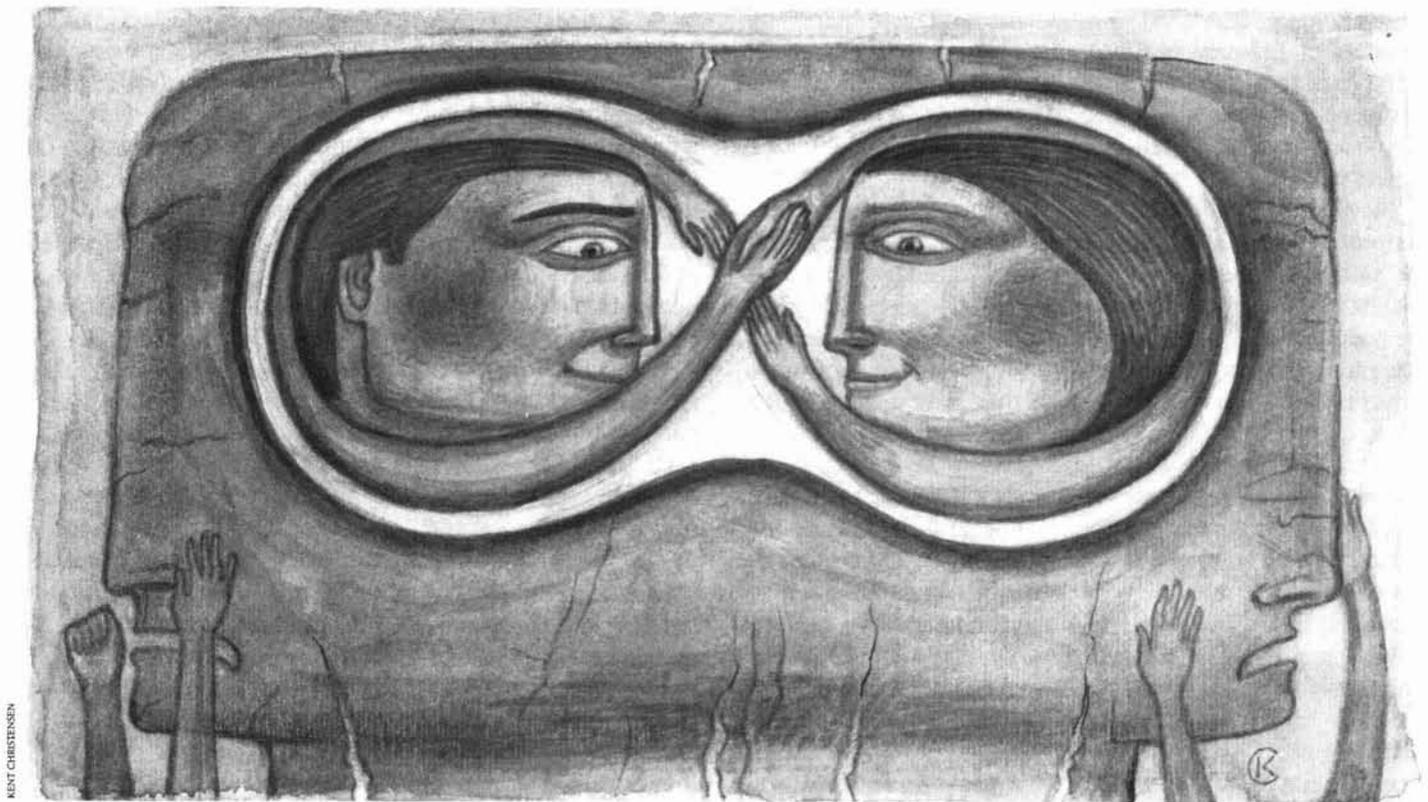
Some may be shocked to think that aspects of Mormonism may “enable” drug addiction. We think of the gospel as one great staircase leading to salvation. But every staircase presents chances to trip, and every religious culture gives its followers strengths in some areas and vulnerabilities in others.

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PERFECTION, HAPPINESS, AND ANGER
Ways we can keep these virtues from becoming vices.

ONE vulnerability of Latter-day Saints is our orientation to “be . . . perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect” (Matt. 5:48). Latter-day Saints typically interpret “perfect” to mean “flawless,” and that interpretation sets up a goal that we are doomed never to attain in this life. Even when we retreat to a position of “limited flawlessness”—for example, emphasizing perfect visiting and home teaching, or a perfect record of scripture study—we set ourselves up for a fall. Once we have strayed from flawlessness, we can never regain it. Ultimately, we stray from perfection in so many different areas that “perfection” is no longer a goal but a condemnation. A repeated sense of failure can lead to depression, and the abuse of alcohol and other chemical substances is a traditional way for people to try to “medicate” themselves (the term used in substance abuse treatment). The pursuit of perfection-as-flawlessness is especially dangerous in a family situation. If we must be flawless, then we must be blind to anything that would indicate a flaw. This blindness sets the stage for massive denial when a family member becomes involved in substance abuse. (“Who ever thought this could happen to us? After all, our parent is in the bishopric [or Relief Society presidency].”)

What can we do about this denial? Let’s adopt a stance that allows imperfect human beings to strive for perfection without having to be superhuman. Let’s consider perfection as a direction, an orientation toward righteousness, rather than some kind of mechanical or artificial flawlessness. Flawless performance has its place, but it cannot be an overall standard.



In a family situation, we should take the attitude that we can have serious problems and still be oriented toward being a “forever family”; we have to deal with the problems, but our status as a family is not degraded by our challenges.

Flawlessness is a kind of death (an idea recognized by the Japanese concept of *wabi*, a distinctive, but beautiful, humanizing flaw). One of the central implications of what has been called the New Mormon History is that Joseph Smith was far from flawless—even if he was as close to perfection as anyone other than the Savior.

In a family situation, this means taking the attitude that we can have serious problems and still be oriented toward a “forever family”; yes, we have to deal with the problems, but our status as a family is not degraded by our challenges.

I am talking about changing cultural attitudes. The saints are the Church; the attitudes held, especially by active members in leadership positions, make an enormous difference over time. We can choose how we approach topics in sacrament meeting talks, in ward council deliberations, in the ways that we train our counselors and teachers.

Happiness. Another attitudinal handicap is “happiness.” Mormons often act as if the scripture “men are, that they might have joy” (2 Ne. 2:25) should be interpreted as “Thou shalt not be unhappy.” Among the Saints, feelings of depression often have moral overtones, as if being depressed were evidence of rebellion or disobedience (“Get that frown off your face!”). Gospel living is not a magic shield against depression, and depression is widespread: approximately one adult in four will experience an episode of major depression some time during

life. Mormon “folk religion,” that is, cultural overlay atop the gospel, stigmatizes the depressed or unhappy person. Consequently, people who are depressed or unhappy also feel guilty and ashamed. All of this increases the possibility that they will medicate themselves with undesirable substances.

What can be done about this? We can adopt a different stance toward “happiness.” We can decriminalize unhappiness and depression, which means to refuse to insist upon an artificially positive outlook from each other. We can help each other deal with depression, rather than force people to deal with guilt about being depressed.

Anger. Another area in which we can change the way we deal with emotion is anger. Mormons sometimes seem not just nice, but “nicey-nice,” a colloquial term some therapists use to describe people who are repressing real but negative feelings for the sake of social acceptability or manipulation. Many Saints think feeling angry is sinful. The reality of life, however, is that one might as well make it sinful to have a certain color of hair as to never get angry.

Like it or not, there are not only acute situations where one will feel angry, but plenty of chronic circumstances that will incline a person to feel angry (debilitating illness, senseless death of loved ones, racial or religious or sexual discrimination, dysfunctional family dynamics). To not acknowledge one’s true feelings is worse than useless. Not only will the angry feelings

remain, albeit undercover, but one has to devote increasing amounts of personal energy to keep the feelings in check rather than to express them. At some point, for many people, this game of stalemate becomes unsustainable without further help—and sometimes that help is found in a barbiturate or a shot of alcohol.

Mormons get mad. Anger is not in and of itself a sin. Scripture condemns not the feeling or emotion of anger but the violent expression of it, the vengeful, grudging spite that lodges in our hearts, the lack of forgiveness—none of which is the required outcome of anger. Resolving anger first requires honestly feeling it. Then Latter-day Saints need to learn ways to vent their anger without feeling they have to wash their hands afterwards.

What can be done about this? We can be honest in acknowledging our own anger. This is not a license for assault or mayhem. It does mean taking the time to feel what we feel without feeling guilty about it. We can not shut up people who are angry in our presence; we can hear them and allow them to vent their feelings. We can teach our children, and ourselves, how to express anger in healing ways rather than destructive ones. Only then can we really resolve our feelings and practice the art of forgiveness. By taking this path rather than the one of denial—not only regarding anger, but also regarding unhappiness and imperfection—we make it less likely that people will be inclined to deal with their difficulties through chemical means.

SEX

How can something so good be so bad?

FOR members of a religion that teaches that God reproduces, we are awfully asexual in public. While surrounding society is sexually obsessed, Mormons try to pretend that sex in its many varieties doesn't exist. Both approaches are dysfunctional. There may be some interesting historical reasons for our Victorianism, but, regardless, our willful communal blindness on sexual matters has unfortunate consequences for substance abuse and addiction. I will concentrate on only one: the use of chemicals to blunt the pain of sexual abuse. Sexual abuse of children is far more widespread than was imagined as recently as a generation ago. Unbelievable as it may seem, one estimate of the rate of sexual abuse of children in the United States is 60 percent for girls and 45 percent for boys. I have listened to too many active women and men raised in active LDS homes who have been either the victims or the perpetrators of child abuse to think that the same rate does not exist among the Saints.

For that matter, inspection of the statistics in the May conference issues of the *Ensign* will reveal that, for many years now, most of the growth of the Church has come from convert baptisms rather than from the baptism of children of record. Converts bring with them their personal, pre-Church histories, and frequently those histories include incidents of sexual abuse. So I have no reason to think that the incidence of sexual abuse among the Saints is less than that in American society at large.

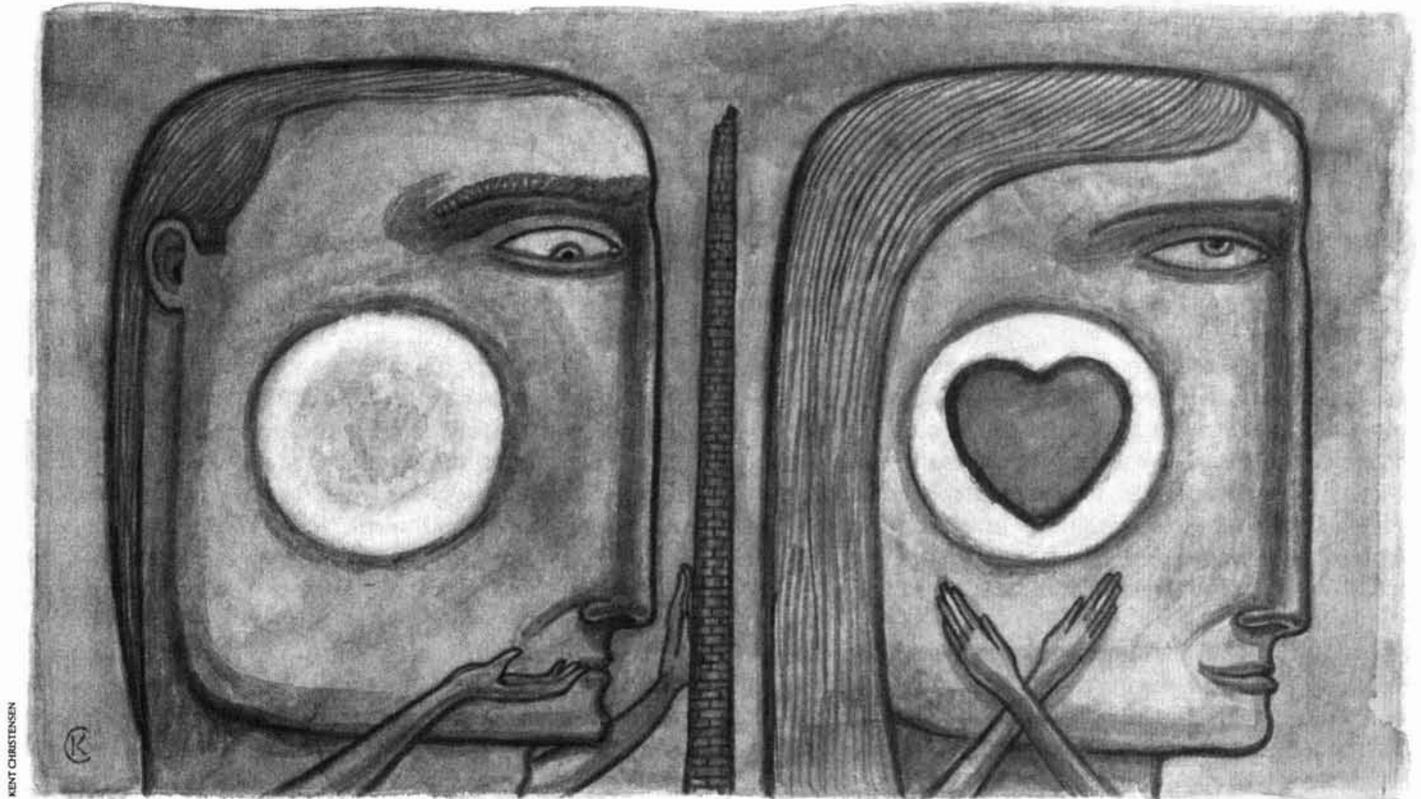
What does all of this have to do with substance abuse? Professionals who work with victims of sexual abuse note that some form of substance abuse often follows a history of sexual victimization, frequently for a very long period of time. Here, too, substances are used in an attempt to "self-medicate" the emotional pain that accompanies abuse. Bad as abuse is itself, the accompanying emotional pain may be composed of a number of different components that have a special LDS twist.

The LDS victim of sexual abuse is in a difficult position. On one hand, we are taught to revere parents; to uphold parental, patriarchal, and priesthood authority; and to esteem the eternal family unit above all others. On the other hand, sexual abuse usually involves the victim's family members and often parents, especially fathers. I have known of instances where even local Church leaders have perpetrated sexual abuse. Abuse often puts a Saint into a horrible conflict regarding lines of familial and moral authority, and this conflict is not resolved by simply pointing out scriptural teachings regarding unrighteous dominion. "Authority" is an emotional issue at least as much as it is a doctrinal one. We are taught to forgive all transgressions against us and to love those who transgress against us; however, sexual abuse involves such an intense personal violation that it may engender mental and/or emotional disorders that vastly complicate the process of granting forgiveness. It is ludicrous to expect someone who is in the midst of suffering symptoms of Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (as many abuse victims do) to be able to forgive and love the people responsible for her or his trauma. Most troubling, contemporary LDS culture seems to discourage individuals from discussing sexual issues. This lapse lends a special overlay of stigma to abuse victims, whose abusers have already typically made them feel like "the guilty parties." My task is to help my clients realize that they are not morally unworthy in the eyes of God because they have been sexually abused.

Given these factors, it is not surprising that many LDS survivors of sexual abuse turn to something to blunt their pain, whether that something be extreme sexual behavior, food abuse, substance abuse, or other compulsive behaviors. It is very unfortunate, then, to see a person's LDS support network focus exclusively on the aspects of the situation that involve transgression of the Word of Wisdom. This is counterproductive and guilt-inducing.

What can be done about this situation? We can take steps that are both preventive and rehabilitative. In terms of prevention, we can teach our children to openly report anything that remotely involves sexually oriented contact, and we can aggressively intervene. In terms of rehabilitation, we can recommend general psychotherapeutic intervention for adult survivors and for those who have a pattern of substance abuse behavior. The latter may well be adult survivors of sexual abuse who simply are not telling you about their sexual abuse. (They go for months without telling it to their therapists. I have worked with many adult survivors of childhood sexual abuse, and often I am one of perhaps two people on earth besides the participants who know that this abuse occurred.

Most important, we can be more open about sexuality in



We are taught to forgive all transgressions against us and to love those who transgress against us; however, it seems ludicrous to me to expect victims of sexual abuse to be able to forgive and love the people responsible for their trauma.

our personal discussions, in our homes, and, yes, in our wards. We can appropriately acknowledge the reality of sexual desire and its God-given nature and joy, which are not dirty or sinful in and of themselves. Only then will we be able to cope with the difficulties involved when sexual expression takes wrong and dark turns. By bringing the discussion of sexuality out of the darkest corners of our private souls and into our personal conversations, we will defuse situations that could lead to sexual victimization and subsequent substance abuse.

CHEMICAL TRANSCENDENCE

Let the spirit flow through the veins.

ITURN now to another reason people turn to substances: the search for transcendence. This turn will require us to consider a central contradiction in contemporary Mormonism.

People have within them a thirst for the transcendent experience that is as real as their thirst for water, their hunger for food, and their need for love. People need to have the experience of connecting with something greater than themselves, of identifying with something greater than the everyday ego. People need mysticism in their lives. The great psychological theorist Abraham Maslow put the need for

transcendence of the self at the culminating apex of his hierarchy of motivation. One reason, however unconsciously, that some people have turned to drugs, is that they seek, through chemical means, to attain the sensation of transcendence in a society that stubbornly concentrates on the narcissistic, trivial, and ephemeral.

This is not some kind of off-the-wall, neo-hippie approach to addiction. Over the past few years, at the annual convention of the American Psychological Association, my colleagues have made more and more presentations along the lines of "The Spiritual Factor in Approaches to Drug Addiction and Treatment." Clearly, the psychological profession is recognizing the spiritual needs more now than in the past.

One might think that Mormons are in an unassailable position here. After all, Mormonism stresses modern-day revelation. But contemporary Mormonism leaves a lot to be desired with respect to transcendence. As a people, we tend to be more outer-directed than inner-directed; we are more concerned with attaining external achievements than with realizing inner growth that cannot be counted or reported.

It seems to me that more of us pay a full tithing than engage in meaningful daily prayer. I would guess that most journals in the Church lean toward the how-I-spent-my-day type of account rather than that of self-exploration. Even our prayer life

is constricted: we have no problem thanking or asking, but we are not used to the idea of prayer as an opportunity to be with the Lord and bask in the light of his presence. We are suspicious of the “loner” in spiritual affairs. The “New Age” ward member is considered to be unstable. Most Latter-day Saints would be as likely to meditate as they would be to engage in blood sacrifice. Yet, throughout history, people have had a number of ways to transcend the everyday ego, including meditation and mystical experiences. Other civilizations have found it appropriate to revere the mystics rather than commit them to asylums.

The upshot is that Mormons typically ignore the transcendent elements of their lives, except for specifically faith-promoting religious experiences that fit into the emotionally restrictive boundaries set by the most conservative members of the ward. By these standards, to speak metaphorically, we may occasionally report what it is like to brush the fringe of the temple veil with gloved fingertips, but we risk the horror of the ward if we report what it is like to be ushered in before the mercy seat.

Since overtly faith-promoting experiences make up only a small fraction of the authentic transcendent experiences available to the individual, the need for transcendence is unfulfilled for many Saints. This situation may actually make the Saints a bit more likely to look to chemistry to provide experiences with the transcendent, a tendency that is only partially counter-balanced by the Word of Wisdom.

As a missionary myself over a decade ago, and as a psychotherapist counseling returned missionaries and the occasional missionary today, I have been surprised at my frequent encounters with “the flower of Zion’s youth” who have had extensive experience with psychedelic drugs. As a missionary, I saw irony in having grown up drug-free in Greenwich Village, down the street from the hangout of the original Tambourine Man, and proselyting with some missionaries who had had extensive experience with LSD and mescaline before their missions. I did not understand the reason for this contradiction then, but after looking at the inner lives of many Latter-day Saints—which are characterized by a kind of spiritual constipation—the reason seems within grasp.

What can we do about this situation? We can address the need for transcendence in our lives. We can take a stance toward prayer that allows more of a silent visiting time, rather than a word-filled report session. We can utilize our journals as vehicles for self-discovery. We can use our temple visits as opportunities to do inner work, not just assembly-line-style temple “work.” We can even open ourselves up to meditative disciplines.

The main thing we can do is to understand is that the search for transcendence is neither a frill nor something flaky. It is a necessity that we must attend to just as we attend to our needs for food and shelter. By deliberately attending to this search, we are much less likely to seek chemical means to satisfy our need for transcendence. And, as with all true necessities, one can approach the search for transcendence through an LDS framework.

THE WORD OF WISDOM

How smoke gets in the eyes of judgment.

IT is an interesting paradox that Mormons, who supposedly are protected from addiction by the Word of Wisdom, in fact have some special liabilities regarding substance abuse. As in the case of perfection and happiness, it is not the Word of Wisdom that creates the problem, but rather the attitude that we take toward it.

First, we tend to look at the Word of Wisdom as being monolithic, as if infraction of any part of it were an infraction of the whole (except for the eating of meat). It’s the Frank Sinatra approach toward the Word of Wisdom: “all or nothing at all,” to quote the song title. I know of no other culture where drinking a cup of coffee is a step on the way to cocaine, and yet this is the situation we create when we make all the “don’ts” of the Word of Wisdom equivalent.

