# DIALOGUE

A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT

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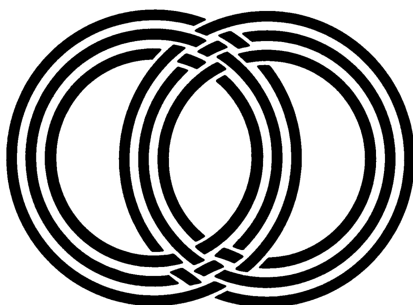

# DIALOGUE

A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT

*is an independent quarterly established to express Mormon culture and to examine the relevance of religion to secular life. It is edited by Latter-day Saints who wish to bring their faith into dialogue with the larger stream of Judeo-Christian thought and with human experience as a whole and to foster artistic and scholarly achievement based on their cultural heritage. The journal encourages a variety of viewpoints; although every effort is made to ensure accurate scholarship and responsible judgment, the views expressed are those of the individual authors and are not necessarily those of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints or of the editors.*

DIALOGUE: A JOURNAL OF MORMON THOUGHT, Vol. 24, No. 3, Fall 1991

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DIALOGUE welcomes articles, essays, poetry, fiction, selections for Notes and Comments, letters to the editor, and art. Manuscripts must be sent in triplicate, accompanied by return postage, and should be prepared according to the *Chicago Manual of Style* including double-spacing all block quotations and notes. Use the author-date citation style as described in the thirteenth edition. An IBM-PC compatible floppy diskette may also be submitted with the manuscript, using WordPerfect or other ASCII format software. Send submissions to DIALOGUE, University Station—UMC 7805, Logan, Utah 84322-7805. Artists wishing consideration of their artwork should send inquiries to the Art Editor at the same address.

# *LETTERS*

## *A Gift of Empowerment*

I have only recently finished a cover-to-cover reading of the Fall 1990 Women's Issue, and I must send my thanks and sense of awe-struck appreciation for an issue of such power and magnitude. I have pondered for some weeks now just what I can possibly say to express my sense of indebtedness to each and every contributor, and unfortunately I have come up empty-handed. Still, I must somehow try. I would like to slowly enunciate each contributor's name like a magical incantation, as if by doing so I could call their presence to me and embrace them quietly in gratitude. I would like to grasp the arms of strangers passing me by in blissful oblivion on the street and with "too-bright eyes" thrust the book upon them, a gift of mysterious empowerment and awareness. With a clap of my hands, I would bring you all into my presence for an evening of shared experience. It will have to be enough, I guess, to simply say that individually and collectively you have worked a change in me that may help me change my life. Great potential, always hovering nearby, seems irresistibly summoned closer—the potential to see myself, my life, my choices, my loved ones, and the world beyond with greater clarity and vision—and with a reborn sense of commitment and ability to follow through on the vision that comes.

I have been an avid reader of DIALOGUE for many long years now—practically a charter member, although I was myself only thirteen when DIALOGUE was born and made its sure way into the book rack in my parental home—and I am often renewed, educated, strengthened, incensed, and moved by its pages. I am even now discussing with my husband certain of the articles in the Winter 1990 issue with fervor, concern, and pleasure. And yet, my experience with the Fall 1990 issue was of such a transcendental nature that it somehow went beyond all of my previous experiences. Is it, I am moved to wonder, because of the sense of shared sisterhood that accompanied me on my journey through its pages? A sense of shared truth, grief, knowledge, power, and commitment? Whatever the reality of my experience may be, each moment of oneness with the worlds therein spoke to me with a directness and raw urgency that was at once sweet and almost too inexpressibly painful to bear. Thank you.

Kimberlee Staking
Bourron-Marlotte, France

## *Copying*

In a letter to the editor (Spring 1991), Frederick Buchanan refers to some information he "picked up some years ago" (p. 9) regarding the Ephrata Cloister community and vicarious baptism. It was Fawn Brodie who first insinuated, so far as I can learn, that Joseph Smith got the idea for vicarious ordinance work from "at least one German sect" in Pennsylvania (*No Man Knows My History*, Alfred A. Knopf, 1946, p. 282). In the interim, I reported in detail the history of that community and its doctrine and practices ("Mysteries of the Kingdom: More or Less," *BYU Studies*, 5 [Spring-Summer 1964]: 3–4).

The nexus suggested by Brodie seemed plausible, for one of the first of that community was an Alexander Mack and might have been part of the family of Joseph's in-laws. Reciprocal baptisms by immersion had been performed in Schwarzenau, Germany, as early as 1708. Upon emigration to Penn's colony, mem-

bers of the group performed triune immersions 15 December 1723, followed later in the day (after everyone had a chance to thaw out) by a full love feast eaten in silence and the washing of the feet of the inducted by the newly chosen presiding officers. The group adopted an ascetic and celibate monastic life. Before they died out, they began publishing their own literature, utilizing the services of one B. Franklin of Philadelphia while awaiting the arrival of their own press and type from Germany.

To use up the energy left over by their celibate, monastic lifestyle, they built towers and took turns standing watch, four hours at a time, every night to welcome the Grand Judge. They adopted rites which they claimed came from the Egyptian Cult of Mystic Free-masonry and a shaven tonsure, which naturally aroused curiosity and enmity from their Scotch-Irish neighbors. But members of the group cared solicitously for wounded Revolutionary War soldiers and got typhus for their troubles, greatly hastening the end of the community.

Before the group's demise, vicarious baptisms by Emanuel Eckerling, Mack, and others were performed in 1738 for their deceased but improperly baptized ancestors back in Germany. Unfortunately for Brodie's premise, Lucy Mack's people were Scotch, not German. Apart from Brodie's gratuitous assumption that Joseph Smith copied everything he taught (except *apotheosis*, which Brodie was wrongly willing to let him dream up on his own) there is not the slightest reason to believe that Smith knew anything of the mystics at Hock-Halekung or of their theology of baptism.

William L. Knecht
Moraga, California

## *Spiritual Food*

As a new reader of DIALOGUE, I would like to thank you for the wonderful articles, poems, and art you publish. I have recently been reactivated into the Church, and I struggled with giving up my intellectual endeavors (however young they may be) in my new life. DIALOGUE helped me reconcile this, and my life is more full.

Now serving a mission for the Church, I always look forward to each issue as an alternative source of refreshment and relaxation. Some articles have helped me in preparing talks for district and zone meetings. My mission president has even borrowed a couple issues for his own personal study. My knowledge has been deepened and my spirit fed. Thank you.

Dallas B. Robbins
Indiana Indianapolis Mission

## *Those Offending Covers*

Although I once ran an art center, I am, probably, a Philistine, or certainly would be branded one if I told you what I really think about your selection of the subject matter for the front and back covers of the Spring 1991 issue.

Randall Lake is undoubtedly a skilled artist. He actually pays attention to the old verities of line, form, mass, color, even anatomy—things too many contemporary artists ignore in the as yet unnamed, experimental phase of what passes for art today.

But blatantly featuring "Rococo Punk" and "Sixteen" in a "Journal of Mormon Thought"? Is DIALOGUE now currying the MTV crowd? This subscriber certainly hopes not.

I keep this issue upright on a shelf so the offending covers do not remind me of those in our society who have nothing to say and a thousand ways of saying it, of those who may not always remain young, but can be immature forever.

Stanley B. Kimball
Edwardsville, Illinois

## *A Fundamental Difference*

When I first subscribed to DIALOGUE nearly a year ago, I was enthralled by the content and the attitude; I eagerly ordered all the cut-rate back issues avail-

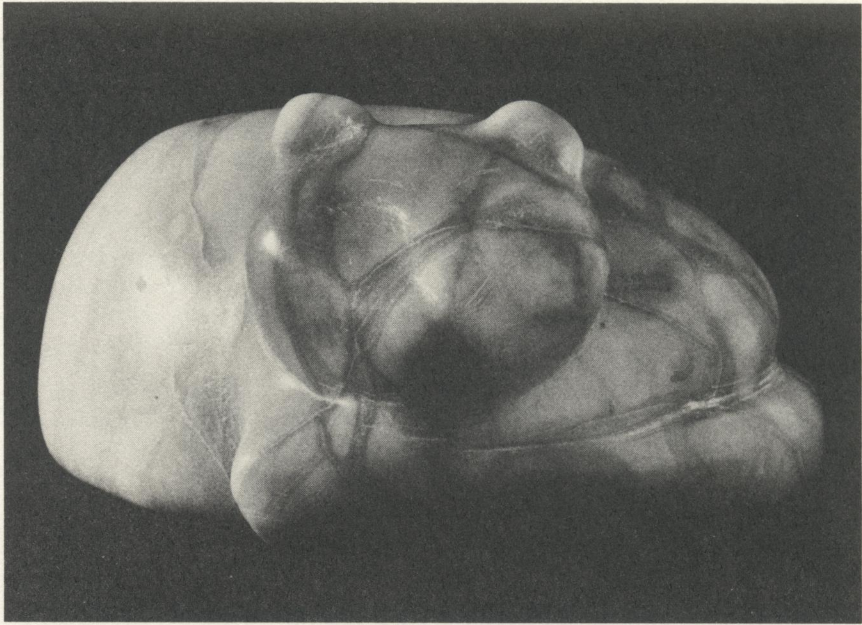
able and read them over the next several months. My enthusiasm has been dampened, however, by a gradual realization: the dichotomy between "iron rods" and "liahonas" is not simply a difference of style, but a fundamental difference in substance — whom we rely on to discern truth.

A dialogue-oriented person believes that the purest source of truth is the Holy Spirit speaking peace and logic to the soul. Such individuals therefore give the highest credibility to those truths personally known through testimony; all else has yet to be proved and is fair game for inquiry.

Latter-day Saint doctrine, however, ultimately requires a belief that the highest source of truth is those in authority. The only proper objects of inquiry, then, are things produced outside their purview. From this perspective, all of our dialogue, unfortunately, is perceived as "counseling the Brethren" or "steadying the ark."

Of course, most of us believe this dichotomy is not fundamental, merely stylistic, and that in time we will all grow toward a unity of the faith. Our hope springs (nearly) eternal on that point, in fact. Of late, however, I have begun to fear that the difference will not be reconciled, only minimized. I may never feel true unity with the body of the Saints.

Craig B. Wilson
Coalinga, California



# How Could We Have Known

*Laura Hamblin*

that loneliness is like
the whole of the moon
rising in a sky so lucent,
the clouds cast shadows
and make the night
suddenly aware of darkness;

that loneliness is the comfort only
a running man feels when his body
repents of its image of god,
when his heart cries out darkly: don't
leave me, don't leave me behind,
but the running man runs alone;

that loneliness is balanced
on a line stretching fine and thin,
the darkened one which holds all things
angled, axled, and endlessly spinning,
defining this odd symmetry,
this abbreviated gift of flesh.

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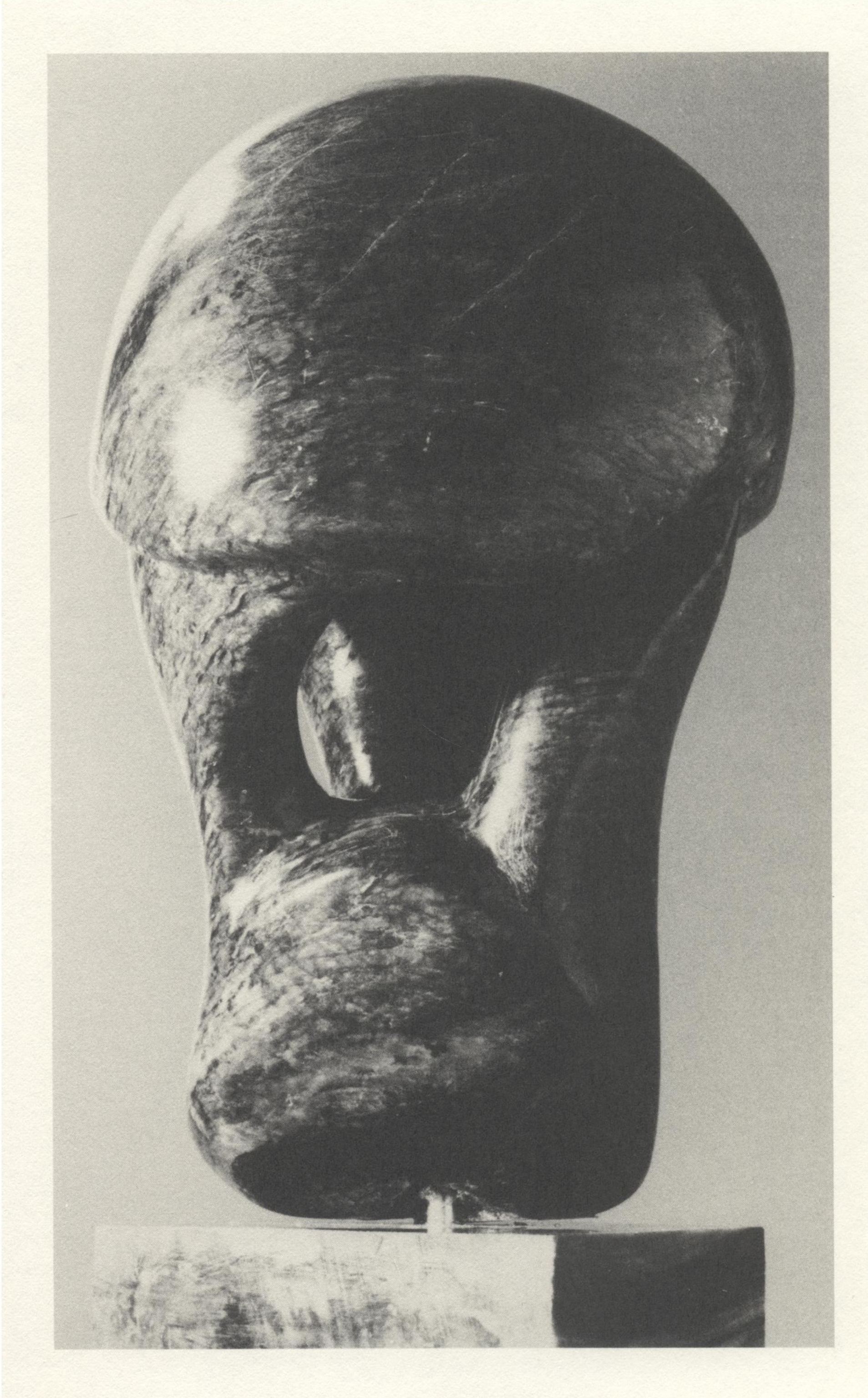
*LAURA HAMBLIN is a Ph.D. student of English at the University of Denver. She has published poetry in such journals as* The Midland Review *and* The Wisconsin Review.



*ARTICLES AND ESSAYS*

# "Almost Like Us": The American Socialization of Australian Converts

*Marjorie Newton*

A FEW YEARS AGO I listened to a group of American missionaries who had just eaten an enormous meal at our table and were showing their appreciation by telling us how backward Australia is in every conceivable way when compared to the Promised Land. After a while I pondered aloud, wondering what I had done wrong in the preexistence to miss out on the blessing of being born American. Earnestly they reassured me, "Oh, no, Sister Newton. You must have been one of the strong ones. You'd have to be, to stand it."

"To be born British is to win first prize in the lottery of life," wrote Cecil Rhodes in the heyday of Empire. Today Americans might paraphrase that: to be born American is to win first prize in the lottery of life. Even this hyperbole falls short of epitomizing the inbuilt belief of many American Latter-day Saints, who, deep down, see their American birth and heritage not as luck but most definitely as the reward of preexistent virtue. Although official leadership rhetoric has changed and thoughtful American members recognize the international mission of the Church, these attitudes have not yet been internalized by many General Authorities, general board members, and rank-and-file American Latter-day Saints. Fourteen years after a path-breaking BYU symposium on the problems of the expanding Church and in spite of numerous journal articles and curriculum lessons addressing the sub-

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*MARJORIE NEWTON earned an M.A. Honours degree in history from the University of Sydney as a mature-age student; her thesis, which won a Reece Award from the Mormon History Association in 1987, has been published as* Southern Cross Saints: The Mormons in Australia *by the Institute for Polynesian Studies, BYU-Hawaii. Sections of the present essay, which is based on a paper given at the annual meeting of the Mormon History Association in Laie, Hawaii, 11 June 1990, appear in the book. Permission to reproduce these excerpts is gratefully acknowledged.*

ject, it appears to me that many American Mormons still have no real conviction that Zion is where the stakes are. Zion is still assumed to be only in North America and, specifically, in Utah.

I was fortunate—or unfortunate—to be able to spend July 1987 in Utah on my way home from a shining week at the Mormon History Association conference in Oxford and Liverpool. After the welcoming, loving, and egalitarian spirit of those MHA meetings, it came as a distinct shock to go to sacrament meeting each Sunday to worship the Lord and find, instead, congregations worshipping America. The Fourth of July, the approaching bicentennial of the American constitution, Pioneer Day—for five weeks I sat in sacrament meetings and listened to sermons and testimonies that celebrated America and the blessing of being American. I was taught that America the place is choice above all other places, that America the political nation is greater than all other nations, that America the economic society is better than all other societies, and that Americans are favoured and blessed of the Lord above all other people.

The corollaries were plain to see. My country is inferior in every way, and the Lord does not love me and my family and my fellow Australians as much as he loves Americans. The Apostle Paul was a victim of mistranslation, and his great outreaching words in Ephesians 2:13 and 19 should really read, "But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made [almost] nigh by the blood of Christ. . . . Now therefore ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but [second-class] citizens with the saints, and [servants] of the household of God." July 1987 probably wasn't the best time for a second-class citizen to visit the capital of the kingdom, but the attitudes I observed then are deeply entrenched. Most American Mormon missionaries have been indoctrinated with these ideas from babyhood, and we who are not American-born sometimes wonder whether there is any point at all in our Church membership if we begin the journey with such a handicap.

No Latter-day Saint would argue with the premise that America is a choice land, a promised land. Problems arise when American Latter-day Saints assume that America is the *only* choice land; that because the gospel was restored in America, American culture is also better than any other; and that, therefore, the Church has a mission not only to spread the gospel of Jesus Christ but to spread the gospel of Americanism. It is a modern version of taking up the white man's burden, and some Church leaders are pleased with the success achieved. In a comment on the state of the Church in Australia offered to an LDS academic in the early 1980s for inclusion in a forthcoming book, one General Authority praised the Church's development in Australia: "The

Church looks like the Church and the priesthood leaders look like leaders that you would find here [in Utah] or any place else." Why, he might have said, they are almost like us. Sensitively, the historian did not include the statement in his published work.[1]

Many of those who have written on the internationalization of the Church assume that culture conflict dates from the mid-1950s, but it is older than that. It has simply become more obtrusive as the Church's great expansion in South America and Asia has made the problem more visible to more people. The international mission of the Church began in 1837, not 1950, even if its purpose at that early date was, as has been argued, selective rather than universal conversion (McMurrin 1979, 9). That there were few culture conflicts in the nineteenth century was the fortunate (or providential) result of historical timing, which found missionaries less indoctrinated with Americanism than those a century later and converts who accepted a change of nationality along with a change of religion (Seshachari 1980, 118).

Until Utah received statehood in 1896, its relations with the federal government were uneasy at best and near-war at worst. As well, many of the missionaries who went overseas in the last three decades of the nineteenth century were either foreign-born converts returning to preach in their native lands, or the sons of such converts, and were still influenced more by their own native culture than by American culture. Utah was still, relatively, a frontier society. Consequently, the missionaries seemed remarkably free of any tendency to make unfavourable comparisons and, indeed, their journal entries often show them admiring rather than denigrating the western societies and cultures that they penetrated. There were no standardized auxiliary programs, no lesson manuals, and no internationally circulated journals except the *Millennial Star*, which came from Britain anyway.

Problems began in the early decades of this century as the gathering lessened and auxiliary programs became standardized. The retreat from polygamy brought statehood, respectability, prosperity, and middle-class values to Utah. By the 1920s the first missionaries born in the post-polygamy era were going into the overseas mission fields; they were the first generation of missionaries to be self-consciously American as well as Mormon. In Australia, in historical collision with the arrival of these missionaries came the growth of nationalism, which was born when the six former British colonies federated in 1901, was fostered by the rampantly nationalistic *Bulletin* (an influential weekly

[1] Copy given to present writer by the author concerned. Names of the author and the General Authority withheld.

journal published in Sydney), and matured overnight on the beaches of Gallipoli in 1915. In many ways, the Church seemed more foreign in Australia then, and was less accepted because of its American image, than in later decades when movies, television, and mass international air travel began to make American culture and institutions more familiar to Australians. As American culture began to permeate the larger Australian society, the cultural differences between the two societies became less striking in the Church context but never unimportant.

The dissemination in Australia of Mormon Americanism as an adjunct to American Mormonism, then, began in the 1920s, accelerated in the 1930s with the missionaries teaching baseball and basketball along with baptism and tithing (Annual Report 1938; MH), and reached its peak in the late 1940s and the 1950s.

In the residue of goodwill from the Coral Sea Battle, things American rode an unprecedented crest of popularity in Australia. The missionaries, always beloved, returned after World War II as confident young American ambassadors and the mission presidents and their wives were benevolent American dictators. They frequently insisted that lesson manuals should be followed verbatim, and the Primary, Sunday School, and Mutual curriculum years began in September because that is when the American academic year began. Consequently, our children were taught about "fall" in our spring and about spring in the autumn. They celebrated George Washington's birthday, Halloween, Pioneer Day, and Thanksgiving. Our Sunbeams were taught to be thankful for the snow they had never seen, and our Junior Gleaners were taught how to behave at the "proms" their all-girl high schools didn't have. We sang "Utah, We Love Thee" and "Our Mountain Home So Dear." We were grateful for our new chapels in the 1950s, even if they did give us furnaces instead of air conditioners, basketball courts instead of cricket pitches, and flat roofs that flooded the classrooms in every tropical storm.

By the mid-1960s the residue of wartime goodwill to Americans in Australia was fast dissipating. Anti-Vietnam demonstrations may not have had the support of a majority of the population, but a certain amount of disenchantment with America was evident in most sectors of the Australian community. The organization of the first Australian stakes coincided with increasing hostility to Australia's involvement in the Vietnam war. A steadily growing resentment of specifically American, rather than gospel, content of Church programs began to be voiced, though few Australian Latter-day Saints made any conscious connection between this resentment and community attitudes to the Vietnam War.

Australian Saints recognize and appreciate that the Brethren have tried to deal with the problems. The lesson manuals have been free of explicitly American material for some years now. With the rest of the Church, we now follow a calendar year in our auxiliary programs. However, many Australian Latter-day Saints feel that much of the program and many of the policies are still formulated by Wasatch Front leaders for Wasatch Front wards. The Church is still largely seen as an American church in Australia by public, press, and members.

Women who served on the first Sydney Stake YWMIA board still remember with wry amusement the general board member who visited Sydney in the early 1960s and asked for a report on "Light the Way to MIA." When the local women indicated that they were not promoting this program, the visitor became very agitated and insisted that they must follow the prophet's direction: this program had come by revelation. The Australians finally gave up trying to explain that with one stake covering a sprawling city of a thousand square miles, not one of the forty or so girls of Mutual age lived close enough to a chapel to walk to MIA, let alone pass any other member's lighted porch on the way.

General Authorities and general board members have made hundreds of visits to Australia in the thirty years since that episode, and no fewer than twelve General Authorities have now lived in Australia for varying periods. We thought there would be no further "Light the Way to MIA" problems, but just a few years ago the First Presidency sent bishops a letter urging them to list and visit all the nonmembers living within their ward boundaries. There are from ninety thousand to one hundred thousand nonmembers in each of the thirty-three Sydney wards. Allowing four nonmembers per household and eight visits each week, my bishop would need fifty-four years to make one visit to each nonmember family in our ward. I know of a ward in Salt Lake City with three non-LDS families in the ward boundaries. I wonder which ward the First Presidency had in mind when they signed that letter?

There are many other policies, procedures, and publications that tell us the message hasn't got through yet. The new hymn book recognizes the international Church, we are told—the compilers left out "Utah, We Love Thee." They also kindly retained, for the British Commonwealth, "God Save the King." No matter that we haven't had a king for nearly forty years and that we aren't expecting to have one yet awhile (Edward VIII's abdication was an aberration, not the norm). Every time we fill in our address on a Church form, or even subscribe to DIALOGUE, we are reminded that only U.S. members really count:

there's never a space for country.[2] A few years ago, full-time missions were cut by six months because the falling American dollar was causing hardship for American missionaries and their families. What are we to think when the American dollar recovers and mission calls are again for two years? The American dollar, of course, only recovers in relation to foreign currency. The hardship is there for our missionaries in inverse proportion.

While the twelfth article of faith and section 134 of the Doctrine and Covenants justify Australians in honouring the Queen as their head of state, for fifty years, to my knowledge, individual American missionaries in Australia have preached American republicanism as the Lord's will. Consequently, it is not unknown for Australian members to believe that as faithful Latter-day Saints they should be active republicans. They are not the only Australian Latter-day Saints to espouse the republican cause, but their reasons for doing so are questionable. Likewise, most General Authorities visiting at election times carefully refrain from taking a position on the mistaken assumption that Australia's main party choices are analogous to those in America. On the other hand, one or two have uttered careful cautions about "liberal" parties, not realizing that Australia's Liberal Party is its conservative party and the Other Party is the one composed of the dreaded "small l" liberals. Not a few unthinking Australians subsequently voted for the socialist party, quite content that they were doing what "the Church" wanted.

As an Australian, I respect the Australian constitution, which was modelled on the best of both the British and American constitutions. As a member of the British Commonwealth, I am also grateful for my heritage from the British constitution, which, although largely unwritten, is nevertheless the oldest and in many ways the grandest of them all. I was somewhat disconcerted to open my copy of the September 1987 *Ensign*, the official Church journal for all the English-speaking world, and find as the leading article a message from the Prophet titled, "The Constitution—A Glorious Standard"—*the* Constitution, as if there is only one constitution worthy of the name. I agree with Joseph Smith, whom President Benson was quoting, that the constitution of the United States was and is a glorious standard to the world, and had the article been headed, "The *American* Constitution—A

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[2] This results in some really odd addresses. For example, Australians who complete Family Registry forms find their addresses eventually published on the microfiche with a fifth digit carefully added to our four-digit Australian postcode number and the designation "USA" following the name of their Australian state.

Editors' note: DIALOGUE has since corrected this oversight in its mailing practices.

Glorious Standard," I would have no quarrel with it; but to me the assumptions of the heading that appeared are that either I am expected to recognize only the American constitution or that the *Ensign* is really only for American members.

Just a few months ago, an irate father showed me a page his child brought home from Primary—a sharing time activity from the November 1989 *Friend* with pictures illustrating our blessings. Prominent among six-year-old Natalie's supposed blessings is a picture of the American flag. How difficult would it have been to print the outline of a flag and allow children around the world to fill in the symbols of their own country?

These instances are merely symptoms of deeper attitudes. When the *Church News* (or *This Week in Utah* as it is known to the underground and irreverent in Australia) tells us that the purpose of the Tabernacle Choir is to promote "the American family and the American dream" (25 March 1989, 7); when a mission president warns his elders not to become involved with Australian girls, not because their missionary work might suffer but because they might end up *living* in Australia and, horror of horrors, might even lose their American citizenship; when American missionaries in the Australia Perth mission wear p-day tee shirts emblazoned, "I Know I'm Going to the Celestial Kingdom—I've Been to Hell Already," we are getting the message all over again that the Church is not really meant for us, that at best we are still only fringe dwellers in the kingdom.

Perhaps none of this has been particularly damaging to the Church in Australia. It has not even been unanimously resisted; many Australian members and leaders do not see any problem at all, and some have told me that they would never question the American aspects of various programs because they feel that whatever comes from Salt Lake City is the Lord's will. Others, usually but not always women, wholeheartedly embrace Americanism and adopt an American accent at baptism along with the title of "sister" or "brother." A few Australians have been heard to object to the use of Australian sealers in the Sydney Temple because "it just doesn't sound the same as when an American says it." One Australian bishop holds annual Fourth of July socials and November Thanksgiving dinners, although Australia Day and Anzac Day are never mentioned in his ward. Some of his ward members support him, some object openly, and others object privately but will not voice their objections for fear of criticizing the Lord's anointed.

Nevertheless, even if no actual harm has been done to anything but the patriotic feelings of some Australian members, the real point is that the Church has surely progressed more slowly and been less effec-

tive in Australia than it might have been. With more sensitivity and with a deliberate attempt to identify the differences between Australians and Americans and to not only allow but encourage changes in presentation to cater to these differences, missionary, priesthood, and auxiliary programs would be more acceptable and, hence, more successful in Australia.

Americans and Australians are both predominantly from Anglo-Saxon stock and have a common heritage of English language and law. Both countries have accepted large numbers of immigrants and both have a frontier tradition. Because there are major cultural differences between, for example, Japanese and Americans, Church leaders are quickly alerted to the need for program adaptation in Japan. Because only minor differences exist between Australians and Americans, no adaptation is seen as necessary by American Church leaders and often not by Australian Church leaders either. As a result, such leaders are frequently disappointed and puzzled because Church programs don't work as well in Australia as they do in the United States.

American businessman George Renwick makes some relevant points in his sociological discussion of Australians and North Americans. "If the points on which two peoples differ the most are not salient to either, there will be little conflict," he says. "If the points of greatest contrast between them happen to be very salient to one or another of the peoples, even if the number of such points is few, they may go to war." Americans and Australians, he asserts, happen to differ on a few highly significant points. "Chronic aggravation," says Renwick, "results when the disruptive differences are felt but not specifically located, labelled and dealt with" (1980, 2).

Australians, says Renwick, are more egalitarian than Americans. In Australia, Jack really is as good as his master in most situations, though there have always been enclaves of class distinction. Single passengers still automatically sit beside the taxi driver. The custom of tipping for personal service is growing but is generally regarded as un-Australian. Little deference is shown to bosses and managers, and informality is the norm. Australians are deeply and traditionally anti-authoritarian, a legacy of their British, urban, working-class origins and of convictism. Leadership respect must be earned by the incumbent; it is never automatically given because of the office held. Not only do Australians not defer to those who stand out, they actively "knock" them (the "tall poppy" syndrome, a phenomenon they recognize and occasionally deplore in themselves). Australians dislike hierarchies and reporting and being told what to do and have an innate contempt for protocol, fuss, and unnecessary work and procedure (Renwick 1980). Sadly, all these things are becoming more and more

a part of the corporate Church. While not everyone would go so far as to call the Church "solely an American artifact, an international corporation" (Jones 1987, 65), most would agree that the Church has adopted the corporate model with emphasis on the institution and an ever more-powerful bureaucracy (Reynolds 1978, 16; Molen 1986, 34; Jones 1987, 66).

Because of the levelling tendencies in Australian society, Australians dislike elites and even closed groups. Many find it hard to accept the principle of high priests' group socials or leadership luncheons with visiting General Authorities. Matthew Cowley, who ate sandwiches between conference sessions while he talked to anyone around, is still a much-loved legend among older members. Because of the deeply entrenched bush ethos and the legend of "mateship,"[3] Australians are fiercely loyal to friends and resent imposed relationships, a characteristic that undoubtedly contributes to the dismal record of home and visiting teaching in most Australian wards.

A major but largely unrecognized problem is the language difference between Australians and Americans. Australian film producer Fred Schepisi went so far as to suggest that Australian directors should subtitle their movies for American audiences. "It's almost a curse we have the same language," he has said. "It deludes us about you guys and you about us" (in Renwick 1980, epigraph). Different usage of the English language reflects deeper cultural differences. Australians are uncomfortable with American enthusiasm. Australians prefer understatement and frequently react with cynicism to the American ability and habit of expressing feelings of love and appreciation. Most Australians are much less articulate about personal beliefs and deep emotions than Americans, a trait that spells disaster for the many Sunday School, Relief Society, and youth lessons that call for class members to express their feelings about topics such as sin, repentance, love, or marriage. Australians are much less willing than Americans to share personal experiences, goals, and aspirations with other class members. British reticence is still deeply ingrained in most Australians.

While Church leaders in the 1970s seemed to visualize a kind of pluralism—"The Church is not an American church except in

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[3] Although Australia is, and always has been, a highly urbanized society, most Australians (except post-World War II immigrants) have a romantic image of the typical Australian male as a lean, laconic bushman, a skillful stockman or drover living with his workmates in equality and fellowship. (Paul Hogan caricatured this image in *Crocodile Dundee*.) Because of the severe hardships of life in the Australian bush (the outback), bush workers were—and are—very dependent upon the loyalty and help of their workmates. The legend of mateship and this bush ethos persist and still permeate Australian society.

America. . . . In Canada it is a Canadian church; in Australia it's an Australian Church; and in Great Britain it is a British church" (Smith 1971, 2)—leadership rhetoric and official lesson manuals in the 1980s have moved towards an ideal of universalism for the Church. In practice, universalism seems unattainable, and the result is an anaemic Americanism. Just as it is now accepted that historical objectivity is an unrealistic ideal, it can be postulated that it is impossible for American General Authorities to preach worthwhile sermons or for general board members to write purposeful lesson manuals that are totally uninfluenced by their own cultural background. It is equally impossible for lessons and sermons to be meaningful when they are totally divorced from the receiving members' cultural milieu. A Roman Catholic-style pluralism, as discussed by Sterling McMurrin (1979) and others (Seshachari 1980, 119), may prove inevitable. Yet many, with valid reasons, fear a second great apostasy in such an evolution of the Church.

The problem is not an easy one to resolve. Individual American leaders living and working in Australia almost invariably win the love and deep admiration of the members. Even those Australians who wish to see more Australian leadership at every level find a deep ambivalence between their personal feelings for the American leaders and the principle of "Australianizing" the Church in order to meet local needs.

It is by no means certain that even an all-Australian area presidency would solve the problem. As the Church becomes more corporate-like, the leaders who are called to stake, regional, and area positions are almost inevitably those who conform to the corporate image and who do not question the status quo; who probably will not risk negative judgments on their leadership ability by reporting problems; and who, not wanting to imply criticism of the Church or the leaders above them, will be reluctant to say that a program is not working. In a Church where obedience to presiding authorities is obligatory, leaders understandably hesitate to initiate changes. While, in theory, permission to make adaptations has been given (Larsen 1974) most Australian priesthood leaders are unaware of this permission, and even the area presidency seems hesitant to allow changes to authorized programs, which are generally accepted as inspired and therefore in no need of alteration. In the real situation, hopeful comments such as Noel B. Reynolds's, "It is possible that as inspired local leaders accept more of the responsibility for formulating programs and courses of instruction, this problem may gradually fade away" (1978, 16) seem incredibly naive.

It is also becoming increasingly difficult to identify Australian needs as the ethnic mix of the Australian population changes. In one stake in Sydney, members of Samoan, Tongan, and Latin American wards outnumber the active Australian members. In an ironic twist to the situation, these congregations are resisting stake programs, which they see as imposing Australian cultural values on them. In addition, while Australian culture is remarkably homogeneous, needs and conditions in Port Hedland and Perth and in Adelaide and Alice Springs are still different from those in Sydney and Melbourne.

Although the Australian Mission was not officially opened until 1851, 1990 marked the sesquicentenary of the arrival of the first Latter-day Saint missionary "down under." After a century and a half, the Church in Australia now has the potential to become a significant force in Australian society. Surely it is time that cultural problems were recognized and admitted. When both Australian and American Latter-day Saints are willing to do this, the next step will be to commit ourselves, together, to finding ways of preserving the unique message and structure of the restored Church while promoting its growth by capitalizing on Australia's own cultural heritage. Until this is done, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints will retain its American image in Australia and will remain what it presently is—a peripheral, semi-alien presence uneasily astride two cultures, no longer wholly American but by no means identifiably Australian.

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# The Political Background of the Woodruff Manifesto

*E. Leo Lyman*

As THE CHURCH OF Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints moves past the centennial of Wilford Woodruff's announcement on plural marriage, there is still considerable misunderstanding as to what the "Manifesto" was and how it came about. Most people who know anything about the Church and its long struggle with the United States government over the practice of polygamy know that the Woodruff announcement was pivotal in relieving mounting pressures and that it was in some way instrumental in attaining Utah statehood. However, many details in the political background of these events remain obscure. This essay seeks to place the Woodruff Manifesto within the context of these developments.

From the beginning of Mormon settlement in the Great Basin, Church leaders and their political friends recognized the desirability of self-government, possible only through statehood. Only as a state could voters elect local officials instead of having them imposed from outside through an appointive, "carpetbag" process. However, the Church's 1852 public acknowledgment of plural marriage essentially doomed for years to come any real possibility of attaining their desired political independence. Soon thereafter, the infant Republican party's first platform declared against polygamy, and the party continued an undiminished opposition through the ensuing three decades during which party members were largely ascendant on the national political scene. Just after the Civil War, the two most powerful members of the

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House of Representatives, so far as statehood was concerned, Speaker Schuyler Colfax and territorial committee chairman William H. Ashley, visited Utah and specifically informed Church authorities that their fervent goal could never be attained so long as the practice of plural marriage continued (Whitney 1893, 2:121-39). While Mormons determined to maintain what they considered a divine principle, their political activists stubbornly continued to seek statehood for Utah. But government officials were equally determined to root out the objectionable practice, and anti-polygamy "raids" became increasingly bitter during the 1880s (Larson 1971, 91-206).

Early in 1887, the Edmunds-Tucker Bill, aimed at weakening the Church by confiscating most of its property, passed its final obstacles in the House of Representatives. When the best efforts of Mormon lobbyists failed to thwart it, some friendly to the Church devised the so-called "Scott Amendment," which proposed to delay the effect of the new law for six months. In the interim, the resolution suggested, Utah citizens might hold a new constitutional convention to frame and ratify a fundamental law with specific prohibitions against polygamy (Wolfinger 1971, 336-46). The sponsors of the Edmunds-Tucker Act refused to consider the proposal, but Church agents decided to pursue that course even though the restrictive law was already being implemented (Lyman 1986, 42-50).

Those representing Church interests in the nation's capital, particularly General Authority John W. Young, had developed a cordial relationship with Democratic President Grover Cleveland and several of his chief advisors, including Solicitor General George A. Jenks. In fact Jenks actually drafted the anti-polygamy clause for the proposed Utah constitution and even journeyed to Utah during the summer convention to quietly help incorporate the provisions into the document (J. Young 1887a).

Even more crucial was the reaction of the highest leaders of the Church to the proposed Scott Amendment. Initially President John Taylor opposed it, believing approval of a constitutional statement against plural marriage might convey the impression that Church leaders or their followers intended to surrender on the principle of plural marriage. Continuing communications from the nation's capital, particularly from Charles W. Penrose, a Salt Lake City Church leader and newspaper editor then temporarily assigned to the lobby in Washington, D.C., argued that accepting such a constitution was purely a political matter in which non-polygamous Mormons, the only ones then able to vote, were simply acting in their capacity as citizens. Penrose noted that polygamists were not committing themselves on the matter at all, although they might benefit from the fact that, should

Utah be admitted as a state, law enforcement would be carried out by locally elected officials instead of by less sympathetic outside appointees (J. Young 1887a; Penrose and Richards 1887; Taylor and Cannon 1887; Jack 1887).

President Taylor finally approved the Scott Amendment approach after learning that President Cleveland was anxious for such a response. But the Church leader reiterated that his approval did not in any way hint at changes in Church doctrine. The venerable Taylor, in his last six months of life, demonstrated understanding of Penrose's arguments when he replied, "If a constitution should be adopted according to its [Scott Amendment] provisions it would, at worst, only be punishing ourselves for what our enemies are now punishing us." Mormon leaders and Cleveland officials effectively orchestrated the necessary constitutional convention and implemented the requisite provisions against plural marriage. Utah voters ratified the constitution in late summer.

