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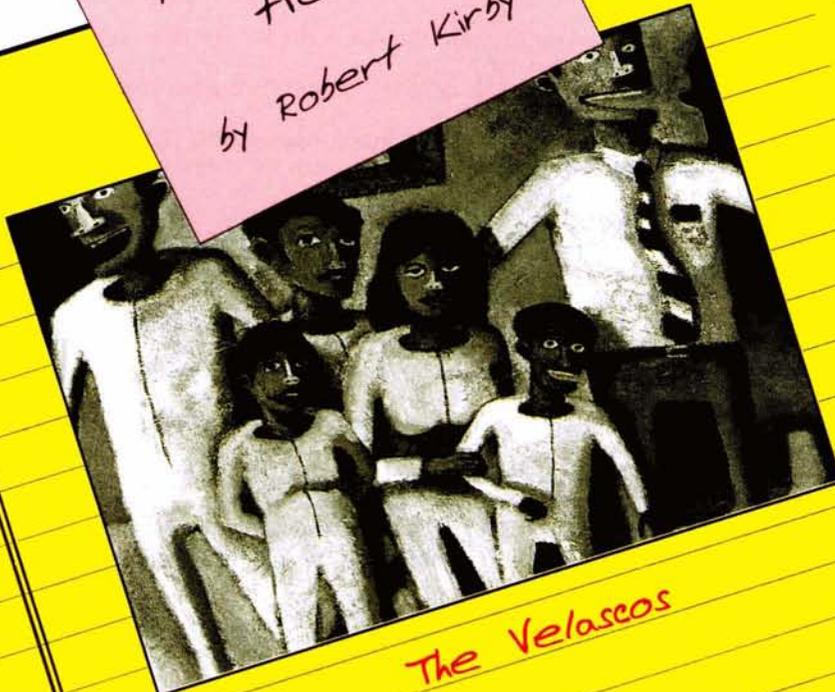
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SUNSTONE

MORMON EXPERIENCE, SCHOLARSHIP, ISSUES & ART

Letters
from the
field

by Robert Kirby



The Velascos

Sept 30, 1972

Dear Alma

Baptized the Velasco family today.
Hermano Velasco promised God he
would never drink or hit Hermana
Velasco again.

Today, someone threw a rotten
melon at us. Very discouraged. Is this
how Lot felt before the Lord de-
stroyed Sodom and Gomorrah? Don't
these people understand the power
of the priesthood?



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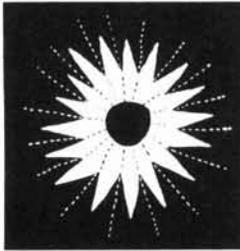
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YEA, YEA  NAY, NAY

PIONEERS? YES!

STAKE PRESIDENT Walter E. A. van Beek's wrote about the Utah Pioneers' not being a matter for the international Church ("O Pioneers!" SUNSTONE, Apr. 1997). He is correct that most members in Germany do not dress up in Pioneer costumes to celebrate the Trek's jubilee. And true, in Europe, the word "pioneer" is difficult. It is connected to the army: the pathfinders (pioneers) prepare the way for the tanks, and in the former DDR (East Germany), they were the communist youth organization. Another problem is the assigned July 19 celebration date and trying to get Saints to volunteer 150 hours of service to people who are gone. That is vacation time in Europe: no community clerks or mayors are available. No Church members are here—they're all at the beaches of the Netherlands. So, we feel free to change the date.

Maybe things are different in the Netherlands, where van Beek lives, but here in Germany we have about 420 country and western clubs and about 120 Indian clubs that celebrate the Old West style of living. Their members are typical Germans, wanting to do everything "150 percent" perfect. They know about the Mormon Trail, and their magazines have articles on Mormons. Many clubs have invited Latter-day Saints to their festivals to celebrate the sesquicentennial—they even have wagons, tents, horses, etc. Unfortunately, ward celebrations are primarily internal affairs for members.

Anyway, the roots of Mormon pioneers in Europe are old. Hanover's first LDS missionary arrived in 1894. Edward R. Frei came from Santa Clara, Utah, where in the 1860s, Brigham Young had sent 90 Swiss settlers to found the city. Frei's parents were Swiss immigrants who made the Pioneer trek across the plains. He baptized seven people; today, we have over 2,500 (even after hundreds who went to Utah after the world wars). I feel his legacy here.

The secret of celebrating this event is more in the spirit than in action. We celebrate the Pioneers in a different way, adapting the idea to fit German feelings and emotions and avoiding silly appearances to our nonmember friends.

When I offered the idea of a "Pioneers in Lower Saxony" drawing contest, the chair of the local retailers' association street festival said, "Oh, that's what we need. Can your church arrange that for us? You get the space free." In today's depressed Germany, with high unemployment, economic fears, youth drug problems, and child pornography, our pioneer

motto of hope, "Every Footstep in Faith" (as it is translated into German), is embraced here.

So we will have a prairie schooner in our missionary exhibit for the festival, and in connection with the schools, we are looking for the best artwork about our local heroes. As a result, newspaper editors and teachers learn about the Trek and Mormon history. All Germans who were driven out after World War II know what we are talking about. Our wagon is from that modern-day trek!

I believe all can find something to celebrate for their place.

DIETRICH KEMPSKI
Hanover, Germany

CORRECTION

I DISCOVERED that I had been somewhat unfair to BYU Associated Academic Vice President James Gordon in my article on Steven Epperson's termination ("On Ecclesiastical Endorsement at Brigham Young University," SUNSTONE, Apr. 1997).

I wrote: "Gordon responded to the panel that in her [Gail Houston] outburst she had exhibited the behavior that had led to her dismissal: 'from the moment she arrived on campus, we have been unable to control her.'"

I should have written: "Gordon's response to the impassioned outburst gave several observers the impression that he was extremely frustrated at the administration's continued inability to silence Houston. 'From the moment she arrived on campus,' read a note passed from one observer to another, 'we have been unable to control her.'"

SCOTT ABBOTT
Provo, UT

REMARKABLE QUALIFICATIONS

IF BYU deprives itself of the scholarship—I realized in the teaching and important publication—of my former student, Steven Epperson, the university and the religious community it serves loses what it cannot afford to give up—BYU loses an intellectual resource to sustain the interfaith engagement with Judaism in partnership and in service. That dialogue now moves beyond its primitive beginnings. It requires people on each side who understand, appreciate, and respect the religion of the other. Then both sides can discover the vast territory they share and should cultivate together—morality, shared

aspirations of sanctification, love for God, and commitment to prayer—the entire agenda for the common good in society and politics. Because of his learning about Judaism and his original inquiry into Mormon theological resources for sustaining a dialogue with Judaism, Epperson has made himself a principal Mormon party to the dialogue. Indeed, Epperson's important scholarship has opened doors in the Judaeo-LDS dialogue, showing the basis in sound theological-historical learning for Mormon collaboration in working toward shared goals between those two communities of God's faithful. He has made BYU the principal Mormon voice in that dialogue; on the Judaic side, no counterpart compares. Is he to be lost because of problems that are transient and amenable to solution in the determinate future? No friend of BYU can want an affirmative answer. The stakes are too high.

The LDS church has (rightly) decided to play a major role in the religious life of the entire world, vastly transcending its provincial origins as the straight-arrow religion of the Wasatch Front. But then it requires the

intellectual, scholarly, and theological resources to accomplish the tasks of world leadership. It properly aspires to become a leader among religions. The Church is merely catching up with the vision of its Prophet. That international vision of itself originates in Brother Joseph himself—sending apostles within a moment after the Church itself was born! envisioning God's people, Israel's return to Zion!—even though it has taken nearly 150 years to begin its realization. But even now LDS evangelism is a player where it once was scarcely a welcome spectator. All who believe God works in many and mysterious ways and sees others' as well as that of one's own work the aspiration to serve God can only take pleasure in this new and vital force of prayer and faith and action.

In that context of an international LDS church, I read about the decision to dismiss Professor Epperson. It was upon my return from the Prague World Conference on Families, where key papers were given by BYU and other LDS figures, sharing the platform with Christian Orthodox, Evangelical, and Roman Catholic as well as Judaic and

Protestant religious figures. The LDS made a unique and excellent contribution, and others formed a very positive view of the Church because it contributed to the struggle for the family such formidable figures, including a BYU law professor and member of the Seventy. I sense that the most senior LDS leadership well understands the meaning of such occasions in its coming of age as a world religion.

And in that context, Epperson has shaped his unique contribution. He is a Mormon intellectual resource that has taken three decades to bring to fully realize—the one consequential LDS resource of scholarship and intellect in encountering Judaism in its historical and contemporary fullness. He is potentially the Mormon counterpart to Eugene Fisher in the Roman Catholic Church in the USA, a considerably influential personality. I count many BYU professors as scholars of considerable standing in the study of the history of Judaism and its holy books, and I highly value their work. But in religious dialogue, no other figure at BYU matches Epperson's remarkable qualification to shape the Judaeo-Mormon component of





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the Mormon encounter with other religions, such as takes shape even now. Only at BYU can or should such an encounter take place, one based on authentic learning and true faith characteristic of both parties. May God grant to those responsible for the outcome the wisdom to reconsider and to find a way beyond the present unhappy situation.

JACOB NEUSNER
St. Petersburg, FL

AN EMPTY "C"

I WAS let down by Brian Evenson's harsh review of Benson Parkinson's treatment of life in the Missionary Training Center (*The MTC: Set Apart*, SUNSTONE, Apr. 1997).

I've been grateful for every genuine exploration of this important facet of LDS culture—beginning with Gladys Farmer's and Bela Petsco's literary reminiscences and Robert Elliot's powerful play, *Fires of the Mind*. Parkinson's novel strikes me as the most comprehensive and fully balanced treatment thus far—thanks, as even Evenson points out, to its "interesting . . . basic concept," its variety of personalities in an MTC district and the way they interact. That interaction and its orchestration reach a truly satisfying narrative climax when those with intellectual or social peccadilloes finally bond with the rest as they join in "rescuing" yet another who unexpectedly decides to quit his mission and return home.

Perhaps I and others lack Evenson's literary sophistication, but its fundamental appeal—due in part to its verisimilitude—would make Parkinson's book a "best seller" with most returned missionaries were its publisher to better publicize the novel, if only at BYU. Evenson does credit Parkinson with "a certain amount of sensitivity" and the novel for being "relatively accurate" and "like going through the MTC again," then he hastens to fault it as "bland" and stereotypical.

True, in Parkinson's writing, there are no gruesome murders, no excessive morbidity. Characters indeed reflect the spectrum of personalities and responses that any who have extensively worked with missionaries would readily recognize, as does their language. But that realistic depiction is their strength, and rare in popular LDS fiction. (For the all-too-human qualities, Parkinson's characters have already been reviled by some who prefer a more idealized portrayal of our emissaries and institutions.)

Maybe some of us are just too sentimental. Maybe we too easily see heroism and goodness in our naive and vulnerable fellows. Maybe I have all along viewed with

rose-tinted glasses the missionaries I once served as an MTC branch president and more recently as a mission president. Perhaps we only wishfully think that the MTC's (and a mission's) various trials (Evenson's monotony being only one) also spiritually temper those who pass through it and that the process itself is fraught with profound drama.

In any event, the recognition of missionary life that hit me when I read Parkinson's novel impelled me to immediately request permission to attempt a stage adaptation, which Benson kindly granted. Evenson's review doesn't in the least deter me. Art can enlighten us on many levels. There are different sensibilities. And no single criterion suffices for everyone. So we must allow for the diversity of reader response in one another. We can all use that kind of toleration.

THOMAS F. ROGERS
Provo, UT

INFALLIBLE REVELATION?

THE EXCERPT from Apostle Neal Maxwell's interview from Hugh Hewitt's book/PBS series *Searching for God in America* ("Tactical Revelation," SUNSTONE, Dec. 1996) seems to show the kind of revelation received by the highest Church leaders. Many members believe that these men frequently receive direct communication from God such as seeing visions and angel messengers, hearing God's voice, or even seeing

and conversing with God—revelations similar Joseph Smith's. Hewitt obviously hoped to get Elder Maxwell to report or claim such revelations. In the portion of the interview reprinted, he asks four questions.

The first is general: "On the question of revelation, have you received it?" Elder Maxwell describes some types of spiritual experiences, but he obviously does not answer the question Hewitt had in mind because the next question is more explicit: "Does it ever amount to the audible voice of God?" Elder Maxwell's response—"The voice in the mind is there," followed by an example from his personal life—seems to be a "no." Hewitt follows up with a question that seems to be directed at Elder Maxwell's claim, as one of the Twelve, to be a "prophet, seer, and revelator." Elder Maxwell's examples obviously do not describe the kind of revelation Hewitt asks about.

It's helpful to distinguish between what I call immanent and transcendent revelation. Immanent revelation is the spirit of God speaking to the mind and heart. Experienced internally, it's sometimes difficult to distinguish from our own thoughts and feelings. It is often called inspiration, intuition, or the promptings of the spirit. In contrast, transcendent revelation is experienced as originating outside the self. A person sees a vision, hears an audible voice, or sees God or an angel. Such seeing and hearing are not ordinary seeing and hearing; they are contact with another (supernatural) being or reality. Everyone ex-



SUNSTONE CALENDAR

Sunstone Salt Lake Symposium Site Changed. Mark your Franklin Planners: the 1997 Sunstone Symposium in Salt Lake City will be on August 6-9 at the University Park Hotel, not at the Salt Lake Hilton as previously announced. Sleeping rooms at the hotel are not available and are hard to reserve throughout the city.

THE MORMON UNIVERSE

BYU Students Produce New Literary Magazine. After realizing that "there was a lot of quality fiction being written by BYU students that wasn't being published," a group of current and former students decided to publish Entropy Magazine of Fiction. The first issue features stories such as Erian Jensen's "Laundry," a chilling tale about a demented BYU student, and Ian Campbell's "Driving By," the musings of two men while they drive home from a camping trip, Provo's *Daily Herald* reported. Brian K. Dunn is the magazine's publisher; it costs \$3.95. Direct inquiries to: Entropy Magazine of Fiction, P.O. Box 814, Provo, UT 84603; or e-mail at entropymof@alpha.c2.org.

Mormon Feminist Group "Visiting Teaches." Okay, so it's not exactly a personal visit, but, in the privacy of your own home, you can catch Margaret Toscano and other Mormon Women's Forum members during "More than Jell-O" every third Tuesday at 12:30 P.M. on Salt Lake City's KRCL (90.9 FM).

Alliance to Discuss General Conference. The Mormon Alliance sponsors a "lively and far-ranging" discussion of General Conference on the first Monday following the conclusion of each conference. The next critique will be held on 6 October 1997, from 6:30 to 8:30p.m., in the Salt Lake Main Library auditorium, at 209 East, 500 South.

Personal Essays Wanted. BYU Studies has announced its personal essay contest for 1997. Individuals may submit up to three essays, each 2,500 words or shorter. Cash prizes will be awarded. All entries must be submitted by 1 October 1997. For details, write to BYU Studies, 403 CB, Brigham Young University, Provo, UT 84602.

CYBERSAINTS

Counselors Go Online. The Association of Mormon Counselors and Psychotherapists (AMCAP) now has a website provided through the counseling center at Utah State University. The site offers background information, a journal index, conference information, and access to tapes of previous conferences. The address is: www.usu.edu/~stuserv/counsel/amcap.html.

LDS Trek Electronically. A new electronic mailing list has been created for Mormon Trekkers (fans of Star Trek, that is, not pioneer history buffs). Messages or information requests may be sent to LDS-trekkers@muskrat.com.

Internet Resources Listed. Mormon-index provides new weekly announcements of Mormon internet resources. To subscribe, send e-mail to majordomo@lists.panix.com, with "subscribe-Mormon index" in the body of the message.

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periences immanent revelation, and it is extremely important in our spiritual development, but only few receive transcendent revelations. So, what they tell us about God and communicate from God are of great interest and value to us who have not experienced such revelations.

The revelation that Elder Maxwell reports receiving in his first two responses is clearly immanent, but Hewitt obviously wants to know if he has ever received a transcendent revelation: "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 when there is a very obvious revelation?" Elder Maxwell answers in the affirmative, but the "revelation" he describes as "obvious" is certainly not transcendent and possibly not even immanent. He says that he has been present on four or five occasions in the upper room of the temple when an "obvious" revelation has occurred. He had been an apostle for fifteen years at the time of the interview, and the First Presidency and the Twelve meet every week. So his estimated four or five "obvious revelations" are about one every three or four years. He then describes the First Presidency and the Twelve making their decisions: a very human process of discussion, deliberation, and negotiation in which each man's different views, talents, and backgrounds affect the process.

Nothing is wrong with this process; it is the normal way groups make decisions. And we should expect and desire our leaders to be open, honest, and non-coercive. However, the process Elder Maxwell describes is not what many expect and desire of the men they sustain as prophets, seers, and revelators. It is not consistent with the discourse and expectations that surround the pronouncements and decisions of these men. Any public questioning, criticism, or disagreement with their speeches, policies, and decisions is discouraged and disapproved of by most leaders and members and may draw Church discipline.

Many members regard them as infallible in their Church roles, and their own words often seem to require and support this belief. In the October 1994 general conference, Apostles David B. Haight and L. Tom Perry both asserted that sustaining the prophet means covenanting to obey him. And in a *Los Angeles Times* interview (22 Oct. 1994), President Howard W. Hunter declared that, as Church president, he was infallible on "matters that are clearly defined by scripture and by revelation" and that officers and members of the Church would "support the First Presidency without question or difference of opinion."

This extreme authoritarianism rests on the belief that all words and decisions in the authority of these men's offices conform exactly to the mind and will of God, that these men are in frequent, regular, and direct contact with God. However, Elder Maxwell's words indicate that all their revelations are immanent and that even immanent revelations are not very frequent. I affirm the value and importance of immanent revelation, and I do not deny that these men's words and decisions may be inspired, but I do deny the certainty that they are. To fail to distinguish between the mind and will of God and the words and ways of men is blasphemy and idolatry. The words and ways of men should always be questioned and examined.

Elder Maxwell's description of the obvious revelations experienced as one of the Twelve with his fellow "prophets, seers, and revelators" comes perilously close to this failure. He says, "There are times when the President of the Church will be impressed to cut across that process [of discussing and negotiating differences] in terms of announcing to us that something needs to be done. . . . 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* [emphasis mine] intervention." For Elder Maxwell, an obvious revelation is not from

Pontius' Puddle



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God but from the prophet; it is not a transcendent revelation but the President of the Church demanding that his opinion prevail. Although Elder Maxwell describes a "calmness and serenity" after a "prophetic intervention" and implies that willingness to change his opinion to sustain the President comes from the Spirit's bringing peace to his heart, his willingness to submit arises from his own unquestionable belief that the president of the Church must have had a transcendent revelation. However, he gives no indication that the president has ever told them of such a revelation. Indeed, President Hinckley's own words indicate that he does not receive transcendent revelation.

In the priesthood session of the October 1996 general conference, President Hinckley quoted extensively from his interview with Mike Wallace for CBS's *60 Minutes*. Wallace questioned President Hinckley about how he receives revelation: "The Mormons, Mister President, call you a 'living Moses,' a prophet who literally communicates with Jesus. How do you do that?"

President Hinckley responded, "Let me say first that there is a tremendous history behind this Church, a history of prophecy, a history of revelation, and . . . decisions which set the pattern of the Church so that there are not recurring problems that require any special dispensation." (*Ensign*, Nov. 1996, p. 50) President Hinckley is describing the same process Elder Maxwell described: discussion and negotiation based on precedent and principles. President Hinckley continues, "But there are occasionally things that arise where the will of the Lord [is needed and] is sought." Undoubtedly the First Presidency and Quorum of the Twelve open all meetings with prayer, but President Hinckley says that only occasionally do they actively seek to know the will of the Lord. He next describes the kind of revelation in these infrequent circumstances. He compares it to the "still, small voice" described by the prophet Elijah, which President Hinckley calls "the whisperings of the Spirit." He says, "Now, let me say, categorically, that the things of God

are understood by the Spirit of God, and one must have and seek and cultivate that Spirit, and there comes understanding and it is real. I can give testimony of that." (p. 51.) Obviously, President Hinckley is describing immanent revelation.

Since both President Hinckley and Elder Maxwell indicate that our "prophets, seers, and revelators" follow a very human decision-making process, that they do not receive transcendent revelations, and they only occasionally receive immanent revelations, is it not wrong for them (and many Church members) to demand that Church members treat their words as if they were infallible and their decisions and policies as if they came directly from God?

JANICE M. ALLRED
Provo, UT

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OF GOOD REPORT

PRAGMATIC ANGELS

In 1992, with the publication of The American Religion: The Emergence of the Post-Christian Nation, many Mormons exulted in Harold Bloom's declaration that "whatever his lapses, [Joseph] Smith was an authentic religious genius." One of America's most distinguished literary critics, Bloom recently continued his appraisal of Joseph Smith's work.

[M]ILLENIAL AMERICA HAS ALWAYS WELCOMED angels, a welcome particularly manifested in the traditions of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints, Joseph Smith's Mormons. Smith, the inaugural Mormon prophet, seer, and revelator, received three nocturnal visits from Moroni, a previously unknown angel, on September 21, 1823, in Palmyra, New York. The angel's message concerned a book "written upon gold plates, giving an account of the former inhabitants of this continent, and the sources from whence they sprang." Yet four years intervened before Moroni found Smith worthy of the mission of translating the new sacred book, which did not appear until early in 1830. Since the Book of Mormon itself is a work of angelic authorship, Mormonism necessarily is profoundly involved in angelology. Whether one takes the vision of the angels as divine revelation received by Smith, or as the product of his indubitable religious genius, the Mormon doctrine of angels is of extraordinary interest, both for its own intrinsic power and for its illumination of the American longing for angelic realities. . . .

Moroni's appearance to Joseph Smith reminds me of Gabriel's in the Book of Daniel, and is parallel to Gabriel's appearance to the prophet Muhammad. Even as Muhammad is "the seal of the

prophets," the final messenger, for Islam, so Smith is for his Latter-Day Saints. While Muhammad remains just that for Islam, Mormonism is a more radical doctrine, and Joseph Smith doubtless by now is a resurrected angel, another god-man, working for the welfare of the world's 10 million or so Mormons. . . .

Joseph Smith had set forth the very American and pragmatic principle that angels can and should perform only what we cannot accomplish for ourselves. As always, I am moved by the prophet Joseph's wisdom, which would go a long way to correct the excesses and self-indulgences of our media-driven and commercialized exploitation of angelic imagery. The operative principle at our moment seems to be the exact inverse of Joseph Smith's admonition: hosts of deluded souls now implore angels to do for us what we should do for ourselves. ☐

HAROLD BLOOM
*from Omens of Millennium: The Gnosis of Angels,
Dreams, and Resurrection*
Riverhead Books, 1997, 788-80

Sunstone welcomes submissions for this section.

FROM THE EDITOR

THE CORDS OF COMMUNITY

By Elbert Eugene Peck

SINCE JANUARY, I've talked with over a dozen individuals who've been "called in" by their stake president to discuss something they had written or said, often in this magazine or at a symposium. Not hostile or mean-spirited, most of the articles and talks did revise an understanding of a more orthodox Mormon practice, belief, or policy. In most cases, the area presidency had relayed the concern to the stake president, who was asked to return and report.

Generally, the interviews were friendly and pastoral, no action was taken (or proposed), and little direct counsel was given other than "be careful." Still, most did not appreciate their interviews because they felt they were being told "not to do it again." As a result, some have become timid—taking a "sabbatical" from public scholarship. Others have become strident and defiant. I lament both approaches; I say, respond by being a more careful scholar *while* increasing your charity.

As I've walked home from work, I've pondered the ramifications for the individuals, their families, the Church, and Sunstone. My mind furrows familiar ruts: (1) The inevitability of differences of opinion (and practice) vs. the need for common understandings (and behaviors) to sustain us as a people. (2) First Presidency Counselor James E. Faust's instruction that diverging private thoughts are fine but only concurring ones should be shared publicly¹ vs. Janice Allred's affirmation that thinking is as much a social act as an individual one² (to tell a person not to speak [or listen] is to tell her not to think). (3) Wayne Booth is right: we are deeply influenced by the company we keep³—both socially and intellectually (Booth's point). How much choosing of our intellectual and social friends should be made by the values of the individual vs. those of the community?

Such questions are pregnant in these events; the answers are not easy. Personally, I am very individualistic; I stiffen at a whisper of force or coercion. Yet I know that much of what I value and assume in my self and my nurturing culture is the result of earlier stress, control, and censure.

The tensions between the individual and

the community are innate, and they can be seemingly eliminated only with deadening totalism. Short of implementing Satan's plan, life is a circus act of balancing opposing virtues, the quality of which cultivates nurturing or dysfunctional communities.

A recent *Atlantic Monthly* article celebrated Karl Popper's "open society" because, in granting free expression of differences, it permits corrections of the inevitable weaknesses that occur in every human articulated idea, philosophy, or organization. A closed society, one that rigidly enforces an ideology (Marxism, Islam, or even fundamentalist Mormonism) with no space for dissent, has potent opportunities for tyranny, no matter how virtuous its individual tenets.

I have lived a peaceable life within Mormondom, and what few conflicts I've had, whether theological or interpersonal, have been rooted, at least in part, in my belief that the principles of an open society apply *within* Mormonism and not just to our larger society (thus ensuring Mormonism's right to exist). The view that since the Church is a theocracy, individual rights are proscribed is a mass of confusion to me. And, yet, I am uncomfortable with simply appropriating into Mormonism the legalistic mechanics of American pluralism. For in addition to having individual rights such as free speech, we also have covenantal relationships with and responsibilities to our fellow Saints.

So, on one hand, I celebrate asking authors to account for their public words; that's constructive, it's part of living in an open society, it brings progress, and, after all, it's nice when people take your ideas seriously. On the other hand, Kafkaesque interviews intended to silence are nasty things; they lack real give-and-take conversation necessary for constructive interchange and understanding. On the larger scene, I bristle at bans, but I celebrate the prophets who set the community's tone and agenda through their moral voice. They make the difference.

We rightly condemn leaders who exercise unrighteous dominion and choose power over love. All exercise dominion, and all receive it—daily. It's the wind against which we

must chart our souls' ships. What *they should* do is abstract; what *I should* do in response is immediate. But the answer is the same: engage the other in unfaked love (more than manners and civility), persuasion, kindness. Particularly after disagreements, fellow Saints need to know that, regardless of deep and continuing differences, your "faithfulness is stronger than the cords of death" (D&C 121:44). If they sense this (because of your increase of love), most differences are irrelevant. It's like what a very frustrated Brigham Young acknowledged about a very disagreeable Orson Pratt (whom he contemplated excommunicating): "If you were to chop up Elder Pratt into inch-square pieces, each piece would cry out, 'Mormonism is true.'"⁴

This spring, while Sunstone planned several symposiums, I've discussed these principles with my stake president. I deeply believe that it is healthy for Mormonism to have honest self-critiques, and I deeply feel that our discussions should simultaneously affirm our allegiance to the household of faith. I commit myself to helping raise the level of Sunstone's deliberations, not by force but by giving this issue voice. The stereotyped instances of name-calling and disrespectful language are, in truth, damned few, and, if you value an open society, they can never be eliminated without the price of control of a general conference. But we can do better. We can create a critical culture that values charitable discourse more. We can give feedback to offending authors. Ideally, a symposium speaker should be as concerned about *demonstrating* (not just possessing) commitment to our community and to individual Saints critiqued as about the rightness of the intellectual analysis. Otherwise, prompted by unsettling content, some may "esteem thee to be his enemy" (D&C 121:43), and Paul's body schisms (1 Cor. 12:25).

The democrat in me says, "Let them speak the truth"; the Christian in me says, "Let us speak the truth in love" (Eph. 4:15). A community of faith requires honesty for health and love for cohesion. When social change is effected without compulsory means, it is almost imperceptible, like dew distilling, and then the "dominion" is everlasting. Such is God's charted course for his people, including Sunstone. ☞

1. James E. Faust, "Keeping Covenants and Honoring the Priesthood," *SUNSTONE*, Nov. 1993, 70.

2. Janice Allred, "Defense of Janice Allred," *SUNSTONE*, Apr. 1995, 82.

3. Wayne C. Booth, *The Company We Keep: An Ethics of Fiction* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1988).

4. In Leonard Arrington's introduction to Breck England's *The Life and Thought of Orson Pratt* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1985), xi.

TURNING THE TIME OVER TO . . .

Dean L. May

SEEKING SPIRITUAL WITNESS



MARK INGALLS

Although spiritual manifestations are often emotional, tears and sentiment are not a requirement. So how can we discern between the Spirit and our personal emotions?

ALL OF US who seek to better our lives need to consider at some point the question of how to recognize a spiritual witness. The answer is an unusual one for Latter-day Saints. Since we do not make traditional distinctions between spirit and matter, it follows that in some respects there are no differences between spiritual and material truth. Matter and spirit are one; therefore, truth should be one as well.

But finding spiritual truth is a compli-

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cated business. It involves our emotions, our openness to spiritual promptings, and our intellect. It requires practice, developing sensitivity, and above all, balance.

One of the common mistakes is to confuse spiritual truth with emotions or sentiment. Everyone has experienced in their wards the annual Sunday of emotional overload—Mother's Day. It commonly involves the Primary children singing several songs, a few tributes to motherhood and to specific mothers, and with it all, a lot of tears. Most go home feeling mellow and good.

A good cry in quite different contexts can make us feel mellow as well. I admit to a certain weakness for parades and marching bands. For some reason, when I see a well-

trained band marching down Main Street in Salt Lake City, I'm prone to choke up and shed a tear or two in spite of myself. No doubt we need a cry once in a while, and it makes us feel good to have one. But my feelings at seeing a marching band in a parade aren't very different from my feelings at hearing a wonderfully sentimental story about someone's mother. Does either one have to do with spiritual truth, or are we in both cases perhaps a bit off the mark?

Of course emotions and sentiment are often present at times of spiritual manifestation. Jesus wept and touched the emotions of the Book of Mormon peoples when blessing their children. (3 Ne. 17:18–23.) Most Latter-day Saints can testify of similar experiences. But because emotion and sentiment can often accompany spiritual outpourings, that does not mean that they engender spirituality. They are an effect, not a cause. And when we imagine that emotion or sentiment alone can lead us to spiritual understanding, we are in danger of buying into a counterfeit—of confusing cause and effect. Brother Brigham Young was much concerned about this possibility and spoke directly concerning it in 1853:

Mr. B. is a stormer to preach, and to work upon the sympathies of the people, and especially upon the tender feelings of the female portion of his congregation. He will tell about their children dying, and picture out the sufferings of the poor, tender creatures. He will tell about their husbands dying, and about wives dying, and how they are lying in the lowly and silent grave. Add to this subject, which is so thrilling to the sensations of mortals, a peculiar trembling, plaintive tone, and perhaps accompanied with a shower of tears streaming down the preacher's face, and it is well calculated to disturb the equilibrium of the naturally tenderhearted, throw them into tears and sobs, and make them suppose it is the operations of the Holy Spirit, when in reality *there is not one word of common sense or saving truth in all the preaching.*¹

In other words the sentiment, the emotions, the tears do not in and of themselves say that a thing is good and right.

On most occasions when we feel the Spirit, we experience it by the manifestation not of tears or sentiment, but a deep, controlled, and affirming spiritual prompting, described again in Third Nephi, when the

voice of the Father announced the presence of the Son. The voice was not harsh nor loud; indeed it was a small voice, but it "did pierce them that did hear to the center . . . and did cause their hearts to burn." (3 Ne. 11:2-3.) The burning sensation is a common one, in the bosom.

I felt those sensations powerfully when on my mission in California in 1960. I was baptizing a brother, Earl Hall. He was a big man, and I was fearful of how well I would be able to handle the mechanics of lifting him from the water. I felt a burning so strong in my chest that my hand moved instinctively to feel that place of warmth, but to my hand it felt no different from the rest of me. Again, when I was twenty-nine and a confirmed bachelor, I had a hard time making up my mind to give up the independence I had become accustomed to. I prayed to learn if I dared ask the woman I cared for so much to marry me. Again, I experienced the burning so strongly that I have not to this day had a moment's doubt that it was a manifestation of the Spirit and of spiritual truth. Most Latter-day Saints have had similar experiences. They happen often in temples. We took our oldest child, Timothy, to the dedication of the Jordan River Temple and were seated on folding chairs deep in the bowels of the structure, surrounded by air ducts and pipes. As President Hinckley read the dedicatory prayer, a tangible presence filled even those nether spaces, and we had a profound and unforgettable spiritual experience as we participated in the dedication.

It thus seems one of our most important tasks in seeking spiritual experiences and truths is to disentangle emotion and sentiment from deeper affirmation. But even this is not enough. As we seek spiritual truth, or even as we seek guidance in ordinary decisions of life, it is tempting to just put the matter into the hands of God. After all, we have the Holy Ghost; why not heighten our spiritual sensitivity to the point where we can let the Spirit direct us in all our affairs?

There is a good reason we cannot: The Spirit works by affirming, rarely by commanding. I would suspect this has something to do with the fact that mortality is a time of learning and preparation during which we learn to use the resources God has given us. Were the Spirit always to put words of counsel, instruction, or comfort into our minds without our preparing and seeking, we would be little more than automatons responding mechanically to its impulses. We would experience little growth and learning, and we could hardly be said to walk by faith. Mortality would be far less a time of testing

or learning.

Of all the resources God has given us, including our emotions and sentiments, the most unique and rare is our intellect: the prophets have called this the most central and eternal aspect of our being. We understand that the glory of God is intelligence or light and truth, and that if people gain more knowledge and intelligence in this life, they will have so much the advantage in the world to come. (D&C 93:36, 130:18-19.) Some have chosen to interpret these passages as referring to spiritual truth or spiritual intelligence only, but to do so denies the importance of our most wonderful and god-like gifts: the capacity to wonder, to question, to imagine, and to apply these experiences to seeking answers.

Perhaps no better example exists of the power of the intellect in spiritual understanding than the prophet Joseph Smith, himself. His first and subsequent visions were not occasions when God simply dropped in to pay a call. Joseph keenly observed the religious and social ferment around him and was greatly concerned about it. He attended meetings of the various churches, studied their doctrines, and, as he put it, "my mind was called up to serious reflection" (Joseph Smith 2:8) which led him tentatively to be partial to the Methodist faith, in spite of his mother's and siblings' partiality to Presbyterianism and his father's obstinate free thinking. It was after exploring every avenue available to his intellect and coming to a tentative conclusion that he determined to test the promise of James that those lacking wisdom would gain it through asking God. (James 1:5.) First he studied, then he prayed. The rest of his life he was always alert to new ideas, actively studying and absorbing knowledge and learning from any source available to him—seeking out instruction in ancient languages, convening a school of the prophets, designing the city of Zion surrounding a complex of temples, some of which were to comprise a center where men and women were to "seek learning by study and also by faith." (D&C 88:118.)

Perhaps there is no clearer guide in all our scriptures to the process of gaining spiritual understanding than Oliver Cowdery's 1829 failure to assist the prophet in translating the Book of Mormon. Oliver had received careful instructions (D&C 8) assuring him that he must ask in faith, with an honest heart, believing that he would receive knowledge concerning the engravings. But though he earnestly set out to meet all these conditions, he failed. Why?

You have not understood; you have supposed that I would give it unto you, when you took no thought save it was to ask me. But behold, I say unto you, that you must study it out in your mind; then you must ask me if it be right, and if it is right I will cause that your bosom shall burn within you; therefore, you shall feel that it is right. But if it be not right you shall have no such feelings, but you shall have a stupor of thought. . . . (D&C 9: 8-9.)

This practical and workable method of seeking spiritual understanding combines our intellect, our spiritual powers, and at times even our emotions in gaining spiritual truths and insights. Perhaps the key here, as it is so often when we attempt to apply gospel principles to our everyday lives, is "moderation in all things." Here, as elsewhere, we must lengthen our stride, but be careful not to lose our balance. ☐

NOTE

1. Brigham Young, *Journal of Discourses*, 1:241, emphasis in original.



BRIDAL WREATH

A single clump along a sloping hill
tumbles forward like a fountain
falling to the valley floor.
How the boughs askew
spear morning air—
a frothy windrow rolling wild
against a somber lawn-green sea.
Could we have known
how these roots loosely thrown
would break the earth apart
and shake the meadow's sleep
careening through the empty hollow
like a summer child's unbridled laughter?

—JEROME L. MCELROY



THEN AND NOW

WHILE TRAVELING IN A POLICE-ESCORTED motorcade in Managua, the capital of Nicaragua, on 21 January 1997, President Gordon B. Hinckley and his wife Marjorie were involved in a minor traffic accident. The *Deseret News* reported that Sister Hinckley suffered a few light scratches while the president escaped with merely rattled nerves. The Hinckley's car was struck by "loose aluminum beams" sliding off the roof of a quickly halting truck. The beams shattered a window, spraying the Hinckleys with glass.

Times certainly have changed. Official police escorts were out of the question for the Prophet Joseph Smith in his travels, except when parading at the head of the Nauvoo Legion or when on his way to jail. In November 1839, Joseph went to the U.S. capital to visit President Martin Van Buren. En route to Washington, the passenger coach he was on paused at a tavern. The driver—who according to the Prophet "was drunk but once, and that however was most of the time" (*History of the Church*, 4:41)—went inside for a "grog." With the driver absent, the horses bolted, taking coach and passengers on a

dangerous and terrifying three-mile romp. Joseph, in John Wayne fashion, saved the day. "The passengers were exceedingly agitated," he wrote (or a Church historian did in his voice), "but I used every persuasion to calm their feelings; and opening the door, I secured my hold on the side of the coach the best way I could, and succeeded in placing myself in the coachman's seat, and reigning up the horses . . . neither coach, horses, or passengers received any injury" (23). In assuaging the passengers' fears, the Prophet apparently saved the life of an infant by preventing the child's mother from tossing the babe out the window. Certain members of Congress, who were also aboard the stage, proposed giving Joseph a congressional commendation. The offer, however, was quickly retracted when the congressmen discovered the identity of their hero: to officially praise the Mormon prophet, even for an act of bravery, was just as anathema as giving him an official escort was unthinkable.

Something's lost while something's gained. Today, Church presidents are awash in awards, honors, and escorts, but could even the relatively robust, eighty-six-year-old Gordon Hinckley single-handedly rescue a run-away coach?

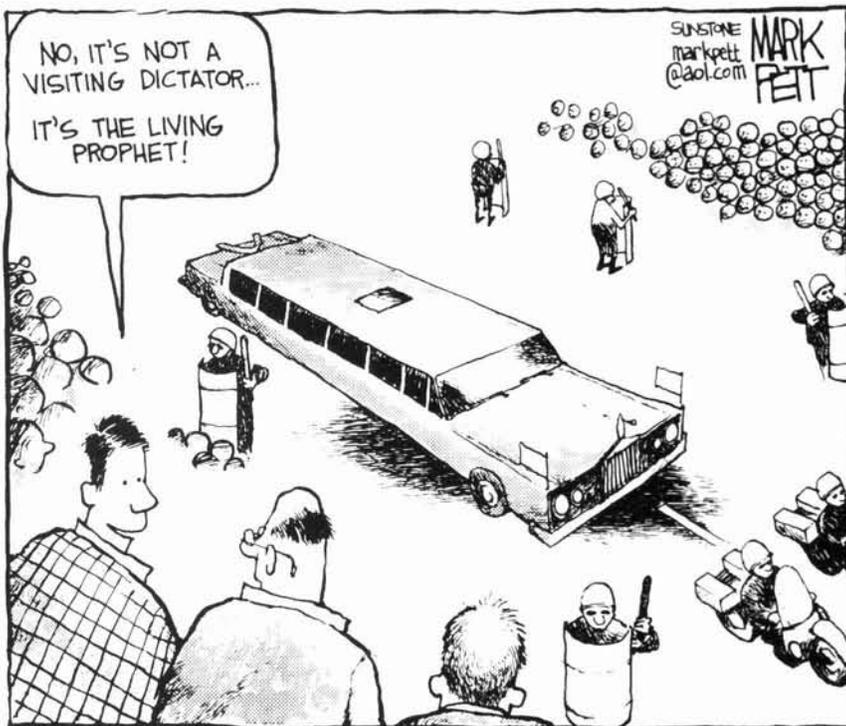
My Creed

AND YET . . .

HOW DOES ONE SET UP A CREED when his beliefs are so fluid that he can't call them a creed? A creed is formal, fixed, solid—as in Nicene Creed. Mine is closer to a personal articles of faith than to a creed. Maybe I'm more an "And yet . . ." or a "But . . ." Mormon than a straight Mormon.

1. *Neither I nor my creed nor my church is a finished product yet. Nor will ever be. I can subscribe to nearly everything the Church stands for and does. And yet . . .* The sense of a fluid, developing religion goes against much of what the Church seems to be standing for. I get the impression that it is moving ever closer to a formal creed, though I doubt that any of the leaders would see it that way. Our growth internationally may make such a development inevitable. But I will never be comfortable with it.

2. *Yes, I believe in God the Eternal Father, and in his Son Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost. And yet . . .* I nearly always have to qualify it by emphasizing *believe* and by adding some such ex-



pression as "That is the faith I live by." With this, as with so much else, I envy at times those who can say with such absolute assurance, "I know . . .". But at other times I feel deeply that faith may be an even higher thing than knowledge where religion is concerned.

3. *Yes, I believe the Church is true and I sustain President Gordon B. Hinckley and the other Church leaders.* But . . . I'm not quite sure what "true" and "sustain" mean in this context. I certainly don't believe that either the Church or its leaders is infallible. And I'm uncomfortable with what seems to be movement toward claims of infallibility. I can't help feeling that much of what we hear from leaders has political or economic or social sources and implications that have little to do with gospel principles. I also dislike the defensiveness that seems to motivate responses to things like SUNSTONE and *Dialogue* or any other off-beat writing or activity.