The way to deal with this issue is simple. We can teach our children that some parts of the Word of Wisdom are more crucial than others. Keeping it all is definitely best, but not all infractions are equal. This may seem too basic a point to have to mention, but in fact this attitude is not what young people learn in Primary, where a child can come away from a lesson feeling that grandma’s lighting up her cigs is the equivalent of smoking crack cocaine. This all-or-nothingness promotes a situation later in life where what we might consider minor infractions lay a foundation for more serious problems with substance abuse. Teaching the Word of Wisdom as a uniform, monolithic concept is senseless.

Another problem regarding the Word of Wisdom is our tendency to stigmatize infractions, to see them as moral failures. This attitude creates difficulties in two different ways. First, it tends to drive Word of Wisdom infractions more deeply underground, which makes recovery more difficult. Second, and perhaps more important, this attitude adds another layer of shame onto the person involved in substance abuse. Almost twenty years ago, a substance abuse professional in northern New Jersey told me that, from her observation, Mormon alcoholics are especially difficult to treat “because they drink with guilt.” I thought to myself, How many Mormons could she possibly have worked with (especially there and then)? But I have come to conclude that hers was an accurate description: “Mormons are forbidden to drink alcohol, but when one does, he is more likely to become alcoholic and more refractory to treatment.”

What can we do? We can cease to stigmatize Word of Wisdom infractions as moral issues. I am not suggesting any kind of “demotion” of the Word of Wisdom nor a change in doctrine nor the temple recommend questions. I am suggesting that we examine our attitudes regarding people who do not follow all of the Word of Wisdom. When people say that they do not attend Church meetings regularly, we do not look at them as moral perverts. But we often do when we know they drink. When someone is inactive, we try to be helpful rather than judgmental. Let’s take the same tack with people who have difficulties with the Word of Wisdom. This

attitude would make substance abuse less likely to occur and easier to treat when it does occur.

LDS ATTITUDES TOWARDS TREATMENT

We need to see treatment as an option for normal people.

FOR all the problems that the “disease model” of addiction poses on logical grounds, one can be grateful for the contributions that this model has made to treatment. For example, the Twelve Step programs have helped countless numbers of addicts deal with and recover from their addictions. Currently, more and more treatment professionals are incorporating Twelve Step principles into treatment. Fortunately, we are well past the days of the “moral model” of addiction, when some professionals tried to treat drug addiction by telling addicts that they ought to be ashamed of themselves and “show a little backbone, and get off the stuff.” Treatment is much more sophisticated and effective now than it was even twenty years ago.

All of this is useless, of course, if treatment is not used. Mormons have a particular resistance to entering treatment. Mormons sometimes feel that (a) priesthood leaders are sufficient to provide counsel to members and (b) only the really sick or abnormal enter treatment—normal people should be able to solve their own problems without using crutches like treatment. For treatment to be successful, the LDS substance abuser must understand that (a) bishops and such are counseled by the Church to refer their members to professionals for treatment and (b) treatment is for normal people who need help, just as we put a broken arm into a cast rather than advising the injured person to “tough it out.”

It does not detract from the doctrine of free agency to subscribe to the first of the Twelve Steps, in which people acknowledge that they have become “powerless” in the face of their addiction. This, of course, is not true in an absolute sense, because addicts powerfully choose every day to enter Twelve Step programs.

CONCLUSION

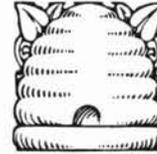
Mormons are not immune to social forces and liabilities.

IN discussing substance abuse, I have touched upon social attitudes regarding perfection, unhappiness and anger, the incidence of clinical depression and sexual abuse, innate tendencies to seek transcendence of the everyday ego, and other seemingly unrelated topics. The reason for this multitude of topics is that a multitude of factors may influence a person toward substance abuse and addiction. While acute treatment may be fairly standard, prevention and long-term rehabilitation must deal with this variety of factors.

When a physician has a patient with a broken leg, the short-term care is fairly standard regardless of the circumstances under which the leg was broken. Whether the patient is a clumsy mountain climber or a frequent brawler, the leg will be set in the same way. But to prevent a recurrence of the injury, one would do very different things with different kinds of pa-

tients. In the same way, it makes sense in the short term to treat a substance abuser in a fairly standard fashion; in all cases, total abstinence, supervision, and detoxification must be involved. However, different people have different ways of getting involved with substance abuse and different individual liabilities. To prevent relapses into addictive behavior, or to prevent this behavior from surfacing at all, we need to pay attention to these individual liabilities.

I have pointed out some of the different liabilities that Latter-day Saints face regarding substance abuse. These are not the only issues associated with LDS substance abuse; indeed, perhaps the most crucial LDS problem regarding substance abuse is that we believe we are immune to the social forces that impel so many people in contemporary society toward substance abuse and addiction (materialism, emotional numbness, peer pressure). We ignore that problem and the related issues we have discussed at our peril. ☐



MAN AND NATURE

Midnight. The mallard hen cries from
the seventh branch of the scotch pine
a practiced symphony of fury.
She balances awkwardly atop knots,
flapping as uselessly as a broken kite,
webbed feet spread, yellow.
The old skunk is at her eggs again: wide
white stripe bright in the flashlight I aim,
garnet eyes glare as the yolk-wet muzzle
swivels, low growl threatening. I point
the Remington pump above the striped
head and fire, shattering brush.
The mallard hen flees this remembered
terror, wings crashing through pine until
at last she is a graceful outline in clouded night.
The skunk growls a final growl, scurries
off leaving the air stinking of it, of powder
and swollen river. I count the eggs, there
are four left. This can't go on forever, I think.
I leave her bread, think, then I bend down
and remove the offering because it is hopeless;
it is hopeless to take sides.

—SEAN BRENDAN-BROWN

THIS SIDE OF THE TRACTS

ADDICTION IN AN LDS FAMILY:
A PERSONAL PERSPECTIVE

By Julie Thatcher



"Though I don't clearly remember it, I may have berated myself for being a 'Sunstone Mormon.' I started wondering if, perhaps, a more simplistic or even militant approach—repugnant as that was to us—would have been better for Matt."

MY INTRODUCTION TO the world of adolescent chemical dependence was an abrupt one. The phone rang at three o'clock one June morning, and the voice on the line introduced himself as Sergeant Somebody-or-other from the local police. He told me he had my seventeen-year-old son in custody and asked if someone could come get him. I protested that a mistake had been made; my son had been home since just before midnight, and was, I was certain, sleeping in his room. But my son was not at home. My husband, Steve, rallied, dressed, and went to the

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police station a few blocks away not to return until nearly dawn. During that interval, I had several dark moments of the soul known only to parents who are convinced they have failed in that one endeavor for which no success anywhere else in life can ever compensate.

This episode should not have come as a complete surprise. For several years—since he had started junior high school—Matt's behavior had been disturbing. After a near brilliant performance in elementary school, he had begun bringing home poor report cards and resisting Church activity, and I was having misgivings about several of his friends. I had plenty of sticks to beat myself with: Matt's father and I had divorced when

Matt was about three, and I had worked outside the home since that time. Never mind that he had an excellent relationship with my husband who had, in fact, done an exceptional job in the overwhelmingly difficult task of being a stepparent. Or that he had enjoyed his daycare situation so much when he was a child he had begged to be taken back during the summer months when I could be at home with him. A Church welfare administrator had once warned me (and other presumptuous working mothers) that "the bill will fall due!" That moment had obviously arrived.

Though I don't clearly remember it, I may have berated myself for being a "Sunstone Mormon" as well. In our efforts to be honest with our children about our reservations as well as our convictions, perhaps we had been sending them mixed signals. Perhaps a more simplistic, maybe even a more militant approach, repugnant as that was to us, would have been better. Other Mormon families certainly weren't having the kinds of problems we were.

The possibility of drug use had occurred to us, and we had, in fact, confronted Matt with our suspicions. His vociferous protestations had been convincing, and we remained mystified, unable to explain why he seemed willing to waste his adolescent years in a blur of uninvolved and underachievement.

Ironically, what little I did know of chemical dependency was the direct result of my job as a teacher. One particular faculty meeting about five years before had given me a real jolt. Seated before us was a panel of our peers and our students, who were candid about the prevalence and pressures of alcohol and drugs in their lives. I left the meeting with my head swirling, as illuminated as I was disillusioned, shaken, but frankly, more than a little bit smug: I was a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and we had been blessed with the Word of Wisdom—one principle I had unfailingly lived and modeled, and to which I had testified to my children. The blessings of keeping this particular commandment would protect us from the evils of the world.

Yet now, five or six years later, there was a real possibility that my confidence had been misplaced. When Steve and Matt finally came home, Matt admitted to having used drugs off and on since seventh grade. He also suggested that the level of his use now *probably* meant that he was addicted. He asked us to help him.

In some ways I was relieved. At least we knew now what we were dealing with. And,

he *had* asked for help. From what I had heard, that was the hardest part—getting someone to admit that he even had a problem. So, we would just get it fixed. There were hospitals with treatment programs—I had seen ads in the newspaper and on T.V. I think I had it in my mind that you could just dial a number and people in white jackets would come and take your problem person away and then return him to you all repaired.

The next morning, we called a good friend who is on the medical staff at the local health maintenance organization. She was wonderful. She expressed concern and support but no shock or horror, and she referred us to one of her colleagues who handled cases of adolescent chemical dependency. We were in his office by ten o'clock that morning. He examined Matt, confirmed from a medical standpoint what Matt had told us, and suggested residential treatment.

That sounded just fine to us. Then came the zinger: "It may be a while before we can get your son admitted to our residential program," he told us. A committee recommendation would be necessary, space was limited, and many things needed to be taken into account. "We don't consider this a crisis," he continued. "It is a problem that has been developing for a long time. *You* may consider it a crisis because you just found out about it, but we don't. It will take some time to resolve." He suggested that in the meantime Matt try to socialize with sober friends and attend Alcoholics Anonymous meetings.

A week came and went, and Matt was not admitted, then another week . . . and another. He was called in to take a battery of psychological tests, but otherwise we were told to wait. And wait.

Meanwhile, Matt had given us a list of certified sober friends and was attending AA meetings. Steve and I were barely breathing. I wonder how long the situation would have continued if Matt had not overdosed and required immediate hospitalization.

I was downstairs doing laundry one night when Steve shouted that he was taking Matt to the HMO and didn't intend to return until he was admitted; he'd explain later. When he finally did return—without Matt—it was with new revelations: Matt had not only *not* controlled his drug use during the last few weeks, as he had led us to believe, rather, like a person contemplating the start of a low-fat diet, he had decided to enjoy himself in the interim. The kids to whom we had been giving him unlimited access were all using drugs, and *possibly* their parents were as well.

Matt had tried a combination of drugs he

had never taken before. Hours later, he panicked when he found he couldn't "come down" again. His heart was pounding, he was sweating, and he really thought he was going to die. He went to Steve and told him what he had done, actually kneeling down before him and begging for help. The HMO treated him medically for the overdose, and admitted him to the psychiatric ward, but they discharged him the very next day. I was horrified. What were we going to do with him now? But we were assured that there would be a place for him in the adolescent chemical dependency residential treatment program the following Monday.

During the summer we had, as occasion presented itself, discussed the situation with Matt's four younger siblings. These were among the most painful discussions I have ever had with my children. I think it was hardest on our ten-year-old son. I remember him sitting stock-still and asking no questions at all, and then finally saying, "When you tell the other kids, don't tell me again." I resisted initially the kids being involved in Matt's therapy, but eventually came to see it as the consummate strength of the program he (finally) was able to enter. After a week of orientation and diagnosis, we attended a session called "intervention," where each patient, accompanied by several of his fellow patients, sits in a room and listens to his family members confront him one at a time. We were instructed to observe two guidelines

in planning our remarks: tell Matt what we had observed, and tell him how his behavior had affected us, individually.

In what later seemed a bizarre corruption of a standard family home evening, we held a "dry run" with the kids the night before the intervention. It proved to be far from dry. We all wound up sobbing as one child after another dredged up some hurt or bewilderment that they had not been able to make sense of at the time, but that had been difficult nonetheless. They mentioned things they had seen, things they had heard neighboring kids say, promises that had been broken, and how upset they had been to see family members fighting—either with Matt or about him. The intervention session itself was equally painful but effective, and I must credit the kids. Matt had heard and learned to ignore a lot of what I had to say, taking the cavalier position of many adolescents that what he was doing with *his* life was *his* business, and that it didn't have to affect me. But he could not ignore the pain he was causing his younger brothers and sisters. Their disarming candor got to him, and it was his turn to break down and cry.

AFTER Intervention, Matt was referred to a twenty-eight-day treatment program. During that time we had limited contact with him except for an occasional phone call and Sunday afternoon visit. The final week, designated as Family



"And in this room we are teaching the language of dance."

“Matt characterized himself as a ‘dysfunctional member of an otherwise functioning family,’ an uncharacteristic bit of maturity among kids with chemical addictions who often discharge the responsibility for their addiction on just about anyone they can.”

Week, was an ordeal. The families of six patients participated with us—a group of people remarkably well-educated and personable whom I found easy to like and, ultimately, to trust. The program itself combined education and group therapy—sometimes with and sometimes without our particular patient. Full participation (all day for five days) for all family members over the age of eight was mandatory.

The staff was professional and reassuring, and all introduced themselves as either recovering addicts or as co-dependents. “Co-dependency” was a key word here because chemical dependence was being presented as a “family disease”—not because the family in any way *caused* it to occur, but because its very presence within a family could not help affect other family members. We had lectures on drugs, on the nature of addiction, and on many other related topics. One fascinating presentation had to do with relationships within “co-dependent” families. The counselor held up a mobile—the kind with bright butterflies that you might hang over a baby’s crib—and suggested that families are like a mobile in the sense that, while family members do function individually and separately, they must also be in some kind of reasonable balance for the mobile to work. Then she snipped off one (dysfunctional) member, which, of course, upset the balance of the entire mobile.

Matt characterized himself as a “dysfunctional member of an otherwise functioning family.” This acknowledgement represented an uncharacteristic bit of maturity among kids in his situation who often blame their addiction on anyone they can.

Something else I found fascinating during the educational part of the program was a discussion of substance use and abuse among various cultural, ethnic, and religious groups. We learned that it is epidemiologically possible to predict not only particular families that are at risk for patterns of addiction, but various other populations as well. The fact that the American Indian, for example, seems to have a high rate of alcoholism is widely known. The Jewish population, conversely, has a very low incidence of addiction. Whether that is rooted in

observable group behaviors or in the DNA is harder to determine. It is interesting to note that, typically, a Jewish child is introduced to alcohol in a context that is *unlikely* to promote abuse. In Jewish homes, children are permitted wine, often at an early age, as a part of religious celebrations—always with their families around them. “Wine is a gift of God,” they are taught, “to be used with joy and thanksgiving”—and not in more than measured doses. And it seldom is.

This particular presentation was given by an Irish Catholic priest who mentioned the high incidence of alcohol abuse among his own people and quipped: “Whenever there are three or four Irishmen in a room, somewhere, surely, there you will find a fifth.” He also singled out abstinent groups like us—he mentioned Mormons by name—as presenting particular problems. Because wine (and practically everything else) is strictly proscribed, we set up a “forbidden fruit” scenario that is difficult for many people to resist. Even idle (innocent) experimentation will have to be furtive; someone will have to be at least evasive, if not dishonest, and may, as a result feel inordinately guilty for even a tiny slip. The fact that any use at all will become a moral issue to observant members of religious groups like ours, he suggested, compounds the problems inherent in a situation that is potentially volatile enough as it is. That’s a sobering thought, so to speak, but one that commands our attention.

I later discussed problems of addiction within the LDS population with an LDS physician who had another perspective to offer. He had joined the Church because both his parents had been alcoholics. He had wanted a lifestyle that was going to keep him as far away from the family situation he grew up with as possible. He knows that, because of his parents’ abuse, he is statistically at risk for addiction. He also knows that as long as he conforms to our LDS expectation of complete abstinence, he will never find out if he could beat those statistical odds. His children are likewise at risk, and *so are the children of all other people who joined the Church largely for the reasons he did*. To the extent that these children intermarry within the Church, he suggests, we may, in fact, be creating a gene

pool that is even more vulnerable to the potential of chemical addiction than the population in general.

So where are all these people within our population who have encountered problems with alcohol or drugs? I think we know. The Word of Wisdom does, in fact, serve as a “measure of the very least of those ‘who are or can be called saints’” (D&C 89:3). When people find themselves in violation—especially in significant violation—of the Word of Wisdom, they feel unworthy and unwelcome and simply drop out of Church activity, often taking their families with them.

BY the time Family Week at the hospital arrived, my feelings of inadequacy and discouragement had given way to something else—something a lot more like rage. As the situation unfolded and I learned how much had been going on, how often Matt had lied to us, how much he had violated our trust, I became more and more infuriated. I’m sure it showed. At one Sunday afternoon visiting session, I saw a woman who looked exactly the way I felt: sullen, withdrawn, her jaw clenched in bitterness. There was no approaching her, though I knew I shared her misery and would willingly have spoken with her. For a number of reasons I was having problems with what I learned to characterize as “my own recovery,” and my affiliation with the Church was not helping.

One major block for me was the “disease concept.” Any recovery program based as ours was on the Alcoholics Anonymous model presents alcoholism (or chemical dependence) as a disease, *not* as a moral issue. To me, with my Mormon theological background, that seemed to be a real cop-out—almost along the lines of “the devil made me do it.” In my mind, Matt had violated his body (which was the temple of his spirit) and had abused his free agency. The thing had to be recognized for what it was.

I was also having problems with Church members—with the fact that there were so few of them I felt I could be honest with about our situation—and that extended to many members of our own family. There was also the fact that everyone who was aware of

“With my Mormon background, the notion that Matt’s chemical dependence was a disease seemed to be a cop-out—not unlike ‘the devil made me do it.’ In my mind, he had violated his temple and had abused his free agency—it had to be recognized for what it was.”

Matt’s situation, including the bishop and most of the ward youth leaders, did absolutely nothing to reach out to him in any way, despite my fervent and (literally) humble pleas.

I certainly wasn’t the only person in our group of families struggling with other issues. The group therapy sessions revealed all kinds of tensions and problems both within individuals and among various family members. As a precondition to family therapy, participants had to agree to total abstinence from alcohol and drugs for that week. Some participants found they were unable to do that. Some cheated, which left many families having to confront each other about substance abuse beyond that of the original patient. By the end of the week, two or three additional people were either referred or voluntarily submitted to treatment programs of their own. We felt lucky there. A week of total sobriety was not really a challenge to us, and people gradually became aware that neither of us drank or had even tried drugs.

But they were also becoming aware of some of the specific pressures our Mormonism was exerting. In one session, attention finally focused directly on me. “What is it with your church?” someone finally asked. “Why is it making this so much harder for you?” This was not exactly a time for the Golden Questions yet I remained mindful of my missionary obligations as I tried to explain the issues in as positive terms as I could, focusing on high standards and strong family values. But apparently I failed. “Why don’t you just leave?” came the response. “You don’t need this. A church should be there for you when you need it—not make problems worse than they already are.” This gentleman meant what he said. Several years previously, he had left the Catholic church because he and his first wife divorced, and he decided he didn’t need to compound his problems with official and social condemnation.

I think I actually considered his suggestion for a few seconds, but I knew that, for me, leaving the Church to mitigate my pain at this time simply was not an option. I’m a Latter-day Saint, and I’d like to go on being a Latter-day Saint; I’d like to raise my children

to be Latter-day Saints, but I couldn’t help wishing I could depend on my church for a little more support than I was currently experiencing.

Concurrent with everything else, and as a prerequisite to Matt’s being accepted into the treatment program, Steve and I were attending weekly sessions of a support group called Families Anonymous (FA).

We learned a great deal. I would characterize the lessons we learned as “remedial living.” Some sounded like platitudes: “One day at a time”; “Let go and let God.” Others merely pointed out the obvious that I had somehow managed to forget: “You did the best you could at the time”; “Learn to live today.” Gradually the meetings and the sessions at the hospital began to help. I realized that my anger, though justified, was unproductive. Whether Matt was getting any better or not, I knew I was.

He was, in fact, discharged at the end of the twenty-eight-day program—the only one of the six patients in his group to be sent home. All the others were referred to extended care or to half-way houses. We were told that he had responded well to therapy, and that, in the judgment of the counselors, he had a stable and accepting family to go home to. Hearing that reminded me of the

little boy who brought home a terrible report card, and who explained to his father that, of all the kids who had failed, he had had the highest marks—a dubious honor indeed. But I also noticed that I was finding something to laugh about for the first time in many weeks.