However, many of the Democratic majority in Congress were not so easily convinced that a simple constitutional clause was proof of changed Mormon practices. In September 1887, after President John Taylor's death, the Quorum of the Twelve read and discussed a document presumably drafted by a Democratic leader in the national legislature. The document stated that unless Mormons who were summoned before the Utah courts to answer charges of polygamy or unlawful cohabitation "shall promise to obey the laws against that offense," it would be impossible to "bring the Congress of the United States to believe" that Church leaders were being "honest in adopting a constitution prohibiting polygamy." Church attorneys prepared a statement for use in court, but after extensive deliberation, the apostles concluded that "no Latter-day Saint could make such a promise and still be true to the covenants he had made with God and his brethren" at the time of marriage. "If such a promise was necessary as a condition to our securing statehood," the apostles concluded, "we at once give the administration at Washington to understand that we could not accept it" (Grant, 29 Sept. 1887). Thus the most extensive Utah statehood effort collapsed because congressional leaders demanded greater concessions than Church authorities felt they could make.

Yet some Democratic leaders, cognizant of the political advantages not only of continued Mormon allegiance to the party but of Utah statehood, did not let the matter drop completely. Early in 1888, territorial committee chairman William Springer proposed an amendment to the U.S. Constitution allowing Congress to intervene in any state that failed to enforce its polygamy laws. Convinced that such assurance would markedly enhance prospects for Utah's admission, most of Springer's committee associates approved the proposal, as did

some of the strongest supporters of Utah statehood. But again Latter-day Saint leaders firmly rejected the proposals as too restrictive, even when the provisions were "modified" to make them "as harmless" as possible. This firm resistance to another substantive concession again handcuffed Democratic efforts to gain Utah statehood (Lyman 1986, 58-59).

Similarly, at the end of 1888, "friends in the East" for a third time attempted to persuade Church authorities to make some real compromise on plural marriage. Church leaders discussed a lengthy document that essentially asked Latter-day Saints to promise to strictly conform to the laws of the land. Not all Mormon officials rejected the proposals outright, although after deliberations, none thought the benefits promised—presumably related to statehood—were sufficient to warrant that course. Others present firmly stated they could only accept such a change if it came as "the Word of the Lord through the servant of God whose right it is to speak" (Grant, 20 Dec. 1888). There had been no acting president of the Church since the death of John Taylor in July 1887, but all General Authorities understood that the president of the Quorum of Twelve Apostles, Wilford Woodruff, was the man entitled to such divine direction, even before he was sustained as president in April 1889.

This rejection ended for some time attempts at Utah statehood by Democrats since the reins of national government were about to pass to a Republican president, Benjamin Harrison, who had a friendly majority in Congress. The new chief executive and many of his fellow Republicans were still determined to make the Mormons conform to the law. To do this, they intended to deny all members of the Church the right to vote. But although some Republicans supported such stringent tactics, others began to seek Mormon political allegiance. This was possible only because many Latter-day Saints had become disillusioned with the Democrats' failure to deliver statehood—a failure that was not entirely their fault, considering the persistent refusal of Church leaders to make any concessions. Ironically, the party that most effectively wielded the heavy hand with the Saints ended up benefiting most from their political support.

Pivotal to this political transition was Mormon disappointment with the role of members of the formerly friendly Democratic party in instituting what was first known as the Idaho Test Oath. Formulated by Democrat H. W. "Kentucky" Smith, a long-time anti-Mormon activist, and implemented by other Democrats, this law denied the vote to all believers in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, even those who did not practice plural marriage. Although the initial legal tests of the law were upheld in the Idaho Territorial Supreme Court in

March 1888, the Mormons there determined to continue their fight against disfranchisement. Their strategy was a test case where, in the words of the leading spokesman for the Church in Idaho, William Budge, they would "have the opportunity to bring in the presidents of stakes, bishops and other leading men of the Church in Idaho to show whether or not that doctrine is now preached, practiced, etc." (Budge to Woodruff 1888). Certain their opponents could find no recent evidence against them, the Mormons would thereby establish judicially that they had conformed to the law (Lyman 1977, 8–10).

As Budge and his associates began implementing this approach, a new judge was appointed to the Idaho Supreme Court, Democrat Charles H. Berry, former attorney general of Minnesota. It soon became evident that he would have jurisdiction over the district from which the test case arose. Besides using Utah Congressional delegate John T. Caine to generate suitable pressures on the judge through political friends back home, Budge boldly traveled to the Blackfoot judicial headquarters to confer with Berry before he rendered his decision. The judge, who recorded the conversation as accurately as he could recall, claimed the Church leader first quoted U.S. Solicitor General Jenks as saying that if the test oath law was taken before the United States Supreme Court, "it would not stand for a moment." Budge also stressed the crucial nature of the pending decision on the continued allegiance of the Idaho Mormons to the Democratic party (Berry 1888).

Berry's reply demonstrated considerable admiration for Mormon industry and economic accomplishments but firmly stated his intent to "administer the laws as they were." He made it clear he could not allow political considerations to affect his decision and expressed regret that the Mormons could not bring their marriage relations into "regulation step" with the rest of American society (Berry 1888). The published decision (*Idaho Daily Statesman*, 17, 20 Oct. 1888; *Wood River Times*, 16, 17, 24 Oct. 1888) not only upheld the test oath but ruled the Mormon arguments that they no longer taught or practiced plural marriage were merely a temporary posture of no importance so long as the general Church had made no changes on the question. The kind of concession necessary to relieve the disfranchisement onslaught, Judge Berry stressed, was a formal renunciation of the doctrine at a Church general conference, not unlike what actually occurred several years later.

Even more ominous than events in Idaho, early in 1890 the test oath was upheld by the highest court in the land. With this Supreme Court decision, *Davis v. Beason*, the way was cleared for anti-polygamy advocates to enact similar legislation nationwide. Bills to that effect were introduced in the House of Representatives by Isaac N. Struble

of Iowa, and in the Senate by Shelby M. Cullom of Illinois. These showed every evidence of breezing through to passage until Mormon agents, led by former Utah congressional delegate and first counselor in the First Presidency of the Church, George Q. Cannon, who had begun the process of switching his personal political allegiance to the Republican party, discovered possible powerful assistance from within that party.

Republican party official James S. Clarkson later recalled that at the crucial time Cannon was giving up on securing any effective assistance from the Democrats, he and the party's foremost leader and strategist, James G. Blaine, "were studying the elements of voters in the United States to try to secure a majority for the political principles in which [they] believed." The party was just then making its last-ditch bid to enfranchise black voters in the South through the so-called "force bill," and prospects were not at all good for breaking the Democratic grasp on the vote from that section. The West certainly appeared to hold more promise. Republican leaders accepted the inflated figures lobbyists Isaac Trumbo and Morris M. Estee generated from census and Church membership records and were impressed with "the magnitude of the Mormon people, the greatness of their development in many states besides Utah, and the large part that they were sure to bear, for good or evil, in the destiny of this republic" (Clarkson 1894).

The most decisive event arising out of this new alliance, later reported to Church leaders in an over-laudatory manner by Clarkson, was Blaine's appearance at a congressional committee hearing on the Cullom or Struble bills, "protesting against such an outrage upon any portion of a free people, asserting that no republic of free men could tolerate such a wrong and live." Clarkson concluded, "Of course your people know something of the courage and loyalty of Mr. Blaine towards you in oppression." But, he continued, "the summit and sublimity of it all was reached when he stood in the small committee room and smote down with the giant strength of his indignant wrath the further attempt—in a free government to degrade still further a people already wronged too much" (Clarkson 1894). There is no reason to doubt that such an event occurred. In fact, contemporary Mormon historian Orson F. Whitney, who had good access to Church authorities, similarly credited Blaine with blocking the Cullom-Struble bill (Whitney 1893, 3:743).

At about this time, as passage of the disfranchisement legislation seemed certain, Utah delegate Caine called in desperation upon one of the few Utah Church members already affiliated with the Republican party, Ogden newspaper editor and former assistant to Caine, Frank J. Cannon. Cannon's lengthy testimony before the Senate Committee

on Territories was an effective exposition of the grossly unfair aspects of the proposed law. He stated, referring to the earlier Edmunds-Tucker law, which barred polygamists from any participation as American citizens, "Our parents were punished for an act, but the [Cullom-Struble] bill proposed to punish us for a thought." He explained that the intended law sought to restrict a class of people who had obeyed the law and expressed every intention of continuing to do so. Then following the lead of friendly committeemen, Cannon testified that the monogamist Mormons he represented disavowed their personal acceptance of plural marriage each time they took the oath required by the Edmunds-Tucker Act in order to vote. He also assured the committee that the monogamous Saints would amend the Church practice if they had the power, but that such alterations in Church doctrine came only through the head of the Church—who did not bow to popular opinion (U.S. Senate 1890, 12–14).

Delegate Caine did not realize young Cannon was in the East at the behest of his father, George Q. Cannon, who was personally directing the Church fight against the disfranchisement bills. Under his guidance, Frank conferred with Blaine, an old congressional friend from the senior Cannon's earlier service as Utah delegate. Now secretary of state to President Harrison, Blaine instructed young Cannon to make private personal pleas to individual committee members considering the Cullom and Struble bills, and offered to help him should any prove hesitant. However, Blaine warned that such influence would only temporarily alleviate the problem; a permanent solution was only possible if the Saints would "get into line" so far as marriage practices were concerned (Cannon 1911, 85–91).

Upon reporting Blaine's comments to his father, Frank Cannon claimed President Cannon divulged, "President Woodruff has been praying. . . . He thinks he sees some light. . . . You are authorized to say that something will be done." With this, young Cannon approached the committee members, confidentially relaying his father's message. He conferred with an influential Republican member of the Senate Committee on Territories, Orville Platt, along with others, and "told them that the Mormon church was about to make a concession concerning the doctrine of polygamy." He later claimed that these assurances at least temporarily halted progress on these bills (Cannon 1911, 85–91).[1]

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[1] Frank J. Cannon's book, *Under the Prophet in Utah*, first published as a muckraker exposé of abuses of the Mormon hierarchy by a former insider-turned apostate, has long perplexed students of Church history. Author Lyman once presumptuously chided his former professor, the late Gustive O. Larson, for relying perhaps too fully

Cannon's account is essentially corroborated by the author of the bills, Utah anti-Mormon lobbyist Robert N. Baskin, who later wrote that the Senate committee had decided to report his bill favorably. Then he learned that the Church agents "had requested that further action on the bill be temporarily delayed." Senator Cullom apprised him that "he had been assured by a delegation of prominent Mormons, that if further action on the bill was delayed for a reasonable time, the practice of polygamy would be prohibited by the Mormon church." Explaining that Struble had received similar assurances, Baskin recalled the delay was granted, but with the clear understanding that if polygamy was not prohibited within a reasonable time, vigorous action on the pending bills would be resumed. Though his disfranchisement measure never became law, Baskin credited the threat of it with being "the last straw" that forced the issuance of the Woodruff Manifesto (Baskin 1914, 183-86).

A coded letter written during this time by George Q. Cannon to his fellow First Presidency members, Wilford Woodruff and Joseph F. Smith, offers further insight. He reported from Washington, D.C., that "we shall have time to get in some work," adding that he favored "the proposition which Tobias [a code name for Church lobbyist Isaac Trumbo, who was then one of Woodruff's closest confidants] submitted to you, and which you referred to me, if the party will now accept the business on those terms." Although it is impossible to prove conclusively, it is likely that the lobbyists' proposition was for a retrocession on plural marriage if the Republicans would halt further progress on the Cullom-Struble bills. Cannon promised to do all he could at the nation's capital and affirmed belief that he was being divinely assisted. He reported that Trumbo had conferred with Basil [Blaine] and stated that he felt good about the situation, which Cannon judged to be "encouraging" (G. Cannon 1890).

It is clear that political considerations also persuaded Republican sponsors to postpone passage of the disfranchisement legislation. Upon his return to Salt Lake City, President Cannon reported to fellow Church leaders that the outlook for Utah was brighter than it had been for many years. Alluding to the Clarkson-Blaine strategy of increasing the number of Mormon Republicans in the West, he stated, "We would doubtless have been disfranchised by the Struble bill if the Republican leaders in Washington had not been given to understand

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on Cannon's over-laudatory accounts of his own role in several crucial events in the era. However, his brother Abraham's scrupulously honest journal and other source materials cited herein consistently corroborate Frank's version of the events of the crucial summer of 1890.

that there were Republicans in Utah and that a wise course on the part of the Republicans would doubtless make more" (in R. Young 1892). Cannon was also quoted as saying that "the Republican party are [sic] becoming more favorably impressed with regard to the importance of securing Mormon votes and influence" (A. Cannon, 10 July 1890).

Several weeks after the disfranchisement crisis was averted, Frank Cannon's half-brother, Apostle Abraham H. Cannon, was in New York City for medical treatment. He recorded in a 12 June 1890 journal entry that while visiting his father there, he was shown a paper drafted by Blaine, who expressed hope that Church authorities would accept the document. Young Cannon described what he saw as a "virtual renunciation of plural marriage," which caused the dedicated young polygamist to "revolt at the prospect of signing such a promise." It is possible that the proposal was in some way revised, but on 10 July, the apostle noted in his journal a private reading of an important First Presidency resolution made 30 June in regard to plural marriage. The resolution, he noted, was to the effect that no such marriages would be permitted to occur "even in Mexico unless the contracting parties, or at least the female, was resolved to remain in the Mormon colonies" recently established there, largely for that purpose. This quiet dictum is a most significant development on the subject of plural marriage, a concession like what had been promised to Republican leaders. Though the Woodruff Manifesto issued almost three months later has usually been emphasized as the most important step, it was in a real sense merely the public announcement of a policy previously implemented.

A letter soon thereafter from President Joseph F. Smith to his good friend and later counselor in the First Presidency, Charles W. Nibley, illustrates further details of the new Church stance. Nibley had inquired about the possibility of a mutual friend (probably himself) then taking another plural wife. Smith replied that he personally approved of the idea in principle but confessed that "times have changed, the conditions are not propitious and the decrees of the powers that be" were against the move. He explained that he was referring to powers within the Church, though prudence dictated they also defer to governmental authority. Smith further stated, "The decree now is that there shall be no p——— m———s [plural marriages] in the United States, and that there should be none anywhere else—unless one or both of the parties remove beyond the jurisdiction of the government to make their home." He added that he did not know how long that condition would prevail, but that the almost "absolute prohibition" was for the present the law of the Church. He assumed the family of the woman in question would hesitate to allow her to live

in Mexico, alone much of the time, and attempted to convince the applicant that he was already sufficiently involved in plural marriage to satisfy any of God's requirements on the subject. But, President Smith assured, "should the clouds roll by and the gloom pass away . . . it would be altogether a different matter" (Smith 1890a).

At about the same time, Joseph F. Smith also implied another motive for the momentous change in stance on plural marriage. He confided to another close associate, L. John Nuttall, that "we are making a strong effort to do something in defense of the rights of our 'monog' brethren," adding a hope that Church leaders could "do as much in their behalf as they have done in ours"—presumably referring to the loyalty of nonpolygamous Church members to the controversial doctrine amidst the onslaught of the Edmunds-Tucker and Cullom-Struble imperatives (Smith 1890b). Besides this, Mormon leaders may well have recognized that a Church announcement ending sanctions of new plural marriages might remove the polygamy issue as an obstacle in the Utah statehood fight. With the formal Church organization absolved of responsibility for the continuance of plural marriages, those later charged with such offenses would have to stand on their own. Under such circumstances, monogamist Mormons could not justifiably be disfranchised or even the territory denied statehood simply because some Church members continued the offensive practice on their own.

While word of the new Church position quietly circulated among the faithful, Gentile territorial officials were not so apprised and continued to seek further legislative measures to pressure the Saints into submission. The most active agency in these efforts was the Utah Commission, formed by Congress at least partially for that purpose. At a 7 August 1890 meeting of that body, R. S. Robertson was asked to gather the material for an annual report to the secretary of interior. The commissioners agreed that the report should present a full and accurate statement of the "existing status of the polygamous question—including facts and statistics as may show, or tend to show the increase or decrease of the practice." Robertson's subsequent draft was considered, to an extent edited, and finally adopted and forwarded to Washington, D.C. (U.S. Utah Commission Minutebook D, 7 Aug. 1890). Made public soon thereafter, it charged that forty-one male Mormons had entered polygamous relations in Utah territory since the previous annual report (U.S. *House* 1890, 13:414-20). Although this may well have been the case, the evidence presented hardly substantiated the allegation, and several Church leaders soon referred to the reported new plural marriages as a blatant falsehood (Caine 1890a; Smith 1890b). Some, including Apostle Moses Thatcher, expected the report

to be a source of considerable trouble unless the Church could "offset" it in some way. President Woodruff also worried that the Utah Commission report might well lead to further legislation inimical to Church members (Grant, 30 Sept. 1890).

That late summer was a busy time for the First Presidency. As soon as they returned from a short train trip to New Mexico, they embarked for San Francisco. There they met with former Republican National Convention Chairman Morris M. Estee of Napa, who urged them to make an announcement "condemning polygamy and laying it aside," by then standard Republican advice. The Californian had already been passed over twice for a place in Harrison's cabinet and had no influence with the administration. Estee may have reinforced the First Presidency's resolve, but they had already set their course toward the momentous announcement. There was another reason for their journey to the coast. Abraham H. Cannon confided in his journal that the First Presidency wished to avoid being subpoenaed as witnesses before the court in matters related to the Church property suits then about to begin (Quinn 1985, 42-3; A. Cannon, 3 Sept. 1890).

In their absence, hearings commenced before Colonel M. N. Stone, a special commissioner appointed by the Utah Supreme Court to review the accounts and actions of Frank H. Dyer, former receiver of Church property escheated under provisions of the Edmunds-Tucker Act. A primary purpose of the proceedings was to determine if an earlier territorial supreme court decree prevented further government efforts to secure Church property not already in the hands of the new receiver, Henry W. Lawrence. The U.S. attorney for Utah, Charles S. Varian, indicated a special interest in the Utah temples in St. George, Logan, Manti, and Salt Lake City. Dyer was criticized for allowing a compromise between the Church and government that enabled the temples to remain in Mormon hands. The government attorney appeared to be probing for an opportunity to reopen the Church suits sufficiently to allow the government to confiscate that sacred property. Varian expressly desired to keep the hearings open long enough to compel President Woodruff to testify, but the summons servers could not locate their man. The presidency outwaited their would-be inquisitors. However, as soon as the First Presidency returned, Church attorneys undoubtedly warned them of the danger to Church property, particularly the temples (*Deseret Weekly News*, 13, 20, 27 Sept. 1890).

Within a week of his return, President Woodruff confided in his diary the oft-quoted observation, "I have arrived at a point in the history of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when I am under the necessity of acting for the temporal salvation of the Church" (25 Sept. 1890). Though he referred to government attempts to sup-

press polygamy as the main reason for making his subsequent declaration, the threat of temple confiscation was undoubtedly on his mind as well. Certainly "the temporal salvation of the Church" would include protecting these sacred edifices from presumed enemy hands. Apostle Marriner W. Merrill, then acting as president of the Logan Temple, discussed the impending announcement with Woodruff as it was about to be released. He commented in his diary on 24 September 1890 that the Manifesto "seems the only way to retain the possession of our temples and continue the ordinance work for the living and dead which was considered of more importance than continuing the practice of plural marriage for the present." This clear statement of purpose was of the same tenor as Woodruff's own subsequent statements justifying his actions in announcing the Manifesto.[2]

These worries pressed upon the prophet. But the Church had withstood pressures at least as serious in the past. Even figuratively backed to the wall and faced with practical considerations that demanded concessions, Woodruff cannot necessarily be denied the possibility of divine inspiration that he and his associates claimed motivated his decision. George Q. Cannon later told of the numerous earlier suggestions for such action from within and outside the Church. Cannon explained the time chosen in terms fellow believers could easily understand: "At no time has the Spirit seemed to indicate that this should be done. We have waited for the Lord to move in the matter." Finally, he said, on 24 September 1890, Woodruff felt what he deemed to be spiritual direction, and the Manifesto was the result (*Deseret Weekly News*, 18 Oct. 1890).

On the afternoons of 24 and 25 September, the First Presidency and several apostles met and considered the text of the momentous announcement Woodruff had drafted, undoubtedly with assistance from

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[2] In the most detailed of these statements, delivered at Cache Stake Conference in Logan 1 November 1891 and reported in the *Deseret Weekly News* 14 Nov. 1891, Wilford Woodruff stated: "The Lord has told me to ask the Latter-day Saints a question. . . . Which is the wisest course for the Latter-day Saints to pursue—to continue to attempt to practice plural marriage, with the laws of the nation against it . . . at the cost of the confiscation and loss of all the Temples . . . ? The Lord showed me by vision and revelation exactly what would take place if we did not stop this practice. . . . [A]ll ordinances would be stopped throughout the land of Zion." Since 1981, editions of the Doctrine and Covenants designate the Manifesto Official Declaration 1 and include an additional page entitled "Excerpts from Three Addresses by President Wilford Woodruff Regarding the Manifesto." (See Lyman 1979.) All three quotes, including a larger version of the above, were part of a paper the author presented at the Mormon History Association meeting at San Francisco in April 1979, entitled "The Woodruff Manifesto in the Context of Its Times." A commentator's copy of the paper was subsequently loaned by an employee of the Church Historical Department to someone in the First Presidency's office.

other writers. After careful examination and discussion, they agreed with its contents as worded. With such approval, what became known as the Woodruff Manifesto was released to the Associated Press and forwarded to congressional delegate John T. Caine for initial dissemination from the nation's capital (W. B. Dougall 1890). Caine's accompanying letter, published with the first announcement in the *Washington Evening Star* on 25 September 1890, denounced the Utah Commission report for attempting to stimulate negative legislation such as disfranchisement. The delegate expressed hope that the Church announcement would prevent any such action. The opening paragraph of the Manifesto indicated the same intent, with the one following answering charges that a particular plural marriage had taken place under Church supervision during the past year. After referring to the court decisions upholding the laws prohibiting plural marriage, Woodruff affirmed his intention to submit to those laws and use his influence with Church members to do likewise. He pointed out that nothing in his recent teachings could be construed as encouragement or even mention of polygamy, concluding, "I now publicly declare that my advice to the Latter-day Saints is to refrain from contracting any marriage forbidden by the law of the land" (D&C—Declaration 1).

Although word of the Manifesto spread quickly throughout the Mormon communities, most General Authorities withheld comment until regular quorum meetings began on 30 September. There the Brethren freely expressed their impressions, recorded in considerable detail in the journals of Heber J. Grant and Abraham H. Cannon. The apostles understood that only such an announcement could alter the increasingly negative public opinion regarding the Church. Several agreed with Grant who, referring to the ban within the United States, stated that "President Woodruff had simply told the world what we had been doing and if there were any advantages to secure by the Manifesto I feel that we should have them." Most strikingly, the apostles' comments indicate that they saw little, if any, personal application of the declaration. It merely banned new marriages within the United States. Several of the Brethren expressed their intention to continue their present marital arrangements. John Henry Smith pledged that only incarceration in prison would restrain him from living with his wives. His close associate, Francis M. Lyman, endorsed that same sentiment saying, "I design to live with and have children by my wives, using the wisdom which God gives me to avoid being captured by the officers of the law" (in A. Cannon, 30 Sept. 1890; Grant, 30 Sept. 1890).

At the time the Manifesto was released, President Joseph F. Smith wrote to his plural wife Sarah, then residing in Nephi, that she would soon likely hear of a "pronunciamento by Prest. Woodruff in relation to our political and domestic status" that would "no doubt startle some

folks." He assured her that "it will not startle you, neither will you be worried about it for you and the rest of us are all right." He explained that it was only "those who could and would not, and now can't, who will be affected by it. They may growl and find fault and censure, but not those who have done their whole duty." Here it is abundantly clear that those who had already been obedient to the divine injunction to enter plural marriage were considered beyond the sweep of the declaration. It was more an announcement that other Latter-day Saints had procrastinated too long and would not now be able to enter into practicing the presumed higher law (Smith 1890c).

In further discussions, the General Authorities wondered about additional action regarding the Manifesto. During general conference the first week of October 1890, this question was resolved by a telegram from Caine, who reported that the secretary of interior had informed him the official declaration would not be recognized until it was formally accepted in general conference (Caine 1890b). The next day one of the Church's most popular orators, Orson F. Whitney, addressed a huge throng at the Tabernacle. He prefaced his remarks by reading Joseph Smith's Articles of Faith. He probably gave special attention to the twelfth article, which states: "We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers, and magistrates, in obeying, honoring, and sustaining the law." After Whitney had read the text of the Manifesto, senior apostle Lorenzo Snow moved that it be accepted by the congregation. Though there was no recorded dissent, there was apparently little enthusiasm, and many showed disapproval by abstaining (Quinn 1985, 47–48).

Following the vote, President Woodruff and George Q. Cannon offered justifications for the declaration. Cannon recounted an instance when a Missouri mob had prevented the Saints from carrying out what they considered a divine injunction to build a temple at Jackson County. He then read what was accepted as a revelation to Joseph Smith relieving them of their charge and condemning those who prevented completion of the task. It was on the same basis, Cannon stated, that Woodruff felt justified in issuing the Manifesto. President Woodruff followed, reminding all that, given his age, he was not long for this world and soon expected to meet his predecessors and his God. Claiming the Manifesto had not been issued without earnest prayer, he testified that "for me to have taken a stand in anything which is not pleasing in the sight of God, or before the heavens, I would rather have gone out and been shot." Woodruff explained that it was not his purpose to "undertake to please the world," but with laws enforced and upheld by a nation of sixty-five million people, reality must prevail. "The Lord has given us commandments concerning many things and we have carried them out as far as we could, but when we cannot do

it, we are justified. The Lord does not require at our hands things that we cannot do" (*Deseret Weekly News*, 18 Oct. 1890).

Throughout this time, the Church's leading opponents criticized the Manifesto. Utah Governor Arthur L. Thomas, in a 27 September 1890 interview in the *San Francisco Chronicle*, pointed out that the declaration "in no way asserts that polygamy is wrong or the law right." The 18 October *Deseret Weekly News* replied, "There is nothing in President Woodruff's declaration in regard to faith, or doctrine, or tenets, but it contains a volume in a few words as to practice." It was only with practices, not beliefs, that laws and governments were empowered to impose conformity. The *News* editor commented in disgust that the demands limiting beliefs carried concessions further than Church leaders had thought they would need to go.

That was the problem. Possibly some national government officials had indicated that something like the Manifesto would suffice, but it was now certain that territorial officials and their newspaper allies would not let the Saints off so easily. The hierarchy of the Church obviously did not intend to disrupt present polygamous marriages or renounce beliefs in plural marriage. But if they had possessed assurances that they had done all that was necessary, further requests for the government to clarify their present status would not have been so promptly forthcoming.[3]

Woodruff sent such an appeal to E. C. Foster of the U.S. Department of Justice less than a month after the Manifesto. After acknowledging Foster's previous letter, which had expressed concern for the humane treatment of those still imprisoned for unlawful cohabitation, Woodruff stated that his people would gladly avail themselves of any clemency the government saw fit to grant. He particularly hoped that a "better understanding would be reached as to the treatment that can be lawfully extended to the women who have entered into plural marriage and their offspring." He explained that some of his brethren's continued hesitation to make court promises to obey the law was because judges had construed unlawful cohabitation laws in such a manner that many felt promises to obey such laws would be "dishonorable in them, and would amount to an entire repudiation of past obligations" (Woodruff 1890). He gave an example of a man who had visited the home of a plural wife to see his sick child and had been sent to prison on unlawful cohabitation charges. Making his plea specific, Woodruff

[3] Gordon Thomason argued twenty years ago in a DIALOGUE article entitled "The Manifesto Was a Victory!" that Church leaders had gained assurance of security and sanctity for existing plural marriages before they made their own concessions. In light of material present herein — particularly Woodruff's letter to E. C. Foster, this thesis is untenable.

said that "having acceded to the requirements of the law, it has seemed to us that a more lenient interpretation of what constituted unlawful cohabitation might now be rendered and enforced." After voicing confidence that action would be taken satisfactory to all concerned, he concluded, "The practice being now stopped, those who have innocently entered into this relation should not be made to suffer more than absolutely necessary."

This request for a more acceptable legal definition of unlawful cohabitation and clarification of the rights of plural wives and their children was not fulfilled. At the next general conference in early April 1891, George Q. Cannon described the continuing dilemma of women bound to their husbands with ties as sacred as if they were the only wife. He asked what should be done with them and expressed a continuing hope that the government would resolve the question. The Church leader then stated he thought this would occur when the proper officials became "convinced of our sincerity in issuing this Manifesto declaring that plural marriages should cease." He implied that those officials were not yet convinced, undoubtedly because of negative reports sent to the East by the press and territorial officials. He therefore admonished the Latter-day Saints to move one step closer to abandoning plural marriage. President Cannon recalled that he had testified to a president of the United States of his belief in plural marriage, a belief he asserted was embedded into his very being. Yet, he added, he had consented to obey the law. He appealed to each Latter-day Saint involved to seek spiritual guidance to reconcile this seeming contradiction with formerly held dogmas, encouraging all to "trust in our God for the results." Cannon then proclaimed, "I say now publicly that it is the intention of the Latter-day Saints to obey the law and leave the results with the God of Heaven" (*Deseret Weekly*, 11 April 1891).

The respected Church leader was close to asking husbands to avoid even the appearance of cohabitation with plural wives when he stressed that each must "accommodate himself to affairs so that we shall not create a feeling that will be a continuation of the antipathy manifested through the doctrine." Further enjoining the Saints to live so that the world could recognize their sincerity in the matter, Cannon candidly defined what the presidency now felt constrained to adopt as the Church's difficult compromise position regarding existing polygamous relationships. He explained, "We have made covenants it is true, but each man must arrange his affairs so that he would not violate those covenants, thereby bringing down the displeasure of God"; at the same time, he added pointedly, each man must also honor the law of the land (*Deseret Weekly News*, 11 April 1891).

Later in the year Woodruff appeared to go even further toward discouraging any form of cohabitation. By that time Church leaders

had been given some hope of recovering confiscated Church property if they could convince certain officials that it would never be used to help promulgate polygamy doctrines. The First Presidency therefore consented to appear in court before Master-in-Chancery Charles F. Loofbourow. In conferences with their attorneys prior to the court appearance, the General Authorities stipulated "that polygamy had ceased in good faith, and as to the course we will take if it is ever revealed anew, we cannot say, though there is no human probability of its restoration" (A. Cannon, 12 Oct. 1891). Although at that time non-Mormon counsel W. H. Dickson stated that law officers had no intention of preventing a man from providing for his family, his former law partner, U.S. attorney C. S. Varian, sought to elicit testimony to the contrary.

Placing Woodruff on the stand, Varian asked, "Do you understand that the Manifesto applies to the cohabitation of men and women in plural marriage where it already exists?" The witness replied he could not say for sure but thought that "the effect of it is so." Continuing, Woodruff stated that he did "not see how it can be otherwise," adding the prohibition of polygamy was intended to be universal, in foreign countries as well as the United States (*Deseret Weekly News* 24, 31 Oct. 1891). It was obvious from subsequent private discussions among the General Authorities that Woodruff was not satisfied with the impression he had conveyed; however, he could see no alternative to the testimony he had given. He said that if a man deserted or neglected his plural families he would likely be disfellowshipped from the Church. Clearly Church leaders continued to advocate the policy enunciated earlier in the year by George Q. Cannon (A. Cannon, 12 Nov. 1981).

Although change was not apparent for some time, the Manifesto did help elicit some alteration in federal government policy. In November 1890, United States Attorney General W. H. H. Miller informed James S. Clarkson that he had advised law enforcement officers in both Utah and Idaho to be "exceedingly careful not to do anything that may look like persecution" of the Mormons. This was not only a precautionary measure aimed at preventing misunderstandings while high government officials assessed the Mormon leaders' position, but since Miller also sent a copy of the letter to those same Church authorities, it was obviously an attempt to assure at least a measure of good faith or reciprocation. This was not an easy task for Miller, who had to beware of getting too far ahead of his much more hesitant friend, President Harrison. Late the following year, some Mormon polygamists, including Joseph F. Smith, began appealing to the president for amnesty for past offenses. However, Harrison's lack of enthusiasm for that cause dragged the process on until just before the end of his term early in 1893. By that time polygamous relationships were being kept

extremely circumspect, and prosecutions were markedly curtailed. An enabling act for Utah statehood would be passed midway through the following year.

Thus the tremendous pressures generated by heightened government activity aimed at eliminating Mormon plural marriages did in fact force at least statements of outward conformity to the law. The changes enunciated in the Woodruff Manifesto clearly aimed at relieving these tensions, and over a period of several years this goal was essentially accomplished. President Joseph F. Smith, who would continue to play the primary role in guiding the future Church position on plural marriage for the next several decades, summed up the intended purpose of the strategic announcement and the policy following immediately thereafter, when he stated late in 1891, "What the Lord requires is that we shall not bring upon ourselves the destruction intended by our enemies, by persisting in a course in opposition to the law" (Smith 1891). That was the fundamental purpose of the Woodruff Manifesto.

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# The Virgin Mary Confronts Mary of Magdala*

*Richard Shorten*

Don't say that.
I never called you whore.
It's a dream word I never knew.

Let it lie there on the floor.
Still, by the prophets,
the covenant and the angel's sword,

the word is not far from my mind.
You reel back, your big eyes saying,
"Who, me?" Yes. I've known you since

you were a girl. Stand there.
Look. I've got eyes too.
I see, I feel, I dangle

these pearls, these jewels
before me. Where did you get them,
these things? White and ice blue,

they set off the scarlet bodice.
It's low, but never mind the cut.
The lacing, Mary, it's slack,

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*Inspired by Andrea Vaccaro's seventeenth-century painting "Martha Rebuking Mary Magdalene"

the ends barely tied. (Here,
in this dimness, I am the one who
is tried.) To talk . . . we . . .

I know you, the bright girl with
the flash, the eyes. Yet, I had
a vision you'll never see.

Even Joseph didn't dream.
The brightness that came that day
long ago, chancy, revealing,

bringing me . . . I won't defile.
It circles in here, the fear,
knowing the thing is not yet sealed

as the golden shock in me
those years ago would have it,
and ordain that it settle about me

forever. My skin chills, Mary,
even now under this shawl.
My eyes open with a nearness.

I can see further into the years
with a terror you and I talk about
but will never feel. You,

lucky you. The tinsel—the pearls,
it all dances so well for you.
My words leave me.

Your arm there, your arm—
around who, how many, when?
Your chestnut hair is loose, Mary.

And now I must leave.
Can't stay. This thing is done.
A cold haze seeping up to me now,

quenches the fire I felt
when I came. But the dream is real,
Mary. I ask you in the name of

the seed of David, the prophets,
and what must be . . . I whisper,
"Stay away from my son."

# Self-Blame and the Manifesto

*B. Carmon Hardy*

THIS ESSAY IS AN ATTEMPT to explain the responses of some Latter-day Saints to the Manifesto of 1890. It takes its inspiration from a work by Kenneth Stampp on the American Civil War, in which he proposes that uncertainties relating to the Southern states' cause profoundly affected the Southern mind both during and after the war. Both Stampp's study (1980) and a commentary on his thesis by Peter Loewenberg (1982) suggest to me that something similar may have occurred with the Mormons. As I will indicate, there was a fundamental difference between the Mormon polygamous circumstance and that described by Stampp in his examination of the South and its defense of slavery. While I believe that Stampp's approach has relevance in explaining the origin of the Manifesto, that is not the issue with which I am dealing in this paper. Neither am I seeking to diminish the significance of ingredients like political and economic distress in accounting for why the Manifesto was written.[1] I wish only to draw attention to certain psychological dimensions of the question, especially as they emerged after 1890. Specifically, I will look at expressions of guilt and self-doubt as they were fitted to the Mormon need to explain what had happened.

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[1] These considerations have been extensively explored in a number of works. See, for example, CHC 5:203-9; 6:210-19; Arrington 1958, 353-79; Godfrey 1970; G. Larson 1971; Wells 1978; and E. Lyman 1986.

The two decades previous to the Woodruff Manifesto are crucial in understanding Mormon appropriation of the document. Pressures created by the federal government's opposition to polygamy gave the time an intensity reminiscent, in some ways, of the reformation of the 1850s. On 9 January 1870, Wilford Woodruff reminded a Tabernacle audience that plurality was a commandment from heaven and that they must obey it or be damned. "Now, which shall we obey," Woodruff asked, "God or Congress? For it is God and Congress for it." The assembly, with a loud voice, answered, "We will obey God" (Kenney 1983, 6:518–19). In the spring of 1880, Church congregations throughout the territory received a special message from the General Authorities and were asked to pledge themselves to stand by the laws of God, whatever persecution and consequences may follow. During the 1880s members were told that it would amount to apostasy to renounce the principle and that to do so would result in their rejection by God. The persecution raging against them was interpreted as part of the trial and sifting associated with being among the elect.[2]

Mormons were reminded that they were like the Israelites in Egypt or the Christians in their early difficulties with Rome. They needed only to keep the commandments, and God would fight their battles for them.[3] In late 1889, after Church authorities discussed whether or not to suspend the practice of polygamy because of the severity of government efforts to end it, President Wilford Woodruff prayed for guidance. In the words of Apostle Abraham H. Cannon, God's "answer came quick and strong" (19 Dec. 1889). President Woodruff was told that the Saints should remain allegiant to the revelations already given to them. The Lord would protect them; the wicked would not prevail. Church members needed only to keep the commandments, watch, and be faithful (Kenney 1983, 9:67ff; Nuttall, 27 Nov. 1889).

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[2] An account of the pledge as taken by Saints in St. George is found in Larson and Larson (1980, 2:491–92); see also Orson Pratt's 1880 discourse in *Journal of Discourses* (20:327). For a small sample of typical sermons, see "Effect of Persecution," *Contributor* 4 (Oct. 1882): 34; JD 25:191 (Brigham Young speaking in 1884); editorial, *Deseret News*, 23 April 1885; and "No Relinquishment," *Deseret News*, 5 June 1885.

[3] Comparisons with the ancient Jews, persecuted Christians, and even the repressed and injured American Indian were made with considerable frequency. See Kenney 1983, 7:51; JD 22:178–79; 23:271–72; 26:42–43, 159–60; Larson and Larson 1980, 2:555; Joseph F. Smith's comments in Jenson 1887, 195; Eyring, "Reminiscences"; Condie, "Reminiscences and Diary," 3 March 1889. Urgings that the Saints need only trust in God include JD 20:296, 315, 355; 24:111, 173; Larson and Larson 1980, 2:642.

Mormons had looked for the Second Coming of Christ since the 1830s, and opposition to polygamy was counted as further evidence that the time was near. Responding to the United States Supreme Court's decision in the *Reynolds* case, L. John Nuttall wrote in his diary 7 January 1879 that the cup of iniquity was full and that surely the Lord would "shortly come out of his hiding place and vex the nation." Apostle Erastus Snow said in 1884 that the day was at hand when Joseph and Hyrum Smith would be resurrected and Christ would appear among his followers—all, he indicated, before the apocalyptic events associated with destruction of the wicked ("Discourse" 1884). When the House of Representatives approved the Edmunds-Tucker Act in 1887, Wilford Woodruff warned that Congress had "turned the last key that seals their condemnation and lays the foundation for the overthrow & final destruction of the United States Government" (in Kenney 1983, 8:420–21).