4. *I believe that war is evil—almost any war for any reason, but especially war fomented for power or for gain.* I honor President Spencer W. Kimball for that powerful denunciation of us as a "warlike people" ("The False Gods We Worship," *Ensign*, June 1976). But I see little evidence that our people take his statement to heart. Instead, we seem to be some of the strongest supporters of our bloated military and its budgets, and the first to raise a fuss if any of it is threatened.

5. *I believe our scriptures are the word of God. I love them.* But I'm bothered by our using "so far as it is translated correctly" to avoid really coming to terms with many problems in the Bible,

In a First Presidency Message in the June 1976 *Ensign*, President Spencer W. Kimball spoke of "The False Gods We Worship." "We are a warlike people," he said, "easily distracted from our assignment of preparing for the coming of the Lord. When enemies rise up, we commit vast resources to the fabrication of gods of stone and steel—ships, planes, missiles, fortifications—and depend on them for protection and deliverance. . . . [W]e become anti-enemy instead of pro-kingdom of God." (6.)



and by the heavy insistence on literal readings of all the scriptures—as though the prophets were glorified scribes who took down every word in our scriptures just as they fell—in strangely archaic English—from the lips of divine creatures.

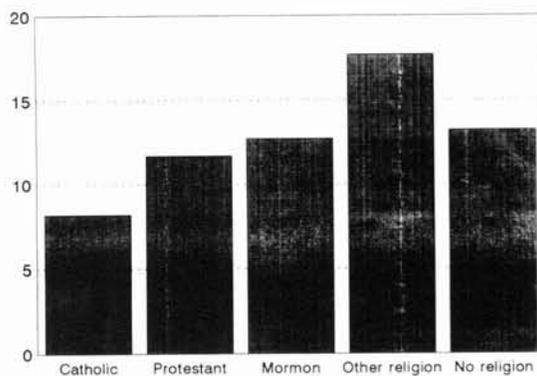
6. *I do not believe that our faith should be in people.* And yet . . . When the skeptic in me threatens to overcome the believer, it is nearly always to people, including Church leaders, that I look for sustenance, for the evidence of divinity in man, and hence in God. Yes, and also for the evidence of the infernal, of Satan at work in the universe.

7. *I believe in an afterlife, the Second Coming, and eternal progress.* These are perhaps the most spiritually demanding of beliefs, even if the idea of eternal time and space may get easier to see—though not to understand—as the Hubbel telescope probes farther and farther into time and space. In the right mood, I can positively drool over Mormon concepts.

Peculiar People

SEXUAL ABUSE

Sexual Abuse
Percent of Women Reporting Sexual Abuse as Children



DATA FROM THE PREPARATION FOR MARRIAGE Survey indicate that Mormon women are about as likely to report been sexually abused as children as are Protestant women and women with no religious affiliation. Catholics are below average, but women in other religious groups report above average risk of sexual abuse. These rates may not necessarily give an accurate reflection of the population as a whole because the data is not based on representative sampling. Most people who take this survey are college students seriously thinking about marriage. The sample was over 90 percent Caucasian with a mean age of 21. The sample included 2742 Mormons, 1893 Protestants, 1213 Catholics, 248 with another religious affiliation, and 262 with no affiliation. Results reported here are from the question "At times sexual activities occur in families such as touching children in inappropriate places or performing sexual acts with children. Did these things ever happen to you while you grew up?"



Most of us would probably not write anything any better than Chemish did trying to stall for time to get inspired.

And, yet, I hardly expect the Lord to pronounce judgment over me: rather, I fear, if anything, that he will just open my spiritual eyes to let me see myself completely—what I have become, what I have made of myself in this marvelous opportunity for life on earth. And I quail before the usual extension of eternal life to include some kind of ultimate godhood, maybe even a planet of my own to run. I, a man who can't even “run” his own family and who makes a mess of almost anything he tries to run. The thought of that kind of ultimate responsibility freezes most of my ardor for eternal progression.

8. *I believe profoundly that I am created with a mind that I must use as best I can to examine the Church's and my beliefs.* But I find myself moved far more by the subjective arts, especially music, than by the logic of belief. In these I find the highest expression of man's creativity, hence the deepest source of love for divine creativity.

9. *I believe profoundly that God is Love and that my highest worship of him is to love him.* And yet . . . I find it distressingly difficult to feel that love, except as something that I will to feel.

10. *I believe that the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, and that we are merely (both absolutely and simply) temporary stewards of whatever of that fullness we “own.”* I wouldn't expect many Mormons to disagree with such a simple belief. But I see and hear precious little real commitment to that stewardship, except for the championing of the right to unrestricted exploitation of the fullness thereof.

These affirmations hardly constitute a creed, but they do sum up much of what I am. Yes, I am full of *buts* and *and yet's*. And yet I think of myself as a sincere, believing, deeply committed, mainstream Mormon. I may be uncomfortable with some Mormon beliefs and especially with the way some are interpreted, but I see no other belief system or non-belief system that even tempts me away from my Mormon-ness. And, in spite of point 8 above, I'm not looking for one.

—MARDEN J. CLARK
BYU professor of English (retired)

Book of Mormon Musings

NEPHITE WRITER'S CRAMP

Now I, Chemish, write what few things I write, in the same book with my brother; for behold, I saw the last which he wrote, that he wrote it with his own hand; and he wrote it in the day that he delivered them unto me. And after this manner we keep the records, for it is according to the commandments of our fathers. And I make an end. (Omni 9.)

IF YOU'VE NEVER HAD TO REPORT ON A TOPIC about which you knew nothing or if you've never found yourself unable to say anything except the obvious, I doubt that you will ever be sympathetic to the plight of Chemish. After having read the lofty and beautiful poetry, philosophy, and allegory or the marvelous visions and revelations of Lehi, Nephi, Jacob, or Enos, and feeling duty-bound to write something important before you pass the small plates along (I felt this way when I was asked to sign my classmates' yearbook in eighth grade), most of us would probably not write anything any better than Chemish did trying to stall for time to get inspired.

Chemish also reveals that he is conscious of self—not self-conscious. He writes as if he is having an out-of-body experience, viewing himself writing on metal plates as he is floating above himself, looking down. I imagine as he learned how to write that he practiced writing sentences such as “I am not writing this sentence” and snickered with his fellow scribal classmates.

In my experience, inspiration is not something that most people find easily; it's not like turning a water faucet on and off. Joseph Smith has remarked that revelation is a principle that is learned over time.¹ I hope (since I have done it) that it is better to have written something less inspired and stalled for time like Chemish than to have written nothing at all.

—EDGAR C. SNOW JR

1. Andrew F. Ehat and Lyndon W. Cook, eds., *The Words of Joseph Smith* (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1980), 5–6.

20 Years Ago in Sunstone

THE HUMAN ASPECT OF SCRIPTURE

IN THE NOVEMBER/DECEMBER 1977 ISSUE, SCOTT Kenney, SUNSTONE's editor primogenitor, challenged Latter-day Saints to utilize higher criticism:

“What have the marriage customs of the ancient Near East to do with twentieth-century Latter-day Saints? Or the number of animals taken aboard the ark? Very little. And if higher crit-

icism had no more significance than explaining biblical trivia, it would be deserving of the oblivion to which Mormons have consigned it for the past century. But, in fact, higher criticism goes much farther.

"By providing a historical framework for the authorship and development of the Old Testament, biblical scholars have opened the door to understanding the different theological orientations of scriptural writers. These differences play an important role in accounting for 'historical' as well as doctrinal discrepancies.

"It was important for the Yahwist tradition, for instance, that Noah have enough animals aboard the ark to offer sacrifices and still have sufficient to propagate the species. The Priestly writer, on the other hand, was more concerned with the centrality of the Covenant, a unifying theme he emphasized throughout Israel's history.

"In this case neither the historical nor the theological differences are of much significance for Latter-day Saints. But what may be instructive is the way these differences were handled.

Neither account was laundered or sanitized to avoid embarrassing conflicts. The differences disqualified neither as an inspired voice in Israel.

"Apparently, it was their point of agreement which validated these witnesses—belief in the one true God and his participation in the life of Israel. The compilers of the Old Testament recognized the value of retaining each legitimate perspective—perhaps because they believed that the purpose of sacred history and theology is not to provide clarity of consistency or empirical facticity, but rather to bring people to God.

"The value of higher criticism is its ability to disclose the human aspect of scripture. As readers come to understand the point of view of the various authors and see the points they are trying to make in writing sacred history, readers enter into the process themselves and become participants with the Yahwist and the Elohist and the Priestly writer. Scripture is not an end, but a means to God. Biblical scholarship can illuminate elements of that revelatory process that have long been ignored by Latter-day Saints."

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1,2 1997–1998 *Church Almanac* (*Deseret News*), 100; 3,4 Lawrence A. Young, "The Religious Landscape" in *Utah in the 1990s: A Demographic Perspective* (Signature Books), 158; 5,6 Jay Parry, Larry Morris, *The Mormon Book of Lists* (Bookcraft), 106, 102; 7 Tim B. Heaton, Kristen L. Goodman, Thomas B. Holman, "In Search of a Peculiar People: Are Mormon Families Really that Different?" in *Contemporary Mormonism: Social Science Perspectives* (Illinois), 103; 8,9 *Deseret News*, B1, 7 Jan. 97; 10 D. Michael Quinn, *Mormon Hierarchy: Extensions of Power* (Signature), 746; 11,12 P. Scott Richards, Richard W. Potts, "Spiritual Interventions in Psychotherapy" in *AMCAP Journal*, vol. 21, no. 1-1995, 45; 13 *Journal of Latter Day Saint History*, vol. 9 (1997), 63–64; 14 *Deseret News*, A1, 19 Dec. 96; 15 1997–1998 *Church Almanac*; 16 Tim B. Heaton, "Vital Statistics," in *Encyclopedia of Mormonism* (Macmillan Publishing), 1525; 17,18 Tim B. Heaton, "Vital Statistics," in *Encyclopedia of Mormonism* (Macmillan), 1527; 19,20,21 *Mormon Hierarchy: Extensions of Power*, 858, 783, 783.

*How can we account for the universal subordination of women?
Feminists explain it as man's abuse of superior strength. Religions
say it is God's will. Gary Becker suggests it's economics.
Gender roles flow logically from the Fall and result from
living outside of God's abundance, not from God's will.*

THE GENESIS OF GENDER, OR WHY MOTHER IN HEAVEN CAN'T SAVE YOU

Carrie A. Miles

I CAME ACROSS THIS ITEM IN PARADE MAGAZINE'S "Ask Marilyn," a column written by a woman listed in *The Guinness Book of World Records* as the smartest person in the world:

"Dear Marilyn,

I recently finished a book on the great philosophers. Why were none of them women?—George S."

Marilyn replied:

"There are only two likely reasons: Either they didn't try hard enough, or they weren't capable."¹

It is shocking to hear such a statement made in 1996, but it would have been unremarkable a relatively few years ago. I recall childhood discussions with my best friend (a girl) on the same topic. If girls really were as good as boys, my friend reasoned, why is it that even the great *cooks* were men? Women must be lacking in either intelligence or ambition. The level of accomplishment corresponding to equality simply wasn't there.

I don't want to glorify either my childish discussions or Marilyn's column, her *Guinness* record notwithstanding, but the question asked in both instances is an important one, indeed a critical one, for understanding what it is to be a woman. Although few people are as daring as Marilyn, and the word "inferiority" is seldom heard these days, the question of women's ability still remains. Male dominance of government, aca-

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demics, church, and home has implications beyond the already disturbing arguments over who should hold power. For the status differential between the sexes appears to be a *universal*—it is found in all human cultures. And whether on the lofty level of philosophy or the more homey pursuits of the kitchen, woman's universal subordination is damning evidence of her inferiority.²

In LDS beliefs, men's superior position extends to heaven as well. Not only does the LDS priesthood assign to men leadership of the home and church, but the ultimate priesthood holder, God, is also literally, physically a male. He has a wife, who is literally, physically female, but we know little of her or her roles relative to God the Father. So we are faced with the possibility that woman's subordination is not only universal, it is eternal as well. Although Church leaders consistently assure us that women are not inferior to men but just assigned a different role by God,³ the nagging implications of male dominance continue to have an impact on many of us. For if girls really *are* as good as boys, why is even God a male?

Given the disturbing implications of LDS doctrine, it is not surprising that LDS feminists have made much of the concept of Mother in Heaven. Establishing that God is female as well as male, and that the Mother is not inferior to the Father would be a powerful argument for elevating the status of women in this life. I believe, however, that such attempts to clarify our eternal status are dangerous unless we can first account for the existence of gender differences among us mortals. If the celestial parents are equals, then why are earthly women subordinate? With this unexplained, it is too easy for the feminist argument to be turned on itself.

In what follows, I will review four general categories of explanations for the *universal* character of women's subordination and for the observed differences between men and women: (1) biological explanations, (2) socialization explanations, (3) the LDS (and traditional Christian) perspective that God wills our differences, and (4) a little known but powerful economic model that accounts for the "sexual division of labor." I will then discuss what this all means for the *eternal* status of gender, Mother in Heaven, and what we are going to be when we grow up.

BIOLOGICAL DIFFERENCES

If women are naturally inferior or less moral than men, then their subjugation and mistreatment are justifiable.

Of course, the difference between men and women is a time-honored topic for those great philosophers about whom George S. wrote. Aristotle, the fourth-century B.C. Greek philosopher whose ideas dominated Western culture for nearly two thousand years, held that woman was far inferior to man, more like an animal than a human being. Thomas Laqueur recounts that Aristotle, like other medical theorists up until about the eighteenth century, believed that there was only one sex. Male and female reproductive systems, they believed, were the same, except that man's greater virtue ("heat") forced his genitals to the exterior of his body. The presence of external genitalia proved the moral superiority of any man over any woman.⁴

Aristotle was neither the first nor the last in a long line of philosophers who held that woman is *innately* inferior to man in intellect, morality, strength, and constitution. Modern counterparts tend to say that women are "different" rather than "inferior," but explanation of different social roles based on innate differences still flourish. Some researchers claim that men are genetically superior to women in critical skills, such as math, or hormonally superior in terms of aggression and drive, or recently, that men and women use their brains differently. These points of view could be called *essentialist* because they take the basic view that the difference between men and women is one of *essence*—that is, the difference is in our very nature, is in-born, and cannot be changed. (Perversely, the category of essentialism also applies to some of the trendy assertions that women are in fact superior to men—they have a different way of knowing, caring, leading, etc.—but that men's misguided, violent, and patriarchal standards do not allow them to acknowledge or appreciate this way of being.)

This type of thinking extends to the popular culture as well. Consider the best selling books like *Men are from Mars, Women are from Venus*. This author, John Gray, simply asserts that massive natural differences separate men and women. For such writers, genetic evolution even explains why men hog the remote control to the television set.

Obviously, men and women are physically different in primary and secondary sex characteristics, and these differences are transmitted genetically. There is no evidence, however, that human behavior can be passed on through the genes. Unlike

some animals who follow physically determined, stereotyped behavior, human beings appear to have few (perhaps no) instincts. Ability and general aspects of temperament may be inherited, but complicated personality variables such as compassion or the drive to dominate others are not. It is also not clear how such traits could be passed along in a sex-linked manner, which the innate-differences theories require. That is, how are these presumed biological differences transmitted to your sons and not to your daughters? The Y chromosome, which determines maleness, is a small one that seems to carry very little information beyond the signal to turn on physical maleness. It seems unlikely that it could possibly carry the vast number of psychological characteristics, from left brained logic to channel surfing, that are attributed to manhood.

Unable to find evidence on a genetic level, biological theorists have increasingly turned to hormonal explanation of gender differences. Hormonal explanations could solve the problem of the Y chromosome's inability to carry much information, as hormones could "turn on" a trait carried elsewhere. For instance, although a genetic code for "aggressiveness"—if such a thing exists—might be too large and complicated to be carried on the smallish Y chromosome, a hormone such as testosterone could activate the "aggressiveness gene" located on another chromosome. Hence, theoretically at least, your son would inherit your aggressiveness, but your testosterone-less⁵ daughter will not.

Despite the assurances of those citing "scientific studies," however, the current state of knowledge about hormones and their effects on human behavior is sketchy and confused. In addition, because advocates use loaded terms, such as the "organizing" influence of male sex hormones on the brain⁶ or "strikingly different brain structure"⁷ to refer to trivial and ambiguous findings, we are further confused as to how little is known about the effect of hormones. For instance, the "organizing" of the brain mentioned above refers to the fact that prenatal exposure to testosterone turns off part of the ovulatory cycle. This is not really remarkable, since those exposed to testosterone prenatally—males—don't have ovaries anyway. This result was found only in mice, however, and similar results could not be obtained in primates. Although such a study has no meaning for human behavior, its generalized finding—that testosterone "organizes" the brain—has been used to argue the existence of basic differences between men and women.

Other commonly accepted "facts," such as the belief that men are more aggressive than women because they have more circulating testosterone, fail in the face of studies that find no correlation between levels of aggression in men and their levels of testosterone. There is also no difference in hormone levels between heterosexual and homosexual men, something one might expect if sexual behavior were entirely determined by hormones. Popular expressions notwithstanding ("He has hormones coming out of his ears!"), there is no basis for the wide generalizations made about hormones.

Another failing of essentialist theories is their inability to address the changes in sex-typed behavior that has occurred over the last few decades. If this behavior has been coded into

our genes over hundreds of thousands of years of evolution, how can it change so sharply and virtually overnight? I won't bother to list the changes in relationships between the sexes in just the last thirty years, but here is one intriguing, if trivial question for biological theorists: If men evolved to prefer women with big hips (which some researchers claim is another universal), how is it that a recent survey reported that the body feature the current generation of young men most dislike in women is large hips? The constant fluctuations in what is considered desirable prove that there must be some factors other than genetic evolution at work in determining our behavior.

Despite all of these problems, the most disturbing feature of biological theories are their social implications. In these theories, men and women are forever different. Their reproductive strategies are so at odds that they can never live in harmony.⁸ Programs designed to remedy inequities are doomed to failure because of woman's own limitations. As for male behavior, if domination is accepted as natural and inescapable, it must therefore also be moral.⁹

SOCIALIZED DIFFERENCES

If man's control over women could be eliminated, gender differences would disappear.

BIOLOGICAL explanations are often rejected either for political reasons or because they don't stand up to scientific standards. Many who reject essentialism offer instead the idea of gender as a *social construct*. According to these arguments, gender differences are not inborn but are created by society and then are taught, either intentionally or implicitly, to its individual members. In these theories, woman is not innately different from man, but has learned to play a different social role. Thus, differences between the sexes in math ability or aggression are due to socialization, not biology: boys learn to be aggressive because their aggression is rewarded; girls learn to avoid math because boys don't like smart girls.

This is a satisfying explanation on the surface, and I believe that most of the observable differences between the sexes are in fact due to socialization. But as Perper points out,¹⁰ to say that we obey sex roles because society teaches them to us is ultimately no more informative than to say we are simply born that way. Why does society structure roles in this particular way? For those who advance social construct arguments, the answer usually lies in some form of the following: Woman is vulnerable because of her need for protection during pregnancy and motherhood and/or because of man's superior size and strength. Men use their physical advantage to usurp resources for themselves, and then force women into being what they want women to be. Women, to equal the balance of power, become craven, passive, or manipulative. (Some of these explanations become biological as well, as in anthropological or sociobiological "Man the Hunter" theories, which posit that man and woman evolved differently in response to these different needs.)

Although this work provides a much-needed critique of the biased methodology of some biological theorists, its implica-

tions are often no less divisive than the biological explanations. Patriarchy is an historic development, Bleier argues, that men employ to maintain women's subjugation. At the extreme end of this perspective, Susan Brownmiller suggests that the fear of rape is the means by which some men keep all women in line;¹¹ Marilyn French states, similarly, that "*the vast majority of men in the world*"¹² exercise some kind of abusive control over women; and Adrienne Rich contends that men make heterosexuality compulsory in order to separate and control women for their own purposes.¹³ The implication of many of these arguments is that men are self-centered predators and women are innocent victims. If man's dominion and patriarchal control of women could be eliminated, these arguments imply or state explicitly, gender differences would disappear.

NATURE VERSUS NURTURE

Traits that men and women both possess cannot explain their universal differences in status.

BOTH the essentialist and socialization approaches have their own intuitive appeal. They each have points that make sense. Women may resent the claims of biological explanations that men naturally possess some critical skills, but they observe children falling, untaught, into stereotyped activities. Parents often deny encouraging their children's aggression or interest in sex-typed activities, and I believe them. But where does children's sex-typed behavior come from, if it is not innate? Besides, much gender-specific behavior feels natural to the person performing it, while the motives of the other sex can be an incomprehensible mystery.

On the other hand, the socialization model makes sense of other aspects of our experience. Men are obviously bigger and stronger than women. Women appreciate their own vulnerability and fear of physically stronger men, and they recognize it as a source of male power. They may also have had the experience of being discouraged from participating, or not being encouraged to participate, in "unfeminine" activities. Mormons also understand the potential for unrighteous dominion, which leads us to try to exert power over each other when we can; we see women as well as men trying to take the upper hand when it is possible.

But if each approach has its appeal, each has its problems. Perhaps the most basic problem is the difficulty in explaining a universal finding on the basis of relative characteristics. For instance, the argument of either camp comes down to issues of who has more of what—whether man has more strength, intelligence, or drive; whether woman is more verbal, caring or vulnerable. Each model then explains the differences in power between the sexes in terms of those ratios. But an argument over differences does not include the basic fact that, except for physical characteristics relating to reproduction, there is nothing unique about either gender. That is, one might argue that men are stronger than women, but one can't argue that men have strength and women don't. Similarly, one might argue that men are better at math, or that women are more caring. But some women have more mathematical

aptitude than most men, and there are men who are very compassionate. The distributions of human traits overlap: one sex may have, on average, more of a certain trait than the other has, but there are no absolutes in which one gender possesses a trait that the other does not share at all. And putting the arguments this way makes it obvious that social power/status cannot be based on any one relative attribute. If men dominate women because of superior strength, shouldn't the president of the United States (or General Motors) be the strongest or most aggressive man in the country? Wouldn't status differentials be based on strength, not gender, with strong women lording it over weak men? In other words, traits that men and women both possess cannot explain the universal differences in status. A universal finding can be explained only by an absolute difference.

GOD'S WILL

To justify gender roles, Genesis 3 has been misused, but it is a correct explanation of the origin of gender.

JUST such an absolute is found in the religious explanation for the differing treatment of women and men: It is God's will. LDS explanations for gender differences generally follow this tradition. Mormon leaders say that women are not inferior to men, nor are they particularly different from men in any kind of ability; they are simply assigned different roles by God.¹⁴

For the researcher—like Perper, whom I cited earlier—this explanation also begs the question. The researcher still wants to know *why* God should will that particular form of social behavior. In this case, however, asking why God wills something is probably not as fruitful as asking why we think we know what God's will is. The tenet of continuing revelation makes it difficult to pin down LDS theology—it's hard to analyze the system if the system keeps changing—but one of the key scriptures used within the Christian tradition to justify gender roles is found in Genesis 3. These verses have been used both as evidence of God's will and as an explanation for the existence of gender roles.

The sexual
division of labor
arises
not from man's
superiority but from the
one thing
females can do
that no male
has ever done.

Genesis 3 contains a description of the first sin, what we call the Fall. I am interested in verses 16 through 19, God's judgment on the man and the woman after he has discovered their disobedience:

¹⁶ Unto the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow [this could also be translated "pain" or "toil"] and thy conception; in sorrow [pain or toil] thou shalt bring forth children; and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee. ¹⁷And unto Adam he said, Because thou hast hearkened unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commanded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eat of it: cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow [pain or toil] shalt thou eat of

it all the days of thy life; ¹⁸ Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; ¹⁹ In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground; for out of it wast thou taken: for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. (KJV)

So we have from God's mouth woman's place in the home, rearing children; man working to support his family; and the husband "ruling over" his wife. Everything is explained.

Of course, a feminist scholar would say that the religious explanation is no more than a rationalization of the patriarchal oppression of women. I agree that, when used to justify (or sanctify) those roles, Genesis 3 has been misused. As a theoretical explanation for the origin of gender, however, Genesis 3 is absolutely and curiously correct. But understanding how the particular nature of the Curse accounts for gender differences requires an excursion into economics. For when God describes to man and woman the consequences of their actions, he curses not the people but the *ground* (vs. 17).¹⁵ As a result, the people now live outside of God's abundance, and their perfect oneness (Gen. 2) is transformed into a mutual struggle for resources. Their relationship becomes one governed by economics—"the allocation of scarce resources among competing ends."

ECONOMICS AND GENDER

Ironically, the very thing that makes a woman valuable economically also makes her dependent.

THIS economic argument is not going to sound like what you probably think economics sounds like. I am basing my analysis on work done by economist Gary Becker in *A Treatise on the Family*.¹⁶ Becker has built a Nobel-Prize-winning career using the principles of economics to understand non-market behavior, such as marriage, fertility patterns, crime, and addiction. From Becker's work on the sexual division of labor we can derive a model of gender in which it will become apparent that gender roles are *natural*, but not *innate*. This model accounts for the universality of gender roles but also offers the possibility of change, and it fits beautifully with Genesis 3.

Becker's model is an "elegant" one, meaning that he is able to derive many testable hypotheses from only a small number of assumptions. His main assumption is that the sexual division of labor arises not from man's superiority—in economic terms, his "relative advantage"—but from woman's. This area of superiority is not greater caring, cooperation, or verbal intelligence—all traits that men share—but woman's absolute difference from men, the one thing that females can do that no male has ever done. The answer lies in the biological definition of "female": the female is the sex that makes the greatest contribution to reproduction. Woman's relative advantage over man is her ability to bear children.

Although the situation has changed in the twentieth century (and perhaps had begun to change in the century prior to it), children have traditionally been a very valuable commodity. Children were both an important source of labor in rural economies, even at a young age, and the only source of support for elderly parents. Adam Smith estimated that in colonial America, a child's labor contributed 100 pounds to his family before he left home—a substantial sum in those days. If the child did not leave home but stayed and worked in the family "business" (as was typical in patriarchal societies), the child was even more valuable to his family. "Children are an heritage of the Lord," says the Psalmist. "Blessed is the man that has his quiver full of them." (Ps. 127:3, 5.) Blessed indeed. Infertility was more than a personal heartbreak—it was an economic disaster.

As an economic resource, children are as valuable to men as they are to women, and men will want to form alliances with women, who are, after all, the sole producers of children and the only ones who can feed them. Given that throughout most of history child mortality has been extremely high (so much so that Laqueur says that even affluent families were lucky if they reproduced themselves), women were often under a more or less constant obligation to bear children. Becker suggests that when there are young children in the home, a mother's time, although unpaid, is probably more valuable than that of her wage-producing husband. Thus, most women became wives and mothers, not because they were born nurturing or with maternal instincts, nor because they were socialized to live through others, but because they needed to be. They were

more productive and rewarded in that role than in any other.¹⁷

Child rearing, then, becomes the woman's most important task. But women have rarely had the luxury of only raising their children; they can—and usually must—perform other tasks. With this in mind, Becker notes that it is most efficient for the parents to divide up tasks so that mothers have those that are compatible with child rearing. Throughout history those domestic tasks included keeping the house, preparing food (according to the *Women's Bible Commentary*,¹⁸ preparing grain for cooking could take up to two hours a day), vegetable gardening, and keeping dairy animals. In some cultures, women did the farming as well.¹⁹ Spinning was the consummate female task, as it was easy to put down when a child needed to be picked up. Women were rarely hunters or warriors, but, according to an economic analysis, they were protected so much not because they were weak or incompetent, but because they were valuable. It did not make economic sense to expose the producer of valuable resources to physical danger or for her to pursue work that took her away from her infants (again, as much as the family or culture could afford it—women have always worked, often at heavy, dirty, and dangerous jobs). Any work in which woman did not have a competitive advantage became men's work. In any case, it is women's competitive advantage over men in "domestic" tasks that accounts for the sexual division of labor, not patriarchal conspiracies or man's superior strength. If women were bigger and stronger than men, they would still be more valuable in the home.²⁰

Given these constraints and opportunities, most women no doubt accepted the domestic lifestyle freely. But even women who had other skills to offer, or who were not interested in marriage or childbearing, had no real choices in life. A particular girl may not be biologically predisposed to childbearing or "women's work," but her parents can't know that when she is born. Efficient parents train their children to fulfill the role they are mostly likely to play in life. That means that a girl will be trained to fulfill the domestic roles as defined by her culture's physical circumstances, even if she has no interest or facility in them.

Becker explains the constraints on the parents to educate their children within stereotypic boundaries by noting that education and training are expensive. This was particularly so in the past. And since skills are more efficiently acquired young, parents can't wait to test a child's predilections before socializing her to her future role in life. I think Becker's model is more elegant than this, however, and this assumption is not needed. Training a daughter to be a wife was the smart thing to do even if education had been free.

Consider this perverse example: Suppose a young woman in some pre-industrial society decided that she wanted to enter the marketplace. This is not unreasonable—even in subsistence economies, there were jobs that did not depend on brute strength alone. So a woman might find an occupation in which she could excel despite being, on average, smaller than a man—trade, law, philosophy, education, or a skilled craft such as cooking. Suppose also that she acquired the necessary training and had financial support. Let's make it even easier for her and assume that she does not have to deal with discrimination,

sexual harassment, or fear of assault. Under these optimal circumstances, is she better off in the marketplace than she would be in a domestic role?

Probably not. Compare her to a man in similar circumstances. Even a man with significantly less valuable market skill than our non-traditional woman can have children and a domestic partner. As discussed earlier, children were a valuable resource in themselves, but the other things women did were also important. In pre-industrial societies, food and clothing did not just appear in the shops. What women produced in the home were vital necessities. Our non-traditional woman is at a disadvantage already. Because she is not married, she does not have anyone to take care of her domestically. Becker points out that men who are relieved of all domestic responsibility have an advantage in the marketplace over men who are not, and there is no reason why this observation would not be true of the market-woman as well. Perhaps our independent woman could live with her mother, or hire servants. Unfortunately, neither of these solutions provide her with other important resources, such as an emotional and sexual relationship, and children. The non-traditional woman can enjoy a romantic relationship only if she finds a mate who is willing to forego sex—for in a world without reliable birth control, sex leads to children. Once a woman has children, she will not be able to carry on her market activities, as she is then more valuable at home with the children. Perhaps our woman could find a truly liberated man who would be willing to switch roles with her, but men, no matter how liberated, make poor wives, being trained for the market and having no competitive advantage in childbearing. If our pioneering woman wants to remain in the marketplace, then, she gives up domestic partnership, marriage, sex, and children. A man or a traditional housewife can have all of the benefits of marriage—a domestic/market partnership, sex, and children—but a woman who tries to specialize in the market, even under the best of circumstances, gives up a major portion of the resources that would be available to her otherwise.

Men's competitive advantage against women in the workplace, then, comes not from their greater physical strength, but from their ability to marry women. No wonder the feminist movement became so strongly associated with lesbianism. It is

Feminine gods
have not worked to
women's advantage,
historically. The worship of
female gods
is usually a
worship of female
biology.

not that the woman can't compete with men, or that her objective performance as chef or philosopher is inferior, but that she can't compete with her own alternatives. In response to "Ask Marilyn," woman is quite capable, but it doesn't make sense for her to try hard enough. Marketplace activity required the traditional woman to give up too much personally. Usually the women who did engage in market activities were those who did not have women's resources available to them, either because they were never married or because their husbands were absent—dead, at war, traveling for trade, or in jail.

To add to the irony, the very thing that makes a woman valuable also makes her dependent. Becker notes that wives and mothers become "specialized"—that a wife is valuable mostly to one

particular man and one particular household. After all, her greatest resource, children, are most valuable to their own father. She can change "employers" only at the price of a major and risky disruption in her life. She and her children could be valued by other households, but since they cannot offer those households the life-long loyalty of family, their value would be as servants, not as mistress and heirs of the household. The amount of power and discretion they could be given in households not their own would always be limited.

In contrast, the market skills of the husband have value to a wide number of potential employers; even as a peasant, more than one employer could benefit from his labors. This broader base of demand for male labor gives the man more power in the marriage relationship. It would be easier for him to replace the woman than it would be for the woman to replace him.

IMPACT ON PERSONALITY

*Our potential for wholeness or for simply being ourselves
is diverted into gender role playing.*

As a social psychologist, I extend Becker's socio-economic model to show how the expectations for girls, as opposed to those for boys, will affect a child's personal and spiritual development, further compounding the power differential between the sexes. Knowing their son will grow up to compete in the marketplace, how do a boy's parents hope their son will be described? Here is a partial list:

strong
intelligent
competitive
independent
aggressive

The boys who "succeed" are those who strive for power, who have the drive to subdue and master, the will to conquer, to be the best. They will have an edge on the competition if they are self-centered, task-oriented, insensitive, and tough.

Parents know that their daughters, on the other hand, are competing not for the best market jobs, but for the best domestic jobs, i.e., the best husbands. Parents hope for their daughters to marry advantageously, to wed men with valuable market skills; they hope for husbands that will bring resources into the family, or at least not take too much out of it. Instead of hoping for strong and intelligent daughters, parents hope that their girls will be:

pretty
skilled at attracting
nurturing
sweet
accommodative
sensitive
patient
socially aware
aesthetically oriented
interested in children

From the beginning of their lives, girls are valued for very different things than boys are, even though their innate personal dispositions and capacities may be identical to those of a brother. One gender is trained to compete for power; the other is taught to submit. Girls are allowed to be competitive only in attracting men. How then could the traditional girl ever be expected to hold her own against boys, whether as a philosopher or a professional chef?

Or how could a person of either sex ever be expected to become a whole human being? In a world of scarce resources, whatever gifts or talents a child is born with must be judged and coded as appropriate or inappropriate. Sensitive boys get beaten by their better-socialized peers. Intellectual girls are taught to play dumb. Our potential for wholeness or for simply being ourselves is diverted into role playing. We are not simply male or female; we must be masculine or feminine, too.

NATURAL VERSUS INNATE

Gender roles flow from the one natural difference between men and women, but they are not innate.

THE model proposed by Gary Becker makes sense of the differences in status and personality between men and women without having to draw from the far more complicated biological explanations or the conspiracy theories of socialization/oppression. Becker's implications are also less

divisive than those of other models: the forces that drive traditional gender differences are not male aggression or female incapacity but the relative advantage that women have over men in domestic tasks. Neither men nor women emerge from this explanation as either virtuous sufferers or domineering brutes. The model also avoids the logical problem of explaining universal differences on the basis of characteristics that vary only relatively. In Becker's model, gender roles are *natural*,

GENESIS 3	ECONOMIC REALITY (BECKER'S MODEL)
Woman condemned to sorrowful toil	Woman must work to survive Sexual division of labor
Woman brings forth children in sorrow	Woman valued for childbearing
Woman will "turn" to her husband	Girls raised to be dependent on and concerned about attracting men—all of the "feminine charms"
Husband will rule over wife	Mothers are financially dependent Rule of men. Husbands will have more power in the relationship
Curse on ground	Economics—scarce goods must be allocated among competing ends
Man condemned to sorrowful toil	Men must work to survive
Eats by the sweat of his brow	Anxiety, concern about competition, pressure to be the best
Will return to the dust	Mortality, death

because they follow from the one natural difference between men and women, but they are not innate.

Becker's model further accounts for what the biological theories do not—the massive changes in women's roles in the last century. Becker suggests that technological changes have resulted in both a decrease in the value of children and an increase in the market value of women's labor. In developed countries, children are no longer an economic asset to their families, but are instead a major cost. Education, always expensive, is no longer an option but a requirement for employment in the modern world. Probably the greatest cost of children, however, is the value of the time of the parent who cares for the child. As women's employment options rise, staying home with children and foregoing potential income becomes a serious price to pay. Although people still have an emotional need for children, economic factors once again outweigh emotion; the birth rate, correspondingly, has dropped steadily throughout the last two centuries.

From the perspective of Becker's model, I would like to turn around a couple of culturally held beliefs. The first is that the development of the birth control pill was responsible for the decline in the birthrate. But in fact, fairly effective methods of birth control, and a decline in the American birthrate, existed for decades prior to the pill. I suggest instead that cheap, reliable and socially acceptable birth control was developed because, for the first time, great numbers of people wanted fewer

children. The second commonly held belief is that feminism is to blame for the breakdown of the family. But when children are not valuable economic assets, the optimal behavior for the producers of children—women—changes. With the decline of children's economic value, many of women's traditional functions have become luxuries rather than necessities (consider, for example, the stereotype of the housewife at home eating bonbons and watching soap operas). Housewives began to experience what Betty Friedan called the "problem that has no name," a feeling of restlessness and lack of fulfillment, the sense that women's work was no longer valuable,²¹ that women had to find something else to do. The women's movement—the undoing of the rational norms of the traditional world—was the response to this ennui, not its cause. Feminism did not cause the breakdown of the family. The breakdown of the family caused feminism.

THE ECONOMICS OF REDEMPTION

Christ's atonement frees men and women from the effects of the Curse.

LET'S now return to Genesis. After sin and mortality are introduced, the ground is cursed. It now brings forth thorns in abundance and the necessities of life only with "painful toil." Note the parallels between Genesis 3 and my expansion of Becker's model in the box on page 22.

The ideal relationship between Adam and his wife, which Genesis 2 portrays as one of equality and intimacy, changes immediately after the Fall. Only after the Fall does Adam name the woman, and her name reflects not her personhood or their unity, as the words Adam used for her in Genesis 2:23 do (roughly translated, "Here at last is someone like me!"), but her biological role: "Eve—the mother of all living." It doesn't matter how much Adam and Eve love each other, or how committed they are to equal rights, or how much they remember the oneness for which they were created—after the Fall, they

Anyone who
has tried to
live her life
solely within
the gender box
knows that there
is not enough
room in there for a
whole person, let alone
a god.

have to allocate resources efficiently, or die. And as we have seen, that efficient allocation of resources will include gender roles, which God tells them will be a consequence of mortality.

In this light, Genesis 3:16 clearly is not an expression of God's will. These verses are God's description of what life will be like outside of his abundance. Gender roles are not God's will, let alone a description of God's own nature. God created sex, but sin created gender.²² Where we have gone wrong is in reifying the concept of gender, treating it as if it were a real thing. Gender is only a description of the behavior that emerges in response to outside pressures. It is not part of our essence. But the forces that create gender are so powerful that it is hard not to view it as something real. It's as hard to overcome the pressures, roles, and traditions as it is to overcome death. If, however, we bow to these forces, and follow norms and ideals that are not at all godly but a response to the need for economic competition, we are obeying a curse. We think we

are being righteous when, in fact, we are propagating sin, and there is a lot of sin associated with gender. Think of all of the things that our culture considers a "successful" man to be: rich, powerful, never wrong, masterful. And a "successful" woman: thin, beautiful, well-dressed, and maybe really skilled at getting her way without threatening her man. There is nothing spiritual in either of these images, but aren't they valued by everyone? Don't we admire these people? Don't we feel shamed and envious when we are with people who fulfill their roles better than we do? Don't we feel an obligation to be that way, too? Or that we are somehow lacking in virtue if we are not?

The heart of the gospel is believing that Christ's atonement redeems us from death. Consider that the Atonement may also free us from other effects of the Fall. The idea that redemption reverses the Curse is explicit in John's revelation of the Holy City, in which are recreated the circumstances of the Garden of Eden:

And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying,

Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away. . . . In the midst was there the tree of life, which . . . yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no more curse . . . (Rev. 21:3–4; 22:2–3).

This redemption from the Curse is not just for the next world. Recall what Jesus says about sparrows and lilies; he asks if we really need to continue to eat bread by the sweat of our brows (Matt. 6:20, 25–34). A careful reading of the New Testament will reveal a great deal of teaching against gender-typed behaviors—patriarchy, macho honor, power seeking, and limiting women's participation in the spiritual community—and against the anxieties that come with them. Both Jesus and Paul taught that with redemption our earthly status and biological nature no longer matter. When Paul wrote, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus" (Gal. 3:28), he meant it literally. No worldly economic status has any meaning within the community of Christ. Unfortunately, centuries of translation bias often make it difficult to see the extent of our salvation. It can be hard to find one's way through some scriptural passages when the bias in favor of obeying the Curse is so pronounced that even statements such as "For woman is the glory of man" (1 Cor. 11:7) are used to argue women's inferiority. But redemption is there nonetheless.²³

Christ redeems us from death, from thorns, sorrow, hunger, and pain, and from gender obligations. But until the Lord comes again, we still die, we still have to eat, and we still face constraints based on sex: as Christians we are not freed entirely in this life. We still need money and have to pay attention to how we look. It's no sin (that I know of) to seek a promotion or to wear lipstick and high heels. Do what you need to do (although you might consider if you really need to do it), but don't think that these earthly constraints define what you are. Our obligation to be a "successful" man or woman is not a religious one, but is, in fact, steeped in sin and the Curse. We don't have to be enslaved to it. "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage" (Gal. 5:1).

WHY MOTHER IN HEAVEN CAN'T SAVE YOU

God must be more than all the metaphors we use to describe him/her.

A CCEPTING the full power of our redemption means rethinking the Mormon notion of gendered gods. Reifying gender is far from being only an LDS problem, but Mormonism, in teaching that God has a physical body, has the potential to confuse the issue. In many ways, Mormons have not only reified gender, we have deified it.