I was concerned that the diagnosis might have had more to do with the fact that our insurance would only cover twenty-eight days of treatment than it did with Matt’s actual readiness to come home or ours to have him at home, but I was also learning not to dwell on things that I couldn’t do anything about. Matt signed a contract with us in which we agreed on some specific behavioral guidelines and house rules, and he additionally committed himself to something called a “90-90”—that’s 90 AA meetings in 90 days. (He actually attended 92.) He did relapse twice during that time—both times were mercifully brief. The first time we noticed and called him on it; the second he came to us and confessed. He went back to school. We held our breath.

THAT was almost seven years ago. Does our story have a happy ending? I don’t really know. One of the things I have learned is that you can’t unlive the



WHICH ONE OF US IS SENIOR COMPANION AGAIN?

past, and you can't pre-live the future. Like any recovering addict, Matt's situation is precarious. He could (and statistically very well might) relapse at any time. It's also taking him a long time to finish growing up. When adolescents use mind-altering substances, they jeopardize their own maturation in two ways: when most of their highs and many of their lows are chemically induced, they insulate themselves from the normal ups and downs of daily living, and, as a consequence, don't learn to modify their behavior based on the feedback they would otherwise be getting from feeling good or from feeling bad—which is a huge part of what growing up is all about. Also, kids abusing alcohol and drugs can do real damage to their own neurological structures.

Matt went back to high school, but he only stayed until he turned eighteen. The program his school counselors had mapped out for him to actually graduate would have taken two extra years, and he didn't feel he could face being in high school when he was nearly twenty. We weren't happy about his decision, but we didn't resist. We did require him to find a job and to pay for his room and board if he wasn't going to stay in school, and he complied with that expectation for most of the following year. He moved out when he turned nineteen—not to go on a mission as I had always hoped he would—but to go to school. We both felt it was time for him to leave home. He earned his high school equivalency certificate, making some of the highest scores on the examinations that had been recorded to date in our state. I was happy that he had done so well, but reminded all over again how much he had truly lost by spending so much of his high school years as he had.

He attended AA meetings religiously for quite a while and then stopped. I was worried at first, but his explanation sounded reasonable. It is the AA premise that if one is "once an alcoholic, he is always an alcoholic," and Matt found that he didn't wish to characterize himself in that way for the rest of his life. He wants to put this experience behind him, aware that he can't drink socially or use any mind-altering substance even casually. Steve and I no longer attend FA meetings either, but I know the group is there if I ever need it again. Matt is still working, still going to school, working toward a degree in a rather piecemeal fashion, and he is still sober. We continue to watch and wait, but we no longer hold our breath.

I am proud of Matt's recovery in just about any context except a Mormon one. While comfortable with our family and

grateful for our role in his recovery, he remains estranged from the Church. Having to accept that he may never change his feeling about Church activity has been one of the most difficult aspects of this whole situation for both me and Steve.

It has been painful to recall this and painful to relate it, and it may be that you are feeling much as I did when I sat in that faculty meeting almost ten years ago, sympathetic yet personally unconcerned. And your optimism may well be justified. Statistically, alcoholism—chemical dependence—will touch one family in four (some studies say one family in three) directly, and any number of other families indirectly. As faithful Latter-day Saints, observant of the Word of Wisdom, we can and certainly do skew those odds in our favor somewhat. But I respectfully suggest that as faithful Latter-day Saints, we also create some problems for ourselves, first with our naiveté and then with our overriding sense of guilt when we, or those we love, fail to meet our own incredibly high standards. It presents a dilemma, I know, for us as a religious body to advocate high standards of conduct—whether they be standards of chastity and morality or of health—without somehow condemning those who fail, but we have to be willing to

try. Too many of our own members and their families are at risk for us not to take this particular "evil of the world" seriously. Mormons need to know more about drugs and alcohol and they need to know about substance abuse and what can be done both to prevent and treat it.

Almost a year after Matt was discharged from the hospital, we happened to be at the airport and encountered, quite serendipitously, the Wilsons—a family we had watched fall apart the summer before. They were there with both of their daughters—the one who had been in treatment with Matt and the one who had somehow escaped problems with addiction—waiting to catch a plane to California to visit their son who had finally completed a treatment program and was reporting six months of sobriety. They all looked wonderful and told us that—best of all—they were together as a family again, a living testimony that healing can take place in a caring and supportive atmosphere with some help from people who know what to do. "I've reordered my priorities," Mrs. Wilson told me. "I want my children alive; I want them sober. Anything—*anything* beyond that is gravy." With that perspective, we can feel quite lucky after all. ☐



GRIEF

Do the years sculpt in my heart
the letters, uneven, indistinct, and illegible?
The years go faint and fainter. The faces,
the voices, the warmth from memories go dim.
An edgy struggle to breathe in gleams
like a gem in the dark.

The stunted growth of the guava tree
my father planted the year before he chose
to be quiet on the pyre, in the backyard,
the cracks, easy on our temple's mossy walls,
the qualmy squalor snaking into the quietude
of my grandfather's cobwebbed bedroom,
the roof of our house slanting northward
—all these, and so many nameless things
unsettle me, impel me to implant my faith
in the automation of the day's drooping
into the night's nascent darkness. An uninhibited
clamour, like fear, clanking in the temple of my bones.

—NIRANJAN MOHANTY

INTERVIEW

A MORMON JAPANESE
READER'S DIGEST

A Conversation with Jiro Numano

Eight years ago, Jiro Numano, a professor at Tokuyama University, founded Mormon Forum, an independent, twice-yearly, Japanese language publication. Currently, 250 copies of the magazine are sent to subscribers, and another 150 are more or less distributed free; there are just a handful of subscribers outside of Japan. This interview was conducted by J. Michael Allen, an instructor of history at Brigham Young University, and Greg Campbell, a Ph.D. student in music at the University of Washington.

Tell us about Mormon Forum.

The idea for the periodical started when I attended Brigham Young University in 1974, where I first saw *Dialogue*; a few years later, SUNSTONE came out. When I returned to Japan, that idea was still in my mind. I waited, and as I luckily got a job at Tokuyama University, I had the time and resources and sent a questionnaire to people I knew could be cooperative. I got some positive answers and decided that before I got any older and lost energy, I had to at least make an attempt.

How many people help you with the Forum?

Only a few. They allow me to put their names in it, as if it were done by a group of people, but I do about 80 or 90 percent of it myself. If I receive some unsolicited manuscripts, I'm very glad, because then the pages will be filled by those articles. If there aren't many submissions, I have to do it all. It is a rather monumental project.

What sort of issues or articles do you feature?

One purpose of *Mormon Forum* is to introduce important things that happen in the center of the LDS church—like the Mark Hofmann case—to Japanese Saints. I fea-

tured for the first time in Japan the change of policy when the Church started giving the priesthood to all worthy males.

People in Japan who read only the unified *Church International Magazine* received no deep treatment of these important changes. So I collected articles and summarized Lester Bush and Armand Mauss's *White or Black: Mormon Scholars Confront the Race Issue in a Universal Church* (Signature Books, 1984). I also wrote about Richard Poll's important Iron Rod and Liahona categories of Saints.

I do a *Reader's Digest* type of work. Sometimes 75 to 90 percent of the articles are digested from translations of sources such as SUNSTONE and *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought*. Some are almost verbatim, just in shortened form. Other times, I am the author.

What are some of the Japanese Mormon news stories you deal with?

In the early 1980s, there was a flood of baptisms in Japan. There was a very hasty and rushed competition among the missions; it was a deviation from sound policy and sound ways of converting people. It subsided when the area president was changed. But in those three years, many joined because of easy conditions, and many of them, of course, soon dropped out. Sincere members in Japan were worried about it. Every time a general authority came to Japan, he looked at the statistics—the home teaching and increased percentage of non-attendance and so on. I was almost to the point of saying, "Why did you allow such a hasty and loose policy of convert proselytism?" But members in Japan are rather courteous; they don't say things clearly, directly. Ten years passed, and I thought it might be time to document, and to make a record of it. It was a risky, difficult thing to treat.

But I consulted some Tokyo area people who had been brave enough to raise an opposing hand at a stake conference when a sustaining vote was asked for the Seventy and the stake president. A brother raised his hand because there was one general authority in Japan who was in Tokyo during—and who directed—the period of hasty baptisms. And the stake president supported that general authority. This brother gave me much information. Doing this and that, I composed a summary and published some provocative articles—maybe just one or two in each issue.

How has the perception of the Church in Japan changed over the years?

In the past, we thought that the Japanese people and the press in the early part of the century were curious about Mormonism because, as we had been told, the Protestant ministers were very much against its entry into Japan. But in the original newspapers, I found that the editorial writers, as well as their readers, were almost unanimously opposed to the Church because of polygamy, which had been practiced only ten or eleven years before. So I felt that the Japanese people might be justified in being very careful about it. Japan was then trying to overtake Western nations, economically and also as a civilized country, a democratic nation. And they were very careful about what they saw as immoral practices among the Japanese. And that is why, in the first quarter of a century, there were only 166 converts.

There are places in the world where the Mormon missionary effort suffers because the Church is closely identified with the United States. Has that been a hindrance in Japan?

I don't see any serious anti-Mormon sentiment. There may be individuals who don't like the Americanism of the Church, and they may think so when they see American missionaries on the street or on a train somewhere. But I don't think they raise their voices to say, "Go back to America." Many years ago in the English newspaper in Japan, there was a series of letters to the editor, started by one titled, "Mormon Missionaries Go Back." At the end of the series, strangely enough, there was a letter from a Catholic reader, who stood beside us, denounced the writer of the first letter, and said that we should open the door to anybody. So in recent years, even in anti-Mormon literature, some Catholics have expressed a more moderate understanding.

Do Japanese members of the Church pay much attention to what's going on in Utah?

As the Church grows beyond the boundaries of the United States, what happens in Utah is not much in the minds of the average Japanese Church member. For example, there's the important movie, *Legacy*, playing in the Joseph Smith Memorial Building, and so on. Those are news items that will almost never arouse interest in members outside. What I am interested in is how such magazines as *Dialogue* and *SUNSTONE* treat subtle shifts in doctrinal emphasis, or the dominance of conservatives among the Quorum of the Twelve, or conflict between historians and some conservative general authorities.

Among our 400 readers are a variety of members. Some informed, deep-thinking members who have been in the Church for many years hunger after those more important pieces of news. The international Church magazine carries many good articles, but it has been printing the same type of thing for many years. Our readers want to know more about more important things. Some wonder about the relationship between Masonry and the temple ceremony. Some express the desire to treat polygamy in depth. But that type of reader is rare. So gradually, in maybe one article an issue, I try to treat those issues.

Has there been any kind of official response to *Mormon Forum*?

Before I started this magazine, Elder Henry B. Eyring was in Hiroshima, and I asked him for a private conversation. He told me he'd held the same type of consultation when he was at Stanford. He said, "I cannot encourage or discourage this," but he also said, "Try to be in line with Gene England." That is one hint of mine in running this journal.

Afterward, I remained a rather eager supporter of the Church—I am in the bishopric, and I am sometimes asked to translate visiting general authorities' sermons. There are three members of the area presidency in Tokyo, and sometimes I'm asked to stand by one of them to translate. Then, after the conference, I have dinner with them, maybe five or seven people together around the table, and we chat. And I always wonder if this member of the area presidency or visiting authority knows about me and the journal. The Church offices in Tokyo must report about me or the journal, but there's no sign of it when they come to Hiroshima.

Historically, there has been real animosity between Japan and Korea. Have Japanese members felt resentful that they're being presided over by Elder Han, a Korean?

I stood beside Elder Han In Sang, first counselor in the Asia North Area presidency, to translate for him in Yamaguchi prefecture. I saw the facial expressions of the audience. And I sensed some different expressions in their eyes, of wonder, maybe, about how well he will do as a visiting general authority, and how they could feel respect for him. But as soon as he started talking and I began translating, that sort of delicate wonder melted away because of his personality and very strong way of talking. And he is very frank in dealing with the past conflict.

Those of us who are young have no memories of the Japanese occupation. But when Elder Han was young—eight years old—the situation was very bad for him and his family—they were even forced to speak Japanese. When he touches upon it sometimes, he discloses emotion. But he did not show his anger or strong bad feelings to the audience.

Because of his frankness and his Asian heritage, he is very well loved, sometimes more than the American general authorities are. At lunch during my first experience with him, I told him that even though I am of a younger generation, I should like to express my apology for what former generations did. He frankly said, "Thank you."

What do you see for the future of the Church in Japan in terms of Church growth and what members of the Church there are worried about, interested in, looking toward?

From the end of the 1980s and into the '90s, the Church's growth in Japan seems to have leveled off in membership, attendance, retention, and the providing of local missionaries. So we are worried. Missionaries are sent from America as before, but the providing of local missionaries is decreasing. I think we have to keep doing what we can. As the second generation matures and becomes older, our next generation will become older and go on their missions. And somehow we hope that we can maintain what we have now. It will be a difficult time, but somehow, if we survive this difficult period, we might even gradually become steadier.

Always there are optimistic and pessimistic signs. When I visited the Okayama Stake, I was asked to give a fireside talk, and I was assigned to stay with a family, an older

couple. They were doing a very good job inviting missionaries to hold a monthly family home evening. Even though secularization is at a very ripe stage in Japan and it is very hard to do proselyting work, there are some eager missionaries, members, and families who are sustaining Church activity.

What doctrines seem most important, most vital, to members in Japan?

Only 20 percent of the Japanese membership are attending sacrament meeting. Those members who are doing the service work, taking responsibility—they, I think, accept everything—the Joseph Smith story, the Book of Mormon, the values of the Church, the temple endowment, genealogy work—and they're very faithful. But the essential thing they are sustained with in Mormonism is the way of life that the Church instills in its members: we get to learn in this world how to react, how to make choices, how to solve questions. What the Church has been teaching us will lead the right way. That is the core belief among the members. ☐



THE GALLERY
AFTER HOURS

Cactus waits through long suns,
keeping water to itself.

Palm and jacaranda
gesture vaguely behind gusts

of west wind as if they
expected to subdue it.

Art glass and oils peer through
wrought iron grates at the humans

who shade their eyes to catch
images born stronger than

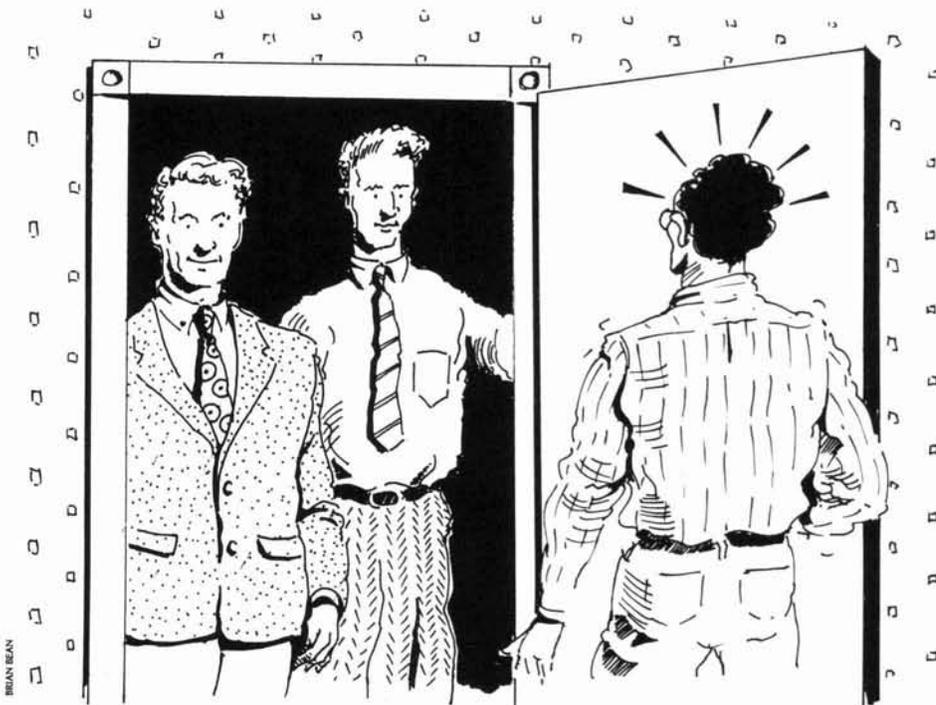
all who—half-blind in bent
light—stumble to and through them.

—R. S. CARLSON

LIGHTER MINDS

IN A MO TIF? THEN CHECK
MO PHRASES FOR A MO MENT

By Robert Kirby



If Mo Lesters are visiting teachers and home teachers who drop by without calling, what is Mo Aning?

I DROPPED INTO the Green Street pub the other night. Oh, shut up—I was with friends. Besides, in case you haven't noticed, practicing Mormons make excellent designated drivers.

Anyway, I was minding my own business when someone came up and asked, "Hey, aren't you that Mo writer from the *Trib*?"

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I punched him. He had it coming. This is the age where daring to be different is okay so long as nobody gets rude enough to notice.

If he had called me a nearsighted Caucasian, I might have filed a class-action lawsuit against him, too.

Heard worse: Okay, truth is that being called a Mo isn't so bad. While it's not exactly a term of endearment, Mo beats some of the other things I've been called—lots of them by fellow Mo's.

To ease the tension between Mo's and gentiles, I've come up with a brief Mo lexicon.

Practice these terms. Learn to be comfortable with your Moism.

MO—Mormon.
NO MO—Non-Mormon.
NO MO' MO—Ex-Mormon.
MO NOPOLY—Utah.
MO TOWN—Provo.

MO PEDS—People walking across the street to Temple Square in Salt Lake or the Missionary Training Center in Provo.

MO HAIR—Missionary grooming standards.

MO BILE—Substance produced in LDS church leaders by SUNSTONE and *Dialogue*.

PO' MO—Financially challenged Mormon.

MO JO—Doors lead singer Jim Morrison after his baptism for the dead.

MO LASSES—Mormon babes.

MO TEL—Bishop's interview, tithing settlement, church court, etc.

MO CHA—Acceptable LDS alternative to coffee. Postum, Pero, sometimes diet Coke.

SU MO—Graduate of BYU law school.

MO GUL—Large, white Utah bird frequently seen in Church history books, parking lots, and dumps.

MO RALLY—Third-quarter BYU drive against the University of Utah.

MO SEY—LDS sense of time. See also Loco Mo tion.

LOCO MO TION—Post-game exodus from Cougar Stadium.

MO LESTERS—Visiting and home teachers who drop by without calling first.

MO NOGAMY—LDS marriage practices, no matter how they're actually defined or structured.

MO MOW—Cutting the grass at Temple Square.

MO TIF—Two or more Mormons engaged in expressing a loud difference of opinion.

MO MENT—What LDS church officials intended to say, regardless of what was actually said.

MO LD—Elderly Mormon, temple worker, etc.

MO ANING—LDS practice of bearing witness.

Check the state: That's enough. The point of this is to take the sting out of being referred to as a Mo.

It's important to remember that the word Mo can't technically be considered a derogatory word in Utah, and parts of Idaho, Arizona, and California, because there are so many Mo's.

Being called a Mo in no way gives Mo's the right to respond with actual ACLU-sanctioned racial, gender, or religious slurs. Hurling insults is bad.

Remember—it ain't Mo to throw. ☞

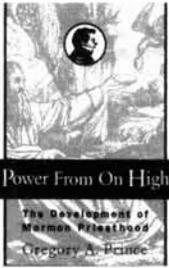
REVIEWS

PRINCE'S PIECE

POWER FROM ON HIGH: THE DEVELOPMENT OF
MORMON PRIESTHOOD
by Gregory A. Prince
Signature Books, 1995
231 pages, \$24.95



Reviewed by Jay S. Bybee



Prince's terse volume contains a remarkable amount of information—a thoughtful, provocative, and well-researched book.

MY FATHER WAS an able gospel scholar. His knowledge of the early Christian church and the Pauline letters—all self-taught—far exceeded my own. He was well-versed in the fundamentals of Church government and administration. He spoke with missionary zeal and from the firm foundation of history and scripture. Once, over Christmas vacation, when I was a high school senior in Kentucky, a number of friends asked me about the Church and wondered if they could come to our meetings. I decided to surprise my parents with their visit, but when it looked like we were going to be late for sacrament meeting, I told them I was expecting a Jewish friend and seven others from various Christian sects. My father bemoaned that he was the concluding speaker and, as branch president, would be talking on the importance of tithing settlement. By the time he reached the pulpit, however, he talked at

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length on the death of the apostles, the apostasy of the early Church, the place of the Reformation, and the need for and coming of the Restoration. We were all impressed.

My father enjoyed reading, but he was not a serious book collector. In my parents' modest library were books on the fundamentals by James E. Talmage, John A. Widtsoe, B. H. Roberts and Bruce R. McConkie; books on the Book of Mormon by Hugh Nibley, Sidney Sperry and Thomas Ferguson; and gospel commentaries by David O. McKay, Hugh B. Brown, and Lowell Bennion. Of all the books in my parents' library, only two examined the priesthood: John A. Widtsoe's doctrinal *Priesthood and Church Government* and Lee A. Palmer's historical and doctrinal *Aaronic Priesthood through the Centuries*.