The completion of Utah's first four temples between 1877 and 1893 (particularly the Salt Lake Temple) corresponded with hardships associated with the anti-polygamy crusade and contributed to Mormon expectations that special events were soon to occur (Stuy 1990). Sensing the dedication of Church members, Apostle John Henry Smith told a priesthood gathering in 1888 that, if the Church's leaders would show the way, the people would certainly follow. During a meeting of the apostles only four months before the Manifesto, Quorum President Lorenzo Snow told his brethren they would live to see the Savior and would participate in the great work of the world's closing scenes. And Apostle John Henry Smith, less than ten days before the Manifesto, told a Church conference in St. George that "no principle or Revelation that God ever gave to his people was to be laid on the shelf as a thing of the past" (Morgan, 6 Oct. 1888; Young, Jr., 29 May 1890; Larson and Larson 1980, 2:718).

We must recall, in understanding the Mormon mind of that time, what the modern church has purposely, and quite successfully, forgotten: the extraordinary significance attached by nineteenth-century Mormons to the principle of plural marriage. It was, said some, the most important truth given the world by the Restored Church. It revealed the domestic economy of the gods. It alone promised to eliminate prostitution and other forms of sexual corruption; it brought hygienic and biological benefits of a startling nature. It was said to have the capacity for restoring the longevity of the ancient patriarchs. It assured correct government in the home and, therewith, greater peace and stability in society at large. Some called it the "chief cornerstone" of the work; others saw its implementation as a pre-

requisite for Christ's return and the commencement of the Millennium.[4]

And mere belief in the doctrine was not enough — men were told they must actually engage in the practice. George Q. Cannon informed an audience in St. George that he was reluctant to lift his hand to sustain any presiding officer who had not entered the principle. Church elders were told that having a dead woman sealed to them, or living "consecutive polygamy" by taking a new wife after a former one passed away, was not enough. One must live with more than one wife at the same time.[5] Polygamy was a requirement for membership in the revived School of the Prophets during the 1880s. Members hesitated, for example, to admit John Smith, Patriarch of the Church, because he smoked and, though husband to two wives, spent all his time with only one (Graffam 1981, 37, 48, 57).

Considering the importance of the tenet and the firm assurances that God would protect and deliver his people, why, then, was there a Manifesto? Justifications given at the time it was submitted in general conference — that Church members had suffered enough and that President Woodruff was guiding the Saints by prayer and inspiration — only beg the question. Recognizing untoward circumstances confronting the Church does not reconcile the event with promises and statements of previous years. The argument that the Woodruff document was a "victory" because it was issued only at the Mormon president's pleasure, or because it salvaged other features of Mormon practice, overlooks the fact that such compensation was purchased at the expense of what many considered their most precious tenet (Thomason 1971).

Neither does it help to remember that the Manifesto, when first issued, probably was not intended by Church leaders to be the great dividing line it later became. It is true the document was initially contrived as little more than a tactic and that approved plural marriages continued to be performed for years after its announcement (Quinn 1985). It is also true that nearly two decades passed before the statement was included in the 1908 edition of the *Doctrine and Covenants*

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[4] Illustrative sources are JD 4:254–55; 11:210, 354; 14:339; 17:218–19; 20:352–53; 25:21, 114–15; Penrose 1868; "Be Not Led Astray by Deceivers," *Deseret News*, 13 Dec. 1879; "Expressions from the People," *Deseret News*, 14 April 1885.

[5] For Cannon's St. George statement, see Larson and Larson 1980, 2:629. There are countless references by Church leaders preaching the necessity of polygamy for those wishing the highest reward in the hereafter. See, for example, Charles S. Smith Diary, 26 April 1884, p. 259; Kimball 1981, 237; Kenney 1983, 8:126–27, 235; John Morgan Diaries, 6 Oct. 1888; JD 20:99; 24:284–85; Roberts 1884, 52, 107; and Tanner 1973, 62.

and that it went through several stages of interpretation before acquiring the regard it has today. This said, it was still an event of traumatic consequence for many. When presented, the Manifesto took numbers by surprise, provoking sadness and disappointment. It was said that gloom filled the Tabernacle after the announcement of its approval. Some sobbed with regret. There were General Authorities who were unhappy with the change. And, contrary to subsequent Church accounts describing the vote on the document as unanimous, we know it was not and that many refused to vote at all. President Woodruff himself later admitted that many Saints were sorely tried by what he had done.[6]

Puzzlement lingered as late as 1930, when Brigham H. Roberts published his *Comprehensive History of the Church.* Discussing the response to the Manifesto, Roberts pointed out that with all the Latter-day Saints had suffered, "they were prepared to suffer more. The thought of surrendering it [plural marriage] had never occurred to the great body of the church, and they were slow to be reconciled to the action." In almost every paragraph he wrote about it, Roberts betrayed question, if not doubt, as to the necessity of the Manifesto. The most he seemed able to say, by way of justification, was that God's purposes were His own (CHC 6:223). Years later, an unidentified correspondent told Kimball Young what a blow the Manifesto had been to him, saying that while eventually reconciled to the document, his first question had been, "Could it be that the Lord had made a mistake?" (K. Young 1954, 411).

The sense that a great cause had been inexplicably denied them afflicted some for years. Paraphrasing the sentiments of a plural family that he interviewed in the 1930s, Kimball Young described the period following the Manifesto as the "hardest times." Until then those engaged in the principle "had the consolation that they were doing right and living their religion. The persecution did not matter." But with renunciation of the principle, he said, all that had given them a sense of cause was taken away (Larsen 1935, 2).

There was, however, an answer that could explain what had happened. The principle had not failed. Neither had the Saints' oracles led them astray. Plurality remained a truth, and God had not broken

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[6] "Box Elder Stake Conference," *Deseret Weekly,* 7 Nov. 1891. See also William Gibson statement in "Polygamous Issues," *Deseret News,* 28 March 1896; Brigham H. Roberts as quoted in Walker 1982, 365; William Henry Gibbs, Sr., Diary, 6 Oct. 1890; Abbie Hyde Cowley Diaries, 6 Oct. 1890; Gibson Condie Diary, pp. 108–9; Joseph Henry Dean Diary, 6 Oct. 1890; John Mills Whitaker Diaries, 6 Oct. 1890; and Lucy W. Kimball testimony in *Reorganized* 1893, 375.

his promises. Rather, the Saints themselves were responsible for the cessation of plural marriage. The practice of God's holy law was only postponed for a more deserving generation. Comments to this effect appeared within a year of the Manifesto, in a sermon by First Presidency counselor George Q. Cannon (*Deseret News*, 14 Nov. 1891). On that occasion, he explicitly stated that the document was given because the Saints had failed in their religious responsibilities. In an April 1893 lecture given in the Salt Lake Temple, Joseph F. Smith said much the same thing (Whitaker, 9 April 1893). And Apostle Matthias F. Cowley repeated in a 1901 address that it was the Church's own failures that accounted for the Manifesto (in Smoot *Proceedings* 1906, 1:8).

This is, of course, close to the interpretation of Mormon fundamentalists who describe the event as simply an appeasement and surrender to the ways of the world. As one fundamentalist writer explains, just as the ancient Israelites were given a king instead of a prophet, modern Israel was given monogamy instead of the principle (Fulton and Allred 1970, 4:66; see also Newson 1956; Kraut 1977, 140–59).

When the Manifesto was first presented to the Saints in conference, perseverance shown by Church members was memorialized, and they were told the Lord was relieving them from further trial ("Remarks" 1890). In his comments, Cannon referred to an 1841 revelation excusing the Saints from further efforts in an assignment frustrated by their enemies. That revelation exempted the Church from building a temple in Missouri because they had done all they could; continued striving in the face of great opposition was unnecessary (D&C 124:49). This was a change, however, from what Church members were told only five years before. A 5 June 1885 *Deseret News* editorial said that any seeking to use the 1841 revelation as precedent for discontinuing polygamy were moral weaklings—and needed "a ramrod fastened parallel with their spinal column." The editorial further argued that circumstances giving rise to the 1841 revelation were entirely different from those confronting the Saints in the 1880s. The former had to do with the erection of a physical structure. The Saints either could or could not perform the task. Now, said the *News*, they were dealing with a "law," an eternal principle. In other words, there seems to have been a return after the Manifesto to attitudes previous to the statement, shifting responsibility more directly to Church members themselves.

The charge of Mormon error was not confined to remarks by Church leaders. In comments by lay members we encounter the most telling references to where the Saints had failed. Recounting a conversation with an older Mormon woman in the early 1890s, Florence

Merriam remembered that the woman had said the Manifesto came about because so many were not living plurality correctly. It had, she said, become "almost a curse to us" (Merriam 1894, 132–33). Journalist Richard Barry reported another Mormon to say the Saints had fallen into such unrighteousness in practicing polygamy that God had to bring it to a halt (1910, 451). Another, Victoria Jackson, recorded in her journal that the Lord ceased fighting their battles because "the law [of plural marriage] was dragged into the gutter. Old men swapped daughters, sex weakness predominated in many cases. Some men neglected present wives . . . and were captivated by a younger face (pp. 4–5). Joseph Lee Robinson later wrote of his concern that, during the 1880s and 1890s, much wickedness had emerged in connection with the principle (p. 66). And Sarah Hendricks, the daughter of a Mormon pluralist, remarked that polygamy "was taken away" because so much abuse had crept into it (1980, 8; see also K. Young 1954, 411; Draper 1980; and Walser 1976).

Whether or not Mormon polygamy had morally degenerated to such a degree, these statements tell of suspicion by the faithful that not all was right in the households of those living the celestial law. Uneasiness about Mormon polygamous behavior is what invites the comparison with Southern misgiving as described by Kenneth Stampp. Citing examples such as the relative rapidity with which Southern states joined in opposing slavery after the Civil War, Stampp argues that the Southern will was eroded by moral equivocation, a process that was often only partly conscious (1980, 255–56).

The parallel is not exact and the issue more complicated because Mormons believed plural marriage to be divine law. Mormons challenging plurality in any fundamental way risked more than cultural treason—they courted heresy and damnation. Unlike those Southerners who Stampp said secretly fretted over their cause, few Saints are likely to have questioned the abstract rightfulness of plural marriage. The Mormon struggle arose within because of what were perceived as personal shortcomings in practicing a commandment of God.

We know, for example, that romantic and exclusive inclinations haunted many polygamous relationships. The persistence of such assumptions has been noted by students of the Mormon polygamous family for decades.[7] Yet, opposed to such feelings were urgings by

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[7] Hulett 1940, 1943; Young 1954, 291–93; Olson 1975, 61–62. Despite a modest increase in the number of polygamous contractions through the mid-1880s, Presidents Cannon and Smith later indicated that Mormon reluctance to embrace the institution had brought the Manifesto upon them. See "Remarks Made by President George Q. Cannon," *Deseret News*, 14 Nov. 1891; and Joseph F. Smith's comments recorded in

Church leaders that plurality was the better way and that all Saints should strive to be worthy to live it. Monogamous sentiments undoubtedly acted as an incubus on the consciences of many, pluralists and non-pluralists, men and women alike.

More crucial, and what particularly recommends the theme of guilt as part of the Mormon response to the Manifesto, is the nervousness felt by many Saints about their sexual behavior. Most of this, I believe, revolved around the question of whether and to what degree sexual activity was to be enjoyed apart from its use for reproduction. General approval of erotic pleasure in marriage previous to the Mormon removal West seems to have given way to a more rigoristic ethic in the latter half of the nineteenth century.[8] This was partly due, undoubtedly, to uncertainties felt by Americans in general about sexual purpose. Anxiety was sharpened by the fact that, despite growing acceptance of the importance of romance, medical advice manuals of the time warned of the dangers sexual indulgence could bring, and Victorians sometimes anguished acutely over what to do with the pleadings of their glands.[9]

Mormon apologetics in behalf of polygamy also contributed to increased sensitivity about the propriety of sexual pleasure. Except for expressions of outrage over Gentile hypocrisy, no subject connected with sexuality occupied Mormon spokespersons more often than denials that gratification of the flesh had anything to do with plural marriage.[10] One might argue, of course, that the frequent and emphatic

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Rudger Clawson Diary, 6 Nov. 1899. The relative increase in plural contractions was noted in "Report of the Utah Commission," (*Report* 1885, 2:886); see also Ivins 1956, 231-32.

[8] Oliver Cowdery, for example, told his wife in a 4 May 1834 letter that not even maternal responsibilities should interfere with a married couple's personal relationship. And Parley P. Pratt recalled that the Prophet Joseph Smith spoke to him approvingly of affection and intimacy in marriage (1985, 259-60).

[9] For extended discussion of attitudes toward sexuality in nineteenth-century American society, especially relating to its dangers, see Fellman and Fellman 1981, 22-23; Haller and Haller 1974; Barker-Benfield 1976; relevant sections of Degler 1980; D'Emilio and Freedman 1988, 55-84; and Lystra 1989. The impact and appropriation of such views among the Mormons is explored in Hardy 1986. The issue is also treated in Kern 1981, 9, 32-33 passim; Bush 1976; and Campbell and Campbell 1976, 394-96. For suggestion that equivocal feelings about sexuality in contemporary Mormon society is at least partly an inheritance from the past, see Raynes 1987, 238-42.

[10] As a small sample, see JD 2:76; 3:266; 4:278; 8:118; 9:36; 11:210; 20:26; 22:97; 23:228; 25:227; "The Sin of Adultery," *Millennial Star* 30 (5 Dec. 1868):776-79; " 'Mormonism' Not Sensual," *Millennial Star* 30 (5 Dec. 1877):789-90; Kenney 1983, 5:563; Cannon, 8 Sept. 1890.

nature of such denials betrayed Mormon anxiety on the subject. Whatever its reason, reproduction was set forth with impassioned emphasis as the near-exclusive function of sexual relations. The Saints were sermonized and warned repeatedly to beware of non-reproductive indulgence.[11] Indeed, this was identified by Mormon leaders as one of the gifts of plurality—that multiple partners permitted men to more easily fulfil their needs while confining themselves to reproductively purposed sexual activity. Polygamy, they said, minimized the profligacy they believed inherent in monogamy.[12]

Criticism of the Saints for their failure to abide by the divinely ordained purposes of sexual relations—especially in polygamy—had flowed across Mormon pulpits for years. Brigham Young declared in 1862 that abuse of the principle was sending thousands to hell, and Heber C. Kimball said in 1868 that "hundreds and thousands" in the Church were not living celestial marriage as it was intended (JD 11:269; 12:190). In a sermon in Springville, Utah, Apostle Orson Hyde upbraided the Saints for what he called their "secret sins." He specifically warned married couples to avoid sexual congress except for reproduction, and admitted that, especially in its early years, polygamy had led many into sexual excess (Gallup, 11 Feb. 1857). And during the 1880s, Apostle Erastus Snow told Mormon colonists in Mexico that too many men were yet rushing into plurality for the wrong reasons.[13]

A common, often dominant, refrain in attacks made upon the Saints was that religion and philosophy were no more than scaffolding, a front to cover their true motivation: common, animal lust. Sexual criticisms by abolitionists of the Old South were adapted and used

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[11] While this is more extensively explored in Hardy (1986), the following references are illustrative: Orson Hyde's sermon, reported in Gallup (11 Feb. 1857); a Mormon Elder's comments recorded in Sinclair (1982, 194); JD 4:278; 13:207–208; B. Young (1861); Ballantyne (1854, 5); and Erastus Snow as reported in Larson and Larson (1980, 2:620).

[12] See, for example, JD 11:206; 24:144–45; G. Cannon 1882, 3068; "Baptism and Plurality of Wives," *Millennial Star* 17 (30 Oct. 1855):645; "The New York Sun on the 'Mormons,'" *Millennial Star* 26 (4 Nov. 1865):693–96; "Epistle of the First Presidency," 4 April 1885, in Clark 1965, 3:11. This subject is explored at much greater length in the author's forthcoming book, *Solemn Covenant: The Mormon Polygamous Passage*, to be published by the University of Illinois Press.

[13] Erastus Snow's comments are found in Jenson, "Diaz Ward," (1 Aug. 1885). See also "Discourse by Prest. George Q. Cannon," *Deseret News*, 1 Nov. 1884; Joseph F. Smith's comment to Heber J. Grant concerning Albert Carrington, in Heber J. Grant Diaries, 24 Dec. 1885; and the paraphrase of the thoughts of Apostle Francis M. Lyman, in A. Lyman 1958, 102.

against the Mormons.[14] And the Saints, despite public denials, must sometimes have internalized such remarks, if only as private self-interrogation — a tendency reinforced by the insistence of their leaders that principle, not passion, must govern them in their marital relations (JD 5:290-91; 9:269; 11:210-11; 18:375; 23:64-65). The intense emphasis on righteous perseverance in the face of attacks from Church enemies, typical of sermons in the 1880s, sensitized Church members to personal failure. The struggle many had with monogamous impulses must have acted as an accusing witness of their selfishness and doubt. But the emphasis on a strictly reproductive employment of sex would have been especially keen as a testament to weakness of the flesh. Mormon preachment created an ideal that was difficult to attain. And, as Freud reminded us, the territory between what we desire and what others tell us we *ought* to desire is a region fertile with guilt (Freud 1922, 106).

In his essay, Kenneth Stampp suggests that what he found in the South could be duplicated often in history. Individuals and societies engaged in great moral conflicts often internalize the issues in ways that, even if unconscious, profoundly affect the outcome of events — so much so that they sometimes actually invite defeat (Stampp 1980, 255). I am not saying that Mormon anxiety acted so powerfully as to contribute to surrender on the practice of polygamy. But I have tried to show that such feelings were recruited *after* the Manifesto, at least by some, as a way of explaining why the document was necessary. This agrees with the research of Leon Festinger and his associates who found some years ago that, surprisingly, when prophecies or theological certitudes fail, most followers in religious movements rebound with even greater faith than before, rather than lose belief. The process seems to involve the invention of a rationale consistent with former teachings that explains the disappointment or failure. The rationale is then adduced as further evidence that what they had believed in, but lost, was indeed true (Festinger, Riecken, and Schachter 1956).

The Saints had been told that plural marriage was a dangerously powerful thing, equally capable of bringing great blessings or great sorrow and evil. The crisis of belief precipitated by the 1890 declara-

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[14] Abolitionist concern with sexual sin in the ante-bellum South, and revival of reform efforts in this area after the war is treated in Walters (1973). Resurrection of Abolitionist rhetoric, and its focus on sexual immorality after the Civil War, is a primary theme in Pivar (1973). For examples of such criticism directed against the Mormons, see Ferris 1856, 146-47, 200; Utanus 1858; Froiseth 1882, 212; Dixon 1868, 183-84; Tiedeman 1886, 539; "Report of the Governor of Utah," 1885, 2:1020. See also Bunker and Bitton 1983, 128.

tion naturally provoked members to explain and to blame. Consistent with warnings concerning their sexual behavior, some appropriated events of their recent past as proof that the teachings were true. However, distress and faultfinding took different forms. Apostle Matthias F. Cowley, for example, more than a decade after the Manifesto, said that Mormon society had inherited a generation of immoral women because their mothers had displayed insufficient regard for the principle when it was permitted (*Deseret News*, 9 Aug. 1902). William Henry Smart, joined to an additional wife by a high Church authority in 1903 but yet uncertain about the meaning of the Manifesto, reportedly blamed the birth of a retarded child on relations he had had with his plural wife (Smart 1980). One is reminded of Anne Firor Scott's description of Southern attitudes after the Civil War when she paraphrased a Southern lady to say that "the four years of bloody War was a fit penance for so many [sexual] sins" (Scott 1970, 53).[15]

By recalling their doubts, their hesitations associated with plurality, and the sting of guilt for what Apostle Orson Hyde called their "secret sins," Mormons were able to save a recent passage of their history from what must otherwise have been an inexplicable defeat. By resorting to self-blame, regard for their leaders and the principle remained intact. God had not abandoned them. They had failed Him. The Manifesto, they could reason, was a consequence of their own misdeeds.

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[15] I am indebted to Professor Klaus Hansen for bringing this quotation to my attention.

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# Cure

*Michael Gray*

The white man is loud,
he is also blind.
His dreams are bad
and teach him nothing.
It would be good for us all
if someone returned him to
our mother.
The silence would soothe him.
Wind and sky clear his eyes.
Water and earth tend his sleep.
He would settle down.
Plainly, some enemy has
snatched him from the breast.

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# A Mormon View of Life

*Lowell Bennion*

THERE ARE MANY VANTAGE points from which to view a religion. In distinguishing one Christian religion from another, we might study its concept of God, the mission of Jesus Christ, or the role of the church. Another very practical and fruitful subject for analysis would be that religion's view of human life. What is life's purpose and meaning? How should human beings live? What is our relationship to God and to Christ? What constitutes salvation and how is it to be gained?

I find the Latter-day Saint view of human life unique among Christian religions. In this essay I present several Mormon perspectives on human existence that have come to mean a great deal to me. In doing so, I do not speak for the Church, and I respect the fact that other Latter-day Saints may perceive emphases quite different from mine.

The Mormon view of life is positive and affirmative. It espouses no doctrine of original sin. Deity planned earth life for the good of human beings, as an essential and significant step forward in their eternal life. Adam and Eve were not sinners but courageous, revered ancestors who set mortal life off to a fine start. As the Book of Mormon testifies, "Adam fell that men might be; and men are, that they might have joy" (2 Ne. 2:25).

As I read it, this scripture locates joy in the present tense. Joy is to be experienced here and now. Jesus confirmed this idea when he said, "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly" (John 10:10). According to my Mormon faith, living religion brings great joy in this life. Joy is not reserved as an afterlife

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reward for virtue. There is, then, continuity between our mortal existence and eternal life. The principles which prepare us for eternal life also bring us great satisfaction in mortality. My religion denies me none of the joys of living. The only sacrifice it demands of me is the sacrifice of lesser values for higher ones. In a debate at the University of Utah years ago, I asked an atheist philosopher to name a pleasure he enjoyed which was denied me because of my religion. Well informed about LDS beliefs, he answered not a word.

## INTELLIGENCE UNCREATED

Most world religions, including traditional Christianity, begin with the idea that God existed alone. He then created all things—the universe, laws, human beings, and nature—*ex nihilo*, out of nothing. These religions hold that God is omniscient, omnipotent, absolute, the source of everything that exists. Humanity and earth life are entirely the work of Deity.

This view contrasts in almost every particular with the Mormon understanding of God's relationship to humans and the universe. Joseph Smith stated in a revelation: "Man was also in the beginning with God. Intelligence, or the light of truth, was not created or made, neither indeed can be. . . . The elements are [also] eternal" (D&C 93:29, 33). The same thought is expressed in another scripture: "[A]lso, if there be two spirits, and one shall be more intelligent than the other, yet these two spirits, notwithstanding one is more intelligent than the other, have no beginning; they existed before, they shall have no end, they shall exist after, for they are . . . eternal" (Abr. 3:18).

Latter-day Saints reject the *ex nihilo* theory of creation. Intelligence and the elements have always existed, co-eternal with God. He is tremendously creative and powerful, but he works with materials not of his own making.

This Mormon theory of creation leads to very significant conclusions regarding both our view of God and of human beings.

## GOD'S GOODNESS

In mortality, we all experience a great deal of suffering, inequality, and natural evil such as diseases, earthquake, drought, and other impartially destructive natural forces. Added to natural evil is the moral evil of appalling inhumanity to each other.

If God were omnipotent, omniscient, and the ultimate source of all, he would, it seems to me, be responsible for all. It could easily be argued that the universe and human nature are precisely what he

wishes them to be. I recognize the goodness and beauty of life and know that there is some value in suffering and in inequality, but there is far too much evil and suffering in the world to ascribe it to a God who is good as well as all-knowing and omnipotent.

If, on the other hand, God must work with elements and intelligences not entirely of his own making, then he is not fully responsible for conditions as they are. To use an analogy, if a builder has not only full knowledge of the construction process but also the ability to make building materials to his or her own specifications, we would expect full perfection in the product. In actual fact, builders must use existing materials, so we don't hold them fully responsible for what they create.

We assume that God is by definition good. The overwhelming amount of evil associated with human life has caused many people to doubt his existence. Mormonism preserves faith in God's existence and goodness by limiting in some measure his omnipotence, believing that he must cope with existing elements, laws, and other intelligences.

The prophet Mormon directly addresses the question of God's responsibility for evil and attests to his goodness: "[W]herefore, every thing which inviteth and enticeth to do good, and to love God, and to serve him, is inspired of God. Wherefore, take heed, my beloved brethren, that ye do not judge that which is evil to be of God" (Moro. 7:13–14). The premise that God is in some way responsible for evil as well as good in the human condition misconstrues eternal realities.

## Free Agency

The eternal, uncreated nature of human intelligence leads to a second important conclusion, namely that free agency is inherent in our eternal intelligence. A revelation to Joseph Smith declares: "All truth is independent in that sphere in which God has placed it, to act for itself, as all intelligence also, to act for itself, otherwise there is no existence" (D&C 93:30). God respects and protects human free agency, but he did not create it. Further, agency is not a condition but a trait inherent in our intelligence, a function of the mind like memory, imagination, or reasoning.

I find this teaching very appealing. If agency were a gift of God, he would be ultimately responsible for its use. Since agency is inherent in our uncreated intelligence, God is not responsible for human cruelty and error. We can ascribe only goodness to God.

## Cooperation with Deity

From the eternal nature of human intelligence, including free agency, we may draw one further conclusion: the course of human life

is not predetermined. There may be foreordination but no predestination. The drama of life is, in fact, still being written as it is played out.

The Lord has tremendous power. He is the greatest intelligence in existence. He is wise, good, loving, creative, a person of absolute integrity. Our lives — all life — depend on him in ways we cannot even comprehend. In him, as Paul says, "we live, and move, and have our being" (Acts 17:28).

At the same time, God needs and seeks our cooperation. If we are genuinely free agents, he cannot achieve his purpose in our lives unless we accept his guidance and assent to his higher purposes. We must work with him to overcome evil and suffering.

## IN THE IMAGE OF GOD

Another unusual teaching of the Mormon faith is that human beings experienced a spiritual existence prior to mortality. God took eternal, uncreated intelligence and created us, his spirit children. How he created us is not known, but we believe we partook of his divine nature, for he calls us his children.

When it was desirable to these spiritual beings to experience mortality — to walk by faith — his children in goodly numbers agreed to come to earth. According to Genesis, we were created in the image of God in our mortal creation. How Deity created us in mortality is, again, not known. Suffice it to say that what he did he pronounced good. I find it deeply inspiring to believe that we humans have — in embryo to be sure — much in common with our Creator: intelligence, creativity, love, and integrity. But, let us remember, a vast difference looms between his attributes and ours, not in kind but in degree and quality. We were made in his image, not he in ours. God is the prototype. We dignify humans by relating ourselves to God, but let us not reduce God to our level.

The Mormon conception of humankind's relationship to Deity leaves unanswered questions, as does any theological theory. It suggests, however, some exciting and ennobling possibilities for the lives of human beings. Mormonism dignifies human nature and affirms without reservation both the goodness of God and his great love for his children.

## LIFE IS PURPOSEFUL

Purpose implies a goal or end towards which one is striving. Life is meaningful largely to the extent that it is purposeful. The character of one's overall purpose in life will largely determine the quality of a person's life.

What is the purpose of life according to Mormonism? Nephi wrote: "Adam fell that men might be; and men are, that they might have joy" (2 Ne. 2:25). Perhaps joyous satisfaction is what we wish for most out of life, but joy cannot be sought directly. It is a by-product of an individual's efforts to realize and actualize the finest qualities of the human spirit. The purpose of life is to recognize and develop those divine qualities that are within us as offspring of God. And what are these? I believe they are intelligence—to know the truth and increase in wisdom—humility, integrity, love, creativity, and faith. Our purpose in mortality is to learn to emulate those attributes so beautifully taught and exemplified by Jesus Christ in his earthly sojourn.

Asked "What is our purpose in life?" Mormons often reply, "To get to the celestial kingdom" or "To return to our Father in Heaven," thus identifying our purpose in life as a place to be, a destination to reach, or a reward for compliance to ordinances and principles of the gospel of Jesus Christ. But our efforts should not be directed toward getting some place, but toward *being* or becoming the kind of person we were created to be. Salvation is a process more than a destination. If we have developed divine attributes, we will be at home in the presence of the Father and Son.

Self-realization is our eternal as well as our mortal goal. We believe in eternal progression, that all will be given the opportunity to realize their human and divine potential. "Whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection. And if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his diligence and obedience than another, he will have so much the advantage in the world to come" (D&C 130:18, 19). The Lord's purpose in creation is "to bring to pass the immortality and eternal [Godlike] life of man" (Moses 1:39). He will pursue that purpose, we believe, into and throughout eternity. Human beings deprived of opportunity or capacity to grow spiritually in mortality will have that chance in the life to come.

Everything in our religion and in the Church should contribute to God's purpose, which is to develop the finest attributes in the lives of his children. Even the ordinances of the Church are not ends in themselves. Baptism, sacrament, washing and anointing, temple endowments: these ordinances are occasions of covenant when we witness of our desire and determination to live the Christian life. Before Alma baptized his people, he said,

> [A]s ye are desirous to come into the fold of God, and to be called his people, and are willing to bear one another's burdens, that they may be light; yea, and are willing to mourn with those that mourn; yea, and comfort those that stand in

> need of comfort, and to stand as witnesses of God at all times and in all things, and in all places that ye may be in, even unto death. . . .
>
> Now I say unto you, if this be the desire of your hearts, what have you against being baptized in the name of the Lord, as a witness before him that ye have entered into a covenant with him, that ye will serve him and keep his commandments, that he may pour out his Spirit more abundantly upon you? (Mosiah 18:8–10)

Mormon also explains the intimate, interconnected relationship between the gift of the Holy Ghost and the development of Christian qualities of character in the recipient.

> And the first fruits of repentance is baptism; and baptism cometh by faith unto the fulfilling the commandments; and the fulfilling the commandments bringeth remission of sins; and the remission of sins bringeth meekness, and lowliness of heart; and because of meekness and lowliness of heart cometh the visitation of the Holy Ghost, which Comforter filleth with hope and perfect love, which love endureth by diligence unto prayer, until the end shall come, when all the saints shall dwell with God. (Moro. 8:25, 26)

## BROTHERHOOD AND SISTERHOOD

Latter-day Saints believe in the brotherhood and sisterhood of all human beings. We are all children of God and objects of his love. We all have the same need for food, clothing, shelter, and health care. All need love, creativity, feelings of worth. God does not distinguish among us in offering the blessings of the gospel of Jesus Christ. These blessings are intended for all.

> For behold, my beloved brethren, I say unto you that the Lord God . . . doeth not anything save it be for the benefit of the world; for he loveth the world, even that he layeth down his own life that he may draw all men unto him. Wherefore, he commandeth none that they shall not partake of his salvation. Behold, doth he cry unto any, saying: Depart from me? Behold, I say unto you, Nay; but he saith: Come unto me all ye ends of the earth, buy milk and honey, without money and without price. . . .
>
> Behold, hath the Lord commanded any that they should not partake of his goodness? Behold I say unto you, Nay; but all men are privileged the one like unto the other, and none are forbidden.
>
> . . . [H]e inviteth them all to come unto him and partake of his goodness; and he denieth none that come unto him, black and white, bond and free, male and female; and he remembereth the heathen; and all are alike unto God, both Jew and Gentile. (2 Ne. 26:23–28, 33)

Latter-day Saints are generally very compassionate towards fellow Church members. When a baby is born or serious illness comes to a family, Relief Society teachers and/or priesthood brethren step in with food, physical help, words of comfort, or whatever else may be needed.

Similarly, when crises occur in their larger communities, Latter-day Saints are ready and willing to organize to help, as was evident when Salt Lake City experienced a serious flood several years ago. The Church currently encourages its members to serve people in need within the larger society on an ongoing basis. Missionaries, for instance, are now instructed to devote four nonproselyting hours a week to humanitarian service in whatever areas they are living. Relief Society sisters have always been encouraged to relieve the poor and needy. We understand that we should love and serve our brothers and sisters in the world, as Paul and Nephi observed, whether they be black or white, brown or red, young or old, male or female.

## Lay Church and Priesthood

The Mormon Church is a lay church which makes no distinction between clergy and laity. We have no full-time paid ministry. General Authorities who devote their full time in service to the Church receive a cost-of-living allowance to maintain them and their families, but unpaid laymen appointed to leadership positions administer local congregations—the wards and stakes—of the Church. A bishop of a ward may be a farmer, businessman, teacher, lawyer, and so forth. At any given time, a third or more of any branch or ward population may be serving as teachers and officers.

A lay church has its limitations. Lay members may not have as much training in speaking, counseling, teaching, or management as trained professional clergy. Nor do they usually have as much time to donate to ecclesiastical service as a pastor.

On the other hand, a lay church gives more people an opportunity to serve and to increase in knowledge and leadership ability. A lay church promotes equality, democracy, and socialization among its members. Those members learn to know each other and to work together for a good cause.

The priesthood, divine authority received by ordination, is available to all men in the Church who are worthy in character and willing to serve. Lay priesthood members hold the same authority as General Authorities. While their callings in the Church may differ, they have the same privileges to bless and to perform the ordinances of the gospel. A priesthood calling motivates one to live righteously and to serve others with humility and love.

Another valuable and formative experience the Church offers its members, usually when they are young men and women and then later in life as retired couples, is the opportunity to serve one- to two-year missions to proclaim the gospel as we understand it. During these

years, the missionaries study, develop convictions, evaluate patterns of living, and quite often lay a foundation for their own religious philosophy of life.

## RELIGION IN EVERYDAY LIFE

Mormonism is not a Sunday-only religion; it permeates every aspect of daily living. Its presence is felt in matters of health, marriage, family life, education, vocation, recreation, and culture.

### *1. Physical Health*

Conscientious Latter-day Saints live by what is called the Word of Wisdom. This revelation advises us to abstain from tobacco, alcoholic beverages, coffee and tea, drugs, and an overabundance of meat; it encourages us to eat fruits and vegetables in season, and all grains, especially wheat. The listed prohibitions and recommendations are not intended to be inclusive, but simply illustrative. The spirit and principle of the Word of Wisdom is to enjoy with moderation and thanksgiving all things good for us and to abstain from things harmful.

I am grateful that my belief in the divine origin of the Word of Wisdom guided most of my choices in youth, despite the absence at the time of scientific evidence, which has since verified Word of Wisdom teachings. Now we know that living by this code will help to prevent cancer, heart and lung disease, and other serious disabilities.

### *2. Mental Health*

In the Sermon on the Mount Jesus speaks of two houses. He is in this parable describing two lives, one built upon his teachings and the other not. The same hardships troubled both lives: "The rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house" (Matt. 7:25). But the life built upon the teachings of Jesus — upon humility, faith, integrity, and love — fell not, for it was founded upon a rock.

Latter-day Saints who understand and live their religion can face life with faith, fortitude, and even resignation when appropriate. An acquaintance of mine, a fine Jew specializing in psychiatry at the University of Utah medical school, who was living with some Mormon students, remarked to me that he marveled at their faith, commenting specifically at how they affirmed life under very difficult and grueling circumstances. Seeing purpose and meaning in life beyond one's immediate successes, failures, challenges, or life circumstances is a product of religious faith. Discipleship to Christ — drawing the deepest satisfactions from learning and serving rather than from material goods or worldly recognition — can be wonderfully freeing and stabilizing.

## Marriage and the Family

*Verily I say unto you, that whoso forbiddeth to marry is not ordained of God, for marriage is ordained of God unto man.* (D&C 49:15)

Marriage has two fundamental values: (1) the love and security a couple can give to each other and (2) the procreation and development of children. Both marriage and parenthood offer complex, at times difficult, but unsurpassed opportunities to experience life deeply, richly, and challengingly. The LDS Church values marriage and family life, teaching these as religion topics in Relief Societies, priesthood quorums, and other auxiliary organizations. It maintains a trained corp of marriage and family counselors in its Social Services Department.

Since Latter-day Saints believe that earth life is a necessary step in one's eternal progression, they believe in the value of bearing children and sacrificing freedom, self-advancement, and pleasure to meet their children's needs. The birthrate among Mormons is considerably higher than the national average. Mormons also believe in sexual abstinence before marriage and fidelity within marriage. A major reason for both is to safeguard the stability of marriage and provide a secure family setting for children to be born into and reared. The sex drive needs the institution of marriage as the setting for its fulfillment.

## Education

An LDS revelation declares: "The glory of God is intelligence." That should be self-evident, but it is good to state it. The glory of human beings is also intelligence. It is the characteristic which distinguishes us as human. Our minds are not only a marvelous means of understanding life, but intelligence enriches every dimension of our existence—human relations, romance, aesthetic feeling, love of neighbor, integrity, humility, and faith.

In 1832 at the very outset of Latter-day Saint history, Joseph Smith was told that we live in a world governed by law, that we should learn the laws of life by study and by faith, and that we should teach one another and seek knowledge from the best books (D&C 88). The first temple erected by the Saints in Kirtland, Ohio, was to be a "house of prayer, a house of fasting, a house of faith, a *house of learning*" (D&C 88:119, emphasis added).

Establishing schools, academies, and universities was a high priority in early Mormon-dominated Utah. When public education largely appropriated the task of education, the Church supplemented with seminaries and institutes to provide youth with religious instruction as well. From the beginning, many Mormons have been inspired by their

religious philosophy to engage in professional and advanced study. Most of them have not been afraid to test their religious convictions by their intellectual studies in other fields.

Many tenets of religion—the existence of God, the atonement of Christ, the immortality of the soul—rest solely on faith. One can neither prove nor disprove the existence of God by rational thought alone. However, religion appeals to the mind as well as to feeling, hope, and faith; and many principles of faith, such as repentance, humility, integrity, and love, can be known, experienced, and witnessed to by the mind. The wisdom of the Decalogue and the Beatitudes is evident to the rational mind. Scientific research has authenticated the Word of Wisdom. Our rational affirmation of these principles strengthens our belief in the great primal postulates of faith—the reality of God, the divinity of Christ, and the immortality of the human soul.

## CONCLUSION

As I have noted, Mormonism has definite and unique beliefs about the nature of human beings—they are uncreated intelligences with free agency; all humans are children of God created in his image; earth life is purposeful; salvation is a process rather than a far-off goal.

Mormonism places great responsibility on the individual to make something of his or her life and to help others to do the same. This is well expressed in a modern revelation:

> Verily I say, men [and women] should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and do many things of their own free will, and bring to pass much righteousness; for the power is in them, wherein they are agents unto themselves. And inasmuch as they do good they shall in nowise lose their reward. But he that doeth not anything until he is commanded, and receiveth a commandment with a doubtful heart, and keepeth it with slothfulness, the same is damned. (D&C 58:27–29)

The Mormon philosophy of human life is not fixed or confined. It is open-ended and flexible, constrained only by a few guiding principles. Above all, I appreciate that the Mormon view is life-affirming and places no limits on what we may accomplish here and in eternity. It is, I believe, consistent with human nature, helping those who believe its teachings to realize the full potential of their beings and to find the joy that Nephi claims as the purpose of our existence.

# The New Zealand Mission during the Great Depression: Reflections of a Former Acting President

*Harold T. Christensen*

THE TIME WAS 21 April 1932; the place, New Zealand. I had served as a Mormon missionary for nearly two and one-half years, the normal period according to Church practice for a foreign assignment at that time. I was anticipating returning home to Rexburg, Idaho, in time to enroll at Brigham Young University that fall.

When I first arrived in New Zealand in late 1929, one mission covered both of the country's major islands. The Church had nearly fifty active missionaries and just under eight thousand members—roughly seven Maoris to every pakeha (white). The first Mormon missionaries arrived in New Zealand in 1854, less than a quarter century after the Church's beginning in New York State in 1830. The first LDS branch was organized a year later, with only ten members. Missionary work was sporadic, however, until around 1880, when proselyting, especially among the Maoris, met with considerable response. The ratio of Maoris to pakehas in Church membership is even more remarkable when you consider that during the 1930s, when I was there, the overall population stood at about 1,500,000, including only 68,000 Maoris.