When LDS feminists began to speak of a mother god several years ago, it was apparent that they thought that the notion of a female deity would help them in their struggle to elevate the status of women in the Church. Recent papers, however, have begun to question whether the current understanding of Heavenly Mother is capable of achieving that goal.²⁴ I subtitled this paper, "Why Mother in Heaven Can't Save You" because I do not believe that feminine gods have worked to women's advantage historically. There have always been female deities. In the Old Testament, the judges and prophets continuously battled the people's worship of the female god Ashtaroth. The Greek and Roman pantheon was full of female gods. The great Artemis of Ephesus was a female. But the worship of female gods is usually a worship of female biology. Many of these "goddesses" were fertility idols, and their temples were places where the devotees (men) sought spirituality through sexual ecstasy with enslaved temple prostitutes.²⁵ That the female, not the male, gods were represented by prostitutes suggests just how uplifting goddess worship was for women. For the most part, such practices were not the worship of a transcendent, loving mother who lifted women up, but were rather an attempt to assure the continued provision of the feminine economic product—sex and children.²⁶

I doubt if mainstream Mormonism in the twenty-first century will get into anything too radical in honoring Mother in Heaven. But what little has been said of her suggests the same pagan tendency to see a female god solely in terms of female biology. Indeed, some of the problems LDS feminists are having with the idea of a mother god come from the limitations of defining her work as solely feminine.²⁷ Although many of the general authorities' descriptions of Mother in Heaven come from the last two decades, the terms used to describe her—"the ultimate in maternal modesty" and "restrained, queenly elegance," gracious, maternal, dignified, and putting on a really good party to welcome us home²⁸—are simply reification of nineteenth-century Victorian feminine ideals. In addition, we have a list of what she is not—not God the Father, not a priesthood holder, not to be named or prayed to, and either unwilling or incapable of speech. She is defined in terms of her differences from God the Father, not her similarities to him. Like Eve, Mother in Heaven is stripped of her wholeness and named only in terms of her biological, stereotyped functions: *mother of all living*.

Perhaps this is why some LDS women feel such pain in "living in a motherless house."²⁹ They have spent their lives trying to contain themselves within the gender box, with messages that tell them that they aren't as good as the boys (although they mustn't even try to be *like* the boys), and, failing to find redemption within roles that are no longer valued, they look to heaven to see how it is possible. But there we apparently find the Mother God in the same box. And anyone who has tried to live her life solely within the gender box, lovely though the box may be, knows that there is not enough room in there for a whole person, let alone a god. To project either this crippled femininity or an earthly masculinity³⁰ onto God is a mistake, for when we strive to achieve worldly gender

ideals we become more anxious, more subject to the Curse, and less like God. We need to strip gender of its claims to morality, let alone divinity.

If gender roles are the consequence of sin and deprivation, and Christ's redemption takes us back into God's abundance, then gender has no eternal meaning. And if gender has no spiritual significance for us, what possible meaning can femininity or masculinity have for God? Perhaps we know nothing of a heavenly mother because gender becomes completely transparent through the eternities of progression. If it exists at all, it looks like nothing we can comprehend. The individualities of a perfected couple would also disappear. They are what we are intended to be—*one* (see Gen. 2:24; Matt. 19:6). We do not see the junction between the two. Once again, to focus on the ways in which male and female are dissimilar, to turn away from wholeness and draw an immovable line between masculine and feminine, is to become less god-like, not more.

If the contemporary Christian world speaks only of God as masculine, I suggest it is because we don't understand metaphors and how poetry is used in scripture. Science fiction writer Arthur C. Clarke once wrote a story called the "Nine Billion Names of God."³¹ In the story, Tibetan monks employ a computer to speak all of the names of God, at which time the world comes to an end. God has more than one name, and we must never cease to explore them all, because God is more than we can comprehend with just one word. We need those metaphors to help us begin to grasp the complexity of God. The many terms used for God in the Old Testament is again obscured by our translations, but they include not only *Elohim* and *Jehovah*, with which Mormons are familiar, but also *El Shaddai*, *El Elyon*, *El Olam*, *Adonai*, *Jehovah Sabaoth*, and others.³² "Father" is only one name, used rarely in the Old Testament, and used almost exclusively by Jesus in the New.³³

Not all the Biblical images and names of God are masculine.³⁴ The *Wisdom* of God in Proverbs is feminine. A particularly intriguing example of feminine imagery is the name *El*

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eternal
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Shaddai, which God uses with Abraham. This name is usually translated "The Almighty" or "God of the Mountain" (Gen. 17:1, 28:3, 35:11, 43:14, 49:25; Ruth 1:20, 21; throughout Job [starting at Job 5:17]; and the Revelation [starts at Rev. 1:8]). But *shaddai* means "mountain" in the same way that "Grand Tetons" means mountains—*shaddai* comes from "shad," a Hebrew word meaning a woman's breast. Thus, *El Shaddai* means "the breasted one."³⁵ Does this mean that God has breasts? Have we found God the Mother? Or, as Andrew Jukes suggests, is this name of God, like all others, a metaphor, best translated as "the pourer forth," "the nourisher," "the satisfier," "the all-sufficient one," the God who was everything, including a nursing mother, to Abraham? In any case, the Bible is full of imagery for God—male, female, and inanimate (e.g., "The Lord is my Rock" [2 Sam. 22:2]); to take any of those images literally and exclusively robs them of their wholeness. When Jesus called God *Abba*, it was not a formal "Father," but a "Papa" so intimate and nur-

turing that one Aramaic scholar suggests it could be rendered something like "motherly father."³⁶ In using so intimate a name for God, Jesus invited us into a new type of relationship with the abstract and transcendent god of the Jews. To insist that Jesus addressed God as Father because God was literally his physical parent, and *only* his, and because God was literally male, and only male, leaves us outside of that intimacy, certainly the opposite of Jesus' intention.

Marriage itself is a "mystery," a metaphor for the relationship between Christ and the perfected Church (Eph. 5:32 and also most of Revelation). Surely that marriage is the one-flesh union spoken of in Genesis 2, not the economic partnership and competition of Genesis 3. But we cannot be one with anyone, spouse, Christ, God, or fellow Saints, if we continue to enslave ourselves to the consequences of the Curse. It is only by accepting our full salvation and giving up the roles that limit us, by renouncing our fears, competitions, and manipulations, that we can begin to work toward the oneness for which God created us. ☩

NOTES

1. Marilyn Vos Savant, "Ask Marilyn," *Parade Magazine*, 9 June 1996, 18.
2. Feminist researchers have searched in vain for cultures in which women, not men, were dominant. Failing that, they reinterpret anthropological findings to show that women made the major contributions to society despite the fact that men had all the public roles. (See P. Draper, "Kung Women: Contrasts in Sexual Egalitarianism in Foraging and Sedentary Contexts," in *Toward an Anthropology of Women*, ed. R. R. Reiter [New York: Monthly Review Press, 1975]; R. Rapp, "Gender and Class: An Archaeology of Knowledge Concerning the Origin of the State," *Dialectical Anthropology* 2 [1977]: 309-316; and Karen Sacks, *Sisters and Wives: The Past and Future of Sexual Equality* [Westport, Conn.: Greenwood Press, 1979].) Nora Ephron's facetious comment in her novel *Heartburn* ("This reminded me of those feminists who are always claiming that male domination is not the natural state because there's one tribe in New Guinea where the men lie around weaving and the women hunt bears," [New York: Pocket Books, 1983] 59-60) suggests that these attempts are not always persuasive.
3. For example, see David O. McKay, "The realm of women," *Improvement Era*, Aug. 1965, 676-677; F. S. Jacobsen, "Women, this is our time," *Ensign*, Mar. 1972, 36-39; Boyd K. Packer "The Equal Rights Amendment," *Ensign*, Mar. 1977, 6-9; Barbara B. Smith, "The Lord as a role model for men and women," *Ensign*, Aug. 1980, 66-68. See also reference in note 12.
4. Thomas Laqueur, *Making Sex: Body and Gender from the Greeks to Freud* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1990).
5. This kind of explanation also has difficulty, in that both sexes have all the same hormones, although in varying amounts. Thus the gene could not just "turn on" in the presence of testosterone. It would have to be sensitive only to levels of testosterone that crossed a certain level threshold.
6. Ruth A. Bleier, *Science and Gender: A Critique of Biology and Its Theories on Women* (New York: Pergamon Press, 1984).
7. *San Jose Mercury News*, 2 Nov. 1995.
8. David M. Buss, *The Evolution of Desire: Strategies of Human Mating* (New York: Basic Books, 1994).
9. Bleier, *Science and Gender*, 118; and Susan Brownmiller, *Men, women, and rape* (Fawcett, 1993). Boyd K. Packer has said that a man cannot fulfill his masculine role unless he feels dominant ("The Equal Rights Amendment," *Ensign*, Mar. 1977, 6-9).
10. Timothy Perper, *Sex Signals: The Biology of Love* (Philadelphia: ISI Press, 1985).
11. Brownmiller, *Men, women and rape*.
12. Marilyn French, *The War against Women* (New York: Summit, 1992); emphasis in original.
13. Adrienne Rich, "Compulsory Heterosexuality and Lesbian Existence," *Signs: Journal of Women in Culture and Society* 5 (summer 1980): 631-60.
14. Carrie A. Miles, "Saints and Society: The Effect of Social Change on the Mormon Church," unpublished doctoral dissertation, the University of Chicago, 1982. Laurence R. Iannaccone and Carrie A. Miles, "Dealing with Social Change: The Mormon Church's Response to Change in Women's Roles," *Social Forces* 64 (1990): 1231-50.
15. Joy Elasky Flemings, *Man and Woman in Biblical Unity*, (St. Paul: Christians for Biblical Equity, 1993).
16. Gary Stanley Becker, *A Treatise on the Family* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1991).
17. Note that value is not necessarily the same as honor. A cow may be valuable without being honored.
18. Carol A. Newson and Sharon H. Ringe, eds., *The Women's Bible Commentary* (London: SPCK; Louisville: Westminster/John Knox Press, 1992).
19. Bleier, *Science and Gender*.
20. Why, then, are men, on average, larger and stronger than women? The answer may lie, once again, in woman's role as childbearer amid conditions of deprivation. If calories are scarce, it is not biologically advantageous to have large or heavily muscled childbearers. The caloric demands to sustain the mother's body weight would divert calories away from the fetus, or, conversely, the demands of the growing fetus would weaken the mother.
21. Thus the smaller mother (up to a point) has a better chance of having a healthy baby while being adequately nourished herself. Interestingly enough, the genetic determinants of physical size are not sex-linked. Rather, bone growth is shut off by hormones released at puberty. Boys, who go through puberty later than girls, have more time to grow and so end up larger.
22. Again, don't confuse economic value with social honor.
23. From the questions I am asked when I speak on this topic, I suspect that

some people worry that eliminating *gender* roles will result in *sexual* confusion and androgyny. "This confusion, traditionalists claim, can only result in church, home, and sexual disaster" (Jim Banks, "Einstein, Androgyny, Michael Jackson, and One Big Buffalo," *Mutuality*, Aug. 1996, 1). This is not a new concern, as a 1967 medical text reveals:

An important feature of sex desire in the man is the urge to dominate the woman and subjugate her to his will; in the woman acquiescence to the masterful takes a high place (Sir Norman Jeffcoate, *Principles of Gynaecology*, 3rd edition [London: Butterworth, 1967], 726).

To which I can only say: Yuck. I believe that the basic mechanism that tells us who to find sexually attractive is built into the organism. An analogy is the linguistic concept of "deep structure": Since human beings are born with the potential for language, all human language follows certain common rules. But the actual tongue that a child learns—French, or English, for example—depends on his/her environment. Applying this idea to sexuality, the capacity to recognize and desire a particular sex may be inborn, but the details of what we find attractive, and what to do about it, we learn from our environment. Thus heterosexual men will recognize and be attracted to human females regardless of the current fashions for "feminine," and vice versa. The desire for dominance or submission is such a fashion.

23. If you are interested in working through this, I suggest beginning by listening to a talk given by Scott Bartchy at the 1994 Sunstone Symposium, "Jesus, Power, and Gender Roles," tape #SL94-190.

24. See Lynn Matthews Anderson, "Issues in Contemporary Mormon Feminism," *Mormon Women's Forum* 6:2, (summer 1995); Margaret Merrill Toscano, "If I Hate My Mother, Can I Love the Heavenly Mother?" Paper presented at the 1996 Sunstone Symposium, tape #SL96-135.

25. Eric Fuchs, *Sexual Desire and Love: Origins and History of the Christian Ethic of Sexuality and Marriage* (Cambridge, Mass.: James Clark and Co., 1983).

26. Modern readers should be careful not to project Judeo-Christian notions about God into their understandings of pagan worship practices. The Greco-Roman gods, for instance, were not concerned about human welfare, and humans generally did not want to attract the gods' attention—they might end up raped by Zeus or turned into a spider by a jealous Athena. At best, the gods could be bribed into helping their devotees. The Judeo-Christian notion of a god who loved humanity was novel (see Rodney Stark, *The Rise of Christianity: A Sociologist Reconsiders History* [Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1996]).

27. See Lynn Matthews Anderson and Margaret Merrill Toscano.

28. Cited in Linda P. Wilcox, "The Mormon Concept of a Mother in Heaven," *SUNSTONE*, 5:5 (Sept.-Oct. 1980): 9-15; also in Maureen Ursenbach Beecher and Lavina Fielding Anderson, ed., *Sisters in Spirit: Mormon Women in Historical and Cultural Perspective* (Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1987); also in Maxine Hanks, ed., *Women and Authority: Re-emerging Mormon Feminism* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1992).

29. Carol Lynn Pearson, *Mother Wove the Morning: A One-Woman Play* by Carol Lynn Pearson (Walnut Creek, Cal.: Pearson Publishing, 1992), 20.

30. The need to escape from gender obligations applies to men as well as to women. The demands of worldly masculinity are a terrible burden, perhaps worse than the restraints placed on women. Certainly some of the most unhappy people I know are men driven by pressure to be the best, by the demand on them to master and control every situation. People under such pressure produce unhappy families, unhappy businesses, and even unhappy congregations. In noting that this is primarily a masculine problem, however, I do not mean to say that women are immune from it. Perhaps one of the effects of changes in gender roles in the twentieth century is that our anxieties are more equally distributed. Women are now worried about business success, while men increasingly worry about being attractive.

31. Arthur C. Clarke, "The Nine Billion Names of God," in *The Best Short Stories of Arthur C. Clarke* (New York: New American Library, 1987).

32. Andrew Jukes, *The Names of God in Holy Scriptures*, American ed. (Grand Rapids: Kregle Publications, 1967; originally published in 1888). See also the appendix of the Companion Bible.

33. Paul R. Smith, *Is It Okay to Call God "Mother": Considering the Feminine Face of God* (Peabody, Mass.: Hendrickson Publication, 1993).

34. Mormon scripture doesn't say much about women at all, and so doesn't provide much variation in images of the divine. If the Book of Mormon's naming of God as father is to be used as evidence against the appropriateness of feminine imagery, however, consider that Mormons have no problem ignoring the Book of Mormon's pervasive trinitarianism.

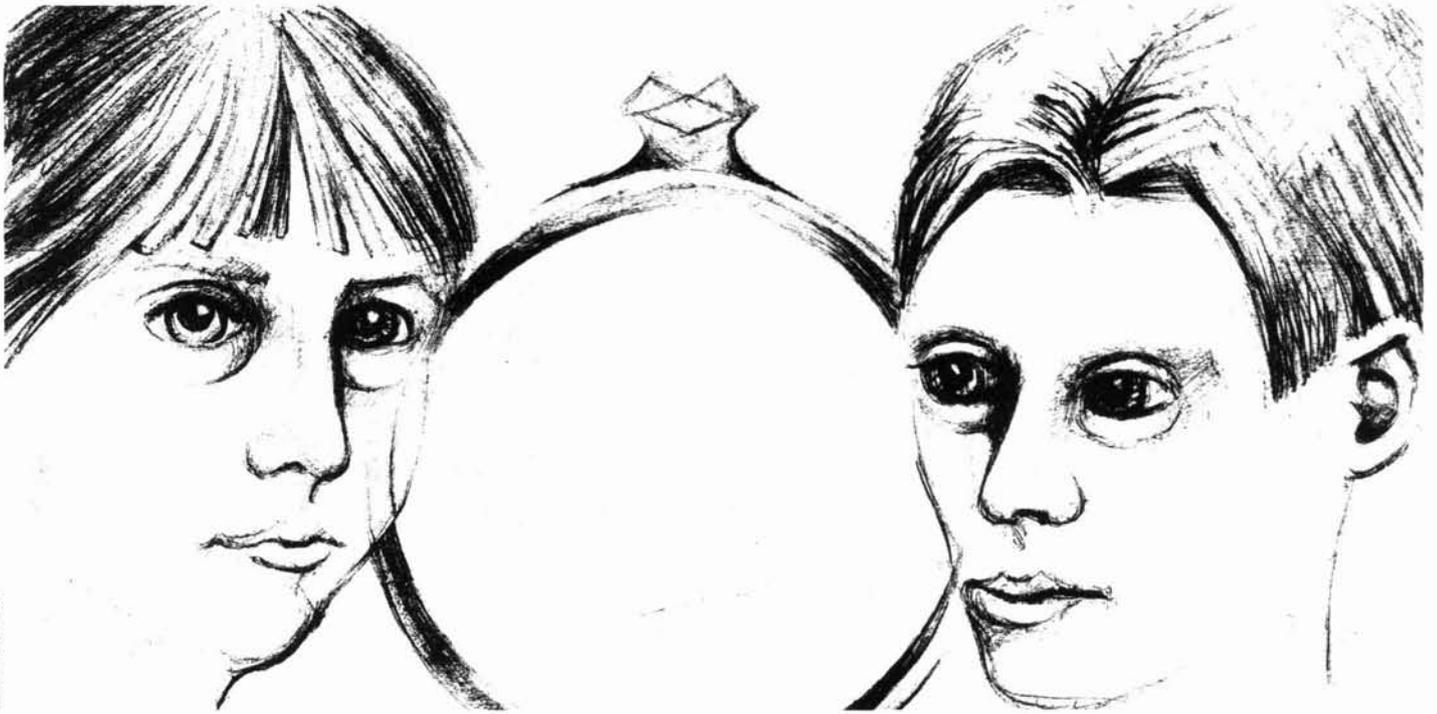
35. Smith, *Is It Okay to Call God "Mother"*; Jukes, *The Names of God*; Parkhurst, *Hebrew Lexicon*, date unknown, cited in Jukes; Scofield Bible (New York: Oxford University Press, 1917).

36. Joachim Jeremias, *Prayers of Jesus* (New York: Scribner, 1963), 11.

1993 Brookie & D. K. Brown Fiction Contest Winner

MISSIONARY FAREWELL

By Michael Fillerup



MATTHEW CHATTERLEY

A week later, he removed the ring from her engagement finger. "Just friends, okay? I'm doing this for the Lord, not for you. Not even for us."

THEN HE SAYS SOMETHING ABOUT APPLES, BIG red ripe ones, perfect on the tree, how we each start out like that, but every sin thereafter is a big or little bite out of us, depending. This girl, this Rachel, she'd been gnawed right down to the core. "But the seeds!" he exclaims, his suntanned cheeks peppered with hope, jubilation. "The seeds can be planted and a whole new tree with perfect fruit can grow—right, Brother Conklin? That's the Atonement, isn't it? If you really, really believe?"

But his hefty older sister, the one they called *La Gordita*, has been playing the what-if game, planting seeds of her own: "What if when you get back, she needs to repent—*again*? I know someone just like that, a good friend in fact. Abused as a

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kid. Her stepfather, her uncles used her like Kleenex. Everybody's easy before she started junior high. It's a pissed on world, a pissed on life. My friend, she finally got married, sure, but she's so screwed up now they haven't had sex yet, and it's going on four years. I'm just trying to warn you, Jake. Believe me, I've been there. Still am. Always probably forever will be. Two kids, two men, no husband. I'll be waiting tables till the millennium. Once you're in the garbage heap it's damn near impossible to climb back out."

"Sour grapes," he says. "Maybe my sister's just jealous because she doesn't have someone like . . . well, not to sound conceited or anything, but someone like me. And Rachel does. Or will. Maybe. I mean, I'm still—what do you think, Brother Conklin?"

I've met her only once, at church: a shy, self-conscious, willow girl with dishwater blond hair half-hiding her face, John Lennon glasses on an Afghan-hound nose. A gun-in-the-back

smile. He says she knew he loved her because it took three weeks for him to kiss her and even then they never went all the way. Some kind of personal record. He knows she loves him because the last time on her silver-duct-tape–bandaged sofa she withdrew her hands abruptly and stared at her sandals, counting crumbs on the ragged carpet. Her verdict: “If you don’t go on a mission, Jake, I don’t want anything to do with you.”

A week later he removed the ring from her engagement finger. “Just friends, okay? I need to stay focused now. If I can do that, if I can keep my head in the game, God will bless us—do you know what I mean? I’m doing this for the Lord, not for you. Not even for us.”

Big sister talked him into that: “Don’t you think it would be better if . . . Don’t you think it’s only fair that . . . Don’t you?”

Afterwards he went to Hunan West for moo goo gai pan, but everything tasted fecal. He called her that night and repented: “Will you marry me?”

She wept two years in one night.

He dreamed of threshing Laban’s fields for seven years while Rachel waited naked in her tent.

The night before departing, he stopped by looking very missionary in his white shirt and navy blue suit, his curly brown hair clipped off at his ears. “We all have this perfect Mormon girl in mind,” he says. “You know what I mean, Brother Conklin?”

I smile, nod. Sure.

“But . . . well . . .” Then he proceeds to tell me a little something about fresh red apples, seeds. We stand in the cramped entry of my claustrophobic apartment where boxes remain stacked five high, a stubborn refusal, or hope. Six months ago, he and his fellow priests moved all my earthly belongings out of the fine white house with the vaulted ceilings and into this red brick building where the train moans plaintively at midnight and the laughter of my children resounds every other weekend. Sometimes. Back then, he still wanted to play pro baseball, a catcher for the Texas Rangers, chest and shoulders swelling in his sleeveless T-shirts.

I wish him well, tell him how proud I am, how he’s made the right decision. In Sunday quorum meetings, I have told him countless times about the proverbial best two years of my life in Ecuador. “Seattle? *¡Que bueno, amigo!*” I remind him he will have the rest of his life to be married. “An eternity, Jake!” Maybe.

There is nothing else to say now. Hands hidden in his pants pockets, he awkwardly scans the room—dirty dishes stacked like leaning towers in the sink, newspapers scattered on the shag carpeting. The stink of old kitty litter; of solitude. Eventually he smiles, but it is like a crack in a brand-new windshield.

A honk outside rescues us. The handshake, the hug, a little joke at the door (“Well, I got rid of another one . . .”). Another smile, a half-salute as a curly brown head appears around the corner: “Jake, hurry! Dad’s waiting.” It is a perfect miniature of the Boy Scout I carried halfway up the Bright Angel Trail six years ago. These eternal *deja vus*. He wraps his thick arm af-

fectionately around his little brother’s neck and rubs his knuckles into his scalp. As they skip along the concrete walkway like a couple of school kids, I want to call out like Friar Laurence: “They stumble who run too fast!” Or bearded Prospero: “Tis new to thee!” Instead I holler, “*¡Vaya con Dios!*” He stops, turns, wrinkles an eye. “God be with you,” I whisper, and softly close the door. 



JACQUELINE

Jazz (terrible jazz) played
Until rain dispersed the parade,
The swan-flocks beat wings and bugled,
Jabbed frogs from muddy cold Thames.

I ducked hail & lightning, prayed:
“Some night when my hands steady
I will dance the stars North.”

The plane home caught fire,
Passengers called amens.
I imagined, Jae,
My voyage ending in flames
And you composing my requiem:
Your slim body mortared black, “E”
Pedal center-point, hands paralleling keys F1
And G1,
the congregation a vortex
of heat and blow-back.

One Christmas finished us;
Your answering machine stores *sorry*
In three tongues.
Seven lines is my limit—seal a cordial card,
Lick stamps, send it North to your prosperous lodge.
Under falls I first kissed you I left you: Snoqualmie,
Its surrounding forest dark as a garret
Under eaves, moonlight peeling from the cataract.
I could say I was stone, innocent of consequences,
Free-falling to dislodge another. But I’m guilty
Because you matter—the blurred sea cannot cover you.

—SEAN BRENDAN-BROWN

*"I never aspired to be a popular President.
I did aspire to get things done, and the two were not always compatible."*

WILKINSON THE MAN

By Gary James Bergera

I know we at the BYU are operating the Lord's school, but I have to admit we are doing it with very human people. And I suppose that until the Millennium we will continue to have personal feuds.¹

—Ernest L. Wilkinson

WITH HIS APPOINTMENT, in 1951, as seventh president of LDS church-owned Brigham Young University, Ernest L. Wilkinson inherited what one BYU dean called "nothing more than a high-class junior college."² Twenty years later, the feisty Ogden, Utah, native had transformed the lackluster school, in part by sheer force of his domineering will, into one of the largest private universities in the United States.³ An inveterate overachiever, Wilkinson had spent his first fifty years trying to rise above the poverty and shame of the seedy, two-bit streets he had grown up in.⁴ Now, at the pinnacle of an impressive, hard-won law career, which had earned him both respect and wealth, he desperately wanted his alma mater "to appear well on paper."⁵ Wilkinson "had the ability to set extremely demanding objectives," col-

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Ernest L. Wilkinson and students

"There is no conflict in the principles taught in theological courses and other courses at the BYU. The students therefore have no real mental conflict to overcome."

leagues of loyal, hand-picked "lieutenants," who shared his single-minded commitment to BYU's future even if they sometimes privately disagreed with his methods. "Ernest and I didn't have the same philosophy of life nor did we have the same philosophy of education," recalled BYU Vice-President Harvey L. Taylor, who later became acting LDS commissioner of education. "[But] I made up my mind when I came that I was going to be loyal to him and support him regardless of our differences. . . . If I couldn't, I'd leave."⁸ Finally, Wilkinson enjoyed the virtually unqualified support of Church President and Prophet David O. McKay, as well as the backing of a board of trustees, who jointly served as high-ranking Church leaders. But more than any other single factor, it was a combination of Wilkinson's unrelenting drive, intimidating personality, and

league William F. Edwards remembered, "and to pay whatever price was required to achieve them."⁶ "[Ernest] certainly knew what he was working for and knew how to work toward it and get it," added an early BYU appointee, Virginia Cutler, "and he knew pretty well how to work with the General Authorities. Oh, it's political, it really is."⁷

True, Wilkinson did not labor alone. He was supported by a wife who subsumed her own dreams to those of her ambitious husband and raised their five children more or less singlehandedly. He also gathered around him a tightly knit

autocratic management style that both defined and propelled his vision of BYU as the university of the Kingdom of God on earth.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS/LATER OBSERVATIONS

"Don't you know I don't have time to be polite?"

AFTER twenty-five years as a prosperous Washington, D.C., attorney and congressional strategist, Wilkinson returned to Provo, Utah, in early 1951, fully aware of the larger-than-life, no-nonsense persona he had not only cultivated and encouraged but was equally victimized by. "I never aspired to be a popular President," he admitted. "I did aspire to get things done, and the two were not always compatible."⁹ BYU's official history, which Wilkinson oversaw and helped edit following his resignation in 1971, acknowledges that the erstwhile educator could be "abrupt," "inflexible," "gruff," "inconsiderate," "even coldly uninterested." "Subordinates with sensitive feelings or temperamental personalities," the document continues, disingenuously, "sometimes found it frustrating to endure the pressure of working with him."¹⁰

"There is no time to discuss matters when a contact is made with you," Dean Ashael Woodruff complained shortly after Wilkinson's inauguration. "We get the impression . . . that many of our problems are not important enough to receive much time, or that you have made up your mind about some matters before we feel they have been fully aired."¹¹ Two decades later, top-ranking Church leader and occasional adversary Harold B. Lee publicly characterized the equally pugnacious Wilkinson as "tempestuous," "strong-willed," and "powerful in speech."¹² "When I get to my feet and speak extemporaneously," Wilkinson joked, "only the Good Lord can restrain me, and he generally doesn't."¹³ "I suppose that I have some day got to learn the lesson of keeping my own trap shut," he conceded, "since I am criticizing others for opening theirs."¹⁴ "Don't you know," he would say, "I don't have time to be polite?"¹⁵ "President Wilkinson didn't understand the word NO very much," commented the school's public communications director.¹⁶

Convinced that "we grow more by criticism than we do by praise,"¹⁷ Wilkinson once complimented one of his vice-presidents "because he let's [sic] me know what is going on and is candid and frank with me in his opinions. Others of my associates fail to let me know what is going on and often do not talk frankly to me."¹⁸ Yet while he stressed that he did not want "yes men," Wilkinson insisted that "ultimate policies will be my responsibility and . . . your decisions must in turn be reviewed by me."¹⁹ Wilkinson knew he could be "too blunt, not tactful with people, and impatient with other people who did not produce as much."²⁰ He valued the political appearance of consensus and harmony, explaining that "it's unwise to publicize the criticisms of one[']s enemies."²¹ Once, fearing the reproach he knew his aggressive temperament could elicit, he ordered that "all [campus] news stories be severely scrutinized with the objective of avoiding the possibility of the following

charges being leveled against him [Wilkinson] personally and B.Y.U. as well: 1. Extravagance[,] 2. Boasting[,] 3. Ambition." "I think you and I are both completely cognizant of the criticism that he faces," his aid gingerly wrote to the school's public relations director, "if stories are released with an undue emphasis on any of the above-mentioned points."²² Wilkinson later directed "All Who Prepare Letters for the President's Signature" that "1. Letters for the General Authorities are to be signed 'Faithfully Yours.' 2. Letters to friends of mine should be signed 'Cordially.' 3. Letters to alumni and friends of the institution should be signed 'Sincerely.' I do not use the phrase 'Yours very truly,' " he closed. "It is a commercial phrase and not appropriate for my letters."²³

Few associates found the five-foot, five-inch tall president likable, describing him as paternalistic, dictatorial, inconsiderate.²⁴ "Lots of people go away shaking their heads at that man," remembered BYU's public relations director. "It's just that he makes them so angry, and it goes back to that lawyer's training," he theorized.²⁵ "A lot of people didn't like him at all," agreed Family Living Dean Virginia Cutler, "because he was so certain of what he wanted."²⁶ For them, he was the "Little General," "Little Caesar," "Little Napoleon," "Tasmanian Devil," or "that evil genius."²⁷ Yet for others, he could be energetic, committed, even sympathetic—an "academic George E. [sic] Patton, unafraid to tell it like it is."²⁸ Wilkinson was "easy to caricature," Academic Vice-President Robert K. Thomas observed.²⁹ He could be "rough," "crude," "hard to get along with," and a "fighter," "determined to have his own way."³⁰ "I can't see why people get angry," Wilkinson wondered. "In law we fight with each other, but we go to lunch right after because that's part of our game. I find now that oftentimes I talk to people and I find them getting angry because we differ."³¹ "When two combative people get together," he added, "the air gets warm."³² Fine Arts Dean Gerrit deJong remembered that Wilkinson was "raised under the motto, 'If you are right, plead for the law. If you are wrong, shout like hell and get your way anyhow.'"³³ "He had the tenacity of the proverbial English bulldog," another faculty member recalled. "I guess that's one of the qualities that enabled him to do what he did, both as a university president and within his life."³⁴ "I don't know of anyone I have enjoyed working for more than Ernest Wilkinson," reported BYU Physical Plant Director Sam Brewster. "You always know where you stand with him. You know what he wants; he doesn't hesitate to tell you."³⁵ "It is easier to put brakes on him," J. Reuben Clark, counselor to Church President David O. McKay, commented, "than it would be to get someone who needs some dynamite all of the time."³⁶ While his wife, Alice, frankly wondered if her husband's "impatient temperament could fit into a group of academicians,"³⁷ Wilkinson freely granted that she "had made the friends," he "the enemies."³⁸

A quintessential man of action, Wilkinson did not consider himself "contemplative," was "uncomfortable simply sitting and listening," and "seldom" read scriptures or "any other book." He lived to work, espousing what he termed "a pragmatic spirituality,"³⁹ and routinely spent weekends—in-

cluding Sundays—in his office.⁴⁰ “I hope the good Lord or his priesthood bearers who judge me,” he wrote, “will take into consideration that while I often violated the . . . fourth commandment to ‘rest on the Sabbath,’ I did [try to] attend my meetings and the work I did the remainder of the day was never in pursuit of pleasure but [was] to build and strengthen His University.”⁴¹ Nor did he have much time—or desire—for literature, art, drama, or music. Following an exhibition of some of the sculpture of nationally recognized Mormon-born artist Mahonri Young, he recorded: “Not being an artist, I was neither impressed by the works of Young that were exhibited, nor by the purpose of the exhibit, but I think that’s because I’m uneducated in this field, and I would not intend to put an end to it.”⁴²

His campus office in the Karl G. Maeser Building (and later in the Abraham O. Smoot Building), which custodial staff christened the “hornet’s nest,”⁴³ was a scene of organized confusion, BYU’s student newspaper reported in 1958. “On one table are three stacks of desk trays numbering 17 in all,” and the walls were lined with portraits of Mormon leaders, past BYU presidents, and U.S. Supreme Court justices. His life’s goals, the report continued, were “to eat three good meals a day, have health to work until the end, and to die in the harness.”⁴⁴ He also reserved, for his own daily use, a fully equipped weight room in the Smith Fieldhouse. Custodians would usher him in and then lock the door behind, so that no one could disturb him; they called it the “therapy room.”⁴⁵

Ever the lawyer, conscious of the need for a good defense, Wilkinson prided himself on always “keep[ing] a record of understandings made so that there will be no questions about me keeping my word.”⁴⁶ In fact, his memo-writing became legendary. “Writing memos is his hobby,” his public relations director teased.⁴⁷ “He lived to write them,” agreed the editor of BYU’s student newspaper. “And you could not out memo him. He’d always answer a memo with a comment and if you thank[ed] him for the comment, he’d write you another memo saying he received yours and on and on into The Second Coming.”⁴⁸ “During the last two days,” complained Academic Vice-President Earl C. Crockett, in 1966, “I have received such



Ernest L. Wilkinson, Emma McKay, David O. McKay, Stephen L. Richards, and J. Reuben Clark

“The peace loving soul that he [David O. McKay] is, it is very difficult for him to make decisions regardless of their merits where there is violent objection.”

light and the draft from the fires was so great that it took the telegrams up the chimney and deposited them all over campus . . . The outside fringe of the paper was all that was burned so the telegrams could easily be read.

An irate Wilkinson summoned nearly the entire physical plant staff to collect the confidential debris. “It was quite a sight,” the custodian continued, “men crawling around on hands and knees on tops of roofs, roadways and lawns, collecting the elusive telegrams . . . [they] eventually ended up in the city dump, buried beneath the rubble.”⁵⁰

“I am not unaware of the fact that at times I seem to be unreasonable and unyielding,” Wilkinson confessed to one of his long-suffering secretaries. “While many people think that I have boundless energy, the fact is that I often get very tired. But I have learned that mind is superior to matter and that if I will just put my mind to it I can generally overcome my physical fatigue. . . . If I sometimes offend people it is not because I want to, but because I am determined to get something done.”⁵¹ “I continuously rebel at having to take the time to see people who come to see me,” he confided to his diary. “I finally grudgingly consent to see them, knowing in the first place that I should happily see them. This is, however, because of the many pressures on me. . . . I have to admit . . . that I do not have the energy I once had and at times I get so exasperated and tired that I am hardly fit to work with.”⁵² “I wish you would tell Brother J**,” he chastised Fine Arts Dean Lael Woodbury, “that his purported excuse ‘that press of other du-

a flood of memorandums from you requesting additional kinds of statistical information, different ways of doing things, questions to answer, etc. that I feel overwhelmed.”⁴⁹ More humorously, one custodian remembered being asked by Wilkinson to dispose of some carbon copies of memos (which the custodian called telegrams). “We did not have paper shredders,” he recalled,

however we did have an incinerator . . . We took the telegrams to the incinerator confident that we could burn them without incident. However the paper on which the telegrams were written was

ties' kept [him] from replying to [a] letter is completely flimsy and not acceptable. If I used such an excuse there would be hundreds of letters that would go unanswered."⁵³ "I have . . . been greatly inconvenienced of late by the fact that I have been unable to get certain [of you] on the telephone," he once reminded deans and department chairs. "[W]henver you are not in your office you let your secretaries know where you will be so that I will be able to get in touch with you. Today, for instance, I have wasted two hours of time just waiting to find Department Chairmen, without success."⁵⁴ To a close administrator who had asked to be "released" from a particularly onerous assignment, Wilkinson replied, "I note your request to be relieved from the responsibility of phoning [a secretary to the First Presidency] because you don't want to impair your friendship [with him]. I am a good friend of his also but I am going to take the risk of the impairing of my friendship because the time is so important in getting this [letter] out. I will call him myself."⁵⁵ "[H]e [had] a tendency to rule by edict rather than persuasion," reported Vice-President Ben E. Lewis.⁵⁶ "This man never gives up," Lewis later said.⁵⁷

"Sometimes," Wilkinson counseled, in a particularly self-revealing address on "strong administrative leadership," "it is better to make a wrong decision than to make no decision at all." ("Sometimes he acts in haste and repents in leisure," BYU's public relations director clarified.⁵⁸) For Wilkinson, the strong leader must (1) face the realities and problems of life and take responsibility for solving them; (2) listen, study, evaluate, and make decisions; (3) have faith in himself; (4) demean himself so that others may have confidence in him; and (5) be dedicated to his cause and have faith in his maker. "In making decisions," he explained (in words that just as easily described himself),

the administrator may often have to reject the advice of his closest advisors, and because of the close personal relationship, this is one of the most difficult tasks that I find for an administrator. In one sense it requires more courage than a physical encounter. But somehow lieutenants must be taught to learn that the decision must be that of the leader. . . . [Then] the administrator must see that [his decision] is enforced and respected by all those who are governed by it.⁵⁹

In fact, he never made a decision, Wilkinson guessed, that "wasn't objected to by someone."⁶⁰

Of his sometimes perplexed, sometimes perplexing faculty, Wilkinson feared that the lives of too many "have been cloistered on the campus and do not have [a] practical touch."⁶¹ Faculty "eggheads" can be "a little too theoretical,"⁶² he opined, knowing, as Academic Vice-President Robert Thomas sensed, that he would never be completely comfortable in "the academic mold."⁶³ "I probably have much more strength in rewriting legal briefs than I do in my personal work at the University," Wilkinson admitted. "It is easier on me and I do it with more effectiveness."⁶⁴ Students, however, were a different matter. "It is easier to speak the plain truth to students than to a sophisticated faculty," he commented. "We corrode with the years."⁶⁵ In fact, he lamented, "I have found that it's much

easier to handle the students than it is to handle a sophisticated faculty; the latter know too much, or think they do."⁶⁶ He bristled at having to refer to faculty as "Dr." or "Mr.," wishing instead that he could use "the affectionate salutation of 'Brother' [which] would be far preferable and would be a better example for the students."⁶⁷ His periodic comparisons of lawyers and educators invariably resulted in his offending the latter. "In the interest of upgrading the performance of our [teaching] profession as a whole," he once lectured,

we would do well to accept more of the process of review, evaluation, appraisal, competition and measures of achievement that are inherent in other professions, together with the very real stimulus of relating our monetary reward to our effort and performance rather than to the stultifying criteria of degrees and tenure to which our public school salary schedules are now almost entirely wedded.⁶⁸

STUDENTS

"I have found that it is much easier to handle the students than it is to handle a sophisticated faculty."

AS Wilkinson admitted, he found it easiest to identify with the thousands of students over which he presided *in loco parentis*. Indeed, in some ways he may have felt just as heavy a responsibility for and interest in BYU's student body as he did for his own children. Financially strapped students especially elicited the strongest feelings of affection from their president. "There is another side of this man that is not commonly known," reported Vice President Harvey Taylor. "He never wanted it known how many students [he] had helped financially. And to my knowledge, during the twelve years I worked with him closely, he literally helped hundreds of students. . . . Most people, knowing Ernest's responsibilities and his achievements, wouldn't ordinarily think of his having that tender side. But he has it. . . . That is the magnificent obsession [sic] with him. . . ."⁶⁹ "[H]e has a special spot in his heart for students," agreed Ben Lewis. "Some people think of him as being undemonstrative or unemotional, but there are many things that touch him, especially hardships or difficulties that people have to surmount."⁷⁰

In a more public—and occasionally painful—demonstration of his interest in students, Wilkinson established a tradition of personally shaking hands with every new freshman each fall. "There's hardly a student who attended BYU who didn't shake hands with ELW during registration," remembered Jaron Summers, former editor of the student *Daily Universe*.

Ernie delighted in pumping the arm (and damn near breaking the fingers) of the frosh as they came out of the fieldhouse after registration. He was sly with his timing; you see he waited until after the freshmen had gone through the exhausting trial of registering in an era I'll call BC (before computers). He was proud how he could out[-]crunch thousands of the frosh and just to make sure no one forgot what he was doing, Ernie

had someone standing by with a pocket counter. Lots of the frosh thought it was strange that as they shook BYU's president's hand, a cricket would chirp. That was no chirp, it was the pocket counter. Each year Ernie shook hands with more frosh and each year the number was faithfully recorded in BYU's campus newspaper. . . .⁷¹

After one such session, in September 1963, Wilkinson wrote:

In the afternoon from 1:15 until 3:45 P.M. I shook hands with 1,418 freshmen or transferee students. This is always an invigorating experience. I never do this but what I note the great variation in native endowments and in cultural background of the various students. Some little girls in dresses which are obviously very inexpensive but which are in good taste and immaculately clean give a very pleasing experience. As to others, one wonders whether they have any sense of dress at all or whether they know the first principles of grooming. The same variation exists in the boys.

Some are quite at home although they have only been on the campus for a day or so; others are so timid and frightened that when one asks their name the shock is so great they can hardly remember it.

Each year I wonder whether it is worth the time to do this but I am satisfied it is and I hope I will always continue it.⁷²

Eventually, Wilkinson's parental concern expanded to cover student behaviors previously untouched by the university. Under his personal guidance, BYU established specific clothing and grooming regulations regarding the length of men's hair and women's skirts; broadened the honor code, and removed it from student control, to cover not just cheating but itemized infractions of the Church's moral standards (including an attempt, later abandoned, to discourage birth control); banned certain kinds of music, dances, films, publications, and speakers from campus; and even enlisted student aid to report on suspected subversive faculty members.