After my father's death, my mother gave me many of his books—gospel commentaries, histories, biographies, and fiction. Over the past twenty years, I have discovered that I can purchase books far faster than I can read them. Despite my efforts to read and possess enduring books, until recently I had

only two books on the subject of the priesthood: Widtsoe's and Palmer's.

Into this void comes *Power from on High*, Greg Prince's thoughtful, provocative, and well-researched study of the Saints' early views of the priesthood. His terse volume contains eight chapters, just over 200 pages. Near comprehensive in its coverage of the priesthood between 1823 and 1844, *Power from on High* contains a remarkable amount of information. Relying on a broad range of original sources, including discourses, books, letters, journals, newspapers, and patriarchal blessings, Prince has carefully footnoted each step of his work. He goes to great lengths to understand each source in its context and is careful to distinguish between contemporary accounts of events and subsequent accounts of those same events.

Power from on High divides easily into two sections. The first comprises chapter 1, about one quarter of the book, and is a chronological account of the ideas of authority and power in the priesthood.¹ The remainder of *Power from on High* consists of: topical accounts of the offices of the priesthood (chapter 2); various ordinances, including a number that are either not widely practiced or not understood today such as cursing, raising the dead, washing feet, and the second anointing (chapters 3–6); the judicial system (chapter 7); and women and the priesthood (chapter 8). I found the topical chapters interesting and, generally, much easier to follow than the opening chronology. With the exception of the introductory paragraph in his chapter on women and the priesthood (201), Prince makes no reference to the current debates. In fact, he omits any discussion whatsoever of blacks and the priesthood, even though other treatments of the issue focus on this time period.²

Chapter 1 is perhaps the most important and likely to be the most controversial portion of the book. Prince begins with the concept of authority, identifying "relatively distinct phases" (43) between 1823 and 1844, each "punctuated by several key events" (3). According to Prince, Joseph Smith and the early Saints realized "incremental change as [Joseph] Smith gradually came to understand the implications of his visionary experiences and changed policy and doctrine to reflect his own understanding" (42–43; see also 171). Three events—Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery's receiving the authority to baptize in 1829, the 1831 introduction of the Order of Melchizedek and an endowment of power, and the 1836 visit of Elijah—signal the restoration of the priesthood. The concept of

priesthood itself was so “fluid, that one could not point to a single date when ‘the priesthood was restored’ ” (38; quoting an 1840 discourse by Joseph Smith). Prince concludes that these events “were all part of the gradual restoration of priesthood, a restoration best understood as a process rather than an event” (38).

This might seem, at first, a rather dramatic conclusion to those of us taught from an early age that “the priesthood”—authority from God organized into offices bearing distinct duties—was restored in toto by particular personages and on particular dates. At first I was perplexed by the process Prince describes. The details of the day-to-day development of the priesthood were not as familiar to me as my facile concepts of the mature priesthood. Watching the unfolding of these events in such detail was like having important but distant relatives come for an extended visit: myths created by time and distance are dispelled by proximity in real time. Sometimes we do not want to see our relatives up and close.

In context, the evolutionary process Prince describes makes a great deal of sense. As I worked through *Power from on High*, I became very comfortable with the narrative. As I have listened to testimonies or conversion accounts over the years, I have heard two types of stories. In the one, conversion is “catastrophic”—there is a flash of light or inspiration, and the recipient’s life, or at least her knowledge, is transformed instantaneously. In the other, the acquisition of knowledge comes gradually. For some, the process of “gaining a testimony” comes so gradually that they cannot point to any particular time or place in which this knowledge was conveyed. Some in this group (Marion G. Romney comes to mind) may not even recall a time when they did not have a testimony. Both of these types of testimonies are legitimate ways of acquiring knowledge.

From our perspective, the Restoration is “catastrophic.” That is, it appears to us as an instant transformation, the old regime supplanted in a twinkling by the restored Church with all its appurtenances. We think of the Restoration as a single transformative experience as was had by Saul on the road to Damascus or Alma the Younger or King Lamoni. We forget that for those who experienced the Restoration, the revelations and organizational changes came in measured portions, precept upon precept, each new precept adding to and enhancing their understanding of prior precepts. With the changes we have seen in the priesthood over the past two decades—the passing of the as-

sistants to the twelve and local seventies quorums, the creation of the First and Second Quorums of Seventy and the area presidencies, and the discontinuance of the office of Church Patriarch—we should not be surprised to learn that the priesthood was adapted to the spiritual and temporal needs of the early members.

Prince arrives at his conclusions by proceeding cautiously and methodically through the earliest references to priesthood, authority, offices, and ordinances. His methodology is inductive, not deductive, reflecting his scientific background (vii–viii): he does not begin with a fixed set of principles about priesthood from which he deduces subsets of consistent principles; rather, he lets the original records speak for themselves. It is an impressive array of sources. Although I admire Prince’s near-exclusive reliance on primary sources, I wish he had given parallel references to sources available to the lay reader who wants to check references or expand the discussion. For example, in his opening sentence, Prince quotes an 8 August 1833 revelation stating that God would “give unto the faithful line upon line precept upon precept” (1). His footnote is to the Kirtland Revelations Book and to section LXXXV:3 of the 1835 edition of the Doctrine and Covenants. Because I do not have access to these sources, I cannot even tell if the quoted phrase is from the same revelation (received 6 August 1833) now found in Doctrine and Covenants 98 (the quoted passage is iden-

tical to D&C 98:12). Citations to current sources, even if qualified by a “cf.” or a “see also,” would have been helpful. I also wish he had included a bibliography and footnote references to important secondary sources. In his discussion of the endowment and freemasonry, Prince cites an article in *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* (134n77); and in his chapter on women and the priesthood he refers to a book of essays and studies (201, n.1; 207n25). I was puzzled as to why he cited these articles while omitting other, significant secondary sources.³

So far I have only quibbled around the edges. I have one observation, one criticism, and one suggestion for further research efforts in this area. First, the observation. *Power from on High* does not purport to be a history of the priesthood. It does not, for example, deal with the organization of the first quorums of the priesthood or the changes in their leadership. Instead, *Power from on High* is an intellectual history, a history of the thinking about the priesthood in the earliest days of the Church. As I read *Power from on High*, particularly the opening, lengthy chapter on the development of priesthood authority, I wanted desperately to be able to see Prince’s careful thinking placed in the broader context of Church history. At various sections in the book, I made marginal notes such as, “What else is happening at this time?” and “What motivated this?” I hope



that future studies of the priesthood by Prince or others will integrate the developing concepts of priesthood authority, office, and organization into the story of the exodus from Kirtland to Missouri to Nauvoo, the phenomenal growth of the Church, and economic developments.

Now, the criticism. Prince's inductive methodology is to be commended, but inductive proofs are only as strong as the evidence upon which they are based. The proof consists of two parts: first, the number of observations of the phenomenon second, a reasonable assurance that there is no contradictory evidence. I cannot contradict the evidence Prince has brought forward; because of my limited access to the primary sources, I have to rely on the integrity of his research and assume that when he describes what Joseph said or how the other brethren regarded a particular principle of the priesthood, there is no contrary evidence. I am comfortable making that assumption. In some cases, however, I felt that Prince's conclusions were based on too few observations. That is, I believe that even if the evidence for a particular proposition represents all the

known evidence, the matter is inconclusive.

Here's an example of inferences I thought were based on too thin a reed. In Kirtland, early 1831, Joseph Smith began to prepare the brethren for "the ancient order of Melchizedek" (118) and an endowment of power. "As the time of the endowment approached, it became apparent that it would embody two biblical themes: the New Testament Pentecostal outpouring or 'power from on high' and the Old Testament order through which such power would be conferred" (118-19). This endowment was not the endowment offered in LDS temples today; that latter endowment was first introduced in Nauvoo in 1842. The June 1831 endowment consisted of "pentecostal experiences" (119), after which the elders set out for Missouri prepared to cast out devils, heal the sick, and raise the dead. One of the elders in this group, Ezra Booth, left the Church shortly thereafter and complained that the elders were unsuccessful in their efforts. Booth wrote in October 1831 that "this work must be postponed." Prince then states:

Although Booth had left the church by the time he wrote this

letter, the minutes of a general conference held shortly after the elders returned from Missouri lend credence to his account. During that conference, Smith stated "that the order of the High-priesthood is that they have power given them to seal up the Saints unto eternal life." This statement signalled two important theological changes. First, the power inherent in high priesthood was now viewed primarily in an "other worldly" context. That is, rather than focusing on present, verifiable phenomena, it shifted to the there-and-then, marking the beginning of the unique Latter-day Saint theology of afterlife. Second, it separated the concepts of endowment and high priesthood (120-21; footnote omitted).

From a single account, that of Ezra Booth, Prince concludes that the elders' efforts failed; no other evidence is brought forward that the elders were unsuccessful. Even if the first proposition were true, the next does not follow. From Booth's statement that the work

THE WORD BAZAAR

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***“We forget that for those who experienced
the Restoration, the revelations and organizational changes
came in measured portions, precept upon precept.”***

must be postponed (postponed until when?), Prince finds that Joseph Smith concluded that the endowment with power from on high was not to bless people in this life, but to seal them in the hereafter.

It is not at all evident to me that the elders of the Church ceased their efforts to heal the sick. Prince offers no evidence whether any particular elders were successful or unsuccessful. From what I know of human nature and my own experience with the power of the priesthood, I suspect that some were successful and some were not. Even if the mission was not as successful as anticipated, the elders surely did not abandon the idea that they had the power to work some of the healing miracles of Jesus. Indeed, Prince devotes a later section to showing that the elders exercised the gift of healing before and after their 1831 experience (see 98–107). I understand Prince’s point that the endowment introduced in 1842 focused on sealing Saints to eternal life. I fail to see, however, how Joseph Smith’s statement—allegedly in response to the failed trip to Missouri (for which the statement of Ezra Booth was the only evidence)—triggered an “important theological change.” Ultimately, Prince may be quite correct in his conclusions, but the evidence presented for his chain of inferences is simply too weak.

Finally, my own pet thoughts and suggestions for future studies. Prince discusses two different endowments of power and links an Old Testament figure with each. The first occurred in Kirtland in 1831 and consisted of a pentecostal experience that endowed the elders with temporal power over evil spirits, disease, and death. In early 1831 Joseph

Smith had revised a portion of Genesis 14, adding sixteen verses concerning Melchizedek and his “order” (Gen. 14: 27–28, 30 JST). The added verses stated that every one being ordained after this order and calling should have power, by faith, to break mountains, to divide the seas, to dry up waters, to turn them out of their course; To put at defiance the armies of nations, to divide the earth, to break every band, to stand in the presence of God; to do all things according to his will, according to his command, subdue principalities and powers . . . (Gen. 14:30–31 JST).

Prince attributes to this passage the foundation for ordinations into the Order of Melchizedek and the pentecostal outpouring in June 1831 (16–19, 71, 118–19).

The second investiture of power occurred in Nauvoo in 1842 with the introduction of a more formal endowment ceremony that focussed on sealing the Saints unto eternal life. Here, Prince finds that the dominant figure is Elijah, who began as “an obscure figure in the early years of the Restoration” and “emerged as the dominant figure both in priesthood and in afterlife theology” (35).

I suggest that there is yet a third Old Testament figure who is central to the priesthood and to the economic order that Joseph and his successors tried to establish—Enoch. The concept of the priesthood as an “order” (which Prince, at one point, links to the idea of Catholic orders, 71, n.89) had appeared as early as 1830 in the Book of Mormon. Jacob records that he was “called of God, and or-

daind after the manner of his holy order” (2 Ne. 6:2). He was ordained by his brother Nephi, “upon whom ye look as a king,” thus vesting in Jacob the secular and sacred authority of a priest and king. Alma the Younger taught the people of Gideon according to “the holy order by which he was called” (Alma 6:8). And in a remarkable passage in Alma 13, the priesthood is repeatedly identified as an “order . . . after the order of his Son” (Alma 13:1; see also Alma 13:2, 6–11, 14, 16, 18). Melchizedek, identified as both a king and a priest, “received the office of the high priesthood according to the holy order of God” (Alma 13:18). In his role as king and priest, Melchizedek received Abraham’s tithes (Alma 13:15; Gen. 14:18–20; Heb. 7: 1–2). Although there were “many before [Melchizedek] . . . and afterwards, . . . none were greater; therefore, of him they have more particularly made mention” (Alma 13:19). All of these passages sustain the passages in Joseph Smith’s translation of Genesis 14 and further Prince’s point regarding the importance of Melchizedek and the nature of the power of his priesthood.

In 1835, this priesthood—“after the order of Melchizedek” (D&C 107:9)—was again identified as “the Holy Priesthood, after the Order of the Son of God” (D&C 107:3; see also D&C 124:123). The revelations of Joseph Smith confirmed the Book of Mormon’s explanation that the priesthood order followed the Son of God and that Melchizedek, as a particularly faithful member of that order, stood as a proxy. So far, this should sound familiar. But in a curious passage in Doctrine and Covenants 76,

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Melchizedek's priesthood follows not only the order of the Son, but the order of Enoch. This passage states that those "who overcome by faith and are sealed by the Holy Spirit of promise" are "the church of the Firstborn . . . priests and kings . . . [and] priests of the Most High, after the order of Melchizedek, which was after the order of Enoch, which was after the order of the Only Begotten Son" (D&C 76:53, 54, 56–57; emphasis added). A later verse refers to the "church of Enoch, and of the Firstborn" (D&C 76:67).

Section 76, given in 1832, was not the first time that Melchizedek and Enoch had been linked. In late 1830 and early 1831, Joseph Smith had recorded revelations now known as the Book of Moses. Moses 6 and 7 contain a record of Enoch, but make no reference to Melchizedek (who would follow Enoch) or priesthood. But in Moses 8, we read that "the Lord ordained Noah after his own order, and commanded him that he should go forth and declare his Gospel unto the children of men, even as it was given unto Enoch" (Moses 8:19). In the Joseph Smith Translation of Genesis 9, the connection between Noah and Enoch is made even stronger:

And the bow shall be in the cloud; and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant, which I made unto thy father Enoch; that, when men should keep all my commandments, Zion should again come on the earth, the city of Enoch which I have caught up unto myself.

And this is mine everlasting covenant, that when thy posterity shall embrace the truth, and look upward, then shall Zion look downward, and all the heavens shall shake with gladness, and the earth shall tremble with joy; And the general assembly of the church of the first-born shall come down out of heaven, and possess the earth, and shall have place until the end come. And this is mine everlasting covenant, which I made with thy father Enoch. (Gen. 9:21–23 JST).

With this background, I think the passage that Prince thought so significant (Gen. 14 JST) is even more important. It takes on a new meaning because, once again, Enoch is front and center:

[H]aving been approved of God, [Melchizedek] was ordained an high priest after the order of the covenant which God made with

Enoch.

It being after the order of the Son of God; . . .

And now, Melchizedek was a priest of this order; therefore he obtained peace in Salem, and was called the Prince of peace.

And his people wrought righteousness, and obtained heaven, and sought for the city of Enoch which God had beforetaken. (Gen. 14:27–28, 33–34 JST).

The same chapter further explains why Abraham paid his tithes to Melchizedek, who sought to imitate Zion and the order of Enoch: "Abram paid unto [Melchizedek] tithes of all that he had, of all the riches which he possessed, which God had given him more than that which he had need" (Gen. 14:39 JST).

In the same month that Joseph Smith "retranslated" these passages in Genesis 14, he issued a written revelation that he said would be "the law of the Church." The revelation, now Doctrine and Covenants 42, consisted of a series of instructions and rules on moral law, simplicity in apparel, cleanliness, industry, chastity, public and private offense, evil speaking, and care for the poor and the sick. Section 42 is probably best remembered as one of the first revelations on the law of consecration, but it comprises a great deal more. It governs an entire social and economic order. The law of consecration itself was a clear step toward establishing Enoch's Zion—a theme to which Joseph and others would return repeatedly.⁴

These passages from the Book of Moses, the Joseph Smith Translation of Genesis, and the Doctrine and Covenants suggest that the two things for which we know Melchizedek—an order of the priesthood was named for him, and he received Abraham's tithes—both have their origins in the story of Enoch and Melchizedek's attempt to build the city of Zion among his people. They also link the "order of Enoch . . . after the order of the Only Begotten Son" not only with temporal power to heal or move mountains (Moses 7:13; Gen. 14:30 JST) but with an economic and social order that would encourage them to be of "one heart and one mind" so that they could "dwell[] in righteousness" and find "no poor among them" (Moses 7:18). It seems that Joseph Smith attempted expressly to do as Melchizedek tried to do, namely, follow the example of Enoch and replicate Zion.⁵

As *Power from on High* confirms, the Prophet Joseph Smith had an expansive vision of the priesthood. It was a vision in-

formed by the Prophet's larger social vision. The Prophet was a system-builder: his systematic theology comprehended the temporal and spiritual well-being of Christ's followers; he established a church, built a city, and laid the foundations for an economic order. The priesthood that was defined through him adapted to meet the temporal and spiritual needs of the members of the Church. We have not fully appreciated the role of Enoch in our theology. I hope that future discussions of the priesthood may yet recognize the influence of Enoch along with that of Melchizedek, Elijah, and others.

My discussion here should not detract from the contribution Greg Prince has made to our understanding of the priesthood. *Power from on High* is an important book and fully worthy of its place in my family library.

NOTES

1. Much of this chapter was previously published in a John Whitmer Historical Association Monograph by Prince, *Having Authority: The Origins and Development of Priesthood during the Ministry of Joseph Smith* (Independence, Mo.: Herald Publishing House, 1993). Prince's views are further developed in "Paradigm Lost," 18:3 *SUNSTONE* 79-83 (Dec. 1995), [a review of D. Michael Quinn's *The Mormon Hierarchy: Origins of Power* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1995)].

2. Abraham 1: 21–27. See also "Free People of Color," *The Evening and the Morning Star* 109 (July 1833). The best historical treatment of this question is Lester E. Bush Jr., "Mormonism's Negro Doctrine: An Historical Overview," 8:1 *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* (spring 1973): 11–68. See especially pages 16–22, which discuss Joseph Smith's views.

3. For example, in his discussion of the second anointing, Prince fails to note David John Buerger's "The Fullness of the Priesthood: The Second Anointing in Latter-day Saint Theology and Practice," *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought* 16:1 (spring 1983): 10–44, and he omits from his discussion of women blessing the sick Linda King Newell's "A Gift Given, A Gift Taken: Washing, Anointing, and Blessing the Sick Among Mormon Women," *SUNSTONE* (Sept./Oct. 1981): 16–25.

In *Having Authority*, Prince included a bibliography that listed such secondary sources, including the Buerger article, 95–99.

4. See generally Leonard J. Arrington, Feramorz Y. Fox, and Dean L. May, *Building the City of God: Community and Cooperation Among the Mormons* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1976). Interestingly, Arrington, Fox and May reproduce a poster of "Rules that Should Be Observed by Members of the United Order" which incorporates many of the themes and rules found in D&C 42, pp. 235, 404–05.

5. So much so that at a time when Joseph believed he had to disguise his name, he chose Enoch as his pseudonym. See Joseph Smith, *History of the Church*, ed. B. H. Roberts, (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Company, 1974) 1: 255 n*.

BOOKNOTES

**WHEN TRUTH WAS TREASON:
GERMAN YOUTH AGAINST
HITLER: THE STORY OF THE
HELMUTH HÜBENER GROUP**

by Karl-Heinz Schnibbe
compiled, translated, and edited by Blair R.
Holmes and Alan F. Keele
University of Illinois Press, 1995
496 pages, \$34.95

Reviewed by Michael Tiedemann



IN AUGUST 1942, seventeen-year-old Helmuth Hübener was sentenced to death, and Rudolf Wobbe, Gerhard Düwer and Karl-Heinz Schnibbe received prison sentences. Their "crime" was resistance to the Nazi-State. Hübener, an LDS youth from Hamburg, led three of his friends in an effort to inform the German people that Germany was engaged in a hopeless and unnecessary war. In this book, survivor Karl-Heinz Schnibbe, tells the story of this conspiracy and its consequence on his life.

When Truth Was Treason is an excellent piece of historical work. The editors, who also translated Schnibbe's narrative and compiled an extensive number of primary documents, have done a wonderful job of bringing the story of this mostly LDS resistance group to the attention of a scholarly audience. Their introductory remarks focus on resistance in Nazi Germany in general and put the Helmuth Hübener Group into its context. The foreword by Klaus J. Hansen, himself a German who witnessed the Third Reich as a child, is a very honest look at Mormonism in Hitler's Germany.

This is a book that might keep the unexpected reader up all night. The story Schnibbe tells is fast paced, which makes it difficult to follow in the historical background that the editors have so carefully uncovered in the endnotes that would have been more readily accessible as footnotes. Also, it might have been a good idea to include a map, since few readers probably have a good working knowledge of Polish, Russian, or even German geography.

The documents that are included have never been made available in English before. They show the steps of investigation through the trial and sentencing and end with the

reminiscences of ten people who knew Helmuth personally. To me as a law student, it was shocking to read how easily it was possible to twist the legal system in such a way as to legally justify Nazi inhumanity.