I had been assigned the last two years to the Wairarapa District with headquarters in the small all-Maori Hiona Branch, located on the outskirts of the city of Masterton. I had been serving as district

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*All correspondence and journal entries cited in this essay are in the personal collection of the author.*

president for approximately fifteen months when a regularly scheduled *hui pareha* (district conference) was held at Hiona in early March of 1932. As usual, Mission President John E. Magleby, elderly, highly spiritual, and greatly loved by all, especially the Maori members, presided. He released me as district president and then called three local Maori elders to take my place.

The Wairarapa district was the sixth district in the mission (out of fourteen) for which President Magleby had called local leadership. The number of "Zion missionaries," those from America, had declined steadily and rapidly, not just in New Zealand, but in virtually all missions of the Church. The Great Depression made it increasingly difficult for Mormon families to provide financial support for their sons and daughters on missions. My own father had been having rather severe financial difficulties. In order to send the monthly checks needed for my support, he sometimes had to borrow money from the bank.

About one month following my release as district president, I attended the 1932 *hui tau* (mission conference) at Nuhaka on the east coast of the North Island. President Magleby spoke to me privately and invited me to report soon at mission headquarters in Auckland. He did not say why.

The morning after I arrived in Auckland, President Magleby showed me a cablegram from the First Presidency in Salt Lake City which read: "We honorably release you [to] return home. . . . Place capable missionary in temporary charge." He then asked if I would be willing to take on that assignment. He felt that it could last no more than three or four months, allowing time for him to arrive home and make his report, and then for Church Authorities to send someone older and more experienced than I to take over. This request/assignment hit me like a bombshell. What could I say? Extending my stay would mean postponing a much longed-for reunion with my family, postponing dating and eventual marriage, and postponing my schooling and my eventual goal of a Ph.D. Even the thought of taking on a position with such awesome responsibility almost overwhelmed me. Yet I could see the need and was honored to be asked. With little hesitation I said that I would do my best.

But new and unexpected developments soon made it clear that the matter was not entirely settled. My father, who was on the faculty at Ricks College, had written earlier to me: "The school held back part of our salary again because of the bank failure and the fact that students are not paying their tuition to any great extent." I learned at this time that, like many parents of missionaries at that time, he had also written to the President of the Church, explaining his situation and wondering if my release couldn't be arranged to take place rather soon.

Just a day or two after the cable releasing President Magleby, and after I had made my commitment to take over, another communication from the First Presidency arrived, recommending that *I* be honorably released due to financial difficulties at home. This had been written, of course, after President Heber J. Grant had heard from my father but before he could have received word from New Zealand about my appointment as interim mission president. Still, President Magleby, in showing it to me, gave me my choice. I could choose to go home, despite my acceptance a few days earlier. But without hesitation I told him that I had committed myself and would stay.

In the days that remained to him, President Magleby taught me all he could about the responsibilities and routines of a mission president. He introduced me to some of his business friends, carefully went over the books and office procedures, and arranged for me to board at the mission home without cost and to draw traveling expenses plus five pounds (about twenty-five dollars) monthly from the mission funds for personal expenses. He formally set me apart for the new calling and combined this with a blessing, all of which was duly recorded.

On the morning of 3 May 1932, President and Sister Magleby set sail, together with a few released missionaries and some local Saints who had been called for a few weeks of temple work in Hawaii. Hundreds of friends and well-wishers gathered at the Auckland wharf to say farewell. I shed a few tears, too.

I returned to the mission home feeling very much alone and as if an extremely heavy load had been placed upon my shoulders. "Will I make good?" I asked in my journal and then answered, "Yes, if God permits."

In my initial letter to the First Presidency, I wrote: "My length of stay will depend entirely upon your desire." In the somewhat frequent correspondence that took place between us, I never once raised the question of my own release. I did, however, plead for more missionaries each time that I wrote. For my own part, I continued to think that surely the First Presidency would act rather soon on my case, and I even so much as half expected a release each time a letter arrived from them. That did not happen, however, until after I had served as acting president for a full fifteen months. By then the entire period of my missionary service was just under four years.

Somewhat typical of correspondence from President Grant is this extract of a letter I received in late 1932:

> We have full confidence in your ability to direct the affairs of the New Zealand Mission. Regret that there has been such a marked decrease in number of missionaries. Conditions do not look very encouraging towards increasing this num-

ber. Many of the missions are utilizing the services of the worthy local brothers and sisters, who devote their spare time to this important and sacred service.

The feelings of "aloneness" or of the "heavy load" that hit me at the very beginning soon eased. It was not long before I began to feel quite comfortable in my new role, while trying at the same time to remain humble and on-track.

I should explain the reasons my feelings eased. President Magleby had established policies and generally well-functioning programs before his departure. The remaining missionaries and many outstanding members gave me their support and let me draw on their strength. I received regular encouraging letters from the First Presidency in Salt Lake City in which they offered both suggestions and assurances of their confidence in me and my work. And—perhaps of primary importance—I tried always to stay in tune with the spirit by keeping busy and attending to my duties, but also through prayer and occasional fasting. For example, at one point I wrote in my journal: "I have been fasting for two full days and intend to continue until tomorrow night. I must keep myself humble in order to carry on with this great and important work."

Although perhaps as much as half of my time as acting president was spent at the Auckland headquarters taking care of necessary administrative duties, the other half was spent "on the road," usually attending conferences. The schedule then called for district conferences every six months and an annual overall mission conference. During my tenure, I was privileged to preside over thirty-two district conferences and one annual mission conference.

My mid-1932 experience at D'Urville Island gives something of the "Maori flavor" of a Church gathering. A tiny "dot on the map," D'Urville Island is located at the northeastern edge of New Zealand's South Island, just a little southwest of the capitol, Wellington. This small island had no roads and few trails of any consequence; nearly all of the traveling was done by launch. The entire population totaled little more than one hundred people, most of whom were LDS.

Because of its relative isolation and size, the D'Urville Island *hui pariha* was not nearly as elaborate as were most of the others. But the format was similar, and the spirit was every bit as rich.

At Wellington on the evening of 15 July 1932, I boarded a small freighter and bedded down in one of its two cramped cabins. The seas across Cook's Strait were rough, but I did not get seasick. I was awakened around three in the morning, when the boat pulled up at French Pass, an anchorage. Brother Ruroku met me there and took me in his small launch on a half-hour long journey to his home on the shore. His

wife was waiting with a light meal on the table and a large fire in the fireplace. After warming myself and eating and visiting a little, I went to bed once more. The next day we rode the launch over to the other side of the bay, to Madsen, a small Maori *paa* (village) named after a former Mormon missionary. Upon our arrival, the Saints there gathered together, and I went down the line that had formed pressing noses in *hongi*, the traditional form of Maori greeting. Later I wrote in my journal: "This Hui Pariha was one of the very best, even though the crowd was small. . . . They respected me as President, almost treated me like royalty. It was an occasion that I will never forget."

Before and after the scheduled meetings, I was treated to two exciting deep-sea fishing trips, one on Saturday and the other on Monday. Then came the time for farewell and departure:

> It was after dark when we arrived back from fishing and there was a nice big fire awaiting us. I found that my suit had been cleaned and pressed while I was away. We visited for awhile and then the entire crowd gathered at the hall where we played games, danced, and sang songs. Then everyone walked down to the shore. We said our goodbyes and I, plus a couple of others who were taking me, boarded the launch. The moon was shining beautifully. The sea was calm. As we moved farther away from the shore and the crowd grew dim to our eyes we still could hear the sweet farewells in the form of Maori singing floating over the waters. I was touched by this new and romantic experience coming to me from Maori-land.
>
> Farther out, the pilot of a small passenger liner, which followed a regular schedule between Nelson and Wellington, saw our signal and pulled up in midwater. I boarded by climbing up a rope ladder.

The number of Zion missionaries working in New Zealand continued to decline both before and after I was appointed acting president. The fifty or so who were there at the time I arrived in late 1929 had been reduced to a mere fourteen (including myself) by the time I took over in the spring of 1932. Then, during the fifteen months that I remained in charge, not one single missionary from abroad arrived to bring us relief; on top of that, I was forced over time to release another six—three according to my own judgment and three because of requests from the First Presidency.

Feeling that my time would be short and not wanting to rock the boat, I aimed to follow through on policies and programs that President Magleby had established. Of course, I would innovate at times, but in the main I tried to stay the course. I attempted to meet the challenge of attrition in the number of Zion missionaries in two ways. First, we needed to organize or reorganize a number of Church structures. At the mission level, I started out by following through on a project that President Magleby already had well started. I organized, for the first time formally, a mission-wide genealogical committee.

Stuart Meha, who had been given some training at the Hawaiian Temple with this in mind, became its first president. And on my own I called and set apart Hohepa Meha, Stuart Meha's bright and energetic son, as the new editor of *Te Karere*, the monthly mission magazine, and Frederick Davis as the new superintendent of the mission Sunday schools. Davis, a young Tongan man, possessed outstanding musical talent and was in New Zealand essentially to study and promote his career. These were the first local members ever to hold these particular high positions, and both performed with distinction.

At the district level, I pulled Zion missionaries out of an additional three district presidencies—that is, in addition to the six districts in which President Magleby had called local leadership. However, whereas President Magleby had found enough faithful and competent local Saints to organize his six districts completely locally, I was able to do this in only one: the Poverty Bay District. In the other two—the Wellington and the South Island Districts—I left only the local branches still functioning, but arranged for occasional visits from mission headquarters and from nearby operating districts to give help and encouragement as they were able to do so. It was not an ideal solution but was the best that I could come up with, and I viewed it as temporary.

My second and major attempt to deal with the challenges created by the shortage of Zion missionaries was to increase the number of local missionaries. As a first move in that direction, I called and set apart four worthy female members to perform missionary service in the Auckland area. I then wrote a letter to all district officers and, in addition, published an article in *Te Karere* entitled "A Call to Service," both of which stressed the need for missionary service and the blessings that would follow. I asked for volunteers, and the response was most encouraging. At the March 1933 *hiu tau* in Nuhaka, over which I presided, we set apart some thirty-three additional local members for missions of six months or longer. I instructed them and assigned each to the various districts in which they would be working. Together with others already in the field, this made more than fifty local missionaries working throughout the North Island—the largest contingent ever, by far, up to that point in time. After learning of my course of action, the First Presidency informed me that they looked upon it as "very gratifying."

On 14 July 1933, Elder Rufus K. Hardy, a member of the First Quorum of Seventy, arrived to replace me. Only eight of us Zion missionaries remained at that time. Of course, of those eight, I had been there the longest. But each of the others was either approaching or already over the two-year mark. Five new missionaries accompanied

President Hardy, four of whom went on to serve in Australia; only the fifth remained in New Zealand. The Depression had taken its toll.

The two weeks between President Hardy's arrival and my departure were, for the most part, spent going over mission affairs with him. In addition, I enjoyed some heartwarming farewells for me, including a testimonial in the mission chapel. A large group of members and friends assembled down at the dock to see me off. There, to the delight of all, the missionaries who were staying behind, together with a few of their friends, performed several Maori action songs and *hakas* (traditional war dances).

Later, after I arrived in Salt Lake City, I went to Church headquarters by appointment to make my report to the First Presidency. I was ushered into President Heber J. Grant's spacious office and asked to be seated as part of a semicircle alongside his two counselors, Anthony W. Ivins and J. Reuben Clark. We were together for perhaps half an hour. I felt humble in their presence, but greatly honored. They asked about a number of things, especially concerning the morale of the remaining elders. They asked how members were responding to the new responsibilities given them and what, if any, recommendations I could make to further the work. I reported on a few specific problems and needs as I saw them, but also tried to be reassuring and to let them know that I and others had been doing our best. I again plugged hard for additional missionaries to be sent to New Zealand. They thanked me and expressed satisfaction and appreciation for my years of service.

I came home on a "high," feeling both successful and thankful for the opportunities that had been mine.

But how do I feel now, better than half a century later, after I have seen more of life and had more time to reflect and gain additional perspectives? I have less burning enthusiasm, to be sure, but still no regrets for having spent time on a mission. There were sacrifices, of course, and times of discouragement and even temporary doubt. But these were more than counterbalanced by the rewards that came from conquering difficulties and giving unselfish service to others. In sum, the pluses far outweigh the minuses.

First there is service: I firmly believe—backed up by what, to me, are meaningful evidences—that I did exert a positive influence in the lives of a number of people, both in and out of the Church. I was able to help some think, feel, and live on a higher plane and consequently to enjoy greater satisfactions in life. This, it seems to me, is the ultimate reward.

But there has been a personal reward as well. My exposure to another culture within the framework of conviction and service, espe-

cially when I was acting president, brought me a measure of maturity and skill in problem solving and leadership, to say nothing of added recognition and respect. These in turn helped me as a student at BYU. And academic success there provided an invitation to join the faculty, which then prepared me for my professional career and opened up a promising professorship for me at Purdue University—and so on and so on. One thing leads to another. Success, no matter how limited, can beget continuing success. In my case it did, at least.

Finally, there are heartwarming rewards, remembrances brought to the fore by events or by contacts that invite one to relive the past. In October of 1981 a large group of Maori Saints traveled across the Pacific to Salt Lake City to attend general conference and a special reunion of former New Zealand labor missionaries. They also came as a church choir prepared to perform with traditional songs and dances. They presented several well-received programs in Salt Lake City and later during their return trip, in St. George, Hurricane, and Las Vegas.

One hundred and fifty or more members of this group traveled on to San Diego to present an open-air concert at the Mormon Battalion Visitor's Center in Old Town. My wife, Alice, and I arrived there early, hoping to meet some older Maoris in the company who might remember me from nearly fifty years earlier. We met four, one man and three women; and they turned out to be members I had called on missions at the time of the 1933 *hui tau*, an event they excitedly recalled. The concert of old Maori songs and dances performed in native costume touched my heart and revived many fond memories from the past, but what thrilled me most was my preconcert encounter with those four former Maori missionaries who remembered me so warmly. Each of them embraced me, almost in tears. One of them called out, "Ehoa, homai te hongi." I responded by making the rounds grasping hands and pressing noses. What memories!

# The Dark Gray Morning

*Tom Riley*

The dark gray morning has its eye on you.
Forget about the stormy afternoon:
you have more pressing worries. What to do?
The dark gray morning has its eye on you
and will not look away. Last night you knew,
as you lay down, it would be over soon.
The dark gray morning has its eye on you:
forget about the stormy afternoon.

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*PERSONAL VOICES*

# My Mother's House

*Levi S. Peterson*

I SPENT THE THIRTEENTH of December 1985 traveling by automobile from Ogden, Utah, to Snowflake, Arizona, to attend my mother's funeral. It was my fifty-second birthday. My wife, daughter, and I commandeered a bedroom in my mother's old house. It was the last time we would ever sleep in that house. The funeral was held the next morning in Snowflake's yellow rock church, in which I had attended meetings during most of my childhood. At the viewing that preceded the funeral, I merely glanced at my mother in her coffin. It seemed if I did more I would never regain my composure.

After the burial and the meal served by the Relief Society, I returned with my siblings to the old house. In a brief council we agreed that, rather than see this structure, incommodious at its best and now very deteriorated, fall into the hands of strangers, we would donate the land on which it stood to the local school district on the condition that it raze the house. This seemed appropriate since our father had been the founding principal of the high school and our mother, following his death in 1943, had become a teacher in the grade school. Before I left Snowflake that evening, I gave the house a final scrutiny. When I returned for a family reunion the next summer, the lot had been cleared of all but a little rubble. It was then that, suddenly confronted by the absence of the house, I allowed myself for the first time to acknowledge how truly devastated I had been by the death of my mother. More than I had ever before appreciated, the house had always seemed an essential incarnation of her spirit.

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My mother frequently spoke of the house as having a sacred character. It was, in fact, from her casual comments of this sort that I learned to define the word "sacred." She referred often to the births and deaths, the growings up, the departures and reunions, that had occurred in the house. Two of my brothers, a niece, and I were born there. My father and grandmother died there. And how could I even begin to count the instances of communion between parents and children, brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, uncles and aunts, that went on at the dining table of that house for over fifty years? All of these made the house sacred, for nothing on the face of the earth sanctifies more surely than human love.

I remember a supper on a summer evening before my father's death. I was perhaps six years old. At the table were my father and mother, my brothers Charles, Roald, and Leon, and I. The supper was simple: bread, butter, milk, and tiny green onions from our garden at the field. There was the nonsensical talk, the suppressed ribaldry, of rowdy boys, who slathered their bread thick with butter and gulped milk and avidly devoured the little onions. The door between the dining room and the bedroom where I had been born was open, as was an outside door to the bedroom. A low summer sun slanted through to the dining table where we sat. Motes hung suspended in the swath of gold the sun traced through the shadowy room. In thinking of this supper, I recall that Jesus chose to make a supper the nexus of commemoration of his redeeming sacrifice. The supper I remember from my childhood was a moment of holy communion, a sacrament celebrated by a family whose circle of love for the moment remained unbroken.

I remember an evening during the fall of my junior year in high school. By then my father had been dead for six years. The brother just older than I had gone to college, and my mother and I were the sole occupants of the house. By an arrangement my mother had made with the high school principal, I left school an hour early each day to go to our field and finish the harvest and feed the beef cattle and horses. I often put my .22 rifle in the pickup and, after my chores were done, drove into the junipers and shot a mess of cottontails. I remember an evening when I gutted a rabbit outside the house in the light cast by the dining room window. I took the skinned carcass inside and went out to the corral to milk the cows. When I returned with a foaming pail, I saw my mother at the woodburning range frying the rabbit. That image stays vividly with me: smoke rising from the frying pan, my mother with an apron over her dress, a fork in one hand, a salt shaker in the other. The moment that created the image lies impossibly lost in the past. That is another reason the spot on which it occurred now seems sacred.

A couple of years later I too left home. I returned often to visit my mother, and she and I exchanged letters every week. As I have said elsewhere, I chose to live my religion in a way less than pleasing to her. My mother was meticulously devoted to Mormonism. Had it been possible, she would have transported her children, juvenile or adult, toward salvation upon her own willing shoulders. During the last few years of her life, my mother became partially senile. In some ways it was a blessing to me to have her so, for, during the periods when my wife and I took our turn in having her in our home in Ogden, she no longer remonstrated with me for my neglect of the commandments. She simply forgot to ask when I intended to start paying a tithe and have my wife baptized, and my relationship with her became less stressful than it had been for many years. During the extended visits my mother paid us in this last period of her life, I frequently went into her room to say goodnight. She was always asleep, having dozed off on her bed as she read or crocheted. She did not mind being awakened, since she went off again easily. I clasped her hands, and she murmured that she loved me with a fervor that left no doubt. This ritual assuaged my guilt and brought a sense of reparation of my old crime of having grown up and left her.

While she stayed at our house, she and I were usually alone at breakfast and lunch. She was quite deaf and couldn't enter the table conversation at night when we joined my wife, daughter, and mother-in-law for dinner. But at breakfast and lunch she could talk because I asked her questions on topics she loved to speak about, and I listened attentively to whatever she wanted to say.

She had had a momentous life. She married a man who refused to hold a steady job. She had two daughters by him, and then she did the unthinkable: she divorced him. Her marriage to this man remained a haunting guilt all her life, and she could talk endlessly about the circumstances attending it. She of course liked to talk about her marriage to my father, a widower nineteen years her senior, and about the accommodations she and he had been forced to make regarding the children each had brought into their marriage. Sometimes very remarkable things emerged in her talk. Forgetful of old inhibitions, she confided intimate matters. I was, I confess, a little shocked when she informed me that she could precisely date the conception of her second daughter. It had occurred on the night the dam washed out at Woodruff, Arizona. She had been staying there with her parents, and her first husband, freighting by team and wagon between Holbrook and St. Johns, had made one of his infrequent overnight stops in Woodruff, which lay between those two larger towns.

On another occasion she confided something that I came to realize was far more intimate. Early in their marriage, she informed me, she and my father had had their second temple blessings performed. I was startled, not so much that she and he had engaged in this rare (and now entirely discontinued) ritual, but that she had concealed the fact from me during almost fifty years of association. She had concealed it because she had been instructed to keep it a secret, and, as I knew from long experience, she was unusually conscientious in refraining from idle talk and gossip.

The matter came up in a strange, roundabout way at the breakfast table in my house. She said to me something like this: "You know, there is nothing in the temple ceremonies that has to do with sexual union." She paused just a moment and then added: "When your father and I came back to Snowflake from the Salt Lake temple after getting our second blessing, there was a part of the ceremony we had to complete at home." Instantly curious, I asked questions. But she, guilt-stricken over what she had confided, would say nothing more. Because of the juxtaposition of the two sentences quoted above, I of course decided that the finishing ceremony performed in a couple's home must have somehow indeed had a sexual character. For some time I went about sniffing for information among my friends, but I could find no one who knew what the finishing ceremony for the second temple blessing might be. The doctrine of the second blessing was simply too esoteric, too deeply buried in the minds of old people who had long ago promised not to talk about it.

I could not refrain from subtly offering my mother the opportunity of elaborating on this subject in later conversations, and to some degree she gratified my curiosity. She was willing to inform me that the part of the second blessing performed in the temple was very much like the ceremony of the ordinary endowment with which all Latter-day Saints who presently attend the temple will be familiar. She refused still to divulge the nature of the portion of the ceremony completed at home, but did add a very important personal fact. She and my father had engaged in the temple portion of the ceremony while attending general conference in April 1929. They delayed the portion performed at home from April until June because it was in June when they moved into the house they had just purchased. They had expressly waited to complete the ceremony because they intended it to serve as a dedication of the house. They intended that it prepare the house to shelter births and deaths, to propagate hope and affection, and to assist in sealing up themselves and all whom they loved in unbreakable, immortal bonds.

For a while following their wedding in 1924, my parents rented their living quarters, and when at last my father agreed to buy a

house, he insisted it be one that they could buy outright with the $600 they had in savings. Even in those days, $600 wouldn't buy much of a house. It stood on a barren lot on a hill so high that no irrigation ditch could reach it. A square frame structure with an overhanging shingled roof, the house contained four rooms. It had been built conveniently close to the town schools by a rancher whose children had lived in it while attending high school. I'm sure it had never been painted. A couple of years before my birth, my father and his older sons added a large living room and a bathroom. They covered its exterior with beaded molding and painted it a light orange. That is how I remember it best, though my mother had it again remodeled and covered with yellow stucco after I became an adult. Neither of these remodelings alleviated the unsquared windows through which the fierce spring winds sifted entire dunes of red sand.

My mother maintained certain amenities in the house. She kept curtains at all the windows and waxed the hardwood floor in the living room and covered it with Navajo rugs. In general, however, the house was a marvel of sparse inconvenience. The woodburning stoves were dirty and tedious. My mother was the first to rise in the morning, and she always kindled the fires. Pipes leading to a hot water tank ran through the kitchen range, but only on Saturday, when she baked bread, was there ever hot water in the tank. For dishes and paltry midweek baths she had to heat water on top of the range. The bathroom faucets invariably froze at least once each winter. An open bucket of swill for the pig sat beneath the kitchen sink; the water in which she washed the dishes, innocent of soap, went into that bucket. With a coarse white cloth she strained hair and straw from the milk which her not overly hygienic sons brought in from the corral. She had no refrigerator until I was nearly grown. She stored pans of milk in a cupboard where in the summer it quickly soured. Sometimes the mice which domiciled in the interior of the walls got into the pans of milk and drowned. Coats hung on nails behind the kitchen door. She set her table with a motley assortment of cutlery and dishes. She wasn't insensitive to the rigors the house imposed on us. There simply weren't means for doing better.

I recall my mother's scorn for the plank floor with which the original part of the house was equipped when she and my father moved into it. I became aware of this because, during summers when my wife, daughter, and I visited my mother in her home, I undertook repairs of various kinds. It seemed when I was working on the house my mother was most contented with me, and forgot, even before her dotage, to plead with me over my recalcitrance toward the commandments. It was as if the family bond had been restored to its primal

condition when I mended screens, painted window sashes, and once, even, helped reshingle the massive roof. One summer I replaced a worn kitchen linoleum with bright blue vinyl tile. I had decided the tile required a smooth underlayment of plywood. This meant that I had to cut away the uneven boards that for many years had served as an underlayment to various linoleums. I borrowed a large chisel and mallet from a nephew and severed each board where it met the wall. Then I ripped it up with a wrecking bar. At one point while this was going on my mother stood in the door leading to the dining room and said with great vehemence, "Give it a good lick! That does my soul so much good to see you tear out those boards. You don't know what it took to persuade your father to let me have a linoleum. He wanted to pour every spare penny into that ranch at Lakeside. What did he care about scrubbing boards? He wasn't the one who had to do it!"

This simple incident revealed much about my parents. I saw in my mother an anger toward my father that most of the time was checked by her enormous respect for him. He had been, after all, her teacher in Snowflake Stake Academy and was esteemed by the citizenry of Navajo County as one of their most accomplished members. Even today, almost fifty years following his death, I meet people who still call him Professor Peterson, though he never held the equivalent of a modern bachelor's degree. And I saw that my father, though undoubtedly possessed of a Victorian gravity and eloquence, was in many ways a mere frontiersman. He really didn't mind that his wife was forced to scrub wood floors.

But I mustn't overdo my mother's resentment of the house. It was her *only* house, and she cherished it next to the people whose presence had made it sacred. Except for a few winters which she spent doing genealogical research in Salt Lake after her retirement from teaching, she lived in the house until, over eighty years old, she became incapable of staying there alone. I will point out that even during the many years when she lived alone, the house was not devoid of loved ones. Sons and daughters lived nearby, and there were parties, dinners, and reunions, to say nothing of successive generations of grandchildren who stayed nights with their affectionate grandmother.

Even in her senility my mother did not forget her house. I think the very frequency with which she moved among the homes of her children reminded her that, removed from her own house, she was an exile. It became her greatest pleasure to have someone take her to her own house and stay with her there for a time. While there, she often revived from the lassitude of her senility, and she cooked, cleaned, and arranged with something like the vigor of her early years. So it

was in September of 1985, three months before my mother died, that my wife, daughter, and I spent a week with her in the house.

When she had stayed with us in Ogden for six weeks during the preceding spring, she had spoken of this promised stay with great anticipation. However, our arrival in the old house in September proved disappointing. The house was terribly dusty, the toilet drained constantly, bedding was soiled by mice, insects possessed the kitchen. Within a day or two, I realized a part of the disappointment we all felt derived from my mother's failing energy. She had looked about the house, had seen how deteriorated it was, and recognized that now, nearing ninety-three, she could not even pretend to attack it with the vigor it had always required. She spent most of the week sitting on the sofa in the dining room, a little morose, I think, and certainly nostalgic. She puttered a little with crocheting an afghan, stirred certain old papers, and sometimes simply sat with her hands in her lap. My wife and I fixed meals, washed dishes, vacuumed, and ran bedding through the washer.

On perhaps the second morning, when I was in the dining room with her, my mother said something that riveted my attention. She sat, as I said, on the sofa. She looked across the room to the door entering the kitchen. "Right there," she said, "was where your father and I completed the ceremony for our second blessing."

"Right where?"

"There. In the doorway to the kitchen. He sat in a chair. I cried. He thought it was because I was humiliated. It wasn't that at all. I cried because it was so sacred."

I was frantic to know more. I dug, I pried, I pleaded. Embarrassed, perhaps feeling derelict in her duty, she would say no more. I was, I admitted to myself, perhaps inordinately consumed by the mystery and had attached more significance to it than it was worth. Nonetheless, as I went about my chores, as I took walks and went grocery shopping, I concentrated intently upon the facts at my command. The ceremony had gone forward in the doorway. My father had sat in a chair; my mother therefore had not been in a chair. But she had not been inert. She had done something which made her weep, and my father had reason to believe she wept from humiliation.

And then, on the next to the last day of our stay, it came to me: she had washed his feet! Christ washed the feet of the ancient apostles. Sometimes the president of the Church, it is said, washes the feet of modern apostles. So my mother had washed my father's feet. I didn't know whether he had also washed hers. Nothing she said indicated that he had.

I see them now, I do not know in what manner of dress. Perhaps it is Sunday morning. Perhaps it is late at night when their children are asleep. She is seven and a half months pregnant with their third child, my brother Roald. My father's bare feet rest on a towel. My mother kneels before him with a basin of water. She tugs at a leg; he lifts it, places a foot in the water; she caresses it with her hands, splashing water. She tugs at the other leg; he places his foot in the water; she washes it too. My mother and father are intensely, almost preternaturally, aware of one another's presence. She is overawed by the feel of his feet; he is overawed by the feel of her hands. Neither can describe the sensation. She sets aside the basin. She takes a towel from around her shoulders and wipes his moist feet. Her tears flow quickly down her cheeks. Never a man for ostentation, he is appalled. He can tolerate her scrubbing wood floors; that is how he conceives a woman's duty, just as he conceives it a man's duty to earn a living. But he cannot accept how submissive this ceremony makes a woman, how exalted it makes a man. He takes her face in his hands and tells her he is sorry. She can't reply, but she knows she has been neither abased nor affronted. Something has descended upon the house. It comes from far away and has no end.

Early on the morning of our last full day at the house, I loaded garbage cans in the back of my station wagon and took my mother for a drive to the county landfill. Junipers stood thick upon the hills, and the sky was immense. I don't know why the sky in northern Arizona is so wide, so blue, so fixed with clouds of silvery white. As we left the landfill, I launched a deceit. I pretended that I knew from other sources the full ritual of the second blessing. I said to my mother, "It's a lovely ceremony, the washing of the feet that follows the second blessing in the temple." My ruse worked. Disarmed by this evidence that I knew, she confirmed my surmise. She spoke of kneeling, of laving, of weeping. She had indeed washed my father's feet.

The next morning, we said goodbye. My sister Mary came to take my mother to her house. My wife, daughter, and I departed for California where I would spend a week at research before returning to Utah. We hugged and kissed my mother and sister, and while they stood in the doorway of the old house we drove away. I never saw my mother alive again. She never spent another night in that old house, and I, as I have said, would spend only one more, the night before her funeral. That night I lay awake a long time thinking about my birth in the house fifty-two years before. It still seems very important to know the precise spot of my birth. On my last visit to Snowflake, I tried to rediscover that precise spot. My wife and I walked here and there on the parking lot that the school district has made of the lot on which the

house stood. "Right about here," I said to my wife, "must be where the bedroom was." I was frustrated when I realized I might have been off four or five feet in my estimate as to where the bed had stood.

My mother collapsed in the house of my sister Lenora in Mesa, Arizona. From the moment she fell to the floor, it was evident she was dead. My brother-in-law Marion knelt beside her and dedicated her to God. Shortly the paramedics arrived and performed their grisly rite of resuscitation. Luckily my mother was beyond them. Perhaps my brother-in-law's prayer had put her there. The dedication of the dying to God is a folk ritual among the Mormons. It is often practiced but not officially defined. Probably the prayer of dedication is more important to the healthy than to the dying. A fervent ritual can domesticate even death, the ultimate terror. I for one took comfort in the fact my brother-in-law had sent forth this emigrant from mortality, our mother, with a heartfelt wish to do her good.

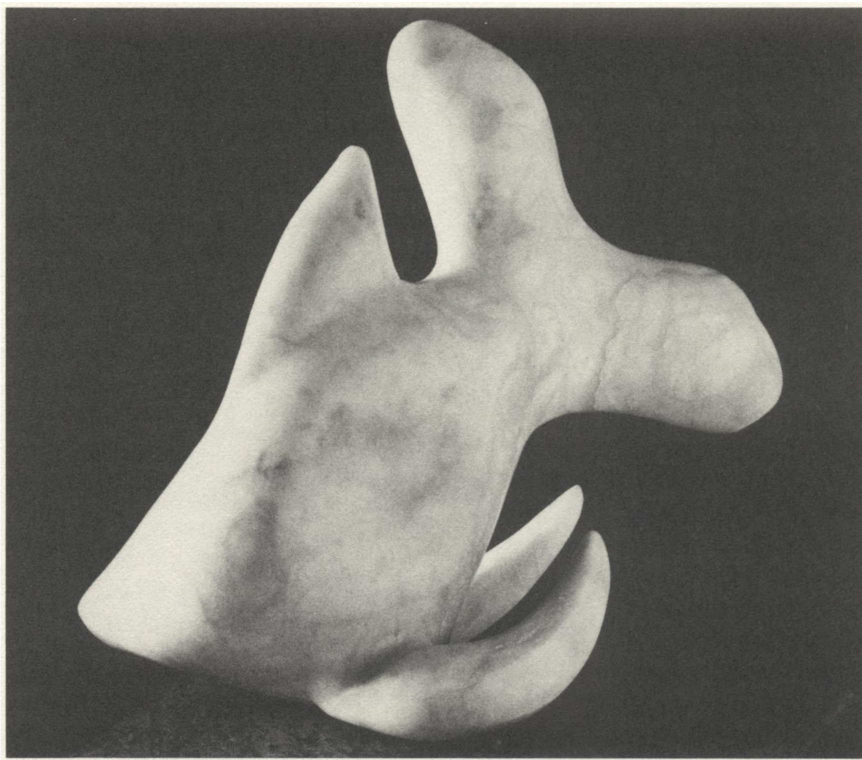
This comfort led me to understand more clearly my satisfaction over having deceived my mother into admitting that she had performed the ritual of washing my father's feet. At first, I hadn't known why I felt so justified in my deceit, why it had seemed so right and essential that she admit to me what the ceremony had consisted of. After her death and burial, I believed I understood. My insistent inquiry, my mother's gradual revelation of the facts, the sudden insight that came to me as my mother prepared to depart the old house forever had taken on a private meaning for me—private in the sense that I'm not sure anyone else will construe it as I do. In my eyes, my mother and I had performed the sacred rite of abandoning the house, and by preparing the house for its demise, we had also performed a ritual of formal farewell to one another.

Authorized rituals are very important among the Mormons, who are generally an obedient people. They want the legitimacy given by protocol and authority. I have a card in my wallet which prescribes the procedures for baptism, confirmation, ordination, and healing. I am instructed by this card that I must invariably declare that I act by the authority of the priesthood and in the name of Jesus Christ. I have no quarrel with authorized rituals. But I believe especially in unauthorized rituals. I am afraid that in authorized rituals more attention is paid to protocol than to emotion.

I admit the ritual which my mother and I performed had, on its surface, no protocol. I can understand those who will say it was no ritual at all because it was performed only once. I think it did have a protocol, though neither my mother nor I understood that fact at the moment of its transpiring. It had a protocol, I now see, because it was so inevitable and so proper. There is a deep cosmic propriety about

any gesture which sanctifies. God loves especially those sanctifying gestures created spontaneously from the exigency of a desperate, loving moment.

Goodbyes are a sanctifying ritual. People shake hands, they give hugs, they kiss. They say, "So long," "See you later," "God be with you till we meet again." Their affection lingers to sanctify the place of goodbye long after they have gone their separate ways. For thirty-five years I frequently exchanged goodbyes with my mother. As she became elderly, I wondered on every occasion whether we were saying our last goodbye. I wondered that again as we pulled away from the old house on that September morning in 1985. It was indeed the last goodbye, and, as I realized later, we had solemnized it by the disclosure of how my mother and father had first lit the flame of holiness in that house. It was a true ritual in which we had engaged. It was a ritual that came so fortuitously as to almost persuade me, a doubter, of a special providence given expressly to me. I will believe God's grace grows abundantly in unexpected places, and the rituals by which human beings avail themselves of that grace are as diverse and irregular as silvery clouds in an Arizona sky.



# My Liberty Jail

*G. Kevin Jones*

> O God, where art thou? And where is the pavilion that covereth thy hiding place? . . . My son, peace be unto thy soul; thine adversity and thine afflictions shall be but a small moment; And then, if thou endure it well, God shall exalt thee on high; thou shalt triumph over all thy foes. (D&C 121:1, 7–8)

This dialogue of anguished questioning and consolation has an intensely personal meaning to me. The 1980s were a decade that severely tested my faith in Heavenly Father and my commitment to the Church. Whatever others will remember of these ten years, I will remember suffering: personally, professionally, and spiritually.

In January 1981 I was twenty-eight and had been practicing law for two and a half years. I was enjoying the social and professional status of a young, single LDS attorney. For seven years, I had sacrificed leisure, hobbies, and social life for my education. My professional life was now satisfying, and I was seriously looking for a wife. I wanted a temple marriage with a woman who also enjoyed intellectual challenge. I anticipated children. I would also have more time for church service, continued sports activity, community involvement, and foreign travel. In short, I was, I felt, in the very prime of my life.

Then I fell ill with an agonizing affliction diagnosed as chronic ulcerative colitis, an inflammatory bowel disease which was progressive and curable only by the removal of the colon. The bowel and digestive problems were exacerbated by fevers, cramps, skin irritation, and fatigue. Medication slowed the progress of the disease but had hideous side effects. I'd always been very active and trim. Now my face puffed and became unnaturally rounded. Fluid collected at the

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back of my neck in a "camel hump" that swelled until I could no longer lift my head to look at the ceiling. A bloated "tire" around my waist made it difficult if not impossible to lean over to tie my shoes. I struggled to perform my duties as an attorney and retain some sense of professional dignity.

After four years of intensifying symptoms, I was forced to the next step—four surgeries and five additional hospitalizations for serious complications within one year. The surgeries, including having my colon removed, probably saved my life but did not restore my health. Moreover, one operation was not performed properly, and I will suffer from the consequences for the rest of my life. The physical pain I have endured is overshadowed by the spiritual and emotional pain of probably being unable to ever father children. During this time, my despair was so consuming that one night, before another major surgery, I prayed to die.

Devastated from the experience, I withdrew totally from Church participation. I was angry and felt completely alienated from God. I hated and loathed him. Why had he ignored my suffering and withheld his love and divine assistance? Why did he not assure that the surgeries were performed properly? I had received a special blessing from honorable priesthood members who had invoked his protection. I had also prayed fervently and received what I thought was a confirmation that the procedure would go all right. Nevertheless, it didn't, and disaster followed. Was I so unworthy that God would ignore these blessings and my personal pleadings in prayer? Was I not his child? Where were you, God, when I needed you the most in my life?

My anger, sorrow, and alienation from God were so complete that for nearly ten years I could not enter a church house, let alone rejoin the Saints for worship. Indeed, on one rare occasion I was determined to attend church but stayed less than ten minutes, becoming so literally nauseated that I vomited after I left priesthood meeting. While I knew that others had experienced unmerited suffering, they were only stories in magazines or individuals far removed from my life. This was different; this pain was mine and it was not fair.

Out of such pain, I have inevitably examined my relationship to God and the Church and have asked simple but profound questions. Why have I, an active, committed, tithe-paying Mormon, been subjected to such unjustified pain? Why have I retained my personal faith in my Heavenly Father? Why am I still a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints? What specific teachings and practices continued to speak to me even through my despair?

Surely the first reason I have remained in the Church is because of the faith I learned from my family. When I look at my own faith in

God, a faith that has been severely tested during this past decade, I realize that my devotion to God and my membership in the Church are not automatic or a simple family ritual for me. I was born into a loving and active LDS family with a long and distinguished record of Church and community service. It is not a family where parents pressure children to conform to the Church. Instead, my parents taught me to be loyal to principles, which I believe are eternal, rather than to institutions. They accepted that their—and my—interpretations of these principles might sometimes collide with the institutional Church but that we would both be better for raising the question or expressing our concern.

Furthermore, in the places where I grew up, there was literally no LDS Church to interact with. Until I was eighteen, I lived in areas of the world where the only Church members were my family and an occasional additional American family. About thirty-five years ago, when I was only five, my father answered the call of the United States Department of State to spread democratic values in developing nations and took our family to the island of Java in the Republic of Indonesia. There he taught Indonesian students the principles of nation building modeled after the American democratic experience.