Harold B. Lee and Ernest L. Wilkinson

"Very few of them [the general authorities] want to oppose him [Harold B. Lee] and even the First Presidency caters to him on matters."

were convinced that some BYU teachers were sowing "spiritual doubts into the minds of your students,"⁷⁴ Wilkinson tried to downplay any problems: "There is no conflict in the principles taught in theological courses and other courses at the B.Y.U. The students therefore have no real mental conflict to overcome."⁷⁵

However, individual faculty were another matter, Wilkinson soon learned. Less than three years into his presidency, he informed one particularly vocal professor that "we would not recommend his coming back unless his attitude toward the Church leaders and general Church doctrine were changed." The faculty member answered that President McKay had privately assured a teacher at the University of Utah that "there was plenty of room in this Church for diverse religious beliefs." When Wilkinson relayed his conversation to McKay, an apparently annoyed Church president promised Wilkinson "his complete support in refusing to renew the contracts of any teachers who did not teach the doctrines as they were interpreted by the leaders of the Church."⁷⁶

Three months later Wilkinson warned BYU faculty: "It is just as disloyal to this institution to destroy the faith of a child, as it is disloyal to our country to give to the enemy secrets of the atomic bomb. And that constitutes treason. . . . (Every member of the Church on this faculty should therefore understand that anyone guilty of destroying the faith of a student may not remain on this faculty.)"⁷⁷ He then suggested that those who believe "BYU can never be a great University because we cannot have freedom of expression in postulating religious truth . . . , by their very statement, admit that they do not accept in en-

FACULTY

THEOLOGICALLY, Wilkinson was conservative and orthodox, and he occasionally had to face off with more intellectual faculty, whose independent views could, he worried, hinder relations with his board of trustees. "It may be that there are certain isolated statements made by different members of the General Authorities with which some [faculty] . . . could not agree," he believed, "but it is incumbent upon all . . . at the BYU to support these General Authorities in the performance of the functions of their various offices."⁷³ While a few apostle-cum-trustees

tirely the Restored Gospel as interpreted by its leaders," who have prophesied that "this will become the greatest university in the world."⁷⁸ The following year, President McKay, who disliked controversy and criticism, may have feared a campus-wide purge, or at least the public exposure of one, and urged Wilkinson "to be tolerant, understanding, and kind" with faculty "who for a temporary time departed from Church doctrine," because "they often after further education and learning generally become devout members."⁷⁹ Wilkinson may have tried to follow President McKay's advice, while looking for more effective ways of instilling orthodoxy. After a visit to another religiously oriented school, Bob Jones University, he recorded: "The entire emphasis [there] is on religion. In some respects I think perhaps they do a better job than we do. I sensed a little more religious dedication on the part of the members of the faculty than on the part of some of ours. . . . We should keep in touch with this institution because we have something to learn from them."⁸⁰

Tensions at BYU escalated less than four years later, when the history department sponsored a public discussion of the future of Mormon intellectualism. According to reports, Wilkinson wrote, the "meeting apparently turned out to be the most vigorous criticism of Church tendencies and Church leaders that has been held on the campus since I have been here. It is probably the most serious thing that has happened." "A matter of this kind requires great delicacy of handling," he noted, "because if I strike out vigorously against those who were the ringleaders, it will make martyrs of them and thereby accentuate rather than minimize what they have done. At the same time it is apparent [that] we have faculty members who do not accept wholeheartedly the divine nature of our Church and I must find some way of getting rid of them."⁸¹

Following a thorough investigation, Wilkinson could find only one teacher who admitted "he did not have a testimony of the Gospel." He explained that he had never been asked during any of the interviews prior to being hired—including one conducted by Elder Harold B. Lee—if he believed in the divinity of Mormon teachings. Wilkinson reported this to Lee, "whose main weakness as far as I can see," Wilkinson wrote, "is that he cannot accept criticism." Lee interpreted Wilkinson's comments as "serious criticism on my part of him." Two weeks later, Lee testily told Wilkinson that "he had been disappointed that I had not gotten rid of about a third of the faculty who did not have a testimony of the Gospel." Wilkinson thought that Lee's estimate was exaggerated, but Lee countered that "I must be awfully naive if I did not know the large number of our faculty who did not have a testimony." Elder Lee, Wilkinson believed, "was smarting very much under what he thought was my criticism of him for not having properly interrogated Brother F*****."⁸²

Elder Lee was not alone in his complaints about intellectual enterprises, however exaggerated or inaccurate the specifics of his criticisms may have been. The following year, for example, First Counselor J. Reuben Clark, who also feared the effects of unbridled intellectual activity, candidly told Wilkinson: "You have got some members of the faculty who are destroying the

faith of our students. You ought to get rid of them." Wilkinson answered that "I had in my hand at that time . . . a list of faculty members who had been giving us some trouble and that I hoped before the end of the week was over to resolve the question with respect to some of them. I told him we would probably terminate the services of some of them." President Clark "thanked me for that and I left."⁸³ By the end of the next month, Wilkinson had resolutely vowed that "before even considering [prospective faculty], we want to make sure of their Church loyalty and faith. I am convinced," he concluded, "that we must do a better job if we are to avoid administrative problems concerning teachers on the staff whose faith does not justify their being here in the first place."⁸⁴ At the end of his twenty years at BYU, Wilkinson had released, or encouraged to leave university employ, at least six faculty members, all or in part for "lack of testimony" or "church/religious problems."⁸⁵

Wilkinson's approach to governance was unapologetically hands-on and unilateral. "The Administration is always happy to have the suggestions of students, faculty members, and the *Universe* respecting matters for the advancement of the purposes of the University," he announced within weeks of his installation as president,

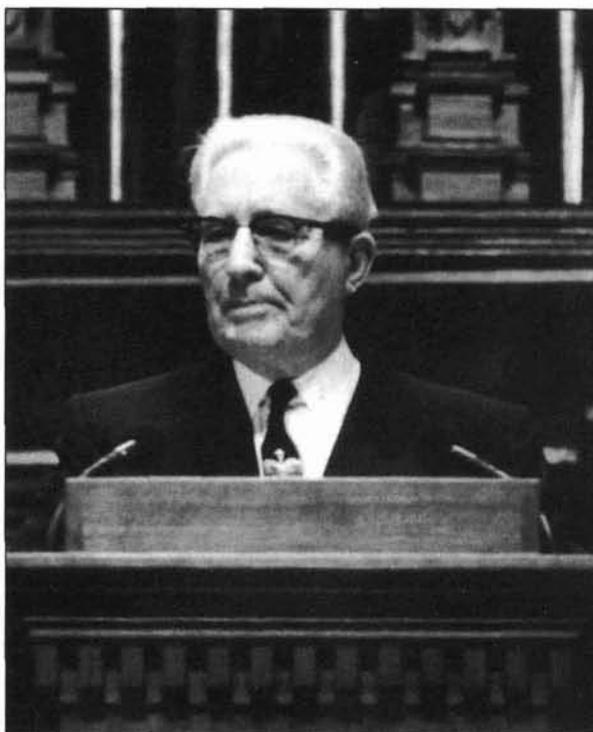
but it must be understood that in the final analysis, the determination of what shall be the policy of the University with respect to any matter rests with the Board of Trustees composed of the First Presidency, the Quorum of the Twelve, . . . [and the] Church Commissioner of Education. . . . In the administration of University affairs, the President may, in his discretion, submit certain matters to the Deans' Council, or the Faculty, or the Studentbody, or any other committees, but the decisions of these groups, or any of them, are only advisory to the President, or Board of Trustees, either of whom may accept or reject them in his or its sound discretion.⁸⁶

On this point BYU's trustees were unanimous. "As an institution of the Church there is no separation of this university from the Church," Apostle (later President) Howard W. Hunter proclaimed to faculty. "His chairman of the Board of Trustees of this institution stands a prophet of God. We follow this leadership for from this source comes the truth and the path is pointed out to us."⁸⁷ "We are aware," then Apostle Marion G. Romney continued, "that there are universities in which the administration, in large measure, determines policies. There are other universities in which faculties have a major voice in determining policies. In some universities the students themselves dictate. Whatever justification there is in such universities for this type of government, it does not exist here."⁸⁸ "This is Brigham Young University," Apostle (later President) Gordon B. Hinckley added. "But in a larger sense, it is the university of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Its policies are determined by those who are sustained as prophets, seers, and revelators. You cannot be critical of its policies without being critical of those who have been 'called of God, by prophecy and the laying on of hands,' to direct the affairs of this Church."⁸⁹ "The philosophy of this institution," Wilkinson

summarized, “has been that the Board determines the policy. The President is the administrator and the faculty has little to do with administration.”⁹⁰ (In fact, he was sometimes tempted to add that administration “was no business of the faculty.”⁹¹)

Wilkinson repeatedly insisted that all correspondence with trustees and other Church leaders be routed through his office⁹² so as “to prevent the Church Authorities from being bothered with minor details which should be taken care of by the administration . . . [and] so that the Administration will be aware of criticisms, and both sides can be presented.”⁹³ He also believed that much of the information that had to be taken into consideration in making decisions was confidential and should not be disclosed to faculty.⁹⁴ “Any person on the faculty having a gripe,” he stressed, “ought to be man enough to come to the administrative officers and make that gripe direct rather than by anonymity under the cloak of some irresponsible committee,”⁹⁵ or especially by going to the media.⁹⁶ Not surprisingly, most faculty recognized that their “voice in university policy-making” was “limited.”⁹⁷ Wilkinson eventually came to believe that a lack of enthusiasm among graduating students was due, in part, “to criticism of the Administration which they hear from their teachers.”⁹⁸

“My first two or three years were the most fruitful,” he wrote nostalgically after seven years. “My complete lack of understanding that most matters should go through faculty committees was a godsend to me. Otherwise many of the reforms that we have accomplished would not have been achieved. I am afraid I have now become too cautious. I have today resolved to again be more forthright in what I am doing.”⁹⁹ He found most faculty committees to be a waste of time, and grouched, “In any other place than an educational institution [questions] would be decided by one or two parties quickly, and I rather think with just as good a result.”¹⁰⁰ “Faculties are notoriously unresponsive in meetings, the opposite of students,” he added. “With students, their emotions are pretty much on the surface. Faculty members bury theirs and then seal them in.”¹⁰¹ (A majority of faculty would have concurred, although for different reasons, that their meetings with administrators were largely “ineffective.”¹⁰²) Only after two decades of sometimes rancorous give-and-take—coupled with encouragement from outside accreditation agencies—did Wilkinson begrudgingly allow formation of a strictly advisory faculty



Hugh B. Brown

*“He is the St. Paul of this generation.
However, his talents begin and
end with speech-making.”*

new, I have a better chance with the board.”¹⁰⁶ He appreciated that “relations with the Board . . . is a very delicate matter, and one stumble may be more devastating than many trips up the stairs.”¹⁰⁷ More particularly, he worried that he always seemed to “run into difficulty” whenever he went to board meetings “feeling a little overconfident.”¹⁰⁸ Whenever one of his proposals was not approved, he routinely blamed his “miserable presentation.”¹⁰⁹

Still, whatever his shortcomings, Wilkinson could be impressive when he used his rhetorical skills and legal training and experience to their fullest. “When [Wilkinson] appeared before the Board,” President David O. McKay once teased, “[he] could make black look white. . . . [He] would come in and say [he] would just take a few minutes on a matter, and then [he] would take a half hour.”¹¹⁰ “When he comes into our meeting,” Counselor J. Reuben Clark agreed, “he is so well prepared that he presents matters as though he were presenting them to the Supreme Court, and we don’t have any answer for his arguments.”¹¹¹ “Ernest comes in here with the most elaborate set of hogwash that I have ever seen,” Elder Lee reportedly concurred. “And he always gets [what he wants] because there is no point at which you can attack it; there is no point where you can show that it is wrong; there is no point where you can show a fallacy in his argument.”¹¹²

Furthermore, Wilkinson nurtured a “special arrangement”

council in 1970.¹⁰³ “This insistence that he be completely in control of the school,” BYU’s official history concluded, “became one of the characteristics of Wilkinson’s administration.”¹⁰⁴

BOARD OF TRUSTEES
*“When [Wilkinson] appeared
before the Board, [he] could make
black look white.”*

WILKINSON believed that his first priority on campus was “to convert” a lackadaisical board of trustees to his expansive vision of BYU (even to the exclusion of a good working relationship with his faculty), and “spent lots of time preparing for . . . Trustees meetings.”¹⁰⁵ His strategy was relatively—perhaps deceptively—simple: (1) present his proposals for change to the board, (2) secure the board’s endorsement, and (3) implement the board’s decisions as official BYU policy. “New brooms sweep cleaner than old,” he remarked to an early confidant, “and I know that while I’m

with President McKay—which he termed “priming” or “lob-bying”¹¹³—giving him privileged access to the venerable Church leader,¹¹⁴ a relationship McKay cherished as well.¹¹⁵ As president of the Church and chair of the board of trustees, McKay could overrule with his one vote an otherwise unanimous board decision. “I recognize that at times you may have thought I was pressing certain matters a little vigorously or probably proceeding a little fast,” Wilkinson wrote to McKay after three years in office, “but I have done this on the theory that you would very much prefer to tighten the reins that apply the whip.”¹¹⁶ “If Wilkinson wanted something and was turned down by the board,” explained BYU’s treasurer Keifer Sands, “he’d . . . go around the board and go straight to David O. McKay. . . . Brother McKay was easy pickings for Wilkinson.”¹¹⁷ “He could get an audience with President McKay when he needed to,” reported Joseph T. Bentley, Wilkinson’s special financial assistant. “Sometimes [when] the Board wouldn’t give him something [that] he thought the school needed, he’d go to President McKay and get it on a short cut which wasn’t good procedure, I suppose, and it didn’t make the Board happy.”¹¹⁸ Indeed, for many Church functionaries, Wilkinson’s “end runs” threatened not only their own lines of authority but Church protocol.¹¹⁹ “One of the most constant frustrations I have at the Church Office Building (I am not alone in this),” Wilkinson complained to his diary in 1960,

is that of trying to get to see President McKay through his secretary. I found that she was in her office, but she told me that my wife had called and I was to call back to Provo immediately and that I could do so at another telephone outside. By the time I got this telephone through, she had locked the door on me. There was no question that it was purposeful.

I waited until 8:15 [a.m.] and then knocked hard on her door. She told me that she would let me know when President McKay came in. Nonetheless, I watched for him and when he went to go in the door I was behind him.¹²⁰

In others Wilkinson recognized this tendency as “human nature which I have met before.” “[W]here self-interest is at stake,” he observed, “human nature will still assert itself.”¹²¹ As for his own direct appeals to President McKay, however, Wilkinson emphasized that he was acting in the best interests of BYU, not out of his own ambition. This strategy of *ex parte* intervention became another hallmark of Wilkinson’s administrative style.

Predictably, when the Prophet’s health started to fail in the 1960s,¹²² Wilkinson’s base of support began to erode. “The President is slowly deteriorating in health,” Wilkinson wrote in 1965, and “unfortunately he does not remember anything after conferences had with him unless he has a written memorandum on it. . . . [E]verything I take up with him must be in writing or he will not execute it. This is a sad development.”¹²³ With President McKay in decline, his counselors and others stepped forward to take up the slack, though not without crossed signals and mixed messages. “It generally happens that

when the leadership is not able to crack the whip,” Wilkinson recorded several months later, “his lieutenants start feuding, and this unfortunately is true at the present time.”¹²⁴ “When there is no one person in active charge,” he added in 1967, “there is a tendency for the brethren to go off in opposite directions with the result that faculty members confer with General Authorities whose views they think they share. This is most unfortunate and lends itself to great difficulty in administration at the BYU.”¹²⁵

Two years later, the situation had worsened. “Problems are multiplying,” Wilkinson confided. “We will have to face them some way or another. The difficulty is that President McKay does not have the physical energy to give directions and others are going off in many directions. It’s a time of lack of top leadership in the Church which causes no end of problems.”¹²⁶ “The balance of the day I spent on miscellaneous matters having to do with the complete turmoil in Salt Lake City occasioned by President McKay’s illness and therefore lack of leadership,” he wrote the following September. “Everyone seems to be trying to fill in, with all kinds of cross currents going.”¹²⁷ The predicament would only resolve itself four months later, in January 1970, with President McKay’s death.

Given his disdain of group decision-making,¹²⁸ Wilkinson realized early in his administration that working with a board of trustees—whom he described as fifteen “bosses”¹²⁹—could be just as frustrating as managing a diverse faculty. At the same time, he knew that, despite McKay’s support, such intra-group politicking was unavoidable: “I have little patience for singling out the members of my Executive Committee and spending a long period of time . . . to try to convert them to a point of view, but I am nevertheless certain that [conferences of this kind] will be beneficial to me even if I [do] not accomplish my specific ends.”¹³⁰ He also discovered that trustees were sometimes more concerned with moral and religious questions than with “technical problems of education,” including the academic preparation of faculty members, and that many held “conflicting viewpoints” about the future of BYU.¹³¹ After four years, he

concluded that, since matters of administration involve questions of judgment and not principles of theological interpretation, I would hereafter take fewer things to the Board of Trustees, use my best judgment in making many decisions myself, knowing that, in any event, members of the Board of Trustees would not all make the same decision and knowing further, based on my experience, that, unless I make some serious mistake, the entire Board would generally support me in my decision. I have found that great deference is paid by the Board of Trustees to the Administrator, and he is generally supported even though individual members of the Board of Trustees may have decided otherwise in the first instance.¹³²

Once, in response to the criticisms of one trustee, he recorded, “I am sure . . . that the entire Board does not feel this way so we are ignoring this protest.”¹³³ On another occasion, he complained directly to President McKay about a recent

board decision. "I told him I thought we had probably failed in using proper judgment and imagination in our leadership," he wrote. "I further told him I was not ready to recommend a reversal of our recommendation, but I wondered if he had any objection to me personally reexamining the entire question. . . . He was enthusiastic about this suggestion and told me to proceed."¹³⁴ At other times, he expressed disappointment that trustees "didn't penetrate deeper into [his] recommendations so as to have the benefit of a sharp exchange of views, which is always helpful,"¹³⁵ or feared that the questions trustees asked "revealed that the Board really was not aware of what was going on."¹³⁶ "One of the problems in a theocracy," he acknowledged shortly before his resignation,

"is that the Brethren are sometimes unwilling to speak their minds on different matters that are raised. I think they ought to speak their minds at the time and if the First Presidency want to overrule them they can do so."¹³⁷

While most board meetings were orderly, congenial, and harmonious, others were marked by special interests, divided loyalties, personality clashes, and outright feuds. "Even among the General Authorities," Wilkinson observed, "when it comes to administrative matters there can be sharp differences of opinion." "Try as best the Brethren do to resolve their difference," he explained, "there still are individual differences in judgment and I suppose always will be. But I still have a strong testimony as to the divinity of their respective callings."¹³⁸ "I had been disappointed in one aspect over my present job," he subsequently admitted to senior Church administrator J. Reuben Clark,

that I sometimes in accordance with decision, would cross certain bridges and then have the bridges torn out by the brethren through changing their minds and that I had been left stranded. I told him that I expected such things in politics but I didn't expect in Church Administration. He said he knew that certain change of decisions had been made that couldn't be justified after I had gone ahead, but even though I stayed I should expect more of the same kind of mistakes. He said that Elder John A. Widtsoe used to comment often that he was sorry the Lord had such imperfect hands to execute the decisions of His



BYU Board of Trustees

"One of the problems in a theocracy is that the Brethren are sometimes unwilling to speak their minds on different matters that are raised."

felt that one of McKay's counselors, Stephen L. Richards, had actually been responsible for many of McKay's decisions during the 1950s.¹⁴⁵ "I would one hundred times prefer to argue a case before the Supreme Court than I would this matter [i.e., offering a Ph.D. in engineering at BYU] before the Board of Trustees," he groaned in early 1968, "because in the Supreme Court I knew I would be given a full hearing and here I knew that some members of the Board were against it."¹⁴⁶

"Even the brethren can be better inspired," he noted, after ten years as president, "if they know what the facts are when they decide a question and I don't believe that the good Lord intended that they would always be inspired when they made decisions without the facts when those facts are available."¹⁴⁷ "Even when one is dealing with the brethren, whom we look upon as being inspired, and I think that on the whole they are," he added, "yet one has to be very persistent in order to attain his ends."¹⁴⁸ "I am reminded of what Brother J. Golden Kimball once said," he sometimes consoled himself,

namely, that he was sure the Gospel was true or otherwise the missionaries would have ruined it long ago. May I add that if the Gospel were not true the human characteristics of some of the General Authorities would have ruined it long ago. We must make distinction, however, between the Gospel and certain procedures in the church. The revealed world of God is sacrosanct. The procedures and day to day administrative decisions to carry out the Gospel are

church.¹³⁹

In 1961, after a particularly off-putting experience with one Church official, he resolved "that I was going to beg off from any other assignments given to me by the First Presidency because in exchange for an awful lot of work all I got was ingratitude."¹⁴⁰ At times even President McKay's intervention could not be relied on: "The peace loving soul that he is," Wilkinson admitted, "it is very difficult for him to make decisions regardless of their merits where there is violent objection."¹⁴¹ In fact, Wilkinson thought that McKay had "difficulty making categorical decisions,"¹⁴² was "not a strong executive,"¹⁴³ "never successfully disciplined his associates to keep them in line,"¹⁴⁴ and

not, especially when lieutenants of the President try to impose their will on decisions which he should make.¹⁴⁹

Still, the going could be rough. "I have had some serious disputes as to the methods of operation and growth of the Church School System," he noted in 1965. "As to these I have sometimes been overruled, but decided to go along with the Brethren, and unless I can do that I had better resign."¹⁵⁰ Four years later he added: "There have been many times when I have appeared before the [Executive] Committee [of the Board of Trustees] when because of the cantankerous nature of some of the members, I wondered whether my efforts were worth pursuing."¹⁵¹ "The General Authorities, like everyone else," he wrote after his resignation, "are human and when their own ox is gored they want special consideration."¹⁵²

Of all ranking Church authorities, Wilkinson crossed swords most often with Counselor Hugh B. Brown and senior Apostle Harold B. Lee. At first, Wilkinson applauded Brown's calling to high Church office. Shortly after Brown's ordination as apostle and appointment to the executive committee of the board of trustees, Wilkinson recorded: "I was very happy he did not hesitate to speak up in opposition to the views of one or two of the older brethren. I think he is going to make a very valuable member of the Executive Committee."¹⁵³ However, Brown's moderate political and religious views brought him into repeated conflict with the ultraconservative Wilkinson. By the end of President Brown's first decade in office, Wilkinson wrote: "He is the St. Paul of this generation. However, his talents begin and end with speech-making. He is not an administrator and therefore practically the entire load of the First Presidency now falls on President [N. Eldon] Tanner. In many things his judgment is not sound, as the Brethren have come to know. He has very little support among his associates"¹⁵⁴—not the least of whom was Wilkinson himself. Eventually, Wilkinson went so far in his criticisms of Brown, whose offenses Wilkinson would never forgive or forget, as to accuse him of disloyalty.¹⁵⁵ The sentiment may have been mutual, as Brown had tried several times during the mid- to late 1960s to have Wilkinson replaced as university president.

While Wilkinson's disagreements with President Brown were political, philosophical, and even theological, his stormy relationship with Elder Harold B. Lee centered in two powerful personalities who shared more similarities than differences. Again, Wilkinson was initially impressed with Lee. After Elder Lee delivered a particularly "dynamic" speech (which "was in sharp contrast to that of the night before"), Wilkinson thought that rather than base succession to the presidency of the Church on length of apostolic service, as tradition mandated, a better criterion would be leadership ability.¹⁵⁶ Clearly, he had Elder Lee in mind. Less than two years later, however, Wilkinson was beginning to worry: "I do not know how I will get along with him [Lee], even if I am President and Chancellor when and if he becomes President."¹⁵⁷ In fact, Elder Lee's influence in the hierarchy was becoming a force to be reckoned with: "Very few of them [the general authorities] want to oppose him and even the First Presidency caters to

him on matters," Wilkinson nervously observed.¹⁵⁸ "The Executive Committee is not being run by the Chairman but by Brother Lee," he later lamented.¹⁵⁹ Despite Wilkinson's periodic friendly overtures,¹⁶⁰ relations between the two stubborn leaders remained tense at best. Elder Lee complained of Wilkinson's end runs to President McKay, but, Wilkinson noted, "he doesn't object to end runs on the part of the faculty to him."¹⁶¹ "In the case of Elder Lee," he subsequently noted, "what he says he thinks is right whether it is correct or not."¹⁶² "I know of no one more inconsistent than Brother Lee," he added, nine months later.¹⁶³ Wilkinson was chagrined but not surprised to learn that at least five members of the board of trustees "don't express themselves when Brother Lee takes an opposite view."¹⁶⁴

President McKay's death, on 18 January 1970, and Elder Lee's subsequent ascension to the First Presidency and later to the Church presidency itself, as well as Wilkinson's own resignation the next year, effectively muted—but did not silence altogether—the outspoken BYU president's criticisms. At a farewell testimonial dinner hosted by the general authorities for Wilkinson and his wife, Wilkinson wryly noted President Lee's conspicuous absence:

[A]fter the many vigorous controversies I have had with him in the Board of Trustees' meetings, I am human enough not to have wept over his absence. (I don't mind disagreements, but some of his comments were very un-Christian and other members of the Board agreed. Since becoming a member of the First Presidency he has partly reformed.) Indeed, I was prompted to say during the meeting that the peace and good will of the meeting was in marked contrast to many of our Board meetings, but I didn't quite have the courage. I did mention to two of the Board afterwards that I had been tempted to do so, and they said they had hoped I would.¹⁶⁵

Near the end of his twenty-year tenure, the strain of his sometimes turbulent working relationship with the board—especially Elder Lee—was taking an increasing toll. "The Brethren really are not interested in what is going on at the Brigham Young University except for decisions which they have to make," he wrote, during a particularly pessimistic moment, "so from now on they will get a famine of information; I will confine it just to the decisions which they make, some of which they will make without the basic information which they must have."¹⁶⁶ The next year, as he addressed the board for the first time about his departure, he was more mellow: "I told them," he recorded, that "this church belonged as much to me as it did to them, and that therefore I felt I had a right to express my opinion."¹⁶⁷ Four years later, now retired, he had grown philosophical, even resigned: "One of the peculiarities of Mormonism," he reflected less than three years before his death, in April 1978, perhaps thinking as much about himself as anyone, "is that administrators can get together and gripe as to the decisions of the board but in the end they are deeply loyal to those decisions."¹⁶⁸

CONCLUSION

THROUGHOUT his adult life, if not before, what Ernest Wilkinson wanted most from family and friends was their respect—respect for the poor street rowdy who had made good despite almost insurmountable odds. Only in his seventies, as he faced the prospects of forced retirement, did he also want their love and affection. After struggling tooth-and-nail for more than sixty years to earn the respect he craved, he found the rewards of his achievement bittersweet. For with the admiration and deference he now almost effortlessly elicited came fear, distrust, and antipathy. As his own children watched their father dote on, and occasionally play with, their children and grandchildren, they could not help but feel a sense of loss for the father they had never known. Yet it is unlikely that Wilkinson ever regretted much the price he paid for his dreams of greatness. He was not given to regrets or second-guessing. He knew what his strengths and weaknesses were, whether he understood them fully or not. He knew what he was, what he stood for, what he believed in, and what others thought of him. And he knew how he would be remembered. ☞

NOTES

1. Ernest L. Wilkinson diary, 4 Feb. 1960, original in Ernest L. Wilkinson Papers, Archives and Manuscripts, Harold B. Lee Library, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah; see also photocopy in Ernest L. Wilkinson Collection, Special Collections, Marriott Library, University of Utah, Salt Lake City. Wilkinson's voluminous personal diaries, like any first-person narrative, are their writer's own best advocate and consequently should be consulted with some caution, especially when they are used as the primary and/or only reference for comments and motivations attributed to others. Aside from this, they are important and generally reliable resources for documenting Wilkinson's life and thought, as well as his interactions with family, friends, colleagues, and adversaries and their relations with him.

2. William F. Edwards, interview with Harvard Heath and Richard Bennett, 8 July 1974, quoted in Ernest L. Wilkinson, ed., *Brigham Young University: The First One Hundred Years*, vol. 2 (Provo: Brigham Young University Press, 1975), 626. "I know of no university that is doing less with its opportunities," wrote another dean (Clarence Cottam to Wilkinson, 21 June 1955, Wilkinson Papers). Photocopies of virtually all documents from the Wilkinson Papers cited in this essay are in private possession, which is my source for them. Additionally, many are referenced in Ernest L. Wilkinson, ed., *Brigham Young University: The First One Hundred Years*, Vol. 2, 497–723; Ernest L. Wilkinson and Leonard J. Arrington, eds., *Brigham Young University: The First One Hundred Years*, vol. 3 (Provo: Brigham Young University Press, 1976), 3–789; Ernest L. Wilkinson and W. Cleon Skousen, *Brigham Young University: A School of Destiny* (Provo: Brigham Young University Press, 1976), 429–759; and Woodruff J. Deem and Glenn V. Bird, *Ernest L. Wilkinson: Indian Advocate and University President* (Salt Lake City: Alice L. Wilkinson, Aug. 1978).

3. According to Dallin Oaks, Wilkinson's successor as BYU president, Wilkinson's "remarkable and relentless leadership . . .—more than any other single cause—is the key to the present stature of Brigham Young University" (in "A Final Tribute: The Wilkinson Era Comes to an End," *BYU Today*, May 1978, 15).

4. See his "[Auto]biography of Ernest L. Wilkinson for High Priests Quorum in 17th Ward of Salt Lake Stake," 27 Nov. 1977, privately circulated.

5. Karl Young oral history, 4 Oct. 1979, 6, University Archives, Lee Library, hereafter BYU archives.

6. William F. Edwards, quoted in Deem and Bird, *Ernest L. Wilkinson*, 520.

7. Virginia F. Cutler, quoted in Chere H. Romney, "Virginia Farrer Cutler: An Oral History of Her Remarkable Accomplishments," M.A. project, Brigham Young University: Center for International and Area Studies, 1983, 156–57.

8. Harvey L. Taylor oral history, 12 Feb. 1979, 12, BYU archives.

9. Wilkinson, in Centennial History Meeting minutes, 24 Aug. 1973, BYU archives.

10. Wilkinson and Arrington, *Brigham Young University*, 3:774–75.

11. Ashael D. Woodruff to Wilkinson, 14 Nov. 1951, Wilkinson Papers; cf. Wilkinson, *Brigham Young University*, 2:528.

12. Harold B. Lee, "Decades of Distinction: '51–'71," *Speeches of the Year* (Provo: Brigham Young University Press, 1971), 3; cf. Wilkinson and Arrington, *Brigham Young University*, 3:752. Ironically, Lee, seventeen years earlier, had told Wilkinson that "one of the things [the general authorities] appreciated about me was that I never seemed to get mad. I told him," Wilkinson recorded, "that they hadn't made very good observations, to which he replied, 'Well, so long as you keep it in control as you have been it will help you very much'" (Wilkinson diary, 14 July 1954).

13. Wilkinson diary, 3 Oct. 1973.

14. Wilkinson to Edwin Butterworth, 21 Sept. 1954, BYU archives.

15. Quoted in "Inside the Wilkinson Era," 25 May 1971, 9, BYU archives.

16. Heber Wolsey, quoted in "Inside the Wilkinson Era," 5.

17. Wilkinson to McKay, 29 Nov. 1960, Wilkinson Papers.

18. Wilkinson diary, 16 Mar. 1968.

19. Wilkinson to William F. Edwards, 7 July 1953, Wilkinson Papers.

20. Wilkinson diary, 8 Jan. 1955. Cf. Wilkinson, *Brigham Young University*, 2:527.

21. Wilkinson to Hal Williams and Mark Hathaway, 21 Oct. (dictated 20 Oct.) 1968, BYU archives. Wilkinson would have felt even more strongly about publicizing the criticisms of one's friends, which he would have viewed as disloyal.

22. John T. Bernhard to Edwin Butterworth, 9 Nov. 1959, BYU archives. Of his experiences with the media, Wilkinson was dismissive: "It has been my experience over the years that newspaper reporters are not very adept in phrasing questions and the fact that they have not been adept has helped me very much in avoiding premature news releases during the years" (Wilkinson diary, 8 Mar. 1971).

23. Wilkinson to "All Who Prepare Letters for the President's Signature," 9 Dec. 1968, BYU archives.

24. Wilkinson and Arrington, *Brigham Young University*, 3:774 (cf. Wilkinson diary, 8 Jan. 1955).

25. Edwin J. Butterworth, quoted in "Personality," *Nineteen Fifty-one to Nineteen Seventy-one: The Wilkinson Years* (Provo: Brigham Young University Press, 1971), 45.

26. Virginia Cutler, quoted in Romney, "Virginia Farrer Cutler," 166.

27. See Verdon Harwood oral history, 26 May 1981, 2, BYU archives; "Mormon Dynamo," *Time*, 20 May 1957, 48; Jaron Summers, "I Remember Ernie," *Utah Holiday*, 3 Dec. 1975, 15; Romney, "Virginia Farrer Cutler," 37.

28. See comments in "Inside the Wilkinson Era"; Paul Harvey, quoted in Wilkinson and Arrington, *Brigham Young University*, 3:784.

29. Thomas, interview with Robert Gottlieb and Peter Wiley, Feb. 1982, copy of transcript in private possession.

30. Joseph T. Bentley oral history, 16 Nov. 1983, 25, BYU archives; J. Reuben Clark Jr., quoted in "Tributes," *Daily Universe*, 23 Apr. 1971; Harwood oral history, 5, 7; Paul Harvey, in Wilkinson and Arrington, *Brigham Young University*, 3:784; "Dr. Ernest L. Wilkinson," *Daily Universe*, 30 Apr. 1958; Wayne Hales oral history, 25 May 1978, 11, 13, BYU archives.

31. Wilkinson, quoted in Lloyd L. Cullimore oral history, 23, and 27 Feb. 1974, 32, BYU archives.

32. Wilkinson diary, 30 Sept. 1968.

33. Gerrit deJong oral history, 2 Aug. 1978, 20–21, BYU archives.

34. J. Reuben Clark III oral history, 19 Jan. 1982, 10, BYU archives.

35. Quoted in "Inside the Wilkinson Era," 11–12.

36. Quoted in Wilkinson diary, 18 Mar. 1960.

37. Alice Ludlow Wilkinson oral history, 28 Sept. 1979, 15, BYU archives.

38. "Response of Ernest L. Wilkinson at Dinner Given for Himself and His Wife," 3 Aug. 1971, 3, 12, BYU archives. On at least two occasions, Wilkinson even received death threats (see Wilkinson diary, 21 Jan., 12 Nov. 1961).

39. Wilkinson, *Brigham Young University*, 2:529–30.

40. Wilkinson, *Brigham Young University*, 2:529–30. Wilkinson's oldest brother once complained that of five living siblings, Ernest "was the only one who has the devout bug," and that "he had plagued me more than anyone else" (Robert Wilkinson to Dean R. Brimhall, 1 Apr. 1958, Brimhall Papers, Marriott Library).

41. Wilkinson to W. Cleon Skousen, 20 June 1975, quoted in Wilkinson and Arrington, *Brigham Young University*, 3:768. See also, for examples, Wilkinson diary, 6 Dec. 1953, 14 Feb. 1954, 23 Oct. 1955, 6 May 1956, 22 Sept. 1957, 29 June 1958, 26 Apr. 1959, 28 Feb. 1960, 25 May 1961, 5 Aug. 1962, 17 Mar. 1963, 2 May 1965, 18 Dec. 1966, 3 Sept. 1967, 7 July 1968, 4 Jan. 1970, and 23

- May 1971.
42. Wilkinson diary, 10 Mar. 1969. For similar expressions, see Wilkinson diary, 4 May 1960, and Wilkinson to Herald R. Clark, Gerrit deJong Jr., and Lester Whetten, 18 Nov. 1957, BYU archives.
 43. Harwood oral history, 3.
 44. "Dr. Ernest L. Wilkinson . . . Guiding Hand of University Destiny," *Daily Universe*, 30 Apr. 1958, 3.
 45. "Dr. Ernest L. Wilkinson . . . Guiding Hand of University Destiny," *Daily Universe*, 30 Apr. 1958, 3.
 46. Wilkinson diary, 30 June 1960.
 47. Edwin J. Butterworth, quoted in "Personality," *Nineteen Fifty-one to Nineteen Seventy-one*, 46.
 48. Summers, "I Remember Ernie," 15.
 49. Crockett to Wilkinson, 17 May 1966, BYU archives.
 50. Harwood oral history, 15.
 51. Wilkinson to Majorie Wright, 27 Dec. 1954, Wilkinson Papers; cf. Wilkinson, *Brigham Young University*, 2:526.
 52. Wilkinson diary, 1 Mar. 1963; cf. Wilkinson, *Brigham Young University*, 2:527.
 53. Wilkinson to Lael J. Woodbury, 28 May 1969, BYU archives.
 54. Wilkinson to Deans and Department Chairmen, 10 Feb. 1967, BYU archives.
 55. Wilkinson to Clyde D. Sandgren, 5 Apr. 1966, Wilkinson Papers.
 56. Quoted in "As Others See Him," *Nineteen Fifty-one to Nineteen Seventy-one*, 43.
 57. Quoted in "Inside the Wilkinson Era," 7.
 58. Edwin J. Butterworth, quoted in "As Others See Him," *Nineteen Fifty-one to Nineteen Seventy-one*, 43.
 59. Wilkinson, "The Need for Strong Administrative Leadership," 8 May 1963, 4-6, in Wilkinson Biographical File, BYU archives.
 60. Wilkinson, in "Faculty Dispute," Centennial History Meeting minutes, 24 Aug. 1973.
 61. Wilkinson diary, 10 Mar. 1960.
 62. Wilkinson diary, 19 Aug. 1966.
 63. Robert K. Thomas, interview with Gottlieb and Wiley.
 64. Wilkinson diary, 25 June 1961; cf. Wilkinson, *Brigham Young University*, 2:528.
 65. Wilkinson diary, 4 Sept. 1967.
 66. Wilkinson, "Response of Ernest L. Wilkinson at Dinner Given for Himself and His Wife by the Board of Trustees of Brigham Young University at the Lion House, the Evening of August 3, 1971," 10, Wilkinson Papers.
 67. Wilkinson, in *Faculty Bulletin*, 13 Nov. 1953, 2. Trustee Harold B. Lee went so far as to propose "that we do away with all rank on the campus. He thought that after a teacher had made good for two or three years he should then have the same rank as anyone else." Lee was told that "the question of rank in the University faculty was such that you could not do away with it" (Wilkinson diary, 3 Mar. 1955).
 68. Wilkinson, "Motivating Forces Which Are Lacking in the Profession of Teaching," address at the Summer Commencement Exercises, 22 Aug. 1958, 14, BYU archives.
 69. Quoted in "Inside the Wilkinson Era," 16-17.
 70. Quoted in "Personality," *Nineteen Fifty-One to Nineteen Seventy-one*, 45.
 71. Summers, "I Remember Ernie," 15.
 72. Wilkinson diary, 19 Sept. 1963.
 73. Wilkinson diary, 16 Feb. 1960.
 74. J. Reuben Clark, "Pre-School Conference," fall 1952, 5, BYU archives.
 75. Wilkinson to Adam S. Bennion, 8 Nov. 1952, Bennion Papers, Special Collections, Lee Library.
 76. Wilkinson diary, 18 June 1954. See also Wilkinson, in "Sterling McMurrin," Centennial History Meeting, Minutes, 24 Aug. 1973, BYU archives.
 77. Wilkinson was probably referring to the 1951 executions of New Yorkers Julius and Ethel Rosenberg for passing to Russian agents information on the atom bomb.
 78. Wilkinson, "Address to the BYU Faculty at a Workshop Preceding the Opening of the 1954-55 School Year," 17 Sept. 1954, 16, 17, BYU archives. The politically conservative Wilkinson felt just as strongly about economic doctrines: "[T]here is not need of applying for a position on the faculty in the College of Business at the Brigham Young University for a person who believes in statism [i.e., communism or socialism] rather than free enterprise . . . the very system which, together with our religious devotion, has made our country great" (Wilkinson, untitled statement, c. 1956, BYU archives).
 79. Wilkinson diary, 10 June 1955.
 80. Wilkinson diary, 10 Oct. 1955.
 81. Wilkinson diary, 17-19 Jan. 1959.
 82. Wilkinson diary, 23 Apr. 1959.
 83. Wilkinson diary, 24 Feb. 1960.
 84. Wilkinson diary, 19 Mar. 1960. On the other hand, some trustees worried that even orthodox BYU teachers could replace Church officials in the minds of many Mormons as "the final authorities on Church doctrine," thereby supplanting "their leadership in directing the thoughts of the Church." See Wilkinson, in Centennial History Meeting minutes, 29 June 1973; Wilkinson diary, 17 Feb. 1960.
 85. Calculated from two lists, one titled "Faculty members dismissed since 1953," the other untitled but dated 21 April 1966, both in BYU archives.
 86. Wilkinson, "Statement of President Wilkinson on Attendance at Devotionals," *Daily Universe*, 20 Nov. 1951, insert.
 87. Howard W. Hunter, "Pre-School Faculty Conference," 20 Oct. 1968, 3, BYU archives.
 88. Quoted in Ernest L. Wilkinson and Bruce R. Hafen, eds., *Brigham Young University: The First One Hundred Years* (Provo: Brigham Young University Press, 1976), 4:200.
 89. Gordon B. Hinckley, "Keep Faith," a speech delivered at the BYU Fall Faculty Workshop, 1972, 4-5, copy in Gordon B. Hinckley Biographical File, BYU archives.
 90. Wilkinson, in "Faculty Senate," Centennial History meeting, minutes, 29 June 1973, BYU Archives.
 91. Wilkinson diary, 8 Apr. 1965; see also 17 Jan. 1958. In a less angry mood, he later observed that "The Board of Trustees would like an institution patterned after the Church, which is a theocracy. The faculty would like it patterned after the other secular institutions, which are democracies. There are of course advantages both ways, but somehow we have got to blend them at the BYU" (Wilkinson diary, 17 June 1969).
 92. See BYU Board of Trustees meeting minutes, 8 Oct. 1954, 5 June 1963, 2 Feb. 1966, BYU archives; Wilkinson to "All Deans, Directors, and Departmental Chairmen," 12 Aug. 1963, BYU archives; "Correspondence and Contacts with General Authorities and Employees of the Church Offices," *University Bulletin*, 9 Jan. 1970, 1.
 93. BYU Faculty Meeting, minutes, 16 Sept. 1963, BYU archives.
 94. See Wilkinson, *Brigham Young University*, 2:658.
 95. Wilkinson diary, 10 Mar. 1960.
 96. See Wilkinson diary, 16 May 1966: "It would have been entirely proper for [certain members of the faculty] to have written me about [the selection by the Board of Trustees, of Dr. Max Rafferty for an honorary degree], but to publicize a protest of this kind, after the Board has made its decision is, I think, completely improper."
 97. See results of a questionnaire prepared by J. Weldon Moffitt, c. Jan. 1968, BYU archives.
 98. Wilkinson diary, 15 Sept. 1970.
 99. Wilkinson diary, 24 July 1958.
 100. Wilkinson diary, 4 Feb. 1958.
 101. Wilkinson diary, 20 Oct. 1966.
 102. See results of Moffitt questionnaire.
 103. "Faculty to Advise Administration," *Daily Universe*, 12 Jan. 1970. For previous failed attempts, see BYU Board of Trustees meeting minutes, 2 Mar. 1960, 4 May 1966, 7 June 1967; Earl C. Crockett to Wilkinson, 18 Apr. 1966; Wilkinson to Robert K. Thomas and Ben E. Lewis, 20 June 1969 (dict. 18 June); Thomas to Wilkinson, 21 June 1969; Lewis to Wilkinson, 23 June 1969; and Wilkinson, "Memorandum for Executive Committee on Faculty Advisory Council," 15 Aug. 1969, all in BYU archives.
 104. Wilkinson, *Brigham Young University*, 2:504.
 105. Wilkinson, in Centennial History meeting, minutes, 29 June 1973; Wilkinson, interview, 25 June 1971, BYU archives.
 106. Keifer B. Sauls oral history, 29 Aug. 1973, BYU archives. Former BYU history professor Brigham D. Madsen credited Wilkinson with obtaining "the support of the church . . . [which had] kept it going but [had] not support[ed] it substantially" (quoted in John Walsh, "Brigham Young University: Challenging the Federal Patron," *Science*, 16 Jan. 1976, 162).
 107. Wilkinson diary, 9 Oct. 1962.
 108. Wilkinson diary, 4 May 1956.
 109. See Wilkinson, "Memo of a Conference with the First Presidency," 9 Feb. 1960, Wilkinson Papers.
 110. McKay, quoted in Wilkinson diary, 4 Mar. 1966.