In Germany, Helmuth Hübener and his friends are not nearly appropriately remembered by members of the Church. If American Mormons learn about his life, they may be able to help us Germans appreciate his heroism, and his acts of courage and faith that must not be forgotten. ☐

MICHAEL TIEDEMANN is a Sunstone correspondent in Germany.

**RESTLESS: THE MEMOIRS OF
LABOR AND CONSUMER
ACTIVIST ESTHER PETERSON**

by Esther Peterson with Winifred
Conkling Caring Publishing, 1995
193 pages, \$15.00 paperback, \$27.50 cloth

Reviewed by John Sillito



IN A CAREER spanning more than sixty years as an educator, lobbyist, union representative, consumer activist, government official, and mother "of four wonderful children—my greatest gift to the world,"

Esther Peterson has made an important contribution. But in many ways, she has simply practiced the innate fairness she learned as a young Mormon girl in Utah when she sang the words "Have you done any good in the world today?" and "Do what is right, let the consequences follow." In giving her the Presidential Medal of Freedom, Jimmy Carter noted she was committed to "keeping the rights of all Americans to know and be treated fairly."

By her own admission, Esther comes from a long line of malcontents—Danish converts to Mormonism—possessing a willingness to rock the boat, who were attracted by the "magical New World gospel" affording them a new vision to change their lives and a chance to start over. As Esther admits, "I admire people who refuse to settle for things the way they are and struggle to make them better."

She grew up in the sheltered world of Utah County. But her horizons widened during the railroad strike of 1918. While helping her family transport college student strike breakers, one of the strikers wives con-

fronted her: "Why are you doing this to us?" The words and the woman's face have stayed with her. Within a few years, Esther had moved to a life beyond Utah that included teaching in Boston, attending Columbia University, meeting and marrying her beloved husband Oliver, and activity in various labor and political causes, including service to Presidents Kennedy, Johnson, and Carter.

While these reminiscences may particularly appeal to those interested in American labor and political history, readers of *SUNSTONE* are familiar with her role as an independent Mormon. Indeed, more than simply in ancestry, Esther is the product of the quintessential forces of nineteenth-century Mormonism—a desire for answers to difficult questions, a commitment to a cooperative society, and a tolerance for diversity. Esther Peterson's memoirs are a joy to read, though she has experienced dark times in her life. Of particular poignancy is the discussion of the red baiting of Oliver during the McCarthy era. Though cleared of the charges, he was never really the same, developing cancer that would ultimately claim his life.

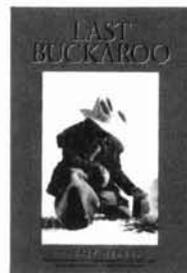
In this centennial year of Utah, *Restless* ought to be widely read by Utahns interested in one of their foremost native daughters. ☐

JOHN SILLITO is a librarian at Weber State University.

LAST BUCKAROO

by Mackey Hedges
Gibbs Smith, 1995
352 pages, \$22.95

Reviewed by Michael Fillerup



TOLD RETROSPECTIVELY by octogenarian cowboy Tap McCoy, the *Last Buckaroo* recounts the adventures of Tap and his sidekick Dean McCuen. It covers a thirteen-year period, including Dean's metamorphosis

from a young city dude to a bona fide cowboy and Tap's twilight ride as the Last Buckaroo. It is a delightful account—humorous, informative, poignant—related in a straightforward, conversational prose that has become a literary trademark of the American West: colorfully cryptic and deceptively simple.

In the tradition of Don Quixote and

RECENTLY RELEASED

Compiled by Will Quist

This section features recent titles of interest to Mormons; descriptions are often taken from promotional materials. Submissions are welcome.

BIOGRAPHY

Gordon B. Hinckley: Shoulder for the Lord. George M. McCune. Hawkes, 1996, hb, 600 p., indexed, \$24.95.

The first book about the current Church president is "not only the story of Gordon B. Hinckley's life but the story of the Church."

LeRoy Robertson: Music Giant from the Rockies. Marian Robertson Wilson. Blue Ribbon Publications, 1996, hb, 344 p., indexed, \$14.95.

Robertson—"ranked among the foremost American composers of the twentieth century"—taught and built music at BYU, the University of Utah, the Utah Symphony, and the Church's General Music Committee. By a daughter.

The Revised and Enhanced History of Joseph Smith by His Mother.

Lucy Mack Smith; ed. Scot Facer Proctor and Maurine Jensen Proctor. Bookcraft, 1996, hb, 506 p., indexed, \$19.95.

To this classic and perhaps most-published LDS biography are added pertinent and interesting notes, quotes, and photos—including unpublished passages from Lucy's manuscript.

HISTORY

Building Zion: The Latter-day Saints in Europe. Bruce A. VanOrden. Deseret Book, 1996, hb, 345 p., \$19.95.

A BYU religion professor on "the remarkable story of the Church in Europe, from its miraculous beginnings in the 1830s to the extraordinary events transpiring in Eastern Europe today."

Kirtland Council Minute Book. Ed. Fred C. Collier and William S. Harwell. Collier's Publishing, 1996, ltd.-ed. (500) hb, 223 p., indexed, \$50.00.

A "readable typescript" of the official record of the Kirtland High Council—first in the Church—from 1832 to 1837.

Prophetic Destiny: The Saints in the Rocky Mountains. Paul Thomas Smith. Covenant Communications, 1996, hb, 90 p., \$12.95.

Biographical sketches accompany "many remarkable stories of prophecy and revelation given to the ancient and modern prophets, and to individual Saints in preparation for their relocation from the United States."

Reconsidering No Man Knows My History: Fawn M. Brodie and Joseph Smith in Retrospect. Ed. Newell G. Bringhurst. Utah State

University Press, 1996, 241 p., indexed, \$34.95 hb and \$17.95 pb.

As a Mormon book which has been in print in hardcover for over fifty years, Brodie's first book may stand alone. Despite its flaws, even today it is one of the two most-thorough biographies of Joseph Smith. Seven scholars, from different perspectives, evaluate her, him, and it.

Same-Sex Dynamics among Nineteenth-Century Americans: A Mormon Example. D. Michael Quinn. University of Illinois Press, 1996, hb, 477 p., indexed, \$29.95.

"Emphasizes the full range of same-sex dynamics among Mormons born in the nineteenth century: . . . relevant statements and actions by leaders of the LDS Church [and] same-sex dynamics of nineteenth-century non-Mormons who lived in the 'Mormon culture region.'"

San Bernardino: The Rise and Fall of a California Community. Edward Leo Lyman. Signature Books, 1996, hb, 469 p., indexed, \$24.95.

In the 1850s, Mormons made the San Bernardino Valley "the largest Anglo-American settlement in the California Southland." Yet, when recalled during the Utah War, they unmade it, "leaving behind their cumulative fortunes, a city stripped of its regional economic standing, and an enduring legacy of diversity."

LIFESTYLE

Mormons in Transition. Leslie Reynolds. Gratitude Press, 1996, pb, 124 p., \$9.95.

Stories, concepts, and advice for new, questioning, inactive, and former Mormons and their friends.

Working toward Zion: Principles of the United Order for the Modern World. James W. Lucas and Warner P. Woodworth; foreword by Hugh Nibley. Aspen Books, 1996, hb, 484 p., indexed, \$19.95.

From a historical background, a lawyer and a professor show "how individuals, families, businesses, and institutions are applying or could realistically begin to apply principles of charity, service, and temporal righteousness [to] not only lift the poor, but . . . generate righteous prosperity for all who seek Zion."

THEOLOGY

The Holy Priesthood, vol. 5. Ogden Kraut. Pioneer Press, 1996, pb, 267 p., \$6.00.

Discusses such topics as fallibility and infallibility; conflict between dead and living prophets; the gift of prophecy and revelation; laws, principles, and ordinances; and sustaining and following the brethren.

Huckleberry Finn, we follow Tap and Dean from the Two-Bar outfit in southern Arizona, to the Lost Lake outfit in Bishop, California, to the White Mountain Apache reservation, to just about any and all points west of the Rockies. We are treated to an intimate, in-depth look into the life, mind, and soul of the cowboy. It is a candid yet compassionate view of a world of opposition and paradox.

There is no false romanticizing or sugar-coating. The cowboy rides a tough, hard trail with few creature comforts and little security at the end of the road. And the book is packed with information about cowboy things and cowboy ways: how to break a horse, how to castrate a calf, how to cook dinner in a cathouse—it's all there, and then some. There is even a buckaroo glossary to help novices distinguish between a *forked rider* and a *round ass* and to ensure that they do not mistake a *honda* for a Japanese car, nor a *meccate* for an exotic, south-of-the-border beverage.

Unfortunately, with the exception of TenaRay, Dean's love interest, women fade in and out of the story like well-intended cameos. However, women (even prostitutes) are treated with an old-fashioned respect that may seem quaint and condescending by today's standard. Despite their drinking and whoring and brawling, there is a "gift of the magi" goodness in these modern-day Ishmaels: When their friend Lonny suffers a paralyzing accident, Dean and Tap, who have just cashed their paychecks, visit him. Assuming that Dean will still have the lion's share of his earnings to see them through until next payday, Tap stealthily leaves nine \$100 bills on Lonny's dresser and slips away, with this thought: "What the hell, I figured. I'd just blow the money on a big drunk." Later, he discovers that Dean, assuming the same, has left his pay for Lonny as well.

However, as Tap's days in the saddle grow longer and harder, you wonder what will become of this old vagabond whose only family is young Dean McCuen. A *deus ex machina* rescues Tap from a potentially sad and desolate end, and this, along with some occasional inconsistencies, is one of the few soft spots in the book. But lest we view the Great Cowboy Sunset through rose-colored lenses, the happy-trails-to-you ending is underscored by a frank epilogue that recounts the fates, good and bad, of the story's characters, major and minor: i.e., "Pete Courtley, died of cirrhosis of the liver." ☞

MICHAEL FILLERUP is a writer living in Flagstaff, Arizona.

NEWS

FAUX BYU'S: THE MAKING OF TWO INDEPENDENT MORMON COLLEGES

AT LEAST two or three families in most Mormon wards can tell you how their little (insert name here)'s life was devastated when that BYU rejection letter arrived. "I just don't understand how this could happen," they'll say, weeping. "I'm a stake president; LeRay/LaDon was on the student council, she graduated with a 3.5 GPA, played in the band, didn't French kiss, and won't even watch those clever beer commercials on TV!"

Ask them, "What was her ACT score?"

"Good, around the 80th percentile, a 25."

"Oh . . .," you'll say.

Then ask: "Did she graduate from seminary?"

"Well, no. She went a lot, but it was an hour away and started at 6 A.M."

Tell them that's the clincher; between the sub-par GPA and ACT scores and the unfortunate seminary situation, she never had a chance.

That's right. With Church membership approaching 10 million, a BYU enrollment cap of 27,000 (although many say the bursting-at-the-seams campus is closer to 30,000), Church leaders that insist there will be no more BYU's. With average BYU freshman GPAs of 3.73 and ACT scores of 27.3, there are a whole bunch of LeRay/LaDons who, well, never had a chance.

And it's not only BYU. Church-owned Ricks College is also opening itself up to charges of elitism: last year, 2,200 applicants were turned away, and the average freshman GPA has risen to 3.36 at the small, Idaho school with a 7,500 enrollment cap. Utah Valley State College, while

not Church-owned, has become an attractive alternative for LDS kids who need to log a couple of strong semesters before BYU will accept them. Today, overcrowding has forced officials to turn away hundreds of students (which also drives up admission requirements). It seems inevitable that some enterprising Saint would volunteer to supply the demand. There have been a few failed attempts; most recently, efforts to raise money to purchase a vacant college in Carthage, Ill., fell far short ("BYU East" Bid Fails," SUNSTONE, Dec. 1994). But what follows is a sketch of two new efforts that show a lot of promise.

"BYU" EAST Small, Virginia College gains new life and an honor code

Southern Virginia College, a small, liberal arts women's college known for its strong writing and equestrian program, had been carrying a \$4.5 million debt for years. Having lost its accreditation in December, the 130-year-old school in Buena Vista was near closing when Roger Barrus, Glade Knight, and other LDS educators and business associates pooled their resources and bought it. (Barrus, a political science professor at Virginia's Hampden-Sydney College, came up with the idea after his daughter, Corinne, had been rejected from both BYU and Ricks twice.)

Barrus, et. al, are now working to turn SVC, known as Southern Seminary until 1992, into the "BYU" of the East (with some notable differences).

- The school is not sponsored



Southern Virginia College was recently purchased by wealthy East-Coast Latter-day Saints and is being billed as an alternative to Church-owned schools. It may be the first of several independent LDS colleges throughout the United States.

or aided financially by the Church.

- In place are dress and grooming standards and an honor code (no pre-marital sex, shorts to the knees, no drinking, . . . but male students can wear neatly trimmed beards). SVC's honor code is "modeled largely after the BYU version, but won't be quite as stringent," new college president David Ferrell, a senior analyst at the Wirthlin Group, told the *Student Review*. "It creates an atmosphere with the standards of BYU, but it is not to be used as a tool to get at other students," he said.
- The former two-year, women's school is now a four-year, co-ed institution.
- The dorms are set up with the same rules and restrictions as are BYU's Desert Towers or Helaman Halls, including limited, opposite-sex visiting hours.
- Students are required to complete two hours of com-

munity service a week.

- SVC officials stress the school is nonsectarian, but there will be an LDS institute building with a full-time director. It will also continue to support the campus's Baptist Student Union and Catholic Ministries.
 - An academic cornerstone will be the school's Great Books curriculum. Based on similar programs at St. John's and other universities, SVC will build its liberal arts core on Western civilization's enduring works of religion, philosophy, literature, and science.
 - All of the school's top administrators and all but three of its trustees are LDS.
- Barrus, who is provost and academic dean, said only a few faculty members and students left after the new standards were announced. It's a good thing, too, because the new owners have assumed the previous debt, but don't plan to raise the \$9000 annual tuition or the \$6,000 for



Cumorah University, in Tijuana, Mexico.

fees, room and board. Instead, they hope to collect \$50 million over five years from corporate sponsors and individuals, the Associated Press reported.

"We would like our graduates to possess a core of character and begin to live lives that are imbued with integrity," Ferrell told the AP. He would also like them to be able to get jobs and go to graduate programs, currently an issue since the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools refused to reaccredit SVC in May. This also poses financial problems, since non-accredited schools don't qualify for federal or state financial aid. Nonetheless, as of this fall semester, around 200 students enrolled. And school officials are forging forward, hoping to add 200 more students each year up to a cap of 1000.

Since Barrus and Knight acquired SVC and announced their goals, they have reportedly fielded numerous calls from other Latter-day Saints who would like to do the same thing in their area. Some dream of a consortium of independent LDS colleges around the nation. For more information, write Southern Virginia College, One College Hill Dr., Buena Vista, VA, 24416 or call 800/229-8420.

SVC's internet website is <http://www.southernvirginia.edu>; e-mail is info@southernvirginia.edu.

edu.

"BYU" SOUTH (OF THE BORDER)

*Upstart Mexican university offers
high school, technical, and
academic degrees*

While Virginia is breaking ground for independent Mormon colleges in the U.S., a school south of the border is already approaching its third birthday. The Universidad de Cumorah (Cumorah University) is a private, LDS-oriented institution in Tijuana, Mexico. It offers three educational tracks, which were outlined in a *San Diego Seagull* feature article.

The first level is an intensive, six-month program that teaches English, accounting, and computers. University President Arturo De Hoyos told the *Seagull* that graduates of this program are trained for jobs that will pay at least three times more than the minimum wage in Mexico. Anyone with an elementary school education can be admitted. The second level is designed to prepare students to pass the thirty-three exams needed to receive one's Preparatoria certificate (high school diploma). Students can begin the program at any time and work at their own pace; several finish each month.

College-level work kicks in at

the third level. There are eight majors: business administration, history, international commerce, education, banking and finance, tourism, nutrition and food preparation, and computer science—all approved by the Department of Education of Baja, California. The classes, which started in April 1995, are "open," meaning students do not have to attend all the time, and can work at their own pace.

Admission requirements, beyond the standard letters of recommendation, transcripts, etc., are:

- live a clean life; maintain a positive attitude;
- have a high motivation to study (at least four hours a

day);

- and have a willingness to work with tutors and school counselors.

Registration fees are 250 pesos a semester and tuition is 500 pesos a month (about \$58 U.S. dollars).

The school's academic publication, *La Voz de Cumorah*, is printed mostly in Spanish. The semi-monthly magazine is available for \$25 a year, and editors are currently accepting submissions. Also, applications are being accepted for faculty and volunteer tutors. For more information, write Cumorah University, P.O. Box 5477, Chula Vista, CA 91912 or call 66/22-13-55.

PRESIDENT BATEMAN RESPONDS TO CHARGES

EARLY IN July, word that BYU President Merrill J. Bateman had refused to meet with a faculty academic freedom association became public. Members of the campus chapter of the American Association of University Professors (AAUP) said they had sent him three letters, but, in response, each member had received missives telling them no, and encouraging them to individually (not as a group) work "within the system that has been established . . . including the Faculty Center." AAUP said they would keep working to establish a dialogue.

Well, they might as well stop now. A generic letter is probably as close as many a faculty group is going to get for some time: the following month, in August, an anonymous BYU professor published in *SUNSTONE* a personal "litany of despair," an essay chronicling recent academic freedom violations ("Clipped and Controlled": A Contemporary Look at BYU," Sept. 1996).

That alone was probably enough to guarantee that everyone on the current hit list (if such a document exists) gets the

silent treatment. But there was more: the anonymous faculty member also accused President Bateman of plagiarizing ideas and phrases from historian Gertrude Himmelfarb's "The Christian University: A Call to Counterrevolution," published in the January 1996 *First Things*, a conservative academic journal. Anonymous listed at least fourteen different passages where there had been a "sequential summary" of Himmelfarb's ideas and writings—without attribution.

When the plagiarism story broke, President Bateman, who is also a member of the Church's First Quorum of the Seventy, declined an interview with the Associated Press, offering instead this short statement:

"President Bateman respects and agrees with the ideas in Gertrude Himmelfarb's speech published in "First Things" in January, and he cited her work in his inaugural address. He tapped a large body of literature on the secularization of the university in which concepts expressed by Himmelfarb are widely shared.

"A strict reading of style manuals would require that President

Bateman enclose five of Himmelfarb's phrases in quotes, and he did, in fact, cite her as an important source.

"If there was an inadvertent error, it was in phraseology, not in attempting to take credit for someone else's ideas."

Himmelfarb said she wanted to stay out of the controversy. "It can stand on its own," she told the AP. "People will make of it what they will." And SUNSTONE editor Elbert Peck defended his decision to run an unattributed article. "I have a policy against anonymous articles, but there are certain times when the situation requires one," he said, especially since public criticism of university or Church administrators can affect the standing of BYU faculty members.

President Bateman remained otherwise mute on the subject until a letter from him to Himmelfarb was released to the media August 20. BYU spokesperson Brent Harker was mystified as to why President Bateman chose to make the letter public. "All I can say is maybe the spirit is prompting him," he told the *Deseret News*.

In the letter, the *News* reported, Bateman denied he had plagiarized her work. "Apologies are due for your being drawn into accusations made against me regarding my inaugural speech which quoted from your fine article," he wrote. "Unfortunately, a set of quotation marks was included at the same point to highlight the slogan 'everything is political' and the placement of the citation appears to refer only to the slogan when it refers to the preceding paraphrased sentences in that paragraph." He also said a second citation to her work was unintentionally deleted. "However, there was no intent to plagiarize," he affirmed.

President Bateman gave his first spoken comments on the charges during a faculty conference late in August. He said that he well understands to whom he is accountable and he knows that his performance as university

president "must be exemplary. In no way do I intend to diminish [BYU's] quality or reputation," he said, according to the *News*. He apologized and promised to be more careful in the future.

Bateman told faculty and staff members that he was "shocked" by the plagiarism charge and felt bad about drawing Himmelfarb into the controversy. He explained that several sentences in one paragraph drawing on information from her address became separated from the citation given for statements in a second paragraph, the *News* reported.

President Bateman also criticized the SUNSTONE author for hiding "behind the cloak of anonymity." He said within the university, anonymous letters regarding faculty and staff are ignored—an ironic statement to many since an anonymous letter recently prompted BYU administrators to ask English Professor Brian Evenson, author of a nationally acclaimed collection of violent fiction, to change writing styles or leave ("BYU Professor Under Fire for Violent Book," SUNSTONE, Aug.-Sept. 1995).

Toward the end of the essay, the faculty member wrote, "Undoubtedly, the public-relations apparatus of the university will explain [the plagiarism] as an unfortunate oversight or . . . as the result of mixed up notes. The messenger, sadly SUNSTONE, will certainly be reviled."

Anonymous was right on both accounts. Bateman closed his address with a reminder that the Church issued a statement five years ago "counseling members not to participate in symposia where presentations injure the church" or are not appro-



COURTESY OF PAT BAGLEY/LAKE TRIBUNE

appropriate. "I believe the publication of an anonymous article by a symposia group denigrating members of the Twelve and advocating the transformation of BYU into a secular university supports the wisdom of that statement," he said.