In that beautiful tropical island where the three great Asian religions converge—Islam, Hinduism and Buddhism—I grew up and learned to read. I didn't ride a bus to school, I didn't go to a school house, I didn't have classmates to play with, and I didn't have a stranger for a teacher. School started when I woke up and walked into my father's study where I was taught to read by my first teacher, my mother, Marie.

I still have the first book I read, and I remember the first word I learned to read. It was a four-letter word, but unlike other four-letter words that I would later be exposed to, this word is simple but meaningful. The word was "look." In many ways, it epitomizes my approach to life. I learned early to be a seeker—a seeker of knowledge, academic, temporal, eternal.

Between ages five and eighteen I lived in Asia. My family attended church in our own house where my father presided. We studied the scriptures consistently, courageously (we're lousy singers) sang the same hymn, "Behold, a Royal Army," and blessed and passed the sacrament. Our servants didn't understand this unusual gathering and openly snickered at our pathetic singing. My high school friends were often in attendance at the "Jones" Sunday School. They included a Jew and a Muslim, but the rest were unaffiliated. However, it was a popular church meeting, invariably followed by a game of basketball or some other sport and a great lunch. In the afternoon, my father would take

us on a trip to one of the many historic sites of Java or Lahore, Pakistan, or to visit Salvation Army friends who were engaged in true Christian service in a tough Muslim environment.

Our house was always open on Sunday, and a constant stream of visitors and students would come to see my parents. When we lived in Pakistan, we understood that some of these students were primarily coming to secretly court one another. Strict Islamic society forbids a woman to see a man outside of her own home. My parents simply overcame this restriction by scheduling school meetings which both sexes were required to attend. At these meetings, my parents were experts at smiling and being blind to what was going on.

These experiences deepened my faith, taught me to respect a variety of religious beliefs, and greatly increased our family unity. They did not, it is true, provide the bonding to the Church that often comes with participation within its organized structure, but they gave me the even more meaningful opportunity to live my religion in a different, sometimes hostile culture.

For that matter, being a Mormon in the United States also had its challenges. When I was in California for a few months, my fifth grade social studies class was studying American history. The chapter on the American West included a reference to the Mormon migration to Utah. My teacher, a rigid, traditional Christian, had an unexplained dislike for Mormons and, because I was a Mormon, to me. She forced me to stand up in the front of the class while she launched into a contemptuous anti-Mormon tirade. I was so terrified that I involuntarily urinated and was forced to spend the remainder of the school day in my wet pants, thoroughly humiliated, confused, and ashamed as I endured my classmates' ridicule. But I was also angry. I knew that my parents would never do that to someone of a different faith and that what my teacher had done was wrong.

Even before this, I had discovered that being Mormon was an identification of differentness, like being a Jew or being black, and that I would be treated differently because of my beliefs. While I was too young to appreciate all of the teachings of the Church, I knew that my Church membership was a distinguishing feature. As I grew up, I came to prize that differentness. My parents were highly respected members of the international community in which we lived, and I noticed that people expected more from our family because of our membership in the Church and its high standards. For example, my friends always looked to me to pray at specific occasions and, at such occasions, called me "deacon." I also liked the way our family interacted and the moral foundation it gave me during the tumultuous teenage years.

When confronted with my crisis of faith, I returned to my childhood memories. They seemed idyllic to me. I remembered the feeling when my mother read to me from the scriptures. I turned to the scriptures once again, this time as a harsher and more cynical critic but also, despite it, hoping for an affirmation of faith in God.

And I found it. Despite all that has happened to me, the scriptures testified authoritatively that my God lives. And I could not deny, despite my rejection of God and my alienation from him, that I, too, knew he exists. Perhaps someone else would have come to a different conclusion, but this was an answer I could not deny. That certainty gives me confidence that in the end all will be fair. Perhaps for now, it's too much to ask God to revoke the physical laws of the universe to protect me. The exchange between Korihor and Alma recorded in the Book of Mormon appeals to my legal training, perhaps, but it also expresses my hope and affirms my common sense intuition that there is a God:

> Now Alma said unto [Korihor]: Will ye deny again that there is a God, and also deny the Christ? For behold, I say unto you, I know there is a God, and also that Christ shall come.
>
> And now what evidence have ye that there is no God, or that Christ cometh not? I say unto you that ye have none, save it be your word only. (Alma 30:39–40)

I felt heartened by the unequivocal language of Doctrine and Covenants 20:17–19:

> We know that there is a God in heaven, who is infinite and eternal, from everlasting to everlasting the same unchangeable God, the framer of heaven and earth, and all things which are in them;
>
> And that he created man, male and female, after his own image and in his own likeness, created he them;
>
> And gave unto them commandments that they should love and serve him, the only living and true God, and that he should be the only being whom they should worship.

I am touched by the humility and the practical reality of the brother of Jared's prayer to the Lord to touch stones so that they might shine forth in darkness and provide light in the vessels during this long season of rains and floods. The prayer was answered when "the Lord stretched forth his hand and touched the stones one by one with his finger" (Ether 3:6). Scripture records the miraculous event as follows: "And the veil was taken from off the eyes of the brother of Jared, and he saw the finger of the Lord; and it was as the finger of a man, like unto flesh and blood; and the brother of Jared fell down before the Lord, for he was struck with fear" (Ether 3:6).

Finally, in some of the most moving passages of holy scripture, 3 Nephi records the appearance of the resurrected Savior to the people

of Nephi who were permitted to feel his wounds, receive his blessings, and hear his teachings (3 Ne. 11–28).

My common sense also tells me, with a saving bit of humor, that I couldn't be so angry at God if I didn't, deep down, know he exists. But I do. I've stopped kicking that particular wall.

The whole course of my illness has, incidentally, been terribly difficult for my parents, particularly my mother. They have suffered with me and for me. The situation has made them ask the same "why" questions that I have. My mother says, "I'll want to have a good long talk about this with someone on the other side." She smiles when she says it, but there is no twinkle in her eye. She has never tried to give me easy answers or glib assurances. She has listened, accepted, supported and—when I could listen—has shared her own assurances; but she has never tried either to explain or explain away what has happened.

The second reason I retain faith in God and membership in the Church is my recognition of the beauty of the gospel message of love and Christian service and my desire to make that ideal my own. One of the clearest statements of Christ's gospel message is John 13:34–35: "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

In Raymond Moody's popular book, *Life After Life* (New York: Bantam Books, 1976), the author investigates the experiences of those who have survived bodily death. One of the most common elements in the accounts studied and the element which has the most profound effect upon the individual is the encounter with a loving, warm spirit described as a "being of light." The being of light presents to the person a panoramic view of his or her life, during which the being stresses the importance of two things. One is gaining knowledge, and the other is loving other people, a love of a unique and profound kind.

> One man who met the being of light felt totally loved and accepted, even while his whole life was displayed in a panorama for the being to see. He felt that the "question" that the being was asking him was whether he was able to love others in the same way. He now feels that it is his commission while on earth to try to learn to be able to do so. (pp. 92–93)

I have received much love from individuals in and outside the Church. When our family left for Indonesia, my father went ahead to find a home, leaving my mother to travel alone from Provo, Utah, with me, age five, and four-year-old Drew ("Duke"). Acting on a premonition or just scared to fly, she selected to travel the long distance from San Francisco to Indonesia by boat. This was an inspired deci-

sion as the plane the State Department had booked us to fly on crashed in the Pacific with no survivors.

During our journey, Duke became very ill and was diagnosed with leukemia. We stopped in Japan for medical treatment. My mother, who had rarely been out of Utah before, now found herself in a strange land with a seriously sick son and no family support. She had arranged with the ship's captain to contact the mission president and ask for his help. I remember walking down the ship's plank. At the other end stood two young men in white shirts, missionaries who had been sent to assist my mother. It was clear that their assistance was needed. While we were State Department personnel and entitled to the assistance of the federal government, our government is not well known for assisting its citizens with problems while traveling abroad, and our experience was no exception.

My brother, accompanied by my mother, was quickly taken to the army hospital, but bureaucratic rules prevented me from staying with them. I was farmed out to a local military family who didn't want me and, after a few days, moved in with a kind LDS family who were working in Japan. I stayed with them for three months, seeing my mother only once. She took the time away from night and day attendance on my brother to travel to a mid-point between the hospital and my new home. My foster family brought me the rest of the distance, and we visited in the train station. My brother eventually recovered, and we continued our journey to Indonesia. Whether the original diagnosis was incorrect—at that time there was no cure for leukemia—or whether the prayers of my mother were answered, I do not know. I do know that at a time of great family stress, members of the LDS Church provided invaluable Christian service to my family.

The person in my life who most consistently exemplifies the gospel principle of love for others through Christian service is my mother. Her prompt and generous assistance to students, ward members, and community residents wherever she has lived is legendary. Out of all of her many acts of Christian service, one stands out in my mind. Indonesia was a desperately poor country in the 1950s. Beggars and other destitute and diseased people often came to our door pleading for assistance. Like other members of the family, I would answer the door and routinely give them help.

Early one morning I noticed two people wrapped together in a single shawl that covered their faces, struggling up the driveway, clinging together. They wore rags and had no shoes. I hurried to answer the door but recoiled as they begged for money. I could tell that these were no ordinary beggars. Their faces were invisible, but their hands and feet were hideously deformed. The stench was indescribable. My

mother, who rarely used firm discipline, grabbed my shoulder, called for my father, and led me away. She had never done such a thing before.

These beggars were lepers, suffering from the effects of that hideous disease, their flesh literally rotting as they lived. They were hated and feared in Indonesian society, but my mother did not order them off the premises. Rather, she had my dad, who spoke fluent Indonesian, direct them to the back entrance where food would be waiting for them. I watched them eat and later slowly walk down the driveway. That was not an unusual act of kindness for my mother. She never turned away a beggar or person looking for work that I can remember without offering some assistance, usually food.

I too have received love from those I have not known well. Bishoprics have taken an active interest in my life. The time they have taken from busy professional and personal affairs is truly admirable. Through a terrible irony, this support was completely lacking during my illness. That increased my pain. However, just a few months ago, when I was struggling emotionally with the effects of a new medical condition, I wanted to see the bishop. He was too busy to see me on Tuesday night, his regular time for interviews, and invited me to come to his house later that week. I hesitated. I know the time constraints placed upon bishops, and the need for time with their own family. However, I accepted and received much-needed spiritual guidance.

As a result of such examples, it has seemed natural for me to provide service to others as I could. One of my family chores in Indonesia was to collect our tin cans, bottles, and paper; we donated these items to Christian and Muslim relief organizations to be used as cooking utensils by the country's poor. It seems amazing in twentieth-century America that these items were of such value that they were actually sold on the open market. Later as a teenager in Lahore, Pakistan, I collected and provided needed school supplies for a struggling Catholic boys' school. I can never forget my parents' sensitivity to the poor, and a commitment to community service is part of living the gospel for me as an adult. It gives me great satisfication to donate time and money to the shelter for the homeless and numerous other organizations that aid the needy. I consistently perform pro bono legal work, coach youth athletic teams, and have been identified by the neighbor children as a soft touch for donations to worthy causes.

True Christian service cultivates a sense of community among the Saints, and these shared values are a powerful reason for me to stay in the Church. Community service makes me feel whole; it completes my personality and desire for societal involvement. Service puts me in touch with very interesting people whose paths would not otherwise

cross mine. It provides meaning and substance to my life. Service reminds me of my spiritual roots, my gentler nature, and my obligation as a child of God to help my brothers and sisters. Simply stated, I just feel better about myself when I am actively engaged in service.

The third reason why I retain faith in my Heavenly Father and stay in the Church is the gospel principle of eternal progression and its corollary, eternal marriage. Scripture teaches that the "glory of God is intelligence" (D&C 93:36). The scriptures further admonish us "to seek . . . out of the best books words of wisdom" (D&C 88:118), and to "study and learn and become acquainted with all good books, and with languages, tongues, and people" (D&C 90:15).

There is a reason for such applied study. The principle of eternal progression is the most egalitarian of all God's teachings. In its promise, we may become like God, an almost incomprehendable concept. As President Snow said, "As man is God once was, as God is man may become." Therefore "whatever principle of intelligence we attain unto in this life, it will rise with us in the resurrection. And if a person gains more knowledge and intelligence in this life through his [or her] diligence and obedience than another, he [or she] will have so much the advantage in the world to come" (D&C 130:18–19).

How reasonable and fair! The promise that your work will be eternally rewarded is a powerful motivator to learn, study, and develop your talents. It has special meaning for me. I have worked hard to perfect my legal skills; and while the next world may have no need for lawyers, the discipline of mind and body that comes with mastering a demanding profession will remain with me.

In Moody's *Life After Life*, the second important message stressed by the being of light is acquiring knowledge. Survivors of bodily death report that the being of light intimated that the acquisition of knowledge continues even in the afterlife. One person offered the advice, "No matter how old you are, don't stop learning. For this is a process, I gather, that goes on for eternity" (p. 93).

I wholeheartedly share this view. Learning, whether in formal education or informal self-study, has a special place in my life. My father escaped the poverty of rural Utah by earning his Ph.D. in 1954 with great self-discipline and sacrifice. He left Fairfield, Utah, whose population of dogs exceeded that of humans, with only a $100 Sears and Roebuck scholarship to attend Utah State Agricultural College. His parents, who were very poor and who lacked an appreciation of university education, could provide no assistance. Similarly, at the age of thirty-eight, my mother returned to college to complete her degree, a process that required her to leave my father in Indonesia for one year.

I have also sacrificed for my education. In addition to the time required to complete undergraduate and graduate study, I personally financed half of my post-high school education. I have earned three law degrees. My legal study did not stop with the J.D. but includes a master of laws and a doctor of juridical science, the highest degree awarded for the study of law. My graduate legal education was self-imposed. It was not required by my profession or employer. I simply love the challenge of formal education and, for personal satisfaction, wanted to attain the highest graduate law degree. I confess that vindication was also a motive. My J.D. study was not as accomplished as I would have liked. In fact, a law professor told me that I lacked the necessary research and writing skills to be an accomplished attorney. After fifteen law review articles, several of which received national recognition, and service in the United States Supreme Court, I wish I had the opportunity to remind this professor that learning is an eternal, ongoing principle. The student who leaves your class one day is not necessarily limited to the learning of that period.

I also enjoy studying Church history, gospel principles, and the scriptures. I am uplifted by the accomplishments of our pioneer members and challenged by their commitment. Moreover, some of the most interesting and uplifting stories are captured in scripture. For me, it's a source of comfort to know that our Heavenly Father recognizes the value of learning and actively encourages it.

D&C 132 holds out the promise of eternal progression within the covenant of celestial marriage with the simple words: "Whatsoever you seal on earth shall be sealed in heaven; and whatsoever you bind on earth, in my name and by my word, saith the Lord, it shall be eternally bound in the heavens" (D&C 132:46).

The attraction of such a promise is obvious. Why spend all the time to locate and cultivate a marriage partner if the love from that association ends with death? What a liberating promise to know that your association and love for your companion will continue! It deepens any relationship with special meaning and force. You will not only continue to live after this life, but that life will be one of endless growth and intimate association.

For me, the principle of eternal progression within a celestial marriage is a powerful attraction of the gospel, but my own prospects for marriage have been significantly reduced by my medical problems. Marriage is difficult enough without the additional burden of poor health, a condition that thus far has discouraged a successful union. My medical condition is particularly trying when I consider the promise of my patriarchal blessing, "At a future time in your life you will have the great privilege to take one of your choice to the temple

to receive the covenant of eternal marriage. . . . There are choice spirits waiting to enter your home to bring blessings of joy and happiness to you and your wife." Unfortunately, at this time, the women of "my choice" have refused my invitations to fulfill this promise, and I cannot father children. Yes, adoption may be a possibility, but I do not think that was the intent of the blessing when I received it.

I continue to struggle with feeling abandoned in my righteous desires by my Heavenly Father. I am not only denied the enjoyment of a complete family and the continuation of my name in succeeding generations but physical and emotional intimacy that I had anticipated as part of marriage. I have always led a chaste life—postponing intimacy until marriage, just as the Church teaches. As a teenager and young adult, I consciously rejected the promiscuous lifestyle of my contemporaries, feeling assured that I would express my desires in the proper marriage setting. As I look back, I feel that decision was right, but I still cannot help feeling cheated. If I'd known then what the future held, I'm not sure I would have made the same decision. I had been taught by my Church to postpone physical intimacy with a woman until marriage, and I honored that teaching. Now, as an older man who sees the prospects of marriage and intimacy diminishing, I feel that I played by the rules, only to be betrayed.

Naturally, it only increases my frustration to hear "consoling" statements like, "In the eternities, you will be whole," or "Wait until the resurrection." I feel that I have waited enough. I have great empathy for committed LDS women who also suffer from the lack of a marriage partner or whose biological clock prevents motherhood.

The final reason that I retain faith in my Heavenly Father and stay in the Church is the principle of free agency. As part of the plan of salvation, we had to have the opportunity to choose. "Ye are free to act for yourselves—to choose the way of everlasting death or the way of eternal life" (2 Ne. 10:23). The power to choose also included the chance that we would make wrong choices. Our Heavenly Father knew this and, through the atonement of Christ, provided a path for our redemption.

Our individual progression requires that we have the power of choice and protect it as we exercise it. That power, however, has a correspondingly high cost. "For it must needs be, that there is an opposition in all things" (2 Ne. 2:11). Sometimes that opposition can be so overwhelming that we feel that God has forsaken us. Such a feeling is natural. Even the Savior, as he hung on the cross, cried out, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" (Matt. 27:46). The Prophet Joseph in Liberty Jail, after witnessing the brutal treatment of the Saints and being unmercifully hounded by an un-

just use of the law, appealed to God, his heart overflowing with pity and despair:

> O God, where art thou? And where is the pavillion that covereth thy hiding place?
>
> How long shall thy hand be stayed, and thine eye, yea thy pure eye, behold from the eternal heavens the wrongs of thy people and of thy servants, and thine ear be penetrated with their cries?
>
> Yea, O Lord, how long shall they suffer these wrongs and unlawful oppressions, before thine heart shall be softened toward them, and thy bowels be moved with compassion toward them?
>
> O Lord God Almighty, maker of heaven, earth, and seas, and of all things that in them are, and who controllest and subjectest the devil, and the dark and benighted dominion of Sheol—stretch forth thy hand; let thine eye pierce; let thy pavillion be taken up; let thy hiding place no longer be covered; let thine ear be inclined; let thine heart be softened, and thy bowels moved with compassion toward us. (D&C 121:1-4)

The plan of salvation does not include our protection and immunity from disease, unjust treatment, or accident. However, in response to Joseph's cry to God in Liberty Jail, the Lord assured him, "Thine adversity and thine afflictions shall be but a small moment" (D&C 121:7). That promise not only assures us that all will be fair in the end but also challenges us to overcome the obstacles we meet in this telestial world. That is one of our tasks—to learn to cope with adversity and continue to maintain our belief in Christ.

The principle of free agency is profoundly important for me. I have a tendency to question, to disagree, to refuse to take pronouncements at face value. To be honest, I am a dissenter by nature. I come from a family where dissent is an honored tradition. I identify with the philosophy of the late historian Juanita Brooks, who related her father's advice for maintaining activity in the Church:

> One day Dad said to me, "My girl, if you follow this tendency to criticize, I'm afraid you will talk yourself out of the Church. I'd hate to see you do that. I'm a cowboy, and I've learned that if I ride *in* the herd, I am lost—totally helpless. One who rides counter to it is trampled and killed. One who only trails behind means little, because he leaves all responsibility to others. It is the cowboy who rides the edge of the herd, who sings and calls and makes himself heard who helps direct the course. Happy sounds are generally better than cursing, but there are times when he must maybe swear a little and swing a whip or lariat to round in a stray or turn the leaders. So don't lose yourself, and don't ride away and desert the outfit. Ride the edge of the herd and be alert, but know your directions, and call out loud and clear. Chances are, you won't make any difference, but on the other hand, you just might. ("Riding Herd" in DIALOGUE 9 [Spring 1974]: 11-12)

This advice really fits my own family. My mother's aunt, Lula Clegg, was an exceptional woman. Born in rural Heber City, Utah, at

the turn of the century, she possessed a strong intellect and a powerful will. She refused to be limited by her "singleness," traveled to Hawaii in 1915, and studied education at Columbia University in New York City in 1917. Both of these were very unusual acts for a Utah woman at that time. She took that same spirit of independence into her work. During the late 1950s and 1960s she was employed by Brigham Young University as the director of Continuing Education, which at that time included home study, evening school, and special conferences and institutes.

It was the practice of President Wilkinson to review the tithing receipts of BYU faculty when their contracts were up for renewal, and he confronted my great-aunt over the amount of her tithing. Was this a full tithe? he demanded. Such an intense meeting with a powerful university president who was your employer may have overcome most faculty. Aunt Lula, however, stood her ground and promptly replied that her tithing would increase if the president of the university paid its women faculty salaries equal to those of its men faculty. The amount missing in tithing was the difference between her salary and that of her male counterparts. While one may question Aunt Lula's use of tithing as a means of focusing attention on the disparity between men's and women's salaries, I must admire her forthright courage in asserting the simple, correct principle that employment does not justify paying a lower salary to women who do the same or similar work as their male colleagues. Priesthood and gender are not justifications to pay a person more or another less for one's labor.

Her brother and my grandfather, Luke Clegg, was an outstanding person. Born into a family of seventeen children, he learned the value of hard work early in life and also possessed an independent but committed spirit. He left his family at age forty-one to serve a mission in the Eastern States where he worked on the first Hill Cumorah Pageant, he graduated from college with his eldest son at the age of forty-five, and he joined the Navy during World War II when he was forty-nine. His own sons and most of his young male students were serving in the military in that great war. He was touched by their absence and felt that he had already lived longer than those being sent to war.

However, his real love, outside of my grandmother, was politics. He lived and breathed politics. He never lost an election in seventeen campaigns and served as a Duchesne County School Board member, Provo City commissioner, and Utah State senator from 1924 to his retirement in 1970 at age seventy-four. While serving in the senate, he demonstrated that independence of spirit which I see so clearly in myself and other family members, particularly my mother. Grandfather Clegg knew the value of education, was chairman of the Senate

Education Committee, and had served as a teacher and principal. Thus, it was from a sense of moral conviction that early in his service as a state senator he provided the swing vote against his governor and his party to join the Democrats in defeating a bill to reduce funding for public education. He paid a high price for that vote. He was warned by the governor and the Republican leadership of the consequences to his political career of voting against his party on this important issue.

That warning was eventually fulfilled. His seniority and record of achievement later qualified him to be president of the senate in 1959, a position which, at that time, often led to election to Congress. However, Sherman P. Lloyd was elected president of the senate, later received his party's nomination for Congress, and was elected in 1962 as a member of Utah's congressional delegation. Breaking ranks doomed my grandfather's leadership role in Utah Republican politics. He accepted that, affirmed that the benefit to Utah's children of the bill was more important than his own political career, and remained loyal to the Republican party throughout his life. I deeply respect his courage.

Another act of political courage is special to me because I personally observed it. The campaign for United States senator in 1974 between then-Salt Lake City Mayor Jake Garn and Congressman Wayne Owens was a major political battle and close contest. In the middle of the campaign, Ezra Taft Benson, then an apostle, spoke to employees of the Deseret Industries and admonished them that the American Independent Party, an emerging third party, was like the party of God and supported Book of Mormon principles in the latter days. The implication of the speech was clear; he was encouraging good Church members to vote for the American Independent Party candidate, which could tilt the 1974 senate election.

Grandfather Clegg was quick to react. He did not feel that the LDS Church, of which he had been a lifelong, faithful member, had any role in endorsing candidates—addressing issues, perhaps, but not in naming a preference for any party. Without hesitating, he called General Authorities who were personal friends of his and voiced his strong disapproval of Elder Benson's remarks. Grandfather Clegg was a friend of Apostle Benson's. They had worked together and liked each other. However, neither their friendship nor the fact that Elder Benson was an apostle prevented Grandfather Clegg from voicing his concern over such conduct. I remember that shortly after my grandfather's calls to Church headquarters, the Church issued a statement affirming its neutrality in partisan politics. I don't know whether my grandfather was influential in that decision, but I do know that he didn't hesitate to speak his mind. It was a responsible act of "riding herd."

I feel a kindred spirit to these acts of individual courage. Duke and I attended BYU in the early 1970s. We were both scholarship students and respected university standards. However, Duke liked to wear his hair longer than the university approved "crew cut" and was constantly in trouble with the Office of Student Affairs over the length of his hair. Finally, the university threatened to expel him unless he conformed to their definition of appropriate hair length. I remember listening outside the office while a university representative informed him of this decision. The injustice, stupidity, and hypocrisy of the university was intolerable. I became so angry over the unnecessary tension caused about this trivial issue that I stalked down the hall to the dean of student life, walked unceremoniously into his office, and angrily told him that if this really was the Lord's university, He would express love and tolerance for those students who were achieving academically; that after all, this was a university, not a reform school, and that my brother's only "sin" was a little hair on the collar. He was so surprised it took him a moment to respond. I'm certain that, in correct Mormondom, a university official had rarely, if ever, received such blunt talk from a student.

Duke finally submitted to the pressure and got his hair cut. Later, he voluntarily left BYU and finished his last year of undergraduate education at the University of Alaska—Anchorage. For me, the experience was among several that I had at BYU that convinced me that I could not accept a mission call. I felt that the true gospel of Christ had been trivialized to the level of a haircut, and I did not want to serve a mission for an organization that placed more emphasis on hair length than on spiritual service. As I look back, I regret that decision. I should not have allowed the acts of others to dissuade me from a mission. My naiveté and inexperience had not prepared me for the challenge of dealing with the institutional Church or its university.

Other acts by Church officials have been similarly upsetting, however. It causes me great pain when General Authorities take action, which I perceive to be unwarranted and arbitrary, against my friends for simply writing in DIALOGUE or speaking at the Sunstone symposium. My association with DIALOGUE and *Sunstone* spans nearly my entire adult life. It provided valuable support and encouragement for me during my illness, and I can honestly say I would not be an active Mormon without these stimulating and independent forums. One of my greatest challenges is to extend to the Brethren the same love and tolerance that I criticize them for lacking in their dealing with my inquiring friends.

You may feel that these four principles are not that important to the gospel. For me, they have provided powerful reasons to maintain

faith in my Heavenly Father and stay in the Church when all outside forces—and even my own anger and sense of betrayal—encouraged me to leave. I am reminded of the words of Alma, where he counsels his son Helaman with these words: "Now ye may suppose that this is foolishness in me; but behold I say unto you, that by small and simple things are great things brought to pass" (Alma 37:6). Following the counsel of Alma, I am now a seeker of spirituality and wisdom. During this crisis, I have sought confirmation of the existence of God and sought to understand the meaning of unmerited suffering. I have found the former but have not yet grasped the latter.

The 1990s are beginning like the 1980s. I look healthy, trim, even athletic; but I have just been diagnosed with a new and chronic ailment, Meniere's Disease, for which there is no cure and from which I will most likely suffer throughout the rest of my life. Meniere's Disease causes extreme vertigo, nausea, dizziness, and vomiting; severe episodes confine me to my bed. Moreover, I have found that the original diagnosis of ulcerative colitis was apparently wrong. I am now told that I suffer from Crohn's disease, an incurable inflammatory bowel disease that requires different medical treatment than I received and, furthermore, does not call for a complete colostomy.

The worst part of these diseases is not the physical pain and discomfort but their limiting effect on my personal and professional progress. I am an intense and energetic person with a strong will to succeed and meet new challenges. I chafe at the restrictions placed on my professional career by constant illness. It is fine to be blessed with a good mind, but you need a healthy body to truly allow that mind to reach its full potential.

Still, I do not anticipate a decade of struggling with despair. My body is suffering, but at long last my spirit is recovering. It is getting stronger, kinder, more sensitive.

In the final analysis, I retain faith in my Heavenly Father and membership in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints because I know that my heavenly parents live; that they love me and want me to succeed; that the restoration of the gospel is true; and most important, that when I truly live the principles taught by the Savior, I am a better person, able to offer more to those I come into contact with. Those reasons are good enough for me now—but oh God! sometimes the pain and sorrow of this journey are so great. . . . It just has to be fair in the end.

# Being Faithful Without Being Told Things

*Dana Haight Cattani*

WHEN I WAS A CHILD, my mother read regularly to my siblings and me, and together we paged through all the children's classics. I loved the sound of her voice repeating the familiar words and calling attention to the colorful illustrations that even now I recall vividly. I never bothered to think about what the stories meant; it was enough that they were entertaining and that I read them in the company of people I loved.

In college I enrolled in a children's literature course, where it occurred to me for perhaps the first time that there is more to those loved stories than simple words and illustrations. I reread A. A. Milne's story *The House at Pooh Corner* and became reacquainted with the bear Winnie-the-Pooh and the child Christopher Robin. Toward the end of the book, Christopher Robin begins to grow up and become more distant from his animal friends. Pooh, with his stuffed head, cannot fathom the yearnings of a human brain for knowledge and experience. He feels sad and perplexed by the loss of his companion. Milne reveals that Pooh "wondered if being a Faithful Knight [to Good King Christopher Robin] meant that you just went on being faithful without being told things" (1956, 178). Pooh's faith in his friend overrides his desire to understand why Christopher Robin is leaving him. So, without full understanding, he resigns himself to being faithful to his beloved friend.

I sometimes feel like Pooh. My mortal brain may be made of finer material than the batting in a stuffed animal, but it is not of any fiber that can understand the workings of the universe. So I rely on trying

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to be faithful, even without being told things. I would prefer to understand, but since I cannot, I focus instead on trying to make my works good and my faith productive.

I read in Hebrews 11:1 that "faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," and in Alma 32:21 that "faith is not to have a perfect knowledge of things; therefore if ye have faith ye hope for things which are not seen, which are true." These passages assure me that my experience is not unique; faith is intended to be rooted more in confidence than in evidence.

Children can provide the best models of this faith. They may trust the teachings of a parent or instructor according to the affection they feel for that person. A child may sense God's love through prayers and in the circle of a family. These little ones without guile attracted Christ's attention. "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," he said, "for of such is the kingdom of God" (Mark 10:14). I am moved by the beauty of faithful children and Christ's obvious love for them.

But I am no longer a child. I am reminded of that fact as I reread *The House at Pooh Corner* and feel a sadness I do not recall from when my mother first read it to me. I know now what I did not know then: Pooh and Christopher Robin will never be close companions again. Life does not allow us to go back, to become who we once were, to relive choice moments, to reclaim those we have loved and lost. Living transforms us, and our faith must evolve to reflect those changes. For example, I no longer believe, as I once did, that I can accept without question anything a teacher may tell me. I no longer expect God to intervene at my slightest request to prevent pain and bring justice. I no longer assume blithely that to do good automatically is to be happy. I read in the scriptures that "he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow" (Eccl. 1:18), and I believe.

Through living, people increase both knowledge and sorrow, and most encounter challenges to faith. I find two great threats to faith. The first is suffering. Most humans are never far removed from some suffering, whether personal or vicarious. I question a just and merciful God when I observe and experience suffering. Clearly, God does not spell out a formula for escaping it. I read plainly in Matthew 5:45, "For he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." It would seem that no matter what people do, they are susceptible to suffering. My faith is sometimes stretched by this awareness.

The second great threat to faith is an idea I call the Divine Silence. It is the perception that God does not listen or respond, or perhaps even care. This Divine Silence seems to afflict most people at some

time. In my experience, God keeps his own counsel. I can request or complain or attempt to negotiate, but God eventually does what he wants. Or the universe proceeds as it must. In either case, I have limited influence, and I feel most successful at offering thanks. The powers of the universe are not often available to mortals, and sometimes God's silence is discouraging. As a result, I sometimes feel my faith stretched.

This stretching process can be damaging. It can be like the pie crusts I periodically attempt to make. Usually, I roll out the dough so thin that it rips when I try to transfer it from cutting board to pie plate. It is stretched beyond its capacity to hold together. Faith, too, can be stretched beyond its capacity to hold together by unresolved questions, prolonged pain, unfair accidents. Damaged and weakened like my pie crust, this faith must be kneaded together and rolled out again.

However, the stretching of faith can also be highly beneficial. I am reminded of a recent visit to a girls' camp where I observed a quilt being made. I saw the quilt stretched tightly over the frames so that it could receive the stitches that would make it both beautiful and strong. The quilt could be analogous to faith that is stretched by overcoming an obstacle, maintaining hope in the face of slim odds, or bravely enduring a hardship. Faith stretched in this manner is reinforced. My life has included both the reinforcing and the damaging varieties of experience, and I expect that trend to continue.

I expect those waxing and waning episodes because implicit in my faith are questions for which I have few answers. The gospel offers me some understanding. In this church, members respond to human suffering and the Divine Silence, in part, by ceaselessly scanning the horizon for signs of God's coming and going. The Latter-day Saints claim many miracles. They claim that the heavens are not silent, that God still speaks and gives direction. They believe in healings, visions, and a Comforter. To me, the most miraculous events are the simplest: the dawning of belief, the assurance of peace, the starting again after tragedy. They buoy my faith and give me hope.

I like the description of miracles given by Father LaTour, the main character in Willa Cather's novel *Death Comes for the Archbishop*. He says, "The Miracles of the Church seem to me to rest not so much upon faces or voices or healing power coming suddenly near to us from afar off, but upon our perceptions being made finer, so that for a moment our eyes can see and our ears can hear what is there about us always" (1955, 50). I believe that faith gives people the capacity to train their eyes and ears to perform these spiritual functions. I can answer many of the challenges to my faith by watching for the hand of

God in my life and by taking my turn providing that hand to others. I can give thanks and acknowledge God.

One of my favorite statements about faith comes from the novel *Cold Sassy Tree*. This story, set in the rural South, includes a description of one grandfather's philosophy as he reflects on his life and faces death. He observes:

> Faith ain't no magic wand or money-back gar'ntee, either one. Hit's jest a way a-livin'. Hit means you don't worry th'ew the days. Hit means you go'n be holdin' on to God in good or bad times, and you accept whatever happens. Hit means you respect life like it is—like God made it—even when it ain't what you'd order from the wholesale house. Faith don't mean the Lord is go'n make lions lay down with lambs jest cause you ast him to, or make fire not burn. Some folks, when they pray to git well and don't even git better, they say God let'm down. But I say thet warn't even what Jesus was a-talkin' bout. When Jesus said ast and you'll git it, He was givin' a gar'ntee a-spiritual healin', not body healin'. He was sayin' thet if'n you git beat down—scairt to death you cain't do what you got to, or scairt you go'n die, or scairt folks won't like you—why, all you got to do is put yore hand in God's and He'll lift you up. . . . Jesus meant us to ast God to hep us stand the pain, not beg Him to take the pain away. We can ast for comfort and hope and patience and courage, and to be gracious when thangs ain't goin' our way, and we'll git what we ast for. They ain't no gar'ntee thet we ain't go'n have no troubles and ain't go'n die. But shore as frogs croak and cows bellow, God'll forgive us if'n we ast Him to. (Burns 1984, 363–64)

This passage describes well the current state of my faith. I seek strength from the Lord. I seek understanding, but without great expectations. I remember Winnie-the-Pooh's stuffed brain and try to be patient with my limited capacity and God's timetable. I like the way this grandfather does not try to coerce God into pacts or bargains. I like his patience with the world and his desire not for power or control or even justification, but merely for graciousness when events disappoint or hurt him. This perspective of the dying often seems elusive to the healthy.

I believe that life is better lived in faith than in bitterness or sorrow. I seek faith and holiness, and often I find them independent of religious ritual: in music, in nature, in literature, in honest talk. They dwell in the unrestrained places of my heart. When I am bogged down by suffering or my perception of a Divine Silence, I try to augment my weakened faith with a few good works. I hope that faith and works function in tandem, like bicycle pedals, to allow me to progress when one is down and the other up. And I place great hope in the grandfather's assurance that "shore as frogs croak and cows bellow, God'll forgive us if'n we ast Him to."

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# Why Ane Wept: A Family History Fragment

*Stan Andersen*

ANE PEDERSDATTER OF SJAELLAND, Denmark, entered Bear River Valley in northern Utah much as if she were going to jail. Her granddaughter Elvina told the story long afterwards:

> About April 15th [of 1866] Ane left Brigham City. She followed an early trapper's or Indian trail north along the foothills to the point half way between Honeyville and Deweyville. Then westward, crossing the Bear River at Boise Bend. At this point the Bear River was wide and the bottom was sandstone and not mirey.
>
> Ane beheld the Bear River Valley with sage and Indian trails. She wept bitterly as she camped that night on the west side of the river. The family traveled on. (Jensen 1947, 5)

Later Elvina and her sister-in-law May N. Anderson refined the story for the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers record to make Ane's tears understandable. Ane ("Ann-eh" in old-style Danish) couldn't sit by her campfire at the end of her pioneer journey and weep without reason. She couldn't remain old-fashioned Ane either. She became English-style Anne in their account ("Annie" finally on her tombstone).

> On April 10, 1866, they started north and crossed Bear River at Boise Bend. That night Anne became very despondent. She saw the Bear River Valley sunbaked and covered with sage, and wept bitterly. She thought of her home and

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> her royal friends in Denmark, and of the comforts of the life she had left forever. The place where they crossed the river was called Boise Bend Ford. Here a marker has since been placed. (Jensen and Anderson 1966, 74)

Her crossing of the Bear paved the way for my birth fifty-six years later in the valley she had entered, and now sixty-eight additional years have passed. As a wide-eyed boy, I watched my father, Ane's grandson, dedicate the marker engraved simply "Boise Ford, 1866." My cousin Bob claims the incised stone still lies there smothered in willows, though the ford itself has washed away. It ought to say, "Ane Pedersdatter crossed here and wept."

Ane came from Denmark's main island to Mormon Utah in midlife, a widow with six grown children. The Bear crossing was the last lap of a ten thousand-mile journey by ship, train, and covered wagon (the last making her eligible for the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers record). Despite the explanation by Elvina and May, I can't immediately understand her bitter tears just as she reached what would be the family's American home ground. I would think she would have sung joyously with her traveling companions:

> O ye mountains high
> Where the clear blue sky
> Arches over the vales of the free . . .
> Now my own mountain home
> Unto thee I have come,
> All my fond hopes are centered in thee.

Hopeful or not, however, that evening in April at Boise Ford, she cried.

Could she have realized just at that point that Brigham Young's Zion wasn't paradise, only sagebrush country? Could she suddenly, deeply, have wanted the Bear River (where Bob and I would later fish and swim) to magically become the Roskilde Fjord by Nordskoven in Sjaelland (where her own boys had learned to fish and swim)? Did it come to her totally just then that her husband Peder, eight years dead, wasn't with her? I want her real reasons.

Might it have been fear of the wilderness, of the Indian trails she had seen, that suddenly undid her? She and her vulnerable family had some experience with Indian ferocity. Just out of Fort Laramie the previous October, their wagon train had stopped for water and sustained a swift attack. "We had driven the loose stock and our teams up a ravine to a watering place about three-fourths of a mile from camp," young Anton Nelsen recorded in his journal of their odyssey, "when

the Indians came upon us from their hiding places."[1] A Danish woman younger than Ane was snatched away and never rescued. Bluffs like those in Wyoming confront the river at Boise Ford. Ane could have wept at the Bear fearing a like fate for her or for her only daughter, Christine, who wasn't even baptized into the Mormon Church yet.

Many times in later years I waded through that ford with carp darting past my legs and now and then an alarmist beaver slapping the water with its tail. It remained a wild place for a long time. Indians riding in from the wilderness didn't seem beyond possibility even in the 1930s. Once my father's friend Will Ottogary, a Shoshone, was helping us gather hay in the bend where Ane and her family camped, and Will said with a sweep of his arm, "Some day, Lee, this will be Indian land again." A chill went through me.