111. Quoted in Wilkinson and Arrington, *Brigham Young University*, 3:780.
112. Quoted in Clark III oral history, 9–10.
113. See Wilkinson diary, 25 Feb. 1955, 24 Jan. 1958.
114. The Wilkinson Papers contain hundreds of Wilkinson's memoranda of his one-on-one meetings with McKay.
115. "I have two things on my mind," McKay told Wilkinson in 1966. "First, I'm happy that I've supported you in what you're doing. Second, you've been very successful and made a great school of the BYU" (Wilkinson diary, 9 July 1966).
116. Wilkinson to McKay, 24 Dec. 1954, Wilkinson Papers.
117. Sauls oral history, 1979, 20–22, BYU archives.
118. Bentley oral history, 25.
119. For BYU protocol, see Marion G. Romney, quoted in Wilkinson and Hafen, *Brigham Young University*, 4:200; Howard W. Hunter, "Pre-School Faculty Conference," 29 Oct. 1968, BYU archives; and Gordon B. Hinckley, "Keep Faith," 4, BYU Fall Faculty Workshop, 1972, BYU archives. Even general authorities were sometimes criticized by their brethren for making such end runs directly to McKay. See Wilkinson diary, 7 Apr. 1960 and 23 Feb. 1965, for two specific instances.
120. Wilkinson diary, 14 Sept. 1960.
121. Wilkinson diary, 7 Apr. 1960.
122. For the effects of McKay's ill health on Church administration, see Eugene E. Campbell and Richard D. Poll, *Hugh B. Brown: His Life and Thought* (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1975), 268–69; and G. Homer Durham, *N. Eldon Tanner: His Life and Service* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1982), 213–14.
123. Wilkinson diary, 7 July 1965.
124. Wilkinson diary, 20 Sept. 1965.
125. Wilkinson diary, 14 May 1967.
126. Wilkinson diary, 25 July 1969.
127. Wilkinson diary, 8 Sept. 1969.
128. See also Wilkinson diary, 4 Feb. 1958.
129. Wilkinson diary, 17 Jan. 1961.
130. Wilkinson diary, 20 Dec. 1962.
131. Wilkinson diary, 21 May 1959; Wilkinson, in "What the Board checked for in interviewing the faculty," Centennial History meeting, minutes, 29 June 1973.
132. Wilkinson diary, 4 Mar. 1955.
133. Wilkinson diary, 14 Mar. 1968.
134. Wilkinson diary, 21 Aug. 1957.
135. Wilkinson diary, 27 Aug. 1959.
136. Wilkinson diary, 2 Sept. 1959.
137. Wilkinson diary, 27 May 1971.
138. Wilkinson diary, 10 June 1955.
139. Wilkinson diary, 10 Apr. 1958. William F. Edwards would have agreed. In 1957, he left BYU to serve as financial secretary to the First Presidency in Salt Lake City. "Working in the Church office building," he later reported, "I found more backbiting, more resistance, more problems, than I experienced at the Y. . . . I think one reason for this," he explained, "is [that] the Brethren were so committed and so dedicated that if anything was being done they didn't think was the right thing, they would be so strong in wishing to have the right thing done" (Edwards oral history, 21 Oct. 1983, 10, BYU archives).
140. Wilkinson diary, 29 Nov. 1961. Wilkinson was particularly angry with Henry D. Moyle, one of President McKay's two counselors: "One thing about him [Moyle]," Wilkinson recorded, "he is consistent with being inconsistent."
141. Wilkinson diary, 10, 11 June 1960.
142. Wilkinson diary, 20 Aug. 1957.
143. Wilkinson diary, 27 June 1963.
144. Wilkinson diary, 23 Feb. 1965.
145. Wilkinson diary, 19 May 1959.
146. Wilkinson diary, 3 Jan. 1968.
147. Wilkinson diary, 23 Mar. 1961.
148. Wilkinson diary, 18 Dec. 1961.
149. Wilkinson diary, 5 Sept. 1962. Wilkinson expanded upon this less than three years later: "If the Gospel were not true some of the General Authorities with their internal disputes would have ruined it long ago. The trouble is that President McKay is not in a position to take effective leadership [because of poor health] and his one weakness as an effective administrator has been that he has never successfully disciplined his associates so as to keep them in line" (Wilkinson diary, 23 Feb. 1965).
150. Wilkinson diary, 6 Feb. 1965.
151. Wilkinson diary, 28 Aug. 1969.
152. Wilkinson diary, 19 May 1972. For two specific instances of such "special

consideration" (both dealing with nepotism), see Wilkinson diary, 3 Mar. 1955, 3 Apr. 1959.

153. Wilkinson diary, 19 June 1958.

154. Wilkinson diary, 22 Dec. 1969. Cf. Wilkinson to Harold B. Lee, 28 Jan. 1970, Wilkinson Papers.

155. See Wilkinson diary, 8 Sept. 1976, where Wilkinson describes his refusal to donate any money to a chair named in honor of Brown at the University of Utah law school.

156. Wilkinson diary, 19 Aug. 1960.

157. Wilkinson diary, 3 Jan. 1962.

158. Wilkinson diary, 5 Sept. 1962.

159. Wilkinson diary, 23 Apr. 1965.

160. See, for example, Wilkinson to Lee, 29 Aug. 1965, Wilkinson Papers: "I have had a feeling for some time that the Good Lord . . . is preparing you for a great destiny—a destiny in which you will be called upon to make and execute firm and not vacillating decision, so that there will be a unity and not division in the Church."

161. Wilkinson diary, 25 May 1967.

162. Wilkinson diary, 5 Mar. 1969.

163. Wilkinson, "Memorandum Re: Conference with President Tanner on December 3rd after Board of Trustees Meeting," 8 Dec. 1969 (dictated 5 Dec.), Wilkinson Papers.

164. Wilkinson diary, 7 Jan. 1970.

165. Wilkinson diary, 3 Aug. 1971.

166. Wilkinson diary, 7 Jan. 1970.

167. Wilkinson diary, 9 Mar. 1971.

168. Wilkinson diary, 9 Oct. 1975.



DRIVING ON THE LAKE BED

On the freeway in Utah,
you can look up and see
a line against the mountains.

It marks the shore of an ancient
lake so vast that most of the history
of two states lies under water.

Perhaps this is what accounts
for our feeling a bit in lieu of, a bit
drowned—in traffic on I-15
(say munching a large order
of fries and swigging a surreptitious
coke—well past

middle-age but still marrying
and unmarried)—in view of this,
perhaps we should almost expect to be
caught glancing up from time to time
at the shoreline, to be reminded that maybe
things were like this before the flood too.

—R. A. CHRISTMAS

Ernest L. Wilkinson found value and recognition through the things he accomplished, and he became a workaholic to fill the emptiness and loneliness that resulted from having to learn to block and deaden so many of his feelings.

ADMIRATION AND APPRECIATION

By Floyd M. Anderson

IN DISCUSSING THE PERSONALITY OF ANOTHER person, one is always faced with the inevitable conflicting perceptions, uncertainties, and distortions in all the research sources used as well as those of the collector and writer. Gary Bergera's "Wilkinson the Man" comes filtered through Bergera's own feelings, impressions, and experiences, as well as those he drew from others. While we have much information about Ernest Wilkinson through his diaries and other records, we are in many ways left to speculation. Even now, speculation colors and limits my own perception of Wilkinson, even though I served under him on the faculty at Brigham Young University and then later became his son-in-law (at which time, of course, he didn't remember me from before).

At the same time, if there is a portrait of Wilkinson that considers the man's characteristics from a diverse collection of sources, it is Gary's. He has entitled his essay "Wilkinson the Man," indicating that he wants to look at Wilkinson as a whole person. Often, writers focus on isolated characteristics that either bother us or impress them. To try to see a person in his or her totality is a desirable way of approaching human personality. Gary points out a number of antithetical dimensions in Wilkinson's personality, dimensions that mark him as both controversial and contradictory. At the same time, when we understand the whole man, we recognize that, in fact, his seemingly contradictory behaviors stemmed directly from his personality as experience changed it over time.

Gary's essay explains Wilkinson's abrasive personality and dictatorial managerial style as results of his driving needs and fears. The essay discusses not only his meticulous preparation

and tenacity in pursuing his goals, but also his emotional reactions to opposition and hostility from those who disagreed with him and tried to thwart and even negate his commitment and efforts. Gary recognizes Wilkinson's tendency to rush to judgment, his efforts to control by edict, to impose his convictions on others by sometimes devious means. But Gary also refers to the values and beliefs Wilkinson held and his great satisfaction in making contact with freshmen students when they entered the university, crushing as it was for the student. The essay allows us to see Wilkinson as a bright, capable man though not as an intellectual, *per se*. He was indeed intimidated by those who were better educated in areas he knew little about.

Wilkinson had no idea what a psychologist did and ignored my professional background. I gained my only recognition from him through my ability to fix things and do functional tasks around his condominium. I was both struck and amused that when my wife, Alice, and I began our relationship, some twenty-two years ago, that Wilkinson summarily dismissed the two Alices (Alice's mother and my fiancée), and proceeded to interrogate me as a prospective son-in-law, even though I was fifty years old. In his protective, parental way, he demonstrated his caring by following up on me to determine my worthiness to marry his daughter. At the time I was teaching at California State University at Los Angeles and had a clinic, which was called the California Family Guidance Center. He proceeded to send out his spies to inquire about my character, teaching ability, and personal background. I came to school one day, and the dean of my college said, "You know, somebody has been inquiring about you." You see, in that way, Wilkinson was thorough, concerned, and even loving.

He was aware of his own lack of tact and acknowledged that he offended people and created enemies. But he professed a lack of malicious intent, which I think was genuine. He at-

FLOYD M. ANDERSON, Ed.D., is the son-in-law of Ernest L. Wilkinson and a practicing clinical psychologist. This response to "Wilkinson the Man" was presented at the 1996 Sunstone Symposium on 15 August in Salt Lake City (tape #SL96-213).

tributed his abrasiveness to his determination to get things done and sometimes to fatigue.

Wilkinson lacked the capacity to relate to others in a warm, relaxed way. He was uncomfortable in unstructured social situations, even with his family, where he would talk business or politics. He didn't know how—or want—to just sit and chat. He could be neither emotionally open nor physically intimate with others, not even physically demonstrative with his wife or children. He did reflect and even comment on some of his own feelings, pain, and resentment in his diaries. But he also pointed out his pattern of blocking feelings, physical though they may be, when he wrote about overcoming fatigue through mental determination. One family member even said, "He didn't have any feelings."

Wilkinson's children remember occasions of camaraderie but never real companionship, never talking, joking, laughing, touching, or other expressions of warmth. Such events were awkward and uncomfortable for him, an unfamiliar way of being.

Nevertheless, Wilkinson did have a way of demonstrating his feelings. When my wife's first husband, John Mangum, was killed in an airplane accident, Wilkinson immediately stepped in. He made sure she was economically secure and helped in every way he could. This was his way of showing love, but it was as close as he came to intimacy. He gave financial support to untold numbers of needy students, as Gary points out, but this was not intimate or personal. I remember thanking him sincerely and warmly for a Christmas gift he had given me; my sincerity made him most uncomfortable.

What lay behind Wilkinson's fear of intimacy? In *Earnestly Yours*, he tells of having grown up in Ogden, Utah, in what some called "Hell's Half-Acre."¹ He was the second of six children. Wilkinson's father had come from Scotland at the age of ten with his father. Unlike Ernest, his father had only a third-grade education, and he moved from job to job. As the saying goes, "Every time the rent came due, we moved." That was the nature of Wilkinson's family: continual anxiety, which makes it all the more understandable that at age eighty-two, Ernest's father worked his way on a steamer through the Panama Canal and showed up in New York City to visit his family when nobody expected him.

Ernest's mother was the strength of the family, as well as "the smartest." She was the one determined to give stability to the family. She refused to go along with her husband's desire for a farm because she correctly considered him an inept man-



Wilkinson and Family

"Ernest Wilkinson, like other outstanding leaders, sacrificed personal relationships in order to excel and control."

ager. Instead, she emphasized to her children the importance of getting an education and gave all the money she could for their education. She and her husband fought almost every day over the allocation of their money. This fighting definitely had an impact on all of their children. And in a dysfunctional family, the children usually deal with the tension in diverse ways—anger, fear, and general insecurity. Some children escape into fantasy or indolence, while others try to prove themselves, covering and compensating for their feelings of insecurity or worthlessness. Others behave self-destructively, taking out their anger and rage on the world and themselves. We all develop ways to cope with our

own pain. The Wilkinson family was no different.

Certainly Ernest was one who moved in a positive, compensatory direction, but why? When his parents fought, when he experienced the absenteeism and almost continual negation of his father, he went through confusion and emotional pain, and he sought release and companionship by getting involved with the local hoods. There was a lot of cock-fighting, a lot of gambling and drinking and smoking among the crowd he ran with, and Ernest became involved with all of it. He had a paper route for the *Deseret News*, and he used what money he earned on these particular activities until he was around thirteen, when a man with whom he had bought a rooster for the cock fights was killed for trying to extort money. That death shook Ernest, and he began to move away from that crowd. He was a very timid, lonely, little boy who was trying to extricate himself from what limited companionship he had. His mother was not an affectionate woman, and there was a great dearth of intimacy and warmth within the family.

In growing up, Ernest not only had to find himself but to take over in the family. He says, "Because of my father's lack of business judgment, and the great difficulty my mother had in making up her mind, it fell to my lot, in my early teens to make many decisions for the family. This was very difficult for me because, like my father, I had developed an inferiority complex and was frightened to death of business transactions."² He learned to block out his feelings of fear or hurt as a way of overcoming them. Later, of course, he berated those who couldn't face their fears as he had learned to do. Describing his own fears, however, he told the BYU student body on one occasion, "I recall at one time being sent to a bank by my mother to borrow a relatively small amount of money." He said, "I think I walked back and forth past the door of the bank ten times or more before I finally dared go in. Contrary to

what most people think, this timidity has continued with me and even now I have to summon all my courage to meet people whom I greatly respect or to transact certain business."³

When a person learns to block painful memories or feelings, he or she tends to deaden other feelings as well, a pattern that Ernest slowly learned. At about age fifteen, reflecting on and responding to his mother's values, he went to Brigham Young Academy, where he found he could excel, and there he began turning to academics. As he extricated himself from his former friends, he moved on toward the self-directed, driven, and productive person Gary has described. He took over the responsible, parental role in his family—a prelude to his later leadership positions. However, his insecurities continued, and he relates, "I remember the first time I ever debated in high school. I was so frightened I started shaking in the morning before the debate and continued shaking the balance of the day after the debate."⁴ These profound and pervasive fears he learned to block out as much as possible in order to move ahead and do what he had to do. In turn, he found value and recognition through the things he accomplished, and he became a workaholic to fill the emptiness and loneliness that resulted from having deadened his feelings.

What does growing up in a home of constant conflict do to one? Ernest's coping with that background was basically constructive and positive in one dimension of his life, as I have pointed out. But in other dimensions he could be alienating and destructive as he demeaned and negated others. Ernest Wilkinson—like other outstanding leaders, in every area of life, from business to politics, who have to excel, to be right, to control, at almost any cost—became a leader at the expense of good, personal, human relations. Such people, although capable and productive, have intellectual capacities, that, together with their emotional needs and fears, create in them obsessive drives to prove themselves, compensating for their lacking self-worth. These deeper feelings often preclude the experiencing of truly fulfilling human relations and emotional intimacy and lock people into a way of being that, while protecting against pain and fear, leaves these people truly alone.

This was true of Ernest L. Wilkinson. He was a fine man, an exceptional man, a productive man, and, in his way, a loving, giving man. But he was restricted in the development of his emotional self, which resulted in his obsessive, cognitive, dysfunctional orientation. His intense need for the satisfaction of achievement compensated for, yet kept him from experiencing, the intimacy and fulfillment of being a free and loving human being. Ernest learned to cope: he chose well, he produced well, he accomplished much, and he contributed a great deal to the world. And for that he deserves our admiration and appreciation, not just our blame for being human. 

NOTES

1. Ernest L. Wilkinson, *Earnestly Yours* (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book, 1971), 5.
2. Wilkinson, *Earnestly*, 10.
3. Wilkinson, *Earnestly*, 10–11.
4. Wilkinson, *Earnestly*, 11.



WHAT WE WILL TELL OUR CHILDREN

Sometime just after seven,
The sun spills pale
Blue sparkles across a snow-plumped field
Dimpled gently by
Sugar beet rows plowed below,
Separating our lonely house
From the road.
It's time to go.
Suited up like little astronauts
We three step out
Into the stillness,
Feeling our nose hairs stiffen,
And sink at least thigh-deep
Into this freshly snowed surface.
There is no talking
As each one withdraws,
Turtle-style,
Behind the breath-sweaty wool of scarves
Mottled by stubborn cockleburrs
(Which we couldn't account for
But were nevertheless guilty of).
Halfway forged across the field,
We hear the dreaded distant
Growling, grinding, grumbling.
Bus! Bus!
We lunge forward
Like salmon heaving against the current,
Waving in the air to herald our existence,
Recycled lunch bags
Carrying homemade brown bread sandwiches
That will mash and crumble
Into jelly-soaked lumps,
Making them ineligible for trade.
As we stagger up the bank
And the yellow door hisses open,
The sun suddenly flashes
Shards of rainbow
Across our wildly winding tracks.
But we miss it,
Climbing into the bus,
Pulling off reluctant, static-charged toques,
Lurching forward, looking for the
Farthest back empty seat,
And willing our hearts to be still.
This is the way we go to school.

—KIRSTEN T. CRAM

"I find absolutely nothing wrong with a person's being relentless and contentious and resolute, if good things happen."

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT

By Alice Wilkinson Anderson

WHEN YOU LIVE WITH A psychologist, you have to listen selectively, intently, and with an open, but somewhat skeptical, ear. Otherwise, you can find a hidden reason for everything you do. Still, it makes for marvelous bedtime conversation, and Floyd and I have enjoyed many conversations discussing my father.

In my own declining years, I have discovered that what used to raise my hackles now only makes me smile. It has become a kind of covert amusement for me to listen to the controversy that surrounds my father, even nearly twenty years after his death. It's the price that accomplished men pay: people love to dissect them, to fractionalize them, to project external images upon them, and I am one of those people.

I have to laugh at many of the things that people say about my father or the names they have called him. All of the following names fit, and the fact that all were terms of endearment demonstrate the essence of Wilkinson the Man:

BYU, of course, called him "President."

The students called him "Old Iron Man."



Ernest Wilkinson and his daughter Alice

"I never dated a boy whose transcripts didn't appear on my father's desk."

David O. McKay called him "principled."

The Newcomen Society called him "a builder."

The Democrats called him "an opportunist."

Norman Vincent Peale called him "a dynamic Christian."

Time magazine called him "the eccentric Mormon."

The American Coalition of Patriotic Societies called him "a fearless champion."

Utah Holiday magazine called him "a Tasmanian Devil."

Jeffrey Holland called him "a visionary."

The *Daily Universe* called him "the Palm Springs Paradox."

He called himself blunt, tactless, and impatient. (To which the nurses at LDS Hospital cried, "Amen.")

American Indians called him "Chief Frantic Bear."

My friends called him "Big Daddy Bear."

He was likened, as Gary Bergera pointed out, to Horatio Alger, Napoleon, and Caesar. Take your pick.

I, of course, called him "Daddy."

I find absolutely nothing wrong with a person's being relentless and contentious and resolute if good things happen, which brings me to Gary's essay. If the personal observations my father made about himself in his diary have any validity at all, then they deal as much with human nature as they do with the man himself. Imperfect men in situations of power always

ALICE WILKINSON ANDERSON is a daughter of Ernest L. Wilkinson. This response to "Wilkinson the Man" was presented at the 1996 Sunstone Symposium on 15 August in Salt Lake City (tape #SL96-213).

make for a struggle. All men like to be stroked, to be recognized, to be encouraged. Certainly my father's vision for Brigham Young University put him in a continual power struggle with the Brethren. His diaries were therapeutic; they provided a modicum of sanity to a man imbued with purpose, high-intensity, and direction. He admitted to his own shortcomings—excessive drive, dislike of being interrupted, impatience. But he found it difficult to correct them willingly. And, unfortunately, an understanding of how the graces of life could work for him, rather than against him, always eluded his grasp. He left the graces up to my mother.

But it is important to know that his interest in his children was never subordinate to his interest in BYU's students. On the contrary, there were times when he was a bit too interested. We children sometimes wished for a little less interference. But we always learned to work around it, often with humor. I never dated a boy whose transcripts didn't appear on my father's desk. It was the same with Floyd—his employment file ended up on the desk, too.

Regarding faculty committees—since the buck always stops with the president—my father felt he had better be in control. He just needed a little more psychology. But in the long run, it is what he did that matters, not necessarily how others would have done it. He did it, and he did it in his own way. While it

may give others pause, it renders me proud and full of wonderment that he was able to achieve so much.

One of his secretaries—they were the ones who often received the brunt of his full work schedule—once wrote me a letter. She said:

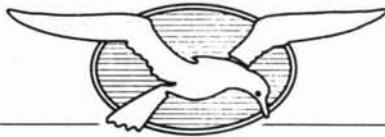
Some called him an autocrat. Perhaps he was. However, when challenged and an opposing view was presented in as thorough a manner as was his, he demurred to the majority with dignity.

... Some people called him unlovable. Not true! To those who got to know Ernest, he was very lovable. His sense of honesty, fair play, and tremendous sense of humor endeared him to friends and colleagues in and out of the university.

... When someone called him "the little dictator," he responded: "The only way to measure a man is from the shoulders up." He was aware that it was a hate-love relationship he had with his faculty, but to the man they respected him.

And in a position of leadership, it is respect that gives one the edge.

As a family, we compliment Gary on his painstaking and carefully documented research and scholarship in his challenging effort to uncomplicate a complicated man. ☐



BLUE

Just before she died, my mother's feet
turned blue, a blue that meant her blood refused
to travel the length of her body.

Not the blue of pure starlight
arriving ten million years after its beginning
nor the blue oceans swelling with storm.

Just blue,
the shade that comes with a bruise.
I want to believe the tumor caused her not
to pay attention, that it replaced the part
her brain destroyed, actually invented memories
to run like old films on a tiny screen,

so she had to watch very carefully, the projector
flickering in time with her heart, the theater
filled with blue light.

—DAVID FEELA

Moonstone Award Winner, 1993 Brookie and D. K. Brown Memorial Fiction Contest

PROJECT

By Margaret Blair Young



When she pins me with a look, I see myself between them: My husband and my daughter, each poised to pounce.

WHEN LILY WAS HERE, WE MADE PLANETS FROM styrofoam balls, balancing Saturn's cardboard ring on pins, wrapping Jupiter in red velvet. And though this is her project, I am drawn to it in her absence. I have not only put white speckles on Pluto and sponge-painted Mars orange/red, but cased the whole display in a box and dotted stars with leftover glow-in-the-dark paint from Halloween. Now, when my husband finds me working on the little solar system, he asks if I'm practicing up for godhood, and I say, Yeah, maybe so.

"Only gods get to make love," he says, and I answer, You're so subtle.

Dave and I have grown close since Lily left to visit my ex—her "other dad." We've had our world to ourselves, and I've enjoyed it, though I miss my only child. I'm crying when

MARGARET BLAIR YOUNG has just finished her third novel, *Merry's Daughters*.

she gets off the plane. But when she refuses to hug Dave, my blood stings.

She has a pair of blue roller blades slung over her shoulder. As I kiss her forehead I say, "Another pair?"

"They're better," she shrugs. "Dad was worried the wheels might be wearing out on the old ones."

The "old ones" are six months new.

I say, "They look expensive."

She says, "No duh."

She wants a strawberry ripple cone at the airport Snelgrove's, and Dave says, "Hey, for a hug, I'll get you two scoops."

"That is so mushy." She stares at a picture of two skiers plowing through powder. "Mom, get me a cone, okay?"

When she pins me with a look, I see myself between them: My husband and my daughter, each poised to pounce. I skim both sets of eyes and dart my own toward the baggage carousels. "Bit early for ice cream, isn't it?" I say.

Dave takes my hand. Lily dawdles.

"You don't seem in any too big a hurry to get home," Dave calls back to her.

"Jet lag," she says. "Must be."

As Dave and I wait at the bottom of the escalator, watching the steps float her down, I'm thinking she looks tiny for a twelve-year-old. So blonde, so white, so thin. My arms long for her.

In the car, half way home, Dave says, "You ought to see what your mom's done with that science project, Lil."

"You worked on it, Mom?"

I tell her, "Just a bit," not admitting it has become an obsession.

"Well maybe I'll get a good grade for once," she says. "I don't do too bad when Mom takes over for me."

The Salt Lake Temple is off to the left. Dave says how beautiful it is and reminds us it's been only six months since our wedding there. I take his hand, and Lily says, "Mom, you ever read the Book of Abraham?"

Nodding, I hum a quick affirmative. The Book of Abraham was my ex's excuse to "disinfect" himself from the Mormon church. "Well you don't believe it, do you?" she asks.

I'm the one pouncing now. "Oh of course I do, Lil. It's a beautiful book." My mind races to Hugh Nibley's explanations, and Dr. Dibble's theory that Abraham's Kolob—where God dwells, in the center of the universe—represents the Pythagorean world view. Oh, I have had this argument before; I know the direction.

"Well, you remember those Egyptian hieratics?" Lily says.

I turn to stare. So this is how it will be: My lonely ex is recruiting her into his orbit, giving her his angry business and all its supporting vocabulary, bribing her with ridiculous gifts to join him in his ellipses of doubt.

I smile. "Yes?"

"Did you know it's really just a death rite thing? Not what Joseph Smith said it was at all. He was way off. We're talking light years." Her tone—sassy and cold—is a replay of my ex.

"But sweetheart," I answer, "how do you explain all the things he got right?"

Dave adds, "And how do you explain the pioneers, hmm? If the Church weren't true, would they have come all this way—we're talking light years, Lil—and built that temple there without testimonies?"

"That temple there," says my daughter, looking past us, "gives me the creeps."

I can imagine what familiar phrases from my ex are behind that one.

"Well I love it," says Dave, his voice certain, deep, defiant. "I love that it says your mom and I will be together forever. I love the way I feel inside that temple. I love everything it means to me, and everything your mom means to me because we were sealed there."

We are past the building now, and Lily is looking back at it, hiding her eyes. Though she says nothing, I can hear her heart ask, What about me?

She was not sealed to us. Because her other dad and I were

also married in the temple, she was "born under the covenant." The Church does not undo a child's place with her parents, even when her parents undo their marriage. Lily is tethered to God by a broken promise.

What I say is, "Dave, I'm getting hungry. How about a layover at Sizzler? What do you say to that, Lil?"

She murmurs a noncommittal something, still not letting me see her face.

"Sound good?" I offer breezily, though my heart is swearing I would give my life for her, would give up all my sins just to keep her with me.

Dave squeezes my hand like he knows. Or like he's scared.



FIRSTBORN

That which opens the womb, without blemish,
higher than the kings of the earth,
written in the Law of Moses,
leaves me downturned with its metaphor—
protected by Passover, sanctified
as the firstling of the flock.
This birth order, pecking order,
descending order affirms
the firstborn must be first
to be married, first
to be redeemed, first
to be given to God.
It is written in the law
anciently. No one
can smite the firstborn.
What comes after
as to station, value
or scale of gradation
is passed over,
a step downward,
blemished,
stripped away
by storm that is
God-directed,
stripped away
from autumn trees,
bearing
crosses.

—ANITA TANNER

Missionary work, of course, is a field ready for harvesting.
 Now Mormon Humorist Robert Kirby thrusts in his sickle, reaping
 great laughs as one missionary grows from greenie to sensitive veteran.

LETTERS FROM THE FIELD

By Robert Kirby

Letters from the Field is a selection from 1971–72 missionary journal entries of the fictional Elder Jeffery Draper, called to the San Carlos Mission. Written as missives to Book of Mormon prophet Alma the Younger, the entries recount the painful experiences of Draper's two-year sojourn as a servant of Christ.

1971

February 1

Dear Alma:

Mom and Dad gave me this missionary journal for Christmas. I feel that it's time to begin, even though I have not yet been set apart. I'm writing the entries as if they were letters to you, Alma, because now that I have submitted my papers and am waiting for The "Call," I feel a special bond between us. Oh, that I were an angel, too!

The Church is True. I bear solemn witness.

February 17

Dear Alma:

The most important day of my life finally arrived. While I was at Bethany's house, Mom called and said my mission call had come. Beth and I raced home, and there it was; a long white envelope with a return address from the Office of the President. The family and Beth gathered around in reverence while I opened it and read:

You are hereby called to be a missionary of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints to labor in the San Carlos Mission. Signed by the Prophet, Joseph Fielding Smith.

Sacred words. Everyone congratulated me. My little brother Jared jumped up and down. Beth and Mom hugged me. Dad

ROBERT KIRBY is a columnist for the Salt Lake Tribune. His Mormon humor essays are collected in *Sunday of the Living Dead and Wake Me for the Resurrection*, both in collaboration with the cartoonist Pat Bagley.

said San Carlos was near Portugal. Aunt Cleo said she was sure it was in Central America. Teesha ran next door and borrowed an atlas from the Sanders.

San Carlos is in South America. Population 2,700,000. Monetary unit is the peso. Chief exports are tin and hardwood. Soon I will go forth there and shout the gospel from the roof tops. Do they have roof tops in San Carlos, Alma? Ha Ha.

March 1

Dear Alma:

Family Home Evening tonight. After closing prayer, Dad gave me a father's blessing. He blessed me with a strong spirit and said that I would be a great missionary "like unto Alma." He also blessed me that I would lose myself in the work of the Lord.

When I took Bethany home, we agreed not to kiss. We've decided that my call is the most important thing for us right now. I know that if I start living the mission rules now, I will be blessed. Beth cried and said she would wait for me. We talked some more and decided to change our special song from "Mr. Bojangles" to "Ye Elders of Israel" in order to strengthen ourselves while we're apart.

April 3

Dear Alma:

Lamentations. Today, my best friend Jack Russell told me that he's decided to accept the appointment to the Naval Academy in Annapolis rather than go on a mission. It is bitter news as we have always planned to go on our missions at the same time. I feel like Jack is letting himself and his Heavenly Father down. Beth said later that Jack always was a wild one. I guess that I just didn't see his weaknesses.

April 22

Dear Alma:

Time to lose myself in the work. The family drove me to the mission home in Salt Lake City this morning. Beth came with her mother. Uncle Mort and Aunt Willa were there, as well as Grandma and Grandpa Draper and Aunt Cleo.

Jack came too. I didn't say anything, but I'm sure he will eventually regret his decision to attend the Naval Academy. In time, he will see what a mistake he's made. I only hope the Lord will forgive him.

Hundreds of other missionaries were entering the mission home at the same time. The street was full of servants of the Lord, all looking sharp in their suits. I really feel the Spirit here. Aunt Cleo said she saw Hugh B. Brown across the street. We all looked but didn't see him. Aunt Cleo said he sort of got lost in all the suits.

When it was time to go in, everyone shook my hand and hugged me. Uncle Mort gave me twenty dollars. He said the population of San Carlos is mostly Negro and that I should concentrate on seeking out converts that could be ordained to the Priesthood in order that the Church might be strengthened in that part of the vineyard. Inspired advice, I'm sure. Uncle Mort has been through this before. He was a district leader in North Dakota years ago.

As I walked into the mission home and the service of the Almighty God, my family and Beth all sang, "I'll Go Where You Want Me To Go."

April 24

Dear Alma:

We are very busy losing ourselves in the work of the Lord here. My companion is Elder G. David Smith from Cedar City, bound for Bolivia. When not listening to talks by General Authorities, Elder Smith and I study the discussions in English, trying hard to prepare ourselves for the Language Training Mission. The Spirit is all powerful here. In the last two days, we have heard sacred words from Apostles LeGrand Richards, Bruce R. McKonkie, Richard L. Evans, and Boyd K. Packer—all great men with powerful testimonies. We were counselled to be diligent, obedient, and faithful. If we will but listen and harken unto their words, the Devil will be powerless before us. San Carlos, here I come!

Got a letter from Beth yesterday. She bore her testimony and said that she prays for me constantly, even while working at Safeway. At times, I can tell exactly when she is praying for me because the Spirit is stronger. It brings tears to my eyes.

Tonight, I heard an elder crying on the other side of the dormitory wall. He must feel the Spirit as strongly as I do.

May 30

Dear Alma:

I've been at the LTM for over a month now. We live in Knight-Mangum Hall at BYU. I did not realize that learning Spanish would be this hard. I should have paid more attention in Mr. Crowther's high school Spanish class. We are required to speak Spanish all the time here, even in our prayers.

My companion now is Elder Mike Galloway from Galveston, Texas. A convert and an ex-Marine, he is one of the oldest missionaries here, about twenty-five I think. He is very muscular and outspoken and immature. I must say that he worries me a lot. He is very light-minded. Last week, during district testimony meeting, we shared our personal mission goals. I told

everyone that I wanted to baptize at least 500 people. I know that it's a lofty goal but one that I can certainly accomplish if I'm obedient and work hard. Elder Galloway laughed, but Sister Hamluck stuck up for me. She asked Elder Galloway what his mission goals were. He said he would be happy if he only baptized more people than he killed in Vietnam. That pretty well ruined the spirit of the meeting. I pray for my companion, but he doesn't seem to be catching the special mission spirit. He never wears pajamas over his Garments like we've been commanded to do. He also has several tattoos, including two propellers on his buttocks that are clearly visible through his Garments when he kneels down to pray at night. I don't want to be negative, but I doubt Elder Galloway is going to make a very good missionary. He is far too worldly. Myself, I want to be a Zone Leader at least. Maybe, if I'm humble enough, even an assistant to the Mission President. It's all according to my faith.

Not everyone has faith. Elder Smith from the mission home only lasted a week in the LTM before leaving in the middle of the night. I wouldn't want to be in his shoes come Judgment Day.

Beth sends her sweet spirit in daily letters. She is a special daughter of our Heavenly Father. Mom sent cookies and my overcoat. Jack says Willard Bay is almost warm enough to water ski now. A month to go before he leaves. Poor Jack. He still fails to see what's really important.

June 25

Dear Alma:

Oh, that I had the voice of an angel! I know exactly how you felt, my brother. In four days, I will be leaving Provo for San Carlos where I hope the Spanish I've learned will be enough to proclaim the Gospel to the ends of the earth.

Other missionaries are going to San Carlos at the same time, eight elders and Sister Openshaw. Last night, I overheard Elder Galloway tell Hermana Openshaw that she is a "right-on chick." While Hermana Openshaw is certainly an intelligent and attractive sister, the remark was highly inappropriate. Elder Galloway spoke to her in English, a clear violation of the "Live Your Language" rule. Rather than report him to Elder Goff, the ZL, I've decided to have charity in my heart and let it pass. In a few short days, we'll be in San Carlos where we'll get new companions and I won't have to work with Elder Galloway.

Looking forward to seeing Beth and my family at the airport.

P.S. It's Elder Galloway's turn to pray, tonight. Sometimes he prays that the *Miami Dolphins* will win the Superbowl. This light-mindedness will eventually catch up to him.

June 27

Dear Alma:

Left Salt Lake City on United Airlines, Flight 201. Had time to spend with family and friends. Mom brought snacks for the plane. Dad's eyes were red. Grandpa and Grandma Draper were there. Jack is already at Annapolis. My special Beth looked radiant. She was wearing my letter jacket, my class ring, and a T-shirt that says "Waiting for a servant of the Lord." Someday we will be together for eternity.

Time to board. I'm scared. At the LTM, we were each given two Books of Mormon to give to people on the trip down. Elder Goff encouraged us to take every opportunity to bear our testimonies. I have promised my Heavenly Father that both my books will result in conversions.

July 1

Dear Alma:

Arrived in San Carlos four days ago. The flight was long, but I studied the discussions and read my scriptures. It took me a long time to work up the nerve to try and give a Book of Mormon to the lady sitting next to me. I bore my testimony about the truthfulness of the Gospel and said it would sure bring her joy. She said that she had all the joy she could stand and wasn't interested in being a Mormon polygamist. No wonder, as she ordered an alcoholic drink later on. I guess it's our job as missionaries to give people the chance to reject the Gospel and thereby seal their own fates.

On the flight out of Los Angeles, Elder Galloway met an Australian stewardess that he knew from before he joined the Church. He introduced her to Hermana Openshaw, and the two of them talked for hours about college and Elder Galloway. At one point, I heard them laughing about propellers. When we got off the plane in San Carlos, I saw Elder Galloway's friend and another stewardess carrying Books of Mormon. I'm not sure that they'll read them though. Their skirts were rather short.

San Carlos is everything I expected. Hot, very humid, and wracked with poverty. I mentioned to our group that the people appeared desperate for the Truth. As usual, Elder Galloway disagreed. He said what they really needed was a revolution.

In the airport, two nuns made the sign of the cross when they passed by us. Soldiers with machine guns watched us closely. Also, there are beggars everywhere. I did not give to them any of my sacred mission funds though. I will need every peso. The Devil is strong here.

Going through customs was a bad experience. Officials dumped out my bags and rummaged through everything. The picture of Beth fell on the dirty floor and cracked its glass. When they opened one of Hermana Openshaw's bags, loose tampons went everywhere. The agent became suspicious and demanded that Hermana Openshaw tell him what they were. Elder Galloway butted in again and said they were American cigars. He stuck two of them and ten American dollars in the custom agent's shirt. I watched him do it. The agent smiled and waved us through like we were his best friends. A lie and a bribe! What a great way to start a mission.

○	Tonight, I heard an elder crying on the other side of the dormitory wall.
○	He must feel the Spirit as strongly as I do.
○	



July 17

Dear Alma:

I'm currently laboring in a place called Centenario. It's a large town on the northern border of San Carlos. My new companion is Elder Higgins from Spanish Fork. I'm happy to report that he is the DL and a very hard worker. I'm certain to learn a lot of leadership skills from him. In fact, I already have. As the junior district leader, it's my job to prepare the weekly statistical forms to be sent to the mission home. According to the forms, each companionship is supposed to get 200 Gospel conversations a week. I know we can double that here in Centenario.

We are not teaching anyone yet who is ready to be baptized. I'm sure that it's because we are not being diligent enough. I've suggested to Elder Higgins that we start preaching out loud from street corners. He said he will pray about it.

San Carlos will definitely take some getting used to. This morning there was a spider the size of a pancake on my scriptures and a slug on my toothbrush. Still no mail from home.

August 6

Dear Alma:

Feeling homesick. Elder Higgins and I tracted all day long but with little success. Today, someone threw a rotten melon at us from a passing truck. Very discouraged. Is this how Lot felt before the Lord destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah? Don't these people understand the power of the priesthood? They truly are dark and loathsome.

Praying hard. Trying to keep the Spirit in case we are commanded to shake the dust of Centenario from our shoes. My Spanish is improving. Still no mail. I try not to think of Beth inappropriately.

August 29

Dear Brother Alma:

Things are very unsettled in Centenario right now. However, I'm happy to report that we are finally teaching someone who looks Golden. His name is Ernesto, and he is a college student. It's only been a week since we met him in the market, but we are already on the fourth discussion. Ernesto is

genuinely starved for the Word of God.