Public response to the brouhaha has varied from outrage, to disbelief, to disappointment. AP articles appeared in newspapers from Irvine, California, to Cleveland, Ohio. There were the predictable letters to the editor, such as BYU law professor Lynn Wardle's, who called the plagiarism charge a "cheap shot" because "not every communication in a university needs to comply rigidly with the rules of scholarly citation." It seems that both "Anonymous and SUNSTONE strained the rules of scholarly writing for the shabby purposes of embarrassing someone whose message criticizing moral relativism in the university they disliked," he wrote.

Predictably, numerous Mormon e-mail lists crackled with opinion and gossip. One widely circulated tale, was that Bateman, when he was the Church's presiding bishop, had lifted much of his earlier City Creek dedication speech from a self-published history and was caught when the

eighty-seven-year-old author approached him following the ceremony. Only hearsay, but a prime example of the kind of stories that were passed around.

"I am glad President Bateman apologized for the ambiguity of his attribution," Scott Abbott, professor of Germanic and slavic languages, told the *Tribune*. "That will help the university move on to other things." Other faculty members queried by the *Tribune* declined to comment, but privately many discuss such questions as:

How do BYU faculty now deal with students who don't cite others' work? What do they say to a student who says "I just 'pulled a Bateman'—it wasn't really plagiarism"? What kind of a message is sent when a university doesn't follow its own "inadvertent" plagiarism policy ("it is a form of intellectual carelessness which is unacceptable in the academic community")? And what are the implications of President Bateman's violation of the Academic Freedom document, which says one does not have the right to embarrass the university?

Others philosophically conclude that the event will put all of the university's scholars on their toes, which is a good thing.

UPDATE



After thirty months of around-the-clock protests, Mesquite, Nevada, Saints were successful in getting a pornography store closed.

ACTIVISTS IN NEVADA KILL PORNO "GIANT"

COMPARING THEMSELVES to the David who slew Goliath, hundreds of crusaders gathered in May to celebrate the death of their common foe, a local porno book and video store ("Mormons and Others Continue Anti-Porn Fight in Nevada," *SUNSTONE*, Aug.-Sept. 1995). It was a mega-ward party, complete with watermelon, balloons, singing children, and speeches: Pure Pleasure Book and Video had been forced out of town after a court ruling lifted an injunction that had prevented city officials from enforcing a zoning ordinance banning adult-oriented shops in the business district.

"We know that this was inspired by God and the people of Mesquite will be blessed for generations to come," Jerry Kirk, president of the National Coalition for the Protection of Children and Families, told the *Salt Lake Tribune*. "Without us being on the picket line and packed in Judge Pro's courtroom last summer, we would have lost and these businesses would have made Mesquite the sex Mecca of the Great Basin," added Rebecca Hartley, coordinator of the long-running picket line. But Roger Diamond, a defender of sexually oriented businesses, who represented Pure Pleasure, chuckles at the idea that pickets and prayers tipped the scales of justice. "Their protesting had no effect on the outcome of this case," Diamond told the *Tribune*. "If they think their lives were enriched by walking back and forth all day and all night for so long, who am I to say otherwise? Sure, they could have been out helping the needy or feeding the homeless, but this is how they chose to spend their time."

Protest organizers estimate that over the previous thirty months, the twenty-four-hour, seven-day-a-week picket line involved 7,000 people, or a total of about 88,000 hours. The protest is believed to have been the longest-running picket line by nonpaid volunteers ever. "I will miss [the picketing]," Mary Halterman told the *Deseret News*. "It was a chance for us to stand up for what we thought was right. It was letting people know how we felt. I'm having withdrawal." Rita Fox, a single-parent and a teacher who lives in Mesquite, wept. "I have three daughters who picketed with me," she told the *News*. "We felt we were doing our part to clean up the world for future generations. I picketed because this was a moral issue I cared deeply about."

RESEARCHERS: MORMONS NEED UPDATED LONGEVITY STUDIES

ACCORDING TO past longevity studies, insured Mormon men live 85.7 years while the average male U.S. citizen lives 71.5 years; insured Mormon women live 88.1 years while the average U.S. female citizen lives 78.5 years. Times are changing, however. Early Mormons were raised in isolation and therefore able to sustain healthier lives, Utah State University gerontologist Ann W. Sorenson told the *Salt Lake Tribune*. "But as Utah becomes more heterogeneous, life expectancy gets closer to the national average. We need to study these people now to find out what they are doing right," she told the *Tribune*, especially since most state populations, including Utah's, will double in the next twenty-five years. To launch the necessary longitudinal study, Sorenson and others in USU's department of nutrition and food sciences have applied for a grant from the National Institutes of Health.

PROFESSOR WINS SUIT IN MORMON BIAS CASE

PHILLIP THORNTON said his troubles began in June 1994, when the Metropolitan State College decided not to hire LDS accounting professor Gary A. Ames. Thornton and other faculty members said accounting department chair Virginia Parker told them Ames had expressed anti-homosexual attitudes to her and that, as a lesbian, she was offended, the *Rocky Mountain News* reported. Parker also allegedly said she thought Ames, a Mormon who has six children, viewed women as "baby-making machines." Thornton and other faculty members objected to Parker's remarks about Ames, saying they did not think it was legal to discuss religion in deciding whether to hire someone. Thornton filed a suit after he was denied tenure, and a federal jury recently ordered MSC to pay him \$250,000 in damages, according to the *News*.

"JOSEPH SMITH SPHINX" SITE MAY BE IN PERIL



GILGAL, the current site of the so-called Joseph Smith Sphinx and other eclectic Mormon sculptures, may be in danger of becoming a parking lot, according to the July 1996 *Catalyst*, a Utah alternative magazine.

Gilgal, which means "circle of sacred stones," was created by Thomas B. Child. Child, while serving for nineteen years as bishop of the Salt Lake Tenth Ward, constructed the bower as an artistic representation of his education, culture, and religion. While no immediate plans have been made to sell the garden, the family who owns it says vandalism and high maintenance costs have made it difficult to keep the

park accessible to the public. It is a popular spot for teenagers to clandestinely visit late at night. Gilgal is officially open only on Sundays, 10 A.M.–10 P.M., 749 E. 500 S., in Salt Lake City. For more information, call Grant Fetzer, 801/359-8813 or 801/533-5165.

CHURCH AGAINST PIONEER "SQUARE"

THE LDS CHURCH has marshaled its considerable political forces against a proposal to rename Salt Lake City's Pioneer Park to Pioneer Square. Advocates argue the name change for the downtown block would draw commercial ventures to the neighborhood, especially upscale restaurants that serve wine, and help rejuvenate an area that is now known more for its drug trade than for its place in early Utah history as the first Mormon settlement in the city. Currently, Utah forbids liquor sales within 600 feet of a "park" but not a "square," and the name change method has been used elsewhere in the city. In response, Utah North Area President Alexander B. Morrison, a member of the LDS First Quorum of the Seventy, asked local stake presidents to encourage their congregations not to support the proposal. The Church also issued a statement, which said, "Circumventing the existing law through a name change would have a negative impact, not only on the moral standards of this community, but on the public's perception of the ethics and credibility of those seeking a semantic skirting of that law." At a very crowded hearing, a decision on the proposal was postponed for six months.

SPEECHES & CONFERENCES

ELDER HAFEN WARNS OF THE PERILS OF DIVORCE, GAY MARRIAGE



Elder Bruce C. Hafen

NO-FAULT DIVORCE and homosexual "marriages" are gaining more acceptance as Americans forget that marriage traditionally has three legal partners: man, woman, and society, said Elder Bruce C. Hafen, a member of the Church's First Quorum of the Seventy. The result is the erosion of strong families and the benefit they give society, he said according to the *Deseret News*.

"What interests me most today about these recent policy debates is the virtual absence of attention to the issue of society's interest in marriage as a fundamental social institution," he said. While many Americans now apparently are willing to tolerate homosexual relationships, Elder Hafen said, allowing gay "marriages" would elevate them to a highly protected status and promote such relationships, something he believes is wrong, the *News* reported. He

"Quickie" Temple Tours Now Available to Utah Air Travelers.

In July, the Church introduced a program designed to bring more tourists to the Salt Lake Temple. Now, travelers with ninety minutes or more before a connecting flight can catch a courtesy van to Temple Square for a quick synopsis of Utah history and a guided tour of the grounds. "We don't talk church, it's a friendship tour," Don Toomey, supervisor of the popular program, told the *Deseret News*.

Tabernacle Choir Reaches Milestone.

This September, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir broadcast its 3500th "Music and the Spoken Word," a weekly network radio program. The choir's first broadcast was 15 July 1929.

Plan to Name Utah Arena after Beer Maker Falls Flat.

West Valley City, Utah, officials say Coors Brewing Co. was just about ready to ante up \$7 million for the rights to put its name on a city hockey arena, but then the LDS church issued a statement condemning the idea. "It's not going to happen," franchise executive vice president Tim Mouser told the *Salt Lake Tribune*. "We don't want to be thought of as a bad guy in the community."

Beaver Sheriff Evicts Religious Group from Settlement.

Basing their beliefs on the Bible, Book of Mormon, U.S. Constitution, and English common law, a small group, in 1986, consecrated a section of Utah's remote western desert as a "religious retreat." Group members refused to register with the state or the Internal Revenue Service and did not pay property tax for



Manti's Newest "Store"front Church.

nearly a decade. The land was sold at an auction in 1993, prompting its recent, peaceful eviction. "It's been devastating, but this is what was prophesied to happen," Talmage Weis, a group co-founder, told the *Salt Lake Tribune*.

Manti Store Becomes Fundamentalist Church.

The True and Living Church of Jesus Christ of Saints of The Last Days has purchased a century-old store in Manti, converting it to a meeting-house. The acquisition received no community opposition, as some had feared it would. "The project is a decidedly worthwhile contribution to both our beautification and historic preservation programs," City Manager Bill Mickelsen told the *Deseret News*.

Utahns Drink More than Reported. For years, the Department of Alcoholic Beverage Control, the state agency that regulates all liquor and wine sales in Utah, has published impressive annual statistics that show Utahns consume only about half as much alcohol as do people in other states. But according to a review conducted by the Church-owned *Deseret News*, those statistics are way off: over the last ten years, Utahns, on average, drink up to 32 percent more wine and 27 percent more liquor than claimed by the DABC.

Church Applies to Build Vermont Campground. Church leaders in Vermont have requested permits to build a campground at the birthplace of Church founder Joseph Smith Jr. The thirty-two-site campground would be on the west side of about 350 acres the Church owns in Royalton, the *Associated Press* reported.

warned that it would open the door to giving similar, high recognition to all sorts of people wanting to form domestic partnerships, ranging from biological sisters to a bisexual person who wants to marry two other people.

Also, Hafen said that easy, no-fault divorces over the last several decades have resulted in the view that marriage is "temporary." This, of course, leads to more broken families, which, studies show, suffer more problems, and governmental programs to address them have skyrocketed. "When the government removed some of its fences on the cliff, it had to increase the number of ambulances to retrieve crash victims in the valley below," he said.

PRES. HINCKLEY CONDEMNS AMERICAN "SECULARIZATION"

AMERICA IS forsaking God, "and he is forsaking us," said LDS Church President Gordon B. Hinckley in August. He blamed "rampant social illness," including poverty, child abuse and neglect, lack of opportunity for some children, and teen-age pregnancy on what he called the "secularizing of America," the *Salt Lake Tribune* reported. To the BYU students and faculty members assembled, President Hinckley stressed that these problems are everyone's. "The problem exists in your nation, and in your world and in your generation," he said, "and you cannot close your eyes to it because you will have to bear the burden of it."

CHOOSE HOPE, RELIEF SOCIETY LEADERS URGE

LDS WOMEN are poised to stride across a new threshold of spirituality and light, said general Relief Society leaders at the annual women's meeting in September. "Your efforts to assist and help others have become so much a part of your personal style that for the most part, they are spontaneous, instinctive, immediate," said President Elaine

L. Jack, according to the *Salt Lake Tribune*. Chieko N. Okazaki, first counselor, urged LDS women to choose hope "even though despair seems close. Choose to grow even though circumstances oppress you. Choose to love, even though ours are days of violence and vengeance." Those who place their hope in Jesus Christ will be lifted out of "hopelessness, weariness, despair, and meaninglessness," Okazaki promised. Faith is the power to move forward, added Sister Aileen Clyde, second counselor.

PRES. HINCKLEY EXHORTS VETS TO FIGHT NEW BATTLE

LDS CHURCH President Gordon B. Hinckley praised U.S. war veterans but warned that their sacrifices may have been in vain unless the nation turns itself again to God, the *Salt Lake Tribune* reported. "As you once knew so well, there are no atheists in foxholes," President Hinckley said in his keynote address at the American Legion's "patriotic religious service" at their September annual meeting, which was held this year in Salt Lake City. The new battle is one against atheism. (Incidentally, Spike Tyson, national commander of the American Atheist Veterans, wrote, in a letter to the *Tribune*, that President Hinckley obviously was "never in my foxhole, or any of the other 300,000 atheist foxholes in Vietnam.")

For example, President Hinckley said, the Boy Scouts have been dragged into court to defend their oath, "On my honor, I will do my best, to do my duty to God, and my country," because of the reference to God. In New Jersey, he added, lawmakers have passed a law prohibiting any reference to God in courtroom oaths. Yet, America was founded by individuals who invoked God's name in governing compacts, declarations, coins, and public utterances, President Hinckley said, according to the *Deseret News*. At the same time, the "practice of family prayer is largely disappearing from our society," he continued. "Are we forgetting the Almighty, who in times of last resort is our greatest strength?"

PEOPLE

TRANSFERS

- **Steven E. Benzley**, professor of civil engineering, has succeeded James B. McDonald as associate dean of General Education and Honors. McDonald has been called to serve as president of the California Anaheim Mission.
- **Gary R. Hooper**, former executive director for undergraduate research and creative activities, has been named BYU associate academic vice president for research and graduate studies. He succeeds J. Bevan Ott, who is returning to teaching in the chemistry department.
- **Janet Griffin Lee**, widow of the late BYU president Rex E. Lee, has been elected to Deseret Book Company's board of directors.
- **Robert L. Millet**, dean of Religious Education and professor of ancient scripture at BYU, has been elected to Deseret Book Company's board of directors.



Mary Bradford



Glow Marsha

Beatrice Cannon Evans Biography Award for *Lowell L. Bennion: Teacher, Counselor, Humanitarian*.

- In the 1996 *U.S. News & World Report* college rankings, **BYU** has fallen from the second tier to the third of four tiers over the last year. Administrators say the drop is partially a result of a fairly narrow fund-raising campaign, LDS mis-

sions that increase the average number of years it takes to graduate, and large class sizes.

- *Success* magazine recently gave the **BYU Marriott School of Management** its top award for educating creative and successful entrepreneurs.

- This summer, a bronze statue of **Martha Hughes Cannon**, Utah's first woman senator and prominent LDS church leader, was placed in an alcove at the Utah Capitol rotunda.

- **Glow Marsha**, a star cow at the BYU Dairy Farm, produced 5,455 gallons of milk over a 365-day period; the fifteen-gallon-a-day average is a national record.

AWARDS & HONORS

- **Mary Lythgoe Bradford** recently won the David Woolley and

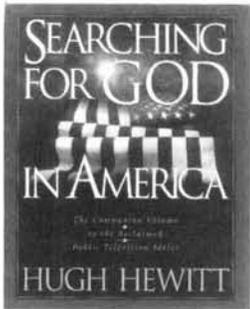
MORMON MEDIA IMAGE

APOSTLE PROFILED IN PBS PROGRAM

"ADULATION CAN be our ruin," said LDS Apostle Neal A. Maxwell in an interview with Hugh Hewitt. "We have to be very careful with it and, in a sense, not inhale The fact that [Church members] love us and listen to us is wonderful, but I am under no illusions about how much of my developmental journey is left," he said. (See longer excerpt on page 80.)

Hewitt, who traveled the globe interviewing religious leaders for his recently released book, *Searching for God in America*, also a series of PBS programs, spent two hours with Elder Maxwell, one of the Church hierarchy's leading theologians. Elder Maxwell said his faith journey probably began when he was fourteen. Coming home late one night from his "grease monkey" job at the Greyhound Bus depot, he saw his infant sister lying on the dining room table, deathly ill with whooping cough. She had stopped breathing. "I watched my father, after the manner of the New Testament, bless her by the power of the priesthood, and I saw her breathe again," he said.

Maxwell explained to Hewitt some of Mormonism's distinctive doctrines, such as baptism for the dead, marriage for eternity, God's governance of other worlds, pre-Earth existence, modern revelation, the restoration of priesthood keys, and the unique role of Church founder Joseph Smith. Does that imply that other Christian churches, including Hewitt's own Presbyterianism, are wrong? the interviewer wondered. "Keep every-



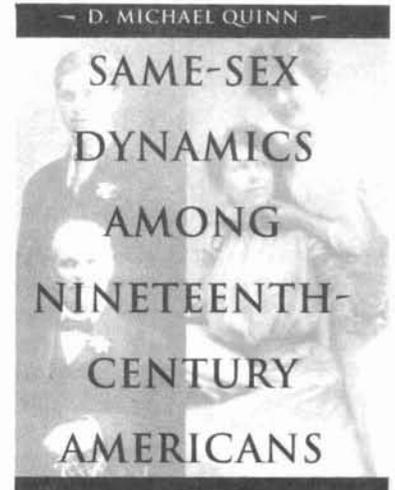
thing that you've got that's good and true, which is much," Elder Maxwell responded. "Let us add to what you already have what we consider the fullness of the faith, including much more information about Jesus."

QUINN AND CONTROVERSIAL BOOK COME "OUT"

AFTER MONTHS of wrangling with lawyers and angry Cache County, Utah, residents, D. Michael Quinn's latest controversial work, *Same-Sex Dynamics among Nineteenth-Century Americans: A Mormon Example*, is out. And, planned or not, Quinn himself "came out" at about the same time.

In the August issue of *Out*, a popular gay monthly, Quinn, who says he doesn't like labels such as "homosexual" and "lesbian," told writer Michelangelo Signorile, "I was married and have four children, and so I feel I'm part of a complicated interaction. I don't define myself as 'bisexual' because I don't have an equal attraction to both genders. I am overwhelmingly attracted to men."

Beyond a flurry of posts on computer bulletin boards and hallway discussions at the 1996 Sunstone Symposium in Salt Lake City, Quinn's statement on his sexuality hasn't received much attention. It was an Associated Press article on Quinn's book that caused a backlash in Logan and Ogden,



- Church President **Gordon B. Hinckley** was recently awarded the 1996 "Good Guy Award" from the American Legion for his "lifelong contributions to society, to the betterment of America."

- Mormon historian **Carol Cornwall Madsen** was recently given the Dale L. Morgan Award for the best scholarly article, "Decade of Detente: The Mormon-Gentile Female Relationship in Nineteenth-Century Utah."

- University of Utah history professor **Dean L. May** was recently accepted as a Fellow of the Utah State Historical Society. The Fellow, the highest honor given by the society, was awarded for May's years of excellent research and writing of Utah history.

- The Western History Association recently announced that **Mormon Americana**, edited by BYU's David Whittaker, had won the 1996 Dwight Smith Award for bibliography and reference works.

- **Utah** is the seventh most annoying state, according to a recent issue of *Spy* magazine. Utah was panned for such things as Roseanne Barr, BYU's caffeine prohibition, wacky liquor laws, Mormons who frown on French kissing, and the state's dearth of culture (*Spy* says Utah's culture is basically limited to the Mormon Tabernacle Choir



Dean May



Carol Cornwall Madsen

and the Vernal Dinosaur Gardens). Texas topped the annoying list for its "vulgar, free-wheeling yahoos."

- John F. Kennedy Jr.'s magazine, *George*, recently ranked **Utah** forty-fifth in the nation for quality of life for women. Interestingly, ten of the best states are in the West (including California and Colorado). "Utah is the only blemish" in the West for women, the magazine reports. Also, Utah was ranked last for educational level for women.

- In September, **S. Michael Wilcox** was given the 1996 Frankie and John Kenneth Orton Award for LDS Literature for his book, *House of Glory: Finding Personal Meaning in the Temple*. Wilcox says it took him eight days to complete the first draft of the 146-page book.

BIRTHS

- **Rachel Marlene Smith** (a.k.a Molly; 7 pounds, 12 ounces; 20.5 inches), was born to Bryan Waterman, a SUNSTONE associate editor, and Stephanie Smith-Waterman, 23 September 1996. They describe the birth of their second girl as "surreal: the midwife totally reminded us of Roseanne Barr."

Utah, the likes of which many had never seen. Local newspaper editors reported that dozens of subscriptions were canceled and scores of venomous letters flooded their offices. Most of the missives were from people defending former Mormon Tabernacle Choir director Evan Stephens, who Quinn says spent much of his life with male companions he called his "boy chums."