Still, when Ane crossed the ford in 1866, she had three grown sons with her who had helped her cross the sea and the continent. Anders (my grandfather), the eldest, carried the talismanic Henry rifle he'd borne against the Prussians in the Schleswig-Holstein War. He was going on twenty-five when they crossed the ford, Hans was twenty-three, and Rasmus twenty. The youngest son, James, who would live to tell a thrilling story of Indian horse thieves on the Montana Trail, had just turned thirteen. Christine was sixteen. (Peter, born between Hans and Rasmus, had been left behind in Hamburg, quarantined for smallpox.) Ane had ample protection. And if plain fear of Indians had caused her tears, would they have been "bitter" tears?

Elvina and May say she wept bitterly when she looked at the valley covered with sage and thought of all she'd left behind in Denmark. Maybe so. There were things she would miss. Ane was a Pedersdatter (both father and husband named Peder) born in 1814 at Skuldelev where Vikings once moored their long boats—north of ancient Roskilde. She married a weaver of Sonderby and then— widowed early—married Peder, my great-grandfather. They settled on a grand farm named Skaaningegaard north of Jaegerspris castle on the Hornsherred peninsula and had seven children. Storks from Egypt settled on the chimneys of farmhouses like theirs each spring.

When Ane reached Utah in November of 1865 (having sold the farm), she sought out an old Skuldelev friend, a Danish dairyman, and his wife who were already settled in Brigham City, one of Brigham

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[1] Nelsen at twenty came from Denmark to America with Ane and more than five hundred others and kept a terse journal beginning in Hamburg about 1 May 1865 and ending in Salt Lake City 8 November 1865. Elvina A. Jensen and other of Ane's descendants knew him in later years, and he gladly permitted Elvina to incorporate his journal into her "Sketch of Ane Larsen Andersen."

Young's northern outposts. Christian and Elizabeth Hansen took in Ane's family for five snowy months, until the warm-up of April. Their house was of the timber-frame and stucco type Ane and her children had known in Sjaelland, only here it was adobe walled.

The Brigham house where Ane stayed is still there, like the Boise Ford campground where she wept. The house was remodeled snugly in the Spanish Revival style by a doctor who bought it sixty years later. Its white walls, deep-set windows, and tile roof now give it a modish, dreamy air, but the old, low-built adobe dimensions are still apparent. I stood on the street in front of it recently, picturing Ane arriving here at the end of her ocean and continent-crossing ordeal to find a semblance of soft Sjaelland built in these hard mountains of the West.

When she confronted raw Bear River Valley in mid-April, the part of Ane accustomed to comfort registered the loss of the warm Danish shelter she'd found in Brigham City. She brought with her to America a few essential mementos of her Sjaelland life—a mantel clock, two turned brass candlesticks, a little cast-iron Danish cookstove, even a fine broad-striped Sjaelland dress in which she had herself photographed during the Brigham winter. Elvina records that she received an offer of a house and two city lots in Brigham City for her stove, but "it failed to interest her." The offer probably came from her friendly host, Christian Hansen, wanting good Danish baking to go with his cheeses. Had she accepted the offer, she could have taken up her American life in the bustling new town.

Brigham City's surprising springtime warmth encouraged fruit growing, particularly peaches. It would have been a secure, delightful place for Ane to settle. I wish she'd done that. Later I loved bright Brigham with its fat peaches, its red and white tabernacle, and its grand county courthouse. She could have built a proper Danish house there around her clock and candlesticks, with a fireplace like the Hansens' in place of her stove. Her boys could still have gone on probing the sagebrush and Indian trails and harsh weather.

But she went on with her sons as their leader and accepted the loss of Brigham City.

Perhaps the pang of regret (coupled with wet, cold feet from crossing the ford in April) sharpened Ane's Sjaelland homesickness. Elvina and May say she wept when she looked out at the Bear River Valley, "sunbaked and covered with sage," and thought of "her home and her royal friends in Denmark, and of the comforts of life she had left forever." My memory of the valley compels me to stress that it wasn't sunbaked in April—this was Elvina and May's hot summer boredom of later valley years talking. Crusty snow would still have been melt-

ing in the shade of sagebrush when Ane crossed the ford; probably there was still ice along the shore of the river. Later we didn't dream of swimming in it until June.

The valley was certainly sage-covered, however, and Ane couldn't help seeing it wasn't her dear Sjaelland.

And certainly no royal friends were in sight.

I'm compelled to consider the royal friends, of whom other relatives besides Elvina and May have made a great deal. In the family's folklore, Ane and Peder were descended in some labyrinthine way from the Danish royal family. Could Ane then not have cried bitter tears over her separation from "royal friends" when she crossed Boise Ford?

At Skaaningegaard with Peder, the record shows, Ane shared a tenant farmer's life of fealty to a royal hunting estate named "Jaegerspris," meaning "Hunter's Paradise." The estate lay in the beautiful wooded peninsula of Hornsherred between Roskilde Fjord and Isefjord. Its small castle is still there ("reminding you," wrote an English visitor in 1859, "of an Elizabethan manor house"). The castle owned the big forest of the peninsula ("Nordskoven") and dozens of farms in and around it, including Skaaningegaard where Peder's family had been tenants for four generations. Like his great-grandfather, grandfather, and father before him, Peder performed tasks for the castle to pay a rent and gave the castle a portion of his harvests as well. One of Peder's special duties to the castle was to fish and hunt with the king—Frederick VII, the constitution-giver.

Ane meanwhile may possibly have been an occasional companion to Frederick VII's low-born third wife, the Copenhagen ballerina Louise Rasmussen, whom the king designated Countess Danner. This is less certain. Was she a maid or a friend? Elvina makes Ane and the countess friendly neighbors. At least Ane knew Countess Danner. The king and countess were Peder and Ane's "royal friends" (though technically Countess Danner wasn't royal enough to succeed Frederick).

Jaegerspris Castle, Skaaningegaard farmstead, and the woods of Nordskoven are still in place (as all Ane's old scenes seem to be). One may easily fancy Peder and Ane coursing the paths between farm and castle. No book of either the castle or the farm was kept, so we're fancy-free.

Spiky stag horns are mounted on felt panels in window alcoves of the castle, with dates of the kills below them. The dates cover Peder's Jaegerspris service, so the panels may be said to record Peder and King Frederick's friendship. They hunted together in the grand years after Frederick approved the constitution of 1849. As hunters will, I presume they drank many a toast before and after the hunts. It is said

that above all Frederick loved drinking and hunting. Surely the bibulous king drank with companions such as Peder.

But in that event, their many skoals undid Peder, who died an alcoholic in mid-life. Drink helped derail Frederick, too, just as the crucial war for Schleswig-Holstein was beginning in 1863; the Danes lost.

In the end the countess owned the castle and its woodlands. Before his death, Frederick gave her Jaegerspris as an outright gift (since she wasn't qualified to inherit royal property), and she wound up turning the estate to the benefit of underprivileged children. She had been less than privileged herself—a chambermaid's illegitimate child who danced her way to success and into the king's house. She made commoners (like Ane) her lifelong daily concern.

So while the king and Peder hunted, and then after both of them were gone, Elvina records, "Ane and her friend Louise became sincere friends and their visits were frequent exchange visits without formality." One may hope so, for certainly Ane had need of a good, forgiving friend when Peder—*forfalden til drik*—hanged himself at Skaaningegaard just before Mikkelsday (the payoff day for farm hands) in the fall of 1858.[2] For seven years Ane bore the social ostracism this deed brought upon the family. She successfully ran the farm before converting to Mormonism and setting out for America.

Ane would have remembered Skaaningegaard (which she and Peder came to own outright before he died) when she crossed the Boise Ford and would have remembered, too, the turreted little red-brick castle of Jaegerspris where sympathetic Louise Rasmussen lived—Ane's refuge, I believe, in a Lutheran world gone grim and cold for her family after 1858. Peder was barred from their parish churchyard and from heaven. None could be his advocates. Did Countess Danner and King Frederick, I wonder, provide a burial place for Peder in the woods of Jaegerspris where he had hunted?

When she crossed Boise Ford and began her American life, Ane wept, I'm sure, for those high beech woods near Skaaningegaard, and the fine castle she had known, and her gracious friend Louise Rasmussen, the countess. "Grevende Danner and members of the Royalty . . . pleaded with them to stay in Denmark giving assurance they would not want for the necessities of life, but to no avail," writes Elvina.

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[2] The details of this tragic event are told by Lars Nielsen, a woodcarver of Skoven, Denmark, in his *Stories of the Families of Skoven*, an unpublished collection of writings done in 1928 for the Local Historisk Arkiv of Jaegerspris Kommune, p. 89. The relevant stories are "Skaaningegård 9" and "Peder Andersen, død ca. 1857."

Security without redemption would have been hell, Ane saw. Perhaps by herself she could have survived—even could have served Louise Rasmussen in her project of converting the royal hunting estate to social welfare purposes (á la modern Denmark). But Ane's children, however comfortable in Sjaelland, would have been dogged by Peder's disgrace.

So in 1865 she committed them to the ordeal of settlement in the Mormon American West, an ordeal that would bring them earthly, perhaps heavenly, salvation. And now in the evening of 10 April 1866, after crossing Boise Ford, she saw that she had made it. She was on the other side of the world, sunk deep in Zion's sagebrush.

I believe it was partly relief that made her cry. She knew how much she had sacrificed—especially her personal future as companion to the commoner countess. She wept for that. She had given up Skaaningegaard too, exhausting the profits of its sale in transporting her family and a host of other new converts to Zion (as she ruefully told my father and others). And she may well have wept for the gamble she was taking—for she had no assurance she or the children would be redeemed in Zion. In fact, Anders, Peter, and Rasmus would die young of Zion's cold weather, barely managing to start their own families; only Hans, Christine, and James would make it to the end of the century. Ane's foreseeing spirit may have failed her then, and she wept bitterly for losing everything and gaining nothing. She must have asked God bitterly if she had not now lost enough.

She still harbored the hope that her family would blossom here from its new roots, for in the morning she went on. And it did blossom and branch. A raft of grandchildren were born before Ane died in Bear River City in 1887, and then came the big generation of great-grandchildren that I belong to, who would fish and swim in the river she forded, in the country she came to.

We are her children, and she wept for us.

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# Counting the Cost

*Anita Tanner*

IT WASN'T THE SILVER balance scale the teacher used for a centerpiece. Initially I thought it attractive, effective as a visual aid. It wasn't her manner or her voice, all appealing, that offended me. It was the words she quoted, not from the lesson manual but from Spencer W. Kimball: "Even mortal life itself, when placed upon the balance scales, weighs less than chastity" (1982, 265). The statement itself, straightforward enough, didn't bother me as much as its implications. And the unnerving fact that I seemed to be the only class member visibly disturbed; other women copied the quote into their Relief Society manuals, smiling, nodding approval. I wanted to take issue, to challenge the statement in light of my own experience and gospel learning.

I wondered if there were a woman in the class who had broken the law of chastity. How would this statement affect her? Would she then think she may as well commit suicide, since she had lost what's more important than life? And what about repentance? "Though your sins be scarlet, they shall be as white as snow" (Isa. 1:18). What about the promised miracle of forgiveness?

I thought of the doctrine of free agency, which I had been taught from childhood was most precious. If chastity was more important than life, why did God give us this second estate? Why let us come to earth with the myriad chances of losing chastity? Why not force us all to be chaste and forget earth life, thereby guarding what is more precious?

I pored over *Mormon Doctrine*, *The Miracle of Forgiveness*, and almost every LDS book I could lay my hands on. To my astonishment, I

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found this quote by David O. McKay in *The Miracle of Forgiveness*: "Your virtue is worth more than your life. Please, young folk, preserve your virtue even if you lose your lives" (in Kimball 1969, 63). Heber J. Grant was also quoted on the same page, "There is no true Latter-Day Saint who would not rather bury a son or a daughter than to have him or her lose his or her chastity." *Mormon Doctrine* declared, "Better dead clean, than alive unclean. Many is the faithful Latter-day Saint parent who has sent a son or daughter on a mission or otherwise out into the world with the direction, 'I would rather have you come back home in a pine box with your virtue than return alive without it' " (McConkie 1966, 124). I was horrified. I simply could not agree with these statements.

I recalled a lesson I had had in seminary when I was a teenager. My teacher drove nails into a board, likening her action to sinning and pulling the nail out to repentance. With great emphasis she concluded her demonstration, "But the hole is still there." I had recoiled then too. I had not believed her, but how could I disbelieve statements by prophets and General Authorities? But I did.

I remembered another teacher saying that the Christian response to sin was to go down with the sinner in empathy and love and together bring yourselves up. That certainly didn't square with McConkie's, "I would rather have you come back home in a pine box with your virtue than return alive without it," as if sexual sin somehow nullified the doctrine of repentance.

In the case of rape, these statements implied that a woman who had not fought to the death to avoid rape somehow came up short on courage, thereby putting the burdens of sin and guilt on the victim for having survived the ordeal.

Several friends assured me the prophets were only trying to emphasize the value of chastity in their statements. Perhaps they had exaggerated to make an important point. But, I puzzled, what exactly was the point? And what the price of exaggeration? Chastity at all costs? Once chastity is lost, is mortal life everlastingly diminished?

I knew better. I thought of my own children, six of them, and how each had made mistakes, big and small—how they'd come through stronger, better able to cope, more humble but increased. At no time did their mistakes seem bigger than life. And their continued life with attendant mistakes was the *very hope* of their overcoming.

And I remembered Diana. She was my first cousin, one year older, who bore her first child out of wedlock. I was in high school when I first heard rumors of her pregnancy. Initially I refused to believe them. But each time I saw her the realization sank solemnly upon me.

Then one day she, her father (a bishop), and her mother came to our farmhouse to "apologize for the shame brought upon the family name." All of us wept for what seemed hours, repeatedly embracing one another. She looked so forlorn. Later she bore a son and looked after him in her parents' home.

Slowly her former exuberance returned. Her face, always attractive, lost its emptiness. Her eyes lifted. Later, she met a man, married him in the Salt Lake Temple, and they are now the parents of several children. Her first son served a mission for the Church. And now visiting with her at family reunions I sense in her a resilience and joy in having "come through," an enlightenment that gives me courage for the struggles with good and evil within myself, a hope for better tomorrows.

No one can deny personal experience. Mine tells me that life is always precious, even when we are in the throes of pain and sin. God's love is so far-reaching that he has prepared a kingdom and degree of glory for even the most disobedient of his children, except for those who adamantly, willfully, and continually reject him. For most there is a way back. And that way is always worth the suffering it may cost. I see that in myself, in my children, and in Diana.

Maybe trying to reconcile prophets' words with opposing personal experience will never be easy. Maybe Eugene England in his essay "Why the Church Is as True as the Gospel" is right: "Everything anyone says is essentially an interpretation" (1986, 31). Maybe Keats's negative capability, the ability to exist amid uncertainties without reaching for reason, could apply in this case, in a church where answers are a premium, where the Mormon mind yearns for closure, where a book *Questions to Gospel Answers* may never be written. Maybe.

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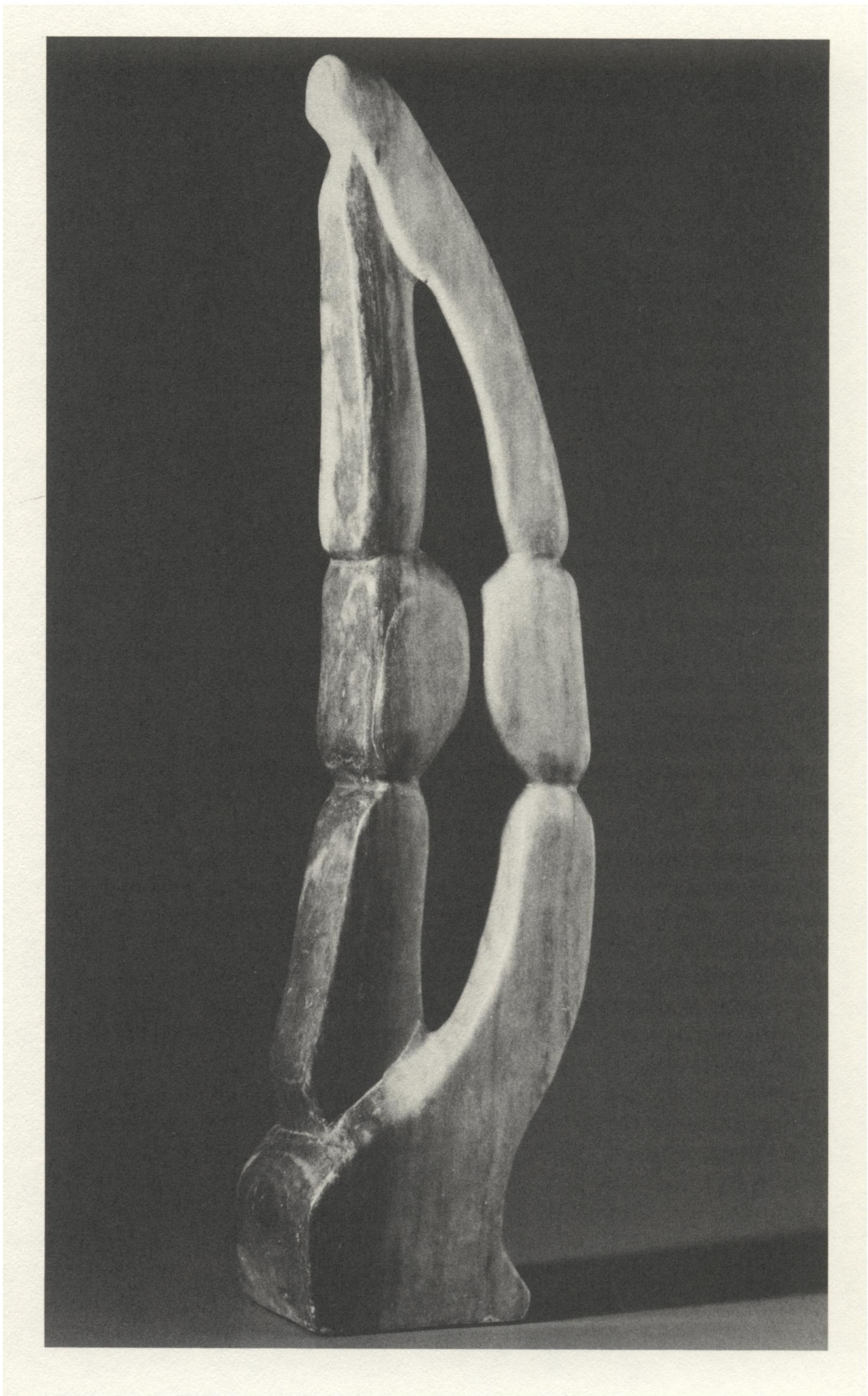

*NOTES AND COMMENTS*

# New Wine and New Bottles: Scriptural Scholarship as Sacrament

*Kevin Christensen*

ANTHONY HUTCHINSON'S *A Mormon Midrash?: LDS Creation Narratives Reconsidered* (DIALOGUE, Winter 1988) is a heroic and important article that deserves careful examination. Hutchinson's provocative and illuminating themes range from modern scholarly techniques, through King James italics, Joseph Smith, and the nuances of Joshua Sexias' Hebrew, and on to the Adam-God doctrine. But throughout it all, I missed a sense of Joseph actually transcending his environment. Without that, despite Hutchinson's thoughtful and well-chosen examples of biblical precedent for midrash techniques, the emotive impact of his article is relentless, dark, and unsettling. Since I have been unfazed by my recent studies of Fawn Brodie's *No Man Knows My History*, B. H. Robert's *Studies of the Book of Mormon*, and Jerald and Sandra Tanner's *The Changing World of Mormonism*, I can only wonder why Hutchinson's work disturbed me so. I believe it is because while he makes no apology for linking biblical prophets to "an awareness and consciousness not normally experienced" (p. 18), he brushes past several confrontations with the transcendent in Joseph Smith and makes no effort to assess the transcendent in myth generally.

Hutchinson's approach to LDS creation narratives in light of text and known historical context (p. 19) is valid for what it reveals of the mundane. However, the paradigm of Joseph making word-for-word translations from actual ancient texts does not prepare us for the picture that Hutchinson so excruciatingly details. On the other hand, is the paradigm of mundane elaboration on King James Version mis-

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takes sufficient to comprehensively explain, say, the Enoch portion of the Pearl of Great Price? How can we reconcile Noel Reynolds's 1990 article "The Brass Plates Version of Genesis" with Hutchinson's findings? And finally, what about *Before Abraham Was* by Isaac M. Kikawada and Arthur Quinn (1989), which challenges the documentary hypothesis central to Hutchinson's approach and defends the unity of Genesis 1–11 against the context of other Near Eastern texts? These paradigms, methods, and conclusions all conflict.

According to Thomas Kuhn, philosopher of science at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, we select one paradigm over another according to accuracy of predictions, coherence and comprehensiveness, fruitfulness (especially the prediction of novel phenomena), future promise, and aesthetics and simplicity (1970, 153–59, 169, 185–86). Since no paradigm solves all the existing problems, it is always necessary to decide which problems most merit solutions and/or further discussion. However, all problems deserve acknowledgement, if not explanation, no matter which set of critical tools illuminates them. The thoughtful scholar, then, should ask which is more important in a work of Joseph Smith—the mundane or the transcendent?

Hutchinson, for example, shortchanges Joseph by asserting that "Enoch seemed rooted in Joseph's concerns of the period" (p. 59), explaining that Moses 6–7 fits into the book of Moses' general pattern of expansion and embellishment. However, he offers only a barely perceptible nod towards complex Enoch parallels such as those Nibley discusses in his *Enoch the Prophet* (1985). Understanding Joseph Smith's limits and methods is important, but for the strictly mundane focus, Hutchinson might as well say of him, "Can anything good come from Nazareth? Is this not the carpenter's son?" Should he gloss over the transcendent simply because such materials put him in the position of having to say, "Some things he may have guessed right, among so many" (Hel. 16:16)?

Hutchinson also errs in dismissing connections between the Book of Abraham and the Book of the Dead (p. 50). Note this statement by Blake Ostler: "Although Joseph Smith has been much berated for associating vignettes of the Book of the Dead with a book claiming to tell of Abraham's experiences, he was actually duplicating an ancient practice which he could not have known from secular sources available in his day" (1981, 16–17).[1] Likewise, how can one assess the comprehensive plausibility of Hutchinson's proposed sources for the Book of

[1] Around the time the Joseph Smith papyri were buried, Jewish scribes were using materials from the Egyptian Book of the Dead in composing the Testament of Abraham (Ostler 1981; Nibley 1981, 21).

Abraham (p. 50) without recognizing the possibility of transcendence suggested by similarities to works such as Pseudo-Philo, the Genesis Aprocryphon, and the Apocalypse of Abraham?[2]

Hutchinson also invites us to regard the creation stories as myth in a nonpejorative sense; but rather than offer tools to tap into the power of myth itself, he merely attempts to cushion our anticipated disappointment—"We must be honest, must try to see the world as it is" (p. 70). And yet, he could have done much more. Joseph Campbell asserts that "myth is the secret opening through which the inexhaustible energies of the cosmos pour into human cultural manifestation" (1972, 3) and suggests four important functions of myth (1988a, 31).

First, "myth opens the world to the dimension of mystery . . . the universe becomes . . . a holy picture" (Campbell 1988a, 31). Of course, the nuances of Hebrew and historical contexts are important for what they literally tell a reader, but why get stuck at that level? In reading myth as poetry, or symbolic stories, a too literal interpretation in a narrow historical context, taken as the sole analytical tool, leads to a spiritual and intellectual dead end. Keith Norman's essay "Adam's Navel" (1988) came closer to the mystery, largely by invoking Mircea Eliade's *Cosmos and History, The Myth of the Eternal Return* (1959). In this light, the endowment itself (lately evidenced in 3 Nephi!—see Welch 1990 and Peterson 1990 2:248–56) provides a fuller picture of Joseph as transcendent mythmaker.

Second, myth performs a cosmological function, "showing you the shape of the universe in such a way that the mystery comes through" (Campbell 1988a, 31). However, Hutchinson dismisses this cosmic mystery as no more than the bastard offspring of a garbled syntax. In a Darwinian age, can he not acknowledge the relevance and beauty of a myth in which gods do not create species on the spot, but initiate potentials and oversee processes over time, and a myth wherein the degree of likeness called for as creatures reproduce after their own kind is specified—"They shall be *very* obedient" (Abr. 4:31)? Does not *very* permit variation in kinds of species over time? Does not variety give beauty? Are not beauty and variety the hallmarks of creation that give joy?

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[2] The Biblical Antiquities of Pseudo-Philo is a pseudopigrapha which includes a story of Abraham's arrested sacrifice very similar to Abraham 1:15–20. The Apocalypse of Abraham is a pseudopigrapha which includes a vision of the preexistence (Chapter 22) much like Abraham 3:22–28. The Genesis Apocryphon from the Dead Sea Scrolls includes an account of Abraham being warned by God to call Sarah his sister that is quite close to Abraham 2:22–25.

In addition, Hutchinson depicts the Abraham cosmology as simply "a narrative technique for introducing the premortal council of the gods" (p. 51). Joseph's governing star Kolob provides little mystery when reduced to a mere literary device. However, the study of astronomy should lead us to a consideration of Canopus, a bright star which lies at a right angle to the plane of the ecliptic. Canopus stays fixed in relation to the 25,920-year precession of the equinoxes, the unceasing drift of the sky and constellations. To the ancients, this motion signified the rise and fall of world ages. They could imagine the unmoving Canopus as dominating the whole astronomical spectacle—"The Arabs preserved a name for Canopus . . . *Kalb at-tai-man* (heart of the south)" (de Santillana and von Dechund 1969, 73). Is Kalb equivalent to Kolob? The inscriptions at Dendara in Egypt describe the goddess Hathor as the "heavy weighing Canopus" who "rules . . . the revolution of all celestial bodies" (de Santillana and von Dechund 1969, 73-74). This kind of inquiry has direct links to the Joseph Smith papyrus (see Nibley 1980). Likewise Joseph Campbell investigates the mythically recurrent numbers and measures which are thematically akin to Abraham, clearly related to this precession-based cosmology, and which are "artfully concealed" in Genesis (1988b, 35-39). All of this encourages a more transcendent mythological reading of the Abraham cosmology than Hutchinson's paradigm allows.

Consider, for example, Hutchinson's diagram of the Hebrew cosmos (p. 22). Why should an article so intent on exposing the dangers of literalizing myth be so immovably preoccupied with absolute apoetic meanings of the Hebrew when, in fact, it could simultaneously question the effects literalized myth might have had on Genesis in the first place? De Santillana and von Dechund write that myth functioned as the language of ancient astronomy. In this scheme, the term "earth" refers to the band of the zodiac through which the planets move. This cosmic "flat earth" is set off by four essential points, the solstices and equinoxes, mythically described as the four pillars, or corners of the earth. The waters above, the waters below, and the underworld all refer to portions of the sky through which the planets move (1969, 59-64).

Ironically, a too literal reading of myth keeps Hutchinson from making connections between archaic cosmology, the biblical "pillars" and the four Canopic jars in Facsimile 2 which symbolize "the earth in its four quarters" (Abr.: Fac. 2, fig. 6) and also appear in the Apocalypse of Abraham, chapter 18, as "four fiery living beings" (see Nibley 1981, 29). A thoughtful comparison of these texts seems to reveal mythological connections between the "Hebrew Cosmos," the Joseph Smith Abraham, ancient Abrahamic texts, the Book of the Dead fac-

similes, and an archaic Kolob cosmology that predates Genesis. A truly mythic reading preserves the mystery yet reveals the wonder in Joseph Smith's cosmos.

Campbell's third function for myth is that it supports and sustains the social order (1988a, 31). Hutchinson mentions "Abraham's curious racial ideology" (p. 38). An 1828 debate between Alexander Campbell, a leader in the Disciples of Christ movement, and Robert Owen, an atheistic utopian, helps put this in historical context: "We shall now observe that part [of Noah's prophesy]. . . which relates to the sentence pronounced on Canaan. . . . The whole continent of Africa was peopled principally by the children of Ham. . . . Egypt is often called in scripture the land of Ham. . . . The inhabitants of Africa have been bought and sold as slaves from the earliest periods of history, even to the present time" (in Grunder 1987, item 57). Joseph Smith said something similar: "I referred to the curse of Ham. . . . [Noah] cursed him by the Priesthood . . . and the curse remains upon the posterity of Canaan until the present day" (in Smith 1964, 193–94).

Like Joseph Smith, we are culturally conditioned by our myths to see a certain social order here and to engage a particular, racist reading of Abraham 1:21–27. However, Hugh Nibley makes a powerful argument for another view: "Why was Pharaoh . . . denied the priesthood . . . ? . . . [B]ecause he claimed it through the wrong line, 'that *lineage* by which he *could* not have the right of Priesthood.' What was wrong with it? Simply this: it was not the patriarchal but the *matriarchal* line he was following" (1981, 133–34). While imitating the order established by the fathers "in the days of the first patriarchal reign" (Abr. 1:26), Pharaoh traced his lineage through Egyptus, a *daughter* of Ham, who settled her sons in the land—"Thus the government of Egypt was carried on under the fiction of being patriarchal while the actual line was matriarchal, the Queen being 'the Wife of the God and bearer of the royal lineage' " (p. 134). The Book of Abraham, then, offers "no exclusive equation between Ham and Pharaoh, or between Ham and the Egyptians, or between the Egyptians and blacks, or between any of the above and any particular curse. What was denied was the recognition of patriarchal right to the priesthood made by claims of matriarchal succession" (pp. 219–20).

All of this illustrates a serious weakness in Hutchinson's methodology. He proposes "to set [these texts] within a context of the historical background of the texts' known origins" (p. 19) and asserts that "any effort to understand their wording and doctrine must deal directly with the specific variants of the texts themselves" (p. 69). And while this technique is essential and valid as far as it goes, it defines its own limitations. The text's "known origins" in the case of Abraham distort

the doctrine — race is never mentioned in the Book of Abraham. Understanding the doctrine correctly requires going beyond the *known* context into the *purported* context. That examination reveals Joseph's limitations and his transcendence, both of which are essential to understand his significance as translator.

Again, in relation to myth "sustaining the social order" and the tension between inspiration, text, scholarship, and cultural conditioning, Jolene Edmunds Rockwood's essay "The Redemption of Eve" (1987) is enlightening. Rockwood's analysis overlaps Hutchinson's discussion, but with greater sensitivity to the overall poetic structure. A key difference occurs in Rockwood's reading when Adam does not name Eve, but recognizes her by bestowing a title "similar to the Near Eastern Formula for titles given to goddesses" (1987, 31). In Hutchinson's reading, "the woman's subordination begins immediately" (p. 29). Both Rockwood and Hutchinson work against the patriarchy; but Rockwood does so by empowering the ancient myths with new possibilities, while Hutchinson weakens their authority.

Fourth, myths teach us how to live a human lifetime under any circumstances (Campbell 1988a, 31). Myths have much to say about the various stages of life — birth, adolescence, marriage, and death. Comparative mythology reveals in every culture these same themes — "creation, death and resurrection, ascension to heaven, virgin births." Joseph Campbell offers the following argument:

> In the study of comparative mythology, we compare the images in one system with the images in another, and both become illuminated because one will accent and give clear expression to one aspect of the meaning, and another to another. They clarify one another. . . . There is no danger in interpreting the symbols of a religious system and calling them metaphors instead of facts. What that does is to turn them into messages for your own inward experience and life. The system becomes a personal experience. (1988a, 218–19)

Joseph Smith's writings likewise encourage these kinds of comparisons, actually anticipating and transcending Campbell's conclusions. Consider the following scriptures:

> All things which have been given of God from the beginning of the world unto man, are the typifying of [Christ]. (2 Ne. 11:4)
>
> The Lord doth grant unto all nations, of their own nation and tongue, to teach his word, yea, in wisdom, all that he seeth fit that they should have. (Alma 29:8)
>
> I did liken all scriptures unto us, that it might be for our profit and learning. (1 Ne. 19:23)

Joseph Smith provides keys to understanding how personal experience extends beyond metaphor and symbol to include cosmic participation. But he also includes vivid warnings against authoritarian literalness. Consider the example of the myth of "endless punishment,"

sent to "work upon the hearts of the children of men, altogether for my name's glory" (D&C 19:7); or Isaiah's metaphor of God's word going forth as rain or snow "to accomplish what I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it" (Isa. 56:55).

I have no problems with Hutchinson's proposal to see LDS creation narratives as mythic. I do, however, have problems with an approach that needlessly robs those myths of their power. Hutchinson doesn't so much mythologize as debunk. In consolation, he encourages us to ponder the "implications" his work raises for Joseph Smith's claims that many of his works have a "divine" as well as "ancient" origin (p. 70). As solace, we are to accept this new view of scripture as a "stopgap medicine," an aid to make some sense, "however fleeting," of our lives.

As a restorative to such bleakness, I would propose contemplating Joseph Campbell's comparison of Genesis with other creation myths (1988a, 32–55). Campbell's criticisms of sections of Genesis as comparatively inferior or inadequate correspond exactly to changes Joseph Smith made (compare, for example, Campbell 1988a, 32 and Moses 7:48). That indicates to me some sort of transcendence, and perhaps a good translation of mythic function on Joseph's part, rather than only a mistranslation of syntax. Again, this is something that Hutchinson's approach completely overlooks.

Hutchinson committed himself to explore the paradigm of midrashic expansion on its own terms, to see just how far it could go towards explaining the various creation narratives. I commend him for his efforts. But is that explanation, or any other, adequate? Does it provide accurate predictions? Is it comprehensive and coherent in regard to other experiences? Does it produce novel phenomena not revealed by competing views? Does it have satisfying aesthetic appeal and simplicity? Does it hold sufficient future promise to merit commitment to it? We must assess each of these criteria as values and then individually decide, based on faith, which explanation we will follow in approaching textual problems. Although the questions Hutchinson raises are significant, so are the ones he brushes aside.

Kuhn's epistomology bears on Hutchinson's assertion that we need to give up certainty (p. 70). I agree that we should sacrifice doctrinal and creedal dogmatism.[3] When I was a little boy, my parents took me to see the dinosaur quarries in eastern Utah. I saw students chipping away rock with dental tools to expose the bones. I saw, and I touched,

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[3] But, as Alma points out, we can orient our faith toward the diverse experience that gives "cause to believe," rather than supposing that we simply and finally "know." Our knowledge may not be perfect, but the cause to believe is real (see Alma 32:18, 34–35). Focus on the wine rather than on the bottle.

and I knew those bones were real. But what did they mean? When I was young, dinosaurs were reptiles—slow, dull-witted beasts. The brontosaurus lived in swamps, used deep water to support its bulk, and ate the soft leaves of swamp plants. I learned these things from scientific authorities. Now, I find that dinosaurs were also birds—swift, lively, intelligent, social creatures that migrated in herds. The brontosaur became the apatosaur after it was discovered that an over-eager fossil hunter had stuck the wrong head on an incomplete dinosaur skeleton. (You could say the brontosaur was a midrashic expansion.) The apatosaur could not live in water since the water pressure would keep it from breathing. Instead, it lived in forests and had teeth designed for chewing pine needles, which it obtained at times by standing on its hind legs. It carried its tail erect and nurtured its young. What has changed? Everything. Except that dinosaurs are still as real as they ever were.

As to the question of myth in the pejorative sense, I could mention (along with the myth of unchanging religious knowledge), the myth of scholarly objectivity, and of positivist/empiricist knowledge. In the real world, we are all limited by temporality, selectivity, and subjectivity and hampered by limiting contexts. Alma 32 puts little stock in perfect knowledge in any comprehensive sense, but, as with Kuhn's model, experimentation (with discernible results), mind-expanding enlightenment, fruitfulness, aesthetic joy, and future promise assure us that we are on the right track so long as we continue to honestly question, and to propose thoughtful, albeit necessarily tentative, solutions.

I recognize that Anthony Hutchinson made a forthright effort to place Joseph Smith in the company of the prophets of ancient Israel. The problem is that despite the conciliatory quote concluding his article, they, Israel's prophets, also came across as merely mundane. After several readings and considerable meditation, I realize that I should not have been surprised or disappointed that Hutchinson's article, in spite of its importance and its virtues, failed to adequately convey any sense of Joseph as transcendent mythmaker. How could anyone possibly expect to illuminate the ways in which Joseph may have transcended his historical context when they refuse to direct their critical tools beyond that context?

And so, I am left to wonder whether our gospel scholarship must serve only as a form of spiritual masochism. Is the idea merely to take us on a nickel tour of the abyss of existential nausea so that we can ritually prove our intellectual integrity? If so, then I can see good reason to scrupulously avoid the transcendent. Any suggestion of divine might diminish the terror of the abyss and dull the force of our academic ritual. However, if our goal is to heighten understanding, I see no rea-

son to avoid either the transcendent or the mundane in gospel study. Providing new wine and new bottles carries its own thrill. Even a hint of the divine provides a finer vintage, delicious to the taste, bittersweet at times, but very desirable. That kind of scholarship can be a sacrament.

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# One Sunday's Rain (After Word of My Father's Illness)

*Dixie Partridge*

All morning: rainwater
off the roof onto pebbles
washed smooth of pale soil
in the garden.
After weeks of dust,
vowels and spilled consonants
of water. . . .
I stay close to the sound

like my father in the Rockies,
who would camp only
where the madrigal stream
could enter the cocoon
of his fire and his sleep
and move on

and move on
with the night
standing still.
All morning I listen
behind arguments and laughter
of children, the ragtime
my son plays at piano.