The bad news is that I have six stitches in my head. Three days ago, the Spirit whispered to me that it was time to start proclaiming the Gospel in a loud voice. We were waiting with a group of people at a bus stop on Avenida Militar when the Spirit moved me to climb up on the base of a light pole and start shouting out the Articles of Faith. Elder Higgins told me later that several members of the Communist Party were in the crowd. I heard someone shout "Los Americanos son putos de mierda," and then a rock struck me in the head. Even though it hurt, and I bled a lot, I believe that the Lord protected us. Elder Higgins, who has a black eye, agrees. He said that he doesn't know why we aren't dead. He's been non-communicative since. Maybe his eye hurts, but I hope he's really just thinking about my suggestion that we proclaim the Gospel more diligently. Up on the lamp post, I felt like Samuel the Lamanite. You and I both know, Alma, that where the risks are great, so are the rewards.

Back at the apartment, I asked the maid what "putos de mierda" meant. She said she didn't know.

September 4

Dear Alma:

We are no longer teaching Ernesto. He had some very serious moral problems. He is a homosexual. I suspected all along that something might be wrong with him. Also, Ernesto's grandfather is a Negro. This kind of disappointment is unfortunate but a part of the missionary life. Regardless, I still believe that the field is white and ready to harvest in Centenario.

Two little girls with sores on their legs came to the house today begging for money. I explained to them that our funds were sacred and then gave them a pamphlet on the Restoration. I know that if they pray about it, they'll find the truth that will heal the sores on their souls.

October 11

Dear Alma:

Finally, mail from home. Received six letters from Beth. They are full of good news from home. Ruth, her best friend, is getting married in the Logan Temple. My sister Teesha is now president of her Laurel class. Uncle Mort has been laid off from the depot. Beth sent her love, which filled my heart with a stronger desire to serve the Lord. She promised that she hasn't been seeing anyone else even though I told her that it was all right. Still, it's nice to know that she's thinking of us together for Eternity.

Also got a letter from Jack. He says Plebe Summer at Annapolis was "hell on earth." Too bad that he's not on a mission in San Carlos where he could truly find Heaven on earth.

Still looking for someone to baptize. Yesterday, an army patrol shot a donkey outside the chapel. The locals despise but fear the soldiers, calling them "milicos." I bore witness to them that good Mormons are supposed to obey the law of the land and respect authority.

October 18

Alma:

Very discouraged. The Devil has been working overtime on me. Last week, I had a terrible accident. My new companion Elder Copeland and I were riding home from Zone Conference on a crowded bus when I suddenly began to suffer severe stomach cramps. I told Elder Copeland that we had to get off immediately. This was difficult because the bus was very full and we were stuck in the middle.

As I was trying to get past a man carrying a large basket, a duck poked his head out and bit my neck. The shock was such that I was unable to control my weakened bowels, and I soiled my garments. Very humiliating. The bus stopped then and let us right off. Everyone inside cheered. We had to walk the eight kilometers home because no taxis would let us ride. It's obvious that the Devil is trying to weaken my resolve.

Oh, I saw Elder Brinkerhoff from the LTM. He said Hermana Openshaw is in Colonia Lejos where she and her companion have baptized six people already. I hope that at least some of them are priesthood holders. Elder Galloway is still in Minas Real. No word on how he's doing. But then that's not surprising.

I'm still suffering from stomach cramps which makes tracting difficult.

November 3

Dear Alma:

Big news. Two days ago, I was transferred to Barrio Toros in southern San Carlos. Although I didn't baptize anyone in Centenario, my time there wasn't a failure. I learned humility which has prepared me for huge success here in Barrio Toros.

My new companion is Elder Wanlass from Grants Pass, Oregon. He's District Leader, and I'm his assistant. Can't help but feel that I'm being groomed for a leadership position.

Barrio Toros is a very poor agricultural center. The poverty is great, and there are few members. We live next to a milico post. At night, we sometimes hear screams.

Got another letter from Beth. Steve Lassen had his homecoming in the ward. He gave a great talk about his mission in Ireland. Beth is thinking about going to LDS Business College. I counselled her to get involved in the Institute program right away.

Libertad, another small town, is just up the road. It's part of our district. Elder Galloway has been there about three weeks.

November 16

Dear Alma:

Losing ourselves in the work is finally paying off. Elder Wanlass and I have been teaching Josefina, the nine-year-old daughter of an inactive member. We will baptize her next week. I feel that this is the beginning of the successful part of my mission.

Saw Elder Galloway yesterday during district meeting. He said Hermana Openshaw is "kicking Satan's butt" in Florida Sur. An entire family that she's been teaching got baptized last week.

Still trying to lose myself in the work. It's hard. There is a

woman in the Barrio Toros Branch who keeps everyone stirred up. Her name is Luz Valdez. She is twenty-two years old, short, dark-skinned (probably part Negro), and has a three-year-old child named Rodrigo whom she gave birth to out of wedlock. Hermana Valdez joined the Church a year ago and lives with her mother out on the edge of town. At our Christmas program

tonight, she sang several carols in English while Rodrigo played the part of baby Jesus. Afterward, Hermana Valdez got into an argument with Elder Wanless about whether or not Jesus was a political activist. When I tried to tell her that politics and religion don't mix, she wouldn't even look at me. Said I was a "spoiled American."

November 25

A lonely Thanksgiving this year. Spent the day thinking about home. Some members gave us a big Thanksgiving dinner, but goat meat and rice just isn't the same. I hope Beth had a good day.

Two days ago, a gang of rowdies surrounded us on the corner. One of them shoved Elder Wanlass and broke our film projector. When I commanded them in the name of God to stop, another one spit on the tie Grandma Draper gave to me.

We baptized Josefina on Saturday.

December 2

Dear Alma:

Because the seasons are reversed down here, the weather is very hot this time of year. Yesterday, Elder Wanlass sent me to Libertad to work with Elder Galloway while he worked with Elder Barnes. Libertad is identical to Barrio Toros, a small pueblo full of muddy streets, loose animals, beggars, and milico patrols.

Working with Elder Galloway is strange. Everywhere we went, the street kids waved and shouted, "Que tal, Elder Gallo-ay?" In Spanish, "gallo" means rooster, which suits cocky Elder Galloway perfectly. A nun saw us and came over to talk. Instead of crossing herself, she shook hands with Elder Galloway and thanked him for something, saying that Mother Monte Negro was feeling much better now.

On our way to teach a discussion, we stopped to help get a truck loaded with pigs out of a ditch. I reminded Elder Galloway about the appointment, but he said the driver needed our help more. We spent two hours and got totally filthy. Afterward, the man thanked us and drove off. Instead of going back to the apartment to change, we went on to the dis-

I doubt Elder Galloway is going to make a very good missionary. He is far too worldly. Myself, I want to be a Zone Leader at least. Maybe, if I'm humble enough, even an assistant to the Mission President.



cussion and gave a Family Home Evening. We were late, and our shirts were covered with mud and oil. We certainly didn't look like servants of the Lord. I certainly don't think we made much of an impression on the Martinez family.

On the way home, we ate dinner in a roadside cafe. I had a pancho and an orange Fanta. Elder Galloway ate mondongo, drank malta, and loudly argued soccer with three bums he apparently knows. When we left, he paid for their alcoholic drinks with his sacred mission funds.

That night Galloway asked me what I was planning on doing after my mission. I told him that I was going to BYU. When I asked him, he said he was thinking about joining the CIA and then coming back down to San Carlos to teach the locals how to "kick milico A-S-S." I hope he wasn't serious because it would be a violation of the 12th Article of Faith.

December 11

Dear Alma:

Worked with Elder Galloway again today. He embarrassed me very badly. We were riding on a bus when two people got out of their seats. The buses are always crowded, so I immediately sat down and slid over for Elder Galloway. Instead, he told me to get back up. I asked him why, and he didn't say anything. Instead, he reached over, grabbed my tie and pulled me up. Then he helped these two fat campo women sit down with their bags of rags.

I feel that this was totally uncalled for. The seats on buses are first come, first serve. It's the custom of San Carlos, and I told Elder Galloway that. He said that he knew what the customs were and that maybe I ought to look up the word "servant" in the dictionary. Then he chatted all the way home with the two women. I hate him.

December 16

Dear Alma:

Elder Galloway finally went too far. He has been transferred to Las Palmas, one of the least desirable places in San Carlos. Last week, he called the ZL a "four-eyed weasel dick" during a serious disagreement over Elder Galloway's taking time off

from tracting to play baseball with some local kids. He also took the kids swimming, a clear violation of mission rules. Anyway, he's gone. Maybe now he'll understand that he can't trifle with the leaders.

Oh, the Martinez family that we taught the night of the pig truck will get baptized tomorrow in the Libertad chapel.

December 18

Dear Alma:

Elder Wanlass was transferred to San Cristobal. My new companion is Elder Cantrell who is going home in two months. He is very trunky and not particularly interested in losing himself in the work. He has a pet monkey called Sidney Rigdon that I hate. He has peed in my shoes twice and torn pages out of my journal. That doesn't bother me as bad as something else he does. Sometimes the monkey climbs up on the curtain rod and masturbates while we say our prayers. I can hear him doing it at night, too. It's very hard to keep the Spirit.

Hermana Valdez gave the Sunday School lesson today. It was on the Word of Wisdom. She said that Emma Smith, the Prophet Joseph's wife, was the spirit behind it. When I tried to correct her about the proper flow of revelation, we got into an argument. I think the Devil is working overtime on her. She is bringing a non-member friend to Church but won't let us teach her.

December 24

Dear Alma:

Haven't heard from Beth in a couple of weeks. I hope she got the shawl I sent for Christmas. I bought it from a member lady with eight kids. She wanted 4,000 pesos for it but I talked her down to 2,000 (about four dollars). It's very lovely. Mom sent me a nice card. Teesha is apparently getting serious about Mark Huff. Mom mentioned that Beth is still coming to our ward. Steve Lassen is working at Safeway, earning money for school. Beth says he wants to be a lawyer.

Hermana Valdez and her non-member friend came by the apartment tonight. They sang Christmas carols outside our window and left us a small cake. They were on their way to a dance. We talked to them through the window. Hermana Valdez said her friend thinks I'm "guapo," which means handsome.

December 29

Dear Alma:

Rained all day. Elder Cantrell is sick. I took a chance and went to the market on my own, a violation of the rules, but we needed some aspirin. Later, I got my companion up so we could pray for forgiveness.

Saw Hermana Valdez. Her friend's name is Rosa. I asked when she would let us teach Rosa the discussions. She said when I wasn't such a pathetic American.

1972

January 3

Dear Alma:

For New Year's, Barrio Toros had a branch activity at the

beach. The missionaries were allowed to go. We barbecued lamb, played games, and collected shells. It was enjoyable even though we weren't actually serving the Lord. Things got bad when the Aaronic Priesthood boys, along with Branch President Silva, threw my companion and me into the ocean. Elder Wanless thought it was funny, but I didn't. Apparently everyone forgot that Satan rides on the waters.

When I went back to the bus to change, someone had hung the big towel Grandma Draper gave me across the aisle. When I tore it down, Hermana Valdez and Rosa Barbe were behind it changing into their swimming suits. Hermana Valdez didn't scream or anything. She just stood there naked and stared at me. I was completely flabbergasted. When I didn't move, she wiggled her breasts and asked how I was enjoying my mission so far. Then they both giggled. When I turned around to leave, I ran into a pole and broke my glasses.

January 5

Dear Alma:

Had a very, very inappropriate dream about Hermana Valdez last night. I hope Beth and my Heavenly Father can forgive me for having impure thoughts. I feel like Elder Cantrell's monkey right now. It's too awful to discuss, Alma. I've doubled up on my Scripture reading and prayers.

January 13

Elder Cantrell won't talk to me. Yesterday, we rode our bikes up to Santana to post our letters in Brazil because the mail there is more dependable. Elder Cantrell forgot his money and wanted to borrow five cruzeiros (about a dollar) from me. Said he had it at the apartment and would pay me back when we got home. I showed him in the missionary handbook where it says that companions aren't supposed to lend each other money and suggested we ride back to the apartment and get it from his desk. It was only six kilometers back. He told me that I was a stingy little twerp.

This afternoon, I worked with Julio, a Priest in the Branch. We tracted out on the highway to Santana. When lunchtime came, we rode up to the border, and I mailed Elder Cantrell's letters. I hope he's happy now.

February 5

Dear Alma:

It's hard to keep my mind on the work now. Elder Cantrell and I are teaching Hermana Valdez's friend, Rosa Barbe. We meet at the Valdez home out on Ruta Cinco. Last night, I taught the discussion on chastity. Rosa and Hermana Valdez kept whispering to each other. They both giggled during the part on having pure thoughts. My face turned red, and it was very difficult to concentrate. At least this discussion was better than the one we gave on the Priesthood when Elder Cantrell and Hermana Valdez got into an argument over Blacks and the Priesthood. She ended up crying because Rodrigo won't be able to have it. She said that she has a testimony but believes the Church is wrong about this. I bore witness that the Church was true and that Blacks won't be able to hold the priesthood

until the next life, if then. She just cried harder. At least we are still teaching Rosa the Gospel.

To make matters worse, we got chased home by another gang of drunks.

February 19

Alma:

Rosa Barbe is pregnant. She ran off to Centenario with her boyfriend. We were on the last discussion, too. Hermana Valdez is mad and won't talk to us.

○ Saw Carlos is everything I expected. Hot, very humid, and wracked with poverty. I mentioned to our group that the people appeared desperate for the Truth. As usual, Elder Galloway disagreed. He said what they really need is a revolution.



STEVE KLAMM

February 25

Dear Alma:

Elder Cantrell has gone home. My new companion is Elder Jones from Flagstaff, Arizona. He came here from Las Palmas where he says Elder Galloway is a senior companion now. So is Hermana Openshaw. I'm still a junior.

March 6

Dear Alma:

Endless tracting. The rains are coming. Testimony meeting at Church yesterday. Hermana Valdez on one of her usual rants. She wants the sisters to become more politically active. Dinner tonight with the Ruiz family. We ate pork, rice, and melons. Got a short letter from Beth today. She sent me a copy of a story on faith from the *Ensign*. She says that she has been out on one or two dates but is still true in her feelings toward me.

March 11

Alma:

Came home last night to find our apartment burglarized. Elder Jones lost a camera and 120,000 pesos. My picture of Beth was broken again, and my overcoat is gone.

Teaching the Valenzuela family. Nothing new to report. I got the runs again. Elder Jones gets on my nerves. He talks while brushing his teeth.

April 1

I've been in San Carlos for nine months now. I've baptized two people. My Spanish is improving, but I still feel that I'm letting my earthly parents and my Heavenly Father down.

Hermana Valdez moved to Cristobal last month. Barrio Toros is much more peaceful now that she is gone. I also don't have to feel embarrassed every time she winks at me in Sunday School. She left a letter for me at the apartment, thanking me for taking care of Rodrigo each Sunday while she led the music. She apologized for that time in the bus, said that she did it out of meanness and frustration. She said that I would have a good

mission if I only learned to care about people, especially people very different than me. There was a photo of her taken a year ago. On the back she wrote, "Your eternal friend, Luz."

Teaching two widows now. A milico patrol stopped us today and checked our papers. Now that the war in Vietnam is winding down, there is a lot of suspicion about Americans.

April 5

Dear Alma:

Sick. Fever. No mail from home.

April 11

Dear Alma:

Strange experience. On the way home last night, we passed by a bar. Some of the local rowdies came out and surrounded us. One of them knocked Elder Jones's glasses off. Before anything else could happen, two very large mulatto men came around the corner. I thought they were there to kill us.

Not so. When they saw that we were in trouble, the two men punched several of the rowdies, knocking them down and kicking their faces. After chasing off the gang, the two men claimed to be Hermana Valdez's brothers and that she asked them to be nice to us. They followed us home to make sure that we got in all right.

April 29

Letter from Beth today. She bore her testimony as to the truthfulness of the Gospel and quoted from D&C 121 about adversity and affliction being but for a small moment. Then she said that she and Steve Lassen are getting married July 21 in the Salt Lake Temple. Dammit.

May 2

Elder Galloway is DL in Paso de Las Vacas.

May 19

Son of a bitch. Bastard. Hell. *Puto de mierda*. I hate this flipping place!

June 1

OK, I don't get it. What am I doing wrong? I have been diligent, kept the words of the Prophet, obeyed the mission rules to the letter—and nothing. No throngs eager to hear the Gospel, no baptizing thousands, no miracles. I've been in San Carlos for ten months, and so far the highlights of my mission have been getting hit in the head with a rock, roughed up by rowdies, bit by a duck, crapping my pants on a bus, and having a member woman wiggle her breasts at me. Great mission, huh? Where's my standing on the wall like Samuel did? Where's my defeating robbers and converting a king like Ammon did? I've lost myself in the work, Alma, and as a result, I've lost my self-worth, Beth, and a year of my life. I've got nothing to show for it.

This place sucks. Why does God hate me? What did I ever do?

June 10

Mail. Dad got a promotion at work. Wedding invitation from Beth. In the picture, she and that jerk Lassen are holding hands under our special tree in the city park. Beth is wearing the shawl I sent her.

June 12

Letter from Hermana Valdez. She sent me a picture of Rodrigo. She likes her job in Cristobal where she is dating a man from England. They're going to get married next year. She said that I would always be her friend and asked if she could write from time to time.

June 30

Today I gave Luz's brother Malvado Valdez 18,000 pesos (about 36 dollars). It's the least I could do for rescuing us last April. He came to the apartment and said that he needed the money to rebuild the engine in his river boat. I think he's going to use the money to buy cigarettes in Brazil and smuggle them into San Carlos. The money came from sacred funds, but so what? What can God do to me that's worse than what I've been through? I'm already a failure.

July 1

Dear Alma:

Helped a drunk man get home in the rain last night. We found him in a ditch out on Ruta Cinco. We couldn't just leave him there. The penalty for public drunkenness in San Carlos is thirty days' hard labor. Few families can afford the loss of wages. When we got him home, the man's wife cried and kissed our hands. Said we were sent from God. Couldn't sleep later. About dawn, I started to cry. Elder Hammond doesn't know what's wrong with me. I don't either.

July 6

Alma:

Two days ago, I broke the watch Beth gave me for graduation. It happened while I was climbing onto the roof to get our neighbor's chicken down. Later, I gave the watch to a boy

whom we sometimes see and talk to on the bus. He works at a newspaper in Cristobal. He said he would sell the watch and split the money with me. I told him to keep it. Yesterday, he was wearing a new shirt.

September 8

Dear Alma:

It's been more than two months since I wrote you. A lot has happened since then, most of which I don't really understand. It's done something to me. I don't know what, because it's all a blur.

I'm working in Villa Hermosa now, senior companion to Elder Burgess of Bountiful. He's been down about two months. He seems a little stuck up and nit-picky.

Villa Hermosa is in the same district as Campos where Hermana Openshaw works. I saw her a couple of weeks ago. She is thinner and tired but obviously very happy. She said Galloway is tearing up Las Palmas. Last month, he baptized the head of the local milico unit along with the man's entire family including his parents.

On the way home tonight, I had to make Elder Burgess get out of his bus seat so that a woman and a girl with a large basket could sit down. The woman thanked me and said that she had arthritis in her knees. Turns out that her brother-in-law is a Mormon and that she always liked us. I asked the woman, Senora Velasco, what was in the basket. She said a big, mean duck. They were going to her sister's house to eat it, and did we want to come along. I said "absolutely!"

September 15

Teaching the Velascos. The husband is very suspicious and doesn't say much. At least he's coming to the discussions.

September 30

Dear Alma:

Baptized Hermano and Hermana Velasco today—also their daughter Suená and her little brother Gaspar. Hermano Velasco is a short, wiry man covered with tattoos. He runs a furnace down by the river. He bore his testimony following the service and said he knew the Church was true even though he won't ever be able to hold the Priesthood. He promised God that he would never drink or hit Hermana Velasco again. His testimony made his family cry. Me, too.

P.S. Little Gaspar reminds me of Rodrigo. I miss him. Luz must be busy in Cristobal. Haven't heard from her in a few months.

November 3

Dear Alma:

Summer is coming again. Spent an hour watching the sun melt into the Pacific Ocean tonight. I have never seen anything like it in Utah. Sometimes this place is so beautiful.

November 17

Dear Alma:

Got three letters today. One from Teesha. She and Mark are

engaged. They're going to wait to get married until I get home. Uncle Mort wrote and said he's working at Hill Field and earning good money. Asked if I'd baptized any "darkies." I'm sending him a picture of the Velascos.

Beth is pregnant.

Also got a letter from Jack. He said his roommate at Annapolis is taking the discussions. He wanted to know if I was still mad at him. Told

him that I never was, that I was just going through a stupid phase in my life.

My new greeny is Elder Flickinger from Clearfield. He's been here a week and says he hates it because it's too hot, too dirty, and the people are rude and ugly. This afternoon we were speeding down Alambra Hill on our bikes when I crowded Flickinger over into a parked car. We must have been going about forty because he blew the knees out of his suit pants and has a big goose egg on his head. I'll bet he hates it here even worse now.

Oh, it was my birthday last month. Luz sent me a picture of her and her fiance and Rodrigo. She said Malvado only has six more months to go on his smuggling conviction.

November 24

Dear Al:

I'm groovin' in Tres Lagos right now. I've got Elton John on the box and three discussions set for tonight. Dinner last night with the Segovias was outasight even though their uncle got drunk and sick. Elder Flickinger said the barf smell will come out of his shoes eventually. We had six investigators in Church last week. Ain't the Gospel cool?

I hear Galloway is a zone leader in Centenario. Elder Burgess is there, too. Galloway said Burgess got pantsed by some older boys in the Branch.

December 2

Al:

The milicos shot one of the people in my Branch last week—Juan Padroma, a 17-year-old Aaronic Priesthood holder. We visited him in the hospital. I told Juan to stop fooling around with the Commies and stick to the Gospel or he won't be able to go on a mission. He promised he would. Visited his mother later. Went with her to the market so she could shop without being bothered. She's a little gnome of a woman who has raised two sons in the Church despite an alcoholic husband. Watching her pick through tomatoes and rice for her family, I suddenly understood why God loves her.

Burro, one of the local layabouts in Tres Lagos, stopped us

○	Has it really been two years since we arrived down here, me wearing my ignorance like an armor suit? It all seems like a dream.
○	I really did lose myself, you know.
○	Ain't the Gospel cool?



on the way home. I paid him the 500 pesos I owed him because Banda Roja lost the national soccer championship. Elder Flickinger obviously disapproves. Burro wants us to check on his brother, who is interested in religion.

December 11

Dear Alma:

I can now say that I've been in jail. The milicos locked Elder Carlson and me up because we were teaching the discussions to three teenage boys with known connections to the Communist front. President Mabrey had to come up to Tres Lagos and get us out. He asked us what happened, and I told him. Then I asked him for a blessing so we could keep cooking here. He gave me one and said to be careful.

P.S. Saw Burro in jail. He said that he wishes he'd never introduced his brother to us because now his brother refuses to drink and be with women. Groovy.

December 18

Dear Alma:

I'm a DL in Campos now. Sister Openshaw is still here. What a hoot she is. We caught up on old times at district meeting last week. She told everyone about the dog biting her on the bosom in Paso de Las Vacas. Then I told everyone about dumping in my pants on the Centenario bus. You should have seen the looks on the faces of our two greenies. Thought I was going to die laughing at them. Afterward, we all went and got pizza at Lopez Rico then knocked on doors until dark.

Baptizing the Cancela twins for Openshaw tomorrow. Super.

1973

January 11

Dear Alma:

Mail call. Teesha wrote and told me that she's pregnant. She begged me to forgive her. Wrote back and said that there's nothing to forgive, that she simply made a mistake and now it was important to repent and learn from it. Wrote another letter

to Mark Huff and told him that I would personally kick his ass if he didn't take my sister to the temple in exactly 365 days. I will, too.

Luz is still in Cristobal and engaged. They're thinking about starting their own travel agency after they get married. She says Rodrigo is growing "muy gordo" and stubborn.

Flat tire on my bike today. Pedro De Rojas from the Jehovah's Witnesses Church stopped and picked us up. His mom is doing well, and his dad is apparently going to keep his leg. I reminded Pedro that I was the one who told him that God would take care of them. He says I'm a Mormon, and so why the hell would God listen to me? We argued God all the way back to town. It was my turn to win.

February 20

Alma:

Where did it all go? I've only got two months left. Big deal. Time is only counted unto men, not God.

Went into Cristobal last week for an interview with President Mabrey. He said that I have come a long way in the mission field. Told him it felt like long. He reminded me to stay close to Heavenly Father. I promised that I would. Then he grinned and told me to obey the mission rules. I crossed my fingers and said that I would.

Saw Luz in Cristobal. City life apparently agrees with her. Rodrigo has grown. Met her fiance, Mr. James Arthington, a non-member but a very nice man. We had lunch at a place on the Rambla. Elder Spencer lightened up after playing with Rodrigo a while. These greenies are so uptight. Walked along the Rambla afterward. Luz said Malvado is out of jail and sorry about the money. She's making him take the discussions as a way of paying me back.

Headed back home with Spencer to teach the Miles family about Tithing. I think we've almost got the wife convinced.

Oh, I almost forgot — I'm a zone leader now. Hate it.

March 1

Al:

Teesha got married. She and Mark live in Centerville. Mark is working at a gas station and going to school. The good news is that they are going to Church. I wrote to Teesha and told her to wire the money in my BYU savings to a bank in Cristobal. I should get it in about a week.

Baptized the Miles family and their cousins today. Can't tell you how far out it was. One of the cousins is a lieutenant with the milicos. A really cool guy. Called Galloway tonight and made him promise not to join the CIA after his mission. I don't want him coming back here and killing any of my converts.

April 11

Al:

I leave with Galloway and Openshaw in five days. Brinkerhoff, Taylor, and Carbone leave tomorrow. Allenby and Morgan left yesterday. Has it really been two years since we arrived down here, me wearing my ignorance like an armor suit? It all seems like a dream.

There's nothing to say except that it all went too fast. Picked up the money Teesha wired down. Bought some lace and antiques for Mom and Grandma Draper. (Did I tell you that Grandpa died in January?) Got leather jackets for Dad and Jared. Wait until Uncle Mort sees what I'm bringing him.

April 16

Al:

This will have to be fast. I don't want the APs to come back and see me still here. The plane with Openshaw and Galloway is just a speck out over the Pacific now, heading north like a thought from God. I'm sitting on the edge of the tarmac wondering what happened to me in the last two years. I don't even know who I am any more.

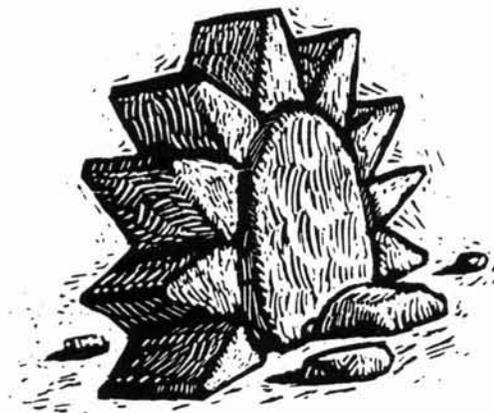
All I know is that it felt right to stay and take care of things. Galloway and Openshaw looked at me when I stopped at the bottom of the steps to the plane. "Aren't you coming?" Galloway asked. I shook my head and said that the two of them would enjoy the ride home more if I wasn't around. They could talk about the future. Galloway looked puzzled. For a smart guy, he sure is dumb. Openshaw turned bright red. She'll clue Galloway in before they get to L.A. She hugged and thanked me. Told her to send me an invitation to the wedding and to watch out for propellers. She blushed again. I hope their first kid—boy or girl—is an Apostle someday. Wouldn't the Church really be true then?

So, here I am with three plane tickets and 400 dollars in my pocket, all that's left of my BYU tuition money. I'm not worried. The money is all I need to get me lost in another kind of work.

While I feel bad that my family won't see their son get off the plane tomorrow, I tell myself that it's okay because the Jeff Draper they sent down here is never coming home. I'm glad, too, because he was a jerk. They'll have to meet the new Jeff a few days later. I'm eager to see them and see Uncle Mort's face when he gets a look at my fiancee and her/our son—the future President of the Church.

Time to go, Al. Luz and Rodrigo are coming through the gate now.

I really did lose myself, you know. Ain't the Gospel cool?



1994 Brookie & D. K. Brown Fiction Contest Winner

VENEZUELA

By Lara Candland



"My dreams make it impossible for me to live."

THE FAT GIRL FUNNELS THROUGH THE SHEETS. She is laughing, she buoys him up and she holds William tight like a baby.

A branch moves over the window.

"It's like there are people here," she says. William concurs. "You're complex," she says. The girl strokes William's forehead.

William holds his pillow and closes his eyes. He is in Venezuela with his comp and his maid Valentina and a huge stack of *El Libro de Mormon*. The stack keeps growing higher. Valentina continues hanging his wash outside the front door: whites and whites and whites. William is in Venezuela. Why is he there again? Valentina is hanging wash then she lays William down on the floor and kisses him. She straddles him and ruffles his hair.

Te quiero, she says. She brings in layers of whites and covers him. William is wet. *Te amo*, is what she says.

LARA CANDLAND is a writer living in Seattle, Washington.

"This is realistic," the fat girl says. She has pillows behind her back and a sheet wrapped around her breasts. She is tracing a line in William's palm. "Really realistic," she says.

William does not wake up. He is out on the court with his comp. His comp dribbles but William can't even touch the ball. His comp has the sphere in his complete control.

"You're so natural," the fat girl is saying, "unstudied, I mean artless." She cleans a speck of dirt from under William's nail. "Oh William," she snuggles against his back. She brings him a cup of tea with a rhododendron on top. "Purple," she says, "gorgeous." She pours honey into William's tea. He sits up and holds her hand.

When she has showered and she wears a dress and sandals with a braid down her back she says, "I shall not be home until night." She kisses William's lips.

William is up. William has on his cap and shorts and sneakers. He is out with Johnny on the streets. Johnny plays his harmonica and carries the ball to the court. William is on

the ball most of the afternoon and he is making good shots. "W!" Johnny shouts, "Give it here!" Finally Johnny gives up and puts his shirt back on and starts playing tunes again. "Just forget it," he says.

He and William drink from the water fountain. William carries the ball down the street.

They head for the beach. They watch little white waves crest and foam and then recede. Birds dive-bomb and then ascend. People put clothing on and off. William isolates a mark in the water and follows its path to shore. His eye predicts which mound will come up next. It is an intuitive yet technical exercise.

His future is so bright.

Johnny alternately whistles and blows on his harmonica.

"What a trip," Johnny says as they watch a man push his shopping cart into the water.

"Vivid," William says.

They sit on squares of sand.

"I know men," the fat girl says, "you can tell, can't you?" The girl is painting her toenails red. "There's just something about men," she shakes her head, "I don't know what it is."

She gets William to blow on the paint to help it dry faster. William feels how silky and white her legs are. The girl unbraids her hair then makes it again into two braids. She says: "Braids are charming, I think."

"There are those branches again," the girl says, "like people! I keep thinking people are here!"

The girl has put on fresh sheets and extra pillows, but it doesn't help.

William hates his dreams. It is astounding that night after night after night he travels back to Venezuela. The girl is sometimes with him, but more often than not he is in a three with Valentina and his comp.

"My dreams make it impossible for me to live," he tells the girl one morning in despair.

The girl believes that things are getting lyrical.

"On and on and on," he says to her, "they won't stop."

The girl braids and rebraids her hair. She pulls the rhododendron off William's tea mug and cups her hands around it. She sniffs at the flower.

"These have no smell," she says. William glares at her. "You're too allegorical," she tells him. And this is the first time she has been unsympathetic.

The girl carries him back to his mission. He stands on the shore of a little pond. "God wants this," he hears. He is standing in water to his waist. There is a line of people waiting to be immersed in water.

"This bugs me," he tells his comp.

The comp shrugs.

The people do not speak the language of William and the comp.

Everyone is wearing white but Valentina who is naked. William stands in the water.

"You're disturbed," his comp says, "on a grand scale."

William dunks the people again and again and again. He speaks English to his comp.

Again and again.

The fat girl is moving slowly towards him. She is wrapped tightly in a white sheet from her bust to her ankles and she walks toward him like a mermaid, taking tiny steps.

William dismisses the white-clad crowd on the shore; he stands still in the water and he waits for the fat girl to join him; then he will grasp her wrist, smooth her hair, hold her waist and then lay her under the water. 



THE DESERT

delights in surprise:
drapes secrets
in muslin similitude
snatched away
from the tarnish
and black maw
of a copper mine;
startles morning
with agave flowers;
conjures cottonwood
at the foot of a hill.

Her sleight-of-hand
sends an immature
Cooper's hawk
streaking from hiding
right at my face;
hatches a warbler
out of place—
that chestnut-sided
riding the mesquite!

She offers
a Macgillivray's warbler
to the tip of the eye
in misdirects
of motion and
ventriloquil
song, then bares
in sun and denim
blue, that tiny
creature—there
without arriving—
slaking thirst
like sweetest water.

—JAY WENTWORTH

INTERVIEW

“WE HAVE A STRONGER CHURCH”

An Interview with Marjorie and M. Richard Troeh



“Marge didn’t have to be ordained in order to have me respect her ministerial abilities. They were there. The ordination merely meant that the community at large recognized them.”

MARJORIE BRADLEY TROEH and M. RICHARD TROEH are a married couple who belong to the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Together, they have had extensive experience in the RLDS church and are the co-authors of *The Conferring Church* (Independence, Mo.: Herald House, 1987), which details the church’s democratic processes. Marge was commissioner of Women’s Ministries (the equivalent of head of the Relief Society) from 1971 to 1982. She was ordained a high priest in 1994 and currently chairs the World Church Committee on Ministry for Older Adults. Richard, a practicing physician in Independence, Missouri, is also a high priest. He has served in most capacities in RLDS congregations and on several world church committees and medical missions.

This interview was conducted by Bryan Waterman.

How does the RLDS general conference/legislation/decision-making work?

Marge: Our world conferences occur every two years; they are legislative conferences. There used to be more of an educational emphasis, and now there’s a lot of worship and celebration that goes on. But they are primarily legislative conferences.

Conference is the time for establishing

budgets, sustaining officers, and dealing with legislative issues. It’s a representative conference: 2,800 delegates are selected proportionately from throughout the world, and each jurisdiction selects its own. Because international travel is expensive and difficult, many times the international delegations are not able to fill their representatives, and so they select others to represent them.

Richard: In the past, Marge and I have

been representatives for Zaire. They try to select people who have some knowledge and sympathy for their area. And some of the delegation are actually from Zaire.

Marge: The only ex-officio delegates are the general church officers—about thirty. All the rest are elected delegates.

Proposed legislation can be initiated by the First Presidency or any stake, district, or region. Zaire brought a resolution about rebaptism. Minnesota brought a resolution about sharing the communion emblems with people who are not baptized, RLDS members. Other legislative issues deal with our stand on peace or contemporary social issues. So when legislation is forwarded to the conference from a jurisdiction, or if the First Presidency or one of the quorums initiates it, then it has a hearing. A committee is assigned to spearhead the hearing, then there’s an open debate, pro and con, and anyone can go and respond to it. A summary of the pros and cons is published. Then you go to the legislative session where proposed items are brought up along with the report of the hearing committee, and then it’s open to debate, amendment, referral, whatever. Our conferences are very lively.

Richard: At one past World Conference, only 50 percent of the items presented by the First Presidency got past the conference unchanged. Legislation from jurisdictions have had only about a 20 percent chance of being passed as introduced.

How did the RLDS church come to ordain women?

Marge: Certainly the women in Nauvoo were healing the sick and those kinds of things that have priesthood implications. In the RLDS tradition during the early 1900s, we had an organization called the Religio Society, a kind of precursor to our Christian Education with intergenerational activities. Fanny Pender Page traveled with her husband who was a missionary to the western states and she organized Religio Societies. At the national conference of the Religio Society, she and her husband petitioned that she be ordained because if she were, she would receive half fare on the railroad. Well, the Religio Society felt that it could not act on the resolution and referred it to the church’s general conference. The conference referred it to a committee, and the committee studied it with some of the general officers. They ended up saying that there was no precedent for the calling of women and they did not see their way clear to ordain women just to save the church railroad fare.

The point is that they didn’t say, “Well, no,

you can't ordain women; there are theological barriers to it." But they said, "Under these circumstances and these conditions we don't feel like we have any guidance."

Richard: That remained the only official statement on ordination of women for more than fifty years.

Marge: In the 1960s, outside professionals looked at our church organization and said that by having a strong women's organization, women are potentially tangential—you have members, and then you have women. So, as part of the restructuring, they did away with the general department of women and the general director of women, which removed women's line of authority. It was a trade off, and women's organizations and their independent budgets were folded into the congregational structure. When you lose financial control, you lose a lot.

Richard: A year later, they stopped publishing *Distaff*, the women's publication.

Marge: For me personally, the trade-off was that as Women's Ministries consultant, I was now assigned to work with three populations. I still worked with women in preparing women's study resources and in dealing with organizational dimensions. But I also worked with the general membership and helped them perceive what women did as their "ministry." It was an attempt to understand what women did and to see them as central to the church. Third, I worked with church administration at all levels and helped evaluate how church policies affected

women.

Over time, we began to really try to help women. In 1970, resolutions at the general conference were proposed that asked the Presidency to report on the status of women in the church and to investigate the ordination of women. Those resolutions got tabled.

Another resolution from Oregon on opportunities for women began: "Whereas women constitute over 50 percent of the membership . . ." It hoped to establish more opportunities for women.

Richard: There was a motion to refer this legislation on opportunities for women to the First Presidency and the joint council, whereupon I stood to take the floor and church President Smith warned me that a motion to refer is debatable only on the wisdom of referral and the body to which it is referred. I said, "Yes, sir, I will just point out to the conference that this motion to refer an item on opportunities for women is being referred to an all-male body." There was laughter, and they voted down the motion to refer and tabled the motion on opportunities for women.

Marge: Well, if the 1970 resolution had passed, the Presidency would have been required to provide a study. Since it got tabled, a study became optional, and the Presidency took the initiative and appointed a committee in 1971 to study roles for women. I served on that committee. The committee made its report to the First Presidency who then brought it to the conference of 1974

with their recommendations.

The basic recommendations were specific actions to take at the world church level and for district, stake, regional, and congregational levels. They included equal pay statements and a lot of really good stuff. They did not include the question of ordination, but there began to be more and more discussion about women. The Women's Commission held a series of women's meetings dealing with stewardship and personhood and began to explore options in life; then they moved into community building. The Women's Commission issued new resource information for women's organizations in the local congregations. Instead of only one legitimate form of organization, many options were offered. Instead of having, necessarily, a separate women's group, one option suggested looking at the congregations' needs, organizing commissions for each of these functions, and having anybody serve on them. And so that emerged into the basic pattern of congregation life.

Those innovations were published first in our women's resource book in 1974 and then were incorporated in the congregational leaders' handbook later in the decade. The church moved into a commission structure where you have a worship commission as well as commissions for education, stewardship, pastoral care, evangelism, Zion building, and sometimes leadership. And a variety of people—men and women—served on those commissions.

We began moving toward a more inclusive ministry, using the specific gifts of the individual. We were moving away from priesthood-dominated worship services. Presiding had to be priesthood; ordinances had to be priesthood. But beyond that you could use the gifts of all people. That was helpful, so that by the time women were ordained, we were in a situation where we were already utilizing people in these roles.

In the late 1970s, local presiding officers were receiving requests for women's ordination, and they didn't know what to do. They forwarded them to the First Presidency, and the requests sat on the Presidency's desk because there was no precedent.

Richard: In 1980, we had a resolution from a jurisdiction in Australia essentially asking for home rule. They said, "Maybe the rest of the church is not ready to ordain women, but we are. Let us." But the Presidency said it needed to be world wide.

Marge: That's because ordination is universal; it goes with you wherever you go. There were these stimuli from all different kinds of sources, and so women's ordination

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finally was done by revelation. It could have also been accomplished by simply removing that ridiculous resolution that said we aren't going to ordain women to get cheaper railroad fares.

Richard: The First Presidency had actually tabled a female ordination proposal at general conference four years earlier, but they also made a public statement that there was no theological reason why women could not be ordained.

Marge: I didn't think we needed an all-church revelation for the change, because each call is a revelation. What I wanted to do was just get the barriers out of the way. If God wants to call women, God can call women. If God doesn't want to call women, God won't call women. But I do realize that, pragmatically, for most people, the smoothest way was through a revelation.

Richard: I roughly estimate that a fourth of the church was eager for it to happen and wondered why it hadn't a long time ago.

Marge: Prior to that revelation, there was a survey published in the *Herald*.

Richard: Basically, about half of the people said, "Fine, as long as God says so." At that point, maybe 20 percent were saying, "No way!" Then when it came, about half of that 20 percent said, "Yeah, we'll change," and the other 10 percent left the church.

Marge: The church set November 17, 1985, as the first day that women could actually be ordained. And on that day, fifty services were held throughout the world, and various women were ordained. Sometimes one, sometimes two or three, or whatever. That removed the chance that there would be "the first woman" to be ordained.

Are RLDS priesthood offices progressive as in the LDS church?

Marge: Most adults aren't ordained to any priesthood. For those who are, the emphasis is on ministry, and each office has particular ministerial responsibilities. Calling

individuals to an office is a process of matching the gifts of the individual and needs of the church and the world.

The deacon is very much a temporal calling, dealing with the physical realities of the building, and so forth, and also the stewardship idea of working with individuals to help them with budgeting, planning, financing, tithing, etc. A teacher is very much a reconciling minister, looking over the relationships between individuals where there is estrangement or between an individual and the church.

Richard: It is not seen as progressing through stages of the ministry. Somebody might be a teacher forever, the only office to which they will ever be called. Their personal characteristics may fit them for that kind of ministry.