Rather than face additional legal tie-ups, the University of Illinois Press opted to replace 5,000 dust covers with a title-only version (instead of one that featured a photograph of Stephens and a "chum"). The press also razored out a page containing the same photo. Predictably, Cache County's ire sent Quinn's book to the top of some Salt Lake bookstores' best-seller lists, and a second printing, no doubt, is not far behind.

BYU PDATE

GAY PROFESSOR LEAVES UNIVERSITY



THOMAS MATTHEWS, former assistant professor of Spanish at BYU, made headlines last year when he openly admitted he is a homosexual who is celibate ("Administration May Face Decision on Gay, Celibate Professor," *SUNSTONE*, Dec. 1995). In July 1995, after an unidentified person called a general authority, BYU officials met with Matthews to discuss his sexuality. "There are a lot of reasons why I'm leaving BYU,"

Matthews recently told the Associated Press. "Obviously, the most crucial one is that I'm gay and I'm out of the closet and BYU doesn't like it." The transfer to Weber State University has ended speculation as to whether Matthews, who had passed his third year review, would be fired when he came up for continuing status (tenure) in two years. Brent Harker, director of BYU's Public Communications, told the AP that he was surprised by Matthews's resignation. "[H]is conduct was in keeping with our standard, and it was really his own struggle," he said. "It was his choice to make."

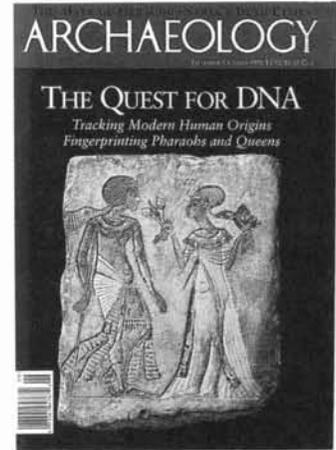
Y ALMOST THE TOP "STONE-SOBER" SCHOOL

STUDENTS COULD have worn black arm bands the day the 1996 *Princeton Review* college rankings were released: BYU is only ranked the second most "stone-sober" school in the nation. L. Jackson Newell's Deep Springs College is first. Nonetheless, Alan Wilkins, vice president of academics at BYU, said administrators were delighted. The ranking, he told the Associated Press, shows the university is "doing just fine. We define party differently too, I believe," he said. BYU was also named the institution most likely to produce "Future Rotarians and Daughters of the American Revolution." Florida State University took top "party school" honors, followed by George Washington University and the University of Florida.

BYU'S DNA RESEARCH DRAWS MIXED REVIEWS

BAGGING THE cover story of the popular *Archaeology* magazine would normally be a real coup for any academic. But for BYU microbiologist Scott Woodward, it likely was a mixed bag. Not only is he the author of the lead article, "Genealogy of New Kingdom Pharaohs and Queens," but in the same September/October issue, his widely publicized research on dinosaur DNA was thoroughly panned ("BYU Microbiologist Recovers DNA from Dinosaur Bone," *SUNSTONE*, Aug.-Sept. 1995).

Since 1993, Woodward and his team have been analyzing DNA from the mummies of ancient rulers, trying to sort out their genealogy. Questions they want to answer include the relationship of pharaohs to their heirs and which wife would bear the successor to a king, the *Deseret News* reported. So far, that research has been well-received. The bad news, however, is that Tabitha M. Powledge and Mark Rose assert elsewhere in the magazine that DNA can't survive long enough for anyone to extract it from dinosaurs (some experts believe DNA can survive for 50,000 to 100,000 year before it is too decayed to use). The dinosaur remains Woodward, et al., tested were 80 million to 85 million years old, according to the *News*.



Y STUDY: PRE-MARITAL ABSTINENCE DOES NOT HURT FUTURE SEX LIFE

ATTENTION, SINGLE MORMONS: next time someone pressures you by saying that if you don't have premarital intercourse you will have a wacky, postmarital sex life, tell them to go. . . . Thomas B. Holman and John R. Harding, two BYU researchers, have concluded that there are no significant differences in the frequency of sex or conflicts about sex among married members of the LDS church compared to members of other religious groups.

In their national survey of over 13,000 people, Holman and Harding found that three-quarters of Mormon respondents believe premarital sex is unacceptable, compared with about half of respondents from mainline Christian denominations with similar teachings on sexual morality. Only 8 percent of Mormons said they had lived with a member of the opposite sex before marriage, compared with 20 percent of conservative Protestants. Forty-five percent of people with no religious affiliation reported living together without being married, according to the Associated Press.

Married Mormons reported having sex an average of 7.43 times a month, compared to 7.72 times a month for conservative Protestants and 6.64 times for Catholics. In related findings, Holman and Harding said people claiming no religious affiliation had the most sex and also the most conflicts about sex. Jewish and liberal Protestant respondents reported the lowest frequency of married sex and the highest percentage of married persons having no sex at all in the past year. An overview of the study is available in the September issue of the *Review of Religious Research*.

NO MOVE PLANNED FOR THE UNIVERSE

A FEW of the recommendations that came from BYU's once-a-decade self-study were widely considered strange, if not downright stupid ("Self-Study: BYU Basically Healthy," SUNSTONE, June 1996). One such recommendation was to move the *Daily Universe* out of the communications department and place it under the jurisdiction of the president's office. Faculty advisor John Gholdston said he was "stunned" by the idea. "It absolutely came at us from left field," he told the *Deseret News*. "People had voiced that opinion, but never the top administration."

For now, no move is set for the *Universe*. And Gholdston said BYU President Merrill Bateman has assured him there are no major changes planned for the newspaper, the *News* reported. Interestingly, local media reported that some thought being on the hot seat might have prompted the communications teachers to request the *Universe* be cut loose from the department, which uses the paper as a lab for its students. Gholdston said that's just not true: he likes the way the operation is set up and believes the paper is serving both those who write it as well as those who read it. "It is a delicate balance that we have to walk," he told the *News*. "It's not healthy to alienate our source, which is the university, but we're trying to teach serious journalism here."

Y WARNS OF ASBESTOS DURING HEAVY CONSTRUCTION PERIOD

NOT SINCE the building boom of the Wilkinson era has the BYU campus been in such disarray. The Wilkinson Center itself is undergoing a major face-lift. There's the new Eyring Science Center construction. The Howard W. Hunter Law Library is in its final stages. Ground was just broken for an underground Harold B. Lee Library addition. Chipman, Hinckley, and other student dormitories are being remodeled. And the bookstore is slated for renovation at the beginning of next year. While the noise, dust, changes in services,

and traffic are annoying, a big concern for some are the asbestos warning signs that now dot parts of campus.

Craig Barrus, who works in the BYU construction department, said the signs were posted to meet Occupational Safety Health Administration regulations; they are not a signal of impending or major danger, he told the *Deseret News*. In fact, most of the 400 buildings on campus, all except the ones recently built, contain asbestos in the ceilings, walls, or floors (usually all three), Barrus said. The notice, he points out, warns of a possible hazard "if the asbestos is disturbed." For example, an indoor game in Deseret Towers with a ball or an object thrown against the textured ceilings could dislodge asbestos dust. Then there could be a problem, Barrus said.

STUDENTS, ADMINISTRATORS TINKER WITH HONOR CODE

HOPING TO sew up a few loopholes, BYU recently made several subtle changes in its Honor Code. In the Dress and Grooming Standards, one sentence has been added: "Men are expected to be clean shaven." Rush Sumpter, director of the Honor Code Office, told BYU's *Daily Universe* that many students have tried to justify their three-days' growth by saying it wasn't a beard, just scruff. Also, the passage on beards now states that exceptions will be made for "documented reasons," rather than for "medical reasons." The change, Sumpter says, is to accommodate cultural and religious diversity. For example, "we frequently have Sikh students on campus," he said.

In the Word of Wisdom section, a sentence that admonished students to "abstain from alcoholic beverages, tobacco, tea, coffee and drug abuse," now ends with "substance abuse" instead. We are aware that "there are other materials besides drugs that can be abused," Sumpter said. He specifically mentioned mate (a South American drink made from the needles of an evergreen tree), kava (a Polynesian drink made from the roots of a plant in the pepper family), and peyote (a plant often used in American Indian religious ceremonies), the *Universe* reported.

Y Offers Rape Defense Class. BYU is the first Utah school to offer R.A.D., a national Rape Aggression Defense program for women, BYU's *Daily Universe* reported. The half-credit hour, full-contact class is rooted in basic martial arts techniques.

Few Women in Computer Science Department. A *Journal of Research on Computing in Education* article says BYU's low male to female student ratio in the computer science department last April (nine of fifty-nine graduates were women) is due to unmet expectations, a dearth of experience, and discrimination. "The biggest factor is that computer science is not what the female students expected," Eileen Bunderson, co-author of the study, told BYU's *Daily Universe*.

Board Approves Several Self Study Recommendations. Four campus programs will be affected by this first round of board-of-trustee approved changes from BYU's recent Self-Study: the



One R.A.D. BYU Co-ed.

Marriott School of Management and the College of Education will be reorganized; the Department of Music will be renamed; and the Department of Clothing and Textiles will be phased out.

New Guide to Help Zoobie-Wannabes. Missed the cut at BYU by that much? Don't worry, the recently released *College Guide for Latter-day Saints* can help you find the highest concentration of LDS students, the oldest Institute of Religion building, the area with the most LDS student wards, how many recent temple marriages there have been among a college's students, and the number of LDS faculty at a university. The *Guide* is chock-full of interesting numbers on Mormons in American colleges. The top three LDS student populations outside of Utah are Idaho State (5,000), Boise State (1,800), and Mesa Community College in Arizona (1,300), according to the *Salt Lake Tribune*. It can be purchased for \$15.95 (including shipping and handling) by calling 1-800/263-8811.

THE MORMON UNIVERSE

BYU Faculty Group Now On-line. The BYU chapter of the American Association of University Professors can now be accessed on-line at <http://acs1.BYU.edu/~rushforths/aaup.html>. Many documents relating to the debates over academic freedom at BYU can be obtained here.

Company Offers 24-Hour LDS Radio Programming. Bonneville International **LDS Radio Network** now carries Church Educational System lectures, general conferences, BYU devotionals, KSL news, BYU sports, Church documentaries, and more—24 hours a day. To order the \$95 special AM/FM subcarrier radio needed to receive the signal, call 800/972-0881 or 800/316-9854.

Mormon Battalion II Receives Call to Assemble. The Second United States Mormon Battalion has sent 400 invitations to prospective members, according to the *Salt Lake Tribune*. The letter says the group, while not sponsored by the Church, is "chartered under authority from the state of Utah to provide volunteer disaster assistance to the church, community, state and nation." It also says that "to prepare for the catastrophes of these last days, the 'Church' has established an Emergency Preparedness Committee in each ward that will need the help of trained specialists—the Second Battalion." Sandy, Utah, resident William G. Barnson, one of the group's trustees, emphasizes that it is not a militia: combat exercises and modern weapons are prohibited; the group uses muskets and muzzle-loaders and stresses first aid skills, according to the *Tribune*.

England's Mormon Studies Program Slowly Growing. Established in the late 1980s, the Mormon studies program of England's *University of Nottingham* had its first four graduates last summer. Director Douglas Davies, an ordained priest of the Church of England, told BYU's *Daily Universe* he is proud of the progress that the United Kingdom's only Mormon Studies program has made. The mostly LDS students study issues such as the influence of higher education on a member's Church commitment, the influence of popular music on Mormon youth, and rank and file attitudes toward Church leaders. Davies says the LDS church in the U.K. has been supportive of the program, answering questions and donating books.

Mormon Media Group Spreads the Good News. The *Associated Latter-day Media Artists*, or ALMA, is a growing organization of Mormons who work in mass communications and want to, like its Book of Mormon prophet namesake, spread the gospel to the "whole earth" as well as meet other LDS media professionals. "Show business" is a lonely business at times, especially for Latter-day Saints whose lifestyles are often different from those of their colleagues," an ALMA flier reads. "We want to make sure that we are not alone when we stand for righteousness." Formed in the Los Angeles area in 1977, ALMA has grown rapidly, boasting members throughout the United States and Europe. Contact Robert Starling for details, 7935 S. Linton Dr., West Jordan, Utah 84088; 801/569-9217.

Gay Mormon Support Group Looking to Expand. *A New Direction*, a support group and magazine for homosexual Mormons, is now accepting applications for chapters. For registration materials and information, write 1608 N. Cahuenga Bl., Ste. 440, Los Angeles, California, 90028; 213/874-8424.

AZ Mormon Women's Writing Group Grows. With four chapters in the metro Phoenix area, Arizona Night Writers Association is

offering critiques and writing instruction to more LDS Arizona women than ever before. For details on the monthly meetings and association, write P. O. Box 8518, Mesa, Arizona 85214-8518.

ANXIOUSLY ENGAGED

Church Helps Hurricane Victims. Responding to victims of Hurricane Fran's savage winds, leaders in parts of the southeast opened meetinghouse doors to those who had been evacuated. While no other services were offered, shelter was given to all in need.

Members, Church Help Children in India. Bill Sheffield, former legal counsel for the LDS church, and a handful of BYU students are continuing to work for and raise funds for Pathway, an orphanage in India for physically challenged children. The project, while not Church-sponsored, has received \$162,000 in cash and in-kind gifts from LDS Humanitarian Services.

LDS Californians "Work" to Celebrate History. In August, over 18,000 California Church members gathered to make quilts, paint schools, and dig weeds—all to commemorate their forebears' arrival in San Francisco. Such activities will continue through 1997 and even into the year 2000, in an effort to achieve their 5,000,000 volunteer hours goal, the *Salt Lake Tribune* reported.

SUNSTONE CALENDAR

BYU Announces Mormon Play. Play writing winner of the 1996 Mormon Arts Festival at Tuacahn, Eric Samuelsen's *Gadanton*, about Mormon culture in a downsizing WordPerfect-like corporation, runs January 29–February 8. For information, call 801/378-4322.

Historians to Gather Along the Mormon Trail. Marking the sesquicentennial of the pioneers' westward ho, the *Mormon History Association* will meet in Omaha, Nebraska, for its 1997 annual conference. The Holiday Inn Convention Center will host the event on May 22–25. Contact Craig or Suzanne Foster at 801/773-4620.

Authors to Meet. Lovers of Mormon literature will gather at the annual meeting of the *Association for Mormon Letters* on February 1 at the campus of Westminster College in Salt Lake City. For information, contact conference organizer Robert Hogge, Dept. of English, Weber State University, 1201 University Circle, Ogden, UT 84408-1201 (801/626-6251; RHOGGE@WEBER.EDU).

Counselors to Explore the Family. "Strengthening Families: What Works in the 90s" will be the theme of the 1997 spring convention of the *Association of Mormon Counselors and Psychotherapists* (AMCAP) on May 2–3 at the Joseph Smith Memorial Building in Salt Lake City. Contact conference chair Gwena Couillard, 280 N. 300 W., Logan, UT 84321 (801/752-2512; 801/797-1012).

SUNSTONE CONFERENCES

Sunstone Symposium Dates Announced. Mark your Franklin Planners: the *1997 Sunstone Symposium* in Salt Lake City will be on August 6–9 at the Salt Lake Hilton.

SUN SPOTS

OXYMORMONS

(TEMPLE) NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD



MOST MORMONS know how the Catholic Church tied religious holidays, like Christmas, to pagan festivals to keep heathen converts. Now, leaders in Salt Lake's Foothill Stake are stepping along the broad but popular road of melding apostate holidays with sacred rituals and U.S. commercialism—Halloween work-

for-the-dead candy! Or maybe they just have a good sense of humor. But what next? Playing cupid by sealing thirteenth-century couples on Valentine's Day—advertised with messages on candy hearts?

MAYBE JAY LENO WILL GIVE YOU A TRY

ON ITS comics page, the *Deseret News* hosts a "Rookie comic strip," which gives up-and-coming cartoonists a trial run. When the strip's cut line, "This comic is trying out for a spot in our lineup," was accidentally dropped in at the bottom of a Deseret Book ad, readers thought twice about the number two person in the Church's lineup.

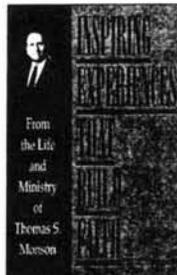
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BEST-SELLING CASSETTES

- 114. **ELDRIDGE CLEAVER'S STRANGE ODYSSEY: FROM BLACK PANTHER TO CONSERVATIVE MORMON—AND BEYOND**
Newell G. Bringham; Ron Coleman, resp.
- 126. **SEEKING NEW PARADIGMS FOR THE CHURCH: THE POSSIBILITIES OF MEG WHEATLEY'S A SIMPLER WAY**
Lavina Fielding Anderson; Margaret J. Wheatley, resp.
- 132. **LABORING IN THE FIELD: ENCOUNTERING GOD IN MY PROFESSION**
D. Michael Quinn, Louis A. Moench
- 232. **THE KING FOLLETT DISCOURSE AS CONTEMPORARY Gnostic COSMOLOGY**
W. J. Kooistra Van Camphout
- MORMONISM AND THE GNOSTIC CONNECTION**
Lance S. Owens
- 241. **SISTER FONDA ALAMODE: THE ULTIMATE RELIEF SOCIETY PRESIDENT**
Laurie Johnson
- 255. **MUGGED BY REALITY**
Gary Watts; Scott Abbott, resp.
- 256. **"A BLIP HERE AND A BLIP THERE": CHILD SEXUAL ABUSE IN THE CHURCH**
Lavina Fielding Anderson
- REPORT FROM A CASE REPORTER: CHALLENGES AND CONSEQUENCES**
Chris Rickett
- 291. **PILLARS OF MY FAITH**
Beverly Shaw, Ardean Watts, Dennis Smith, Marni Asplund-Campbell
- 312. **BEYOND A SHADOW OF CERTITUDE: FIELD NOTES FROM A STUPOR OF THOUGHT**
Neal C. Chandler; Jay Frederick "Toby" Pingree, resp.
- 315. **AFTER THE MARTYRDOM: AN OVERVIEW OF JOSEPH SMITH'S PLURAL WIVES**
Todd Compton; Linda Newell, resp.
- 371. **PLEASE DON'T SHOOT THE MESSENGERS**
Marie Cornwall, Louise Degen
- 391. **LETTERS FROM THE FIELD**
Robert Kirby

The numbers refer to the session numbers in the 1996 Sunstone Symposium program. Contact the Sunstone office (801/355-5926) to receive a free copy of the program, which has detailed abstracts of each session.