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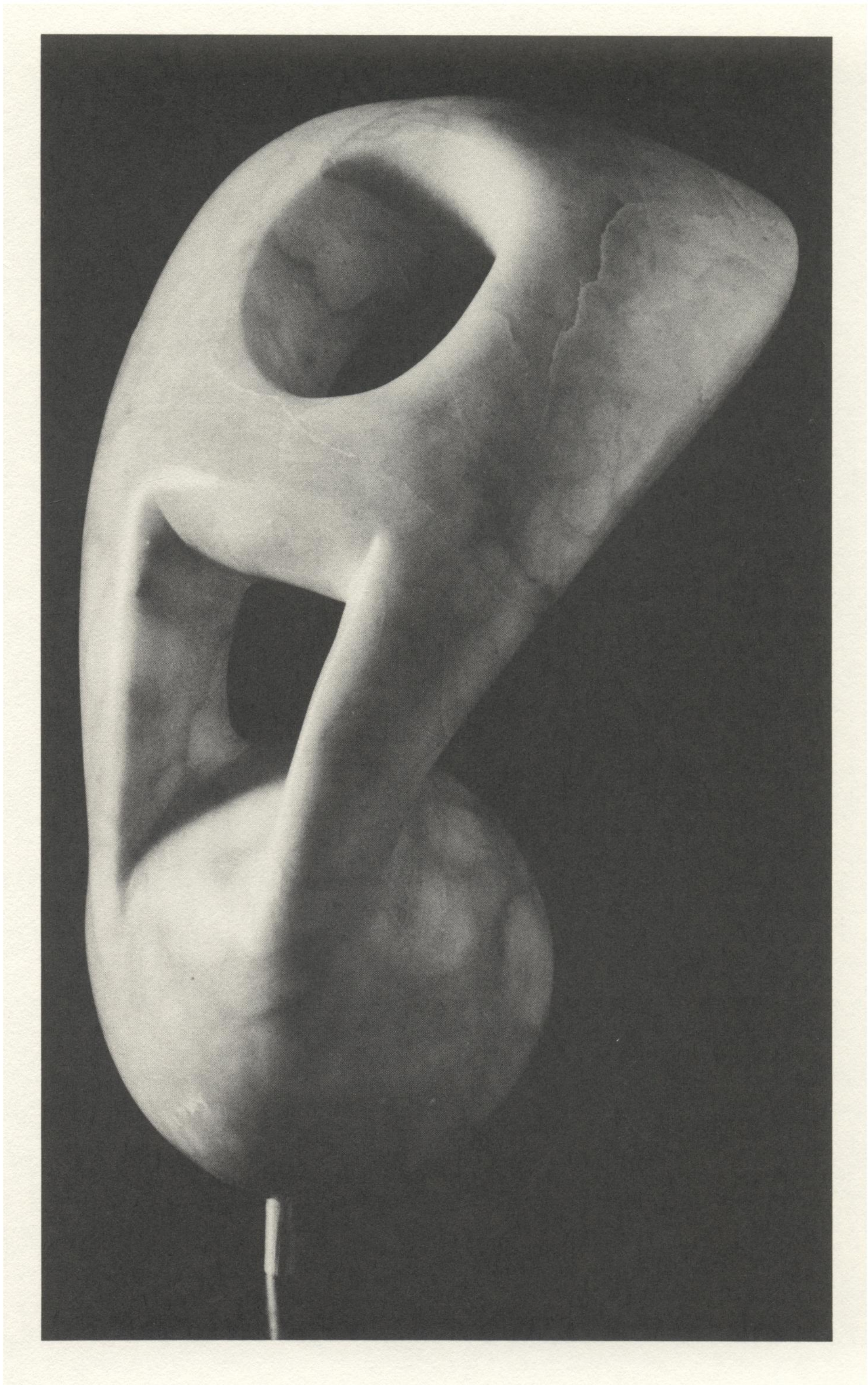
*DIXIE PARTRIDGE's second book,* Watermark, *won the 1990 Eileen W. Barnes Award and was published by Saturday Press (New Jersey) in summer 1991. Her poetry has appeared widely in journals and in several anthologies. She and her husband, Jerry, have six children and live in Richland, Washington.*

I carry the rainwater
sound through each motion,
through late traffic and wind,
the stretched silence
from the wires
that brought us the news;

ladle it
like eternal life
into bowls on the table—
each portion a clear,
silvered tone
of the water.



*FICTION*

# Bird of Paradise

*Phyllis Barber*

A DRUM WAS BEATING that night as my family and I entered the elementary school gymnasium. Animal skins were stretched across a portion of hollowed-out tree, two flat brown hands pounding on their surface. Instantly I felt my pulse and the drum beating together. I ran to the stage, pulled myself up on my toes, peered over the edge.

The drummer's feet were bare. White flowers were laced around his ankle. His knees were bare, too, and a cloth hung between his legs. When I saw his padded breasts quivering as he drummed, I averted my eyes to the bold black strokes on the cloth which hung from below his navel. How could he ever run or jump or move quickly, I wondered, in such a small square of material?

It reminded me of a few weeks before when my friend Theresa and I dared each other not to wear underpants to school. At recess, we challenged each other to somersault over the tricky bar under the slide. We both did lightning somersaults, but after the first rush of anxiety and after looking around the playground and realizing no one had noticed, I tried it again, more slowly.

"Julia." My father retrieved me from these wanderings with his big hand wrapping around mine. "It's time for the show to start."

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*"Bird or Paradise" is an excerpt from* How I Got Cultured: A Nevada Memoir, *which recently won an Associated Writing Programs award and will be published by the University of Georgia Press.*

"When will Sonny, Popo, and Liliuokalanimoa come out?"

"Very soon. Just be patient."

They had turned sideways when they first entered our house with straw hats, orange cloth bags stenciled with palm fronds and geckos, arms as big as the elm tree in our front yard. They were bigger than the front door.

"Aloha," they had said.

Ed and I stared up at them, amazed at the amount of flesh squeezed into the woman's muu-muu and the men's flowered shirts.

"Aloha," they said again. "We say aloha, you say aloha."

"Aloha," we answered in small whispers.

"I am Liliuokalanimoa," the woman said. "This is Popo, and this is Sonny." She bent over my younger brother, Ed, and kissed his cheek. Then she lifted me into her arms. "Fine lady," she said. She squeezed my biceps with her large fingers and rolled them like bits of leftover dough. "Chicken bones. Liliuokalanimoa feed you some pork."

I smelled her freshly washed hair, loose black loops caught up by two abalone combs. Large mother, the round earth, the scent of ocean near her ears. She squeezed the whole of me, and I felt the mountain of her as I curved around her, my brown shoes hanging mid-air.

"Aloha," my mother said, coming out of the kitchen with a flour sack dishtowel. I had embroidered the girl on the towel who washed pots and pans. Red and blue thread for her plaid dress, an unnatural flesh-colored thread on her arms and legs. My mother wiped her hands and stretched one to Liliuokalanimoa.

"Aloha, Mrs. Moore." Liliuokalanimoa's corpulent fingers tangled with my mother's narrow ones. "Call me Lily. This is Sonny and Popo."

Mother shook their hands and pointed to her arm where a watch would have been if she owned one. "Rehearsal. What time?"

"Seven o'clock. Sharp." Sonny laughed like he'd swallowed the sun and punched Popo in the arm.

"It's 6:00 now," Mother said. "We'd better have supper right away."

"Right away," Popo mimicked.

"Make yourself at home."

"Right away," Popo said.

They sank into the chairs and sofas, spilling over the sides, melting the cushions. "Little princess," said Liliuokalanimoa. I was still in her arms. "You stay with me."

I felt like a bird in a nest as she took my hands into hers and rubbed them together like fine sandpaper. She bent and wiggled each of the toes poking out of my sandals, talking to them individually, giving each a Hawaiian name—*Hawaiki. Kamehameha. Kahumanu.*

Lifting both my arms, she sang, "Fly, pretty bird. High over the ocean, fly." We soared above waves leaping back and forth on the disappearing shore. She was a broad-winged seabird calling into the wind. I tasted salt on my lips.

"Lovely bird." She put her arms around my rib cage and sheltered my thinness in her soft arms.

"Julia, take the boys to your room," my mother called from the kitchen, drenched in steam from the open kettle of noodles. "Liliuokalanimoa will sleep on the fold-out in your dad's office, but have her put her things in your room for now."

I slid from Liliuokalanimoa's lap and lifted her orange cloth bag from the floor. "Follow me," I said.

The great hunks of Polynesia lumbered down the hallway and into my room and immediately tested the mattress on my older sister Ellen's and my bed. They bounced like curious children as the empty space in our bedroom filled with Sonny, Popo, and Liliuokalanimoa, their belongings, and their laughter. These were the people we'd heard about for months in church flyers, sacrament meeting announcements, and telephone calls asking us to provide room and board. For three dollars per family, church members and townspeople could see flaming torches, leaping bodies, and grass skirts. *A New Cultural Experience*, the poster on the church's bulletin board announced.

"Tall grass," Popo giggled as he rubbed the top of Ed's crew cut hair. "Means very important man. Takes many brains to grow such tall grass."

Ed tossed his reserve aside and climbed onto the bed. I followed suit. We tickled and dodged, dived into pillows, pushed Sonny and Popo off the bed, and then dared the forbidden—jumping on the mattress. As we flew, our hair flapping like wings, Liliuokalanimoa made seabird sounds. And the seawind lifted us higher until we feared Mother might discover our crime.

So we gave up our jumping and nestled into Liliuokalanimoa's sides. She showed us how to make swimming fishes and ocean waves with our hands. "Talking hands," she said. "Tell stories to many people. One time, wind blow like mighty warrior. Coconuts fly like round birds. Trees bend to ground. Fishes swim to village to warn people. The bravest fish walks up and breathes fire onto man's foot, but no one listens."

"A fish breathed fire?" I asked, large-eyed.

"When fish breathes fire," Liliuokalanimoa continued, "everybody runs to hide. They know big trouble is coming." She formed fists in the air, dropped them from high to low, turned them into walking fish, then into many people running. Her hands shifted like silky water.

I tried to make my own walking fish, but my fingers were awkward next to Liliuokalanimoa's.

"Dinner's almost ready," Mother called from the kitchen. "Julia. Your turn to set the table."

As I counted plates, utensils, and napkins, the oven started to smoke, the acrid smell of a burn on the elements. Mother opened the oven door, and large fits of smoke burst like a volcano into the kitchen.

"Oh no," she cried, waving the smoke away with her hands. She lifted the scratched metal pan of bubbling cheese with the two matching potholders I'd made in my Primary class called Larks. Larks, Bluebirds, and Seagulls for nine, ten, and eleven-year-old girls. "Greet the day with a song," was our motto. "Serve gladly. Worship Heavenly Father, and make others happy." I'd cross-stitched it in primary colors on a brown linen sampler.

"Oh, thank goodness!" Mother sighed with relief. "The casserole's okay. Don't forget the salt and pepper, Julia."

After everyone was seated around our table, Mother presented her famous Pot of Gold casserole—wide noodles, hamburger, cheese, canned corn, canned pimentos, bits of green pepper. And her homemade rolls with homemade apricot jam. And a bounteous tossed green salad. Liliuokalanimoa and Popo took small servings of the casserole, but Sonny shoveled half of what was left onto his plate. My mother looked at my father with carefully screened horror.

"Sonny," she said.

Sonny looked up eagerly.

"I see you like food," she stuttered.

"Very good luau," he said as he poured his second glass of milk and speared the salad leaves out of the serving bowl as if they were fish. He embraced every bite with true love. "You are beautiful mother of food. A pearl woman."

Slowly my mother's mouth closed and her face softened. After all, she had her domestic pride. Biting back a smile, she blushed, said thank-you very much, and hurried from the table to look at the clock.

"You're going to be late if you don't leave right this minute," she pretended to scold.

"No problem," Sonny said. "Hawaiian time is no time at all." He sat back in the chair, tipped it back against the wall, which was forbidden in our household, and rubbed his massive stomach. "Pearl woman makes beautiful dessert, I think."

Ice cream and Aunt Ethyl's homemade brownies had been the originally planned menu, but just in case, Mother had gone to our storage closet for jars of canned peaches and apricots. She had resources and bottles of pride.

After three servings of ice cream and one Mason jar of peaches, Sonny leaned back again and patted his stomach like a best friend. "Beautiful lady, Mrs. Moore. Beautiful cook. You make Sonny happy. You like gifts, Mrs. Moore?"

My mother's elegant face softened into a young girl's shyness. I loved this girl who sometimes slipped from my exacting mother: vulnerable, holding out bare fingers to be touched, letting oyster shell colors escape from her fortress.

"A gift? For me?"

"Yes, beautiful mother."

Abruptly Sonny picked himself up. "Lily. Popo. Let's go."

At 7:45 they left for the 7:00 rehearsal, no worry, no rush. Popo trailed after Sonny with slow shuffling feet, and Liliuokalanimoa blew me a kiss before she lifted her bulk out of the kitchen and into the evening.

"Aloha," she said.

*Luau, hula, coconut, lei, aloha.* Ed, Ellen, and I repeated the new words to each other as we settled down for the night on the living room floor. We didn't mind the floor, especially when there was so much magic in those big bodies we awaited. We talked about the waves and the fire-breathing fish. We talked stories with our fingers and wrists.

"Do you remember *Bird of Paradise*?" I asked Ellen. "The movie where they sacrificed the chief's beautiful daughter?"

"Yes," she said sleepily.

"I remember," I said. A languid breeze nudged the grass walls of the hut I could see in the dark while exotic striped insects tiptoed past. "Don't you sometimes think you were a princess like that?"

"A princess," said Ellen out of the depths of her pillow, "but not a human sacrifice."

"A human sacrifice," I said. "What's that?"

"When somebody dies for somebody else."

"But what happens to the somebody else after the other somebody dies? Do things get better?"

"They're supposed to. Go to sleep, Julia. I'm tired."

As I waited for sleep to come, I felt Liliuokalanimoa brushing my hair with her abalone combs and weaving stems of hibiscus in the strands. Wrapped in bright orange cotton woven with purple geckos, I heard drums calling me to the fire. And a torchbearer led us, me and Liliuokalanimoa, and we walked barefoot into the night and to the fire, our pulses captured by the drum beat, our bodies prisoners to the unceasing rhythm. Slow, steady, stalking feet of rhythm walked through my blood, strode into my arms and my legs and my body. Firelit eyes

glowed in the dark, watching, waiting for Liliuokalanimoa and Princess Julia in her coral-hued flowers.

Liliuokalanimoa took my hand and said the gods smiled on me. Her hand, my safety, my comfort, absorbed my fear as I faced all the anger the earth had even known in the volcano's fury. And I stood straight and tall as Sonny and Popo led me to the lip of the fiery furnace. I told my people to stop crying, that I'd save them. And then I leapt off the edge into the next morning where I woke, happy to discover Liliuokalanimoa in the next room; no one had asked me to sacrifice anything for anybody, I was lying next to Ed and Ellen on army blankets on the floor, I could hear my mother and father talking quietly in the bathroom, it was morning and a new day, and the volcano was quiet now, the sun in the sky.

Sonny ate eight eggs for breakfast, sunny side up. Popo ate six, Liliuokalanimoa four. Mother made a triple batch of cinnamon rolls, and Sonny finished off a panful before they cooled down.

Though Mother smiled and played the gracious hostess, I could see her impatience growing. Her household budget had limits.

"I'm glad I don't have to provide for them all the time," I heard her mutter to my father when she cleared the table. "They remind me of threshers. This is adding up."

Before I left for school, Liliuokalanimoa squeezed my arms again. "Little princess," she said. "You eat more. There are gods in the animals and in the mangoes. The gods come inside you when you eat their gifts."

"Liliuokalanimoa?" I asked. "Did you ever watch a chief's daughter jump into a volcano?"

"That's an old old story, Julia. Old old old."

"Did you ever think you might jump into the flames?"

"Every girl wonders."

"What's a human sacrifice?"

"Don't worry, small girl." She wrapped her arms around me as if I were a delicate gift of gold. She stroked my neck and rocked me like a new baby. I closed my eyes, secure in her arms, and stopped wondering about anything. I didn't want to walk out the door or go to school or run on the playground, slide down slides, swing, or even turn somersaults over the tricky bars. I wanted to stay in this ocean of arms, with Liliuokalanimoa petting my cheek with one finger.

The Boulder City Elementary School gym had been imposingly gray in the dusk when we parked our car across the street, excitement riding high in my throat. *An Evening in Polynesia.* Torches were twisted into the front lawn. Ellen, Ed, Mom, and Dad, and I had walked up the sidewalk past the flames, up the steps, into the crisp-looking hall,

into the gymnasium where I'd sung in the shepherd's choir at Christmastime and where our fifth grade class had sung "I'm Happy When I'm Hiking" at last month's PTA meeting. Nurses checked our hearing in this room; we'd rubbed our fingers into inkpads for a statewide fingerprinting project here and had been given our paper cup dose of Dr. Salk's miracle vaccine by smiling nurses.

But tonight, the gymnasium wasn't the gymnasium anymore. It was dark and filled with the beating of a steady drum. After my father retrieved me from the edge of the stage, we found a place on the second row. As I sat on the metal folding chair, I heard whispering grass skirts swishing while the entertainers walked back and forth behind the burnt orange curtain. The painted-on-butcher-paper palm trees someone had hung on the gymnasium walls seemed to sway in the dark. The walls moved away from me and folded into the night; a volcano burned in the distance, way off in the direction of B Hill.

The curtains opened, and more drums joined in. Suddenly Sonny, dressed in a loin cloth, a torch in hand, leaped out of the wings, yelling like a fierce warrior. A line of men followed behind, Popo included, chugging across the stage with widely spaced flat feet, stabbing the air with their spears and grunting words I'd never heard, words that weren't really words, but power. Sonny looked fierce and proud, not the laughing, giggling Sonny who bounced on our bed. I scooted closer to my father for protection.

As the drummers' hands heated up, leaning more heavily into the stretched skin heads, warriors flew across the stage like winged beasts. The torch cast pulsing shadows on their gleaming bodies. The stage itself began to pulse. The gymnasium was the inside of a drum, and my heart was beating wildly. The women suddenly appeared, shaking their hips violently. Liliuokalanimoa wore a grass skirt, a cloth tight around her breasts, and a bold colored wreath of flowers—white-tongued stamens thrusting out of waxy reds, purple cups to hold rainwater, and orange-petaled birds tipped with royal blues. She seemed a stranger to me, too, but then the mood changed and she softened from an angry mountain to a floating seabird.

Ukeleles and guitars tempered the drum beat; the women's hands talked to us gently. Their hips swayed like a slow tide. Orchids in crowns, orchids fastened over ears, long black hair trailing over shoulders, falling over breasts, long torsos bending slightly at the waist, except that Liliuokalanimoa's torso was not so long as it was round and full and bounteous, a ring of flesh pouring out over the top of her grass skirt.

"They should have covered themselves more," my mother whispered to my father, looking anxiously at me and Ed, the youngest

ones, to see how we were reacting to these bodies so sumptuously displayed.

"Don't worry about it," my father whispered back. "That's how they do things in Hawaii."

"How do you know?" she said crossly, as if she'd heard this kind of response from him before, as if he made up answers to suit his convenience. "You like it, admit it." She nudged him with her elbow and folded her arms with semi-disgust.

"Let's everybody enjoy themselves," he said, taking my hand in his.

"Aloha," the performers shouted. When no one answered them back, they said it again. A few feeble voices answered.

"When we say aloha, you say *A-lo-ha*!"

"A-lo-ha!" the audience finally shouted back.

A parade of sizes and shapes, a chorus of ukeleles, a steel guitar, someone blowing a conch shell, an adoring couple singing "The Hawaiian Wedding Song" into a microphone. And then the drums heated up again, and a sliver of a girl from Tahiti appeared on the stage, vibrating her hips like they were a machine plugged into something. Hips couldn't go that fast, and then suddenly the whole stage was alive, everybody motoring around with some part of their body oscillating like crazy—their arms, their hips, their legs, their heads. Perspiration. The whole stage erupting like a volcano, the bodies delirious in its flames until they collapsed in a heap on the floor. I felt a sharp cramp in my hand.

I'd been holding my breath and squeezing my father's knuckles, working hard as I sat on my chair in the second row, caught by the tidal wave that swept over the edge of the stage and down onto the floor of the gymnasium of Boulder City Elementary School, swamping all of us sitting there. I released my father's sweating hand. He loosened his necktie. I felt wet everywhere. Islands. Oceans. Tides surprising me, catching me unaware.

"Aloha!" the performers shouted. "Aloha!" the audience roared back, a large ocean wave heaving back and forth from the stage to the audience. After five minutes of wild cheering, the audience finally gave up and began drifting away. Sonny leaped off the stage and searched through the dark until he found my mother, who was still sitting on her folding chair. "Pearl woman. Stand up. A gift from me."

"What?" she said, her metal folding chair creaking as she shifted weight onto her feet and laughed nervously.

He slipped a lei of orchids over her head. Then he leaned close and put his arms around her shoulders. "Lovely mother. Queen of women."

His eyes were deep brown, and his black eyelashes were curled by nature. His chest was wet, wide, bare brown, and strong, with the wet scent of deep sand. And he held my mother as he kissed her on the cheek.

I'll never forget that picture of her, caught in his arms, authority erased from her face, surprised before she could protest. Pleasure. Forgetful of her role as our mother, one on one with Sonny, bare in front of us. A man and a woman, not my mother and Sonny. She closed her eyes when he kissed her and seemed to take a deep breath before she remembered us standing there watching. Then she laughed to dismiss him. "Oh, Sonny. You character! What am I going to do with you?"

"Beautiful lady." He touched her lips with his finger, his eyes burning black. "Shhh."

"Great show," my father said, reaching for Sonny's hand to shake it. Sonny took a last look into my mother's eyes, broke the embrace, shook hands, grinned, and began to giggle again, the Sonny we knew from the day he arrived and bounced on our bed.

I cried for three days when they left. I couldn't stop.

The morning after the show, Liliuokalanimoa held me in her lap again. She squeezed and hugged me, and I squeezed and hugged her back.

"It's time for school, Julia," my mother said. "You're almost late."

"I don't care," I said.

"But you have to care about school. That's the only way you'll ever learn anything."

"I don't want school." I pressed against Liliuokalanimoa's breasts and wrapped a loose strand of her hair in my fingers. "I'm Hawaiian."

"Come on, Julia." Mother pulled me out of Lily's arms, dragged my limp body across the floor, sat me on the piano bench, put my shoes on my feet, and bent over to tie them. "Liliuokalanimoa, Sonny, and Popo have to go now. You don't want to make them sad."

"I'm going with them."

"But your teachers will miss you."

"I don't care. I go by Hawaiian time."

"What about me? I'd miss you. How would I get along without my little pianist? My happy girl who loves her Father in Heaven? I'll walk to school with you. Okay?"

"No."

Liliuokalanimoa walked over to the piano bench and knocked on my forehead with her knuckles. "You'll have a coconut head if you don't go to school. Empty when the milk dries up. Big sea turtle roll you out to sea."

"You want me to stay?" I asked, surprised.

"You belong here in this soil with your mama and papa. Someday you can come to me, but your roots dry up if you go away now."

I looked at my feet, my long toes in my sandals, and imagined them crisp and brittle and blowing away.

"Good-bye, beautiful princess. When big volcano blows on my island, I call for you. You save my people. Aloha."

I dipped my chin to my chest to hide its quivering. "Aloha," I answered in a feeble voice.

"Good-bye, daughter of Pearl Woman." Sonny bent over my mother who still knelt, and over me who sat on the piano bench with legs dangling. He kissed both of our foreheads.

My mother looked at the floor. "I'll walk Julia to school, so I'll say good-bye now."

"Car takes us away in five minutes. Fast away." Sonny's eyes were large shining mirrors.

"Listen for my call at night when everything's quiet," Liliuokalanimoa whispered in my ear. "Don't forget. You can come to me." She made the sound of the bird flying over the waves one last time.

And Mother and I went off to school, my heart an ancient sea turtle, heavy, slow, a shell of loneliness inside my ribs. Some bare brown feet had walked inside me, wiggled their toes, and left a design.

Mother held my hand tightly. "I'll miss them, too," she said, and we didn't say anything else for three blocks, though I heard her swallow a whisper of "Aloha" while we waited for a car to pass on Wyoming Street.

# Baptism: As Light as Snow

*Michael R. Collings*

Cool, waist-high,
shallowerthanremembered;
eight years ago, it seemed
that I would float.

Now, water slighter,
less buoyant to my gravity,
I descended first (my first),
reached out.

Spoke. An uncracked voice
(at last!) echoed in rigid angles
from white tiles. I faltered at
a voice not quite my own.

I climbed out;
a wet cotton hem
brushed my fingertips;
I barely kept my footing.

It seemed that I would float beyond the font.

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# *REVIEWS*

## A Song Worth Singing

*Mormonism and Music: A History* by Michael Hicks (Urbana and Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1989), xii, 243 pp., $24.95.

Reviewed by Elaine Thatcher, director of programs, Western Folklife Center, Salt Lake City, Utah.

ANYONE WHO HAS WORKED WITH Mormon music has likely experienced the frustration of being unable to learn much about its past—such things as composers, performers, and institutional policy and practice. Collections of folk music, histories, and hymnals contain tantalizing hints of stories to be told, but until now, no one has attempted to draw all of the information together into a coherent narrative. Michael Hicks has produced an impressive study and in the process has shown Mormon musical history to be as fascinating and as instructive as any story in our past.

Hicks devotes half his book to the nineteenth century, when interactions between sacred and secular, and between the individual and the institution, were less strictly defined; and half to the twentieth century, when the Church has become more bureaucratic, and administration has become more centralized. Hicks's narrative identifies three recurring themes: "the will to progress versus the will to conserve, the need to borrow from outsiders versus the need for self-reliance, and the love of the aesthetic versus the love of utility" (p. x). These themes, played out repeatedly in all phases of the Mormon drama, underlie virtually every episode of music-making over the century and a half Hicks explores, from the early community enthusiasms for band music and home-composed songs to the latest attempts at creating a hymnbook and a policy for music in worship.

Hicks's chronicle is immensely readable, well documented, and thorough. The notes alone would keep any reader busy following interesting side paths, and the index is complete and useful. The narrative itself sparkles with fascinating anecdotes, like the story of Levi Hancock's fife music causing Joseph Smith's dog to attack his own foot soldiers, fomenting a feud between the soldiers' commander and the Prophet (p. 55); and little-known facts, like the time someone set the Joseph Smith story to the tune of "Tumblin' Tumbleweeds," causing the First Presidency to speak against the mingling of sacred and secular styles (p. 140).

More important, however, is the perspective we gain from Hicks's descriptions of changes in Church personnel and policy, differences of opinion, and musical trends, and their effects on Mormon music decade by decade. From the Church's earliest days, the Saints have been interested in creating uniquely Mormon music, music that originates with them and expresses their values. The music they have created has ranged in style from the most esoteric academic to popular or sectarian. Likewise, Church leaders have set standards on appropriateness, ranging from allowing band music in worship services in the mid-nineteenth century to having the Tabernacle Choir sing more popular music in the mid-twentieth century.

Hicks closes with a timely discussion of the way the Church has treated musics of other cultures as it has spread worldwide. The current music committee should take note of the numerous times, documented here, when the academic and

the ill-informed have attempted to quell what seemed to them inappropriate music for worship, disregarding both cultural differences and the passion in musical praise. We should spend less time and effort worrying about form and more lauding content. A jubilant African song of praise does not express love of God less than a somber Anglo-American hymn. Perhaps even the pop-Mormon songs we currently hear sung in breathy adolescent voices have a valid role in helping young people express their religious feelings. They are no different from past popular "gospel" songs such as "How Great Thou Art," which, Hicks tells us, Church musical leaders fought adamantly for decades.

*Mormonism and Music* is a solid foundation work on which to build. Hicks has laid out the basic story, uncovering many subjects appropriate for further exploration. One potentially fertile area would be a study of the informal folk and popular Mormon music of the twentieth century to parallel the institutional side that Hicks documents here so well.

*Mormonism and Music* is an important, balanced, and long-needed contribution to LDS scholarship. It is incredible that no one has written such a history before. Music is basic to Mormon worship. It is also art, capable of moving its listeners at least as much as prayers and theology. As Hicks says in his introduction, "Religion and art as institutions have maintained a fundamental enmity . . . doubtless because they make similar claims and demands" (p. x). When religion and art are allied, the marriage may be rocky, but always interesting.

# Two Covenant Systems

*Promises Made to the Father: Mormon Covenant Organization* by Rex Eugene Cooper (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1990), viii + 235 pp., $19.95.

Reviewed by Marianne Perciaccante, a Ph.D. candidate in the Department of Religious Studies at the University of Virginia.

Historians of American religion often see a connection between Mormons and Puritans, if only because most early Saints came from New England. However, many studies which have mentioned similarities between these religions have done so cursorily, and until now, none has studied the relationship between the chief Puritan and Mormon sources of social and religious organization: their covenants.

Rex Eugene Cooper, in a revision of his University of Chicago dissertation in anthropology, which won the 1986 Reese History Award from the Mormon History Association, finds a significant correspondence between the two religions' covenantal conceptions. His goal, though, is not to develop the "genealogical" or historical association between these conceptions; rather, his training in British anthropology leads him to demonstrate the similarities between the two groups, while maintaining "a healthy wariness about assuming influence in the presence of similarity" (p. 4). Hence, he uses his exposition of the Puritan covenant system less to indicate Puritan historical influence upon early Mormon religious organization than to show what is latent in historians' and anthropologists' understandings of the historical evolution and current status of Mormon covenant organization.

Building upon the work of fellow anthropologist David Schneider, Cooper elucidates the correlation between the covenantal principles by presenting categories of American kinship organization upon which, he says, Mormon and Puritan structures are also premised: "the order of nature (things as they exist in nature) and the order of law (human regulations and conditions and representations resulting from their implementation)" (p. 26). He asserts that kinship relationships based upon both categories are the strongest. Thus, uncovering the analogous and dissimilar structures allows

the ill-informed have attempted to quell what seemed to them inappropriate music for worship, disregarding both cultural differences and the passion in musical praise. We should spend less time and effort worrying about form and more lauding content. A jubilant African song of praise does not express love of God less than a somber Anglo-American hymn. Perhaps even the pop-Mormon songs we currently hear sung in breathy adolescent voices have a valid role in helping young people express their religious feelings. They are no different from past popular "gospel" songs such as "How Great Thou Art," which, Hicks tells us, Church musical leaders fought adamantly for decades.

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him to go beyond surface resemblances and differences, so that at one point he can summarize the functioning of the covenants as follows: "While Puritan unity was ultimately based upon *political* domination [order of law], Mormon unity was predicated upon hierocratic domination; in Mormonism then, priesthood replaced the Puritan state as the fundamental basis of religious order [ultimately order of law and order of nature]" (p. 90).

Understandably, Cooper's presentation of the Puritan covenant structure is essentially static. However, while referring to the paradigm of Puritan structure, he does offer a precise discussion of the historical development and evolution of Mormon covenant organization. He indicates two major developments within Mormon covenant structure: (1) the covenant as defined through the law of consecration and stewardship in the pre-Nauvoo period; (2) the covenant based upon kinship or patriarchal order—developed during the Nauvoo period and subjected subsequently and again more recently to relatively minor changes.

As is necessary in all viable social movement organizations or religious systems, Mormon covenant organization adapted itself to its environment. Accordingly, in the pre-Nauvoo period of Church history, Joseph Smith sought to reinforce group solidarity by encouraging the Saints to gather in one location (the City of Zion) and by promoting economic cooperation through individual participation in the stewardship system—families gave their excess wealth to the community. Consequently, those who participated in this system unitedly offered their property to be held in common by the hierocracy and thus
became dependent upon the commu-nity.

When practical difficulties rendered this structure ineffective, sealing rituals based upon natural or adoptive kinship were instituted to create solidarity dependent upon lineage perception rather than upon gathering in one locale. This kinship system, based upon the Saints' understanding of their descent from Abraham, created an official connection between living families and their ancestors back to Abraham; and it reinforced the value of the family's natural worth as an organizational unit. Eventually, but temporarily, this system, already based upon the order of nature, took on an aspect of the order of law: to solidify the community and help those involved achieve salvation, adults were permitted and encouraged to be adopted by hierarchically advanced members of the community.

This last understanding of covenant organization also served the practical function of providing an analogous structure for the companies traveling to Utah. This patriarchal covenantal structure—without the prominence of adoptive sealings of adults—is the system which has endured, and which, Cooper indicates, has "facilitated worldwide development of the Mormon church," allowing for "an institutionalized pattern of comprehensive meanings, to provide for orderly transformations in understandings, and to enable the organization to meet and master changing circumstances" (p. 208).

Hence, through allusion to the Puritan covenantal paradigm, Cooper demonstrates that Mormon covenant structure initially depended upon the order of law in the pre-Nauvoo stewardship system. Thereafter this structure evolved synergistically with historical circumstances to create a more stable, yet more adaptable, system under the order of law and nature. This admirable system has continued to foster the growth of the Church throughout the world.

Cooper presents his theory reasonably, clearly, and thoroughly. He does, however, remark troublingly that "although various aspects of the patriarchal system have developed through time, my analysis will be essentially ahistorical for the sake of clarity" (p. 102); yet his discussion of the evolution of covenantal organization includes references to historical changes and circumstances. In addition, his admirable discussion of Puritan cove-

nant organization as a comparative analytical structure allows him to indicate that particular historical developments are facets of general patterns that religious organizations follow.

The one disturbing feature of Cooper's work is his insistence on placing the Mormons and Puritans in a purely heuristic relationship, and his refusal to indicate the historical relationship between the two religions. Although this disinclination to discuss the implications of a historical relationship does not lead to significant distortions, it does create a notable gap in his work. It seems as if he is dodging an obvious genealogical linkage. Such a failure is difficult to understand given that Cooper is, on the other hand, willing to indicate genealogical linkages between some nineteenth-century Church beliefs and nineteenth-century American culture: societal and Church understandings of "genetics and culture" (p. 117), the place of women (p. 124), and "kinship amity and domestic order" (p. 168). Ignoring the influence of historical associations would not in any way take away from his analysis, while referring to the associations could have provided another helpful hermeneutical plane.

Nevertheless, this criticism does not take away from the insightful anthropological assertions that Cooper does derive from his analysis, nor does it in any way invalidate the interpretations which he gleans from the paralleling of the two covenant systems.

# Delusion as an Exceedingly Fine Art

*Bones* by Franklin Fisher (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1990), 225 pp., $17.95.

Reviewed by Lavina Fielding Anderson, editor of the *Journal of Mormon History*, past president of the Association for Mormon Letters, and former associate editor of DIALOGUE.

ABOUT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, Maureen Ursenbach Beecher invited Franklin Fisher, a young and aesthetically bearded professor of English at the University of Utah, to read from his novel in progress at a gathering of the Association of Mormon Letters. The manuscript was "Bones," and the scene he selected was comic: his protagonist, a missionary, was one of several priesthood holders called upon to cast the evil spirit out of a woman lying in bed. The problem was one of logistics. How could they all get their hands on her head at the same time? While the uncooperative woman lay hissing at them faintly, they gathered around, leaning precariously far and bracing themselves against, and even on, the sagging bed. Amazingly enough, in this scene waiting for a disaster, the young protagonist had a spiritual experience and the exorcism worked.

I did not know Franklin Fisher and have not seen him or any of his works since then, but I remembered the title of the manuscript and that great comic scene. When I saw *Bones* listed in the University of Utah Press catalogue, I could hardly wait to read the book.

It was a good thing I remembered that scene. I didn't like the first section and dragged myself with increasing reluctance through the sexual obsessions and social ineptitudes of Lorin Hood. Lorin is an artist of sorts in Los Angeles, who is painting grotesque still lifes, waiting on tables in a coffeehouse, and passively observing his doomed and unraveling relationship with his girlfriend, Yvonne, and her brief successor, Gloriana. When Yvonne moves him out, he goes ungracefully, unrolling his sleeping bag on a succession of increasingly inhospitable floors and leaving socks, toothbrushes, and clothes trailing behind him.

When there is nowhere else to go, he ends up back in Utah where, within the space of a page and with absolutely no explanation of why he would do such a

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When there is nowhere else to go, he ends up back in Utah where, within the space of a page and with absolutely no explanation of why he would do such a

thing, we find him on a mission. He seems, furthermore, to be a zealous elder, who sits up "late poring over texts and supplements and reference guides until his eyes hurt, the better to have at his fingers' ends the riposte to every challenge" (p. 76). In flashbacks, he recalls his interview with his bishop (he "lied as little as possible," p. 78), reports the temple ceremony in offensively explicit detail, and remains sexually obsessed, which leads to an inevitable sexual encounter and excommunication. (The woman is a raunchily unlikely convert who is most attracted to the supernatural incidents in the First Vision and stories about the Three Nephites.)

Lorin returns first to his grieving parents, then to Los Angeles where he climbs slowly off the bottom rung of urban poverty, gets a bank job that feeds and clothes him, and discovers an obsession with the lines, shapes, and textures of art that propels him in a new direction. He is also, by this point, as nutty as a fruitcake, a condition of which we have had ample warning and thorough documentation in the course of the novel.

*Bones*, which won first prize in the 1984 Utah Arts Council Original Writing Competition, is beautifully designed and produced. It is also apparent from early in the book that Fisher is a technically gifted writer and a brilliant craftsman. No commentary from the writer intrudes into Lorin's earnestly serious and even, in some respects, naive consciousness, which makes the whole novel an exquisitely balanced satire that plays one level of ironies against another. For example, when he sees his haggard mother and father in the airport after his return in disgrace from the mission field, Fisher expresses Lorin's guilt and remorse this way:

> Lorin noticed his father now had a pronounced stoop, his mother a brave erectness. He pulled out a pistol and shot himself behind the ear. He helped the skycap load his bags into the back of his father's station wagon. He opened a clasp knife and slit through veins and cartilage in his wrist and died on the curb before his mother's weeping face and his father's heavy shaking of the head and the skycap's sullen stare; and devils crept out of the storm sewer and drew a bag over his head and body and pulled it shut, tying the string in difficult knots. (p. 181)

I cheerfully admit that, although I freely admire Fisher's impressive writing ability, I don't like Lorin Hood, and I don't like the way Mormonism is treated throughout the novel—as a combination of a bizarre culture and a set of fantastic beliefs. I am not prepared to equate faith with lunacy, however brilliant the execution of that lunacy. Nor am I willing, with Harold Bloom, to see Judeo-Christian religion, including God, as literary inventions, stemming from a brilliant imagination—whether it be J's or Joseph Smith's. (See *The Book of J*, translated from the Hebrew by David Rosenberg, interpreted by Harold Bloom [New York: Grove Weidenfeld, 1990], esp. 317–22.)

Having said so much, I admit, with equal cheerfulness, that Franklin Fisher displays a very high order of religious imagination. The high points of the novel for me are precisely those scenes in which Lorin Hood's particular brand of religious fantasy propels him into the mind of Joseph Smith with a concreteness and vividness that, whatever we may think of Lorin Hood, make us renew the effort to imaginatively capture Joseph Smith:

> He imagined himself as Joseph sitting on a kitchen chair beside the blanket with a black felt hat upside down in his lap and a small table with the plates on it within easy reach. He also imagined himself as Oliver Cowdery facing the other direction on the other side of the blanket. What he had in mind was a kind of double self-portrait, something like what Noel used to do but not exactly. The gold plates were battered at the corners and badly scratched and grooved. . . . The rings that bound them together in an irregular stack were twisted and bent, so that turning a plate over required both hands to jockey the margins without pulling the holes larger, since the metal was thin and soft. Little streams of dirt ran out onto the table whenever he turned a plate, and dried insects, leaves,

> and even twigs with desiccated buds turned up every few plates.
>
> . . . Sweat trickled down through his hair and onto his thumb inside the hat. It was dark inside the hat, and stuffy, and smelled of someone else's head.
>
> The stone in the bottom of the hat glowed faintly, brightening or fading as he moved his hand one way or the other across the place. . . . With patience he could make out the figure at the center of the glow—a numeral 3 connected to a fishbowl with four upright candles, each with a dot under it—with the word "accomplish" printed in square letters beneath the figure.
>
> "Accomplish," he said.
>
> "What?" said the Oliver Lorin from the other side of the blanket.
>
> The Joseph Lorin took his face out of the hat and said "Accomplish," and waited until he heard the scrattle of the other Lorin's quill before he bent over again. He hated having to repeat things. (pp. 120–21)

The other scene, even more powerful because it comes when Lorin, back in California, has stepped across the line of dissociation, involves the First Vision. He reels along the beach holding his head, only the physical activity preventing "something inside his head" that was racing "out of control" from bursting open "an important vessel." Meanwhile, he is simultaneously back in his room, lying on his bed eating corn chips. There he imagines "a spring setting" and sees

> a long white tube of light dipping into the branches, making brittle silhouettes, and drawing back up. He could see it was moving closer, feeling its way among branches. . . . It came directly at him with appalling speed, and his last thought . . . was that no one but himself knew that death was a tube of light from another dimension that sucked you from the earth . . . .
>
> Out of the corner of his eye he saw that the grass he lay in looked like white flamelets, moving slightly, as though the light had set up a small wind. On his left the dead stump stood bleached, ringed with flowers that had small spectral petals. Directly above him two men in white robes stood looking at him. Bark had been peeled from the dead stump and lay in rags among the wildflowers. . . .
>
> The older man pointed to the younger one and said something about a son or the sun. Lorin wondered if he was going to mention any of this when he got home. They were talking about abominations and false prophets, and Lorin reflected that he could no longer feel the pains in his back and sides, in fact could not feel his back and sides at all, or his feet or hands. He suspected this meant your kinesthetic responses shut off during visions. It meant your nerve endings picked up other signals, your senses fine-tuned to other frequencies. It explained why, now that he thought about it, he was not hearing the chirp of birds or the buzz and click of insects or for that matter the rustling made by the wind in the white flamelets besides his ears. All he could hear was the mild voice of the younger man explaining dreadful things to him, and he worried that he wasn't going to remember them all. He strained to listen very closely, but . . . the most he was able to do was cause a roaring in both ears, and that created interference. Still, he enjoyed watching the shadows ripple across the robes of both men as the wind gently caught the folds. He experienced a mild pang as the younger man's voice began to fade out, and presently he was aware of colors separating into unstable bands around them both, and he saw the claw of a dead branch through the face and chest of the older man. (pp. 220–21)

I respect the craftsmanship of this imaginative recreation of a possible First Vision. I am still waiting, however, for an author with equal literary skill but a different religious imagination. I want another explanation than delusion for the First Vision, a version that qualifies as spiritual realism.