Marge: Priests are oriented toward family ministries and they also deal with some of the ordinances and the sacraments. They can marry, baptize.

Richard: We have some sixty-year-old deacons who just revel in being able to minister to the physical needs of our congregation.

Has Marge's ordination affected your marriage?

Marge: I think we already had an egalitarian relationship. It's not fully there; we can work on things.

Richard: She didn't have to be ordained in order to have me respect her ministerial abilities. They were there. The ordination merely meant that the community at large recognized them. As for my feelings about authority, she had the authority to minister already.

I've heard up to 35,000 left the RLDS church after the revelation.

Richard: For many, it was simply the final straw. Many had been questioning some of the decisions of the church for quite some time, feeling that it had become too liberal and that the church was not emphasizing enough the Book of Mormon and authority.

Marge: It was the final straw. A thing like the ordination of women is very tangible: either you do it or you don't. Questions of authority and our movement toward ecumenical participation were other things they didn't like, but each of these occurred in degrees. Ordination of women became the benchmark; when that happened, it was very difficult for them to stay.

Richard: What is not emphasized, though, is that although we lost many, we gained a certain number, including people like me who came back or stayed in, people we might have lost otherwise. Also, I think of the strength it has given those who have remained; we have a stronger church now. ☐



"Oh, Yeah? Well, if God did make men and women equal, why do women only get eighteen-month missions?"

THIS SIDE OF THE TRACTS

CLOTHED IN BONDS
OF CHARITY

By Beckie W. Kearl



STEPHEN SCHILDMOCH

"Christ was a person of sorrows, acquainted with grief; so were these women recovering from abuse."

I HAVE ALWAYS been haunted by the stories of Holocaust victims: men brutal enough to victimize innocent men, women, and children; the tenacity of the survivors; the sick mind of the attacker. Never did I expect to experience the same repugnance about people within my own culture and my own religion. But it happened as I sat in a classroom at Brigham Young University during Women's Conference.

Women's Conference was the perfect Mother's Day gift, so I called my mother and suggested we go. Life has been hard for my

BECKIE W. KEARL lives in Pacific Palisades, California, is a mother and writer. Her e-mail address is abhbm@aol.com.

mother, and I wanted to do something to cheer her up. About ten years ago, my mother's body seemed to fall apart. She became very ill and to this day has to be very careful about becoming overly fatigued. After reading countless books, seeing many doctors, having MRIs and counseling, my mother has a pretty firm grip on the reasons for her illness. For forty years, she had tucked away gruesome facts about her childhood, and they finally demanded attention: She was the victim of sexual abuse that began at age four. The perpetrator was her own faithful, church-going, bishopric-member, temple-attending father.

When Mother told me her sad childhood story, many things I had questioned my

whole life about her attitudes and reactions now had an explanation. No wonder she was scared of new people and going places alone. No wonder she kept to herself and found it hard to be close to little children; she rarely hugged or kissed us. No wonder she often felt like a victim in the presence of male Church leaders. It all, finally, made sense.

Hearing Mother's story drew me to her. I admired her tenacity, her devotion in raising nine children, and her dogged determination to learn new things and always better herself. It also made me cry for the little girl who thought she was bad and hated dolls. It made me take a closer look at a dead grandfather who had always been kind to me. I wondered what would lead such a man to do such acts to his innocent daughter.

I thought Mother's story was unique, a grotesque exception. Of course these horrors existed in the world, but rarely in Mormondom. Then I read *Secrets* by Blaine Yorgason and Sunny Oaks, a fictional novel based on true life stories of sexually abused LDS women. What was scary was that these women's stories, especially one by a woman who repressed her agony for many years like my mother, were mirrors of my mother's own story. I was in horror. Didn't these priesthood-holding, temple-going, perpetrators realize what they were doing? How could they even obtain a temple recommend with any amount of integrity? My only conclusion came from *Secrets*. When a father of three abused girls, and a member of a bishopric, was finally confronted and eventually put in jail, his reply was simply, "I love my little girls. . . . Those girls deserve some pleasure in their lives, and I've given it to them. We've enjoyed each other in very tender ways." I could spit on those words. My mother suffered for forty years in silence for those "very tender ways." She has nightmares, illnesses, and fears I can't comprehend, all stemming from those "very tender ways." (*Secrets*, Blaine M. Yorgason and Sunny Oaks, Deseret Book, 1992, 180.)

SECRETS made me realize that my mother was not the only victim in Mormondom. But when she and I attended the Women's Conference class on "Sexual Abuse within the LDS Church," taught by a professor of social work at BYU who had written a book twelve years ago to help victims of sexual abuse, I realized the scope of the problem. The book had been banned at the BYU Bookstore and Deseret Book, and she had not been allowed to speak about her book in her classes or on campus. "Now," she explained, with a half smile, "I

have written another book on abuse, and it and my first book are in the Church bookstores, and I have been asked to speak on campus about them and sexual abuse." She told us that if this change could continue for another twelve years, she thought we might get somewhere with addressing the problem of sexual abuse.

During the class, she asked all the women in the room with May, June, July, and August birthdays to stand up. She explained that this represented the ratio of LDS women who have suffered sexual abuse, one in three. She described the composite sexually abused LDS woman from her research of 101 women who feel they have been healed from their abuses. The average woman is thirty-seven, has three children, had fifteen years of schooling, and has a family income of \$3,000 a month. She has a husband who is supportive of her efforts to obtain help for her abuse, attends church four times a month, reads the scriptures and prays on a regular basis. This average LDS woman was abused by her father beginning at age four, and was abused 427 times over a period of four years. She has been through five professional therapists and involved in a support group, attending each of these once a week. This average woman's conscience healing began at age twenty-three and was completely healed by age twenty-eight.

The speaker said she was doing more research on victims of sexual abuse within the Church, and if anyone was willing to participate, she should leave her name with her. Almost all of the women who sat with me, short and tall, old and young, headed toward her with their name slips. It began to slowly sink in that these women were different from me, although it was not apparent by looks. My stomach was sick. I was in shock as I watched them (along with my mother) through the speaker. All these women had experienced horrors I couldn't even imagine. I listened to their questions and concerns.

I was nauseated. I was angry. I was in pain for these beautiful, normal-looking women. These were women who baked casseroles for new mothers, who sacrificed to come to the conference by finding child care, preparing meals, and arranging rides to piano lessons. These were women who loved a new dress and a night out as much as I did. But they had suffered unspeakable atrocities. How could they function? As they departed the classroom, they congregated in small groups, and I heard bits of their stories.

One woman had come a long distance from a rural town. She was in tears. She looked at the group of women and asked,

"Where can I go, what can I do? I am at my wits' end. I'm on fourteen different medicines including Prozac and Valium. I am suicidal. I'm the oldest of ten Mormon children, my dad was the bishop, I've tried to do everything right, and now nothing helps."

Our speaker knew of pain such as this woman's. Before she ended the class, she gave her phone number and told the women they could call anytime, and she would try to find them help. She also offered her book at no charge.

But more important, these women understood each other's pain. It was a new dimension of sisterhood for me. I walked out of the Harris Fine Arts Center and onto a grassy quad with my mother and several other abused women who were still deep in conversation, exchanging book titles and counselors' names. The woman from the rural town continued to weep. These women rallied around her and told her she was okay. That it was okay to feel so awful. That she wasn't terrible because she was relying on medicine. But they all strongly suggested that she needed counseling, that she could not do it alone.

Then a bright, smiling woman came up close to this weeping woman. "I was on all those medicines too," she said. "I didn't know where to turn until I started to get counseling. I'm off my meds now. I wake up free and alive and thirsting to drink in the wonderfulness of life. I'm reading, I'm losing weight, I'm happy. I'm well." Her face was animated, and then tears came. "Can I hug you?" the smiling woman asked the weeping woman. The crying woman nodded. These two women embraced, both weeping.

The wretchedness of their sobs seemed to be reaching out from the very center of their beings expressing their shared agony, an agony of lost childhood and innocence, of fright, of being smothered by an ugly monster. At the same time, there was strong warmth, compassion, and sisterhood. Christ was a person of sorrows, acquainted with grief; so were these women.

Time stood still. Tears filled my own eyes, and my soul felt as though it was soaring above the newly budded spring trees and the bright red and yellow tulips surrounding us, flying as high as the crisp, snow-capped mountains that towered above us. I thought of the conference's theme, "clothed in bonds of charity." These women were living that theme. I wanted to freeze the love I felt and hand it out to everyone, everywhere.

Where there could have been bitterness, anger, and resentment towards life, here was hope in its finest form. ☐



FROM THE NAMELESS FALLS AT MILE 109

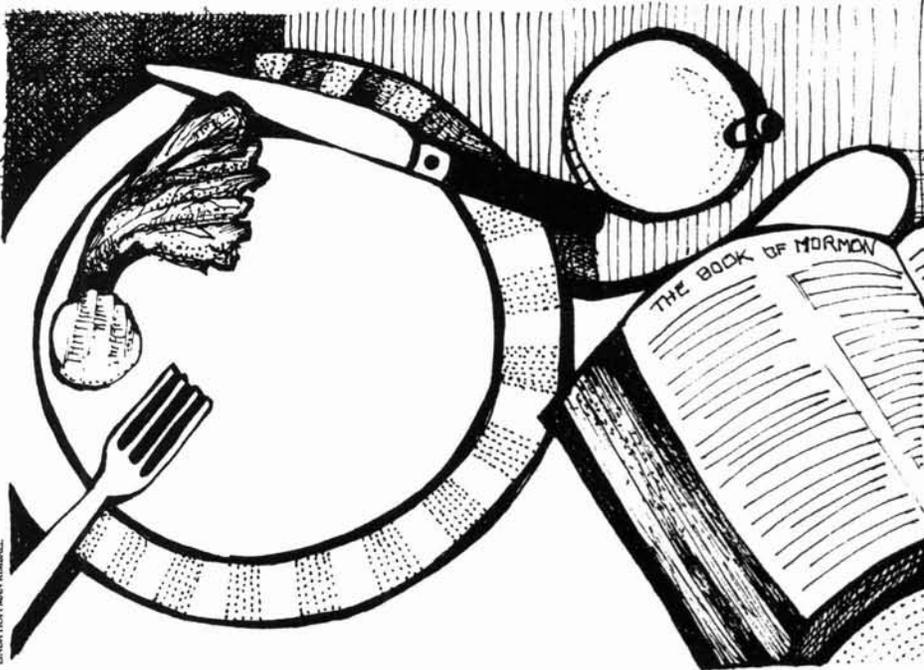
In the thrash of
sprawling over raw
stone and toppled
timbers, grit and
dust streak the meringue
whipped from the near
tributaries
hurled down hill so hard
their gasps choke to
bubbles finer
pressed than sand. Copper
soaking under
the lips of these
currents leaches just
enough to keep
the river milk
green a few thousand
years more. Among
pines, a doe guides
her fawn, stretching for
buds to browse, her
breath at nostrils
twitching needles un-
noted in river's
arguments with
itself over ob-
stacles down hill—
all this scoffing
time—all this,
unframed, unsigned.

—R. S. CARLSON

MORMONS & THEIR NEIGHBORS

Cindi Rae Caron

JOYFUL WITNESSES



It's not that I had anything against Mormons, per se, it's just that these guys were obviously out witnessing, and I didn't want to be the next target. Besides, I wasn't sure how Mormons tipped.

ATTRACTIVE, WELL-DRESSED MEN are usually good tippers, so I was surprised when another waitress sat them in my station, instead of her own.

"Hi, my name is Cindi," I began.

I took in the matching crisp, white shirts; the pants, neatly pressed. Their hair was short, but not crew-cut, one blond, one brunet. They wore eager smiles. Then I noticed the name tags: white carvings spelling out names and "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." Great. Mormons.

It's not that I had anything against Mormons, per se, it's just that these guys were obviously out witnessing, and I didn't want to be the next target. Besides, I wasn't sure how Mormons tipped.

They ordered water. Not a good sign to a waitress. Of course, they didn't drink coffee or soda.

I walked back over to the server line and approached the waitress who'd placed them in my station.

"Thanks a lot," I said.

She giggled in answer. All the other servers laughed uncomfortably, glad it wasn't them. As I filled the glasses with ice and water, everyone had something to say to prove they weren't ignorant of the subject. Of course, polygamy was mentioned, but it was established that they don't do that anymore. Someone else mentioned they didn't smoke or drink stuff with caffeine or alcohol. A couple of jokes were told.

I joined in, even as I observed, with affection, what a vicious group we could be. I put back on my professional face, determined they shouldn't realize we'd been making fun of them.

"Here you go," I said, placing the glasses between them. They were still studying the menu as they thanked me. And I do mean studying. They were very intent, as if they were trying to read every entry.

"I can't decide. Everything looks so good," the brunet said, and I was struck by the almost childlike enthusiasm in his voice. He really seemed excited by the choices. Maybe they were really hungry.

I checked on my other customers, refilled a tea glass and bused a table before returning. The blond ordered fried fish, and his friend ordered grilled chicken. I was thanked again and went to place the order.

As I tended to my other customers I saw that one of them had set a thick, hard-backed book on the table and was reading it aloud, though quietly. My first thought was that it was the Bible, but then I remembered the "Book of Mormon." It might have been that.

I brought their food. They commented on how good it looked and smelled and thanked me once again. They were so polite, I found myself striving to be equally polite and enthusiastic in return.

As I backed away, they bowed their heads simultaneously and began to pray. That wasn't so unusual. This is the Bible Belt, after all, and many of our customers pray before every meal. Still, I wondered, as I always did, if they felt odd praying in public, if they worried about people watching them or laughing at them. But they didn't seem aware of anyone else.

Back behind the server line I thought about stirring up another joke or two, but I felt different somehow. I'd even begun to feel a kind of admiration for them. I mean, how many 18- or 19-year-old boys were so clean-cut, polite and well spoken as these? How many would spend their summer working for their church, trying to share their faith with others?

I thought their parents must be proud of them. I wondered if they were all like that.

CINDI RAE CARON is a waitress living in Zenoir, North Carolina, with her husband, Peter, and fifteen year old son, Matthew. This originally appeared in the Charlotte Observer under the title "Joyful Faith Spoke to Me Without Words." Reprinted by permission.

I had a dozen questions I would ask when they got around to witnessing to me. Were they from the area? Did they do this every day?

I found myself watching them as they ate. They ate slowly, savoring each bite and in between, savoring their scripture.

It was then that I realized what was so striking about them: they were truly enjoying it all. They didn't eat their food absently, just because it was lunchtime or out of any intense hunger. They tasted the food, experienced it, appreciated it.

They weren't reading from the book out of a sense of duty either. They were excited by what they were reading, as if they could taste the words in their mouths as sharply as the cornmeal on the fish. Their eyes flashed; they pointed and gestured excitedly. Their

joy was a third presence at that table. I was envious.

I believe in God. But I consider myself more spiritual than religious. I was raised Baptist, although we switched to a Presbyterian church when I was 12 or 13, and I didn't go at all much longer after that. It went beyond boredom. Church always made me feel suffocated. I could never wait for the services to end, to get outside where I could breathe and my chest didn't feel so tight and heavy.

As an adult, I'd made occasional forays into other churches, but never felt differently. Deep down, I couldn't believe that one religion had all the answers, at least not for me.

So, over time I culled bits from this one and that one until I had constructed a belief system I felt was true for me. I had reached

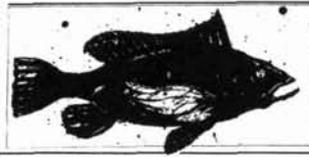
the point I could pray without feeling mechanical or silly. I felt comfortable enough to discuss my views with others and not be rattled or upset if they disagreed or laughed.

I had faith. What I was missing was that joy.

I added questions to my list. How do you create that joy? Where does it come from? Can it be learned? Can I learn it?

The lunch rush was ending. I made a dessert for another table, wiped the counter where the drinks are poured, rang up a ticket for the couple in A3. When I was done, the young men had gone.

I went over to the empty table. They had left a nice tip. They had never once tried to witness to me. But then I realized they had. 



AFTER READING ABOUT THE MAN AMNESIC FOR FIFTEEN YEARS

This morning's fog is so thick,
from our window even our own yard
has no November grass,
stalks of summer flowers, trees
with half their leaves down.

Only this gray that has fallen
into our life with the dawn,
seeking to keep what once marked
the path, like buoys,
away from us,

so we might not know
the man with crutches, next door,
who brings into himself each step,
those cats who come to sit,
like tombstones, in our garden—

all these neighborhoods,
the fences with gates
that open.

—JUNE FRANKLAND BAKER

REVIEWS

TELLING STORIES

REMEMBERING BRAD: ON THE LOSS OF A SON TO AIDS

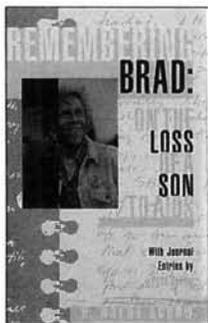
by H. Wayne Schow

Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1995

160 pages, \$15.95



Review essay by Scott Abbott



Brad Schow's journals reveal him as an intense, conflicted, honest, seeking, flawed, loving young man. But the real power of this book is in the education his father undergoes from the moment his son comes out.

I was working on a kind of puzzle—matching one set of colored squares with another. After much exertion, I left them for a minute. When I returned, I found that John had dumped them all out. I beat him severely.

I was beating up on John, repeatedly and brutally. He brought in an accountant who was going to investigate every aspect of my financial life. I would have to provide endless, detailed documentation.

Dreams, from "Immortal for Quite Some Time"

AFTER THE BOISE coroner called and said my brother John had died (of pneumocystic pneumonia, it turned out, from AIDS), I drove to Boise to pick up his personal effects. Among them

was a manila envelope in which I had sent him, a year earlier, a bad Xerox copy of a copy of a copy of a letter written by Wayne Schow to a general authority of the LDS church. In the letter, as I remember it, Schow explained what recent experiences with his gay son had taught him about possible sources of our various sexual orientations, and he outlined the effects of current LDS beliefs on our brothers and sisters who share kinds of sexual attraction different from those of the majority. I say "as I remember it" because the lengthy letter was no longer in the envelope. John and I never talked about Schow's ideas, so I have no sense of how he responded; but I have often wondered since whether the letter gave him a sense of solidarity with Church members like Schow—or did he think it was simply a waste of

SCOTT ABBOTT is an associate professor of German at Brigham Young University. He is the author of a yet-to-be-published book, "Immortal for Quite Some Time" about his gay brother's death from AIDS, excerpts of which were read at two Sunstone symposiums (tape #SL93-342 and tape #SL94-360).

words, having decided two or three years after serving his mission in Italy to leave behind, as well as he could, the religion that had dominated the first two decades of his life? There is no way to know, of course, but, looking back, I wish John and I had read and discussed not only Schow's letter, but also *Remembering Brad*, his subsequent book.

THIS wish is related to questions I have recently asked myself: Why am I so anxious that my children become readers? Why does it please me so much when I find them as I have recently curled up with McCarthy's *All the Pretty Horses* (Knopf, 1992), or Banks's *The Indian in the Cupboard* (Avon, 1980), or the Hebrew Bible. The answer I tend to at the moment is that we read and value reading, and hope our children will read, because of the value of multiple stories. As we construct our selves, as we make decisions about our lives, we have both individual and related desires. The best stories, many of which are scriptural, work as powerful patterns for many of us. Still, even those of us with fairly similar needs and close cultural connections may need to read our canonized stories differently and incorporate (literally) them diversely. A culture that severely limits the number of its stories, and that discourages individual interpretation of the stories it does tell, is powerful in producing conformity, but it is also consequently unable to meet the needs of, or provide useful paradigms for, its even slightly marginal members. However, a culture that encourages the telling and retelling of its shared stories, all the while inviting new stories, provides opportunities for *the other* as well as *the same*, fostering a dialectic between *other* and *same* that is mutually beneficial.

I'm not suggesting that all stories are equally good. There are destructive stories, stories that bind rather than free us. Real pornography, for example, sets up destructive paradigms, while good erotic art opens possibilities for fuller lives. Stories that celebrate violence as the ultimate problem-solver are bad for us, while violent stories like those in Brian Evenson's *Altmann's Tongue* (Knopf, 1995) can unmask the immorality of violence and make us more human. Good stories inform us of possibilities, allow us to compare our lives with those of historical and fictional characters, provide information and skills with which we can make our livings. Well-educated, we know not only Steven Covey's *Seven Habits of Highly Effective People* (Simon and Schuster, 1989), but have access to thousands of characters, including Dostoevsky's axe-murderer and the abused

and doggedly heroic women of Smiley's *A Thousand Acres* (Knopf, 1991). Good stories suggest the complexities of Emma Bovary's life, confront us with the required and paradoxical perfections of the Sermon on the Mount, tell us that the universe is vast and yet open to comprehension, impart the sad wisdom of Blind Lemon Jefferson's "See That My Grave Is Kept Clean," and teach us that blended walnuts, fresh basil, garlic, olive oil, and Parmesan cheese are very tasty on pasta. In short, we read good stories in large numbers because they enable better lives.

S CHOW'S reflections "On the Loss of a Son to AIDS" join a growing list of works written as acts of mourning in an LDS context. The best of these is Terry Tempest Williams's *Refuge: An Unnatural History of Family and Place* (Pantheon, 1991), a shocking and loving account of cancer in the family, U.S. atmospheric atomic tests, the delicate and erotic balances of nature. Carol Lynn Pearson wrote eloquently about her experiences with her husband's homosexuality and his battle with AIDS in *Good-bye, I Love You* (Random House, 1986). In *Peculiar People: Mormons and Same-Sex Orientation* (Signature, 1991), Ron Schow, Wayne Schow, and Marybeth Raynes collected a wide variety of personal and professional accounts that widen our perspectives (if not answer all our questions) on "Mormons and Same-Sex Orientation." And now Wayne Schow's honest and compelling book invites and enables us to think again about family and religion and sexuality.

Remembering Brad is divided into seven parts (plus a section of photos of Brad and his family and friends): a prologue, in which the author describes how the book came to be; five chapters that, first, in the context of literary tragedy (Schow is a professor of English at Idaho State University), sketch Brad Schow's biography; second, present entries from Brad's journals (by far the longest

section of the book); third, offer a series of letters written by Wayne Schow to his son while he was away from home; fourth, attempt once again to revisit the last months of Brad's life, focusing on the courageous and sometimes shameful roles the family came to play in their Pocatello society; and, fifth, trace the process of grieving, including the Schows' productive and ongoing outreach to others concerned with and by same-sex issues. Finally, as an epilogue, Schow ventures a parable of a relationship between an institutional church and individuals.

A natural response to the death of a loved one is to romanticize that person's life, to forget their faults and magnify their strengths. We have, as a result, few honest funerals or family histories. Like the rest of us, Schow has tendencies in that direction, but he is self-conscious and honest enough to make of this book more than a simple-minded celebration of the brave and noble son by his wise and charitable father. Brad Schow died of a disease he contracted through risky and even self-destructive behavior, a fact of which both he and his father were only too aware. As quoted in the book, Brad wrote to a friend, "I was diagnosed with AIDS in July of last year, the result of my profligate life in Los Angeles." His journal entries repeatedly reflect the manic-depressive nature of his profligacy, of which I shall give a single example:

August 4, 1982: I think at times that L.A. must be the coolest city on earth. But it's like too much cocaine. It gets to the point where you need more and more of it to get you off, and I don't feel like I'm getting high any more. So many unhappy people. So much frustration, so much pressure to live the illusion of a life of wealth and status—to be ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE, man!

And Wayne Schow's letters to his son record

the anguish of a father intensely worried about his son's choices but unable to do more than give advice like the following (and then to wonder if he is doing the right thing):

I have the impression that the gay life in L.A. is hedonistic to an extreme—and that brings with it not only the much publicized health dangers (which you would indeed be wise to take seriously) but also dangers to the psyche, the will, undermining your sense of purpose with a continuing and debilitating quest for sensations and nouveau experience. That way lie frustration and personal nihilism—which I am aware you do not want. I speak in general terms—and with no intent to preach.

Though realistic and moral, the Schow's stories are not strands of a black-and-white medieval morality play but feel more akin to the literary tragedies Wayne Schow describes this way:

the tragic vision of life embodies more than simply misfortune and loss, more than victimization and pathos. . . . Tragedy has a powerful affirmative side. Misfortune notwithstanding, tragic vision ultimately makes us aware of impressive dimensions in human nature. Instead of plunging us into despair at the prospect of life's cruel uncertainties, tragedy in the strict sense reconciles us to existence because it makes us believe that we can be greater than our fall. . . . Ultimately, tragedy may not clarify the great enigmas or diminish the uncertainties of life. . . .

Brad Schow's journals reveal him as an intense, conflicted, honest, seeking, flawed, loving young man. But the real power of this book is in his father's life, in the education Wayne Schow undergoes from the moment his son comes out to him, through Brad's per-

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ilous experiments, illness, and death, and beyond to the brutal questions that follow. Brad's announcement of his homosexuality, Schow writes in retrospect,

caught me by surprise and left me dubious, first of all because his strong-willed temperament and his broad-shouldered physique hardly fit the common stereotype. But there was a second and even more compelling reason for me to deny the validity of his assertion: I accepted the prevailing view of the church that homosexuality is a perverse 'choice' of lifestyle, an impulse that can be overcome. With sufficient time to sort out his experience, surely a decent young man like Brad would not ultimately make such a choice. My son a queer? No. I had known him too long, too well to believe he really wanted such an identity. I felt certain that if he were patient he would come to recognize his assumption as fallacious and develop normal heterosexual desire, leading to marriage and a family.

As the story progresses, Schow is able to make a move not unlike the one I made in sending Schow's letter to my brother, only the text he sends is André Gide's story "The Prodigal Son":

You will, I'm sure, find Gide deeply perceptive, deeply sympathetic, and extraordinarily honest about the nature of individual experience. I think you are aware that Gide himself was homosexual. He was indeed a great writer.

At this point, through this act, Schow is saying to his son that although Brad is not living the story Schow would have chosen for him, Schow recognizes that there are other stories, and, of equal importance, that it is still crucial that Brad pattern his life after good stories, honest stories, well-written stories. By the end of the book, Schow has profound doubts about some of the stories that have structured his own life. And while still suffering deeply, he is grateful for what he has learned:

Yet even if [my grief] could be dispelled by some deep healing, I think it should not be. I would be loathe to lose it altogether. It stands as a reminder of the truth about this flawed condition of mortality. . . . I have acquired that knowledge dearly, and I do not wish to forget at what cost.

THE cost was and is too dear, and in a better world would not have to be paid. But this is not a better world, and we are left with the narrative consolations of the Bible's and Gide's prodigal sons, with *Refuge* and *Remembering Brad*. I would have wished my brother the pleasures and sorrows of those four stories. In his apartment, after his death, I found the following depressing and yet not utterly unredeeming assortment:

- Cassette tapes: *The Best of Judas Priest*; Guns and Roses—*Appetite for Destruction*; Anthrax—*State of Euphoria*; Foghat Live—"Fool for the City," "Home in My Hand," "I Just Want to Make Love to You."
- Twenty-six paperback novels, most of them with the front cover torn off: "Do not buy this book if the cover has been torn off!" Eric V. Lustbader dominates the pile, but there are others as well:
- *Neon Mirage* by Max Allan Collins: "Mob Justice . . . Another shotgun blast ate into the side of Ragen's once-proud Lincoln."
- *Vision of the Hunter* by John Tempest: "In his hands, his people's future. In her eyes, the promise of a love stronger than time."
- Burt Hirshfeld's *Moment of Power*: "The savage new shocker. . . ."
- *Superconscious Meditation* by Panda Arya, Ph.D.
- *Self Hypnosis: The Creative Use of Your Mind for Successful Living* by Charles Tebbetts.
- Louis L'Amour's *Education of a Wandering Man*.
- *The Magnificent Century* by Thomas B. Costain.
- *Home As Found* by J. Fenimore Cooper.
- Radclyffe Hall's *The Well of Loneliness*: "Banned in the U.S. . . . Foreword by Havelock Ellis."
- *Hoyle's Rules of Games*, Second Revised Edition.
- *Basic Documents Supplement to International Law: Cases and Materials*.
- A 1953, fifty-cent paperback edition of Edith Hamilton's *Mythology*.
- *ETCETERA: The Unpublished Poems of e. e. cummings*.
- The dust jacket of a Modern Library edition: *The Philosophy of Kant*. The book itself was missing.

EPILOGUE

14 August 1972, Wickenburg, Arizona

WHILE we drill an exploratory oil and gas well a few miles north of town, I've taken a room in an old motel crammed into one elbow of a highway-

railroad intersection. My next door neighbor is a wizened ex-contortionist who looked deeply into my eyes the first time I said hello to her and told me she would read my palm if I would come into her room. I begged off, claiming I had a vague palm. Her name is Maria, and in the relative cool of the evenings, she maneuvers a hose to sprinkle the tiny plot of grass and flowers in front of our rooms. She wears a sleeveless blouse, a pair of loose shorts, and sneakers with no socks. She has tied white rags around her deeply tanned left calf and her equally brown left bicep, white semaphores that accentuate the contrast between the almost theoretical lines of her emaciated limbs and their pronounced, protuberant, grotesque joints. Galls. Burls. One evening she saw me staring at her bulbous elbows and went into a practiced explanation of how her mother used to tie her up in knots when she was a baby so she would be limber. She made it clear that she had never regretted that turn in her life, it leading to her eventual greatness and the chance to mingle with the truly great people of this century. And she is resigned to living out her days in Wickenburg, where the desert heat eases her arthritic joints. ☐



AN ORDINARY DAY

An ordinary day, do you remember?
The earth again was warm,
The air, fine rain and gray.
We talked of great and little things,
We marvelled at the starkness of the green,
New green of trees,
Against the gray,
The trees and luminescence of the clouds
In stillness, and ordinary day.

—KARL C. SANDBERG

B O O K N O T E

CASE REPORTS OF THE
MORMON ALLIANCE:
VOL. 1, 1995ed. Lavina Fielding Anderson
and Janice Merrill AllredMormon Alliance: Salt Lake City, 1996
328 pages, \$20

Reviewed by Brian Evenson



I RECENTLY attended a Church meeting in which an experienced LDS family therapist discussed abuse. The speaker herself was clear and approachable, and the meeting should have helped people to think concretely about a topic too often swept under the rug. What surprised me, however, was the direction the meeting took. Most questions were from people worried that they might one day be wrongfully accused of abuse by what one referred to as a "conniving child." Maybe the children were lying, someone suggested. Maybe abuse didn't really happen as much as some thought. Though several people objected to such views, the ultimate concern of many seemed less "How do we protect our children?" than "How do we protect ourselves?"

Lawyer and novelist Andrew Vachss has rightly suggested that now is a bad time for children. We have moved quickly from a recognition of the reality of child abuse to a severe backlash against it, a large-scale questioning of the validity of abuse. There are, it is true, cases in which abuse has been distorted or misremembered, cases in which memories of abuse might be implanted by therapists. Yet these do not change the facts that child abuse commonly occurs, that adults who prey on children often outwardly appear respectable, and that these predators are often aided by our willingness to push the issue of child abuse as quickly as possible out of our minds. Nor do such problems excuse some mishandling of cases by ecclesiastical leaders whom victims trust and respect. If mishandling of sexual abuse by Church leaders is, as President Hinckley has suggested, a mere blip on our radar screens, this is not because abuse is not common, but because our radar systems are inadequate. We are too busy protecting ourselves and the Church from "negative publicity" to read the

signs when they are present. It is not a mere blip to the abused children, however.

Projects such as the Mormon Alliance's case reports are about making the inadequacy of the current radar systems known so they can be improved and about refocusing attention on the welfare of the abused. By focusing exclusively on sexual abuse, the volume brings into startling relief current problems in LDS church policy and practice.

The book's first section is an introduction and a resource, describing past and current LDS church policies. In addition to official statements, there are less formal comments from general authorities and other Church notables, definitions of abuse, summaries of articles and books about abuse in the LDS church, discussions of ritual abuse, and resources of other kinds. From these documents, it is clear that the Church has verbally taken a strong public stance against child abuse; it is equally clear, however, that the Church has done quite a bit less than it might or should to support that strong stance with strong actions. Little has been done, Anderson and Allred suggest, to establish clear policies for dealing with abuse; too much has been left to local leaders' discretion. The result has sometimes been that bishops with little or no training have given advice that is ill considered, that blames the victim, or that allows the abuse to continue.

In the second section, and in parts of the first, individual cases of sexual abuse in the LDS church community are discussed. Most of these are case summaries, though the volume's last 150 pages offer an in-depth look at several interrelated cases taking place in the same area: a father and a son both sexually abused in their youth by their respective bishops, a husband ritually abusing his wife and children. Though sensitively presented, these case studies are devastating reading. They reveal those realities of sexual abuse that are lost when victims are reduced to numbers and percentages and cold facts, the reality of personal devastation and betrayal.

There are several evident purposes to the 1995 volume. From one perspective, Anderson and Allred want to create empathy. Linked with this is an attempt to nurture those who have been abused and to give them a voice, a forum in which to speak. Another purpose seems to be to convince people of the existence of sexual abuse, to reveal weaknesses in current Church policies, and to suggest changes. At moments, however, the volume's attempts at inclusiveness compromise its credibility and authority: some of the summaries of abuse situations (many incomplete and derived from news-

paper stories) are not completely convincing, thus weakening the argument as a whole. That the volume is edited by two now-excommunicated Mormons may make it dismissible to many rank-and-file Mormons, which would suggest that the volume is unlikely to reach those who could use it most, nor to be treated as seriously as it deserves.

At the conclusion of the theoretical section, the Mormon Alliance gives careful suggestions for reconsidering of LDS policies on abuse. These include encouraging the Church to announce "immediate, firm, and public measures that will reduce the ease with which perpetrators can use Church settings to find victims" (154). Related suggestions include making information on abuse available to all members; integrating lessons on sexual abuse into the Church curriculum; recurring and specific inservice training for ecclesiastical leaders and teachers; ready access to qualified professionals; and developing a more open and comprehensive support network for dealing with sexual abuse (154-55). By relatively simple means, Anderson and Allred suggest, the Church could do much more to prevent abuse.

Despite minor flaws, the presentation is generally clear and the information is vital. With the recidivism rate extremely high for sexual abuse, it is foolish to play roulette with our children. As organizations such as Baylor College of Medicine's CIVITAS work to give us better ways of understanding predation and sexual abuse, we must face the reality of abuse head on and work to improve our radar systems. The 1995 *Case Reports* is an important resource. ☐

BRIAN EVENSON is professor of English at Oklahoma State University and author of *Altmann's Tongue: Stories and a Novella*.

Pontius' Puddle



O N T H E R E C O R D

LEADER OF MORMON
CHURCH LOOKS TO
FUTURE

This interview was published in the 8 March 1997 Los Angeles Times. Copyright, 1997, Los Angeles Times. Excerpts reprinted by permission.

TO BELIEVERS, Gordon B. Hinckley is God's living prophet on Earth. To others, he is the leader of one of the fastest-growing religions in the world as president of the 9.7-million member Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. . . . Earlier this week, in a meeting with editors and reporters of *The Times*, he discussed the church's pioneering legacy and its future.

Question: Do you see moral danger in human cloning?

Answer: Well, there's a possibility. . . . If it should become an increasing matter of concern, I'm confident we'll speak out on it. Our [September 1995] proclamation on the family clearly sets forth our position concerning the family, concerning marriage, concerning the place of father and mother and children and so on. I think we're still for the traditional family.

Q: One of the hypotheticals is that in cloning it only takes one person to create human life. You wouldn't need both a father and a mother. Do you foresee that causing a theological divide?

A: Oh, I think it might. . . . It isn't that far along . . . but it could become a matter of serious concern.

Q: While the Mormon Church has been growing in this country for decades, most major churches are losing membership. Could you comment on why?

A: In the first place, we're a rather demanding church. We wish we didn't have any milquetoast Mormons, but we do have a

few. But we expect great things of our people, the little things, the big things. We expect a measure of sacrifice. If it's worth belonging to the church, it's worth sacrificing for it—and people do sacrifice. These missionaries that go out make a sacrifice. It's real sacrifice. The payment of tithing. The church is in good financial condition. We have no debt. . . . We're building 350 to 400 new buildings a year across the world. . . .

The other reason [for growth] is that the family's coming apart all over the world. We have to face it. We have terrible social ills. You have them here in Los Angeles. You have them everywhere. . . . The terrible illegitimacy rate and all of these things. People are looking for stability in a shaky world. They want something they can get hold of that's firm and sure and an anchor in the midst of all of this instability in which they're living. I think we offer that.

Q: I'm wondering whether you foresee the day when other churches will accept the saints as a "Christian" church—and does

it matter?

A: Well, let me say first that it doesn't matter very much. Second, I don't think there's any question about it. We are the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. We believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. We worship him. He's the central figure in our theology, and more and more people are recognizing that. We're living in a world of information these days where there's less prejudice and more understanding. We're feeling the effects of that.

Q: . . . [A]re you concerned—as other churches are—that in a pluralistic society it may be more difficult to hold your membership to doctrinal purity?

A: I don't think so. For 150 years now and more, we have held to the doctrine. . . . We modify the organization from time to time. We modify the way we do some things, but the doctrine remains fundamental. . . . We have a clear-cut vision of where we're going, of what we believe, what we're out to do. And I just think we keep rolling, just keep rolling along the way we're going. Yes, we'll be misunderstood, of course. We'll be disliked. We'll even be hated by some people. But that isn't what it once was. Goodness sakes! I'm speaking to this group tonight on the 150 anniversary of the arrival of Mormon pioneers in the Salt Lake Valley [after being driven from Illinois and Missouri]. When you go back to those days and see what our people went through, these are really very favorable times for us.

Q: Will the rules on the priesthood change to admit women?

A: No. . . . I don't think they will in my time. I can't speak much beyond the next year. I'm careful about buying bananas! (Laughter.)

Q: Given the persecution the church went through in its early years, being called a cult, I'm wondering what your feeling is when you see groups today in a similar path. We're coming up on

the third anniversary of Waco.

A: We believe in allowing men to worship how, where or what they will. . . . We want to extend to all others the same privilege that we expect. . . . Now we get these fringe groups, we know, Waco or the [Jim] Jones group in Guyana. We don't get involved with them. If the law chooses to take care of them, that's the law's basic right. We simply plow our own furrow and go forward.

Q: When you look ahead, what do you see as your largest challenges as president of the church?

A: For me? My largest challenge is to preserve my health! (Laughter.) Keep going. And I want to say I feel very well. I do. I don't feel [like] a man whose next birthday is 87. . . . Our most serious problem is growth. That imposes some very real problems for us. Building facilities is a real problem, but we take care of it. . . . Another thing is leadership, the training of leadership. All of our congregations throughout the world are presided over by local men. The church in Japan is a Japanese church. The church in France is a French church. . . . They have to be trained.

Q: What are the greatest satisfactions of your presidency?

A: Seeing what this church does for people. It lifts them. It gives direction to their lives. It gives them the hope of eternity. It fills their sights. They look beyond the little grubby day-by-day things to a greater perspective.

Q: How does it feel to be sitting in Brigham Young's chair and to be responsible for the preservation of such a legacy?

A: Brigham Young was a tremendous leader. He faced different kinds of problems from the kind of problems we face today. . . . I feel very humble. I feel inadequate, I think I can say. But I hope that we're trying to do the kind of job that would make him smile and say, "You're doing all right. Just keep going." ☐

NEWS

ACADEMIC FREEDOM ORGANIZATION
INVESTIGATES BYU

Gail Houston

LAST SUMMER, BYU soundly passed its once-a-decade accreditation review. But the university just got out from under one microscope only to find itself under another. Early last fall, the BYU faculty chapter of the American Association of University Professors asked that its parent organization investigate the university following its decision not to grant continuing status (tenure) to a popular English professor.

A group of professors supplied the AAUP with a report detailing cases of alleged violations, including Gail Houston's, who now teaches English at the University of New Mexico. She was fired for writing and talking about her views on Mother in Heaven and the status of women in the Church (see "Clipped and Controlled": A Contemporary Look at BYU," SUNSTONE, Sept. 1996). BYUAAUP explained in a letter to university President Merrill J. Bateman that proper review procedures weren't followed in Houston's case and little attention was given to the issues she raised about gender discrimination and the overall hostile environment toward women at the university.

Associate Academic Vice President James Gordon, however, says Houston received a fair eval-

uation. "BYU is very open about what its standards are," he said, according to Provo's *Daily Herald*. "The university holds everyone to the same standard. The problem was not that she was treated differently, but that she chose to violate those standards by contradicting fundamental church doctrines and attacking the church." Administrators sent the AAUP's national office in Washington, D.C., a sixty-two-page response to the report filed by BYU professors.

Houston returned for the AAUP's January campus visit. Professors Linda Pratt of the University of Nebraska and C. William Heywood from Cornell College in Iowa spent two days, the 23rd and 24th, interviewing administrators and faculty members. One controversy during that time erupted from a memo a BYU administrator distributed to faculty members in which he reiterated Gordon's comments—that Houston had been fired for publicly contradicting fundamental Church doctrine and for deriding the Church and its leaders. In a press release, Houston said she was "grieved" by Academic Vice President Alan Wilkin's attacks. "Anyone who truly knows me knows my strong spiritual commitment to being 'anxiously engaged in good causes,' speaking the truth, and at all times trying to live up to my heritage as a daughter of God," she wrote. "Alan knows the depth of my testimony, and I know he knows this."

The AAUP's findings are scheduled to be published in a spring issue of the organization's journal, *Academe*. While censuring BYU would not affect its accreditation, some BYU professors say it could be embarrassing and could hurt student chances with some grad-

uate schools. Gordon said BYU would like to avoid censure but told the *Herald* that BYU would be in good company if it happens. Other schools censured by the AAUP include New York University, the University of Southern California, Marquette University, and the Catholic University of America. "Censure doesn't seem to have injured those schools," he said.