- 122. **MUSIC IN THE CHURCH: WHAT CAN BE DONE?**
Joseph Downing; Mary Ann Morgan, resp.
- 125. **LINGUISTIC FINGERPRINTS**
Harlow Soderborg Clark
- 134. **MASTERS OF THE UNIVERSE: THE STRUGGLE TO CONTROL BYU'S STUDENT NEWSPAPER**
Brian Kagel
- GROOMING STUDENTS: THE DEVELOPMENT AND MEANING OF BYU'S HONOR CODE AND DRESS AND GROOMING STANDARDS**
Bryan Waterman
- 135. **THE GENESIS OF GENDER, OR WHY MOTHER IN HEAVEN CAN'T SAVE YOU**
Carrie A. Miles
- IF I HATE MY MOTHER, CAN I LOVE THE HEAVENLY MOTHER? PERSONAL IDENTITY, PARENTAL RELATIONSHIPS, AND PERCEPTIONS OF GOD**
Margaret Merrill Toscano
- 136. **WHEN IN DOUBT, ERR ON THE SIDE OF FLESH: THE MORMON UNCONSCIOUS IN FICTION AND POETRY**
Laraine Wilkins, Paul Swenson, Lynn Butler Oaks
- 141. **THE WIZARD OF OZ**
Randall Edwards
- AUSTRALOPITHEAUS MORMON**
Jeff Hagen
- 154. **FROM HAARLEM TO HOBOKEN: PAGES FROM A MORMON DUTCH IMMIGRANT DIARY**
William Mulder; Karin Anderson England, resp.
- 155. **THE MORMON VILLAGE: A MODEL FOR SUSTAINABILITY**
Ronald Molen; Allen Roberts, resp.
- 156. **THINKING ABOUT RELIGION: SOME PSYCHOLOGICAL PERSPECTIVES**
Michael E. Nielsen
- 157. **THE ROADBLOCKS ENCOUNTERED IN WRITING ABOUT THOMAS STUART FERGUSON'S DISILLUSIONMENT ABOUT THE BOOK OF MORMON**
Stan Larson
- 162. **MORMON FOLK SONGS: PAST AND PRESENT**
Mike Iverson, Shauna Iverson
- 163. **VAULTING THE SEMANTIC BARRIER: A PRESBYTERIAN SPEAKS MORMONESE**
Rev. H. Jeffery Silliman
- 164. **IS IT GOSSIP OR STORYTELLING?**
Panel: Deborah Rossiter, Susan J. Kroupa, Crickett Goodsell-Willardson
- 172. **MORMON MEGATRENDS—THE SEQUEL**
Panel: John Ashton, Martha Sonntag Bradley, David Knowlton, L. Jackson Newell, Marybeth Raynes
- 173. **"BRIGHAM YOUNG" ON ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT "BIOGRAPHY"—IMPARTIAL HISTORY OR A MERE HATCHET JOB?**
Panel: Robert Larson, Newell G. Bringham, Nancy Greene, Scott Pierce, Sharyn Larson
- 174. **HYDROGEN BOND**
David G. Pace
- 201. **THE GOOD SAMARITAN OR, WHO ARE THE NEIGHBORS WE ARE SUPPOSED TO LOVE?**
Harry Robert Fox
- 211. **SPACE, TIME, AND MOTION: MORMONISM, AND AMERICA'S RELIGIONS IN THE NEW HISTORICAL ATLAS OF RELIGION IN AMERICA**
Philip L. Barlow; Richard Jackson, resp.
- 212. **CODED FEMINIST MESSAGES IN LDS FEMALE MISSIONARY DIARIES**
Becky Johns; Linda Wilcox, resp.
- 213. **WILKINSON, THE MAN**
Gary James Bergera; Floyd M. Anderson, resp.
- 214. **THE BACKSLIDER TEN YEARS LATER: THE VISION OF THE COWBOY JESUS**
Levi S. Peterson; Neal C. Chandler, resp.
- 221. **MARY LYTHGOE BRADFORD: TEACHER, EDITOR, AUTHOR**
Mary Lythgoe Bradford, Shirley Paxman
- 222. **CONFESSIONS OF A MORMON EPISCOPALIAN**
Jeff Needle; Miles Jacoby, resp.
- 223. **PROSPECTS FOR MORMONISM IN THE GLOBAL ERA: INSIGHTS FROM THE ANTEBELLUM SOUTH**
Marian Yeates
- 224. **THE GARDEN IN EDEN (GENESIS 2:4-4:2)**
Lew W. Wallace; Michael P. Walton, resp.
- 225. **TROPED BY THE MORMONS: NINETEENTH-CENTURY LATTER-DAY SAINTS IN TWENTIETH-CENTURY AMERICAN DETECTIVE FICTION**
Michael Austin; Karen D. Austin, resp.
- 227. **ON THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF MORMON THEOLOGY**
David A. Anderson
- 228. **LIFE AFTER STUDENT REVIEW**
Felicity L. Hamilton, Matt Workman, Stacey Ford, Kent Larson
- 231. **THE IRRELEVANCE OF PROOF**
Peter Appleby
- MORMON FINITISM AND THE ARGUMENT FROM DESIGN**
Mark S. Gustavson
- 233. **UNCOMFORTABLE AMBIGUITY: TECHNOLOGY AND COMMUNITY IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY**
Panel: John Sillito, Dan Wotherspoon, Mary Jo Rench, Jay Bell
- 234. **ALTERNATIVES TO LDS CHURCH-SPONSORED HUMANITARIAN SERVICE**
Panel: Jim Stringham, Carolyn Dailey, Don A. Stringham, Renee Buchanan, Richard K. Winters, Steve Brayton, Valdean Rust
- 236. **WHY CARE WHETHER PAUL WROTE HEBREWS? Kim McCall**
"WHOM DO MEN SAY THAT I AM?" RE-EXAMINING THE BIRTH NARRATIVES
Blaine Carlton

- 1. **SHALL THE YOUTH OF ZION FALTER, OR, HOW DO WE RAISE MORAL CHILDREN IN CYBERSPACE?**
Panel: Glen Lambert, Cynthia Taylor, Richard Ferre, Barbara Wheeler
- 112. **JUST A FIRST STEP: MOVING OUTSIDE THE RLDS ROYAL FAMILY**
William D. Russell
- 113. **BACK BEFORE THE WORLD TURNED NICE: SHADOW AND HEALING PARADOX IN THE FICTION OF PAULINE MORTENSEN**
Elouise M. Bell; Pauline Mortensen, resp.
- 115. **CHANGING FACES OF "THE MOST CORRECT BOOK"**
Hugh G. Stocks
- 120. **"AND HE HAD COMPASSION ON THEM"**
Rev. Caryl Marsh
- GOD, COMMA, JUSTICE OF**
Dennis Clark

237. **PATRIARCHS AND POLITICS FROM THE E.R.A. TO THE PROCLAMATION ON THE FAMILY**
Panel: Lorie Winder Stromberg, Martha Sonntag Bradley, Nadine Hansen, Marilyn Warenski
238. **THE WAY IT WAS?: A LOOK AT D. MICHAEL QUINN'S SAME-SEX DYNAMICS IN NINETEENTH-CENTURY AMERICA: A MORMON EXAMPLE**
Jeffrey O. Johnson, Lee Warthen, Vella Evans, David Knowlton
251. **INTERFAITH PREACHINGS**
Rev. Michael G. Jackson
WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH, THE TOUGH GO TO JESUS
Kathleen Flake
252. **DIALOGUE: THE EARLY YEARS**
Devery S. Anderson; G. Wesley Johnson, resp.
261. **NO COMMENT? MY PPI WITH MR. A#1 AND THE LITTLE MRS.**
Ximmer Shederlaomach (Chris Conkling)
262. **DEPARTING THE FAITH: THE IRONIC EXAMPLE OF APOSTLE JOHN BOYNTON**
David Sean Muttillio
264. **SACRIFICING THE CHILDREN: WHY THE CHURCH WON'T FIGHT CHILD SEXUAL ABUSE**
Janice Merrill Allred
265. **THE NEW RELIEF SOCIETY: WHAT MORMON WOMEN COULD BE DOING**
Rebecca Bartholomew; Laura Lee Smith, resp.
266. **CLUBBED: THE BASHING OF GAY SCHOOL CLUBS IN UTAH**
Panel: Kent Frogley, Kathryn Steffensen, Doug Wortham, Lynette Malmstrom
267. **WHAT DO I BELIEVE?: MORMON CREEDS FROM VARIOUS PERSPECTIVES**
Panel: Farrell Lines, Elbert Eugene Peck, Nola Wallace, Dennis Nielsen
271. **ALL-TIME FAVORITE MORMON POETRY**
Karen Marguerite Moloney, Marni Asplund-Campbell, Marilyn Bushman-Carlton, Susan Howe, Bruce Jorgensen, Levi S. Peterson
272. **FINDING YOUR WAY THROUGH: HELPFUL GUIDEPOSTS FOR DISAFFECTED MORMONS**
James E. Chapman
274. **HOMOSEXUALITY: A PSYCHIATRIST'S RESPONSE TO LDS SOCIAL SERVICES**
Jeffery R. Jensen
THE BIOLOGICAL BASIS OF SEXUAL ORIENTATION
Warren C. Lathe; Rob Killian, resp.
275. **LIFESTORIES AND CULTURAL MEANINGS—ETHNOPSICOLOGY OF THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS**
Melvyn Hammarberg
THE TRIBE OF JOSEPH: TRIBAL ASPECTS OF THE LDS CHURCH
J. Frederic Voros Jr; Daryl White, resp.
301. **ON GRACE**
Teresa Whiting
313. **SIDNEY RIGDON AND THE ELECT SISTERHOOD**
Richard S. Van Wagoner
314. **WHAT CAN BYU AND OTHER SCHOOLS LEARN FROM EACH OTHER**
Panel: Robbins Lines, B. J. Fogg, Karen Slade, Bradley Woodworth, Liz Noel Duncan
316. **HOW MY PROFESSION AFFECTS MY BELIEFS AND (VICE-VERSA)**
Panel: Chase Peterson, Stan Christensen, Larry Clarkson
321. **CHRIST AND PARADOX**
Arthur C. Wiscombe
322. **LDS CHILDREN AND DIVORCE**
Panel: Katherine Fowles, Susan Lake, Jane Wilson, Bill Christiansen, Rachel Roos, Jessie Christiansen, Jill McGavin
324. **PANDEMONIUM IN PARADISE: OAHU 1853**
Scott Kenney; Ken Cannon, resp.
326. **CHRISTIAN SEXUAL ETHICS AND SAME-SEX MARRIAGE: WHAT WE CAN LEARN FROM EACH OTHER**
Thomas J. Mathews
327. **"THE LORD SAID, THY WIFE IS A VERY FAIR WOMAN TO LOOK UPON": THE BOOK OF ABRAHAM, SECRETS, AND LYING FOR THE LORD**
Susan Staker; Marshall Hamilton, resp.

331. **UTAH STATEHOOD: THE DEMISE OF THE MORMON POLITICAL KINGDOM OF GOD**
Claude J. Burtenshaw
MORMON CHURCH IN UTAH POLITICS SINCE STATEHOOD
Rod Decker; Joseph Black, resp.
332. **IN DIALOGUE WITH THE ENVIRONMENT: DIVERSE MORMON VIEWS ON LAND AND COMMUNITY**
Panel: Hardy Redd, Steve Rich, P. Jane Hafen
333. **LOURDES WATER, LDS GARMENTS, CEMETERIES, AND CHRISTIAN KITSCH: COLLEEN MCDANNELL'S MATERIAL CHRISTIANITY: RELIGION AND POPULAR CULTURE IN AMERICA**
Panel: Katherine C. Grier, Martha Sonntag Bradley, Daryl White, Michael Van Wagenen, Colleen McDannell
335. **EVERYTHING YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT WHAT MORMONS TALK ABOUT IN SEX THERAPY—BUT DIDN'T KNOW YOU COULD ASK**
Marybeth Raynes, Freida Stuart
336. **YOUR TITHING DOLLARS AT WORK: THE LDS CHURCH'S POLITICAL CAMPAIGN AGAINST SAME-SEX MARRIAGE RIGHTS**
Panel: Dwight Cook, James Cartwright, Roger Leishman, Jay Stevens
344. **A COOKING DEVOTIONAL**
Sister Enid Christensen (Roger Salazar), Brother Lamar Christensen (Michael Wightman)
352. **"WORTHY OF IMITATION": MORMON PIONEER WOMEN AS HEROINES IN THE LATE NINETEENTH CENTURY**
Jana K. Riess; Rebecca Bartholomew, resp.
353. **TIMOTHY LIU, IDENTITY POLITICS, AND THE QUESTION OF "MORMON" CULTURAL PRODUCTION**
Bryan Waterman, Timothy Liu
354. **THE LONG SHADOW OF THE UNITED ORDER**
Karl Sandberg
355. **LESSONS FROM THE PAST: A LOOK AT LOST LEGACY: THE MORMON OFFICE OF PRESIDING PATRIARCH**
Panel: D. Michael Quinn, Armand L. Mauss, Irene Bates
356. **WHO DONE IT? THE NAGGING MYSTERY OF BRIGHAM YOUNG'S LAST MOMENTS**
Samuel W. Taylor
362. **MORMON STUDIES FROM THE OUTSIDE: OUTSIDERS LOOK AT MORMONS**
Panel: Rev. Dr. Alan Condie Tull, W. J. Kooistra Van Campnhout, Jeff Needle, David Sean Muttillio
363. **"THE GLORY OF GOD IS INTELLIGENCE"? MORMONS, EDUCATION, AND ORTHODOXY**
David Clark Knowlton
364. **THE FIVE BOOKS (BESIDE SCRIPTURE) THAT HAVE CHANGED MY RELIGIOUS LIFE AND THOUGHT**
Panel: Stacy Burton, Richard Cummings, Leonard Arrington
365. **CAN WE BUILD ZION TODAY? A LOOK AT WORKING TOWARD ZION: PRINCIPLES OF THE UNITED ORDER FOR THE MODERN WORLD**

LOWELL BENNION

101. **"THE BLESSING OF LOWELL": WORDS AND MUSIC**
Howard Bennion, Tom Pike, Ellan Jeanne Pike, Emma Lou Thayne
121. **IN THE PURSUIT OF TRUTH: AN EXAMINATION OF LOWELL BENNION'S EPISTEMOLOGY**
U. Carlisle Hunsaker, Ariel Clark Silver
131. **THE POLITICS OF CONCILIATION**
Panel: O. Kendall White, Hon. Frank Moss, Hon. Scott Howell, Armand L. Mauss
151. **LOWELL BENNION'S LITERARY STYLE: INFLUENCE AND EFFECTS**
Lavina Fielding Anderson, Melissa Wunderly
161. **THE UNORTHODOX PEDAGOGY OF LOWELL L. BENNION**
Panel: Frederick S. Buchanan, John W. Bennion, Earl Harmer
171. **BEYOND EULOGIZING: PROBING THE INTERPLAY OF THOUGHT AND DEED IN THE WORK OF LOWELL L. BENNION**
Panel: Philip L. Barlow, Peter J. Van Hook, Renee Buchanan, Richard Nelson
191. **A LAST LOOK AT LOWELL'S LEGACY**
Mary Lythgoe Bradford, Lowell "Ben" Bennion, Doug Bennion, Laurie Newman Dipadova Stocks, Richard K. Winters

STERLING MCMURRIN

351. **THE LESSER UNDERSTOOD STERLING MCMURRIN: THE FORMATIVE YEARS ON THE RANCH AND IN THE CITY, AND THE WASHINGTON YEARS AT HOME AND ABROAD**
Panel: L. Jackson Newell, Boyer Jarvis
361. **THE PHILOSOPHICAL AND THEOLOGICAL FOUNDATIONS OF STERLING MCMURRIN**
Panel: Blake Ostler, Kent E. Robson, Richard Sherlock
- Panel: Garth Mangum, Gary Hansen, Dwight Israelson, James W. Lucas
372. **QUEST FOR THE REAL MARVIN S. HILL**
Marvin S. Hill, Harvard Heath
373. **WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO THE EVANGELICAL "ANTI-MORMON" MOVEMENT?**
Panel: Steven L. Mayfield, J. Edward Decker, Rev. James Spencer, Martin Tanner
374. **THE SECRETS OF A LASTING MARRIAGE: CAN A UNION OF TRUE EQUALS SURVIVE? ARE THERE ANY?**
Panel: Joe Henriod, Bill Smart, Donna Smart, Ike Olson, Carol Olson, Lorraine Henriod

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"TACTICAL REVELATION"

By Neal A. Maxwell

Earlier this year, the Public Broadcasting Service aired a multi-part series called "Searching for God in America," which featured interviews by Hugh Hewitt with American religious leaders. Selections of Hewitt's conversation with LDS Apostle Neal A. Maxwell were in the PBS series, and the companion book, *Searching for God in America* (Word Publishing), included the entire text of the interview. This excerpt is reprinted by permission.

HUGH HEWITT: On the question of revelation, have you experienced it?

NEAL MAXWELL: Yes, I have. Often it comes in words or phrases such as when I am trying to select a state [sic] president to preside over a body of several thousand Saints. I may have a strong personal preference after I have interviewed thirty men but often the Spirit will say it should be so and so. I have also experienced it often in what might be very mild forms where it is time to go see someone in the hospital—only to get there a few moments before some major procedure is to happen and so on. I call that tactical revelation, but it's just as real as if it were theological.

HUGH HEWITT: Does it ever amount to the audible voice of God?

NEAL MAXWELL: The voice in the mind is there. I was about to pray a few days ago for an afflicted sister who was dying of cancer and about to leave four children. As I was about to pray the Spirit said, "That will not be necessary." I received a phone call about an hour later from Spokane saying that she had just died. Now for me, revelation doesn't have to be spectacular or global. It's the personalness of revelation that matters the most.

HUGH HEWITT: In your role as a steward of the Church, as one of the twelve Apostles who along with the three members of the First Presidency guide this massive Church, are there

moments collectively or individually when there is a very obvious revelation?

NEAL MAXWELL: Yes, I have been present on four or five occasions in the upper room of the temple where that has happened. It's a very sacred special thing. Most of the time we give our views out of our own backgrounds and talents as we have to make a decision. But there are times when the President of the Church will be impressed to cut across that process in terms of announcing to us that something needs to be done. And we can't always explain the process but soon see the wisdom.

HUGH HEWITT: Can you describe it? I mean, what is that process like?

NEAL MAXWELL: It's the voice of the Spirit. It's the voice in the mind. It is the Lord speaking to us in such a way that when men may have had different opinions on something, then comes the prophetic intervention. There is a calmness and a serenity, and we vote to sustain that action, feeling

the peace in our hearts even though a few moments before we might have felt differently about a matter. Now Paul says—and Hugh, this must be emphasized—that to the natural man, these things are foolishness, but the things of the Spirit are understood by the spirit. It's a lifelong experience—at least it has been for me, getting familiar with the Spirit and the nuances of it and trying to live in such a way that the Lord can speak to me more often; for instance, to be prompted to write a letter to a young man who was about to leave the missionary training center. He was discouraged and couldn't learn the language. The Spirit said, "Write the letter now." The letter apparently arrived when his bags were packed and he was leaving. So that's another example of tactical revelation. He stayed and then, went ahead with his mission. Thus I have to be careful so that I don't get so busy with paper that I neglect the Spirit.



SUNSTONE MERCANTILE

Making a list? Checking it twice?



a simpler way

Margaret J. Wheatley and Myron Kellner-Roger

Church History Time Line

illustrated by Pat Bagley, written by William W. Slaughter ~~\$14.05~~ **\$13.50**

Who would have thought Mormon history could be informative and fun at the same time?! Building on the best-seller *Book of Mormon Time Line*, this brief guide outlines major events and players in LDS history with Bagley's funny drawings and a great, fold-out time line.

A Simpler Way

by Margaret Wheatley and Myron Kellner-Rogers, ~~\$29.95~~ **\$25.15**

Hailed by Lavina Fielding Anderson at the latest Sunstone symposium (tape #SL96-126) for its obvious applications to the LDS church organization, this book, like Wheatley's *Leadership and the New Science* (see below), is a must for anyone in Church leadership.



Polygamous Families in Contemporary Society

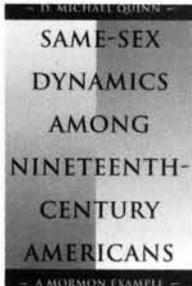
by Irwin Altman and Joseph Ginat; hb ~~\$69.95~~ **\$62.95**, pb ~~\$27.95~~ **\$25.15**

Examining husband-wife and wife-wife relationships in contemporary Mormon polygamous families, this authoritative, ground-breaking analysis looks at honeymoons, living arrangements, budgets, and social-emotional arrangements. Altman's symposium speech was one of the most popular at this summer's conference. (Cambridge University Press)

Easy-to-Read Book of Mormon

by Lynn Matthews Anderson, ~~\$16.95~~ **\$15.25**

A perfect aid for teenagers struggling with the King James language or for adults who want to come at the all-too-familiar text with a fresh look.



May Out West: Poems of May Swenson ~~\$15.95~~ **\$14.25**

Rearred LDS, May Swenson is perhaps Mormonism's most accomplished poet and was ranked among America's foremost poets of her day. This inspiring collection focuses on her poems about the American West. (Utah State University Press)

Same-sex Dynamics among Nineteenth-Century Americans:

A Mormon Example by D. Michael Quinn, ~~\$29.95~~ **\$27.00**

In this critically acclaimed, controversial new work, Quinn demonstrates the extent of early America's acceptance of same-sex intimacy, examining Mormon culture as a mirror of America's "homocultural orientation" during the nineteenth century. His point is that 19th-century Mormonism was more accepting of emotionally intimate same-sex relationships (not necessarily sexual) than today's Church culture is. (University of Illinois Press)

Desert Quartet: An Erotic Landscape

by Terry Tempest Williams, ~~\$18.00~~ **\$16.25**

Good-bye, I Love You by Carol Lynn Pearson, ~~\$9.95~~ **\$9.00**

How Can I Help?: Final Selections of the Legendary Writer, Teacher, Humanitarian Lowell Bennion, ~~\$14.95~~ **\$13.50**

Last Buckaroo by Mackey Hedges, ~~\$22.95~~ **\$20.75**

Leadership and the New Science: Learning about Organization from an Orderly Universe by Margaret J. Wheatley, ~~\$16.95~~ **\$14.35**

Lowell L. Bennion: Teacher, Counselor, Humanitarian

by Mary Lythgoe Bradford, ~~\$24.95~~ **\$22.50**

Nineteenth-Century Mormon Architecture and City Planning

by C. Mark Hamilton, ~~\$65.00~~ **\$58.50**

The Mormon Hierarchy: Origins of Power by D. Michael Quinn, ~~\$29.95~~ **\$27.00**

Picture Window: Carol Lynn Pearson Collection from Beginnings to the Present by Carol Lynn Pearson, ~~\$16.95~~ **\$15.25**

Power from on High: The Development of Mormon Priesthood by Gregory A. Prince, ~~\$24.95~~ **\$22.50**

Sunday of the Living Dead by Robert Kirby and Pat Bagley, ~~\$9.95~~ **\$9.00**

Restless: The Memoirs of Labor and Consumer Activist Esther Peterson ~~\$27.50~~ **\$24.75 cloth; \$16.00 \$13.50 paper**

When Truth Was Treason: German Youth against Hitler: The Story of the Helmuth Hubener Group by Karl-Heinz Schnibbe, ~~\$24.95~~ **\$31.50**

Working Toward Zion: Principles of the United Order for the Modern World by James Lucas and Warner Woodworth, ~~\$19.95~~ **\$17.95**

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