And yes, the exorcism scene is still in the book. And it's even funnier than I remembered.

P.S. In January 1991, the Association for Mormon Letters awarded its novel prize to Franklin Fisher, still aesthetically bearded, for *Bones*. In accepting the prize, Fisher expressed amazement at receiving "a prize for *this* novel from *this* association" and added, "And the first thing I did was call my eighty-nine-year-old mother in California and tell her." I heartily applauded the award and asked Fisher privately why Lorin Hood had gone on a mission. "Guilt," explained Fisher. I sug-

gested that he underestimated the carrying capacity of most Mormons for unexpiated guilt, and we left it for readers to decide.

# Clawson and the Mormon Experience

*The Making of a Mormon Apostle: The Story of Rudger Clawson* by David S. Hoopes and Roy Hoopes (Lanham, Maryland: Madison Books, 1990), illustrations, notes, bibliography, index, xvii, 330 pp., $24.95.

David Rich Lewis is assistant professor of history at Utah State University in Logan, Utah.

IN 1879 A YOUNG MORMON missionary named Rudger Clawson watched as an anti-Mormon mob in Georgia killed his companion. Through bluff and bravado Clawson survived the assault and brought his companion's body back to church and family in Utah. The murdered Joseph Standing became another in a long line of Mormon martyrs, while Clawson received a hero's welcome and lived with that distinction his entire life. In this dramatically written biography, journalists David and Roy Hoopes trace their grandfather's early life and emergence as an apostle against the backdrop of the Mormon experience.

Rudger Clawson (1857-1943) was the son of Hiram B. Clawson, friend and son-in-law to Brigham Young and manager of Young's personal estate, and Margaret Judd, the second of Hiram's four wives. Raised near the heart of the Church and schooled in shorthand and accounting, Rudger worked for John Young and for ZCMI before his mission and rendezvous with fame.

Following his mission, Clawson entered into polygamy despite warning clouds building on the national horizon. In 1882 he married Florence Dinwoody for status and to please his mother; seven months later he married Lydia Spencer, a poor, semi-literate but attractive woman, for love. Never particularly subtle in keeping his polygamous relationship secret, Clawson became one of the first prosecuted and convicted under the Edmunds Act of 1882. He received the maximum sentence and served over three years in the state penitentiary. Florence divorced him while he was in prison, but Lydia stood by him as she would years later when he took another younger wife.

While in prison, Clawson met and became friends with apostle Lorenzo Snow, who was impressed with Clawson's bookkeeping and teaching abilities. After Clawson's release, Snow took charge of the young man's Church career, appointing him president of the Box Elder Stake—Snow's old domain. When Snow became Church President in 1898, he ordained the forty-one-year-old Clawson as an apostle, and three days before his death in 1901 he called Clawson to the First Presidency as second counselor.

Such illumination of the internal dynamics of the Church hierarchy and the issue of advancement and succession is perhaps the book's most interesting contribution. There is little doubt that Clawson advanced as Snow's personal protégé. Snow brought Clawson into the Council at a crucial period of fiscal stress and insolvency following the Edmunds-Tucker Act. Clawson's ordination, his bookkeeping abilities, and Snow's campaign to collect a full tithe from Church members form a calculated strategy (prophetic or otherwise) to control and solve the problems of Church indebtedness. Clawson was, in fact, more bookkeeper than apostle for several years, drawing an accountant's wage and overseeing until 1910 the closing of Church accounts. By rights Clawson should have remained in the First Presidency when President Snow died, but Joseph F. Smith broke with tradition and chose two new counselors. Smith created his own hierarchy and promoted his own protégés, including a twenty-nine-year-old son whom he

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ordained an apostle. Here then is a tantalizing glimpse of internal Church politics, but only a glimpse.

Clawson's life as an apostle is equally revealing of the practice of and attitudes toward post-Manifesto polygamy. As the Reed Smoot affair raged nationally and after Joseph F. Smith had presented the second manifesto in 1904, Clawson plunged into polygamy again, marrying twenty-three-year-old Pearl Udall of St. Johns, Arizona. Although Joseph F. Smith and many other apostles secretly approved of polygamy, publicly they disavowed knowledge of its practice. Clawson and the other members of the quorum sat in judgment of fellow apostles John W. Taylor and Matthias Cowley (who conducted Clawson's last marriage) and approved their excommunication. Clawson later served from 1910 to 1913 as president of the European Mission, headquartered in Liverpool. There he continued to deny and condemn the charge of polygamy, even as his own clandestine union with Pearl began to collapse. Between 19 and 1943 Clawson remained an active apostle and at the time of his death was next in line for the Church presidency.

Clawson was a twentieth-century Mormon apostle. But this biography offers relatively little twentieth-century information about him or his church. In part this is the fault of the authors and in part symptomatic of Mormon history. Hoopes and Hoopes are tied to the documentary evidence they possess—Clawson's letters and extensive diaries. When these sources dry up in 1913, so does the authors' analysis of Clawson's life. The authors treat the last thirty years as "epilogue" to the nineteenth-century man—an unfortunate way to sum up the last third of a man's life. Other sources are surely available to fill in this and other gaps in their historical record, but as the authors note, most are inaccessible, given the restrictions the Church places on use of its archival holdings. I suppose we should be thankful that Clawson and his descendants had the foresight to withhold his journals from that black hole. Unfortunately contemporary Mormon history will remain safely nineteenth century, beyond scholarly scrutiny, awaiting the creation and approval of internally generated "truths" of the twentieth century.

Hoopes and Hoopes have created a very engaging biography that reads like a historical novel, complete with dialogue. They understand dramatic effect and have a flair for the colorful. Historians, however, will be uncomfortable with parts of that narrative. The bizarre style used to document quotations and sources and the numerous errors resulting from sloppy copy-editing will compound these fears. Despite its limitations, this book deserves a wide readership and careful consideration for the picture it paints—at once loving and critical—of one apostle, polygamy, and Mormon leadership.

# A Poetic Legacy

*The Owl on the Aerial* by Clarice Short (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1990), 177 pp., $14.95.

Reviewed by Bethany Chaffin, creative writing instructor, editor, and author of eight published books and numerous articles.

IF CLARICE SHORT had not chosen to become a great educator, she might have developed into a major poet. Her poetic output, excellent in quality but admittedly limited, reveals her as a woman dedicated to her major career, one who took precious time to express herself in poetry only when she could not stanch the flow of creativity.

Her second book, *The Owl on the Aerial*, published posthumously by Signature Books, is an interesting amalgam of her previously unpublished poetry and diary excerpts selected by Barbara Duree, with an appreciation by Jim Elledge.

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Her second book, *The Owl on the Aerial*, published posthumously by Signature Books, is an interesting amalgam of her previously unpublished poetry and diary excerpts selected by Barbara Duree, with an appreciation by Jim Elledge.

Introduced to Short by her literary executor, Emma Lou Thayne, herself a fine writer and a personal friend of the teacher, readers of this volume will recognize Clarice Short as a person of excellence even before examining her work. But within the lines of her poetry lies the secret of the woman — if there is, indeed, a secret. How refreshing it is, in this world of poetic obscurity, to find a poet who capably illustrates what she sees, hears, and senses and carries the reader along with her for a thoroughly enjoyable journey without the trauma of mystic interpretation.

Nowhere is this more apparent than in Short's poems, which encompass her love of the land and its beauty. Drawing upon childhood experiences, she writes passionately about the land and the life of a farmer, images flowing effortlessly through her work. And years later, after her retirement in New Mexico, her writing still manifests her abiding love for nature. Her life was filled with constant observation; living, loving, and absorbing everything around her, she then wrote of her experiences without pretense.

Although Short labored long years in her chosen profession, she hated her high school teaching assignments and was fired from her first job because she was unable to maintain discipline in the classroom. Despite this, she persevered, warning herself over and over that she must work harder. She earned a master's degree, then a Ph.D., and went on to teach first at the University of Kansas, then at the University of Utah for twenty-nine years, where she earned the reputation of scholar of note, honored (and feared) teacher, committee worker, and woman to be reckoned with. Students in her classroom-turned-cathedral listened in awe as Dr. Short revealed the intricacies of poems ranging from sonnets to villanelles and from poets as diverse as Christina Rossetti and Dylan Thomas.

Short's own writing became secondary to that of her students. Her first book of poems, *The Old One and the Wind* (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press), was not published until 1973 when Short was sixty-three years old. Always modest about her poems, she had been "unusually patient about collecting them," according to a *Virginia Quarterly Review*, which gave Short's work superior critical notice (*Owl*, p. 167).

Raised in the Ozarks in relative poverty, Clarice Short was anything but impoverished. Although she often appeared brusque and stubborn, she harbored within her splendid mind and spirit a richness and warmth illuminated by her interest in and tolerance for others' differences. "Methodist by baptism, Christian at large," Short confessed. "Utah didn't ask me to come here; I asked to come to Utah. . . . I like what I find here" (p. 6).

Actually, Clarice Short probably liked whatever she found, wherever she found herself. Early poems in *The Owl on the Aerial*, such as "Etchings and Print" (p. 21), display her love for her surroundings.

> Winter is for etchings:
> The magpie's blacks and whites,
> The camp-robber's gray
> Are right; and the simplified line
> Of the apple boughs, the half-buried fence,
> Suggest sleepers under the snow.

Simple yet elegant imagery. And on to more scholarly matters, note "Anatomy of Angels" (p. 20):

> No one would dare to ascribe to the sons of God
> Structure like that of insects — six legs, four wings.
> Physiology of vision should go unquestioned;
> But, having entered this realm of heresy,
> One cannot return to innocence again.
> (If only a fossil seraph could be found!)

A somewhat cryptic last line often adds a touch of humor to Short's most profound verses.

> We do not know
> What sounds were made by the birds
> That went into the silence
> Of extinction, long ago.
> We do know though

Two species endangered now
Are trumpeter swans and whooping
Cranes, and we might conclude
It was whooping and trumpeting
That laid them low.

Lines such as these, in "Sound and Silence" (p. 19), allow a glimpse of the very human woman who wrote in her journal, "It is pleasant to live in a community where neighbors call each other to look at a rainbow" (p. 9). She never seemed enamored of her scholarly tendencies, as these lines in "After Failing Some Examinations" (p. 103) exemplify:

Oh, wise old men, with your tired faces
Look not with pity upon me.
I have watched deer drink in secret places,
In cool, green places you'll never see.

Clarice Short believed in balance. Loving nature as she did, and people as she must have, still she found herself possessed of a powerful intellect which cried out for expression. Often, as in "Tired Scholar" (p. 118), she referred to the varied aspects of her life:

A firm stone,
Time, and a good chisel—
Left alone
Through sunlight, moonlight,
Minds unbound,
Let us carve a few clear words,
Long pondered, sound.
The weightiest thoughts consigned to leaves may flutter
To swell a packrat's nest or choke a gutter.

With her farming and ranching background, both in the Ozarks and later in New Mexico where she retired, Short might have grown complacent about the beauties of nature, but she didn't. Enthralled until the end of her life, she wrote in her diary, "I never saw anything much prettier than the shadow of spruce on the snow and the intensely blue sky back of white aspens and the firs" (p. 82).

"I have lived two lives," she admitted, "—that of the farmer and rancher and that of a scholar" (p. 73). She might have added to those a sportswoman, traveler, teacher, and poet. *The Owl on the Aerial* proves the latter, and the Clarice Short Memorial Fund for Teaching Excellence, established at her death, underscores her dedication to her chosen profession.

Short traveled widely toward the end of her life. From such exotic locations as Crete and Rome, she filled the role of poet as prophet and penned verses anticipating her own demise.

On the Shore of Crete

It would not be unfitting
To die here on the shore of Crete
Between mountains that look like my own
And the sea whose rhythmic run up the smooth beach
Sounds like the calm breathing of a large beast.

I have prepared as well as I could:
Walked through fields of blossoming asphodel,
Saved the right coin for the fare of passage,
Laid by small stores of bread and wine.

But there is the problem of disposal:
International regulations are involved;
One may simply not be hid with a little earth
So as not to become the food of scavengers.
I have envied the sodden gull that for a while
Is decently covered with feathers until the whole
Is swept away by a wave to the great deep
Or assimilated by the patient sand.

Protestant Cemetery: Rome

If one is half in love with easeful death,
The unambitious pyramid of Cestius
Marks an appealing place to leave the half
Death-loving.
Yet the still life-loving half
In May finds the graves rich with strawberries,
Wild ones of small sweet fruit and dark green leaves,
Under white-petaled blooms.
Persephone
Ate six pomegranate seeds and ended summer.
Who knows what price the gentle dead may demand
For wild strawberries, blossom and fruit together?

Clarice Short, scholar and teacher, might have expected to leave behind her a legacy of learning. Her poems will add lasting beauty to that legacy, as seems fitting for one who loved the world as she found it—and left it even more elevated through the quality of her spirit, manifested in her poetic writings.

# Utah's Original "Mr. Republican"

*Reed Smoot: Apostle in Politics* by Milton R. Merrill (Logan: Utah State University Press, 1990), 426 pp., $37.50.

Reviewed by John Sillito, archivist and assistant professor of library science, Weber State University, Ogden, Utah.

I first encountered Reed Smoot more than two decades ago while researching the life and political career of Parley P. Christensen, a Utah political maverick who became the Farmer-Labor party nominee for president in 1920. As I studied Christensen's efforts to reform the Utah Republican party in the Progressive era, I came to view Smoot as one of the "bad guys": a rock-ribbed Republican intent on opposing progressive reforms; a fiscal conservative tied to big business; the leader of the "Federal Bunch," Utah's first political machine; and the link between the church hierarchy and the Republican political establishment.

My initial assessment of Smoot has stayed pretty much the same over the years, though I have also come to understand that he was the closest thing to a truly national political figure that Utah has produced. When I began my research in the early 1970s, the single best source of information on Smoot was Milton R. Merrill's 1950 Columbia Ph.D. dissertation. In many ways—though Signature Books will bring out an edited collection of Smoot diaries in late 1992—Merrill's study is still the standard source for understanding the apostle-senator and an invaluable reference tool for assessing Utah politics during the critical decades when the Beehive State moved from a Mormon fiefdom to a participant in national political patterns. Consequently, it is significant that Utah State University Press has recently made Merrill's dissertation available in book form with a forward by Judd Harmon and an introduction by F. Ross Peterson.

Smoot was born in Salt Lake City on 10 January 1862, the son of Abraham Owen and Anne Kirstene Morrison Smoot. His family was both prominent and successful within the religious, political, and economic life of territorial Utah. Smoot's father served as mayor of both Salt Lake City and Provo and as president of Utah Stake. After graduation from the Brigham Young Academy, Smoot gradually built a financial career so that by the time he was thirty-five, he was worth at least a quarter of a million dollars. Smoot's business enterprises ranged from banking and real estate to mining. In 1900 he was called to serve in the Council of the Twelve Apostles, though prior to this call he had maintained only a perfunctory involvement in the Church—due more to indifference than hostility—with exception of missionary service and a five-year stint as a counselor to Utah Stake President Edward Partridge. By the time he was elected to the Senate, Smoot was essentially "a small town boy in a frontier community [who] had come far" (p. 6). As a U.S. senator, Smoot would extend his horizons well past what he might have ever dreamed possible.

In assessing the political career of Reed Smoot, it is important, as Merrill observes, to realize that several ambitions "dominated the driving, tenacious, intense personality of Reed Smoot as he moved from the narrow confines of a rural village to the broad and glamorous stage of the United States Senate." First, he was determined to "protect the Mormon Church from further persecution and attack and . . . bring the church into full

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communion with the rest of the United States." Second, he sought to help expand the national prosperity he believed characterized his time in public office. For Reed Smoot these goals could be "comfortably, even luxuriously, accommodated within the confines of the Republican party" (p. 395).

Smoot's service in the Senate was preceded by an attempt to prevent him from being seated. A series of Senate hearings were as much an attempt to discredit the Mormon Church as to squelch Smoot's senatorial ambitions. The long and much publicized hearings—focusing on Smoot's ties to plural marriage and his standing as an LDS apostle—brought the Utahn into the national limelight for the first time. Ironically, though Smoot enjoyed his service in the Senate from 1903 to 1933, and the contacts it bought him with the rich and powerful, he saw that role as secondary to his ecclesiastical calling. As Merrill notes:

> Critics in and out of the church insisted that the religious role was a pose and that the Senator was as fundamentally irreligious as certain of his iconoclastic colleagues. This criticism was invalid. Smoot was first and last a Mormon. His public statements and his private files both confirm the fact that he never questioned the divinity of his church during his senatorial years. Stimulated by his political opponents the opinion was quite common in Utah that Smoot was a political apostle with only academic interest in the tenets of the church. This again was false. The Senator adhered to every principle of the faith with which he was familiar with a firm unyielding tenacity. (pp. 397–98)

Smoot was also a thoroughgoing capitalist who felt very much at home in the business-oriented Republican decade of the 1920s. He saw material prosperity as not only wholly desirable, but as an important goal that required government encouragement and protection. As part of that policy, he became identified with the Smoot-Hawley tariff, the decade's centerpiece of Republican protectionism. His commitment to economic expansionism and governmental involvement not only found favor within the GOP, but would "bring no censure from the Mormon church" (p. 400). In 1932, however, when he faced the voters for the final time in the midst of the Great Depression, Smoot was buried in the FDR-Democratic landslide in large measure for his championing of Republican economics, which many believed had hastened the Crash of 1929.

On balance, Smoot was no pioneer in the political or economic field. His views did not change much in the years he served in the Senate. His defeat in 1932 largely reflected the passing of his political generation. Indeed, Merrill's assessment seems on the whole, quite accurate:

> The Apostle-Senator . . . had no talent for innovation. By nature he was opposed to change; moreover, there was no need for any. His goal was not to create a new society but to defend the one presently functioning. He was not an architect, he was a builder. To this kind of building process he brought inhuman physical energy, a colossal industry, personal honesty and integrity, a prodigious memory, a remarkable eclecticism in the accumulation of statistical facts and a fabulous loyalty to those at the head of the enterprise. Lacking a sensitive, creative mind, as well as a warm dynamic personality of the popular purveyor of ideas, he operated to the full limit of his capabilities. (p. 400)

While it is clear that Merrill admired his subject, *Reed Smoot: Apostle in Politics* is a balanced and thoughtful study. Merrill demonstrates the significance of a man who, as much as anyone, brought both the Mormon Church and the state of Utah under the banner of the Republican party. It is a legacy that continues to this day. Utah State University Press should be applauded for putting the account of one of Utah's most significant citizens into the hands of another generation of students of Beehive State history.

# Mormonism's First Theologian

*The Essential Parley P. Pratt*, foreword by Peter L. Crawley (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1990), xxvi, 242 pp., index, $17.95.

Reviewed by David L. Bigler, retired director of Public Affairs, U.S. Steel Corporation, and editor of *The Gold Discovery Journal of Azariah Smith*.

AT LEAST ONE Latter-day Saint in the early days of the Church truly understood what it means to have the heavens open and God speak after centuries of silence. Parley Parker Pratt, one of Mormonism's original Twelve Apostles, ordained at age twenty-seven by Joseph Smith himself, knew in his soul that revealed truth—final, full, and absolute—could never compromise or co-exist with human dogmas or systems. It would prevail over them and within the lifetime of the believer sweep to universal dominion. Anything less would deny its superiority.

"I will state as a prophecy, that there will not be an unbelieving Gentile upon this continent 50 years hence," Parley wrote in 1838, "and if they are not greatly scourged, and in a great measure overthrown, within five or ten years from this date, then the Book of Mormon will have proved itself false" (p. 24). Driven by this belief, the largely self-educated New Yorker became the young faith's first theologian and most ardent propagandist.

While Pratt's writings may strike some today as overly aggressive, they accurately reflect the militancy and zeal of a nineteenth-century millennial movement charged with establishing the kingdom of God on earth as a condition of Christ's return. Poor timing could be one reason Parley is best known today as a missionary or composer of hymns, while his younger brother, Orson, also an apostle, gets the credit for being an intellectual.

Now this new collection of Parley's most significant works, *The Essential Parley P. Pratt*, published by Signature Books under the direction of Peter L. Crawley of Brigham Young University, restores Pratt to his rightful place in Mormon annals. It is highly appropriate that Pratt was chosen to be first in a new "Classics in Mormon Thought Series" that will include the writings and sermons of such notables as Brigham Young, John Taylor, Joseph Smith, Wilford Woodruff, B. H. Roberts, John Widtsoe, James Talmage, and others.

Presented in this handsome volume are the original texts of twenty of the apostle's most important writings, including "The Kingdom of God" from Mormonism's most successful missionary piece, *A Voice of Warning*, published in twenty-four English editions before 1900, and "Keys of the Mysteries of the Godhead" from *Key to the Science of Theology*, his most comprehensive work. Well worth the investment by itself is the foreword by Crawley, an authority on early Mormon publications, who evaluates Pratt's contribution to the theology of the Church and influence on other Mormon authors.

A gifted writer, Pratt was also a born publicist and anything but shy. He once informed the Queen of England that her government was just one of the toes of the great image, spoken of by Daniel, that would be smashed by the "stone cut out of the mountain without hands" (p. 88), referring to the Mormon kingdom. He then printed his letter in pamphlet form for widest distribution.

Pratt's case for the gospel "as Restored in this Age" was closely reasoned, internally sound, and founded squarely on the Bible, which he knew almost by heart. In defending Joseph Smith, he was emotional and convincing. And on offense, his preferred stance, the Archer of Paradise, as he was named by W. W. Phelps, shot real arrows from his bow. In a piece entitled "Zion's Watchman Unmasked, and Its Editor, Mr. L. R. Sunderland, Exposed; Truth Vindicated; The Devil Mad, and Priestcraft in Danger!" Pratt flatly told a Methodist critic that his church was "a

system of idolatry" and "a daughter of the great mother of harlots" (p. 47).

Few Mormon writings better convey the chiliastic spirit of the early church than Pratt's article, "One Hundred Years Hence. 1945," written in 1845, in which he describes Zion and the world in 1945, "some forty or fifty years" after the cataclysmic events of the last days. Looking a century ahead, he relates how workmen, digging the foundation for a new temple "where it is supposed the City of New York once stood," discover a lead box which contained "some coin of the old government of the United States" (p. 142).

Students of Mormon theology will find much to think about in Pratt's expositions on the eternal nature of matter and spirit, the immortality of the physical body, and the plurality of Gods. And historians who care to look closely will discover in his writings important clues to the causes of conflict in the Church's turbulent early years.

For example, Pratt's description of the kingdom of God as an "organized government on the earth" probably reveals the real reason for repeated accusations of treason and insurrection in Missouri, Illinois, and Utah Territory. Supporting this view are his later remarks on this theme in Utah, not included in this volume.

And Pratt's warning that "the remnants of Jacob will go through among the Gentiles and tear them in pieces, like a lion among the flocks of sheep" (p. 24) could hardly add to the comfort of settlers on an exposed frontier when Mormon missionaries visited neighboring Indian tribes. It almost amounts to an eerie foretelling of what happened to a train of Arkansas emigrants in 1857 at a place on the Spanish Trail, called Mountain Meadows, following by four months the apostle's brutal murder in Arkansas.

Did such doctrines reflect the views of either Mormonism's founding prophet or Brigham Young? Not necessarily, according to Crawley, who holds that much of Mormon theology "exists primarily in the minds of the members" (p. xxiii), supposedly including Pratt. He argues that doctrines are passed from one generation to the next by believers, who "ultimately speak only for themselves" (p. xxiii) and are reinterpreted roughly every thirty years by the faith's intellectuals.

Whatever one may think of this doctrine, which is pretty revolutionary in itself, there is no better way to catch the spirit of early Mormonism than to read this book.

## A New Synthesis

*Exiles in a Land of Liberty: Mormons in America, 1830–1846* by Kenneth H. Winn (Chapel Hill and London: The University of North Carolina Press, 1989), 284 pp., $32.50.

Reviewed by M. Guy Bishop, Seaver Center for Western History Research, Natural History Museum of Los Angeles County, Los Angeles, California.

*E*XILES IN A LAND OF LIBERTY is part of the University of North Carolina's "Studies in Religion" series. The author, Kenneth H. Winn, is a relative newcomer to Mormon studies and, if this book is any indication of his ability, we will likely hear more from him. While readers well versed in Mormon historiography will find little new material in *Exiles in a Land of Liberty*, they will meet a new synthesis of early Mormon history.

Winn presents a weighty argument to bolster his thesis that mid-nineteenth-century Mormonism and anti-Mormonism were both reflections of republican thought. Early nineteenth-century "republican ideology" considered political life as a struggle between the forces of virtue and corruption, with the republic supported on the backs of a hard-working, honest citizenry which rightfully exercised free and independent judgment. The intriguing part of Winn's study is how both those bitterly opposed to and those supportive

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And Pratt's warning that "the remnants of Jacob will go through among the Gentiles and tear them in pieces, like a lion among the flocks of sheep" (p. 24) could hardly add to the comfort of settlers on an exposed frontier when Mormon missionaries visited neighboring Indian tribes. It almost amounts to an eerie foretelling of what happened to a train of Arkansas emigrants in 1857 at a place on the Spanish Trail, called Mountain Meadows, following by four months the apostle's brutal murder in Arkansas.

Did such doctrines reflect the views of either Mormonism's founding prophet or Brigham Young? Not necessarily, according to Crawley, who holds that much of Mormon theology "exists primarily in the minds of the members" (p. xxiii), supposedly including Pratt. He argues that doctrines are passed from one generation to the next by believers, who "ultimately speak only for themselves" (p. xxiii) and are reinterpreted roughly every thirty years by the faith's intellectuals.

Whatever one may think of this doctrine, which is pretty revolutionary in itself, there is no better way to catch the spirit of early Mormonism than to read this book.

## A New Synthesis

*Exiles in a Land of Liberty: Mormons in America, 1830–1846* by Kenneth H. Winn (Chapel Hill and London: The University of North Carolina Press, 1989), 284 pp., $32.50.

Reviewed by M. Guy Bishop, Seaver Center for Western History Research, Natural History Museum of Los Angeles County, Los Angeles, California.

*E*XILES IN A LAND OF LIBERTY is part of the University of North Carolina's "Studies in Religion" series. The author, Kenneth H. Winn, is a relative newcomer to Mormon studies and, if this book is any indication of his ability, we will likely hear more from him. While readers well versed in Mormon historiography will find little new material in *Exiles in a Land of Liberty*, they will meet a new synthesis of early Mormon history.

Winn presents a weighty argument to bolster his thesis that mid-nineteenth-century Mormonism and anti-Mormonism were both reflections of republican thought. Early nineteenth-century "republican ideology" considered political life as a struggle between the forces of virtue and corruption, with the republic supported on the backs of a hard-working, honest citizenry which rightfully exercised free and independent judgment. The intriguing part of Winn's study is how both those bitterly opposed to and those supportive

of Joseph Smith and his new religion identified themselves with republican virtues.

Yet, *Exiles in a Land of Liberty* may lose some of its impact, at least with Mormon readers, because Winn never assigns any validity at all to the religion's claim about its divine origins. This is not to imply that *only* so-called faith-promoting history is acceptable, simply that Joseph Smith and his believing followers must be taken at face value, and Winn sometimes fails to do so. For example, in discussing events surrounding the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, Winn focuses on the "troubled financial condition" of Joseph Smith, Sr.'s family, suggesting that his son Joseph wrote the book for monetary gain (p. 15). Furthermore, Winn finds the Book of Mormon to be but a mirror of republicanism and disallows any possibility that it was what Smith claimed. Whether written just for profit or as a skillful interpretation of republicanism, the book still comes off in Winn's analysis as a clever fraud. In many ways Kenneth H. Winn's work is reminiscent of Fawn Brodie's *No Man Knows My History*. That pathbreaking book, like *Exiles in a Land of Liberty*, provided solid, stimulating history but was marred, in places, by overt disbelief and cynicism. Yet, as scholars like Jan Shipps or Larry Foster have demonstrated, one need not be a believing Latter-day Saint to write Mormon history without appearing to imply culpability. I hope this shortcoming will not discourage potential readers from considering Winn's book, for it contains much thought-provoking material.

Winn casts Joseph Smith as the conservative defender of an older, crumbling America. Whether one treats Smith and his disciples as reacting to growing antebellum American pluralism, as does Marvin Hill in his recent *Quest for Refuge* (Salt Lake City: Signature Books, 1989), or as defending republican virtues like Winn, both studies are indications that early Mormon history is being skillfully analyzed by today's historians.

Chapter 3 of *Exiles in a Land of Liberty*, "Social Disorder and the Resurrection of Communal Republicanism among the Mormons," must be noted. Here Winn really draws together his understanding of Joseph Smith's success—which was, after all, phenomenal. Finding strong roots for Mormonism in Christian primitivism, Winn contends that when converts accepted Joseph Smith as a prophet of God, "their religious confusion and distress ended" (p. 51). Joseph Smith's revelations gave them a religious security, a self-confidence in being identified with God's chosen people and an assurance that they now had true religious knowledge. The similar reactions of many late twentieth-century Mormon converts magnify the importance of these insights.

Readers of *Exiles in a Land of Liberty* will also increase their knowledge of Mormonism's opponents. Like the Saints, these opponents were well-intentioned folk, but they simply disapproved of what they perceived as fakery and fraud. Those who could not, or would not, comprehend Mormon consecration and communalism saw Smith as the ultimate con man. They were convinced that more than one of his timely revelations smacked of deception. Perhaps *Exiles in a Promised Land* will serve as a reminder that all who opposed early Mormonism, or even the Church's more recent adversaries, were not simply evil people. That alone would seem a mighty contribution.

Winn's synthesis of early Mormonism is worth reading. He has done yeoman duty in offering yet another way of looking at Mormon roots. The serious student of the first two decades of Mormonism will do well to note this book.

# A Teenager's Mormon Battalion Journal

*The Gold Rush Diary of Azariah Smith* edited by David L. Bigler (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1990), 159 pp., $17.50.

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Reviewed by Allan Kent Powell, a historian at the Utah State Historical Society, Salt Lake City, Utah.

SINCE THE PUBLICATION of the Hosea Stout Journals in 1964, the University of Utah Press has made a significant contribution to the study of western history by publishing a number of important diaries, journals, and letter collections. *The Gold Discovery Journal of Azariah Smith*, ably edited by David L. Bigler, follows this valuable tradition and is a fine addition as volume 7 in the Publications in Mormon Studies Series edited by Linda King Newell.

Born in Boilston, Oswego County, New York, on 1 August 1828, Azariah Smith marched into Fort Leavenworth on his eighteenth birthday in 1846 as one of five hundred volunteers for the Mormon Battalion. Though one of the youngest members of the Battalion, Azariah Smith has become one of its most significant members since he was one of only two members who kept diaries about their experiences. The other diarist, Henry William Bigler, was thirteen years older than Smith. The Bigler diary has been available to historians for over a century and has been published in various versions, notably the 1932 volume of the *Utah Historical Quarterly* and a 1962 University of California Press volume edited by Erwin G. Gudde entitled *Bigler's Chronicle of the West: The Conquest of California, Discovery of Gold and Mormon Settlement as Reflected in Henry William Bigler's Diaries*. With the publication of the Smith diary, these two important primary sources about the Mormon Battalion experience and the historic discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill are now available to the public.

Azariah Smith begins his account with a brief biographical sketch noting that his parents, Albert and Esther Dutcher Smith, joined the Mormon church in 1839 and that he was baptized in 1841 at the age of thirteen. The Smiths lived in Ohio, Missouri, Iowa, and Illinois before moving to Council Bluffs where Azariah, his father, and his uncle Thomas P. Dutcher enlisted in July 1846 as members of the Mormon Battalion.

Azariah's diary covers four significant periods in the saga of the Battalion: the march from Fort Leavenworth to Santa Fe and on to California; the occupation of California as federal soldiers; the discharge and subsequent participation in the discovery of gold at Sutter's Mill; and the journey from the gold fields to the Salt Lake Valley in the summer of 1848, in which Battalion members opened the Mormon-Carson Pass Emigrant Trail that would be used by tens of thousands of gold rushers in subsequent years.

While the journal has been used by students of the Mormon Battalion for some time and does not disclose any new or extraordinary information about the Battalion, it does reveal the wonder, innocence, and homesickness that was the experience of one young man during the two-year sojourn. It is a refreshing and insightful glimpse of a young man's initial encounter with the West. On the Santa Fe Trail near the Arkansas River in Kansas, 15 September 1846, Azariah noted: "We travailed today 15 miles, and crossed the river and camped by it on the other side, haveing to go a mile and a half after wood, I got on a mule and went after some. I got a stick on my shoulder, and got on the muel, but the mule threw me off and went to camp; it hurt me some, but not Seriously. Comeing back I saw a rattlesnake, which is the first one I have saw on the road" (p. 26).

After reaching Santa Fe, Azariah and his father attended Catholic mass, which Azariah describes with a good measure of tolerance and wonder: "They had a great many Images which [were] most beautifull; the Priest acted with great reverence, bowing and kissing the Images, and all sorts of motions. They also had good music. The people dispersed without much cerimony" (p. 32).

Impressed by the Catholic services, Smith returned again the next week and reported, "After the me[e]ting I stayed to see the Ladies, some of which looked very prety, others looked like destruction" (p.

41). Once they reached San Diego, he records, "While we were drilling this afternoon the bells in the Catholic Church rung for nearly an hour and sounded most beautifull. After being dismissed from the drill I went in the Church and there was twelve images which looked very nice" (p. 78).

Throughout the journey, Azariah's father was his best friend. Journal accounts describe them climbing mountains to roll rocks down, playing ball, and visiting the beach where they "ran races, jumped and sung songs for the first time since we left Nauvoo" (p. 81).

After their discharge, they went north and obtained employment in September 1847 digging a raceway for a sawmill owned by John Sutter under the supervision of James Marshall. An eyewitness to the discovery of gold, Azariah recorded on Monday, 24 January 1848, "Mr. Marshall found some pieces of (as we all suppose) Gold, and he has gone to the Fort, for the Purpose of finding out"(p. 108). The discovery was confirmed, and a few weeks later Azariah and others were searching for gold in their spare time as "Mr. Marshall grants us the privelege of picking up Gold odd spells and Sundays, and I have gathered up considerable. When we shut down the gates the gold is found in the bottom of the tale race" (p. 110).

Yet the gold did not strongly attract Azariah Smith, as he recalled fifty years after the discovery, "I was home-sick as well as physically sick. I wanted to see mother and I did not care whether there was gold in the locality or not" (p. 122).

The last leg of Smith's journey was from the gold fields east across the Sierra Nevada Mountains and the Great Basin to Salt Lake City, a difficult, trail-blazing effort that became the route to California for more than six thousand forty-niners the next year and thousands of others in subsequent years.

David L. Bigler, national secretary of the Oregon California Trails Association and a long-time student of western trails, has done an outstanding job editing the diary of Azariah Smith. The general introduction, introductions to the five sections, the epilogue, and the frequent notes provide with great care and skill context, explanations, and insights that add immeasurably to our understanding of the Mormon Battalion story in general and the life of Azariah Smith in particular.

# BRIEF NOTICES

*Samuel Claridge: Pioneering the Outposts of Zion* by S. George Ellsworth (Logan, Utah: S. George Ellsworth, 1987), xii, 339 pp., index, $19.95.

SAMUEL CLARIDGE, more than most who heard the call of the restored gospel and gathered to Zion, epitomized the Mormon struggle during the nineteenth century to build the kingdom of God in the American West. A convert from England, Claridge spent his days on the outermost limits of the Mormon frontier. He was among the first to settle Nephi in 1853, a member of the Muddy Mission in southeastern Nevada in 1868, a leader of the United Order at Mount Carmel and Orderville, and after passage of the Edmunds Act in 1882, one of the earliest Gila River Valley pioneers in Arizona.

His biography, in many ways typical of the stories of many who gave their lives and labor to create a religious empire, is presented by one of the faith's most respected scholars. A thorough researcher, gifted writer, and professional historian, S. George Ellsworth does more than unfold the life of a pioneer grandfather. He also tells the larger story of early Mormon colonization and offers a model to those who wish to prepare a worthy account of a revered ancestor.

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## *ABOUT THE ARTIST*

Nevin Wetzel was born and raised in Price, Utah. He graduated from the Colorado School of Mines in 1934 and later studied sculpture at the University of Utah and Brigham Young University. After serving during World War II in the China-Burma-India theater, he returned home to establish an engineering company. During the 1950s he began painting and was on the board of directors of the Salt Lake Art Barn and also directed the art school there. He later devoted his time to stone carving.

Wetzel had no great expectations about a career in art and was greatly surprised and pleased when people enjoyed his work. He traveled extensively in Utah, Colorado, California, and the Northwest to find ideal stone, then took three to six months to complete a piece, never beginning with a preconceived notion of the finished product. His work has been exhibited in Park City and Salt Lake City, and his pieces may be found in the Salt Lake County art collection and in private collections in Washington, D.C., and throughout the West. Wetzel, who died in 1989, had this to say about his work:

"I am a retired businessman who enjoys carving stone. Alabaster is my favorite stone to work with, particularly because of its pleasing color and luster. It is also relatively easy to work with.

"I first became interested in carving stone while I was taking instruction at the Pioneer Craft House in Salt Lake City. Working initially with marble, I came later to other stones. Eventually, I learned more about finishing work from Dallas Anderson at Brigham Young University. I also studied the lost wax method of bronze from Angelo Caravaglia at the University of Utah. However, working in stone remains my primary interest.

"I work stone in a representational manner as well as abstractly. Letting the stone dictate the end result or enhancing a feature that is appealing is my favorite approach to my abstractions."

### ART CREDITS

*Front cover*: "Ebb Tide," 21″ X 10″ X 7 1/2″, alabaster, 1980

*Back cover*: "Metamorphsis," 12″ X 10 1/2″ X 6″, soapstone, 1987

p. 6: "Contented Cat," 6 1/2″ X 6″ X 4″, Utah alabaster, 1980

p. 8: "Magistrate," 11 1/2″ X 7″ X 6 1/2″, soapstone, 1987

p. 20: "Ying and Yang," 11″ X 7″ X 12″, Colorado alabaster on jade, 1982

p. 78: "Owl," 11″ X 5″ X 9″, serpentine on chalcedony, 1986

p. 88: "Pink Fish," 12″ X 13″ X 14″, Colorado alabaster on marble, 1985

p. 109: "Shogun," 14″ X 12″ X 6″, soapstone, 1987

p. 120: "Reflections," 35″ X 8 1/2″ X 6″, alabaster, 1980

p. 132: "Genesis," 3 1/2″ X 5 1/2″ X 13″, Utah alabaster, 1986

"Ebb Tide," "Metamorphsis," "Shogun," "Magistrate," and "Reflections" courtesy of Phillips Gallery. Others in the private collection of Virginia Wetzel.