One area the controversy hasn't affected, according to the administration, is hiring. In articles in all the local newspapers, Gordon said the university, which will be replacing about a third of its retiring faculty over the next decade, is having no trouble locating excellent LDS and non-LDS candidates. "We have found that BYU's religious mission, temple eligibility standard, and academic freedom statement have not been an impediment to hiring," he told the *Herald*.

Some professors say that might be true in some disciplines but not theirs. The history department, for example, recently voted to hire three professors who were later rejected by the administration. Kendall Brown, the department's chair, said the administration doesn't want to hire anyone who might later be a problem. "They might be too outspoken," he told the Assoc-

iated Press. "They might be too intellectual. Maybe they've published something in SUNSTONE magazine, or voiced opinions that are out of favor."

A good example might be Grant Hardy, an assistant professor of history at the University of North Carolina at Asheville. The AP reported: "Despite having a temple recommend, serving as the mission leader in his Mormon ward and having past service in the bishopric, he was rejected this year for employment by the BYU administration. His rejection came after meeting with Gordon last spring in what he thought at the time was an interview to discuss issues like academic freedom. He said Gordon asked him questions at the meeting about the scholarship of ex-Mormon historian Michael Quinn and about the Sunstone Symposium.

... After replying that Quinn was a good historian and that it was too bad members were discouraged from attending Sunstone, Hardy was told he probably wouldn't fit in at BYU. 'Perhaps I misjudged the interview because it turned out, in retrospect, to be more a sort of loyalty test,' Hardy said. 'I don't remember saying anything outrageous, but I've been away from Utah for a while. Maybe I've forgotten how to speak circumspectly.'

The sociology department and others describe similar hiring and retention challenges. Gordon concedes academic freedom is more problematic in some disciplines than others but says professors can discuss principles in their fields that contra-



Historic LDS Playhouse Closes. The 91-year-old Promised Valley Playhouse needs extensive repairs and was closed in January by the



Promised Valley Playhouse

Church, which owns the building. The Presiding Bishopric, in a statement, said an engineering study is under way and the building is in need of renovation.

City Council Cripples Montana Temple Plans.

After receiving a petition with nearly 800 names, a Billings, Montana, council voted 6-5 not to annex the Church's thirty-three-acre temple site. The property cannot receive most city services if it remains outside the boundaries. "I'm pretty thoroughly disgusted, and I'm in shock," council member Lynn Davis told the Associated Press. "To me, there was no logic. It was all emotional." The AP reported that nearly all 1,200 people at the meeting favored annexation.

Judy Loses Latest Suit.

Cody Roberts Judy, who in 1993 threatened then-Apostle and later Church President Howard W. Hunter with a fake bomb, lost his latest bid for freedom, the Associated Press reported. Judy's habeas corpus suit, filed a year ago, was recently dismissed because it was prepared improperly. The suit contended that he was being

held in the Utah State prison illegally because of a trial court error.

Alaska Chapel Vandalized. Vandals tore apart an LDS chapel in Fairbanks, Alaska, early in October 1996. Computers were smashed, broken dishes littered the wrecked kitchen, chair and pew cushions were slashed—over \$100,000 in damage.

Fewer non-LDS Students Attending Y.

The percentage of BYU students who aren't members of the LDS church has dropped consistently from 5.1 percent thirty years ago, to a new low of 0.9 percent this year. The drop is due to a greater emphasis on standards and more demanding entrance requirements, Erlend Peterson, dean of admissions, told *BYU's Daily Universe*.

LDS Tuacahn Theater Saved from Debt.

The two-year-old Tuacahn Amphitheater and Center for the Arts was \$13 million in debt, but thanks to Utah businessman Hyrum Smith and a number of anonymous



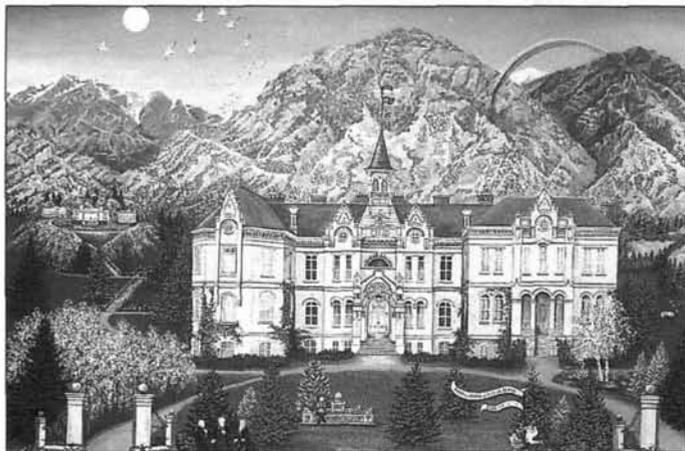
Hyrum Smith

donors, the theater will stay open. The debt was largely incurred due to construction costs that ballooned to \$24 million at the 80-acre complex near Snow Canyon by St. George, Utah.

dict Church teachings as long as they don't advocate that position, the AP reports. "Hiring is something taken very seriously here at the university," Gordon said. "We're looking for first-rate

people who are outstanding academics and faithful members of the church. We're looking for people who view their academic disciplines through the lens of the gospel and not vice-versa."

UPDATE



This artist's rendition of Brigham Young Academy, the "Grand Dame of University Avenue," is being used in the fundraising campaign to convert the building into a public library.

PROVO SAVES ACADEMY SQUARE

IN FEBRUARY 1997, Provo residents decided they not only want to keep the Academy Square Education Building around, but they're willing to ante up millions of dollars to turn it into one of Utah's top public libraries. About 21 percent of Provo's 54,495 registered voters—1 percent more than the turnout for the general election in November 1995—helped the \$16.8 million bond to pass by a comfortable margin, 6,583-4,731.

Doug Smoot, the bond election chairman, is the great grandson of Abraham Owen Smoot. Smoot told the *Provo Daily Herald* that victory was particularly sweet since it was Abraham who had sacrificed his personal fortune to ensure the Academy's survival in 1895. "I sense Karl Maeser, Brigham Young, A. O. Smoot . . . looking down and saying, 'Look at what we did for you by way of sacrifice. We're glad to see you do something for us.'" Shirley Paxman, vice president of the Brigham Young Academy Foundation (BYAF), has also worked long and hard to preserve the "Grand Dame of University Avenue." "In 1972 I wrote my first letter to Mayor Verl Dixon asking him why the city wouldn't buy Academy Square," she told the *Herald*. "For twenty-five years I've worked on saving the Academy with every mayor and developer we've had come through Provo."

Nonetheless, the bond passage doesn't mean the proposed 96,000-square-foot library is a done deal. BYAF has until June 30 to raise \$6.5 million, according to the *Herald*. Otherwise, the Education Building will be demolished. (The other three Academy buildings on the block already are scheduled to be razed to make room for library additions and an underground parking garage.) Pledges so far include \$1 million each from the Eccles Foundation and the LDS church. Also, a Utah State Senate appropriations bill, passed in March, earmarks \$900,000 for the cause.

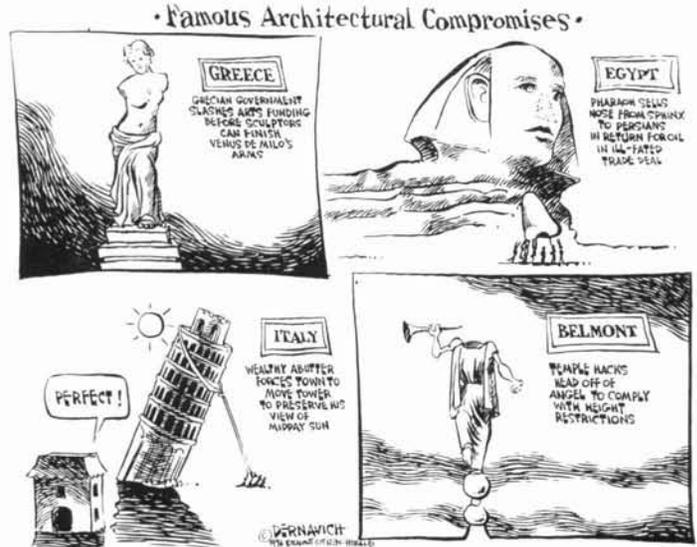
BYU FRESHMAN ARE WORST HONOR CODE OFFENDERS

FOR THE 1995-96 school year, freshman are the worst Honor Code offenders at BYU. That year, approximately 300 students were asked to report to the Honor Code office. Of those, 7 percent received only counselling, 26 percent received a formal warning, 39 percent were placed on probation, and 28 percent of the students were expelled. Thirty-two percent of the violators were freshman, who make up 23 percent of the student body.

BOSTON TEMPLE CONTROVERSY FORCES MODIFICATION

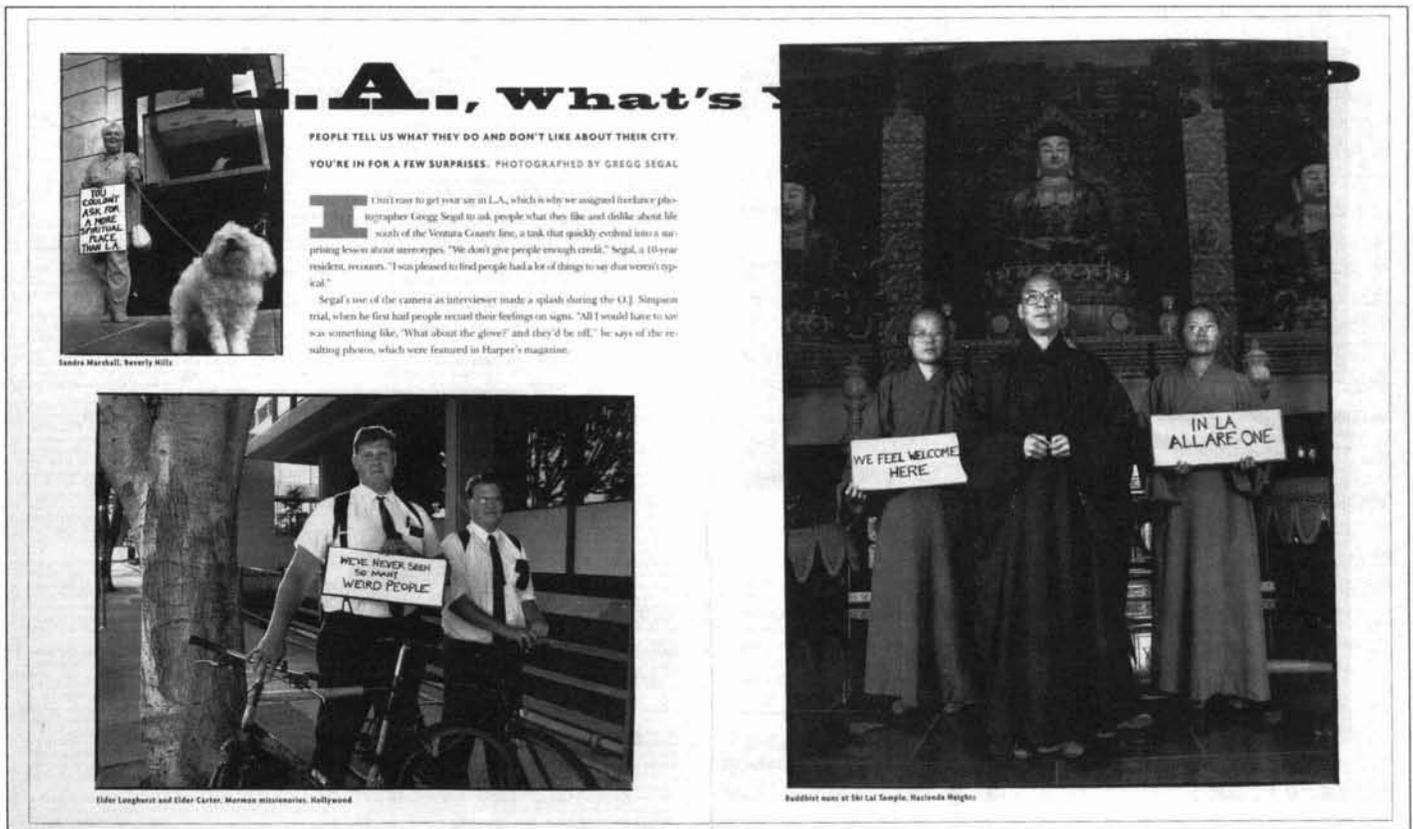
FOLLOWING A controversy regarding the size of the proposed Boston Temple, the Church may modify the designs of other temples. The Boston Temple, to be built in Belmont, Mass., was approved for construction with six spires ranging from 76 to 139 feet high. Local residents complained that the large temple and its spires would be out of place and mar the skyline over Route 2. "It's a very big building on a high hilltop and totally inappropriate for a residential area," John Forster, a resident, told the Associated Press.

Changes for the \$30 million temple include retaining only one 139-foot spire and downsizing the proposed structure by one-third. Church spokesperson Don LeFevre said the Brethren are sensitive to



the feelings of those living near LDS temples and want "neighborhood friendly" temples. The Church hasn't announced modifications to other temple plans, but Scott Ferson, an attorney representing the Church, told the AP that the Boston Temple conforms with a new Mormon strategy to build smaller temples closer together.

MORMON MEDIA IMAGE



The 12 January 1997 Los Angeles Times Magazine ran a story entitled, "L.A., what's your sign?" The story featured photographs of Los Angeles residents holding signs with their opinions of the city. One such photo was of two Mormon missionaries whose sign read, "We've never seen so many weird people."

NEW CHURCH ASSEMBLY HALL TO COST \$240 MILLION

CHARACTERIZING THE current 6,000-seat tabernacle as "increasingly inadequate in accomodating all who wish to attend these conferences," Church President Gordon B. Hinckley announced a year ago that a huge, new dome-shaped building would be erected in Salt Lake City. A recent copyrighted *Salt Lake Tribune* article, however, says plans have changed. Now, instead of a dome, the design calls for a building that gradually will be terraced up the hill from North Temple to 200 North, with a "blending of landscaping to give it a massive garden look."

The structure will rise no higher than the Deseret Gym, the building it will replace. Costs are estimated at more than \$240 million. The 20,000-seat assembly hall will share the block with a 1,500-stall underground parking garage. Construction on the two-level, theater-style hall is to start in July and could possibly be completed in

time for the April 2000 general conference. "It could be used for civic events, or seems designed even to put on a Broadway play," someone who recently viewed the plans told the *Tribune*. In addition to the gym, Mormon Handicraft gift shop, the only other business on the Church-owned block, will be torn down.

COVEY EMPIRE CONTINUES TO GROW

THE 7 HABITS of Highly Effective People, the bible of the Stephen Covey Leadership Center, has held a weekly ranking on the *New York Times* best-seller list nearly 300 times since its debut in 1989. It is available in forty countries and in twenty-eight languages. It has sold ten million copies and spawned such a great demand that the former BYU organizational behavior professor has moved his company to a sprawling, seventeen-acre site in Orem, Utah. He has also recently merged with the ubiquitous Utah-based Franklin Quest, further expanding the reach of his management empire. But not everyone is

PEOPLE

TRANSFERS

- Former Fresno City College coach **Steve Cleveland** was recently hired as BYU's new basketball head coach.
- After more than forty years of teaching history and religion at BYU, **Richard L. Anderson** is retiring. The Foundation for Ancient Research and Mormon Studies will be publishing a volume of papers in his honor.
- **Edward A. Geary**, associate dean of humanities at BYU, has been named the new director of the Charles Redd Center for Western Studies. He succeeds **William A. Wilson**, who recently retired.
- **Sen. Bob Bennett**, R-Utah, was recently named chairman of the Senate Banking Subcommittee on Financial Services and Technology.
- **Campbell B. Gray**, doctor in art history, University of Sussex, England, has been named the new BYU Museum of Art director. He succeeds **James A. Mason**.
- **Howard Nielson Jr.**, a BYU graduate, has been selected as Supreme Court clerk for Justice Anthony M. Kennedy beginning in 1998.
- BYU communications department chair **Lee Bartlett** has been named assistant vice president of public communications at BYU. He succeeds Margaret Smoot, who vacated the position two years ago. **Brent Harker**, director of public relations, remains in his position.
- The leadership of BYU's Religious Education college is seeing a couple of changes. **Brent L. Top**, associate professor of Church history and doctrine, and **Paul Y. Hoskisson**, associate professor of ancient scripture, will succeed associate deans **Donald Q. Cannon** and **Larry E. Dahl**, both of whom will continue to teach religion courses.
- **Pauline Mortensen**, noted Mormon humorist and author, has been named the 1997 Association of Mormon Letters president; **Robert Paxton** and **Lisa Bolin Hawkins** will be replacing mem-



Lee Bartlett



Tiffany Lott

bers rotating off the association's board.

- **Dale B. Murphy**, two-time major league baseball's most valuable player, has been called to be the president of the Massachusetts Boston Mission.

AWARDS & HONORS

- **BYU's business and law schools** were recently ranked 46th and 33rd in the nation, respectively, by *U.S. News & World Report*. There are 179 accredited law schools and 300 accredited MBA programs across the U.S.
- **Steve Young**, San Francisco 49ers quarterback and former BYU football standout, was named the *USA Weekend's* 1997 most caring athlete for his work with American Indian Services and the youth of Utah and San Francisco.
- **BYU** ranks 11th out of 7,255 schools for the total number of National Merit Scholars enrolled in the 1996-97 school year. The 128 scholars place BYU behind schools such as Harvard, Yale, and Stanford but ahead of others such as Princeton and Penn State.
- **Utah** was ranked the sixth best state for marriage and families by the private Children's Rights Council and Marriage Savers groups—and would have finished higher if its crime and divorce rates were not so high.
- **Marc Marriott**, a BYU graduate who is a master's student at UCLA's School of Film and Television, recently earned the prestigious James Bridges Award in film directing, which is worth \$25,000.
- **Tiffany Lott**, a member of BYU's track team, broke the world record in the 55-meter hurdles in February. Her time, 7.30 seconds, supplants Jackie Joyner-Kersey's 7.37.
- In 1991, **Provo** was ranked the no. 1 livable city in the U.S. by *Money Magazine*. In 1997, largely due to skyrocketing housing prices, Provo is ranked No. 31.
- **Tim Slover**, BYU assistant theater professor, won the *Writer's Digest* 1996 grand prize for his Shakespearean-style comedy, *March*

smitten with Covey's organizational philosophy, the *Salt Lake Tribune* noted in a recent article.

The Watchman Fellowship, an Arlington, Texas-based fundamentalist Christian organization, includes Covey Leadership Center on its list of anti-Christian cults, saying it wanders into New Age territory by encouraging exercises such as visualization. And Bill Gordon, associate director of the Southern Baptist Convention's Interfaith Witness Department, warned his fellow sixteen million church members to be wary of "Covey's secularization of inherently Mormon principles," the *Tribune* reported. Gordon says Covey's 1982 book, *The Divine Center*, is clearly religious—yet it is based on many of the ideas from *7 Habits*. "It's a theological issue," he says. "We're worried that people may get seduced into Mormonism through his secular teachings without really understanding what Mormonism is."

Tale. There were 12,000 entries in the 65th annual competition. The honor gives him an expense-paid trip to New York City to meet with editors and agents and a chance to get the play produced.

- **BYU's College Bowl team** defeated eleven other teams to win the 1996 Cal Tech Tournament in Pasadena, California.
- According to *Fortune* magazine, two of the top twenty philanthropists in the nation are Utahns: **Lennie "Sam" Skaggs** (No. 2—\$155 million donated in 1996) and **Jon Huntsman** (No. 18—\$25 million donated).
- **BYU's student Public Relations Society chapter** (PRSSA) recently took first place in a national contest sponsored by the Florida Department of Citrus.
- **Lee Allred**, co-chair of BYU's annual science fiction symposium, was the first place, fourth quarter winner of the internationally prestigious L. Ron Hubbard Writers of The Future Contest.
- **Boyd K. Packer**, acting president of the Quorum of the Twelve, received an honorary degree during Utah State University's 103rd commencement.

DEATHS

- **Alice Morrey Bailey**, a poet, sculptor, and Association of Mormon Letters 1997 lifetime achievement award winner, died 20 February 1997. She was 93.
- **Ruffin Bridgforth**, one of the first black Latter-day Saints to be given the priesthood after the 1978 revelation and the first to be ordained a high priest, died 21 March 1997. He was 74. Bridgforth served for twenty-five years as president of the Genesis Group, a support and fellowship organization for black Latter-day Saints.
- **Gene W. Dalton**, former BYU professor of organizational behavior, died 6 January 1997 of natural causes. He is credited for playing an important role in developing the Marriott School of Management's business administration and organizational behavior programs. He was 68.
- **Arch L. Madsen** died 7 April 1997 of a sudden illness. He was president and CEO of the Church-owned KSL radio and television and



Tim Slover



Travelers Aid Society's Salt Lake homeless shelter

Y RATED MOST RELIGIOUS

WHEREAS BYU students were aghast to learn they didn't attend the nation's top "stone-cold sober" school, *Princeton Review's* latest money-making survey did something to repair the hurt. In the recently released *Best 310 Colleges*, BYU was ranked the most religious school in the U.S. The 99 percent Mormon university ranked high in many of the survey's religious categories, which ultimately boosted it over other, well-known religious schools. For example, Zoobies were ranked 1st in "Future Rotarians and Daughters of the American Revolution," "Pray Regularly," "Nostalgic for Reagan"; 4th for "Don't Inhale"; 10th for "Old Fashioned Dating"; and 13th in "Alternative Lifestyles Not An Alternative." The other four top religious schools were Grove City College, Fuhrman University, Loyola Marymount University, and Samford University. The top three least religious schools were Reed College, Bennington College, and Bard College.

the Bonneville International Corporation from 1961 to 1985. He was 83.

- **Delmont R. Oswald**, founder of the Utah Humanities Council, died 10 April 1997. He served as council director for twenty-three years working continually to remind people that "learning is an ongoing process." He was 56.

ANXIOUSLY ENGAGED

- The **LDS church** recently donated \$100,000 to help with rebuilding some of the twenty-eight Southern churches that were torched over the last three years.
- Billionaire industrialist **Jon M. Huntsman** and the **LDS church** recently teamed up to send eighty tons of relief supplies to Yerevan, Armenia, including food, clothing, and eyeglasses. This is their fourteenth shipment of such supplies since the 1988 earthquake that killed 65,000 Armenian residents and left another 500,000 homeless.
- Mormons, Episcopalians, Lutherans, and other faiths have joined **Salt Lake Interfaith Hospitality Network's** program to help the area's homeless. Host churches have agreed to provide shelter overnight and meals to approximately five families a week. Each weekday morning, children will be taken to schools and parents will go to a day center for help with job hunting, permanent housing searches, and connections with programs such as utility assistance.
- Nearly 300 **BYU students** are currently volunteering a few hours a week to Project Read, a program designed to increase community literacy.
- Over Christmas, **Warner Woodworth**, BYU professor of organizational behavior, led a group of students from BYU, Harvard, and the University of Utah on a humanitarian tour of Mali, one of West Africa's poorest nations. The project, part of the Ouelessebouyou-Utah Alliance, included digging wells, building schools, and establishing small-business cooperatives.
- A recent study from the U.S. Conference of Mayors indicates that **Salt Lake** is one of the nation's few big cities that does not turn people away from emergency shelters or food-assistance facilities. "This is the best place in the whole Southwest to tramp in," one homeless man told the *Salt Lake Tribune*.

AWARDS

THE ASSOCIATION FOR MORMON LETTERS

Excerpts from the 1996 awards, given at the annual AML meeting, 1 February 1997.

An Award in Young Adult Literature
PAT BEZZANT

Angie

New York: Fawcett Juniper, 1994

Bezzant sensitively shares the thoughts and feelings of Angie, a learning-disabled teenager, ostracized from peer groups and a misfit in her family. Her triumphs set the tone, while the language and imagery is playfully rich.

An Award in Children's Literature
RICK WALTON

You Don't Always Get What You Hope For
Salt Lake City: Gibbs Smith, 1996

A young boy awakes one morning hoping to be in control of a normal day full of simple pleasures. [But Walton's] plot is as unexpected as the events he tells of. Your only valid expectation of this book is that you will experience laughter and loss of anxiety.

An Award in the Essay
KENNETH O. KEMP

"3/4" marine ply"

in *Dialogue: A Journal of Mormon Thought*,
29:2, (summer 1996)

A piece of 3/4" marine ply that Kemp finds while cleaning out the garage after his father's death had been part of a car's rooftop luggage bin, later a bunk bed, later still a dresser drawer. A father built a family, a common man lived beautifully. Kemp's essay brings an unexpected joy.

An Award in the Novel
JUDITH FREEMAN

A Desert of Pure Feeling
New York: Pantheon, 1996

An alcoholic writer fail[s] relationships with her father, the LDS church, her son. [But] Freeman's reflective, unsentimental narrator redeems the novel [as] we come to trust, understand, and finally forgive her. A significant artistic statement about what it means to be a part of the ever-widening circle of LDS experience.

An Award in Biography
MARIAN ROBERTSON WILSON

Leroy Robertson: Music Giant from the Rockies

Salt Lake City: Blue Ribbon, 1996

Wilson's portrait of her father adroitly sketches both the mundane and sublime landscape of likely the most significant musical figure in twentieth-century Utah—[and] help[s] us see our own way better.

An Award in the Story
PAUL RAWLINS

No Lie Like Love: Stories

Athens, Georgia: University of Georgia Press, 1996

A 1995 Flannery O'Connor Award winner, [Rawlins'] stories take on the trouble of transcendence in this world; we read what they say to us in the tongues not of angels but of men. When you read and listen hard [each] "brings its own good news."

An Award in Criticism
B. W. JORGENSEN

"Heritage of Hostility"; "Roughly One of the R's"
Wasatch Review International, vol. 4 (1996)

Jorgensen asks, "Why do we human beings tell and heed stories?" "Why does God tell stories?" "Why do his witnesses?" [He] point[s] the way to a uniquely Mormon understanding of the significance of narrative.

An Award in the Play
TIM SLOVER

Joyful Noise

Produced at Brigham Young University,
December, 1996

About the composition of Handel's *Messiah*, Slover counterpoints stories of political intrigue, jealousy, sorrow and despair. In the final scenes, actors perform parts of *Messiah* and resolve much of their conflict, the play conveys the magnificence of both the music and its message.

An Award in the Poem
LESLIE NORRIS

Collected Poems

Bridgend: Poetry Wales Press, 1996

Norris's voice is unassuming, restrained, and compassionate. [His] poetry is often shaped by this Great Basin country; and] in turn, he has shaped many of the latest generation of Mormon poets.

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scholar, rhetorician, essayist, professor

JOHN STERLING HARRIS

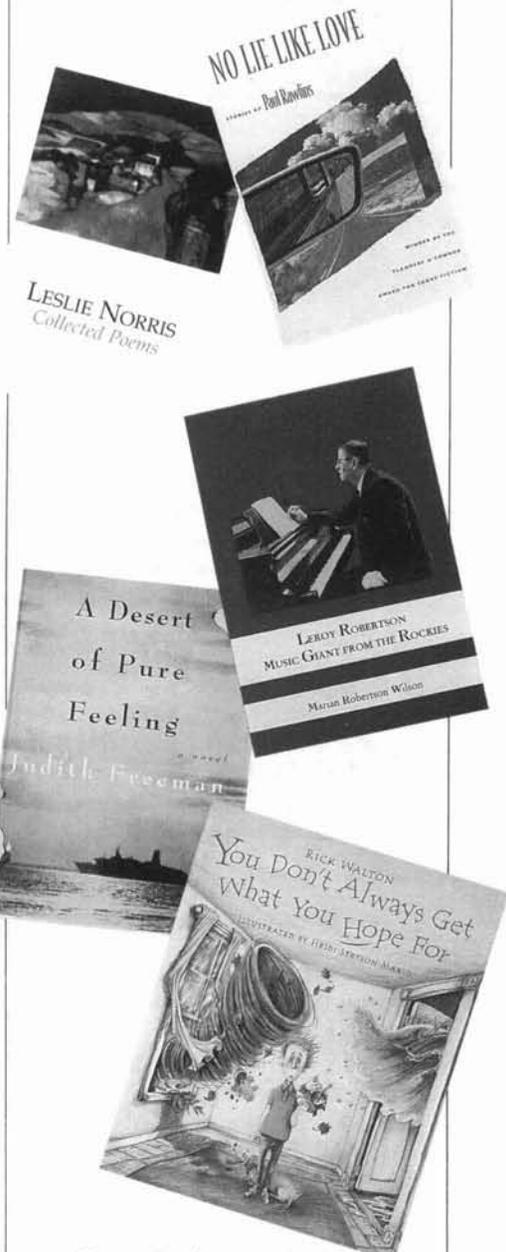
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English professor

ALICE MORREY BAILEY

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"THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST . . . IS THE NUMBER OF A MAN"

THE *Salt Lake Tribune's* Paul Rolly and JoAnn Jacobsen-Wells recently reported that the family of David O. McKay donated personal diaries and letters of the former Church president to the University of Utah's Marriott Library. A problem ensued, however, when the collection was innocently assigned the dreaded, apocalyptic, anti-Christ number 666—being the 666th manuscript acquisition of the library. Library staff—sensitive to some Utah legislators' inability to separate church and state issues—feared their funding could be jeopardized.

But a solution soon presented itself when writings of William McLellin became the 668th donation to the library. The numbers assigned to the McKay and McLellin collections were simply exchanged. McLellin, of course, was an early Mormon apostle who apostatized and claimed Joseph Smith was a fraud.

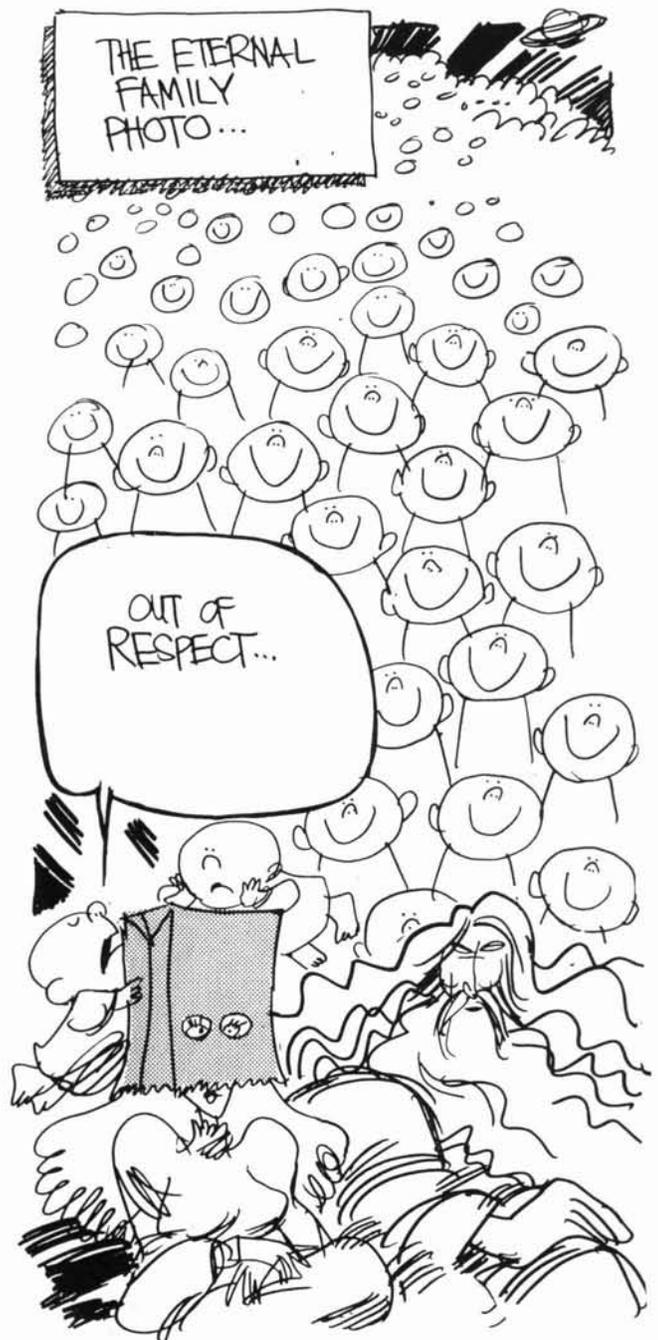
MAYBE HE SHOULD TRY UVCC?

A CURRENT joke circulating BYU states that God couldn't get accepted to the university because (1) he has a beard, (2) he often criticizes Church leaders, and (3) he talks to God the Mother—horrible offenses, all.

WHERE DO YOU KEEP ALL YOUR WIVES?

THE FOLLOWING is a list of some of the questions recently posed at Salt Lake's Convention and Visitors Bureau.

- "Where can we see the Mormons?"
- "Where can we get some Mormon food?"
- "Aren't Mormons those people who hand out flowers at the airport?"
- "Where do you keep all of your wives?"
- After a bureau employee described the granite vaults in Little Cottonwood Canyon, where the Church stores millions of birth and death certificates and other statistics, a tourist excitedly remarked: "Oh good! I've always wanted to see where the Mormons bury their dead!"
- Pointing at the snowcapped Wasatch Mountains, one tourist asked: "What's all that white stuff? Salt?"
- "Is it true that when the statue of Moroni falls off the LDS Temple, it signals the end of the world?"
- "Don't Mormons wear funny hats and long black capes?"
- After observing a new statue of Brigham Young in the rotunda at the Utah State Capitol, a visitor asked: "Is that Paul Bunyan?"



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AN OLIVE LEAF

"... plucked from the Tree of Paradise, the Lord's message of peace to us."
(See History of the Church 1:316 and D&C 88.)

"HURRA, HURRA . . . HOME AT LAST"

By Thomas Bullock

One of the most important Mormon pioneer diaries has been published for the first time, *The Pioneer Camp of the Saints: The 1846 and 1847 Mormon Trail Journals of Thomas Bullock* (ed. Will Bagley, Arthur H. Clark Company, 1997, \$39.50). Bullock, the official "Clerk of the Camp of Israel," recorded the Saints' exodus from Nauvoo to the valley of the Great Salt Lake. Bullock entered the valley two days before Brigham Young, who was ill.

THURSDAY 22 July 1847— Many rushes by the sides of the creeks. Elder Pratt came up to our Camp & consulted with W. Richards & G. A. Smith, when it was decided that O. Pratt, G. A. Smith with several others should go ahead & look out a place to plant; while W. Richards was to take the lead of the Pioneers in preparing the way thro' the Kanyon. Gather up and start at 9. Soon passed the other camping ground [and] went through a heavy Willow bed. Overtook the last teams [and] graded the hill [on] each side the creek, when teams halted while extra hands go to repair the roads, then crossed over & entered the Kanyon; which required much hard work to make a road thro'. At this point the Emigrant Company of last year [the Donner-Reed Party] got tired of cutting trees [and] turned to the left over a very steep hill which appears almost impossible. [We] succeeded in getting thro' the narrow spot of the Kanyon about 4 o'clock, when we turned round the hill to the right & came in full view of the Salt Lake in the distance, with its bold hills on its Islands towering up in bold relief behind the Silvery Lake. A very extensive valley burst upon our view, dotted in 3 or 4 places with Timber. I should expect the valley to be about 30 miles long & 20 miles wide. I could not help shouting "hurra, hurra, hurra, there's my home at last"—the Sky is very clear, the air delightful & all together looks glorious; the only draw-back appearing to be the absence of timber, but there is an Ocean of



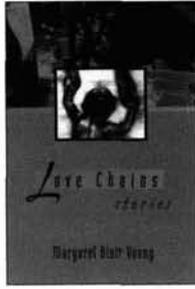
Stone in the Mountains, to build Stone houses & Walls for fencing. If we can only find a bed of Coal we can do well & be hidden up in the Mountains unto the Lord. We descended a gentle sloping table land to a lower level where the Soil & grass improve in appearance. As we progressed down the Valley, small clumps of dwarf Oak & Willows appear [and] the Wheat Grass grows 6 or 7 feet high. Many different kinds of grass appear, some being 10 or 12 feet high. After wading thro' thick grass for some distance, we found a place bare enough for a camping ground, the grass being only knee deep, but very thick; we camped on the banks of a beautiful little Stream which was surrounded by very tall grass [near present-day 500 East and 1700 South]. In digging a place down to the Stream, cut thro' a thin bed of Clay. After about a foot depth of rich soil; then rich soil again. Many mosquitoes about in the evening; a rattle snake killed near the Camp. A Scorpion [was] seen by young brother Crow. Many

of the brethren met in the evening round the Camp fire to hear the report of O. Pratt, G. A. Smith & several others who had been out on an Exploring Expedition on horseback. They report having been about 20 miles north. About 4 miles north from this Camp ground are two beautiful Streams of Water with Stony bottom [City Creek]. Beyond that is a Saline country & about 50 mineral Springs. One will do for a barber's Shop & the largest Spring rushes out of a large rock having a large Stone in the middle; [it] would make a first rate Thomsonian Steam House. They explored about 20 miles North. They have picked out a place for a permanent Camp ground. Doctor dictates a long letter to President Young.

Pratt's Pass is 35 miles from where it enters the mountains on Weber River, to the outlet of the Kanyon, opening into the Valley of the Salt Lake. Saw a Magpie, several Sand Hill Cranes, a Hawk, the Wandering Milk Weed & other herbs. □

SUNSTONE MERCANTILE

Reading by the summer sun?

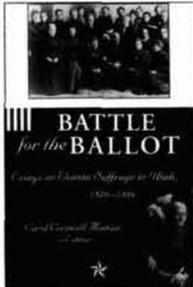


Russia and the Restored Gospel by Gary Browning, ~~\$24.95~~ \$19.75

In 1990 the seemingly impossible occurred—LDS missionaries were welcomed in Russia. What is the story behind this latter-day miracle? Browning—Russia's first mission president and an acclaimed BYU professor of Russian for over twenty years—now sets forth the inspiring story, drawing upon firsthand accounts of missionaries and converts alike. (Deseret Book)

Love Chains: Stories by Margaret Blair Young, ~~\$17.95~~ \$16.15

Layers of pretense are peeled away as we come to know—and see ourselves in—the wild yet credible characters of these short stories. The multi-award-winning author from BYU fills her tales with "marvelous and terrifying surprises, just like life"—stories full of God's promise of unconditional forgiveness and the need for love and trust. (Signature Books)



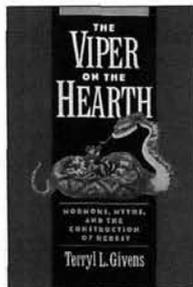
Battle for the Ballot: Essays on Women Suffrage in Utah, 1870–1896

edited by Carol Cornwall Madsen, ~~\$19.95~~ \$17.95

Utah led the United States twice in the struggle to give women the vote: first as a territory, and again as a state. Critically acclaimed scholarship and eyewitness accounts of Mormonism's trailblazing role are now collected. (Utah State University Press)

He's Not My Companion and Defiance starring Dan Urness; directed by Rocco DeVilliers, ~~\$16.95~~ \$15.25

Two remarkable films on one video—made by actual missionaries, and banned by Deseret Book—are full of gangsters, chase-scenes . . . and faith-promoting humor! (Done Do Productions)



Viper on the Hearth: Mormons, Myths, and the Construction of Heresy by Terry L. Givens, ~~\$35.00~~ \$31.50

Why were Mormons cast as stock villains in nineteenth-century fiction? As quintessential heretics, have Mormons figuratively been burned at the stake by America's mainstream? Mormon characters in popular literature are considered for the first time in a book-length study. (Oxford University Press)

Early Mormon Documents: Volume I edited by Dan Vogel, ~~\$34.95~~ \$31.45

Over 450 essential documents from pre-1831 Mormon origins are now in one place. This collection brings together all the important source materials that historians have arduously sought while most amateurs have only wondered about. A must for professionals and laypersons alike. (Signature Books)



- Beyond the River** by Michael Fillerup, ~~\$14.95~~ \$13.45
Case Reports of the Mormon Alliance ed. Lavina Fielding Anderson and Janice Merrill Allred, ~~\$29.99~~ \$18.00
Collected Poems by Leslie Norris, ~~\$19.95~~ \$17.95 (Awards on p. 78.)
A Desert of Pure Feeling by Judith Freeman, ~~\$24.00~~ \$21.60 (Awards on p. 78.)
Elegies and Love Songs by Margaret Blair Young, ~~\$15.95~~ \$14.35
Leroy Robertson: Music Giant from the Rockies by Marian Robertson Wilson, ~~\$15.95~~ \$14.35 (Awards on p. 78.)
The Mormon Hierarchy: Extensions of Power by D. Michael Quinn, ~~\$44.95~~ \$40.45
The Mormon Hierarchy: Origins of Power by D. Michael Quinn, ~~\$29.95~~ \$27.00
The Pioneer Camp of the Saints: The 1846 and 1847 Mormon Trail Journals of Thomas Bullock ed. Will Bagley, ~~\$39.50~~ \$35.55

- No Lie Like Love: Stories** by Paul Rawlins, ~~\$24.95~~ \$22.45 (Awards on p. 78.)
Remembering Brad: On the Loss of a Son to AIDS by H. Wayne Schow, ~~\$18.95~~ \$17.05 (Review on p. 68.)
Special Living Lessons for Relief Society Sisters by Sister Fonda Alamode, with Laurie Mecham Johnson ~~\$19.95~~ \$9.85
Tending the Garden: Essays on Mormon Literature ed. Eugene England and Lavina Fielding Anderson, ~~\$15.95~~ \$14.35
Three Frontiers: Family, Land, and Society in the American West by Dean May, ~~\$44.95~~ \$40.45
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Working toward Zion: Principles of the United Order by James W. Lucas and Warner P. Woodworth, ~~\$19.95~~ \$17.95
You Don't Always Get What You Hope For by Rick Walton, ~~\$14.95~~ \$13.45 (Awards on p. 78.)

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To report cases, write to the Mormon Alliance (6337 Highland Drive, Box 215, Salt Lake City, UT 84121) or telephone Lavina Fielding Anderson (801/467-1617). Subscriptions are \$30 per calendar year and include four newsletters and the annual volume of case reports. 111

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